By GERALD GRIFFIN CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED )

The night was too dark and stormy to admit of our friends landing with any convenience, so that the genteel politician was compelled, sorely against his will, to avail himself of the smoky shelter of the already crowded cabi entil the dawn. This was not long in arriving, and the sun arose on a scene as still and breathless, as if the elements, exhausted by the labors of the preceding day, had agreed to celebrate a Sabbath. When the passenger was a sabbath. when the passenger was occupied in getting his companion's luggage safe to shore, the latter walked slowly up toward the bold and jutting point of land called the Rock of Foynes, which overlooked a scene that was dea to him from many associations, and which, for these reasons, and for its own beauty, the reader will permit us to sketch, while we wait the approaof same new incident. He stood on a road which appeared to have been cut of the side of a solid rock, of a clumsy nature, and presented, as far as the ey could reach on either side, one of the finest highways that could be formedas level, and nearly as broad as a Mac adamized street in the British metro polis. At his back, the Rock ascended in, at first, a perpendicular and then sloping form, covered, in its crevice and on its summit, with heart and wild flowers. At his feet, a suddenly desending earthly cliff, unchecquered by the slightest accident of vegetation walled off the waters of the Shannon and presented a well-marked contras and presented a will-marked contribu-to the green and undulating surface of the same islet of Foynes, which formed the eastern shore of the Gut, and looked gay and sunny in the morning light. At the base of the cliff, the waters of the Shannon now lay hushed in a profound repose, as if the genius of the stream, who had yesterday filled the air with the sounds of his own giant the air with the sounds of his own giant minstrelsy, were now lolling at leisure and conning over the son; of a summer streamlet. A wide glassy sheet of water, on which a few dark sailed boat floated idly in the dead calm, lay be-tween the cliff and the north, or Clare shore, which again presented an sbrupt and broken barrier to the silent flood, and in others fringed its marge with mantle of elm and oak wood. Blue hills, cottages (which filled up the landscape not the less agreeably that they were the abode of sickness and of misery) formed an appropriate distance to this part of landscape. Further on the right lay the dreary flat of Ahanish, and further still, a distant prospect a wide, barren, and craggy country, the limestone surface of which was baked and whitened by the summer heat. This rather unfavorable portion of the scene, however, was so distant as not to affect in any degree the general air of richness which formed the fundamental character of the land

"Why thin we travelled far, sir, to see places in foreign parts that worn't anythen to that for beauty," was the reflection of the humbler of the voyagers, as he sidled up, noiselessly, behind his companion, and contemplated the scene over his shoulder However disposed the latter might be to admit the justice of the observation the uncouth phrase in which it couched did not appear to please him, for he turned aside with an abrupt and fretted "psha!" and walked up the

"If he hasn't any raison himself, he might hear it to from another," said Remmy (for it was no other than he) discontentedly; "it's like the dog in manger. He hasn't but little brains of his own, and he won't let anybody else use them any farther than he can."

At this moment the attention of both was attracted by the appearance of a handsome tilbury at the turn of the which drove rapidly towards reck, which drove rapidly towards them. Before they had time to observe the rank or quality of the travellers (a lady and gentleman), a startling incident, very strange and unaccountable to the new comers, though of fatally frequent occurrence in this quarter of Ireland at the period in question, interrupted their speculations. A shot, glancing from the hill above the rock, grazed the person of the gentleman who held the reins, and glancing off the little Scotch coped parapet near Remmy, cut with a rush ing sound through the calm bosom of the river. A shrill halloo of mistaker triumph at the same instant rung peaceful scene, through Hamond, looking up, saw on the summi of the hill, gazing on the spot, and standing in dark re ief against the blue morning sky, the figure of a man, his long long crane neck extended to its full length, his enormous hooked nose looking like the beak of an eagle up-lifted over his prey, and his long, thick, white hair thrown straight backwards, as if he had been (naturally as well as morally) all his life running against the wind. Perceiving his error used an action of disappointment. and disappeared. Hamond turned his eyes again on the tilbury, and perthat although Providence had saved the travellers from one danger, they were not free from its no less perilous consequences. The horse, terrified by the report of the gun, had set back several yard, and turning its head toward the cliff, began, in spite of all the exertions of the driver, who had cause enough for alarm already, to back rapidly towards the precipice. Remmy, starting from the stupor which he had been thrown by this unruly welcome to his native land, ran quickly toward, the travellers and suc cee led in seeing the reins just as the wheels had gained the little footp th on

