BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE JERRY. - HIS CHARACTER. - THE SHIPWRECK AT BALLYRERNAN.

"Ha, ha! very well, I declare! and so there you are at last!' said Uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles to his forehead and peering at Dr. Camber-well as he entered the room, a few days after the events related in the last chapter. "Good morning, sir; how d'ye do?"

said the doctor; "any calls since I

'No; none but Lanty Hanlon," re plied Mr. Guirkie, pulling down his spectacles again, and resuming his em-ployment; "and there's a mallard wing he brought me," pointing at it side-ways with his eye, "not worth a brass

Don't doubt it in the least; couldn't expect anything better."
"Why—just look at it. Mrs. Motherly's blue drake out in the yard there has got better feathers for a June trout by all odds."
"It looks like the wing of a young

turkey; don't it?'

turkey; don't it?"
"Upon my word it's a fact—the spots are as big as the point of my thumb, every one of them."
"Well, you'll find Lanty out yet,

some day or other, I suspect," said the doctor, sitting down on the sofa, apparently much fatigued.

'It was about the child he came,' resumed Mr. Guirkie; "I had almost forgotten it—about that widow's child down at Ballymastocker."
"What's the matter with it?"

The measles.

Yes, and I prescribed in your absence; so I suppose you'll scold me for it, eh?"

Scold you! no. Why should I Upon my word, you know scold you? quite enough about the profession to turn doctor yourself. And so you prescribed;—what did you give him?'
"Gin, of course—good Hollands, and
to be taken freely."
"Capital; the very best medicine

you could order.

"But only at a certain stage of the disease. O, of course, at the incipient

stage!"
"Very true," said Uncle Jerry that's just it, precisely;" and he laid down the fly he was dressing to wax a silk thread, whilst he still continued

the subject, apparently much interested; "that's exactly the very thing; taken at the proper time, it's th best medicine in the world. It saved my life once, in Trinidad, when atked by the small-pox.'

"Yes, sir, and I have invariably recommended it in similar cases ever No other calls?"

"None to speak of. That Mr. Weeks was here about his headache, or faceache, or whatever ache you please Neuralgia, I rather think; and a

pretty troublesome acquaintance it is to get rid of."

I declare," said Uncle Jerry, snapping the thread which he should have nad the patience to cut with the scissors, "I declare and vow, it matters very little whether he ever gets rid of He's but a very poor concern, that same Mr. Weeks.

"O, I see you have been disputing

"Very well, it's not my fault if we have. I'm sure I never dispute with any one, it I can help it." but still you manage to do it, notwithstanding.'

"Never, upon my word and honor," replied Mr. Guirkie, "except when it's forced on me.—There, now, that hook's as blunt as the very beetle;" and he flung it pettishly into the grate.—" I can't sit patiently by, and hear the man still contending that a red hackle is the best in May ind June.

wouldn't expect that, I suppose, eh?"
"He must be very unreasonable,"
yawned the doctor, his eyes half closed from fatigue and want of sleep, for he had been up all night. "Yes, very unreasonable.

'It was actually presumptuous, con-

trary.' The doctor made an effort to open his

eyes and nod in reply.
"I tried to reason him out of it.
Upon my word, I reasoned with him as mildly as I would with a child : but you might as well reason with a madman. Why, sir, he's as wrong-headed as a mule, that man, humble and all as he seems. He's a cheat, doctor—that's the whole sum and substance of it."

'O, well," said the doctor, rousing himself a little, and speaking in a half irritable, half conciliatory tone, let him have his own way; the point, after all, is not of vital interest to anybody,

No, it's of no great consequence, I allow," said Uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles a second time to his fore-head, and looking across the table at his companion in a manner more im-pressive than usual. "No, sir, I admit that freely, but the man is exceedingly presumptuous — remarkably so, for a stranger — and I'm much mistaken, doctor, if you yourself, with all your stoicism, would surrender to such a person without protest. Moreover, sir, the gentleman, if he be a gentleman, should avoid provoking me to argumen in my own house, where he knows he has me at a disadvantage. I say, doctor, it was very indelicate of him

think what you please about it."

