

hended by him; and the little half-starved man and he eventually struck a bargain on the business, and were seen to walk down the street together.

The admiral was led up a narrow dirty lane, and he and his convoy entered a delapidated house, over the door of which was a sign-board, announcing it as the abode of

**"GARRET BYRNE,
PUBLIC WRITTER."**

The personage so described, Garret Bryne, fixed a wicker backed chair as his desk, sat to it upon a three legged stool, and without a tithe of poor Murty Meehan's preparations, with none of his failures or misfortunes, and devoting to his task an incredibly short portion of time in the opinion of Terence O'Brien, produced something like a proper letter to the Admiralty Board. It was even folded, directed, and wafered, and then Garret Bryne asked and received a reward, dishonest in him to propose, and very improvident in his employer to bestow; and finally Terence saw him "put it aboard" at the post-office; after which the public writer and his dupe adjourned into a dram-shop, to pour down at the expense of but one of the party, libations to its prosperous voyage.

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CHAPTER VI.

After the sailing of his despatches, the admiral kept a sharp look-out for an answer. But he was not impatient in point of time. He made due allowance for the weather gage, and reckoning a certain number of knots to an hour for the out-bound and the in-bound voyage, did not begin to hail "the post-office transport" again till his nautical experience told him he was warranted in doing so. Nor was Terence much out in his calculations, when a letter, directed to him—absolutely to him—appeared at the post-office in due course.

It did not, however, contain money, nor an order for money; it only called on him to prepare and forward various certificates and affidavits. No matter. The certificates and affidavits were soon ready, under the superintendence of his now established agent, Garret Byrne, and a cheque for a good round sum came at last. At the bank of the town, being conducted still by Garret Byrne, the ould admiral sunk "all them bit o' notes to ould Davy," and would accept nothing but gold—"the yallow boys, an' nothing else for him;" and so gold he got. We wish the reader were present on the occasion, to notice the expression of the eyes and even of the pointed nose of the "public writer," as the guineas jingled on the counter. But it is enough to say that out of them he managed to extract a second enormous fee for his services since the despatch of the first letter. A second jorum of grog, too, was shared

between him and the sailor, to the heart's content of Terence and to Garret's slight and momentary vivification.

The evening began to fall, and it was time to go homewards. Assisted by his companion, Terence tied up his gold in the useless sleeve of his jacket, using two strings one below, and another above the bulk made by his hoard; he farther secured it by crossing the sleeve upon his breast, and stuffing it into his bosom: and then he clutched his cudgel in his left (and only) hand, and scudded homeward, every inch of canvass to the breeze.

"Praise be to the heavens! nivir, since the day I was born, did myself sit my two eyes on sich a hape o' the goold," said Murty Meehan, as he, Chevaun, and the admiral, contemplated it on their table, where it had been tossed out by its owner among the pile of potatoes served up for their evening supper.

"It's wonderful to look at id," agreed Chevaun.

"Many a rough gale the ould hulk weathered for it, misthriss, an' many an' many a broadside went to win it."

"No doubt o' that," continued Murty; "bud, bee gonnies! you can't say but you're well pid for all your throubles an' losses, ould admiral aroon; it isn't the half o' my nose, bud the whole o' my nose I'd give for sich a fort'n; ay even supposin' they stuck a turkey-cock's baik to my face instid—not to talk of a Frenchman's; ay, or I'd go without e'er an arum at all, or I'd hop on only one leg into the bargain all the blessed days o' my life, for the honest gainin' o' so much threasure."

"God forgive you, Murty Meehan," said Chevaun; take care o' what you're sayin'; the heaven's forbid you'd be spoiled in sich a manner for the double iv id over again."

"But what in the name o' wondher, will you do wid it, at all, admiral?"

"Why d'ye see me, that's just what I'm a jawin' to myself about, my hearty; but a-hoy, my jolly lad! we'll work it in company—oceans o' grog for say-store, and every sail up while it lasts!—eh, shipmit?—a cruise together—an old ship scuddin's, no matter what point the wind blows from, eh?"

"Och, no, admiral: that 'ud be a cryin' sin for the both iv us."

"'Twould be murther, intirely," said Chevaun.

"A sin?—avast, there, avast; can't cram that down the wizen iv an ould sayman. No, no; mutinee a board is a sin; sleepin', or gettin' dhrunk on watch, is a sin; not stannin' up be your gun, in action, is a sin—an' sich like: the ould jolly boy knows well what they call a sin—ay, as well as e'er a hand a-board; bud the chaplain himself never said that shippin' grog, on pay-out days, whin you're let to sheer off ashore, is a sin—shiver his hulk! he couldn't say id, the loober!"

"Why, admiral, for the mere matther o' that, I