

wealthy farmer, who, if he had less love, had more wealth, which, according to her father's notion of things, meant more happiness. This Uncle Corny must have been a fine man in his youth; even now, when his form was bent with age, and his hair was grey, as also his moustache, which he almost revered, he was as fine a specimen of an old man, and an old soldier to boot, as you could see. Uncle Corny, as I said, was deeply in love, and being unable to bear up against his affliction, thought he would revenge himself on Aileen, and the world in general, by getting himself knocked off the stage.

He went and enlisted, and, in a fit of remorse, for he yet loved Aileen, he wrote to her not to take it to heart too much if he should be killed. Aileen became a happy mother, and laughed and sung, and never thought of Corny, whilst he, poor man, was putting himself in a fair way of getting his brains knocked out on her account. But the fates were unpropitious, and Corny could not get himself killed unless he got some friendly hand to do the deed; so he returned home after the battle of Waterloo with one arm. Uncle Corny had obtained the rank of sergeant, and felt highly flattered at being called sergeant. After his return he lived with the O'Donnells, to whom he was distantly related, where his chief occupations were smoking his pipe, relating his military adventures, and superintending the military education of the lads of the neighborhood. It would do your heart good to see Uncle Corny sitting on a seat near the door, indolently watching for some one idle enough to listen to his adventures, and complacently smoking his pipe. Even the pipe seemed to enjoy this kind of somnolency, for its smoke whiffed and curled in lazy wreaths around his moustache. He was occasionally visited by another old soldier, called Shaun the Rover. The Rover was a rambling, restless spirit, he was a man of about fifty. Having lost the use of one of his eyes a few years before in India, he was dismissed the service. He travelled about from house to house, where his fund of witticisms and conversational tales gained him a welcome admittance and entertainment.

Uncle Corny occupied his seat earlier than usual when he expected the Rover, for he seemed to know the precise evening on which he would call. As soon as the Rover came near enough, he shouldered his stick, touched his hat, and saluted Uncle Corny in the most approved military style, with "How do you do,

sergent?" Uncle Corny took out his pipe, gave a whiff of smoke, stood up, bowed, and generally replied: "Well, thank you, Delany," for that was Shaun the Rover's name; "well, thank you; but this old stump of mine annoys me betimes;" and then he proudly looked at his arm.

"To win honour and glory we must suffer, sergent," the Rover would reply, as he would take his seat beside Uncle Corny. Thus they would spend the evenings together, fighting their battles over again, and winning renown and glory in the old seat near Mr. O'Donnell's door.

So great was their military mania, that one fine evening, in the absence of Father O'Donnell, they resolved to carry out their movements on a grand scale. They got a few boys from the village, and, having armed them with clubs, they resolved to celebrate the battle of Waterloo by a grand display in the priest's garden. Uncle Corny commanded the English, and took up his position in a small summer-house, as the farm-house of Fer La Hay.

The Rover, with his French troops, commenced an imaginary fire from behind a small hedge. This not dislodging them, the French leaped the hedge, and, with a shout, charged the enemy.

Whether it was that Uncle Corny thought his position not tenable, or that he thought it better to repulse the assailants before they attacked him in his stronghold, like all generals, he kept to himself; anyway, he gave the word to charge. Now, it happened that as they charged across a transverse walk, like many soldiers, they did not well see what they were about; so, in the melee, they upset a hive of bees.

The bees took the war in earnest, and assailed both parties. Never was a more beautiful retreat effected than that of the French and English, with a whole swarm of the enemy attacking them in front and rear.

Hallowe'en happening the evening after Frank's arrival at his uncle's, he promised to spend it at Mr. Maher's, to enjoy the sports and play the usual country tricks.

Mr. Maher was a free, easy, kind man, who yet clung to the good old customs of the country. He was as ready as the youngest of his family to burn nuts, dive for apples, and the like pastimes. Though belonging to that class called "gentlemen farmers," he was not above joining his servants in their innocent amusements. Mr. Maher, or as he was called