

ground, treading down unconsciously the luxuriant grass, and crushing the king-cup and daisy, which in innocent mockery of human woe, spangled amid the glossy herbage in all their summer pride. He was followed silently by the young woman, whom we shall call Cathleen, and who was at this time about eighteen years of age. The little gate was fastened with religious care behind them—the Sunday groups were already disappearing—some were winding close under the hedges of the glowing road, others were on the picturesque paths which intersected the fields, and none interrupted the silence which Robin seemed inclined to indulge. He continued his pace homeward along the road, followed at a regular distance by Cathleen. The melancholy of his features were unbroken, his eyes were bent to the ground, and his thoughts seemed far away from the spot which he traversed. His dress was that of the comfortable class of Irish peasants—a coarse blue coat and small clothes, a broad striped linsy woolsey waistcoat, silk handkerchief tied carelessly about his neck, yarn hose, small toed shoes, and felt hat. Cathleen also had the appearance of comfort without the affectation of overstepping her rank. Her eyes had lost the religious tone which gave them such dignity at the grave, and they now glistened and rambled, full of all the unutterable life, which health, inexperience and beauty can alone exhibit. She adjusted the little pink ribbon which was attached to her cap, it looped under a dimpled chin, which was fair and polished as ivory, and forming a bow on the crown, and another at the left side, was evidently intended to be very gay and attractive; the train of a gay cotton gown, was drawn, as is customary, through the pocket hole, for the double purpose of making it of pleasant walking length, and to show the green petticoat beneath—which being of glazed stuff, rustled and glistened as grand as satin; a blue coarse cloth cloak hung carelessly on her shoulders; and ever and anon, she took a longer step that she might examine the neat shoe which enclosed her pretty foot, or drawing her clothes tight, held up her heel that she might see how it sat behind; her fair hair was parted exactly on the forehead, and was drawn to each side plain and beautiful as a silk band; a green and red kerchief close about the neck, spread tightly across the bosom, was pinned behind, and completed the attire of our rural belle. As Robin approached the end of the bye road which he was now pacing, and drew near the more public thoroughfare to which it led, he stopped for a moment—and Cathleen taking a quicker step, was by his side. They again proceeded. “Cathleen,” said he, “do you remember how long it is since your aunt died?” “Deed I do, Uncle,” answered Cathleen, “its three years next St. Michael’s, and good right I have to remember—she was the best of aunts to a poor orphan like me, and you are aunt and uncle, and father and mother to me ever since.”

“Say nothin about it my colleen,” returned Robin, “you’re a