

few days, and the kindness of the very same day were to leave to for any other I was obliged Donna Maria, I sences to visit through all the ot where I was I set out for last time, the nce was about nd full of old place till nigh spot! There , and now the of the cabins bore tokens of humble luxu- with a heavy cre" lay.

g to catch it, he little thorn the old stone- hat its granite e pools were s long I have nd wondering airer or more

of a peasant

" adding his ong as I had t this was the of the parish, nced that he ensions. An me that the

CONCLUSION.

275

curate was from home, but would be back in less than an hour; requesting me to "put in my beast," and sit down in the parlor till he came.

I accepted the invitation, followed her into the cabin, which, although in a condition of neatness very different from what I remembered it of old, brought back all my boyish days in an instant. There was the fireside, where, with naked feet roasting before the blazing turf, I had sat and slept full many an hour, dreaming of adventures which were as nothing to those my real life had met with. There the corner where I used to sit throughout the night, copying those law papers my father would bring back with him from Kilbeggan. There stood the little bed where often I have sobbed myself to sleep, when, wearied and worn out, I was punished for some trifling omission, some slight and accidental mistake. I sat down, and covered my face with my hands, for a sense of my utter loneliness in the world came suddenly over me; I felt as if this poor hovel was my only real home, and that all my success in life was a mere passing dream.

Meanwhile the old woman, with true native volubility, was explaining how the Bishop — "bad scran to him! — would n't let his riv'rence have pace and ease till he kem and lived in the parish, though there was n't a spot fit for a gentleman in the whole length and breadth of it! and signs on it," added she, "we had to put up with this little place here, they call Con's Acre, and it was all a ruin when we got it."

"And who owned this cabin before?" asked I.

"A villain they call Con Cregan, your honor, — the biggest thief ye ever heard of; he was paid for inform' agin the people, and whin the Government had done wid him, they transported him too!"

"Had he any children, this same Con?"

"He had a brat of a boy that was drowned at 'say,' they tell me; but I'd never believe it was that way that Con Cregan's son was to die!"

I need scarcely remark that I saw no inducement for prolonging this conversation, wherein all the facts quoted were already familiar, and all the speculations the reverse of flattery; and I was far more agreeably occupied in discussing the eggs and milk the old lady had placed before me, when