"And why do you let the man trouble at all, if you think so poorly of

Trouble me! O, I declare," exclaimed Uncle Jerry, taking off his spectacles at last and pitching them on the table with a very dissatisfied air, for he was evidently disappointed in the little interest his friend seemed to take in the subject. "Trouble me why, I vow to goodness, he may go to Halifax and fish for sculpins if he like, for aught I care one way or other. But

am I bound to adopt his blunders against both reason and conscience

am I?"
"By no means; why should you?" "Very well, then," replied Mr. Guirkie, "that's all I want to know;" Guirkie. and as if there was no more to be said on the subject, he reached over again for the spectacles; "I know very well," he added, as he looked through them before he put them on, "I know it" quite right that every man should choose whatever side of a question pleases him best; it's republican, and has always been my way, and ever shall be as long as I live; but still I have no hesitation in saying this much, doctor that it's morally impossible for the man who never ties a horn on a hare's ear, because the natural fly horns except in July and August; say that the man who maintains t say that the man who maintains that doctrine, never caught better than graws or shiners in his life. graws or shiners in his life. That's precisely what I think of it, and I shall take occasion to tell the gentleman so at our next meeting."
"Shall I bring in the breakfast?"

said the house-keeper, opening the door softly, and waiting till Uncle Jerry had finished before she inter-"The breakfast!"

repeated the latter, checking at once the current of his thoughts and looking across at the doctor, now fairly a doze on the sofa. "The breakfast! I declare, that's a weil, now, upon my word, I'm the selfish, thoughtless man in the world. There he has been out at sick calls all night, and hasn't had a morsel yet to break his fast. Certainly," he replied, nodding at the housekeeper, "certainly, ma'am, send it in by all means.

When the door closed, Mr. Guirkie again resumed his employment, making occasional remarks, now and then, on the quality of the crottel, hare's ear, catgut, and the other various re quisites for fly dressing; and, at length, having finished his task, and put up the materials in their usual place, he came round and touched the sleeper gently on the shoulder.

"Wake up," said he, "and prepare for breakfast; it's just coming in. But how is this, doctor? Why, dear me! now that I'm near you, one would think you were after a week's march in the Indies. I declare, a Sepoy, after a three days' drill, couldn't look worse. A tedious case, I suppose. muttered the doctor;

"Very," mutter very bad, indeed." "Don't doubt it in the least; you look like it.'

"I declare; and it detained you since midnight?'

Yes, I left here a few minutes after 12, with Father John," he replied, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "You heard the dog bark at the time under your chamber window, I suppose—I was afraid he might have disturbed you.'

" Heard him! why, he set all the dogs in the parish a barking, and they didn't stop for an hour after. I de-clare he's the most unreasonable animal in that respect I ever heard, at home or abroad. Still, it's a conscientious matter with him, I suppose, and we shouldn't blame him. Hah, indeed and so it was a very shocking case."

"Fourteen of a crew cast ashore on Ballyhernan Beach," said Dr. Camber-Ballyhernan Beach," said Dr. Camber-well, raising up his sleep eyes sympathetically to those of his venerble companion. " Fourteen of a crew! O, may the

Lord have mercy on them !" exclaimed Uncle Jerry, in pious astonishment. "That's awful."

"A schooner from New York, bound for Dublin," continued the doctor. She foundered off Fory Island four days ago. The crew, with the exception of the first mate, who went down with the vessel, took to the long boat, and after drifting about all that time were at length driven ashore last night

knees with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the doctor—" all heaven."

No, no, not all. Six of them are

still living; the rest were dead before we reached the shore."
"The Lord have mercy on them!" "Were it not for the unwearied attention and devoted charity of Miss Lee, the light-keeper's daughter, I verily believe every soul of them had

perished."
"Perished! — after reaching the shore—that's terrible to think of.' "Well, under God, she was the principal means of saving their lives."

The angel !" "Upon my word, I believe she's nore of an angel than any thing else.' She is one, I tell you-there's no

doubt of it whatever-you can see it in her face.' "So you have seen her, then. I thought you had never called at the ighthouse since this new keeper

"Neither have I. 'Twas at the chapel I saw her—and that only for a second or two. She was kneeling be-fore the picture of the Virgin, and I declare, glancing from one to the other, I could hardly tell which was the ovelier. I have never forgotten that face since for a single day—it haunts me sleeping and waking; every feature of it seems as familiar as my own.

