## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MAY 29, 1857 north mill rift vistal P. - 2 Terminal 2 180

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FRANCE.

We (Weekly Register) lately recorded the senlence of the Council of State against the Bishop of Moulins upon a process of Appel comme d'abus ... It seems that the Paris press received an intimation not to comment on this event; the admonition was disobeyed by the Correspondant, a monthly magazine of great talent and Catholic earnestness, in the last number of which an essay on the subject appeared by the Count de Montalembert. The name of that illustrious writer would be enough to prove that the essay was eloquent, high-minded and noble in sentiment, and, in a word, honorable to the country which produced him as well as to the author. Nothing can be more monstrous, according to our ideas, than the prohibition of the discussion of important subjects by such men and in such a manner. To imagine that it has anything akin to the inflammatory libels of anonymous writers, appealing in a cheap form to the passions of the multitude, is utterly absurd. Yet here is the evil of a censorship. The Government is in the wrong, and therefore fears grave, weighty argument, even more than angry libels. By the existing law any periodical publication is liable to be "warned" by Government for publishing anything objectionable, and after having been three times warned, its publication may be suspended. The Correspondant has been warned (for the second time) for the Count's Essay. It is easy to see that a crisis in religious matters is forthcoming. The Government, faithful to its despotic yearnings, seems jealous of any independent body, whatever may be its nature. The Vincentian Brotherhood has been more than once threatened by officials, and though the intended blow has been once warded off, nothing guarantees its security for the future. A sort of crusade is again preached, as I said, against religion; one would therefore deem it advisable for all Catholies to combine and unite their strength against the common enemy, when the day of battle sets in. The Gazette de Lyons of the 30th April,

speaks of a meeting on the 27th April, of the proprietors of the well known and valuable Catholic newspaper, L'Univers; whereat, after some discussion, it was agreed to call a further meeting for the 4th June next, to hear the report of a commission of five members, who will propose either a friendly liquidation of the Univers or a sale of the property by public anction. It would appear that the act of partnership will determine on the 1st July next, and therefore one or other of the above courses is indispensable, but it is not likely that the Univers will either change its principles or be discontinued.

It is said that the cause of complaint of the French Government against that of China is not only the execution of a French missionary, named Chapdeline, but that the Mandarin who committed that act of barbarity caused the treaty signed between France and the Celestial Empire to be solemnly burned on a pile of wood .- Times' Correspondent.

The Grand Duke Constantine is examining dockyards, arsenals, &c., in France; and as the Times wittily remarks, talking over the late war with the French with all the zest of a party of sportsmen round an April fire, reviewing the bygone season and planning new ones. Only here remarkable and cannot but be remarked, that stores were seized and destroyed. he seems not to be coming this way—whether not invited or declining, reports differ. The Russian policy just now is, evidently, to play off France against England. The Grand Duke sucers at the Chinese affair, "You are to be the catspaw there too!" But the friendships and disputes of nations are seldom affected by the bon mots of a third party. Meanwhile, the French Envoy Extraordinary, the Baron Gros, is immediately about to start for China with a diplomatic staff, and supported by ships, which at the instance of our Government are well manned with Marines. The United States send ships and men on their own account; and it is rumored that some of the lesser European Powers are also to be represented. What is to come of all this, time will show; but we trust that France will not interfere at all without obtaining some trustworthy pledge for the future toleration of Christianity in China .-That is surely her mission in the East, where the Missionaries of France occupy in the sight of God and of the Holy Angels, a post far more conspicuous than the Governors and Admirals and Generals of England .- Weckly Register.

## AUSTRIA.

It is stated in a Vienna letter that the cabinet of the Tuileries, on pressing representations to the court of Sardinia, has received from Turin a reply which is represented as being of a nature to induce the cabinet of Vienna to consent to the to induce the cabinet of Vienna to consent to the resumption of diplomatic relations between the likes o' me they'd be expected it?" two countries.

