ferred upon mc. What a load of wretchedness would have been spared THE HALF SIR By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER 11. CONTINUED.

Hugh looked pained and puzzled.

You are now filteen years of age have expended more money on your edication than was ever spent 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 edica

tion, slick right away." The blood rushed into Hugh's cheek, and he was about to utter an exclama-tion of gratitude and delight — but re-collecting 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. Very well, Hugh !"

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 awk-ward manner — full of agony at the thought of the cold impression which he left on his uncle's mind — and never once dreaming of questioning a state-ment which had been constantly dinned into his ear, from the time when first Into his car, 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 bis uncle's toil and labor. His uncle was not so blind to the distinction, but he had shut his eyes to it a long time,

he had shut his eyes to be a teng thie, and at length began to believe that it no longer existed. Scenes, similar in their tone and issue to the above, were almost of daily occurrence during their residence in the metropolis. Had Eugene felt uncle. (perhaps in this instance, we show more correctly say, peculiarities) benefactor the indifference with which he was constantly charged, he might have led a pleasant, easy life; but his temper becoming every day more and more morbid and irritable by the recurrance of those annoying demêlés, left him not a moment's peace. Very often, too, he imputed to his uncle an acuteness of feeling equal to his own, and estimating the resentment of the former at finding or believing himself treated with ingratitude, by form himsolf what his own would be in a similar case he thus learned to make pity for the old man constitute at least half his misery; a thing that he would not have done had he been able to see that old man's heart. By some means, however, it unfortunately happened that the two inquiring into the relatives never happened to fall into the same state of feeling at the same time. When Eugene would come into his uncle's presence in a morning, after meditating, through a long and feverish night, on the part he had acted in some quarrel the evening before, and forcing himself at length into the conviction that the fault lay on his own side—that his uncle was, as he had often declared himself to be, the best possible uncle that nephew ever had; when he entered the room, we say, in the morning, with a penitent face, and heart anxious to unburthen itself at the feet of his benefactor, he would be surprised by some dry, every day observation; or perhaps some jest, which showed him that the affair which lay so heavily upon his mind, and heated and broke his slum-bers, was as totally forgotten by the the midst of his daily occupationsother, as if they had parted the night before the best friends in the world. The next morning, perhaps, on the con trary, when we would enter the breakast parlor with a light heart and merry eye, overflowing with love for his uncle and for all the world, he would find the former cold, distant, and reservedthey would join hands with a silent sp te, compelled his very slaves, who compelled to eat his bread once more o his usual severity in the bitterness of dependence. The misunderstanding was thus prolonged to agony. A heavy, dreary chain had been wound about the young man's spirit, which he toiled and toiled to rend covery. asunder, but found too potent for his strength. Frequently, in the ardor of Old Hammond was thus found, one his indignant heart, when he approached returned from a solitary excursion to Howth, reclining, as usual, with one leg stretched along the sofa; a small rose-wood table drawn close to him, on which were a cigar, a lighted candle, that age at which the thirst of independence begins to warm in a young man's breast, the idea of flinging him. self abroad upon the world, and taking his fortunes boldly and manfully upon a glass of brandy punch but little dihis own unshackled hands, would dart inished, and an open letter. The across his mind, and he would catch at it with all the elastic readiness of man was leaning back in his seat with an expression of piteons indecision or youthful hope, when the deep and real ingratitude of the step, all his uncle's his features—a heavy perspiration upon his bro π —his broad leafed Leghorn h.t pushed back upon his crown, and his kindness towards him, the actual practical benefits he had conferred loose coat wrapped more closely than usual about his person. "Are you ill, uncle?" was Eugene's him, would rush in a mass before eyes, and make him blush to think that he had for an instant placed his merely abstracted and, perhaps, peculiar feel little ings and distresses in opposition to Besides, his benefactor was now declining fast into that age when the "Ha! Hugh, are you there? Come minute attention of a really affectionate friend is most required; and even if Eugene could be base enough to leave 'What's the matter sir?" him to meet death in loneliness and prrow, he could not shake off the load of obligations which had already been world safe ?' cast upon him. Hugh took up the letter and read as "Heaven, that sees my heart," he ollows. " Mr. Hamond Sir. would frequently exclaim, pausing and extending his arms, as he paced his chamber alope in agony and irresolution, " sees that it is not meanness that binds me to this state of vile depend ence. But I am caught and spallbound. The trap was laid for my hear before it had ever beat; and until I can unravel the chain of past events and undo all that has been done. I must con tent myself with this hideous slavery My dependence is my fate - it is th according. will of heaven, immutable and irresist Wherefore, take ible, as much as my orphanage was, and I may no more make my benefactor no my benefactor now than I can call up my dead parents from their graves. Oh, would to Heaven I could have exer really contained in your contract, as one of the articles ?" cised a choice at the time when he first modilated the first favor he con-

