

steward; and I wish to let you know some of my mind."

"Well, sir?"

"Your ways are not my ways, and I am not going to end my life in the workhouse."

"Nor am I—at least I hope so," answered the young man, with suppressed passion.

"I'll have none of your—nonsense of speech-making and stirring up the people against their betters, and the humbug of 'Catholic rent,' and associations, and all that—humbug."

"Well, sir, you need'nt."

"Need'nt! Why, sir, whose money do you pay out? Whose horses do you ride? Whose food do you eat? Whose house do you make your own—I say, confound you, you coxcomb!"

"You are, you are going far, sir—a little too far," D'Alton Barron said in a tremulous voice. "I thought I was living in a father's house, and——"

"No—you! You thought you were living in a fool's house; but I can tell you by——I am not going to die in the workhouse!"

"I was going to say, sir, I thought I was living in a father's house, and, as I am of age, could claim the expenditure of every young man of my class; and I have not had half the allowance that men of your means allow their sons."

"Have you not food?"

"Well, sir——"

"Who feeds you? Who clothes you? Who mounts you on a horse worth one hundred and fifty guineas, every penny?"

"I am——"

"You are! Do you want to know what you are! You are a——low, mean, crawling sponge! By——you are, and you haven't the spirit of a cur dog, or you would try and do something for yourself, and not send me into the workhouse, and make your infant sister a pauper!"

"I know the whole history of this," said the young man; "and I shall know how to meet it."

"Well, before you meet it, as you say, I wish to inform you that the black horse has been sold!"

"Sold! My horse sold!"

"Your horse! You beggar! You never had a horse! and I am not going

to pamper a blackguard who goes to O'Connell's meetings and owes fifty pound bills in the bank—I am not by——"

Young D'Alton Barron heard no more. He rushed at Cunneen, who was a young man then, and took up a chair to defend himself. He placed the chair between the assailant and himself and ran backwards towards the door of the office. But there his presence of mind seemed to fail him, and he went head over heels down the stairs, the chair tumbling over him, until both arrived at the bottom, when Mr. Timothy Cunneen cried out lustily "Murder! murder! Go for the police!"

Cunneen's punishment did not end here. D'Alton Barron rushed quick as lightning to the hall rack, and seizing his cutting whip, he dragged Cunneen outside the hall door, and cut and cut away until from head to foot Cunneen was marked by the hieroglyphics of an angry revenge.

At last D'Alton Barron stopped from exhaustion.

Old D'Alton came to the hall door. He was livid—awful to see, and his eyes

"Had all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming!"

At length the blood rushed to his face, and he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Leave my house, you eternally disgraced hound! Leave my house, and never let me see your face again! Go and——"

"Do not fear, sir. I have no intention to intrude on one who has ceased to have a claim on my affection, and—that a son should say it!—no claim even on respect. You have——"

"Hold your tongue, you double-dyed villain and robber, and——"

"I go, sir. We meet not again."

"But stop!" cried Giffard D'Alton, "stop!" and he knelt down solemnly under the trees. "Stop," he continued; "take with you my curse; my curse follow you rising and lying; my curse follow you sleeping and——"

Long before the imprecation had ended, the son of Giffard D'Alton had departed, with a heart too filled with rage to be heavy or sad.

He went into the glen, and sat down.