

Moya Moore was no enemy of his, nor he any enemy to her; but that, on the contrary, they were both good friends already, and that the object in view was to make them the best and closest friends in the world.

"We cruise a-head together, then, my hearty—the Murty and the Terry alongside—eh?"

"Bee all manes, admiral;" and, accordingly, they proceeded to Mrs. Moore's together.

Upon this occasion, the admiral looked as well as his personal accidents could permit. From top to toe he wore a new suit, perfectly in sailor trim. Blue jacket, blue trousers, scarlet waistcoat, white stockings, and single-soled pumps. His grey hairs were smoothed backward from either side of his forehead, his new furry hat hung towards one ear, his pig-tail was freshly bound and ribboned, and around his throat he had coiled a flaming silk handkerchief, which

"Waved like a meteor in the troubled air."

Before the inmates of the house could see him, his stormy "Ould ship a-hoy!" sounded in their ears from the middle of the ascent to their threshold.—At the hail, Moya, who had been moping about the floor, sank on a seat in a dark and damp corner.—The widow, on the contrary, bounded from her stool, adjusted her attire, hastened to the open door-way, and there stood with a preparatory face and air, expressive of much welcome and cordiality. And there did the admiral first address her.

"Aha, ould frigate! all right an' tight aboard—eh?"

"He's axin' you, mother," said Murty Meehan, in an 'aside,' as Mrs. Moore's features began to wear a very puzzled expression, "he's axin' you, in his say gibberish, how is all in the house."

"Why, then, we're brave an' hearty, thanks to God, an' to yourself, sir, for the axin'," answered the dame, addressing Terence; "an' glad in the heart to see you undher our poor roof."

"Splice timbers, here, my ould frigate."

The widow Moore was again at a loss to comprehend the admiral's phrase, but the action accompanying his words, proved sufficiently intelligible to her. Terence jerked forward his one hand; she advanced one of her's to meet it; and then he set to work at her arm, along with that hand, as if he had been at the pump, aboard, five feet of water in the hold. The old woman's joints were nearly dislocated in their sockets; and the struggle of her heart to keep in screams expressive of her torture, and of her countenance, to keep up a show of good humour, became pitiable. Her son-in-law elect went on:

"I'll tell you a piece of my mind, now, mistress. I hate jawin'. A sayman isn't never used to id. He laives id to your land-loobers an' the parley-wows. But never mind for all that; he'll

do his duty widout it as long as a plank of him sticks together. An' now, agin, here's a bit o' log, d'ye see me. Murty Meehan, my jolly shipmit here, he cruised a start round your port t'other night to take soundin's: an' he spoke wid you, an' so you know our present tack. See here—I'll put the rhino aboard—I'll work ould ship for you, here, as well as one timber can do id, hearty and saymanlike—I'll tug when you cry, 'yee-ho!'—I'll keep the tackle thrue, and the canvass fair to the breeze.—Maybe I'd thry my loock at the helm, off and on—but I'm no great hand at that part o' ship's work, an' I tell you so, plump, afore we weigh anchor. An' that's all I've got to palaver about. If it's a bargain for the voyage, I'm aboard; if not, only say the word, an' I'm off on the ould coorse—eh, my, ould frigate?"

Again, Mrs. Moore wot not what to say, for again she wot not what had been said to her. She believed, however, that notwithstanding the pumping she had undergone, she was still called on to manifest great content and satisfaction. So, as the best thing to be thought of, she bobbed many curtsies. But, again, Murty Meehan considerably acted as interpreter between her and what he was pleased to call, in his own pride of knowledge of the English language, the "say-gibberish" of his friend.

"It's what he's demandin' o' you now, mother, is—would you be pleased wid him, goold an' , for a husband for the collein?"

"An' troth, an' why not? An' sure we'll do our endayvour to make the place an' the house agreeable an' comfortable to him, an' to any friend of his," she replied; "paice and plenty widin an' widout; *laucy* times, an' happiness *galore*."

"But mind, mistress—mind one thing; sayman's allowance o' grog, an' no stintin'."

Murty promised there should be no stint; he was supported, upon explanation, by Mrs. Moore; and matters being so far understood, Terence again "spliced timbers" with ould frigate, and a second time wrought so hard, that in order to conceal her real feelings, she forced herself into an affected burst of laughter, while the sourness of her aspect plainly denoted that a hearty fit of crying would have more honestly expressed her sensations, and the state of her temper.

"Sink my hulk to ould Davy!" then bellowed the admiral. "Where's the little craft I'm to join company with? Ahoy, there!" as he discovered Moya in her dark corner; "alongside here! alongside, my little schooner!" and he seized her hand, and tugged her into the middle of the apartment. "What cheer, now what cheer? eh? scuttle me, but her canvass shivers in the breeze. But cheer up, cheer up; 'twill right soon—eh? Shiver my timbers, but you *are* a thrim little vessel—prize for an admiral; and if the ould jolly boy doesn't fight broadside to broadside, for you, against any seven-