

MARY LEE

Or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the captain; "this is capital, eh? Not only outwitted your friend here by passing counterfeit bills, but passed yourself off, too, as his American cousin, eating and drinking of the best in his house. Ha, ha! by George, that beats Bannagher. Here the audience, at length fully comprehending how matters stood broke out into a general laugh, in the midst of which a curly-headed fellow, mounting on a widow's sill, waved his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, 'More power to ye, Weeks, more power to ye, Ma bouahal.' 'Pon my conscience, captain, jewel, it's chaired he ought to be instid of sint to jail," cried another.

The chairman now rose to command silence in the court, but was met with cheers for Weeks and groans for Hardwinkle. "Hurray for the howdy Yankee—down with the black serpent."

"Order! police, keep order there below! Silence, you vagabonds, silence!" cried the captain; "is this pretty conduct in a court of justice?"

"Send him out till we chair him, captain, send him out; he deserves it for puttin the 'Leek' in Black Robert."

The police, after several efforts, at length succeeded in restoring silence, and the chairman was about to take up the charge against Randall Barry, when Weeks, who still coolly maintained his position in front of the bench, his hands as usual, driven down into his pockets, begged leave to say a word or two before he left.

"I shan't keep you long," he said; "no, a word or two is all I've got to say. I came to this country, gents, as most of you know by this time, on a matrimonial speculation. Well, I failed. I did—no mistake about that. Now, then, gents, all I ask in return for my loss of time and money—not to speak of several mishaps in trying to put the thing through—is simply this: that you won't let the darned affair get into the newspapers. I'm a Yankee, gents, a full-blooded Yankee, of the old Puritan stock, and should hate, of all things, to have it known that a New Englander—and a Connecticut man at that—could be taken in by the Irish. I s'wonne, I'd rather put for Texas right straight off, than return to the States, and find it published all over the country; I would by a long chalk. Why, I should ever after be looked on as a disgrace to Yankee land. So, as I said before, I'm willing to put up with the hull of it if you only promise me this tarmal trial shan't get into the newspapers."

"Cool again," said the captain; "put up with it indeed! Any thing more to say?"

"No, I've got through, I guess."

"Very well, sir. Constable, take this man in charge."

"Hold on a minute," cried Weeks. "Take him away."

"See here! Hold on! Hain't you made a mistake! What's the crime?"

"Passing counterfeit notes on the National Bank."

"But who's cheated, I should like to know?"

"A way with him," commanded the captain.

"Look here!"

"Silence, sir, and quit the stand instantly."

"Well, now, I s'wonne, if this ain't gain it a leetle too strong," muttered Weeks, as he stepped from the platform in the hands of the constable.

"Back!" cried Randall, his dark eye flashing under the excitement of the scene—"back, slaves; I have no intention to escape," and he waved his hand at the police as they rushed forward to secure him.

"Forward, fellows! What stops you, when I give the order?" repeated Hardwinkle.

"Hold!" said Captain Petersham. "Not an inch further. I command here. Constables, keep your places."

"Mary," whispered Randall, stooping over her—"one word—speak to me but one word, and then we part."

"Part!" murmured the gentle girl, opening her eyes, and looking lovingly into his: "O Randall! Randall! I have come to this?"

"Hush, dear Mary; hush!" whispered Kate; "it may all be well yet—hush—you have a friend coming who little dreamed of."

"Good by, Mary; good by! We shall never meet again," said Randall, his face quivering with emotion, as he uttered the words. "You have at length found a father, who will love and protect you as I would have done."

"O, stay! do not leave me," said Mary; "the queen will pardon you. She is good. She is so good. O, no, no; you shall not leave me—never."

lived ever since I had the happiness of knowing you—the pride and ornament of your sex."

"God bless her! God bless the dear girl!" now resounded from all parts of the court house, while the lovely object of congratulation was herself shedding tears of gratitude to the mother of orphans in the arms of Kate Petersham.

"And now to the prisoner in the dock—who demands his committal?" inquired the captain.

"I do," responded Hardwinkle; "I demand it in the name of the state. Clerk, call Sergeant Joseph Muller. Swear him."

"As the latter came up to the stand, Hardwinkle pointed to the prisoner. 'Have you seen that man before?' 'I have, sir.' 'What is his name?' 'Randall Joseph Barry.' 'Do you swear that?' said the captain.

"What! did you see him baptized?" "No; but I was brought up within a stone's throw of his father's house."

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, interrupting the witness, "it's quite unnecessary to proceed further in this examination. My name is Randall Joseph Barry; I am a rebel to the British government, and the same individual for whose capture the reward of three hundred pounds is now offered by the crown. I have no defence to make, and I ask no favors. Proceed, if it please you, to make out my committal."

