The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS — MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1852. — VOLUME IX. NUMBER 38

Poet's Corner.

From the N. O. Delta.

Consolation.

Friend and brother, a weary day,
With its strifes and struggles, has passed
away,
And jarring voices, and hurrying feet
No more are heard in the vacant street;
And over the domes and the city walls
The starry light of the evening falls
With a mystic beauty that soothes to rest
The troubled thoughts of the heaving breast.
And a gentle spirit that shrinks from day
Is hovering round where the moon beams
play;
And calm and sweet to the soul it brings
A dream of peace on its silvery wings.

Friend and brother, thy heart is bowed,
And thy thoughts are still of the jostling
crowd,
Whose passions rude, and whose selfish strife,
Are bitter dregs in the cup of life.
I know thy trusting hath been betrayed,
Thy fond hopes crushed, and the love that
made
Thy pulses bound with a wild delight
Hath felt the breath of a cruel blight;
But come with me while the tranquil earth
Rests in the gleam of its starry birth,
And, in the calm of the hour, forget
The many struggles which thou hast met.

Friend and brother, though hopes prove vain,
Do not thus of the world complain;
Nor call it all, in thy bitter haste,
A dreary wild, and a desert waste.
What, though evil in robes of light
Walk the earth with its breath of blight,
To snare the trusting, and then destroy
The glow of hope and the gush of joy!
Envy and malice, and all the throng
Of baser passions that lurk with wrong,
Must yield at last, to the hateful strife—
To the strength of a pure and gentle life.

Look up to the sky, it is glorious now,
With a thousand stars on its azure brow,
And yet how late, with a threatening frown,
Dark and gloomy, the clouds loomed down;
It is thus with life, and in human breasts
Sadness and joy are the changeful guests.
In thy daily paths thou hast met with those
Whose selfish passions have made them foes,
And that is why thou hast deemed this life
A scene of battle and heartless strife;
But better moments will yet impart
A healing balm to thy wounded heart.

Friend and brother, along our way
Beauty smiles with its golden ray,
And Truth, and Honor, and Love are there
Though hidden oft by the vale of care;
And Hope is born in the whispered word
That affection breathes when its fount is stirred;
And strains of music from lips we love
Seem sweet as those from the harps above.
Oh, think of these, and thy swelling soul
Will spurn at strife and its dark control,
And then once more, will the fair earth beam
With the golden light of the early dream.

J. B. D.

New Orleans, Aug., 1852.

Selected Tale.

Fardorougha, the Miser.

Those who read this graphic and beautiful novel, says the *New York Atlas*, (and it surpasses anything of the kind we have ever perused,) will find in the annexed chapter a delightful banquet. We cannot commend it too warmly to the attention of our readers. For the purpose of supplying all who may wish to obtain the entire novel, we have preserved a few copies of the antecedent chapters.

"——but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the eye doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceite expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant to his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluable is his discourse.

Interview between Connor and Una—Fardorougha visits the Bodagh to negotiate a marriage between the lovers—The Bodagh refuses his consent to their nuptials unless Fardorougha will bestow a marriage settlement on his son—Terrible struggle between avarice and paternal affection; &c.

From Littell's Living Age.

FARDOROUGHA, THE MISER.

[Continued.]

The tryste between Connor and Una was held at the same place and hour as before, and so rapid a progress had love made in each of their hearts, that we question if the warmth of their interview, though tender and innocent, would be apt to escape the censure of our stricter readers. Both were depressed by the prospect that lay before them, for Connor frankly assured her that he feared no earthly circumstance could ever soften his father's heart so far as to be prevailed upon to establish him in life.

'What then can I do, my darling Una? If your father and mother won't consent—as I fear they won't—am I to bring you into the miserable cabin of a day laborer? for to this is the son of a man so wealthy as my father is, must sink. No, Una dear, I have sworn never to bring you to poverty, and I will not.'

'Connor,' she replied, somewhat gravely, 'I thought you had formed a different opinion of me. You know but little of your Una's heart, if you think she wouldn't live with you in a cabin a thousand and a thousand times sooner than she would live with any other in a palace. I love you for your own sake, Connor; but it appears you don't think so.'

Woman can never bear to have her love undervalued, nor the moral dignity of a passion which can sacrifice all worldly and selfish considerations to its own purity of attachment unappreciated. When she uttered the last words Connor's eyes, tears of bitter sorrow, mingled with offended pride, came to her aid. She sobbed for some moments, and again went on to reproach him with forming so unfair an estimate of her affection.

