

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

Dear reader, have the goodness to run your finger down the map of Ireland to its northernmost point, or, if that be inconvenient, let your imagination run down without it to the easternmost promontory of the County Donegal; you shall then have transported yourself without trouble or expense, and in a manner suitable enough for our purpose, to the spot where our story commences.

It may happen, however, in this rambling age, that one day or other you would grow tired of travelling by the map and hand-book, and make up your mind to quit the firsides and see the world for yourself—preferring your own eyes to your neighbors' spectacles. After a long tour through Europe you may yet, some fine evening in August or September, find yourself standing on the pier of Leith or Dunbarton heights, looking across the channel, and wishing you were in Ireland. Don't resist the temptation, my pray, then, but leaving your national prejudices behind you with your Scotch landlord, book yourself for Dublin, in the first packet, and with a good conscience and an honest heart take a trip over the water, and visit, were it only for a week, the land of poverty, gallantry and song.

If, however, you happen to be one of those very respectable young gentlemen who go over to make pictures of Irish life, with the view of being stared at and honored in village drawing-rooms on their return—one of those extremely talented and promising young men, who voyage in crowds every year for a supply of Irish barbarisms and Romish superstitions—if you happen, we say, to be of that class, let us remind you, dear reader, that the Mull of Cantyre is a dangerous sea, worse by odds than the Bay of Biscay. Don't venture through it by any means, but like a prudent young man, finish your tour with Ben Lomond and the Trochaise and return home to the States with as little delay as possible. As for the Irish peculiarities you would go in quest of, they are now very scarce and difficult to procure—we mean fresh ones of course, for the old sets are bruised so much in the handling as to be entirely valueless; even the manufacturers of the article, who made so jolly a living on the simplicity of stripping tourist twenty years ago, are no longer in existence. They have passed away as an effete race, and are now dead, gone, and forgotten. Pictures of Irish life are indeed very difficult to dispose of, at present, either to the pulpit, the Sunday newspapers, or even the Foreign Benevolent Societies, unless they happen to be drawn by master hands. Such pictures, for instance, as the "Priest and the Bottle," the "Fiddler and the Beggars," the "Confessor and the Nun," have lost all point, since Mr. Thackeray's visit to that country, and are now grown as stale and flat as small beer drippings of a pot-house counter. Twenty years ago, however, the case was very different. An Irishman then, in certain sections of the United States, was as great a wonder as Bengal tiger, or an Abyssinian elephant; and he felt so far below the ordinary standard of humanity in those days, as to be considered unaccountable to human laws. We have ourselves been assured, on most excellent authority, that certain ladies of Maine, even within the time mentioned, actually went as a delegation to an unfortunate Irishman, who strayed into their neighborhood, and set about manipulating his head all over, in order to ascertain, by personal inspection, whether his horns grew on the fore or hind part of his cranium. The manner of their reception, by the courteous and gallant barbarian, is still related by some of the actors in the little melodrama, and though quite unaccountable of its kind, would hardly be accounted edifying in this simple narrative. This much, however, we may venture to affirm, that since the event took place, there has been but one opinion on the subject in that locality—that the Irish wear no horns of any description whatever, either behind or before—are endowed with the ordinary feelings and senses peculiar to the human family—and exhibit arms and legs, hands and hair, precisely like their Norman and Anglo-Saxon neighbors.

