

jewel, says I, 'tis an Irishman spakes to you, and he is the last person in the world (troth but my heart was as tinder as a new-born babe's at the time, partly by raison of the sup of good whiskey punch I had been after taking, and more so at seeing such an innocent looking cratur so nigh being ill trated) that will take an advantage of a woman; so give me your oster, my dare, you may trust yourself wid me, for by the great ram of Kifrush (and that's a woolly oath) 'tis myself will be as tinder of you as if you were my own born mother. Only show me the man that will cast a loving look at you till I puts you within the shade of your own door, and it will be my own fault if my shillaly does'nt play the divil's tattoo on his head and shoulders. Well, without any more blarney, I saw her home safe and sound, and got a power of thanks and blessings and a sweet kiss into the bargain. Now here Mr. Mac dear, I wanted to say something fine, but my pin would'nt spake as my heart did; so master Phelim O'Carroll, the schoolmaster, and sure was'nt he educated at Tipperary collidge, bids me write. But my reward did not stop here, the pleasure resulting from the consciousness of being the humble instrument in the hands of divine goodness of rescuing unprotected innocence from an unfeeling profligate, was, as it would be to every man of principle, sufficient requital to—(Ah, that's just what I mint to say, my dare Phelim,—let's see,—requital to.)

Your's in truth

LARRY O'BRIEN.

P. S. Perhaps some people, who scarcely know what's what, will be axing what took a young girl out so late at night; they'll be aisy after I tells 'em she was a millener's prentice, sent by