'I repeat that I loved you for yourself only, Connor, and think of what I would feel, if you refused to spend your life in a cottage with me. If I thought you wished to marry me not because I am Una O'Brien, but the daughter of a wealthy man, my heart would break, and if I thought you were not true minded, and pure-hearted, and honorable, I would rather be dead than united to you at all.'

'I love you so well, and so much, Una, that I doubt I'm not worthy of you—and it's fear of seeing you brought down to daily labor that's crushing and breaking my heart.'

'But, dear Connor—what is there done by any cottager's wife that I don't do every day of my life? Do you think that my mother lets me pass my time in idleness, or that I myself could bear to be unemployed even if she did; I can milk, make butter, spin, sew, wash, knit, and clean a kitchen; why, you have no notion,' she added, with a smile, 'what a clever cottager's wife I'd make!'

'Oh Una,' said Connor, now melted into tenderness greater than he had ever before felt; 'Una dear it's useless—it's useless—I can't, no, I wouldn't—and I will not live without you, even if we were to beg together—but what is to be done?'

'Now, while my brother John is at home, is the time to propose it to my father and mother, who look upon him with eyes of such affection and delight that I am half inclined to think their consent may be gained.'

'Maybe darling, his consent will be as hard to gain as their own.'

'Now,' she replied fondly, 'only you're a hard hearted thing that's afraid to live in a cottage with me, I could tell you some good news—or rather you doubt me—and fear that I wouldn't live in one with you.'

A kiss was the reply, after which he said—

'With you, my dear Una, now that you're satisfied, I would live and die in a prison—with you, with you—in whatever state of life we may be placed, with you, but without you—never. I could not.'

'Well, we are young, you know, and neither of us proud—and I am not a lazy girl—indeed, *indeed*, I am not; but you forget the good news.'

'I forget that, and everything else but yourself, darling, while I'm in your company. O heavens! if you were once my own, and that we were never to be separated!'

'Well, but the good news!'

'What is it dear?'

'I have mentioned our affection to my brother, and he has promised to assist us. He has heard of your character, and of your mother's and says that it's unjust to visit upon you'

She paused—'You know, my dear Connor, that you must not be offended with anything I say.'

'I know, my sweet treasure, what you're going to say,' replied Connor with a smile; 'nobody need be delicate in saying that my father loves the money, and knows how to put guinea to guinea; thats no secret. I wish he loved it less, to be sure, but it cannot be helped; in the mean time, *ma colleen dhas dhun*—O, how I love them words! God bless your brother he must have a kind heart, Una dear, and he must love you very much, when he promises to assist us.'

'He has, and will; but, Connor why did you send such a disagreeable, forward, and prying person, as your father's servant to bring me your message? I do not like him—he almost stared me out of countenance.'

'Poor fellow,' said Connor, 'I feel a good dale for him, and I think he's an honest, good-hearted boy, and besides, he's in love himself.'

'I know he was always a starer, and I say again I don't like him.'

'But as the case stands, dear Una, I have no one else to trust to—at all events, he's in our secret, and the best way, if he's not honest, is to keep him in it; at laste, if we put him out of it now, he might be talking to our disadvantage.'

'There's truth in that, and we must trust him with as little of our real secrets as possible; I cannot account for the strong prejudice I feel against him, and have felt for the last two years. He always dressed above his means, and once or twice attempted to speak to me.'

'Well, but I know that he's in love with some one, for he told me so; poor fellow, I'm bound, my dear Una, to show him any kindness in my power.'

After some further conversation, it was once more decided that Fardorougha should, on the next day, see the Bodagh and his wife, in order to ascertain whether their consent could be obtained to the union of our young and anxious lovers. This step as the reader knows, was every way in accordance with Fardorougha's inclination. Connor himself would have preferred his mother's advocacy to that of a person possessing such a slender hold on their good-will as his other parent. But upon consulting with her, she told him that the fact of the proposal coming from Fardorougha might imply a disposition on his part to provide for his son. At all events, she hoped that contradiction, the boast of superior wealth or some fortunate collision of mind and principle, might strike a spark of generous feeling out of her husband's heart, which nothing she knew, under strong excitement, such as might arise from the bitter pride of the O'Brien's, could possibly do. Besides, as she had no favorable expectations from the interview, she thought it an unnecessary and painful task to subject herself to the insults which she apprehended from the Bodagh's wife, whose pride and importance towered far and high over those even of her consequential husband.

This just and sensible view of the matter, on the part of the mother, satisfied Connor, and reconciled him to the father's disinclination to be accompanied by her to the scene of conflict; for, in truth, Fardorougha protested against her assistance with a bitterness which could not easily be accounted for.

