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**Lahee, Margaret R. (1831-1895)**

***Tim Bobbin's Adventure with the Irishman; or, the  
Rising Dead by the Art of Freemasonry,  
a Lancashire Tale (1860)***

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Chapter I

It was evening, calm, dewy, holy evening, when the shades of twilight blend, as it were, with the golden tints of the setting sun, who still lingered on his track, as if to catch a glimpse of the rising moon before he bid this dreamy world good night.

Yes, it was evening, yet all seemed bright in the busy scene without, for summer had spread its verdant carpet over the path of nature, giving to earth the appearance of a bride, decked in her richest, sweetest smiles, to receive her gorgeous bridegroom, the

god of day, whose golden glory brings the dead to life, reviving withering blossoms, buds, and flowers.

And when all nature is thus rejoicing why should I be sad? This was the question which I asked myself s I sat in my own room, where I had been occupied looking over some old family papers, and from which I had turned to sit brooding gloomily over the past, and reflecting on the strange vicissitudes of life, whose ups and downs I had experienced, and whose wintry storms had beat against my heart, thus blighting, blasting all its early joys, bowing this haughty spirit to the dust, and leaving scarce a trace of hope behind.

But may not mankind also have their seasons of sunshine as well as gloom? If so those clouds of adversty may pass away, and summer's glory dawn on me once more, crowning my hopes with one soft tinge of light to guide my trembling steps from doubt to fame.

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I know not how long this revery might have continued had it not been interrupted by the merry voice of my friend calling out from the bottom of the stairs, "I say, are you making your will up there? for if not, come down, and let us have a walk, as the evening is beautiful, and I have got a friend here that wishes to see you."

I did not wait for a second invitation, but came down stairs, and was introduced to my friend's acquaintance; so after some preliminary conversation I was induced to visit Milnrow, the scene of many of Tim Bobbin's exploits, one of which will make the subject of this sketch, and for which I am in some degree indebted to a friend; yet if I should put one or two little extra touches in, by way of improvement, I hope the kind reader will excuse me, for the truth is I was born to embellish, and so I can't help it. But for now our tale, trusting that you will sympathise with the hero, although you may feel more inclined to laugh than cry at the troubles of poor Paddy O'Farrall, and the dangers which he encountered through nothing at all at all only the villany of that eternal ould

Lancashire robber, Long Betty-o'Malley's-o'Sally's-o'Jim's; but entroth it's himself that paid her off at last; aye, faith did he.

An' och more power to his elbow, for he always the broth of a boy an' a most eligant poet; but sure it's not the likes of me that should be after praising his abilities, an' si I'll leave it all to himself and his more disinterested acquaintances, the criticising public at large. May God spare them their eyesight to see all his faults.

## Chapter II

### Tim's meeting with Paddy

Well it so happened that one fine frosty evening in October, 1739, as Tim Bobbin was returning from Rochdale, that he encountered an Irishman on the road leading to Milnrow, and as Tim was noted for spree, it appears that he expected to enjoy a bit with Paddy; consequently he accosted him in the

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Lancashire style, opening the conversation with--

“Neaw, then, owd mon, how far art ta' bawn?”

“Why, thin, entroth Master that's more nor I can tell, but faix I could like to be stoppin' soon, for iv you believe me I'm weary wid walkin'.”

“Why how far has't tha come fro'? that dosen't recon to have walked fro' Ireland to-day, does ta?” and here Tim gave a side glance at Paddy, who, after staring at him to see if he was in earnest, said--

“Arrah, thin, Master, do ye take me for a Salamander that you think I can walk upon the sea?”

This was too much fot Tim's risibility, who shouted outright, and said--

“Now, indeed, aw nother, aw nobbut thought at yer country folks could do aught yo known.”

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“Och, well I dar say they can do as much as their neighbours at a push, and entroth that wouldnt be so much, for the talk nor work; but it’s not going to dispute wid you I am, for I see plain enough that you aren’t troubled wid much knowledge, or you’d niver ax had I walk’d from Ireland. Och, och,” and here Paddy quickened his speed, as if to get shut of his intellectual acquaintance.

But Tim followed up sharply, calling out--

“Nea, nea, owd chap, what’s up; aw thought yo sed yo wer tiert?”

“Begor an’ so I am, but most ov all ov your company, for your enlightenment on travelling is too mcuh for me.”

“Oh as for that tha’s no occasion to be surprised, for tha see’s aw’m th’ only gradely schoomaster at’s reawnd about here, an’ rare an’ weel th’ folks thinks on me too aw con tell yo.”

“Ah, thin, upon my conscience they may well be proud of you, for I dar say larin’ is mighty scarce in these parts, or they’d niver be behouldin’ to the likes ov you for it.”

“Why,” said Tim, “what the hangments don yo meyan, tha greight starin’ foo’? tha talks as iv nobody knew nought but theesel.”

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“Och the Lord forbid that I should be so elementary as to have all the knowledge to myself; but begorra I think I could teach you, at any rate.”

“But gum aw’m rare an’ fane aw’ve met wi’ yo then, for iv tha knows ought it’s th’ first ov thy mak ever aw met wi’ at did do; so aw could like to have a look o’er thy stock o’ knowledge, owd mon; for hannot we to send o’er people to instruct yo regular?”

“Well entroth there is one thing I can tell you, Mister Schoolmaster, it’s my opinion that your country people ‘ud make better bailiffs nor instructors.”

“Why,” said Tim, “how do you make that appear?”

“Faix,” said Pat, “I’ll tell you; because ye’s are allways more ready to seize on every one’s property nor to stick to the text that says you shall not covet your

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neighbours goods; and then ye's cock up your heads and talk about Christianity, freedom, and civilization, indeed, just the same as if ye's hadn't robbed and plunder's every country that ever ye's set your feet in; aye, begorra, and then wouldent leave then even a rag of a character to rap their conscience in; the same as you done wid us, but be the rock of Cashel we'll turn the tables on ye's yet."

"Begum you'n done so mony o' time, but that sees we'r so charitable at we run o'er and turns 'em back for yo, cose wi known yer to weak to do it yersels, and so tha sees wi do good for evil; but aw don't want to fow out wi yo at o' mon, and iv yo liken aw'll find thee a place to put up at to neet, as aw know yer a stranger in these parts; so don't be awntin' to flyte wi me, as aw don't meyan yo ony wrong, not aw indeed."

"Faix but the beginnin of your discourse dident sound so, and may happen you thought me a fool, for I see plain enough, because you English blockheads have got all the money, begorra, ye's think ye's have all the barins too! but war hawk: its wide-awake Pat is I can tell you."

"Well, well, aw towd yo afore at aw dident want no bother, but a'th same time, aw'm none bown to tak up wi sich talk as that, so have a care what tha ses about blockheads or may be aw'll--"

"Maybe you'll what!" said Pat, "maybe you'll what?"

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"Go away fro thee o'together, and leave thee to find a shop for theesel."

Now it was Paddy'd turn to laugh, which he did loud and long. Tim also joined in as chorus; but in the midst of the fun, a man came bounding over the wall, and jump'd right before them. This new commer was instantly recognised as Jack-o'-Bens, one of Tims own neighbours.

The sudden arrival of Jack, however, seem'd to disconcert Pat considerably; for he caught a firmer grip of his shillelah, and now stood in the attitude of defiance, scowling an both. But Jack strode up to him, and putting his hand on Pat's shoulder said, "nea thin felley what art ta for, none gu'in to feight wi Tim Bobbin art ta?"

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“Now indeed him nother; but tha see’s him an’ me as bin havin’ a bit o’ spree on’ th road: but put away thee stick Paddy, an’ don’t be frettent, as there’s nobody here as ‘ud harm thee, is there Jack?”

“Now, iv he meyans none to thee Tim.”

“Och! begorra its mysilf that ought to be entirely obliged to you both; but entroth its not in ye’r power to frighten Pat, you two unfortunate craytures; for be it known to you I’m a real scientific man, that can rule planits, tell fortunes, aye dive into the bowls of futurity, an’ rise the very dead from their graves; so have a care how you provoke me, or I can’t answer for mysilf.”

“Well aw’ll be blest iv ever aw yerd ought like that afore; begum he met a Freemason, eh Tim!”

“Now indeed him; but he wants to persuade us, at its the devil hissel uts in it; but howd off, we’r none to be done so, are wi the dule as like; now, now, we’r none O yer frettend mak, so nea aw tell yo.”

“Well an sure its a blessing ye’r so brave; but nivertheless I’ve heard such like talk afore, an’ so I don’t mind you; but I could paste ye’s where you stand; an’ upon my sowl I have a great mind to do so, for ye’s I’d male two purty images to ornament the road; an’ I know ye’s are rather fond of monuments here, or ye’s I’d niver have so many erected to fools an knaves.”

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“Why,” said Jack, “who do you recon to call fools an’ knaves?”

“Troth, an sure I’m not particular, so that you can take ye’r choice, seeing there’s plinty of thim up an’ down the country, an’ there’ll be more afore wi die, plase God; but I’ll bid ye’s both a good evening, as I see that wer are coming to a village, an’ maybe we’ll meet again sometime.

“Now, now, aw’ll be dald iv we’ll part so; si’tho here’s th’ alehouse, come along wi us, an aw’ll be swapt iv aw don’t trait thi to a first’rate glass o’ real Irish whiskey, wante aw Jack?”

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“Aye begoes an so will aw too.”

“Well faix, its far from me to refuse such a Christian-like offer; for, next to holy water, I like a drop of the real native and there’s no disputing it; so here goes.”

And the three worthies made their way into the public house, two of them fully bent on some mirth at any price, the other only intent on enjoying his glass.

Chapter III

Paddy giving them a taste of his learning

The room they entered was rather crowded with compnay, but the presence of Tim and his companions was hail’d with many Lancashire expressions of pleasure such as, “Well Tim owd Lad, art tha com’d? wi sent Jack to look for thee to Ratchda.” “Heyups Tim, is it thee at last? aw wer up at yer house lookin’ for thee, but Mary tow’d me, at that wer gone to Ratchda, an’ hoo’d be expectin’ to see thee to’ards mornin’; but who is that tother felley at Jack has wi him?”

“Begum iv aw know; nobbut he’s a vast queer chap, un an Irishman to boot; so Jack an’ me, though at we’d have him in here for a spree like; as he tow’d us at he could paste us on’th road, an’ rise th’ dead fro’ their graves; so tak no notice on him, till wi get him fuddled, an’ then we’ll make some gam

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on him, or my name is’ent John Collier. But stop be mass aw wer forgettin to order in’th stuff.”

“Aw say londlord,--londlord! don yo’ yer? Bring this here chap a stunnin glass o’ yer best Irish whiskey, an’ mind at yo don’t water it, cose he con do that hissell, connot tha Pat?”

“Well, troth an’ sure I can master, but I’m thinking it won’t need much water when it comes from under his hands, niver fear he knows how to baptize it in style.”

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This is sly Sally on the landlord was received with a roar of laughter, and against the glass appeared Paddy had contrived to attract the attention of the whole company by his self-important air and pointed sarcasm on English morals, manners and want of civilization. "But at the same time," said Pat, continuing the discourse, which had been broken off by the return of the landlord with a second glass, "at the same time, it's not going to cast any disparagement on the present company I am; no, far be it from me to disturb our enjoyment, but I can't help thinkin' of an unmerciful action that an Englishman done, an' mind ye's he's what maybe ye's 'ud call a gentleman, for the people of the house tould me that he was well larn'd, an' had oceans of money, bedad."

