

couple commenced, with all the apparent gaiety of those before whom life lies in long bright perspective. The old man, already the subject of a titter among the girls, and of a hearty laugh among his own companions, remained silent, with his eyes studiously turned from those who occupied the floor. The dance had occupied no small notice, partly on account of the couple themselves, and partly on account of the unusual repartees which marked its commencement. But it was much shorter than usual ; the youthful pair seemed not anxious to tire each other down.

Cathleen felt an unwonted load on her bosom—she had committed her first undatiful ungrateful error. She was making merrily merely to pain her poor old uncle, and was defeating all his little schemes ; schemes which time and solitude had woven round his heart, as the ivy clasps the vine ; and like them, to remove one, were to destroy the other. She was not five minutes in his presence until by occasional glances she saw his pallid cheek, and his sickening attempts at smiling with his comrades while his heart was sad. She knew that she was the cause of his mortification, and she would willingly have flown into his arms and implored his pardon, had not false shame and pride prevented her. Cavanagh also seemed quite willing to resign the floor ; he saw Kitty's emotion, and the rage of the old man—with the eye of a general, he saw that a blow decisive and given at once, should be made, or that he should give up hopes of his Colleen, her cows and her fortune. He did not wish to lose any of these—and, besides, as he said himself, he would rather take Kitty without a penny, than any other of his acquaintance with their weight in gold. With these views he made a bold resolve to "strike the iron while 'twas hot ;" so allowing his place on the floor to be occupied, he led Kitty to a seat and called for some refreshment. Having filled, he induced Kitty with some trouble to kiss the cup, and then nodding to some acquaintance at a little distance "your health boys," and turning to the old man, he said, aloud, "here's to you, Robin Hartrey, wishing you more sense." "Robin Hartrey don't drink with saucy Jackeens," was the reply. "Only you're so ould a man" said Cavanagh, "and Kitty O'Brien's uncle, I'd make you answer more civilly in a brace of shakes." The old man started to his feet, his lip quivering with rage ; Kitty shrieked and held Cavanagh, a couple of Robin's companions did the same to him, while another jumped lightly over the table, and was in a minute before the groupe which surrounded Cavanagh ; a short stick clutched in his hand, and defiance proudly enough flashing from his eye. The acquaintances of Cavanagh also rallied, the women who had rushed between to prevent hostilities were rudely pushed aside, and evident signs of a general row appeared. At this critical moment, the landlord himself shoved in the door wildly, and bouncing amid the belligerents, exclaimed, "boys for the love of Heaven don't disgrace me for ever, by kicking up a dust in the house so early in the evenin—Gentlemen honey what