the verge.
"Fool and dolt," said Hamond, contemptuously, as Remmy assisted the portly driver to dismount, and aided him in arranging the harness. "How he bows and cringes! He touches his hat and fawas, as if he were the rescued wretch himself—as if he had not given that pompous, pampered thing, his very existence. It is so all over the world. In every corner of the earth, the same degrading tyranny is exercised. The

rich persecute the poor—and the richer the rich. The proud insult the humble, and they too have their insolent superiors. Ha! he tosses him a piece of money. It is thus that the services of money. It is thus that the services of the poor are always valued. No matter what the sacrifice may be—of personal safety—of toil—of health—of heart's ease and all self interest, the

highborn ingrate thinks he is more than quit of all obligation, by flinging an atom from his hoards to the real owner—flinging it too as that man did, at his

—ninging it too as that man did, at his feet—not to be taken from the earth without defiling his fingers."

The tilbury at this moment drove up, and Hamond, although he had purposely turned aside from the road, for the purpose of avoiding them, could the purpose of avoiding them, could see that he was closely observed, by both the lady and her friend, whether that in their fright they took for one of the assassins, or recognized him for his real self, he could not conjecture.

"O murther, sir!" said Remmy, as he ran toward his master with open mouth and eyes—" did you ever see the peer o' that? In the broad day. the peer o' that? In the broad day-light—and the open street—makes no more o' you, than ov you wor a dog, just. We'll be kilt, fairly, sir, in a mistake. Sure there I was meself sho dead—with a bullet in the middle

"Why did you de ay so long after you had done all that was necessary?"
"I'll tell you that, sir. Why did I stop so long? She axed me—no—not me, neither—but when I was just putten up the bearen rein—the lady—'pon a word sir she is a snifted little me word, sir, she is a spirited little wonan, I declare she is now—the man was twice as much frightened as what she was—I couldn't help admiren her in me heart, she took it so aisy—A in me heart, she took it so aisy-purty crythur too I declare. But as was sayen, she hid her face from me i her veil (though I know 'twas handsom the sound o' the voice) and whis pered to the gentleman (be the sam token he made me a'most laugh, he wa in such a flurry—calling me 'ma'an and 'my dear,' and sometimes 'n lord'—being fairly frightened out his sivin senses—the poor man. He's a magisthrut, it seems, and not over an bove quiet, for which raisom one o the lads comes down to have a crack at him from the rock as if he was a saaguli —though I'll be bound he isn't air a guli at all now.); but as I was sayen, she whispered the gentleman, and he she whispered the gentleman, and he turns to me, and says he, 'Isn't your mame Jemmy. Alone? siz he, 'Not Jemmy but Remmy,' siz the lady (I de clare I never thought me name would sound so sweet)—'Tis plase your honor. ma'ma,' siz I. So she whispered the gentleman again, an' says he Mr. Salmon, your master, says he, where is he? Well I thought I'd drop down laughen, whin I heard him call your honor Salmon. 'He's no such dd fish as that indeed, sir,' siz I, 'but such as he is, there he is appozzit uz or the road over.' So they druv away, the two of 'em. The gentleman is a the two of 'em. The gentleman is a Scotchman, and I don't know who can the lady be. He thrun me something, for a ricompince as he called it. I

suppose ricompince is Scotch for one-an-After having with subdued impatient listened to the whole of this tedious harangue, Hamond dispatched his servant to the Castle for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements before his arrival, telling him that he would saunter on slowly over the hill by a path which he remembered from his boyhood, so as to reach Castle

