

## Among the Fenians

by Mark Twain

Wishing to post myself on one of the most current topics of the day, I, Mark, hunted up an old friend, Dennis McCarthy, who is editor of the new Fenian journal in San Francisco, *The Irish People*. I found him sitting on a sumptuous candle-box, in his shirt-sleeves, solacing himself with a whiff at the national dhudeen or caubeen or whatever they call it – a clay pipe with no stem to speak of. I thought it might flatter him to address him in his native tongue, and so I bowed with considerable grace and said:

"Arrah!"

And he said, "Be jabbers!"

"Och hone!" said I.

"Mavourneen dheelish, acushla machree," replied The McCarthy.

"Erin go bragh," I continued with vivacity.

"Asthore!" responded The McCarthy.

"Tare an' ouns!" said I.

"Bhe dha husth; fag a rogarah lums!" said the bold Fenian.

"Ye have me there, be me sowl!" said I, (for I am not "up" in the niceties of the language, you understand; I only know enough of it to enable me to "keep my end up" in an ordinary conversation.)