\$

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XII.

KATE PETERSHAM AT CASTLE GREGORY-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.

thing

you

"How was that?" said Henshaw.

Well, Protestanteesm is sin-and

lost ?" "Listen to that," exclaimed Kate.

doctor's very strong on that point."

and Burnet.'

tal ability.

tarting a load.'

ty indeed 1"

'To be sure.'

Cameron's Poems ?'

"Heavy subjects are his specialty," observed Father John; "he don't pre-

losing his temper."

"I hear him," said the priest; " the

"Well, doctor, I'm not prepared to

in

" Is Miss Petersham engaged, ' said a servant, opening the please please ? parts the matter ?" "No: what's the matter ?"

"He tried to convert me-ha, ha Kept me reading night and day-" "Convert you ?--what, from sin ?" "No, from Protestantism. Sin, in "Father John sends in his compliments.

"Father John !- Is it possible !" "Father John - Son and Received Solution of the plane stool, and running round on the plane stool, and running to receive him. "Ho, ho! to the door to receive him. "Ho, ho! indeed, so there you come at last, and Indeed, so there you come at tast, and Uncle Jerry too; surely something extraordinary must have happened to bring you all the way to Castle Gregory. Have you had a conflagration or an earthquake in your neighborhood ?

"Hold your saucy tongue," said the priest, slapping her affectionately on the check; "you're never done scold-ing; 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, harddispute with you about the matter at present," said Kate, " but I'm pretty hearted creature in the whole world." "O, to be sure, because I don't spend all my time playing chess with the greatest mad note in Chat

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 reveng of him yet, depend upon it. His neglect of you is absolutely unpardon-able, after all your professions of regard

for him." "Pshaugh! he's not worth my

venge. I renounce him; I shall take you for my confidant in future, and leave him to his beads and breviary. between him to his beats and beviary. So come over here, to your old easy chair, and let us have a quiet chat to-gether;' 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.

Not so fast, Kate; not so fast. You've forgotten there's a stranger in the room. Miss Petersham, let me present to you Dr. Henshaw, of Edinburgh-Dr. Henshaw, Miss Petersham, of Castle Gregory, one of the most mischievous and ungovernable of her

sex." "Don't believe him, Dr. Henshaw. I'm no such thing. Welcome, sir, to Castle Gregory.'

"How d'ye do, my dear? glad to see you," said the latter, bowing stilly, and raising his gold spectacles to look at her in detail. "Don't trouble yourself aboot what Father John says. not all gospel, I suspect." It's for his preaching either, if what

his Bishop says be true. "Ha! ba! A very serious charge, indeed," laughed Uncle Jerry; "and no doubt reason enough for it too."

"I see you've been reading Swift, Miss Petersham," said Henshaw, taking a volume from the table. "Do you

" Swift - certainly. Did you ever

his taste and acquirements." see an Irish woman who didn't?" "Well, I don't remember, partecularly, as to that. But his moral senti-ments are-"

"Swift was an elegant writer, full of wit and humor-and, best of all, he loved his country, and never was ashamed to own it.

you think he deserves Strangles it. I suppose.' credit for that?

"Not at all; he makes an exception his rule. He praises it hugely. "To be sure I do-why not? He to his rule. He praises it hugely. Cameron's a Catholic, you know, belived in times when devotion to his country and her cause was a disqualifleation for office both in Church and State; besides, Dean Swift was a near relation of ours by the Willoughbys, as

THE CATHOMO RECORD.

these Catholic priests are the most un-gallant people imaginable." Dr. Henshaw emptied the glass which Kate filled for him, adding, as he laid it on the sideboard, "you're not so mawkish, I perceive, as our young ladies generally are." "O, I'm only an Irish girl, you know; I do what I please-mo one minds me; of beauties, and hampered too much "I think simply this: he was a vary respectable songster in his way, but an immoral man and a bad Kaatholic."

"O, doctor, that's not fair. I must protest against your bringing up our poet's private character. It's not mag-nanimous of you at all."

