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Poet's Corner.

The Mill Wheel.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

Within the mill-wheel's dripping cave
How flies the white and gleaming spray,
In music falling on the wave
That dances to the open day!
How cool the eddies of the stream,
In lazy boats returning slow
About the block and roughened beam,
Whose mossy feet are far below.

The mill above is racked with noise,
And gray with clouds that ever fly;
And now I hear the miller's voice
As here and there the workmen ply,
I hear the wagons round the door,
The din of bargain in the hall;
The wheel beneath the raftered floor
Grones on, the willing slave of all.

Unheedful of the summer wind,
That o'er the level water skims,
Unheedful of the frost that bind
With icy blades its dripping rims;
Nor never slacks its measured sound,
To think of all it has to do,
But patient turns its endless round,
As if its will were endless, too.

By night the water-gate is drawn;
Within the wave the wheel is still,
And, waiting for the lingering dawn,
It rests beneath the lonely mill.
Sleep, busy wheel—a respite ask
When all thy daily work is done,
And would thy fixed and endless task
Were less the image of my own!

Sartain's Magazine.

Sara-Nading Extra.

Lake, lady, lake! the moon are high;
The twinklin' stars is beemin';
Quite now and then across the sky,
A me te-or are streamin'!

Lake, lovely von! the sky are clear,
Refreshing is the breezes,
It blows my nose, while I sits her
A-fiddlin' neath the treesses!

Lake, Sally, dear, the bull-frog's note
Are heard a yonder rushes,
And the warbling tree toad swells his throat
Singin' in them are bushes.

Lake, Wenus, mine! the yippervill
Sings on that rail-fense yonder,
And the owl pipes forth his hootin' shrill,
(Why, don't she lake, I vonder!)

Lily on the grassy lea,
The moon her beams are pourin',
The stars look down and vink at me,
(By gum! if Sal ain't snorin'.)

Lake, Sally, lake! and look on me,
Awake! Squire Nobbin's daughter:
I'll have you, and you'll have me—
(By George, who threw that vater!)

Israel Sally, thus to slight—
(There comes the bull-dog now!)
Bow-ow! bow ow!" he's got a bite!
Yeo-e-e-tout! "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"

A Capital Hit.

The whig celebration of the battle of Ning which took place on the 27th inst., shows striking light the quickening power of parpolitics upon patriotism. The battle took e thirty-eight years ago, and the anniver- of it has never been formally noticed till . This sudden and unexpected swelling the whig heart towards Gen. Scott reminds New York Post of an anecdote told of an, migrant Indian squaw, who infested a seded village in Connecticut many years ago, who, after exhausting the benevolence of neighborhood by every imaginable appeal, ented herself one day to Mrs. Edwards e of the late Governor Edwards, with both ds thrust into her eyes, sobbing and crying cessfully. Mrs. Edwards asked her what the matter:

O dear! O!" was the reply, "I—lost—my-y er dear pappoose ni—ne years ago, and—I —I can't stand it any longer."

o the whigs have pent in their gratitude General Scott thirty-eight years, and now they "can't stand it any longer."—*Post.*

WHO IS BORN TO TROUBLE.—Misfortunes ended upon one of our Whig friends who ed himself to be seduced into a pilgrimto Landy's Lane. He said, they promised cheap fare, but he had to pay double. They mised him healthy recreation, but he took cholera. They promised him honest and pectable associations, but it seemed as if ery other man was a pickpocket, for they ned him out twice; first, of all he took him, and next, of all he borrowed. He , however, that he could have borne all , and still felt patriotic, but they promised fun, patriotism, enthusiasm, and he found ing but dullness, stupidity, swindling, aches as flat as Hornyman's Ginger Pop, standing over night with a cork out; and rt of all, Greeley of the "Tribune," hawg about his "Life of Scott," at 25 cents a e down to 10 cents per hundred, which the eers wouldn't even take to roll up soap. pitied him!—*Cin. Enq.*

CRIDGED OF BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM.—It significant fact that every General officer served under Scott in the Mexican war, posed to his election to the Presidency. st one of them is not found in the ranks of ppenents of the whig nominee? What asco strongly illustrate Gen. Scott's unfit- for the highest civil office in the world, this quitted judgment of those who knew !

n the contrary, how uniform and how deate are the expressions of confidence in Gen. ott, and his entire capacity for the exalted tion of President, not only from those who served with him in the field, but in the ional councils, and who knew him well? ese facts speak for themselves. They y with them their own commentary.

☞ A tremendous Democratic Mass Meeting was held in N. Y. City, at Tammany Hall, week. The meeting was addressed by Gen. Judge Douglass, Col. Weller and others.

THE BETTER SEX.—Woman are called the ker sex because they are so easily humbled. Out of one hundred girls, ninety five prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy inclined to a mechanic.

Selected Tale.

From Littell's Living Age.

