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AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne. CHAPTER IX. Continued.

"Come, now, Missy, I hope ye've brought the sance of a good appetite wid ye. See what I've got here, ald san; there, did ye ever see such a piother as that?"—drawing the aromatic pie from the oven. "An see here!" uncovering the fragrant offield.
"And for dhrink, honey," with a wink of her eye, " we'll have a glass o' punch apiece afhter it There, now, brighten up, asthore. What makes ye look so glum? Sure ye ain't angry wid yer own Kitty, or vexed to have to come down to the kitchen ?"

'No, indeed, Kitty; I don't upon you, and I like to be with you better than anyone; but I'm going away," said Euphemia, in a quiet, dogged tone. Kitty stared aghast. "Goin away, my

heart's pulse! Why, ain't yer frinds contint to lave ye here?" "I've no friends to content, Kitty; I'm

going to please myself, and I'm only sorry for leaving you." Why, thin, Miss 'Phemia, is it takin lave of yer singes ye are? Does the misthress

"I haven't told anyone but you: I'm not going to endure it any longer;" and spushing the plate from before her, Euphemia burst into a paroxysm of weeping that for a moment bewildered the amazed Kitty, who, presently recovering her self-possession, took the sobbing child in her brawny arms, half-stifled, as she pressed her to her bosom, and with tears welling up in her eyes,

Baid: "There, acushla machree, there; don't now; dhry yer eyes, an' tell me all about it. Does yor brothers know?"

oes yor brothers know!"
"I don't mean to tell them; I'll go away by myself; I don't want them to know," passionately replied Euphemia, violently controlling tears of which she felt mortally ashamed, and assuming an air of bravado.

"But you'll tell me, honey, what they did to you. Why didn't you go out to walk with them yesterday, an'I' watchin' to see yer purty step go by.

"I was in disgrace," boldly responded Euphemia, with a jerk of her head, as if the avowal had something in it to be rather proud of. "Musha, now !- and what was you in dis

grace for, my birdie?" "I'll tell you, Kitty;" and Euphemia, who was really very hungry, having exploded the thunder cloud and discharged the pent-up floodgates that had pressed heavy upon her heart, felt her bosom lightened, and began to

look favorably upon the good things from which she had first turned with disdain. Kitty saw the mental horizon clearing, and aided the developing calm by drawing forward and persuasively setting a piece of the omelet to her lips. "Come, now, that's my honey, just taste it. An'so you was in dis-

grace, begorra! "The class for English history was called up yesterday," said Euphemia, speaking angrily, with her mouth very full, "and when it came to my turn to answer, Miss Hodgens asked me who succeded Bloody Queen Mary? and I was spiteful, because they were always jibing and jeering me about the cruelty and wickedness of Papists; so I said out, Bloodier Queen Elizabeth, her apostate sis-

"Go long; you didn't say it!" exclaimed Kitty, raising her hands in terrror and de

"But I did," emphatically responded Euphemia, with flushed cheek and animated eye. "I wouldn't wonder if they killed ye.

What did they say ?" That I was a liar and a foul-tongued slanderer, and that until I unsaid what I said, and said what was in the book, 'the Virgin Elizabeth.' I should be in disgrace."

'Well, an' ye didn't?" "No, I didn't, and won't ;-but that isn't all, Kitty, or I wouldn't mind it. The girls and I would have been very good friends, at least some of them; but Miss Hodgens set them all against mo. Well, I didn't much care, though I was sorry a little; but to-day they began to make game of me, and said horrid things of the priests and the Pope, and when I told them they were lies, and they knew it, I was slapped black and blue with the rattan. I didn't drop a tear then, for 1 wouldn't give them the satisfaction to think

they hurt me." Sure enough, honey, ye have the ugly marks on yer shoulders.

"Very well, I won't have them again. There's someone knocking at the area rails." "Only the milkman, I daresay: let him. "No : I heard someone call mother."

Kitty rose in haste, and went out to the Atter some moments' delay she returned with a fine handsome youth of about seventeen, who started abashed at sight of Eu-

Never heed, Miss 'Phemia, he's only my said Kitty, whose face and manner seemed quite altered. "Go on wid yer din-ner, child, and don't mind the gossoon. Tell me at onct. Ned avic, an' make a short story o' it. What's the bad news ye have to tell me?" and she looked probingly, wistfully into the eyes of the boy, who, standing nervously fidgetting with his cap, said in low, hesitat-

ing tones:
"I don't know what to do, mother; I'm in a fix every way, an' I thought whin I was sent o' a message I'd run down to ye an' ask ye what to do."