"Well, well, Paddy, what did that see him do?"

"Entroth an' I'll tell you. Well he just walked into a neighbour's house, an' there was an elegant fine crayture of a cat in the room, an' begorra he went over and cut off his ear wid his penknife, and then threw himself on a seat to laught at the sufferings of the poor animal! An' I only thought if that was English civilization give me none of it."

"Well, an' where did that tak place, Paddy?"

"Why, then, sure it was in a public-house between here and Bamford; so now I've tould you all about it, bot saying that any of ye's 'ud forget your manhood as to be guilty of such an act, English an' all as ye's are; but nevertheless what I tell you is as true as gospel."

"Well, for sure, Paddy, that wer not an over nice turn for ony mon to do; but a'th same time as tha ses' how mony o' yer country folks think nought at o' of cutting a mon's yed off, for don't yo shoot yer landlords like dogs, eh Paddy?"

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"Och the divel mend them; doesent one diseased sheep infect a whole flock? an' sure if we dident find some cure for a few of thim now an' thin, why there'd be no livin' in the land at all, for they'd grind the very hearts an' souls out of the poor craytures that's half starvin' and worked like black slaves to keep thim up in grandeur an' vice."

"Well but it's none o'th English at does so to yo, is it Pat?"



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“Troth you may shut your mouth, for ye’s all done your share to’ards the ruination of our people, for dident Cromwell come over and make a butcher’s shambles of the whole country by murdhering an hangin’ the owners of it, so that he could give their land to his own cut-throat followers? An’ dident that daughter of Satan, Elizabeth, send her set of hungry wolves over to do the same thing afore? An’ och sure ye’s keep doing it from time to time, till what with sword, famine, an’ oppression, not to talk of open robbery, the sorrow much ever ye’s left undone that would weaken our power; but the good God of heaven bless’d the land, an’ its children can’t be exterminated, for they keep increasing till they’ve spread thimselves over the earth; aye have they, bedad, an’ the time ‘ill come when they’ll gather thimselves together like the four winds of heaven, an’ rise up in judgment against their enemies.”

“Well by gum th’art talking nea, owd mon; but be’th mass yer only like th’ rest o’th irish, yo’n no gratitude in yo, or yo’ acknowledge at ‘bout th’ power o’England yo’d nare stond at o, but have sunk o’ together, o else a bin wor offner yo are.”

“Och, faith, an’ that ‘ud be needless; but ye’s had better ax America whethr she’s gretare now or when she was subject to the allwise and marciful policy of england; ax the people of India, of China, of every land where the flag of England glotes, an’ they’ll till you that under the play of advancing commerse an’ civilization the rulers of this land are, an’ ever have been a set of double died villains, whose only principle has been to plunder an’ murdher all that comes afore ‘em; but don’t take my word for it; read for yourselves in all histories where English policy is mentioned, an’ thin you’ll see.”

“By gum, Paddy, wi hannot mich time for readin i’ this

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country, ir time is o tak’en up wortchin to support irsels an’ th bits o’ childer,” said Tim.

“Och, thin, bedad, more is the pity, for no people can be great that has’ent larnin’, an’, faix, I’m just thinkin’ that I’ll stop here an’ teach ye’s a little Mister Bobbin, eh will I?

This created a roar of laughter from the company, in which Tim joined. After the laugh had ceased a little, Tim called out: “Well but Pat, to return to’th subject ov our

first discourse, th' cat, that knows; how comes it at tha dident stick th' cat's ear on again, when tha tou'd Jack an' me at tha could do ought?

"An' so I could, Mister Bobbin, only I bethought me that I'd leave it as it was, to show the march of intelect in these enlighten'd parts. Do you understand me?"

"Oh! yigh, wi yer yo' we'll enough, but wi don't believe o' yo say, for tha knows what tha toud' us abeaut risin' th' dead, same as iv tha thought wi wer dald foo's."

"Why," said one or two of the company, "did he say so for sure?"

"Aye, did he, be'th mass, an' a vast deyal moor, dident tha owd lad?"

"Maybe I did, an' maybe I dident. But howsomdever, I niver say more nor I intend doing, an' so if any one of ye's doubts my powers, ye's have only to come wid me to night, an' I'll show ye's more not yo'll bargain for, I'll engage, aye entroth will I, my tite fellows."

"By gum then aw'll gu wi' yo for one, an' me for another, an' me, said a third."

"Och, begorra! I don't doubt but ye's ud all be brave enough if ye's could march off together, but I'm not empowered to enlighten more nor one at a time, so that ye's may all sit down again, and pick the strongest minded man among ye's to come wid me."

"Well here's yer mon," said Tim, going over to him "an' nea see yo lads, yo mun o' wait here till wo come back. So nea come on awd mon, an' rise somebody for me, my grandmother, happen."

"Easy, easy, Mister Bobbin, let us understand one another first, if you plase. Well you all see that I'm a real stranger in

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these parts, and don't know nothing about one place nor another, so that I'm at an amplish to find a spot suitable to work my miracles in, as it must be done in a place where there's no houses, such as a valley or the likes of that; now is there such a place hereabouts.

"Aye suere there is," said Tim, "a stunnin' place not two hundred yards off here."

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“Well, thin, I’ll tell you what, Mister Bobbin, if its all the same to you, we’ll wait till about half an hour, an’ the moon i’ll be up thin, so that you’ll have a better chance of seeing ye’r danger.”

“Well, aw’ll gu to sea iv he doesent think aw’m fretent, but aw’ll tell thee what, Paddy, aw’m none one bit particular leet or dark, so come along an’ let’s see what mak ov a job that’ll make on it, for to tell yo naught but gradely truth, aw don’t believe one word on it, don yo, lads?”

“Now indeed, do wi fiddle uts like.”

“Well, begorra, its a blessing that ye’s are all so wise, but come on thin, every mother so of ye’s, an’ be the table of war, its myself that I’ll soon rise the dead for you, aye, or the very divel himself if ye’s wish--freemason or no freemason.”

“Heyups, that’s reet Pat, owd lad; aw like thee nea, for tha talks like a freemason.”

“Why,” said Pat, “what the dickens does the likes of ye’s know about freemasons, did ye’s ever see any?”

“Well aw’ll tell yo Paddy, that’s a question at win no reet to answer till wi know’n yer reet to ax it. Did tha ever see one?”

“Well maybe I did, an’ maybe I dident. But wisdom an’ truth are great things Mister Bobbin; for one should rule the earth, an’ the other should compass it. But maybe you’ll have to borrow Jacob’s lader to climb to it, an’ the star of the east to light you on ye’r way,”--and here Paddy gave the sign; at which every man in the room sprung to his feet, and, as with one voice, gave a cheer that rung through the building.

“What! what is he a freemason? an Irish freemason?”

“Well aw’ll gu to Owdham iv ever aw dreamt at there

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could be sich a thing in’th world! But come along owd mon, for we’ll believe ought after that. So come on lads, come on.” and surrounding Paddy they carried, rather than lead him, down the road, over a ditch, and across some fields, till they came to a sort of plantation thickly studed with trees; but autumn had robbed them of their foliage.

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When they had arrived at this spot, they were requested by Pat to stand aside till he made a ring. When all had been arranged to his satisfaction, he made a large circle on the short icebound grass; then, turning to the party, said, "Now thin, gintlemen, remimber that if any of ye's lose ye'r lives with the fright, I'm not to be accountable for it."

This speech created a laugh a amongst the party, which tended to ruffle Pat's temper, for he look'd around him with an angry scowl, and said, "Begorra ye's are laughing as if ye's didnt believe me."

"By mass tha's just guess'd it, for wi donnot do," said Tim.

"Och! faith but you soon shall to your sorrow, an thin maybe its like that poor half-fool canterin Jim, ye's i'll be, that ax'd me once to show him his grandmother, ould Judy Reagan, or Judy the Pish'ough as she was commonly called; but when I brought her up, fornent him, be the hat of Saint Patrick, he took to his heels an' niver stop'd till he landed in Lunnon."

Here there was a renewed burst of laughter, and one of the party called out, "did hoo lend Jim her wings then, at he coom so sharp?"

"You had better ax her, when you see her, an' that won't be so long, for I'll bring her up now, so stand aside if you plase."

They did as required, and Pat commenced making sundry evolutions, repeating several strange words in his native tongue. After which he called out "well do ye's see nothing yet?"

"Yigh sure we don, wi see thee, but that's o'."

To it he set again, but with no better success. then turning round he asked if all present were freemasons. Being answered in the affirmative, he demanded a proof, which they gave him.

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"Och, thin, its myself that's mighty happy entirely for to meet wid so many eligant members of that ancient order, an' so I'll be after just telling ye's all that I'm not in

heart to do anything to-night, but if any one of you will meet me here to-morrow night when the moon rises, I'll satisfy you as regards my power of spirit rising, or my name's not Paddy O' Farrell.

"Be' th mass then, aw'll meet thee if aw live," said Tim.

"Very well, Mister Bobbin, its an agreement, let us go back to the house, as I want to be looking after my lodgings."

The party then retraced their steps to the public house with the exception of Tim and Jack-o'-Ben's, who, after bidding their friends good night, sought the more peaceful and domestic comforts of their homes. But before these two worthies parted they arranged a plan for Jack to go to the place appointed the following night, and there to conceal himself till the arrival of Paddy and Tim, and at a signal from the latter to be ready to personate whatever spirit Paddy might deem convenient to call up. "But think on, Jack, at tha makes no blunder on it."

"Howd off Tim, iv aw don't do it reet aw'll eat my yed, so good neet."

"Good neet, owd lad, an' mind th' time."

#### Chapter IV

##### Paddy rising the dead for Tim

The following night the whole party with the exception of Tim and Jack assembled at the public house, where they had previously procured comfortable accommodation for Pat, who on this occasion acted in the capacity of host, as he sat in the best room receiving his friends, and giving words of welcome to them as they entered. Tim Bobbin at last arrived, and his presence was hailed by Pat with "arra! be the powers Mister Troth an' sure the company was getting mighty uneasy about you."

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"Why," said Tim, "did tha think aw wer lost."

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“Och, not I avic! but I’m afeard that you will be afore morning; but maybe its only ye’r senses that I’ll leave you.”

“How’d thee bother, tha starin glummy yed, does tha think aw’ve no wit? But be’th mass thee nonsense as fretent Jack-o’-Bens aboon a bit, for he’s none for comin out to neet.”

“Nay,” said one, “tha never ses Tim!”

“Begoos, but aw do though.”

“Well aw’ll go to sea, an’ what wante he come for does he recon?” said another.

“Begorra an he’ll be worse afore he’s better,” said Pat; “but sure I tould ye’s how it ud be, an’ as I sed last night, I allways found that your country people was more talk nor work, or they’d niver be frighten’d afore they’r hurt.”

“Why,” said several of the men, “who do yo recon is fretent?”

“Does tha see mich sighn o’ fear abeawt us? tha croakin toad,” said Tim.