us both !" Neither were Eugene's distresses so entirely fanciful or peculiar as he wa willing to admit. His uncle, in a ran above that in which he was born, had totally miscalculated, in his simple ignorance, the mere common expenses of the mode of life in which he had placed his nephew. He had added up with a slate and pencil the sums which it would be necessary to pay for schooling, clothing, and absolute necessaries, and imagined that the whole was settled when he laid apart an affair annual sum for those purposes. But Eugene soon found that there was much nore required to enable him to appear

on an equality with his new companions. A housand nameless occasions for ex pense, which his mechanical relative could not anticipate nor even understand, occurred every day; and while old Hamond was constantly murmuring at home at the drain which Eugene's gentlemanly life was opening upon his wealth, the latter found himself deserted, shunned, cut (that is the best word for the occasion) by all the young men into whose society he was thrown, in consequence of his inability to mingle in and forward their various chemes of recreation and amusemen in hours of leisure. He could better brook, however, to glide in the down-cast solitariness of conscious poverty through the crowds of gay and thoughtless faces that peopled this (to him) novel world, than to give his uncle occasion for additional censures — it never once occuring to him that this habit of censuring was the joy of the old man's life, and that in truth, nothing could give him greater pleasur than to have Eugene acknowledge his dependence by applying to him for assistance-as nothing was more calc lated to sour his disposition than finding himself thus compelled, as it were. to give everything from himself, as though it were a matter of course, and

not favor or generosity. Eugene had, however, at length an opportunity of placing his character in its proper light before the eyes of his It was one of the leading foibles should the latter to entertain a most un bounded horror and detestation of law, in whatever shape or form it was presented to his eyes-a feeling which has, of late, his operation of the set of the during his residence in the Illinois, being menaced with an action by er partner of his own (a prodigal, worthless wretch, from whom he had separated himself with much difficulty and with great loss) on the ground of an unequal division of property at the dissolution of partnership, and a conse quent breach of contract, he had bough him off at a great price, without once law of the caseithout venturing within eyeshot of an attorney, a race of beings whom he looked upon as analogous in the Ameri-can towns to the rattle snakes in their woods, and avoided with as much caution. His excessive timidity on this nead was frequently almost ludicrous Although he was, on all ordinary occa sions, an active, stirring bustling man, with as much vigour, strength of understanding, and foresight as might con-stitute the average proportion of those qualities among men of business in a similar rank of life, he seemed, when once placed even by his fears alone within the danger of a lawsuit, though on never so trivial an occasion, to be suddenly descried by all his faculties; he would become listless and silent in heart failed him-his spirit flagged and sunk—he would mope about his offices like a spectre—giving absent answers speaking in a soft, whining tone, and stirring about him in solitary helpless ness of aspect. There was something comically pathetic in all his conduct on these occasions, which, while it made his best lovers smile in their own de-

fellow and I afterward agreed that I should keep the bunch of niggers, in lieu of their value in sugar, which he seld and appropriated to his own useand we did so without touching the

contract; and now he insists that it has not been fulfilled, though I have paid the money twice over." "Well, sir! what then have you to do, but to tell him to go about his

business ?" "Ay, Hugh, but he'd commence an

action at once, and ruin us." "Without ground! Ruin himself he might, sir; but what have you to fear from an action brought by a man who

has no claim?" "Ah, Hugh, my lad, you are young in these atters; I tell you, the law is such a thing, but he'd make it out-he'd find a better claim to all I have, ing it. by only consulting a few lawyers, than I have myself. We'll be ruin'd that's the fact of it."

