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or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

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BEING THE SHORIEST CHAPTER IN THE OOK, IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

Mr. Ephraim Weeks, as the reader have already suspected, came to may have already surplined in matrimony. Ireland to speculate in matrimony. left home with a cigar in his mouth, and stepped aboard the packet as she moved past the wharf, with as careless and ind ferent an air as if he were dropping down to Sandy Hook to visit a friend. As to meeting with any serious obstacle, in a country whose in-habitants, to take them in the lump, habitants, to take them in the lump, were no better than South Sea Islanders, he never dreamed of it for a moment: why should he? He knew what the Irish were, every soul of them, and could read them through as he could the alphabet. He met them on the wharves, on the railroads, on the on the wharves, on the police offices, saw steamboats, in the police offices, saw them dramatized on the stage, tried at the bar, and dissected in the pulpit. the bar, and dissected in the paper.

In a word, he knew what they were at home in Ireland, just as well as if he had been living with them there all his lifetime. What had he to fear? He had succeeded so far in various specu-lations in New England, and how could he possibly tail in a land of such ignorand beggary as Ireland? sure, there must necessarily be some intelligent men in the country—it could well be otherwise-but what of not well be otherwise—but what of that? there were no smart men amongst Smartness to him was everything. It was the embodient of all the virtues, moral and intellectual—the only quality for which man deserved admiration or respect. The estimate he admiration or respect. The estimate he formed of his neighbor's moral worth was not in proportion to his integrity of character, but to his ability for speculating and driving hard bargains. The man who contented himself with a competence and a quiet life at home he despised; but the jobber in stocks, who was smart enough to make a lucky hit on change, though he risked half a fortunes on the chance, was the man after his heart. Such were Mr. Weeks's sentiments. was he much to blame for them either for he was bred and born in the midst of speculators. Every man he met in the street, from the newsboy to the judge, from the policeman to the gover nor, was a speculator in something. He began himself, in his very infancy, to ulate in marbles and hobby horses and if he made but a cent a week father patted him on the head, week his prophesied his future greatness. When self in the company of young men the easiest manner and shortest saw them everywhere engaged in He saw them everywhere engaged in some kind of traffic—no matter what, if it only happened to be profitable. Whilst in other countries each grade in the community had its own legitimate trades and occupations, it was the very reverse in the States. There it was a universal scramble, in which everybody snatched at what came handiest. The tailor dropped his needle and mounted the stump; the lawyer burned his briefs to trade in molasses; the shoe maker stuck his awl in the bench and ascended the pulpit; and the shopboy flung his yardstick on the counter and went off to edit a Surrounded on all sides by such influ Surrounded on all sides by such influ went off to edit a Sunday newspaper possibly been but what he was-a spec nlator in chances—a man of one ideaone object-one aspiration-money Learning was nothing in his estimation, if it failed to realize money; nay, the highest mental accomplishment was no only valueless, but contemptible without money. In this respect Mr. Weeks represented a large class of his country men of New England ;—we say a class, for it would be unjust to say more. He was not an American gentleman, by any means, either in habits or education. That was plain the instant he spoke a word or moved a muscle, and those of his fellow-citizens who could rightfully claim that distinction would never have recognized him as one of their number He was, in short, a Yankee-a man to be met with every day and every where
on the sidewalks—at the banks—in theatre-in the cars-standing at hotel doors picking his teeth-selling soap at cattle shows—or lobbying for a patent right behind his agent's back in the Senate House. But to return.

With such views and sentiments a we have here ascribed to Mr. Weeks, it may be easily conceived with what as surance of success he landed in Ireland and with what confidence he entered or his plans and speculations. The posses of Mary Lee as his lawful wedded wife was the great secret of his journey. Why it was so the sequel must tell. I appears, however, he had but a limited time to accomplish his designs; for hardly had he reached Crohan, when he called to see Else Curley. The reputa-tion she had acquired, all the country round, and the wonderful stories told of her power over the spirits of the nether world, led him to think he could win his interest by tempting her cupidity, and that she, as a secret agent, might do what it would otherwise require a long courtship to effect How his expectations were met in this respect, will be seen in due course of the story. For the present we must leave him to battle with the storm a best he may, after his desperate bu disastrous recontre with "Nannie," and follow Else and the stranger to the Cairn.

