

# The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, JULY 22, 1868.

NO. 40.

**THE HERALD**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING  
BY  
**EDWARD REILLY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
at his Office, Queen Street.  
TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."  
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0  
" " " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

**JOB PRINTING**  
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch  
and on moderate terms, at the Herald Office.

**ALMANACK FOR JULY.**  
MOON'S PHASES.  
Full Moon, 4th day, 4h. 27m., even., E.  
Last Quarter, 12th day, 8h. 28m., even., S. W.  
New Moon, 19th day, 5h. 44m., even., W.  
First Quarter, 26th day, 9h. 39m., morn., S. W.

| DAY | MONTH     | DAY WEEK        | SUN                       | High  | Moon  | DAY'S  |
|-----|-----------|-----------------|---------------------------|-------|-------|--------|
|     |           |                 | rises                     | Water | sets. | LENGTH |
| 1   | Wednesday | h m h m h m h m | 4 18 7 49 7 33 2 15 15 31 |       |       |        |
| 2   | Thursday  |                 | 19 49 8 34 2 56 30        |       |       |        |
| 3   | Friday    |                 | 20 49 9 36 rises.         |       | 29    |        |
| 4   | Saturday  |                 | 21 48 10 35 7 28 28       |       |       |        |
| 5   | Sunday    |                 | 21 48 11 14 8 9 27        |       |       |        |
| 6   | Monday    |                 | 21 48 11 55 8 52 27       |       |       |        |
| 7   | Tuesday   |                 | 22 48 even. 9 25 26       |       |       |        |
| 8   | Wednesday |                 | 23 48 1 9 9 56 25         |       |       |        |
| 9   | Thursday  |                 | 24 47 1 54 10 24 24       |       |       |        |
| 10  | Friday    |                 | 24 47 2 48 10 51 23       |       |       |        |
| 11  | Saturday  |                 | 25 46 3 9 11 17 21        |       |       |        |
| 12  | Sunday    |                 | 26 46 3 57 11 45 20       |       |       |        |
| 13  | Monday    |                 | 27 45 4 32 morn.          |       | 18    |        |
| 14  | Tuesday   |                 | 28 44 5 26 0 18 16        |       |       |        |
| 15  | Wednesday |                 | 29 44 6 23 0 54 15        |       |       |        |
| 16  | Thursday  |                 | 30 43 7 8 1 30 13         |       |       |        |
| 17  | Friday    |                 | 31 42 8 3 2 20 11         |       |       |        |
| 18  | Saturday  |                 | 32 41 9 55 3 17 9         |       |       |        |
| 19  | Sunday    |                 | 33 40 10 34 sets.         |       | 7     |        |
| 20  | Monday    |                 | 34 39 11 55 8 3 5         |       |       |        |
| 21  | Tuesday   |                 | 35 38 morn. 8 57 3        |       |       |        |
| 22  | Wednesday |                 | 36 37 0 30 9 34 2         |       |       |        |
| 23  | Thursday  |                 | 37 36 1 31 0 7 59         |       |       |        |
| 24  | Friday    |                 | 38 35 1 58 10 40 57       |       |       |        |
| 25  | Saturday  |                 | 39 34 2 27 11 6 55        |       |       |        |
| 26  | Sunday    |                 | 40 33 3 9 11 45 53        |       |       |        |
| 27  | Monday    |                 | 41 32 4 37 morn.          |       | 51    |        |
| 28  | Tuesday   |                 | 42 31 5 44 0 16 49        |       |       |        |
| 29  | Wednesday |                 | 44 29 6 29 0 53 46        |       |       |        |
| 30  | Thursday  |                 | 45 28 7 39 1 33 43        |       |       |        |
| 31  | Friday    |                 | 46 27 8 32 2 25 41        |       |       |        |

## Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, July 17, 1868.