"Then take an opinion yourself, sir." "Take an opinion! Consult an at-torney! Let a lawyer come within my doors! Think o' something else, Hugh,

' Let us see how the case stands our selves, then. Was not the contract made in America, sir?" "Ah, Hugh ; but this fellow had his

establishment here, so that both houses were concerned in some way-I can't understand-but I know the affair can be decided here; and as everything I have is in debentures, all but Castle Hamond, he can lay his hand upon the whole as readily as I can lift this tum-bier. O Hugh !" "Stay, sir," said Eugene, "I will read a little on the matter for you." He took down a volume of Blackstone, and one and at the Bichts of Thing,

and opened at the Rights of Things. It was amusing to observe the utter help lessness, terror, and perplexity which became every minute more evident of the old man's face as his nephew plunge minute more evident on more deeply into the wilderness of legal technicalities ; the distinctions between gifts and grants-a chose in action and chose in possession-conventions-obli gations ex contractu and quasi ex con tractu - chattles real and personalconsiderations do ut des; facio ut facias; facio ut des; and do ut facis; nudo pacta- contracts executed, executory, express, implied, of sale, excharge, bailment, hiring, and debt; testes, trusts,

hand sales, etc., etc. "Shut the book ! shut the book !' he at lenght exclaimed, rising from the sofa and pacing up and down the room in great distress—" No, Hugh; I'll tell you how I'll manage it. That's the plainest bit of law I ever heard, that there about A and B and the flock o sheep. Suppose my debentures the flock of sheep, I myself A. and you B-eh, Hugh? I'll make the whole over by gift to you, and so there's an and to all law, at once."

He did so-and never lifted up his ead afterward. The sole pleasure of life, that of constantly reminding his nephew of his dependence, was no longer in his power to exercise. Hugh was now his own master, and his threats Hugh and murmurings were no longer any-

thing more than an empty sound. The common lot of all old uncles, as well as fathers, at lenghth fell to the hands of Mr. Hamond. After having satisfied himself that there was no lay or flaw from Nepos down to Trinepotis Pronepos, by which Eugene's claim to the debentures could be questioned, he yielded to the secret conviction, which ad been long creping into his heart, that his days were numbered, and prebalance the great account in pared to such wise as he might.

such wise as he might. "It is no use, Hugh," said he, one morning after the priest had left the sick room, and while the young man was mingling a draught by his bed side, I shall die now, slick-right away. have a long score to add up, but the Almighty that measures my time will, I hope, look mercifully on the use that is made of it. Hugh, my boy, never good friend while you live don't, Hugh-never prefer a great good intention to a little good accion. If a poor friend wants a frieze coat, don't let him wait in his nakedness till you

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. We have now seen the many circum-stances of Eugene's early life which contributed to foster and irritate the contributed to to be and intract the original malady of his disposition—his low birth, his early orphanage, his braised and shattered pride, his sus-pected affection, his unappreciated gratitude, and his gnawing, because spacious and gilded poverty. Will the spacious and gilded poverty. Will the reader deem it worth his while to see reader how such a nature, sensitive even to a perfectly morbid acuteness of percep-tion, fared in its first contact with the contingencies of a rank superior to his own ? following him into that rank, however, rather in pursuance of his individual history, than with the view of furnishing any new information respect-

CHAPTER III.

Clerimont-Boy, marshal him. Boy --With a truncheor, sit ? Olerimont.-Away I beserch you, I il make him tell us his pedigree, now. Ben Jonson.

What Irish fashionable life was at the period when Hamond first found him elf in possession of his uncle's property (soon after the Union.) is no longer a question to be solved by the Irish novelist. Few persons, we apprehend, will open these volumes who have no already been made aware of all it varieties, by a writer who was the first to put the sickle into the burthened field of Irish manners : in whose foot steps we follow, like Chaucer's gleaner at a long interval, with fearful and hesitating pace, casting our eyes around to gather in the scattered cars which remain after the richness of her harv

