

ballast, didn't your whole squadron of that craft cock up their noses at me as your land sayin' goes?"

"Bud, sure, you ped 'em back in their own coin, and without any trouble," smiled Murty, again venturing the sore allusion.

"Ay, ay; but sink that, I say. Didn't one of 'em call me as ugly an ould fish as ever swum? and another say I was *furh breeghoch*,* an' ax me to let her stick me in her father's whate-field? An' that young fire-ship, Nance Dulhanty, didn't she—the craft wid the red lanthorn at her poop, I mane—didn't she set my pig-tail a-blaze, at her ould granny's wake? An' Kitty Doyle! I was cruzin' on the top o' the hill, d'ye see me, an' she an' a flect o' doxies wid her, at the bottom; an' she hails me to join company, an' I tacks to bear down on 'em; an' she an' they ties the long land-grass right across the channel, an' I strikes on id, and comes on my bame-inds—ay, over an' over, till the ould hulk righted again—an' the whole crew o' them singing an' pipin' out to me, all the time, in make-game, like? Avast, I tell you, shipmit, they're all the same, by say-shore, or by land-shore—all the same."

"Why, thin, we're much behouldin' to your good word, misither admiral," remarked Mrs. Meehan.

"Didn't mane you, jolly mistress; didn't nivr mane you; you're not one of the sort; I mane the young lighdeckers, as skuds on every tack, in all weathers, strammers flyin' in every breeze."

"Sure then, we'll get one for you as ould as the hills, if you like," said Murty.

"An' that won't go down, neither, my hearty; luff, luff; two sheer hulks, bobbin' shivered planks together, every swell—never do; singin' out, too, 'avast, avast,' in every cup-full o' wind—ay, or if there was ever a gun left aboard, exchanging shots, I warrant you."

"Faith, an' you're a'most in the right, now, we b'lieve, though you did live so long on the wather, admiral," grinned Murty.

"Musha, an' I'm afraid he is, Lord purtect us," added Mrs. Meehan, more seriously.

"But," resumed her honest man, "sure you don't see mooch o' the bobbin' or vastin', or tocin', or scuiddin', or singin', or shootin' betwixt Chevaun, here, an' my own self, admiral?"

"No, no, all fair sailin' in company, there, an' breeze right a-head."

"Well, an' wouldn't you like Chevaun's likes for a voyage, as you call id?"

"Hallo, shipmit! goin' to change tack? only say the word, an' I'm for the cruise, in your stead, d'ye see me—ay, wid all my heart an' lights, my hearty!" and Terence spoke—we stake our veracious character on the fact—in perfect, simple seriousness.

"Ho, ho, ho! we couldn't manage that matter so easily none iv us, admiral."

"What jaw, then—what jaw?"

"Why, God forgive you man, sure isn't poor Chevaun an' myself to be in company, as yourself has id, till death does us part?"

"Foundher to ould Davy, then, an' lave the mistress-mate an' I say-room."

"We dont want to have a call to that fellow, I tould you afore, admiral."

"Go aloft, then you loober."

"An' I can't pleasure you that way, neither—at laste till we have the little pce-aties out o' the ground, ashore."

"Well—an' what port are you steerin' for, then?"

"No port at all; I'll stay in the port where I am; an' Chevaun an' I will be pleasant company wid one another, these hundred years to come, please God. Bud, admiral; there's one little Moya Moore, an' she's the born sister o' Chevaun—nearer to her she couldn't be; an' she's very like Chevaun, only a younger girril; an' she's amooost as purty as Chevaun—and she's amooost as good as Chevaun—an' that's a great word."

"Ay, ay—I spoke wid Moya Moore, shipmit, the night o' my cruise to Nancy Dulhanty's granny's wake—an' 'twas she put out the fire, 'boord old hulk, when Nance set the rishlight to my pig-tail—ay, spoke wid her, then, an' often afore an' since; ay, ay; an' now that I call to mind, that little craft, Moya, is the only one o' your jade-squadron that never says nothin' to gibe the ould sayman,—never does, an' never did; ay, ay."

"She'd make a nate, an' a clanc, an' a laucky* wife, for the ould admiral," observed her prudent sister: "yes, an' you spoke to her later than you think, admiral; she was here the day o' the writin'."

"When you gave me sich a hail by my name, mistress, an' she an' you a-joinin' together? an' I never knew her, from the new cut of her canvass. But why wouldn't she share a little say-store wid me? why sheer off in a rumpus, at only the sight o' the shiner?"

"Shy she was, may be, admiral, to take any help from a body that wouldn't be a blood relation to her; don't blame the poor creature for that."

"Help! disthress aboard, then, though no signal hoisted? But why did you sing out, "the Terry O'Brien a-hoy?" mistress, if I was to bear no hand, d'ye see me?"

Chevaun and her husband interchanged a look similar to that which had passed between them upon the very occasion alluded to. Evidently they thought Terence in some misconception.

"Never mind about the hoy, admiral, for the present; bud, yes, ashore,—disthress, sure enough, is come on poor Moya; the ould mother has a nice

* Scarecrow.

Tidy and gracious.