

shiate on the occasion, regardless of the tears and prayers of a poor, forlorn, and helpless young girl. But, thank God, there's difficulty enough in this part of the story; for Father Phelim is the last man on earth to put his hand to such an unlucky job; and I'm sartin that every clargyman throughout the lenth and breadth of Connaught will take the same stand."

I might have saved myself the throuble of goin' over all this long rigmarowl, as poor Harry didn't hear as much as one syllable of it, he havin' fallen into a kind of riverie, when he had tould me what was afoot. Nor was I at all surprised at his gettin' sober, all in a hape, or le 'n' himself in a state of bewildernment at the thoughts of bein' deprived of Mary Thrainer, as well as of everythin' else he had in the world; for, not that I say it myself, in consequence of her bein' a blood relation on my father's side, but a fuirer craythur never stepped in shoe leather. She was the pride of the parish; and, to my own sartin knowledge, was the cause of eleven pitch battles betune the boys of Cappoch and looskey. Of a gloomy day she always put me in mind of a sthray sunbame. No corner was dark where she was sated, no getherin' was sad where her melodious voice was harde, and often, in early summer, when she went out afore grey dawn to look afther a wake lamb or the like, the very larks of the meadow used to start up and sing about her head, as if they mistook the joyous glow of her beautiful face for the rale daybrake that was still fast asleep far away beyant the mountains. Sufficient to say, that she wasn't aिसily matched anyway, and that she had a heart as throe as it was tendher, with all the heavy sthrokes for the poor young fellow that was then standin' afore me, like a stock or a stone, thinkin' of her laughin' black eyes, her dark sthramin' hair, and round snowy arms, as I well knew he was.

"Harry," says I, takin' a houl of him by the shouldher, and givin' him a shake by way of bringin' him to, "rouse up, man. What are you thinkin' about! Come along, and let us see the worst of it, for, from what I can judge, we haven't much time to lose in the matter."

"Well, avick," says he, comin' to him-

self, "I'm a little asthray whenever I think of her; but here's at you, at any rate; so let us be off," and with that he sprung out of the room with the coil of rope on his arm, myself followin' him hot foot, and was into the ould stable like the shot of a gun.

CHAPTER II.

The night was pitch dark with a kind of warm dhrizzle, for the heavy rain, afther the first-half hour, had dwindled away to a mere nothin'; and as we had no lanthern we were some time afore we got the horses to rights. When we had them fairly ready to start, howsomever, Harry dhraws himself up to the five foot eleven; and if he didn't lay about him in the way of talkin' I never wet my lips with anythin' stronger than wather.

"Jack" says he, bringin' down his foot on the flure and given me a slap on the back that made me cough," take courage, ma-bouchal, for may be they haven't done it yet; and if they haven't, I'll let them know and Doyle, if he has put a finger in the pie, that its no aisy job to take a still and runnin' out of the hands of Harry Phracy who never wronged a naibour or a naibour's child, and never condescinded to brake a black-thorn on any man undther five foot ten—barrin' Fogarty there; and you know that he tould me, to my teeth, at the Cappoch Patthern, that the cock wasn't a blessed bird, and that he didn't believe in lightin' a soul to glory with the butt-end of a ha'penny candle—the Lord betune us and harm, the unfortunate man, Amin!"

As he was just finishin' the last word, and preparin' to put his foot into the stirrup, I caught a smart houl of him by the arm, and gave him a twist that made him open his eyes, and brought the colour to his cheek, I'll be bound to you.

"What's that?" says he. "Jack what are you afther, or has the ould boy got into you?"

"Whist! don't you hear anythin'?" says I.

"What?" says he, givin' a step forred atords the doore.

"Do you hear anythin' now?" says I, layin' my hand on his shoulder.

"I do," says he, "I hear the clatther of a horse or somethin' comin' out this way from the town."