

The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, AUGUST 5, 1868.

NO. 42.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.
TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch
and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.
MOON'S PHASES.
FULL MOON, 3d day, 7h. 39m., morn., N. W.
LAST QUARTER, 11th day, 8h. 16m., morn., N. E.
NEW MOON, 18th day, 0h. 59m., morning, N.
FIRST QUARTER, 24th day, 8h. 34m., even., S. W.

DAY	MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	sets	High Water	Moon sets	DAY'S LENGTH
1	Saturday	4	47	25	9 33	3 17	14 36
2	Sunday	48	24	10 18	ris.		35
3	Monday	49	23	11 16	7 26	34	
4	Tuesday	50	22	11 57	7 59	32	
5	Wednesday	51	21	even.	8 26	30	
6	Thursday	52	19	0 47	8 56	27	
7	Friday	53	17	1 24	9 21	24	
8	Saturday	54	15	2 7	9 49	21	
9	Sunday	55	14	2 51	10 17	19	
10	Monday	56	13	3 36	10 50	17	
11	Tuesday	57	11	4 25	11 23	14	
12	Wednesday	59	10	5 16	morn.	11	
13	Thursday	5	0	6 10	0 6	9	
14	Friday	1	7	7 4	1 0	6	
15	Saturday	2	5	7 59	2 0	3	
16	Sunday	3	4	8 47	3 5	1	
17	Monday	4	2	9 33	sets.	13 58	
18	Tuesday	5	0	10 28	7 26	55	
19	Wednesday	6	58	11 58	8 2	52	
20	Thursday	7	57	morn.	8 36	50	
21	Friday	8	56	0 6	9 6	48	
22	Saturday	9	54	0 49	9 43	46	
23	Sunday	10	52	1 39	10 16	42	
24	Monday	12	50	2 30	10 53	38	
25	Tuesday	13	49	3 27	11 36	36	
26	Wednesday	14	47	4 26	morn.	33	
27	Thursday	15	45	5 27	0 24	30	
28	Friday	17	43	6 28	1 6	26	
29	Saturday	18	41	7 54	2 2	23	
30	Sunday	19	39	8 52	2 54	20	
31	Monday	21	37	9 38	3 48	16	

Prices Current.
CHARLOTTETOWN, July 31, 1868.

Provisions.		
Beef, (small) per lb.	5d to 7d	
Do by the quarter.	4d to 7d	
Pork, (cassas)	3d to 5d	
Do (small)	5d to 8d	
Mutton, per lb.	4d to 7d	
Lamb, per lb.	5d to 7d	
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d	
Ham, per lb.	6d to 7d	
Butter, (fresh)	10d to 1s	
Do by the tub.	10d	
Cheese, per lb.	3d to 5d	
Tallow, per lb.	9d to 10d	
Lard, per lb.		
Flour, per 100 lbs.	24s to 25s	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	18s to 21s	
Eggs, per dozen.	8d to 10d	
Grain.		
Barley, per bushel.	6s to 6s 6d	
Oats, per do.	3s 3d	
Vegetables.		
Green Peas, per quart	6d to 1s	
Potatoes, per bushel.	2s 3d to 3s	
Do new per quart.	6d	
Turnips per doz.	3d to 4d	
Poultry.		
Geese,	none	
Turkeys, each.	4s to 7s 6d	
Fowls, each.	1s to 1s 8d	
Chickens per pair.	1s 6d to 3s	
Ducks,	none	
Fish.		
Codfish, per qtl.	20s to 30s	
Herrings, per barrel.	25s to 40s	
Mackerel, per dozen.		
Lumber.		
Boards (Spruce)	4s	
Do (Pine)	4s to 6s	
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s	
Sundries.		
Hay, per ton.	80 to 90s	
Straw, per cwt.	2s	
Timothy Seed.		
Clover Seed, per lb.		
Homespun, per yard.	4s to 6s	
Calshins, per lb.	6d to 9d	
Hides, per lb.	4d	
Wool.	1s to 1s 6d	
Sheepskins.	9d to 1s 3d	
Apples, per doz.		
Partridges.		