“Well, well, don’t eat me up entirely; an’ as for fear, it’s time enough for you to boast when ye’s have given me a proof of your courage; so take ye’r change out of that, Mister Bobbin, if you plase.”

“Well, well, Pat howd thi din, mon, till tha does sommut to talk abeawt, but a’ th same time what did tha lurry o’er here for iv tha disliked us so mich? for aw’m dald sure at nobody here wanted thi?”

“Troth an’ I’ll be after telling you, Mister Bobbin, likewise the rest of this enlighten’d congregation, that it was neither love nor liking brought me here, but just the revarse; it was money.”

“Be’ the mass, aw wer thinkin’ so,” said Tim.

“Ah, thin, sure ye’r quite welcome to ye’r thoughts, anyhow, Mister Bobbin; but nivertheless it’s the truth I’m tilling you, an’ begorra, for anything I can till, you may know more about it nor I do.”

“Know moor abeawt what?” said Tim.

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“Why the money, to be sure; for I come to understand that it’s in this neighbourhood my grandfather lived when he died.”

“Where he lived afore he died, mon.”

“Well an’ sure it’s as broad as it’s long, Mister Bobbin, for he was alive whin he died, at any rate. So as I was saying, he came to live here, as sarvent man to owld Mister Butterworth, an’ sure enough it’s himself that was making plenty of money, whin the sorrow other sense he had but to die one night all in a hurry, an’ dam from my conscience if his eternal owld villain of a second wife dident gather up every cross of the money, and stuff it into her own pocket, the same as if he hadent chick nor child belonging to himself or his first wife, rest her sowl. Well, as soon as my poor father came to hear this, faith he got Father Dempsey to write to Mr. Butterworth, but thank you, Alie, it wasent long afore he gets a letter back from the owld fat beast herself, saying that she dident recognise any of her dead husband’s Irish relations, but that if they had any money to spare that they could give it to the priest for masses for his sowl, as she had put all her’s out on interest to’ards convarting the Jews. So that’s the way the dirty owld heretic sarv’d us out; the divel a lie in it; but faix I thought as I wasent over busy that I’d just step over here an’ shake a bit of it out of her.”

“Well, but,” said Tim, “what wer hoo coad?”

“Why, thin, bedad I don’t know; but my grandfather was call’d Larry Farrell afore he left Ireland, but whin he came to England he turned his name inside out, and call’d himself Victor Lafarell, the same as all the rest of the Germen Irish do, such as De La Hunty, De La Flarty, an’ so on; but it’s myself that’ll niver deny my name, country, nor friends.”

“Well aw’ll be blest if that doesnt cap owd nick. Why, lads, don’t yo know who he’s spurrin after,” said Tim?

“Now, indeed us; who is it?”

“Why it’s long Betty-o’-Malley’s-o’-Sally’s-o’-Jim’s, an’ nobody else; doesnt tha know, hoo lived up a’ th top o’th brew yonder, i’ one o’ Sam-o’-Ab’s cots; but hoo’s bin dead, Paddy, aboon six months; hasent hoo, James, tha know’d her?”

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“Yigh, sure aw did; wern’t aw one on’ em at help’d th’ parson to look after her brass at they sed hoo hud somewhere i’th house, but be mous wi nare fund it, an’ it’s ma belief at hoo took it wi her to’ th warm shop.”

“Och, thin, be my sowl I hope it i’ll help to keep her warmer then,” said Pat. “But hark ye, what time is that it’s striking?”

“It’s nobbut eleven, said Tim; “but be sharp an’ finish thi glass, for it ‘ill soon be time to start for ir spree.”

“Spree do you call it? Well, well, there’s no accounting for some people’s notions of spree; but, nivertheless, I’ll just get a dawney taste of something to eat afore I set off. An’ in troth, Mister Bobbin, I’d advise you to do the same, for I wouldn’t wonder if its the last ever you’ll eat on this side of purgatory.”

“Begum, an aw’m sure ‘at aw’ll never ax ony at tother, but aw don’t mind getting a bite’n on afore we part, lads; for to tell yo nought but gradely truth, aw’m beginnin to feel none o’ together misel, an’ aw’d be rare an fain if this job wer o’er wi, that is iv aw consent to gu at o’.”

“Arrah! faix I was thinkin how it id be wid you, an I wouldn’t wonder if you’ll be like tother fellow in a bit.”

“Why how is he, Paddy?”

“Well then, in troth, he’ll hardly ever see over the fright he got last night; but I see that there’s not much time to be lost, so that if you can bear the sight that I’ll show you, it’s right we should be on the spot now.”

“Well aw don’t know, Pat. Cont tha just put it off like for another neet? As tha sees, aw ammut so weel to neet, aw ammut for sure.”

“Och, the sorrow a pin I care! Well or ill you must come this very might, if you want to see my power; for I have everything ready, an so I can’t pretend to make a fool of the spirits, so come you must.”



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

“Oh lorges days o’ me, what ever mun aw do wi misel? Aw say, lads, lads, win ony on yo just gu instead o’ me to neet! nobbut this one neet, for aw’ll be dald iv aw dar venter, so now aw tell yo.”

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“Well, aw’ll tell thi what, Tim, tha’d no reet to say at tha’d undertak’ to gu as long as tha didnt feel equal to it, but, however, aw’ll gu i’stead iv he’s a mind.”

“Arrah! thin do you think it’s a fool I am, that I’d offer to take you wid me as long as I only invoked the supernatural spirit in Mister Bobbin’s name, so that it’s himself that must come or none; and the time will be up in half an hour, so make up your mind at once if you plase.”

“Well, well, Paddy, aw mun try an gu wi yo; but mind ‘at yo don’t do to mich at me, for tha sees aw’m rayther fraid o’ boggarts to neet; but there’s no use i’ botherin, aw recon aw mun gu, so come on Paddy.”

They quitted the house, but had not proceeded many yards when a roar of laughter greated on Pat’s ear, and in a harsh and vexed voice he cried out, as he shook his fist at the house, “Och mussha, I wish ye’s may burst for a pack of unbelieving heretics as ye’s are.”

“Hush,” said Tim, “what din is that?” its none o’th boggarts ‘ats shoutin, is it?” and he stood still as if afraid to proceed further.

“Arrah, come on you fool,” said Pat; “sure it’s only your friends that’s enjoying thimselves in the house, an’ maybe that’s laughing at the notion of the fun they’ll be having at your funeral in a day or two; but niver mind them, for haven’t we all to die once, an’ I hope you’ll have prepared for it.”

“Yigh, sure aw have; but see thi, this is th’ gate, and nea be sharp, for tha sees ow want to get it o’er as soon as aw con.”

So the pair set off as fast as possible towards the place of rendezvous. In the mean time Jack had, according to the arragement between himself and Tim, gobne at the hour appointed taking care to provide himself with a large white sheet, some sky rockets,

powder, and a good length of stout iron chain. After enveloping himself in the folds of the sheet, he took his stand within ear shot of the spot where the miracle should be performed. In a short time he heard their approach, and could distinguish by the light of the moon that Paddy carried a long stick or wand in his hand. On they came, till they got near the large cluster of trees, behind one of which Jack stood concealed. Here Paddy stopped, motioning to Tim

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to stand still, while he—taking off his hat—commenced his work in good earnest, first making a ring, he stepped into the middle of it and then began to repeat some words in his native tongue. By and by he asked Tim who he wished to see.

“O, aye be’th mons aw’d lik’d to forgotten. Well let’s see, what does tha think iv tha wakins up yon owd turk long Betty O’Malleys, an’ who knows but hoo met tell thee what hoo did her brass, for to my thinkin’ hoo took it wi her, as it wer well look’d for after hoo were laid away, but never wer fund. So tha con for her up iv tha likes.”

“Well its all the same to me Mister; but remimber an’ keep quiet, for if you spake the spell will be destroyed.”

And now he appeared as if positively bent on producing an effect, therefore he assumed a dignity of carriage. After waving his wand for some time he called out. “D’ye see nothing yet?”

Being answered in the negative, he said, “Arrah mussha, what can be keeping her. Sure its neve turn’d into the doorkeeper, she is? But begorra she must be might fast entirely if I don’t bring her up this time.”

Again Pat proceeded with his incantations and cutting a few more signs in the air he called out in a deep solemn voice “Betty O’Farrell I command you to appear.”

At this juncture, Tim shouted out laughing and said, “will’t tha howd thi din tha foolish tummy yed, how does ta think at hoo’ll know who tha myeans wi thi Betty O’Farrall connot tha co’her be he gradely name, an’ say, ahey! ahey theer! don yo yer? Long Betty-o’-Malley’s-o’-Sally’s-o’-Jim’s, there’s o chap here at wants to see thee.

That's th' road to speak to her man; as hoo knows naught abeawt yer Irish names, does hoo fiddle ats like."

"Och! begorra, you had better come an' teach me but if you know so well how to do it. You may as well begin an' call Betty, an' Sally, an' Malley, an' Jim, an' maybe its the whole legion you'd have running about ye'r heels, what would you do thin i wonder eh?"

"By gum aw'd run too, for aw've a tidy pair o' legs o' mi own aw con tell yo'."

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"Faith thin you had better keep thim, for I doubt that you'll need them afore long." And again he called out "Betty O' Farrall, I demand by my power that your spirit doth now appear."

This tim gave the signal, and out stepped Jack with his sheet spread aloft like a ship in full sail, and his chains dragging after him.

Pat's head was turned aside so that he did not observe the approach of Jack; but Tim, springing into the ring, seized Paddy by the arm, and whispered, "Hoo's comin, hoo's comin."

"Hullalu! your frightend already, are you? Och, faix, I was thinking how it id be wid you; and entroth it's running away you'll be next."

"Run? by goes aw wish aw could run; but aw feel as iv aw mut foe to th' ground just nea. E dear o me, see how hoo's flyin."

"She's the devil it's like; where is flyin?"

"Theer, theer, connot yo see her?"

Paddy now turned round, and, on seeing the tall shadow-like form moving towards them, he stood like one entranced, rigid and motionless, with his hands extended and eyes staring wildly, as if ready to start from their sockets; but long Betty, regardless of the terror which her presence created, advanced towards them with a flame of fire issuing from the top of her head, which not only emitted sundry sparks, but was accompanied with a low hissing sound, and a strong smell of brimstone; but before she

could approach to the side of Pat, he flung himself down on earth, and covering his face with his hands, he called out, —

“Och, it’s herself the devil a less! A thin Mister Bobbin, darlent, keep her away from me for the love o’ God. Och, och, its a done man I am now, any how; but it’s all through you. Tim Bobbin, you dirty spalpeen, wid your ahey, ahey there; if down on top of me! Ah! Betty, my daisy, it’s not me at all, don’t come nearer, or it’s dying I’ll be, an’ I tell you that it’s him that call’d for you.”

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“No, Pat Farrall, it as you that called me up from my warm shop.”

“Och be my sowl, I don’t doubt but it’s warm sure enough, an’ I only wish it was warmer, to consume your body an’ bones, Betty, my jule”

“Well I’m thankful for your good wishes, Pat; but if I was consumed you’d be no nearer getting your grandfather’s money, as I keep that down below.”

“Arrah the sorrow one of me doubts you, Betty, and if I was able it’s wishing I’d be that every guinea of it might rise a blister in yer eternal sowl for a wiley owld serpent as you are.”