"Well, I can hardly tell ye, avic, till I know the business, so incense me into it." "That's easy done, mother. My fellowshopboy, Dick Booth, is every day takin' money out of the till; I guessed it long enough, but yesterday I caught him at it; so he swore that if I didn't wink at whatever he took, an' go shares with him, or let on to the

master, he'd have my life." "Thin I'll tell you what ye ll do, avic," returned Kitty, without a moment's debate, "ye'll go et onct to the masther, an' up an' tell him the whole story jist as ye've said it formint me. There's nothin' like the outspoken truth. Ned honey.

Ned hesitated. "I'm afeard, mother, it won't sarve me now; the masther's a bitther Orangeman, an' he wouldn't take the book oath of a Papist. He has it agin me, too, for refusin' to go to church; he said it would be the makin' of me, for I had some good in me, if I wor only the right sort, an he would raise my place, an' put me under a salary if I would; an' whin I told him I couldn't, he got mighty black an' dark entirely; so I know well any lies Dick Booth, or Billy Beaky, or Sam Tickell—for they're all in the conspiracy—'ud tell him he'd believe 'an have me sent to jail, if it wor only out o' spite; an'
if he warn't to do the same, or believed my story, it wouldn't help me neither, for Dick an' the others 'tid be revenged, an' do what starched propriety on a straight backed hair they often threatened, swear agin me to their cloth chair. Another child, by timid, abased

grony, Jemmy O Brian for a United Irishman, and have me sent to the Bereafold riding school to be scored."

When the youth ceased there was a pause,

and groaning aloud.
"Och, wirra, dirra, God help the poor, and thing that has no friends to shelter em; ferrisagueld What one does for the best turns ont for the worst. Didn't I thank God, an' think twas the makin' o' ye, Ned jewel, whin had the good luck to get ye into the house o'Watkins & Co., an' now see the ind o'it Och, musha, musha ! what's to be done, at all at all?

Competent to give the benefit of her counsel in the emergency, and was therefore disappointed when Kitty rejected the suggestion, saying; "No, alanna; he's bound by indintures." But Euphemia, not to be convinced by roason, to her mind so insufficient, persistently argued,...while she fixed her sympathis ing eyes full upon the boy, who lifted his dark; pondering gaze from contem-lating his shoes, to scrutinise the face before so full of earnest expression, energy, and vigor: "If the other 'prentices will make him rob, or tell lies on him, and if the master won't believe his word, only because, he's a Papist, and send him to jail, or be revenged on him for being honest, and swear he's a United Irishman—whatever that means—I say it's no part of the indenture, Kitty; and if others didn't be just to me I. wouldn't with them, and so I'd ran away, I vould."

would.

This was logic, which, enforced with peremptory accept and flashing glance, completely staggered Kitty, and brought her philosophy
to a stand-still, while by the brightening
smile radiating his features, it was evident it met her son's cordial approbation. Nevertheless, Kitty, who possessed a good average of common sense, without coming to any conclusion till she had thought the matter over, and been to consult the priest, now, after a preliminary silence turned to, Euphemia, and

id: Bi Arms Well, Missey, an' are ye for takin' to the road yerself ?"

"To night, Kitty, if you will leave the hall door unlocked or the key where I may find it. "Yes, Missy, that'll be quite handy. But what about your trunk !-- you can't carry

that wid ye, I suppose." " No. Kitty; I'll just take a few things I may want, and you may have the rest," complacently returned the confiding innocent, detecting neither sarcasm nor irony in the covert smile of her humble friend.

" And where is it you'll go to, Missy hon-" Oh, back to Wicklow, to Nurse Doyle, of

course.' " And sure you'll not walk all that way, zsthore?" "Oh, no, Kitty : I'll just walk easy along

the coach-road till the coach comes up, and take a seat-I've got money enough.' "Very good, Missy; an' ye won't be "sfeard?"

"No, Kitty; afeard of what?"
"Why, of robbers in the dark."

"No, I'm too little; no one would think I'd any money, I'm sure, and if they searched me it's little they'd get.'