| Provisions.            |                |  |
|------------------------|----------------|--|
| Beef, (small) per lb.  | 5d to 10d      |  |
| Do by the quarter.     | 4d to 8d       |  |
| Pork, (carcass)        | 3d to 5d       |  |
| Do (small)             | 5d to 8d       |  |
| Mutton, per lb.        | 4d to 8d       |  |
| Lamb per quarter.      | 2s 6d to 5s    |  |
| Veal, per lb.          | 3d to 5d       |  |
| Ham, per lb.           | 6d to 7d       |  |
| Butter, (fresh)        | 10d to 11d     |  |
| Do by the tub.         | 10d            |  |
| Cheese, per lb.        | 3d to 5d       |  |
| Tallow, per lb.        | 9d to 10d      |  |
| Lard, per lb.          | 3d to 3d       |  |
| Flour, per lb.         | 3d to 3d       |  |
| Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.  | 20s to 22s     |  |
| Eggs, per dozen.       | 7d to 9d       |  |
| Grain.                 |                |  |
| Barley, per bushel.    | 5s to 6s 6d    |  |
| Oats per do.           | 3s 3d          |  |
| Vegetables.            |                |  |
| Green Peas, per quart. | 1s 6d to 1s 9d |  |
| Potatoes, per bushel.  | 2s to 2s 3d    |  |
| Do new per quart.      | 9d             |  |
| Turnips per bush.      | 1s 6d to 1s 9d |  |
| Poultry.               |                |  |
| Geese.                 | none           |  |
| Turkeys, each.         | 4s to 7s 6d    |  |
| Fowls, each.           | 1s to 1s 8d    |  |
| Chickens per pair.     | 1s 9d to 2s 6d |  |
| Ducks.                 | 1s 3d to 1s 6d |  |
| Fish.                  |                |  |
| Codfish, per qtl.      | 20s to 30s     |  |
| Herrings, per barrel.  | 20s to 40s     |  |
| Mackerel, per dozen.   |                |  |
| Lumber.                |                |  |
| Boards (Hemlock)       | 4s             |  |
| Do (Spruce)            | 4s to 5s       |  |
| Do (Pine)              | 7s to 9s       |  |
| Shingles, per M        | 13s to 18s     |  |
| Sundries.              |                |  |
| Hay, per ten.          | 110s           |  |
| Straw, per cwt         | 2s             |  |
| Timothy Seed.          |                |  |
| Clover Seed, per lb.   |                |  |
| Homepun, per yard.     | 4s to 6s       |  |
| Calfskins, per lb.     | 6d to 9d       |  |
| Hides, per lb.         | 4d             |  |
| Wool.                  | 1s to 1s 6d    |  |
| Sheepskins.            | 9d to 1s 3d    |  |
| Apples, per doz.       |                |  |
| Partridges.            |                |  |

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

**A. HERRING,**  
**GUN-SMITH,**  
**BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.**

DEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally,  
that he has again commenced business on Dorchester  
Street, next door to the Reading Room Building,  
where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line  
with neatness and despatch.

**A neat assortment of Tinware,  
Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.**

Including the patent **BON TON COFFER POT**, which received  
the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition  
of 1867. Also, **BON TON LANTERNS**, which will  
surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either  
Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few **WATER COOLERS** on hand, which together with  
a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for  
Cash.

MR. HERRING is Agent for **SAWYER'S CRYSTAL  
BLUE**, a new, economical and superior article used in  
washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed,  
and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of  
Laundry Maids, &c.  
Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

**RONALD McDONALD,**  
**Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,**  
AND  
**COLLECTING AGENT.**  
Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868.

**CORNS & WARTS**  
Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**PATENT CORN SOLVENT.**  
For Sale by  
**W. R. WATSON.**  
City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

**R. REDDIN,**  
**Attorney and Barrister at Law,**  
**CONVAYNCER, &c.**  
Office,--Great-George St., Charlottetown.  
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)  
August 22, 1866. E. t.

**Co-Partnership Notice.**  
THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into  
a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and AT-  
TOURNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of  
**ALLEY & DAVIES,**  
Office --- O'Halloran's Building,  
Great George Street.  
**GEORGE ALLEY,**  
**LOUIS H. DAVIES.**  
Oct. 23, 1867. E. t.

**KING STREET.**  
NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.  
THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and  
begs leave to inform his friends, and the public  
generally, that he has on hand a  
Large Stock of Ready-made Men's  
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,  
Women's Balmoral, Elasti-  
c Side, and other  
Boots.  
ALSO, 250 PAIRS  
Children and Misses Boots,  
which will be disposed of low for Cash.  
**JAMES STANLEY.**  
Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

**COTTON DUCK,**  
THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the  
celebrated  
**Russel Mills Cotton Duck,**  
and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the  
least possible delay.  
Also on hand **COTTON BOAT DUCK** and **COT-  
TON DRILLINGS**, suitable for Boat Sails; together  
with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.  
**I. C. HALL.**  
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

**DAWSON'S ESTATE.**  
**Important Notice!**  
THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the  
TRUSTEES of **W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE**, to  
SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose un-  
settled Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to **W. B. DAWSON**  
or **GEORGE NICOLL**, are not immediately paid,  
**ALLEY & DAVIES,**  
Att'y for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.  
Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

**A CARD.**  
**William Stiggins,**  
**Machinist.**  
(Next Door to W. B. Allan's Tin Shop.)  
Guns, Locks, and Magnetic Machines, accurately re-  
paired. Brands cut, Bell Hanging and Turning on  
the most reasonable terms.  
Mill Gear supplied to order.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 18, 1868.