"Fool!" ejaculated Else Curley. "Young man, the court does not expect you to make admissions likely to criminate yourself," said the chairman, casting a reproachful look at the prisoner.

"He has avowed himself a rebel," said Hardwinkle; "he is therefore unailable, and now I demand he be committed forthwith to Liford jail."

"Have you any thing to say in your vindication?" said the captain; "if you have, we shall hear you patiently."

"Nothing," promptly responded the young outlaw. "I have deliberately done that which British law declares to be a crime, and am now willing to suffer the consequences. Had I effected my escape to a foreign land, as was my purpose," (and whilst he uttered the words, his eyes involuntarily turned in the direction of Mary Lee, the sole cause of his detention,) "had I effected my escape, I should have been there no less an enemy and a rebel to the British government than I am here on my native soil, nor cease for one single day of my life to compass its overthrow."

"Lost! lost!" exclaimed some one under the bench, in tones so heart-rending that every eye turned in the direction of the voice. It was poor Mary Lee—she had fainted in the arms of Kate Petersham.

At a single bound the prisoner cleared the dock, and stood beside her breathless form, as it reclined against that of her affectionate companion.

Instantly the uproar and confusion became so great that Hardwinkle rose and commanded the police to advance and arrest the prisoner.

"Back!" cried Randall, his dark eye flashing under the excitement of the scene—"back, slaves; I have no intention to escape," and he waved his hand at the police as they rushed forward to secure him.

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"O, stay! do not leave me," said Mary; "the queen will pardon you. She is good. She is so good. O, no, no; you shall not leave me—never."

"It cannot be," said Randall—"my doom is the gallows—for pardon I shall never ask."

"Back with ye! back with ye! hell hounds, give way," now came ringing out in tones as clear as a trumpet, from a stout, curly-headed fellow, at the head of some dozen others, cleaving their way through the crowd, and smashing heads and bayonets with their blackthorns in their stormy passage.

"Give way, ye dogs, give way. To the rescue—corp au dioul, to the rescue."

"By the Lord Harry," exclaimed the captain, jumping to his feet, "there comes Lanty Hanlon. I vow to Heaven it is. Well done, my gallant fellow, well done!"

"O Lanty, you never failed me yet," said Kate, proudly. "My life on you for a million."

"Now comes the tug of war," said the captain, whispering to the priest.

"Police, do your duty," cried Hardwinkle; "his face no longer wearing its demure aspect, but fired with passion at the danger of losing his victim, after whose blood he had thirsted so long."

"Do your duty! I command you."

For a moment the outlaw looked round the court, as if to calculate his chances of escape—in the next, he was driven forward in the centre of a group towards the door.

"Shoot them down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, gesticulating furiously—"shoot down the rebel and his rescuers."

"Hold! hold!" commanded the chairman, in a voice of thunder. "The first man that fires dies; he's not yet committed—hold your fire."

By this time Lanty and his men had gained the side of the dock where Else Curley stood, her arms folded as usual, and her keen, deep-sunken eye fixed on

Hardwinkle. As they did, the whole detachment of police rushed from the door, despite the captain's orders, and charged the rioters with fixed bayonets.

"Surrender the prisoner, or we fire," cried the lieutenant. "I order you to surrender, in the queen's name, instantly."

"Cudn't ye wait till th' morrow?" said Lanty, sneeringly.

"I again command you to surrender the prisoner," repeated the officer.

But hardly had the words escaped his lips when a blow from behind felled him to the ground, and then the riot commenced in good earnest.

"Down with the Sassenach dogs!" shouted Lanty, making his staff play round him in true Celtic fashion.

"Down with them—corp au dioul—drive them before ye."

Else Curley, at this moment, by some chance or other, succeeded in forcing her way in amongst the combatants, and thrusting the silver-mounted pistol she carried into Randall's breast, drew forth, herself, the old Spanish dagger, which the reader saw once before in her cabin on the Cairn, and waved it in her brown skeleton hand high over the heads of the rioters. "Come on!" she cried; "the young lion is now with his dam, and see who'll dar injure a hair of his head. Come on! let the enemy of my house and home come on, and see how soon this good steel'll drink his heart's blood. Away with him to the door, there, and balk the tiger of his prey—away with him, my hearties."

Hardwinkle now jumped from the bench, and calling on the police to stab the prisoner and his rescuers, forced his way also in amongst the rioters, his eyes flashing fire and his face flushed with intense passion. At this moment Randall Barry, after breaking bayonet after bayonet with the pistol which he held still uncharged in his hand, turned to defend himself from those in the rear, and met Hardwinkle face to face.