" It was really one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw," continued the doctor, "her kneeling there on the doctor, "her kneeling there on the cabin floor, administering relief to the poor sufferers. She looked to me the very image of a young Sister of Mercy I used to see long ago, gliding round the sick beds in the Dublin Hospital."

"So full of piety, and so gentle!

said Uncle Jerry.
"Yes, once, as she touched the parched lips of the little cabin by with a spoonful of wine and water, her tears fell on his face, and it was impos-

'I know it," said Uncle Jerry; " it was impossible to look at her, without —hem—without feeling—hem—that is, I mean it was very affecting."

"The warm drops as they fell made him raise his eyes to her face, and then such a look of love and gratitude as he

gave her I never saw on human face

"It's the goodness of God, doctor, that sends us such creatures, now and again, to reconcile us to our miserable " Certainly."

"We should otherwise forget our destiny altogether."
"No doubt of it."

"He scatters them over the dark world, here and there, to brighten and beautify it, as he scatters the stars over the clouded heavens.' But to return to the sufferers,

said the doctor, afraid Mr. Guirkie should fly off into one of his rhapsodies; one poor fellow, a negro, was all but dead when I left. "Dear me! all but dead!"
"Yes, and had seven of his toes

broken besides." Lord save us !-seven toes broken!

-that's frightful—seven toes!
"Four on one foot and three on the Most shocking !- and what makes it still worse, he's of the despised race; but the rest—where are they?"

" In the cabin," "What!—all huddled up together, the living with the dead?"
"Why, there was no other place to

put them-no house, you know, within a mile of the strand. "O, no! of course not; why should there?" exclaimed Uncle Jerry, not a

little irritated at the disappointment Why should there? No, no, there's never anything where it ought to be, I believe in my soul, sir, if there had been a house there, not a ship wreck would have happened within leagues of it."
... Don't doubt it in the least," as-

sented the doctor.

"Cross purposes, sir; that's it, cross purposes—every thing in creation pulling against every other thing. It's outrageous, sir—no house there, where of all places in the world it ought to be -I declare to my conscience it's insufferable. "I know it," said the doctor; "it's

too bad, to be sure, but so it chances to be.

"Chances! nonsense! - there's no such thing as chance—don't believe in that." And, clasping his hands round his knee, he lifted up his little leg, and commenced rocking away in his chair— a habit he had when any thing troubled him. He asked no more questions either; what he heard already supplied him with materials enough for a pic -and he drew it, and gazed at it carpet. He saw the poor wrecked sailors, stretched on the damp floor of the warren-keeper's hut, as plainly as if he had been there in person standing over

them.
"Well, there's no use in fretting about it," he said, at length, letting his leg fall, and looking out at the rain pattering against the window panes; "it can't be helped, I suppose. panes; "It can't be nelped, I suppose.
They'll die, every soul of them, for
want of good fresh air and kindly treatment. I know they will. Can nothing
be done? I wish to Heaven I was there myself; but where's the use of wishing? The doctor would never consent to it in such a storm as this So here, then, I must wait patiently and make the best of it. As for that negro, he'll die; there's no doubt of it in this world: he'll die, just because he is a negro, and no one to care for him. As for Mary Lee, she may be a tender-hearted, gentle creature as ever lived, and no one who ever saw her once could think otherwise; but she's a timid, fawny thing, and won't venture near enough to wet his lips with a spoonful of sangaree, or whis per a word in his ear, to keep his heart from sinking. Ay, that's the effect of a black skin-always, always. It was just so in St. Domingo and Alabama, and all over the world. never mind, never mind; there's a good time coming. It won't be so in heaven;" and Mr. Guirkie rubbed his May the Lord protect us!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry again, slapping his knees with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the decrease with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the decrease with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the decrease with the second looking terrified at the second looking terrified looking terrified looking terrified at the second looking terrified looking terrified

Why, dear me! there's the doc tor fast asleep!" exclaimed the house-keeper, laying down the tray with the breakfast on the table. "Please wake im up, Mr. Guirkie; he needs some refreshment, and should take it hot."

