NEILL O'DONNELL; OR, THE MISER'S HEIR. (From the Irish-American.)

With something of the nervous flutter of heart with which the blushing debutante arrays herself for her first ball, did Neill proceed to don his were first tried on and surveyed with consideragarnished with macha buttons and lined with satin, next elicited a murmur of admiration; a beaver, but little the worse for wear, completed his costume, and Neill, for the first time in his life, found himself surveying, with unqualified delight, his really handsome person in Nance's triangular piece of looking-glass stuck in the wall.

Nance put down her pitcher, on her entrance, and gazed with astonishment on the sprucely atfired figure of her favorite.

"Och that I mightn't sin,' she exclaimed, 'if I didn't think it was some grand gintleman that made his way into me in a mistake. Musha, monammachree, well-ware-ye; turn round and lave me look at ivery bit of ye. Faix, but it's yerself that become the clothes illigant-shure yer the beauty of the world in them entirelyoch, bein' used to seein' ye in them ould traheens I hadn't any iday till this minit what a fine, cliver young man ye war. Shure I knew that ud match you. Where did I get them, darlin? Eh, what signifies it, shure the man that owned 'em ud be proud to sarve yer mother's son, my blessin' be down on ye, and send ye all manner of luck and admirations wid them.

After undergoing various little improvements, which the feminine taste of Nance suggested and having an old slipper thrown after him for 'luck,' Neill sailted out on his first tour of conquest. Nance followed him to the door.

Eh, hould up yer head now, avic dheelish, and don't lave on but yer used to the fine clothes always, and shure it's no purtendin' at all, for it him that owned ye only did his duty by ye, ye'd be betther dressed thin ere a lord every day in the week. Ah ye, what talk I have—I'll go bail I'll see ye rowlm' in yer coach—shure it wasn't for nothin' that ye war born wid a caul nor I saw what I saw in the taycup, and that on a blessed All Saints night, too.

Much speculation, and no little mirth, did Neill's jaunty array create among folks that knew his history. All concurred in the supposition that the old miser would soon die, according to the popular belief, any extraordinary generosity in persons cursed with the mania of avarice, generally boded their speedy dissolution. But, heedless of their jeers, and the sneering comments of the envious and cynical, and good humoredly disregarding the laughing invendoes, and mock congratulations of his gay and lighthearted companions, Neill steadily pursued his walk for several hours down the street where his

inamoreta resided. The first walk proved unsuccessful, but he was somewhat rewarded by catching an occasional glimpse of a pair of sparkling black eyes, or languishing blue ones, whose owners, caught by the sight of a new face, would gaze admiringly on his tall, striking figure, and tin' yerself into trouble; be said by me, avourmentally wonder who the handsome young stran-

ger could be.

He was taking his usual walk one evening when he perceived an open charlot at Colonel Vernon's door. A fine, military-looking old gen- all, a handful of bones and dust like ourselves.tleman, with a red face and powdered wig, was in Dear knows, darlin', id isn't but the O'Donnell's him. That moment, with a fluttering heart, but used to id, id would only be the ruination of ye with the most graceful and nonchalant air he could assume, Neill passed. The lady glanced at hun, and a rosy blush instantly suffused her beautiful face. Neill, lingering, gazed, and his still persisted in saying that he would go if he was not displeased with his presumption, for, not- up the point. withstanding having seen him but once, and then clad in rags of the most miserable description, by some magnetic influence she seemed to fall in kind of nervous agitation, the lady let fall her of course, picked it up, and presented it to her. He felt, or fancied he felt, which is almost the same, a slight pressure of the soft, downy hand, which sent an electric thrill through every vein. ciful dresses it contained. That moment he heard the voice of young Vernon speaking to some one in the half, and, bowing gracefully, he hastily passed on.