'If your mother goes let her go by herself,' said he; 'for I'll not intherfare in't if she does. I'll take the dirty Bodagh and his fat wife my own way, which I can't do if Honor comes to snibbin' and makin' little o' me afore them.—Maybe I'll pull down their pride for them better than you think, and in a way they're not prepared for; them an' their janting car!'

Neither Connor nor his mother could help being highly amused at the singularity of the miserable pomp and parsimonious display resorted to by Fardorougha, in preparing for this extraordinary mission. Out of an old strongly locked chest he brought forth a *gala* coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last thirty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *entire*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured, in it. Next came a pair of knee-breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg.—Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to the knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and brimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in these habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person when dressed, we shall endeavor at all events to present him with a loose outline.

In the first place, his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size, and as he had become much stooped, its tail, which at best, had been preposterously long, now nearly swept the ground. To look at him behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which a piece of exquisite taste, he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his small clothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a full grown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and buttermilk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his fore-finger and thumb.

Bodagh Buie, his wife, and their two children, were very luckily assembled in the parlour, when the non-descript figure of the deputy-wooer made his appearance on that part of the neat road which terminated at the gate of the little lawn that fronted the hall-door.—Here and there was another gate to the right that opened into the farm or kitchen yard, and as Fardorougha hesitated which to enter, the family within had an opportunity of getting a clearer view of his features and person.

'Who is that quare figure standin' there?' inquired the Bodagh.

'Somebody comin' to see some of the servants, I suppose,' replied his wife.

In sober truth, Fardorougha was so completely disguised by his dress, especially by his hat, whose shallowness and wrut of brim gave his face and head so wild and excentric an appearance, that we question if his own family, had they not seen him dress, could have recognized him! At length he turned into the kitchen-yard, and, addressing a laborer whom he met, asked—

'I say, nabor, which is the right way into the Bodagh Buie's house?'

'There's two right ways into it, an' you may take aither o' them—but if you want any favor from him, you had better call him Mr. O'Brien. The Bodagh's a name was first given to his father, an' he bein' a dacenter man, doesn't like it, although it sticks to him; so there's a lift for you, my hip-striddled little codger.'

'But which is the right door of the house?'

'There it is, the kitchen—peg in—that's your inthrance, barin' you're a gintleman in disguise, an' if you be, why turn out again to that other gate, strip off your shoes, and pass up ginteely on your tippytoes, and give a thunderin' whack to the green ring that's hangin' from the door. But see frind,' added the man 'maybe you'd do one a service?'

'How,' said Fardorougha, looking earnestly at him, 'what is it?'

'Why to lave us a lock o' your hair before you go,' replied the wag with a grin.

The miser took no notice whatsoever of this but was turning quietly out of the yard, to enter by the lawn, when the man called out in a commanding voice—

'Back here, you codger!—tundher an' thump!—hark I say! You won't be let in that way—thramp back, you leprechaun, into the kitchen—ch! you won't, well, take what you'll get, an' that'll be the way back again.'

'Twas at this moment that the keen eye of Una recognized the features of her lover's father, and a smile, which she felt it impossible to subdue, settled upon her face, which became immediately mantled with blushes. On hurrying out of the room she plucked her brother's sleeve, who followed her to the hall.

'I can scarcely tell you dear John,' she said, speaking rapidly, 'it's Fardorougha O'Donovan, Connor's father; as you know his business, John, stay in the parlor;' she squeezed his hand; and added with a smile on her face and a tear in her eye, 'I fear it's all over with me—I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but stay, John dear, an' fight my battle—poor Una's battle.'

She ran up stairs, and immediately one of the most beggarly, sordid, pusillanimous knocks that ever spoke of starvation and misery was heard at the door.

'I will answer it myself,' thought the amiable brother; 'for if my father or mother does, he surely will not be allowed in.'

John could scarcely preserve a grave face, when Fardorougha presented himself.

'Is Mr. O'Brien widin?' inquired the usurer, shrewdly availing himself of the hint he received from the servant.

'My father is,' replied John; 'have the goodness to step in.'

Fardorougha entered immediately, followed by young O'Brien, who said,

'Father, this is Mr. O'Donovan, who, it appears, has some important business with the family.'

'Don't be mistherin' me,' replied Fardorougha, helping himself to a seat; 'I'm too poor to be misthered.'

'With this family?' exclaimed the father in amazement; what business can Fardorougha Donovan have with this family, John?'

'About our childre,' replied the miser; 'about my son and your daughter.'

'An' what about them' inquired Mrs. O'Brien; 'do you dar to mintion them in the same day together?'

'Why not?' said the miser; 'ay an' on the same night too.'

'Upon my reputaytion, Mr. O'Donovan, you're extramely kind—now be a little more so, and let undherstand you?' said the Bodagh.

