



JESSIE OGILVIE.  
A TALE.

Ah me! for ought that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth,  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgranted in respect of years;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night—  
That in a spleen unfolds both earth and heav'n  
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

It was an evening in the month of December 17—The day had been cold and frosty, and some snow had fallen; but the evening sky was without speck or cloud; and the stars shone out, over Glen Arvan, with winter brilliancy, as if exulting over the defeat of earth's vapours. Without, there was bitter, biting, cold; but within the solitary farm house of Glen Arvan, there was warmth and cheerfulness. A rousing fire was in the wide chimney, spreading heat and life through the lately shivering crowd that thronged the apartment. There the lassies of Glen Arvan had assembled with their spinning wheels; and the shepherds had come in from the hills, and the ploughmen from the fields, to pass the winter's night with them in song and story. On the settle sat the gude wife, dandling her crowing baby, and gazing, pleased and silent, on the merry-hearted beings around her. By the fire was the wandering beggarman, joining in the songs of those around him, and half-forgetting, in the recital of his youthful deeds, that he was now poor, old, and dependent. With the stories of Scotland's warlike days, and the songs of her noblest bards, ever and anon went round the sly, rustic joke; calling a crimson blush into many a fair and dimpled face, at finding that the scarce self-confessed secret of the heart was more than suspected by others.

As the night grew later, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious." The singers sang, and the laughers laughed, in the full flow of unrestrained enjoyment. These confused sounds were somewhat stilled by the noise of the horse's feet, which bore home, from a distant market, Charles Lorimer of Glen Arvan. Speedily a youngster flew to the door, to take his horse; and a chair was placed, by the hands of the gude-wife herself, in the warmest corner of the ha', for his reception. But, alas! mirth was to end in sorrow—laughter in tears. Into his beloved home, Charles Lorimer was never again to enter alive. The boy returned from the door, to tell that his master's horse was *riderless*! and the intelligence threw a gloom into the most thoughtless countenance,—for a loved and an indulgent master had Mr. Lorimer been. The whispered conjecture, and the fearful look, took the place of "quips, and cranks, and wretched smiles." The gude-wife was distracted with the fears for her husband's safety; and could scarcely be prevented from accompanying a party of the young men, who departed in search of him. No eye was closed that night in the farm-house of Glen Arvan, for within its walls lay the dead body of its murdered master. He had been found, where the green spread into the level country, lying, by the road-side, in a pool of his own blood. He had been murdered by a pistol shot, which had entered his heart. His money, of which he had had a good sum in his possession, was gone; showing that plunder had been the motive to the deed. The whole country-side was in an uproar; for such an act had not been committed in Glen Arvan within the memory of man; but no clew could be found for the detection of the perpetrators. The report of the pistol had been heard, and an individual had been seen near the spot shortly after, but no farther intelligence of his movements could be gathered.

It was, indeed, a severe trial for the still youthful wife, with her helpless child; but men said, it was well she had not to struggle with poverty likewise. But riches, if they were a consolation to her, were likewise taken. A cousin, for whom the late Mr. Lorimer had become security to a large amount, failed in his engagements; and the widow and her son were bereft of house, home, and protection. A cottage on the farm, that had once been her own, received the widowed woman; and the labour of her hands earned her daily bread. There was a great change in her fortune, but a greater in her relations with the world. Those words that came with effect—those counsels that were received with thanks, from the rich and thriving farmer's wife, were disdained and unattended to, when they proceeded from the poor and solitary widow; those who close to be her very constant friends and acquaintances in prosperity, chose to forget her in adversity; and when she most needed comfort and support, she found none. She had much of sorrow, of hardship, and of neglect, to suffer; and she had no enjoyments, save the instruction of her darling child, in whose dark eyes and curling locks she delighted to trace the features of his murdered father, of her hearts first choice, of him whose memory was entwined with her every being.

The lease of Glen Arvan had been taken by a stranger, from a distant part of the kingdom, of the name of Ogilvie. He was said to be possessed of great wealth, which he had amassed solely by his own industry. His character was harsh and worldly; for he had from his earliest years been treated with roughness. When he was poor, he suffered wrong; and when he became rich, he took the revenge of a common mind, by treating others in the same manner. Instead of doing as he would have been done by, he did as he had been done by, and thus made others suffer the same wrongs that he had suffered himself. After years of trial and slavery, he had grown rich, and had begun to look upon wealth as the greatest happiness

of man. He confounded together money and merit, and made no account of talents, unless they were of gold and silver. Nevertheless, the man had some good points about him, and could even do a good action sometimes. In his dealings with the world he was scrupulously correct.