From that hour his fate was sealed, and all the hardships and miseries of his lonely childhood and neglected youth were forgotten in the new and existence.

of tay,' prophesied the speedy marriage of 'her darlin' wid the beautiful cratur that had picked hun out before all the high-flown swells and grand quality nobs that would be givin' their two eyes

Neill had now no reason to complain, the lady was often seated at work in the balcony, and a manly habilinents. A pair of black breeches, bewitching smile, or a gentle wave of her lily gleaming bright and clear amid the dusky obpearl-grey silk stockings, and handsome pumps band, would often reward his tender glances, and scurity of the room. send him to his miserable home in an ecstacy of ble complacency. A cout of Corbean brown, bliss. Nance, too, brought him intelligence from bliss. Nance, too, brought him intelligence from Biddy Cogan, as 'how there had been great talkin' and laughin' at Vernon House the night minute survey of his bedstead; it was one of talkin' and laughin' at Vernon House the night her young master and missis came home. A drunken fellow took to drive them from the hotel, and Miss Silly bein' in dread of him, Master Edward left him at a cabin by the roadside, and druv the car himself; and how it was late in the evening when they came into Galway, and shure they didn't know more than the name of the street, on the 'count of not bein' in Ireland since they war childer, and then the Curnel lived in a great castle down in the country parts; and they'd have been in a great way, but that they met wid a mighty civil young man who brought them up to the loore, and wouldn't take a farden for his greatly, and said how clever and handsome he was, and what a pity id was he warn't better dressed. And shure whin Biddy heard her talk this way she up and says-

'Erra, dickens, Miss Silly, but id was Neill O'Donnell you saw, the dacentest and quietest boy in the town; there isn't a dog nor a cat in the place that don't like him and ud follow his shadow; and, indeed, sis she, he's all one as a rale jintleman, bein' cum of a fine ould ancient family that once owned the whole country, and though he's dependin' now upon a bitther ould crab of an uncle, he'll have a power of goold whin he dies.'

With so warm and eloquent an advocate as Biddy, Neill made rapid progress in Miss Silly Vernon's good graces. His acquaintance, too, increased imperceptibly; he found she regularly took a morning walk in the old Park outside the town with only a beautiful spaniel to keep her company. He was always an early riser, and from that out he became a devout wooer of the breezy morn. The dog took a fancy to him, and, by degrees, Miss Vernon would smilingly return his respectful bow, then a flower timidly presented, and graciously received, a passing word on the weather at length broke the ice, and the lovers soon learned to speak unreservedly.

About this time Nance brought intelligence of a grand masqued ball there was to be at Vernon House in honor of Miss Lilly's 'bein' come home for good and all.' It was to take the ensuing week. A fierce and uncontrollable desire to be present at it, instantly took possession of Neill's mind. This desire grew stronger in proportion to his nurse's opposition, for, notwithstanding all her partiality. Nance looked upon his declaration of his design of going to the hall as little short of madness.

'Eh, ould yer ramarsh (nonsense) now, darlin'; id isn't cracked ye are to want to be getneen, and lave the quality and their balls and parties to themselves; shure the world knows they are as proud as ould Nick that way, inaghthe creturs-what raison they have for id after entirely.'

These and stronger remonstrances did Nance vainly use with her wayward nurseling. Neill could to the ball; and, finding, as she said, ' that outline of his thin features which in the almost

A ' grand quality ball,' and a masked one, too, was at that time an event of too rare occurrence in Galway, not to excite some commotion in the love with as marvellous rapulity as hunself. In a town. Dresses, devices, masks, and quaint costumes, were paraded in the windows of every glove or bag or something of the kind. Neill, mercer's shop from the highest to the lowest .-From morning until night did Neill perambulate the streets, gazing into every shop, and anxiously longing for the price of one of the rich and fan-

One night, after having gloated his eyes until he could no longer see, Neill returned home more than usually hopeless and dispurited. The ball was to come off the ensuing evening, and for the first time the strange hope which he had all along cherished of being at it, began to desert him .delightful visions of his ambition. His dark eye He threw himself on his bed, and tried in vain to beamed more brightly, his step became more light sleep, but his thoughts were filled with the ball and agile, and his whole frame beamed with the -sweet music rang in his ears, and the vision of elasticity of joyous and happy youth—that bright, his beautiful Lilly mingled with groups of masqued lovely face had smiled on him, and, like the dull figures quaintly and gorgeously arrayed, flitted overy face and smiled on min, and, fixe the dum and gorgeously arrayed, and that boy, too, he thinks I have wronged him, What black looks and bitter curses when I'm foolish boy entirely. Yeh didn't ye find the and that boy, too, he thinks I have wronged him, What black looks and bitter curses when I'm foolish boy entirely. Yeh didn't ye find the started up, and thinking it might be the glare of the false-hearted knave, I know it, for his keen gone! Ha, they can't dream that there is a semoney, and what is The O'Donnell always say. the rushlight he had left to expire on the hearth, bright eye is ever on me. I know him a wanton, cret vault beneath this solid wall—ugh, ugh—not ling but that he isn't worth a brass farthen; and

