

didn't ye bring some of them along wid ye, Dermot?"

"Well, the weather isn't cowl'd anyhow," remarked the grandmother, "and they'll have to find a home somewhere else. But sure it's hard to have to quit the one they have lived in so long, and their fathers afore them; but what help is there for it? They'll have to bear it patient like every other throuble."

"They'll not bear it patient," said Dermot, fiercely. "They'll have their revenge some day, and why not?" he added, with a defiant look at the old woman.

"Is that what the priest taches you from the althar every Sunday?" she asked reproachfully. "Doesn't he tell ye to submit yerselves to the law, and to live like quiet, dacent people?"

"That's what the priest and the parson both prache, sure enough; but for all that there's some among us will take their own coorse, and revenge their wrongs by their sthrong right arm." Dermot spoke with subdued vehemence, but there was an evil gleam in his eye as it boldly met his grandmother's.

"You'll come to no good ind, I'm afeard," she said sorrowfully.

"Ach, granny, don't say that!" broke from Rose, half indignantly. "Dermot doesn't mane to do any thing wrong; but sure he can't help feeling for them that's in such disthress this blessed night, and Celia Carroll herself among them."

"If Lord Arranmore was to the fore this would never have happened, for a betther landlord couldn't be found than his own father," observed the old woman.

"Yes, but the young lord isn't like him, granny, he is a great one for spinding money in every counthry but his own, never caring where it comes from so he gets it, and laving his poor tenantry to be thramp'd upon by an agint that has a heart as hard as Ould Nick himself. It's a pitty he has such a nice daughter," remarked Rose.

"She is so mighty purty, too, and kind-hearted. I saw her yestherday, when I went to the Lodge to sell crabs. It's the good price she gave me, never haggl'g about it as her father does, rich as he is."

"She is like her own mother for that," interrupted granny eagerly. "It's Mrs. Crofton was the good frind to the poor, and its many a blessing followed her to the grave. And a hard life she had herself wid that husband of hers! All the good she done was by stealth, bekase of him not caring to help any one. Och, he is the hard man, no doubt! But come in and ate your supper, Dermot, dear, it's the long fast ye had, and it's waiting for ye this long while."

"Are you going out to-night, Dermot, bekase the nets is all mended and the wind is fair?" asked Rose as they entered the cabin.

"Yes, I'm thinking of it, I got a good price for the fish to-day at Carraghmore, and can sell as much more to-morrow, for the town is full of people come to the election. There is quality from Dublin, too, at Barrington House. There is going to be a grand ball there, they say, and grand doings while they remain. The young heiress will be getting married one of these days.

"To her cousin, Sir Gerard?" observed Rose, interrogatively.

"No, he'll marry Parson Butler's cousin, I am thinking, if all I hear is thtrue. She is mighty purty intirely, no doubt."

"She'll be a happy girl to get him," observed Rose; "but what'll Miss Barrington say to that. People thought he'd marry her, you know.

"Well, and if he chooses to change his mind he has a right to plaze himself," was Dermot's cool rejoinder, as he seated himself at the humble board where his supper was laid out, doing full justice to it, as his long fast had sharpened his appetite.