ity, there was one, seldom used but by those who were willing to sacrifice to their thrust for ill-gotten gain, all those feelings of humanity and superstitious reverence for the bones which were once in such intimate and mysterious connexion with a still existing spirit. This was to gather the butter from the churn with a dead hand, prepared in some manner now fortunately disregarded and forgotten. This was the one suggested by the fairy-woman, and acceded to by her visitor. The grave was accordingly filled, and the disgusting rites performed, and Biddy Gaynor went away, already in anticipation, the richest farmer's wife in the barony. Nor did her subsequent experience shake her confidence in the fairy favours she believed she enjoyed; it was then the commencement of winter, a season when the cows of the poor, owing to their scanty fodder and poor accommodation, fall away in their milk almost perceptibly, and in some cases entirely; while the great and systematic care bestowed by the adopted orphan on his charge retained them in their full strength and health, and kept Biddy's milk pails nearly in as good condition as in the summer months. But she, no longer attributing her good fortune to the grateful exertions of her *protege*, ceased to look upon him in the light she used to, mentioned above that he and Rose were confirmed in the belief that they should yet be man and wife—a belief, seeming, little welcome to the feelings of either; but Biddy Moylan proposed his son and heir to Biddy as a good match for her daughter, and enumerated all he was willing to give the young couple to begin the world with, expatiating in the usual course of fathers, on the really good character of his boy, and the love he bore the pretty Rose, in common with all the young lads of the district, she, uninfluenced now by gratitude for his many attentions, forgot all she had promised poor Mahon, and most prudently determined to wean her daughter's affections from him, no matter how well he deserved them; and, accordingly, employed herself suggesting to Rose how much better the heiress of Brian Gaynor could do for herself than by wedding her penniless betrothed. By pursuing much and cleverly on the disdainful nature of his birth, she at length succeeded in leading the giddy girl imperceptibly to treat with coldness, and at length with rudeness, the object of her former deepest and truest affections.—This, of course, brought on a quarrel, an opportunity which young Moylan was instructed to improve; and Brian, after hearing all the lectures of his better half on the subject, without the slightest apparent change of his good feeling towards the unhappy offspring of his once loved Mary, was handed over as impracticable to his ancient crony, Rody Moylan. How the latter worthy began to execute his share of the diplomacy, the reader has already seen, and can perhaps anticipate the result.

On the re-appearance of Brian and Moylan from the whiskey-house, something the worse for their potations, they seemed, by their maudlin caresses of each other, to be on a much better understanding than when they had entered it.

'Come now,' said Rody, endeavouring to drag back his companion, 'one more and to the orathers' healths.'

'Yeh, then, Rody,' answered Brian, 'we never a glass more—you see—I'll take this blessed night. Why, man, we've drank half a pint to their healths already. Come on, man, come on—'tis all hours of the night.'

'Well, Brian, remember it's fifty guineas you said.'

'No, now, Rody—'twas forty, may I never sin, if it ever met the like of you for a screw.'

'Tut, man, say no more. Butheredhere

what do you want with it when she is gone?'

'Well, well; but you must give Pat up the whole farm.'

'To be sure I will. And don't forget the two cows.'

'Oth, oth, is it fifty guineas and two cows? Well, have it so—it's for my own child sure.'

'To be sure it is—the *mavil* and the speckled heifer.'

'Arrah, come on—is it the two best cows I have you want? Ahy how, let Biddy settle that. Come, come—I'll engage it's nigh ten o'clock.'

