

thried him ; I won't tell no lies ; but I was all as one. A dead man's head was found at Quaker Doyle's mill-dam yesterday, and the Crowner set upon it and found it guilty of wilful murder, or at the laste manslaughter. 'Twas odd, too, there was a pipe between the teeth,—and that reminds me, have any of yez a *shaugh* o' tobacco to spare ? my teeth are watherin' for a whiff, and there's not as much in my pouch as 'ud blind your eye. And to-day the body was found ; the Crowner set upon that agin, and discovered the right owner of the head, and a likely man he was. The eels, they say, wur cummin' out of the poor carcass, and Tom Dudley, the dirty devil ! caught one and brought it home to ate. 'Augh ! my heavy hatred on him ! it's upside down I'd turn at the thoughts of it, the *haythen* ! I'll never ate an eel the longest day I live ; they're snakes, make the best of them. Howsumever, a man came and swore that last Saturday week he was mowin' wid Tim Delany that's dead, by the side of the Barrow, and whin they came to the ind of the swarth, Tim went to look at the river and rest himself with his scythe in his fist ; whin what should he see, but a salmon sunnin' himself by the bank. So he ups with the spik'd scythe handle and makes a prod at the fish ; but it's not known to this day whether he hot it or no, for his head dropp'd before his face into the river, and he fell afther it. You see he forgot, as he balanced the scythe handle, that the long blade was across his nick, and when he struck at the salmon, pop went his sponce into the wather.

"'Twould make the flesh creep on your bones to look at him. Och—ochone ! the verjickt was manslaughter."

"Och !—ochone ! the Lord be good to him ! Amin ! rest his sowl in glory ! Amin, amin ! God help the woman that own'd him, Och ! wirra-stru ! the crathur !" with sundry lamentations, followed the narrative of Con-na-Boccaugh !

"You're sure that's all true, Con ?" asked Mrs. Moriarty.

"Sartin. Oh ! May I grow to this stool if I tell you a word o' lie. But I wish the same Tim Delany had found it convenient to kill and drown himself some other place than by Grange Castle. I'm ever and always dhramin', dhramin', about a crock of goold that's buried near the spot ; I have neither rest nor pace but dhramin' of it, and I'm given to know, it's guarded by a black hound. Tim Delany haunts the place now, and I'm sorry for it ; he was seen near the ould castle last night."

I may mention here that the belief is very prevalent among our peasantry that there are large sums of money concealed in the neighbour-

hood of many old castles, raths and abbeys. It is supposed that as the Bank of Ireland was not then in existence, the abbots, before the love of lucre prompted Plantaganet to suppress the monasteries, buried the wealth of their houses in the earth ; and the gentry, when going "to the wars," either at home or abroad—for in those days, a portion of the people, belonging to a certain sect, debarred from promotion in their native land, were obliged to seek honorable employment for their talents on a foreign soil—concealed their riches near their paternal halls. Chief and churchman, fearing the hand of power, predatory aggression, or the midnight thief, are believed to have done this. Some animal is believed to have been slain, and buried on the site, to keep watch and ward over the hidden treasures, and the soul of him who made the deposit, or the sentinel, must hover there, and never go to rest till a discovery is made.

Hence the guardian of the gold is known to make revelations to the sleeper in a dream on three successive nights, provided no mention is made of the fact to point out the spot, and name the manner of obtaining it. And yet, when the attempt is made, he tries to defend his charge, unless prevented by potent antidotes, in the shape of spiritual agency, a bottle of holy water, a black-handled knife, a wand of witch hazel, or some other charm of equal power.

On what basis these theories are built, it would be vain to conjecture. The peasant dreams of hidden treasures ; ingots of gold, marks, florins, and doubloons jingle to his ear, while amethysts and rubies sparkle to his eye ; he digs and finds nothing. This is attributed to inattention to the necessary forms, to the absence of amulets, or to the fact of the invisible sentinel having previously removed the glittering store ; or the money digger is frightened from his labours by demons, the creation of his own fertile and excited fancy. In excavating raths, urns containing human bones are often found, these hills having been anciently the burial places of the Pagan Irish ; but it is believed that, but for the machinations of the spectre, or from their not being discovered by night, these would be filled with the purest gold. Tales are often told of rich men, having found a crock of gold in throwing down an old house, or on opening a long closed window or fire place ; for from many he will not get credit for having amassed his wealth by honest industry, as that would be a reproach to their indolent selves.

"And would you be afraid of Tim's spirit, Corny ? Who knows but he wants to be spoken to ?" enquired an aged man.

"Afeard, annah ! that's not the suck I gtt.