But whilst they assimilate thus in all their physical developments, there are still certain national peculiarities which distinguish them from the people of all other nations. In the first place, the brogue is very peculiar. It differs from that of the Scotch Highlander, the Vermonter and the German, in what is called intensity of accentuation—and it is very remarkable that this peculiar intensity of accentuation is most striking when they speak on subjects in any way connected with religion—the broad sound of the vowels, which they have still retained since their old classic days, exhibiting a striking contrast with the reformed method of pronunciation. The collocaction of their words, too, sounding so strange to unclassic ears—though admirable in the Italian and French—contributes perhaps in some degree to aggravate the barbarism. But we must not venture on details, or we should never have done; suffice it to say, that according to all accounts, and particularly the accounts of American tourists, the Irish are, one and all, the strangest people on the face of the earth. They never do anything, they are told, like other people. Whatever they put their hands to, from peeling a potato to shooting a landlord, they have their own peculiar way of doing it. Whether they eat or drink, walk or sleep, tie their shoes or pick their teeth, they are noted for their wonderful originality. And it is not the people only, but, strange to say, the very cows and horses in that remarkable country bellow and neigh quite differently from those of other nations—the tone and style being quite unique, in other words, "peculiarly Irish."

It is but a few weeks ago since a certain Mr. Gustavus Theodore Simpkins, of

Boston, returned from Ireland with the startling discovery that hens laid their eggs there in a manner quite different from that adopted by the hens of other countries. We may be allowed also to add, by way of appendix to the fact, that in consequence of the important nature of the discovery, a board of commissioners will shortly be sent over to investigate the matter, in order that the poultry fanciers of New England may take measures accordingly to promote the interests of their excellent associations. Whether the country at large, however, will approve this new method is still a disputed question. Our own opinion is, the New Englanders will reject it, not so much because it's Irish, though that indeed would seem reason sufficient, but rather on account of the danger of propagating Popery in that peculiar way. We have heard of "treason" eggs (Mr. O'Connell and Marcus Costello were arrested over two pairs of them in Horne's Coffee Room, Dublin, five and twenty years ago, avowing their guilt), and if treason could be propagated in that fashion, we ask, why not Popery?

Now, after all this nicety to which certain things are carried, simply because they are Irish, it is quite needless to say that the national peculiarities of that people are all but exhausted, and consequently the young tourist fresh from the counting-room can expect little there to requite him for the fatigue and expense of such a journey. But, dear reader, mine, if your heart be in the right place and above the reach of paltry prejudice, if you be man enough to think for yourself, and instead of viewing Ireland in print-shop and pantomime, look at her face to face with your own honest eyes—if you be determined to see things in their true colors and to avoid the vulgar blunder of mistaking the Irish brogue for inveterate barbarism, and gold watch chains for genuine civilization—if you be one of that stamp—born in Heaven's name step abroad as soon as possible, for a crime it would be against your conscience to turn back within sight of the green old isle where Moore and Griffin "wept and sang."

Once there, pass not hurriedly over it, for every inch is classic ground. Not a mountain, or valley from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway but has its old tradition. If you ever read Banim of Morgan, Callanan or Griffin, ask the guide at your elbow to point out, as you ride along, the scenes they describe and the monuments they chronicle. If you ever listened to the songs of Moore, and felt the sadness they inspire, stop for a moment and gaze on the venerable ruins to which they are consecrated, and they will seem to you more sad and plaintive than ever. You may not weep over those mouldering walls and ruined shrines, like the returning exile revisiting once more the haunts of his boyhood, but still, stranger as you are, the very sight of them will do you good; the tottering tower, and the crumbling wall, and the holy well, and the broken cross, will bring you salutary reflections—will teach you that every country, to deserve a place in the record of nations, must have a past, and that, flourishing as the republic of Washington is now, its whole history up to this hour would hardly cover a single page in the future annals of the world.

But, dear reader, whenever you ramble through the old place, forget not to visit the scene of our story. It may not be so grand as the Alleghanies, nor so picturesque as the Hudson; but it will repay you well, nevertheless, for your trouble. Moreover, it lies directly in your way from the mountains of the west to the famous Giant's Causeway—a wild, solitary spot to the east of those blue hills that shelter the fertile valleys of Donegal in the storms of the Northern Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

IS IN A SLIGHT DEGREE ILLUSTRATIVE OF INCIDENTS IN IRISH LIFE.

