

pipes were blown away—but I'm blest if you could see a single stave afore we left.

*Sam*.—Singular to say, though Mr. Omerod's large portion of wine was only separated from the several thousands blown up by the partition of a solitary wall, not as much as a pint of the English gentleman's *port* was ever *touched*.

*Ned*.—That's the *truest* word you ever spoke.

*Sergeant*.—It must have been an awful sight.

*Sam*.—I never had a *notion* of the infernal regions before.—The yawning gulf of fire and flood, looking down from the roof of Mr. Omerod's lodge, was almost too much for human eye—and every moment, as the tiles of the roof gave way, I expected our men would have fallen headlong into the flames.—And yet, in the middle of our troubles, we *had* our jokes,—Pat Flin amused both officers and men.—“Oh, murder!” says he, when he first got sight of the boiling torrents which were fast discolouring the river.—“Oh, murder! if it doesn't bate the *Red Saã*.—Well, at any rate they can't say they