'Poor Una!' thought John, 'all's lost; he will get himself kicked out to a certainty.'

'I think it's time we got them married,' replied Fardorougha; 'the sooner it's done the beither and the safer for both o'them; especially for the *colleen*.'

'*Dar a Lorha*, he's cracked,' said Mrs. O'Brien; 'sarra one o' the poor soul but's cracked about his money.'

'Poor sowl, woman alive! wor you never poor yourself?'

'Yis I wor; an' I'm not ashamed to own it; but, *Chierna, Frank*,' she added, addressing her husband, 'there's no use in spaking to him.'

'Fardorougha,' said O'Brien seriously, 'what brought you here?'

'Why, to tell you an your wife the state that my son, Connor, and your daughter's in about one another; an' to advise you both, if you have sinse, to get them matried afore worse happen. It's your business more nor mine.'

'You're right,' said the Bodagh, aside to his wife; 'he's sartinly deranged. Fardorougha,' he added, 'have you lost any money lately?'

'I'm losin' every day,' said the other; 'I'm broke assistin' them that won't thank me, let alone paying me as they ought.'

'Then you have lost nothing more than usual?'

'If I didn't, I tell you there's a good chance of losin' it before me;—can a man call any money of his safe that's in another man's pocket?'

'An' so you're come to propose a marriage between your son and my daughter, yet you lost no money, an' you're not mad?'

'Divil a morsel o' me's mad—but you'll be so if you refuse to let this match go an.'

'Out wid him—*a shan roghara*,' shouted Mrs. O'Brien, in a state of most dignified offence; '*Damho orth*, you ould knave! is it the son of a misert that has fleeced an' robbed the whole counthry side that we 'ud let our daughter, that resaved the finish to her education in a Dubling boordin' school, marry wid?—*Vic na hoish* this day!'

'You had no sich scruple yourself, ma'am,' replied the bitter usurer; 'when you bounced at the son of the ould Bodagh Buie, an' every one knows what he was.'

'He!' said the good woman; 'an' is it runnin' up comparishments betuxt yourself an' him you are afther? Why, Saint Pether wouldn't thrive on your money you nager.'

'Maybe Saint Pether thruv on worse—but havn't you thriv as well on the Bodagh's, as it had been *honestly* come by? I defy you an' the world both—to say that ever I tuck a penny from any one more than my right. Lay that to the mimory of the old Bodagh, an' see if it'll fit. It's no light guinea, any how.'

Had Fardorougha been a man of ordinary standing and character in the country, from whom an insult could be taken, he would no doubt have been by a very summary process expelled from the parlor.

The history of his querulous and irascible temper, however, was so well known, and his offensive eccentricity of manner a matter of such established fact, that the father and son on glancing at each other, were seized with the same spirit, and both gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'Is it a laughin' stock you're makin' of it?' said Mrs. O'Brien, highly indignant.

'Faith, achora, it may be no laughin' stock afther all' replied the Bodagh.

'I think, mother,' observed John, 'that you and my father had better treat the matter with more seriousness. Connor O'Donovan is a young man not to be despised by any person at all near his own class of life who regards the peace and welfare of a daughter. His character stands very high; indeed, in every way unimpeachable.'

The bitter scowl which had sat upon the small dark features of Fardorougha when replyin' to the last attack of Mrs. O'Brien, passed away as John spoke. The old man turned hastily round, and, surveying the eulogist of his son, said,

'God bless you, asthore, for thim words! and they're thruo—thruo as the gospel, arrah what are you both proud of? I defy you to get the aquil of my son in the barony of Lisnamona, either for face figure or temper! I say he's fit to be a husband for as good a girl as ever stood in your daughter's shoes; an' from what I hear of her, she's as good a girl as ever the almighty put breath in. God bless you young man! you're a credit yourself to any parents.'

'An' we have nothin' to say against your son, nor against your wife aither,' replied the Bodagh; 'an' if your own name was as clear—if you wor look upon as they are—tut, I'm spakin nonesense! How do I know whether ever your son and my daughter spoke a word to one another or not?'

'I'll go bail Oona never open her lips to him,' said her mother; 'I'll go bail she had more spirit.'

'An' I'll go bail she can't live widout him, an' will have him whether *you* like it or not,' said Fardorougha.

'Mother,' observed John, 'will you and my father come into the next room for a minute—I wish to say a word to each of you; and will you Fardorougha have the goodness to sit here till we return?'

'Divil a notion,' replied O'Donovan, 'I have of stirrin' my foot till the thing's settled one way or other.'

'Now,' said young O'Brien, when they got into the back parlor, 'it's right, that you both should know to what length the courtship between Una an' Connor O'Donovan has gone.

