

"Avast now, shipmit!" interrupted Terence, gruffly and stentoriously; "hah! the ould reg'ler seymen isn't goin' to hoist signal for smugglers and pirates to come aboard; the born brether o' me! no no, nor that bit iv a cock-boat he has in tow, his son, either; what! when I cum back, only to give him a hail, afther my last cruise, didn't the — land-loober tell me to sheer off, an' say I had no call to a berth in my own ould ship, now that the ould commodore, the father iv us, had slipped cable. An' aint I ever since, here, in Muckalee station, scuddin' from port to port, not able to ride at anchor among the whole squadron o' ye? An' now, whin the shinars is to be put into the locker, am I to sing out to him to help me to keep the key? or ax him for any help at all that might let him into the secret, or give him a right to jaw for share? No, no, I say again; — to my ould timbers! if ever he sees a yellow boy o' mine; you're the man, Murty, an' you ould, that must turn out for this musther; an' what have I to ax o' you is to write down wid you're pin, what we used to call a memorandum o' sarvice."

"Why thin," replied Murty, "that's not so mooch to talk about, that we'd say no to you, for a one ould admiral: an' so, we'll do it for you;" and Murty "elevated his figure to its full height,"—(we are loth to show our ignorance of some of the established cut-and-dry phraseology of novel writing.)—again silently triumphing in the testimony borne to his scholarship, and at the distinguished light in which it placed him.

"Here, then,—yee-o-ho! have away, my hearty! yee-o-ho!" piped the admiral, passing his single arm through one of Murty's and lugging him down the hillside. And Murty, sticking his shovel in the soil, readily allowed Terence O'Brien to hurry him still downward, toward his cabin; his features wearing a serious cast, and indeed his whole mind bent upon the important task of clerkship which he had undertaken.

CHAPTER III.

After nearly doubling himself in order to enter the door-way of his dwelling, and when he had stood (almost) erect again, in the middle of its clay floor, Murty addressed his wife.

"Chevaun, aroon, where's the poor garsoon's bit iv an ink-horun, I wondher?"

"What cheer, vanithee, what cheer?" demanded the old admiral, in the same breath, as he kindly, though rather smartly, slapped the good woman between the shoulders.

"Why, thin, brave an' hearty, admiral honey," answered the housewifely Chevaun; "and here's

the ink-horun, Murty a-cuishla; musha, my hearty hatred on id, for one ink-horun!."

"An' why so, Chevaun?" asked Murty.

"Why! I'm as sart'n sure as that I spake the word, that Paudcen put more o' the ink iv id on the Sunday *shanavast*,* than he did on the copy-book Murty."

"Bee gonnies! an' likely enough sich a thing u'd happen," assented her husband. "I remember the first time I was put upon larnin' the pin-writin' myself, admiral; an' sure its nothin' ud sarve my turn, in thim days, but I must go an' scoop out amost all the ink in the horun, an' put id all over my clothes, on every spot where id could be observed—aye, an' my two fists ud have the colour iv a blackymoor's paws; an' bee this pin in my hand! I done id for no rason in the world, only to let the neighbours see, whin they'd meet me comin' home from the school, of an evenin' or a mornin', that I was makin' use o' the pin, wid the masther himself; 'twas by way o' braggin' o' myself, afther a manner, admiral."

"Aha!" replied the admiral, "well for you that you hadn't my ould commodore, Fitzgibbon, to pipe you on deck, shipmit, on the head o' that same; the ould loober, wid his ould three decker of a flax wig, that commanded over our crew whin I was at the schoolin'; split my mainsail to tatters! if he wouldn't have you up to the cat-head for wastin' the ship's tar; sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, if he wouldn't."

"Arrah, then, admiral aroon," inquired Mrs. Meehan, "who's that same ould Davy you're always sinkin' your hulk to, afther sich an unnatural fashion? I'm tould it's your own self you call bee the name iv a hulk; an' sure it's a quare name for a christen to be puttin' on his body, that has a sowl to be saved, tied to id; but who is this one ould Davy, I'd be thankful to know?"

"Who is he? blow us all up, sky-heigh, if I very well know myself, misthress; and he paused to examine, with a knotted brow and a gruff, puzzled face, a question which he had never before taken into consideration.

"It's like enough, misthress, he's some kind of a *duoul*† he resumed, after a pause; "ay, ay; he must be a duoul, I'm thinkin'; I hard 'em aboard, jawin' about his cloven foot, an' duouls have sich timbers; yes, an' he hauls away at the parley-woos whin they foundher in action; an' when we used to be givin' 'em a broadside, we had a fashion o' sayin', send the d — d loobers to ould Davy! Ay, ay:" he paused again to recapitulate in his mind those weighty reasons for investing with a certain character the personage in question—the Jupiter or Pluto, as it might be, of his marine mythology:

* Waistcoat.

† Devil.