When he came to Glen Arvan, he brought with him a young and beautiful wife, who, it was whispered, had been obliged to accept him as a husband to save her father from jail. Be that as it may, she did not long survive their union, but fell a victim to disease, leaving behind her a daughter, only a few months old. To the care of Mrs. Lorimer was Jessie Ogilvie consigned, that she might nurse her with her own son. With Mrs. Lorimer she continued till she had attained her sixth year, when she returned again to the bosom of her father.

The elements of future character are evolved in early childhood. The feelings, affections, and associations of youthful days, however they may be afterwards modified, stamp the future character of the man. Charles Lorimer, from his very childhood, was a very thoughtful boy; so thoughtful, that Jessie Ogilvie often complained to her foster-mother, that he scarcely spoke a word all the way to school. He early began to observe, and to reflect; and he said, that while all his schoolfellows had fathers, and sisters, and brothers to love them, he had no one to care for him, but his dear mother, and his sweet sister, Jessie. Young as he was, he saw that many of his playmates were treated with far more favour and respect than himself, though his progress in learning was superior to theirs; and when he looked abroad for the cause, he saw they were of the rich. His mother, too, made him sad; and often when he came from school would he find her in tears; and often when she was crooning him asleep with the old ballads he loved so well, would she break out into strange fits of weeping, that would make his little heart ache within him. Of her grief he could not comprehend the cause; but it filled his young breast with sorrow; and it is a sad, sad thing to see tears of real grief on a child's cheek.

Matters went on in this way for some years—Mrs. Lorimer toiling to give her son that education which his talents and his application so well merited; and Jessie Ogilvie growing up into a beautiful young woman. To her father's house Charles Lorimer was an ever-welcome guest; and even Ogilvie himself, unsocial as he was, seemed to take pleasure in the society of the young and enthusiastic student. Perhaps he wondered at seeing a character so different from his own, in almost every point; and doubtless his worldly shrewdness enabled him to discover, that the mind of Charles Lorimer, however different to his own, was a noble one.

Charles Lorimer had been accustomed, from his earliest years, to look upon Jessie Ogilvie as his sister; but as years passed over him, a tenderer sentiment than even brotherly love took possession of his heart. In all his youthful dreams of happiness and glory were mingled the forms of his mother and Jessie. Before he was aware, he had chosen his lady-love—had placed his happiness in the hands of Jessie Ogilvie. But he felt that he had much to do before he could aspire to her hand; and he set himself with earnestness to fight the hard battle which, in this land of tears, is entailed on all who are affected with that worse than plague-spot,—poverty. Honest poverty, though united, as in his case, with talent, has but little chance in the great game of life; and he, after being baffled in all his schemes, was fain to content himself with the employment of teaching a village school. From it his income was but small; but it enabled him to relieve his mother from her hitherto unceasing toils. To his studies he applied himself with the most intense diligence; for he saw that through great exertion only he could obtain the object of his wishes. Morning's light and evening's darkness found him seeking into the hidden things of wisdom, and digging instruction from the pages of the great, the good, and the gifted of other days. Few were his hours of relaxation; but when Jessie Ogilvie came to visit his mother, his books were thrown aside; and often did he receive the reward of his toils, when she would bid him spare himself for her sake.

To accompany Jessie homewards to her father's house, after one of these visits, was his wished-for office. In one of these rambles, prolonged till the moon was high in the heavens, he told his love, and found that he was loved again. Nor is it matter for wonder, that Charles Lorimer loved Jessie Ogilvie with a strong and fervent love. When wounded in spirit, in her he found a comforter, who could feel for him indeed. He felt himself formed for noble and good deeds; but his energies were cramped, and his resolutions wavered, at the cold neglect, or expressed contempt, of those who thought themselves too high to sympathize with the village schoolmaster. From Jessie Ogilvie alone he experienced love, and respect, and sympathy. If he was dejected and cast down, from her he received encouragement; and it was not in a nature such as his to return such favours, save with the heart's best coin.

"The varied hues of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley he had viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth,  
Had come to him in solitude."

