

bit o' land, to be sure, only there's an ould arrear over id, ever since her husband died; an' she an' Moya will be turned out on the world-wide, this May, barrin' semethin' takes it off for 'em."

"Sent adhrift? sink my hulk, but they sha'n't, though! Show me the loober that dare think of id, an' if I don't blow him clane off the wather, at the first broadside, scuttle me to ould Davy."

"That wou'dn't be the way, admiral," said Murty; "the thing to be done is, to blow the arrears off o' the land. And now listen well to me; your honest goold could do that, if you an' Moya Moore was once man an' wife; ay, an' more than that; stock the farum, too, afther clearin' id, an' then all would go well to the world's ind."

"Ay, ay, but this little galley, the Moya—would she be putting the ould hulk under any new orders, short allowance o' grog, or sich like—d'ye see me, eh, shipmit?"

"Niver fear that, admiral; she wou'dn't say one contrhary word to you from year's end to year's end, an' I know her well."

"No squall's, at a hand's turn, to get ould ship on her bame's inds?"

The dickens a squall she'd give, the crature! barrin' you gave her rason, admiral," asserted Murty; "an' you're not the man to do sich a dirty turn;—no, Moya is as quiet as the lamb—no; bud she'd mind for you, an' she'd make for you—an' she'd sing a purty little song for you at her wheel—an' you'd have a house o' your own, admiral—an' no one to cross or contrhary you—an' the stock an' the crops ud be thrivin' on the land—an', in a reasonable time, there 'ud be little weeny admirals runnin' about your legs—an' they'd be tumblin' over head an' heels, on the flure, to divart you; an' you'd be a 'sponsible man."

"Hurrah!" cheered Terence, as the picture glowed before his ardent imagination.

"An' thin let me see the one that 'ud call you an ugly ould fish, or tumble you down the hill, or put the fire to your pig's-tail, or as much as snap an eye at you, my poor ould admiral!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" again shouted the admiral, three times distinctly, as we have noted it down,—now taking off his hat, and waving it round his head, while the deafening pitch of his voice startled the echoes in the little glen outside the house.

It was finally settled that Terence should indeed go a-woosing—by proxy, however, in the first instance. He was loath to venture, as he intimated out of "say-room," such as he was used to, into a strange unknown harbour, without taking soundings; for there might be rocks, or sands, or breakers, a-head, enough to make the best ship a float go to pieces, and to baffle the steering skill of the ablest hand that ever grappled a helm or boxed a compass. In fact, Murty Meehan was deputed, and gladly accepted the commission, to break the business to

Moya and her mother, while Terence O'Brien should await his return in the next public house, administering to the thirsty wants of some of his neighbours, in return only for their decent attention to his stories of wondrous adventure on the ocean, containing many charms for them, doubtless, though deficient in that of novelty.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMON'S ISLE.

BY MR. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RUFUS, OR THE RED KING."

O blythely, blythely sped the bark

That Saxon Eadmer bore,

With his fair-faced bride in her beauty's pride,

From Eamborough's kingly shore!

But the storm-fiend came in storm and flame,

And the surges whelmed them o'er;

And a Demon fired a beacon red

O'er his isle of terror glaring,

Whose shore is spread with stranded dead,

For the famish'd sea-birds' tearing!

Slowly, slowly the pale dawn crept

From the dark embrace of night;

The storm was hushed and the wild winds slept,

Save a murmuring breeze that lightly swept

A raft o'er the surges white.

Sir Eadmer there, and his lady fair,

For weary life were striving;

And the burdened mast on the current fast

To the Demon's Isle was driving!

Sadly, sadly, o'er paths unblest,

They passed with footsteps sore,

O'er tangled wilds that ne'er were pressed

By mortal foot before.

The wild-dog howled, and the she-wolf growled,

The wanderers' hearts dismayin'.

And the serpent rolled his scaly fold

Where their lonely feet were straying.

Deadly, deadly, nightshade arched

The path of the hapless pair,

And thirst and hunger gnawed and parched

But fount nor food was there!

Alone the fruit of that poisonous root

In the full drear woods was growing,

And many a snake hissed loud in the brake

Where the lonely stream was flowing!

Darkly, darkly fell the shade

Of night on the Demon's Isle,

His lady's couch Sir Eadmer made

Where a withering fir o'erhung the glade,

And he vowed a sleepless eye and blade

To watch around the while.