

"Goin' out, sir, just goin', wants on'y one; jump up. Arragh hould your prate, every mother's sowl of yes; this is the horse that ran against the rock."

"No wonder," said another, "considering that he hasn't a sthem; shure he's always running against rocks and cars."

"I'm an Captain Rock, your honour, he only won by a neck."

"Was it this races twelve months, Jim," enquired another, "that he broke Mr. Ryan's leg? You see, your honor, when he heard the bugle, he ran away and upset the car upon the poor jintleman; shure we had a dacent berrin' upon him; the scarf I got made a shirt for my little boy."

There was an old gentleman settled very comfortably upon the car with his rug loosely about his feet, but the old gentleman became very pale and jumped off; the driver insisted that he should remain, but the old gentleman wisely paid his fare and decamped.

"This is the horse, your honor, that does the thing handsomely," shouted another, as he whipped up to the old gentleman.

"I think I won't go at all," said the old gentleman, doubtingly.

"Arragh do, your honor, he's as quiet as a lamb," and he drove up to him among the ragged group, whose devotions he disturbed.

"One penny for the good of your father's sowl."

"A weeny sixpence betune a lot of us, poor forlorn women: do, your honor, and God reward you."

The old gentleman looked bewildered among the group.

"Bad luck to you, do you mean to drive the horse on top of us."

"Arragh, will you look before you, you *oma thawn*, and not rush on the top of the poor!"

"Out in five minutes; lay the way, ye set."

"The curse of Cromwell attend you, Jack Lanty; who'd go upon your broken-kneed, broken-winded garron?"

In truth, Jack's horse showed evident signs of being a pious horse, and also of a breaking constitution; the chief sign was a dry, asthmatic cough, that almost shook the driver from his perch.

Jack whipped the horse more fiercely among the group, which set crutches and dishes in active use. The old gentleman vowed that he wouldn't go at all, and succeeded in elbowing his way through the crowd.

"For God's sake, will you let me pass in?" said Frank.

"Throw a weeny sixpence betune us, your honor."

"Musha, faith, the young blood doesn't have much to spare now-a-days; God be wid owld times," said an old cynical beggar, with a short dudden in his mouth.

"He has the good face, any way," said another.

"Many's the good face carries an empty pocket, though," said the cynic, drawing out his dudden to indulge in a good whiff.

"Here," said Frank, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Long life to your honor. Shure it's Mr. O'Donnell; it's kind for him to be good to the poor. Shure he's to ride the Fawn, and may he win; he's the handsome gentleman, God bless him."

"Whoop, tallyho there! lay the way for Mr. Frank," shouted a voice from behind.

Frank turned around and beheld a nondescript figure dressed in a red hunting frock and cap, and whirling a club that might do credit to a Cyclops.

"It's only *Shemus a Clough*, a poor simpleton, your honor," shouted the group.

"Ah! is this *Shemus*," said Frank, turning to him.

"Sarra anither, Misther Frank; whoop, tallyho."

"Shure you won't forget us, you honor," said the beggars.

Frank flung some coppers among them, and while the lame and blind and halt were mixed in one scramble, he got into the yard with *Shemus*, who, as was his habit, was all the time singing snatches of songs.

"Some loves to kiss a pretty lass,
Some loves to toss a flowing glass;
But I loves a sporting pack
A chasing reynard in their track.
Tallyho, tallyho in the morning."

"Isn't that beautiful, Misther Frank. Hurra, I am glad to see you here, and you'll win, Misther Frank; shure I know it, for something here," and he placed his hand over his heart, "tells me the good news always, you know. I can sing and laugh then, and I can sing and laugh now."

"Some loves their horse and hounds,
Some loves their pleasure grounds;
But I loves a sporting pack
A chasing reynard in their track.
Tallyho, tallyho, in the morning."

"And *Shemus*, poor fellow, you have come all the ways to the races?"