"An' what 'ud yor brothers say, wou't ye be afeard o' them to do the like?' "I might be a little of Miles, but not much of Hugh. An' suppose they did scold or beat me, it isn't worse than to be scolded and beaten here, and I don't think they will; so, Kitty, mind you leave the hall door unlocked, and I'll write to tell you when I got home safe."

"Sure enough, you will, alunna." Struck by another thought, Euphemia looked again at the boy staring with eyes distended with wonder upon her small self, and said, firmly:

"Now, if he could come along it would be just the thing. Once in Wicklow, would be safe out of the way of Watkin & Co.; and when Nurse Doyle would hear he was your son she'd give him a cend mille failthe, Kitty, so would they all."

ye know anything about these half-crowns, shook hands again with the lady, thanked her Miss 'Phemia?"—Euphemia laughed, Kitty for her attention, bowed, and was gone. shook her head and replaced them in her Hugh had not proceeded far when he was tender seriousness, and imbenign. pressive calm, toning every syllable: "There yees are, two childre, standin' afore me, both orphints, an' wouldn't I be worse nor the bird that laves its young to be fosthered by the sand o' the desart, which is afther all its nature, if I war to forsake yecs two helpless ones, an' lave yees to go yer on the could world?—no avourneen! Miss Phemia, listen: Yer worse off in one way than my own omadhaun, for ye have no mother behoulden to advise or look afther ye. Now, Missy, don't be offinded whim say as I feel all as one a mother to ye as if ye war my own colleen, an' wid the help o' God an' his Blessed Mother, I won't see ye do the foolishist thing a child could do-lave yer school, where ye've full an' plinty to eat an' dhrink, a warm bed to lie in, good clothes an' sheltner, an' larnin', for what? Bekase a kish o' fanatics, poor ignorant crithurs in that sinse, divarts their elves railin' at what they know nothin' about an' it was wrong of ye, Miss 'Phemia, to raise contintion about Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth; what's either of 'em to us, that we should bother our beads to make a con throvarsy about 'em; let their own counthry settle that; an' if the bigots will deny the truth an' hould to a lie, why, let 'em. Tell me, if ye war walkin' through a field full of snakes that wor asleep, leastways lyin quiet, wouldn't ye be wary an' step wid can tion not to rouse the reptiles to hiss an' sting; so it's just the same thing ;-an' as for runnin' away, I knew a young girl onet that had a bad stepmother that used to starve, an' beat, an' abuse her, while the father was at sea; well, instead o' bearin' it an' waitin' patient till he'd come home, she run away one night in a fit o' passion, an' next day the poor colleen was found robbed of her clothes an' dead in a boghole; not to say actual danger, of the boy's posi-an' 'twas only a week afther her father tion. Hold a thought has just occurred to come home wid a sight o' goold, an' fine clothes an' prisents to her, for she was his only child an' the pulse o' his heart; so ye see it doesn't do to be too hasty an' not look before one. Well, Miss Meelia, what's yer

business? "Miss Euphemia is wanted to the par lor; her brother's come to see her," responded the maid, taking a searching look at the boy standing by the dresser. Euphemia, crest-fallen and disconcerted, turned in silonce to follow the parior-maid upstairs, while Kitty, with the tip of her forelinger in her mouth, stood in deep cogitation by the hearth. "Woll, Nora Creins; what's this I hear

of you?—not good !" exclaimed the cheery voice of Hugh, as with outstretched arms Euphemia ran forward to embrace him. Hugh folded her in his embrace, same time saying: "I'm afraid I should not kiss you; what have you been doing? Miss" Hodgens tells me you are not good," Euphemia disengaged horself, and turned to look reproachfully at that lady, seated in stiff-

mien, humble and pleading, might have pro-pitiated wrath and obtained some concession of grace, as at this moment Miss Hodgens, When the youth ceased there was a pause, quite won by the snavity of Hugh, and cap-broken at length by his mother sitting down on the stool, awaying her body to and fro, and grouning sloud.

"Och, wirra, wirra, God help the poor, and and manifested a disposition to be amiable to the body to the body to an and concilentary, but the wight of Firehead and conciliatory; but the sight of Euphemin's visage, wrathful, defiant, and pugna-cious, challenging not peace but war, quite sealed up the relenting ice of her nature, and

Miss Hodgens aggravated feelings vented themselves in exclaiming: "Sorry indeed, sir, I am to say it; she is the only obstreperous pupil we have ever had in our academy."

