"The Baby." A bald little head,
A tiny, pert nose.
Two tightly-closed fists,
Ten fidgety toes,
Two bright hazel eyes
To watch where mamma goes,
And you have part of the baby.
Two soft dimpled cheeks,
A dainty wee chin,
A sweetly-curved mouth
But not a tooth in,
A bundle of dimity,
A safety pin,

And there is the rest of the baby.

LLOYD PENNANT

A TALE OF THE WEST.

By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

(Reprinted from Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.)

CHAPTER XVI .- Continued.

"'Colonel Blake—six three-quarters loin—open an account—give a pass-book,' shouted Gubbet to a fellow inside a small window, and before I had time to say Jack Robinson, he thrust this little green book into my hand.

"'Tnat's well done, anyway," says I to myself, 'now for the potatoes. I'm blest, Miss, if Mr. Parsnip, who was one of the most particular little animals I ever met, hadn't just the same song, and here's his book."

"How fortunate," ejaculated Kate.

"Ah, that's not the half of it," interrupted Tim; "I was passing by the butter-man's, when out he runs afther me, and proposes just the same thing. Here's his book, and there's a pound of double Gloucester coming home upon trial. To make a long story short, Miss, the divil a mother's son of the whole iv them that's not trotting after me this blessed minute with their baskets full. It's a comfort anyhow that there's no stint now. Here they are, "cried Tim, runsing down stairs as the bell rung and the butcher's boy whistled at the door.

The following day Lady Clifton called, by appointment, to take Kate for a drive. She remarked that her young friend was dressed in black.

"Lam sorry to see you dressed in mourning,

Iam sorry to see you dressed in mourning. and hope you have met with no family afflic-"Yes;" said Kate, "we have lost a cousin, who, poor fellow, was dearly loved by us 221."
"Was he young?"
"No."

"No."
"Was his illness protracted?"
"No, his death was sudden and unexpected."
and the latter part of the sentence was delivered with a degree of hesitation which Lady Clifton

with a degree of hesitation which Lady Clifton appeared to notice.

"Was he married?"

"No. He had fallen in love with a lady when young. There was some misunderstanding and a quarrel with her uncle, which broke the affair off and that entailed a duel with his commanding officer somehow or other, and then he lost his commission and ran out his estate. He lived with us, and often told me the story of his love, hoor fellow. I think it occurred at York."

"Poor tellow!" repeated Lady Clifton, and her eyes filled with tears. "When did he die?"

"He died—it's a secret which my uncle would not wish to have known; however, I'll tell you, Lady Clifton, as I known; however, I'll tell you, Lady Clifton, as I known; however, lill tell you, keeping—my poor sousin Michael was killed in the rebellion."

"Poor fellow!" again claculated Lady Clifton.

when required, letters came for Colonel Blake, His attentions were undisculsed, and his ultimwhen required, letters came for Colonel Blake, containing bank notes of considerable amount, which some of his correspondents informed him were long due to him, while others assured him that the money was his own, although extraordinary circumstances prevented the disclosure of the sources from whence it was derived. As no addresses were given, those letters or their contents could not be returned.

All went on cheerily; Tim ceased to attend at casual balls, Mr. Pepper wrote, but still there was no positively bad news when he did—things remained always in the same state—Pincher quiet, and he "resting on his oars, but always carefully attending to the interests of his client."

was no positively buttnews where he did—things remained always in the same state—Pincher quiet, and he "resting on his oars, but always carefully attending to the interests of his client."

Meantime Colonel Blake's labors were prospering apace. His third article had been accepted, and an honorarium of £21 forwarded as its recompence. None of them had as yet appeared, though paid for. At this he was disappointed; but lowell informed him that the publisher must use his own discretion in this respect. As he succeeded and his circumstances became easier, he turned his this to other and more profitable means of money-making.

Our armies, commanded by incapable means they almost always have been at the commencement of every war—were-driven disgracefully before the forces of the French Hepublic, and the Colonel determined on submitting to the military authorities, under a clience name, an improved musket with coalcal ball and rifted barrel, which he had invented when in the Austrian service, but which his accession to the family estates, and his subsequeut misfortunes, had hitherto prevented him from turning to any account. It was, in fact, the Minnie rifle, now so much prized, and which has created such a revolution in the art of war. All the ready money which he could command was expended in preparing patterns and taking out patents. The manufacturer employed to make the musket was struck with its efficiency and undertook to secure its adoption on certain terms, to which the inventor willingly consented. The trials to which it was subjected were perfectly successful. It was approved of by the Commander-in-Chief and Secretary of War, and ordered to be immediately adopted.