CHAPTER X. THE OUTLAW'S INTERVIEW WITH ELSI CURLEY .- HER HATRED OF THE HARD-WRINKLES, AND ITS CAUSE.-BARRY

EVADES THE DETECTIVE OFFICERS. When Else had placed a rush light in the wooden candlestick affixed to her spinning wheel, and thrown off her gray cloak, she drew a small silver mounted pistol from her bosom, and laying it on the table, motioned the young man to

a seat.
" How come ye here, Master Randall,

she demanded. 'The fates drove me, I suppose,"

replied her guest smiling.
"Psaugh !—this is no time to play the fool;—why are ye here, I say?" drawing down her shaggy eyebrows, and looking sternly at him as she spoke.

'Why, how now!" exclaimed the anger; "is Nannie sick, or old stranger; "is Nannie sick, or old Batt's fiddle broke, that you're so much

out of sorts?' Randall, look at that id Else. "I risked my life weapon," said Else. "I risked my life for yer sake and hers within this very hour, and carried that with me fend it. I made this Yankee feel he was in my power, and for that raison didn't know the minute he'd silence my tongue forever with a pistol ball or a dirk knife. Now, I ask ye, is it manly in ye, after this, to come back here again to idle away yer time, tryin to get a word or a look at this silly girl, when it's in Dublin or Cork ve'd ought to be strivin to keep her and her uncle out iv the walls of a jail. Hoot, toot, sir, I thought there was more i' the

in ye."
Well, of that," replied Randall (for we must call him so in future,) " of that I can say little; but be assured, Else, no trifling obstacle could balk me on such an errand. Nothing but absolute necessity compelled me to return."

Necessity ! "Yes. The police headed me off below Burnfoot, after landing from the ferry, at Rathmullan, and chased me through Buncrana to Lambert's Point,

where you brought the boat to my relief." So ye escaped in the skiff, yester day, I suppose, from Dunree."
"Yes; just had time to jump in, cut the painter, and shove off, when three of my pursuers sprang down after me

'And fired?" "One of them, only. The ball hit me on the head, but did no harm." "Humph!" said Else, sitting down slowly on her low "creepie stool,"
"and so the bloodhounds got on yer

Yes, fairly started me," responded Randall; "when they'll run me down, however, remains yet to be seen." "It looks strange," said Else, half

peaking to herself. "How they knew ye in that dis-

"It does look a little strange, I must Pandall: "for I

"It does look a little strange, I must confess," replied Randall; "for I thought it impenetrable to every eye but those of Else Curley and Mary Lee. Judge of my astonishment, then, when I beheld straight before me, on the first public house door I passed, a full length figure of myself in this very "Tell me." said Else, after a mo

ment's reflection, "didn't ye wear that dress ornst at Father John's?"

"I did; but it was night then, and

no one saw me except the priest and his ousekeeper."
"Don't be too sure i' that, Master Randall.

"Quite sure."
"Humph! didn't ye tell me about passin somebody that night, on the road near Crohan gate house, that seemed to look sharp at ye?"

"Crohan gate house—let me see.
Yes, I remember now. O, that was some traveller—I suspect."
"Was he a tall, thin, dark lookin man ?'

"Yes, rather." "Wore crape on his hat?"

" Yes." "I thought so."

Who was he?"

"Robert Hardwrinkle, of Crohan." What! your great enemy - this Yankee's cousin?

"That very Yankee's cousin. He's the man that bethrayed ye." "No, no, Else, you must be mis-ken. Mr. Hardwrinkle's a gentle taken.

man, and could never be guilty of so "No. Else, it's nothing but your in

veterate hatred of the man makes you suspect him." "Hoot, toot, Master Randall; don't

be foolish," replied Else. "I know what he is, kith and kin, for three score years an more. Ay, ay, to my own grief I know him. But let him look to himself, for the time's not far away when the long recknin atween him and me must be settled—let him look to