Let us now turn to the snug cabin of the farmer, and take a view of its inmates and their occupations. First, on the list comes Rose—the pride of the village—with cheeks that her namesake might envy, and a figure which would shame, by its delicate, yet firm proportions, full half the nobility—a fine handsome country girl, able to churn with any man, or spin with any woman in the parish; she sat on one side of the fire knitting by its blaze, but paying rather too large a share of her attention to young Moylan, who seated on a low stool beside her, seemed already to anticipate the propitious moot of our friend Brian; while opposite, and intently watching the motions of both lay the rejected Mahon, stretched on the heap of turf which was piled in the chimney corner for the night's consumption. Biddy completed the group, reclining in her easy chair, carding some wool, which the servant girl was spinning in the middle of the floor. Overhead hung those substantial marks of comfort—about half a dozen home-fed flitches; while from the loft peeped out a plentiful supply of flax and wool, as the light of the fire occasionally reached that distant quarter, striking with dazzling intensity on the brightly furnished dresser which stood beneath it. Such was the comfortable scene on which Brian entered.

'Ha, Pat,' said he, 'you're welcome, avick machree. What's that you're saying to Rose. Don't stir, darlint, mind your knitting—Peb 'll get my supper ready. Why, thin, Mick, have you nothing to do but lying there like an omadhawn—are the cows foddhered?'

'They are, Sir—three hours ago,' was the answer of the mourning swain.

'And the horse?'

'Yis, sir.'

'I'll engage you didn't turn in Rose's sheep.'

'Indeed I did, sir, before nightfall long;' and he laid an emphasis on his words which seemed to strike his interrogator as a rebuke, for he desisted from questioning him further, and turned to the smoking food which the bustling servant girl laid before him. But his manner could not be mistaken; it already told to all concerned, as plain as words could tell, that Rose was to add one more to the long list of those between whose hearts—and the objects of their earliest and purest affections, the unholy love of wealth had intervened.

Mahon, however, in the deep and deadly sting which he suffered, had at least the satisfaction to observe that Rose in no wise participated in the triumph which lit up the countenance of her betrothed and her mother. She first threw a piercing gaze at him from whom she was so suddenly to be separated; her very temples and neck flushed redder than her cheeks; then all grew ghastly pale, and bending her head on her breast, she sank into a reverie, seemingly not the most pleasing.

Next morning his seat at the breakfast-table was vacant, but she trembled to advert to it; and when her father at last alluded to it, and told the cause, she bitterly blamed herself for the idle pride and coquetry which induced her to sacrifice such affection. Prudie disdaining to

trangement, he had that morning acquainted Brian with his intention to seek a place in the neighbouring town; and in spite of the old man's solicitations, had gone to put his design in execution.

The near approach of Advent, during which no marriages are solemnized, called for an early day; but Rose's reluctance to this irrevocable act, had yet to be overcome; nor did she accede to it, until her mother represented how unwomanly it was in her to act in such a manner, for a man who had deserted her even without an attempt at reconciliation. She then, with many tears, consented; and on the following market-day set out with her mother to make the necessary additions to her simple wardrobe; the latter, with her usual thrift, which she could not forget even on this occasion, bringing in with her a large quantity of milk and butter, with which she was accustomed to supply the towns-people. Before they returned, however, an event occurred which materially altered the business on which they went. The servant girl, Peb, was like many others of her sex and class, of an exceedingly prying disposition, which the circumstance of her mistress always making the butter in private by herself, inflamed to the highest degree. But Peb was a woman, and, somehow or other, they can find a clue to every secret, so this one did not long baffle her. By some means she witnessed the entire process; and, of course, divulged it to one, who divulged it to two, and so on, until the inhabitants of the town learned it, and furious with horror, determined on the very first opportunity to inflict a signal punishment on the perpetration of a sacrilege, bad enough in itself, but imparted to them with every species of exaggeration which such a fruitful subject could admit. Rose and her mother appeared in the market-place, little dreaming of the storm which was brewing for them, of of the friend who was endeavoring to counteract it; but they had not stood there many minutes when they saw Mahon running toward them with a seeming wildness in his manner, which they attributed to a different cause.

'Oh, mother, mother,' he panted forth on reaching them, 'come this way a bit, I want to speak to you.'

