

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPERGRASS, Esq. CHAPTER XII.

KATE PETERSHAM AT CASTLE GREGORY—DR. HENSHAW'S CATHOLICITY PROVES RATHER STRONG BOTH FOR KATE AND THE PRIEST—THE DOCTOR, LIKE MR. WEEKS, FORMS A VERY BAD OPINION OF IRELAND AND ITS INHABITANTS—LANTY PLAYS AN IRISH TRICK—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Is Miss Petersham engaged, please?" said a servant, opening the parlor door. "No; what's the matter?" "Father John sends in his compliments."

"Hold your saucy tongue," said the priest, slapping her affectionately on the cheek; "you're never done scolding; 'pon my word, I had better come here, bag and baggage, and live at Castle Gregory altogether."

"You'll do no such thing, sir—I hate you. You're a barbarous man. You're the most unsocial, ill-natured, hard-hearted creature in the whole world."

"O, to be sure, because I don't spend all my time playing chess with the greatest mad-pate in Christendom."

"Do you hear that, Uncle Jerry?" exclaimed Kate, turning to Mr. Guirkie; "and the man hasn't been here to see us once in a month."

"Never mind; we'll have our revenge of him yet, depend upon it. His neglect of you is absolutely unpardonable, after all your professions of regard for him."

"Pshaw! he's not worth my revenge. I renounce him; I shall take you for my confidant in the future, and leave him to his beads and breviary. So come over here, to your old easy chair, and let us have a quiet chat together; and running her arm into his, she was hurrying him away to a corner of the room, when the priest laid his hand on her shoulder.

these Catholic priests are the most un-gallant people imaginable."

"O, I'm only an Irish girl, you know; I do what I please—no one minds me; Father John there once thought he could manage me, but it failed him."

"Well, Protestantism is sin—and a most grievous sin, my good girl."

"You frighten me, doctor," said Kate; "upon my word I'll run away and leave you."

"I declare I never saw a man in my life so fond of differing with everybody as he is. Why, I vow to goodness, I thought he was going to swallow me neck and heels this morning in the boat, when I attempted to defend Tillotson and Burnet."

"That's his greatest fault; he can never dispute five minutes without losing his temper."

"And does he suppose people must put up with his temper when he chooses to lose it? I declare that's very fine."

"O, who cares for his mental ability? I wouldn't give a brass button for a man who can't talk with you on any thing but great heavy subjects. And then he goes at them in such a way too, with all his might, like a dray horse starting a load."

"Heavy subjects are his specialty," observed Father John; "he don't pretend to handle any thing else. Why, he reviews every book he can lay his hands on—stories, novels, poetry, everything—from a primer to a course of theology. Speciality indeed!"

of beauties, and hampered too much with imagery."

"I think simply this: he was a very respectable songster in his way, but an immoral man and a bad Catholic."

"Yes, that's very true; but it strikes me you value faith too little, and for that reason you cannot properly estimate a man's writings. We Catholics deem approve of all books and writings injurious to faith or morals. You Protestants have no faith at all, and you let your morals take care of themselves."

"Both together, when played and sung as they ought to be."

"No, no, sir. I shall not be put off with that; but tell me what poet ever wrote a song of its kind equal to that? I give you the whole world to find him; not even excepting your own Burns, Scott, Tannahill, and all the rest."

"I wish to goodness you would," muttered Uncle Jerry, looking at the priest.

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest, looking over his shoulder.

"There now," cried Kate, running away from her antagonist, and flinging herself down beside Uncle Jerry on the sofa; "I shan't dispute another syllable with him—he has no mercy at all. He opens his great broadsides on everything indiscriminately, and goes firing away at you, all the time, his ponderous logic. I never met so tremendous a Catholic as Dr. Henshaw. He has murdered me out and out."

"What could I do? Am I to be challenged at my own fireside, and by a stranger, too, and not fight? O, could I only get him once abroad the water Hen, with a stiff breeze from the south, or on 'Moll Piteer's Back' for a morning's heating, if I wouldn't have my revenge, no matter."

of the old, and carry away from their weaker neighbors, through the atmosphere, more than their share of animal and vegetable life."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Jerry, quitting the sofa, and bobbing his skirts up and down the room. "Ha, ha! the man's fit for the mad house. I declare I account for the decay of nations by laws regulating the circulation of matter. O, the Lord be about us—what's the world coming to?"

"That reminds me of an article I read in some magazine last week, where the writer discovers the antipathy of the Irish to the English people to have originated in the difference between the Roman and the Celtic civilizations."

"That rebuke is unmerited by me, Dr. Henshaw," responded the priest, kindling up a little. "I deplore those unhappy differences between the two countries as much as any man."

"But I tell you, doctor, you ought to be ashamed to avow such opinions as you have just expressed here. I have listened to you in my own house, speaking in the most contemptuous manner of our Irish writers and statesmen, and borne with you patiently, for I was then your host; but I cannot sit patiently here and hear you outrage the feelings of a young and gentle girl."

"Kate," she added; "where are you Kate?"

"Quarrelling with Dr. Henshaw," replied the priest.

"No, I'm not angry; I'm too well accustomed to him for that."

"Poor Kate's as mad as a latter; look, how she shakes her curls at him! The man might try to be a little more ponderous than that."

he continued, "for I shan't be plagued in this way any longer. I'll not let a beggar—I'll not let a man with a torn coat, nor a woman with a child in her arms—within a league of my house; as I live I shan't."

