

took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on their journey homeward, when the Man turned-around to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said :

"Well, what are ye my good men?"

The four men all took off their hats before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Plaze your honour's reverence and glory," said they, we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an' Fhiona."

"I dare say now," said the Man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."

"Plaze your majesty," said the four men "it is true for you; we have so."

"What time," asked the Man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?"

"He gave us one week, my lord?"

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.

"Come here, my good men," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.

"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, McEnciery remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length, he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."

"Why so?" asked the Man.

"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their days hire to get when they'd go back."

"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the Man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours, without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."

"What do you call plenty?" said McEnciery.

"If you had the one tenth of it when

I first met you," replied the Man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides all the fat cattle we have on the road before us."

McEnciery said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as if he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoe Pierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

"Well, I suppose we must be parting now," said the Man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."

"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEnciery.

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."

At this proposal McEnciery looked as if treated in a very unreasonable manner.

"Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"

"No," said McEnciery, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze, that in all this business I was the Master an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of what we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."

"Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said McEnciery, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow