

will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and whin he lies in his bed on his dying day, the just and holy God—My father here interrupted, and in a calm, firm voice, reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask your honor's pardon,' said the poor girl; 'I have it all now just to God and yer honor; and shame upon me that forgot to power upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mot'her of me sint ye—"full and plenty may ye ever know," said she from her heart, the crathur! "may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too rowld for ye—may ye live in hono'r, and die in happiness; and in the ind, may heaven be yer b'nd."

"And now, my dear Lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me—if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered—i.e. driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return—but until her object was accomplished until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from impulse or principle?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me this way: fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?"

"Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprizing our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland. Only think how delightful—so romantic, and so useful too; Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked, she quite eclipsed Lafont. Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning-furze bush, and his vulgar face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped, and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognised us; and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy, that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Catherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed—"And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and my lady—and now we'll have justice;" at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and Cassidys—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction: then such a wedding! Only fancy, my dear Lord, my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor. Ye exquisites and exclusives, how would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's. From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on: the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke—and now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time; and now will only tell you, that it is visited by both clergyman and parson, and I only wish that all our absentees would follow our example; and then, my dear god-papa, THE

IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

* * In inserting the foregoing story, we deem it only fair to observe, that it was copied into Chambers' Journal without permission, or even acknowledgment, from the National Magazine, conducted by us, and to which it was sent by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Gay Robin was a piper young,
And many an air he play'd and sung,
But sweetest far the love-fraught lay,
Over the hills and far away.
Near many a moss-clad valley wide,
And many a streamlet's flowery side,
He sung to maidens blooming gay,
Over the hills and far away.

His hair hung down in ringlets fair,
His cheeks like new-blown roses rare,
But lo! his black eye's glancing ray,
Stole many a virgin's heart away:
Each, as he sweetly play'd and sung,
Attentive on his music hung,
And thought "with yonder minstrel gay
"I'd o'er the hills and far away!"

At length gay Robin's youthful heart,
Felt love's, sweet love's, delicious smart;
A rural maid, one summer day,
Bespoke his sweetest, lightest, lay.
The echoing banks of winding Bride,
To his wild music's voice replied,
While thus he sung the maiden gay,
Over the hills and far away.

"And, Oh! that thou wert ever mine!
And, Oh! that thou wouldst soft incline
Thy gentle ear—nor turn the ray
Of that blue beamy eye away!
My love, no minstrel's tongue can tell—
Thy beauty binds, in potent spell,
My captive heart—my much-sought lay,
Over the hills and far away.

"Oh! deign to ease this cruel pain,
And kill me not with cold disdain;
Nor, since my heart with thee must stay,
Expel me from such charms away!
But shouldst thou with my suit comply,
No pair so blest as thou and I—
Each day I'd tune thy favourite lay,
Over the hills and far away."

The minstrel sung—the yielding dame
Avo'd the soft, the mutual flame,
Declar'd with him she'd gladly stray,
Over the hills and far away.
Young Robin then his fair one led,
By many a mountain's purple head,
Enchanted with his love-fraught lay,
Over the hills and far away.

LOST BOOKS OF THE HISTORY OF THE PHENICIANS.

In reference to a paragraph which has taken the round of the principal literary periodicals in Europe, Sir William Betham has received a letter from Senor da Costa de Macedo, secretary to the Royal Academy of Lisbon, stating that the story of the discovery of the translation, by Philo Biblius, of the lost books of Sanconiathian's history of the Phenicians, in the convent of St. Maria de Marenhos, at Oporto, is totally void of foundation. The paragraph alluded to was a literary hoax—there is no such convent. The Royal Irish Academy being in correspondence with most foreign Literary and Scientific Societies, have been enabled to detect and expose this stupid piece of waggery.

Dublin: Stereotyped, and Printed at his Steam-Press, by P. Dixon Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street, to whom all communications are to be addressed.