

A ROLLYING IRISHMAN.

As I had the story from Dyer himself, when in Toronto, I'll give you his own words: "As I was sayin', Sargint Cooper handed me the papers saying, 'Dyer, there's twelve prisoners in the guard room, all Frinchmen. You are responsible for that number.' 'All right,' sez I. So after he was gone I counted, and could only make out eleven. So I counted the boys over and over again and sorra one more could I make. Then sez I to myself 'Billy Dyer, as sure as your name is Billy, so sure will you lose your three Vs. in the morning if you don't return twelve Frinch prisoners.' So with that I took my firelock in my hand, and goes out into the street. Every man I met I sez 'Good evening,' and if he answered me in English, I passed on. At last I met

A LITTLE 'SPISAUN' OF A FRINCHMAN.

'Good evening,' sez I. 'Parly voo Franche,' sez he. Then sez I 'Your a Frinch rebel, and you're my prisoner. So I takes him to the guard house and runs him in among the rest. Then sez I, 'I have made up the count, and I'm all right for the mornin'.' Well, sir, sich gabbling of geese as was carried on all night, I never heard the likes of it. I suppose the fellow was tellin' the other fellows how he was nabbed for nothin'. Well, sir, they made such a row that none of my men could get a wink of sleep, nor hear their own ears. Next mornin' I got a note from Sargint Cooper, sayin' that he had made a mistake in the number, that one of the twelve prisoners was bailed out, and there should only be eleven. So with that I went to the room where the fellows were and beckoned to my prisoner. He came to me trembling all over, and thought I was goin' to murder him. So I takes him by the shoulders and runs him out on the street, 'and now,' sez I, 'run for your bare life.' So with that he started to run, and he ran, and he ran, and he nevir looked back, and whoever sees him

HE'S RUNNIN' YET.

Dyer took about an hour to tell this yarn and drank several horns of whiskey and rubbed the perspiration off his face, during its recital. Many more ridiculous stories might be told of the Rebellion of 1837, but I must proceed with my narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THORNHILL TO TORONTO.

THE writer had now bid adieu to Thornhill, and having secured a good position in Toronto, soon formed a number of acquaintances. Amongst the rest he became a member of the St. Patrick's Society, and on the 17th March, 18—, attended