His heart overflowed with love to all things of human kind; but men threw back his proffered heart, and he bestowed it, with all its deep and living fountains of love and goodness, on Jessie Ogilvie.

After he had attained his twentieth year, Charles was preparing to depart for the Scottish capital, to seek some road to honor and affluence, when his noble and sore-tried mother, broken down by grief, and toil, and the world's abandonment, died. As he stood by the grave of her who had been to him a father and mother too, he said, I shall never know happiness again. Long did he grieve; but Providence hath wisely appointed, that while the future is hid from us, the past shall

fade away from the mind; and Charles at length found comfort. While he looked on the fairy form of Jessie Ogilvie, he half confessed that there was yet one being on earth worth living for.

It was his intention to have departed to Edinburgh immediately after the interment of his mother, but week followed week, and found him a dweller in Glen Arvan. Indeed, he felt the bidding of Jessie farewell, though only for a season, a hard task. To form some apology for his continued delay, he, during the day time, studied closely; but when the clouds of night came down, he strolled along the wood-paths with Jessie Ogilvie.

If Mr. Ogilvie loved a human being, it was his daughter; and he had formed plans for securing her a rich husband, and, of course, happiness. That all the while she should be in love with the village schoolmaster, was beyond the powers of his imagination to conceive. Judge, then, of his mad anger, when one of his neighbours, with whom he had quarrelled at a fair, threw into his teeth that his daughter would marry a beggar! He affected to treat the story with contempt; but his memory furnished him with so many proofs of his daughter's love for Charles Lorimer, that he felt convinced of its truth. Burning with passion and wounded pride, he took his homeward way; and, on his arrival, as the fates would have it, he found the lovers together. Choking with passion, he poured out upon their heads the vials of his hoarded wrath. Charles he insulted so deeply, that he immediately left the house, without attempting again to address a word to Jessie. With a burning brow, and a heart full of bursting, he bent his footsteps to his own cheerless home, "Oh God!" thought he, "that man should turn their best servant into their hardest master—should destroy all good from their hearts for the love of gold!" He had been deeply insulted; and during the first moments of wounded feeling, he half determined to depart to some foreign land, and never return to his native country of Jessie Ogilvie more. But his love triumphed; and he resolved to go no farther than Edinburgh before he could hear from her by some means or other.

For months after his arrival in Edinburgh, he received no communication from Glen Arvan; and he had begun to fancy that Jessie had forgotten him, when one morning he was delighted by the receipt of a letter from her. It told him that she had been ill—very ill—but had recovered; and that her father, in fear for his daughter's health, had relaxed somewhat in his harsh conduct. The writer spoke of happy days yet in store, and prayed for the safety of him to whom she wrote—her first and dearest love. This letter infused new vigour into the heart of Charles, and made him feel something of that lightness and ecstasy of soul to which he had been so long a stranger. His progress in the world meanwhile was but small; and he saw, that unless he took up some other profession than that of learning, that his case was almost hopeless. While he was considering how he could best employ himself, the course of events threw him in the way of a rich American merchant who was in want of a confidential clerk. He received the offer of the situation, and joyfully accepted it. Save Jessie Ogilvie there was not a being on the face of the earth to whom he had to say farewell; but this concentration of all his love made the task a hard one. In a letter, he unfolded to her his plan, his hopes, his fears,—and took farewell of her. This task ended, he had nothing farther to detain him on his native shore; and, in company with his employer, he embarked for the land of his destination.

Mr. Lynam, with whom Charles Lorimer had engaged himself, was at the head of a very extensive mercantile house, in one of the transatlantic cities. About a year before the time of which we now speak, he had established a branch of his house in a distant part of the country, and one of his partners of the name of M'Orme had been sent to conduct it. Only a few weeks after Mr. Lynam's return to America, this man decamped with an immense sum of money belonging to his employers. The only alternative for the copartners, was, either to seize the culprit with the money in his possession, or to declare themselves bankrupt. Men were despatched to all parts of the country to search the shipping, and, if possible, seize M'Orme. Charles Lorimer, among others, was sent to some obscure port on the Atlantic coast. At that place he had remained three days without finding any intelligence of the object of his search, when on the morning of the fourth, as he was walking along one of the streets, his eye caught sight of a person going into one of the hotels, exactly answering the description he had received of the man he was in search of. He followed him closely, and, on entering the inn, found him in the door-way talking to the landlord. His eye no sooner fell on Charles, than he reeled as if he had been shot; but speedily recovering himself, he went up to him, and said, "Is your name Lorimer?" "Yes," was Charles's answer, "and yours is M'Orme—you are my prisoner." M'Orme made no resistance, but delivered up all the property which he had stolen. He was then transferred to the custody of the public Magistrate, and Charles returned to his lodgings with a light heart. As he was preparing to depart on the morrow, a request was brought him from M'Orme that he should visit his cell. The jailer who communicated the prisoner's request, likewise told him, that during the night, M'Orme had committed suicide, and had not many hours to live. Charles immediately went to the jail, but he came too late. Before he arrived, the guilty thing had ceased to breathe, but not before he fully explained his panic on seeing Charles Lorimer, for he confessed himself the murderer of his father.