'Coortship! *Vich na Hoiah!* sure she would n't go to coort wid the son o' that ould schamer.'

'I'm beginning to fear that it's too thrue,' observed the Bodagh; 'an if she has—but let us hear John.'

'It's perfectly true, indeed, mother, that she *has*,' said the son. 'Yes, and they are both this moment pledged, betrothed, promised, solemnly promised, to each other; and in my opinion the old man within is acting a more honorable part than either of you give him credit for.'

'Well, well, well,' exclaimed the mother, 'who afther that would ever thrust a daughter?—The girl that we reared up as tindher as a chicken, to go to throw herself away upon the son of ould Fardorougha Donovan, the miser! Confusion to the ring ever he'll put on her! I'd see her *stretched* first.'

'I agree with you in that, Bridget,' said the husband; 'if it was only to punish her treachery and deasite, I'd take good care a ring will never go on them; but how do you know all this, John?'

'From Una's own lips, father.'

The Bodagh paced to and fro in much agitation—one hand in his small clothes pocket, and the other twirling his watch-key as rapidly as he could. The mother, in the mean time, had thrown herself into a chair, and gave way to a violent fit of grief.

'And you have this from Una's own lips?'

'Indeed, father, I have; and it is much to her own credit that she was candid enough to place such confidence in her brother.'

'Pledged and promised to one another!—Bridget, who could believe this?'

'Believe it! I don't believe it—it's only a schame of the hussy to get him. Oh, thin, Queen of heaven this day! but it's black news to us!'

'John,' said the father, 'tell Una to come down to us.'

'Father, I doubt not that's a trying task for her. I wish you wouldn't insist.'

'Go off, sir; she must come down immediately. I'll have it from her own lips, too.'

Without another word of remonstrance the son went to bring her down. When the brother and sister entered the room O'Brien still paced the floor. He stood, and turning his eyes upon his daughter with severe displeasure, was about to speak, but he appeared to one or two ineffectual attempts, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

'See, see,' said the mother, 'see what you have brought us to. Is it thrue that you're promised to Fardorougha's son?'

Una tottered over to a chair and the blood left her cheeks; her lips became dry, and she gasped for breath.

'Why, don't you think it worth your while to answer me?' continued the mother.

The daughter gave a look of deep distress and supplication at her brother; but when she perceived her father in tears, her head sank down upon her bosom.

'What! what! Una,' exclaimed the Bodagh; 'Una——' But ere he could complete the question the timid creature fell senseless upon the floor.

For a long time she remained in that friendly trance; for such, in truth, it was to a delicate being, subject to an ordeal so painful as that she was called upon to pass through. I have, indeed, remarked that there is in the young, especially in those of the softer sex, a feeling of terror, and shame, and confusion, when called up by their parents to disclose a forbidden passion, that renders its avowal perhaps the most formidable task which the young heart can undergo. It is a fearful trial for the youthful, and one which parents ought to conduct with surpassing delicacy and tenderness, unless they wish to drive the disingenuous spirit into the first steps of falsehood and deceit.

'Father, said John, 'I think you may rest satisfied with what you witness; and I am sure it cannot make you or mother happy to see poor Una miserable.'

Una, who had been during the greater part of her swoon supported in her weeping and alarmed mother's arms, now opened her eyes, and, after casting an affrighted look about the room, she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and exclaimed, as distinctly as the violence of sobbing grief would permit her:—

'Oh, mother dear, have pity on me! bring me up stairs and I will tell you.'

'I do, I do pity you,' said the mother, kissing her; 'I know you'll be a good girl yet, Oona.'

'Una,' said her father, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, 'was I ever harsh to you, or did I——'

'Father dear,' she returned, interrupting him, 'I would have told you and my mother, but that I was afraid.'

There was something so utterly innocent and artless in this reply, that each of the three persons present felt sensibly affected by its extreme and child-like simplicity.

'Don't be afraid of me, Una,' continued the Bodagh; 'but answer me truly, like a good girl, and I swear upon my reputation, that I won't be angry. Do you love the son of this Fardorougha?'

'Not, father, because he's Fardorougha's son,' said Una, whose face was still hid in her mother's bosom; 'I would rather he wasn't.'

'But you *do* love him?'

'For three years he has scarcely been out of my mind.'

Something that might be termed a smile crossed the countenance of the Bodagh at this intimation.

'God help you for a foolish child!' said he, 'you're a poor counsellor when left to defend your own cause.'

'She won't defend it by a falsehood, at all events,' observed her trustworthy and affectionate brother.

'No, she wouldn't,' said the mother, 'and I did her wrong a while ago, to say that she'd schame anything about it.'

