

**CAMBIA CARTY
AND
OTHER STORIES**

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Cambia Carty and Other Stories by William Buckley

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WILLIAM BUCKLEY

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BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY

Author of "Cropples Lie Down"

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Five of these stories have already appeared in the following publications:—"Macmillan's Magazine," "The Sketch," "Dana," "The United Irishman," and "The Irish Emerald." The Author begs to make his acknowledgments to the editors of those periodicals.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CAMBIA CARTY - - -	1
DOOLAN'S VENDETTA - - -	94
KING DIARMUID - - -	132
STEPHANIE DE LIANCOURT - - -	143
A HANGING JUDGE - - -	188
AN SPRE—THE DOWRY - - -	199
SHAMROCKS - - -	222

CAMBIA CARTY

CHAPTER I.

MOST of my readers have heard about Youghal—that quaint little seaport of southern Ireland—in whose crowded ways and narrow alleys linger so many traces of another age; of days when the Desmonds swept through its streets in feudal state, or of the later time when Raleigh mused under his myrtle trees beneath the shadow of its wondrous old church. Though not lovely, like other Irish watering-places, it yet possesses a certain individuality which saves it from being vulgarised by the welcome, if motley, horde of pleasure-seekers who descend upon the town ere the first pinks have opened in the garden borders, and loiter on until the last red geraniums have ceased blazing on the window sills. One feels it has a stern past behind its new stucco, and was not called into existence by a flourish of bathers' towels or a caprice of fashion.

In the summer all things are beautiful, and Youghal is no exception. The slumberous waters of the great bay flash and sparkle in the sunlight, reflecting the luminous blue of a cloudless Irish sky. Tawny sand and lichen-stained rock blend their varying tints upon the low-lying shores that gradually recede in melting perspective to the low

green hills rolling away northward, and the line of "villas." extending from Clay Castle to the railway station gleam radiant in fresh paint, as if the sleeping, glittering devil outside had never thundered at the windows or spat down the chimneys into the hissing parlour fires. On such days the place looks its best, and is best viewed from the bay, where one may pass a pleasant hour on the gentle swell of the ocean, with few sounds to break the stillness save the babble of the people on the sands or the faint patter of English musketry from the rifle ranges opposite.

But towards the end of the season Youghal is more characteristic, when the aftermath of society camp followers fill the town, paying half price for the inconveniences to which their wealthier fellows had submitted a few months before. Then landlords become negligent, servants familiar, and the sea as if wearied of its good behaviour during the summer months, begins to grow restive under the whip of the wind from the south and the west.

At such times the poor fishermen risk their lives daily, and, alas! lose them now and then, as they strive to snatch their children's bread from the teeth of the ravening waves.

It was thus "big Pat Carroll" lost his one stormy September afternoon, for the boat he and a few others jointly owned, being heavily laden with hake and the sea rough, Pat stood up in the stern, his shoulders squared to the wind, a veritable human sail, his companions rowing meanwhile; they made fair way until, just under the light-

house, a sudden squall caused him to lose his balance and, lurching forward, he went overboard without a cry, at the very moment that a huge billow, which had chased them all the way from Clay Castle, climbed into the boat. Of course, he left a wife and at least six children, with "another wan comin', plaze God," to bewail his fate, and look for support to Tim Carty, the net-maker, a relative in some infinitesimal degree, who inhabited a small dwelling—half cabin, half warehouse—close to the square, and at a short distance from the ferry by which one can cross to the Waterford side of the Blackwater.

Being at this especial juncture more busy than usual, and seeing that his business was likely to improve, Tim consented to take Annie Carroll's eight-year-old son as a kind of apprentice, while the other children were provided for one way or another until such time as Providence would obligingly open a way to the widow and the fatherless. With their subsequent fate I am not concerned. One or two died young, the others being dragged up somehow until they emigrated later on, under their poor mother's inept guardianship, to America, and possibly in time helped to fill the gaols or the Senate House of the great Republic. Little Pat, who was already promising "to take" after his father in height, however, remained at Tim's store in the capacity of general assistant, messenger, playmate, and sometimes nurse, to his employer's golden-haired little daughter, Cambia, whose mother was understood to have died shortly before Tim Carty—