## ITALY.

We have received letters from Rome, dated a compliment in regard o' Saint Stephen?" the 23rd April, announcing the intention of His Holiness to make a tour of his dominions, in order It is anticipated that during his journey, the Pope will be received with the utmost enthusiasm on every side, as, independently of the respect and reverence in which the character of the Holy Father is held, there is not a place within the circle of his dominions which he has not benefited. Even Ferrara has been much improved through his liberality, and works of great magnitude, taking into consideration the resources of the Papal States, are being carried on in other places. As an answer to some of the absurdities uttered in reference to the Pope, and his unwillingness to adopt those recent improvements which are so familiar to other countries, we may state that the electric telegraph is in full activity in Rome, not merely for purposes of commerce and business, but for the advancement of scientific inquiry—that the Quirinal and the Vatican are both lighted by gas—and that the Pope heads -Cork Examiner.

We translate the following from the Univers: On the occasion of the festival of Easter, the Holy Father has been graciously pleased to extend his clemency to several parties, among others to Signor Sturbinetti, who is permitted to return you, I b'lieve, sir."

"Well, then, let those gentlemen take their defreely to the Roman States. Signor Sturbinetti parture as soon as they please. They shall seek parture as soon as they please. They shall seek took a prominent part in the troubles of 1849: he was indeed head of the municipality during the whole of the duration of the Roman Republic."

NAPLES.—A respectable Conservative journal, the Cork Constitution, contains the following very remarkable correspondence:--.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CORK CONSTITUTION.

" Cork, April 29th, 1857.

"Dear Sir-As I think you are a lover of fair play, I give you an extract of a letter just received from a friend at Naples, whose respectability and veracity you may depend on .- Yours

- "R. H."

" Napoli, April 24th, 1857. " A few days ago I was in Sicily, when an opportunity was presented me of inspecting the prison of Palermo, where those for political offences are confined, and also of interrogating them in person. Each denied ever having been tortured, and particularly the man Li Re, on whom the cap of silence was said to have been screwed. He never had it put on-in fact, it never existed. The prisoners are really fairly treated, wear their own clothes, and are not in irons. I went to Cefalu, where there is not one person in prison, neither are any troops there. I 27th of March, paper in hand, and, excepting the names, the whole is an invention as regards torture or any ill-treatment beyond what captured government (which may not be perfect) far beyond what it deserves.

RUSSIA.

It is now known that the telegraphic despatch, announcing that the Court of Teleran had refused to ratify the treaty of peace signed in Paris, came from St. Petersburg. It is said in that capital that the Russian Government had on certain modifications in the treaty. - Times' Correspondent.

PERSIA.

The capture of Mohammerah has been announced. The following telegraphic despatch has been received from Sir James Outram. dated Camp before Mohammerah, March 28.

Mohammerah was captured by the British on the 26th inst. The enemy lost 200 killed and wounded, and among whom was Asherluf Brigadier, besides seventeen guns, and a vast amount of ammunition and military stores. The Persian army, under the Shah Zadah, retreated towards Ahwaz and Shuster in great disorder. The British forces are encamped near Mohammerah. Our loss in killed and wounded is about ten. The Arab tribes are friendly, and are sending in their submission."

"The flying expedition to Ahwaz returned to Mohammerah on the 4th inst. (April) completely successful. The large Persian army retired milk that covered the board. "My master an I'll from their position, and retreated rapidly towards Dizful before a British force not 400 strong. the game to be bagged is-each other. It is One gun was captured, and extensive military

> THE HALF SIR. BY GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER I. (Continued from our last.)

"Well, what's the matter now?

"Come to see you they are, sir."
"Who, man?" was asked in some little alar 4. "The Wren-boys, sir."

" The Wren-boys!"

"Yes, sir, in regard o' Suint Stephen."

"The Wren-boys come to see me in regard of Saint Stephen!" was repeated in a slow and bewildered tone.

At the same time the party without, a little impatient at Remmy's delay, recommenced their noisy "The Wran-the Wran, the king of all birds.

St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze,

Although he's little-The strange disturbance seemed to aggravate the 

my in a furious tone.
"Themselves that's singing it, sir."

"What? who are they, sir? "The Wran-boys."

"The Wren-boys again! Who are the Wren-boys? what the plague do they come clattering their old pans and kettles here for? What do they want,

"Money I believe, sir and liquor."

" Money and liquor! From whom, pray?"

