

hapes of potatoes, an' the lashins of bafe and mutton, an' other vegetables of a similar character, he come to a fisherman's stall, where he sees iver so many things pokin' out their thin legs an' drawing them back again, in a lazy sort of way."

"What's thim?" sez Neal to the fisherman.

"Lobsters," sez the man.

"'Tis jokin ye are," sez Neal. "Lobsters are red crayturs, as red as sojer coats," sez he, "for Misthress Hoolagan, the housekeer at Squire Doolin's told me so."

"Misthress Hoolagan is a dacent woman an' talks the truth," sez the fisherman. "'Tis the bilin' does it. The hot water turns them."

"Ayeh! But that bates Bannagher," sez Neal.

"I'll be plazed to sell you one," sez the man. "'Tis the illigantest atin'! 'Tis what they feed the great lords and ladies upon."

"So Neal thought what a mighty nice thing it would be to take a lobster home wid him, and dine for wanst in his like like a jintleman."

"Is this baste fat?" sez Neal, pointing wid' his finger to the biggest fellow on the boord.

"Begorra, ye might thry him down and make sparm candles out of him," sez the fisherman.

"But it strikes me that that baste isn't young," sez Neal, dubiously.

"'Tis aisy to see for yerself," sez the fisherman slyly.

"How will I do that?" sez Neal.

"Hasn't he got two mouths wid teeth in 'em?" sez the fisherman.

"Bedad, but that's thrue," sez Neal.

"An' wid that, he lays hould of it, as bould as brass—whin, whew! clip goes the claws into his hand."

"Och, murther!" cries Neal, shakin' his hand wid the black lobster clingin' to it, an' he skippin' about like a monkey on a barrel organ. "Murther! I'll be killed entirely. Take the baste off, will ye? 'Tis a dead man I am this blessed day! Och! wirra! what'll become of Bidy and the childer? Murther! murther! the varmint is suckin' all the blood from my body. 'Tis that makes the lobster red. Sure I ought to have known it afore. O! blessed St. Patrick what'll I

do? Good people have pity on me. 'Tis a poor devil I am, wid a wife and six childer down in Galway. Will any good gintleman cut his head off or run a knife down his trote."

"But the crowd they wor screachin' wid laughter, an' holdin' their sides, an' niver a soul of them stirred, till a big butcher come through them, wid his clever."

"Hold yer hand down on the boord," sez he to Neal. An' wid that, he chopt off the claws, an' set McGowk free.

"Now I'll pay ye for the lobster, if ye plaze," sez Neal, in a passion to the fisherman.

"O," sez the man, "if 'us bastin' ye're afther, ye're welcome to it." An' wid that he seizes a couple of lobsters by the small of the back, an' flourishes them at arm's length. "Arrah, come on," sez he.

"But as soon as Neal heard the lobsters shakin' an' rattlin' near his face, he drops his fist, an' runs out of Dublin wid the people shoutin' at his heels. Faix! when he came back to Galway, there wasn't a boy bould enough to ask Neal McGowk to tell 'em the age of a lobster by looking at his teeth. An' that's the story, sir."

"Very admirably embellished, I dare say. And now, Mulrooney, I can dispense with you for the present; so bear in mind what I told you."

"About the mash, sir?"

"Certainly, about the mash."

"Still Peter unaccountably lingered, and I was about to ask him what he wanted, when he said, softly:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but 'tis bothered intirely I am. Will I give her an ould country or an Ameriky mash?"

"I don't know of any distinction between them," I answered, rather puzzled in my mind as to what he was aiming at. I found afterwards he was ignorant of what a mash was.

"Arrah, 'tis rasonable enough that ye shouldn't," responded Peter.

"Look here, Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after stirring the mixture well, to give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran mash in this country. Now, do you perfectly understand me?"

"Good luck to your honor," replied Peter, looking very much relieved; for the