At this stage of his success the Colonel began to experience the undercurrent obstacles which still obstruct the course of superior authority. The manufacturer demanded terms more favorable than he had himself originally proposed, stating, as an excuse, that he was obliged to give douceurs to others. They were rejected; and when Colonel Blake next

His attentions were undiscuised, and his ultimate intentions could not be mist ken. Lady Clifton and the Colonel took every opportunity of pointing out to Kate the desirableness of such a connection. One urged the happiness of independence—the other, how delightful—it would be were they close neighbors. The gentleman's station in society, personal appearance, and private character were such as must satisfy the most fastidious, and prudence whispered that his suit should not be slighted. But, if the mansion, and the park, and the broad acres of her new admirer sometimes took possession of Kate's mind, and seemed about to sway her decision, the remembrance of Lloyd Pennant's manly figure, his gallant conduct and doubtful fate, and the fact that her imprudence had ruined his prospects, quickly dispelled the truant thought and restored the iniuence of first love and soiemnly plighted affection. Were she alone in the world, she would not hesitate a moment; but when her uncle's dependent position, their past trials, the indignities which they had suffered, and the miseries which they had escaped only through the providential interposition of a stranger, recurred to her recollection, she was often sadly puzzled how to act—and then, so long a time had elapsed since Pennant's sudden disappearance. Was he yet alive? Would he ever return? Was he still constant in his affection?

Mr Charlton continued his assiduities, but still Kate studiously avoided affording him the opportunity of making a direct declaration. We must, however, leave them for the present in care of the gossips of their neighorhood, who decided on their immediate union, while we follow Mike to France and trace Lloyd Pennant's path on the prairies of America.

path on the prairies of America.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENNANT's time was passed principally in the chase. No backwoodsman had more skill in the use of the rifle, or more success in the wild sports of the country. Having secured the services of a Canadian family, he took frequent excursions to hunt, in company with the two young men, who were experienced trappers, while the father and daughters attended on his mother and looked to the progression of the form and care of the to the management of the farm and care of the

stock.

Mrs. Lloyd (for Pennant, in order to avoid the possibility of being traced, had adopted that name) was more happy now than, perhaps, she had ever been—at least since her ill-fated husband's death. Blessed with the society of her child, her heart became open to the innocent pleasures within her reach; she indulged her taste for flowers, which the delicious climate enabled her to cultivate with success. The log house was soon covered with roses and sweet-smelling creepers; the adjacent ground was carefully dressed and planted with ornamental shrubs. Land was dally won from the boundless expanse of forest, and magnificent trees left standing,

Land was daily won from the boundless expanse of forest, and magnificent trees left standing, singly or in clumps, gave the newly-created farm all the appearance of an ancient demesne. Often, as Lloyd returned from the chase, he stopped to gaze with admiration on his new abode, and then sighed, as he muttered: "Would that she were here to enjoy it."

Providence seemed to bless all his undertakings; his crops prospered, and his cattle increased; his mother, too, was so cheerful and so attentive to his smallest wishes; past occurrences were never alluded to, and he began to forget the glory he had fought for and the honors he had gained in the Old World, amidst the prineval scenery, and in the balmy climate of the new.

steeds could carry them. There was now but little apprehension of any further attack; the whole body of the strangers being evidently in the clane of the country of the co

of making enquiries of her mistress, they were returned to the dead-letter office by the carrier, where they remained the whole time that Kate, and her uncle were suffering such mental anxivety, and there, too, they lay after the customary examination of their contents had taken place for, neither the name nor address of the writer, being glyen, there was no clue to enable the wost office functionaries to apprise him of their inability, to discover the hady to whom his letter were directed.

"Well," Mike used to argue with himself, when his thoughts wandered back to the nountains and the grouse shooting, or ranged over the plains of Roscommon, with their splendid sod and slashing walls, where, mounted on "Lightning," he so often led the chase amidst the exhilirating cheers of the peasantry, "Well, after all, doing what I did do was the best thing could have happened me—I should have sold poor Lightning as well as the annuity to support Maurice—then I couldn't hunt—I'd have had nothing to maintain re; but now, so far as money matters go, I'm better off than before, and Kate and the Colonel have, at least, wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door until the lawuit's ended and the estate disposed of—and then, if all turns out well, we may pass the rest of our days together.

turns out well, we may pass the rest of our days
together.
One evening Mike sat in Madame Dalincourt's
salon, listening to the merry songs of France,
while his thoughts wandered far away, and he
recalled to mind the touching melancholy of his
native music. The Captain and some friends
came in, and after the usual salutations were exchanged, Dalincourt requested his sister to favor
them with the song of his imprisoned acquaintance.

changed, Dalincourt requested hissafet to and them with the song of his imprisoned acquaintance.

