

good girl, and not so poor neither, the cows your father left you have been very handy to us, and the bit of fortune that we kept together, will make you comfortable yet, if you take care of your self. How long is it since my poor Billy went away?"

"I doe no, Uncle, sacly—but I thinks it is five years."

"Well now Cathleen, why for do you be forgotten Bill? it is four years last St. John's fair, since he was trapped by the cursed red coats, and his time, ill be out in another twelvemonth; and please the Lord, and the queen of heaven, he'll be back with us once more—to help me to mind the bit of a farm—and to tell us stories of his travels on the long winter nights."

"Amen then," said Cathleen, "I often thinks of Bill, how we used to play together when we were childer, and how he used to take my part and fight for me, and bring me nests, and honey suckles and sorrel from the fields."

"Good right you have to think of him—he was fond enough of you, and he gave you a kiss, lovenly, like a man when he was going away, and tould you to keep it for him till he came back."

"Five years is a long time," said Cathleen, "I blieve I amost forget Bill's face now, if he was to come."

"But you must not forget him, Cathleen, he'll soon be home now, and think of him like a good girl, and may be your old uncle would bless ye both together yet."

Little more at this time was said by either Robin or Cathleen, they moved on quickly, their thoughts as different as eighteen and sixty might warrant.

At length they turned to the right, and entering a descending bye road which led to the river, and which was called the Cove, they were in the immediate vicinity of their own cottage. A swinging sign board, with a ship for its device, and which directed to a small ale house, was passed—one or two other cottages produced greeting to the old man and his niece—a little farther, and the road which they were descending, was finely shaded by a grove of ash and elm trees to the left; and was sheltered on the right, by a bold hill, which bosomed up suddenly and gracefully, shutting all beyond except the sky from the passer's glance—further on under a steep bank, and in the shade of a little hanging wood, a cool clear well, surmounted by a small white alcove, looked amid the rich glare of noon day like a living gem—at the opposite side a stream tumbled down, brawling loudly amid the loose stones, and running with its puny tribute to the noble Suir; the descending road took a serpentine inclination, the trees shot up proudly, and formed a more noble avenue—and at length, a little patch of flat sward, showed the base of the hills, and the evel of spring tides. Situated on this flat was the cabin of Robin Hartrey. The site was bounded on one side by the river, on the opposite by the hill which Robin and his neice had just descended, to the right by a small pill, and a soft rich hill beyond, and to the left by a broken cliffy bank, which supported