

pushed his old hat up from his eyes, and smiled good-humouredly, as he answered the hail.

"Ilah! then, musha, God save you, admiral."

"What cheer, lad, what cheer?"

"What cheer, a bouchal, is id? English that to me, if there's no offence."

"What cheer, I say, what cheer?"

"Well, I must try to English id, myself, I suppose. It's all as one, I'm thinkin', as if a counthry spalpeen, like myself, 'ud say—'How is your four bones, Murty?"

"All the same lingo, shipmit."

"Why, then, I'm brave and hearty, admiral, as is asy to be seen, by lookin' at me. I give thanks to you for axin'."

"A fair breeze in your sheets every day you turn up, my hearty."

"An,' success purshu you, is what I say, ould admiral, aroon."

"I've steered a-head to your station, shipmit, to ax your service on a conthrary little mather, d'you see me."

"Och, then, admiral, isn't id yourself knows well I'd go a shart or two, any day, from my road, to do a turn for you. An' not mooch noise I'd make about that same."

"An' for that rason, an' because I know id well, d'you see me, I'm now alongside o' you, my hearty. In the days when I was nothin' but a bit of a loblolly boy——"

"A loblolly boy! an' what quare sort iv a boy is that, admiral?"

"A gorsoon, a gorsoon, as they used to call me here in Muckalee."

"Aye; now I'm on your mannin', I think. A gorsoon is a gorsoon, in the counthry; but when he goes to sey, it's a loblolly boy they call him, admiral?"

"Ay, ay. Well, shipmit, whin I was a gorsoon at home, here, d'you know, the school-master could'nt by no manes cut the larnin' into my lanthron? though it's often an' often he thried id, at the cat-head, the old Muckalee loober!"

"At the cat's head? Why, thin, that was a curious thing for him to do; I never heered of a schoolmaster havin' that fashion afore, admiral, honey; stop; wait; och, but maybe I have you now; maybe it's wid the cat's-tail he thried you? You know the breed o' cats that does the scratchin' of the loblolly boys at school, admiral?"

"All much the same, jolly lad; all much the same; cat, head or tail; aye, many's the day he lent me the rope's end, as if 'twas the mainmast he was layin' it on—to ould Davy wid his hulk, to scuttle it well, for the same!" (We have, during our report of this conversation, sunk some of Terence's oaths and imprecations, and it is our intention to do so in future.) "An', little doubt, shipmit, but he is undher hatches long ago; an' if ever I happen to

steer on that tack," continued Terence, getting animated, and flourishing his one arm, as if it were giving a preparatory shake to the rope's end, "if ever I steer on that tack—an' when I see him lashed up, getting his own round dozens—as surely will be the case—if I don't sing out, "Lay on, ould Davy! lay on, my jolly lad!" if I don't, Murty, may—shiver my timbers to a perfect sheer wreck, Murty! aye, or maybe I'd take on to the reckonin' myself, shipmit, an' pay him back on his——looberly stern-quarters, some o' the old score wid my own hand!"

"Bee the gonnies! an' only right," grinned Murty through his "after-grass," highly amused with the place, time, and circumstances of the admiral's threatened vengeance.

"A broadside to my sowl in glory, if I don't then! But, Murty, my hearty, as I was sayin', I never could pick up as much o' the larnin' as 'ud help me to box the littlest bit iv a compass that ever swum: an' for that same rason I was only fit to do the work of an able-bodied seyman, all the blessed days of my sey-life, aboard the ould ship, d'you see me: howsomever, 'Murty, when the decks were cleared for action, an' the guns roarin', and the sey wather was bilin' hot, you'd think, round about em, I could stand bee my own gun, or jump aboard a——jaberin' French inimy wid my pike or my hanger in my hands, well enough: ay, shipmit, I'd do that for the honour an' glory of ould King George, an' ould Ireland, an' Saint Patrick, into the bargain, as well as ever a Johnny-RAW Englishman that ever reefed a sail, Murty! Them Englishers is bowld enough, to be sure, but they're not fit to stand bee the side iv an Irish seyman, for all that: the fightin', Murty, comes more nathrill to us: by land or wather, it's all the same, the one as wel-come as the other."

"Why, we're handy at it somehow, I believe, beyant all doubt, admiral."

"Well, again, Murty: as I told you, twice over, I never could come at the larnin', my jolly boy; but no matter now; it's all one, whin the ould ship's a hulk. Only this, Murty Meehan; I'm informed as how there's a power o' prize money sarvin' out to the ould crew o' the ould Vincint, or to as many o' them as is over seywather, anyhow, whatever they be's to be found; an' I came to you on the head iv id, cause I hear, for sart'n sure, you're a good scholar."

"Musha, I'm thankful to the neighbours for their good words, admiral," said Murty, blushing, if the occurrence could only have been seen through his crop of black beard and whiskers, at this acknowledgment of his literary superiority; "but, surely, you could get as good a hand as ever I was among your own people, avick; there's the born brether o' you, to say nothin' iv his son your own name-sake——"