

BARNY O'SHEA.

Or, how Justice Grumblerrigg of Kilmacshockery Was Beaten at His Own Game.

Irish Fireside Stories.

It is well for the world that there were such things as free-schools, for if there were not, 'tis ten chances to one they would not now be readin' the pranks of Barny O'Shea. By the time I was a boy—and that's a good many years ago—I got a very good education at Mr. Mickey Free's school; the very same Mickey Free who was intendant and folly-the-sham-pray, as the Frinch sez, to the great Captain O'Mealy who made such a noise in the world. Be the boy, I tuk some pains to find out the true meaning and dereliction of this name, and I find, by my ould antishent anti-kity, that's its deprived from a mealy place: the first chap belonging to the race was byrn with a fine one stuck in his mouth, and as they were short of names in them days, they crishened him Pat Mealy, and afterwards struck the O to it; just in the same way as another lad is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and he's called Mr. Good. But to go back to Mickey. When Mickey gev up his complaining, or complainin'—tis all the same—be turned schoolmaster, and that's what gev rise to the free-school. He was well able to tache chawfion, and he larned me the rudiments, as he used to call it, of readin', writin', the use of law-ometry, awinatix, and short accounts—but I'm thinkin' I'd better not make this account too long, so, to make short work, I'll begit at wasnt. When I was twenty years younger nor I am now it was then I was in the height of my glory; there wasn't man, woman, or child, in the parish of Kilmacshockery that 'dnt be afear'd to offend Barny O'Shea: at the same time, there wasn't one of 'em all that didn't show some sort of congrammulation at my coming; here's Barny—welcome Barny—make room for Barny there! and then the best seat, and the best corner, and the best bit, were all at the service of Barny O'Shea. Then there was such a gathering about me, to hear some of my droll stories. "Arrah who did you make a fool of last?" one would ax; another would cry, "Do you remember the time you sent ould Grumblerrigg in search the purtinded ligacy?" and then I should tell 'em some of my last doings.

I wasn't, by way of no harm, sent Mr. Turney Crookwell, who lived five miles off, on special convocation to spind the day with Mr. Grumblerrigg, a great ould mizard, who wouldn't lose a male for man or mortal—to help him make his last will. And there was I, waiting at a corner, to see the fun. Well, he gives a long, smart tantararara, that I thought he'd never stop, and ome comes the ould hou-keeper, but what they said I couldn't hear, till soon the mather himself marches down, and slaps the door in his face.

It wasn't very long after this, that ould Grumblerrigg was made a justice of, and 'twas then I was afear'd to come with his clutches, he had so many of them spleas, and misformers, and shoulder-tappers all about him. One chap in particular, Tom Hooley, became a great favorite with him, and somehow or another, not a sowl in all the parish could bear the same Tom—for if a poor woman's pig, or a poor man's cow or horse happened to take it into their head to pop their noses, and maybe their feet, too, over a hedge, that was trespassing, and they were nabbed by Tom, and druv off to the pound, and many's the poor parson was pinched hard to pay for their night's lodgin' in the same pound; so that you may be sure Tom was no great favorite.

Well, I kept myself quite for some time till at last a bit of bedevilment grassed my brain. I happened to have a note belongin' to the justice, that I intended to keep, with some other scraps, to make an all-bottom; I think they call it; and the reason I happened to have it, was this: About a fortnight after the ould fellow was igned into a justice, nothin' 'ud do him, but he should find all the way to Drockedy for a grand tailor, to make him a shoot of clothes. The boy who got the note to take, by some accidente sprained his 'rib; and so I told him to make himself easy, and that I'd take it for him. Off I set, for I didn't care how far I went, when I'd done a good action. When I got to Drockedy, the first thing I done was to take a little drop, and then I went to see the tailor; but he wouldn't give him, instead of

the justice's note, but a summons that dropped out of Tom Hooley's pocket, and I picked up to light my pipe with.

"Who is this for?" sez the tailor. "Fah, it's for yourself," sez I, "an' it's from the great Justice Grumblerrigg, an' he wishes to see you in all haste."

Well, the tailor was so confusated that he never tuk notice that it wasn't his own name was at the bottom of it, but callin' for a writin' pin, he began writin' away like mad; and of I allps, without waitin' for my answer. The next day there was a battle-royal between the two—the justice called the tailor a goose, and he called him a stupid ould wig-block. That was just the way I accidentally got the note. When I thought of it, I tuk it from where I had it carefully wrapped up, and began readin' it to myself.