Nance was delighted, and over a 'stinging cup | that prevented him sleeping, he leaped out of bed | graceless spendthrift; he doesn't think that I | they, so let them search and scrape, and rummage to extinguish it. The crazy bedstead cracked with the sudden bound he gave, and something fell upon the clothes; he caught it up, and to his astonishment and delight found it was a piece of illusion—there it was, a massive foreign coin,

The thought struck him that perhaps it had those antique ark-like affairs called testers, formerly in use in farm houses in Ireland—the roof was covered with broad boards, and it shut in on all sides like a house, except a small aperture sufficient to let the person into it; its antiquity must have been great, for though once formed of stout oak, the wood was so decayed and eaten through with the dry-rot that it crumbled beneath his touch. After examining it for some time and being nearly choked with the volumes of dust and cobwebs which fell in profusion, he perceived a broad board different from the rest, with a swelling or projection in the middle of it, clumsily throuble; an' indeed, Miss Silly praised him nailed across the head of the bedstead. He touched it - it was loose and sounded hollow, and after a few vigorous pulls it separated from the rotten top, and a shower of gold pieces fell upon the bed.

At this moment he thought he heard the sound of feeble coughing, mingled with a low dull noise like the low shuffling tread of feet. His senses were rendered tremblingly acute by the sudden discovery he had made, and recollecting that his uncle had formerly slept in that room, the idea occurred to him that he had hidden the money there as a bait for him. The door had neither lock nor key, and was only secured by an old rickety chair placed to it to keep out the rats; a little window which looked out into the corridor was beside it. The thought struck him that perhaps at that very moment his uncle might be watching him through it. He trembled, and a cold sweat burst from every pore. To his nervous fancy, the walls seemed alive with prying eyes which seemed peering at him and scanning his every movement. Fascinated, he gazed at the window until he fancied he saw the hard, bloodless face of the old miser, glowering and frowning grimly at him through the dusty panes. ceeded-In a tumult of uncontrollable terror he threw himself on the bed and buried his face in the clothes.

After a while he listened, and hearing nothing, his natural courage returned. Ashamed of his strange panic, he got up, went to the door, and listened intently. A recurrence of the same dull, heavy sounds met his ear, mingled at intervals with a deep sigh, or rather groan. Thinking it might be his uncle who had been taken ill and was unable to call for help, he stole softly down the stairs and listened at his bed-room, which was at the head of the first landing. He heard the same shuffling, scraping noise, with a low croonincoherently to himself. A gleam of light came through a crevice in the door, he applied his eye to it. The sight be beheld made him start back involuntarily with borror and surprise. The old man's bed, which was opposite the door, had been removed, and the whole side of the heavy carved wall moved by some secret machiners, had been drawn back, and revealed a dark empty space.the act of hobbling into it. A light, fairy-like nevey is fit company for the best of them any In the midst of a mound of earth and stone, piled form bounded down the steps, and entered it after day, if right was right; but still, niver being in the centre of it, stood the shrunk, miserable were nearly covered with clay, which he seemed to be digging out with a shovel and pickaxe;the dim light of a lantern placed upon the stones fell upon his harsh visage, and cut out the sharp ed-he saw he was recognised, and that the lady there was no use in argufyn' with him, she gave sepulchral gloom of the chamber, had a fearful and unnatural aspect; his eyes were dilated to their fullest extent, and had a strange wildness in their gaze. The black skull-cap was pushed far back on his head, and his swollen veins stood out in dark tracery from his shrunk and attenuated forehead; his whole frame seemed trembling with excitement, as tugging and straining with the pickaxe, he kept adding to the large pile of stones before him. Suddenly he threw down the tool, and flinging himself on his knees, he began to hollow the ground with frightful violence; this he continued, though interrupted with frequent fits of coughing, until the blood gushed from beneath his long nails, and he staggered back with fatigue.

