

with a strong south-country accent, and who, loquacious in any case, was evidently delighted with the chance of talking so familiarly to one of His Majesty's officers.

"And this is supposed to be an inn?" exclaimed the officer. The jaded horses were drawing up, of their own accord, before a rough log cabin, flanked by a rude driving shed, with a primitive pump, and a long log hollowed out for a horse-trough, in front. A stick, placed upright in a stump before the door, bore an inscription, which, after some study, could be resolved into the name of "Barney Finnigan," and the intimation below that "wiskey and tabacky" were to be had within. Two or three chubby, barefooted children were rolling about in a puppy-like fashion among the tall grass and weeds by the way-side, and a lazy-looking Irishman, in home-spun shirt, with hands plunged into the pockets of his dilapidated breeches, stood leaning in the open doorway smoking a short pipe.

"Yes, yer honour;" replied John; "and handy enough it comes for the poor beasts, though it beant much like our Red Lion at home, where my father used to have his pipe and his mug o' beer when I was a boy! Hallo, Barney!—taking it easy, as usual?"

"Shure, an' isu't it the best thing a craythur can do? An' it's glad I am to see yez. An hour beyant time, John Wardle! An' 'twas meself thought yez must have broken down. An' it's dry the poor bastes is lookin'—the craythurs!"