Hamond by noon.
"How selfishly and vainly," thought Hamond, after Remmy departed, all my long life been spent, and what would be my answer if that shot had (as it might well have done) taken in this weak head or wicked heart in its course, and sent me to hear the great accounting question — 'In how much mankind had been the better or the worse for my sojourning amongst them?' Let me, as I have lived so totally for myself nitherto, et deavor, before the sun goes down, to falfil even a portion neglected duty to others. Let since my own hope of happiness in this life is now for ever and for ever nded, endeavour to forget it sorrows and occupy myself only in advancing that of others—for happiness is a gift which a man may want himself and yet which a man may want himself and yet bestow. I have seen enough of the world to know that even if I had suc ceeeded in all my youthful wishes should not have succeeded in satisfying my own wants. If I had married Emily Bury (he paused, and pressed his hand on his brow as the thought suggested it elf to him) I might be now mourning over her early grave. Is it not some-thing that I know she yet lives—that she treads the same earth--breathes the same air, and is warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as Ham ond is? Let this content me. not risk the small share of peace which remains to my heart by forming new attachments (new? alas!)— rather, I should say by indulging the memory of the old, since the 'covenants of the world' are sure to die. Let me rather fondle and indulge the impulses of : generous benevolence, which the action of my selfish sorrow has so long re-tarded within me, and let my fellowcreatures be dear to me for his sake whose wish it is to be loved through his own bright creation, but not super seded by it. And where should I find seded by it. And where should I find objects worthy of such care, if not in my own impoverished and degraded country? My poor, humble friends! why did I ever leave your simple cot tage circles—your plain, rough natural manners and kindly, though homely affection, for the tinsel of a world that has deceived and disappointed me-the glitter and smiles of a rank that ha decoyed and scorned me, and the false hearted seeming of a love that has left me but a bruised and heavy heart, a

loaded memory, and a sapless hope for the even-tide of my life." He was interrupted by some person's plucking his coat skirt, and addressing him, at the same time, in a voice which seemed to be rendered feeble and roken by disease or exhaustion. Somethen for the tobaccy, plase your honor, and the Lord in his mercy save

you from the sickness o' the year Hamond turned round, and beheld a jest to clear her vice, you'd wonder to countryman, middle aged, as it appeared hear her. Besides, Kitty had a very

from his dark and curling hair, al-though his squalid, worn and ragged magn his squard, worn and ragged earance might otherwise have left matter in dubiety. Our hero, who been absent from home sufficiently had been absent from home sufficiently long to forget nearly all the peculiarities of his countrymen, was not a little surprised to hear this poor fellow who seemed about to perish for want of the common necessaries of life, petitioning for what appeared to him a laxury.

"Something for tobacco!" he re-

Something for tobacco!" peated; "why, my poor man, you seem more in want of bread than to

" A little o' that same would be n hurt, plase your honor, but we can't expect to have everything."

'What is the matter with you?—
who do you walk so feebly?"

'The sickness goen I had, sir."

'What is that?"

"What is that?"
"The faver, plase your honor," said
the man, staring at him with some surprise. "Indeed, I'm finely now, thank
Heaven, but I think 'twould be a great strengthenen to me, inwardly, if I had the price o' the tobaccy, it's so long since I tasted it."
"Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"I do, plase your honor, in regard my wife and two childer (poor crathurs!) as the sickness, above in the field, an I couldn't remove 'em a while. Heaven is mercitul, sir, an' only for it, sure what would we do? for we hadn't any then at all, an' the people (small blame to 'em, indeed for it) wouldn't coon a-near uz, in dread o' the sickness (being taking) ontil Miss O'Brien, the Lord be good to her, gev us a ticket for the male, an' soom money an' other things, an' she'd give more, I b' lieve, if she knew I had more than meself ill, an that we wor wit'out a roof over uz, which I was delikit of tellen her; for 'twould be too much to suppose we should all of uz have enough, an' what no one is born to, hardly except he was Let me see where you live," said

Hamond, "if it is not very far out of "Only a small half mile, plase you honor. I can't walk only poorly, but your honor is good, an' the place isn't

While they proceeded along the path through the fields, the man gave, at Hamond's desire, a short account of the circumstances which had reduced him to his present condition, which, as they are in themselves interesting, and pre sent a tolerably faithful picture of a Munster cottage life, we shall venture

CHAPTER IV.