One chiervation, however, we under stand, may be added to what Maria Edgeworth has already recorded of the circle of Irish fashion-that, although it is necessarily composed of far infer-ior materials to that of the exclusive in the sister kingdom, it is a matter of lesser difficulty for wealth to pay its way into the region in the latter than former, pride-mere family pride, one of the grand national foibles. is one of the grand national which yet remain unshaken by the inroads of modern intelligence : and no internal or external wealth with which a man may be gifted in his own person will compersate for the mental or cor-poral poverty of his ancestors. This feeling (which is not without its uses when confined within rational limits) is frequently carried beyond the bound of absurdity, and exercises an in luence among all classes, from the gaudy mob of cold starers in a castle drawingoom, to the group of frieze coated follyers," or c ansmen, who talk over the deeds of their ancestry by a cabin fire-side. Dazzled and delighted as he was on his first introduction to a rank in which he found those refined feelings and delicate mis ries of common currence, which in that which he had left were not understood, or laughed at as affectation, or (worse than all) pitied, and stigmatized by the odious title of nervous irritability-delighted, we repeat, as he was at first sight of a mode of life so congenial to his heart, he soon found in the original sin of his low birth, an occasion of deeper and more real suffering than any which he had yet endured. than any In order to illustrate some of the ob ervations which we have made, per haps the reader will allow us to the scene for a few moments, and omitting a detail of the minor occurrences which filled up the time of Eugene for some months after his benefactor's introduce ourselves at once into death

the drawing room of a family from whom we may learn something of his It was an extensive, elegantly fur-

nished apartment, indicating rank as fashion and wealth. A work table, tastefully littered with scraps of pic nic needle-work, not substantial enough to incur the suspicion of utility-jast sufficed by contrast to temper and mod ify the general air of leisure and lux ury which pervaded the room, and to redeem from the imputation of absolute illeness, two very young ladies, whose soft white fingers escaping from the

that I am a wise girl before you have worn caps with ears for many months." "I wish Mr. O'Neil heard you." "O! he'd be delighted. He's a true Irishman. He likes a proud woman, even though her contempt should fall heaviest upon himself. There never was a man who lived so entirely upon the possession of his friends as Mr. O'Neil. He is a poor man himself, he admits, but then he the poorest of his own family-he is an uninformed blockhead, he will you, but then he has such 'bright people, relations of his-he does no deny that he is a worthless, dissipate wretch, but all the rest of his family are so respectable and so high-minded. Iu fact, you would think, to hear him speak, that he was proud of being the scapegrace of his own house-the only

black sheep in the fair flock of the white fleeced O'Neil's." "Well, there is anothe gentleman, Eugene Hamondanother young

Quere, gentleman-" There again, Emily ! You wonder that I should charge you with injustice -A blush ?-Fie! you mailcious creature! to hit on the top of the finger with that heavy scissors! But seriously, Emily, you use poor Hamond very cruelly. If he heard you say such very cruelly. If he heard you say such a cutting thing as that last, I know but little of the gentleman, or you would see but little of him afterward." " Oh, indeed, he's perfectly welcom to do what he pleases. I don't think him so vulnerable, however. I will try him a good deal farther yet. You would not suppose that underreath all that amiable timidity and embarassment which makes him stammer in

his speech-look pale and answer with a quivering lip to my common-place questions-start at my east motion-seem absent-and forget to turn my music leaves and praise my singing (for true love is scrupulous) beneath all this, I say, you wouldn't think that I have discovered one of the proudest and most violent natures that ver made a bad husband. At the last labinet ball, he had got me into a corner, and grew all on a sudden so athetically eloquent that I-I was bout to give some queer answer, when Young Lord E.—passed us, and bowed to mo. I smiled of con se, and turning again to Hamond, got such a look ! 'Pon my honour, I'm sure I heard his teeth chattering ! O ho! my gentleman, thought I, your humble servant. You will wait for my answer until I have taught you something first, or learned more of you myself." "But how long do you intend to make this game list, Emily ?"

Fill I find myself a lover. Martha when the pastime tires me, I may per-haps run to a corner, and be check-mated quietly. But I never will, like you, let my opponent get a scholar' mate before I make three moves."

Well, the e may be danger still in all in this cleverness. What if your adversary should give up the contest in despair? There are no forfei:ed stakes to comfort you." "Psha! the worst he can do would Basides be to make it a drawn game. Besides, are there not plenty of people who would be happy to take up the con-

queror ? " But would the conqueror be happy to take up them ?'

