

esque that could possibly be presented to the eye of mortal. The darkness, the storm, the men, and the fires reddening the huge rough angles that stood out like sentinels along the dim vaulted depths of the ruined pile, were in themselves the very essence of romance; and I then, for the first time in my existence, felt the full power of the antiquity of Ireland overshadow me. Centuries had passed away since the deserted halls in which I stood echoed to the wassail tread of the mighty O'Connors, or thundered back their battle cry when Henry of England broke his faith with Roderick, and the men of Connaught rushed forth to meet the forces of Fitz Aldelm, and smite them hip and thigh on the banks of the Shannon. I was transfixed to the spot, and might have remained so for some time longer, had not my attention been arrested by the appearance and gesticulations of an odd-looking figure, who was busily engaged emptying the contents of a bag on a long rude form that was placed beside an immense turf fire at the extremity of one of the low-arched passages already mentioned.

"That's Jack Thrainer, sir," said Jemmy, who had just stepped up to me with a knowing shake of his head, "he's preparin' a bit of somethin' to ate for us; and, begorra, it's pleased you'll be with him if you can but only dhraw him out; for barrin' the priesht of the parish himself, the divil a bettherscholar stands in Ireland this very day."

"And who is Jack Trainer, Jemmy?" I inquired with some degree of merriment, as I dwelt upon the long frieze coat, short corduroy breeches, and unmitigated caubeen of the individual in question.

"Is it who is Jack Thrainer, you mane?" reiterated the runner, with a degree of surprise as great as if I had expressed my ignorance of the existence of his Holiness himself. "Well, well! be me sowl but that bates all! Isn't he the clark over there at Toomen, whenever Father Tom comes out; and hasn't he taught school down there at Listaddaen ever since Castlereagh made bacon of himself? The Lord have marcy on his poor wandering sowl, the unfortunate thraitor, Amin!"

Not being in possession of any number of facts to the contrary, I felt bound to acquiesce in the statement laid before me; and was about to express my warm admiration of the qualifications evidently involved in the onerous duties discharged by Mr. Trainer, when that personage advanced leisurely towards us, with a large black bottle in one hand, and what he was pleased to term "a little pannikin" in the other—although its dimensions were strongly allied to those of "a quart porringer," requesting me, at the same time, and with a most ridiculous salam, to make myself heartily welcome, and toss off the full of it, as it was not safe to partake freely of the oaten bread and cold game spread so plenteously before us, without having "a naggin, or there away" down a trifle in advance.

To the "naggin" I had no objection, but was obliged to demur to the "little pannikin," although it was urged upon me, with true hospitality, several times during our rare repast; and shared, to an alarming extent, by five or six of the party who had been on the look-out, and had just returned from different points of the island. Trainer, who appeared to be an object of special admiration, was literally in his glory. He drank, sang, joked, and displayed his erudition in a manner the most original. The "Venite" was attributed to St. Patrick, and the "Quid gloriaris" to his wife, who was said to have composed it while labouring under an overflow of affection towards one of "the Fathers," who was in the habit of accompanying her constantly in her "rounds" at Lough Derg; and thus matters went on amid jest and glee, with the utmost conviviality, until the conversation turned imperceptibly upon gaugers, potticeen, and hair-breadth escapes. At this point, Jemmy, who had been sitting quietly at my elbow, entranced by the learning of the "Clark," suddenly laid hold of the pannikin, and looking his companion strait between the two eyes, exclaimed with uncommon energy, "Your health, Mr. Thrainer, and more power to you, but you're the boy that can do it; but, axin' your pardon and not intherruptin' you," he continued, "don't you mind what you promised us this mornin' when you were talkin' to