

ciently to inform me that he was to sail the next day for Queenstown, from whence he was to proceed to the parish of Bandon in the County Cork in "Ould Ireland," and, said Jimmy, "Won't the ould folks jist think me riserriected intirely?"

I inquired for Juanita, his pretty little wife, and learned that—well, it was another story of woman's fickleness and man's perfidy.

If any of my readers should ever chance to visit the parish of Bandon in Old Ireland, I beg of them to inquire for and visit Jimmy Hurley, and I hereby guarantee them as warm a greeting as a stranger ever received upon a foreign shore.

For the rest, soon after the news of the commencement of the struggle for the perpetuity and integrity of the Union reached the Rio Grande, Dr. Parker and myself secured seats in the eastern bound overland mail-coach, and one bright, beautiful morning in May we turned our faces away from La Mesilla, and in little more than two weeks we found ourselves in the great city of St. Louis in Missouri.

Here we parted: the doctor to visit his family in old Virginia, and I to go to my more northern home. We were destined never to meet again in this world. Three years later, during an engagement between the United States forces and a rebel gun-boat in the waters of Grand Lake, Louisiana, Dr. Parker, who was the acting surgeon upon the boat, was