"Do the man , no harm on my ac count." said Randall; "if he has really sent these officers on my track, it's only what a thousand others had done with as little shame or scruple. For my part, I forgive him, nor would I hurt a hair of his head this moment if

he lay at my feet."
"O, forgive him, an welcome," said Else, "since yer so good a Christian; forgive him, by all manes. I'm sure t's none o' my business if ye forgive him, and marry his lean sister Rebecca the psalm singer, too, into the bargain All I say is, let him be ready; fo there's an account atween him and me

"Why, Else, this is sheer madness." said Randall, reprovingly.

the very thought of this man inflame your resentment so much."
"So well it might," responded Else,
raising her head and folding her arms
on her hard, weather-beaten breast, as she looked across the table at her com " So well it might. Listen to ne, Randall Barry. If this man's father first brought your only sister to sin an shame, and then sent yer brother to die with irons on his limbs in a strange land, for no other earthly raison than because he demanded satisfaction for the injury done his own flesh and blood —if he turned out yer mother, ould and helpless, from the homestead she was born in, and her people fore her, for three generations—when the father died, if the son sent yerself to jail twiste in five years on fal e charges when ye came out and built with yer own hands a sheelin to shelter ye from the storms on these blake mountains, if he burnt it over yer head-ay, and if he driv ye at last, Randall Barry, as he druy me, to burrow here lake the brock' on the crags of Benraven—I ask ye, would ye forgive him, if he did that to you an yours? An ye felt his neck uudher yer heel, wudn't ye crush

pity as ye'd feel for the wasp that stung ye?" "Not I," replied Randall, "not I.

To kill even an enemy, whom you hap-pen to find in your power, is an act of cowardly murder. And, believe me, Else, your own sleep would be none the sounder in the grave for having this man's blood upon your hands?'

"And yet," retorted Else, "you and yer companions id stain yer hands with the blood iv thousands, that did ye far ess wrong than he did me."
"Perhaps to; but in broad daylight

at least; not assassin - like, in the 'I see no difference," replied Else

'night or day—it's only death."
"Ay, but surely it's a less crime to put the enemies of your country and of human liberty to death in a fair field and open fight, than to commit a mid-night murder like a cut-throat or in-cendiary, with the dirk or the brand." spoke of dirk or brand?'

nanded Else You did," replied Randall, prompt-"You did a dozen times within the month. And now my fear is, your new charge against this man will bring down long-threatened vengeance on his ad sooner than I anticipated. But

hear me, Else Curley—"
"Hould yer tongue, Randali Barry,"
interrupted the old woman, "hould yer interrupted the old woman, "hould yer tongue; yer but a silly boy. Pshaugh! it's little ye know iv Else Curley i' the 'Cairn.' What! ye think after waitin and watchin for my hour of revenge so many long years, I'd bungle it now for your sake? Ha! ha! poor foolish boy! D'ye think a woman like me, that fur-saked God an salvation thirty odd years ago, for fear they'd come atween her and her dark thoughts—a woman whose hopes iv vengeance, day after day, were like draps iv new life blood to her withered heart—d'ye think an outcast like me, a bein that men dread to look on, an women spake of undher their breath, wud drag out life as I did. for no other raison or motive, but waitin patiently for my hour to come? D'ye think, I say, Randall Barry, I'd let the paltry matter of his bethraying you to the spies of the Castle bring down the blow one minute sconer than it ought to fall? Pshaugh! man, ye don't know me yet.

"I know you to be a dangerous woman," responded Randall, rising from his chair, and buckling his belt tighter round his waist, as if prepar-ing to leave. "But I warn you," he ing to leave.
continued, "But I warn you," he
continued, "I warn you I shall be no
party to this contemplated murder;
and, much as you have befriended me,
Else Curley, I shall, nevertheless, do all in my power to thwart your wicked designs. Rebel and felon as I am, I shall never abet or connive at murde notwithstanding.'

"And what then ?" again demanded Else-" wud ye turn informer?' " Assuredly—the instant you at

tempt to execute your hellish purpose. "Then," cried Else, snatching the pistol from the table, and raising up her tall form from the low stool on which she sat, till she stood erect as statue before the young outlaw, her gray eyes flashing fire and the muscles of her face quivering with emotion as of her the short of the short o fleshless hands, "I swear by then heavens I niver expect to enther, i ye were my own born son, Randall Barry, an attempt to save that man from the clutches i' my vengeance, ye'll die the death."