FARDOROUGHA 9 THE MISER.

[Continued.]

In Ireland the first object of a servant man, after entering the employment of his master, is to put himself upon an amicable footing with his fellow servants of the other sex.—Such a step, besides being natural in itself, is often taken in consequence of the *esprit du corps* which prevails among persons of that class. Bartle Flanagan, although he could not be said to act from any habit previously acquired in service, went to work with all the tact and adroitness of a veteran. The next morning, after having left the barn where he slept, he contrived to throw himself in the way of Biddy Duggan, a girl, who, though vain and simple, was at the same time conscientious and honest. On passing from the barn to the kitchen, he noticed her returning from the well with a pitcher of water in each hand, and as it is considered an act of civil attention for the male servant, if not otherwise employed, to assist the female in small matters of the kind, so did Flanagan, in his best manner and kindest voice bid her good-morrow, and offer to carry home the pitcher.

'It's the least I may do,' said he, 'now that I'm your fellow-servant; but before you go farther, lay down your burden, an' let us chat awhile.'

'Indeed,' replied Biddy, 'it's little we expected ever to see your father's son goin' to earn his bread under another man's roof.'

'Pooh! Biddy! there's great wondhors in the world than that, woman alive! But tell me—pooh—ay, is there a thousand quarer things—but I say, Biddy, how do you like to live wid this family?'

'Why, troth indeed, only for the withered ould *leprechaun* himself, divil a dacenter people ever broke bread.'

'Yet, isn't it a wondher that the ould fellow is what he is, an' he so full o' money?'

'Troth, there's one thing myself wondhers at more than that.'

'What, Biddy? let's hear it.'

'Why, that you could be so mane an' shabby enough to come as a sarvint to ate the bread of the man that ruined yees!'

'Biddy,' replied Flanagan, 'I'm glad you've said it, but do you think that I have so bad a heart as to keep revinge in against an inemy? How could I go to my knees at night, if I—no Biddy, we must be Christians. Well, let us drop that; so you tell me the mother an' son are kind to you.'

'As good-hearted a pair as ever lived.'

'Connor, of course, can't but be very kind to so good looking a girl as you are, Biddy,' said Bartle with a knowing smile.'

'Very kind! good looking, ay, indeed, I'm sure o' that Bartle; behave! an' don't be gettin' an wid any o' your palavers. What 'ud make Connor be kind to the likes of me, that way?'

'I don't see why you oughtn't an' mightn't—you're as good as him, if it goes to that.'

'Oh, yis, indeed!'

'Why, you know your're handsome.'

'Handsome,' replied the vain girl, tightening her apron-strings, and assuming a sly coquettish look, 'Bartle, go an' mind your business, and let me bring home my pitchers; it's time the breakwist was down. Sich nonsense!'

'Very well, you're not, thin; you've a bad leg, a bad figure, an' a bad face, and it would be a terrible thing all out for Connor O'Donovan to fall in consate wid you.'

'Well, about Connor I could tell you something—me! tut! go to the surra; fair, you don't know them that Connor's afther, nor the collogin' they all had about it no longer ago than last night itself. I suppose they thought I was asleep, but it was like the hares, wid my eyes open.'

'An' its a pity, Biddy, ever the same two eyes should be shut. Begad myself's a beginning to feel square somehow, when I look at them.'

A glance of pretended incredulity was given in return, after which she proceeded—

'Bartle don't be bringin' yourself to the fair wid such folly. My eyes is just as God made them; but I can tell before a month o' Sundays passes, I wouldn't be surprised if you seen Connor married to——you wouldn't guess!'

'Not I; the divil a hap'orth I know about who he's courtin'.'

'No less than our great beauty, Bodagh Buie's daughter, Una O'Brien. Now, Bartle, for goodness-sake, don't let this cross your lips to a livin' mortal. Sure I heard him tellin' all to the father and mother last night—they're promised to one another. Eh! blessed saints, Bartle, what ails you? you're as white as a sheet. What's wrong? and what did you start for?'

'Nothin',' replied Flanagan coolly, 'but a stitch in my side. I'm subject to that—it pains me very much while it lasts, and leaves me face as you say, the color of dimity; but about Connor, upon my troth, I'm main prond to hear it; she's a party girl, an' besides he'll have a fortune that'll make a man of him. I am, in troth, heart proud to hear it. It's a pity Connie's father isn't as dacent as himself. Arrah, Biddy, where does the ould codger keep his money?'

'Little of it the house any way—sure, whenever he scrapes a guinea together he's away wid it to the county——county——the people.'

'The threasurer; well, much good may it do him, Biddy, that's the worst I pray him. Come now and I'll lave your pitchers in home, and remember you owe me something for this.'

'Good will, I hope.'

'*That*, for one thing,' he replied, as they went along; 'but we'll talk more about it when we have time; and I'll then tell you the truth about what brought me to hire wid Fardorougha Donovan.'