The country between Fanit or Araheera lighthouse and the village of Rathmillin, on the Lough Swilly, is an extremely wild and mountainous district, being indeed a little more than a succession of hills rising one above the other, and terminating at last in the bald and towering scalp of Benraven. Standing on this elevated spot, the traveller has a full view of the country for a distance of some twenty miles around. Beyond Araheera Point appear Malin Head, the northern extremity of the famed barony of Finisbrowen, running far out into the ocean, and heaving back the billows in white foam as they break against his dark and sulky form. Westward looms up the majestic brow of Horn Head, under whose frown a thousand vessels have perished, and close by its side the famous opening in the rock called Me-Swine's Gun, thundering like the roar of a hundred cannon when the storm comes in from the west. Between these two landmarks, standing out there like huge sentinels guarding the coast, stretches the long white shore called Ballyhernan Strand, and between that and Benraven, the beautiful quiet little bay of Mulroy, with its countless islets lying under the long, deep shadows of the mountains. Close by the broad base of the latter—so close indeed that you can hurl a stone from the top into the water below—is the calm, quiet lake called Lough Ely, so celebrated for its silvery char and golden trout. As the traveller looks down from the summit of Benraven, there is hardly a sign of human habitation to be seen below, if, indeed, we except the lighthouse itself, whose white tower rises just visible over the heads of the lissenig hills. But when he begins to descend and pursue his way along the manor road, winding as it runs through the dark and deep recesses of the mountains, many a comfortable little home, stand suddenly meets his view, and many a green meadow and valley cornfield helps to relieve the barren and desolate character of the surrounding scene.

It was a fine evening in June, 185—; the sheep, after browsing all day long, were lying on the green, sunny slopes of the glens, and the hoodie crows, after their rambling flight, sat dozing here and there on huge rocks by the road-

side, which the winter torrents had detached from the mountains, when a man might be seen wending his way slowly down the road towards Araheera lighthouse. He wore a short jacket and trousers, somewhat sailor fashion, and kept his hands thrust into his side pockets as he jogged along, whistling and singing by turns to keep himself company. Still, though he looked at first not unlike a seafaring man, there was that in his gait and general deportment which smacked too strongly of the hill-side, to mistake him for one accustomed to walk the deck of a ship, or even to ply the oar in search of a livelihood. Moreover, he wore a rabbit-skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and carried a stout blackthorn under his arm—both which indicated clearly enough that his habits of life were more landward grown than his dress and near proximity to the sea might have at first suggested. But whatever might have been his occupation in general, he appeared to have little to engage him this evening, in particular, for he loitered long on his way, seemingly quite disposed to take the world easy, and break no bones in his hurry to accomplish his journey. More than once did he stop to clap his hands and gaze after a hare startled from her form by his noisy approach, or fling a stone at a hoodie crow dozing on the rocks. In this careless manner he jogged along, whistling and singing as the humor touched him. At first the words of his song were confused by the echoes of the glens, but grew more distinct and intelligible as he descended nearer to the shore, till at length the following verse of a very popular ditty rang out clear and strong upon the ear:

"Och! the Sassenach villains—dell tare them!
They stripped us as bare as the poles;
But there's one thing we just couldn't spare them
The 'Kidney' that covers our souls.
Right faldriel, la, la, di, di,
Right fala la, la, &c., &c.

He sang this verse at least half a dozen times, at different intervals, and had just commenced to sing it once more, when all of a sudden the song and the singer came both to a full stop. Had a highwayman leaped from a hedge and held a pistol to the traveller's head, he could not have halted more abruptly. In an instant he stood still, gazing at something he saw round the angle of the road, and then buttoning his jacket and clenching his blackthorn, made a step forward in a belligerent attitude, as if an unlooked-for enemy had appeared and offered him battle. And so it was. The antagonist he so suddenly encountered had taken his position in the very middle of the road, and by his motions, still, though profane, he parried off the blows of his assailant with remarkable adroitness, and would, in all likelihood, have soon risen and fully avenged his fall, had not a third party interposed to terminate the battle. The latter roughly seized the man to be fought, commanded the fallen man to forbear, and then, in a milder and more friendly voice, bade him get up on his feet, and not lie there, like a partizan.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WEEKS TRIES HIS HAND AT FLY-FISHING, BUT FINDS THE SPORT RATHER BELOW HIS EXPECTATIONS.—LANTY HANLON LOOKS ON, AND INDULGES IN MOST INDIGNANT CRITICISMS ON MR. WEEKS' MANNER OF PLAYING THE FISH.