Hugh, kindly; "how grieved Miles would be to hear that. What have you done to very your kind mistress?" Euphemia darted a glance of scorn at Miss Hodgens, and thought. "If I was alone with Hugh, all I could tell him; but she won't let me."

May I promise you will be the won't let me."

And friends whose undivided lives have drawn from the same past their long remembrance. Now meet in terror, or no mere letthearts. Should pour out some rash word which the law of the means. Wespers of Palermo.—Henass.

But who may trust the love of the law of the

"May I promise you will improve, and be a good child?" said Hugh, stroking her hair. "Miss Hodgen, I know, does not usk you to do anything against your conscience."
"Certainly not, sir," glibly cried Miss

Hodgens. Euphemia admitted to herself this was true; but with a heart indignantly swelling, she remembered all the humiliations, chastisements, and privations insidiously in-flicted upon her on that very score; the injustice, the sneers, the taunts, the low spite, and open contempt kept her blood in a perpetual ferment, with the thousand-and-one petty verstions which she could not frame into language that would adequately portray their effect upon her feelings, save once, when she said to Kitty: "It is as though a sore was rubbed against, and made bleed again." But, remembering the last words of Kitty's admonition before she came upstairs, she merely looked at her brother and said nothing. Hugh for a moment seemed puzzled; then, smiling at Miss Hod-

gens, he said, looking at Euphemia :
"If you were a boy I could understand you better; but I confess to being no adept at analysing the caprices of ladies, especially embryo ones. I must only, little one, crave for you the indulgence and forbearing patience of your good mistresses, and caution you that Miles and I will be greatly pained at more complaints; and further, Effic, dear child, believe me, that whatever your external acquirements may be of education or accomplishments unless you co-operate with the exertions of your perceptors in cultivating your own mind, heart, and dispositions, no one whose opinion is worth having will ever admire even beau-ty, divested of the charm of truthfulness, modesty, simplicity, gentleness, and a little deference of one's own will and pleasuree to that of others, which is easy to acquire, if we but remember we are not created for ourselves alone, placed in this world exonerated from interchange of utility as well as pleasure. Tell me now, is there anything you want or wish for before I go, and have you anything to say to Miles, who was very sorry not to have been able to come with me to see you, as he had to go down to Wicklow this morning?"

"I wish he would take me away from school, that's all; but I know he won't; so there's no use saying it, and I want nothing else," she sullenly returned.

"Then will you be a good child?" said Hugh, kissing her and putting some silver into her hand. "Yes, if I'm not teased, and tormented.

and punished every minute for nothing.' "Who teases and torments you, dear?" "There's more of it: that may give you an idea, sir, of what I told you, and how she vents her ill-humor and discontent, till our lives are made a misery and a burden," exclaimed Miss Hodgens in appealing accents, while Hugh, looking compassionately at Euphemia, confounded at the adroitness that had turned the tables against her, and gazing bewildered at the victim of her ill-humor and

discontent, said: "Why, Effic, what's come over you! You used to be good-tempered :" then smiling and shaking his head, he took up his hat, again interchanged a glance of pitying intelligence with Miss Hrdgens, and whispered : "Leave "Yis, my honey," said Kitty, searching her alone awhile; just a wayward fit of childher pocket and extracting some silver. "Do ish petulance; she'll come right by and by

pocket. "Listen to me aroon," she continued, with an air and manner of frieze cloak, who, accompanied by a lad, appeared to be waiting for him. Coming up, she dropped a courtesy, and said, with apologetic, humble manner: "Might I make bould to spake just one word to yer honor?'

"Well, my poor woman, what have you to say?" returned Hugh, as closely scratinising the keen, investigating eye, that studied every trait of his countenance with a skill not the less masterly for being a little shrink

ing in its approach, he halted to listen. Please, yer honor," she began, in low diffident tone, beguiled by a hopeful and kindly countenance, "it's in regard o' this quisites were not divinely bestowed, or even gassoon I'd only make so hould to throuble well come by: but peccadilloes could not long yer honour. I'm Kitty Burke; and whim I oppress a conscience rebounding with elastic heard o' ye callin' to see the young lady, the spring, and, like a high-spirited horse throw-Blessed Virgin put the thought into my head, that ye war the very one to ask advice to get him an' me out o' the throuble we're in, un' good-luck to yer fine comely face; it's the very moral of Miss 'Phemia's, barrin hers is more fiery an' sharp set in feature."

