

America; and these boys, and the woman, and the girl, they were in the mind to go to California; and me not having a penny, and my school taken away, my lady she says, 'Thin, Mr. O'Reilly, sure, won't you be crossing with your people? you'll be minding the young, and they'll be caring for you;' and I was agraable to that same."

"But when you land in California," asked Mr. Rodney, "what do you propose to do?"

"Sure, thin, your honor," answered he, "wont I stop at the town to see the boys settle at their work, and the women rint a cabin and set up their wash-tubs? and if I wouldn't be liking the ways of the gold-diggers, I'd be walking on a bit further to seek out some of our own people in Illinois county."

"But, my good friend, that is beyond the Rocky Mountains," said Mr. Rodney.

"Will it be mountains I'd be turning back for?" replied Dennis; "would there be any mountains of America aqual to our own ancient mountains of Killarney?"

It would not have been easy to convince the old man that the Rocky Mountains would bar his journey to his friends, or that they were more inaccessible than Irish mountains; so Harold turned away to ask the taller of the two boys why he had left his home for a strange country.

The young man colored, and did not speak; the elder woman answered for him.

"Is it Willie, your honor? isn't he my own sister's son, and she gone to God? Pretty girl she was; and a fine wake we made her, God be praised! And wasn't the boy left on me, in regard of his father being a wild Englisher, turning his back on his child and his dead