" No insinuations, pray. I may punish you as I have done before. really, Marth , I have no pride, upon my honor ; and the little secret I told you about Eugene the other day, might

show you I have not." "You needn't blush so, Emily. Do you suppose I actually suspect you of such foliy ? I merely wished to warn you of the consequences of seeming to be influenced by it. And, once again. mark my words for it, Eugene Hamond will not beir any goading on the conscious side." We'll try him a little, however

you don'; know him so well as you think. Was not he not greatly imthink. proved by his trip to the country He does not look very well. He's

one of the handsomest young men know, really. His hair is beautiful-

as he mused by the kindness and th had met with in morning-"I admi

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Naturally gifted with extracted from mere brass, decidedly." "The vain fellow mustn't hear me singing his song," said Emily, hastily turning over the leaves of her musicready apprehension tone of any grade which he happened What this? Oh, a little piece of which he happened required but a very with the world, to O'Neil's nonsense; that will just do-f'll vex him a little." And running a lively prolude over the strings of the cover all the difficul tions he would have undertaking, and instrument, she commenced an air of a very different character—in a tone of merriment fot unmingled, howave long and seriously with a certain degree of palpitation and the change. embarrassment. "I admit," he s as he mused by his

When love in a young heart his dwelling has

AUGUST 5, 1905.

taken, And pince on the white check and buins in The veins, Say how can the reign of the ty:ant by shek'n -By absence i by povertyl sicknessior chains

II. No-these have been tried, and the tempted

No-these nave seen tried, and the tempted has come. Unmoved through the charges of grief and distresz-distresz-but if you would send him at once to the tomb You must poison his hops with a dose of-

"Admirable ! Excellent !" exclaimed a voize outside the door, which, open-ing at the same instant, gave to the view of the surprised and (so far as one was concerned) disappointed ladies, the gay and rakish person of the author of the last song. He made a bow to Miss O'Brien, a low bow to Miss Bury, and seemed determined, as it was a rare occurence in his life to receive a compliment, particularly from a lady, to entertain it with all the solemnity and importance of manner which became the occasion. "Miss Bury's execution is killing, isn't it ?' he went on addressing himself with a pick pocket smile to Miss O'Brien-

" Such as only her musical tongu. Could give to such numbers as mi

"Pon my word, Mr. O'Neil, my conscience won't permit me to let you re-main in error. I assure you-I mistook your knock-

"Now, do you hear this, Miss O'Brien?" said Mr. O'Neil, interrupting her. "here's a poor fellow that hasn't a civil word thrown to him by anybody once in a year-and-well !-well !-it reminds me of what an ancestor of mine, Sir Maurice O'Neil, said to Lord--"O you told us that before." said Miss Bary. "There's more of it ! Well, whose

kneck did you take it for ? "Mr. Hamond's," said Miss O'Brien. "What Hamond ? Any thing to the

Hamonds of Loughrore ? They're the only decent Hamonds I know. A grand-uncle of theirs, old David Hamond, was married to one of the O'Learys of Morne-very good family-I recollect my grandmother saying-He is no relative of theirs."

" Who then ?' "You might have seen him at the Castle."

Eh ? what ?-- the young nabob ? Oh, cut him by all means—he's one of the rabble—mechanic. He's only fit company for the tagrag and bobtail of the gentry, fellows like myself, who are the disgrace of their family. I might take up with such a fellow for an even-ing, because he had money and I had none; but I would not like that any of the wealthy members of my family should tolerate him. Enough for such a vagabond as myself to be seen in such

"On you speak too hardly of your self, Mr. O'Neil; we all know that your family is one of the best in Ireland.