"Rebel!" cried the latter, snatching a carbine from the next constable—"rebel, traitor, enemy of your religion and your country, take now the punishment you deserve," and as he spoke he attempted to pull the trigger, but his hands trembled so in the tury of his passion that he missed the spring.

Next instant Else Curley's long, bony fingers had grasped him by the throat, and she drove her musket on the flags of the court house, the musket exploding as it reached the floor.

Lanty and his comrades had now fought their way bravely on, step by step, Randall defending himself with his single arm against the repeated assaults of the constables, and still reserving his fire, as if for a last emergency. It soon came.

They had succeeded, indeed, in driving the police before them out through the court house door; but here the danger and difficulty increased, from the fact that once beyond the threshold, Captain Petersham's authority ceased, as presiding magistrate, and Hardwinkle was at liberty to give what orders he pleased, if he only assumed the responsibility. How he extricated himself from the hands of Else Curley would be impossible to say; but certain it is, that, much to the surprise of the beholders, he was suddenly seen jumping from a window of the building down on the low wall enclosing the yard, like one demented.

"Fire!" he cried, as he alighted and glanced at the preparations made for Barry's escape—his quick eye detecting in an instant the reason of Moll Pitcher being kept there standing at the gate. "Fire!" he repeated; "on your lives let not the prisoner escape—fire!"

But he had come too late; Randall had already gained the outside of the yard, borne on by his trusty defenders, foremost amongst whom fought Lanty, his head and arms bleeding profusely from bayonet wounds, whilst Randall's own were hardly in a better condition.

Hardwinkle saw there was but one chance remaining, namely, to intercept the fugitive and detain him till the police could come up and arrest him; and making all possible speed to where his horse stood in the hands of his groom, he mounted and dashed past the gate in order to head the prisoner off.

Randall, however, was already in the saddle. He had sprung to it by the strength of his single arm, and instantly gathering up the reins, gave Moll the word. The splendid creature, knowing well that something more than usual was expected of her, reared for an instant, and then shot forward an arrow, making the fire fly from the pavement.

"Glorious!" cried Lanty; "now for it!" "Glorious!" cried Randall; "now for it!" "Shoot him down! shoot him down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, as he rode on before the fugitive with the intention of wheeling round and intercepting him in his flight.

The words were hardly spoken when three or four shots came in quick succession. They did not mischievously, however—one of them slightly grazing Barry's cheek, while the others went wide of their mark.

The crowd now rushed through the gate and over the wall in wild confusion; some throwing stones at the police, and others venting curses loud and deep against Hardwinkle and his Sassenach crew.

Randall saw, as Hardwinkle wheeled his horse to intercept him, that if he happened to be detected, he would, he should, in all probability, fall by a bullet from the police, before he could get out of musket range, and so, drawing the pistol from his breast, he let the reins drop on his horse's neck, and prepared himself for the worst. He had hardly done so when Hardwinkle was up within ten yards of him. "Keep off! keep off!" cried Randall, "or I fire."

But his antagonist took no notice of the warning, and as he pushed on in the blindness of his fury, Randall dropped the muzzle of his pistol, and shot his bullet through the head. "There, take your life," he cried; "I shall never have a dastard's blood on my hands."

The horse dropped instantly, the ball passing through his brain.

And then rose a cheer wild and loud,

that made the very heavens ring again, as Randall was seen flying up the hill on Moll Pitcher, clear of all danger, his long black hair floating on the breeze, and his broken arm still visible in the sling.

Whilst the crowd stood cheering and gazing after the young outlaw, Else Curley, followed by several of the constables, hurried to the spot where Hardwinkle had fallen. Else was first on the ground. "Hah!" she cried, as if about to utter some malediction, but suddenly stopped, and bent down to gaze on the face of the fallen man.

"What's the matter?—is he hurt?" demanded the constables.

"Ay, he's hurt," responded Else, dryly.

"He don't move—how's that?" "He's dead!" "The horse, you mean."

"Horse and rider—they're both dead."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SALUTARY LESSON.

A HARMLESS DAY DREAM AND THE SAVED REALITY.

By Marc H. H. H.

I had been a week in my new apartment. A week—a short time—and yet it seemed in the retrospect like an endless succession of days, each one of which contained the dreams and hopes of an entire lifetime. For a whole week the white porcelain sign of a practicing physician had shone in splendor at the street entrance and upstairs on the glass door of my neat little flat.

For a whole week my small reception room, with its dark curtains and its straight-backed chairs, had waited for patients to avail themselves of the advice and help of "Dr. Max Erhardt."

