

themselves before applying that name to him, for the implied taunt regarding his peculiar appearance enraged him beyond measure. Whenever he entered the room, specially if he ventured a remark—and no matter how serious you might have been a moment before—the laugh would come, do your best to repress it. When I first became an inmate with the family, I was too often inclined to laugh at the oddities of Terry—and I believe a much graver person than I was at that time would have done the same—but after a time, when I learned something of his past life, I regarded him with a feeling of pity, although to avoid laughing at him, at times, were next to impossible.

One evening in midsummer I found him seated alone upon the piazza, with a most dejected countenance. Taking a seat by his side I enquired why he looked so sad;—his eyes filled with tears as he replied—“its of ould Ireland I’m thinkin’ to-night, sure.” I had never before seen Terry look sober, and I felt a deep sympathy for the homesick boy. I asked him how it happened that he left all his friends in Ireland and came to this country alone. From his reply I learned that his mother died when he was only ten years old, and, also, that his father soon after married a second wife, who, to use Terry’s own words, “bate him unmarcifully.” “It’s a wonder,” said he, “that iver I lived to grow up, at all, at all, wid all the batins I got from that cruel woman, and all the times she sint