Having thus excited the most active principle called female curiosity, both entered the kitchen where they found Connor and his mother in close and apparently confidential conversation—Fardorougha himself having as usual been abroad upon his farm for upwards of an hour before any of them had risen.

The feelings with which they met that morning at breakfast may be easily understood by our readers without much assistance of ours. On the part of Fardorougha there was a narrow, selfish sense of exultation, if not triumph at the chance that lay before his son of being able to settle himself independently in life, without the necessity of making any demand upon the hundreds which lay so safely in the keeping of the County Treasurer. His sordid soul was too deeply imbued with the love of money to perceive that what he had hitherto looked upon as a proof of parental affection and foresight, was nothing more than a fallacy by which he was led day after day farther into his prevailing vice. In other words, now that love for his son, and the hope of seeing him occupy a respectable position in society, ought to have justified the reasoning by which he had suffered himself to be guided, it was apparent that the prudence which he had still considered to be his duty as a kind parent, was nothing else than a mask for his own avarice. The idea, therefore, of seeing Connor settled without any aid from himself, filled his whole soul with a wild, hard satisfaction, which gave him as much delight as perhaps he was capable of enjoying. The advice offered to his son on the preceeding night appeared to him a matter so reasonable in itself, and the opportunity offered by Una's attachment so well adapted for making it an instrument to work upon the affections of her parents, that he could not for the life of him perceive why they should entertain any rational objection against it.

The warm hearted mother participated so largely in all that affected the happiness of her son, that, if we allow for the difference of sex and position, we might describe their feelings as bearing, in the character of their simple and vivid enjoyment, a very remarkable resemblance. This amiable woman's affection for Connor was reflected upon Una O'Brien, whom she now most tenderly loved, not because the fair girl was beautiful, but because she had plighted her troth to that son who had been during his whole life her own solace and delight.

No sooner was the morning meal concluded and the servants engaged at their respective employments, than Honor, acting probably under Connor's suggestion, resolved at once to ascertain whether her husband could so far overcome his parsimony as to establish their son and Una in life; that is, in the event of Una's parents opposing their marriage, and declining to render them any assistance. With this object in view, she told him as he was throwing his great-coat over his shoulders, in order to proceed to the fields, that she wished to speak with him upon a matter of deep importance.

'What is it?' said Fardorougha, with a hesitating shrug, 'what is it? This is ever an always the way when you want *money*; but I tell you I have no money. You wor born to waste and extravagance, Honor, an' there's no curin' you. What is it you want? an' let me go about my business.'

'Throw that old threadbare Gothamore off o' you,' replied Honor, 'and beg of God to give you grace to sit down an' have common feeling and common sense.'

'If it's money to get clothes either for yourself or Connor, there's no use in it. I needn't sit: you don't want a stitch either of you.'

Honor, without more ado, seized the coat, and flinging it aside, pushed him over to a seat on which she forced him to sit down.

'As heaven's above me,' she exclaimed, 'I donna what'll come over you at all, at all.—Your money, your thrash, your dirt and filth, ever ever, an' for evermore in your thought, heart and sowl. Oh Chierna! to think of it, an' you know there's a God above you, an' that you must meet him, an' that *without* your money too?'

'Ay, ay, the money's what you want to come at; but I'll not sit here to be heethor'd. What is it. I say agin, you want?'

'Fardorougha ahagur,' continued the wife, checking herself, and addressing him in a kind and affectionate voice, 'maybe I was spakin' too harsh to you, but sure it was an' is for your own good. How an' ever, I'll thry kindness, and if you have a heart at all, you can't but show it when you hear what I'm goin' to say.'

'Well, well, go on,' replied the pertinacious husband; 'but—money—ay, ay, is there. I feel, by the way you're coming about me, that there is money at the bottom of it.'

The wife raised her hands and eyes to heaven, shook her head, and after a slight pause, in which she appeared to consider her appeal a hopeless one, she at length went on in an earnest and but subdued and desponding spirit—

'Fardorougha, the time's now come that will show the world whether you love Connor or not.'

'I don't care a pin about the world: you and Connor know well enough that I love him!'

'Love for one's child doesn't come out merely in words, Fardorougha; actin' for their benefit shows it betther than spakin'. Don't you gran't that.'

'Very well, may be I do and may be I don't there's times when the one's bether than the other; but go on, may be I do grant it.'

'Now tell me where in this parish, ay, or in the next five parishes to it, you'd find such a boy for a father or mother to be proud out of, as Connor, your own darlin' as you often call him?'

'Divil a one, Honor; *daminho* to the one; I won't differ wid you in that.'

'You won't differ wid me? the divil thank you for that. You won't, indeed! but *could* you, I say, if you wor willin'?'

'I tell you I could not.'