As for abstinence, or fasting, it is to them amiliar kind of chastlement. — Campion' reland. " Was it always the same case wit m

as it is now? is it, your honor is axen me? Ah, no, sir, that would be too bad; I had my pleasure in me day, as well as others, and indeed, I have no raison to complain, considering, thanks be to Heaven! and if I had only praties enough to keep above ground for a few years more just to make my soul (to attend to his religious duties) (a thing I was ever too negligent of), I think a prince couldn't be better off. Do you see that large field over-right uz, sir? Whin I was a slip of a boy, about eight. een, or that way, that was a great place the Robertstown an' Snanagolden girls to come, blachen their coorse thread, an' bekays they should lave it out all night, they use to stay them-selves watchen it, (in dread it should he stolen off the wattles) in the summer night, tellen stories an' crusheening (gossipping) away till mornen. At first light then, the boys o' the place come with fiddles an' flates, and there they'd be before em. Kitty an' Nelly Kilmartin with her hundhert o' thread, an' all the rest of 'em with their hundherts, blachen, an' then the keogh (tun) would begin — dancen, an' joken, an' laughen, an' singen' till it was broad day. Well, of all the girls was broad day. Well, of all the girls there, Kitty O'Brien was the favorite with the boys, sech a sweet smilen crathur! though, indeed, myself didn't think very bad (very highly) of her, till one mornen axen her to jine me in a slip man,' says Batt Minahan, that was very sweet upon her the same time, an' knowen nothen of it. 'She'll go farthe knowen nothen of it. 'She'll go farther than the field, thin,' says I, 'for he isn't here any way.' 'He is,' says Batt, 'standen out before you,' siz he. 'Is it yourself you mane?' siz I, looken down upon him. 'Tis, to be sure,' siz he. ''Twould take another along wit yot to be able to say it,' siz I. Well, whin two foelists have came treather. whin two foolish boys came together, an' a woman by, 'tis but a short step from words to blows. Battan' I tackled to ('m sure smail blame to him, an' the sweetheart listenen), an' we cuffed, an' an' we kicked, an' we pulled an' we dragged one another, till there was hardly a skreed o' clothen lett upon our backs, an' the boys med a ring for uz, and they hullooen, and the girls screeceen, and the whole place in one pillilu! An' then we pult the vattles out o' Kitty's thread, an' we big'n wattles one another over the head an' shoulders, till the sticks was broke in our hands. Well, it was the will of Heaven I got the upper hand o' Batt that some time, an' bet him, an' punmelled him, till I didn't lave him a leg to stand upon — an' then I danced the slip jig with Kitty. Well, I never thought much o' Kitty before, but my heart warmed to her after I fighten for her, an' we wor married agen next Ad rent. Batt (an' sure small blame to nim) never could bear the sighth o' me after. I lost a little by it, too, for I was thinhen of another girl before that, a girl that had as good as fifteen pounds of her own — but she wasn't a patch upon Kitty for manners an' beauty. Little I thought I'd be one day taken yer honor to see that same Kitty. stretched in a dyke, on the broad of h back, in the sickness - but Heaven is merciful, an' we'll get her out of it again I hope. 'Twould delight your honor to hear Kitty's cry—she had the best cry in the parish.'

"Yes, sir, for an 'ollogone, or 'ullilu! after a funeral, or at a wake-house. When Kitty had one glass o' sperits,

one back, an' the other girl hadn't air hack at all, nother to spake of."

Hamond, who was himself a connoiseur in female proportions, entered with a readier sympathy into his companion's admiration of this latter qual-

ity than the preceding one, but was again benighted when the other went on with his encomium.
"Indeed, I had but a very poor back

myself at the same time, an' I could hardly open my mouth or say a word hardly open my mouth or say a word any where in regard of it. So I tuk Kitty's back rather than the fifteen pound forten, an' then I had as large an' as fine a back as air a boy in the country — then who daar cough at me, or tread on me coat in the puddle? None — for Kitty's back stood by me always as Isla or market." always, at fair or market.

"My good fellow, I can hardly under-stand you. It seems you thought the larger Kitty's back was the better."

"To be sure, sir."
"And then you had no back at all

"Tul I married Kitty, sic—"
"And then you had as large a back as any body? What am I to under m this, if you are not amusing yourself at my expense? what do you mean by your back?"