“Come, come, Pat Farrall, did you not command me to appear? and here I am.”

“Aye, bad luck to yer long legs, an’ sure it’s in a tearing hurry you wor coming.”

“Yes, for I was anxious to embrace you, my grandson.” Betty now advanced with outstretched arms towards him.

“Och, holy Bridget, save me from this owld screech-owl of darkness, or she’ll kill me outright, so she will. Och, och, I wish it’s at home I was once again.”

“And so you shall be, Pat, as I am come to bring you home, where you will meet all my dear relations.”

“Och, thin, sure it’s myself that’s entirely behoulden to you, Betty dear; but begorra I’m thinking yer climate i’d be rather too warm for me; but sure there’s poor Mister Bobbin, a dacent owld friend of yer own; just take him wid you, an’ my blessing, Betty acushla; will you, honey?”

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“No, it’s not in my power, as he is the divel’s own.”

“Arrah, bedad, I was just thinking so; an’ sure it’s not many of his sort that issent; but begorra you ought to like him the better for that; so do as I bid you, Betty, an’ I’ll let you keep the money.

“Pat Farrall, was this your purpose in bringing me on earth again?”

“Why, thin sure it’s not myself that I’d have axed you up at all at all, honey, only that I thought the divel had too fast a grip to let you off so soon; but if I had wanted you to do me

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any sarvice, the sorrow fear of you being so swift in yer flight, Betty.”

Betty now gave the chain a good shake, and Pat, groaning piteously, said,—

“Aye, sure you may shake it, Betty, but it’s little sinse the divel must have after all, or he’d niver think of keeping you down wid either chain or coulter.”

“Pat Farrall, whcy can you give me now, only your sinful soul as a recompense for my trouble?”

“Och, blessed Anthony, do you hear the owld handmaid of Satan? It’s not contint wid half taking the sineses out of me she is, but it’s my life she’s wanting now without judge or jury. Arrah, thin, woman, may Gog forgive me for calling you the name, but whatever you are, do you think you can take me off body and sowl? Reminber that I’m not one of the divel’s own, but a rale born Irishman, that must be let go home again in spite of you or yer chains either, you owld fire kite.”

There was now a slight sound like a laugh proceeded from Tim, whereupon Pat, lifting up his head, called out—

“Well, may I niver, if he usent laughing at you. Tare an’ ages, how can you stand there to be made game of, Betty? Arrah don’t I wish that her head was a bombshell, that it might burst convanient to you for a grining baste as you are?”

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when another gush of fire came dancing and hissing from the top of Betty's head, and shot right over Paddy, who instantly leaped to his feet, screaming out—

“Och, meelah murdher, it's myself I'll be catching it. Ah blessed Michael, lend me yer wings.” But he did not seem to want the aid of wings, for he took to his heels in good earnest, and long Betty after him in full pursuit, with her chains rattling behind her. At last she got close beside him, and was endeavouring to lay hold of him, when down he dropped, and Betty on the top of him, the fall causing the explosion of the rockets which she carried. Paddy now thought he was lost indeed, as with a piteous voice he groaned out—

“Ah blessed Peter, received my sowl, for I'm die-die-dying,” and he became quite insensible.

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By this time Tim had arrived at the scene of action, and found long Betty extended on the ground, almost as much frightened as Paddy, for the explosion had scorched her so severely that she was unable to render Tim any assistance in restoring Pat, and they would have been in a dilemma but for the unexpected appearance of the rest of the party, who had followed in order to watch the proceedings; so they lifted poor Paddy up, but finding all their efforts to restore him fruitless, they agreed to carry him over to the public-house where they had spent the evening.

Chapter V

Tim and Paddy's introduction to the lower region

When they arrived at head quarters, Tim and Jack were both surprised to find that everyone of their faces and hands were blackend; but instead of answering the enquiry of Tim, as to the cause of the change in their complexion, they motioned him to be silent, and with as little noise as possible, they carried their still insensible burden up

stairs into large room which had every appearance of a lodge room, for it contained a number of a symbolic character, not omitting twelve wooden steps raised from the ground, in the form of an altar. These were concealed from the general view by a crimson curtain drawn across the upper end of the room. A good fire burned in the grate, giving the apartment an air of cheerfulness.

Tim advanced, and drawing a sofa before the fire, they laid Paddy gently on it, and once more tried to restore him to consciousness. After a time he began to show symptoms of recovery, whereupon one of the party produced a pot of black die, and dub'd Paddy in the coloured order of Lodge 62. After his face, neck, and hands were shaded to their satisfaction,

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they gave the pot to Tim and Jack, who had been for some time engaged in conversation with one of the principal officers, but who now went to work in erasing any shade of white which Dame Nature might have given them; for in spite of either fright or scorch Jack was determined on being present at the finishing up of the affair. Therefore, casting off the sheet, he went in search of some female attire, and soon returned with a cap, gown, and apron belonging to the landlady, which he equiped himself in, the defects being hidden by a long mourning cloak belonging to the lodge.

When their arrangements were complete they withdrew behind the curtain, leaving Tim Bobbin seated at a table, on which was placed about half a dozen bottles and some glasses.

In a bit Paddy opened his eyes, or rather let me say, half opened them, and then beginning with a few och-hone's, said— "Och, but it's a mighty ugly drame I'm after having about my grandfather's money, an' his owld villain of a wife that's robbing us; but stop, let me see, arrah mussha, where am I, or is it myself that's in it at all at all? Why, thin, begorra, I might be after having the night-mare, for I thought just now that I could see a black baste grining at me."

Paddy now rubbed his eyes; then looking again, he said—

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“Och the sorrow a drame it is, but a rale living black-a-moor. Och tunder an’ turf, Paddy, where are you getting to? Arrah, Biddy, Biddy, I say Biddy O’Callander, sure it’s not lodging wid you I am yet, is it? Ah thin no, entroth; now I remimber, it’s on board the ship going to England I am, and no where else, an’ there sits the black divel I got drunk wid this evening; but upon my conscience it seems he’s at it yet. Och faix I wonder how he’s able to sit without tumbling, but entroth I’m thinking that his belly would make a purty good liquor vault. I wonder is he after emptying ‘em all? Bedad I have a great mind to ax him. ‘I say, mister, are you awake? Mister, that brandy of your’s is eligant stuff; an’ begorra it’s another drop of the same I could like to be tasting if it’s agreeable to you, eh, what do you say?’ Och sure he pretends he can’t hear me, an’ maybe it’s the politest for me to get up and just help myself.”

Suiting the action to the word, over he went to the table,

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and lifting up one of the bottles found it empty, tried another with no better success; then turning to the black, he said—

“Well, upon my conscience, yer stomach aught to be converted into an hotel, wid words plaster’d over yer thieving tundish of a mouth, stating, ‘all liquors sowld here is to be consumed on the premises.’ Arrah don’t I only wish that I was a gauger, and upon my sowl I’d make you pay double license, you dirty heagen, for you have drunk enough to float a man-of-war; but it’s my certain belief that you’ve swallow’d a drumadery, to hould all that drink; but easy, I forgot, he doesent understand English; howsomedevour it’s provoking to see so many eligant bottles, all empty; one, two, three, four, och the divel a drop; five, hurrew, be the rock of Cashel, there’s some in this. Arrah, thin, be the powers yer not all out as bad as I thought; but entroth I’ll help you wid this at any rate.”

So putting the bottle to his mouth he took a copious draught of its contence, as, drawing his hand over his stomach, he said—



*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“Och an sure it’s a small blame to Saint Patrick when he christened you the gem of all waters, any how, for yer what I call a renovater; an’ faix it’s another taste of you I’ll be having afore I part wid you this time, my jule.”

He according put the bottle to his mouth, with the intention of taking a second draught, when a most unearthly peal of laughter rang through the apartment; the bottle instantly dropped from his hand, and, staring wildly around, he was rushing towards the door, when it was flung open, and long Betty confronted him with a drawn sword in her hand.

“Och! the heavens be about us, what will I be after seeing next! or is my senses turned clean inside out!—uch, uch, where am I at all at all! sure its niver dreaming all this I am, is it.”

“No Pat Farrall it is not a dream; but as you called me up to ask after my money, I thought that I would bring you down to receive it.”

“Och, blessed Patrick does the owld sulphur of brimstone think I’m a fool, or that its going to sell my sowl I am. No, no, Betty Aheager, the last of the great O’Farralls has more

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brains than that; but see now,—arrah! thin tunder an’ turf, only just look how that black divel is devouring the last drop of brandy all to himself. Och, don’t I wish it may burst you, for a baste as you are.”

Betty now turned and perceived Tim with a bottle in his hand, the neck of which was thrust into his mouth; and, as Paddy said, he did appear as if bent on swallowing it at least, but it was a ruse to conceal his laughter at Paddy’s easy nonchalance. But Pat was by his side in an instant, and seized his arm pulling it from his mouth, while he accosted that nobody had a mouth but ye’r silf, you great dirty bull-shoagh.”

“Nea, nea, felley! what art ta for, connot a chap ples hissel what he does wi his own stuff?”

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

Paddy placed the bottle on the table, and staring into Tim's face with a look of wonder said, "athin sure its niver Mister Bobin himself, is it?"

"Be th' mass but it is thought, what for?"

"Och, thin bedad you must have cotch'd howld of the black jaundice since you landed, for ye'r as black as Betty hersilf now."

"By gum then tha mun a getton th' same disorder, for tha'rt none so white nother aw con tell thi; but to my thinkin' we'r o ov a litter here, for just look at thi own face mon; why tha'rt as black as th' owd lad hissel."

Paddy now turned to a large mirror that hung over the chimney-piece, but no sooner did he perceive the change in his colour than he turned back to Tim with a broad grin on his face and whispered "Och, an' bedad she's cheated in me after all, for its niver a bit of Paddy Farrall at all that's in it, but her for an owld circumventing villain as she is."

But Betty took no notice of him, as she had taken possession of the bottle, and was helping herself freely to its contence. Paddy seeing this sprang forward and dragged it from her mouth, looking on her with an eye of pity said, "Arrah! tare an' thunder, don't choke ye'rself all out; but entroth its my cartain belief that all ye's country people are

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alike, for the niver a thing ye's do but ate, ate, ate! an' drink, drink, drink! for all the world, as if ye'r stomachs contained a provision store; arrah, thin are ye's niver tired: for faix I shame for ye's."

"Well aw'll gu to sea iv ever aw yerd aught like that afore; why its thi'sel tha meyans tha great brostin foo! for tha cannot abide to see onybody tast but thi'sel, but aw'll ha ma share on it that aw will, so now aw tell yo."

"Troth so you shall when I've done wid it Betty Aheager, but not afore."

"By mas, then, it's precious little i'll be left when tha'rt done wi it, owd mon."

He took no notice of this rebuke, but was again lifting the bottle to his mouth when a tremendous explosion shook the room, and in an instant it was half full of fire and smoke, in the midst of which long Betty appeared to dissolve. Another explosion

immediately followed, and Paddy, fearing that Tim might disappear the same way, rushed over to him, and catching hold of him said, “whist, don’t spake for yer life, but stick close to me.”

“A Paddy, mon, what ever mun aw do?”