'Why, then, Mick agra,' she answered, 'what made you leave us the way you did? How can I go wid you now and lose the market, sure you can say it some other time.'

'Oh, no,' said he, 'now, this minute, or it will be too late.'

'Deed, Mick,' said she, 'if it be what I think it's too late already.'

'Mother, mother,' he asked incoherently, 'is it true you bought a dead hand from Madge, the fairy-woman? they say it, but I am sure 'tis a lie!'

'Lord between me and harm!' she ejaculated, after a pause of speechless amaze, 'how could they find it out?'

'Gracious Providence, it's true then!' said he, turning round and grasping the arm of the terrified Rose, he continued, 'we must make the best use of the minutes we have—if they catch you they'll show you no mercy. Oh, for pity's sake, run—I have a place to hide you. Leave basket and all—if we save ourselves, 'tis the most we can do;' and dragging away with him the two scarcely sensible females, he turned down a dark narrow lane, and disappeared, just as the mob reached the spot they had left. The commotion was at length got under by the strenuous exertions of the magistrates and constables, not, however, until a share of the popular rage had been spent on the wares which Biddy had so reluctantly left behind her. Still, it was a matter of no small difficulty to the faithful Mick how he could contrive to escort his charge to their home with safety.

greater their situation highly dangerous. The interval during which they had to remain concealed was not, however, missed but by Mick or Rose, who were now reconciled, while the mother sat moaning and rocking herself to and fro, utterly regardless of what was passing. When night fell, the wary Mahon, now doubly eager for their safety, conducted them by circuitous paths out of the town, and ultimately to their home; which, however Biddy was afraid to enter, until the enraged Brian, overcome by the solicitations of his child, consented to receive her with forgiveness. The story had now spread through the entire country, in all the various shapes which a story can assume, nor without creating a deep sensation, which, improved by the many jealous of the prosperity of the Gaynors, had at last the effect of ridding Mahon of his rival. There was now no obstacle to his happiness; so, as soon as Advent was over, the rites were celebrated that made him master of all the treasure he ever sought—the hand of his wayward Rose. Brian soon found that the station he had lost by his wife's folly was irretrievable; and, after some few vain attempts to recover it, he at length manfully made up his mind to part with his pleasant home, and go elsewhere; a scheme which he put in execution soon after, by removing to a distant part of the country, where his capital made him once more the master of a thriving farm, and the respect of his neighbours. Mick and Rose, of course, shared his lot, and by their unceasing industry soon reached a degree of wealth which they never hoped to attain. But those who tell their story, solemply declare that they owed it all to nothing but their own prudent exertions, having already had sufficient warning to keep clear of spells, especially '*The Dead Hand*.'

ABSENCES OF MIND.

The following cases of absences of mind have made a great impression in the 'fashionable circle' where they occurred:

A rooster, kept by a man in Waltham, in a state of absence, crowed at three o'clock, and did not discover his mistake till the sun immediately rose.

The other case was equally unfortunate. A man stole a cheese from the market, and eat a grindstone in a state of mental absence. He did not find out his error until he came to the hole in the middle.

The other instance was that of a gentleman on board the steamboat, last week, who put his baggage into his berth, and stowed himself away in the baggage car. The error was discovered in the morning, when the baggage got up and seated itself at the breakfast table.

☞ Why is Trinity Church like the articles sold in a provision store?

Ans. Because its meat in house (meeting house.)

☞ 'There can be no woman without a bustle,' as the lady said when she put one on her.—*Sterne.*

☞ Why is the letter H like a dull razor?

Ans. Because it makes one *hone.*

WISE SAYINGS.

People who go into a house to steal should never stop to shut the doors after them. Many have been caught in this way.

Whenever you see a woman that has red hair, you may be certain that she has some *fire* in her composition. Be careful how you say saucy things to her.

In going into a house to steal be sure and muffle your feet. By so doing, you can't be heard.

Tom Thumb before the Queen and Prince Albert.

