

ton had the aristocratic mien, bearing, and looks of her mother's family. Mrs. D'Alton was a good Roman Catholic. Mr. Giffard D'Alton at one time had become a Catholic; but he found the Church of Rome conflicting so much with his will, and with certain saving ways which he called "principles," that he finally turned to searching the house through and reading newspapers, on a Sunday, and to declaring "all churches equally disagreeable." But returning to Miss D'Alton—to Amy—we must say, that her sweetest employment was to save for the poor, and even to work for them; and the poor people around watched for her coming, as one looks for the approach of a beloved friend.

"Ah, then, God bless you Miss Amy, you're your mother's daughter; and the love of the poor will be a shield in the hand o' your guardian angel."

"Ah! I'm sorry I can do so little, Norry."

"'So little!' shure 'tis the world's wondher how you make out, Miss Amy; an' I'll go bail ye hav'nt much clothes in the box. We know very well where the little dhrops for the chapel an' the station an' the First Communion comes from. Ah the Lord—*she ghlac she sheli in dho chree so!*"

"What is that, Norry? Something good I'm sure?"

Norry dropt a tear. "I'll tell you then, *aushla*—them words is, 'the Lord has med a home in your heart,' agra; on'y 'tis nicest in our sweet Irish tongue. Isn't it?"

"Well, I do, indeed, think so," the sweet young lady would reply;

"Your coming gives more joy to the poor woman's heart, than all your father's goold, Miss Amy; because I'll tell you Miss Amy, it makes the poor heart feel throe-love, like the pure love of our guardian angel; an' 'tis a sermon-like for our children an' ourselves! God bless you, Miss Amy;" Thus the poor and Amy lived their life at The Crug.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's nephew, the only son of a deceased sister, whose husband had disappeared within a year of his marriage, and had never been heard of, was named Charles Baring. He was at the time of the events we chronicle just five and twenty years of age—just five years Amy's senior. It was

not surprising that the gentle Amy, and Amy's fortune in the Three per Cents very often crossed the mind of Mr. Baring. Indeed they did; and if the large credit in the bank came before his imagination even oftener than the amiable young lady, his cousin, there was reason for the pre-occupation of Mr. Baring.

"Money, honestly, if you can—but money, any-how!" is sometimes an axiom as practical among Christians as the Roman poet declared it in the time of Cæsar Augustus; and Mr. Baring had stronger impulses to that kind of philosophy than almost any young man in Munster—or may be in the land.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have been saying, allowed horses and a drag, and even a carriage, and paid tailors' bills, and supplied daily fare. But money! Mr. Giffard D'Alton saw no use of money—no prudent use that his nephew could have of money. His nephew had enough to eat and drink, and he was dressed like a gentleman; "I'll tell you what, sir, if you want money, go and—earn it. I and my daughter are not going to die in the workhouse for you! No—" Mr. Giffard D'Alton, like all accomplished orators, kept the strongest appeal for the last—the appeal in our blank, on which we fear Sierne's angel has not been mercifully employing himself.

Mr. Baring's ways and means had much of the mysterious about them; and as he rode across the fields or along the road, great numbers of old women were inspired with prophecies that did not burthen Mr. Baring's future career with "much good," as the good dames termed it. And yet the young man appeared to be a sober man, and in address and manners he was easy—indeed, free to *nonchalance*. He was "straight as a whip," they said, and no man bagged more game, or more daringly defied nine-bar gates or twenty-foot rivers. Above the middle height, dark hair, large gray eyes, lips thick but firm, he was an imposing man, but with ever-varying impulses, which he took great care to obey. The wonder was that he had not long and long ago flitted from the eminence called *The Crug*, or had not been politely or otherwise sent to seek his fortune.