'Now there's sinse an' kindness in that.—Very well you say you're gatherin' up all the money you can for him.'

'For him—him,' exclaimed the unconscious miser, 'why what do you mane—for—well—ay—yes, yes. I did say for him; it's for him I'm keeping it—it is, I tell you.'

'Now Fardorougha, you know he's ould enough to be settled in life on his own account; an' you heard last night the girl he can get, if you stand to him as he ought to expect from a father that loves him.'

'Why, last night, thin, didn't I give my—'

'Whist, ahagur! hould your tongue awhile, an' let me go on. Truth's best—he dotes on the girl to sich a degree, that if he doesn't get her, he'll never see another happy day while he's alive.'

'All *feashaunas*. Honor—that won't pass. wid me; I know other's as well as myself. Do you think that if I hadn't got you, I'd been unhappy four an' twenty hours, let alone my whole life? I tell you that's *feasthalagh*, an' won't pass. He wouldn't eat an ounce the less if he was never to get her. You seen the breakfast he made this mo'n'; I didn't begrudge it to him, but I may say, sir, that if Una *dhas dhun* O'Brien in my best days; an' be the vestment you wan't Connor, that has more feelin' an' spirit, an' generosity in the nail of his little finger than you ever had in your whole carcass. I tell you he does'nt get married to that girl he'll break his heart. Now how can he marry her except you take a good farm for him, and stock it decently, so that he may have a home such as she desarves to bring her to?'

'How do you know but they'll give her a fortune when they find her bent on him?'

'Why, it's not unpossible,' said the wife, immediately changing her tactics, 'it's not unpossible, but I can tell you it's very unlikely.'

'The best way, then, in my opinion, 'ud be to spake to Connor about breaking it to the family.'

'Why that's fair enough,' said the wife.—'I wondher myself I didn't think of it, but the time was so short since last night.'

'It is short,' replied the miser, 'far an' away too short to expect any one to make up their mind about it. Let them not be rash themselves aither, for I tell you that when people marry in haste, they are apt to have time eno' to repint at laysure.'

'Well, but Fardorougha acushla, now hear me; troth it's truth and since what you say; but still, avoureen, listen; now set in case that the Bodagh an' his wife don't consint to their marrinage, or to do anything for them, won't you take them a farm and stock it bravely?—Think of poor Connor, the darlin' fine fellow that he is. Oh, thin, Saver above, but it's he id go to the well o' the world's end to use you, if your little finger only ached. He would, or for myself, and yet his own father to trate him wid sich—'

It was in vain she attempted to proceed; the subject was one in which her heart felt too deep an interest to be discussed without tears. A brief silence ensued, during which Fardorougha moved uneasily on his seat, took the tongs, and mechanically mended the fire, and peering at it with a countenance twitched as if by *tic dolloureux*, stared round the house with a kind of stupid wonder, rose up, then sat instantly down, and in fact exhibited many of those unintelligible and uncouth movements, which, in persons of his cast, may be properly termed the hieroglyphics of human action, under feelings that cannot be deciphered either by those on whom they operate, or by those who witness them.

'Yes,' said he, 'Connor is all you say, an' more, an' more—an'—a rash act is the worst thing he could do. It's bether, Honor, to spake to him as I said, about lettin' the matther be known to Una's family out of hand.

'And thin, if they refuse, you can show them a ginerous example, by puttin' them into a dacent farm. Will you promise me that Fardorougha? If you do, all's right, for they're not livin' that ever knew you to break your word or your promise.'

'I'll make no promise; but let the other plan be tried first. Now don't be pressin' me he is a noble boy, and would as you say, thravel round the earth to keep my little finger from pain; but let me alone about it now—let me alone about it.'

This, though in itself considered very slight encouragement, was still, in Honor's opinion, quite as much as, if not more than she expected. Without pressing him, therefore, too strongly at that moment, she contented herself with a full length portrait of their son, drawn with all the skill of a mother who knew, if her husband's heart could be touched at all, those points at which she stood the greatest chance of finding it accessible.

For a few days after this the subject of Connor's love was permitted to lie undebated in the earnest hope that Fardorougha's heart might have caught some spark of natural affection from the conversation which had taken place between him and Honor. They waited, consequently, with patience for some manifestation on his part of a better feeling, and flattered themselves that his silence proceeded from the struggle which they knew a man of his disposition must necessarily feel in working up his mind to any act requiring him to part with that which he loved better than life, his money. The ardent temperament of Connor, however, could ill brook the pulseless indifference of the old man; with much difficulty, therefore, was he induced to wait a whole week for the issue, though sustained by the mother's assurance, that, in consequence of the impression left on her by their last conversation, she was certain the father, if not urged beyond his wish, would declare himself willing to provide for them. A week, however, elapsed, and Fardorougha moved on in the same hard and insensible spirit which was usual to him. Wholly engrossed by money, and never, either directly or indirectly, appearing to remember that the happiness and welfare of his son were at stake, or depending upon the determination to which he might come.