" Never mind," replied Uncle Jerry, "never mind him. Go away, Mrs. Motherly, if you please, and don't jar the door. I'll wake him the next time he turns over;" and, wiping his spectacles with the tail of his morning rown, he commenced reading a news-

paper that lay on the table. Now, it happened the paper was a week old or more, and Mr. Guirkie had read it over, advertisements and all, a good half dozen times already. For being the only paper taken at the cot tage, he always tried, as he said him-self, to make the most of it. It was not, therefore, with a view either to entertainment or information that he snapped it up so suddenly as he did, but merely to divert his mind from thinking of the wrecked sailors, and particularly the negro with the broken oes. Mr. Guirkie, as the reader may have suspected, was gentle and full of tender sympathies, and when a case with any thing peculiarly melancho in it, like the one in question, chance thing peculiarly melancholy to get hold of his heart, he never could manage very well to shake it out of it. It was only then, with the desperate hope of excluding from his imagina-tion the picture he had drawn so vivid-ly but a few minutes before, that he clutched the paper so vigorously be-tween his hands and ran his eye so rapidly over the print. It happened, however, notwithstanding the effort he made, that his success was by no means complete, for ne social low, dry whistle, without tune or music in it, and evidently intended to newspaper. When he had complete, for he soon began a sort of help the newspaper. When he had read down half a column or more with this accompaniment, he found it, as he always found it before, to be a total failure, and that, do what he would, the picture kept always breaking in upon him. At last, unable to resist any longer, he flung the newspaper on the floor, and starting up in a sort of desperation, paced up and down the

room, his slippers clattering the while against his heels, and his lusual clasped behind his back. " Mr. Guirkie." said the housekeep-

er, opening the door gently.

"What," said Mr. Guirkie, turning on his step, and throwing up his spectacles from his forehead till they were lost in his bushy, gray hair; what's the matter?"
"Lanty Hanlon's come for more

"Lanty Hanton's come for more of that medicine, sir, and says the child's doin' bravely; and, sir, he brought ye the other wing of the wild duck."

"Mrs. Motherly," said Uncle Jerry, approaching the door, and drawing himself primly up, "I'm engaged, ma'am."

ma'am. 'Yes, sir, but-"

"Yes, sir, but, ma'am, I'll have no buts; I'm not to be imposed on. That fellow has had more gin already than would cure half the parish; quit the room, if you please, and tell that scoundrel to quit the house."

Guirkie turned to the Again Mr. window, and looked out on the stormy sky, muttering to himself all the while in short, ejaculatory sentences. were low and hollow, first they grew more audible in proportion as the picture before his mind's eye grew O, nonsense!" said he at !ast.

Nonsense! nonsense! there's no se whatever in attempting it. And what's more, there never was any use. It was just so always, just the same old story over and over again; and I verily believe I m a greater fool now than concern me a copper whether her landlord ejected her or not. But the explanation of it all is, Mr. Jeremiah Guirkie,-since that's the name you ike to go by,-the explanation of it ton. Yes, sir, that's the short and long of it. And I saw that very word, last Friday, on the doctor's lips, gave Lanty the half crown for the hackle, as plain as the light there, only he didn't let it drop. Well, he only he didn't tet throw the thought so, of course; why shouldn't he? Forever meddling with other people's business, and neglecting my own. And now, here comes this shipwreck just at the heels of the Weeks affair to worry me again. Well, all we can say about it is, let the negro die-why not? he's not the first died neglected. And why should it concern you?" he continued, stopping short and looking at himself in the mirror above the mantel; "why should it concern you, sir, one way or other? Psaugh! You're mighty charitable, ar'n't you? Take a friend's advice, sir, and mind your own business: you'll have plenty to do; ay, and if the truth were told, more than ever you did in your life, sir. Of all the people in the world, sir, you're not the very man expected to keep life in these sailors. or solder new toes on that unfortunate

negro. Here the soliloguy was interrupted by the doctor speaking in his sleep. Mr. Guirkie turned his head slowly around, and stood in a twisted position for a second or two, looking at the dreamer, and waiting to catch the next words. There was a wonderful deal of benevolence in his face as it thus appeared in profile. The little round bive eyes, so full of soft and gentle expression—an expression which his re-cent effort to steel his heart against the influence of pity had not abated the least; the the small mouth, with the corners turned slightly up, Uncle Toby's when listening to Corporal Trim; the smooth, unwrinkled. rosy cheeks; and stiff gray hair stand ng on end-all tended to convince the peholder of Mr. Guirkie's eccentric habits and kindly nature.