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.
BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally,
that he has again commenced business on Dorchester
Street, next door to the Reading Room Building,
where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line
with neatness and despatch.
ON HAND,
A neat assortment of Tinware,
Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.
including the patent BOX TON COFFEE POT, which re-
ceived the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition
of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will
surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either
Farm use or on board Vessels.
A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with
a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for
Cash.
Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL
BLUE, a new, economical and superior article in
washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaran-
teed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of
Laundry Maids, &c.
Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

RONALD McDONALD,
Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,
AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868.
IV
CORNS & WARTS
Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of
ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT.
For Sale by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.
R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
CONVAYNCER, &c.
Office, --Great-George St., Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
August 22, 1866. E. if

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into
CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and AT-
TORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Office --- O'Halloran's Building,
Great George Street.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Oct. 23, 1867.
tf

KING STREET.
NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.
THE SUBSCRIBER returns thanks for past favors, and
begs leave to inform his friends, and the public
generally, that he has on hand a
Large Stock of Ready-made Men's
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
Women's Balmoral, Elas-
tic Side, and other
Boots.
ALSO, 250 PAIRS
Children and Misses Boots,
which will be disposed of low for Cash.
JAMES STANLEY.
Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK,
THE SUBSCRIBER is AGENT for the Sale of the
celebrated
Russel Mills Cotton Duck,
and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with
the least possible delay.
Also on hand COTTON BOAT DUCK, and COT-
TON DRILLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together
with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

DAWSON'S ESTATE.
Important Notice!
THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the
TRUSTEES of W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE, to
SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose un-
settled Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to W. B. DAWSON
or GEORGE NICOLL, are not immediately paid,
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Atty's for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.
Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

A CARD.
William Stiggins,
Machinist.
(Next Door to Wm. B. Allan's Tin Shop.)
Guns, Locks, and Magnetic Machines, accurately re-
paired. Brands cut, Bell Hanging and Turning on
the most reasonable terms.
Mill Gear supplied to order.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 18, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.
CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon
Cans of
Tarr & Wanson's Copper Paint,
which effectually prevents the action of worms on the
bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the
collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET
BETWEEN
SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.
THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R.
McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlot-
tewtown, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the
navigation permits.
DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.
January 29, 1868. ly

MAILS.
Summer Arrangement.
THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring
Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further
notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlot-
tewtown, as follows, viz:—
For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States,
via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7
o'clock.
For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West
Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening,
at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—
Monday, May 18, Monday, September 7,
Wednesday, do 20, Wednesday, do 9,
Monday, June 1, Monday, do 21,
Wednesday, do 3, Wednesday, do 23,
Monday, do 15, Monday, October, 5,
Wednesday, do 17, Wednesday, do 7,
Monday, do 29, Monday, do 19,
Wednesday, July 1, Wednesday, do 21,
Monday, do 13, Monday, November 2,
Wednesday, do 15, Wednesday, do 4,
Monday, do 27, Monday, do 16,
Wednesday, do 29, Wednesday, do 18,
Monday, Aug. 10, Monday, do 30,
Wednesday, do 12, Wednesday, Dec. 2,
Monday, do 24, Monday, do 14,
Wednesday, do 26, Wednesday, do 16,
Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedouque,
to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday
and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer,
every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Letters to be registered and newspapers must be post-
ed half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.
THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.
General Post Office,
Ch'town, May 4th, 1868.

Select Literature.
UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.
(Continued.)

The catastrophe related at the end of the former part only made us, as I said, more determined to carry out the scheme of the elopement. The situation was, however, one of unquestionable difficulty for it was evident that there was a female in Cayrasso's house who acted as a spy. It must have been her window we mistook for Amalia's, and she of course had denounced us to the father; and a female spy, particularly in matters amatory, is the very deuce. We determined at last to make a counterfeiter start in the morning, as, if this came to Cayrasso's ears, which it was pretty sure to do, it would lull his suspicions and free Amalia from his surveillance for the evening. I then went home to my barracks, and after two or three hours' sleep, was back betimes in the 'Casemates' ready for a start. As it was expedient that our departure should be as public as possible, we delayed our start till past ten o'clock, and strolled leisurely across the square, just as all the dismounted guards were passing home to their quarters. We were just turning out of the square when Cayrasso drove into it at the other end.

'Now, Tim,' I said 'I do call that luck!—he's going to have it out with you, of course, and they'll tell him we're really off—nothing could be more fortunate.'
We were both overjoyed, and hopping gaily on to a car drove to the 'Mole.' We found everything in readiness, and having unmoored the felucca, had begun to pole her out from the jetty, when Cayrasso rushed on to the scene, and standing on the brink of the landing-place, shouted after us, 'Ah! you run away, you scoundrels, but when you come back I will find you, and we shall see—we shall see.'
'You had better check him, Tim,' I suggested; 'it'll make him think that you've quite abandoned the affair.'

'All right!' said Tim, and he shouted in the style of an indignant mariner. 'Slack your jaw, you confounded pork-pickling, rum-adulterating, theiving, smuggling old son of a broken-backed Moorish donkey! Slack your jaw, or we'll put back and duck you, and wash some of the garlic out of you obscene carcass!'
This unexpected counter staggered the assailant, and his second attempt was feebler: 'Who breaks into honest men's houses at night, ladron?' he shouted.

