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PETER MULROONEY.

“ I SAY, Urban, do you know anythin of one Peter Mulrooney?”

“ Why do you ask?” said I.

“ O, nothing ; only he claims you as a warm friend of his, and referred me to your respectable self for his character. I didn't want to bother you, however, at the time ; but happening just then to need a hand, I hired him at once, and I do assure you his character soon made its appearance without any further trouble. After he had been with me a week or so, doing nothing properly, I thought you might have discharged him for some misdemeanor or other, and concluded to catechise my ‘gentleman’ a little. So you know, Mr. Urban,” said I.

“ Deed, sir,” said he, “ ’tis proud I am to say the same ; for sure there isn't a dacenter jintleman, barrin it's yerself, in all Ameriky.”

“ I am happy to hear him so well spoken of ; but if you were so much attached to him why did you quit his service?”

“ Sorra, one o' me knows,” he replied, a little evasively as I thought. “ Ayeh but 'twasn't his fault, anyhow.”

“ I dare say not. But what did you do after you left Mr. Urban?”

“ Oh, bad luck to me, sir, 'twas the foolishhest thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir.”

“ And became a householder, eh?”

“ Augh !” he exclaimed, with an expression of disgust, “ the house wouldn't hold

me long ; 'twas too hot for that, I does be thinkin'.”

“ Humph ! You found the widow too fond of having her own way, I suppose?”

“ True for yon, sir ; and a mighty crooked way was the same, and that's no lie.”

“ She managed to keep you straight, I dare say.”

“ Straight? Och, by the powers, Mither Stanley, ye might say that ! If I'd swallowed a soger's ramrod, 'tisn't straighter that I'd ha' been.”

“ And the result was, that not approving of the widow's discipline, you ran away and left her?”

“ Sure, sir, 'twas easier done than that. Her first husband, better luck to him I say, saved me the trouble of that.”

“ Her first husband ! What, had she another husband living ?”

“ O, yes ; one Michael Connolly, a say-fearin' man, that was reported dead ; but he came back one day, an' I restored him his wife and children. O, but 'twas a proud man I was to be free again.”

With these explanations our conversation for a time terminated, but some days afterward, a colt, of no great value, looking rather sluggish and heavy, I thought I would test Master Peter's capacity about the stables, so I sent for him to come to the house.

“ Peter,” said I, “ do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a mash this