"Mr Justice Grumblerrigg prestates his compliments to Mr. Goodmake, and hopes to see him on to-morrow, about a shoot he wishes to have done in all haste."

"This will just do," sez I; so, sittin' down to work with my knife and my pin, I soon converted Goodmake into Greendrake. That was the name of the Mayor of Drockedy, a cruel ould dust, and at the bottom I put down, by way of postscript, "Dinner on the table at five o'clock precisely."

"Here, Dinny, my boy," sez I, "your fut is well now, and I done a good turn for you before, you'll have no injunction to do the same for me now."

"Not in the least," sez Dinny. "You're to take this litter to the Mayor of Drockedy, and you needn't wait for an answer, but just lave it, an' that's all."

Next day comes down the Mayor, sure enough, all puffed and powdered, wondering what the justice could mane about the shoot, but thinkin' that, as he was a bit of a lawyer, it was a small taste of advice he wanted about some lawshoot. At all events, he was determined to do justice to the justice's dinner. A little before the time, up drives the coach, and bang goes the knocker—out comes the ould housekeeper, and in marches the Mayor. Well, I picked it all out of a cute little chap that used to be in and out cleanin' the justice's boots, and the knives and forks. The Mayor was invited into the parlor, the justice wanderin' what he could want, and he wanderin' what kept the dinner so long. At last the whole truth came out, and 'twas then the fun of the world was kicked up. The Mayor cursed and swore like a trooper, at the trick that was played him, and wouldn't even stop to take a cowid collection after his journey, but back again he druv; and the justice vowed that before the day week he'd make Barny suffer buck-ram. It was four or five days before I saw ould Grumblerrigg, and I could scarcely keep in the laugh.

"Good-morrow, Barny," sez he, without showing any signs of anger, at all.

"Good-morrow, your worship," sez I, "where are you goin', Barny?" sez he, agin.

"I'm only goin' into Drockedy, your worship," sez I, "to see my grandfather's uncle's son, that's just turned from furren parts."

"I've a litter, Barny," sez he, "to send to Drockedy, and if you'll take it for me, and bring me back an answer, I'll give you a handful of coppers for yourself."

"With all my heart, sir," sez I, "it'll be every day a handful of coppers to be got."

"Well, he wasn't long writin' the litter, and stickin' a weaver on it. Take this, Barny," sez he, "to Mr. Greendrake, the Mayor of Drockedy, and bring me back an answer, and if you do your business well, who knows but I'll double the flippeny-bit."

I wasn't long out of the justice's sight, till a thought struck me that I'd like to know what was inside; so looking about to see that all was safe, I just peeped through it, but all I could make out was—"Don't spare the rascal on my account." I felt a great wish to know who the rascal was, and I began fingerin' at the weaver, and open it comes, just for all the world like Alfy Baby and the Forty Thieves. "Open, wissemma," sez I, and no sooner said than done. Sure, as it's open, thinks I to myself, there's no great harm in seein' what 'tis all about; and here it is, short and sweet.

"My dear Mr. Greendrake—The bearer of the roundel who treated you to the wild-geese-chase the other day. Have him begeted without a moment's delay, and you will be conspixin' a benefit to society. He is an ould milliner. Don't spare the rascal on my account. Yours, etc."

"Oh, bo!" sez I, "is that the way with you? well, stop a bit," and I settled the litter nicely agin, and fastened the weaver tight on it; when who should I see, as if the ould boy thru him in my way, but Tom Hooley.

"Oh, Mr Hooley, dear," sez I, "did you see his worship?"

"No," sez Tom, "not yet, but I'm goin' to see him now."

"He was looking for you, high and low," sez I, "here's a litter of the greatest impudence, for the Lord Mayor of Drockedy, and nobody would do to take it but yourself; there isn't half a quarter of a moment to spare, for it's about a rascal of a robber that deluded the varyd of the law, and a great reward is out for his captivation—run, Mr. Hooley, run, for the bare life, and don't forget the reward."

Well, I palavered Tom, and bothered him so completely, that off he ran, and I waited, watchin' him till he was fairly out of sight; then givin' one slap on my thigh, "Now, I caught you in your own net, my boy," sez I, "and, shure, Tom has a better back to bear it nor I have, and it's only just that the justice's favors should be bestowed upon the greatest favorite." That was the way I consoled myself for poor Tom.

