



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUVENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

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THE BEE

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Catalogues of his whole Stock to be had at the Shop.

All those indebted to R. D., either by note or book Account, are requested to call immediately, and have their accounts adjusted.

January 6, 1836.

ALMANACS FOR 1836,

For Sale at this Office.—Price 7½ each.

THE THREE ADVICES.

AN IRISH MORAL TALE.

[By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F. S. A.]

THE stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and "good people," the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavoured to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of "Paddreen Trolagh," or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic "Tried of Wisdom."

There once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the Island to the other. At that time a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bit and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a-year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John; "you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family; but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely.—The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice—will you take what I offer, on my word?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and, therefore, after slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take as his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First—I would teach you this—'Never to take a byeroad when you have the highway.'

"Secondly—'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

"And thirdly—'Remember that honesty is the best policy.'

"There are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where the travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this, but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him at the same time a great many hard names, such as old fool, an old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. "He is the Landlord," said the servant, "and, heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What!" said John with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife! I see I must not remain in this house to-night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night he heard two persons come