

through an opening in the crowded circle of guests near her, she seemed to have re-discovered, at a distance, the cause of her previous consternation, and again a finger of her disengaged hand pointed vaguely. The clergyman continued.

"Terence O'Brien, will you take Moya for your wedded wife, to——"

"Will he! to be sure he will; scuttle and sink me if he don't!" interrupted Terence.

The priest sternly commanded the admiral to abstain from all profane language, and further commanded him to answer the question properly, in the first person singular.

"That is, chaplain, I'm to make answer to your hail, yes or no, if I will take Moya Moore to be my wedded wife!"

"Yes, sir, or why are you here! why are we all here! Listen, man, I shall repeat the question."

"No use, chaplain, no use; jaw an' jabber for nothing, d'ye see me; I got your hail plain enough and here's my answer—No!" in a tremendous voice at which all started: while the guests stared, along with the priest, at the disfigured, bluff, and gruff countenance of the tar, not knowing whether to join in the grave surprise of the one, or laugh outright at what they deemed to be the sea-ccentricity of the other.

"What do you say, man?" inquired the clergyman.

"An' you didn't hear me, chaplain? Here's at you, again, thin, ould boy: may ould Davy send a rattlin' broadside into my hulk, if the little craft ever sails under my colours!" And before any one could recover from the grand amazement he occasioned, the ould admiral, now bellowing through his fist, went on; "Ahoy, there! namesake, ahoy! scud up my hearty! scud up, here! aft, here, the Terry O'Brien! aft here, you loober! where are you, you skulker?" And from the quarter in which Moya had been glaring, his young nephew made his way through the crowd, she shrinking down, almost double, from his near approach.

"Think 'tis a ghost of him, my little pinnacle? an' that he will bite, a-boordin' o' you, like the—parley-woos in action? Never fear, howsomever; 'tis no ghost though he promised to turn himself into one, among the crew here to-night, for your divarshin. I say, chaplain, splice this young couple, an' be——to you! Here, my little galley; I resign command to the land-jack; for he's the capt'n you'd rather make the voyage with, if I hard right, alongside the ould hulk-rock, t'other night. Come, chaplain, splice 'em—splice 'em."

A word aside, and indeed something else, on the part of young Terence O'Brien, went a good way, conjointly with the admiral's assurances, in beguiling Moya of her apprehensions that she had to do only with his disembodied spirit in the present instance; and a few additional sentences made her

understand the noble, the magnanimous part which the poor old sailor had adopted towards her and her lover, as soon as, from their sad conversation at the stepping-stones, and at the granite rock, mostly overheard by him, as well as from his subsequent cross-raking of his nephew, after Moya's flight from the muslin ghost, the admiral got a clear notion of how matters really stood.

In the first reflux of the tide of happiness round her despairing heart, Moya drew back a step from the uncle and the nephew, glanced quickly, twice or thrice, from the one to the other, in a hesitating way; but soon taking her resolution, extended her arms, and threw herself on the tar's neck, crying and sobbing, and kissing his unsightly cheeks, forehead—nay, lips, and hugging him tight to her relieved bosom. Her lover, instead of looking jealous, smiled, and even shed some grateful, as well as happy tears, along with her; and the true state of the case soon becoming known through the barn, many an eye, among the generous-hearted male portion of the guests, to say nothing of all the eyes of all the womankind present, followed young Terence's example.

"Avast! avast, there, you little she-pirate!" whimpered the admiral himself, tears ("as big as peas," Murty Meehan said,) rolling through the ugly channel across his face, and making it beautiful, as doth the fresh mountain-stream the rocky gully cleft in the mountain's side; "avast, there, I say!—off wid your grapplin' irons, or sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, but I'll change the sailin' orders, and take you in tow for the cruise my own self, after all that's jawed about, d'ye see me! The young Terry, a-hoy! chaplain, a-hoy!—here, you loobers, free me of this craft—I've got enough of her."

Striding to the head of the supper-table, Terence the elder counted down one hundred guineas, as his nephew's fortune, and then scarce allowing any one including the priest, time enough to recover from their many surprises, or to know what they were doing, had him married to Moya Moore. And when all resumed their places at the nuptial board, it was not upon his own generous feelings and conduct that the ould admiral grew egotistical, but upon what he thought a great deal more of, namely, his own unsurpassable cleverness in hoaxing the young pair with an appearance of the ghost, which he had overheard them "jawin' about; and afterwards in keeping Moya in the dark—a punishment for her having hung out false colours when he "spoke her," her mother in company, on the head of their proposed cruise—as to the real Terry O'Brien she was eventually to sail under.—"An' so," quoth our ould admiral, "seein' as how I never was much a-gog myself—not half so much as my shipmit, Murty Meehan—for a new voyage, off o' all the ould tacks, an' that all I wanted an' all I want, is safe moorage