"Back! — Faction, sir — faction for fighten. It is I to be for the party of th

fighten. Is it I to be funnen your honor?"

'Oh," said Humond. "Well, sir, we married, as I told your honor, an' if we did we got a small bit of land, very snug, and had a lase of it, an' got on very well for a few years, an' a couple of crathurs with uz, an' we wor finely off with plenty o' praties, an' milk now an' agen, but that was too good a story to last, and The big'nen of our troubles came on. This was the way of it. The owner o' estate that we rinted the cabin had a fine bog within about three miles from us, an' he winted us, and all the tenants, to cut our turf upon it, an' no upon a bog belongen to another man liven a near uz; but then we hadn't

the mains o' drawen it such a distins

an' not being in our lase, we didn't do it. He didn't forget this for uz (indeed don't blame him either, considering opportunity of revenge) at uz for a long time, for we took care always to have the difference o' the rent agen the gale day any way. Well, sir, at last what do you think happened to uz? The minister that lived in the same parish, was made agent to our landlord, an' so when we went to pay our gale, what does he do but take his own tithen out the rent I brought him, an' hand me back the rest, sayen, 'Here, me good man, siz he, you're onder a mistake— tre rent is 5l. more, siz he (five pound being his own tithes). 'Well,' siz I, 'I nevur seen the peer o' that for— 'For what?' siz he. 'Nothing,' siz I but I said, 'roguery,' within me own nind. 'Give me the rent,' siz he, i'll eject you.' 'Let me go for it,'

I'll eject you.' '. 'How far have you to go?' siz he. Something farther,' siz I, 'than I'd trust you.' How far is that?' siz he. trust you.' 'How far is that?' siz he.
'Just as far then,' siz I, 'as I could
throw a bull by the tall.' Indeed I did
sir, say it to him. Well, he never for-

gay me that word.
"When I came back with the rent, that word. he wouldn't have it at all, right go wrong. 'Very well, then,' siz I, 'if you don't like it, lave it, you can't say but I offered it to you.' An' well the rogue knew the same time, the offer wasn't good in law, inasmuch as there wasn't air a witness to it, an' I knower notoen of it at all, till Johnny Doo coom down upon me, an' let me know i when it was too late. Well I nevur'll forget the day, whin poor Kitty, and the childer, an' meself, wor turned out, with the choice of taken a bag or back, or listing, whichever I (Begging and listing, are the usual alternatives in Munster.) An' that's the way it was with uz sence, ramblen over an' hether about the country, ont'l this summer, when the womaneen tuk ill in the sickness, an' the crathurs along wit her, an there was an end of the whole biziness, when I got it meself an' the four lyen ill together, without one to mind uz, ont'l the priest was so good as to have the little hut made over Thin sods of green peats) and straw onder uz, so that we wor quite com-fortable—and thanks to the neighbors, wor in no want of potaties, an' male moreover (that they say the English sent uz over)—a thing we didn't taste for many a long year before—signs on we're getten over it finely—an' I think if I had a pe north o'tobaccy, I wouldn't ax to be better, moreover, when I see so many more worse off than meself in the country. Here's the place, place vour honor.

Hamond had heard much, during his esidence in England, of the misery which was at this time prevailing in his native country—he had read many of the popular novels of the day, which had made Ireland and Irish suffering their scene and subject; but allowing a latitude for the ancient privilege of story-tellers, he was totally unpre pared to find their representation actually surpassed by the reality. He beheld in the ditch before him a shed (if it could be called so) not high enough to admit him without creeping on all fours, and so small, that the person of poor "Kitty" occupied nearly the entire length. It was formed person of poor "Kitty" occupied nearly the entire length. It was formed in the manner described by the wretched owner, in the hollow of a dry ditch, with a few sticks placed by wa of roof against the top of the next hedge, and covered with sods of the green turf. One end of this miserable edifice was suffered to remain open, and through this aperture Hamond was enabled to take cognizance of a woman half clad, and two children lying on a heap of straw, mouning heavily, either from pain or debility. The hot splen-dor of a summer sun crisped and dried the short grass upon the roof about

"Is it possible," said he, "that your nights are spent under no better shel-ter than this?"