"Why, are they creditors of ours, Remmy?" "O not they, sir, one of 'cm—sure yourself knows we owe no money. But they want a little by way of

"Saint Stephen! Why, what the mischief, I ask you again, have I to do with Saint Stephen?"
"Nothen, sure, sir, only this being the day, whin to judge for himself of the wants of his people all the boys o' the place go about that way, with the throughout the Papal States. At the time the wran, the king of all birds, sir, as they say, (bekays letters referred to were written, the Pope was to wanst when all the birds wanted to choose a king, have left Rome in about ten days from that date. an' they said they'd have the bird that would fly highest, the aigle flew higher than any of em', till at last whin he couldn't fly an inch higher, a little rogue of a wran that was a-hide under his wing, took a fly above him a piece and was crowned king of the aigle an' all, sir,) tied in the middle o' the holly that way, you see, sir, by the leg that is. An old custom, sir. They hunted it this mornen, and stoned it with black-thorn sticks in regard o' Saint Stephen. That's because he was stoned be the Turks himself, sir, there's a great while there sence. With streamers and ribbins flyen about it. Be the leg they tic it in the middle o' the bush within. An' they sing that song that way for the gentleman to give them a trate, as it were, 'Get up, ould 'oman, an' give us a trate," or, 'get ap-fair ladies-'-or-' we hope your honor, as the case may be, all in regard o' Saint Stephen. And they dressed out in ribbins, with music an' things. Stoned be the Turks he was, Saint Stephen, long ago. Bad manners to em' (an' sure where's the good o' wishen 'em what they have

"So I am to understand from you that a number of young men come to demand money from me, bethe list of shareholders of the Roman radways. cause they got up this morning and hunted a little wren, tied it in the middle of a holly bush, and stuck

before?) wherever they are, for so doen. Iss indeed,

"O then, Lord, help uz!" said Remmy, greatly perplexed-"if one was to go to the rights o' the matter, that way, sarraw a call more have they to

their reward elsewhere, for it is an exploit, which I am incapable of appreciating.".

"O sir, sure you wouldn't send them away without inything, to disgrace us?"

"Go along, sir, and do as you are directed."
"Well, well, to be sure, see what this is," Remmy O'Lone muttered in great distress, as he paced reluctantly along the hall, revolving in his mind the manner in which he should most palatably announce this disagreeable intelligence to the crowd without. They were preparing to renew the chorus when he opened the massive hall-door, and proceeded to address them. As his master had not permitted him to gratify his auditors in the substantial way, Remmy thought the least he might do, was to take what liberties he pleased with the form and language of the refusal.

"Boys," said he, "Mr. Hamond is in bed, sick, an' he desired me to tell ye that he was very, very sorry intirely that he had nothen to give ye. He desired his compliments, an' he's very sorry intirely."

"I knew he was a main wretch!" exclaimed the wren-boy-" He a Cromwaylian-he Bag-an'-Bun ! Bag an' baggage! O, 'pon my word, he's a great

neger."
"Houl your tongue, I tell you, Terry Lanigan,"
said Remmy. "Don't anger me, I'd advise you."
"Remmy, would you answer one question," said Terry, "an' we mond's cows?" "an' wo'll be off. Who is it milks Mr. Ha-

To understand the point of this query, it is necessary the reader should be informed that, in consequence of Mr. Hamond's allowing no dairy woman a sifted the statement in the Morning Post of the place in his establishment, which was solely comvidious report had been circulated that the office alluded to in the last speech (which in Ireland is looked upon as exclusively womanish and unworthy of men are sure to receive. The island is perfectly tranquil, and one may travel in any part in perfect safety. It has become the fashion to vilify the dignartly rebutted, was the more maliciously persevered in, as it was found to answer its chief object not the less effectively—that of irritating the temper of its subject, and furnishing the spectators with what Hobbes would call a spectacle exceedingly gratifying to their vanity-a man in a state of comically passionate excitation. It lost nothing of its usual force by its total unexpectedness at the present

