

O'CONNELL AND BIDDY MORIARTY
A Vigorous Use of Euclid's Terms Silences
a Loud-Mouthed Woman.

A correspondent wishes to read the story of O'Connell's victory over Biddy Moriarty. The story is as follows;

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talents for vituperative language were by some even in those days, considered great, and he was matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virage of the first water, very able with her fist, and still more formidable with her tongue.

From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the province Mrs. Moriarty's language passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her valuable impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons.

Of this, however, he had some doubt himself when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate.

It was mooted once whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some one of the company in O'Connell's presence, rather to freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken, and it was decided that the matter should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there was the owner herself superintending the sale of small wares. A few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall, for Biddy was a "character," and, in a way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice.

He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack.

"Whats the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. Whats-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it; and what have you got to say agen it? and one and sixpence is the price of the stick. Troth, its chape as dirt—so it is.

One and sixpence for a walking-stick—whew! Why you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence,

"Twopence your grandmother, replied Mrs. Biddy. Do you mane to say it's chating the people I am? Impostor

indeed!

Aye, impostor, and thats what I call you to your teeth, rejoined O'Connell.

Come out your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes.

Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal, cried O'Connell, calmly,

Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that, cried Mrs. Moriarty. I'll make you go quicker you came.

Dont be in a passion, my old radius—anger will only wrinkle the beauty.

By the hockey, if you say another word of imprudence I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub: and sorry I'd be to soil my fists with your carcase.

Whew, boys, what a passion old Biddy is in! I protest as I am a gentleman—

Jintleman! jintlemin!—the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha! by gor, that bangs Banagher! Why, you potato-faced pippin sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?

Easy now—easy now, cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor: dont choke yourself with you fine language, you old whiskey-drinking parallelogram!

Whats that you call me, you murderin villian? roared Mrs Moriarty, stung into fury.

I call you, answered O'Connell, a parallelogram, and a Dublin judge and jury will say that its no libel to call you so.

Oh, tare an ouns! holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird, you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking blizzard!

Oh, not you, indeed retorted O'Connell. Why I suppose you'll deny that you keep a hyp othenuse in your house.

Its a lie for you, you dhirty robber: I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thate.

Why, sure, all the neighbors know very well that you keep not only a hyp othenuse, but that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old heptogon.

Oh hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh! theres bad language for a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the devil fly away wid you, you mitcher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of pomposity.

Ah! you cant deny the charge, you submultiple of a duplicate ratio!

Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher, after all the bad words you spake, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Belzabub!

Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old polygon—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a superficies.

You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I'll— But here she gasped for breath, unable to think of any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

While I have tongue I'll abuse you,

you most inimitable periphery. Look at her boys! There she stands—a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference, and shetrembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah you're found out, you rectilineal antecedent and equiangular old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping similitude of the bisection of a vortex!

Overwhelmed with the torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head when he prudently made a timely retreat. You have won the wager, O'Connell, heres your bet, cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation, and having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the sesquipedalia verba which occur in Euclid. With these and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

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