It was three or four hours after that, as I was sitting in a friend's house, I heard ould Grumblerrigg's voice outside, axin' somebody whether they saw Tom Hooley; and out I pops my head. "Is it Tom Hooley you're axin' for, your worship?" sez I. Oh, such a face as the ould fellow put on!

"What, you tarna!ascal!" sez he, "is it there you are, and I thought you were in Drockedy by this? Where's my litter? Hand it here this moment."

"Oh, aisy, your worship," sez I, "your litter is in Drockedy, I sint it by an expenshal messenger Mr. Tom Hooley claimed all right and title to transport your worship's official business, and I suppose he's now gettin' his answer."

"O fire, fury, and faggot!" screeched the ould fellow. "I'll have you banged, burned, or translated before another fortnight is out, you villain!" and off he ran, hallooing, and shoutin' at the top of his voice.

In the turnin' of a sign-post, off flies two or three chaps, and soon after, the crazy ould thing in the shape of a coach was rowled out, and the unfortunate horses stuck on their hind legs, and off with 'em, crackin' away, while I was looking on, crackin' my sides.

Larry Doolan, the postvillian, gev me the whole account of it that night, after they came back. Every now and then the ould chap's head would be through the windy cryin', to Larry, to drive faster, and be the time they got to Drockedy, the basties were in a lather. Out goes the head again. "Larry," sez he, "what crowd is that?"

"It's only a man, your worship," sez Larry, "that they're flugin'."

"Tare away, Larry, tare away," sez he, "and ballo out to them to stop, on the apparel of their sowls and bodies."

"Stop! stop! I command you, in the king's name," cries the justice, as they druv up to where Tom Hooley was gettin' the lashes; and poor Tom threw a dispirin' and indignat look at the justice.

"He hasn't got half his number yet," sez the chap, shakin' his whip, as if he was longin' to begit agin.

"'Tis all a mistake—'tis the wrong person you've got," cries out the justice, tremblin' with his commotions.

"You must tell that to his worship, and get it from ouldher his hand," sez the bardened slasher agin. O hadn't I the luck of the world, not to be onder his hand?

"Where's the Mayor?" sez Grumblerrigg.

"He's aiten his dinner, to be shure," sez the fellow, "and where else would he be, at this hour?"

It was by a great deal to do he could get him to stop, till the Mayor was sent for, and then 'twas all unfowlded.

"You should have seen that you had your right man," grumbled out Grumblerrigg.

"And you," sez the Mayor, tappin' out a big oath, "should have put the right man into the litter."

So, after a good deal of grumblin' and growlin', Tom was put into the coach, and away with 'em back agin. It was a fortnight before Tom was able, on the 'count of his back, to show his face out, after that; and ould Grumblerrigg, findin' he could make no hand of me, nor get me to stop my pranks by any other means, settled a pinchun on me, to keep me quiet, and never to annoy him agin; and why should I refuse it, any more than other great men, who get a whip stuffed into their mouths, to make 'em hold their tongues with.

CELEBRATED IN SONG.

Our Irish Correspondent Tastes of the Beauties of the Vale of Avoca.

The Place Well Deserving of Moore's Praise.

COUNTY WEXFORD, IRELAND.

Boarding the train again at Gorey, one gets a glimpse of the sea at Arklow which is an unimportant seaport town, chiefly noted for its fishing industry, cordite works, and what are called "Parnell's Quarries," a little distance out, where a fine quality is found in abundance. At Arklow is the remains of an ancient castle, which belonged to the Butlers of Ormond and was besieged by Cromwell. Fine views are obtained from Arklow of the Avoca Valley, with the Mountains of Wicklow for a background. Leaving Arklow the train strikes the Avoca River, which empties itself into the sea here, and thence forward the enchanting beauties of the scenery of Wicklow begin to unfold themselves to the admiring gaze of the traveler. As the train runs along through a beautiful narrow valley one might fancy himself going up the avenue to some fairy-land. He has already tasted the scenic feast, but the banquet is yet to come! The first view of the "Vale of Avoca" certainly captivates the traveler, and I could not help thinking to myself if the entrance to the (scenic) palace be so beautiful—what must be the palace itself?