"For," said he, "I love its deep pathos and noble measure."

The young lady took her harp, and Mike was roused from his abstraction by the soul-stirring melody of "Savourneen Declish," "Erin-go-Bragh." The air was sweetly sung—although the words were pronounced with a foreign accent.

Who, when far from home and friends, ever heard the national air of Fatherland unexpectedly burst upon his ear without experiencing the most lively emotion? Who can resist yielding to the remembrances which it calls forth, of the joys, or the sorrows, identified with its well-loved strains? It may be that those magionotes recall a happy home, and add brightness to the prospect of a speedy return to its enjoyments, or they may conjure up visions of past happiness never to be felt again. Mike was peculiarly sensitive to the influence of music—he sat spell-bound while the girl sang—his eyes filled, and when she concluded he with difficulty avoided bursting into tears.

"That's a song of your own country," said the

into tears.
"That's a song of your own country," said the "That's a song of your own country," said the Captain, addressing him; "you should know it, Blake, for I often heard it sung by the Irish ladies, when the prospects of their country were brighter than they are now; but" (noticing Mike's emotion) "cheer up, my friend, the next turn of fortune's wheel may restore you to your friends, and the Green Isle to its independence."

"Excuse my weakness, but it is difficult to repress one's feelings at an unanticipated pleasure. Did you bring the music from Ireland?"

"Not at all; I have it from my captive friend, as my sister will call the poor fellow, who plays or sings if for hours together."

"Who—and where ishe! He must, of course, be Irish?"

"No; but he has been in Ireland, and, as I

acted at a distance. The prompt and correct in formation which she obtained of every mortgage that was executed, every writ that was issued and every bill in Chancery which was filled, often astonished the uninitiated. To gratify her proposities in this respect, she made it a point is be on good terms; if possible, with all the postimistresses in her neighbor mosters and post-mistresses in her neighbor hood; should her endeavors to conciliate fail then she builted, and waged unrelenting war. Her influences with the county members was considerable, and she exercised it chiefly in ottaining the promotion or dismissal of such at taining the promotion or dismissal of such at those functionaries as were prepared to oblige or ventured to displease her. Though an unjusting able one, this method of obtaining news as practiced by her was a rather harmless curiosity for she saldom revealed her discoveries or acted upon her intermation, unless to use it in behalf of those about to be injured or opprossed. It may easily supposed that Mrs. O'Mahony was a friend such as every candidate or occupant of those would willingly conciliate, and an enemy whose wrath no one would unnecessarily incr. Her enmity to the Blatherwell family and all his off-shoots, naturally suggested a close alliance with Rory Mahon, now regarded as a regular thorn in their side, from the protection which he afforded the Dunseverick tenantry when persecuted by Sharp, and the steps which he was openly taking to acquire such information as might hereafter profit the real heir to the Martin estates, should he appear and put forward his claims to their possession. Rory also, or rather 'Mr. Mahon' (for to address him as Rory now was considered rather infra dig.) had the good fortune to be a rich, and proved himself upon more than one occasion to be a generous man too. Mrs. O'Mahony, notwithstanding her large estate, almost always from the Captain's extravagance, needed temporary supplies of money, and the intimacy which sprang up between herself and Mahon was

CHAPTER XIX.

General report had it that Mr. Mahon was about to be appointed agent to the O'Mahony estate, and all the tenants sought to concillate his favor in advance by pulling off their "canbeens" as he passed, and seizing every opportunity to address him as "your honor." Whether or not the negotiation for the agency, or as some supposed, for a loan, was actually being carried on, certain it is that Mrs. O'Mahony brought Mr. Mahon home with her in her own carriage, and (which caused much astonishment and not a few invidious remarks in the servants' hall) "that he was actually to dine with his feet under the same mahogany with her ladyship." on the very day that Pennant's letter arrived by the post. It came, therefore, in the nick of time. Mrs. O'Mahony opened the post-bag beside her drawing room fire, where she and Rory were comfortably seated. Demands from Dublin tradesmen for over-due bills constituted the principal portion of her correspondence. One of those persons had the audacity to threaten proceedings for recovering a three years' account, and the indigant lady handed the epistle to Rory.

"There, Mr. Mahon, there's an ungrateful racal for you—to set an attorney at me after all I did for him. You know well what seum of the carth his family are, and I protest to you, solemnly, it was I got him the first place he ever had in Dublin—and I have dealt with him myself ever since he set up business on his own account—and now he's pressing me to pay my bill. Ah, Mr. Mahon, there's little gratitude in the world, and no one knows that better than your self."

