

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in, Children's heads are hollow;

Rap it in, tap it in— What are teachers paid for?

Scold it in, mould it in, All that they can swallow;

When their heads were hollow.

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. O'Gallagher. "Useful, is it? Didn't he always encourage sport?"

"Mr. Ramsay's only answer to this exordium was a long-drawn sigh.

"Faith, and I must be starting with my story," said Mr. O'Gallagher. "Or I'll tire myself in the preliminary canter."

"How's that, ye ould puckam?" says Dhoul Blake, making a lunge at Cody's eye with a toothpick.

"I expected a great gentleman jock from England," says Cody. "One Captain Sattles, to ride a horse for me tomorrow, and he sends me word he's broken his leg out hunting."

"Well, we all had a royal night or it, and about 7 o'clock the next morning I awoke with hearin' Dhoul Blake cursing rings around him and roarin' for shavin' water like a lion."

"I'm awfu' glad your race is well over. Man, at ilka fence ma hairt played loup wi' the horses."

"Faix, Mither Ramsay, thim that had the education of ye didn't do their duty, I'm thinking. Tell me, now, can ye sit a horse at all, at all?"

"Never tried, and have nae wish to begin," was the answer. "It's our ould late in the day for Jock Ramsay o' Crig-nu-Greish to be trusting till ony shanks but his ain."

"This proposal being eagerly accepted, Mr. O'Gallagher commenced his tale: "My cousin was a Blake, a Galway Blake, and that tells he was a gentleman; or if it doesn't the devil's in it."

"Awel," here remarked the Scotchman, "was your cousin a useful man in his day and generation?"

"There was five other horses in the race, and their jocks were 'foolin' about with them to make them face the starter. But Dhoul Blake sat still like an image, bedad. But, faith, I didn't think much of his chance."

"But everything must fall sometime—even a starter's flag. And all of a sudden Mr. O'Donohue dropped his like a shot. There was a shout from the crowd, and five horses got a beautiful start. But, see ye, the moment the flag fell the four fellows attending on the gray horse whipped his cloths off. But well become the gray; he indulged himself with five tremendous leaps in the air—regular buck jumps—and then off he went like the wind, Dhoul Blake sticking on as if he was pinned to the saddle."

"Faith, and I must be starting with my story," said Mr. O'Gallagher. "Or I'll tire myself in the preliminary canter. So here goes, boys! I'm off!"

"Ye must know that some seasons back, in the month of May, there was a big steeplechase fixed to come off in the county Galway, at a place they used to call then Lusnakilleen. Myself and Dhoul Blake and a lot of prime gansines were spending a few days in drinking and gentlemanly amusements generally at one Mither Garrett Cody's of Phookstown. Dhoul Blake wasn't goin' to ride at the races, and not havin' to train, he med pretty free with the liquor, rale potheen, too, from a still up in the mountains. Well, thin, on the night before the race, when we were about getting up another keg of the Balm of Gilead, as my cousin christened the potheen, Garrett Cody up and says, 'Blake,' says he, 'I'm in the devil's own fix for tomorrow,' says he."

"I expected a great gentleman jock from England," says Cody. "One Captain Sattles, to ride a horse for me tomorrow, and he sends me word he's broken his leg out hunting; and professionals won't be allowed up in the race my horse is entered for, and what am I to do at all, at all?" says Cody, lookin' very hard at my cousin.

"Blood and thunder!" roars Dhoul Blake, "why didn't ye ask me to ride the horse for ye, Garrett?" says he.

"An ould promise," says Cody mysteriously, "the captain thinks that he is the only man can ride the horse, but I'm free to ask ye now," says he. "Will you ride him?"

"To be sure I will!" shouted Blake, slapping Garrett on the back. "Get me the boots and the breeches, and the ould green jacket with the harps on it, and with the help of the Vargin and a pair of persuaders I'll land your horse first av its in him," says he.

"Well, we all had a royal night or it, and about 7 o'clock the next morning I awoke with hearin' Dhoul Blake cursing rings around him and roarin' for shavin' water like a lion. He was ather takin' his cowld plunge, and looked as fresh and as ugly as a young monkey. So about 11 o'clock we drove over to the coorse, and Cody comfostered my cousin into the weighing stand, and cut off with himself like a red shank. The weights were all right, says Blake, getting up. 'Where's my horse?' said he. With that a sleeky lookin' sarvin' man of Garrett Cody's steps up, and says: "'Av it's plasins' to ye, Mither Blake, will your honor be ather followin' me?'"

"Blur and ages, man! where's my horse?" says Dhoul Blake, making a wicked cut at him with his whip.

"Just down the coorse, sir, your honor," says the sneaking lookin' blaggard, keepin' about ten foot of distance between them.

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