“You must keep quiet, that’s all, an’ I’ll save you yet, I tell you, for I have a blessed charm around my neck.”

“A dear o me, how con tha save me? Dident tha see poor long Betty how hoo went off like a reech?”

“Och the divel mend her; but sure it’s only gone nearer home she is, maybe; but you seem like as if you warent able to stand; here, man, just taste out of this bottle.”

“Nay, Paddy, sup it thi sel, mon, aw connot touch it, aw connot for sure; tha sees th’ job tha’s made wi pooin yon owd skinflint out o’th hole.”

“Arrah, thin, only listen to him, how he talks; mussha wasent it yer’silf that axed me to call her up? But begorra yer just as unreasonable as a woman, first axing me to do a thing, an’ thin blaming me for doing it; but don’t put yer’silf about, for I’ll get you out of this if I live.”

“Aye, but tha knows tha art n’t livin nea, Paddy.”

“Wht what else am I living? Do I look—Och blessed Agatha, what’s coming now?”

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This exclamation was caused by the sudden withdrawal of the curtains from the upper part of the room, and the sight which then presented itself was certainly not one calculated to sooth a troubled mind. As for Paddy he seemed spell-bound, for right before him stood a figure representing the character of Satan; his face was black and almost concealed by a quantity of long matted hair; a large pair of horns projected from his forehead, and pointing downwards formed a kind of scroll, between either side of which an enormous sized nose protruded. He was enveloped in a long black cloak, and as if to complete the scene a bright circle of fire appeared moving round him.

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

At first Pat did not quite comprehend his position, but a sense of horror seemed to take possession of him, for he reeled backwards and made an effort to catch hold of Tim Bobbin, but alas and alas! it was long Betty who presented herself before him, and at her back stood the rest of the coloured group in the form of her attendants. This was the climax of poor Paddy's terror, as making one feeble effort to speak, he murmured "Oh, tower of ivory! she's all at her heels now."

He fell heavily forward, alike insensible to life or death. They began now to think that they had carried the joke rather too far, as all sense of animation had completely left poor Pat, for he lay quite cold and stiff. The landlord, however, was soon called up, and to their enquiries of what would be the best plan of restoring him, he replied, "By gum to ma thinkin' yo'n kilt him reet out, so yo mun just lap it up theer', what ever wer yo o doin' to get him fuddled i this state?"

"Howd thi noise, tha gaping goose, he's none fuddled; he's nobbut freetent a bit."

"Be'th mass but it's a boon a bit, for aw doubt iv he'll ever come round."

"Do howd thi bother, wilt ta, an' bring us up some strong brandy till wi see iv that aw'll do him ony good."

"Aye, sure, iv aught aw'll do for him that will."

Away went the landlord, and soon returned with a renovater, as poor Paddy called it. By the advice of Tim he was removed to the room which he had occupied the night previous, and

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placing him tenderly on the bed they tried to restore him; and, to do Tim justice, he began to think that they had not exactly acted a brotherly part towards the Irish freemason, but he made a mental resolution that if Pat should recover henceforward he for one would be his friend. How he kept that resolve will be seen in the following chapter.

Chapter VI

Paddy transformed into a nigger

When Paddy recovered his consciousness, which he did after about half-an-hour's united efforts of the party, he found himself in bed in a nice little room, with a cheerful fire blazing and cracking merrily in the polished grate; a small round table covered with a crimson cloth, stood close up to bed. On the table was placed a bottle and glass. A light was burning in the distant part of the room, so that Pat could distinguish the comforts of his position more distinctly.

At first he turned himself over two or three times; then lifting his head up languidly, he ventured to look round; the bottle, of course, was the first thing which attracted his attention.

“Och, murdher, yer there are you? smiling at me like a born temper for all the world, but entroth you’ve no need, for the divel a one drop of you will I taste again for a week; for it’s all owing to you that I’m after draming such dirty black drames; but faith I’ve a notion that you can’t contain so much now, for it’s mysilf hat niver knows when to stop till I’m forced; but howld, let me see if I finished you, for the sorrow one of me can remimber anything about you at all at all. Hurrew! full be the gorawar. Arrah, sure, it must be a miracle from Saint Patrick himself, that watches over me, an’ sees how flusterificated my drames made me; so out of com-

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pliment to be blessed saint I dar but taste it. Why it’s real eligant brandy, the divel a less.”

A low laugh now fell on Paddy’s ear, and he started up just in time to catch a glimpse of Tim peeping in at the door.

“A thin Mister Bobbin, my darlint, ye’r just in time; come in an’ take a dawney taste of this bottle, for its a drop of Sain Patrick’s own.”

“Well aw’m none particular for tastin’ thi bottle Paddy, but out ov compliment to’th saint as tha ses, I don’t mind tastin’ what’s inside on’t.”

“Troth an’ so you shall mister, but you couldent be after guessing the frightful vision that I’ve seen of some place I daren’t name; but faix I thought you wor there too, wid a face on you as black as a coalhole.”

“Well so far tha wernot mich out Paddy, for mi faze wer rayther ov other black to neet; but tha sees aw’ve some back to mi own colour, an’ it ud be a good job iv tha could do th’ same, for tha’rt a gradely show. Hast tha bin up chimbley think’st tha?”

“Och! well entroth I don’t know, but I believe something ail’s me sure enough, for faith I’m just the colour ov a nigger, iv I jusge be my hands, eh, am I Mister Bobbin!

“Be’th mass for thi own sake aw wish tha wert a gradely nigger.”

“Well but aw tell thi Paddy, iv tha wer a real black tha met have th’ chance ov a first-rate shop just at this present time, up at’h greight house yon, asth’ lady on it, Mistress Robert Butterworth, is wantin’ one o that breed, to drive her out like, and to do sich odd jobs; so tha see’s Pat iv tha wanted a stunnin place where tha could get a reet good wage for naught bu making a foo o thi sel, why tha met just gu i’th mornin’ an’ look after it; aye, an’ aw’ll be bound tha’d get it too, for aw’d send a letter wi thi to’th master an’ tell him at tha’rt a mason, an’ aw know at he’d do a bit toards getting thi in wi’th lady hersel. Nea, then, Paddy, what does tha say?”

“Begor I wouldent ax better sport nor trying to oblige her, an’ sure if she pays me well it’s not crying I’ll be for the change in my complexion to black or blue.”

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“That’s reet Pat, owd lad, an’ aw’m rare an’ fain ‘at aw con do aught to sarve thi, for to tell th’ truth aw’m gettin rayther partial to thi; but tha mun lay down an’ tak a good sleep till mornin, an’ then aw’st see thi again, so good neet.”

“Easy, easy, Mister Bobbin; tunder an’ turf, you havent tasted this brandy yet; here, take a dawney drop, for bedad it’s next door to a cordial.”

“Well, here’s a better luck to us, Paddy.”

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“Och, Lord that I may niver! but another pull like that id have clean finished it. Arrah, but you’ve a dacent-sized throttle of yer own, Mister Bobbin, jule.”

Tim quitted the room laughing heartily, and Paddy, after just tasting it once more, lay down and quietly composed himself to sleep; but the bottle was emptied. Next morning Paddy was roused from his slumbers by the entrance of Tim, which Tim received from him at the door; then giving him some other commands, the boy departed, and Tim turning to Paddy, greeted him with, “Well, owd lad, how did ta sleep last neet?”

“Och thin, faix, I can hardly tell, Mister Bobbin, for the truth in my senses doesent seem altogether right some way or another; but just answer me one dawney taste of a question, for entroth it puzzles me to think of it.”

“Well, what mak ov a question is it Paddy? an’ aw’ll see iv it’ll puzzle me.”

“Just this, Mister Bobbin: Is it me, Paddy O’Farrall, at all that’s in it; or is it some other thieving villian that wants to purtind he’s me? or have I bee fairy struck an’ turned into a blackemoor?”

“Why Paddy, tha foo, doesent tha remember how it happened then?”

“No, begor I don’t, the divel a bit of me.”

“Why then, be th’ mass, tha mun ha bin fuddled, or else tha’d o known it wer o through long Betty-o’-Malleys.”

“Och, Lord it’s no drame thin after all, isn’t it?”

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“Now indeed it nother; connot tha bethink thi how hoo blew thi up, an’ when wi fund thi, begum tha wer as black as black.”

“Och, murdher! sure I remimber it now; wasent the owld faggot for taking me off wid her, helter skelter.”

“Yigh, sure hoo wur, an’ aw’d a rare job to stick to thi, or else tha’d o gone off like a flash o’ leetnin.”

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

“Och, the saints forbid! but I’m entirely behoulden to you, Mister Bobbin, an’ faith, if I live, I’ll try an’ sarve you for the same yit; but, nevertheless, what will I do wid myself now, for I vow to God I don’t think that my own dog ‘ill ever know me. Do you think he will, Mister Bobbin?”

“Well, nare mind whether he does or not, as his knowledge aw’ll nare sarve thee; but here’s a first-rate suit o’clothes ‘at aw’ve had gin me for thi, so dress thisel up at once, mon, an’ gu down stairs for thi breakfast’s waitin on thi, an’ then get ready to tak this letter to Mr. Butterworth, an’ iv tha’s hove o’th sense tha recons to have, aw durst be bund yer fortin’s made; but remember yo mun be a gradely born black, or else th’ mistress want tak yo.”

“Arrah sure now I remimber what you towld me last night, an’ the divel a one of me but I’ll just glory in chating her out of her quare ideas, mind if I don’t; for entroth I’ll tell her that I’m grandson to Phelam O’Toole, King of--- och sure I can’t for the life of me think of the place.”

“Now, be’th mass, an’ it aw’ll be better iv tha doesent think ov his name o’ther, or hoo’ll soon know at King Phelam wer an Irishman; so tha mun be mindin, Pat, an’ iv hoo axes thi aught tell her at yer a runaway slave.”

“Och thin the divel a word of a lie I’d be tilling her naither Mister Bobbin, for entroth we’r nothing better in usage bar’en that the government has’ent ordered us to be turned black yit, but faith I’m thinking if long Betty went over she’d soon change em without lave or license, but upon my conscience these are eligant clothes Mister Bobbin, and begor they fit me like a glove; but easy! what am I to do wid this white handkerchief eh?”

“Its for thi neck mon to make thi look moor stylish tha knows.”

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“Stylish did you say! och, sure I’m the born picter of a black clargyman, begor I’m just wishing she’d hire me as one, an I’d promise not to brake her back wid penance.”



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

“Will't tha howd thi bother an' be sharp mon, hoo wants no clargyman nor penance maker nother, for hoo's a protestant.”

“Och troth I might have gess'd her creed by her advartising for out-landish sarvents, sure, an' the divel himsilf is prefarable wid some of thim afore Irish. I wonder will it be so in thother place, you know which I mane?”

“Now indeed it nother wer'nt Betty for takin thi whether or not an' aw recon hoo lives none so far off that place; but come along mon an' get thi bally fill'd, an' then set off at once afore ony other taks th' shop up.”

“Any other, eh?” och sure the divel another she'll ever see like me, if she lives to be as owld as Methuselah; for upon my sowl its a holy show I am, but I suppose I can charge her more for being coloured to her taste, so now come on Mister Bobbin.”