"Then you are one of the Misses Hodgens domestics?' said Hugh.' "Yis, yer honor; I'm cook in it this twelve month ;-an' this is my son, as good a boy, tho' I'm his mother that say it, as ye'd meet

inia day's walk." "You want to get a place for him; I sup-

"No, yer honor; he's in a good place enough, only for the blackguards that's in it wid him." And then in her roundabout way Kitty detailed the circumstances of which we are in possession, to which having listened attentively, Hugh replied:

"It is a hard case, my poor woman, and I do not see how I can help you in it. I have no interest with the firm of Watkins, nor am acquainted with any of the parties, to hope that any representation 'I- could make would be attended to. I see quite well the jeopardy, me. I dine to-day at Mr. Damer's of Merrion square; he may be of some use, if I could enlist his sympathy. Meanwhile, the only safe outcome I foresee from future difficulty will be to get his indentures cancelled-have you any objection to that?"

"The boy has sarved two year of his time, yer honor, an' sure wid that an' his schoolin' at the Dominicans he ought to be good for somethin'," was Kitty's sagacious rejoinder,
"Exactly so," said Hugh. "Then call on me to morrow at my lodgings, in King-street. I'm now in a hurry," he added, looking at his watch. "Bring the boy with you, and I shall let you know the re-sult of my application in his behalf, and what can be done for him. Wouldyou be willing to accept a situation, my boy, in a gentleman's employment, and travel?"

"I'd do anything, yer honor, to earn an honest penny," oried the lad, his face brightening at the idea of travelling. To the idea of the she stood, with fervently joined hands

"But who may trust the love of a degenerate moe?"

LAST CONSTANTINE.

"Johannah, my dear, I'll be obleeged t'ye for another cut of that Limerick 'am; it's so mello' an' well tasted, it whets the happytite; that an' the fresh herrings, an' the poteen is all of the best things the country as to boast of. Isn't it a wondher we can't ave they sat at breakfast in the gloomy, wainscotted large, back parlor of their newly rented in house in Earl street, surrounded by a riggrous progeny of growning passes and daughters, upon whom they dazed with a parental ride, beautiful and edifying to witness. Same time the viva-cious, twinkling eye of paterfamilias, divided in its interest, wandered complacently round, taking stock of the good face profusely spread for the morning repast, while his cup was being replenished with coffee, and his polished, ruddy cheeks, and full, soft lips of purple hue, smilingly expressed ineffable sweetness, founded either upon the serenity of a mind well satisfied with its present aux iliaries to enjoyment, or else reverting in thought to the time long ago, when, a little ragged cowboy, he took his place among a gang of farm hinds at a board strewn with potatoes and noggins of buttermilk, in the neighborhood of Chapelized, al-beit this was not a theme on which he loved to dwell; nor did he often care to trace back the gradations by which, less owing to education or talent of a high order than to the low cunning of intellectual in-feriority, unprincipled ability to lie, scheme, thieve and abet, by his aid and concurrence, the master spirits of iniquity in their evil doings, flatter, court, and fawn upon men in power, and bully, persecute, and oppress the weak and humble, he had risen, from driving Farmer Heley's plough and cleaning the pigstye, to be successively a cattle driver to Smithfield, a land steward, surveyor of the parish, small farmer and grazier, and finally agent to a nobleman, who, deriving all his income from Ireland, lived exclusively in England, and with a few compatriots of equal spirit courted English patronage by reviling the country whose sustenance they drained away, stigmatising the misery they contributed still more to impoverisb, and bemoaning the fate that had east their nativity upon such a soil, His ascendant fortune culminated in a wife of twelve thousand pounds fortune, the daugh-

