THE LEGACY; OR, THE MISER'S BARGAIN.

It was the close of an autumn day, and a number of Irish reapers, or, as they are called in England, "harvesters," were resting themselves after their labor on a high sloping bank, previous to repairing to their several lodging places. The faces of most of them were turned thoughtfully towards where the sun was fast sinking in red and gold beneath the horizon, as if their minds were far away in the homely cabins in which many a wife and little one waited patiently for the husband and father to bring, from "the harvest work" in a foreign land, the means to add a little whose demands are too often limited only by the inability of his helpless victims to bear another utrn of the screw." Think of it, ye whose tongues and pens are ever so ready to lash and censure the "lazy Irish;" these poor peasants land, cross the stormy sea, less cared for than petite of English beef eaters, jostle and trample them on the cheerless decks of the Channel steamers; they endure the pain of separation for months from home and family and friends; the scoffs and slights of the rude and unthinking ;fare scantily and work harder than any other class of agricultural laborers in the world; and all that they and their children may have wherewithal to bribe the landlord to leave the roof over their heads for a few months longer, and allow them to live in peace upon the potatoes which the little patch of "conacre" produces.— If any people exist who do and suffer in like but with thankfulness when success crowns their efferts, we know it not. But this we do know. that the industry which achieves so much, under these disheartening circumstances, is capable, under proper encouragement, of raising its possessors to the highest point of social prosperity, and does so, invariably, when a fair field presents

itself for its exercise. But we must not, in our moralizing mood, lose sight of the group under our notice. A few of the younger portion, more light-hearted or less weighed on by care than their fellows, were rallying each other with rough jokes, and endeavoring to draw out those whose peculiarities promised to allord them a source of amusement.

"Look," said one of them to his comrade :-"look at ould Jack Nihill's face. I'll bet a pipe o' tobaccy he has a story in his head now, av we could only get id out o' him. He done a big be callen on you to take his measure before o' tobaccy he has a story in his head now, av we sthroke ov work to-day, an' it's put him in high humor; though it's little he cares for the money chick nor child dipindin' on him."

"A pinny for your thoughts, Jack Nichill," shouted another of the group: "you're lookin' as wise as a cow in a halther, an' the boys think it wud be unfair to keep all the knowledge to

"I was just thinkin'," said the person addressed, who appeared to be the oldest among the crowd, "an' I was turnin' over in my mind all the conthrairy things I've hard tell ov: an' what d'ye suppose is the conthraryest in all nature ?"

his dress appeared to be better off, so far as worldly gear, than his companions, " I often come across a stubborn mule, or a pig that you could'nt drive, if you didn't make believe (that you wanted her to go the other way. But, to my thinkin', the wimen beats 'em all for conthrariness; for if you don't give them their own way in everything they'll keep you in hot wather all the days ov the divle himself couldn't hould 'em."

"You see, boys," said Nihill, with a sly wink at his auditors, "it wasn't for nothin' Phil Markahen left his snug stone cottage to thramp to the harvest in England. "Well, experience is a grate tacher entirely, though his lessons do cost

so much once in a while." There was a general laugh at this sally; for it was well understood among the reapers that Phil's object in going to the harvest work was less the money he could make-which he did not wantthan to get rid for a while of the surveillance of his spouse, who had the reputation of being in

her way a perfect Xantippe. "For all that," resumed the old reaper, " Phil didn't quite come up to the mark, though I suppose there is a good dale ov thruth in what he sez. In all the quare an' onsartain things I ever come acrass, the heart ov a miser or an avaricious man bates them all out an' out intirely, an'

I think I can give raison for sayin' so."
"Hurrooh! boys," cried the first speaker;—

lose the use o' yer tongue."