FAITH TEMPLETON.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

These are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice.
MRS HEMANS.

Faith Templeton was no heroine of romance; she was only the gentle daughter of an humble village pastor, whose whole life had been spent in doing good, and in making others happy. More fortunate than most of his profession, Mr. Templeton possessed a small estate which enabled him to provide more liberally than his narrow income would otherwise have allowed, for his widowed sister and her only son, who resided with him; and in this little household of love did Faith grow up to womanhood, without one thought beyond her narrow range of humble duties. Her mother had died while she was yet too young to feel her loss, and her aunt had supplied to her the place of a parent, while her cousin, who was several years her senior, had been the companion of her early years. She had been a quiet but happy child, and she grew up a gentle, serene, cloudless-tempered woman, with a face ever beaming the sunshine of a cheerful heart. No one ever thought of calling her pretty, yet her graceful figure, her clear healthful complexion, and the freshness of her joyous countenance, gave her just claims to the possession of that attribute which is better than beauty; for as *blessedness* is far higher than *happiness*, so is *loveliness* a richer gift than *beauty*. Faith Templeton, then, was a lovely girl, and so thought her cousin Allan. He had been her playmate in infancy, her companion in childhood, and her guide in youth, and the sweet habitude of loving had grown up in hearts of both.

But Allan Graham possessed a gift as dangerous as it is brilliant. He was a youth of decided talent, with much, too, of that versatility and waywardness which is too often attendant upon genius. In all that pertained to the imagination Allan far excelled all his competitors, but in the acquisition or demonstration of practical truths the veriest dullard could surpass him, if he happened to be in one of his eccentric moods. His beautiful poetical fancy was not balanced by sober judgment, and the qualities which would have made him a worthy denizen of Arcady the B'est,' disqualified him for acting a consistent part in real life. But there was so much kindliness in his nature, so much tenderness in his feelings, that his errors were regarded indulgently by those who knew him best, and no one would have ventured to surmise that there might be much refined selfishness in a character which seemed so full of good impulses.

Mr. Templeton, who loved Allan as his own son, had destined him to be his successor in the ministry; and the two dearest wishes of the good old man's heart were to see Allan filling the pulpit which he now occupied; and to welcome him as the husband of his daughter. A part only of his wishes did the aged pastor realise. Allan had nearly completed his collegiate course of studies, and the cousins had plighted their troth to each other, when Mr. Templeton died very suddenly, leaving no will, and of course no provision for his sister and her son. But Faith knew well her father's wishes, and she knew that he designed by her future marriage to secure the permanent comfort of all. She had, therefore, no doubt as to the course she ought to pursue. After the first anguish of her grief had passed away, she ventured to consult her cousin on the subject, and found, to her great relief, that Allan's delicacy was not by any means morbidly sensitive. He seemed to take it for granted that matters would go on as usual, and returned to college with as little concern respecting his future prospects as he had all his life evinced. This, which, was, in fact, the result of mere selfishness, seemed to Faith like a noble trustfulness of character. She loved her cousin dearly, and to her gentle nature he seemed a model of manly excellence.

It was not until Allan was prepared to enter upon his sacred studies that Faith began to suspect a change in his views of life. Instead of applying himself earnestly to the new duties which now awaited him, he became moody, melancholy, and inert; passing his time in listless idleness, or wasting it in some frivolous amusement. Something seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, and to oppress his usually joyous spirits. The anxious tenderness of Faith soon unraveled the mystery. Allan's restless mind had led him to try many and various pursuits, but all had failed him. He could not discover the true bent of his genius, and his versatility, which seemed almost like frivolity, was but the struggle of a soul seeking its true vocation. Accident at length revealed to him what he had so long sought in vain. A visit to the studio of a sculptor enlightened him, and the youth who had tried painting and poetry and science without success, discovered that he possessed an eye which could behold the graceful statue in the shapeless marble, and a hand which could work out his own beautiful conception