"O, I'm only an Irish gir, joint and see ; I do what I please—no one minds me ; Father John there once thought he could manage me, but it failed him." "Not I," replied the priest; "I "His poetry, take it all through," persisted Henshaw, "has done more to enervate and corrupt the minds of the replied the priest; "I young, than any other I'm acquainted wi'; and do you know the reason, Miss never was so silly as to think any such "You did indeed, sir-you needn't Petersham ?

deny it; you had me in leading strings for a whole week or more." No. "Well, it was simply because in losing his faith he lost his morality

also." "My dear sir, we have nothing to do with his faith," replied Kate. "Why, you drag faith into everything. Can't we admire a man's writings without deed ! why, doctor, I'm ashamed o

first inquiring about his faith ?" "Yes, that's vary true; but it strikes me you value faith too little, and for most grievous sin, my good girl." "There, now you're at it again," muttered Uncle Jerry, still pacing the that reason you cannot properly estimate a man's writings. We Kaatholics dees-approve of all books and writings inrocm in his usual way. "You're at it again; I vow and protest it's outrage-"You're at it jurious to faith or morals. You Protes-tants have no faith at all, and you let "You frighten me, doctor," said Kate; "upon my word I'll run away and leave you." "But don't you know that if you die to it the Kathelia church row!!! he your morals take care o' themselves." "Highty tighty," muttered Uncle Jerry, running his hands again under coat tails, and pacing the room as his out o' the Kaatholic church you'll be

before ; " he's at it again. Father John rose also, and turning Kate round on the piano stool, commanded her, under pain of his sovereign displeasure, to play Last Rose of Summer," with " The Henry Herz's variations first, and then sing it "Now," she exclaimed, when she finished the song,—" now, Dr. Hen-shaw, I put it to you as an honorable man; did you, or did you not, ever hear so exquisite a song as that ?"

sure of one thing-you could never make a Catholic of me in that way." "He's got himself into trouble again," "He sgot ministri no trouble again, said Uncle Jerry, sitting down on a chair beside the priest. "He deserves it," responded the latter, in a tone of displeasure. "The words or the music ?" "Both together, when played and sung as they out to be."

"Y-e-e-s, it's light, and pretty, and fanciful, and-"

"I declare I never saw a man in my "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? life so fond of differing with everybody as he is. Why, I vow to goodness, I thought he was going to swallow me give you the whole world to find him neck and heels this morning in the boat. when I attempted to defend Tillotson not even excepting your own Burns, Scott, Tannahill, and all the rest."

"That's his greatest fault; he can "I never trouble myself much aboot such triffes," responded Henshaw. "I leave them to the boys and girls." never dispute five minutes without

"And does he suppose people must put up with his temper when he chooses to lose it? I declare that's very fine." "I wish to goodness you would," muttered Uncle Jerry, looking at the "It's a great weakness in him, and I'm sorry, for he's a man of great men-Just so." replied the latter ; " and

if he only knew himself well enough, he would. Ne sutor ultra crepidam." "Hillo ! what are you doing there, 'O, who cares for his mental ability?

wouldn't give a brass button for a nan who can't talk with you on any Mr. Guirkie ?" exclaimed Kate " chatting away with Father John, and thing but great heavy subjects. And I all alone here with this great review then he goes at them in such a way too, with all his might, like a dray horse er, trying to preserve my countrymen from utter annihilation ; come to the rescue, or he'll not leave us one of them; all, forsooth, because they happened to be Protestants." "What's the matter ?" inquired the end to handle any thing else. And

ndeed, as a polemic and logician, he as very few equals." "What's the matter ?" inquired the priest, looking over his shoulder. "Why, he's actually making mince meat of all our celebrities. He has come down now as far as Burke, and is "Bat he does pretend to handle every-thing else. Why, he reviews every book he can lay his hands on-stories, novals notice. cutting him up at such a rate that nothing will be left of him, by and by, novels, poetry, everything — from a primer to a course of theology. Specialbut the bones.'

The priest threw his legs across, and You're right; he has been doing pulled down his waistcoat with a jerk something that way of late, now that I remember. But the truth is, I think but said nothing in reply. "You're growing angry," said

emember. But the truth is, I thin so little of his literary criticisms I don' Uncle Jerry. "No, I'm not angry ; I'm too well accustomed to him for that." care to read them. He never should attempt to criticise such books at all. They are entirely out of the sphere of

" Poor Kate's as mad as a hatter to know the shakes her curls at him to be a shakes her curls The man might try to be a little more "And then he goes about them so www.ardly." "He, he, he!" chuckled Uncle ferry : "that reminds me of his last courteous, I think. "Were he in any other place but Castle Gregory, he wouldn't come off so easily, I assure you," responded the Jerry; "that reminds me of his last number. Did you see his criticism on

priest. "There now." cried Kate, running away from her antagonist, and flinging herself down beside Uncle Jerry on the 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 every thing indiscriminately, and goes

of the old, and carry away from their weaker neighbors, through the atmos-phere, 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. declare ! account for the decay of naions 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 "He went far back to find it-didn't he ?" said Uncle Jerry, bobbing

away as he spoke. "He was right, nevertheless," said Henshaw, who had been listening.