Tim lead the way down stairs into a small room where there was a comfortable meal prepared for both, and to say the truth of Paddy he did it ample justice. As soon as it was over they left the house, and Tim went part way on the road, giving Pat instructions on how he must proceed when he arrived at Butterworth hall. In the first instance he was to give a letter from Tim to Mr. Butterworth; then to see the lady, taking care to be extremely polite in her presence; but if she wanted to catechise him too severely, he was to shake his head and pretend that he did not understand her, not having much knowledge of the English language; and above all things never to mention anything about Ireland; but if he should sometimes hear its people called, for him to assist in the righteous cause, and help to call them too, as that would be the best method to recommend himself not ony to his fellow servants, but also to his employers.”

“Och thin its niver wanting me to turn traitor to mysilf an' country you are, is it?”

“Now indeed aw nother, but aw'm only tellin' thi, at iv tha flies up at sich like talk, a'th sarvents i'll be keepin' thi

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agate at it fro mornin' to neet; but sitho we'r a'th gate, an' thats th' hall theer, so aways wi thi an' mind at tha gives this letter to nobody but th' master hissel.”

And Tim gave it to Paddy, who appeared fully competent to maintain the character which he was about to represent. Therefore, after thanking Tim for all his kindness, and promising to let him know the issue of events, they parted, Tim to his school, and Pat to present himself to the notice of the lady of Butterworth hall.

It may, perhaps, be as well to state that the master of the hall was no stranger to the change in Pat's complexion, as he was one of the party who assisted in the after plot, and as Grand Master of the Lodge it was he who personated his Satanic Majesty, But as it nearly cost poor Paddy his life, they all thought that they owed him some recompence, consequently Mr. Butterworth proposed the plan of getting him to assume the character of a black, as his wife had been long wishing for one to drive her out, and act in the capacity of groom, etc., etc. But before this could be done properly, Paddy should have a respectable suit of clothes, which Mr. Butterworth also offered to supply, providing that Tim would bring them to Paddy, and get him to fall into their plans without letting him know that anyone knew of the matter only Tim and himself.

Seeing, therefore, how he embraced the offer we must not lose sight of his presentation to the members of the hall.

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## Chapter VII

### Paddy's reception at the hall

When Paddy arrived at the house, he halted before the door, first looking up, and the down, to see if anybody was stirring, but nothing being visible, he at last ventured to knock, this summons was answered by a smart looking lackey who thus addressed him:

“Well friend darkey, do you want a job at chimney-sweeping?”

“No faith honey I always lave thim sort of jobs for the likes of you.”

“Come, come fellow, you had better not be insulting, or perhaps I may try the strength of my foot on you.”

“Begor thin if you do its mysilf I'll just try the strength of my fist on you first.”

“And Pat was advancing to put his threat in execution when Mr. Butterworth presented himself before them.

“Well whats this uproar for! James, whats this all about? pray what are you sir?”

“Arrah cant ye’r honor see, I’m a blackemoor.”

“A blackemoor, well and what do you want here!”

“Och thin bedad this letter of Mr. Bobbins i’ll be after telling you that i want a place, an’ so I come to hear that the lady wanted a black felly de chamber, an’ faith I just thought I’d be fitting her knuckle, for the sorrow a better black she’ll ever see again while she lives, do you think she will sir?”

“Well as for that, I’m not a very competent judge of colours, but what’s your name?”

“Och murdher, theres a posser for me the first go off, arrah I wish I had only axed Mr. Bobbin.”

“Och thin is it my name ye’r honors axing after?”

“Yes what are you called John or James or Thomas?”

“Well thin entroth its so long since I heard my name its clane gone out of my head, but sure ye’r honor can call me what iver name comes the handiest.”

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“Well then, suppose I christen you Pattoon?”

“Pat Aroon, did you say? Arrah, the divel a better name you could have thought of, if you wor Father Dempsey himself. Och, entroth I’ll be putting my foot in it if I don’t be minding better.”

“Eh! what do you say?”

“Arrah, sure I’m only saying, yer honor, that my own born father, if I ever had one, couldent have call’d me a tinderer name.”

“Ah, well I’m glad you like it; but you had better come into the house, and wait till the misses sees you; she is not in at present, but will be here soon, no doubt, so come in and get something to eat.”

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

“Here, James, show him into the butler’s room, and see that he is well used, as most probably he will become one of your fellow servants.”

James now stepped forward, and, bowing humbly to his master, withdrew, followed by Pat Aroon, whom he vowed to hate henceforward.

Conducting him to the room, he, however, placed a good breakfast before him, but as he had had one he did not appear to enjoy it much, whereupon James’s anger seemed to rekindle and turning upon Pat Aroon with a look of scorn he said, “This breakfast doesent seem to suit you, perhaps you could have liked a little Indian corn better.”

“Och, no entroth, its not the food that troubles me honey, its the sight of the waiter on.”

“Oh, you’r ashamed to eat before your betters, are you?”

“Faith you’ve just gessed it, for I see by the size of ye’r mouth that you’d be a better ater nor I would, so come an’ fill ye’r belly now, as you look to want it poor crayture, and upon my conscience I’ll not begrudge it to you.”

“Well really this is too bad, and I protest that I won’t stand such impudence from a dirty black monster like you, so you had better hold your tongue fellow.”

“Och, murdher is it my colour that troubles you, well

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entroth I’d rather be black nor a dirty yallow-looking minny-hammer like you at any rate.”

There is no knowing how far this complimentary discussion might have gone, but for the appearance of a pretty young woman, one of the maid-servants, whose presence acted upon James as a magic, for his looks of ire were instantly changed, and, advancing towards her, his voice assuming a lispng softness, he addressed her with “Well Miss Martha, my duck, are you coming to take a peep at the Bosjessman?”

“For shame Mr. James, you should not wound the feelings of the poor fellow, as I dare say that he would be as nice as you if he could.” And here she cast a half-saucy, half-admiring glance at James, then turning to Pat Aroon she said, “My lady cannot see

you to-day, as she is going out to dine, but you are to remain in the house till to-morrow if you wish, and she will see you then, will you do so?"

"Och, sure an' indeed I'll be after doing anything at all at all that I'd plase you or her, you sweet little apple blossom, for upon my credits its a real out an' out beauty you are, an' the divel a less!" and putting his hand to his heart he bowed low as if in adoration to her loveliness.

Laughing merrily at the compliment, she quited the room, and James catching up the breakfast tray followed her, after bestowing a second glance of hate at Pat, who did not condesend to notice him.

During the day he found hs way down to the kitchen and contrived to ingratiate himself the favour of all the female servants to the great annoyance of James, who endeavoured to cast a slight upon him on all occasions; but Pat retorted pretty sharply, till the cook had to interpose, and at her entreaties only did the war of tongues cease. On the whole however he spent a very agreeable evening, love making to the pretty Martha, and after he had retired to rest she pronounced him the handsomest and politest nigger that ever she saw, she wished to goodness that he had been an Englishman, while James insisted he was more like a half tamed rhinoceros and not at all a fit animal to be kept about any private gentlemans house, and the fact was, he would object to living in the same place, with any such savage.

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## Chapter VIII

### Pat making love to a picture

The next morning Pat was up early, and in striving to find his way to the kitchen he took the wrong direction and found himself in the picture gallery, where he for sometime remained looking over the portraits of that once high and respected race. At length his attention was drawn to the portrait of a lovely young lady and his admiration found vent in words. "The top of the morning to you my darlent, if I may be so bowld as to call you so; but it doesent matter, as I suppose you can't hear me; and och, sure mores the pity,

but be the tarnal if ever you wor living at all at all I'm cartain an' sure it was in heaven, for the divel a less than an angel you are. Och, only look at her eligant eyes; be the gorr of war there isent a dimond in all Ireland half as bright! an' as for ye'r mouth! och! well may I niver if that thieving villian of a fly hasent lit on her lip, just to tormint me. Get out of my sight you dirty varment,"--- and Pat made an attempt to hit the fly with his hat, but in the act of doing so he heard a merry laugh behind him, and on turning he perceived Mr. Butterworth, and upon his arm leaned the fair original of that lovely portrait.

Paddy's first intention was to run, but the kind voice of Mr. Butterworth detained him, as he looked on him with a smile saying, "Well Pat Aroon this is my lady; do you think that you would like to enter her employment, eh?"

"Och, murdher will her ladyship only try me; an' be the rock of cashall I'll sarve her as she niver was sarved afore, I'll engage."

"You mean well I suppose," said the lady.

"Entroth an' I do wid my life, my lady."

"Ah wel I believe I will try your fidelity; but what part of the world do you come from? as I fancy you speak exceedingly like Irish."

"Faith an' its no wonder my lady, for it was an Irish ship brought me to this country, or else I'd have been lost entirely."

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"Poor creature, where did it bring you from?"

"Och, the sorrow one of me knows; only it was near some very hot place my lady, where the smoke turned be black."

Mrs. Butterworth raised her hands and eyes upwards, and ejaculated "poor, poor creature, Mount Vesuvius he means I suppose."

Mr. Butterworth roared out laughing, which caused her to turn those sweet eyes upon him with a look of wonder, as she gently chid him for his levity. But without further search after Pat Aroons birth-place or pedigree she consented to take him into

her service; and after giving him some orders as to the particular kind of work allotted to him, she and her liege lord quitted the gallery, while Pat betook himself to the kitchen and was soon narrating the whole story to the pretty Martha, who was laughing heartily at his blunder.

Thus past the time with him till breakfast was announced. After which he was called upon to attire himself in a suit of livery, in order to attend his lady in a drive.

Paddy was not slow in hastening to fulfil his lady's commands, so entering the bedroom designed for his use he for the first time perceived his livery, and forthwith prepared to equip himself in full dress. But first he thought of washing his face, so over he went to the water-jug, emptying its contents into the bason, seized the soap and commenced washing himself in good earnest. But judge of his astonishment when the black began to disappear.

"Och, tare an' tret what's all this for; is my face turned into nothing at all only a soot bag? or is that owld villian of the world turning me white again, frighted that I might get a dacent living through her manes; but whist I'll be even wid you this time Betty my jule, if the divel himself doesent help you again." So going over to the chimney and putting up his hand he brought down the full of it of soot, and pouring some hair oil over it he worked it into a nice thin paste which he applied to his neck, face, arms, and hands, till he once more shone out in bold relief, and grinning with real delight as he contemplated his polished face in the mirror:---

"Och Paddy O'Farrall but its ye'rself that makes the eligant heagan, aye the divel a handsomer ever was born.

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Arrah, faith its a wonder if all the girls won't be dying in love wid me; but bedad I'll niver stop thim if they do, an' more especially that little daughter of sunshine Miss Martha, as that grinning baboon James calls her, but niver mind, if I don't put my comheather on her my name's not Patrick. An' these are my new clothes are they? well upon my conscience, the're real beauties; och, don't I wish that Bidy O'Callander

could just get a peep at me now, an' faix its as well maybe that she cant. But I must be off, for there goes the bell, an' bedad it wont do to keep my lady waiting while I'm doing nothing but admiring mysilf, an' so a bright good morning to you Paddy honey," as saluting himself in the glass he quited the room fully attired in his new clothes. When he presented himself before his lady she appeared satisfied with his appearance, as well she might, for Paddy was what they call in Ireland the broth of a boy, being tall and well proportioned, with fine grey eyes and dark curled hair, making on the whole, as he said himself, an eligant-looking heagan.