"Tigress," muttered Randall be-tween his teeth, as he threw on his sea cap and turned to quit the cabin.

Tigress, I despise your threats." "Stop," said Else, stepping back and leaning against the door; "stop, young man, and listen to me. It's new fifty long years since yer grandfather Lieutenant Dick Barry, saved my life at the risk of his own. It was the day Colonel Clinton took Madiera. He carried me in his own arms to the spot where my husband fell. I made a vow then on my knees afore God, if iver it came in my way to befriend him or his, I'd do it."

"I release you from your vow," said Randall; "let me pass."
"Be silent, boy, and listen to me again," cried Else. "You'll not pass here till I spake. Listen to me. I here till I spake. Listen to me. I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman afore, barrin the sister that died from me in shame an a broke heart. Ay, she died in these withered arms; she died laughin, Randall Barry for she died mad—mad—mad; she died with the bloom of seventeen still on her cheeks. Listen to me, I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman but her; and well I might, too, for it was these hands saved her from the wrack of the Saldana; it was these hands untwisted her arms from her dead mother's neck, among the rocks of Arabeera; and it was these hands nursed her on Nannie's milk for eighteen months, till them same to claim her that had the right to claim her. O, no wondher she's dear t'me; no wondher I'd watch her an guard her like the apple of my eye. But still, like the apple of my eye. But still, much as I love her, an much as I love yerself, Randall Barry, for yer grandfather's sake, still, I say, as there's a heaven above me, I'd rether see ye both dead at my feet this minute, there are minute, the same of navin back than part with the hepe of payin back than part with the nepe of payin back back the Hardwrinkles, mother and son, for the wrongs they did to me an mine. Ha, ha!" laughed the old woman bitterly, as she grew more and 'ha! ha! they burned more excited; "ha! ha! they burned my cabin twiste to the groun, and driv me out to sleep at night with the black cock an the plover, and to wandher cock an the plover, and to wandher by day over the dreary mountains, hungry and barefoot; but their hour'll soon come. Ay, ay, I'll be even with them yit. Ha! ha! let them look to themselves; the blind fiddler's wite, the worker of spells and charms, the woman that'd sell her soul for money, and Elea Curley i' the 'Cairn.' has ould Else Curley i' the 'Cairn,' strength an courage enough left yit to handle a dirk or fire a fagot.

Randall gazed at her with astonishment as she spoke. Her person see to dilate and grow younger as her face swelled with passion. She had broken, with a sudden snap, the string that confined her cap, to relieve her throat it down-down in the dust with as little from a sense of suffication; and now,

as her short gray hair fell in tufts over her forehead and cheeks, she looked like a pythoness, breathless under the frenzy of inspiration.

" My God," said Randall, still gaz ing at her as she stood before him, " is it possible that so much gratitude and love can exist in the same moniae hatred for a fellow crea ture? Here is a woman—ay, a ver woman—who has lived since before was born on the bare hope of being one day able to revenge her wrongs. hope was the only ray of consolation that ever fell on her desolate heart. How great must have been her injuries to have earned so terrible a resent And yet this creature love Mary Lee like a mother, and already risked her life, more than one

to save mine."
"Else," said he, at length, 'laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, "I pity you from my heart. Sit down and compose yourself. I would speak with to save mine. you more reasonably on this subject."
She obeyed him instantly, for the touch of his friendly hand softened her

nore than words could have do "Tell me," said Randall, "is this Yankee, this cousin of the Hardwrinkles, to be included in the catast-

No." replied Else. "What business have you with him, then? " I make use iv him to sarve my own

ds-nothin more." " And these are-

" First, that he'd supply me with money for thravellin expenses; an, secondly, that he'd be an excuse for chances.

" Ha! I understand you. But the ravelling expenses-where-?

"Connecticut, or wheriver else he messenger to make out where he lives and ye may be sure Edward Talbot's not far from that."

"So you'll employ his own money to defeat him ?" Of coorse," replied Else.

"And why, then, did you acquaint him with your knowledge of the secret?' " That he'd pay me the betther for

Good : but are you sure he'll not feel apprehensive of your disclosing it te Mary or her uncle?" "Not the laste in the world," replied

Else. "Still, the whole affair is but mere suspicion, after all."
"What? about Mr. Talbot being alive ?'