'No one in 'Gib,' for there isn't an honest man on the Rock except the soldiers, and they live in barracks, you hoary villain,' replied Tim.
'Perhaps you think there's no law at Gibraltar, but you'll find the reverse,' screamed the Senator. 'There can't be much, or it would have hanged you long ago, you bloodsucker!' was the reply.
'Will you repeat that on shore, braggart?'
'The next time you ask me to dine with you, you d-d old Jew,' shouted Tim. All this time the crew were punting us out and trimming the lug-sail to the wind, and we were nearly beyond ear-shot. Cayrasso, decidedly short of repartee, had been ignominiously reduced to bawling after us a string of epithets quite unfit for publication. So Tim finally waved his cap, and shouting, 'Adieu till Sunday next; have a good dinner for me, and tell 'somebody' not to pine in the meanwhile,' sat down, lighted a cigar, and remarked that 'the eyes of the ancient one had about as much dust in them as they could well hold.'
'Yes, Tim,' I said, 'you gave it him heartily—serve him right; and we had better steer for Europa Point and by-to behind the Rock till evening, when we'll creep back to the Mole. Briggs is on guard to-day there. I have arranged everything with him: he is to give us dinner (and a good dinner Mr. Briggs always gives); and then he is to let us go in peace when the clock tells the hour for retiring; but we must be alongside the Mole after gunfire.'

The felucca's head was accordingly laid in the required direction. We were not long in rounding Europa Point, and, gliding well round the southern extremity of the Rock, dropped anchor in still water, under a beetling crag that screened us from landward observation. And 'there we lay all that day; and what a day it was! The breeze dropped down and died: the sun rose up and tormented us, as if it had been in league with Cayrasso; the liquor had been forgotten, and we were athirst, without a drop of drink; but what were all these sufferings compared with the boredom I underwent at the hands of the lover-lion Tim! There was no escape from him here; he had clawed me in his clutch; I had to play 'Wedding Guest,' to his 'Ancient Mariner,' and I could not choose but hear. Amalia was offered to my contemplation in a thousand phases and in myriads of mixed metaphors, with a truly 'damnable iteration.' In this way was his 'desert bride,' his Lalage sub curru nimum ardentis; she was 'Beatrice, donna bella e beat'; 'Zuleika,' 'a peri,' a turtle-dove, a fawn, a star, a sea-gull, a cup of sparkling wine, a diamond, a pearl, a whole jeweller's shop. In vain I remonstrated; vainly I pointed out that it was un-English to strike a man who was down; it was of no use. Sleep deserted me—swift on her downy pinions flew from woo'—and left me scorched by the sun and dazzled by the sea, and parched with thirst, with no better quencher than Tim's 'full flowing river of speech.' Oh! those eyes of Amalia's! how I—blessed them during that long sweltering day. Time and the hour, however, worked their mission, and at last Romano the skipper announced that we must start if we wished to make the Mole before gunfire. We were lying so sheltered by the Rock and its projecting cliffs that no breath of wind could touch us, and it was necessary to row the felucca out to meet the breeze—a method of locomotion by which one progressed about half-a-mile an hour, so clumsy were the boat, the oars, and the rowers. But we met the breeze in a few hundred yards, and went away merrily before it. After a little the wind became shifty, squally and intermittent, as all the winds that

blow about the Rock are apt to be, and displayed a predominating bias in favor of bearing us away towards the opposite coast, which the clumsy rig of the felucca made it impossible to contend with. It was no good remonstrating with Romano. When I did he only gave some hopeless tugs at a rope, and replied, 'All ri, Senor—plenty time—wind go shange. Pronto, pronto; a ora no possible. Dam beastly sail no move. Carr-ramba! horrico moreno!' and he would give another tug.

This was neither very lucid nor very consolatory, but the worst of it was that the wind didn't change, but carried us away past the Mole, past the town, past the Rock, right up to the head of the bay, where it left us suddenly becalmed, close to the mouth of the 'First River.'
'There is nothing for it but to row, Romano,' I said; 'get your fellows to it at once, and pull back. But so slow was our progress that we were obliged to abandon all hopes of reaching the Mole, and were only just in time before the gun fired, to reach the Ragged Staff landing. This was a great nuisance. After all, we were to lose all the advantages of the Mole, with its superior security, unlimited margin of time, and Briggs his dinner; and here we had to negotiate with some unknown officer to let us out at night, and even if he consented, we must embark before ten o'clock, and then would have a chance of being stopped by the sentries on the Wall. It was a bore. I felt angry and inclined to attribute everything to Tim and his bad luck.

