

LITERARY.

The Sighs and Lamentation of Patrick O'Dermody.

Och hone! it's meself that's unhappy and lost!  
My head's in a mist!  
'Twas that sergeant wid blarney who first my hand crossed—  
Oh; why did I list?

It's lobster I am, and already for war,  
And stiffer than starch!  
I'm red as a rose—but who ever saw  
Gay roses—in March?

Oh, I'm sad and I'm lone, like a toad in a hole,  
Wid stones for a bed;  
For a soldier I find, when they call the long 'roll',  
That I am not bred!

Although I don't fancy my regiment, they say  
That nothing is finer;  
The sergeant is blustering, fierce, ould,  
and gray,  
The major's a minor!

The captain's an ill-favoured mortal to look at,  
Though 'dizened in lace;  
But I cannot describe him—it isn't in Pat  
To "write about face."

When my mouth is wide open, and cravin' for mate,  
Or something to fill it,  
Says the sergeant, "Here Paddy, I'll give you a tate!"  
And gives me a billet!

Though I do all my best—and I cannot do more—  
I never can please;  
How can they, when I am with travelling sore,  
E'er make me "stand at ase"?

Och, sure and it's thrue that the poltroons do mane  
Poor Paddy to kill;  
For early and late I'm turned out on the plain,  
And—bored wid a drill!

Love Begets Love.

'It's all fancy, aunt Betha. If Bruce Verney knew I ironed this gown myself, his squireship would never speak to me again.'  
'That's all fancy, my dear. He is too perfect a gentleman to despise a lady because she is poor and has to help herself.'  
'Now the dear little woman is cross because I can't find perfection in her big pet and favorite. Aunt Bertha, smile!' And the speaker, a pretty girl of about nineteen summers, knelt down by Miss Hemans's side, and leant her head caressingly against the old lady's shoulder. Miss Hemans did not smile however.  
'Do not be cross, auntie.'  
'Cross? Noanense! Why should I be cross?'  
'Because I don't care for Bruce Verney. But I don't, and I never shall; and I wish he hadn't been so foolish as to ask me to marry him. It makes it all so stupid,' grumbled the girl. 'There—now you are laughing, aunt Betha! What are you laughing at?'  
'A passing thought, Giftie.'  
'Tell me,' said Gift, imperatively.  
'Love begets love,' responded aunt Betha, concisely.  
'It will not in this case, you will see. I will not be made to do what I do not like,' said Gift, triscally.  
'What has ruffled your feathers dicker-bird?' inquired Paul Hemans, entering the room at this juncture.  
'The wind aunt Betha has been raising,' answered she, with a saucy glance at him. 'We've had a storm in a tea-cup.'  
'Eshaw! Come, Gift, get your hat and walk over to the Manor with me.'  
'No, thank you; I would rather not.'  
'Why?'  
'I thought,' said Gift, 'it was only women who ever asked for a reason; however—' Then, pausing suddenly, she turned to Miss Hemans. 'I suppose I must, aunt Betha?'  
'I think you ought.'  
'Ought what?' 'Ought what?' asked Paul, impatiently.  
'I cannot go to the Manor again, Paul, because—well, this morning Mr. Verney asked me to marry him, and I refused.'  
'A long low whistle of astonishment came from Paul, and then he said—  
'You are more silly than I gave you credit for.'  
'Thank you,' returned Gift, with head very erect and cheeks aflame.  
'You appear very anxious to get rid of me—both of you. I will go away to-morrow to uncle Stanhope's, but I'll not make my life miserable by