"Well, call it whatsomiver name ye plaze, it's sartinty enough for me. I niver thought any thing else but that he was livin somewhere in furrin

And how will you account for this Yankee's correspondent speaking of the dying man as Lambton in that letter of his you picked up after he left the cabin here? How can you account for that, if he be really Edward Talbot?" "Quite easy," responded Else. "I was the name he went by in America."

"Nonsense, woman! you make the most absurd and ridiculous supposition; ould you have him change his name with his country?

Feth wnd I, an good reason he had to do that same, let me tell you. Didn't he fire a pistol bullet at his wife in her own room, with the child in her arms the very same evenin he come hon after killing Captain Blenherhasset in a dewel that his own infarnal jealousy driv him to fight for her sake; an was there a corner in London nixt day that bill posted up on it, offerin a reward of a thousand pound to the first man 'id take him? Hump! raison in-deed; bedad, I think that 'id surely be raison enough for any man to change jist as sure as you're livin, if he didn't die since the first iv May last; and that very Lambton he writes about is the Whether he gives himself that other hands, or whether Mr. Talbot took the name himself, I can't tell— but ye may depind on it Lambton's the

man,"
"Perhaps so." "O, feen a doubt of it; and ye'll se that too, when Lanty comes back." What, Lanty Hanlon?"

"Ay, Lanty Hanlon; ye heard of him, suppose."
"And saw him, too. Don't you re member to have recommended him to me two or three weeks ago, as a trusty messenger to send on a certain import-

ant business to Derry And yet sent him?"

'Certainly.' " Well?"

"Well, he broke trust at the very outset.

"Lanty Hanlon!"
"Ay, Lanty Hanlon. Instead of crossing the lough at Doughbeg, he strolled down the shore to Ballymastocker, to see a cockfight, and missed

"O, feth, as to that," said Else, "I wudn't put it past him. He's the very ould lad himself in regard to cock fight-

"Yes; but he was made well aware of the urgency of the message, and should have postponed his personal should have postponed his personal gratification till his return."

"Postpone, indeed! In troth, Master Randall, he'd postpone goin to heaven, if there wus a cockfight 'ithin five miles of him; that an huntin's his wakeness, poor fellow. An what excuse did he make when he came back?"

'He never came back to make any Instead of that, he sent me word he was in the hands of the police for beating a gamekeeper, and would see me as said Else, "that's

another of his wakenesses. "It's rather an odd kind of weaksaid Randall, laughing.

Well, it's natural for him, fellow, any way; the whole breed of him hated gamekeepers for five genera tions back. And so the man was too many for him?"

No, he made his escape then, but the police caught him next day. appears on his return he crossed

ountain with his dogs and met Lord Leitrim's gamekeepers, who gave him he third he led into some lonely spot beat him there soundly, and the him gagged with his own handkerchief, and tied neck and heels to an old hawthorn tree beside a well, where he ound next morning, half dead from cold and hunger.

"It's jist like him," said Else, "for the villain's niver out of mischief. But still he's as true as steel when ye keep him away from timptation.'

"And how is that to be done, pray Will he not meet with as much tempta-tion on his way to the United States and back, as he does here in the parish

"Not he," replied Else; "I'll trust him for that. The minute he finds it's on Mary Lee's affairs he's goin, the sarpint himself wudn't timpt him. But," she added, correcting herself, "I'm not sure yit whither he'll have to go at all or not; may be somethin might turn up to save the journey and the expinse too. It's well to be

prepared, any way, you know."
"Certainly. But is Lanty so devoted to Mary as you say?" "He'd lay down his life for her every day i' the year. There's not a livin thing he loves like her in the whole

Possible?"

"Didn't ye know it? He cud sit lookin at her from mornin to night, an niver be dry or hungry. And it's a mighty queer notion, too, he has about "What's that ?"

"Why, he thinks it 'id be a sin to love her as he'd love any other girl."