Another half-week passed, during which Connor had made two unsuccessful attempts to see Una, in order that some fixed plan of intercourse might be established between them, at least until his father's ultimate resolution on the subject proposed to him should be known. He now felt deeply distressed, and regretted that the ardor of his attachment had so far borne him away during their last meeting, that he had forgotten to concert measures with Una for their future interviews.

He had often watched about her father's premises from a little before twilight until the whole family had gone to bed, yet without any chance of either conversing with her, or of letting her know that he was in the neighborhood. He had gone to chapel, too, with the hope of seeing her, or snatching a hasty opportunity of exchanging a word or two, if possible; but to his astonishment she had not attended mass—an omission of duty of which she had not been guilty for the last three years. What, therefore was to be done? For him to be detected lurking about the Bodagh's house might create suspicion, especially after their interview in the garden, which very probably had, through the officiousness of the servants, been communicated to her parents. In a matter of such difficulty he bethought him of a confidant, and the person to whom the necessity of the case directed him was Bartle Flanagan. Bartle, indeed, ever since he entered into his father's service, had gained rapidly upon Connor's good will, and on one or two occasions well-nigh succeeded in drawing from him a history of the mutual attachment which subsisted between him and Una. His good humor, easy language, and apparent friendship for young O'Donovan, together with his natural readiness of address, or, if you will of manner, all marked him out as admirably qualified to act as a confidant in a manner which required the very tact and talent he possessed.

Poor fellow, thought Connor to himself, it will make him feel more like one of the family than a servant. If he can think that he's treated as my friend and companion, he may forget he's sting the bread of the very man that drove him an' his to destruction. Ay, an' if we're married, I'm not sure but I'll have him to give me away too.'

This resolution of permitting Flanagan to share his confidence been made by Connor upon the day subsequent to that on which he had last tried to see Una. After his return home, disappointment on one hand, and his anxiety concerning his father's liberality on the other, together with the delight arising from the certainty of being beloved, all kept his mind in a tumult, and permitted him to sleep but little. The next day he decided on admitting Bartle to his confidence, and reposing this solemn trust to his integrity. He was lying on his back in the meadow—for they were ricking the hay from the lapcocks—when that delicious languor which arises from rest, fatigue, and heat, so utterly overcame him, that, forgetting his love, and all the anxiety arising from it, he fell into a dreamless and profound sleep.

From this state he was aroused after about an hour by the pressure of something sharp and painful against his side, near the region of the heart, and on looking up, he discovered Bartle Flanagan standing over him with a pitchfork in his hand, one end of which was pressed against his breast, as if he had been in the act of driving it forward into his body. His face was pale, his dark brows frightfully contracted, and his teeth apparently set together, as if working under some fearful determination. When Connor awoke, Flanagan broke out into a laugh that no language could describe. The character of mirth which he wished to throw into his face jarred so terrifically with its demoniacal expression when first seen by Connor, that, even unsuspecting as he was, he started up with alarm, and asked Flanagan what was the matter. Flanagan, however, laughed on—peal after peal succeeded—he tossed the pitchfork aside, and clapping both his hands upon his face, continued the paroxysms until he recovered his composure.

'Oh,' said he, 'I'm as aysake as a child wid laughin'; but, Lord bless us, after all, Connor, what is a man's life worth whin he has an inemy near him? There was I, ticklin' you wid the pitchfork, strivin' to waken you, and one inch of it would have baked your bread for life. Didn't you feel me, Connor?'

'Not a bit, till the minute afore I riz.'

'Then the divil a purtier jig ever you danced in your life; wait till I show you how your left toe wint.'

He accordingly lay down and illustrated the pretended action, after which he burst out into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'Twas just for all the world,' said he, 'as if I had tied a string to your toe, for you groaned an' grunted, an' went on like, I dunno what; but, Connor, what makes you so sleepy to-day rs well as on Monday last?'

'That's the very thing,' replied the unsuspicious and candid young man, 'that I want to spake to you about.'

'What! about sleepin' in the meadows?'

'Not a bit o' that, Bartle, not a morsel of sleepin' in the meadows is concerned in whin I'm going to mintion to you. Bartle, didn't you tell me, the day you hired wid my father, that you wor in love?'

'I did, Connor, I did.'

'Well, so am I; but do you know who I'm in love with?'

'How the divil, man, could I?'

'Well, no, swearin', Bartle; keep the commandments, my boy. I'll tell you, in the manetime, an' that's more than you did to me, you close-mouth-is-a-sign-of-a-wise-head spalpeen!'

'Hard fortune to you; go on, an' don't be keepin' me in suspince—who's the girl?'