'Ugh, ugh, ugh, how this cough weakens me,' he muttered, throwing himself on the clay;-' night or day it gave me no rest; but what care I now-I have found the entrance of the vault, and my task is almost done; ha, ha, I have foiled them all-ugh, ugh; how they will curse and gnash their teeth, to find that every stiver's gone ;

have marked his gay plumes, and watched him not a penny will they find, ugh, ugh. They desporing over gloves and ribbons and glittering pised the poor old man; they spoke him fairly to gauds; the base spawn, be longs for my death, his face, and cursed and called him niggard when that he may ruffle it like a painted jay, and lav- his back was turned. Ha, let them be merry gold; half doubting his senses, he rubbed his ish my hard-won savings on his worthless compathat win—ha, ha, ugh, ugh—the cough won't let avec and gazed on it again and again. It was no nions; ugh, ugh, the thought kills me, but I knew me laugh. How I should like my ghost should eyes and gazed on it again and again. It was no nions; ugh, ugh, the thought kills me, but I knew it-I knew it; he was too like that curse upon haunt them and mock their fruitless search.' his face, 'Black Hugh,' 'Him of the open hand'
-forsooth, the silly fool that wasted the remnant of his once rich inheritance upon leeches, bloodsuckers, smooth-tongued wretches with hollow hearts and smirking faces, who would not in his direst need have lent one doit to save his soul from perishing. Ugh, ugh, ugh, but I'll cheat him, that he shall never say he scattered the gold that wrung the old man's heart's blood. I'll bury it deep, deep, where no mortal eye shall

HRONICLE.

He started up, and casting a keen, suspicious glance around, crawled feebly to a large chest which stood in a corner of the room; he unlocked it, and Neill saw him take out several large heavy bags and lay them on the ground beside

A fierce joy sparkled in the old man's eyes, and deliberately untying one of the larger ones, he took several handfuls of glittering coin and sifted them backwards in his hand.

'Gold, gold,' said he; 'precious metal! true and faithful to the thrifty—false and fickle to the produgal-all my pangs are forgotten when I look upon thee; by hard saving and scraping and toiling I gathered ye all; but all, all was gained in honesty; and thou hast been father and mother, and friends and country, and kindred and home.

He raised two of the bags, and with difficulty bore them to the cavity; again and again he returned; Neill, still spell-bound, remained an unseen witness of his proceedings. The last bag was deposited; the old man returned, raised the lid of the chest and groped about it, as if in search of more. He drew out a large bundle of parchments; he gazed at them a moment, then held them to the light; a sudden change came over his pallid visage; he looked eagerly at the parchiments; his eye flashed, and, drawing up his stately figure to its full height, while his gaze was fixed on vacancy, as if he beheld some unseen object, he murmured in a voice whose husky tones grew deep and impassioned as he pro-

returned and redeemed my inheritance; my wor born for luck. Shure there's people that, longer profaned by the foot of the stranger .-Parents, sweet sister, loved one-I have not forgotten you; in the depths of the silent night, in to say anything disrespectful of him, the Lord the crowded city or poring over the dull desk, your memory has been present with me; for you I have bowed down the towering pride, the lofty hopes and bright anticipations of my youth, and meanly toiled and striven and heaped un wealth. Alas, how idly; but absorbed by one devouring thought, I took no count of time; I wildly thought that ye could linger out long years of hopeless ing or chuckling, as if some person was talking misery. Rank and honors woodd me, and I might have wedded with the fairest in the land : but my home and the mountains and the valleys of my native country were ever present to my send some wise woman to overlook id for them, sight, and other ties, or lovelier spots on earth and whin once she lays her eyes on id, and if could not fill the void within my breast. I returned with wealth and rank fit to compete with the noblest in it, and with a spirit still fresh and ardent to fulfill the fond dream and proud visions which had wiled away my youth; but my brain was scored, my heart broken, for those I loved so well and strove so long and idly for, were mouldering in the tomb-and I could have saved them! God! thou hast poured the fiercest vial of thy wrath upon my head."

The old man ceased—the convulsive twitching of his features subsided, he bent his head upon his clasped bands and seemed absorbed in mental prayer. When he raised it again, the gaunt worn face was wet with tears, and the breast, told the keen agony of his soul. He replaced the parchments, mechanically locked the chest, and slowly and painfully lifting his stooped form, he looked round the dim chamber with a vacant, helpless gaze resembling idiotcy. Suddenly his eyes fell on the open partition and hesitating voice, 'I don't like to take it all, broken and unsettled earth, and with a sharp cry though I'm half inclined to think that my uncle he tottered forward.