"Right or wrong," said the priest, " of what earthly advantage is it to us to discover the cause — is not the fact enough ?

No, sir, it is not enough ; as a priest and a Chreestian, you should feel happy to be able to ascribe this national anteepathy to a more creditable cause than the memory of past eeniuries

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.

"And still you're never done dinning in our ears how you've suffered and bled, and all that, under the lash of the Saxon-in Scotland we are sick of "Humph! don't doubt it in the least. There has been, I must confess, rather too much of this clamor about our rights and wrongs. But, my dear doctor, delicacy, I think, should restrain you from expressing your opin ions so freely on this exciting subject. Miss Petersham, you must be already

and cannot but feel hurt to hear you speak of it so disparagingly." "Sir, I have never withheld my opeenions any where. When I form opeenions any where. When I form opeenions, I am not ashamed to avow

"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 states men, and borne with you patiently, for was then your host; but I cannot sit atiently here and hear you outrage the feelings of a young and gentle girl at her own fireside, and on your very first introduction, because she happen to be a Protestant, and is national enough to feel proud of her country-

Henshaw was about to reply, when the door opened, and Mrs. Willoughby entered, carrying a letter in her hand She was evidently beyond threescore and ten, to judge from the deep farrow of her cheeks and thin white hair; and yet she walked as sprightly and up rightas a girl of sixteen. Approaching Father John and Mr. Guirkie with a smile of welcome, she extended a hand each, and expressed the pleasure she felt in seeing them at Castle Gregory. "Kate," she added ; "where are you

Kate?' "Quarrelling with Dr. Henshaw,"

replied the priest. "O, the wild creature. She's al

ways at some mischief. Kate, here's a note from Mary Lee." In a moment the delighted girl was at her aunt's side, and kissing her hand fervently for having carried the precious billet, bounded off again to read it.

News for you, Uncle Jerry," she

exclaimed, as she ran her eye rapidly over the contents: "Mary Lee comes to-morrow, and you must stay to se her. You can't refuse, for you know how anxious you've been to converse with her.' a over. ' said Uncle Jerry

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 I live I shan't." within a league of my house; as

"Don't grow angry with me, Uncle Jerry," pleaded Kate, taking his hand.

"I shall 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. pon my word it's a pretty thing to be the age taken for a simpleton at sixty years; humph! a mighty pretty thing indeed."

"I only hinted at your generosityin giving fair prices for Mary's pictures that's all."

" Fair prices-" "Yes; and I thought you wouldn't

be angry with me for saying that." "Of course I wouldn't; but you said nothing of the kind-not a syllable, ceplied Uncle Jerry, softening down

"Because you wouldn't wait to hear me," said Kate; "I certainly think it's very good and kind in you to buy these pictures from the poor girl when you don't want them yourself. I say that, Mr. Guirkie, and I shall always

"But I do want them-I want all she "But I do want them—I want all she can paint for a twelvemonth to come; and I wouldn't give one of them for twice the price they cost me. Do you hear that, now, Miss Petersham? Not for twice the price." "O, well." said Kate, humoring the whim, "that accounts for it, then."

"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 he belie his own heart : "when I buy, I have an eye to business." Kate,

Kate raised up hers in appeal against the sacrilege, but dared not venture a word. "And that's the real reason, Kate,

I don't visit at the lighthouse," said Uncle Jerry, holding his head down for his conscience smote him for bearing false witness against himself; "that's

the reason, precisely." "O, very well," said Kate; "I'm satisfied if you are."

"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 intercouse with it." "Hardened! And so you won't visit at the light-house, lest Roger should never come with his pictures again?"

"Precisely. If the old man saw me

once there, he should never come knocking at my door again. He's a wonderful man, that Roger, and I think I should miss him very much."

creature," replied "He's a faithful creature," replied Kate ; "like the ivy, he clings on to the last; when the old house falls into ruins, he falls 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."