'I don't like this last symptom,' I said to him—'it's too, like you Tim: this foul wind, and missing the Mole, and all that, is a great deal too like your usual form, and it's a d-d deal too bad.'
I spoke in an injured tone. I felt injured—how often one does with an unlucky man. I suppose it's part of the cross he has to bear. Tim's tone was correspondingly humble; he was sanguine, he said, that my good fortune would overcome his evil genius, 'as it always did.' The poor devil was actually trying to propitiate fortune by flattering me as her nearest representative! Still feeling aggrieved, I vaguely cautioned Tim 'to be very careful,' which he abjectly promised to be. We then repaired to the officer's guardroom, to see what arrangements we could make for the night. We found the officer to be an acquaintance; indeed, it would be difficult to find any one on the rock who wasn't.

He was decidedly restive at first, however, about letting us sail from his steps, and for some time we beseeched in vain; he was even idiotic enough to talk about his conscience, his duty, and other irrelevancies. At last it became necessary to give him a remote hint of the real state of things, wrapping it up in a delicious haze of mystery, against which the sub's resolution was not proof; so he eventually promised to let us go, and to warn his own sentries to give us free passage. In return for his complaisance we helped him to eat his dinner, and, at last, after cautioning the crew to remain quietly in their places, we duly turned northward for the momentous try-st. As we passed Tim's barracks, I suggested that he should run in and get some more wraps, and it was lucky I did, for he shortly after emerged, holding a note in his hand, and very much agitated.

'What is it, Tim?'
'It's from her.'
'Well?'
'She says her father has insisted on her going to the charade-party, and that we are to devise something.'
'Well?'
'I'm afraid it's all up, then—all up,' whimpered Tim, wringing his hands.
'All up, you chicken-hearted rabbit! d—d a bit. Come on—look sharp!'
'Where to?'
'To the charade party, of course.'
'But we're not dressed, and what can we do when we are there?' whined Tim, quite demoralised.
'Leave it to me,' I replied, and we steered straight for Mrs. Laranga's house.

Arrived there, I stationed Tim under an adjacent archway, directing him to await my return. I then knocked at the door, was admitted, and walked boldly up to the drawing-room. There was a very large party; a charade was just over when I entered, and the company were buzzing about the room, pending the introduction of a new one. People who had been acting or who were going to act, were in all sorts of costumes, so my appearance attracted no attention. I was looking for the hostess, when, to my horror, my eyes fell upon the form of Cayrasso. His back was half turned, and he was deeply engaged in conversation, so, fortunately, he did not observe me, and I dodged like lightning into an anteroom. Here I found my hostess in the middle of a group who were conceiving a new charade, and here, too, was Amalia.

'Most welcome!' cried Mrs. Laranga; 'you are absolutely in the nick of time, Mr. Onslow; we want a sailor, and here you drop from the clouds, ready equipped.'
I explained that I had been detained out yachting, and had ventured to come as I was, rather than miss the charades.
'And now somebody give Mr. Onslow our plot, and let us begin as soon as possible.'
Buttenshaw, who was among the group, hereupon exclaimed, 'Come to me, Fred Onslow, I will enlighten your darkness; I have a speciality for unfolding plots to weak intellects.'
'Then,' I retorted, 'let me recommend you to exercise your speciality nearer home.' Even in that moment of agitation I had a triumphant feeling that my retort was a double entendre, and that he had not had the pluck or the talent to plot an elopement with Amalia. 'Miss Cayrasso,' I continued, 'you are a person of intelligence; will you instruct me?'
'Willingly,' she replied; and going aside with her I whispered, 'If you have courage all may yet be well.'
'I have courage,' she replied.
'Then there is not a moment to lose; the landing from which we must sail will be shut in half an hour. Come with me at once; they will think we have gone out to dress for our parts.'
'No, Senor; you go first, I will follow.'
'But why so?'

'I wish to speak to—to say a word—a last word to a friend.'
'A friend? Who? Not a confidant? Surely you have not a confidant in the matter?'
'I will say good-bye to the Senora,' she said with a sudden heat; 'and where shall I find you?'
'You will find Timothy and me under the archway two doors off to the right; and I glided from the room and out of the house.
In a minute or two Amalia joined us. What pluck the girl had! She had even had the presence of mind to steal into the cloak-room and carry away a bundle of things that had been sent over to equip her for the various parts of the evening. Tim sprang upon her with a cry of joy, but I interfered with a high hand, and threatened him that I would wash my hands of the whole affair if he spoke another word till we were under way.

