

a Mac, like the names in the novels? I thought, when I came to Ireland, I should have nothing but O's and Macs, and names ending in aughs and cloughs!

"MR. GALB.—Not at all, my leedy; only the peepists and the pisantry.

"LADY EMILY.—The papists! what papists?

"MR. GALB.—Why the Romans, my leedy. The gintry of the country have no much low neams at all at all,—that's the Protestants, ma'am; (for all the esteated gintry, and greet families, and thim attached to church and steat, and king and constitution, and of the right way, are Protestants, every mother's son of them, time immemorial, since iver the Glorious and Immortal first set foot in the pleece. Och! the right sort are aisily known, my leedy, from the peepists, by name and neature, and it's with the likes of thim, your leedyship will be after living here.

"LADY EMILY, (*interrupting him impatiently.*)—But I don't want to live with those people. I want something so very Irish, you know; such as one sees on the stage, and in the Irish novels, and that do such funny things, and are so amusing. Haven't we any papists at all on our estates?

"MR. GALB. (*with a peculiar draw up of his mouth and eyebrow.*)—Plinty, my leedy. All the pisantry, to a man, are the blackest of peepists.

"LADY EMILY.—Oh! I am delighted! I will go and see them all. I know I shall so like a black papist! * * *

"LADY ROSSTREVOR, (*in a rhapsodical manner.*)—O Lady Emily! if you form an opinion of all the poorer classes of this country, from what you have seen in the benighted villages of Manor Sackville and Mogherow, you will greatly deceive yourself. You speak of their outward wretchedness; but what is it to their inward darkness!

"LADY EMILY.—I do not see why the body is to be abandoned to filth and misery, because the soul is to be saved. Besides,