" And now, can you tell Mary Lee any friends or relatives in or

about Rathmullen ? "No, not that I know of."

"You're not certain ?" "Well, as certain as I can be, with out actually hearing her say so.'

"Then I must have seen her ghost." "Her ghost, forsooth ! where ?"

" In Rathmullen graveyard." "O, some one like her you saw.

She has no relatives interred there. The Lees, you know, are absolute strangers in this part of the country." So I understood ; and yet, upon my word, I saw her there, at two different times, as plainly as I see you now.

both occasions it was late in the evening, and she passed within a few yards of me, apparently on her way to the like very demons, till the din grew ten

stay was short, for the instant their eyes fell on the negro's black face, they mistook him for a certain gentleman o the same color, and fled away, treading on each other's heels, and screeching

out of breath, and all inquiring what

had happened. The shouts and screams

of the party had attracted to the spot

every domestic in the house, from the boot boy to the steward. But their

MARCH 18, 1904.

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 Ned Callahan's christenin. I'm her up 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 great favor if ye'd let me off till daybreak. I've some weighty business on my hands."

"Berry sick, massa," responded the

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

"Berry bad, mass ; berry sick ; no tink me live." " O, musha, bad luck to fear of ye,

my augenach ; yer more frightened than hurt " Me no feel toes-none at all."

" O, botheration to yer toes-I'm not goin to stay here all night nursin them, without as much as a drop i' drink, or even a draw of the pipe to warm me. So start, my darlin ; I'll carry ye to the castle." "You kill me, massa."

"You kill me, massa." "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 expected." The poor negro begged hard to he

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, intend ng to leave him in 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 selected the round to drop the negro behind him, he stumbled backwards, burst open parlor door, where the company we have just left were quiely 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. Henthaw upset the table and lights, in his effort to catch his aristocratic antagon ist, 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, capsized chairs, tables, tumblers, decanters, dumb waiters, and every thing else that came in his way. Mrs. Willough-by, in a fit of hysteries, wriggled fur-ionsly in the arms of the tall reviewer, whilst Lanty kicked and swore lustily at the "black-guard blackamoor" to let him go. At length the servants came running in with lights, one after another, all other ; " yo " I can't " Catholies days. But y

"You had Rodgers," i "Monks

MARC

1

AN

Monks. " I shan' " See he don't I'll

ers, and se mered : "

like to hur

most succe It was a P

fessed to b

ters of r Willie Ro

who was al

carve his 1

Australia. expostulat of her so that she

the prospe un Catholi

ian Boardi

" My de

shut your ests. The

talent, an

to oursely of the adv as may b are alread

Major Ha

was sendi

in the ter

one to tal

been put

day and t

over. E Monks, f

and was.

the boys. His fir

down by

prayers,

There w

Some on

other hit

didn't aj

with a mean,

when he

pretende

toothbru

finished

This was

real trou

no prov

one who

dishes o

with the

and a po

ing he c

hungry

in such

see his his ev

staring

could 1 polite

appetite

on his

being 1

occurre cut off

the big

upon bi

eat his

gloriou

in the

ing him

and cu

Monks

day. W

heard .

anothe

Cathol

Friday

boy, v will se

He will

day.

not qu The

feel as

off to

ing th

repeat

eat m Why,

they a

a Cat

But I

Cathe

Hard

Ha

quain

come:

forth

sarpi

called

make

fecto

such

dees

fello

that "

pose

brea

home

do :

sens

Har

The in the

com shar

nari

to h

A nigh of Wit

irri Ma ''T

" OI

Afte

On Fr

So Will

ests.

Rodgers

at comer at Seaforth's,

none of you Monks re mation of t

my venerable aunt would tell you.' Ah !--- that indeed !'

"But don't you like him, doctor ?"

"No," replied the doctor, gruffly. "You don't! is it possible? Why, I

thought Swift was a favorite every where. "In Ireland-yes."

"You must admit he's witty and

"Not very—but that, and a keen sense o' the ridecculous, is about all "hat's in him."

O, no, no, doctor, I won't agree to o, no, no, doctor, I won't agree to that at all; you quite underrate Swift. For my part, I think there's more sound philosophy in Swift than in any other work I ever read."

Humph ! have you read much ?"