'And are you and Connor O'Donovan promised to each other?' inquired the father again.

'But it wasn't *I* that proposed the promise,' returned Una.

'Oh, the desperate villain!' exclaimed her father, 'to be guilty of such a thing! But you took the promise, Una—you did—you did—I needn't ask.'

'No,' replied Una.

'No!' re-echoed the father; 'then you did not give the promise.'

'I mean,' she rejoined, 'that you needn't ask.'

'Oh, faith, that alters the case extremely.—Now, Una, this—all this promising that has passed betune you and Connor O'Donovan, is mere folly. If you prove to be the good obadiant girl, that I hope you are, you'll put him out of your head, and thin you can give back to one another the promises you have made.'

This was succeeded by a silence of more than a minute. Una at length arose, and, with a composed energy of manner, that was evident by her sparkling eye and bloodless cheek, she approached her father, and calmly kneeling down, said slowly but firmly:—

'Father, if *nothing else* can satisfy you, *I will* give back my promise; but then, father, it will break my heart, for I know—I feel how I love him, and how I am loved by him.'

'I'll get you another husband,' replied her father—'far more wealthy and respectable than he is.'

'I'll give back the promise,' said she, 'but the man is not living except Conner O'Donovan, that will ever call me wife. More wealthy! more respectable!—Oh, it was only *himself* I loved. Father, I'm on my knees before you, and before my mother. I have only one request to make—Oh, don't break your daughter's heart!'

'God directs us,' exclaimed her mother; it's hard to know how to act. If it would go so hard upon her, sure—'

'Amen,' said her husband, 'may God direct us to the best! I'm sure God knows, he continued, now much affected, 'that I would rather break my own heart than yours, Una. Get up, dear—rise. John, how would *you* advise us?'

'I don't see any serious objection, after all,' replied the son, 'either you or my mother can have to Connor O'Donovan. He is every way worthy of her, if he is equal to his character: and as for wealth, I have often heard it said that his father was a richer man than yourself.'

'Affther all,' said the mother, 'she might be very will wid him.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said the Bodagh, 'let us see the ould man himself, and if he settles his son decently in life, as he can do if he wishes, why, I won't see the poor, foolish, innocent girl break her heart.'

'Una, who sat with her face still averted, now ran to her father, and, throwing her arms about his neck, wept aloud, but said nothing.

'Ay, ay,' said the latter, 'it's very fine, now that you have everything your own way, you girsha; but, sure, you're all the daughter we have, achora, and it would be too bad not to let you have a *little* of your own opinion in the choice of a husband.—Now go up stairs, or where you plase, till we see what can be done with Fardorougha himself.'

With smiling face and glistening eyes, Una passed out of the room, scarcely sensible whether she walked, ran or flew, while the others went to renew the discussion with Fardorougha.

'Well,' said the miser, 'you found out, I suppose, that she can't do widout him.'

'Provided we consent to the marriage,' asked the Bodagh, 'how will you settle your son in life?'

'Who would I settle in life if I wouldn't settle my only son?' replied the other; 'who else is there to get all I have?'

'That is very true,' replied the Bodagh; but state plainly what you'll do for him in his marriage.'

'Do you consint to the marriage aff of yees?'

'That's not the question,' said the other.

'Divil a word I'll answer till I know whether yees do or not,' said Fardorougha. 'Say at once that you consint, and then I'll spake; I'll say what I'll do.'

The Bodagh looked inquiringly at his wife and son. The latter nodded affirmatively.—'We do consent,' he added.

'That shows your own sinse,' said the old man. 'Now what fortune will you portion your *colleen* with?'

'That depends upon what *you'll* do for your son,' returned the Bodagh.

'And that depends upon what *you'll* do for your daughter,' replied the sagacious old miser.

'At this rate we are not likely to agree.'

'Nothing's easier; you have only to spake out; besides, it's your business, being the colleen's father.'

'Try him, and name something fair,' whispered John.

'If I give him a farm of thirty acres of good land, stocked and all, what will *you* do for Connor?'

'More than that, five times over; I'll give him all I have. An' now when will we marry them? Troth, it was best to make things clear,' added the knave, 'and undherstand one another at wanst.' 'When wil lwe marry them?'

'Not till you say out openly and fairly the exact sum of money you'll lay down on the nail—and that before ever a ring goes upon them.'

'Give it up, acushla,' said the wife, 'you see there's no screwing a promise out of him, let alone a penny.'

'What 'ud yees have me do?' said the old man, raising his voice. 'Won't he have all I am worth? Who else is to have it? Am I to make a beggar of myself to plase you?—Can't they live on your farm till I die, and thin it'll all come to them?'