No writer that I have ever read—not even Tom Moore himself—gave me a true idea of the marvellous beauties of the "Vale of Avoca." I could not imagine, somehow, that the scene of the famous poem contained bold wooded heights, enclosing a most charming valley, through which runs one of the prettiest rivers in creation sparkling, rippling, singing through a flat green valley—one of the loveliest that one could lay eyes on, enclosed as it were by gigantic wooded walls. This was my first impression of this charming vale as I got off at the Wooden-Bridge Station, the most charming of all the enchanting spots of this world, famed valley I had, too, the good fortune of coming along in season, when the varied autumn tints lent an indescribable charm to the scenery.

Alighting from the train, two minutes' walk brought me to the Wooden-Bridge Hotel, a very pretty, cream-colored building, with a hill behind its back and the perfect loveliness of the Vale of Avoca out before the windows. I was welcomed on this my first visit to the "Garden of Ireland" by Mrs. Hunter, the proprietress of the hotel. While sitting to the wants of the "inner man" one can drink in the native charms of the scene of the "Meeting of the Waters" not through the medium of cold type, but at the fountain-head of nature itself—just what tourists would admire and appreciate.

Beautiful scenery, a pretty hotel, delicious tea, lovely cream, chicken and bacon, roast fresh eggs, excellent fresh butter—all this and more in the ever lovely "Vale of Avoca." And if I were a poet I would put my impressions into verse, but until such comes along the reader, like the writer, shall have to content himself with prose and imagine the poetry. While at dinner I could see, playing on the green before the windows, some lovely children and amongst them was a sweet little golden-haired girl. If this little fair had happened to be on the scene, I thought, when Moore came along the poet would have added to his verses "Fair, fair, was golden-haired." The visitors at the hotel were not many as the tourist season was drawing to a close. But who could feel lonely in the midst of eminently poetic scenes, and with such nice, innocent company as the little ones disporting on the green carpet outside? Indeed there must be something to inspire poetry and song in this enchanting region: for all the help at the hotel seemed endowed with musical propensities, the boys were whistling and the girls singing the very latest airs, until one would imagine that the kitchen scullery was transformed into concert halls! The lovely valley outside may be lonely, but the Wooden-Bridge Hotel is by no means dull. What an unpoetic name for a hotel in the midst of highly poetic surroundings. Surely it might well be called the "Romantic-Bridge Hotel," and it is a wonder that those interested do not change its name. And, looking out of the windows at night, truly the scene additionally is inspiring and romantic. Behold the full

autumn moon shedding its pale light on hill and dale, meadow and brook, sequestered glens, crystal fountains, and peaceful meeting of many waters. Serene beauty—enchanting solitude!

There is something unique and singularly beautiful about the spot, which one sees on getting off the train at Wooden Bridge Junction. Here you have something that is rarely seen. Four romantic valleys have their terminal here—the upper and lower Avoca, the Aughrim and Golden valleys, all traversed by a river, and all centering at this point to leave the locality with a stamp of beauty it would be hard to match. Then, as if art would vie with nature, the "iron horse" penetrates three of the four valleys. There is no town or village in the vicinity, the nearest being the village of Avoca, two miles off, between Wooden Bridge and which are the loveliest of walks. The hotel itself with its out-offices resembles a white village as you approach it. There is nothing of wild grandeur about the scenery of the Vale of Avoca. You must go to Connemara or Donegal for that. But it is like some emerald palace with the greenest of carpets, silvery avenues, innumerable chambers, where flora and sylva hold court to the music of ten thousand feathered songsters, whose sylvan halls, corridors, towers and balconies are adorned with all the colors of the rainbow by the hand of nature's artist—the beneficent Creator. In truth one feels overwhelmed with beauty, especially if he has undertaken to write anything about it, until one does not know where to stop. While gazing round on this lovely scene one realizes the meaning of Moore's famous lines:—

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet

As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;

Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,

Ere the boom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest

In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best.

Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease.

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled with peace.