"Don't grow angry with me, Uncle Jerry," pleaded Kate, taking his hand. "I shan't grow angry; I can't help it; a saint couldn't stand it. I'll turn off Mrs. Motherly too, for she's the cause of all this. I can't fling a copper to a beggar, but she reports it a pound. Upon my word it's a pretty thing to be taken for a simper at the age of sixty years; hump! a mighty pretty thing indeed."

"I only hinted at your generosity—I mean your goodness—in a—why, in giving fair prices for Mary's pictures that's all."

"Certainly. You thought all the time, I suppose, I bought these pictures as an act of charity. He, he!" he chuckled, endeavoring all the while to belie his own heart. "When I buy, Kate, I have an eye to business."

"I must acknowledge it's a selfish motive," continued Uncle Jerry; "but I have been a man of the world, and doubtless my feelings are hardened by long intercourse with it."

"He is very obliging to me, at all events," said Uncle Jerry, "to make me the first offer. But keep the secret to yourself, Kate," (and he whispered the words in her ear), "don't breathe it to a soul for your life."

"Never fear; I'll not discover."

"Well, as certain as I can be, without actually hearing her say so."

"You must have been mistaken. Mary never goes there; I should hear of it, if she did. Sometimes, in calm evenings, she and Lanty Hanlon take a run up the lough together in the jolly boat, but I never heard of her visiting the graveyard."

at last, scratching his head and returning to his weary post, "begorra, it's a mighty agreeable okkipation, sittin here all alone, nurse-tendin a blackamoor, an' not a sowl within call of me. I'd like to know what Mary Kelly will say when I'm not there to take her up to Ned Callahan's christenin, I'm sayin, Mr. Blackamoor," he continued, turning to the negro, who now lay motionless on the flat of his back.

"I'm sayin, ye'd do me a mighty great favor if ye'd let me off till daybreak. I've some weighty business on my hands."

"O, I don't dispute that in the last. But there's no fear of your dyin till mornin, any how."

"Dang the fear of ye—come, now, get up, my fine fellow—ye'll ride on a Christian's back, any way, and that's an honor ye little expect."

"The poor negro begged hard to be left where he was for the night, but Lanty was inexorable; the dance at Ned Callahan's christening, with Mary Kelly for a partner, was too strong a temptation. After various twistings and turnings, he succeeded at length in length in seating the invalid on the top of an empty barrel, and then backing in, wound the creature's arms round his neck, and tied them there with his handkerchief, lest he might happen to grow faint and fall on the road. In this fashion Lanty started off with his burden, intending to leave him in one of the out-houses till morning. When he reached the castle, however, he found them all locked. The only door, in fact, he saw open after hawking his load all over the place, was the great hall door of the castle itself. So, after some hesitation, he took courage, and in he went. Looking round the spacious hall, and seeing no one coming, he determined to deposit the negro on a door mat, and then, having rung the bell, disappear as fast as possible. Unfortunately, however, he selected the wrong place, and, worse still, in turning round to drop the negro behind him, he stumbled backward, burst open the parlor door, where the company we have just left were quietly seated, and rolled into the middle of the room, with the negro's arms clasped around his neck as tight as a vice."

"The uproar was awful. Mrs. Willoughby screamed; Mr. Guirkie shouted thieves and murder; Dr. Henshaw upset the table and lights, in his effort to catch his aristocratic antagonist, as she fell fainting from her chair. Kate ran to one door, and the priest groped his way to another, calling on the servants. Within the room all was darkness and confusion. Uncle Jerry, in his attempts to escape, capsize chairs, tables, tumbler, decanters, dumb waiters, and every thing else that came in his way. Mrs. Willoughby, in a fit of hysterics, wriggled furiously in the arms of the tall reverend, whilst Lanty kicked and swore lustily at the "black-guard blackamoor" to let him go.

"What's all this clamor about?" demanded the priest, motioning back the frightened servants. "Brave fellows you are, to be scared in this way by the black face of a poor African. But where's Lanty Hanlon?" he inquired, suddenly recollecting himself; "eh! where's Lanty Hanlon? away, and bring the villain here forthwith; he's the cause of all this trouble. Bring him here instantly!"

"Lanty Hanlon, where are you?" shouted one.

"Lanty Hanlon, the priests wants you!" cried another.

But no answer came. Lanty Hanlon was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LENTEEN THOUGHTS.

Lent is a time of recollection and amendment. The young in their folly make light of the Lenten regulations. Yet it is only by such lessons of self-denial and self-conquest that they can hope to acquire habits that will make them masters of graver conditions in the years of maturity. In response to the yearning of their hearts for happiness men run riot in self-indulgence. The awakening is disappointment. Were they to follow the way of self-denial they would find it opening to contentment. In excuse for their infractions of the law of fast and abstinence many are heard to argue its great hardship. This is not the true reason. But even if it were, what is there in life that can be obtained without sacrifice? Great sacrifices many make for things less beneficial. Now that half the holy season of Lent is past, it might be profitable to stop and consider the manner in which we have spent it. That ingratitude is the return for our acts of charity should not furnish us excuse for their future bestowal. The reward is from God, not man. Man's greatest power is in the possession of true humility. By other qualities he may command the admiration of his fellows, but only through true humility can he retain it.