'And no thanks to you for that, Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh. 'No, no; I'll never buy a pig in a poke. If you won't act ginerously by your son, go home, in the name of goodness, and let us hear no more about it.'

'Why, why,' said the miser, 'are yees mad to miss what I'll have him? If you knew how much it is, you'd sany——; but, God help me, what am I sayin'? I'm poorer than anybody thinks. I am—I am; and will starve among you all, if God hasn't said it. Do you think I don't love my son as well, and a thousand times better, than you do your daughter?—God alone sees how my heart's in him—in my own Connor, that never gave me a sore heart; my brave, my beautiful boy!'

He paused, and the scalding tears here ran down his shrunk and furrowed cheeks, whilst he wrung his hands, started to his feet, and looked about him like a man encompassed by dangers that threatened instant destruction.

'If you love your son so well,' said John, mildly, 'why do you grudge to share your wealth with him? It is but natural and it is your duty.'

'Natural! what's natural?—to give away—is it to love him you mane? It is, it is *unnatural* to give way. He's the best son—the best—what do you mane, I say?—let me alone—let me alsne—I could give him my blood, my blood—to sich a boy; but, you want to kill me—you want to kill me, and thin you'll get all; but he'll cross you never fear—my boy will save me—he's not tired of me—he'd give up fifty girls rather than see a hair of his father's head injured—so do your best; while I have Connor I'm not afraid of yees. Thanks be to God that sent him!' he exclaimed, dropping suddenlo on his knees; 'oh, thanks be to God that sent him to comfort and protect his father from the schames and villany of them that would bring him to starvation for their own ends.'

'Father,' said John, 'this struggle between avarice and natural affection is awful. See how his small gray eyes glare, and the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips. What is to be done?'

'Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh, 'it's over; don't distress yourself—keep your money—there will be no match between our childer.'

'Why? why won't there?' he screamed—'why won't there, I say? Haven't *you* enough for them till *I* die? Would you see your child breakin' her heart? Bodagh, you have no nather in you—no bowels for your *colleen dhas*. But I'll spake for her—I'll argue wid you from this time to-morrow, or I'll make you show feelin to her—and if you don't—if you don't——'

'Wid the help o' God, the man's as mad as a March hare!' observed Mrs. O'Brien, 'and there's no use in losin' breath wid him.'

'If it's not insanity,' said John, 'I know not what is.'

'Young man,' proceeded Fardorougha, who evidently paid no attention to what the mother and son said, being merely struck by the voice of the latter, 'young man, you're kind, you have sinse and feelin'—spake to your father—don't let him destroy his child—don't ax him to starve me, that never did him harm. He loves you—he loves you, for he can't but love—sure, I know how I love my own darlin' boy. Oh, spake to him—here I go down on my knees to you, to beg, as you hope to see God in heaven, that you'll make him not break his daughter's heart! She's your sister; there is but two of yees, an' oh, don't desart her in this great trouble!'

'I won't interfere farther in it,' replied the young man, who, however, felt troubled and anxious in the extreme.

'Mrs. O'Brien,' said he, turning imploringly, and with a wild, haggard look to the Bodagh's wife, 'I'm turning to you—you're her mother. Oh, think, think—'

'I'll think no more about it,' she replied—'You're mad, and thank God we know it. Of coorse it'll run in the family, for which reason my daughter will never be joined to the son of a madman.'

He then turned as a last resource to O'Brien himself.

'Bodagh, Bodagh, I say,' here his voice rose to a frightful pitch, 'I entreate, I order, I command you to listen to me! Marry them; don't kill your daughter, and don't, don't dare to kill my son. If you do I'll curse you till the marks of your feet will scorch the ground you tread on. Oh,' he exclaimed, his voice now sinking, and his reason awaking apparently from exhaustion, 'what is come over me? what am I sayin'?—but it is all for my son, my son.' He then rose, sat down, and for more than twenty minutes wept like an infant, and sobbed, and sighed, as if his heart would break.

A feeling very difficult to be described hushed his amazed auditory to silence; they felt something like pity towards the unfortunate old man, as well as respect for that affection which struggled with such moral heroism against the frightful vice that attempted to subdue this last surviving virtue in the breast of the miser.

On his getting calm they spoke to him kindly, but in plain and friendly terms communicated their ultimate determination, that, in consequence of his declining to make an adequate provision for his son, the marriage could by no means take place. He then got his hat, and attempted to reach the road which led to the little lawn, but so complete was his abstraction, and so exhausted his faculties, that it was not without John's assistance he could reach the gate which lay before his eyes. He first turned out of the walk to the right, then crossed over to the left, and felt surprised that a wall opposed him in each direction.

