

but I think he will take a treasure from you in the person of Lucy."

"Well! I ax God's pardon for accusin' him in the wrong; but as for Lucy, he might as well think o' takin' the apple o' my eye. Her, indeed! wu'd no one else shute him? The never a bit o' her'll tie the knot with him, with her tongue, she can't open with her teeth."

"But I haven't seen you since dinner time yesterday; pity you should be absent this morning, when the old avenue ditch was levelled; Brian said you had expectations there," said Mrs. Moriarty with a smile.

"And so I had, ma'am; it's not down is it?"

"Down to the ground; and Pat Karney, he says, found something, for he went away and hasn't returned since."

"Do you tell me so, mistress? Oh fire and smoke! ah I'm done for now anyway; that was my best dipindence. There now, Masther Brian! you'll nivr have a day's luck, nivr! nivr! I say it and I'd swear it,—you'd nivr consint to come wid me; and I tould him two of the family should be presint, or one black stranger. And there's the black stranger has it after all! Ochone! ochone! By the table o' war! I knew well it was there, and I tould him so. What will become of me now?"

Corny buried his face in his hands, rocked his body to and fro, in mental agony, till his bitter grief found vent in a flood of tears.

"My father afore me was unlucky," he continued; "he dug for a crock of goold one night in the Castle of Carlow, and got a dale of opposition; the candle was blew out as good as tin times; the ravins flapped their wings about his head, and tried to pick his eyes out; but he had the heart of a lion, drunk or sober. He dug away as gay as a lark, till he cum to it, and dug it up. 'Twas an ould iron helmet full of doubloons; and whin he held up the treasure, and he scarce able to sthagger undher it, a soger comes up and whips it out o' his hand, as you would a feather! And that's all the good he got ov it."

"It was very natural to find an old helmet in such a place, filled with clay; and no doubt he disturbed all the bats, owls, and pigeons of the old tower; but, Corny, here are the girls coming to hear a story from you. Don't fret, agraph! for the treasure lost to-day: the early bird gets the early worm; you'll find a pot of gold yet. Come sit down."

"It's a bad day I wouldn't give the best in the wallit to Miss Emily; take an air o' the fire, Miss; the Lord mark you to grace, and bless your purty sweet face! Miss Mary, throw the light o' your eye on us, *alanna machree*! Faix! its many

a fellow 'll be brakin' his heart for you yit, plaze God! She's your very pictur, ma'am,—a second. Molly Cokely she'll be! Half the young gintleman died for the love o' her, and the other half were shot fightin' for her. The greatest beauty she was, they say, that ever lived; like a beautiful fairy in a mortifying glass; tindher as a cooin' dove to her friends, but proud as a paycock to others. She wint by the name o' 'Murtherin' Molly.' Give me a kiss, *ahudgeen*—don't be afraid; do you think I'd bite you?"

"Afther atin' my breakfast,—God bless the purwiders!—in this very kitchen, one fine mornin' at the peep o' day, and thinkin' to myself, whether I'd go to break the young coult, or mould the pigs, or look afther the cattle, or get the pony shod, or stale a game cock from Kilconney House, or feed the pigeons,—who should come in, with his 'good morrow and good luck to you,' but Tim Karney. I bid him the time o' day, and asked him to take an air o' the fire. Tim and I was always very thick in regard of a likin' I had for a sister of his; a sweet purty colleenshe was as any in the barony. She was too good and beautiful to live—welcum be His holy will!—and the heavens be her bed!"

Here he knocked or pretended to knock a tear out of the corner of his eye, with a sling of his hand, in which he brought two fingers together, with a crack that had a highly ludicrous effect.

"Tim says to me, 'I want to spake to you, Corny, consamin' a dhrame I had now for three nights successively,' says he; 'its a pan o' goold buried near the ould castle, and I'll have neither rest nor pace till I thry my luck,' says he; 'say the word and we'll go shares, and none need be the wiser.'"

"'It's makin' game o' me, Tim, you are,' says I, 'this holy and blessed mornin,'—twas Lady-day in harvest. 'Be this and be that, its too good to be thtrue,' says I. 'Indeed, and it's not,' says Tim, layin' his hand on his breast; 'an' it's sorry I'd be to do the same.' 'Well,' says I, 'there's the blessed sun dancin' abuv in the heavens, and I tell you, Tim Karney, in his presence, I'm a helpless, harmless boy, and don't bring me into any scrape,' says I. 'Its God's truth I tell you,' says he. 'Give us yer hand,' says I. 'I'll go, and no objection, not the laste in life, and glad to be ax'd: but Tim,' says I, 'we'll want one to hould the candle, and two to dig.'"

"We got Jack Griffin—the Lord be good to him!—we used to call him Cheney Shanks; you'd think he was threadin' on eggs, he walked solight; but it's many a year the daisies are growin' over him. Off we set, and a cruel cowlid night it was; 'twould perish the Danes. I shiver'd and shook, in heart and limb, like a dog in a wet sack,