Mr. Lynam's gratitude for Charles's services knew no bounds; and to testify it in

a substantial manner, he placed him in the management of that part of the business in which M'Orme had been engaged. In this employment he was comparatively happy. He regularly corresponded with Jessie Ogilvie, and he was rising with rapidity to affluence.

Five years rolled over the head of Charles Lorimer, the village schoolmaster, the bookstall student, and the last one saw him at the head of a mercantile house, noted for honour among the most honest and honourable. The evils he had suffered in youth he repaid with benefits, and found his reward in the approbation and peace of his own mind, and the love and respect of the good among his fellow men. Business of a pressing nature requiring his presence in Liverpool, he returned to his native land after an absence of six years. When he had settled the business that required his presence, he turned his horse's head northward to fulfil the cherished purpose of his life, by asking the woman who had loved him in poverty to share his riches.

The harvest moon was high in the heavens when Charles Lorimer rode into Glen Arvan. The evening was still and quiet; and no sound broke on the ear, but the merry voices of the reapers as they wandered homewards, and now and then the sharp bark of a shepherd's dog far among the hills. As Charles rode slowly along the banks of the little stream, in which he had so often waded with Jessie Ogilvie he could not help contrasting his former self, when, high in hope and purpose, he first left Glen Arvan, with the man of experience who now returned to it. Then he was poor and despaired, yet he loved his kind as himself;—now, he was rich and respected, and he thanked God that his heart, instead of being seared by coming in contact with vice and folly, had been more and more opened to a sense of human suffering and human enjoyment. Yet he found himself changed. The hills of Glen Arvan on whose summits he had so often stood, while the poetry of youth was in his soul, and gazed on earth and sky, were in all things the same as they were then; but in all points, save one, he was something changed. His enthusiasm was chastened—his judgment ripened; but his love was still the same. He started from his trance, for his horse was standing on the ruins of his mother's cottage. He dismounted, and the tears came into his eyes when he thought of her toils and sufferings; and he sighed that she was not living to taste the fruits of his diligence.

The dark outline of the farm-house of Glen Arvan lay before him. He had last looked on it in bitterness of heart, as the home of his only enemy, and that enemy the father of her he loved best on earth. Now, he looked on it as the home of Jessie Ogilvie—his Jessie; and while the thought rose within him, he felt a momentary perfect happiness. Jessie Ogilvie—to whom he was bound with more than mortal love—whose name he had cherished through years of joy and prosperity—who had been to him as the pole-star of his life, was at length to be his. His heart swelled when he rode up to the well-known door. Stillness reigned throughout the house, and no one appeared to take his horse. Throwing the reins on its neck, he advanced on tiptoe to the door of the apartment in which he knew Jessie and her father would be sitting. It was a jar; and as he bent forwards, his ear caught the words of some one in great distress of body: "Tell him," said the voice, "that my last thought was of him; and, oh! charge him to be comforted." He could hear no more; but with a tottering step, he entered the sick chamber. His eyes fell on the wasted form of Jessie Ogilvie and the unnatural brightness of her eye, and the colour of her cheek, told him that she was the bride of death. "Oh!" said he, in a low and horrid voice, "is this you meet!" At the sound of his voice the invalid turned round; and as she stretched her arms to embrace him, her lifeless body fell into the arms of her heartbroken father.