And from his good conduct, coupled with his kind and mirthful temperament, he became in time, not only a favourite with his master and mistress, but also a suitor of the pretty Martha's, or rather let me say one of them, as James still contended for the prize, thinking her notice of Pat Aroon only proceeded from a desire to awaken his jealousy; but he said it was quite a foolish idea, as he knew well enough that she was dying in love with him, consequently, her flirtations with Pat Aroon were all lost upon him. Paddy, on the contrary, felt trully a love for her, and her notice of James caused him many a bitter pang and created a coldness between them more than once, till at last Paddy could stand it no longer, but made up his mind to tell her, that if he caught her walking with his rival any more that he would give him such a trashing as he'd never get over. This threat of course checked her flirtation, as she knew in that case all three would be dismissed from the place; Aroon, and even returned his love epistles, a specimen of which we offer to the notice of the reader.

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## Chapter IX

### Paddy's love letter, and the wrong delivery

*To Miss Martha, my darlent,*

"Och, murdher alive, whats all this for Martha my jule, sure you don't want to kill me out an' out, when you know its mysilf that's dying for one word of forgiveness from ye'r own purty mouth, but faix I'm at a loss to know the rason of ye'r cowliness to me.



*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“For sure its yer’silf that knows how I dote down alive on you my darlent, but apon my sowl I believe its that dirty spolpeen James that’s putting his comheather on you again; an’ och, tunder an’ ounters, its not the likes of him you’ll be making a fool of yer’silf wid, is it? but entroth I’ll not be after offinding you be axing such a question; but only just listen to me, my posey! for you don’t know the great big sacret that I have to tell you---aye bedad have I; so big that this taste of a letter wouldent howld the hlaf of it; so just meet me at the ened of the garden this evening my colleen, will you? an entroth I’ll open ye’r eyes.

“Arrah, sure the divel a heagan I am at all at all, only great, great grand uncle on the mother’s side to King Phelam O’Tool; there now is news for you! an’ d’you know that maybe its white I’ll be turning one of these days; for you see its only a penance that’s put on me for my sins, till I win the heart of some eligant vargin; an och, murdher that’s yer’silf my duch a dimonds, and so just come an’ listen to what I have to tell you, but no more at present from your much beloved

“PAT AROON.”

“P.S. Arrah, sure I must be after making a post office of ye’r bed-room door, by just slipping this dawney taste of a note under it, hoping you’ll forgive me for the same, Martha my primrose. But remimber I’ll be waiting for you at the top of the garden, till I see you my beauty, but don’t be after letting anybody know, an’ thin they’ll be no wiser.

“From ye’r own disembodied perfume of roses,

“PAT AROON.”

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This billet doux Pat doubled up in four parts, and without direction pushed it as he said under the door of her sleeping apartment. Well, it so happened the cook also slept in the same room; therefore, on the evening in question after she had performed her culinary duties, she went up stairs in order to dress herself, as was her usual custom; but upon opening the door she perceived this written paper. Being no scholar, and moreover an old and faithful domestic, she thought this epistle must be a document belonging to

her master, consequently she lost no time in hastening with it to him. She found him alone in the drawing room, the lady having gone to visit a sick friend, accompanied by Pat Aroon.

Mr. Butterworth was looking over the pages of a newspaper as she entered, so placing Pat's letter on the table beside him, she was leaving the room without speaking, when he called out,

“Well Sarah, do you want me?”

“No sir, I was only bringing you that there paper that I found at the door of one of the rooms, and I thought it might be one of the estimates that the painters sent you about doing up the house.”

“O thank you Sarah, that will do.”

Lifting the paper up, he opened it and exclaimed, “Aye it is an estimate, heaven knows.”

Sarah quite satisfied on the point quitted the room, while her master flung himself back in the chair and laughed immoderately as he continued to do at intervals throughout the reading of it. Whe he had made himself master of its contents he folded it up, and placing it in his pocket, took his hat and left the house, not returning for some hours. In the mean time Pat came back without his mistress, who finding her relative in a precarious state, had been induced to stop all night, and dispatch'd him home with a message to that effect; but not seeing his master, he hastened to put up the horses and then entered the house, but judge of his delight when the voice of Tim Bobbin greeted him with:---

“Hey ups owd lad be'th mons aw thought tha'd nare come, aw've bin here waiting for thi aboon an hour.”

“Hurrew arrah fire an' flinders Mr. Bobbin darlent, is it yer'silf that's in it at all at all; och be the cloak of Saint Bridget

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an' that's a wide oath I'm main proud to see you once again.”

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

“Aye so tha ses, but has tha getton aught to sup.”

“Sup did you say! aye, begorra you shall sup ye’r belly full of the best in this country, but first wait here a minit till I see the master.”

“Well but he’s none in, aw’ve bin spurrin after him mysel, but yon tother felley ses at he’s none a whoam nor wante be yet a bit.”

“Faix thin we wont wit here waiting for him like a couple of bailiffs, so come wid me at once my hearty.”

And Paddy conducted Tim from the hall up to his own private room, as flinging the door open he exclaimed, “here we are an ye’r welcome a thousand times over Mister Bobbin.

“Aye, aye tha’s sed so afore, but still aw see naught to sup, has tha none left o that bottle at Saint Patrick sent thi a’th owd alehouse Pat, eh?”

“Och, murdher alive, don’t mintion it, for the divel another drop like that we’ll ever be blessed wid again I’m thinking.”

“Yigh but we will though,” said Tim, putting his hand into his coat pocket and pulling out a bottle which he placed on the little table, giving a side glance at Paddy who said---

“Och, thin bedad its mysilf thats overjoyed to see you looking so beautiful and shining, just like the gem of the ocean my darlent; an’ sure its yer friend Mister Bobbin that respects you; but the divel a bit better nor ye’r humble sarvent, so here goes;” and filling out & brimming bumper, he presented it to Tim, who finished it. Then Paddy replenished it, and with many bows and scrapes he also managed to drain it off; so that in less than half-an-hour the bottle was almost empty. During that time Paddy had enlightened his friend with a sketch of the various transactions which had occurred to him sience his arrival at the hall, not omitting his love for Martha, and Tim was giving him some advice as to his future proceedings, when James presented himself with his master’s compliments, who had returned, and was now waiting to received Mr. Bobbin. Tim then rose to quit the room, as Paddy looking at his watch, exclaimed, “Och, mother of Moses! sure I had like to forget, its just the time I ought to be looking

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after my darling Martha. Arrah, Mr. Bobbin jule, I was forgetting to tell you that I'm to meet her this very minute at the lower end of the garden, so I hope you'll excuse me if I don't see you again to night."

"Aye sure aw will mi lad, so get along owd mon an' make full time, whall it lasts, but aw could like to see thi o'er a'th owd shop again afore so long, eh what ses tha!"

"Faix that I'll go to morrow evening if I can only just get lave from the mistress, Mr. Bobbin."

Well aw'll tell thi what Pat, tha mun ax th' master, an' tell him its th' lodge neet, an he'll let thi gu, cose he's a mason hissel."

"Och, tunder an' truf is he, an' only just think of me decaving him this road an' pertinding I'm a black."

"Hould thi din tha foolish titty-oafs, its none of him tha'rt decaving its is wife mon, an' tha knows hoos no freemason."

"Begor an' mores the pity, for she's an eligant crayture, and I'd be a cridet to em if she could keep the sacret."

"An so hoo con iv hoo nare knows it; but good neet lad, an' remember aw'st be expecting to see thi theer."

"Faith an' you shall iv I'm alive, so good night Mister Bobbin, an' may God reward you for all ye'r kindness to me."

They were now in the hall where James stod to conduct Tim to his master. With a cordial grasp of the hand the friends parted, Tim to hold his conference with Mr. Butterworth, and Pat to pour out his vows of love in the modest ear of his beautiful Martha.

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## Chapter X

Paddy meets long Betty again, and pays her off

With a light and bounding step Paddy left the house, and entered the garden, whistling a popular air. He had not proceeded far, when he perceived a form standing beside the pond. As he advanced nearer, he saw more distinctly the light dress, fanned by the evening breeze, and with open arms he rushed forward to catch the fair form to his heart.

But ich, murdher, not Martha, but long Betty confronted him, and for a few seconds bound him in terror to the spot, till, placing her hand on him, she whispered, “behold, ‘tis thus we meet again.”

Her voice seemed to rouse him, as, springing on her, he dashed her back into the pond, exclaiming as he did so, “Aye, begor an’ it’s thus we part.”

A yell of execration burst from her lips as she was sinking under the water, but Paddy heeded her not; only as she was disappearing from his sight, he called out, “There you go my darlent at last, where you can cool yourself, honey, free of expense, for the niver a farthing will I charge for ducking you.”

While he was speaking, a wild burst of laughter, like that which he had before heard, rung on his ear, followed by a ball of fire rolling along the path, and without casting another glance at the pond, he leaped over the garden wall, and was rushing like a madman down the avenue, when he encountered Martha, as she, with a look of astonishment, demanded to know the reason of his wild flight?

“Och, tunder an’ turf, don’t be after asking anything without at all, at all, for can’t you see plain enough that it’s stark staring mad entirely that I’m going at the undacent way yer using me, an’ you know that I’m doting down alive on you; but be the robes od Saint Domanic, all women are alike, for they niver regard real love, only as an article of pleasure to be deluded

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an’ thin cast aside. Och, is it any wonder that I have to turn my brain upside down, an’ sure some great writer might well say that love makes poets of us all, but I disremember which, only it wasnt Marc Antony nor Oliver Cromwell, was it, Martha?

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

“Well I rather think it was Solomon that said so, Pat Aroon.”

“Och, the sorrow a doubt but you’d remimber his name at any rate, an’ have his idle words off be heart, a far dale better nor yer prayers, my jule; but nivertheless I for one don’t doubt his word; for only just listen to an eligant piece that I’ve composed on you, for I can’t rest night or day only thinkin about you, an’ I’m cartain to lose my sinses if you won’t have me; but will I say it for you, Martha darlent, eh?”

“Well, if its a very nice one, and not much love in it, you may repeat it to me; but be quick, as I want to meet a friend.”

“Arrah, only just listen to her again, talking of leaving me now; but, be the bagpipes of David, I’ll not let you stir an inch from the spot till you tell me that you’ll have me, for the divel a use in me keeping my body when my heart’s gone out of it, an’ see, wid fretin about you, I’m only the ghost of a groom now.”

“Oh! do be quiet, Pat Aroon, and speak less like a--hem.”

“A what? Och, sure it’s not a fool that you were going to call me, is it?”

“Aye, entroth I will, my snowdrop; so just come here an’ sit down on this owld trunk of a tree, an’ I’ll tell it to you.”

Martha without further dispute did as he requested, whereupon he commenced his love song.

I’ll sing my muses, if none refuses,  
To hear I’ll sing them, o’er, an o’er,  
If my false lover, for I can’t discover,  
Why she won’t see me, niver more.