Marie H.

hand across his mouth, and without further circumlocution thus commenced:-

ATHOLIC

"Well, listen to me now, and I'll tell you a Mihil Doolen. He was a mighty strong, healthy man, and never tuck a grain of medicine in his a great miser, and gothered a dale of money together, but havin' no near relations, it was always a wondher among the neighbors who'd see you so poorly." come to his property in the end. The world an' all were looking for it, as you may suppose, and they used to be senden him presents of all sorts -ducks and geese, and chickens, and I don't hope the better for us." to the few comforts they possessed, or, mayhap, know what besides; but faix, 'twas no great to satisfy the grasping cupidity of the land agent, gains for 'em, for young as they wor, they died one afther another, and others took their places, and died too, and ould Mihil still lived on .-Well, ''tis a long line, afther all, that has no end to it,' and so ould Mihil's day come at last. Runnen out one mornen to catch a boy that was travel from the remotest parts of their native trespassen on his ground, he struck his toe against a stone; a little black spot came upon it, but but if no one has worse to tell of you than I the cattle, which, on their way to glut the ap- Mihil thought nothing of it; the black spot spread day after day, and the neighbors told him to send for the docther, 'but,' sez Mihil, 'I never tuck any of their drugs in my born days, and why should I pizen myself with 'em at the last? besides,' siz he, 'they'd be chargen me so, 'twould be amost the ruin of me.' Another week passed on in this way, and the blackness was half up the leg, and indeed 'twas easy known, 'twas for his end it come; for his face, that was as red as a rose, got as white as paper, and he gev up eating entirely; but he'd drink the river dry, the | the coffin as another." Lord preserve us, if he had it near him. Well, the news accordingly went abroad everywhere, manner, not only with uncomplaining patience, that Mibil was dying, and sitch a gathering as there was immediately of all the people, far and | able." near, that could claim any relationship with him, that, faix, you could hardly get in or out of the doore, for the crowd that was about him. There was only one man of all belonging to him who kept away, and that was Davy Burke, a poor carpenter, who was liven near the village; but Davy himself made his appearance on the last day too, more be accident howsomer, than be any thoughts he had of gaining be it. He happened on that day to be busy at a coffin just before his own doore, when he sees Morris Mor-

ney, the pedlar, goen by.
"God bless the work," siz Morris, nodden to

"The same to you, Morris," says Davy; --

evenen, I'm thinken." " Eyeh! the neger, 'tis equal-there's little

he earns; an' little wondher; sure he has neither to be got be him liven or dead. He'd be betther plazed they thrun him under the sod in his in from Tim Nocten, for poor Kate, last Candleould shirt, than pay anything in rayson for his coffin."

" See that why," ejaculated Morris. "One," continued Davy, "that hasn't chick or child in the world, and as cautious of the money as if he was never to part it; one that had the twelve barrels of potatoes rotting with him be the ditch side, in the hard summer, not fit ateing for the pigs-fine round apple potatoes-and Christhens starving; and he wouldn't sell, nor "Well," said a harvester near him, who by give eather, God help us! He'd sooner set the dog afther a poor man that ud be crossen his grounds, so he would. This sickness is only a threal he's getten, maybe, to see if he'd turn to some good now itself."

"Maybe so, faix," returned the pedlar;-"there's no knowing what turn he'd take; but indeed from all I hear of him, I believe he's off. Why don't you take a stroll down there, and see your life; an' if you do let 'em have their head, him, Davy; sure somebody will have the maken of a coffin for him any way, and who has a betther right to it than a blood relation?"

"Eyeh! little he cares for his relations, Mor-There's no knowen on the earth who'll have the luck of getten the good from him.— He'd take it to the other world with him if he could."

"That I mighten't, but he'd be the cute lad in airnest if he did that, and sitch a crowd of hungry cormorants about the room watchen every turn of him. I'd advise you to take a stroll down there, at any rate, and see what you can

"Maybe I'd do worse," siz the carpenter, sure it's but half a day's work gone for nothing at the worst;" so flinging his plane down on the bench, and taking a short stick in his hand, he wished Morris a good mornen, and set off with himself for Mihil Doolen's.

"As soon as he come near the house, however, the crowd around the doore were so afeerd "Hurrooh! boys," cried the first speaker; or jealous of him, count of being so near Mihil "didn't I tell yez Jack had a story in his head. be blood, that they didn't wish to let him in.— Out wid it, Jack aroon, an' that you may never 'He's very bad, poor man,' siz one, 'and 'tis a die at all; but now, when he called for the but the clergyman took the will out of his pocket, sin to disturb him. 'He's as cross as the ould priest, they knew he was off, and two or three of and read it for 'em, and sure there 'twas plain

he wants.' 'Begannies then,' siz Davy, stout enough, 'the sooner ye all clear out of this, the aizier he'll be, poor man! I'm only come to get dhroll thing that happened at the death of ould the maken of a coffin from him, and that's not what any of yes are looken for, I believe."