"Get up, Lanty," said the newcomer, "get up, man. Why you must be ravin mad to strike the poor wretch cruther that way. Sure, it's only our Nannie. Get up, man!"

"Nannie, or grannie!" ejaculated Lanty,—for so it seemed the traveller was named,—"Nannie or grannie," he cried, turning short and shaking himself free of the speaker, "she's an old limb o' Satan,—the curse o' Cromwell on her!"

"Pooh! nonsense, man! never mind her; it's only a way she has."
"A way she has! bedad, thin it's a very onivil way she has; let me tell you that. The villainous old schemer can't let anybody pass without a quarrel. There's that Methodist preacher, she pounded almost to death last week,—one o' the civiest sows in the whole parish. What kind a threatement is that, I'd like to know, for an daecent man to get; or is it neighborly in you, Else Curley, to keep such a baste of a goat about your place to murder people without rhyme or reason?"

"Musha, thin, how can I help her, Lanty?"
"Kill her if ye can't—hang her—shoot her—drown her—bad luck to her, she ought to be shot long ago."
"Och, as for that, she'll soon die, anyway. It's falling fast she is, poor thing."
"Die!" repeated Lanty, brushing the dust off his clothes; "die! she'll never die, and it's a mystery to me if iver she came into the world right at all."

"Arrah, whilst with yer nonsense," exclaimed Else, "and don't talk such toolishness. Come away up to the house here, and take a draw ivy the pipe if you don't take anything better."
"I'll tell you what it is, Else Curley," continued the discomfited Lanty; "there's not a man or woman in the townland of Crovres but knows that my father was chased by that same goat—that very identical old rascal there, the year before he was married, and that's just thirty good years ago, and more by the same token, he bears the marks of her horns on a part of his body to this day; and it's no great secret either, Else, that she was every bit as odd then as she's now. It's not even anything bad to ye I am, Else, but one thing is sartin as the sun's in the sky

—that goat don't belong to this world."

The old woman looked sharp at her companion, as if to read in her countenance his real thoughts on a subject that concerned her so nearly, and about which she lately heard so many unpleasant surmises, but she could gather nothing from his looks. She saw he was excited by the fall, but she knew him also to be one of the slyest rogues that ever put on a sberface—as full of devilry as an egg was full of meat; and she doubted, therefore, whether he meant to plague or offend her.

"Lanty Hanlon," said she at last, "I don't know whether you spoke that word in joke in earnest; if ye spoke in joke I forgive ye, knowing well what ye are, and yer father afore ye; but if ye spoke in earnest, I tell ye never to say do, by the blessed Cairn above there, I'll be revenged for it, dead or alive."
"Phengh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the powers o' war, but you'd frighten a body out o' their wits this evening! What's the matter, woman? or are you so easy vexed at that with an old friend?" and he shook her familiarly by the arm as he spoke, and pushed her towards the cabin to which she had just invited him.

"If you wanted to quarrel with me, Else," he cried, "you must take another day for it, as at present I'm engaged on particular business. So up with you to the house there, and bring me out a coal to light my pipe."

Though Lanty spoke in banter, there was still something in the expression of his face and tone of his voice that indicated misgivings of Else Curley after such a show of indignation. Not that he suspected her, for a moment, of any secret connection with the wether, nor of keeping "Nannie" for any unholy purpose; but never theless he was accustomed to hear strange reports about her, ever since he remembered to hear anything, and was taught to regard her as a woman above the common, and one whose anger was to be propitiated at any sacrifice. Hence, if Lanty had his doubts of Else, they were doubts rather of the woman than of her acts, of her capacity to work mischief rather than of her actual guilt.

