

Will you kindly let me tell a constable to call my coachman!" said the old Admiral, stately moving towards the door, hat in hand.

"The Petty Sessions' Book is all ready, sir. You are not going?" exclaimed the Petty Sessions Clerk, staring with all his eyes. For nearly twenty years there had not been a Drumshaughlin Petty Sessions without that kindly old magistrate beaming down from the chair like an Angel of Justice grown soft-hearted and ancient.

"Thanks, Sibwight, you may go on. I don't feel well to-day," said Admiral Ffrench, as his carriage came to the door. Sibwight never saw the Admiral's face again at that same door.

"The old Admiral's looking shaky—shouldn't be surprised if 'twas a fit, poor old boy," observed Mr. Hans Harman, turning undauntedly to the new magistrate, who was at the moment too much engaged in deliberating whether he should keep on his canary-colored gloves on the bench or no, to concern himself with minor troubles. "The old order changeth, Humphrey, my good friend: these old buffers would leave the business of the country in a pretty way without an infusion of vigorous new blood like yours and mine. The devil drown them black!" he added, in confidential soliloquy. Then he turned to Lord Dunmannus' agent—bald, bland, and comfortable-looking. "Pilkington, I move you take the chair. I know no man so worthy of being the poor old Admiral's successor. You don't know our new colleague, Mr. Dargan?" And Pilkington's smooth face, lighted with joy by his new distinction, graciously extended the illumination to Hans Harman's *protege* in the canary-colored gloves.

Alas! how the day-dreams cozen us the moment they cease to be dreams! Did ever new member, waiting for the Speaker's command to advance to the table, find the indifferent yawning House around him quite the glory he had paid for? Did ever world-enthralled orator await his turn to rise without thinking how much better it would be to go home and get to bed? Did ever even lover (for no novelist of discretion is likely to place a mere listening senate on a level with his incomparable audience of one)—did ever even lover (of twenty or upwards) languish over the roseate cheek of beauty at any great length without finding the language of the affections a little tedious? Humphrey Dargan, even in the first bliss of his arm-chair on the judicial heights to Mr. Pilkington's left, was reflecting that he had passed happier moments in his own little fly-blown parlor behind the pawnshop.

Women are sturdier idol-worshippers. Mrs. Dargan was all that day floating in a very heaven. All her heart could desire further would be that the president of the Ladies' St. Vincent de Paul Society and other ladies of her acquaintance should be admitted to a distant view of her beatitude. She learned with some indignation that it was only ladies with black eyes and in a more or less paulo-post state of intoxication that were wont to mingle with the audience in the Sessions' Court, even upon occasions of magnitude. She dressed Humphrey for the ceremony and combed his muddy grey locks, as she had combed Lionel's curls for his first children's tea party (how she now hugged herself, by the way, on her courage in calling him Lionel, instead of branding the boy for life with some odious nickname like Kennedy or Paddy!) The old fellow assured her, almost with tears in his eyes, that there was no special costume as a magistrate prescribed in his commission; but fire could not melt out of her the opinion that something on a super-Sunday scale of splendor was called for, and a light blue tie, the languishing yellow gloves, and a blazing diamond ring, specially selected from the jewel-box in the pawnoffice, were the least that would satisfy her stern conceptions of duty to society. She flattened her face against the window-pane to observe the impression made upon the public by the new justice on his way up the street, and pranced with indignation when a raw young policeman let him pass, like any civic varlet, without raising his hand to his helmet in salute. She rang the bell, and said to her husband's confidential man, who answered the summons: "I think, Sweeny, you might walk over and incidentally remind Sub-constable Doody who Himself is. The young man may not be able to read the paper, but I think you might hint to him that his officer is," said the

magistrate's wife, grandly casting her eyes upon a cabinet photo of Mr. Augustus George Flibbert, which illustrated the mantelpiece. Sweeny, hastening upon the heels of the ill-starred policeman, was properly indignant to find the passage between the pawn-office and the dwelling-house blocked by the ragged figure of our friend Meehul, from Cnoccaunacurragehooish, got up on a humble scale of Sunday magnificence of his own, with his best shirt trying to frown the tattered ends of the flannel waistcoat out of view, and his old locks ruthlessly debarred from their privilege of taking the air through the roof of his hat. "Is *he* within?" whispered Meehul the Magnificent, with a jerk of his thumb towards the back parlor.

"His wurdship is gone to the court," said Sweeny, with a gesture scarcely less grand than his mistress's apostrophe of Sub-constable Doody.

"*Ke ha shin?* (who's that?)" asked Meehul, scratching his poll, "'tisn't his wurdship I want, but ould Humphrey—about the little bill," he added, in a tremulous whisper.

"Misther Dargan is a *majest-rate*," quoth Sweeny. "Stand out of the way, and don't make so free with your betthers," flinging the old fellow rudely against the doorpost, and hieing after the policeman, while poor Meehul meekly pursued his old hat into the gutter, where his little contrivance for improving the appearance of his headgear by stuffing a red handkerchief between his hair and the open sky stood pitilessly exposed to the public.

Old Humphrey, in the meanwhile, not being composed of the undaunted mettle of his wife, did not find it too gay to feel the eyes of the world fixed upon him. Truly, he had solved the glove enigma by the expedient of pulling one glove off, and leaving the other on, but he was oppressed with a horrid suspicion that the eyes of the world were fixed on the one staring yellow glove that remained, and the finger of the world pointing with scorn and derision to his miserable compromise: and the feeling grew so intolerable that he nervously jerked the yellow hand off the desk and plunged it in his small-clothes, as if the limb, like that of Mutius Scaevola, had been roasting in a slow yellow flame, and he had just ducked it in a pool of water to ease the pain. His one judicial action was not of propitious omen. "Speck up to the gentlemen, men: give us your neem!" he said to a virago, who was endeavoring to defend the poker as an implement in neighborly controversy.

"Me name, is it?" cried the amazon, who thought she scented a foe in his worship. "It's an honest name than your own, you ould common extortioner! And if you haven't my name, you have many's the good pound of my value in your pop-shop, you hoary ould catamountain!—'Gintlemen,' av ye plaze! Troth, the gentleman would want to have an eye to their watches while they're keeping *your* company, Humphrey, me honey." At which Mr. Pilkington's round face rippled with fat merriment, while he offered a decorous appeal for "silence" to the roar from the gallery.

Mr. Dargan could not help thinking that justice was much better vindicated by Head-Constable Muldudden, who shook the woman with the grip of a brown bear, and said: "How daar you talk like that—to his worship? Do you know you've just been guilt of a contempt punishable by seven days summarily under the 29th Section of the Petty Sessions Act? Do you know *that*?"—and his worship followed with much respect the legal opinions with which Head-Constable Muldudden (a potentate of might in Drumshaughlin) from time to time favored the magistrates during the sitting. He was not at all sorry when public justice was satisfied for the day, and Mr. Hans Harman and he strolled back to the Bank together.

"I see you're knocking away the shop from your own diggings. Quite right," said the agent, pleasantly, nodding to where Con Lehane was at work on the partition wall. "And, of course, you'll arrange to give up the retail licence?"

"Well, sir, the sperrits line brings in a pretty penny. Don't you think, now, it's rather a sheeme, now, speaking as a sensible man who knows what treede is, sir?" said Dargan, discontentedly.

"The Chancellor's got some nonsense in his head about it—he won't have whisky," said the agent. "Hullo, Meehul, so you're not out of Cnockaawn yet? you have more lives than a cat, you old slyboots!"—this to the old Cnoc-