

prejudices did Terence bring home with him. "Long life, and a long reign to King George!" was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against "parly-woos;" and good reason why, for both sentiments—sensations rather. During half his amphibious existence, Terence's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship-comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill-wishers of that august personage; besides, the loss of his arm, and half of his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's "snub," gave him personal cause to detest the Gallic race; so that he might be said to loathe them all in the marrow of his bones—yea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body, and cast to the sharks.

And some other exotic peculiarities Terence also transplanted to his native valley. His language seemed, among his old playfellows, absolutely a new dialect—and so, indeed, it was. Grafted on his ancient brogue which had never quite slipped off his tongue, sea-terms and sea phrases, and, above all, sea-oaths and imprecations, luxuriantly sprouted out: and the former would make his auditors laugh themselves into fits, while the latter astounded or shocked them. We must in truth admit that, in the use of those unnatural profanations of speech, Terence was indeed too lavish: with some one—if not two—of them he always began a sentence, and they served him, rhetorically, as conjunctions, copulative and disjunctive, and sometimes to point his periods.

His parish priest, a man of some humour, as well as of sincere zeal in his vocation—and every parish priest of an Irish congregation, at least of a rustic one, ought to have a spice of humour in him—was fond of listening to Terence O'Brien's accounts of his battles, and other adventures. He it was who had laughingly dubbed Terence "the ould admiral;" though the title was unhesitatingly and gravely accepted and retained, as well by the veteran as by most of his present friends and associates. But the good priest felt it his duty to take Terence to task on the head of his outlandish cursing, swearing, and imprecating; and the sinner acknowledged his offences, and promised to give them up; yet, at the very next encounter between him and his spiritual director, did he salute the chaplain with a good merman oath, at the beginning and in the middle and at the end of the well-meant greeting.

His clergyman, still in pursuance of his sense of duty, then prevailed on Terence, after much salutary stratagem, to attend the confessional. And again the penitent was so far amenable, and did "attend with the rest of the crew;" principally because he understood the "station of confession" to be a kind of "muster of all hands on deck." But the zealous

priest soon began to feel hopeless of a real reformation in the nominal convert. Even while at his clergyman's knee, Terence would confess his very transgressions against piety of language with new and awful oaths; in confirmation of the truth of his self-accusations; and while acknowledging other sins, of a different and perhaps a still more heinous character, he would, as his energy arose with his vivid recollections, still swear through thick and thin, to his own great condemnation, so that the priest was obliged to make a drawn battle of the matter; his conscience not warranting him to permit the irreclaimed and irreclaimable Terence to approach the sacrament; and his feelings of comfort much augmented by the declaration on Terence's part, that "—to his ould soul, if he would board him any longer!"

He had been kept so long coming and going, he averred, "now on this tack, now on that, an' still no sey-room made, but all on the same 'station,' the — loober of a chaplain never bringing him to close action—one time with the wind, the next moment breeze right a-head—that the ablest seymen in the service could make no port, and have sich a steerage; and his hulk to ould Davy but he would hoist sail, an' for the rest o' the voyage, steer in the old track; aye,"—(another tremendous oath)—"if he didn't, might ould ship never weather another gale!" And so hoist sail he did, and "scudded afore the wind, steering his ould hulk by the ould compass, an' laving the rest o' the looberly crew to the looberly chaplain;" that is, he continued to curse and swear away right and left; although in other respects, Terence could not be called a very wicked sinner.

CHAPTER II.

Such, at all events, was truly the man who now accosted Murty Meehan on the potato-covered hill-side of their native glen.

So intent upon his work, as well as upon his marvellous song of "*Cuishla-ma-chree*," had Murty been, that the deafening sound of Terence's voice, very near to him, was the first intimation he received of the presence of his esteemed neighbour.

"Ould ship a-hoy!" shouted the ould admiral, bellowing through his truncated fist, by the way of speaking-trumpet, almost into the tympanum, as we have intimated, of Murty Meehan's ear. So sudden, indeed, so proximate, and withal so tempestuous and squally was the vociferation, that a man of less tension of nerve than that possessed by our honest friend, might, without much censure to his presence of mind, have lawfully started and quaked at it. Murty only turned quietly round, however,