

gained the surrounding plantation, without once shewing in sight of the Hall.

Here again he uttered his chirrup; and soon the crackle of breaking twigs announced the approach of his expected visitor.

"Oh, Barney!" cried Calvert, dashing forward and seizing his humble friend by the hand, "I thought you were dead!"

"Musha, thin, an' it's not the likes av Divole an' all his red-coat angels to back him, that 'ud set the women *keenin'* it over ould Barney. Throth, he's too ould a badger to be dhrawn by *messans* like thim, when there was ivir a hole convaynient:" was the Irishman's characteristic reply.

"So! It was no accident, your falling down the ravine?"

"Not a bit av axshident in it!"—I came down as soft as Pat Tooley whin he slid aff the roof av a six-story house in Cork, and landed fair and aisy, all in a cart o' mud; 'Be jabbers!'—says he, as he shewed his swate tap-knot over the ladher again,—'but that's a nate way an' a quick o' fillin' the hod annyhow!"

"But how was it, Barney?" said his friend, curiously: "We were all sure you were dashed to pieces. How ever did you escape?"

"Aisy, aisy, *ma bouchal!* Ax me no quasthins, an' I'll tell ye no lies. When onct ye're *one of us*, ye'll find out!"

Seeing that Barney disliked being pressed for his secret, Calvert waived further enquiry.

A conversation ensued between the two friends, in which the Irishman detailed as much as he dared of the events of the evening before. He narrated the awful fate of the spy, and the unsuccessful pursuit of the other intruder; at the same time speculating upon the question who it might be that had discovered the jealously guarded secret of their place of meeting.

In his turn Calvert narrated to his interested listner, the particulars of his father's interview with his guests; as also Harvey's strange tale, with the mysterious possibilities connected with it, to which he had just been listening.

"A letther found on the dead woman, said ye, Master Calvert? an' where from?" said Barney.

"It is dated from *La Falaïse*," replied Calvert.

"Sure an' don't I know it well? Wasn't I acthin' orderly for the Colonel when he came back to the ould Castle beyant it, wid his good sister's corp, and found the grief ahead av 'im, an' met the