

slowly and quietly, his sharp little face to the speaker.

"Post-office transport a-head—eh, my jolly lad?" still questioned the tar, pointing to the window.

"If it's the post-office you want, yes, there it is; though it's no transport, as I know of, my honest man," answered little Patience.

"Scuttle my hulk to ould Davy! you don't mane to call it a frigate, do you?"

"You have my lave to call it a man-o'-war if that same gives you the laste pleasure."

"No—shiver my timbers to splinters if I do!—Hah! do you want to come over the ould sayman that way, you loober! I'd spy out a man-o'-war seven leagues to windward, you land-shark."

Well, well, just as you like."

"Capt'n gives ordhers at the gunnel,—eh?"

"I don't well understand your maning."

Muttering something like contempt for the ignorance of all "land-loobers," Terence steered direct for the post-office window.

"Scud, scud—avast, my hearties! I say," he bellowed forth, forcing his way through all opposition; and he presented his unique visage at the open wooden pane through which letters were distributed.

"Ship's paper—ould ship's—will your honour take it aboard? and he held out his "memorandle o' service."

"What do you want? what do you call this?" questioned the post-master.

"Sink my hulk! what do I call it? why are your lights out, capt'n, or can't you take an observation?"

The captain peered and peered. He took off his spectacles and wiped them in the ample though rather soiled muslin frill of his shirt. He peered again, and his lips moved, as if in an honest effort to spell his way through the manuscript. He raised up his head and looked attentively from it to the disfigured face of the "sayman;" then to the paper again; and then to that index visage again.

"What is it at all, man? and what do you wish me to do about it?"

"Why, don't you see it's a memorandle o' service? what else would it be?"

"And pray inform me, how am I to dispose of such a dirty piece of nonsense?"

"Avast there capt'n, you loober! Fair weather between us; 'tis as thrue as the log, every word of id."

Once more the good-natured post-master bent his eyes studiously upon Murty Meehan's penmanship, and began to mutter—"Terry O—O'Brien,—I suppose, um—um—'a la burbe,'—um—um—'shot close to his body,'—here, my man," interrupting himself, and handing back the document, as many impatient voices called aloud for their letters—"I

can make no hand of your paper or yourself—take it away and leave the widow clear."

"Take it away, capt'n!" echoed poor Terence, rather crest-fallen; it wasn't to take it away I towed it in here, from Muckallee—you'll just ship it for the Admiralty board—eh, capt'n!"

"Get away with it—take it out of my hand, I tell you—there—go—get it properly written—stand back—and let sensible people come for their letters."

Beginning to entertain some slight doubt of the clerkship of his Muckallee friend the ould admiral was obliged to retire with his "memorandle;" not indeed until he had fought hard to have it received "aboard." Having cleared the crowd, he stooped in the middle of the street, to ponder what next was to be done.

The little man he had before accosted, followed him closely, though quietly, at a cat's pace, when she teals step by step within springing distance of a fat mouse. He had overheard the dialogue between Terence and the post-master, and it was not quite thrown away upon him. In his imagination—we use an inapt word—in his sober, unromantic, practical calculations, we should rather say—the document had already set the kettle singing, and the pot boiling for a better breakfast and a more substantial dinner than he had for some time been intimate with.

When arrived close to Terence, that worthy fragment of a Jack was holding the paper close to his eyes;—and, to help him still more, turned upside down,—endeavouring to discover in what respect it was deficient for a voyage "boord the post-office transport."

"Looking as wise as a pig at a sun-dial," commenced his future friend to himself; then he continued aloud—

"Honest man, was that wrote with a spade or a shovel? which o' the two?"

"What jaw? now, what jaw!" demanded Terence, angrily and ominously.

"I say it's either the spade or the shovel wrote that paper."

Terence nearly lost all command of temper at this double slight of his own importance, and of the zealous and hitherto but slightly questioned services of an esteemed neighbour.—"It's a lie, you loober! it's a lie!" he thundered forth, raising the document to slap it across the face of the commentator.

Notwithstanding the incivility of the commencement of their dialogue, these dissimilar men were, however, in a short time better acquainted. However ignorant at first of the right road to an object, self interest is generally a ready scholar in finding it out.

Very gradually the uselessness of the document became explained to Terence, and was compre-