"No; sometimes, when the fit takes me, I pick up a book and read a page or two here and there." "But do you study what you read?"

too great a madeap for I can ride a horse, though, or that. sail a boat, as well as any Irish girl you'll find; and these are the only ac complishments I pretend to lay claim

" Not very feminine, I should think,' ejaculated Henshaw, pursing out his lips, and looking over at the priest, with his eyes dilated into what he intended for a smile.

"No, sir; but they suit my turn of mind. And yet, Mr. Guirkie here will tell you I've got some philosophy in

"I'll have nothing to do with your philosophy," said Uncle Jerry, pacing up and down the room, and bobbing the skirts of his coat on his hands behind

skirts of his coat on his hards beind him. "I wish to the Lord the captain was at home; that's all I wish." "Father John, go to the sideboard there, and find some refreshments," said Kate. "Come, doctor, you must pledge me in good stout Burgundy, and I'll forgive what you said of Swift."

"I shall wait for the captain," re plied Father John, looking up from the newspaper; "the doctor there will oblige you at present.'

You shall not, sir; he may not re turn for an hour yet. Wait for the captain, indeed! Ain't I as good com-pany as the captain? O, Dr. Henshaw,

les being a Scotchman.' "Ah, yes, there's something in that," "In speaking of some of the fine pass

ages he tries to be exceedingly nice in his appreciation of the beauties." "Nice!" laughed Father John; "that's good; I must read the criti-

"Do. It's worth the reading, I as

"No-what does he do with it?

sure you." "But he must have gone about it

"Awkwardly! He reminded me of an elephant I once saw picking up a bouquet with his trunk. He first made ard, or on ' Moll Pitcher's Back ' for a morning's heathing, if I wouldn't have my revenge, no matter.

"Hush ! here he comes, full of indignation at Kate's presumptuous bold-ness. See how he runs his thumbs into snuff-box on the lid. his waistcoat pockets — that's a sure sign he's rufiled. Kate," he added, as an offset to further controversy, "can'

we have some music?" "Certainly—what shall it be?" "O'er the water to Charles.

"Excellent—just the very thing," she cried, opening the piano and rattl-ing away. "How do you like it, docng away.

"Well, so, so. Associations make it pleasant just now." "Makes you think of home?"

" Yes." "What think you, though, of our rish music

"Very fair; but it always gives me the blues." "The blues!"

"Yes. It's so melancholy." "Moore's songs are, indeed, rather melancholy, but exquisite of their

less." "Yes, indeed-a subject I know as "Yes, indeed-a thomas there kind, nevertheless." "Yes-he's a vary decent lyric poet much about as old Thomas there. Thomas, tell Aunt Willoughby Father -is Moore; and still there's nothing in him, after all, but sentiment and John wants to see her.' fancy-he's greatly wanting in force for it.

and power of thought. "That is to say, he's neither Byron nor Milton."

"No, I don't mean that, either. But he tires you with the incessant play of his fancy. He is forever hopping from flower to flower, like a butterdy."

"Ah, then you adopt the criticisms of the Edinburgh Review."

of the Edinburgh Review." "I adopt no creeticism. I make my own," replied Henshaw, gruffy. "Well, you think with the Scotch Reviewers, that his poetry is too full "I adopt no creeticism. I make my "It's a positive fact, sir," persisted Kate. "He says, as the world is de-veloped, the attractive power of new countries becomes greater than those

. Com firing away at you, all the time, his ponderous logic. I never met so tre-'and sit beside me here on the sofa ponderous logic. I never met so tre mendous a Catholic as Dr. Henshaw we must talk a little of your friend. Do you really know who this girl is, or whence she came, or what's to become He has murdered me out and out. " And why did you continue at it so

Of course I have ; how could

girls like me are generally acquainted

with. I might do well enough : but not

' He don't give you latitude enough

Kate," said the priest, taking a pinch "No, he holds you like a vice, and

then so bewilders you with his newly-imported principles and methods, and so on, that you don't know what you're

saying. But, Father John, could you guess how he tries to account for the

"O, ho! the decay of nations, no

"Ha, ha ! Go, you mad creature.

er-dasher measures his tape

decay of nations ?'

ter.

of her ?" " replied Kate. "All I " Not I," replied Kate. and that's long ?" "What could I do? Am I to be know is, I love her dearly, and that's

all I want to know." challenged at my own fireside, and by a stranger, too, and not fight? O, could But of her father ?" I only get him once abroad the Water Hen, with a stiff breeze from the south-

