

iard's, his eyes were the brightest blue I ever beheld; and flashed with fun and fire beneath his arched and jetty brows. But never in any other mortal saw I the same dare-devil gleam as shot from those eyes when he was thoroughly excited. A painter who could have transferred that expression to the eyes of some Puck or Caliban on his canvas would have made himself immortal. Close at his heels came his inseparable companion, little Whiskey, "who," his master used to boast, "was as full of spirits as a keg of poteen run by starlight; and sure, while I've him to the fore there's no fear of my being short taken for whiskey any how!" He might have avoided us by continuing his path along the rocks, but when he saw us, he instantly turned, and springing down the precipitous banks like a roebuck, quickly stood before us.

"Good day to you, Mr. Temple," was his salutation to my friend. "God save you, Mr. French," to me, "is this yourself? When did you come into these parts?"

"I have been at Glenmalure with a shooting party for some days, and I came to 'the Ford' last night. I can tell you, we wanted you badly at Glenmalure, but you were not to be found."

"No," said Freney, "I was away at the Duke's. He's a fine young horse mighty bad with the distemper, and he knows I've a cure never fails; but them grooms are such devils I have to watch them all the time, or they'd ruin every thing; that's what kept me away so long. And so your honour knows, Mr. Temple?" he added, giving a hasty glance at Eardley, who had turned away, and stood waiting for me with some evident impatience.

"Oh, yes; we're old friends."

"Musha now! do you tell me so. Who'd have thought that?" and once more he glanced at Eardley, and again at me.

"And where are you and Whiskey bound for now?" I asked, caressing the little terrier, which had come up to me, dancing and wriggling, to claim old acquaintanceship. "I suppose you are not going to look for hares to-day."

"I wonder at you, Mr. French," said Freney, with a ludicrous grin. "Such jokes might get a poor boy into trouble, let alone the harmless little dog. No; it's not after hares I'm going. Pat Clancy, that lives a little beyond Croneran, is to be married to-morrow, and of course I must be at the wedding."

"Croneran?" said Eardley, turning quickly round, "then you'll pass by Ulick Redmond's door?"

"It's the shortest way, sure enough," said Freney. "I see your honour knows the road."

Freney's words were simple enough, apparently, but they seemed for a moment to embarrass my companion; however, he answered quietly,