Remmy plunged forward toward the speaker, then remained fixed for a few moments in an attitude sent orders to their Minister at Teheran to insist minative of offence—the consummation of his desires being checked by a rapid and almost involuntary reflection on the little glory he would be likely to reap from an engagement in which the odds would be so awfully against him. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he stood erect putting his little finger knuckle between his lips, and blew a whistle so shrill and so loud, that the echoes of the broken hills which surrounded the castle,—and in the fine phrase of the Spanish poet, stood aloft in their giant stature, ruffling their forebeads against the morning sun, returned the unwonted sounds in an hundred varied tones. This was not the response, however, which Remmy ambitioned, so much as the yelling of a leash of bearles, who presently made their appearance, though not in time to do any considerable damage amongst the aggressors, who retreated in double quick time, making such a din as no power of language that the writer possesses could possibly

convey to the reader.
"I'll not be able to stand this long, mother," said Remmy, as he returned to the kitchen, where old Minny O'Lone was quietly scated by the breakfasttable, making as rapid progress as her toothless jaws would permit her to do, through the reeking mountain of sleek-coated potatoes and virgin-white never agree together, I see that; an' if I once got my character from him, I'd cut my stick to-day before to-morrow, that's what I would. See what this is! A decent, well-commended, notable lad, with as much papers in characters in me chest as 'ud be the maken of a grocer if he got it for wastepaper—a lad with as strate an round a leg," he added, extending one which certainly (notwithstanding Remmy's wig) justified the commendation—"as ever stood in white cotton on a dickey—and I don't care whose the other is—a leg that never thought 'twould be forced to mount a brogue again any way; here am I now in the flower o' my days, cook, ostler, groom, herdsman, garsoon, gard'ner, steward, an' all, in this old box pitched up on the top of a hill, and shaking every blast o' wind like a straw upon the waters-as bad as the Darbyshire stone that me master an' meself seen once on our travels in foreign parts, sarven a man that has such quare ways—disgracea bimself an' all belongen to him. There'll be a holy show made of us with the Wran-boys. I set the dogs after 'em-for-that's more of it, too. Another job they give me, as if I hadn't enough."

The ringing of a bell cut short the train of Rem-

my's murmurings. "That's for his tay, to have it ready for him," said he, stirring the fire and arranging the kettle, " if he wasn't so sickly (an' a body doesn't know the time he'll go)-an' there's no sayen what sort of a will he has made, out if Remmy O'Lone isn't high in the sheepskin, Mr. Hamond is not the man he ought to Sure he has no rilations, an' if he had itself what are they, only as you may say the casual gifts o' forten, whereas, a good sarvant is a man's own choice, that ought to be esteemed according."

"How do you know will the master ever die?" said the mother.

" Eh ?" "How do you know is it himself that's there at all? When he got the sickness that was goen last summer, by being so mooch in the houses of the poor people, do you know what I done? I tuk a bit of the-but it's a sacret-the herb they say that tells for life or death by boiling it in a skillet, and if it turns green, the man recovers, if black, he dies surely—an' I put it down here on the fire about the dead o' night, when ye were all in bed, an' he was just drappen off in his crisis, despaired of be the doctors, and I looked into the skillet by'n-by, and sure there it was, no change at all in it, only just

the same color it was when I put it down." "Oh, that's all nonsense—poh! that's ye're shooperstishions," said Remmy, whose travels with his matter had together him to describe the said that the said master had taught him to despise the the legends of his native soil, at least in outward appearance and in the day time. "If it wasn't himself, do you think he'd be so wild when he heard o' Miss Emily's misforten? Oh, the poor lady! Ah, mother, that was the real lady—Henven rest her, this day! Twas she that had the open hand to the poor servant—an' she'd slip it into your hand as soft as it she didn't feel herself given it into your hand that way, an' she looken another way, or may be smilen at you an sayen. Remmy, I gov you a dale o' throuble this while back; or, Remmy, here's a keepsake for you, with a voice that would raise the very cockles o' ye'r heart with its sweetness. And such a fine proud step with her for all! An' the way she used to walk along," Remmy continued, standing up and forgetting his half-peeled potatoe in his enthusiasm, while he imitated the action he de-scribed—" springen off the ball of her little foot, and looken out from under the cycbrows as if it was out of the clouds she come. An' to think, mother," he added, standing creet and staring on the old wo-man, "to think that all that should go for nothing! The match made—the wedden fixed—the day coom a'most all but one—the favors given out—the gloves

> · ---Este Monte eminente Que arruga al Sol en seno de su frente.

for herself and himself finished off—the music ready -the priest at hand—the frinds convanient—and whisk !" Remmy continued, slapping both hands together with a loud report, and then tossing them up to their furthest extent over his head to express suddenness—"all gone! as you'd puff the down off a clock!" Slap! as if you rubbed your eyes an' saw the san where that mountain is overnow. The pace an' the light of heaven lies with her

where she lies, for ever!" And having unburdened his heart by this pane-gyric, Remmy resumed his place and his toil at the breakfast-table.

