

much in his estimation by his conduct that day—and if he was a little giddy sometimes, there was nothing like a wife to steady him; and if he was rather poor, sure Jack Dwyer could mend that.

"Then come up here," says Jack; and Andy left his place at the very end of the board, and marched up to the head, amidst clapping of hands and thumping of the table, and laughing and shouting.

"Silence!" cried Father Phil, "this is no laughing matter, but a serious engagement—and John Dwyer, I tell you—and you, Andy Rooney, that girl must not be married against her own free-will; but if she has no objection, well and good."

"My will is her pleasure, I know," said Jack, resolutely.

To the surprise of every one, Matty said, "Oh, I'll take the boy, with all my heart!"

Handy Andy threw his arms round her neck, and gave her a most vigorous salute which came smacking off, and thereupon arose a hilarious shout which made the old rafters of the barn ring again."

"There's the lase for you," said Jack, handing the parchment to Andy, who was now installed in the place of honor beside the bride elect, at the head of the table, and the punch circulated rapidly in filling the double toast of health, happiness, and prosperity, to the happy pair;" and after some few more circuits of the enlivening liquor had been performed, the woman retired to the dwelling-house, whose sanded parlor was put in immediate readiness for the celebration of the nuptial knot between Matty and the adventurous Andy.

In half an hour the ceremony was performed, and the rites and blessings of the church dispensed between two people, who, an hour before, had never looked on each other with thoughts of matrimony.

Under such circumstances, it was wonderful with what lightness of spirit Matty went through the honors consequent on a peasant bridal in Ireland:—these, it is needless to detail; our limits would not permit; but suffice it to say, that a rattling country dance was led off by Andy and Matty in the barn, intermediate jigs were indulged in by the "picked dancers" of the parish, while the country dancers

were resting and making love (if making love can be called rest) in the corners, and that the pipers and punch-makers had quite enough to do until the night was far spent, and it was considered time for the bride and bridegroom to be escorted by a chosen party of friends to the little cottage which was to be their future home. The pipers stood at the threshold of Jack Dwyer, and his daughter departed from under the "roof tree" to the tune of "Joy be with you;" and then the lilters heading the body-guard of the bride, plied drone and chanter right merrily until she had entered her new home thanked her old friends, (who did all the established civilities, and cracked all the usual jokes attendant on the occasion,) and Andy bolted the door of the snug cottage of which he had so suddenly become master, and placed a seat for the bride beside the fire, requesting "Miss Dwyer" to sit down—for Andy could not bring himself to call her "Matty" yet, and found himself in an awkward position in being "lord and master" of a girl he considered so far above him a few hours before; Matty sat quiet and looked at the fire.

"It's very quare, isn't it?" says Andy with a grin, looking at her tenderly, and twiddling his thumbs.

"What's quare?" inquired Matty, very dryly.

"The estate," responded Andy.

"What estate?" asked Matty.

"Your estate and my estate," said Andy.

"Sure you didn't call the three-cornered field my father gave us an estate, you fool?" answered Matty.

"Oh no," said Andy. "I mean the Blessed and holy estate of matrimony the priest put us in possession of;" and Andy drew a stool near the heires, on the strength of the hit he thought he had made.

"Sit at the other side of the fire," said Matty, very coldly.

"Yes, Miss," responded Andy, very respectfully; and in shoving his seat backwards, the legs of the stool caught in the earthen floor, and Andy tumbled heels over head.

Matty laughed, while Andy was picking himself up with increased confusion at his mishap; for even amidst rustics, there is nothing more humiliating than a