

land of milk and honey—homely plodding
 or well-directed enterprise—so she has
 gathered husband, child and a half a
 friends, and emigrated farther West “to try

success attend her in the new “diggings!” A
 hearted girl, with all her follies; what an
 sacrifice of personal vanity did she prove
 equal to in the first year and a half of ser-
 when she grudged every dollar expended
 as so much subtracted from the first
 due to the family in Ireland. No ribbons,
 shawls, no tasteful bonnets with artificial
 no bright gowns: who can estimate the
 of self-denial it cost one to whom, certes,
 in her very baby-hood, (cradle, we suspect,
 ever had,) “some demon whispered, *Bridget,*
be a taste.” But pranksome were the curvet-
 of that taste when the curb of circumstance
 once removed. She worked faithfully until
 had accomplished bringing half the family
 New York, and then thought it high time to
 her inclinations, and to leave it to them to
 the good work.

It happened to be her inclination to marry
 Michael O’Leitrim, “a rich fellow enough.”—
 five hundred and seventy-five dollars were
 to his account on the books of the Saving’s
 at G——, where he had worked as market-
 for more than twenty years. Now as
 twenty years were as legibly traced on
 Michael’s features, as his deposits were inscribed
 the books of the G—— Saving’s Bank, it was
 averred by Bridget’s good-natured friends
 she had married “a shaky ould chap” for his

We know not how it was—we are nei-
 prepared to allow or disallow the truth of
 charge. Bridget certainly entertained a due
 of her own merits, and had had her chances
 of younger lords of the creation; but she also
 a full proportion of social ambition, and it
 was admitted that Michael’s suit prospered
 the less rapidly for twelve hundred and se-
 five golden arguments in its favor. And
 married, mercy on us! what profusion!—
 a good-natured man, unused to city life,
 implicitly to the noble spirit of his spouse.

He bought out a “business” and paid down for
 that had never been, for a stock
 was not, and for fixtures that disappeared
 they took possession of the premises. Then
 pleasant month of June they gave a house-
 wedding-party, wherent Mrs. O’Lei-
 would fain have substituted the Waltz and
 for the good old fashioned Irish jig and
 ; an innovation stoutly resisted by Pat

the fiddler, (save us! the *musician* we would say,) for private reasons, best known to himself; but the rogue had kissed the blarney stone and declared, “the misthress bate the flure at a jig, and he would pit her agin the world for petticoatee.”

Another trifling objection, in the graphic language of Mr. Phelim O’Toole, was, that “not a boy or a girl of the company had ever shook a foot at them new thricks of dancing.” The novel additions of plum cake and ice cream, to the regular condiments of whisky and boxty cake, were more favorably received; on the whole, the party went off gloriously, and *Io Triumph!* Mistress O’Leitrim, by unanimous voice of her guests, was declared to be a woman of “illigint sperrit, and the beauty of the avening.” Biddy’s happiness could no further go.

But if one’s candle is lighted at both ends, one must look to have it rapidly diminish. Where everything goes out, and nothing comes in, there will soon be an empty house, &c., &c., &c. It has taken exactly one year and six months to spend, and lend, and give away, and be cheated out of twelve hundred and seventy five dollars, and with nearly as light chattel as she left Ireland four years ago, and with quite as elastic spirits, Mrs. O’Leitrim has betaken herself to the West with Mr. and Master O’Leitrim. Again, we say, success attend them.

The anglicé of Bridget’s *great bad luck*, is a necessary digression, explanatory of the various sorts of obligations imposed latterly upon Rose. To say nothing of onerous duties, she is to assume Biddy’s office of amanuensis to her countrywoman as soon as she is competent to that responsible charge; so when it was suggested lately that she should renew her exercises in writing, she cheerfully assented, and after spelling out her copy, Time softens every grief,” there was an unmistakable tone of resignation in her comment, “Ah, and this is a nice copy.”

Doubtless she has derived much consolation from that little red-covered prayer-book, with the gilded cross on the back, for long its leaves opened at the place of Devout Prayers in time of Famine and Pestilence; but of late the scrap of perforated card has moved on to Meditations on Christ’s Passion. To us, used as we are to the terse narrations of the Evangelists, who, in the absorption of their momentous theme, forget themselves and the whole world, these meditations, interpolated with pious ejaculations, loving, mournful or indignant epithets, seem trivial. Yet not for worlds, Rose, would we, by depreciating word or smile, weaken thy faith in that little prayer-book, albeit, the New Testament, with thy own name written in it with thy own hand, lieth beside it, with leaves and cover far less litho from use. Well for thee if thou gainest from a Catholic *Key of Heaven* that faithfulness and trustfulness which we haply seek at a higher source.

M. B.