In a word, he never heard or saw ought of her but what was right and proper, and yet somehow he always fancied she was "uncanny," and could be dangerous if she pleased. Perhaps the sharp, thin features and large great eyes of the tall, shrivelled old creature, as she gazed steadily into Lanty's face, helped at that moment to aggravate his suspicions. But be that as it may, he lost no time in trying to conciliate her, and his experience had already taught him, that his usual rollicking familiarity of manner would accomplish that end more effectually than any other formal apology he could offer.

The house or cabin to which Lanty and his companion now directed their steps (Nannie still following her mistress at a respectful distance) was built on the southern side of a little green hill, called the "Cairn," named after a pile of stones upon its summit, which tradition says were thrown there to mark the spot where a priest had been murdered in the troublous times of Cromwell or Elizabeth.

From the top of this hill, which rises only a few rods above the roof of the cabin, a full view is had of the lighthouse, and Lough Ely from its eastern to its western extremity. The lake, in fact, at one of its bends touches the base of the hill, and thence stretches to the lighthouse, a distance of little more than half a mile.

"And now, Else, avourneen," began Lanty, taking his seat on a flag outside the cabin door, (for the evening was warm,) "now that we settled that little difference, how is Batt himself, and how does the world use him?"

"Well, indeed, then, we can't complain much as times go," responded Else, drawing her stocking from her pocket, and beginning to knit in her usual slow, quiet way; for she was old, and her hands trembled as she plied the needles. "As for Batt, poor old man, he's idle the most of his time, and barrin that he goes down to the shore there of an evenin' to catch a trout or for the supper, it's little else he has to trouble him."

"Still he gets an odd call now and then, I'll warrant," observed Lanty, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing to replenish it with fresh tobacco. "A man like Batt Curley can't want a job long if there's any goin'."
"O, he gets his share, to be sure; but where's the benefit o' that, when there's nothing to be made by it?"

"Well, he makes a deal over the price of the fish, and the dram any way; and what more does he want? Fiddlin's now not what it used to be in the words: 'Have thou nothing to do out of times, Else.'"

"Indeed, thin, you may well say that," she replied, "when half a crown a weddin's the highest he made this twelvemonth. The Lord luck down on us! I don't know how poor people can stan' it that rate."
"It's mighty hard," assented Lanty, handing the old woman the pipe, after wiping it on the breast of his jacket. "I mind the time myself when we cudn't shake a fut at a weddin' short of a shillin' apiece to the fiddler. But sure the people's hearts in broke out and out, Else—why they haven't the courage to dance, even if they had the mains."

"It's not that, Lanty, aushla! it's not that, but their hearts is gone in them alldgether. They're not the same people they used to be at all. Nothing shutes them now sure, but waltzin and pokin, and sailin over the flurelike so many childer playin enteech-enteech, and with no more spirit in them than so many puppets at a show."
"Bedad, it's no wonder you say it. Else—it's disgraceful, so it is."
"Disgraceful! No; but it's a scandal to the country, that's what it is. There's big Jamie's daughter, of Drum- and so, and behind her, ye, sir, when she cudn't venture on a reel or country dance at all at all. O, no, no more than if she was born in the skies; let

alone at the hip of Graffey Mountain."

"Musha, bad luck to her impudence," exclaimed Lanty; "isn't she cockin' it, and her aunt beggin' her bit and sup through the parish."
"Feen a word o' lie in it thin. She turned up her nose at the Foxhunter's Jig and the Rosses Batter, just as if she niver hard ivy the like in her bon life—and nothin would do her, savin yer favor, but go skatin over the room like a doll on stilts. Faith, it's well come up with the pack of them."

