

relations an' friends to say good-by--not more than seventy-five there wasn't--an' we cuts away.

What coom to t' three hundred and fifty rupees? Thot's what I can scarcelins tell yo', but we melted it--we melted it. It was share an' share alike, for Mulvaney said: 'If Learoyd got hold of Mrs. DeSussa first, sure 'twas I that renumbered the Sargint's dog just in the nick av time, an' Orth'ris was the artist av janius that made a work av art out av that ugly piece av ill-nature. Yet, by way av a thank-offerin' that I was not led into felony by that wicked ould woman, I'll send a thrifle to Father Victor for the poor people he's always beggin' for.'

But me an' Orth'ris, he bein' Cockney an' I bein' pretty far north, did nut see it i' t' saame way. We'd getten t' brass, an' we meaned to keep it. An' soa we did--for a short time.

Noa, noa, we niver heered a wod more o' t' awd lass. Our rig'mint went to Pindi, an' t' Canteen Sargint he got himself another tyke instead o' t' one 'at got lost so reg'lar, an' was lost for good at last.

THE BIG DRUNK DRAF'

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome--

Our ship is at the shore,
An' you mus' pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll many you yet on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time expired ma-a-an!

Barrack-room Ballad.

An awful thing has happened! My friend, Private Mulvaney, who went home in the Serapis, time-expired, not very long ago, has come back to India as a civilian! It was all Dinah Shadd's fault. She could not stand the poky little lodgings, and she missed her servant Abdullah more than words could tell. The fact was that the Mulvaney's had been out here too long, and had lost touch of England.

Mulvaney knew a contractor on one of the new Central India lines, and wrote to him for some sort of work. The contractor said that if Mulvaney could pay the passage he would give him command of a gang of coolies for old sake's sake. The pay was eighty-five rupees a month, and Dinah Shadd said that if Terence did not accept she would make his life a 'basted purgathory.' Therefore the Mulvaney's came out as 'civilians,' which was a great and terrible fall; though Mulvaney tried to disguise it, by saying that he was 'Ker'nel on the railway line, an' a consequinshal man.'

He wrote me an invitation, on a tool-indent form, to visit him; and

I came down to the funny little 'construction' bungalow at the side of the line. Dinah Shadd had planted peas about and about, and nature had spread all manner of green stuff round the place. There was no change in Mulvaney except the change of clothing, which was deplorable, but could not be helped. He was standing upon his trolley, haranguing a gangman, and his shoulders were as well drilled, and his big, thick chin was as clean-shaven as ever.

'I'm a civilian now,' said Mulvaney. 'Cud you tell that I was iver a martial man? Don't answer, Sorr, av you're strainin' betune a compliment an' a lie. There's no houldin' Dinah Shadd now she's got a house av her own. Go inside, an' dhrink tay out av chiny in the drrrrawin'-room, an' thin we'll dhrink like Christians undher the tree here. Scutt, ye naygur-folk! There's a Sahib come to call on me, an' that's more than he'll iver do for you onless you run! Get out, an' go on pilin' up the earth, quick, till sundown.'

When we three were comfortably settled under the big sisham in front of the bungalow, and the first rush of questions and answers about Privates Ortheris and Learoyd and old times and places had died away, Mulvaney said, reflectively--'Glory be there's no p'rade to-morrow, an' no bun-headed Corp'ril-bhoy to give you his lip. An' yit I don't know. 'Tis harrd to be something ye niver were an' niver meant to be, an' all the ould days shut up along wid your papers. Eyah! I'm growin' rusty, an' 'tis the will av God that a man mustn't serve his Quane for time an' all.'

He helped himself to a fresh peg, and sighed furiously.

'Let your beard grow, Mulvaney,' said I, 'and then you won't be troubled with those notions. You'll be a real civilian.'

Dinah Shadd had told me in the drawing-room of her desire to coax Mulvaney into letting his beard grow. 'Twas so civilian-like,' said poor Dinah, who hated her husband's hankering for his old life.

