

I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript scrap-book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.]

PADDY'S STORY ABOUT A FOX.

"PADDY," said the squire, "perhaps you would favour the gentlemen with that story you once told me about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well not one word iv it you believe, nor the gentlemen wont either, though you're axin' me for it; but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"May be we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as soon forninst my face your honour, as you often did before, and will again, and welkim —"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only telling the gentlemen before-hand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gentlemen, you must remember that the fox is the cunning'ist baste in the world, barrin' the wren."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole to it only, excep'n the wren; but the wren builds two holes on the nest, so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a fool to him, and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was."

Well, you see, he came home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he took whatever little mather he had for his supper, and, after that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was early; and so he jist went into bed, and there he diverted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire on the hearth.

Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox? But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's

house was on the bordhers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut on the door, with a swingin' board to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox came in, as I told you, through the whole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they were rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened there wasn't so much as one individual dog in the place; and I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

Well, the ranger was in hopes that some o' the dogs 'id come home and catch the chap, and he was loath to stir hand or fut himself afear'd o' freghtenin' away the fox; but he could hardly keep his temper at all at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff the hob, where he lift afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it's as thrue as I'm here), he began to smoke forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blackguard!" says the ranger, "and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you," he said.

So, with that, he watched until the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cinders out o' the pipe whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately aither gettin' an air at the fire and a shaugh at the pipe; and so said he, "Faiks, my lad, I wont let you go so easy as all that, as cunning' as you think yourself;" and with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and ran over to the door, and got between it and the fox; and, "now" says he, "your bread's baked, my buck, and maybe my lord wont have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you moradin' thief, and the divil mind you," says he, "for your impidence; for sure if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;" and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle, and says the fox to himself, "Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now," says he, "and you think you're very cute; but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage," says the fox, "I'll make you lave the doon sood and sudent;" and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but