

the women. "A wondher the airth didn't open whin *his* name crossed yer mouth! Shure a look from him is as bad as the yalla jandhers."

The old gentleman who sold the tobacco evidenced his existence by a snigger of delight.

"Still I maintain," said the shoemaker, returning vigorously to the charge, "O'Dwyer Garv isn't all the people that calls themselves the 'ould stock' in 'Tipperary. Shure we know's 'em ourselves—a murderin' set o' thieves that'll plunder an' hang their poor tinints to death, an' divil a care they care so they have plenty o' dhrink an' divarshin thimselves."

The blacksmith puffed very hard: the others shook their heads sadly, for the tale was an over true one.

"Don't talk to me o' the ould stock," the shoemaker triumphantly proceeded. "'Tis you an' me an' the likes of us that's the rule ould stock. Shure barrin' O'Dwyer Garv himself, there's not a mother's sowl of 'em but has Crummil's black blood in his vanes. Ould stock, *moryah!* If the d—— whipped a great many o' the ould stock that's goin', some of us wouldn't cry our eyes out."

"Baythershin!" said the blacksmith, in a very puzzling way. "Mick, shove us over the dhróp."

"They're bad enough, a great many of 'em, to tell God's truth," remarked Mick, as he replenished the blacksmith's wooden measure, "but we ought to have 'em to God. I was bitter enough against 'em wanst myself.—"

"Mother o' Moses!" interrupted one of the women, "If this isn't Langton, the Englishman, up at Artislade's place!"

Every eye was turned on the gentleman in question, who advanced into the green with great solemnity.

"Whisht! ye dickenses ye!" cried the shoemaker in a chuckling whisper. "Be all that's wondherful, he's goin' to give us a jig!"

To explain which, it is necessary to let the reader know that all this time Mr. Langton was attending, not to the gossip of the old people, but to the provoking diversion of the young. The inspiring sounds of the music—the merry whirl of the dancers—the short, sharp whoops of the 'boys'—the uncommon attractions of the girls, bare-legged and bare-armed, in their pretty red petticoats, all conspired to rouse Mr. Langton into a kind of fever, till his feet itched so that they seemed preparing to dance independent quadrilles, and his heart beat at a rate never equalled since he and Sarah Jane were at the Royal Chimneysweeper's Subscription Ball.

The result was what we have seen—almost

before he could help himself he stalked boldly out of his retreat and straight towards the group of dancers.

It being the first appearance of the great Englishman among the Irish villagers, the dance came to a sudden end, and the rustics stood staring, some in astonishment, some in amazement, at the gorgeous looking-creature advancing towards them.

One of them alone ran out to welcome him—Tade Ryan, the life and soul of the village—a lithe, big-limbed young fellow, with that puzzling mixture of drollery, simplicity and shrewdness in his face, which baffled most physiognomists in the Irish peasantry.

"Why thin, a caedh mille *faillte* an' all the compliments o' the season to you, Mither Langton," cried Tade, with his most insinuating smile. "Shure its bamin' wid delight we are to get a sight o' you."

"Ighly flattered, I'm sure," said Mr. Langton, with his most awful bow.

"A sate there for Mither Langton, ye omadhawns," Tade cried, turning to his companions with a face solemn as a judge's. "Av it's no offence, we've the natest dhróp ever gladdened the heart of a Quaker. Jist a 'notion' av it, Mither Langton?" and *volens* he forced a generous 'notion' of the fiery liquid down Mr. Langton's throat.

"Why, thin, dang his sounkins! f what does Tade Ryan mane to be eugger-muggerin' wid a sprissam of a raskil like that?" cried one of the young men. "'Tis a cowl bath in the sathrame below 'ud suit every consated jackeen like him."

"Lave Tade alone for the wickedness," said his sweetheart, pretty Kitty Hannigan, the blacksmith's daughter, smiling rognishly, 'tis he's the bye won't lave a feather to pluck on him, niver fear."

"That's the stuff to light up a man's sowl for him, eh?" asked Tade, doing the host with great effect, "maybe you'd be aftler havin' a twisht wid wan o' the girls; eh, Mither Langton? Oye, you rogue, 'tis you that could foot it wid the besht of 'em."

Mr. Langton was so far softened by the 'notion' and the flattery that he positively condescended to wink most wickedly—a motion which Tade returned with a familiar dig in the ribs.

"Clear the boards there byes. The gentleman is goin' to dance. He'll be inthrauced wid

† A harmless expletive, much in use among the peasantry of the South, originally bearing reference to the future condition of a man's "soul-case," i.e. his body.