It really did not surprise me at all that my office was empty for a few days, because, as I told myself, consolingly, the neighborhood must become familiar with the fact that it had good medical advice right here in its midst. After I had sent away my first patient completely cured, things would assuredly be different. Then—after my growing reputation had been announced to the neighborhood, or better still, to the whole city by a crowd of patients in office hours, as well as by a neat little coupe, which a dignified coachman would drive through the principal streets—then, yes, then—And so I came to the dream which occupied me most.

I fancied myself again with my little Mary, who certainly would fit the role of a doctor's wife most delightfully. I was in love with this little golden-haired maiden. As a boy I had shown her all these little knightly attentions which are possible from the stronger playfellow in the house and on the playground. As a junior I had dedicated to her my first poem, and as a senior I had noisily rained my unformed baritone voice by continually singing about the "flaxen-haired maiden."

When I pressed the poor woman's hand, she came sure that the "flaxen-haired maiden" returned his love with all her heart; yet not a word was spoken.

My university course was finished. Whenever I was working unusually hard or fighting successfully the tiresome battle of a final examination, in spite of my preoccupation, my dear Mary's eyes were constantly in my thoughts and I seemed to be taking the liveliest interest in the results of my efforts.

When greeting my home-coming she whispered softly, "Doctor Erhardt, I looked deep into her dear eyes and whispered, just as softly, 'Mrs Doctor Erhardt.' Then I saw a bright blush pass over her face, as she drew quickly back into the window niche.

In the following days I had opportunity to talk with Mary about all the air castles which a young physician in his empty office has abundant time to build, but did not venture yet to discuss my dream of the future doctor's wife. There lay at times in my sweetheart's blue eyes an expression which drove the words back even when they were trembling on my very lips. Not that I doubted in the least that Mary's heart belonged unconditionally to me; no, it seemed rather as if a lack of confidence in my professional ability lay in her glance and my pride induced me to keep silent, until I had learned on an independent case should call forth Mary's full approbation on unlimited confidence in my chosen vocation.

I sat in my consulting room buried in such thoughts as these on the afternoon of this dull November day. I had barely heard the timid ring with which some one begged admittance. I rose to open the door in place of the errand boy I had sent on an errand. During the few steps that I had to take, I confess that I was overwhelmed by a flood of the wildest fancies. Here was a caller who needed my help. Of course, it was an aristocratic patient, with ringing praise and fame, and—ah, there I was again, thinking of the doctor's wife.

I opened the door. A poorly-clad woman stood before me in the dim light of the late fall day. A pair of great dark eyes looked beseechingly at me from a face thin and streaked with coal dirt.

"Doctor," she said, in a trembling voice; "oh, doctor, be merciful, I beg you! My little Mary is so sick."

That name atoned, to some extent, for the disappointment which the woman's poverty-stricken appearance had caused, for it did not harmonize with my recent dreams.

"Who are you? Who sends you to me?" I asked.

"No one sends me," replied the woman, softly and rapidly. "Oh, doctor, come! Ever since morning I've been carrying coal from the wagon to the next house. I live over opposite in the court. My child has been sick since yesterday, and I found her so much worse when I hurried home for a minute just now."

I hesitated somewhat, the disappointment was so great. The woman wiped with her grimy hand a face that already showed the traces of tears. She sobbed painfully.

"I suppose I ought to call in the charity doctor; but your servant is a son of the cobbler in our court, and he has told all the neighbors that you

were so kind-hearted. Oh, help my little girl!"

Well, of course, the woman must be helped. I was human, and surely knew what was due to humanity. So I went with her, after first taking out, with an importance that surprised and half-ashamed me, most of the necessary instruments of a physician.

Across the street to a great court lying behind a long row of houses, up five flights, each darker and steeper than the last, through an ill-fitting door into a little chamber with a sloping ceiling and one tiny window, and there on a poor but neat bed, with feverish limbs, and wandering, unconscious eyes lay a child about fourteen months old. The woman knelt down by the bed.

"She doesn't know me any more," she moaned.

The child coughed hoarsely. That was enough of the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my blankbook and wrote my first prescription.

"Go to the nearest apothecary's," I said.

She looked at me with some embarrassment. "Can't I take it to King street?" she asked.

"No, indeed," I cried. "Why do you not wish to go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman reddened visibly in spite of the coal dirt. "I think," she stammered, "at the Eagle Pharmacy, in King street, they may know me. I carry coal there, and perhaps they will—I have no money." A large tear fell on to the paper in her hand.

"Oh, those people who can't pay for doctor or medicine, either!" I said, impatiently, to myself. I took out some money and said aloud: "There, take that and hurry!"