What's this? what's this? he muttered hurriedly, 'the gold, the gold! ha, I remember now, they were going to rob me, and I was hiding it from them. Let me see it all safe; well, the night is waning, I must go to work and cover it; ugh, ugh, ugh, how the cold clay sets the cough continued he, bitterly, while his cheek reddened going; well, well, it will never leave me until we're down together in the churchyard -ugh, ugh: but the gold is safe now, and I don't care how soon death comes-ugh, ugh; all safe now. not a com left above ground-no, no, ha, ha!-

Tickled by the odd fancy, the miser threw himself back upon the mound of clay and burst into peals of hysteric laughter. The strange wild mirth rang through the still silence of the night, until its shrill echoes startled even the half maniac being that uttered it; cowering and shivering as if he had in truth summoned up some disembodied spirit, he glanced fearfully around him; then hastily and silently commenced closing up the cavity.

Awe-stricken and amazed, Neill stole off to bed. It was dark and he had to grope his way. He fell asleep almost immediately, and slept profoundly until dawn. With a confused recollection of the events of the night, he sought for his treasure which still lay scattered about the bed. A bundle of bank notes had fallen with them, but he could not ascertain the precise amount of the whole sum, most of the gold being in foreign coins, whose value he was ignorant of. He then replaced them in their original hiding place; reserving sufficient to supply Nance's necessities and to purchase the much coveted dress for the ball. The last of his toilet and arrangements were ended, when he heard his uncle's steps descending the stairs, for notwithstanding his havving been up the greater part of the night, such was the influence of habit, that he had risen at his usual hour. The old man returned his salutation in his ordinary passionless manner. Neill offered to go for the morning's repast, which request having been complied with, he supplied some more substantial provisions than the lew pence he had received for the purpose could procure. The miser's eyes sparkled with delight at the unusual quantity and profusion of the meal, but he manifested no curosity to know how it had been got. Neill was too eager and excited to eat, and he left the table, with the excuse of going to take his usual walk.

Nance was in ecstacy of delight at her darlings

good fortune. 'Allilu !'she shricked, as he poured some of his glittering treasure into her lap, and is it all all our own, jewel, and yourself that found it, too. 'Father! mother! I have kept faith; I have Arra, chora machree, didn't I often tell ye, ve birthright is free, and the home of our race is no let them put their hand to what they will, and it 'ill thrive wid them; and others for the conthrary. Look at O'Donnell now-I'm not going forbul; shure it's myself that pities him -one of the rale ould stock, too; when a child, he was overlooked, and that's the raison, he was always so proud and dark and sorrowful in himself; and though he had riches in plinty, did they ever bring light or gladness to his heart? No, darling astore, for it's little good this world's lucre 'ill do if the heart ain't right widin us. But maybe it's yourself, alunna, that doesn't know the meaning of id rightly; it's whin the good people fixes their eyes on a fine likely child, they there's no one by to make her bless id, it's done for, and sometimes it grows up, that the mother of id wouldn't know id in the ind; crooked and bandy and lame and them ways; mighty cute, pleasant crethurs, always laughing and joking and saying queer things, but still for all they are bad and bitter in themselves, and shure the bitter drop was in The O'Donnell, for though by all accounts he made a power of maney (and it rains to them kind of people,) it wouldn't lave him spend id nor put it to the uses the Lord intended. Ayeh, darling, what talks I have fretting ye, and ye afther running wid the yallow goold to me this morning. God's blessing on yer handsel. Faix, it's a most cracked I am whin I look short, thick sob that burst from his heaving at it. Shure id ain't cowld nor hunger we'll feel for the rest of the winter, my darling, but the

> 'To tell the truth, Nance,' said Neill, in a would not put the money where I found it; still he used to sleep there before the window was broken by the storm, and he might have put it there, and have forgotten to take it out again, and the moment he misses it he will fix upon me as the only one that could take it; and, indeed,? at the recollection of his uncle's soldoquy of the previous night, the thinks bad enough of me already.

> height of good aiting and drinking, and lashins to

give for God's sake to the poor crethur, that

comes to the door.

Erra, whist, darling, said Nance, somewhat frightened at Neill's scruples; aren't ye the - Construction of the Cons