Bekase she's so good, he says And it's all come of a drame he had onst about the Blissed Virgin—Och, och," said Else, suddenly interrupting herself, "an many a purty drame I had of her myself in my young days, when l ust to wear her scappler, and gather the May flowers for her alther; but them things is all over now. I can niver drame or pray to her again, for the black thoughts druv her image out the black thoughts druv her image out iv my heart fer ivermore. And Mary Lee, too, the poor child, whin she spakes to me sometimes of an evenin, sittin out here on the hill side, about the marcy of Christ, and the bright heavens above, an the goodness of Goo to them that repent, her words and looks made me tremble all ever like a windle straw.—But, as I was saying," she continued, wiping her face with her apron, as if to brush away every thing that could blunt in the slightest degre her keen and long cherished resent ment—" as I was tellin ye about Lanty; he had a drame one night, when he thought the Blissed Virgin come to thought the Blissed Virgin come to him houldin Mary Lee by the hand and tould him to watch her an take care of her as long as he lived, on her

"A delightful illusion, I must con-fess," said Randall. "I'm not a Cath-olic, you know, Else, but there is a poetry in the Catholic conception of the attributes of the Virgin which always had an inexpressible charm me. I once saw a beautiful little charm for gar girl at Florence, kneeling before one of her shrines, her hands and eyes raised in mute supplication for crippled mother who sat by her side. and I thought I had never seen a fine picture of religion in my life."

"Well, well, dear," ejaculated Else "I don't know any thing about such picthers now; I ust once, but that time's gone. But, as I was sayin, since ne dramed that drame of the Blissed Virgin (God forgive me for mintioning her name) and Mary Lee, he can't think of one without the ither, an ivery wish of Mary's is like a command to him from heaven "How very extraordinary!" said

Randall. "The drame?"

"No, but that every one's so pecu-

liarly affected by the words and looks of this girl."
"Well, it's jist the same with the thrin to down there in her little chapel undher the rock; they'd pit their very heads undher her feet: and what's quarest of all, there's a dog in the town there below that tears ivery body he can get a hoult of—the crossest animal iver run on four feet; well, that dog, the first minute he seen her, crooched at her feet, and kissed her hand, jist as if she fed him with it all his life-time; and iver since, as soon as he sees her, he runs away whinin after

her, and niver quits her company till he leaves her at the lighthouse gate." "And old Drake, too, is very fond of or," observed Randall.
"Hoot! as for Drake, replied Else,

"Drake can read her countenance better nor you or I can. He knows wh she likes an disn't like the minute he sees them. Sure, when she lay sick last Haliday, he niver left her room night or day, nor niver as much as tasted mate kind for a whole week, till Roger had to lift him on a chair by her bedside and let ber feed him with Roger swears he saw the tears fallin down the dog's cheeks, when he looked up in her face, and tuk the food from her fingers."

"She's too good and too pure for me, se," said Randall, thoughtfully Else," Else," said Randall, thoughtfully and I fear such a creature could never be happy with the heretic and revolu-tionist I am."
"You'll not be either long, if she

marries ye," said Else; "take my word for it." " And why not ?"

"O, the Lord lack t'ye, Master Ran dall; she'd make a Catholic iv ye in three weeks 'ithout one word's spakin. Indeed! by what means, pray?"
Why, she'd make her religion look

so good and holy in yer eyes, jist by her ivery day ways, that ye cudn't help lovin it yerself. And for the rest, she loves her ould country as well as you, Randall Barry, woman an all as she is, an wud suffer as willingly too, may be, if all came to all. But hush! didn't ] hear some noise outside?"

"No-it's only the storm whistling "Well, it's time, any way, ye'd have

It somethin to ate afther yer long race;"
the and rising from the 'creepie,' she pro-

duced a cold fowl from the recesses of a little cupboard concealed in the ness of the cabin wall, and laid it on the table. Then stooping, she raised up the hearth-stone, and disappeared in the dark opening beneath with surprising agility for a woman of her years. The action, strange as it was, did not appear to excite the young man's curiappear to extend the least; he glanced merely at Else as she descended, and then leaning his head on his hand composed himself to wait patiently for her return.

