

**RECAP OF THE HAUBERMAN.**  
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"George, it is 5 o'clock! Let us get away from the course before the crowd of carriages encumbers the road. Recollect, we must reach Dublin by 6.30."

"We were at Panchestown races, and I was announced to play some evening in the Colleen Bawn at the Theatre Royal, Dublin."  
"You can do it," said George D.—, as he lightly patted the sleek coat of his mare, a splendid specimen of an Irish hunter, from whose quarters he had just slipped the rug. "I'll bet three pounds to one we are in College green at 6.20."

"I'd like to take that, yer honor," said a low, sweet voice, that seemed to come from under the animal.

"Hill! Is that yourself, Jack," said George, as he jumped into the dog-cart and gathered up the reins. "Do you think the mare cannot do it? You ought to know her better! She brought us down this morning in eighty-five minutes, and she will never let the sock!"

"These hills will not go back in three hours this night, bairn! she goes by rail," said the man, rising from the stooping posture and standing back as he looked at the horse's near foreleg.

He was a little boy of some 20 years, dressed in a ragged scarlet coat and an old black hunting cap, the cast-off suit of some whippet-ir. One leg boasted a top-hat, on which a rusty spur was bent. His eyes were of many colors, and his hair had gone. The attire, pulled away about him, could not conceal one of those model shapes that Ireland alone contributes to the light cavalry of the English army. Broad in the shoulders, thin in the flank, his frame was what is vulgarly called "a herring-bone," very long in the arms, the hips, when seen in profile were broad but narrow when seen from the front, five feet eight inches, 130 pounds, and not a hair of fat at all, all bone and sinew. Under a shock of bay hair a broad, gleaming face defied delineation, for the gleaming eyes, and blue eyes, under long black brows, were like limped wells of good nature and fun.

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"That's in the leg, yer honor, it's the seat for fat. Iatched her favorin' this whole day, and more betoken, it's hot as blazes round the coronet. I'm afraid, Master George, the creature has a touch of the rheumatism."

"A touch of the rheumatism! Pook! A touch of your grandmother. What do you know about it?"  
"I know why the gentleman wants to get back to Dublin so early, God bless him," he added, touching his ragged cap. "Wag't in the morning, the Royal laid 'Saturday, and I seen him fish the 'Colleen Bawn' out of the water. Who's it bates Banagher? Gerra, but I'd like to have '—here he made a plunge at the ear, and, turning what is called 'a wheel,' bounded lightly on his feet with a yell. The mare sprang on one side, and rose into the air, while George uttered a volley of imprecations upon his admirer's volatile athleticism."

I threw the fellow half a sovereign, and the look of amazement and the parting gleam of gratitude that he shared between the coin and me were worth anything that 'Confused the fool!' said my companion, as the animal plunged forward; 'I nearly broke a trace. So, Jack, if I wasn't the matter with you?' The mare was cantering, and he tried to shape her down to a trot.

"That was a queer figure," said I.  
"He is well known about here," replied George D.—; "he's called Canterin' Jack. There's not a fair or a race or a wedding, or any other private 'diversion' at which Jack is not to be found. Two years ago he rode this mare for me—so, Jenny! She was entered for the 'Colleen Bawn,' a steep chase, and won me five hundred pounds. The assailed rides like a monkey, and has the light hand of a child."

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"He lives under a hedge, and when he spies a carriage full of 'graduates,' 'or 'crack' strings his fiddle, and receives his 'crack' dance, and will follow the carriage for miles, never falling to get sixpence sooner or later from the party. I have known him to run behind a dog-cart for twelve or fifteen miles, and never turn 'a hair or lose a breath."

By this time we had left the main road to avoid the vehicles, and had entered a side lane by which George D.— assured me the distance to Dublin was nearly a mile shorter than by the highway.  
After pursuing these lanes for nearly twenty minutes, the mare, which had never settled down to a square trot, began to show the cause of her uneasiness. George brought her to a standstill, and after resting her a minute started her at a walk. There remained no doubt the animal was lame. He got down to examine the leg, while I held the reins. After a few minutes he went a score of yards ahead and asked me to drive her gently towards him. I did so, and he leaped up beside me.

"She has strained her fetlock; we must go quietly; this is very unfortunate."

"I did not like to add my anxiety to his annoyance, so I held my tongue and he gave a 'commend' to the distance to the theatre and the dismal consequences of arriving late. The lord lieutenant had given a 'commend' to that night, and that meant he was coming in state with his court in gala uniform, and escorted by a troop of cavalry. On such occasions all Dublin turns out, and every available seat in the theatre is filled. I recollected the *jeu d'acteur* of Louis XIV, and felt proportionately uncomfortable. The brave struggled with his pain, but at last, and rather suddenly as if she had concealed its existence she broke down to a walk. Darkness had set in, and the last milestone said that sixteen miles still lay between us and the city. We were misled by the turnpike, where I might have picked up some conveyance or found a good-natured party returning home who would have wanted twelve minutes to it."

"Could I hire a horse from one of the farmers in the neighborhood who lives near this place?"

"I have no idea," replied my companion so dejectedly that I had not the heart to reply, my despair. Darkness was increasing, and the first drops of rain began to pelt on the leaves of the trees.  
"I do not know where we are, or what to do. I am fairly at my wit's end."

The hedge that topped the bank skirting the road was divided above our heads, and the dark fern bounded across the ditch, and Canterin' Jack alighted beside us.  
"I'm log like to your honor," said the creature, with a square to our heads, and as my eyes met his, I was afraid to be angry, as I kept an eye on his side, he apologized to George for his presence.

"Don't stop to explain," he replied testily. "My friend must reach Dublin in

twenty minutes. You know every foot of the road, and every quadrangle in the country. Can it be done? Can you bear, borrow, or steal a horse that will carry him to town?"

"Make it a certainty, Jack," I cried, "and I'll give you a five-pound note."

"I'll try, anyway," said the boy. "Take what's to be done, and he disappeared in the gloom."

We slipped the mare and lighted the lamps of the dog cart, and then, having more to say nor else to do, we lighted cigars and waited.

The condemned felon on the morning of his execution, listening for the approaching footsteps of his executioner, never strained his ears more anxiously than we stretched ours. Hope wanted four footsteps. For dreared two, Hark! minute after minute passed, and seemed like hours. Hark! patter, patter, brush—! a pause. A gate swings open and closes to.

"He has found a horse!" cried George. "If he had been alone he would have vaulted the gate, and the dogcart stopped to open it. Here she comes."

"Up the lane he came, leading a horse by the forelock. 'Quick now, for the love of God. Slip the harness on him. G' me the head-stall. Alay wid them breechings. He is lively wid his heels.'"

While Jack and I clothed the horse, the mare standing patiently by and thankfully quiet, George D.— took out one of the old black hunting cap, the cast-off suit of some whippet-ir. One leg boasted a top-hat, on which a rusty spur was bent. His eyes were of many colors, and his hair had gone. The attire, pulled away about him, could not conceal one of those model shapes that Ireland alone contributes to the light cavalry of the English army. Broad in the shoulders, thin in the flank, his frame was what is vulgarly called "a herring-bone," very long in the arms, the hips, when seen in profile were broad but narrow when seen from the front, five feet eight inches, 130 pounds, and not a hair of fat at all, all bone and sinew. Under a shock of bay hair a broad, gleaming face defied delineation, for the gleaming eyes, and blue eyes, under long black brows, were like limped wells of good nature and fun.

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