Oh, what better would we want,

to be very thankful to heaven, an' after to the neighbors, that wor so good as to make this snug little place for uz. Well, my darlen, low is it the pain wit the wakeness? Se here's

you, an' the wakeness? See here's fine gentleman coom to see you an' t crathurs, darlen o' my heart."
"The Lord be good to him for doen, Dunat; 'tis better with me."
"Well, heaven is good, Kitty, we'll be soon all well an sprightly ago

plase God. A low sigh was the only answer to this consoling prediction. Hamond, touched no less by these indications of tenderness and affection in natures so unpolished, than by the misery made them necessary, placed in the hanes of his guide all that was wanted for the presen; purposes, promising at the same time to take care for their future condition as soon as he should arrive at Castle Hamond. The poor people overwhelmed him with thanks and benedictions—and "Dunat" (as the old woman called her husband) in-sisted on conducting him farther over

the hill.
"There's Bat Minahan's house over sir," said he, pointing out a neat white washed cottage. "It was a lucky day for Bat, the mornen he come off second best wit me. He gev up fighten, and married the girl with the fifteen pounds, married the girl with the liteen points, an' signs on there's the way he is, an' there's the way I am. An' there's the field I fusht met Kitty. I declare, sir, I never go by that field of an, evenen, but my heart is as heavy as lead, and I teels as lonesome as anythen you uvur see, thinken of ould times an' things."
"Well, my good man, keep up your spirits, and it may be as well with you

as with Bat Minahan yet? But I would advise you to make as little use of your back as possible.' 'Oh, back or front, your honor it's long time since there was anythe

that kind in the country, plase your honor. Quiet enough the fairs an' the wakes is now, sir. Their courage is lown these days."

They parted—and Hamond, as he

assed over the field, heard this strange, though by no means singular specimes of his country's wretched, improvident and yet light-hearted peasantry, en deavoring, though with a faint and husky voice, to hum over "The Huiours of Glin. As he walked along the more

quented part of the soil, Hamond had

opportunities of appreciating the full extent of the misery which the misfortunes of the preceding season had occasioned, and which excited so lively an interest at the same period among an interest at the same period among the almost proverbially benevolent and generous inhabitants of the sister island—for even an Irishman cannot withhold this portion of their praise, whatever cause he may have for angry feeling on other subjects. Numbers of poor wretches, who seemed to have been worn down by the endurance of disease and famine to the very skeleton, were dispersed through the fields, some of them occupied in gathering nettles, the common food of the people for a long period, and prisher weed from the hedges, for the purpose of boiling, in lieu of a more nutritious vegetable. The usual entreaties, and their ac-companying benediction that "the Lord might save him from the sickness o' the year," were multi-plied upon his path as he pro-ceeded. The red crosses which were dauled on almost every cabin-door as he passed, and the sounds of pain and sorrow which came on his hearing from the interior, afforded him a fearful evidence of the extent to which the evidence of ravages of the disease had been carried —a disease attended by a peculia malignity in its application to Ireland for it was seldom fatal in itself, but merely disabled the unhappy countryman (whose sole hope of existence depended on his being left the use of his arms) for a few weeks, until the season exertion had gone by, and then left him to gasp away his life in the pangs of the famine which was consequent on his involuntary remissness. The tillage, involuntary remissness. except where the indications of unusu wealth and comfort showed that it was the property of a considerable holder, ther the ganeral as ntry was affected in no light degree by the misery of its inhabitants. Hamond could not avoid feeling a

pang of deep remorse when he compared his own fanciful miseries with the real and substantial wretchedness which stared upon him here at every step he walked. He felt his cheeks burn with shame when he recollected how many of these poor beings might have been made happy for life with the wealth which he had wasted in endeavoring to banish from his memory an adventure of comparatively very trivial importance, and he hurried to escape from the stings of self-reproach, which the real criminality of his conduct occasioned by resolving that every moment of his future life would be occupied in retrieving the occasions of duty which he had hither to omitted It was decree i, however, that he should before long have deeper cause to regret the time which he had misspent. We shall leave him, however, for the present, and follow Renmy O'Lone,

who has ere now arrived at his mother's costage. Thanks to so to remittance made by himself, and to Hamond' patronage, it was a more comfortable es ablishment than many which he had encountered on his route, and he smiled with the pride of gratified affection, as every indication of rural comfort presented itself successively before his

eyes.

