

man knew the voice at once to be Gorman's, and knowing what a violent man he was, he hid himself in the ditch for fear of him. In a few minutes Gorman approached his hiding place, and when directly opposite and within five or six feet of him he stopped as if to listen, when the young man's heart beat so violently that he was afraid the noise it made would discover him. Fearful as his situation was, it became still more dreadful when he saw or rather heard Gorman very deliberately reloading his gun, and when he had done the young man would have called for mercy but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; there was also such a choking in his throat that he could not utter a word, so he covered up his face and prayed for mercy from on High, thinking that his hour had come. He heard the murderer's footsteps,—were they bringing him still nearer his other victim? No, no! they were receding, the sound became less and less distinct until it died away entirely in the distance.

He then rose from his hiding place and went to see McPhaul. He accosted him by his name. No answer. He took hold of one of his hands and raised it a little. It fell again by his side without life, without motion. The poor man was dead.

He had such a fearful horror of the man Gorman, that he durst not give this information until after he had left the country. It had by this time been ascertained beyond a doubt that he had done so, and the boy, he was little more, was relieved from his apprehensions and consequently told to McPhaul's son all he knew of this dreadful affair.

On receiving this intelligence McPhaul was determined to avenge his father's death,—to have blood for blood. To accomplish this he must follow him across the Atlantic, and search for him in America. But how to get there was a difficulty he never thought of. He supposed in his simplicity that all he had to do was to go to the nearest port, look out a vessel outward bound for that country, and go on board. How his mother and the children were to be supported during his absence was however a difficulty he did perceive, and it puzzled him exceedingly, and would not easily have been obviated, had not his brother, a lad of about fifteen years of age, got a promise of succeeding him in his situation under the gardener at the Hall.

With a big stick and a little bundle McPhaul commenced his pilgrimage.

He soon reached the seaport, where all his trouble and difficulties were to cease. But he found to his dismay and astonishment that they were in fact only then beginning. Money he

had none, and he discovered now, that there he could not get without it. To give up his enterprise and return home was not to be thought of for a moment. There were indeed many urgent reasons in his mind against it. In the first place, every body would laugh at him. And in the next, Gorman would escape, now that he had him, as he fondly hoped, nearly within his grasp.

Thus to give him up, he said, on arriving at this part of his narrative, "when there was but the 'say' between us, was too bad." He therefore hung on a week or ten days longer, in the hope that something or other would turn up. An Irishman never desponds, and something did turn up. It was at this juncture I fell in with him and hired him. I knew nothing at that time of all this. He never said a word about it till this very day, till we saw the squatter, whom he recognised at the first glance, partial as it was, and Gorman, his father's murderer, stood before him.

I stated at the beginning of my story that McPhaul was an intelligent man for his station in life, and so he was, at the time I was speaking of him. When he first came to me, he was certainly not stupid, far from it, yet he was extremely ignorant. So much so indeed that he was perfectly astonished to find that America was "as big and bigger nor all Ireland." And when he comprehended how much "bigger" it was, which he did before he set his foot upon its shores, he gave up all idea of prosecuting his search. He fancied I do really believe, when he left home, that on landing in America, he would find the object of his search waiting to receive him.

The reader will recollect that I was awoke by my young friend, Henry Wrottesley, an hour at least before daybreak. I immediately got up, and arrayed myself in fitting costume for our intended hunting excursion.

On looking out of my window, I didn't at all like the appearance of things; they were far from satisfactory. And yet I could see nothing—no, not a single twinkling star—

"All above was one black sky."

The heavens were completely overcast, and the wind, although it was not high, was boisterous; yet it came upon the ear by fits and starts—first in a short but melancholy blast, like the

"Bo'sun's last whistle"

and then would die away in faint and fainter moanings in the distance, till it was heard no more. A short and fitful calm would then succeed, and anon a gust would burst upon the silent solitude, and rage and bluster for a moment, just