"My dear ma'am, surely I know it is and that's the reason I speak. Why, bless you, Miss Bary, I have relations that wouldn't know me in the street! Simple as I sit here there's street ! Simple as I sit here, there's not one o' my family that wouldn't be ashamed to be seen speaking to me in any public place. There are few beme have that to say. We were ides eighteen o: twenty of us, at my coasin Harry's in Kerry some months since, and, protest to you, without any bragging, boasting, or vain-glory, I was the shabbiest and the poorest of the company. Would you believe that

now ?"" I could hardly believe that you "I could hardly believe that you take occasion for vanity out of such circumstance." " Vanity ! my dear !--- it's my pride and glory ; and why not ? Arn't my relations my own family? Supposing that I am at all respectable in my own person, which I grieve to say is a very doubtful case, even to those that know little of me, isn't it a great thing for me to say that there is none of my name below me? If a man deserves any additional respect on account of his family, surely the higher they are above himself the greater his accession of honor? What credit could I receive from a fellow who was below me ? you laugh-as much as to say, that would be a precious lad-but doesn't it the other day when my uncle Richard cut me at the Castle than if I had got a dukedom." "There's the true Sosia, Emily," said Miss O'Brien, as another pattering summons, still more gentle and insinuating than that which was used by Mr. O'Neil, en ruse, was teard to echo through the spacious hall. Presently after, a rich, though rather languid voice, heard in parley with the servent proceed Mise O'Bina's second servant, proved Miss O'Brien's second conjecture right. It was Eagene conjecture right. It was Eagene Hamond. He was shown up. The ladies received him kindly, but formally. Mr. O'Neil stood as straight as if a poker were substituted for his spine. It was laughable enough to cberve the air of cold, repressing pride with which this man, who confessed himself worthless in every respect, and was destitute alike of mental as of corporeal advantages, stood up to receive the accomplished, elegant, and unas-suming plebeian who now stood before him. Engene did not heed, nor scarcely observe this-but the depor-ment of the ladies touched him more nearly. In order to make the reader perfectly enter into his feelings on the occasion we shall shortly explain the relative position in which both parties vere placed. Eugene Hamond's determination to alter his station in life, and endeavor to naturalize himself in a rank above his own, had not been hastily considered or resolved upon from no better impulse than that of an idle vanity.

of tone and gesture, to look upon him with an emotion of pity. The profi-gate fellow of whom we spoke was not ong in finding out the undefended side of his partner's character, and made, as

we have said, his own uses of the dis-

vening, by his nephew, who had just

first question as he entered the room, a startled by the sudden metanorphosis in the appearance of the

here. Oh, we're ruined, Hugh-horse and foot we are."

"Read that. O dear Hugh-what'll we do at all? Is there no part o' the

"This comes to inform you that I conceive myself severely ill used by your conduct in not completing our original contract, whereby I was entitled, on dissolution of partnership, to the punch of niggers that we worked eastward of the snarl stones, on the bacco plantation; not one of the same, each estimated at three hundred dollars, moderate com putation, being delivered, to my loss according. Wherefore, take notice, that unless present compensation be made as above, I shall take the steps necessary for the recovery of my own." "Well, sir," said Hugh, " is this

broad cloth ; if he cry to you for a crust o' bread, don't bid him nurse hunger until you can boil him a terrapin. I'm dying very uneasy, Hugh. Bury me near my father and mother, and give the undertaking to my old acquaintance Dillon, since I have nothing else to leave him of my own.

"Have you not, uncle?" said Eugene stooping over the bed, and placing on the counterpane the deed of gift, which had been in his keeping—" This parch ment has served its purposes ! I now restore it to you, and with it take my heart's thanks for all your kindness to me.

" Eh, Hugh ?"

"O my dear uncle, I may now at least talk freely, for my heart cannot be checked any longer by the suspicion of self-interest. My father and my friend, I thank you for your care, your love, and your attention—the days that you have spent in laying plans for my advantage-the nights during which you have taken my dead mother's place by my bed side-for all that you have don for me, take my heart's gratitude. If ever I looked a look, or spoke a word to displease you, I disown the eyes and lips that gave the offence ; those only are mine that are now pouring out at your feet their tears and prayers for your forgiveness." Old Hamond was not the less pleased

at this burst of enthusiasm from his young friend, because it was totally unexpected. He raised himself with diffi culty in the bed, placed one hand over his eyes, as if to strengthen and con centrate the feeble and wavering powe of vision which remained to them, while he reached the other to his nephew gazing, with as much steadiness as he ould command, on the glowing, open upturned face of the young man. dropped the deed on the floor, retained Eugene's hand, which he pressed one or twice, saying, "You are a good lac You are a good lad. Hugh ; you are indeed. God be with you, boy ; he will, I am sure." In less than a fortnight after this in