'Dinah Shadd, you're a dishgrace to an honest, clean-shaven man!' said Mulvaney, without replying to me. 'Grow a beard on your own chin, darlint, and leave my razors alone. They're all that stand between me and disrespectability. If I didn't shave, I would be tormented with an outrageous thirst; for there's nothing so drying to the throat as a big billy-goat beard wagging under the chin. You wouldn't have me drink ALWAYS, Dinah Shadd? By the same token, you're keeping me from drying now. Let me look at that whiskey.'

The whiskey was lent and returned, but Dinah Shadd, who had been just as eager as her husband in asking after old friends, sent me with--

'I take shame for you, Sorrow, coming down here--though the Saints know you're as welcome as the daylight when you DO come--and' upsetting Terence's head with your nonsense about--about what's much better forgotten. He being a civilian now, and you never was aught else. Can you not let the Army rest? 'Tis not good for Terence.'

I took refuge by Mulvaney, for Dinah Shadd has a temper of her own.

'Let be--let be,' said Mulvaney. 'Tis only wanst in a way I can talk about the ould days.' Then to me:--'Ye say Dhumshticks is well, an' his lady tu? I niver knew how I liked the gray garron till I was shut av him an' Asia.'--'Dhumshticks' was the nickname of the Colonel commanding Mulvaney's old regiment.--'Will you be seein' him again? You will. Thin tell him'--Mulvaney's eyes began to twinkle--'tell him wid Privit--'

'MISTER, Terence,' interrupted Dinah Shadd.

'Now the Divil an' all his angils an' the Firmament av Hiven fly away wid the "Mister," an' the sin av making me swear be on your confession, Dinah Shadd! Privit, I tell ye. Wid Privit Mulvaney's best obedience, that but for me the last time-expired wud be still pullin' hair on their way to the sea.'

He threw himself back in the chair, chuckled, and was silent.

'Mrs. Mulvaney,' I said, 'please take up the whiskey, and don't let him have it until he has told the story.'

Dinah Shadd dexterously whipped the bottle away, saying at the same time, 'Tis nothing to be proud av,' and thus captured by the enemy, Mulvaney spake:--

'Twas on Chuseday week. I was behaderin' round wid the gangs on the 'bankmint--I've taught the hoppers how to kape step an' stop screechin'--whin a head-gangman comes up to me, wid two inches av shirt-tail hanging round his neck an' a disthressful light in his oi. "Sahib," sez he, "there's a rig'mint an' a half av soldiers up at the junction, knockin' red cinders out av ivrything an' ivrybody! They thried to hang me in my cloth," he sez, "an' there will be murder an' ruin an' rape in the place before nightfall! They say they're comin' down here to wake us up. What will we do wid our women-folk?"

"Fetch my throlly!" sez I; "my heart's sick in my ribs for a wink at anything wid the Quane's uniform on ut. Fetch my throlly, an' six av the jildiast men, and run me up in shtyle."

'He tuk his best coat,' said Dinah Shadd reproachfully.

"'Twas to do honour to the Widdy. I cud ha' done no less, Dinah Shadd. You and your digresshins interfere wid the coorse av the narrative. Have you iver considhered fwat I wud look like wid me head shaved as well as my chin? You bear that in your mind, Dinah darlin'.

'I was throllied up six miles, all to get a shquint at that draf. I knew 'twas a spring draf goin' home, for there's no rig'mint hereabouts, more's the pity.'

'Praise the Virgin!' murmured Dinah Shadd. But Mulvaney did not hear.

'Whin I was about three-quarters av a mile off the rest-camp, powtherin' along fit to burrst, I heard the noise av the men an', on my sowl, Sorr, I cud catch the voice av Peg Barney bellowin' like a bison wid the belly-ache. You remimber Peg Barney that was in D Comp'ny--a red, hairy scraun, wid a scar on his jaw? Peg Barney that cleared out the Blue Lights' Jubilee meeting wid the cook-room mop last year?