"They all got ashamed of this, and they didn't whole life; sign's on it, he lived so long that he say another word, but drew back, and made a begun to think he wasn't to die at all. He was lane for Davy; so in he went, and took a chair be the bed side.

"Morrow, Mihil," says he; "I'm sorry to

"Thankee, Davy," says the ould man. "I say I'm sorry, Mihil, because the longer time we get to repent of our sins in this world, I

"Thrue for you, Davy," says Mihil.

"We'd like to have somethen to say for ourselves, when we're sitten be the gate of heaven hereafther, and we hear the poor people tellen stories of us inside," continued Davy.

"Oh! mavrone, why not?" siz the sick man. "We must all think of these things, Mihil, when our time comes, the Lord grant it to us! have, you'll not come off badly. You always gev me any little work you had, in regard of my large family."

"And why not, Davy?" says Mihil again, "sure you were willing to work as chape for me as another."

"Indeed, Mihil," says Davy, maken answer, "I never overcharge a stranger, let alone a blood relation; and as you're goen now-and goen, thanks to God, in a good ould ege—I blazen thought, Mihil, you'd as live I had the maken of know."

"I'd be betther plazed you had it, Davy, than any one else," says Mihil, not at all frightened or surprised at him; "you were always raison-

"That I mighten't, but I strive to be so any way," siz Davy again, "and I make it a rule to give the best of work; be the same token, 1 have some nice, clane, dale boords cut up this minute, planed and all, that if you'd see 'em. you'd like a most to be lyen in!"

"And what is it you'd charge for it, finished complate ?" says Mihil, turnen to him, quite calm.

"Why then dales are high now, Mihil," an-

save me in it." "Sixteen shillings, eroo! sixteen shillings, Davy ?"

" Iss, why not ?" siz Dary, quietly. Ould Mihil shook his head.

"Well, sure you can make an offer, can't

you?" cried Dary. "Eyeh! you're beyond any offer. Salvation

to me if there's any raison at all in sitch chargen as that-sixteen shillings! Death alive man! I got as nice a coffin as I'd wish to put my foot know him at all." mas, and paid only nine and ninepence for it."

"So you might, Mihil; but you'll allow there are coffins, and coffins. 'Tisn't sitch a one as I'd put you into he gev for the money! He made it, I'll be bail, of half-inch stuff, and it might bave answered for Kate, maybe; but you're an ould friend of mine, Mihil, for whom I have a regard, and indeed it's long till I'd let you be nailed up in a card-box of that kind."

"I'm obleeged to you all the same, Dary," siz Mihil, "but indeed I couldn't afford so much as you charge; if you said nine and tenpence, or nine and elevenpence, maybe I'd dale with you."

"Ove! ove! Mihil, you're runnen away with the business entirely; 'tisn't half price, hardly. Consider, you're not one of those dawney craythurs that one could put up in a soap box ;you're long, Mihil, and square about the chest: you,d take two good twelve feet dale boards a'most, not to spake of nails, and the mounting."

"I'll tell you what, Davy," siz Mihil, "I'd like to dale with you, if I could; say ten shillings, and 'tis a bargain."

"Oh! murther! there's no daleing with you, Mihil; you were always a hard man; but if we can't agree itself, there's no harm done, I hope; and my advice to you, Mihil-my last advice 'nd be, to make up as well as you can, after you're gone, to those poor craythurs, that I'm afeered you thought too little of here. A good mornen, and a happy end to you, and that's the worst I wish you." And Davy shook hands with the sick man, and left him.

"There was something like a tear standen in Mihil's eyes as he looked after Davy, and he was very quiet, saying nothing for a long while. At gun, and the crowd about him were glad when your directions for the funeral." they heard it, for they were tired of waiting for him to die day after day. Indeed he held out so interest manifested in the expected illustration of spoken to. 'His head is splitting,' says a third he arrived at the house, he was shut up in the his fortune to the man he differed with about the us in everything except in this one fatal bewitch-his theory, for he drew the back of his horny of 'em, "count of all the talken—'tis the sleep little room with Mibil for some time; there was price of his coffin!"

soon after a call for a pen and ink, and those outside were all in a grate taken to know what was goen on, for they knew by the ordherin' of the pen and ink, that Mibil was settlen his affairs .-The priest kem out afther a good hour, and the crowd followed him to the doore, thryen to make out who had a chance of the money; but he left 'em just as wise as he found 'em.