After dinner I had a ramble up the Aughrim Valley which is not so beautiful as the Vale of Avoca is much more wild and romantic. The wild, rocky hills on both sides of the river are comparatively bare of trees, while numerous crystal streams rush down from the steep sides to mingle with the Aughrim river. The most remarkable feature about the valley is the serpentine course of the river—now running at one side of the valley and again suddenly crossing to the other side. The farther up you penetrate the narrower and more lonely the valley becomes, the only thing to disturb the solitude being the noise of the river as it leaps from rock to rock while it is met by many little rippling, tossing mountain streamlets, making as it were a chorus of voices, which are answered back now and again by the chirruping of a blackbird or a thrush. Yes, once in a while, too, a tearing noise is heard when the iron horse comes rushing up the valley on its way to the pretty villages of Aughrim, Tinahely and Shillelagh. This is a branch line of the D. W. and W. Railway. I afterwards visited those little towns and found them situated away up in the highlands of Wicklow, amidst wild mountainous scenery where big, round, brown, heather-clad hills are characteristic of the landscape. From Tinahely fine views are obtained of the Blackstairs Mountains and Mount Leinster which divide the counties of Carlow and Wexford. There are some fine granite quarries in the vicinity of Aughrim, and the prettily situated village has a four mill and a handsome Catholic church, built of sparkling granite and is quite new. I had a stroll, too, up the Golden Valley, where the autumn tints on every tree and shrub were golden. But the gold mines, from which this valley took its name, did not, it appears, prove so golden, for it cost, I was told, five shillings to get four and six pence worth of gold. There is gold in the valley still, but nobody cares to spend twenty shillings to gather a pound's worth of the precious metal.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

Born on Christmas Day, On Dec. 25 there were born Sir Isaac Newton, William Collins, the English poet; Richard Parson, the great critic and classical scholar.

A man is never too poor or too worthless to get married.

THE HOLY FATHER.

Accused by the Jealous Liberals of Ulterior Motives in Striving to Liberate the Prisoners.

A Beautiful Old Church Re-opened to Worship.

ROME, ITALY.

Talleyrand writing in 1833, gave expression to his view of the chances of Russia's success and of the success of her diplomacy abroad by saying: "Nous faisons du présent, la Russie fait de l'avenir." How this suggestion of future success has come to be realized! Russia has not only a prevalence but a preponderance in Europe since 1875 less than fifty years after Talleyrand had expressed his appreciation of her happy inspiration in diplomacy. If the Italian patriots who are raging in these days against the Papal See had but a little of the discernment of Talleyrand, they would perceive that as far as purely political matters are concerned, the Roman See fixes its regards upon the future rather than upon the present. Were this once understood, it would go far to mitigate unkind judgments about the Pope's action with regard to the Italians held captive by Menelik. As a matter of fact, however, it must be admitted that even so free a lance as Il Don Cisciote di Roma, which is called "the morning official paper," makes a distinction between the Pope and his servants, so alien is mere political ambition to the conception held of a splendid Pontiff like Leo XIII, more especially in regard to his efforts for the relief and liberation of the Italian prisoners. But this is an exception. The accusation is made generally and in general terms. "The Vatican," it says, "strove to gain a step in advance of the Qur'anic by sending Mgr. Macaire to the Negus." It wished to liberate its chief from his fictitious imprisonment by liberating the Italian soldiers from their real imprisonment. It wished to ingratiate itself with the Italian people and thereby to gain them to its cause. It strove to show itself influential where the Government had shown its weakness and inability. Such is the accusation which is the theme of liberal talk during the present hour. If the assumption be granted, namely, that the Pope was influenced by political motives and not by the holier instincts of Christian paternity and charity, the rest may or not be true. But men do not justify their assumptions. Even were the assumption submitted to examination, it would not be clear that the Pope was wrong in acting as he did. If he effected something towards the re-adjustment of the relations between Church and State in Italy, it is far from evident that he would be doing something wrongful, more especially if he thereby liberated fifteen hundred captives whose lives were in danger. But the assumption is taken, and must be argued on. The Pope has abundantly justified his own action in his letter to Menelik, which even his enemies praised. Had he not acted the Government would have lacked a great stimulus to an energetic seeking for peace. The war party at home, which is numerous, would have had more and more stimulus to use incitements to war. Half the ground of their contention was removed when Leo XIII. sent Mgr. Macaire to Abyssinia. Had not the mission been sent Menelik would have lacked many of the most persuasive reasons which contributed to give him the highly pacific dispositions visible in his acceptance of the proposals of Major Nerazzini. Such are only a few of the signs which show how wrong Italian Liberalism is in its ruthless judgments.

The illustrious Collegium Cultorum Martyrum, which, as its name indicates, is devoted to the cultus of the primitive saints and martyrs in the Catacombs and in the older churches aboveground, has held its general election. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. de Waal, Superior of the German Hospice at Santa Maria della Pietà, near St. Peter's, has been elected to the post of President, which he had filled during the preceding term of office.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardgagh and Clannacnoise, is in Rome on an official visit.

The beautiful Church of SS. Martin and Sylvester, for some time closed for repairs, has been thrown open to public worship.

PATRICK RYAN.

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