Again the doctor muttered some-thing, and then Mr. Guirkie moved gently over, and bent his head down to "The negro! the negro!" said the

" Mary Lee," continued the dreamer, warm blankets! - the decoction! and abruptly turning on his side, he concluded with a groan that told how fatigued he was after the labors of the

previous night.

"Very well," said Mr. Guirkie, kicking off his slippers, "that puts an end to it. I have no longer a shadow of doubt about my obligations. It's evidently my duty to go down and visit them. That's as plain as the sun, and the doctor's dream is clearly provi dential;" and so, sitting down on the chair, he put on his shoes, and then drew over his leggings from the footstool. "As for the rain," he continued, looking out of the window, "I don't care a faithing about it, one way or other. Neither the heat of the Indies nor the cole of the Canadas has taken a feather out of me yet. I'm just as good for all practical purposes as I ever To be sure it rains and blows hard and ast; but I am no sugar loaf to melt in the rain, nor a jack straw to be blown

away with the wind." Talking in this strain, he put on his leggings. But he put them on, as he always did, in a very careless, slovenly ort of way—omitting a button here and button there on his way up to the knees. This time especially he was in somewhat of a hurry, and his thoughts had nothing whatever to do with the buttons. Next he opened his desk as silently as possible, and took out what seemed to be a pocket book, looking round stealthily at the doctor as he his vest, and finally retired to his chamber to don his sea skin cap and drab surtout with the double cape, a riding dress he never laid aside summer or winter, and from which no one in the neighborhood ever thought of dissociating the idea of Uncle Jerry Guirkie. These hast preparations concluded, he stepped o These hasty tiptoe from the parlor, and closed the door noiselessly behind him, leaving the doctor sleeping soundly on the sofa, and the breakfast cooling beside him on

the table.
On reaching the housekeeper's door,

paused and seemed to deliberate. He was thinking whether he should appris her of his intended journey, or steal out unobserved. There was danger both ways. If he told her, she might wake up the doctor and detain him; if he did not, his absence in such stormy weather might occasion alarm for his satety. Three or four times he coughed and hemmed slightly at the threshold, bringing his knuckle each time within an inch of the door, but as often drawing it back. At length, however, the fear of giving alarm predominated, and summoning courage, he knocked—but it was a knock in which there was no sign of authority-or rather it was the gentle tap of a child coming to beg alms at a gentleman's back door.

"Mrs. Motherly!" said he, putting his lips to the key-hole and speaking under his breath. "Mrs. Motherly! I'm going out a little; but you needn't disturb yourself. I don't require your services in the least-not in any possible way whatever." But Mrs. Motherly knew better.

the family, and understood Mr. Guirkie well, and all about him. Her long residence and her well-known fidelity gave her a respectable claim on his consideration, which indeed, however inconvenient he often found it, never failed to acknowledge. For a long time after she came into the family, Mrs. Motherly kept continually remon strating with Mr. Guirkie on his ways, as she loved to call them, and frequently, when provoked, would ven-ture even to scold him sharply, but I was twenty years ago. Last week I ture even to scold him sharply, but couldn't rest till I saw that distressed still in a respectful and affectionate widow, just as if it were my business to manner — sometimes for his reckless console widows—just as if it ought to neglect of his health, sometimes for spending his money on objects unde-serving of charity (for Uncle Jerry had the habit of slipping a sixpence ow and again to the beggars whom Mrs. Motherly thought it her duty to drive from the door), but most of all for his inveterate disregard of his dress and personal appearance. Of late years, had given him up in despair, relinquishing all hopes of ever being able to correct him, and came at last to the wise conclusion that destined as she was to remain a fixture in the place, why, like a prudent woman, she would let him have his own way, and try to do the best she could for him. Still there was one little peculiarity in Mr. Guirkie's conduct, especially for the last year or so, which Mrs. Motherly sometimes found it rather hard to put up with; and that was, his want of regard for her feelings in presence of third parties-the doctor of course excepted; this was particularly the case when company happened to house, or when he chanced to come across her any where beyond the walls of the cottage. Alone with her at home, he was as tractable as a child for the fact was-and it may as well be told now as again-the fact was, he feared Mrs. Motherly. It's no doubt a lamentable admission, but not the less true for all that. And the reason of such excellent qualities in her way, that Uncle Jerry could not help enter taining a great respect for her; she took such a lively interest in his affairs that he felt she had a good right to his confidence, and he yielded it ac-cordingly; and, last of all, with all her numitity she had such force of charac ter that he generally found it easier submit than quarrel with Whether our readers of the sterner sex-and we write down the word sex tirely obsolete - whether they shall ever agree to adopt Mr. Guirkie's rule like of conduct in this respect as the safest

