

"MR. O'CAL. (*wiping his mouth, throws his napkin on his plate, and gives himself up wholly to the subject.*)—To be sure, sir, I am a student of races. Every man who is fond of dogs and horses, and all the poor brute bastes in the creation, as I am, will be a believer in the hereditary temperament of the different great families of the earth. There, sir, sits my neighbour, Jerry Galbraith. Look at that face of his. [*All turn their eyes on Galbraith, who is 'bothered entirely,' at being thus singled out.*] Well, sir, all the world over, I would say that was an Irish graft on a Scotch stock. Thin, sir, you need not be after studying the genealogical families of the Polypuses and the Grindalls, to know them as Williamites,—Dutch transplanted to Ireland—a mixture of the tulip and the trefoil. * * *

It's among the pisantry that you will find the real ancient ould Celts, Mr. Sackville ;—up in the mountains of Munster and Connaught, the Daltries and Cunnamara ; and down in the lowlands, among the lower classes, like myself. As to the brass-buttoned gentry, as we call them at the fair of Ballynasloe, they're all furreigners, sir, Danes, Saxons, Spaniards, (or Milesians, if you will,) Normans, Allemans, and Dutch. * * * Look to thin Anglo-Normans. Since iver they left the track of their *traheens* in the soil, there they are, rooted like docks.—They've held fast by the fiddle, as the clown says at Donnybrook fair, sticking like burrs, and flourishing like mustard-seed, to this day. They are the *fil's's*, (which we translate Fitzes.) the Geraldines, the Moriscoes, the de Talbots, and the de Botlers, six hundred years and more, keeping the place from the right owners.

"MR. SACK. (*laughing.*)—Six hundred years are no brief possession, Mr. O'Callaghan. * * * There is no wrestling with events. They are more powerful with men. The fate of Ireland was inevitable. It is her interest, now, to forget the past.

"MR. O'CAL. (*vehemently.*)—I don't agree with you, Mr. Sackville, as far as Ireland goes, Ireland is the last country on the face of the creation that should forget the past. It is all she