marrying one whom I do not love; and then the flame was quenched in a flood of tears, there was a pattering of hasty feet, the slamming of a door, and Gift had gone away to hide her feelings in her own room.  
'Is it really true?' asked Paul.  
'Quite, I have seen it coming a long time,' replied aunt Betha.  
'What's the objection?' pursued Paul. 'He is handsome enough for anything, and rich, besides being the best fellow in the world. I cannot understand it.'  
'I think I can,' said Miss Hemans. 'One word before you go, Paul. If you have any influence with Bruce, advise him to go away for a few months—it will be better for both.'  
'Better! Why, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' I thought,' rejoined Paul, with a light laugh.  
'And fond, sometimes,' remarked the old lady, archly.  
'Oh—h—h! What a terrible match-maker you are, Miss Hemans! Adieu! I really am quite afraid of you,' and, lifting his hands in mock horror, Paul hurried away.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The sweet summer-time sped on, but it was not quite gone yet, the sun still shown in a sky of cloudless blue. The trees however were whispering of chilly nights that made them shiver and change color; the corn was all garnered for winter use; and the swallows were preparing to migrate to warmer climes. Gift had not found it quite such a happy time as it was wont to be—things were not running in just so smooth a groove as usual; Paul was cross; her aunt unlike her bright lively self and Bruce had been wondering in other lands.  
Not that that made the slightest difference to Gift—oh, dear no! But—well; she liked things to go on smoothly—she did not care for change; besides, Long Easton was such a dreary place that even indifferent people were missed a little. In the early autumn when the trees were all tinted red, brown, or yellow, a London cousin came on a visit to the farm she was a pretty bright maiden, who took their hearts by storm and threw herself enthusiastically into the simple pleasure of a country life.  
'It is so delightful to have you, Minnie; it seems to me I have never spent such a wretched summer in all my life before. But now, just as you are come, and there is a prospect of me Bruce Verney must needs return to spoil it. I shall turn him over to your tender mercies if he strolls over here much.'  
I should not think he would, but aunt Betha makes such a fuss with him, you know. Oh, Minnie, what a pretty dress! Minnie was un-acknowledging.  
'Yes—I'll put it on this evening. Shall I? Perhaps it will captivate this Mr. Verney of yours—Then he will be off your mind.'  
Gift laughed, and said, 'What fun!' but it was a very cool little effort at amusement. Cousin Minnie Stanhope smiled to herself, and thought match-making aunt Betha's scheme stood in a fair way of prospering. Certainly one of love's confederates; the 'green-eyed monster,' had peeped out; and Minnie whispered that to Miss Hemans at tea-time as a very good sign.  
Gift was presently in the kitchen, cutting up cake, and putting various fruits into glass dishes, in preparation for tea. A white dress, adorned with a full-blown crimson rose, was her attire for the evening. Had Miss Stanhope felt any desire to outshine her cousin, she must have relinquished all hope when she saw the effect of Gift's simple to let.  
'Just as if there was not a front door to the house!' exclaimed Gift, sotto voce, a real angry flush mounting to her forehead. There was no time for the meditated escape—Paul entered the kitchen, closely followed by Mr. Verney.  
Bruce came quickly forward and held out his hand; but, ere a word of greeting could be exchanged, a rough hand was thrust round the door, and a surly voice demanded—  
'Beet's gwon to ge's the extra tanner, maister?'  
Mr. Verney's handsome face changed the lips set firmly, the brows contracted in a frown.  
'No, my man.'  
The tone was too decided for doubt. The owner of the head withdrew, muttering vague threats of revenge and cold steel.  
'What is it? What does he want?' asked Gift, excitedly, forgetting that her hand was still in an objectionable clasp.  
'He wishes me to pay him twenty per cent profit on his labor when I get only ten myself,' replied Mr. Verney, smiling down on her.

'A set of fools!' ejaculated Paul, giving the fire an unnecessary poke.  
'But what did he mean by cold steel?' persisted Gift.  
'A mere figure of speech. Miss Hemans. We do not live in Spain,' answered Bruce, carelessly.  
'I suppose they will strike,' said Paul, warming his back at the fire and pushing his hands well down into his pockets.  
'Probably,' granted Mr. Verney, never lifting his eyes from Gift's busy fingers.  
'That will entail the loss of that American order?' half-queried Paul.  
'Not necessarily. I shall send to Belgium for men,' answered Bruce compressing his lips.  
Paul Hemans shrugged his shoulders.  
'My dear fellow that will never answer.'—Wait and see.  
Gift's hands were lifted from the biscuit-dish she was arranging.  
'Do you mean that you are going to have foreigners to work for you instead of your own people?' she asked, in slow surprise.  
'If our own people will not work on my terms—yes,' replied Bruce amused at her look.  
'Then I think it is the meanest thing I have ever heard of,' she said and she walked out of the kitchen.  
With a very angry look on his face Bruce turned from the table and held out his hand to Paul.  
'Good day,' he said, abruptly. 'I'll not stop now. Tell Miss Hemans I will see her in the morning.'  
'Nonsense! Besides, she expects you to tea—and there is the new arrival for you to see.'  
'Not to-night,' said Bruce, decisively.  
'You surely are not going to let what the little stupid said drive you away?' remonstrated Paul.  
'I have an appointment with the foreman at eight o'clock. As things are it would be advisable for me to go over the books with him at once. I do not know how soon things may come to an issue. No,' as Paul urged him to stay, 'not to-night,' and with a handshake he was gone.  
'I'll thank you to treat my friends with more civility another time, if you please,' said Paul, fiercely, as he took his seat at the table opposite his sister; 'and don't give your opinion unasked quite so freely.'  
'Then do not obtrude your objectionable friends where I am,' replied Gift, with a toss of her head.  
'Hush!' said aunt Betha, firmly, and then, in a different tone, 'Where is Bruce? Is he not coming into tea?'  
'I should think not after the insult he has received; but he wants to see you, aunt Betha—so I will drive you over after breakfast to-morrow. Perhaps Minnie would like to see the Manor.'  
'Indeed I should, and the Ironworks also,' declared Miss Stanhope.  
'There is no time like the present then. Aunt Betha I think a strike is inevitable.'

To be Continued.

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