'Did you ever hear tell of one *Colleen dhas dhun*, as she's called, known by the manie of Una or Oona O'Brien, daughter to one Bodagh Buie O'Brien, the richest man, barrin' a born gintleman, in the three parishes?'

'All very fair, Connor, for you or any one else to be in love wid her—ay, man alive, or myself if it goes to that—but, *but*, Connor, avrouchal, are you sure that iver you'll bring her to be in love wid you?'

'Bartle,' said Connor, seriously, and after a sudden change in his whole manner, 'in this business I'm going to trate you as a friend and a brother. She loves me, Bartle, and a solemn promise of marriage has passed between us.'

'Connor,' said Bartle, 'it's wonderful, it's wonderful! you couldn't believe what a fool I am—fool! no, but a faint-hearted, cowardly villain.'

'What do you mean, Bartle? what the dickens are you driving at?'

'Drivin' at! whenever I have an opportunity of makin' a drive that ud—but! I'm talkin' balderdash. Do you see here, Connor,' said he, putting his hand to his neck, 'do you see here?'

'To be sure I do. Well, what about *there*?'

'Be my sowl, I'm very careful of—but!—sure I may as well tell you the whole truth: I sed I was in love; well, man, that was thrue, and,' he added in a low, pithy whisper, 'I was near—no, Connor, I won't, but go on; it's enough for you to know that I was an' am in love, and that it'll go hard wid me if ever *any one else* is married to the girl. *I'm* in love wid. Now that my business is past, let me hear yours, poor fellow, and I'm divilish glad to know, Connor, that—that—who, tunder and ouns, that you're out as I am. Be the crass that saved us, Connor, I'm glad of that!'

'Why, love will set you mad, Bartle, if you don't take care of yourself; an', faith, I don't know but it may do the same with myself, if I'm disappointed. However, the truth is, you must serve me in this business. I strove to see her twice, but couldn't, and I'm afraid of being seen spyin' about their place.'

'The thruth is, Connor, you want to make me a go-between—a blackfoot; very well, I'll do that same on your account, an' do it well, too, I hope.'

It was then arranged that Flanagan, who was personally known to some of the Bodagh's servants, should avail himself of that circumstance, and contrive to gain an interview with Una, in order to convey her a letter from O'Donovan. He was further enjoined by no means to commit it to the hands of any person save those of Una herself, and, in the event of his not being able to see her, then the letter was to be returned to Connor. If he succeeded, however, in delivering it, he was to await an answer, provided she found an opportunity of sending one: if not, she was to inform Connor, through Flanagan, at what time and place he could see her. This arrangement having been made, Connor immediately wrote the letter, and, after having despatched Flanagan upon his errand, set himself to perform, by his individual labor, the task which his father had portioned out for both.—Ere Bartle's return, Fardorougha came to inspect their progress in the meadow, and, on finding that the servant was absent, he inquired sharply into the cause of it.

'He's gone on a message for me,' replied Connor with the utmost frankness.

'But that's a bad way for him to mind his business,' said his father.

'I'll have the task that you set both of us finished,' replied the son, 'so that you'll lose nothing by his absence, at all events.'

'It's wrong, Connor, it's wrong; where did you send him to?'

'To Bodagh Buie's wid a letter to Una.'

'It's a waste of time, an' a loss of work;—about that business I have something to say to your mother and you to-night, afther the supper, when the rest go to bed.'

'I hope, father, you'll do the dacent thing still.'

'No; but I hope, son, you'll do the wise thing still; how-an-ever let me alone now; if you expect me to do anything, you mustn't drive me as your mother does. To-night we will make up a plan that'll outdo Bodagh Buie. Before you come home, Connor, throw a stone or two in that gap, to prevent the cows from gettin' into the hay; it won't cost you much trouble. But, Connor, honomon dioul, did you ever see such an appetite as Bartle has? He'll brake me out o' house an' home feedin' him; he has a stomach for ten-penny nails; be my word it 'uo be a charity to give him a dose of oak bark to make him dacent; he's a divil at atin', an' little good may it do him!'

The hour of supper arrived without Bartle's returning, and Connor's patience began to overcome him, when Fardorougha, for the first time, introduced the subject which lay nearest his son's heart.

'Connor,' he began, 'I've been thinkin' of this affair with Una O'Brien; an' in my opinion there's but one way of it; but if you're a fool an' stand in your own light, it's not my fault.'

'What is the way, father?' inquired Connor.

'The very same that I tould you an' your mother before—run away wid her—I mane make a runaway match of it—then refuse to marry her unless they come down wid the money. You know afther runnin' away wid *you* nobody else would ever marry *her*; so that rather than see their child disgraced, never fear but that they'll pay down on the nail, or may be bring you both to-live wid them.'

'My sowl to glory, Fardorougha,' said the wife, 'but you're a bigger an' cunninger ould rogue than I ever tuck you for! By the scrapular upon me, if I had known how you'd turn out, the sarra carry the ring ever you'd put on *my* finger!'