"She never speaks of him; I never even heard her mention his name." "I declare !—isn't that strange, and

you so intimate?" "Very-she told me all about he

"So you've surrendered at last, Kate," said the priest, walking over leisurely to the sofa, and tapping his uncle's embarrassment, though. fear he can't hold out much lo She longer His creditors in Dublin and Cork are pressing him very hard, and he has no means left to me their demands."

means left to meet their domands." "God help him, poor fellow, God help him; if he didn't happen to be a gentleman, it hadn't been half so bad." "Have you called to see him yet, as understand all the theories, and phil-osophies, and systems into which he dragged me? If he only could talk as other men do, and on subjects that

you promised ?" "No, I thought better of it." How so ?

a thing you can say but he reduces to logic in a minute, and measures it by "My visit might be disagreeable some one of his new theories, as a hab perhaps

'Disagreeable ?"

"Yes-he might feel embarrassed." "What! ashamed of his poverty?" "No; but if he happened to find out that I was the purchaser of Mary' pictures, what should I do? Rog would never sell me a picture again

"He knows nothing about it," said Kate. "Roger would die sooner than tell him; even Mary herself don't know who buys her pictures. She thinks Roger sells them in Derry to a picture dealer. All she don't understand about the matter is the high price she gets

she receives the value of them, and Well, let us hear how he account not one stiver more or less. I'm not "Why, sir, he accounts for the desuch a fool as to throw my hard-earned money away for nothing." "Fool!" repeated Kate, looking at cay of nations generally, and of the Irish nation in particular, by the laws that regulate the circulation of mat-

Uncle Jerry till the tears came to her eyes; "I wish to God we had more fools like you, then.'

like you, then." "There it's again," said Uncle Jerry, turning away pettishly from his fair companion, for nothing irritated him more than to charge him with the crime of benevolence; "there it's again; always harping on the same string. I'll stay at home, in future,"

shore.

"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 jollyboat, but I never heard of her visiting the graveyard.

this little conversation be Daring buring this little conversation be-tween Uncle Jorry and Kate, Dr. Hen-shaw and Mrs. Willoughby were busily engaged talking on various subjects, and particularly those relating to

Scotch and English society. Being an old aristocratic family herself, t good lady was very fond of speaking of her ancestors, dating them back as far as the Conquest, and of the various noble houses all over England and

Scotland, with which she had become connected during a long succession of years. Dr. Henshaw, on the other hand, coming as he did from an old Puritan stock, and still proud of his grim old warrior fathers, was not inclined to set much value on his venerable companion's reminiscences of the past, and indeed went so far in his rough, brusque manner of speaking of the English nobility, as to shock the old lady's prepossessions very much, and finally to consign his own, as well as

her ancestors, to perdition, as enemies of the Catholic Church. Fortunately, however, a circumstance of rather a ludicrous character occurred just then said to prevent an open rupture.

Lanty Hanlon, as the reader may re nember, was appointed to take charge of the negro in the boat house, and keep him as comfortable as possible under hay and blankets, till a carriage could be sent next morning to convey nim to Greenmount, if it should happen that no accommodation could be

relieve him. But when the half hour passed, and no one come, he began to feel somewhat uneasy at the prospect of

being obliged to sit up all night with so unsociable a companion. The next half hour passed away also, and no one came Lanty went to the door to listenall in vain-not a sound could he hear. but the occasional screech of the pea-cock perched on the old sun dial. "Begorra," he muttered to himself,

mes greater than before. "What's all this clamor about ?" de

manded the priest, motioning back the affrighted servants. "Brave fellows affrighted servants. "Brave fellows you are, to be scared in this way by the black face of a poor African. where's Lanty Hanlon ?" he inqu But he inquired, 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.

LENTEN THOUGHTS.

Lent is a time of recollection and mendment.

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 acquire masters of graver conditions in years of maturity.

In response to the yearning of their earts for happiness men run riot in self-indulgence. The awakening is dis-appointment. 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 pos-By other qual-Man's greatest power is in the passession of true humility. By other qual-ities he may command the admiration of his fellows, but only through true humility can he retain it.

for them." "Nonsense!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry;

said the priest, again slapping her on the check; "you're making him worse than he is."

happen that no accommodation could be had for him at Castle Gregory. Lanty waited patiently till the half hour was up, expecting by that time to see some of the castle servants coming down to