

my friend, I must know your name, that you may have a distinguished place in it. May I ask what has tempted you to emigrate from your favored island?"

"Well, thin, to spake the thruth, your honor; nade," replied the old man; then, quickly resuming his former pompous manner, and correcting his brogue, he continued: "It was altogether the times, your honor: isn't it mad our people are turning? and Dennis O'Reilly wouldn't be the man to turn with them. Would I be seeing the childer at my school knowing no betther than them in England of the people that came afore them; and forgetting all the ancient glory of their counthry, to be larning things about trade, and mines, and drawing pictures, and singing, and such-like—things that's beneath a school-master to tache; and didn't I scorn to be meddling with the same? and wouldn't I sooner be burning my fine old classics, seeing I'd be having no use for them. It's their edication question, your honor; sure, isn't it their ignorance that is sending me away from my counthry? Would I be going to school myself at seventy years old, and me fit to tache them all, out and out?"

"And therefore, Mr. O'Reilly," said Harold, "you are making a voyage to teach the classics to the gold-diggers."

"Sure, thin, I'd niver be thryin' them," answered the old man; "they'd niver be mindin' their tasks at all, not they. Didn't the ancients themselves write it down that the love of gold made a man no betther nor a brute? I'd be gittin' no gold-diggers at all for scholars. But, to spake the thruth, your honor, it wasn't a choice was left me at all. My lady she sends out her people, that cannot live yonder, altogether free, to Austhralia and to