'Father,' said Connor, 'I must be disobedient to you in this at all events. It's plain you will do nothing for us; so there's no use in sayin' anything more about it. I have no means of supportin' her, and I swear by the blessed sacrament I'll never bring her to poverty. If I had money to carry me, I'd go to America and thry my fortune there; but I have not. Father, it's too hard that you should stand in my way when you could so easily make me happy. Who have you sich a right to assist as your son—your only son, and your only child, too?'

This was spoken in a tone of respect and sorrow at once impressive and affectionate.—His fine features were touched with something beyond sadness or regret, and, as the tears stood in his eyes, it was easy to see that he felt much more deeply for his father's want of principle than anything connected with his own hopes and prospects. In fact, the tears that rolled silently down his cheeks were the tears of shame and sorrow for a parent who could thus school him to an act of such unparalleled baseness. As it was, the genius of the miser felt rebuked by the natural delicacy and honor of the son; the old man, therefore, shrunk back abashed, confused, and moved at the words which he had heard—simple and inoffensive though they were.

'Fardorougha,' said the wife, wiping her eyes, that were kindling into indignation, 'we are no married goin' on—'

'I think, mother,' said Connor, 'the less we say about this now the better—with my own good will I'll never spake on the subject.'

'You're right, avourech,' replied the mother, 'you're right; I'll say nothing—God sees it's no use.'

'What would you have me do?' said the old man, rising and walking about in unusual distress and agitation; 'you don't know me—I can't do it—*I can't* do it. You say, Honor, I don't care about him—I'd give him my blood to save a hair of his head. My life an' happiness depends on him; but who knows how he an' his wife might mismanage that money if they got it—both young and foolish? It wasn't for nothing it came into my mind what I'm afraid will happen to me yet.'

'And what was that, Fardorougha?' asked the wife.

'Sich foreknowledge doesn't come for nothing, Honor. I've had it and felt it hanging ober me this many a long day, that I'd come to starvation yit; an' I see if you force me to do as you wish, that it'll happen. I'm as sure of it as that I stand before you. I'm an unfortunate man wid such a fate before me; an' yet I'd shed my blood for my boy—I would, and he ought to know I would; but he would n't ax me to starve for him—would you, Connor, avick machree, would you ax your father to starve? I'm unhappy—unhappy—an' my heart's breakin!'

The old man's voice failed him as he uttered the last words; for the conflict which he felt evidently convulsed his whole frame. He wiped his eyes, and, again sitting down, he wept bitterly and in silence, for many minutes.

A look of surprise, compassion, and deep distress passed between Connor and his mother. The latter also was very much affected, and said,

'Fardorougha, dear, may be I spake sometimes too cross to you; but if I do, God above knows it's not that I bear you ill will, but because I'm troubled about poor Connor. But I hope I won't spake angry to you agin; at all events, if I do, remember it's only the mother pleadin' for her son—the only son and child that God was plased to kind her.'

'Father,' added Connor, also deeply moved, 'don't distress yourself about me—don't, father, dear. Let things take their chance; but come or go what will, any good fortune that might happen me wouldn't be sweet if it came by giving you a sore heart.'

At this moment the barking of a dog gave notice of approaching footsteps; and in a few moments the careless whistle of Bartle Flanagan was heard within a few yards of the door.

'This is Bartle,' said Connor, 'maybe, father, his answer may throw some light upon the business. At any rate, there's no secret in it; we'll hear what news he brings us.'

He had scarcely concluded when the latch was lifted, but Bartle could not enter.

'It's locked and bolted,' said Fardorougha, 'as he sleeps in the barn. I forgot that he was to come in here any more to-night—open it, Connor.'

'For the sake of all the money you keep in the house, father,' said Connor, smiling, 'it's hardly worth your while to be so timorous; but God help the county treasurer if he forget to bar his door. Asy, Bartle, I am opening it.'

Flanagan immediately entered, and, with all the importance of a confidant, took his seat at the fire.

'Well, Bartle,' said Connor, 'what news?'

'Let the boy get his supper first,' said Honor; 'Bartle, you must be starved wid the hunger.'

'Faith, I'm middlin' well, I thank you, that same way, replied Bartle; 'divil a one o' me but is as ripe for my supper as a July cherry; yerra I'll soon show you what good execution is.'

A deep groan from Fardorougha gave back a fearful echo to the truth of this formidable announciation.

'Are n't you well Fardorougha?' asked Bartle.

'Troth I am not, Bartle; never was more uncomfortable in my life.'