dinary relations of life would not, after all, be so very extraordinary an event. In the house, and alone with Mrs. Motherly, Uncle Jerry, as we have said already, was generally as tract-able as a child. He would turn back sleeper.
"That's it—the negro, of course." able as a child. He would turn back at her bidding, were his very toot in the stirrup, and sit down to let her that's what you mean." sew a botton on his shirt or tie a more becoming knot on his cravat—nay, sometimes, when hard pressed, would hand her his purse for safe keepingprecaution, by the way, she generally took when she suspected him of going up to the Blind Fiddler's in the Cairn, or down to the widow with the three twins at Ballymastocker. From home however, or in presence of strangers, he was quite another man. On such occasions, his whole bearing towards her underwent a change. He would draw himself up to the very highest stretch of his dignity, address her in a stretch of his dignity, address dictatorial tone, and otherwise deport himself towards her as if he regarded ordinary waiting woman. When any one about the table chanced to make honorable mention of Mrs. Motherly. -which indeed those who were aware of Uncle Jerry's little weakness often did to plague him,—it was amusing to see how the old man would pout his lips, throw himself back, and admit, with a patronizing air, that she was—really was an honest, trustworthy servant—had her little whims, to be sure, as every one had—but, nevertheless was a right trusty and obedient house

and the wisest is more than we dare

say, judging from the present aspect of

ance for the progressive spirit of the

age, that such a revolution in the or-

things, and making all necessary

This change in Mr. Guirkie's conduct towards her, Mrs. Motherly was a long time unable to account for, and the anxiety she felt about the cause of it was far more painful to her than the thing itself. The secret of it all was, however,—and the reader must be told it by all means,—the secret was, that Uncle Jerry's friends were in the nabit of plaguing him about Mrs. that is to say, about cer-leanings in that direction. Motherly; They made no direct, specific charges in sly winks and innuendoes, which mortified the poor man much more than plain downright accusations. Amongst these friends. Mr. Thomas Petersham. or Captain Tom Petersham, as he was generally called, held a conspicuous place. The captain, as the reader may have seen already, was a good natured however, great as his hurry was, he jolly sort of a man as one might care to way, till he got drunk and stole six of

meet with any where. He cracked a good joke, rode a good horse, kept a good table, sang a good song, sailed the fastest yacht between Fanit Point and the Skerries, and never looked or felt happier in his li'e than when he had Uncle Jerry at his elbow to hob-nob with him after dinner. This gentleman had so often plagued Mr. Guirkie,—and he did it in a quiet, provoking way too, his eyes sparkling the while with the spirit of the grape and mischief together,—that the good little man at last thought it prudent to assume a cold and distant reserve to-wards his respectable housekeeper in the presence of strangers, in order, we suppose, to offset disagreeable suspic Now, of all men in the world. Mr. Gurkie would be the last to think of such an attachment. The thing was entirely out of the course of his thoughts; or if the idea ever could by any chance cross his mind, he would very probably, walk up to the looking glass, and laugh himself out of countenance for entertaining it for an instant. He was now sixty years of age, but as She had lived now nearly five years in hale and hearty as he was at twenty five—a wealthy, happy old bachelor, who had travelled ball the world over -been in all sorts of society-studi en and books till he grew tired of both, and settled Greenmount, resolved to sr