HRONICLE.

"Well, things went on as before, and towards evenen Mihil got worse and worse, and his skin cowlder. 'I'm a'most gone, I believe,' sız hefor the oppression was getting heavier, and he could hardly get the words out, bekase of the hiccup constant on him-'I'm a'most gone,' siz he, 'and I'd like to say one sintince to Davy Burke,' siz he, 'before I die, if he's about anywhere.'-They all wondhered when they heerd this, and thinken it might be he was goen to lave something to Davy, they med up their minds to prevent it, and so they tould him he was gone home; but there was a friend of Davy's, one Jim Clarey, standen by, and when he seen how they wor goen on, he started off himself in search of him.

"Davy Burke—Davy eroo," cried Jim, as soon as he kem in sight of him, "hurry over to Mihill's as hard as your legs can carry you, or you're late for him in this world. He's callen for you this way, and he can't die in pace till he sees you, 'Bring me Davy Burke," siz he, "till I have one word with him.' Oh! my hand to you, Davy, you're the lucky man-'tis goen to lave you all his goold he is! And the Houla-hans and Murphys, and O'Shaughnessys are all blazen mad wid him, and wanted not to let you

"Maybe 'tis about the costin he wants me," replied Davy, hesitatingly.

"Eyeh! what coffin-what talks it is!" siz Jim, maken answer. "No; but a good hundred pounds it is, or more, maybe, he's goen to lave you; hurry off, man!"

"When Davy heerd this, his face brightened up, and he thought to himself the ould man was repenten of cutting him back of his due, and was intenden to lave him a legacy in airnest to make up matters, so off he started to Mihill's as

hard as he could.

"Well, why, as it happened, good raison he had to be in a hurry, for when he got in the doore swered Davy: "sixteen shillings would hardly Michael was a'most speechless; his eyes were getten a glaze on 'em, and he was mutteren somethin' to himself, all as one as he was ravin' -a fashion he had indeed for the last day or two when nobody was talken to him. But when he was roused up he was quite sinsible again.

" Erah! Mihil asthore, is it me you're callen?" siz Davy, stopen over him, and shaken him a little be the shoulder to make him hearken to

"Mihil looked up staren at him, as if he didn't

"'Tis Davy Burke, agra-don't you know him, your ould friend Davy," and Davy shook bim again

"Iss, iss," says Mihil, looked about him, as if he was awakin' from a drame, "Davy is it?—whisper Davy," and the ould man tried to lift himself on his elbow; "a last word with you-

I'll tell—you—what I'll do, Davy ——"
"What is it, Mihil a weenoch," cried Davy, anxiously.

"You're-you're-an-an-ould friend-Davy." "Don't mintion it, avourneen."

"Eyeh! I'm gone—gone—entirely—this—this—inccup—is killen me—Davy; but—I'll tell -you - what-I'll do."

"Don't distress yourself, Milil darlen," siz Davy, sobbing.
"Eyeh! 'tis all over-how-howsomer-I'll

-I'll split the-difference with you," wheezed out the ould man in a hoarse whisper, and his elbow dropping from under him-he was dead!

"Murther!" siz Davy, cryen out as he saw missed the bargain!" "Well, if you seen him, as I'm tould, looking

so astonished like, you'd laugh out though all belonging to you lay stretched on the table. Achouse not a little vexed at their gibes and jokes, when in come the priest, and my hand to you their humor was soon althered.

"Where are you goen, Davy Burke?" siz he. "Goen home only, plaze your reverence,', siz

"Well," siz the priest, "stay where you are last, siz he, all of a sudden, out of a drame like. for the present; for this house, and all within it, Wun't any of ye bring me the priest?' 'Twas and a great deal of goold that's in the bank be-the first time he asked for him since his illness be-sides, are yours! Sit down, Davy, and give

"Ullaloo-sitch a scream as there was from all of them, when they heard this, and the most long, that some of 'em begun to think he mightn't of 'em cried out agin it, and said it couldn't be;

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON FRANCE EXPELLING THE ENGLISH BIBLE SO-CIETIES FROM HER TERRITORY. (From the Dublin Cutholic Telegraph.)