Flanagan immediately commenced his supper, which consisted of flummery and new milk—a luxury among the lower ranks which might create envy in an epicure. As he advanced in the work of destruction, the gray eye of Fardorougha, which followed every spoonful that entered his mouth, cintillated like a cat when rubbed down the back, though from a directly opposite feeling. He turned and twisted on his chair, and looked from his wife to his son, and then turned up his eyes, and appeared to feel as if a dagger entered his heart with every additional dig of Bartle's spoon into the flummery. The son and wife smiled at each other, for they could enjoy those petty sufferings of Fardorougha with a great deal of good humor.

'Bartle,' said Connor, 'what's the news?'

'Divil a word worth tellin'; at laste that I can hear.'

'I mean from Bodagh Buie's.'

Bartle stared at him; 'Bodagh Buie!—what do I know about Bodagh Buie? Are you ravin'?'

'Bartle,' said Connor, 'my father and mother know all about it—and about your going to Una with the letter. I have no secrets from them.'

—'Hoot toot! That's a horse of a different color; but you wouldn't have me, widout knowin as much, to go to betray a trust. In the mane time, I may as well finish my supper before I begin to tell you what som-ever happened to know about it.'

Another deep groan from Fardorougha followed the last observation.

At length the work of demolition ceased, and after Honor had put aside the empty dish, Bartle having wiped his mouth, and uttered a hiccup or two, thus commenced to dole out his intelligence:

'Whin I wint to the Bodagh's,' said Bartle, 'it was wid great schamin an' trouble I got a sight of Miss Una at all, in regard of—(hiccup)—in regard of her not knowin that there was any sich message for her—(hiccup.) But happenin to know Sally Laffan, I made bould to go into the kitchen to ax, you know, how was her aunt's family up in Skelgy, when who should I find before me in it but Sally an' Miss Una—(hiccup). (Saver of earth this night! *from Fardorougha.*) Of coorse I shook hands wid her—wid Sally, I mane—an', Sally, says I, I was sint in wid a message from the masther to you. So, begad, ou—(hiccup)—out she goes, an' the coast bein clear, Miss Una, says I, here's a scrap of a letther from Misther Connor O'Donovan; read it, and if you can write him an answer, do; if you haven't time, say whativer you have to say by me. She go—(hiccup)—she got all colors whin I handed it to her; an' run away, sayin to me, wait for a while, and don't go till I see you.' In a minute or two Sally comes in agin as mad as the dickens wid me. 'The curse o' the crows an you?' says she, 'why did you make me run a fool's erran for no rason? The masther wasn't in the haggard, and didn't want me good or bad.'

'Bartle,' said the impatient lover, 'pass all that over for the present, and let us know the answer, if she sent any.'

'Sent any! be my sowl, she did so! Afther readin your letther, an' findin that she could depind on *me*, she said that for fear of any remarks bein made about by waitin, espishally as I live at present in this family, it would be better, she thought, to answer it by word o' mouth. 'Tell him, said she, 'that I didn't think he wa—(hiccup)—(Queen o' heven!)—was so dull and ignorant o' the customs of the country as not to know that whin young people want to see one another they stay from mass wid an expectation that'—begad, I disremember exactly her own words; but it was as much as to say that she staid at home on last Sunday expectin to see you.'

'Well, but Bartle, what else?—short and sweet, man.'

'Why, she'll meet you on next Thursday night, God willin, in the same place; and whin I axed her where, she said you knew it your self.'

'And is that all?'

'No, it's not all: she sed it 'ud be better to mention the thing to her father. After thinkin it over, she says, as your father has the an—(hiccup)—name o' bein so rich, she don't know but if a friend 'ud interfere his consint might be got; and that's all I have to say about it, barrin that she's a very purty girl, and I advise you not to be *too sure of her yet*, Connor. So now I'm for the barn—good night, Far—(hiccup)—(at my cost, you do it!) Fardorougha.'

He rose and proceeded to his sleeping place in the barn, whither Connor, who was struck with his manner, accompanied him.

'Bartle, said O'Donovan, 'did you take anything since I saw you last?'

'Only a share of two niggins wid my brother Antony at Peggy Finigan's.'

'I noticed it upon you,' said Connor, 'but don't think they did!'

'And if they did, too, it's not high thinson, I hope.'

'No; but, Bartle, I'm obliged to you. You have acted as a friend to me, and I won't forget it to you.'

'*Dar Deah*, and I'm so much obliged to you, Connor, that I'll remimber your employin' me in this the longest day I have to live.—But, Connor?'

'Well, Bartle!'

'I'd take the sacrament, that, after all, a ring you'll never put on her.'

'And what makes you think so, Bartle?'

'I don't—I do—(hiccup)—don't know; but somehow something or another tells it to me that you won't; others is fond of her, I suppose, as well as yourself; and of coorse they'll stand betune you.'

'Ay, but I'm sure of her.'

'*Der Chriastha*, but you're not; wait till I see you man and wife, an' then I'll say so.—Here's myself, Bartle, is in love, an' though I don't expect ever the girl will or would marry me, be the crass of heaven no other man will