

Then Terence continued, "Ay, misthress, I b'lieve he's all as one at sey, as what ye call your *duoul* here on land; though this isn't quite clear to me, neither; because, d'ye see me, ould Davy has his berth at the bottom o' the sey, that's sert'n sure; an' your *duoul* is under hatches—down here undher ground; but they're close related—ay, ay, the one is born-brother to the other chap, no doubt iv id; an' he bears a hand wid sailors, as your *duoul* does wid your landsmen; wid this differ, that he takes all foundered sows as belongs to him in the jolly-boat, or in a barge, or in a pinnace, accordin' to the rank o' thim aboard;—yes, misthress, he's our sey-divvle, nothin' less—my hulk to ould Davy, but he is!"

"The Lord purtect us from him, and from all his sort, the sey an' land, now an' for iver, amin!" ejaculated the attentive Chevaun Meehan, crossing her forehead.

"Bee the gonnies! as Chevaun says," remarked her husband; "goodness save us from his two paws! but, if a body got his pick an' chose o' the both, I believe it would be better, as the man said to his wife—(I mane neither myself nor you, Chevaun,)—it would be better keep the *duoul* we do know, than the *duoul* we don't know, admiral hon-ey; though wid good help, we won't be troublesome to either the one or the other o' thim, please God."

"Musha, an' gracious forbid, Murty agra," piously assented Chevaun.

"That's not my way o' thinkin' teetotally, shipmit," dissented the admiral, gruffly; "for whinever I'm bound for the other world, if 'tis a thing I must steer for any sich d——d port of id, d'ye see me——"

"Ye may call the port bee that name, sure enough, admiral, an' no sin on you for cursin', this time any how," interrupted Murty.

"D——d or no d——d, shipmit," now bellowed Terence, becoming vehement: "ould Davy's jolly-boat for me, far beyant any way o' goin' by land undher your land-*duouls*' colours; your landsmen are all sharks, as I heer'd from my cradle up, and your land *duouls* goes by the same fashion of course; so none o' the d——d horned loobers for my money, but ould Davy for ever—hurrah!"

"Well, all the harum I wish you poor ould admiral, is that you may keep clear o' the ugly place—you know yourself where I mane—by land or wather; to go in a boat might be the most *cooramuch** way, no doubt; only, for our three selves, an' them we wish well to, into the bargain, we'd rather not to be on the voyage, at all, at all."

"It's a bad sarvice, afther all, shipmit," half agreed Terence, beginning to be cooled by his friend's moral reflections; "but hurrah, shipmit! an' ould able-bodied-seyman that does his duty is

never clapped undher hatches, foundher as he may, or whinever or wherever he may; no, he goes aloft, my hearty—'tis as naat'ral for him as to ship his grog; an' barrin' ould Davy's press-gang claps me aboard, an' thin scuds off wid me, all canvas crowded, never will I take on wid him or his crew; for, d'ye see me, Murty, when once a man is nabbed by the press-gang, an' lugged 'boord ship, he must stick to his gun, bee course, or be tried for mutiny in the sarvice; so, if ould Days 'lists me that way, I must stand before the mast, and make the cruise; but if ever I boord him by my own free will, may I be d——d for it, neighbour."

"An' you needn't pray the prayer at all, admiral," smiled the facetious Murty; "but I wondher what sort iv a pin for the writin' is this," putting on a face of much business, approaching the door-way, holding the pen between him and the light, and wi h much knowing scrutiny examining it. Then he tried its nib on his nail.

"Looks as if it had seen sarvice," remarked Terence; "but all the better for that, may be shipmit; a seymán is never the worse, getting into fresh action, for having been in two or three scrimmages afore."

"Sarvice or no sarvice, as regards the pin," pursued Murty, "it's so long since my own self thried my hands at the writin' business, that I don't well know how it will turn out, in the long run, neighbour."

These words of modest doubt were accompanied, however, by a smile of self-sufficient confidence.

"But here goes, in God's name, anyhow, to venthure our loock, the best way we can;" and while he leisurely pulled the cross-legged table to the door, Murty continued to speak in assured good-humour.

"When I was in the habit o' goin' to the school, admiral, the mather usen't to be over-an-above ashamed o' the scholard—though it's myself says the same, that oughtn't to say id, admiral agra."

"No doubt iv it—no doubt; aboard o' the ould Vincent, it's purser's mate they'd make o' you, long ago, to a sart'nty," flattered the admiral, willing to keep Murty in good humour, that he might get his own business the better done; not indeed, that he in the least doubted the scholarly qualifications of his chosen private secretary.

"Maybe it's jest as well wid me, as it is, admiral; who's wise enough to say but, that if we were a sailor, all this time, from the schoolin' up, we'd have a bit iv a Frenchman's snout upon our poor face, instid iv our own naath'ral nose, this blessed day?"

"Ay, like enough—every mother's sow's hulk o' them to ould Davy!" assented the admiral, reddening with anger; and thereupon he gave his own nose—or what served him as his own, or at least as half of his own—such a pull that had not the sur-