

spoke at all ; and her replies to repeated interrogatories were abrupt, unmeaning, and from the point.

It became necessary that she should take her place beside the priest at the festive board ; her bridesmaid was obliged to lead her out of a corner where she seemed to have become torpid ; and though she sat, without resistance, at the clergyman's right hand, it might be seen that she sat without consciousness also.

The supper went on. Moya looked around her, and, for the first time since she had entered the barn, became fully aware that it was a wedding feast she saw, and that the guests were come. She turned suddenly to her left, fixed her eyes on the clergyman, and gazed at him for some time wildly, and in terror. But a slight relief seemed to steal over her when she was able properly to call to mind the person whom she regarded. And then, in renewed apprehensions, she turned to the individual at her right ; and again recognising in that of her bridesmaid a face different from the one she feared to behold, partial composure calmed her brow.

Still, however, as if in the almost unallayed apprehension of discovering a dreadful object, her glance roved from one to another of the guests ranged at the different tables, while her breath came short and loud, her bosom panted, and spasmy emotions worked her features. To every question now addressed to her she answered, hastily, "Yes—yes ;" and when, imputing to her maidenly feelings alone all this absence of manner, the loud laugh arose at her expense, she would sometimes echo it in a manner so hysterical that the mirthful became chided and silent.

Her plate remained untouched before her ; she was pressed to eat : whispering "Thankee, thankee," she snatched up a knife and fork, and put a morsel to her mouth—but it fell untasted from her lips, as she again scrutinized the features of those around her and near her.

Her allotted husband, while seemingly all-engrossed in his attentions to his crew, had kept his eye on Moya. Now he came behind her unperceived, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. Without her turning to regard him, Moya suddenly put her palms over her eyes, and shrieked so piercingly, that the roof tree of the barn rung to the sound, and then she hid her face in her bridesmaid's bosom, and clung to her in a paroxysm of terror. The guests, after vainly glancing here and there to discover some cause for her agitation, exchanged looks and whispers with one another ; and, for a moment, it was the opinion that Moya Moore was about to become a wife against the wish of her heart.

"Shiver my hulk to splinters !" cried the admiral, in explanation ; "the little pinnacle is afraid o' the service ; but no matters for that ; once landed, d'ye see me, she'll scud, sthramers mast-high."

And the former general surmise now seem banish-

ed by the seaman's words, or else was soon forgotten in the resumed gratification of palate and stomach.

The wedding-feast was over—the grace was said—the bride-cake was sliced up by the priest—he blessed it ; and then put on his stole, opened his book, and stood up ; all arising with him to yield grave attention to the marriage ceremony.

Her bridesmaid led the pallid, shivering bride closer to the clergyman. The poor girl went, pausing at every step, and feeling the ground with her feet, as if she were blind. And yet her wild eyes were distended beyond their usual compass. In fact, just as she suffered herself to be conducted from the table, her former unexplained terrors seemed to have become tenfold confirmed upon her, and, now possessed her to extremity. At every unconscious move towards the clergyman, she glared—her head turned over her shoulder—towards the remote and half-lighted end of the barn ; and although her young companion held her arm, one of Moya's fingers pointed in the direction of her look. The priest spoke to her. Without turning her eyes to him, she waved her arm as if she would silence the sound of his voice, or direct his attention to whatever it was which so strangely absorbed her own.

"The name, sir ? the name ?" she said, when the priest demanded her own name, "Terence—Terence O'Brien !" in a voice of excessive fright and alarm.

"Not yet, my good young friend," half-smiled the good-humoured priest—"not yet, for a little while," and there was a general titter at poor Moya, on account of—as was supposed—only her fidgetty mistake. She unbent her set glare, for a moment, as if to ascertain the cause of this mirth, which she felt to jar unnaturally on her present feelings ; and when her eyes resumed their former bent, it became evident, from their expression, that the object which had so long fascinated them, was not now to be seen where they had observed it. Then they wandered, as had before been the case at the supper-table, from face to face, all around her.

"What is *your* name ?" asked the clergyman of his old penitent, the admiral.

"Terry O'Brien, chaplain—an able-bodied sayman o' the crew i' th' ould Saint Vincent, 74."

"Take off your hat, Terence O'Brien—it is necessary you should be uncovered for this ceremony."

"My hulk to ould Davy, chaplain ! I command the ship this cruise, and no capt'n never hauls down his sky-rattlin' for no loober of a chaplain—barrin' whin there's prayers on deck."

"Well, sir," again smiled the clergyman, "and we are going to have prayers on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir ; that changes tack, d'ye see me ; ay, ay, sir ;" and the admiral stood uncovered.

The marriage service commenced. The icy hand of the bride was placed in that of the Jack, Moya not sensible of the circumstances ; for again,