mainder of his days and his money as

far away from city life as possible, without the remotest idea of ever changing his condition of life. As for Mrs. Motherly, poor soul! if the thought of a nearer tion between them than that of an ho est, faithful servant to a kind, indulgent master, ever did enter her mind why, it wasn't so much to be wondered at, after all. She never looked on herself as an ordinary house servant. She was above that, both by early educa-tion and household accomplishments, and she knew it; and every one el knew it just as well, the moment she made her appearance. It was as plain as the alphabet. Her clean white apron, neat, well plaited cap, her bunch of polished keys at her girdle, and above all, her intelligent, respectable countenance, bespoke at once her authority and the right she had to ex ercise it. And so Uncle Jerry and Mrs. Motherly lived very happily together, each well satisfied with the other, the latter yielding a reasonable obedience, and the former exercising a reasonable authority. If any thing ever did happen, once in a long time to create a little dryness between them, it was sure to be that unfortunate habit he had of treating her un kindly before company. In she try to shame him out of it, when she had him to herself alone of a evening after tea-he with his flies and she with her stocking sitting cosily to nice sense of propriety to rebuke him. -nay, sometim es, when more than cor monly provoked, actually charge him to his face with having taken an un-gentlemanly advantage of her position to mortify her. All was in vain. To every complaint she made on that head, Uncle Jerry, turning away his face to hide his confusion, and making many a hem and hah, to clear his throat, would invariably acknowledge that it might appear strange, but he had his own reasons for it. This, indeed, was al the explanation he ever gave, and do what she would, all Mrs. Motherly could ever get out of him. But to return.
"Mrs. Motherly," whispered Uncle

Jerry through the key-hole; "Mrs. Motherly," he repeated in hard underbreath, "I'm going out a little, but you needn't trouble yourself in the east about it; and please tell the doc tor, when he wakes, that I'll return

presently."

But the good woman turned the key in the lock before he had quite done speaking, and presented herself before him, her left hand pressed against her plump side, and a look of astonishment, half affected, half real, pictured in her

Uncle Jerry raised himself suddenly up from his stooping posture, and gazed at Mrs. Motherly without saying up from his

"Well," at length said the latter, breaking silence, "what's the matter." "Why!" responded Mr. Guirkie, what is the matter?-It's no harm to

go out, I suppose."
"No, but what does it mean?" inquired the matron, surveying the dim-inutive figure of Mr. Guirkie from head to foot; "what does it mean, in

such weather as this?"
"Well, that's it; it may look a little odd, to be sure, but I can't help it."
"Why, good gracious, look at the

rain streaming down the window. Is it crazy ye are, to venture out in such a hurricane? "O, it's not so bad as that, Mrs.

Motherly. "Bad! — it's a downright water spout."
"Well, never mind—it won't signify.

I'll return as soon as possible."

"And where, may I ask, sir, do you propose to go? " Go?"

"Yes; it can't surely be any thing less than life and death that'd bring you out such a day as this, after the racking cough you had yesterday." "Well, that's just it," replied Uncle Jerry—"it's a very serious affair; but you need feel no concern about my catching cold. I'm now very prudent,

you, in that respect and he buttoned another button in the breast of his coat. "Prudent! the Lord be about us, and save us: just listen to that! may I never do harm, if that don't beat Banagher out and out. Prudent, humph! were you prudent when you gave your new under-coat to the Blind Eiddlen last week, and came home to Fiddler last week, and came home to

me shivering, like an old pensioner in an ague fit—were you?"
"Hush! hush!—you needn't speak
so loud, Mrs. Motherly," he replied,
glancing at the parlor door; "I acknowledge I was wrong in that in-stance."

"And were you prudent when you gave the five shilling piece to that vil-lain of an old soldier Manus McGilla-

FEBRI ny geese, tha e seen in

"Yes, sir, knew in your thief, and esp that nothing him. You k what's more, age the villa I encour Petersham se eek for his

with a token bottles of br of the coat, a of your own the trick." " I declare again, after elieve I mu missions; bu Ar'n't you j your promi help me, a ping his lip whip, and l

boy caught it's nothing troublesome I have any was gone, if "Stop," lifted the la that way, an What w "My legs "That's

nevertheles

the inside, "Well, I

turning his to justify and honor, I must hav "O, you piece with Motherly, on, while s difficulty; buttoned : years," she toned the to teach Well." a little mo his voice

you're pa "Hush, or you'll w I'm respo 'And ca the town? his sealski scratching plexity; "No, I but no m go, sir," kneeling

hands at 1

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'Small

dead to u but yours Mr. C quitting Motherly rushed o his way, a Scotchy, for a jour Hardly in the s accompan she had j

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Lord is