

you think you won't know me again, you may stare a while longer; or, if you don't hear me, I'll open your ears for you;" but the terrified man made good his escape.

"Well, boys," he continued, "I am glad to find myself among you again, dod drot me, if I ain't! for it looks like old times. We must make a night of it; so come, fill your glasses, fellows! Here's to poor old Mogan's memory—he was rode to death, I do suppose, poor devil! a hard death that, too, particularly if he was touched in the wind, as I am. That cussed rebel bullet at the Cowpans that went through my lungs spoiled my bellows for me, for I have the heaves now, if I run hard. I should have died, too, if there had been any give in or back out in me; and, as it was, she nearly fixed my flint for me. She is done for herself, though, now, that's a fact, for I've seen her with my own eyes—I went to where the house stood, and felt for her with a long pole among the ashes, so as to be certain of it, and, while poking about, I stirred up something that looked like old Edwards's powder-horn, and off it went like thunder, and scattered her bones all abroad like a bomb-shell. It knocked me over, too, it did upon my soul! but I am not easily scared by gunpowder. Here is a pleasant journey to her, and a happy meeting with her old ally and master, General Scratch, himself! Bars of gold, my boys, diamonds as big as plums; gold and silver saints as big as babies, candlesticks as tall as cornstocks, and graven images from the Spanish main—Joes, half Joes, doubloons, Louis d'ors, guineas, and every sort of coin! They are all mine, fellows! she showed me the place—I know now the spot, the very spot, where the pirates buried them. I'll have them up now, blame my buttons, if I don't! Fill your glasses, boys: here is to the memory of my friends, the pirates! I thought there was luck in store for me—I always had a kind of idea Captain Tygart's services wouldn't go unrewarded. Hurra, boys! here is better luck still."

After the wine was exhausted, materials for making punch were ordered, and the Captain proceeded to brew the intoxicating beverage.

"Two sweet and four sour, two weak and four strong, boys," he said, "with a touch of rael Hyson to flavour it—that's the liquor to warm the heart—hot when you sleep under the table, and cold when you bivouack under a bush in the field. It's the soldier's friend, the ladies' joy, and the world's delight. It's what Tarlton used to call the young man's best companion."

An enormous bowl was filled with it, and placed at the head of the table with a large silver ladle in it, having a golden guinea