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lay, June 11th.

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tinued — "Moreover than that, he says that Ameriky, where we all are goin to, if the Almighty God spares us, (here he crossed himself) glory be to his name! it's in the wist of the world too." He again paused, and looked enquiringly. "Well," said I, "he is pretty right there also, America is west from Ireland." "Then master, here's what we want to come at, you see. If Ameriky is in the wist, musn't the sun set in it,—then why is it, your honor, that instead of followin it, we're runnin away from it as hard as we can lick?" Such was the fact,—a fresh northerly breeze compelling us to bear to the south-east. I now saw the nature of the problem he wished to have solved, and explained the matter as explicitly as I possibly could; but it was some time before he comprehended me. At length he seemed to become enlightened on the subject, for, giving his thigh a slap of his open palm, he exclaimed, "Och! by the powers, I see it all now; it's as plain as a pike-staff; and I'm sure I'm obleeged to your honor, and so is the gossoon too. — Oh, that devil's clip, — Jack; wait till I ketch him. If I don't murder him it's no matter. What do you think your honor, he tould the little chap, when he axed him all about it? 'Why,' says he, 'sure we're goin back again for the mistress' nittin needles, that she forgot.' So as he wouldn't tell him, nor none of the sailors, I made bould to ax your honor, as the little chap was loth to make so free."

On the conclusion of the dialogue, Jack,—who was over our heads, in the shrouds,—burst into a hearty fit of laughter. In which I could not but participate, when I noticed the comicality of the arch sailor-boy's appearance, and the simplicity of my interlocutor, who, hearing the