Charles Lorimer never loved again. To his dying hour he cherished the name of Jessie Ogilvie as his only comfort on earth. But his remembrance of his departed love was not a feeling that closed his heart against all other woes but his own. It rather prompted him on to doings of mercy. He became a wide wanderer over the earth's surface; and he made it his solace to carry consolation to the sorrowful along with him. Into the Arab's tent, into the Indian's wigwam, he carried the lesson of love; and what in youth he had bestowed on Jessie Ogilvie, in his age he spread out to the human race. Old before his time, he returned to his native land, and laid his bones in the same grave with Jessie Ogilvie. Over his narrow house, the tears of those he had sympathized with were shed, and the prayers of those he had benefited were breathed; and while his name and that of his love were joined together, his spirit rejoiced even in that happy land where sorrow and sighing are unknown!

Specimens of Irish Faith.

"Get up, Paddy a cushla," said Cathleen O'Hanlon to her husband, who lay snoring on his straw feather bed; "get up, I say, do that, an' go down to yer confession; there's all the boys in the parish runnin' away down to Father Mulcahy at the chapel, an' he forgivin' 'em, an' makin' 'em all as clane as new-born infants, wid the holy water an' the absolushin; an' why wouldn't you go, an' get it, like the rest, I'd like to know? Arra, thin, do get up, there's a jewel; an' go down, an' tell your sins; the niver a one of yez has bent a knee to a priest since it's your own made me; an' that's a good sivil year, come Easter, please God. So make haste up, an' run down for the absolushin, while it's a goin'; an' sure there's the next fair comin', when yer oath will be out against

the whiskey. An' who knows what 'ud come at the bit iv a hubabaloo, that's to go, an' afore that same is over; for the Twomeys an' the O'Callaghers are raisin' murthern strong factions, an' you'll be in the middle iv it, as sure as paise is paise. Go, mavoureen; go, an' don't be losin' the precious time."

"Och, Cathleen," said Pat, turning round; "but it's myself that's ashamed to go there at all, at all, an' me bein' so long away from it. Wait asthore, till we sell the pig, an' thin, maybe, we'd have enough to pay the chapple dues for, by the rint; an' then who knows but Father Mulcahy would be asy wid me. Though, by my own soul, it's myself that hav'n't much to tell his riverince, barrin' that bit of a job about Barney Dooley's game cock (which turned out after all to be nothin' but a base-born dunghill, the baste), an' the whiskey, an' that bit of a blow that broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose, when he attempted to kiss my gossip, Moll Cassidy, at the wake; an' that, too, at the very foot of the corpse—the blessins' iv the saints upon it!"

"Arra, Paddy a leagh, get up, an' git the absolushin, afore you heaps more sin upon yer poor sowl; do, an' St. Patrick's blessin' attend yez."

"Fait an' conscience, Catty, I believe it's yerself that's got the rights of id; an' be the same token I'll do every biddin' in the regard of the absolushin. So here goes, any hows."

"Well, Paddy put on his best frieze coat, took Sunday hat and stick, and away he went to the 'chapple'; where after telling his sins, and obtaining the benefit of a handful of holy water, he received absolution, and returned home to his cabin, to tell Cathleen all that passed, 'or,' as he said, 'all, how, and about it.'

"Well, Paddy, my jewel," said Katty, have yez got the absolushin? 'an' is ye clear intirely, dear?"

"By my soukins!" said Pat, "but it's myself that have got that same from the crown o' my head to the sowl o' my foot; but whist! an' hold yer tongue, an' I'll tell yez all the rights iv id."

"Well, you see," said Pat, "I went to the chapple, an' after biddin' his riverince the top o' the morning, I downs on my marrow-bones, an' I ups an' I tells him all about Barney Dooley's game cock, an' how I was desaved in id, in the regard of it's being no game cock at all;—an' about the whiskey, an' the bit iv a blow as broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose; but the niver a word myself let out regardin' the row that's to be at the next fair, please St. Patrick; an' why should I, in the regard of it's not bein' there yet, an' maybe, wou'dn't at all at all. Well, as I was a sayin', when I had no more to say, he begins to scould me, an' tout me, it was looking after the praties myself ought to be, instid iv stealin' game cocks, an' drinkin' the whiskey, an' the likes iv id. Well, a vourneen, I tout him I wou'dn't do it no more; so, after abut, he giv' me the absolushin, clane an' deacent, to the very heart's content iv me. An' faith, the moment he giv' id me, it was myself that felt as light as a feather; an' so, I thought, I'd make bowld an' thry an' get the last taste in life iv informashin. An' so, 's I, 'if yer riverince please,' sis I, 'what 'il we be doin' in hiven?'"