ter of a Liverpool salesmaster, in whose

higher sounding name, by mutual corsent, he

finally merged his own cognomen of Paddy

Spalpeen, conferred by his juvenile associates, and by which he subsequently went. gh reared for the first ten years of his life a Roman Catholic by the poor woman who, going out one early morning to her daily labor in the fields, had found him exposed, naked and half-dead, in a ditch, a couple of days after his birth, and who carried him home and fostered him on her scanty means, Mr. Tobias Pomfret, now affluent and enbeen early weamed by the exhortations of a pious Protestant lady, who went about Christ-anising the benighted with creature comforts hand, had converted him to go to church, where a new "shoot" of clothes, supplied by the parson, with bread and butter ad libitum, entirely succeeded in histwelfth year of convine ing him of the errors of Romanism, and filling his heart with implacable hostility against the pricats and all those deluded Papists, whose bigotry and ignorance had so long held him in bondage, and closed against him the paradise of good victuals, fine clothes, and that worldly prosperity which he was now piously wont to believe and designate a divine blessing and reward bestow ed upon him for his promptitude in obeying the call of grace, and emancipating himself from the fetters of idolatry. Betimer, indeed, a qualm seized him that all his per ing its rider, every act he soon found motive to justify and to react again. Though Tohias Pomfret, like his patrons, could nut ignore the country of which he was equally ashamed, it never occurred to them to surmise such a possibility opinions, tastes, and predilections were enfit for savages, and himself an aggrieved individual, compelled by circumstances to dwell among such. For this end he cultivated the English accent, and gave his children each a to finish them. In his wife, whom he always styled his "better 'alf," he was also fortunate, inasmuch that their opinions tallied in many respects. She was religious, aspiring, clever, and had a good smattering of education, but was mostly read up in novels. She was half-sister to Mrs. Damer, between whom and herself there existed no small rivalry on the score of family and offspring, Mrs. Damer being wont to

ietter. "In his family, too, was Toblas Pomfret fortunate; he was the happy father of four daughters, upon whom the queenly names of Boadicia, Cleopatra, Penelope, and Andromacha, had been bestowed by their highly refined mother, who could not spide a common name no more than the wife of the Vicar Wakefield, and who was ambitious to distinguish Warbeck and their niece, who is engaged to her progedit by high-sounding appellations Colendisk; of course Susan Gubbins; Lady that would emissive them as somebodies in Alicia's familiar, the Whaley girls, and the society. Hence, his four sone, too, similarly elderly Beresfords, with the old dowager,

fout the self-conceited Johanna about her

"igh connections, and the Port-arlington family into which she had marrid;" and Mrs. Pomfret, on the other:

tardily come at the end of five years, turning:

out her own finely-bedizened brood to walk

in Merrion square, with attendants, and crazy Mrs. Arabella with envy; while Mrs. Arabella

retalisted by exhibiting Miss Damer, the lord's

cousin, as finely caparisoned, followed by a

footman, walking with Lady Alicia Luttrell,

and enjoined to hold her head very 'igh when she met her cousins, with whom she was hy

no means too familiar, considering their in-

ferior position in society—an injunction which

the consequential young lady observed to the

she stood, with fervently joined flands, pouring out a vociferous tide of blesangs, quits indifferent to the broad stares of secret comments of the wayfarers passing to and fro, till she saw him out of night. Then dismissing her son to his place with a lightened bosom she returned to her own, intent upon surprising Miss Phemia with a narrative of his exploit, and to be more than svert a friend to the daylint collector.

CHAPTER X.

CH ance might term good; pale complexion, mild; regular features, innocent blue eyeayes, he might be thought pleasing by many. In his childhood, his fond parents observing in him frugality of disposition, a cautious, argumentative character, a love of money, and precocious appropriative tendencies, agreed that he was of a steady, sensible turn, and gifted with qualities that would admir-

ably suit him for the church.
"It pays well, is respectable, and may end in a bishopric," suggested Mr. Pomfret. To the church, then with his own full consent, went dardanapalus; for he not only entered 'em in England, the same?" Such was the went Sardanapalus; for he not only entered observation addressed by Mr. Tohy Pomfret into all his parents' views on the subject, but to his better half, as one dull, wet morning he had some pet notions to be carried out he had some put notions to be carried out. He was fond of disputation upon theories of his own; and vain of his opinion; the pulpit would be a stage whereon to dis play his talent before an admiring audience he had a morbid craving for admiration and applause; the church was just the theatre suited to his genius, and the development of his zeal; he had a natural predisposition to that kind of thing, was quite competent to ex pound Scripture, and ambitious to distinguish himself in a career to which he was so thoroughly adapted-he would have better said which was so thoroughly adapted to him.

Epiminandos, his next brother, a wild and vicious boy of very sinister aspect, was also destined for the church; and his qualifications, as set forth by his mother, rather startling to the uninitiated, were: "That dear Epiminandos was so wild, his father and she could think of nothing else for him."