CHAPTER II.

I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind and am friends with you-You have given me that will kill me quickly, but I'll go home and live as long as I can.

-Beaumont and Fletcher. Detesting from our hearts all unnecessary mystery, which is no less repulsive in a narrative, we apprehend, than in the transactions of social life, we shall proceed to lay before the reader, a few events in the life of the proprietor of Castle Hamond, in the course of which, he will find an explanation of the allusions contained in Remmy's last oration.

It will be needful, moreover, that we take the reader for a short time out of Munster, the general scene of action which we have selected for the conduct of these histories; promising him, that as we tread but tenderly on other ground, the period of our absence shall be limited to as brief a space as may suffice to make him comprehend the chain of

There are no classes of beings, either in the social or natural world, so distinctly separated one from the other, that an intermediate species may not be observed, partaking of the nature of both, and generally combining their least tolerable peculiarities. Those amphibious monsters are generally found, in social life, to consist of the vain and the vulgar: and I believe there is no country in the world where a class of persons may not be observed who stand thus between humble and "respectable" life-drawing the external fopperies and gaudiness of the one over the coarseness of the other, and hanging like the link of an ill-favored chain between the two diamonds, simplicity and refinement. Disowned by the class to which they would aspire, and disliked by that which they have descried, these people would lead very miscrable lives, if it did not happen providentially enough that they are burthened with no inconvenient quantity of feeling, and find in the gratification of their vanity, a happiness more than commensurate to the mortification which they ought to receive from the repulsive scorn of those above, and the insolent reproaches of those below them. In this genius may be classed the long array of coarse faces that one finds astray in Leghorn bonnets—the splay feet in silk stockings-the half-educated pretenders in conversation, who steer a clear course between the natural wit of the lower and the fine taste and acquirement of the higher orders—the shock heads that have discarded the lowly felt, and coarse, and flippant in society.

It does not always happen, nevertheless, that the individuals whom fortune, not choice, has thrown into this class, are totally destitute of sensibility, and when the contrary is the case, the reader, (possessing a due proportion himself) may easily imagine how much more acute it is rendered by the absence of sympathy consequent on its very rarity. This was the situation, in early life, of the hero of our tale, and it was rendered still more distressing. by the natural disposition of the man, which was so morbidly sensitive, that it would have required much care, and a vigorous exertion of mind in any station, to save him from the perils of disgust and misanthrophy.

The nearest relative of his own that Eugene Hamond had been ever acquainted with, was an old man—a second-cousin of his father's—who returned to his native isle (with a fortune made of sugar and tobacco in the Illinois), just in time to see poor Hugh made an orphan, and to grant the dying request of his father, that he would see the child taken care of -a promise which he made with an ill grace and performed with a worse. This old fellow was one kindness than usual, and beckoned him toward the of those scifishly generous beings who confer a faown sakes alone mingle so much ungracious rudeness with their liberality, as to make it a pain, not a pleasure to the receiver, yet look for as warm and abundant a show of gratitude as if the gift were not entirely a selfish action. A show of gratitude, we say, for as it is a gaudy vanity which prompts the beucht, so an ostentations gratitude will amply suffice to repay it. The old man possessed not the silent feeling of generosity in himself, and had not fuith in the silent gratitude of his young potegr. The shy temper of the latter recoiled from the blazonry of affection which was thus required from him-and moreover felt lt wearisome and annoying to be constantly reminded of benefits which had been conferred on him at an nge when he was incupable of appreciating the con-sequences of laying himself under an obligation, and of course could exercise no election in the matter. Old Hamond had been an enthusiast in his youth, and had left home with the hope of procuring in a distant land the means of rendering himself respected and beloved in his own. No person could have set out with kinder or more affectionate intentions—but their performance was fixed for a period too remote (as is, we fear, only too frequently the case with young adventurers); be conceived himself entitled, on the strength of his ultimate designs, to omit all those intermediate and minor attentions to his friends at home, which duty, gratitude, and affection demanded from him.

