

Was not that an important day for Mr. Charles Baring and Mr. Timothy Cunneen?

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHAT PEOPLE WENT TO THE "LONG DANCE," AND HOW MR. MELDON CROWNED THE "QUEEN OF MAY;" AND, FURTHERMORE REVEALING THE APPARITION AT THE POOKAH'S HOLE.

We have many "Glins" in Ireland, and they are all very handsome places; but the "Glin" which decorates the toe of Slieve-na-Mon has a combination of beauties which no other appears to possess. "Glin" by the Shannon is snuggled away above the Shannon's banks, it can boast of its great old castle and its knight's abode; but the Shannon is so lordly, that "Glin" is dwarfed by its majesty, and seems to hide from its strength. The "Glin" by the Suir makes its own of the calm, gentle river; and with Slieve-na-Mon's protecting shadow behind, and the glowing waters before, and the numberless beautiful dwellings peeping out through wood and brake, and leaning against the green hills, almost all the way along the eastern bank, from Clonmel to Carrick, there is a harmony produced such as might be expected if all the enchanting aggregate had been planned and executed for effect. One would not know how to remove a tree, or a field, or a house away, without injuring the unity of a grand picture.

Well, the "Glin" has an annual fair; and, in the time of which we write, the "Glin" had an annual fight. The "Carravats" and "Shannavests" were in their strength, though not in their youth, and that strength was proved by many a skull smashed irretrievably, and even by families left fatherless or childless by the Crag.

We can well inform our readers what "Shanavest" means, and what "Carravat" means, in the English language. The former means an "old vest," and the latter means a "cravat." There are surmises of antiquarians as to the reasons which bestowed the names of these two garments upon such fiery factions as fought at the "Glin;" but we do not think our readers care to hear them;

and, besides, they would delay us too long from the history of the D'Altons of Crag.

Coming along the road from Carrick to-day, is a goodly number of pedestrians of both sexes, and all gaily attired,—the men generally well-draped—some in broad-cloth, and others in bright, clean frieze. The women were very gay, and the ribbons played about their faces—looking as happy and gay as the wearers. Occasionally, a drag, well appointed, or a horseman well-mounted, cantered or trotted on; and even a carriage or two swept by, in the glory of silver harness, bearing ladies in rich driving costumes, who hurried on to something or some place that attracted an expectant and jubilant crowd. As the day grew nearer to noon, the numbers increased; and, in fact, more than one small crowd had at its head a fiddler or a piper, who endeavored to raise popular sensation to the level of the occasion, by playing the "Humors of Glin." He must have been a humorous fellow who lighted upon such a name and such music. The "humors" were various, indeed, and ever-changing. The song in the tent, and the "trick-o'-the-loop," and the last great speech of some great patriot; knocking down the "pins;" and then the hurra—doubled, trebled, quadrupled! and then, the grand row, where many fell by the oak stick, and, not a few by good-fellowship!—all these are not all the "Humors of Glin;" and he must have been a courageous composer who dared the task of embodying them in a tune.

The day was charming. The trees were golden, and the fields of green were spread to make the golden trees look beautiful. The crowds are passing to the extensive park where, so many times, have been enacted the before-mentioned "Humors of Glin."

There is a sudden pause, and a hundred voices cry out, "They come! they come!"

And sure enough, absolutely flashing with the gayest of white and ribbons, sixty or seventy young maidens are seen in long line, with their fine looking partners, tripping on, in rapid pace, in the "needle" run so cheering and so graceful. The leading couple lift up their hands and arms high—to make