Why then, I declare, the old 'oman in't getten on badly for all!—
The bonuveen [a little pig] and the little goslens! an' the ducks, I declare! -no 'tisn' ! -Iss, it is-'tis cow, I declare! Well, see that, why Fie, for shame the old 'oman, why doe she lave the doors open? I'll purtened it isn't meself, that's there at all, till I have one little rise (equivalent to the

London lack) out of her."
Wit 1 this design he adjusted his ha to an imposing cock, buttoned his brown coat up to his chin, thrust both sir, this fine weather, praise be to heaven? Indeed, the first nights we wor worse off, for we slept in the open air, an' the heavy dews at night kilt us entirely, an' we haven nothen but boiled nettlesto ait. So that we ought

playin; with a pair of jack-stones, who did not appear at all pleased by the intrusion. Perceiving that no one else was in sight, Remmy judged that the speedlest means of procuring attention was by a wakening some alarm for the infant. He therefore squatted himself on the floor and made a hideous grin, as if he were about to swallow the little fellow up at one bit. The roar which the latter set up at his little fellow up at one bit. The roar which the latter set up at this strange menace quickly brought two women from an interior room; but Remmy wa on his legs again, and as demure as (to use a popular similitude) a dog at a funeral before them! The elder of the females dropped a low woman of the house courtesy to Remmy, who acknowledged it by a condescending nod and a

smile of patron; ge.
"Your little lad, here, thought I was goen to ait him, I b'lieve, my good 'oman."

"Strange, he is, sir—O fie, Jemmy, darlen, to screech at the gentleman! Will your honor be seated?"
"Thank you, thank you, honest 'oman!" said Remmy, with an affable wave of the hand, and then laughing to himself as he passed to the chair (the himself as he passed to the chair (the hay bottom of which the good woman hay bottom of which the good woman swept down for him with her check apren—" My honor! Well, that's droll from the old mother!"
"I'll be wishen you a good evenen, Mrs. O'Lone, said the young woman who was with her. "Come along, lammy."

Jemmy."
"Good mornen to you then, an' tell Miss O'Brien I'll be over wit her to morrow surely. I expect 'em both now every other other day, tell her." The woman and child departed. "I ask your honor's pardon," the old lady continued, turning to Remmy, who was endeavoring to keep his risible muscles in some order,—" may be you'd take somethen, sir, after the road?"

"No may be at all about it. Try me a little—it's a maxum o' mine never to refuse.'

"From fo eign parts, I suppose, sir, you are?" said Mrs. O'Lone, after she had enabled Remmy to amuse himself in the manner indicated.

" Yes-I'm an Englishman born and bred," said Remmy, with admirable effrontery, trusting that his mother's ignorance of dialects would not enable her to detect the very lame assumption of the British accent which he used.

"If it wasn't maken too free wit your honor," said Mrs. O'Lone, after said Mrs. O'Lone, after hesitating for a considerable time, while Remmy busied himself with a dish of crubes, (pettitoes) "since 'tis from foreign parts you are, sir, may be you'd meet a boy o' the O Lone's there." "There! Where, my good woman?"

"Abroad, plase your honor."
"Many's the place that's abroad,

honest woman. If you hadn't a bester direction than that goen looken for a man, ye might be both abroad together for a century and nevur coom within a nundhret miles o' one another—ay, two hundhret, may be.'

"Shastone! (an exclamation of sur-prise.) wisha! It's a large place, sir."
"But talken o' the O'Lone's, I remember meeten one o' them in me travels—Jerem'ah O'Lone, I think—" 'Iss, sir-or Remmy, as we used to call him, short-" "Short or long, I met such a fellow

-and being countrymen—"
"Countrymen, sir! I thought your

honor said you wor an Eaglish."
"Eh, what? an' so I am, honest
'oman, what of that? It's true I was born in Ireland, but what hurt? No raison if a man is born in a stable that he should be a horse.'

"Sure enough, sir. But about Remmy, sir, you wor sayen that you knew "I did, an' I'll you a secret. If I

did, I knew as big a vagabone as there is from this to himself."