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Och, jule an’ darling, there’s not a starling,  
That iver fluttered in a cage,  
Half so uneasy, for entroth I’m crazy,  
The hour I’m from her seems an age.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Tim Bobbin's Adventure... (1860)*

But she's crule as Caesar or Nebucadnazer,  
That kilt poor heagens in their rage;  
An' if they knew her, och, begor they'd slew her,  
An' civilize her I'll engage.

She don't remimber, how kind an' tinder,  
That I have been to her of yore;  
The stormy breezes, nor nights that freezes,  
Could niver keep me from her door.

Till my very heart was conglomerated,  
I don't know what to do bedad;  
My friends all say I'm infatuated,  
But faix I think I'm turned mad.

A ring I sint her, to complimint her,  
In hopes to win her back again;  
But the dirty crayture, she has no nature,  
And only laughs at all my pain.

Could I entice her, I'd quickly splice her,  
An' from all foolishness refrain;  
For I'd rather own her than castle Comber,  
Or any city I could name.

When he had droned out the last line of his charming love ditty he caught her hand, and looking tenderly in her face, asked her to be his own colleenoge-macree, for the sorrow a bit of a black heagen he was at all at all, but a real born Irishman. "An och, Martha darlent juel, sure they are just the sort for doting down alive on purty girls."

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Thus did Paddy pour forth his love and blarney in such floods of eloquence that the pretty Martha was not proof against it, and so at last consented to be his through every change of good and ill, confessing that from the first she had admired him, even when she believed him to be a black.

And here let us pause; for the pure language of real affection is not a meet subject to present the laughter-loving sinner who never felt the charm, and consequently is not calculated to judge of its effects on the human heart. But one thing is certain, where it reigns it purifies, and softening nature thus refines the soul.

But in excitement of love-making let us, in mercy, not lose sight of that tender water-lily Long Betty, who, had she been depending on our services, would most certainly have been drowned by this time.

#### Chapter XI

#### The plot, and the wedding

I now beg the reader's attention to that portion of our tale where the cook had delivered Paddy's love letter to her master, and he having read it, quitted the house, taking his way to Tim Bobbin's residence, who, we have before stated, was always ripe and ready for anything like frolic; consequently, on reading Pat's letter, he proposed to get Jack once more to personate long Betty, and, donning him up in a light dress, to place him beside the pond, so that when Pat arrived he would find his mistake, and whilst labouring under the surprise, Jack was to pop him into the pond.

They had Never calculated on Pat outwitting them. Tim had brought brandy for the purpose of making him drunk as on the former occasions; but whether it was owing to the

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guardianship of Saint Patrick, who watched over him, or that the strength of his love combatted with the strenght of his love combatted with the strength of the brandy, I am not prepared to say.

But Mr. Butterworth and Tim, who had followed Pat ou of the house in order to watch the spree, were surprised at the turn matters had taken, and it was from them the laugh proceeded, while James was engaged to arrange the fire ball, which so scared Paddy that the heat a hasty retreat, leaving them free to fly to the assistance of Jack, who they found struggling manfully to save himself from being drowned.

They however managed to drag him out, but he was no sooner placed in safety, than he swore "At iv he could nobbut clap his hond on Paddy at he'd give him the greightest hidin at ever he geet in his life. To think at he mut tak advantage on him, an' slap him into th' water bout a word o' notice; but, be th' mass, it wer nobbut like o'th rest decateful Irish, that it wor'nt."

In vain did Mr. Butterworth and Tim expostulate with him, and tell him that Paddy had only saved himself from a similar fate at his hands. But with the usual reasoning which they in general make use of in such cases, Jack insisted "at that had nought at o to do wi it, and at iv he had duck'd Paddy it wer nought but what he desarved, an' he wished at they mut give him a gradely freet th' next time, not one at he'd get o'er so soon." James heartily responded to that wish.

With much to do they pacified Jack at last, and Mr. Butterworth brought him into the house, where he regaled himself and received a suit of clothes from the master, and packing up his own wet ones in an handkerchief, he and Tim quitted the hall.

On their way to the lodge, however, they encountered Paddy conducting his betrothed towards the house, and with his native blarney he introduced her to his friend Tim as the young fawn of his bosom. Jack he had no personal knowledge of having seen him but once in his own character, so that he was quite a stranger to the fact that his respectable looking individual was the wicked personater of long Betty. But it took all Tim's tact to keep Jack from open violence

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Bobbin's Adventure...* (1860)**

against Pat, as his first words to him were, "Well tha greit foo', what ever des tha reckon to be doing wi' that lass."

"Entroth an' I'll tell you, I'm bringing her home, and if you'll wait here till I just lave her at the house, I'll come back an' answer any other polite question that yer dirty mouth can ax me."

"Whose mouth are yo' co'ing dirty, yo'---"

"Come, come, Jack, mon, that's no reet to come out wi' such stuff as that to' th chap, an' th master wante like it nother, aw con tell thi." This was said by Tim in a subdued voice, then turning, he addressed Pat with, "Why Paddy, mon, cannot tha see at he's nobbut gamin' thi? dosent tha know him?"

"Well, entroth, I can't say that I do, Mister Bobbin."

"Why it's Jack, mon, at tha freetent so, th' first neet at tha recond to rise th' dead, an' be' the mass, he hasent getton o'er it yet, for he's just bin tellin' me at it isent aboon an hour sin' he seed long Betty hersel', stonnin' beside th' well i'th garden, did tha ever yer sich a tale, Paddy?"

"Och! faith, its too true, Mister Bobbin, but upon my sowl, I've laid her ghost now as it niver was laid afore, an' in a nice cool place too, so that it wont trouble you again this year, I'll engage."

"O, tha has, hast tha," said Jack, "but be'th mons, hoo'd have laid thine first, owd mon, only tha wer so dald sharp wi' thi work, but hoo may leet on thi again." Tim now roar'd out laughing, while Paddy replied that henceforward he would defy her, as he was about marrying a little angel who would watch over him, and ended the dispute by inviting them both to his wedding, which was to take place in a few weeks, when they might expect a jovial spree.

I need only say the invitation was accepted by them, as wishing him good night, and even good luck, they parted, Paddy conducting his intended to the hall, while Tim and Jack took their road towards home.

In conclusion I have only to add that Paddy's wedding took place in due time, and Tim Bobbin gave the bride away, Jack was the groomsman, and the cook the bridesmaid, but James

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left the place altogether and got a fresh situation. The wedding party was given at Butterworth Hall, but judge of the lady's astonishment when she learned that Pat Aroon had turned white, and in answer to her enquiry of what had produced that great change, he replied:

"Och thin my lady did you niver hear tell of grief turning a man's head gray in one night?"

"Well yes I have heard of such a case once."

"Ah thin sure my lady, its no wonder after that, if love turned me white in a day, for begorra it both scorch'd, and bleach'd me."

Mr. Butterworth, who was standing beside his lady, burst out laughing, but she did not comprehend him, and it was some time after that she learned the hoax which had been practised upon her.

Little more remains to be said, only Pat and his bride soon after left this country for America, and through the influence of Mr. Butterworth got a free grant of land, and from his own account he was turning into a real elegant gentleman, wid money enough to brake an asses back. He did not forget his friend Tim though, with all his brag, for he wrote him many letters, one of which, however, Tim prized above the rest, probably because it was the first, and for his sake I present it verbatim.

## Chapter XII

Conclusion. Paddy's letter to Tim Bobbin, and his adventure on board the ship

"On board the Ship going to America.

"Och, Mister Bobbin, jule,--

"It's a blessed thing for anybody that has a bed of their own to lay down upon, but be my sowl if I was if I was only just back again, not all the land from Kildare to Small Bridge if coax me

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to venture here any more; but wait till I'll be just after telling you. Well, you know when we left Milnrow, we had a mighty eligant time going to Liverpool, only poor Martha cried her beautiful eyes out, baren a bit that she could disarne me wid; but at any rate, as I was saying, we got on board, an' in a bit away went the ship like a wild bird skimin over the bright waters, an' faix it made myself cry too, for entroth my heart fair ached when I look'd upon the white cliffs of my native land for the last time, an' saw the sun sinking behind the distant hills, till its green bosom seem'd bathed in holy light.

“Och, Erin asthore, macree! the heart of poor Paddy is wid you still; but God's blessing be on you, darlent, an' if I niver see you more, may pace an' prosperity yit be yours.

“Well, Mister Bobbin, when the ship clear'd the Irish Channel, we went down below an' got something to ate, an' as we were both wary, we thought that we'd get to bed, an' so I look'd around for one, but the sorrow sight nor light of the likes could we see. Martha wanted me to ax some of the sailors, but I tould her that I knew there was plinty about if we could only find them; but be this, an' be that, we traipsed up an' down that atarnal hole for four long hours, but the sorrow aither bed or blanket could we see.

“At las I call'd one of the sailors, an' ax'd him p'litely to show me to my room, so he pointed to one, telling me that was it. Well, over Martha an' I goes an opens the door, when sure enough there was an eligant big room, full of all sorts of grand furniture, an' inside of it was a bed room, wid a most beautiful bed hung in ropes, an' everything else fit for a lord, even a little cupboard full of silver bottles, an' faix they wor'ent empty; so I help'd Martha an' mysilf to a little drain out of one of them, but it was wine, so I let her sup what she liked out of that, while I helped mysilf to some brandy out of another or two, an' thin, locking the outside door, we went to bed; but first Martha took care to put all our gold in a stocking under her head, an' I, to protect it, put the little pistol you gave me fully printed under mine.

“Well, we wor just droping to sleep, when I heard the handle of the door turned, an’ I ses faix you may take your time,

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honey, for the niver a bit of Paddy ‘ill disturb himself for you this night any how.

“But instead of going away quiet and civil, they began to kick and knock at the door as if the room was afire, an’ begor thin I misdoubted but it was a pirate ship, an’ that they wanted to rob an’ plunder us.

“So just to frighten thim, I out wid my pistol an’ let’s fly up at the ceiling; but och, blessed Joseph, down tumbled a wild crayture from the top of the house right on the bed. Out leaped Martha, shouting, ‘Murdher, murdher!’ an’ I after her; for pershune to my sowl, but I thought it was Betty again, it made such a pullalue, an’ begor we wor both making to the door, when it was burst open, an’ in runs the captain wid a drove of sailors at his heels.

“ ‘In the name of heaven what’s all this work about? Fellow, who are you= and how came you here into my room?’

“ ‘Arrah! dident one of yer men tell me it was mine, but I niver expected to find long Betty perch’d on the top of the bed.’

“ ‘And who is long Betty, pray?’

“ ‘Faith, you’d better go to the bed an’ ax her, if she’s not dead.’

“So over he goes an’ pulls out a thieving villian of a monkey without fail, for entroth, I had shot it off, well begor, you niver heard such a row as he kicked up about his eternal monkey’s tail, till I tould him it aught to be stuck on himself for keeping such varmint to frighten dacent passengers.

“But to make a short story of it we had to lave the room an’ find lodgings in things they call’d hammocks, an’ the sorrow much pleasure we had the first week, for Martha was sea sick, but she is getting better now, an’ I hope, please God, that we’ll soon be at our journey’s end, an’ thin I’ll write to let you know all particulars. There is a ship waiting to take this to you, so no more at present from your devoted friend,

“PADDY O’ FARRALL,  
“Of Carlow, when we lived at home.”