"Och! sis he, 'we'll be singin' hema an' saams, an' suppin' ambrozia.'"

"Murther! but this bother'd me clane out, for the divil a bit iv me could make out what was ambrozia."

"Sur, sis I, not knowing what I'd say, 'if yer riverince please, sur, what's ambrozia? for the niver a bit o' me ever tasted bite or sup iv id in all my born days—sis I."

"Why, sis he, 'ambrozia—ambrozia—ambrozia—you know is ambrozia,'—'Och! is it, sur?' sis I; thank you kindly, your riverince; I understands it now intirely an' complete; (though the divil a bit wiser myself was all the time)."

"Ah! thin, Father Mulcahy,' sis I, 'if you please,' sis I, 'will Oliver Cromwell be in hiven?'"

"To be sure he will,' sis he; 'if he repented iv his sins an' died in the thrue church, like a good Catholic,' sis he."

"An', sur,' sis I, 'will Owen Rowan O'Neal be there?'"

"There can be no manner of doubt iv that,' sis he, 'if so be that he confessed his sins, an' repented an' got absolushin.'"

"Will, thin, Father Mulcahy,' sis I, you take this air (ear) down aff me,' sis I, 'but there'll be a row atween Owen Rowan O'Neal an' Oliver Cromwell.'"

"What, your spalpeen,' sis he, in a thunderin' big passion, 'what, a row afore all the saints, an' Saint Patrick himself to the fore?'"

"By my sowl,' sis I, 'Father Mulcahy Owen Rowan O'Neal will have one poul-troque at Oliver Cromwell before Saint Patrick himself (although he's got a good eye for a row, an' why wouldn't he?) knows a single thing about it at all, at all, that he will.'"

"Wid that, Father Mulcahy was risin' in the divil's own heat an' passhin; when myself took to my throtters, an' run off, afore he'd take the absolushin aff me, an' the next fair so handy by, an' I to be in id, please the saints."

"'Bother take the stashin!' says Mick; 'sure that 'ud wat too.' But Terence was not to be persuaded."

Away went Mick to the herra; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shewn into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had been long standing there before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney corner. Terry looked at it again and again and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it wou'd be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoms at home, to say nothin' iv meself, who hasn't tested the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it, why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priests? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," repeated he; "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? an' sure it won't be a sin affter I confess it!"

Well, into his great coat-pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't an' ruin'd, horse an' foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all? By gaaues! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yet; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in regard of never having done the like's afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but sur, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell," said the priest; "Why then, your riverince, I went one day to a gentleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was shewed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbley-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth begin to wather. I don't know how id was, sur, but I suppose the devil tempted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you please, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence; "an' I'll do that same immediately, please God; but first an' foremost, I'll have the absolushin, if you please, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

VARIETIES.

Death of Fire-wood in Paris.—In March, 1838, the supply of wood in Paris was suddenly stopped, and none could be obtained at any price. The police was obliged to place officers in the yards to prevent the dealers from carrying their exactions too far; carmen demanded six livres for the use of their carts, instead of the ordinary charge 20 sous; and at length symptoms of riot were apparent in all parts of Paris. Some curious scenes are stated to have taken place at that time; many ladies were obliged to remain in bed for several days for want of fuel to warm the rooms; in some houses the furniture, and in others the timbers of the roofs, were broken up and burnt; and the populace seized vehicles in the streets, tore them to pieces, and ran off with the fragments. In that year wood-merchants quadrupled their fortunes.

Slave Trade.—It is stated by a recent African traveller that the first price of a negro boy is about 60s, and that of a woman something more.

Something Remarkable.—A writer upon the beauties and miseries of the Emerald Isle sagaciously remarks, among many other very sage observations, that the "mad house, at Limerick, remains in a very CRAZY state."

Clandestine Gambling at Paris.—The Siecle urges the government to hasten the passing of the new law for suppressing clandestine gambling houses, since the number of these establishments increases so rapidly that it is beyond the present powers of the police to counteract them. The journal states that upwards of 200 of these rendezvous have been denounced within a month, concealed under various disguises some as estimates, others as restaurants or tables d'hote, and some as boarding houses. Of various ranks and degrees, calculated for persons of every station, from the noble and the man of wealth to the student, the journeyman, and even the day labourer.

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