gling into a sitting posture, with his hair all over his eyes, and one cheek flushed a deep burning red, from his having pressed it against his sister's shoulder. Mrs. Saxelby rang the bell for the maid. "Go with Sarah my boy. It is bedtime."

"Ain't *he* doin'?" asked Dooley, making one desperate effort to stand on his legs, and sliding down against his sister's dress on to the hearth-rug.

"Yes, Dooley, I am going too," said Clement. Dooley looked down at him doubtfully from the elevation of Sarah's arms.

"*Is* he doin', Tibby?" Dooley asked, with evident confidence in the truth of the reply he would get from his sister.

"I think he is, Dooley. But even if he doesn't go, you must. Because he's a grown up man, you know, and you're only a tiny boy."

"Good night," said Dooley, resignedly. The view of the subject that Mabel had presented to him was one with which he was not prepared to deal in his drowsy condition.

"I *must* not stay after that," said Clement, when the child had been carried away.

"I will go and get the books I spoke of," murmured Mabel, gliding quietly out of the room. Her mother threw herself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness. She was tired in body and harrassed in mind by the monotonous attendance in the sick-room; and Clement's presence was a welcome change.

"Miss Earnshaw has become a disciple of Miss Fluke's, I understand," said Clement

"Not altogether a disciple," answered Mrs. Saxelby, "but she has consented to assist her in district visiting, for a time. I don't mind telling *you* frankly that I do not like it. Mabel is not adapted for that kind of thing. She is the best, the most unselfish, the dearest child in the world. Helpful and unwearied in serving those she loves. But she is not quite—what shall I say?—not quite amenable."

"Not quite amenable to Miss Fluke, that is," said Clement, smiling.

"Exactly. You see, poor dear Miss Fluke, though actuated by the most charming motives, and—and—and evangelical things of all sorts," said Mrs. Saxelby, breaking down somewhat in her eulogium, "is not clever. In a worldly sense Miss Fluke is *not* clever. Now Mabel is clever. You know that it is not mere mother's partiality which makes me say so, Mr. Charlewood, but Mabel has really remarkable talent and intellect for her age."

"I know it," said Clement. But although he did not speak insincerely, it may be doubted whether he had ever looked upon Mabel in the light of a very intellectual person before. Many of our latent judgments, which otherwise might have lain dormant as the spark lies in the flint, are thus elicited by sudden contact with another mind.

"I have been taking the liberty, Mrs. Saxelby," pursued Clement, "of again speaking to your daughter about those Trescotts. You will think me very audacious to return to the charge, after the severe snubbing I got from Miss Earnshaw on the subject the other day."

"Not at all audacious. Very friendly, on the contrary. But, entre nous, Mr. Charlewood, I don't see any such strong objections to her seeing the child occasionally, under the auspices of Miss Fluke. Mabel's sympathies were strongly excited by the circumstanes under which she first saw this little girl. As the child grows stronger, and does not call for her pity, Mabel's enthusiasm will cool. Though," added Mrs. Saxelby, after an instant's pause, "Mabel is not apt to be fickle, I must own that."

"Mrs. Saxelby, I have been telling Miss Earnshaw something of which you will better appreciate the weight and bearing than she can. The brother, of whom I have chanced to hear a good deal lately, is a worthless young vagabond. I suppose most people of his class and profession are dissipated and careless. But this lad is worse than that. He is a frequenter of billiard-rooms and taverns. The Trescotts are very poor. The money with which he gratifies his self-indulgence must be got in, to say the least, a disreputable way, by gambling. It is a bad case. Think, Mrs. Saxelby, of the possibility of Miss Earnshaw's name being bandied about in low public-houses by this young fellow and his associates." Clement's hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke.

"I will talk to Mabel, myself," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously; "she will hear reason. Hush, she's coming. Say no more at present, I beg of you."

Mabel came into the room with a little packet of books under her arm. "Mr. Charlewood has promised to take these to Corda Trescott for me, mamma."

"He is very kind."

"There is the White Cat with illustrations, coloured in a very high style of art by myself. Poor white Cat! The common paint with which I bedaubed her, has grown discoloured and made her into a brown cat by this time. Never mind; there is the story. Then I have Robinson Crusoe, Edgeworth's Rosamond, and a volume of Han's Christian Anderson's tales. It is quite a library for Corda."

"Good night Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, taking charge of the books. "Good night Miss Earnshaw. I hope Mr. Saxelby will be quite well and at work again in a day or two. He is not fond of idleness, I know."

Then Clement took his leave and went away. He looked up at the starlight autumn sky as he walked along the surburban road, with its trim hedges on either hand, and all sorts of unpractical and vague fancies danced through his brain.

If another Asmodeus, instead of lifting the house-tops and showing the scenes that are being enacted within, could unroof the mysterious dome wherein our thoughts and imaginations are busy, and could make palpable to the senses their goings and comings—the unlikely guests lodged in one brain, and the unsuspected vacuity of another, the odd corners full of romance and fantasy in some minds that pass for mere unvarying machines, and the hard practical calculation of intellects which an admiring world supposes to be "of imagination all compact"—could such a familiar demon be found, I believe we should witness a far more strange and wonderful spectacle than any of those which greeted the astonished eyes of the Spanish student.