'Thin I knew ut was a draf of the ould rig'mint, an' I was consumed wid sorrow for the bhoy that was in charge. We was harrd scrapin's at any time. Did I iver tell you how Horker Kelley went into clink nakid as Phoebus Apollonius, wid the shirts av the Corp'ril an' file undher his arrum? An' he was a moild man! But I'm digreshin'. 'Tis a shame both to the rig'mints and the Army sendin' down little orf'cer bhoys wid a draf av strong men mad wid liquor an' the chanst av gettin' shut av India, an' niver a punishment that's fit to be given right down an' away from cantonmints to the dock! 'Tis this nonsince. Whin I am servin' my time, I'm undher the Articles av War, an' can be whipped on the peg for thim. But whin I've served my time, I'm a Reserve man, an' the Articles av War haven't any hould on me. An orf'cer can't do anythin' to a time-expired savin' confinin' him to barricks. 'Tis a wise rig'lation bekaze a time-expired does not have any barricks; bein' on the move all the time. 'Tis a Solomon av a rig'lation, is that. I wud like to be inthroduced to the man that made ut. 'Tis easier to get colts from a Kibbreen horse-fair into Galway than to take a bad draf over ten miles av country. Consiquintly that rig'lation--for fear that the men wud be hurt by the little orf'cer bhoy. No matter. The nearer my throlly came to the rest-camp, the woilder was the shine,

an' the louder was the voice av Peg Barney. "'Tis good I am here," thinks I to myself, "for Peg alone is employmint for two or three." He bein', I well knew, as copped as a dhrover.

'Faith, that rest-camp was a sight! The tent-ropes was all skew-nosed, an' the pegs looked as dhrunk as the men--fifty av thim--the scourin's, an' rinsin's, an' Divil's lavin's av the Ould Rig'mint. I tell you, Sorr, they were dhrunker than any men you've ever seen in your mortal life. How does a draf' get dhrunk? How does a frog get fat? They suk ut in through their shkins.

'There was Peg Barney sittin' on the groun' in his shirt--wan shoe off an' wan shoe on--whackin' a tent-peg over the head wid his boot, an' singin' fit to wake the dead. 'Twas no clane song that he sung, though. 'Twas the Divil's Mass.'

'What's that?' I asked.

'Whin a bad egg is shut av the Army, he sings the Divil's Mass for a good riddance; an' that manes swearin' at ivrything from the Commandher-in-Chief down to the Room-Corp'ril, such as you niver in your days heard. Some men can swear so as to make green turf crack! Have you iver heard the Curse in an Orange Lodge? The Divil's Mass is ten times worse, an' Peg Barney was singin' ut, whackin' the tent-peg on the head wid his boot for each man that he cursed. A powerful big voice had Peg Barney, an' a hard swearer he was whin sober. I stood forninst him, an' 'twas not me oi alone that cud tell Peg was dhrunk

as a coot.

"Good mornin' Peg," I sez, whin he dhrew breath afther cursin' the Adj'tint Gen'ral; "I've put on my best coat to see you, Peg Barney," sez I.

"Thin take ut off again," sez Peg Barney, latherin' away wid the boot; "take ut off an' dance, ye lousy civilian!"

'Wid that he begins cursin' ould Dhrumshticks, being so full he clean disremimbers the Brigade-Major an' the Judge Advokit Gen'ral.

"Do you know me, Peg?" sez I, though me blood was hot in me wid being called a civilian.'

'An' him a decent married man!' wailed Dinah Shadd.

"I do not," sez Peg, "but dhrunk or sober I'll tear the hide off your back wid a shovel whin I've stopped singin'."

"Say you so, Peg Barney?" sez I. "'Tis clear as mud you've forgotten me. I'll assist your autobiography." Wid that I stretched Peg Barney, boot an' all, an' wint into the camp. An awful sight ut was!

"Where's the orf'cer in charge av the detachment?" sez I to Scrub Greene--the manest little worm that ever walked.

"There's no orf'cer, ye ould cook," sez Scrub; "we're a bloomin' Republic."

"Are you that?" sez I; "thin I'm O'Connell the Dictator, an' by this you will larn to kape a civil tongue in your rag-box."

