

the gentlemen in the stories I have read: you talk so pleasant, and poetry-like."

"Loveliest, and best! your wishes are commands—you to obey is life, is joy, is bliss, is everything. You are my star, my angel, and my all! Yet, dearest, would the full recital tire you; but I will trace the outline—the *justitia prima*, as Doctor O'Doherty used to say, of my eventful tale. Know then that I was born in Tooley Street, Dublin, No. 604, right hand side going up, near the sign of the 'Harp and Piper.' Fortune smiled deceitful on my birth. My mother was the impersonation of maternal perfectibility: pure as the dew drop, and loving as the kiss of youthful love. My father was—my father; but I will not picture him in the dark colors of blighted affection. He wore a wig, and buckles on his shoes; he was stern and commanding, opposed to juvenile and adolescent pleasures; bent upon his gains, his coffers, and his orders. He wished to make me an attorney, as he had himself been before he retired from the toils of his profession in Tooley Street, to his delightful country residence—'Chancery Grove.' But my soul revolted from such slavery; I could not live on the miseries of my fellow creatures, my unadulterated soul was bedimmed and shackled by the cruel processes, of writs, and suits, and all the torturing windings of the Law. The wide fields and stately halls of 'Chancery Grove' were as nothing to me, compared with the free indulgence of delicious imagination. I was a free-souled Irishman, devoted to divine liberty, and scorned the unmanly game of tricks which lawyers deal in; and besides it was awful hard work to lag in, copying papers from morning to night."

"Oh, the lawyers are a nasty set, for I was once a witness, and they would never let me alone with their questions."

"True, dearest! thy experience is limited; but it is true. I thank fortune I am no lawyer. I had received a splendid education under private tutors; and when just nineteen, was sent from the repose and luxury of 'Chancery Grove,' its cooling grottoes, its marble halls, its lawns, and parks, and battlemented glories, and all the pomp of a retired attorney's full perfected mansion, to the dingy office of Counsellor O'Leary, and the dreariness of a monotonous existence. Do you know, dearest, I came near dying of the city fever; I was oppressed by its bustle, and anxiety, its crowded streets, its jostling crowds, its roar, its glitter, its ten thousand lights."

"Just as I felt when I went down to Montreal last fall, when father was going to sell his stock."

"Montreal, dearest, is but nonentity, a miserable set of crooked lanes, a petty village, a miserable, mercantile-ridden, ignorant village, com-

pared with Dublin. But you shall see Dublin, dearest, with your own sweet eyes; you shall judge of it, for your own sweet self, and see the splendors of 'Chancery Grove,' in the sweetest of the Ocean Isles, in the magnificence of unmitigated imagery. But I wander; pardon me, dearest, I forget myself when I gaze upon your loveliness, and conjure up visions of future delight for the imagination to revel in, unsatiated and unlogged."

"It was Tom Durfee that awoke me to life in Dublin. It was Tom that banished the traces of home sickness from my too sensitive mind; that expelled the soul-ennervating thought of a mother's tenderness, (she was an O'Grady and was noted for her fine feelings,) and at last purged my intellectual vision, and fitted it for the enjoyment of the splendors which crowd upon the enraptured senses. It was Tom that did this—but alas! for friendship, for gratitude, for protestations, for the bonds of mutual conjunction—Tom proved ungrateful, and deceived his friend. My feelings stagger under the recollection, my blood quivers in its innermost recesses, my judgment vaults in fiery indignation over craters of unquenchable and scorching fires; but my dearest and only hope—my enrapturing angel, for thy sake I will try to be calm—I will skim over the three years' eventful history that includes my existence in Dublin, and come to the catastrophe which hastened my departure from the land of my fathers—from sweet, sweet Ireland, and its green and classic shores: a catastrophe which I will for ever bless, because it drove me to you—to you, the perfection of my wishes, the light of my eyes, and the genius of my salvation!"

"Now don't, Augustus, don't; it aint right! Do away your chair away!"

"Fairest of Eve's fair daughters, I forget, and may perhaps overstep myself. Alas! the blushes on thy cheek but plead for me. I will go on with my history. I will approach the fatal morning. I will nerve my spirit for the tale, and will in the meantime drink your very good health in this pitcher of Jimmy Brown's cider. Wretch that he is, he has a good orchard—but the rose-tree of his happiness shall never blossom while I live, in the encircled garden of his hopes. But to return: Tom Durfee and I were inseparable; we were Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, Brutus and Caesar, Castor and Pollux, and all in all to each other. Never would one accept an invitation without the other. Never would the gay and festive dance attract the eyes of the one, without attracting the eyes of the other also. Never would one take a walk without the other. In vain would oysters be opened and displayed to my eyes, as I wandered up and down the street; not one would I touch unless Tom were