Mrs. O'Mahony had a sly way of doing busing.

Ah, Mr. Mahon, there's little gratitude in the world, and no one knows that better than your self."

Mrs. O'Mahony had a sly way of doing business. It is not improbable that she wished to apprise Rory of her difficulty, without actually soliciting a favor at his hands. If such were her intention, the scheme succeeded, for Mahon had no scooner read the letter than he begged she would not make herself uneasy, or allow any one to annoy her for such a trifle; and taking the necessary sum from his purse, he requested her to make use of it, and repay him enly when it should suit her convenience. Mrs. O'Mahony was in ectasics; she expressed herself in unmeasured terms of gratitude, and the remaining letters being from other claimants whose demands were less urgent, or whose threats were less summary, she laid them on the table to be read on some future occasion. The superscriptions and the virtual consents of cach were perfectly well known to her, for she had long been favored with successive editions of the same import.

The conversation, which the arrival of the

favored with successive editions of the same import.

The conversation, which the arrival of the post-bag had interrupted, was renewed, and continued until the butler, coming to remove the post-bag, asked, "if there happened to be anothing for Mrs. Reilly, the cook?" Then Mr. O'Mahony, glanced through the pile, and the English letter attracted her attention; her first look was always at the signature of unrecess nized correspondents; she cast her cyes on the bottom of the page, and twisted and turned the letter about, but could not manage to deciphe the name; and as she made it a point never to investigate the contents of a document, from precautionary motives, until she first ascertained that it did not emanate from any of the numerous altorneys who continually worried herom Captain Jack's account, the transferred it to Rory, in hopes that he might be able to overcome the difficulty, and to, surely enough, he did.

"It's Providence that has done all," said Mr. O'Melony, where here all the contents."

"It's Providence that has done all," said Mr. O'Maliony, when she read the contents. "Only I dappen to know, you Mr. Malion, the people boyinight remain a prisoner all the days of his life; and to think of you being here the vernoment I received it! Why, only for that, it never would have been read; for the Captain all ways warns me against looking into my correspondence when I don't know who it's from, and I'd never have been able to make that out with the controller as well as significant."

I'd never have been able to make that out was out your assistance."
So far as related to Colonel Blake's first address, Mrs. O'Mahony could have satisfied Pennant's inquiry on the instant, for she had received a copy of the superscription borne by the first letter which followed him, and carried it her pocket with a multitude of other and similar communications; but she had yet to ascertain the fate of Pennant's letter, addressed to the Colonel at Dunseverick, and it was not ker habit to lose time when any important object needed achievement.

coloner at Dinseverick, and it was not ber habit to lose time when any important object needed achievement.

"as Sunday, and she determined that Roty should at once drive with her to the post town, where she resolved to commence her inquirles.

"Mrs. Lalor's a decent creature enough, and I could do anything I liked with her before the Blatherwell gang came into the country. But since Pincher went to live at Dunseverlek, I hear she's taken to them entirely. She's a relation of my own, you know, Mr. Mahon; her father was a son of my grandfather's—(in a subdued voice)—by the button-hole.' Well, I thisk she'll tell me all I want to know. If not, I'll manage it someway else."

Rory, in his own quiet way, experienced a degree of pleasure, much more profound than bis talkative hostess. But he took a business view of this important discovery, and was menially at work arranging his plans and speculating on

them seemed to add much weight to his advise and insure its adoption.

Mrs. O'Mahony and Rory Mahon reached the post-town at that particular hour when the great bulk of its inhabitants were engaged in their develonal duties. It was not without design that the sharp-witted lady selected this special time; in the first place, her proceedings would be then less noticed; and in the next ageneral opinion prevailed that then was the "witching-time," at which inquisitive officials were accustomed to indulge their curiosity. Everything proved propitious, "The Mistress" knew the ways of Mrs. Lalor's house well; she, therefore, did not appear at the office window, where lottors were sought for and delivered had passing through the yard-gate, which stood invitingly open, entered by the back door, and had been standing for some time in the passage on which the opened door of the office gave, before the post-mistress was at all aware of her presence. During this period Mrs. Lalor was busily occupied inspecting the different letters there was one which she crumpled and formed into various shapes, evidently without helps able to come at its contents. As a last resource, she took a teaspoon which has beside ler, and introduced the handle. This was the prediction in which Mrs. O'Mahony wished to surprise her. She, therefore, gave a short "Hem?" But Mrs. Lalor did not suspend her efforts; the