

A Variation.

Where'er I go I hear anon
An endless twang and twiddle.

Oh, would I were the violin
Whose melodies unfold her.

AN IRISH STORY.

The Grasp of a Withered Hand.

Aw, bedad, sir, I don't mind tellin' yeh
a bit. Shure now that we're safe out av

Well, sir, me an' Pat was coortin'—jist
pullin' a coard, as th' sayin' is—for close on

It's jist about three years ago since Pat
asked me av I'd marry him. Av coorse no

Well, bedad, I know Pat was in airnest,
and it's no matter what I sed meself now;

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that, an' I sez—an' shure it was only th'
truth, not a word more nor less—

"Well, th' say a good son makes a good
husband, Mary," sez he; "anyhow let me

"Pat," sez I; for tho' I vir think ould
Tim Sullivan cud have such a fortune?

"Ay," sez Pat, "he has been hidin' it
away iverywhere, an' now Father Mulcahy

"Yeh see, bekase av his withered hand
an' arm I don't like him t' go alone," sez

"Troth I'm not much use av th' did,
Pat," sez I, laughin' an' Pat laughed too,

"Och! Wirra, wirra! Shure wasn't it
th' black bitter mornin' that riz th' next

"Well, God be wid yeh both!" sez me
mother, as we war goin' away; an' she

"Bekase it's unlucky, sez I; an' sure,
sir, I ouldn't say more nor that. But Tim

"Devil may care," sez he, as Pat
said when he lost mass. I'll taiche yer

"Troth, he's th' quare Tim," sez Michael.
"Yez'll hardly be home afore dark."

"Bedad, we won't," sez I; "for th' cows
come home early jist now."

"Ay, faith; but here's ould Tim,"
said I, in a whisper, knowin' th' ould fella's

An' th' sure, aff we wint again across
th' mountain road. It was about a week

"Young man in a glass case," where's your
master?"

"Who?" sez he. "Yer master," says Tim.
"I suppose yeh want Mither Bradley?"

"Didn't I say so?" says ould Tim, who
had a short temper.

Mither Bradley kem out an' he sez,
"Och, so you're Timothy Sullivan, that

Well, we went round be the back av th'
glass cases in the purtiest little parlor

"Here, sir," an' ould Tim takes up a
fine piatee—a Scotch Down—an' out of it

"Well, that bates!" sez I. "Bedad, Tim,"
sez Mither Bradley, an' he

"Well, sir, it's about that I want t'
spake," sez Tom. "Yeh see, sir, there's

"Me good man," sez Mither Bradley,
"yeh make a great mistake. Shure we

"Now, see here, sir," sez Tim Sullivan,
"ouldn't take yer money in that way. Yeh

"Look here, Sullivan," sez Mither
Bradley. "Only I know it's ignorance

"No, sir, I'm not as ignorant as yeh
think," sez Tim, "an' I'll only lave me

"Well, me jewil, sure there was a great
talk betwene Tim Sullivan an' Mither

"Go out, Mary," sez Tim t' me, "an'
look after th' car. We must be gettin'

"Bedad, I am," sez I; "an' shure here
we're goin' home agin wid Tim's hundred

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"Kilt?" sez me mother. "OPat, what'll
we do?"

"I'm goin' t' run over t' Paddy Cloy-
key's, t' ask him an' th' boys t' come," sez

"Av coorse that was all settled, an' me
mother got th' bed in th' room ready, an'

"Shure, th' in, sir, I towld his rivrence
all about me goin' wid poor ould Tim t' th'

"Now, me good people," says Father
Mulcahy after mass, an' me mother an'

"I'm goin', yer rivrence," sez Pat, "as
soon as I see yer rivrence home across the

So aff Pat set, sir, an' in a few hours
who comes but a whole lot av polis, an'

"Well, sir, at th' inquest they cud only
find out that poor ould Tim was battered

"It's wonderful t' think about," sez
Father Mulcahy, when the docthor an' the

"It was jist th' terror an' th' strength av
the death-struggle that did it," sez Docthor

Well, sir, poor ould Tim Sullivan was
waked in me mother's cabin, an' he had a

"Niver mind, Pat," sez I, thryin' t'
comfort the poor boy; "niver mind,

Well, jist as Pat sed that, we heerd
some thramplin', an' in walked some av th'

"Patrick Dionysius Cassidy, in the
Queen's name I arrest you for being con-

I thought I'd have died wid th' shame
an' th' fright, sir. I felt every drop of

"Mary Josephine Rooney, in the Queen's
name I arrest you for being concerned in

"Ay, faith, mother," sez I, an' me hands
war smartenin' me; "but shure yeh don't

"Troth, I dunno," she sez; "but shure
he ought t' be here now."

I don't know why it was, but I cudn't
rest aisy after me mother sayin' that; an'

glad about, sir, an' that is that I got the
same punishment as me poor Pat. I cudn't

So th' sorra weary months wint on, an'
it seems that wan day Mither Barron, av

An' it's he was th' quare, funny gentlemn,
too. When he was young he used t' be away

An' wan day he was in th' polis-station,
an' he was lookin' at some things that th'

"But, sir," sez the sergeant, "we niver
cud get a clue about that bit av cloth."

"I can give you a clue," sez Mither
Barron. "It's a piece tore out av a

"Go on, sir," sez the sergeant, "for, sir,
we're not quite sure that we hit on the

"Stop," sez Mr. Barron; shure I rimim-
ber it now. That coat, when it was wore

"Who was he, sir?"

"His name was Michael Neale," sez
Mr. Barron. "He left me when I wint

So, sir, jist as th' all did wid poor Pat
an' me, th' all began puttin' two and two

"Och, sir, sure it was worth bein' in
prison, an' goin' thorough all th' trouble for

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Latest Irish News.

An anti-toll agitation has been started in
Armagh.

Amongst the troops to be sent to Ireland
there will be the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots,

Lord Powerscourt, in addressing a meet-
ing of the Philosophical Society in Trinity

A correspondent of the Edinburgh Scots-
man writes: "I have reason to believe

There are 11,000 in the Irish constabulary,
divided into mounted men and in-

At Swinford Land Sessions, recently, the
County Court Judge of Mayo granted to

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