fall parties, that I really cannot remember the names of all. he multiplicity of these charities, by the bye, is a sad evidence the disorganised state of the country.

- "LADY EMILY.—I was thinking of those poor, haggard creates all night. I saw them in my dreams, still more frightful. Ind the tall emaciated man that threw in the petition, and the ild woman, whose husband is to be hanged innocently. O Mr. albraith, if you had seen her, clinging to the window of the irriage, and running beside us as fast as the horses, her long ack hair flying in the wind, and her really fine face, like the embles, and such tones! 'Think of your own dear husband, dy. to be hang'd innocently? O Mr. Galbraith, you who are urself so good and charitable, as Mrs. O'Quigley says you e,—you, who established such nice soup-kitchens at Bally mething, you must help me to save this poor woman and her nocent husband—I have written down her name in my souvenir, ere it is—Honora Brien.
- "Mr. Galb: (starts and changes colour.)—To be sure, my edy. I am your leedyship's humble servant, intirely, ma'am. it you must not believe all you hear, my leedy, till you inquire th sides, at laste. That woman's a great white boy! **
- " LADY EMILY.—But, Mr. Gallespie, why, O why! do they ok so very wretched—and starved?—
- "Mr. Galb. (drily.)—Oh, there's many a good raison for at, your leedyship. Besides, this is a bad saison for the pities—five pence a stone for the red pittaties, ma'am—and sixnee for the apples.
- "LADY EMILY.—But why don't they eat breud, or even ste-cakes? any thing is better than starving or living on ap15.** But Mr.—[she pauses: and then in a soothing tone]
 15.** now what is, once for all, your nice name?
- "Mr. Galb. a little mortified, and petulantly.)—Why then leedy, once for all, Jerry Galbraith of Maryville. Sully eggin—with your leedyship's good lave.
- "LADY EMILY.—Mr. Galbraith! But why is it not. Mac