

and resolved, rather than give them that annoyance, to pass the night in the stack-yard. Having come to this resolution, he stepped over the stile; and after flinging down some hay on the ground, he stretched himself on it at full length, and placing the bundle he carried beneath his head by way of pillow, slept soundly until morning.

On awaking and rising from his humble couch, Dorgan pushed on for Carrigaholt, where he arrived in the afternoon, and took up his quarters at the Bee-hive, where he was joined in the evening by Kinchela, according to appointment. When he entered, Dorgan was enjoying himself over a tumbler of whiskey-punch, in which he invited Kinchela to join him; but the latter for some time positively refused to drink, and was at length induced to fill up a glass only by perceiving that Duke was getting seriously displeased by his refusal. Dorgan and his guest now began to talk of local matters, Kinchela giving the former an account of all that had happened of any consequence in the neighbourhood since his enter-tainer had gone to sea, and answering all the queries which he put to him regarding the fortunes of those in whose histories he took any interest. This conversation naturally included old Maccloughlen and his daughter, regarding the former of whom, Dorgan, whose recollection of the slights cast upon him by the old man was now a little sharpened by the liquor he had drunk, spoke in no very measured terms. Pryce agreed in the justice of all he said on the subject, and even added some observations calculated rather to aggravate than assuage the young man's irritation; but suddenly changing his tone, he said in a gentle voice:

"But although he did injure you surely, Duke, an' that greatly, I'd like I could prevail on you to forgive and forget. Bear and forbear, as we're commanded. He's an old man, an' you're a young one, an' it won't be long until the grave will draw a line between ye that you may wish to pass to make friends again, an' won't be able. So don't harbour any bad designs again' poor Maccloughlen, I beg o' you."

"Oh, I'll make the purse-proud old rogue know at any rate that —" At this moment Duke was interrupted by the unexpected intrusion of the clergyman of the parish, who, chancing to overhear his abuse of old Maccloughlen, stepped up to him, and proceeded to lecture him on the sin of harbouring resentments, and the wickedness of indulging in them, and particularly reprobated him for the language he had used when speaking of Maccloughlen, who he said was a singularly pious and charitable man. On concluding his remarks, the clergyman left the apartment, and was followed by Kinchela, who pleaded some business with the publican. Dorgan being left alone, soon after prepared for his night's rest, and was shown by the landlord into a double-bedded room, where after bidding a good night to Kinchela, by whom he was rejoined, and who was to

return to Loup Head early in the morning, he went to bed.

At midnight, Dorgan awoke with a violent headache, and thinking that binding his head with a handkerchief might afford him some relief, he stretched out his hand to the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, to procure the article he wanted, but to his surprise found that they were not there. He rose and groped about the room in the dark, but with no success, and finally returned again to bed, in the hope that daylight would explain the mystery. On opening his eyes in the morning, his astonishment, whatever it might have been on missing his clothes, was exceeded by that which he felt on finding them in exactly the same place where he had laid them the evening before. Dorgan, however, made no remark on the subject to any one. He breakfasted quietly, settled his bill with his host, and immediately after set out to pay a visit to the object of his affections, from whom he had been now so long absent, old Maccloughlen's house being about a quarter of a mile distant from the village at which he had 'ept all night.

As Dorgan approached the house, he was surprised to see a number of persons collected round the door, although it was yet early in the morning; and he was still more surprised when he saw a woman rush out of the house tearing her cap from her head, and shouting the death-wails peculiar to the country. Filled with the most dreadful apprehensions by these ominous circumstances, Dorgan quickened his pace, reached the house, and rushed into it, without attracting any notice from the busy talking crowd with which it was thronged. Here a dreadful scene awaited him. Old Maccloughlen had been murdered during the preceding night, and his mangled and blood-stained body lay stretched on a deal table in the centre of the kitchen. While Dorgan was yet lost in stupefaction and horror at the miserable spectacle before him, the coroner had arrived, and in an adjoining room, to which Duke also immediately repaired, had commenced his inquest. The first person examined was the deceased's niece, a little girl of about seven or eight years of age. "Well, my little darling," said the coroner to the child, "tell your story now, like a good girl. Don't be afraid; we are all your friends." "I will, sir, said the little girl; and she went on to state at length, and in a remarkably distinct manner, all the circumstances attending the murder; and amongst other particulars mentioned that the person who struck the fatal blows—there being a party of the murderers—said on going out after the deed had been perpetrated, "I owed that much to him a long while then." After adding some other particulars, the girl suddenly began to cry and tremble, as if labouring under some great anxiety. "I'll be kilt now entirely," she said, for there's one o' the men that murdered uncle list'nen' to me. "A general exclamation of astonishment and alarm