"O dear gentieman, sir, you don't

say so?"
"What should hinder me? 'm sure

tis I that ought to know him was the worst innemy I uver had.
"May be he had raison?" said Mrs. O'Lone, her tone of respect gradually subsiding iuto one of greater familiar ity, as her choler rose and her fingers wandered in search of the tongs.

"The bla guard, what raison would he have to me? An idle, theiven,

scamen rogue, that'll coom to the gallows one time or other."

"Your honor is makes fun o' me, bekays you know that 'tis his mother that's there."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE REARING OF TIM.

You'd never guess that it was called Pleasant street," though possibly in the era of the aboriginal Yankee it may have been fairly pleasant. There may have been a time when the solitary elm, with its bark showing the ravages of the depredatory Irish urchin, had companions, and the noisome dump at the end was a beflowered and beshrubbed vale, but to such a time the memory of its present denizens runneth not. Now it was simply a dismal, dusty, dirty, macadamized street "where the Irish life." For, when the Irish came to town, instead of getting into the suburbs, where the rents were cheap and the atmosphere was charged with pure air and sunshine, they herded in he meanest quarter where rents were exorbitant, sunshine and pure air were nil, and the atmosphere was charged The street looked like an architectural nightmare, for the buildings were nearly all monstrosties; things that had once here something also but that with the fetid breath of the grog sh had once been something else, but that now belonged to the genus "block," and boarding houses in most of these were where the herding was even more

In one of these boarding houses there once lived Tim Flaherty and Mike Mc Carthy, and about the same time Tim married Maggie O'Toole and Mike

married Kate Sullivan.

Tim was a thrifty chap who worked hard in a foundry and sent his savings "home," a mild and unobtrusive char-acter who liked to work and be left alone. His Maggie was much the same sort, a modest, timid, loving little sort, a modest, timid, loving notice woman, and the match was deemed a

good one.

Mike was a rather boisterous popular fellow, who could talk well, and

SEPTEMBER liked to say wise voice. He had a "p"
voice of the city works, as
salary on the city s
helped out in Riley
His Kate was just the
would select for him
would select for him nnces and ribbons ous and brighter tha in the street, and you she was near before Everybody knew she catch even before I Mike was whispered The same block su

The same block as couples with teneme furniture house structure at the sam and they started hou Mike and Kate hading. "All the street house the same before the same block and they started house the same block and the street had been same block as a couple of the same block and the same block and the same block as couples with the same block as a couple of the same block and the same block as a couple of the same block as a ding. "All the stre lasted all night and day, until, in fact, e

day, until, in lact, on up, and everything Mike was laid up week after the wedd recovered sufficient work on the city stable it off entirely shake it off entirely he gave up the place nent position in Ril lighter work, and chance to recupe recuperate so rapid would, however, and Riley induced him rest. He rested at Father Casey call quently and bringi Sacrament often. Sacrament often. quite a year after l left his Kate a wid baby boy an orpha Tim and Maggie wedding, one mo friends were prese went back to work the next week Ma

during the year of Mike's death, as month she had oft and cared for it cradle, while Ka They gave Mike his wedding had b hacks and ca chaises wended way to the cen Casey said the l and he began to

Maggie was a

One day, shortle covered wagon be door, and four me the mangled ren was dead; killed foundry, and she alone, too.

They gave T
Father Casey pr and Maggie retu began to labor for For a while M very ostentation bought little M and things, and and Kate was le Nobody but I

left alone from vidows became up rather delic precocious. H Maggie's Tim, spondingly elat not proportion never expected as Kate's. Ka smart tricks to consummate ta sions for displa noted on the st nobody noticed He was simply with a pug nos Soon they

school, and the

to Sister Ma

learned the A

months. Mic the head of h

near the foot.

began to assu towards Tim, admitted me humbly asser told him that learned to be was hard wo chap to keep Mickey, for I cap Mickey b tricks that thinking any and to accep ard : while could teac prayers and Sometimes Tim had a he might b thought of mother was followed it

This was When they sicial acco different. tolerated in always nee ness in disc not perform for him a p qualified.

and taugh manner spicacity, was in sor him for hi Of cours gang tha Sheehan's for in the