'And now, Miss Cayrasso, let me be lady's maid; and, so saying, I enveloped her in a long dark capote which Tim had brought, pulling the hood right over her face. We then started at a rapid pace, and passing through the lanes and less frequented streets, were soon safe in the precinct of the guard.
Twice over I thought I heard footsteps behind us, and imagined, on looking back, that I saw a figure stealthily following; but a guilty conscience is full of inventive power.

The officer was hanging about the door in a fever of curiosity.
'Ah! here you are,' he said, coming forward with the evident intention of unriddling Amalia. 'Yes, here we are, old boy,' I cried gaily, stepping in front of her, 'just in time, so good night, and many thanks to you. You've squared your sentries?'
'Yes, I have,' he said, trying to dodge round my flank, in which I baffled him; 'but there are only four of mine, so you must get clear out to sea before you overshoot them. Have a glass of sherry before you start?'

'Not a drop; many thanks; good night,' and turning sharp round I outmanoeuvred him, and reached the stairs before he could get in front of us. In another second we were on-board and about to cast off, when I remembered a cloak I had left in the guard-room, and ran back for it. To my surprise I found Buttenshaw there, whom I had left in Mrs. Laranga's drawing-room ten minutes before—Buttenshaw had deep converse with the officer of the guard.

'Halloa!' cried he, with a great start.
'Halloa!' said I, much disconcerted.
'I thought you were acting,' said he.
'I thought you were,' he replied; 'and it was so hot I thought I would slope down here and smoke a cool pipe with Weston; there's nothing like the Ragged Staff for fresh air. But you—whither away?'

'Oh, I'm off for a grand chasse at Tangiers; and I stole quietly away from the party because Weston had promised to let me sail from this tonight, and it did not do to compromise him by aluding to my real reason for going so early; indeed I only went to the party as a blind; and now good night.' As I left I contrived to wink to Weston, in the sense of 'Not a word to Buttenshaw; and he returned it as who should say, 'Not a whisper.' I had no trifling suspicion, however, that these worthies had been canvassing the affair as I entered. 'But, after all, I thought, Buttenshaw couldn't be such a blackguard as to split on us; what could be his inducement? and even if he did, we have a night's start, and that should distance any pursuer.'

'Now shove off, Romano; and we shoved off, and hoisted the sail; but a stiff breeze was now blowing right along the Line Wall, and my experience of the boat told me at once that we should not be able to get out to sea with the sail alone before we had far overshoot the warned sentries.

'Out sweeps!' I cried, and row straight out as hard as you can.' The order was obeyed and we moved slowly seaward, but making a terrific amount of leeway at the same time.
'Row! row! row! and I'll give you each a bottle of rum,' I cried, as I saw we had drifted past the second sentry. The men strained furiously at their oars, but the seaward progress was scarcely perceptible. Another sentry past!

'Pull! pull! for your lives!' I bawled. 'Cheer them on Romano; do something! but it was too late. At that moment there came a roar from the Line Wall as of an infuriate bull.
'Who goes the-r-r?'
'Despair! we had drifted past all the friendly sentries, on to the flank of the next line, and the man posted there was arresting us. The men dropped their oars and we gazed at each other in silence, drifting always nearer to our fate.

'Who goes the-r-r?' bellowed the sentry again, rattling his musket.
'Friends,' piped Romano, timidly.
'The devil a friend here, ye d-d smugglers! they've come in close and let's have a look at ye,' was the rather uncivil reply.
We continued comatose.

'Arr ye comin', thin, or will I fire?' inquired our tormentor, to whom we were now quite close.
'Oh! speak to him, Mr. Onslow; speak to him, Tim; the dreadful man is going to shoot,' bellowed Amalia.
'Tonder and torf! will I come down and comb yer ugle hids wid mee bagonet?' urged the fiend, ramping on his post like a chained watch-dog.

This invoked I bade the men back the boat as close as they could to the wall, and rose to patcy with our captor.
'We're officers, my man—officers of the garrison,' I said.
'Thrice for you, mee joel,' replied the fellow incredulously, 'and ye'll be officers of the guard this blissid night; laistways ye'll sleep in the guard-room. Will ye be in a hurry now and surrender, till I alarm the sargeant, or will I fire at wonst?' and he rattled his firelock.
'We're coming, my good fellow, as fast as we can; don't call the sargeant; I'll explain it all to you; you're Foggarty of Number Nine? for I at last made the fellow out, by a peculiarity in his voice, to be a man of my own company; and an uncommon black sheep too.'
'Yes, I'm Foggarty of Number Nine, glory be to God; but it's an old trick, an it won't do ye