

At the breakfast table when all the household were assembled, gentlemen and ladies to the number of seven in all; this high minded gentleman threw me into a perfect agony of outraged modesty by adroitly turning some innocent remark of mine into a *double entendre*, the meaning of which although slightly masked was so plainly perceptible that no one could fail to see its drift; so conscious was I of this most disagreeable fact that I could not restrain a flood of passionate tears as I rushed tumultuously from the dining room whither I was quickly followed by Mr. Well-done who did his utmost to quell the angry tempest raging within my *Irish Catholic* heart at such an uncalled for, unmanly, piece of insolence, at the same time, giving me the very satisfactory piece of information; by way of an apology for his trusty friend that it was only George's way of expressing himself, from which I inferred that probably it was the only way George *had* of expressing himself, a deduction which made me declare there and then that he should never enjoy the privilege of expressing himself in my presence again, a declaration which earned for me from that day forth his most bitter enmity, and something more to fill up the measure of my wrongs of which anon.

Oh, Spirit of Purity! presiding genius of our unsullied name, I invoke your Holy Aid, that my poor pen may serve to vindicate Our common cause, may serve to rescue from foulest, blackest calumny the fame transmitted from our Virgin Queen, the bright inheritance of a ransomed stock, whose proudest banner shall ever bear inscribed the sacred name of Mary—their Immaculate progenitrix.

Incident No. 2. occurred in a more incivious but more unprofitable form, being nothing more nor less than the sudden and