"It is no matter," he would say to himself, when the post brought him a letter full of gentle murmurings and affectionate reproaches from a mother who loved him well, and whom he loved in turn, taxing him with a long series of letters unacknowledged, and fondness apparently forgotten-"It is no matter, I am getting on rapidly here. 'Twill be only a few years more, and I'll have a fortune made here and then I'll show my mother that she mistakes my character; that it is not for myself only I am toilingand that she has not been forgotten, as she supposes. I'll return to her with the means of increasing her comfort, and that will be a better proof of my love than a more string of empty words, which can answer no good purpose but that of putting half-acrown into the king's pocket. Besides, I will answer this letter at any rate to-morrow." And then he would apply himself more vigorously to business than ever-he would overwork his slaves-seek new connexions, and swifter means of profit-new wealth would flow in-his hope would become brighter-his wishes would swell with his prosperity—he would no longer content himself with the prospect of rendering his parents comfortable in their station—he would lift them above it. They would become the envy of the country side. His father should be a gentleman and his mother a lady. He would buy out Mr. Moore's estate (a ruined mortgaged property, and give it to his father. They should cut the Ryans out of the field, and distance the Heaveners—the most rapidly improving Palatines in the country. In the midst of these day-dreams a letter of fresh complaints would appear like a spectre before his eyes-to pass away and be forgotten in a similar manner. The renewal of those charges, however, could not but disturb him; and while he could not shut up the ears of his heart to the reproaches of his own conscience, he endeavored to shift his vexation from his own neglect, to what he was pleased to term the importunity of his friends; and making as

\* The seed-buil or a common weed so called.

a parcel of ribbons on the boughs. Is that the ut- sent round—the bridecake baked—the dresses both much account of his intentions, as if they were nost extent of their claim on me? benefits actually conferred, he began to treat those latter with much ill-temper, as if he were suffering under some considerable injustice. The longer he delayed writing, the more impressed he became with the belief that some more substantial apology than a mere statement of facts would be required from him, and he had not yet contented himself with the right us. Whack! no more sign o' the whole affair fore, shortly ceased between them. In the selfishwas a high lady in her than of a sperrit that 'ud vanish you'd think! She was a high lady in her than the had wildle in her than the head wildle in her than was a high lady in her time-low enough she lies sterling worth of human nature altogether; he considered not how much more precious to the heart of a fond mother would be one token of affection, one word, one remembrance from an absent child, than if he could pour out the wealth of all the nations at her feet.

He did not consider this, neither did it once occur to him that any change could have taken place at home, while time was laying its white hand upon his own head in a foreign clime. He was astonished. therefore, to find, on returning (with a fortune suffcient even to satisfy his own longing) to his native village, that while he had been revolving a fine scheme for the elevation of his parents, death had laid them low in the grave. They had died in want, and left their son no blessing.

What was he now to do with the heap of yellow trash which he had been forty years in amassing? It lay, a dead weight, upon his hands. Mr. Moore, the Ryans, and the Heaveners, the objects of his love and his envy, were alike vanished from the face of the soil—and he turned in disgust and imnationce from the crowd of new faces that stared upon him from the haunts of his boyhood. The only one of his old companions that remained was the father of our hero, and he tarried no longer than just sufficed to tell him the manner of his parents' death, and to place in his hands the child he was about to leave otherwise utterly destitute.