terview, in which the misunderstanding of a whole life had been cleared up so happily and so late, Eagene Hamond "It was, Hugh; but you see, the laying him beide his parents in the

glove, were wandering in busy idleness among sections of frills, laces, etc., while the fair companions, relieved from the observation of other eyes and ears, were coming over the secrets of their girlish hearts in amiable fidence. One of them was a blonde of a quite sedate carriage, almost treading on the skirts of lethargy. The other, a finely formed girl, with full black eyes hair cut short and clustering all round the head (a fashion not yet gone out of use,) a forehead on which the seal of : noble house was as distinctly set, as if the arms had been emblazoned upon it;

and features which even in silence seemed to move in restless sympathy with the animation of a restless spirit. On the cover of her ivory work-box the name "Emily Bary," was prettily the name "Emily Bury," was prettily inlaid, and a morocco-bound prayer book, near her companion, showed the words, "Martha 'Brien," impressed " Martha in gold letters upon the cover.

"Well, Martha, you are a better archer than I, after all," said the dark-eyed girl; "here, while I have beer toying about the target with a hundred strings looped up in my bow, you with your single one have shot the shaft and hit the very centre of the mark. So must be your bridesmaid!"

You must not envy me, Emily."

"You must not envy me, maily. "Envy you, you silly girl !-Hand me those scissors, please. I pity you. You have just done like a child that swallows its sugar plum at a mouthful, and then cries to find it gone. The women ought to send you to Coventry for giving up the sex's privilege. you think we were made only to drop like ripe peaches into a man's mouth, as he lies lazily in our shade, gaping his admiration ?--- to be crunched into : sober wife at the very first word ! Don't stare so, child—there's nobody listening to us."

"That's well at any rate; I must tell you a secret, Emily. Your beaux all find your pride intolerable. You

all and your pride intolerable. You are getting the name of a coquette." "Am I ?-I'm glad of it. The wretches! They would deny us even that brief day of Sovreignty-that little holiday between the drudgery of obedience to parents and obedience to husbands. Ah, Martha, you will say

And his eyes-

won

"Here, Martha, you must lnish your lace yourself. I'll work no more -I must practice. Did I show you the last song Hamond gave me?" And removing the green covering from a mag nicent harp which stood near the w n-dow, she suffered it to rest against her shoulder, while she ran over the prelude of a simple Irish air, previous to accompanying herself in the melody of which she had spoken. Its subject was the imaginary lament of a young Canadian emigrant over the grave of his young wife.

The tie is broke, my Irish girl That bound thee here to ma. Wy heart has lost its single pearl— And thine at last is free pearl— Dead as the senth that wraps thy clay, Dead as the stone above thee— Cold as this heart that breaks to say It never more can love thee.

II. II. I press thee to my aching breast---No blush comes o'er thy brow---Those gentle arms that once carees'a. Fail round me deadly now. The smiles of love no longer part Those dead blue lips of thine; I lay my hand upon thise heart---'Tis cold, at last to mine.

III. Were we beneath our native heaven Wibhin our native land, A fairer grave to thee wore given, Than this wild bed of sand. Bot theu wert single in thy faith And i ogle in thy worth, And thou should'st die a lonely death, And lie in lonely sarth. IV.

IV. Then lay thee down and take thy rest. My last—last lo ki siglyen— The earth is smooth above thy breast, And mine is yet unriven ! No Mass —no parting rosary— My periehed love can have— But a husband's signs embalm her corpse, A husband's tears her grave.

A soft besitating knock at the ball door startled the fair ministrel, wh blushed and fetched her breath while she half rose from the silk cushioned

stool. "'Tis his knock, indeed," said the fairer of the ladies. "His knock al-fairer of the me in, if you please," ways says, 'Let me in, if you please,' as plainly as O'Neil's says, 'Let me in.' 'Tis the most modest sound that was ever day occu a person reserve, assume. pearance scious of embarras rendered panions nis strar barassed made er intrusiv lately : gusted imself violence not whe bounda scribed discrim ignora and de observ Hev tire in and al of qui when

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