"And as for poor Batt," observed Lanty, "such tunes are too new-fangled for his old fingers. He cudn't plaze her av course; O, no, he's too old-fashioned for that."
"Plaze her! Ay indeed; after dancing in Derry City with her grand cousins, the mant-makers. Plaze her! No, Pegeliny herself, the great Dublin fiddler, cudn't plaze her. But it's the same all over the country; a man can't show a jug and glass in his windy nowadays, but his girls take airs on themselves equal to my Lady Leitrim—all merchants' daughters, if you plaze;" and Else laughed a dry, hard laugh, and gave the leg of her stocking another hitch under her arm.

As she was yet speaking, a stranger passed down the road carrying a fishing rod in his hand, and stepping over a low fence, made his way slowly to a narrow tongue of land that stretched far out into Lough Ely, a spot much frequented by anglers, and particularly at that season of the year. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, and wore a gray sporting frock, with cap and gaiters to match.

"That's the strange gentleman," said Else, "that comes down here from Crohan to fish so often."
"I saw him afore," replied Lanty; "and he's a good fisher, like the rest of the gentleman as he does about the fisherman he's no great affair. I came across him yesterday at Kindrum, and he cast his line, for all the world, like a smith swinging a sledge hammer. Who is he?"

"Indeed, thin, myself doesn't know, Lanty; but I'm told he's come here from turin parts for the good of his health, and is some far out friend to the Hardwinkles of Crohan."
"I wouldn't doubt it in the laste, for he's thin and sneaky, like the rest of the breed. Still he may be a daecent man, after all that."

"He's a quate, easy-spoken man, anyway, whatever else he is," said Lanty. "In troth has he, and not a miser about it either, Lanty."
"Humph! I see your acquait."
"Och! ay, he drops in here sometimes when he comes a fishin'."

"And opens his purse when he goes out, oh, Else?"
"O, the dear knows the gentleman id be welkin if he had never had a purse," replied Else. "It's not for that, but the quate, mothere way he has. He comes in just like a child, and looks as modest as a lady, and sits there chattrin ithout a bit pride in him nor one o' ursels."

"Now d'ye tell me so? He's fond of a shammas, I see, furriener and all as he is."
"Indeed, thin he's jist that same, Lanty; he's mighty fond, intirely of say, shams, and likes to hear tell of the shalanna," how she was wracked here below, and the crew, how they were all buried in one grave in the old churchyard in Kumalla, and about Captain Peenam's ghost, that used to be seen on moonlight nights dressed all in white with a golden sword by his side sittin on the Swilly Rock. And thin he'll be sure to ask me something about Mr. Lee and his niece, and who they are, and how they came here, and how long since, and so on, and so on, till I'm a most tired of him myself sometimes."

"Humph! Tired!" repeated Lanty, "bedad, thin he must run you mighty hard, Else, for may I niver—"
"Hould yer whist now," interrupted the old woman; "I don't want any ivy yer side wipes;" and she pushed him playfully away with her thin, skeleton hand.

"Sure I didn't mane the laste offence in lie," muttered Lanty, leaning round at his companion, and taking a smack from the pipe long enough to be heard at the road below; "no, but I was only jist saying that if the gentleman tired you talkin, why, he ought to be proud ivy, for after taking six covenant ministers, besides a dancin master and two tailors, out ivy yer house—"
"Hould yer tongue now, I tell ye," exclaimed Else; "hould yer tongue, or I'll slap yer in the face. Yer niver aisy but whin yer at some divilment. As I was tellin ye, he wanted to know all about the light-keeper here and his niece, and the wreck of the Saldann, though, bedad, he seems to know himself more about it nor me. Why sure, Lanty, he tells me that Mr. Lee had a brother, or cousin, or some very near frind lost in that same ship, for he niver heard tell of, livin or dead, since the vessel sailed from Bristol; and more nor that, Lanty, he was a high up officer, if you plaze, and a fine darin bould gentleman to boot."