This happy consummation has at length arrived. And there can be no doubt that this decision of France will be heard with pleasure by every man of social progress and moral feeling in Europe. The old, hacknied, loathsome story of righteousness, bibles, tracts, and lies, will soon be brought to a close all over the world; and men of all classes being freed from the sectarian rancor which has disturbed society since the year 1815, will settle down into religious peace and Christian toleration. In the next century mankind can with difficulty be made to believe either the falsehood or the malignity, or the expenditure of these British associations. In these three items of their official character, they have exceeded in extravagance any idea which even exaggerated fancy could have invented. The learning of their scholars, the influence of their nobility, the power of the laws, the terrors of the landlord, the fanaticism of the pulpit were all enlisted in this proselytizing crusade. The tragedian, the Comedian, the painter, the sculptor, the tourist, the pamphleteer, the historian, all lent their aid to advance this huge scheme against Catholicity; while the Imperial press, as a mighty furnace, forged daily its multiform, multitudinous lies, and scattered them with malignant zeal over the minds and the hearts of the entire population. The two houses of parliament, the cabinet ministers, the foreign ambassadors, added the sanction of the whole State to this universal movement, and impressed this simultaneous combination, as it were, with an omnipotent power. The records of all past history present no other instance of such apparently invincible opposition to the church; and when there is superadded to this finished machinery, the enormous annual voluntary revenue collected in England of upwards of five millions of pounds steeling the whole case will be read by coming ages, and unborn generations, as the largest, the mighties and the most prodigious work, which, since the publication of Christianity, has been ever executed by the united energy and laborious perseverance of money and men for the suppression of the Catholic faith.

This great plan, or as posterity will assuredly

call it, this huge swindle is at this moment a total failure in every part of the world where its defeated agents are to be found; and this fact will add an imperishable value to the universally received axiom-namely, that in the presence of the glowing enlightenment of modern civilization, and of gospel truth, falsehood in faith, sustained by the most alluring testimoney and immeasurable resources, can never finally and eventually prevail over the human mind. During the career of these associations they put forth two stereotyped falsehoods; and although these falsehoods were constantly contradicted, they still persevered in their unceasing publication till the universal cry of shame, and the feeling of loathsome disgust branded their hired agents in Ireland with every epithet which scorn and horror could invent and utter. These two falsehoods cannot be published too often for the information of the Catholics of foreign countries, and for the consolation of the hundreds of thousands of exiled Irish, banished from the country by the persecution of these unholy societies, to seek amongst the stranger in a foreign land the protection which they were denied at home. The first of these two sickening, eternal lies is the old, unceasing story, that "the Catholics are not permitted to read the Scriptures." This is the great lie which is the very basis of all Bible Societies; this is the excuse, the pretext of their organization and their existence. And although the Catholic writers contradict this stereotyped fabrication, by quoting the approbation of Popes, Cardinals, Councils, and all the Irish bishops, not only giving permission to read the Scriptures, but even encouraging the public to make them their daily study, with the proper dispositions, yet the old lie appears the following morning on cordingly, there was great fun among the crowd all the walls of the city. And, again, although at his disappointment, and he was leaving the we point out the names of all the Catholic booksellers who sell the Bible; and although we copy the bills of sale in their houses, where tens of thousand volumes of the Testament are sold to Catholics, still the old, loathsome, eternal lie is told at all the Biblical meetings, as if it had never been contradicted. And so perfectly filled, saturated and indoctrinated are the minds of the Protestant youth (otherwise so generous, so honorable, so truthful) with this unceasingly repeated falsehood that they implicitly believe the Biblemen, and refuse to credit the Catholic on his solemn word of honor, or even on his oath.-This lie has within late years assumed the character of something like witchcraft: the mind is bewitched by it: Protestant's can't shake it off. And they meet us, and salute us, and speak to The old man appeared to be gratified by the mischief, siz another, and can't bear to be them ran like mad for the clergy. As soon as enough to every one, that Mihil Doolen left all us, and dine with us, and listen to us, and believe