

a sorrowful landing in a strange country, where, God help 'em, what will they do at all, at all. Next comes a beautiful ship entirely, and it was our hearts jumped into our throats to see that she belonged to the Sassenachs. Well, we thought it was our turn now, and when she cum up with and tuck us agin, didn't we give a hurraw! but devil resave the bit better off were we for it. there was lots and lavings of grog for such as would list for the ship, but more kicks than hapince for uz who wanted sometime to see the little childher agin, and now your honor comes and is going to make sodjers of uz for life, an sure it is little good we'll be when you have us, for the poor wife and the hungry childher will be always to the fore."

Captain Brooke did not conceal his emotion as he asked,

"What is your name my man?"

"Tim Kelleher, your honor."

"Well, Tim, where was the Duck bound to?"

"To Halifax, your honor."

"And if I had not fallen in with you, how soon do you think you would have been there?"

"Sorrah' a one of me knows, sir."

"As sure as we live, and that flag still floats on the ship, I will, on my honor as a gentleman, have you landed there in less than a month; if you prefer it I will send you all back to the privateer, although I have some business on hand, where you and your fellows can be of great service. I will not conceal from you that I daily hope to meet an American vessel of superior force: what the event may be, God knows, but I have little uneasiness on that score; nevertheless, if we meet we shall have a hard scratch of it."

"Arrah then, your honor does not think we care for the fighting that is in it. And you will put us ashore in a month—maybe 'tis we that won't stick to you: by this and that, if it was not for the poor crathers that will be *breaking* their hearts, we would stop with you a year, just to pay them rascals off for parting us."

"Well, well, my lad, I'll make you comfortable while here, and land you none the worse off for having been a few days in my ship."

The Hibernian audience had listened to Tim's *larning*, whilst *discoursing* the Captain in English, in open mouthed astonishment, still they gathered sufficient to enable them to understand the main articles of the treaty, which they ratified with a wild hurroo.

Half an hour afterwards "the wives and childher, the crathers," would hardly have recognized their husbands and fathers in the smart "slops" which the purser's store room had enabled them to substitute for their rags.

One word about impressment. What Briton is there who must not blush that such a practice is still sanctioned by usage?