

touched his cap; "and you Mrs. Hogan, glad to see you looking so well; faith it's young and fat-looking you are getting. Run, Neddy, and take the priest's horse; shure the pigs have played the dickens with the stacks."

"Bad scan to ye, ye'll never be aisy," said Neddy, reluctantly leaving his warm corner.

"Neddy, you villian," said the priest, as soon as that functionary made his appearance, "I wonder but you could see the pigs in the stacks."

"Bad scan to them, but they are troublesome entirely; shure it's not five minutes since I put them into the house."

"Well, put them in now again, and hasp the door; that old hog, I think, knows how to open it."

"Faith thin, that she does, your riverence; shure I saw her myself and I after fastening the hasp with my two hands, and she tugging away from the inside at it; ay, faith, to see her catching it in her teeth."

"Catching the hasp in her teeth, Neddy; oh, the old thief!"

A thousand of the most subtle syllogisms or a chapter of the most polished sentences could not say more for Father O'Donnell's easy innocent disposition than these words, "oh, the old thief," all the time forgetting that the door intervened between the pig and the hasp.

When Neddy returned to his corner near the fire, Mrs. Hogan, Uncle Corny and the Rover were in the midst of a very warm engagement.

"My artillery from this mound," said Uncle Corny, laying his cane on a heap of ashes, "would batter down the head of your column."

"What would my sharpshooters and cavalry be doing all the time; you see your left wing is unguarded, so I would silence you in less than no time."

"You see I have left a company here to provide against any surprise if—"

"Begor that's just like us with our party at the hurling," suggested Neddy, from the hob.

"If," continued Uncle Corny, not heeding the interruption, "If you should force my defiles, I have also placed some pieces along the slopes here of Mo'nt St. Jean."

"I would make a furious charge and throw your columns into disorder; then their retreat would be intercepted by the hill," and the Rover ran the poker with which he conducted the engagement along Uncle Corny's lines, thereby disordering them.

"Faith, it's hot work," said Mrs. Hogan, who was intently looking at the battle.

"You may say that," said Uncle Corny, drawing his sleeve across his forehead.

"That's the very way we were teeming hot when we drove in the ball," said Neddy.

There is no knowing how long the battle might have continued had not a pot of potatoes overflowed and deluged the works, and as it was too late to begin them anew, and as Mrs. Hogan hinted that it was time to get the supper, there was a general armistice. While the worthy trio are engaged discussing Mrs. Hogan's smoking potatoes and cold ham, we will try and give our readers a description of that truly national amusement in which Neddy seemed to take such peculiar delight—we mean hurling.

It is to be regretted that this fine manly sport should be fast passing away, giving place to the more fashionable game of cricket.

Among all the plays, games, and gymnastics of the ancient Greeks and Romans, there was none that called forth and developed the muscular action of the frame so much as hurling. Many's the Sunday and holiday evening I stole away with my hurly under my arm to join the invigorating game. Alas! for those happy days of boyhood, that morn of sunshine in a stormy cloudy life; alas! for the past, with all its sweet and innocent joys. I then little thought that heavy clouds would darken the noon of life, and shadow its decline.

(To be continued.)

ERIC WALDERTHORN.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"But I saw him well, there was no mistaking him; it was no less a person than our Roman artist; do you remember? He who followed us out of the Sistine chapel?"

"O, yes!" answered Katrine, "he I called your innamorato; the one we saw afterwards in the gallery, copying that beautiful statue of Canova."

"Well, well, you need not laugh at me, Katrine; you were quite as much struck with him as I was. I am not surprised at it now. Do you not see the likeness?"

"Likeness! to whom, dear Marie?"

"Why, to Ernst—Ernst Walderthorn. I knew there was something more than usual which attracted me to him. Depend upon it, he is Eric Walderthorn, the brother whom