

CONN: Well, now, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away a man's carachter like this! Oh, wurra! may I never die in sin but here was the way of it. I was standing by ould Foley's gate, when I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, and the finest dog fox ye ever seen was sailin' ahead o' them up the boreen¹ and right across the church-yard. It was enough to rise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up and put his head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare? Small blame to her. Divil a thing I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost the scent, we knew by their yelp and whine, as they hunted among the gravestones, when - whish! - the fox went by us. I lept on the gate an' gave a shriek of a view halloo to the whip. In a minute the pack caught the scent agin, and the whole field came roarin' past. The mare lost her head and tore at the gate. Stop, ses I, ye divil, and I slipped a taste of a rope over her head and into her mouth. Now, mind the cunnin' of the baste; she was quiet in a minute. Come home asy now, ses I, and I threw my leg across her. Be jabbers! no sooner was I on. her bare back than whoo! holy rocket! she was over the gate and tearin' like mad afther the hounds. Yoicks! ses I, come back the thief o' the world, where are you takin' me to? as she went through the huntin' field, and laid me beside the masther o' the hounds, Squire Foley himself. He turned the colour of his leather breeches. Mother o' Moses! ses he, is that Conn the Shaughraun on my brown mare? Bad luck to me, ses I, it's no one else. You stole-my horse, ses the Squire. That's a lie, ses I, it was your horse stole me!

¹ *boreen*: narrow road.