This little relic of his father's house was not prized by the old man so highly as might have been expected. It was a long time before old Hamond could bring himself to look upon the boy in any more tolerable light than that of a usurper, who had sud-denly darted upon him, and snatched away the prize which he had treasured up for dearer friends. In the process of time, however, the child won somewhat upon his regard; and we have aiready seen the manner in which his awakened kindness began to expand itself. His still unextinguished vanity, moreover, had a large share in the motives which occasioned Eugene's good fortune. As he could no longer make ladies and gentlemen of his dead friends, he determined to do as much as his fortune would enable him to accomplish in that way, with respect to his protege. But he took especial care that no benefit was ever conferred, without making the latter as perfectly sensible as words could render him, of its extent and munificence; and while he thus dragged as it were, from the heart of the latter, a timid and hesitating expression of the ardent gratitude which he felt, he was naturally dissatisfied with the fultering manner of the boy, whose excessive timidity of disposition rendered him very unwilling to enter into a perfect confidence and intimacy with a nature so coarse, so ungentle, and so unlike his own. What we are endeavoring, and very faintly, to convey to the reader in narrative, may, however, glisten in beaver-all, in short that is tawdry, and be much more clearly laid before him, by transcribing a scene which took place between our hero and his benefactor, on an occasion when the latter formed the resolution of removing to Dublin for a few years—as much (but this he reserved to himself) for the purpose of relieving his own eyes from the sight of objects which were to him all tinged with the gloom of some mournful recollection, as with the intention of completing the education of his young heir and relative.

He had been meditating, during the morning, or the benefit which the latter would receive from the measure he was about to adopt, and had placed the gratification of his own wishes so much out of sight, that he presently persuaded himself that nothing but Eugene's advantage was influencing him in the step: and he was in consequence wrapt into a perfect admiration of his own munificence when the youth entered the room, his face glowing with exercise, and a small hurly and ball in his hand. As is generally the case with all morose people when they have brought themselves to resolve upon a liberal action, his heart warmed toward the object of it, and he held out his hand with a smile of readier sofa, where he sat in his long brown great-coat and mouth.

"Come here, Hugh, my lad—give me your hand, sir. Ha!—what have you been at child? You're like my poor mother in the eyes, I guess, you are."

"Playing goal, sir, I was-with little Remmy O'Lone! Fie, you grovelling little animal, that's no companion for you. Was that what I have been toiling and moiling for these forty years, scraping and saving, up early and late, working and wearing the flesh off my bones, and all for your benefit. Rh?

A pause.

"To have you spend your time playing goal with Remmy O'Lone! Come here, Hugh. Is there any. thing you are in want of now?"

"N-o-not sir," said Hugh, hesitating between his fear of giving offence by a refusal and accepting an unnecessary obligation; for youth as he was, he had already begun to discover the inconveniences of

"Because if you do, Hugh, you know you have nothing to do but to command me. What have I all this wealth for, but for your use? What have i been struggling and laboring for during my whole life but for your benefit? And you are welcome to it, Hugh, as welcome as if you were my own child, for you are a good lad, Hugh, you are."

"I declare-I'm greatly obliged to you, uncle-"Pah! now, that's what I hate! Do you think 'tis thanks I'm looking for, sir? Come here to me, what do you think I'm going to do for you now.

ruess ? Hugh looked pained and puzzled.

"You are now fifteen years of age-I have expended more money on your edication that was ever speat in the raising of any of your family before. I have given more for books and other notions for you than would have bought a bunch o' niggars. Now I'm going to take you to Dublin to finish your edication, lick-right-away.'

The blood rushed into Hugh's cheek, and he was about to utter an exclamation of gratitude and delight-but recollecting how he had been checked for doing so the moment before, he was silent.

Old Hamond stared upon him. "Why, you don't

seem to like this, Hugh, you don't."
"O yes, sir—I do, indeed—but—
But what?"

" Nothing, sir." "Nothing!—Are these my thanks? No matter Very well, sir. No, I won't hear anything from you now. Go along to your own room.

Too delicate to expose to the possibility of a repulse the warm feeling of gratitude which he was conscious of possessing, Eugene left the room to fret and chafe in the solitude of his own chamber— blaming himself for his awkward manner—full of agony at the thought of the cold impression which he lest on his uncle's mind-and never once dreaming of questioning a statement which had been con-stantly dinned into his ear, from the time when first that organ became capable of exercising its function -that his advantage was the cause and not the consequence of all his uncle's toil and labor. His uncle was not so blind to the distinction, but he had shat his eyes to it a long time, and at length began to believe that it no longer existed.

( To be continued.)