

As the natives closed in around us, our interpreter closed in too, shouting and excited, and after an hour of threatening, jabbering and questioning it was decided that the interpreter go over to the Natives' camp on the Mainland with a portion of the attacking mob, and interview the Sheik. After stationing about forty of their number around us, the others, with "Paolo" went over to the camp, leaving our guards sitting with cocked muskets covering each one of us, and in this unpleasant position we sat through the weary hours of the night, waiting the return of the delegation, not in the least knowing what the result might be. But during this thrilling time we succeeded in taking our star observations. And here we sat, watching and listening for their return, and it was only when the morning sun was beginning to lighten up the eastern sky with golden streaks over the hills of Tunis, that we heard them approaching. As may be supposed while this wretched mob scrambled up the rugged hill-side towards us, we had anxious thoughts. So great was the strain on the nerves of one of our party, that he has not recovered from its effects to this day.

At last our interpreter, in front of the crowd, reached our little knoll, and with cap in hand, came forward. "What is the word, Paolo?" shouted our Lieutenant. "Sir," said he, "the Sheik, after a long palaver, says, if you will go off at once, and promise not to land here again you may go; but if not, the order is to kill us all."

Unprotected as we were I need hardly say we lost little time in getting down to our boat, feeling terribly humiliated, as, although our ship and certain relief was almost within hailing distance, those on board were wholly ignorant of what we were undergoing on shore, and we had to submit to the indignity of obeying these ragged savages, which it can easily be understood, was most galling to our feelings.

When we arrived alongside the ship, the sun was merg-