

which one-half of the nose belonged, or seemed to belong, to the upper, and the other half to the lower region of his physiognomy; and the division of property, of identity, indeed, rested, according to his own account, on grounds other than that suggested merely by the line of demarcation.

It occurred, he asserted, on "boord the ould Vincint," during the American war, and his story of the transaction, among all the stories he told of his battles, victories, and dreadful escapes from death, which were topics of standing wonder to his friend, Murty Meehan, as well as the whole neighbourhood—was not the least surprising. The crew of the Vincint were in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Terence O'Brien—our hero's name—figured away, of course, in the thick of the *mêlée*—a slash from an opponent's hanger; "a curse-o'-Crowmul, French loober, he was,"—conferred the whole gash in question—into the channel of which "he could run his five fingers, as if taking soundings"—and at the same time "whipped away, clane an' cleaver from her irons, more than the biggest half of his ruddher. Well—what of that? it was not till the action ceased, and the Frenchman had been made a prize of, and Terence about to put in a rightful claim for some half-and-half grog, that he ascertained his loss; and "a thrille grieved" he felt to be sure, when he first brought to mind, at the moment, what an appearance he must make in future, "With hardly the half of his ruddher to his stern-quarters," when—

"Terry O'Brien a-hoy! would you know this, I say?" sung out to him his shipmate and fellow countryman, Tom Ryan, holding up to view what seemed to Terence indubitably the lopped portion of his nose. He was in a great hurry, doubtless, at the time and did not take particular notice, but Tom Ryan assured him it was a slice of his own features he beheld; and so, to the cock-pit they made their way together, with it, and the surgeon stitched it on, as well as he could—and—

"May my ould hulk of a sowl never float aloft," continued Terence, "if I do not tell the blessed truth; it wasn't the rest o' my own natural nose he fixed on, at all—and that cat-head pet, Tom Ryan, knew the same from the beginnin'—my heavy curse on his tack, wherever he is!—but a bit of a d——d to-the-divvle French loober's snout, that Tom picked off deck, from among other odds and ends, afther the scrimmage, an' that never belonged to myself," and that was the reason why, to the present day, the whole nose on his face, such as it was, never seemed of a piece—"and no blame to the surgeon, by any manes—for may I sink fifty fathoms deep, but he was as clever a hand as ever spliced a timber; didn't I see him, wid my own eyes, saw off the right mast from my hulk, while I could shout out 'grog,' and no more about it, only throw it fot a tit-bit to the sharks? An'—my ould bones to ould Davy—only he did get through the nose job so well, but I'd haul

down the *parly's* bit o' bad flesh agin'an'throw it into the sey, to pison the hungriest fish that ever swum."

There were some obvious collateral proofs of the truth of Terence O'Brien's biography of his nose, to which he did not fail to allude. "He spoke through his nose," as the saying goes; "and didn't all the parblues do the same, like so many pigs o' the divvle?" Again—it was well known that from his cradle up to the day of the accident he had boasted a long hooked-backed nose—but what was it like now? The upper half of it, which had always been on his face, might do well enough, to be sure, and, indeed, gave promise of the beginning of such a conformation as that mentioned; but only look at the lower half—the Frenchman's half of it! "cocked up towards his forehead, like the chaplain's eye, that had a squint in it, towards the sky-rakers, when he sung out prayers of a Sunday."

During his term of sea-service, Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics, which rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours, and, indeed, a contradiction to himself—or, at least, to Terence O'Brien that then was and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time. For instance in his more youthful days, he had engaged in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are celebrated, and which can best be accounted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries that often produce those wants reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land; rewards for their apprehension were offered; some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged; and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, absconded from his native place, "and never cried stop, nor let the grass grow undher his feet," till he had arrived in "Cork's own town," distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting-post. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man-of-war, as his most secure hiding-place; and thus, the wild Irishman, who but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the state, became one of its sworn defenders: ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders. And this character grew upon him, and in it, fully confirmed, he returned home after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the nonedification of his stationary neighbours, as has been intimated.

Further. As a White-boy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king, and the very name of every thing English; and, in the same ratio, had loved England's foes, of all denominations—the French, her "natural enemies," as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of these youthful