

me to bed widout iver a bite uv supper, bad luck to her and the like uv her!" He did live, however, but he certainly did not grow up to be very tall. "Times grew worse an' worse for me at home," continued he, "and a quare time I had of it till I was fourteen years of age, when one day says I to mesilf, 'flesh and blood can bear it no longer,' and I ran away to the city uv Dublin where an aunt by me mother's side lived. Me aunt was a poor woman, but she gave a warm welcim to her sister's motherless boy; she trated me kindly and allowed me to share her home, although she could ill afford it, till I got a place as sarvant in a gintleman's family. As for my father, he niver throubled his head about me any more; indade I think he was glad to be rid uv me, an' all by manes of that wicked woman. It was near two years afther I lift home that I took the notion of going to Ameriky; me aunt advised me against going, but, whin she saw that me mind was set on it, she consinted, and did her best, poor woman, to sind me away lookin' dacent and respectable. I niver saw me father or me stepmother agin. I had no wish to see her; but, although I knew me father no longer loved me, I had still some natral-like feelin's for him; but, as I had run away from home, I durst not go back, an' so I lift Ireland widout a sight uv him. But I *could* not lave it foriver, as it might be, widout one more sight uv me mother's grave. I rached the small village where me father lived about nightfall, and