

good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away under a double-reefed topsail towards the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea manœuvre that usually preludes a shipwreck, and at length, when, what from sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbor of Cork, with a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream."

"Come, Mr. Medlicot," said the Skipper to me, "we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?"

"I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies and mutton chops floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove which, opposite Spike Island rejoices in the name of the Goat and Garters."

"Breakfast waiter," said I: "a beef-steak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk and butter, all fresh. No more hard tack," thought I; "no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast."

"Upstairs, No. 4, sir," said the waiter, as he flourished a napkin, indicating the way.

"Upstairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little meal made its appearance. Never did a minor's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment than did mine skim over the mutton and the muffin, the tea-pot, the trout, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when, with a loud crash, the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran pitcously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face beaming

with smiles, while he rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"It's all over, sir," said he; "Glory be to God! it's all done."

"What's over? what's done?" inquired I, with impatience.

"Mr. McMahon is satisfied," replied he, "and so is the other gentleman."

"Who and what the devil do you mean?"

"It's all over, sir, I say," replied the waiter again; "he fired in the air."

"Fired in the air! Was there a duel in the room below stairs?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, with a benign smile.

"That will do," said I, as, seizing my hat, I rushed out of the house, and, hurrying to the beach, took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons that, although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the Green Isle."

A general burst of laughter followed the Cornet's story, which was heightened in its effect by the gravity with which he told it.

"And after all," said Maurice Quill, "now that people have given up making fortunes for the insurance companies, by living to the age of Methuselah, there's nothing like being an Irishman. In what other part of the habitable globe can you cram so much of adventure into one year? Where can you be so often in love, or in debt? and where can you get so merrily out of the two? Where are promises to marry and promises to pay treated with the same gentlemanlike forbearance? and where, when you have lost your heart and your fortune, are people found so ready to comfort you in your reverses?"

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Many men mistake the love, for the practice of virtue; and are not so much good men, as the friends of goodness.

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Genuine virtue has a language that speaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is understood by all. In every region, every climate, the homage paid to it is the same. In no one sentiment, were ever mankind more generally agreed.