

good deal more beside—when *he* got a note last night 'Twas from the parson. He sent it to say that he had heard the doctor was going over to Waringa to see Captain Lathom, and that he would come with him. The fat-faced old hog dined and slept at our place last night, and the doctor was as grumpy as a bear. He gave me a note last night, and told me to start off at daylight with it for Captain Lathom. The captain don't like the parson, I think."

"Like him!" and old Tim's withered features, as he spat on the ground, expressed the deepest contempt; "how cud a gintleman, born an' bred, *like* a baste like *him*? Bad luck an' an evil ind to all such flogging devils as the Riverend Joseph Marsbin. Sure an' his name makes me mouth dirty when I spake it." And again he spat on the ground.

"He's got no liking for you Irishers, that's certain," said Hawley sympathetically. He was himself an emancipated convict; and therefore had no hesitation in speaking freely to the old man. Neither was there any love lost between the ex-dragoon and the clergyman, for the latter had an unpleasant way of letting even an emancipist know that he (the Rev. Joseph Marsbin) had an intimate knowledge of official documents concerning the names of prisoners and their offences, dating from the very earliest days of the colony. And there was nothing he liked better than to make use of his knowledge at very uncomfortable moments.

"May the curse av the wake, an' the sufferin' an' the oppressed, lie on his wicked sowl whin he comes up for judgment," said the old man fervently, as he clasped and raised his toil-stained hands to heaven. "Ah, God above, sind some punishment on earth to this