

Would not pelt a stone at a full bottle myself," resumed Murty; "for I like a dhrup well enough, be-
times, maybe; only wid this differ, that I'd give my
wote for the *ween* widout christenin' id; * that grog
o' yours is a wakely sort o' drinkin' to my mind,
admiral; but all I want to say is, that it would be
a robbin' shame an' a scandle to waste so mooch
money as this on the table upon dhrink iv any
kind."

"Then stow it into your own locker for me, my
hearty; if it stops 'board ould ship 'tis gone, iv a
sartinty, d'ye see me?" and he pushed the gold to-
wards Murty.

"Och! no, no; that won't do, either, my poor ould
admiral."

"Stow it up for yourself then, I say shipmit; and
for the mistriss-mate, there, an' for the brig Peggy,
out on her cruise o' sarvice, an' for loblolly Paudeen,
d'ye see me—one or all—ye may want it, or know
what to do wid id, which I don't, d'ye mind me,
barrin' I sarve id out for grog—my hulk to ould
Davy if I do."

"No, no, over agin, admiral; we're as heartily
thankful, all as one, as if we made our own iv id;
but no other man's money will ever burthen my
conscience; no, nor rear up my childher, more be-
token; an' sure, it's for somethin' o' the like reason
I have the *weenocks* on the same place wid me, at all
at all; for whin a very wise body axed me why I was
goin' to be married, an' I only a lump iv a soft boy,
at the same time, admiral,—a kind o' one o' your
loblolly boys, you know, only a taste bigger, an' han-
dier at the spade maybe—" Why, sir," says I, "the
reason is this, sir, savin' your presencc, sir," says I,
"I'm able to work a start, sir, an' I don't like to be
workin' for any man's childher but my own, sir,"
says I."

"Well, well, that's all as id may be; but what
am I to do wid the yellow boys, if you sing out no
to the grog, shipmit?"

"Sure, as I said afore, on the head o' the bit o'
writin', that all this goold cum by—" (Terence
had been too generous to pain Murty with intelli-
gence of the failure of his document, or of the inter-
vention of Garret Byrne thereupon,) "sure as, I said
afore, there's your brother, admiral."

"Avast, avast, man! as I told you afore, shiver
and scuttle my hulk to ould Davy, if he ever touches
a stiver iv id! That same brother is no brother to
me, but a d—d land shark—shuvvin' me out to
say agin, when I thought to moor my ould hulk here
in the ould soundin's—'case why? he said I couldn't
work ship wid him—the greedy unnathral loober!
ay, ay, adrift he turned me, mainmast, riggin', and
radder gone, an' not a days prvision aboard! So
jawn no more about him, d'ye see me."

* That is, he would vote for pure whiskey, without
watering it.

"'Twas bad usage enough; we won't gainsay you,
my poor ould admiral; but his poor slob iv a boy,
the son—he done nothin' to you."

"Done nothin' to me! isn't he one of the crew?
sailin' undher his father's colours and ordhers?—
his father commandher?—an' wouldn't he do by me
whatever he's commanded to do, bee course, or else
go to the yard-arum?—what else could he do?"

"Well, admiral agra, I'll tell you what kind iv a
thought comes to me. then."

"Outwid it, my hearty."

"You're reasonable ould—we can't gainsay that
either, you know."

"Ay, ay, shipmit an ould sheer hulk on the wa-
ther, goin' to pieces every say; but Irish—I mane
Engl'—heart iv oak, every plank o' me howson-
ever."

"All bud what you call the *uddher*, admiral, an' a
quare name it is to give a nose."

Murty unconsciously slipt an r, at the beginning
of the word, which he meant as an imitation of
Terence's word. *idher*, or rudder; and, indeed was
thinking of, as he intimated, a strange enough object
from which to draw, even with full poetical license,
an image of any human nose—namely the udder of
a cow. But among his own familiar mental stock
of illustration, it was nearest in sound to the word
used by his neighbour.

"Ay, ay, sink an' d—id! I forgot that shipmit;
but let it go to ould Davy, an' say your say
out."

"Well, aroon; what I'm thinkin' iv is soon said.
I'm thinkin' now, that wid the help of all this goold,
an' since you're goin to pieces, as you say yourself,
it wouldn't be a bad notion if you had one to look
after you, an' keep you together."

"Holloo! where are you bound for now, my jolly
lad?"

"Faix, an all I mane is, supposin' you was to
take on wid a wife, admiral?"

"A wife!" shouted Terence O'Brien, in utter
amazement; "a wife alongside? No, no, shipmit—
no one will never see me join company with that
kind o' craft; no, no; grapple to the locker is the
word aboard with all sich—grapple to the locker;
an' when no more say-store is left, then shove off,
d'ye see me? No; never a painted schooner of 'em
shall take the ould hulk in tow."

Terence was calling to mind some kind of Wap-
ping adventure.

"An' sorry we'd be, ould admiral, to see the best
among them use her toe to you, or her five fingers
either. But little's the danger o' that here, in
Muckalee. Them sort you spake iv lives by the say
shore, but our honest counthry girrels isn't given to
any sich kind o' doins."

"Avast, lad, avast; all she-pirates and sharks,
one with another. When first I steered home here
to Muckalee, 'case I didn't carry bags o' goold for