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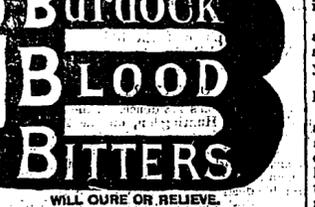
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

W. H. Moore. Durham, N. C., March 2, 1882. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.



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W. H. Moore & Co., Proprietors, Toronto.

ALL-WON PEERAGES

AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Come, now, Missy, I hope you've brought the sense of a good appetite, wid ye. See what I've got here, always, there, did ye ever see such a pitcher as that?"

"No, indeed, Kitty; I don't know 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. 'Go in away, my heart's pulse! Why, ain't yer friends comin' 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, then, Miss 'Phemia, is it takin' lave of yer, since ye are? Does the mistress know?"

"I haven't told anyone but you; I'm not going to endure it any longer, and I'm fushing 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, said:

"There, acushla machree, there; don't now; dry yer eyes, an' tell me all about it. Don't yer 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 disgrace 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 was the mental-horizon clearing, and the developing came 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 disgrace, 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 succeeded 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, 'Bloody Queen Elizabeth, her apostate sister.'"

"Go long; you didn't say it!" exclaimed Kitty, raising her hands in terror and delight.

"But I did," emphatically responded Euphemia, with flushed cheek and animated eye.

When the youth ceased there was a pause, broken at length by his mother sitting down on the stool, swaying her body to and fro, and singing a hymn.

"God help the poor, and him that has no friends to shelter him; ferjigged! What one does for the best turns out for the worst. Didn't I thank God, an' think 'twas the makin' of ye, Ned jewel, when I had the good-luck to get ye into the house of Watkin's & Co., an' now see the find o' it. Ooh, musha, musha! what's to be done, at all?"

"Can't you leave it and go to another situation?" cried Euphemia, who thought herself competent to give the benefit of her counsel in the emergency, and was therefore disappointed when Kitty rejected the suggestion, saying:

"No, ananna; he's bound by indentures. 'But Euphemia, not to be convinced by reason, for her mind so insufficient, persistently argued, while she fixed her sympathetic eyes full upon the boy, who lifted his dark, pondering gaze from contentedly eating, to scrutinize the face before so full of earnest expression, energy, and vigor."

"If the other pretences 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 it's didn't be just to me I wouldn't with them, and so I'd run away, I would.'"

"This was logic, which, enforced with peremptory accent 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 said:

"Well, Missy, 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 honey?"

"Oh, back to Wicklow, to Nurse Doyle, of course."

"And sure you'll not walk all that way, acushore?"

"Oh, no, Kitty; I'll just walk easy along the coach-road till the coach comes, and take a seat—I've got money enough."

"Very good, Missy; an' ye won't be afraid?"

"No, Kitty; I'm not afraid of what?"

"Why, of robbers in the dark."

"No, I'm not 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 yer brothers say, won't ye be afraid of them to do the like?"

she stood, with fervently joined hands, pouring out a vociferous tide of blessings, quite indifferent to the broad glare of the street-lights, and the wayfarer passing by, and from all she saw him out of sight.

"I'm glad to see you, Miss 'Phemia," said Hugh, kindly, "how grievous Miles would be to hear that. What have you done to vex 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 improve, and be a good child," said Hugh, stroking her hair, and certainly not, "said," glibly cried Miss Hodgens.

Euphemia admitted to herself this was true, but with a heart indignantly swelling, she remembered all the humiliations, obstructions, and privations insidiously inflicted upon her on that very score; the injustice, the sneers, the taunts, the low spite, and open contempt for her blood, in a perpetual ferment, with the thousand-and-one petty vexations which she could not frame into language that would adequately portray their effect upon her feelings, say, 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 Hodgens, he said, looking at Euphemia:

"If you were a boy I could understand you better; but I confess to being no adept at analyzing 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, Effie, dear child, believe me, that whatever your external acquirements may be education or accomplishments, unless you co-operate with the exertions of your perceivers in cultivating your own mind, heart, and dispositions, no one whose opinion is worth having will ever admire even beauty, divested of the charm of truthfulness, modesty, simplicity, gentleness, and a little deference of one's own will and pleasures 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," explained 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, Effie, what's come over you? You used to be good-tempered?" then smiling and shaking his head, he took up his hat, again intent on his glances, and, with a glance at Miss Hodgens, and whispered "Lowry" to her alone while; just a wayward fit of childish petulance; she'll come right by-and-by, shook hands again with the lady, thanked her for her attention, bowed, and was gone.

Hugh had not proceeded far when he was accosted by a decent-looking woman in a 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 bold to speak just one word to yer honor?"