'Wid that I stretched Scrub Greene an' wint to the orf'cer's tent. 'Twas a new little bhoy--not wan I'd iver seen before. He was sittin' in his tent, purtendin' not to 'ave ear av the racket.

I saluted--but for the life av me I mint to shake hands whin I went in. 'Twas the sword hangin' on the tentpole changed my will.

"Can't I help, Sorr?" sez I; "'tis a strong man's job they've given you, an' you'll be wantin' help by sundown." He was a bhoy wid bowils, that child, an' a rale gintleman.

"Sit down," sez he.

"Not before my orf'cer," sez I; an' I tould him fwhat my service was.

"I've heard av you," sez he. "You tuk the town av Lungtungpen nakid."

"Faith," thinks I, "that's Honour an' Glory"; for 'twas Lift'nint Brazenose did that job. "I'm wid ye, Sorr," sez I, "if I'm av use. They shud niver ha' sent you down wid the draf. Savin' your presince, Sorr," I sez, "'tis only Lift'nint Hackerston in the Ould Rig'mint can

manage a Home draf'."

"I've niver had charge of men like this before," sez he, playin' wid the pens on the table; "an' I see by the Rig'lations--"

"Shut your oi to the Rig'lations, Sorr," I sez, "till the throoper's into blue wather. By the Rig'lations you've got to tuck thim up for the night, or they'll be runnin' foul av my coolies an' makin' a shiverarium half through the country. Can you trust your non-coms, Sorr?"

"Yes," sez he.

"Good," sez I; "there'll be throuble before the night. Are you marchin', Sorr?"

"To the next station," sez he.

"Better still," sez I; "there'll be big throuble."

"Can't be too hard on a Home draf'," sez he; "the great thing is to get thim in-ship."

"Faith you've larnt the half av your lesson, Sorr," sez I, "but av you shtick to the Rig'lations you'll niver get thim in-ship at all, at all. Or there won't be a rag av kit betune thim whin you do."

"Twas a dear little orf'cer bhoy, an' by way av kapin' his heart up,
I tould him fwat I saw wanst in a draf' in Egypt.'

'What was that, Mulvaney?' said I.

'Sivin an' fifty men sittin' on the bank av a canal, laughin' at a
poor little squidgreen av an orf'cer that they'd made wade into the
slush an' pitch the things out av the boats for their Lord High
Mightinesses. That made me orf'cer bhoy woild with indignation.

"Soft an' aisy, Sorr," sez I; "you've niver had your draf' in hand
since you left cantonmints. Wait till the night, an' your work will
be ready to you. Wid your permission, Sorr, I will investigate the
camp, an' talk to my ould frinds. 'Tis no manner av use thryin' to
shtop the divilment now."

'Wid that I went out into the camp an' inthrojuiced mysilf to ivry man
sober enough to remimber me. I was some wan in the ould days, an' the
bhoys was glad to see me--all excipt Peg Barney wid a eye like a tomata
five days in the bazar, an' a nose to match. They come round me an'
shuk me, an' I tould thim I was in privit employ wid an income av me
own, an' a drrrawin'-room fit to bate the Quane's; an' wid me lies an'
me shtories an' nonsinse gin'rally, I kept 'em quiet in wan way an'
another, knockin' roun' the camp. 'Twas bad even thin whin I was the
Angil av Peace.

'I talked to me ould non-coms--they was sober--an' betune me an'

thim we wore the draf' over into their tents at the proper time. The little orf'cer bhoy he comes round, decint an' civil-spoken as might be.

"Rough quarters, men," sez he, "but you can't look to be as comfortable as in barricks. We must make the best av things. I've shut my eyes to a dale av dog's tricks today, an' now there must be no more av ut."

"No more we will. Come an' have a dhrink, me son," sez Peg Barney, staggerin' where he stud. Me little orf'cer bhoy kep' his timper.

"You're a sulky swine, you are," sez Peg Barney, an' at that the men in the tent began to laugh.

