

me out, sir,' says I, 'or I'll have no business to show my face to the mistress,' says I. 'You're fifty miles from Watherford,' says he, 'an' I suspect this is a schame uv yours to chate me,' says he. Wud that the b'y from Ballingarry came up a step-ladder out uv a place they call the houl't—an' the divil's own houl't the same place is—an' he explained all to the captain, an' said I'd be handy about the cookin', an' as for the piper, if the weather cleared up, he'd give 'em a tune, an' keep 'em alive. An' that's the way myse'f an' Patherson went to New-foundland. We wor home together, too, an' he wanted to keep up the partnership, we did so well in St. John's, he playin' an' I dancin'. But, good luck to you, Phil, an' let me out to see Bobby, an' I'll tell you all another time."

"Just tell me, Barney," said Hugh, who had been listening unobserved to the latter part of his narration, "what did you do with the gun you were desired to bring to Mat Donovan, to have the stock mended?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Mither Hugh," Barney exclaimed—showing such decided symptoms of a desire to run away, that Billy Heffernan closed the door and placed his back against it—"don't get me into a hobble about the gun, an' I afther goin' through such hardship. Let me go to see Bobby an' my poor ould mother. Sure I'm bad enough, God help me."

"I don't want to get you into any trouble about it," said Hugh. "But, by telling the truth, you will get your friend Mat Donovan out of trouble. Why did you not bring the gun to him, and where did you bring it?"

"'Twas all on account uv Peg Brady," Barney answered moodily. "An' see all the throuble I brought on myse'f for wan slob uv a kiss."

"Well, tell me how it happened."

"I see her goin' home by the short-cut, sir," returned Barney, looking the very picture of repentance, "an' wint across to meet her, thinkin' id 'd be a fine thing to let her see me wud a fire-lock on my shoulder. An' thin I wint to help her over the double-ditch above the forth. An' as I was comin' back I hear the beagles givin' tongue, an' the hare wint poppin' through the nine-acre field, and was makin' for the furze over Raheen. Thin the hounds come on' keepin' on the thrale elegant, and the fust man I see toppin' the double-ditch was yourse'f, and the huntsman after you. So I stuck the gun into a brake uv briers, an' cut off to see the fun; an' the divil a wan uv me ever thought uv the gun till the day uv the hurlin', whin Father McMahon tould me 'twas in Billy Heffernan's bog-hole; and what use would id be for me to go look for id in a hole that's as deep as the top uv the house?"

"Did he tell you who put it in that hole?" Hugh asked.

"Not a word, sir," Barney replied, "on'y that 'twas there."

"All right, Barney," said Hugh. "You may go see Bobby and your mother as soon as you like now. Let him out, Billy; he won't run away again, never fear," he added, on observing Billy Heffernan's look of alarm.

"Be my sowl, 'tis runnin' enough I'm afther gettin'," returned Barney. "An' that I may never die in sin if ever I put a fut on a ship again, anyway. Will I ride Bobby to see my mother, Mither Hugh?"

The permission was granted, and in a few minutes Barney passed by the side of Knocknagow, that was left at full gallop; in his excitement either not seeing or not heeding Kit Cummins, who ran to her door holding up a bottle and glass invitingly; nor even seeming to notice Peg Brady, who, with the dragoon, stood behind her.

CHAPTER LXII.—SAD NEWS FROM BALLINACLASH.

Another year has elapsed, and Grace has never once visited the old cottage. She shrinks from it now, as she shrank from Norah Lahy's pale face. Yet she feels that Norah Lahy has done her good, and is glad to think that she won the love of the poor sick girl; for Mary Kearney mentioned in her letters that Norah had spoken affectionately of her to the last. Grace says to herself that she ought to spend some time with Mary in her lonely home—that it "would be right"; and, as in Norah Lahy's case, she feels it would have done her good. But she has such troops of pleasant acquaintances now, and so many invita-

tions to all sorts of parties, and is so admired and flattered, that she scarcely has time even to think of her old friends. She is reminded of them this morning by a letter from Mary. Mary tells her they are all well; that Anne writes from her convent in her old, cheerful way, but that Ellie did not come home at Christmas; that there was a letter from the Cape from Richard, who was delighted with the voyage. (He had gone as surgeon in an Australian vessel.)

"Billy Heffernan's house in the bog," the letter went on to say, "was swept away by the flood after the heavy rains; and he was barely able to save himself and his mule from drowning. But he is now hard at work building another house, as Mr. Lloyd has given him a lease for ever of twenty acres of his bog, for the yearly rent of a creel of turf; and though my father says a single sod would be too much for it, Billy thinks himself quite independent, and says he has an estate while grass grows and water runs, and no landlord can turn him out. Whether grass can be made to grow on the 'estate,' however, is doubtful. Nelly Donovan has given her heart to Billy Heffernan; but his heart, I really think, is in Norah Lahy's grave. And Mat, too, loves not wisely, but too well; and has become quite a grave and thoughtful character, devoting all the time he can spare to reading. Old Phil Morris is dead, and Bessy is gone to live with her aunt in Dublin. She had been very unhappy on account of the unkind things people used to say of her; and that foolish dragoon, encouraged, it is said, by Peg Brady, kept persecuting her to the last. Peg is our dairy-maid now; and she has confessed, with a flood of tears, that she deceived Mat Donovan about a letter of Bessy's, and is sorry she had not the courage to tell the truth before Bessy went away. As I have said so much of the 'course of true love' running in the usual way in this part of the globe, I must tell you that a little circumstance which accidentally came under my notice the other day has convinced me that your friend, 'Dionn Macool' is, after all, in love with somebody; but, for the life of me, I cannot guess who she may be, though I could tell you the color of her hair. Strange to say, I thought of Bessy Morris, but—though you will say that is just what might be expected from an 'oditty'—I am sure it is not she. Might it be Miss Delany? He praised her beauty and agreeable manners more than ever I heard him praise anyone else. But, take my word for it, Hugh is gone about somebody, as sure as the sun is at this moment sinking down behind the poplar trees on the hill—which trees always remind me of you and Bessy Morris, and all the chat we used to have about her father, and her anxiety to find him and live with him in their old home, after all his wanderings. That's what made me like Bessy, and I never could believe her heartless, as she had the name of being.

"The Messrs. Pender are carrying things with a high hand. Poor Father McMahon is heart-broken at the sufferings of the people. The poor-house is crowded, and the number of deaths is fearful. Last Sunday, when requesting the prayers of the congregation in the usual way for the repose of the souls of those who died during the week, the list was so long that poor Father McMahon stopped in the middle of it, exclaiming with a heart-piercing cry, "O my poor people! my poör people!" and then turned round and prostrated himself at the foot of the altar convulsed with grief, and could not go on reading the list of deaths for a long time. Then he got into a rage and denounced the government as a 'damnable government.' I was quite frightened at the excitement of the people. Some faces were quite white, and others almost black. But a very affecting incident turned their anger into pity, though one would think it ought only to incense them all the more against their rulers. When he resumed the reading of the list, a woman shrieked out and fell senseless upon the floor. She was one of the paupers in the auxiliary workhouse, who are marched to the parish chapel every Sunday, as the chapel in the regular workhouse is too small even to accommodate the inmates of that house. This poor woman was only admitted the week before with her husband and children, from whom, according to their infamous rules, she was at once separated. She now heard her husband's name read from the altar, and with a wild shriek of agony fell down, and was borne senseless out of the chapel. They did not even take the trouble to inform her that her hus-