The woman pressed her lips on the little one's hand and then, before I could stop her, on mine, and hastened away.

I brought up the chair and sat down near the little sick girl. She was evidently well nourished; her little limbs were plump and shapely, the golden hair soft and curly. She breathed painfully, but she was not conscious; her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she were looking into a distant, unknown country. It was cold in the room. I went to the stove but found only a few chips—too few to build a fire. So I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine.

Again and again my glance wandered about the poverty-stricken room. A poor, hard-working woman who carried coal on the street, while her child lay sick and suffering; and yet she certainly loved her little one tenderly.

Suddenly a thought shot through my mind that I should not be able to save the child; that perhaps I had not been decided enough to take on my own responsibility the extreme and energetic measures which would have wrested the little sufferer from death. My heart grew hot as I hurried to the door and listened for the mother's footsteps.

There she was at last. To my reproachful look she only answered, humbly: "There were so many people in the store. Folks like me must stand back."

An hour of torture passed. The medicine did no good; little Mary could not swallow it. Neither did it avail when, with trembling heart, but a steady hand, I used the knife on the slender, helpless throat. The little golden-haired girl died—died before my eyes, on the lap of her stricken mother.

The woman looked up as if startled when a tear fell on to her hand, for she had not wept. "You are crying, doctor? Oh, you must not do that! You will have to stand by so many sick beds where God sends no relief." She looked earnestly at the little body.

"I loved her so. I did everything for her that I could be doing so poor. When I came home from my dirty work I always found her so pretty, so loving. For hours she would lie on the bed or sit on the floor and play with almost nothing, and then she would laugh for joy when I came home. God has taken her. He loved her better than I. But oh, how lonely it will be for me."

I pressed the poor woman's hand; it could not speak, but I laid some money on the table and went out softly. Once at home, I laid my case of instruments away, and sat down overwhelmed. I could eat no supper; I went to bed and hoped to sleep, but the picture of a dismal attic room, of a dead child, and a humble, devout woman would not let me rest, any more than the torturing recollection of my own part in that habit of me. I remembered the words of Sister Mary Adoratrix of the Heart of Christ. A touch of pathos was added to the pretty scene by the white-draped, flower-decked empty stall of Mother Loyola. This was the first ceremony since her beautiful death.

MEMBER OF EPISCOPAL SISTERHOOD CONVICTED.

In the mother house of the Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine de Bonet, at Albany, New York, Miss Stella Collins of Warrensburgh, N. Y., made her profession of faith and was received into the Church by Father Pinard, chaplain of the convent, who gave her conditional baptism. Miss Marie Ponce de Leon acted as sponsor. Miss Collins was for twelve years Sister Stella, of the Protestant Episcopal Community of St. Mary's, whose mother house is at Peekskill, N. Y. The late Mother Loyola, who was a member of the Order, took great interest in Miss Collins, keeping her as her guest at the Albany convent after she withdrew from the sisterhood for instruction under the father chaplain. Miss Collins is a finished musician, having made a specialty of ecclesiastical music.

An hour or two prior to the reception of Miss Collins, Miss Josephine de Bonet de Leon of New York took the holy habit of St. Dominic with the name of Sister Mary Adoratrix of the Heart of Christ. A touch of pathos was added to the pretty scene by the white-draped, flower-decked empty stall of Mother Loyola. This was the first ceremony since her beautiful death.

INFIDELITY BROUGHT TO TASK.

Father L. A. Lambert, in his invaluable Little work, "Tactics of Infidels," asks: "What has infidelity or scepticism ever done for the world of mankind?"

Did it ever build a hospital for the sick or an asylum for unfortunate little ones? We look over the surface of the earth in vain, and through all time in vain, for any such evidences of its beneficent tracks. Its past leaves no monument to be honored; its present is destructive of morality, social order and liberty.

It talks of love for mankind with lips white with hate; of mercy now, but when it had the power, as in the French revolution, it proved that it had it not; it talks of honor, when its principles leave no reason for its existence; of woman while it strips her of all real dignity and leaves her no more than a female animal; it talks of virtue, while in its code the word has no meaning. Spectre-like it moves down the ages with Christ-like gibing and gibbering as monkeys in the equatorial regions bar and interrupt the advances of the civilized explorer. It enjoys the fruits of Christian civilization as the barbaque or parasite enjoys the vigorous health of a stronger organism, or as a tubercle lives on the human lungs. It is an intellectual disease.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practices and yet everybody is content to hear.

More than a hundred of the twenty-four chapters of St. Basil's sank so deep caught their after seven his heroic virtue of Umbrian Hill town of Assisi has been felt as Dante and his venture and

Thus it had that of making the Little Poor

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