"Well, my poor woman, what have you to say?" returned Hugh, as closely scrutinizing the keen, investigating eye, that studied every trait of his countenance with a skill not the less masterly for being a little shrinking, 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 of this gentleman I'd only like to hold to trouble you."

"I heard 'ye callin' to see the young lady, the Blessed Virgin put the thought into my head, that ye war the very one to ask advice to get him an' me out of the trouble we're in, an' 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.

"Yes, 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 in a day's walk."

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"Yes, 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 in a day's walk."

He stood, rejoiced in the denunciations of Sardanapalus, Epimandros, Lycurgus and Sesostris. Of the daughters, who varied in age between 17 and 21, he shall only say that they were most abundantly and artistically swathed in satin and brocade; and decorated with rings, earrings, chains, and brooches of value. They had a flaunt, healthy look, that must have dazzled any eyes liable to appreciate art above nature, and appeared more than grace and beauty. The same whose years averaged between twenty-four and twenty-eight, we shall more particularly describe. Sardanapalus, the first-born of his parents, that is, in weakness, was a fine tall young man, well formed, in limb, and possessed of a physiognomy, that any one not skilled in the diagnosis of the human countenance might term good; pale complexion, mild, regular features, innocent blue eyes; yes, 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 appropriate tendencies, agreed that he was a steady, sensible turn, and gifted with qualities that would admirably 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 Sardanapalus; for he not only entered into all his parents' views on the subject, but he had some notions to be carried out. He was fond of disputation upon theories of his own; said with a degree of audacity, which 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 expound 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.

Epimandros, 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 Epimandros was wild, his father and she could think of nothing else for him."

"God bless me, an' cry an' ingenuously friend, in amazement. Is that a commendation for so sacred a profession?"

"Oh, is it 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 audacious, they were the terror of all, save their partial parents, whose eyes were never satiated admiring the incipient warriors; alternately martinet and libertines, they were at once the plague and delight of the corps to which they belonged, the horror of acquaintances, and the detestation of orderly civilians.

Another cup of coffee, Epimandros, my dear," inquired Mr. Pomfret, as he saw her second son, just ordained, drink of the aromatic beverage contained in his bowl.

"Please, ma'am; I'll also trouble you, Cleo, for a little cold foie and a trumplet."

"Sneep," said Mr. Pomfret, addressing his first-born—when in family conclave—the Pomfrets used abbreviations and pet sobriquets—"I hear our friend Lamb complains that the people of the parish to which he has been appointed rector, in the room of Bradshaw, promoted to a Deanery, are slow in paying their tithes. How's that?—did Bradshaw let them fall into bad habits? Send me up a fried legg—no, a Dublin Bay, Boa."

Sardanapalus, in the whitest and stiffest of neckties, emblematic of untaught purity, and unbending principle, slowly dividing a piece of buttered toast, replied, with a nasal twang: "By no means, sir; but the old story, unwillingness of the priest-ridden clods to give the parson his due; but 'w'den soon knock that 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 parson to be his curate;—tell me, dear, had you a pleasant evening at Lady Clonmel's?"

"No, ma'am; I believe old Clonmel'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!" soliloquized the father, meditatively. "After all, my friend Castle-rough's the trump; no sign of flagging there, egad!—dined with him the other day, in company with Castles, Armstrong, Tolier, and a few others—all admitted by the back stairs you know?"—He winked slyly. "Egad, we had a night of it; laid in the finest of waltzes and waltzes of waltzes, argued politics 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 violin, cello, and fiddle;—and, faith, when we all separated at the small hours of the morning, his lordship was as brisk as a hornet, the steadiest on his feet, and the clearest in his head of us all. But Clonmel's an old sack of tallow, oozing out through every pore;—bad, though, for our party, should he run out to the dogs just now; though he growled and grumbled a good deal, like a spoiled and ill-humoured child, he was useful to us in many ways, wasn't too scrupulous to give his aid in helping 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 you might have chosen an honest profession for you; that for himself he had a better opinion of a highwayman than of a parson. I say, gals," continued Mr. Pomfret, raising up, his fork like a wary boatman upon an oar, and manifesting symptoms of repetition, "what sort of night had ye at Lady Barrington's?" The wife and daughters thus addressed looked up from their tea-cups. 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 head:

"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 society."

"So do I, yet I know of some commoners that 'old their heads tallly high'—like Colonel de Castletown, Colquhoun of Hibernia, and Byrne of Galway, and the father of that young fellow, my gal, who beat you at you look yer best; an' did you see, dear; finer waltzes than ye, I'm sure, to beat the opera out of ye?"

"This time, Olopatra, took upon herself to answer: "There was none there but the Misses Warbeck and their nees; who is engaged to Colandriak, of course; Susan Gubbins, Lady Alicia's family, the Whaley girls, and the Elderly Beresford, with the old dowager,