"Ha! see that now! Bedad, and it's only what I always thought myself of the same Mr. Lee, since the first day I laid my eyes on him; for he has the look of a gentleman in his very face, even if he is only a light-keeper; and what's better nor all that, Else Curley, he has the feelin of a gentleman in his heart."

"Ha, ha—look!" exclaimed Else, laying one hand suddenly on Lanty's shoulder, and pointing with the stocking in the other to the angler below. "Ha, ha—he's in a mighty pecker, poor man."
"O, the bungler, the bungler!" exclaimed Lanty; "he's got his hooks tangled in the weeds at the very first cast; look how he pulls! Why, it's a sin and a shame to let him use such beautiful tacking in that lubberly way. But whist! see! by the powers ivy power, it's a trout he has, and a three pounder into the bargain—there he jumps like a salmon! O, meel-a-murther! did iver mortal man see the like! He'll smash everything—bad luck to him, the omdewnan, why don't he give the fish fair play—he pulls, for

all the world, as if he'd a grampus on a jack line;" and the speaker grew so indignant that he threatened to run down and snatch the rod from the stranger's hands; but Else Curley counselled him to "take it aisy, and interfere in nobody's business till he was asked; if the trout breaks the man's gear," she added, "he has money enough to buy more."

"By this time the fish had run out the greater part of the line, and kept backing and tugging with all its might, like a fettered partridge making a last effort to escape on the approach of the snarer. The whole strength of the trout was made to bear on the casting line; for the rod, instead of being held in a vertical position, allowing its supple point to play up and down as the fish plunged, was, on the contrary, grasped in both hands as horizontally as if he had caught a shark with a boat-hook, and was actually dragging it ashore by main strength."

"The man's castin line," cried Lanty, "if he has any on at all, must be made of fiddler's catgut, or it never could stand that usage."
The trout, after thus endeavoring to shake itself free of the hook, now dived, and making a desperate sheer, ran out the line apparently to its last turn on the wheel; and Lanty felt sure the trout had broken loose at last, and carried flies and casting line away with him into the deep. But he was mistaken; for hardly had the exhausted fish bopen down a moment, when he rose again, and sputtered on the surface like a wounded water hen. At this instant an object came suddenly into view which gave an entirely new feature to the scene. A light boat, carrying a small, light spirit-sail as white as snow, shot round the point, and passed within two fathoms length of the angler before he perceived it.

"Hilloa!" cried Lanty; "there goes Mary Lee. There she is in the stern sheets, handling her cockle-shell like a water spirit. And there goes Drake, too, sittin in the bows, with his cold black nose over the gunwale."
Old Else laid by her knitting and wiped her bleared eyes to look down at the scene. "Musha, thin, may I niver do harm but that's jist the darling herself, Lanty," she muttered; "there she is in her blue jacket and white straw hat, the best and gentlest girl ivy ever sailed on Ely water."

Hardly had Else spoken, and raised up her fleshless hands to support her pointed chin, that she might gaze down more steadily on the scene below, when Drake, mistaking the sputtering fish for a wounded bird, sprang from his bows, seized it by the back before his mistress could prevent him, and then, snapping both rod and line at a single jerk, turned away from the confounded and astonished sportsman, and swam after the boat, snuffing the air and wagging his tail in an ecstasy of delight.

"Well done, Drake," cried Lanty, starting up from his seat, and clapping his hands in such glee that the pipe fell from his mouth unobserved, and broke in pieces at his feet. "Well done, old dog! well done, my gallant old fellow—that's it, Drake!—that's jist what he deserves, the blundering gawkie, to abuse such a fish in that way."

The light breeze from the south-east had been gaining for the last half hour or so, and now blew so fresh round the point that the little boat lay down almost gunwale udder, and swept past, before her fair pilot could bring her within speaking distance of the stranger. Once she tried to jam her up to windward, probably with the intention of apologizing for Drake's uncivil behavior; but the little craft refused to obey, and then, waving her hand, she let her fall off towards the opposite shore, and was soon lost sight of behind the point.