As he sat there by the table in the

dim light of the rush candle, there was

nothing about his person worthy of special notice. His figure was light

and graceful, his limbs well moulded and muscular, and his height, if we could judge fairly in the posture he had taken a little above the middle size. His long black hair fell in disorder over the low collar of his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the buts of a pair of travelling pistols still peeped a pair of travening process out. His cravat, as we have said already, was knotted loosely in front, sailor fashion, and revealed a neck by far too fair for a seafaring man, and one it would have puzzled a detective officer to reconcile with his general appearance. striking in his person, there was that in his handsome face which gave char-acter and interest to the whole man—a shade of quiet melancholy, which at once impressed the beholder with the conviction that the young outlaw was no lover of war or bloodshed for the gratification they afforded him, but reluctantly adopted as a last and desperate resource for retrieving the fallen for-tunes of his country. His countenance was calm and composed, without a trace of the socialist or the red republican to

vulgarize its fine expression.
"Ay, ay," said he at length, his voice barely audible as he murmured out the words; "let my father disin-herit me if he will, and the spices of the government dog me step by step, till they drive me at last to bay; still I shall neither sue for pardon, nor fly from the land of my birth and my affect tion to beg a home on a foreign shore. To abandon Mary Lee would now be impossible, were she as indifferent to me as the meanest peasant girl in the kingdom: but were she even dead kingdom; but were she even dead to-morrow, and all my hopes buried with her in the grave, I should wait and watch, and bide my time to renew the contest; I should still cling to the hope that God, in His own good time, would inspire the young men of the land to rise once more—not as wranglers and brawlers-not as mercenary anarchists and sordid demagogues, but like Spartan brothers,

to do, and dare, and die for their country's weal. To see that blessed day, I could eke out life in the lowest caverns of my native hills. To behold the sunburst, as of old, waving once more before an army of gallant young Irishmen-true to the sacred young Irishmen-true to cause and to each other-true to right. to justice, and to honor! O, to such an army in battle array on the sunny slopes of old Clontarf, marching down, with fife and drum, and colors flying, to drive the Saxon dogs from their long lost homes and pleasant firesides, and to be allowed to strike one good blow myself for the sake of old times and old memories—O, Mary Lee, Mary Lee, much as I love you, I could abandon you for this! But alas! alas! years must elapse ere it can happen; meanwhite I wander among the hills a rebel and an outlaw, hunted and pro-scribed like the vilest maleractor. Be it so; I have risked my all on a single cast, and lost it. Well, I shall try to abide the consequence as best I may. Let them hunt me, and catch me, if they can. I'll disappoint them so long as I'm able to fly or defend myself. When I can no longer do either, I needs must submit.

"There," said Else, emerging from opening, and laying a on the table, from which she had al-ready drawn the cork, "there's a bottle of ould Port that lay down there below these twenty years and more; take a drink of it with that cowld widgeon Roger left me yesterday; it'll ye good afteer yer day's fatague."

Randall had just emptied the first

glass, laid it on the table again, and as about to address himself to the cold widgeon, when Else pressed his arm, and look significantly towards the door "What's the matter?"

"Whist! that's Nannie's blate there's somebody comin." O, no, it's the poor beast asking shelter from the storm."
"Hush! I know Nannie better-

there it's again." rose quickly, threw on his Randall

sea cap, and buttoned his jacket.
"If they want me," he said, "they must follow me to Aranmore. Good night, Else." To Aranmore?' "Yes-no possibility now of reaching Dublin by any other route. I hope to find a fishing smack there from the

Skerries, to take me off. "Take another glass, Master Randall.' "No more-good night, Else;" and

jumping into the mysterious opening he disappeared, leaving Else to replace the covering, remove the viands, and receive the new comers, whose footfalls she could now hear distinctly at the

Here and hereafter alike, the life and health of the soul lies in seeing God, though the mode of seeing is different; here, it is through a glass darkly, in riddle—there, face to face; here in part, there, wholly and perfectly; here as a child, there, as one who has put away the things of a child. A little girl thinks herself absolutely happy when she nurses her first doll. As a woman, with a living babe at her breast, she looks back on that former bliss and laughs. In heaven she greets her child once more; and once more she wonders that she could ever have re-joiced before.—Rev. G. Tyrell, S. J.

Have you ever noticed how frequently this sentence occurs in accounts of murders and other crimes of violence: "He had been drinking heavily for some time."