'I tould you me orf'cer bhoy had bowils. He cut Peg Barney as near as might be on the oi that I'd squshed whin we first met. Peg wint spinnin' acrost the tent.

"Peg him out, Sorr," sez I, in a whishper.

"Peg him out!" sez me orf'cer bhoy, up loud, just as if 'twas battalion-p'rade an' he pickin' his wurrds from the Sargint.

'The non-coms tuk Peg Barney--a howlin' handful he was--an' in three minutes he was pegged out--chin down, tight-dhrawn--on his stummick, a tent-peg to each arm an' leg, swearin' fit to turn a naygur white.

'I tuk a peg an' jammed ut into his ugly jaw.--"Bite on that, Peg Barney," I sez; "the night is settin' frosty, an' you'll be wantin' divarsion before the mornin'. But for the Rig'lations you'd be bitin' on a bullet now at the thriangles, Peg Barney," sez I.

'All the draf' was out av their tents watchin' Barney bein' pegged.

""Tis agin the Rig'lations! He strook him!" screeches out Scrub Greene, who was always a lawyer; an' some of the men tuk up the shoutin'.

"Peg out that man!" sez my orf'cer bhoy, niver losin' his timper; an' the non-coms wint in and pegged out Scrub Greene by the side av Peg Barney.

'I cud see that the draf' was comin' roun'. The men stud not knowin' fwhat to do.

"Get to your tents!" sez me orf'cer bhoy. "Sargint, put a sintry over these two men."

'The men wint back into the tents like jackals, an' the rest av the night there was no noise at all excipt the stip av the sintry over the two, an' Scrub Greene blubberin' like a child. 'Twas a chilly night, an' faith, ut sobered Peg Barney.

'Just before Revelly, my orf'cer bhoy comes out an' sez: "Loose those men an' send thim to their tents!" Scrub Greene wint away widout a

word, but Peg Barney, stiff wid the cowld, stud like a sheep, thryin' to make his orf'cer understhand he was sorry for playin' the goat.

'There was no tucker in the draf' whin ut fell in for the march, an' divil a wurrd about "illegality" cud I hear.

'I wint to the ould Colour Sargint and I sez:--"Let me die in glory," sez I. "I've seen a man this day!"

"A man he is," sez ould Hother; "the draf's as sick as a herrin'. They'll all go down to the sea like lambs. That bhoy has the bowils av a cantonmint av Gin'ral's."

"Amin," sez I, "an' good luck go wid him, wheriver he be, by land or by sea. Let me know how the draf gets clear."

'An' do you know how they did? That bhoy, so I was tould by letter from Bombay, bullydamned 'em down to the dock, till they cudn't call their sows their own. From the time they left me oi till they was 'tween decks, not wan av thim was more than dacintly dhrunk. An', by the Holy Articles av War, whin they wint aboard they cheered him till they cudn't spake, an' that, mark you, has not come about wid a draf in the mim'ry av livin' man! You look to that little orf'cer bhoy. He has bowils. 'Tis not ivry child that wud chuck the Rig'lations to Flanders an' stretch Peg Barney on a wink from a brokin an' dilapidated ould carkiss like mesilf. I'd be proud to serve--'

'Terence, you're a civilian,' said Dinah Shadd warningly.

'So I am--so I am. Is ut likely I wud forget ut? But he was a gran'
bhoy all the same, an' I'm only a mud-tipper wid a hod on my shoulthers.
The whiskey's in the heel av your hand, Sorr. Wid your good lave we'll
dhrink to the Ould Rig'mint--three fingers--standin' up!'

And we drank.

THE WRECK OF THE VISIGOTH

[Footnote: 1895]

'Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean keep
Its own appointed limits deep.'

The lady passengers were trying the wheezy old harmonium in front of the cuddy, because it was Sunday night. In the patch of darkness near the wheel-grating sat the Captain, and the end of his cheroot burned like a head-lamp. There was neither breath nor motion upon the waters through which the screw was thudding. They spread, dull silver, under the haze of the moonlight till they joined the low coast of Malacca