

blissid saint your mother stiff and cowl'd in her coffin comin' to meet him? AUGH, but it was the black day yon!"

Overcome with his sad recollections, Barney sat silent, and the youth covered his face.

"La Falaise! Sure it's the same!" resumed the Irishman at length. "Manny's the time I've been up an' down it's breakneck *Rues*, as they called them. It smelled like a dead skate, all fish-guts an' herring-scales; an' niver a dhrap fit for a Christian to dhrink. Ould Jack Barrel's wine was so sour it would make the pigs squeak"—

"Who did you say?" broke in Calvert excitedly.

"Jack Barrel, the boys called him. I disremember the beggar's Frinch name;" said Barney.

"Why, Barney! the letter was signed by a J. Barillot."

A low prolonged whistle from Barney marked his astonishment; at last he put the query—

"And the name of the dead woman?"

"Lisette;" responded Calvert.

"Ay, the same. The ould Barrel an' the young Barrel, we used to call them. Ye see, savin' yer presence, she girthed round as much as he did,—and had niver a man to lay it honestly on, nayther. Aye, poor lass; but that was the sorrowful ending afther all! I'll niver belave it, though, that the young leddy—bless her angel-face!—iver sprung from such a crooked crab-stock as the ould Barrel."

At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the jangling of military accoutrements struck on the ears of the friends.

Calvert was springing up, when his friend's hand, clutching his coat, pulled him down.

"Arrah, be aisy, thin! Don't dhraw them an us. We haven't the *Ceann-Ghu* (dog's mouth) to hide in this time."

Warily peering through the trees, Barney muttered—

"Aye, there ye ride, ye thafe o' the wurruld!—and yer blood-hounds round yez. An' what new villany are ye after hatchin'? An' who's that wid ye? Be me sowl, it's the lousy Scotch procthor Mac! There's the mischief to pay whin he's round. God send Divole an' he may fly away together; an' torment one another wid the scab an' the itch, for iver an' iver, Amin!"

In truth, the party sweeping up the avenue was none other than Barney had described.