'You are too much disturbed,' said John, 'to perceive the way, but I will show you.'

'I suppose I thought it was at home I was,' he replied, 'bekase at my own house one must turn either to the right or to the left, as, indade, I'm in the custom of doing.'

Whilst Fardorougha was engaged upon this ill-managed interview, his wife, who felt that all human efforts at turning the heart of her husband from his wealth must fail, resolved to have recourse to a higher power. With this purpose in view, she put on her Sunday dress and informed Connor that she was about to go for a short time from home.

'I'll be back if I can,' she added, 'before your father; and, indade, it's as good not to let him know anything about it.'

'About what, mother? for I know as little about it as he does.'

'Why, my dear, I'm going to get a couple o' masses said for God to turn his heart from that cursed *airaghid* it's fixed upon. Sure it holds such a hard grip of his poor sowl, that it'll be the destruction of him here an' hereafter. It'll kill him afore his time, an' then I tremble to think of his chapee above.'

'The object is a good one, sure enough, an' if being for a spiritual purpose, the priest won't object to it.'

'Why would he, dear, an' it for the good of his sowl? Sure, when Pat Lanigan was jealous, his wife got three masses said for him; and wid the help o' God, he was cured sound and clane.'

Connor could not help smiling at this extraordinary cure for jealousy, nor at the simple piety of a heart, the strength of whose affection he knew so well. After her return, she informed the son, that, in addition to the masses to be said against his father's avarice, she had some notion of getting another said towards his marriage with Una.

'I was going,' she said, 'to slip it in along wid your father's business, but I thought it wouldn't be fair or honest to trick his reverence that way upon the bare price of the two he is to say; for although it 'ud be killing two birds wid one stone, still it might't bring about the match in regard o' the roguery on my part.'

'God help you, mother,' said Connor, laughing; 'for I think you're one of the innocentest women that ever lived; but whist!' he added, 'there's father—God grant that he may bring good news!'

When Fardorougha entered he was paler, or rather sallower than usual; and, on his thin, puckered face, the lines that marked it were exhibited with a distinctness greater than ordinary. His eyes appeared to have sunk back more deeply into his head; his cheeks had fallen further into his jaws; his eyes were gleamy and disturbed; and his whole appearance bespoke trouble and care and the traces of a strong and recent struggle within him.

'Father,' said Connor, with a beating heart, 'for Heaven's sake, what news—what tidings? I trust in God it's good.'

'They have no bowels, Connor—they have no bowels, them O'Briens.'

'Then you didn't succeed.'

'The father's as great a *bodagh* as him he was called after. They're a bad pack, an' you mustn't think of any one belonging to them.'

'But tell us, man dear, what passed,' said the wife, 'let us know all.'

'Why, they would do nothing—they would hear of it. I went on my knees to them—ay, to every one of them, barrin' the colleen herself; but it was all no use—it's to be no match.'

'And why, father, did you go on your knees to *any* of them,' said Connor; 'I am sorry you did *that*.'

'I did it on your account, Connor, and I'd do it again on your account, poor boy.'

'Well, well, it can't be helped.'

'But tell me, Fardorougha,' inquired Honor, 'was any of the fault your own—what did *you* offer to do for Connor?'

'Let me alone,' said he, peevishly, 'I won't be cross-questioned about it. My heart's broke among you all. What did *I* offer to do for Connor? The match is broke up, I tell you, and it must be broke up. Connor's young, and it'll be time enough for him to marry this seven years to come.'

As he said this, the fire of avarice blazed in his eyes, and he looked angrily at Honor, then at the son; but, while contemplating the latter, his countenance changed from anger to sorrow, and from sorrow to a mild and sereno expression of affection.

'Connor, avick,' said he, 'Connor, sure you will not blame *me* in this business? sure you won't blame your poor, heart-broken father, let them say what they will, sure you won't, avillish?'

'Don't fret on my account, father,' said his son; 'why should I blame you? God knows you're *trying* to do what you would wish for me.'

'No, Honor, I knew he would not; no,' he shouted, leaping up, 'he wouldn't make a sacrifize o' me! Connor, save me, save me,' he shrieked, throwing his arms about his neck; 'save me; my heart's breaking—something's tearing me different ways inside; I can cry, you see; I can cry, but I'm still as hard as a stone; it's terrible, this I'm suffering—terrible all out for a weak old man like me. Oh, Connor, avick, what will I do? Honor, acushla, what will become of me?—not I struggling against it, whatever it is! don't yees pity me? Don't yo avick macree, don't yo, Honor? Oh, don't yees pity me?'

'God pity you,' said the wife, hurrying into