

pared thee, somehow or other—though we are not sure exactly now—mercifully to hear us, we at length venture to say out in full—

There was no apparition of a murdered maiden at the granite rock.

True, we have asserted that the impertinent thing

"Was so thin and transparent to view,

You might have seen the moon shine through."

And so you might,—(that is, had the moon been in the sky,)—and no wonder, when, after Moya had fled, and her cowardly companion had dropped senseless at the sight, old Terence O'Brien moved two or three paces from the rock's side, and stood over the latter, still yelling, and waving on the top of his stick a new white muslin dress, which he had gone to the market-town to purchase for Moya, and which he meant her to wear on her marriage-day. And—"Ahoy?" still bellowed Terence, stirring with his foot his prostrate rival—"Ahoy, you loober! take a white saymew in the offing, for a seventy-four? but you're only fit to be a parley-woo, an' not a heart-o'-oak British sayman! An', shiver my hulk, but 'tis to ould Davy he's gone, sure enough, I believe!"

He again stirred the lad, and soon saw him jump up, however; and then ensued some stormy discourse between them:

CHAPTER XI.

THE wedding evening came, with all its guests, and all its bustle of preparation to receive them. There were flesh-pots boiling, and spits turning, and servants and helpers, hired and volunteers, toiling before the great fires, at the pots and at the spits; every thing and every body under the superintendence of the widow Moore, now fully reinstated in her former responsibility and importance of character. In the little parlour, alone, two pipers blew at it in rivalry; until the perspiration teemed from their foreheads; while, at some distance, in the barn or banquet-hall, three other professors of the same mustat instrument surpassed them, if possible, in zeal and melody; and parlour and barn were crowded with youthful visitors, footing it heartily to their strains; while the elderly and the old looked on; it seemed as if the national sport, pursued to its utmost, were to give a keener appetite for the viands in preparation for supper.

It is etiquette at bridalals such as the present one in Ireland, that if the bridegroom does not happen to be, by nature, a very shame-faced, modest person; he should do all in his power to enact that character—to

"Assume a virtue if he have it not."

In fact, he ought not; and in all proper respectable

cases he does not, make his appearance before the overwhelming crowd of company, until the wedding-feast is despatched, the very bride-cake cut up and the very ceremony, which cannot well dispense with him, waiting his presence.

All this had Murty Meehan earnestly and often represented to his friend, Terence O'Brien, but with little effect. The ould admiral, with one of his usual oaths swore that he was "commodore aboard;" and his deck he would walk, fore and aft, to see that all was trim and tight, and ready for action, upon the eve of so momentous an engagement. So here and there and every where he pushed and strided among his guests, or, as he called them, "his crew," commanding and ordering—few of his orders understood, by the way—as if he had indeed received an admiralty—commission to bandy them about. And Terence was met upon all hands with large and good-natured allowances for his departure from the more "christien-like" usage of bridegrooms, his ocean-life and habits being generally taken into consideration; while among every group, and in every corner, his outlandish phraseology occasioned infinite mirth. And he, in turn, took the laughter of his crew in good part; excusing its want of discipline, and of respect to a commander, because of the "jovialthry" of the occasion; and it was only with a pleasant bluntness that he threatened to "mast-head," or to put them all into bilboes.

Terence was, above every thing, delighted with the great ranges of tables in the barn, and when they became properly freighted with the great, the enormous heaps of food, which they were just able, and no more, to support. And when all was ready, the ould admiral placed one of his pipers on a barrel, at the head of the feast, dubbed him boatswain, and commanded him to pipe all hands aboard; instructing him to use no variety of notes on the occasion, but to allow his chanter to perform a solo, to the utmost of its power; which it did, keeping up one unbroken monotonous scream, until the guests had taken their places.

If, as we have noticed is customary, the bridegroom at an Irish country wedding is expected to demean himself modestly, much more, with the exception of his absence from the banquet, is anticipated of the bride. Retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and, in consideration of her approaching separation from her parents, or other friends, somewhat sorrowful she must be. And, at these nuptials, retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and sorrowful, was Moya Moore; and sometimes more besides. Her abstraction seemed a wandering of her mind in mazes of terror; her sorrow a stupefied despair. From the continued expostulations of her bridesmaids, and even of her mother, she vaguely conceived that it was expected she should now and then smile; but when she made an effort to do so; her smile was dreary and chilling, and inspired no answering one on the countenances of those who beheld it. Unquestioned, Moya scarce