All this took place in much less time than we have taken to describe it, the boat appearing and disappearing as suddenly as a moving picture in a panorama.

The bewildered stranger gazed after the fair occupant of the little boat as long as she remained in sight, and then, peering stealthily round to see if any one had witnessed his discomfiture, disjoined the remainder of his fishing rod, and throwing it carelessly on his shoulder, walked away slowly and sadly from the shore.

"There he goes," said Lanty, buttoning his green jacket; "there he goes, sneaking off like a fox from a hen roost. O, that he may niver come back, I pray! Begorra, it's ducked he ought to be, if iver he has the assurance to cast a line in the water again. But I must be off myself to the lighthouse, and coax Mr. Lee for a mallard wing for Uncle Jerry."

"O, ay! to be sure, Uncle Jerry! there's no one like Uncle Jerry. E' thin may be if the gentleman you're for ducking in the lough there was as free to you with his purse as Uncle Jerry, he'd jist be as great a favorite every bit. But it's an odd sayin and a true one, Lanty—Praise the fool as you find him."

"Don't say that, Else Curley," replied Lanty, laying his hand on her shoulder, and speaking more earnestly than usual—"don't say that, for the heavens knows I wouldn't give one kind word of Uncle Jerry's lips, or one kind feeling of his generous fine old heart, for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curley, for I'm going to tell ye a secret. I know that man off on an for a month and more—so that I was iver much in his company; but I watched him, and watched him too for raisin o' my own—and I tell you plain ivy, Else, if he opened his purse to me iver day in the year, and it full o' gold guineas, I cudn't feel it in my heart to touch one o' them."

"Arrah, you cudn't now!" rejoined Else, in a half-incredulous, half-jesponding tone. "By my word, it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer raisins; faith, they must be powerful ones intirely."

"I have no particklar raisins," replied Lanty; "he niver did harm to me nor mine, that I know of. But I don't like him. There's something wrong about him, and I feel it somehow when I'm near him; there's a dark spot in

him somewhere niver reached y' "Humph!" looking sharply "you suspect he "I do."

"And what will "I can't tell self. But he has not lucky, why so often, I'd like "Why trouthe else?" replied "Feshugh! I you can't run? cuts and all as care a brass far in Donegal, from Head, I see! There's not a d in his body."

"O, no! not don't go into th Jerry, at every the water. But "The fish he wather, Else Curley, lay? woman's shoulde words into her "Me!"

"Ay, in troth and sorra much id be aither, s turned out that one Else Curley his hook for him "The old wom astonished at th was a faint sm mouth, she coul A stranger wou it a contortion Hanlon was an knew her bette "You needn't replied Lanty cudn't console too well, uid, about that man mortal in this but yerself."

"A sacret! her thumb on "a sacret, ind wide world pa "The fairies "Indeed, thin think ye come able sto? ye more nor yer Else.

"Well, good must go, for I find my compa besides. But before I start, money out ivy willin to spend well and good; to me, Else, thrills it, so—say but a wr single bad bre very weasel's science, Else I'll forget that and my venge the clay cover "Why, the Lanty Hanlon cudn't think I "Think!"

"No matter wh say;" and thoughts and turned from th "Ah, the tere'd to himse thorn under rabbit-skin ca once more, o betray, the P enough. And course she de either, for the iver say's God's love her; and conscience sh barrin' out be before, in he hate her, the can't harm h there's a sart iv these parts in case she sh thrills it, so, world's best, good enough, go through it heart and an fear, my boy or land, cow and who car yver back, str without spot blessing o' G d'ye want? I forgot to see and thus th fellow tripp singing the h

"The Sassenach But there's on them— "The 'Kidney

THE QU

BY REV. BE

Father Be from many posed by no given by Fathers to a truth who a Christ. T entire field not merely with many church dis the very la plete and c to sa every man speaking w interesting trust that among cler book gene Donohoe's "Pr

There se in fewer h when to ha