To be continued.

FENIANISM IN IRELAND.

JAMES FITZPATRICK.

THE day's partial thaw is succeeded by a clear sharp frost to-night. A solemn stillness reigns over field and fell. The very air is sleeping, and not a cloud flickers the great dome of heaven. All the expanse is flooded with pale moonlight. The fir-trees, still bearing fleeces of snow in tiers upon their fan-like arms, cast grotesque shadows on the lawn. Three bright lines of light blaze in the barracks yonder on the hill. They keep the lights burning all the night through now, for there are few men within, and they are watching. A solitary owl hoots in the deep thicket near our barn. From the distant steeple, white and clear against the sky, ring out the chimes. A dog disturbed, barks sharply far away down in the valley, others of his kind take up and repeat his warning, for a moment there is a chorus of sharp terriers and deep-toned mastiffs, then all is still again. The silence saddens and oppresses one; we feel to be alone in the vast world. Our favourite constellations glitter in the sky unclouded and serene, but silently. I count them all, the Pleiades, Orion, Perseus and Andromeda. Some set and disappear behind the range of hills, others to rise and flash above the wood. All are asleep within, and I long for some sign of active life to break the grave stillness of the hour.

Yes, there is life. A mile away behind the house they are burning furze upon Knockrea. The huntsmen will not thank those who destroy the cover. Yet these are not furze-burners, now that I look again. The light is too steady and too red. It must be just above the ledge on which the police-station can be discerned, white above its own dark shadow. It is extinguished, and flashes out again. Once more I try to fix the spot where it appeared, once more it blazes out, and stronger than before. Is that an electric flash, marking out a path of light amongst the trees, and glancing off the red-barked pine? Signal answers signal, as I live! They speak to each other across the gorge, those men upon the hill and some round my own homestead. All is still as death, but near me there are others awake, and watching like myself.

The stealthy drawings of a bolt, the rattling of a chain, the creak of a hinge upon the gate, and suddenly the clank of hoofs on the hard roadway. My horses are away! Have they broken loose, or are they ridden? I shout, and in reply hear from the skirt of the wood, horrible in the night's quiet, that demoniac war-hoop which James Fitzpatrick learned of the Indians—a succession of yells ending in chuckling laughter. It is Fitzpatrick; he has thrown off the mask at last! Distant, ever more distant, is the clatter of the hoofs, now ringing more clearly as they mount the hills, now dying away in the hollows. At last it is heard only at distant intervals, and then no more.

According to his own story, James Fitzpatrick had left Ireland three years before "the war." Wandering through "the States," doing a turn of work, now here, now there, he became a sort of slave-driver on a cotton-plantation in South Carolina. When the war between North and South broke out, he bore arms in the Confederate ranks, and fought at Beaufort and New Orleans under the Palmetto flag. Either as a deserter or a prisoner, he changed sides, and served with Sherman during his famous march from Atlanta to Charleston, and fearful were the tales he told to our frightened but eagerly listening children of blood, and death, and plunder he had seen. Leaving this service, too, he never told us how or why, he became "lifter" to a corn-merchant at Chicago—an employment for which his powerful and active frame well fitted him. He offered his services to me a few weeks after his return to Ireland "for any wages I pleased to give." I had just obtained a life interest in a small farm of twenty acres of arable land, with ten acres of ornamental wood. The place had been shamefully neglected, and my ignorance of farming was supreme. Fitzpatrick was recommended to me as a "handy man," ready to "put his strength" to any kind of labour; and such I found him.

His experience in "the territories" of America had taught him much. He was equal to three ordinary men in capacity for work and facility in expedients. He kneaded and baked our bread, cared and milked our cows, made our butter, did a trifle of blacksmith's work, repaired our gates and fences, and executed rough jobs of carpentry. We found out that he washed, clear-starched, and "did up fine things" as well as any laundry-maid. There was nothing he was not willing to attempt and could not manage to do in some way, so as to answer the purpose for a time. He soon brought our small farm "to rights," working himself energetically but noisily, and making others work. With our children he was all in all; their great authority and lawgiver in the art of constructing rabbit-hutches, setting snares for hares or birds, and building toy ships to sail upon the pond. He knew where the hawk had her young, and the woodquest built her nest. Great was the store of wild birds' eggs the boys gathered on the moor and "blew" under his direction. As a help he was invaluable to us, but there was a restlessness and wildness, sometimes a degree of violence, in his character which caused uneasiness. He spoke of our farm as his own, and openly said what he would have done next year; but the Irish steward indentified himself so far with his master, that this occasioned no surprise. We knew not then that he had purchased an "Irish bond" on our small estate. He boasted more than once to others that "he could buy and sell us" if he pleased. I was informed he threatened to leave those behind him who would revenge him if I dismissed him, but the evidence was vague and wavering. The Irish peasant was not "peach," and if in passion he blurts out a charge, under examination he softens down his words and leaves you powerless. In this case I