"God bless me, ma'am !" cried an ingenu ous friend, in amazement. "Is that a re commendation for so sacred a profession?" "Oh, la! you don't understand," returned Madame Mère, with urbane smile. "That is our very reason for wishing it; because it will oblige him to reform and become steady if he hopes for preferment; -oh, the church

for him, by all means !" Lycurgus, the third son, and his brother Sesostris having each a military taste, were forthwith appointed ensigns to respective regiments of cavalry and infantry. In newly donned regimentals, swaggering and supercilions, they were the terror of all, save their partial parents, whose eyes were never satiated admiring the incipient warriors; alternately martinets and libertines, they were at once the plague and delight of the corps to which they belonged, the horror of acquaint ances, and the detestation of orderly civilians.

"Another cup of coffee, Epiminandos, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Pomfret, as she saw her second son, just ordained, drink off the aromatic beverage contained in his bowl.

"Please, maw; I'll also trouble you, Cleo, for a little cold fole and a crumpet."
"Snap," said Mr. Pomfret, addressing his first-born-when in family conclave-the Pomfrets used abbreviations and pet sobri-quets—"I hear our friend Lamb complains that the people of the parish to which he has been appointed rector, in the room of Bradshaw, prometed to a Donner), are slow in paying their tithes. How's that did Bradshaw let them fall into bad 'abits' Send me up a fried hegg-no, a Dublin Bay, Boa,"

Sardanapalus, in the whitest and stiffest of lightened, entertained more than a sovereign neckties, emblematic of unsulfied purity, and contempt for the religion from which he had unbending principle, slowly dividing a piece of kuttered toast, replied, with a nasal twang "By no means, sir; but the old story, unwillingness of the priest-ridden clods to give adapted to their several tastes, and who, with the parson his due; but we'll soon knock that unctdous speech; putting a shilling into his out of 'em."

"No doubt you will, my dear," smiled the mother, approvingly. "And our good Lamb will soon find that he has not done amiss in nominating our zealous young pawson to be his curate;—tell me, dear, had you a pleasant evening at Lady Clonmel's?" "No, ma'am; I believe old Clou

mel's taken to dying at last; he moped about the room like one abstracted, and looking for something he had lost: it quite spoiled the tone of the company, and the end was a confounded bore; I was sorry I went. "Dear, dear!" soliloquised the father, meditatively. "After all, my friend Castle-reagh's the trump; no sign of flagging there, egad!—dined with him the other day, in company with Castles, Armstrong, Toler, and the first threather than the state of the and a few others—all admitted by the back stairs you know."--He winked slily,—"Fgad, we had a night of it; laid in the finest of venison, and rarest of wine, argued political till we were hoarse, settled the affairs of the nation to our liking, and then turned to music, his lordship being an amateur and prime in catches and glees: we had the vio-lin, cornopean, and flageolet;—and, faith, when we all separated at the small hours of as the country being ashamed of them. He the morning, his lordship was as laboured to convince the world that his brisk as a hornet, the steadlest on his opinions, tastes, and predilections were entirely English, that Ireland was but a place all. But Clonmel's an old sack of tallow, cozing out through every pore :- bad, though, for our party, should he run out to the dregs just now; though he growled and grumbled a good deal, like a spoiled and ill-humoured twelve months' education in English schools child, he was useful to us in many ways, wasn t too acrupulous to give his aid in help-ing us to save the nation—in fact, we should miss him; -to ourselves he has been a staunch partisan, but hasn't much religion; poor fellow, he sneered at our putting you to the Church, and said we might have chosen an honester profession for you; that for himself he had a better opinion of a highwayman than of a pawson. I say, gals," continued Mr-Pomfret, resting upon his fork like a weary boatman upon an oar, and manifesting symptoms of repletion, "what sort o' night had ye at Lady Barrington's?" The wife and daughters thus addressed looked up from hand, in derision of the only issue, which had their teacups. The third daughter, who was not at the moment engaged in masticating, made response, while she tossed back her ringlets with a contemptuous fling of her

"The company were of the most part commoners: the only titles in the room were Carhampton, and Lady Alicia, and Lord Kingsborough. I wonder at Lady Barrington not to be ambitious of a better show of good

So do I : yet I know of some commoners that lold their leads tollrably lightlike Conolly of Castletown; Colclough of Tintern, and Byrne of Cabinteely," said her father. "But tell me, my gal, what beaux did you cook yer cap at; an' did you see any finer wenches than yerself to bate the consate out o' ye?" This time Cleopatra took upon herself to

nswer:) July There was no one there but the the Misses