

"Whatever concerns you, my dear boy, will interest me ; but now take your breakfast, and remember you have to make up for the blood you have lost."

The boy needed not pressing—to the worthy student's great delight, he made as good a meal as though the accident of the preceding evening had never happened. When he had finished, he fulfilled his promise—his simple narrative ran thus :

"The earliest circumstance I can remember, is having been brought by Mary Weedon to my father, on his return to Dunmaine, from Dublin, where he had been attending Parliament, I suppose. My uncle, Richard, came with him—they both danced and caressed me, and gave me play things, which they had brought for me. I have no very distinct remembrance for a long time after that, except that when any people were at Dunmaine, I used to be dressed and carried in after dinner. Some time after, I remember having been carried by Mary to see a lady at Ross, who hugged me and cried a great deal ; she called me her own boy, and told me I must come often to see her, but that I must not tell my father anything about it ; and Mary, as we went home, told me that my father would be very angry with her if he ever heard that I had been to see the lady. Some one or other, however, told my father, and he was in a terrible passion—he was going to turn Mary away, but when I and she promised that she would never take me there again, he forgave her. My uncle Richard told me that the lady was a madwoman, and frightened me so about her, that when I saw her some time after near the Park gate, I ran away screaming. I believe the poor Lady was mad, for she screamed and laughed when she saw me run away from her so much frightened—I never saw her again. My father, shortly afterwards, went away again, and sent a tutor to Dunmaine.—He and Mary were very kind to me, but my happy days were nearly over : my father came back, and brought a lady with him of the name of Gregory, who, from the very first, hated me. I never could account for the bitterness of her dislike.—She told my father all sorts of lies about me. The only person who continued to treat me kindly was Mary, who, about this time, was married to the coachman, John Weedon, and went to live at his house, which was at one of the entrances of the desmense. I spent most of my time with her, as Miss Gregory had got my father to send away my tutor. I don't know how long we remained at Dunmaine after she came, but I think two or three years, when my father removed to Dublin, taking us with him, where also I chiefly lived with Mary, as Miss Gregory had now such influence with my father, that he abused and beat me every time I went to the house. Things went on this way, until last winter, when my father fell sick and died. After his funeral, I went to live with Mary altogether, for where else had I to go, and I would have been very