

garden o' cabbage, too; sorra a head in the garden but we'd have a piece o' beef foreninst."

"Troth we would, Briney dear! Och! its thrue for you—but what do you think if I'd thry?"

Brian laughed, (though with a heavy heart.) "Och! there isn't the laste use in thryin', Oonagh, dear! for it isn't us that 'll have the atin' o' the meat! But now I must hurry away to my work, for it's afther twelve o'clock, an', Oonagh, you'll jist put the beef in the barrel there, an' cover it up till I'll be takin' it to the market the morrow."

"I will, Briney dear! I'll do it afore you come back;" and away went Brian, without the least apprehension regarding the fate of his beef—his last and only trust. When returning night brought rest from his toil, he was too much fatigued to look after the beef, and having sat a few minutes dozing over the fire, he went to seek a fuller repose in the land of Nod. Some time in the night, Brian was awoke from his dreamless sleep by a terrific uproar which seemed to proceed from the garden.

"God bless us, Oonagh! do you hear that?" and seizing his sleeping wife by the arm, he shook her till she awoke. "Did ever you hear sich a noise? I'm sure the day o' judgment's comin'! that's the short an' the long of it."

"Faix, Briney, it's no sich a thing," responded Oonagh, positively; "don't you hear it's the dogs, an' sure it isn't dogs 'll be barkin' at the day o' judgment; but I'm afear'd they're at the beef," she added, getting out of the bed as quickly as was possible for her.

"At the beef, Oonagh!" cried Brian, jumping at once to his feet, as a horrible suspicion arose in his mind. "How would the dogs get at the beef?"

"Well, I'll jist tell you that, Briney, if you'll not be angry. You know you said there was a piece o' beef for every head o' cabbage, an' so, when you were gone, I went an' put a piece on every head, as far as they went, an' troth you made a good guess, Briney! for there's only jist three heads without a piece o' beef; so you see I forgot to take in the beef again, an' I suppose the dogs is all gathered atin' it. Divil give them good of it!"

Brian waited to hear no more; rushing out into the garden, he found that nothing remained—absolutely nothing! The dogs of the country had been feasting on his highly-prized beef, and what they could not eat they had dragged away with them.

"Now then, Oonagh," said the horror-stricken Brian, as he entered the house; "now you have broken me out of house an' home, an' we may

sell the trifle o' praties we have (they'll not bring more than about five shillings at the most) an' set out to look for our bit, (i. e. to go a-begging); all we can do is to lave the place to the lan'lord when we're not able to pay him, an' besides he'd only be putting us out, so we may as well go at onst."

Though Oonagh heard this decision with all the sorrow of which her nature was susceptible, yet she could not be convinced that it was all her own fault. Probably her grief was fully equal to that which bowed down poor Brian to the dust on leaving, for ever, the little cabin which he had so long and so carefully labored to make comfortable as an asylum for his old age; but Oonagh had a sort of consolation in turning the fault over on fate, and her exclamation, as she turned back to take a parting look of her little homestead, was:

"Och! then, murther in Irish, Briney! isn't it the pity o' the world that luck went agin us, or we might be happy an' comfortable in it this minit?"

Poor Brian made no answer; he would not that the sorrow of the moment should be embittered by reproaches, and he feared to speak lest the bitterness of his grief might burst forth.

"Poor Oonagh!" sighed he; "poor witless crature! I'm sure it's bad enough for her, an' me too, to have to go, at our time of life, to look for our share, without me makin' matthers worse with scoldin'; och! an' sure the poor sowl 'id be only gettin' angry, for she thinks that she dope all for the best, an' that the misfortune all comes from our bad luck. Come on, Oonagh!" he said, raising his voice, and flinging his wallet across his shoulder; "we may jist as well set off at onst, for if we stan' here till the day o' judgment, it'll not bring anything back," and with this sage aphorism, Brian Mulvany and his sagacious partner turned their backs on their late domicile, and trudged away.

SONG.

By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice,
By the sparkling blue eyes of the maid of my choice,
By thy bright sunny ringlets—were I on a throne,
And thou what thou art, I should make thee my own.

By the smile on thy lip—by the bloom on thy cheek—
By the looks of affection—the words thou dost speak—
By the heart warm with love in that bosom of snow,
I love thee much more than thou ever can'st know.

I love thee—I love thee—what can I say more,
Than tell what I have told thee so often before?
While others may court thee, may flatter, and praise,
Forget not our younger and happier days.