**COPPER PAINT.**  
CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon  
Cans of  
**Tarr & Wanson's Copper Paint,**  
which effectually prevents the action of worms on the  
bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the  
collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.  
**I. C. HALL.**  
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

**PACKET**  
BETWEEN  
**SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.**  
THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R.  
McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlottetown,  
calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the  
navigation permits.  
**DOMINIC DEAGLE, Master.**  
January 29, 1868. E. t.

**MAILS.**  
**Summer Arrangement.**  
THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring  
Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further  
notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown,  
as follows, viz:--  
For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States,  
via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7  
o'clock.  
For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednes-  
day and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West  
Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening,  
at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:--

|                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Monday, May, 18.   | Monday, September 7. |
| Wednesday, do 20.  | Wednesday, do 21.    |
| Monday, June 1.    | Monday, do 21.       |
| Wednesday, do 3.   | Monday, do 23.       |
| Monday, do 15.     | Monday, October 5.   |
| Wednesday, do 17.  | Wednesday, do 7.     |
| Monday, do 29.     | Monday, do 19.       |
| Wednesday, July 1. | Wednesday, do 21.    |
| Monday, do 13.     | Monday, November 2.  |
| Wednesday, do 15.  | Wednesday, do 4.     |
| Monday, do 27.     | Monday, do 16.       |
| Wednesday, do 29.  | Wednesday, do 18.    |
| Monday, Aug. 10.   | Monday, do 30.       |
| Wednesday, do 12.  | Wednesday, Dec. 2.   |
| Monday, do 24.     | Monday, do 14.       |
| Wednesday, do 26.  | Wednesday, do 16.    |

Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedeque,  
to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday  
and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer,  
every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
Letters to be registered and newspapers must be post-  
ed half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.  
**THOMAS OWEN,**  
Postmaster General.  
General Post Office,  
Ch'town, May 4th, 1868. E. t.

**Poetry.**  
**MANY A TIME AND OFT.**  
BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

When the house is still, and the day is done,  
And the stars are out aloft,  
I sit by the falling fire alone,  
And think of the years that are past and gone,  
Many a time and oft.  
I dream of that village beside the sea;  
I dream of that seat by the trysting-tree;  
And of one who will never come back to me--  
Ah! many a time and oft!

When the city is hushed, and the chimneys are still,  
And the voice of the crowd is soft,  
My thoughts wander on in their own wild will,  
And my tears fall fast and my heart is chill,  
Many a time and oft!  
I dream of the hopes all faded and fed,  
Of the vow that is broken, the shaft that is sped,  
And one to whom I forever am dead--  
Ah! many a time and oft!

**SPRING VIOLETS.**  
Lifting the leaves beside a brooklet's bed,  
I caught a glimpse of violets looking through.  
Lo! all the ground beneath was stained with blue,  
Soft as the azure bending overhead:  
There lay they dreaming close beneath my tread,  
So deeply hid that scarce the beaded dew  
That damped the hill-sides of their covert knew;  
Only the weedy brook their pulses fed.  
I had not thought a single bud did grow  
In all the verdure of that grassy field,  
While they were thick as stars in winter skies;  
But careless feet like mine will never know  
Where beauty loves to hide, all unrevealed  
Save to the closer search of loving eyes.

**Select Literature.**  
**UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.**  
PART I.  
(Continued.)  
"Senorita!" at last I gasped, in a glutinous voice.  
"Yes, Senor," and she turned on me so sharply  
that I fell abruptly into the state of the weather.  
"What a heavenly night it is, Senorita!"  
"It is beautiful!" A pause.  
"D-d-do you like the smell of the nightingales,  
Senorita?"  
"What, Mr. Ouslow? very sharply."  
"I beg your pardon, do you like the perfume of  
the acacias?—they are so very fragrant to-night."  
"Yes."  
"And the moon, Senorita, is it not brilliant?"  
The Senorita's patience gave way. "I'm afraid the  
moon cannot return the compliment, Mr. Ouslow.  
What is the matter with you? you who are gene-  
rally so merry. Is conscience tormenting you for  
coming to a Sunday party?"  
"N-u-no, it isn't that—the fact is I'm a mission-  
ary."  
"What?"  
"I don't mean that; I'm on a mission—I'm an  
envoy—an ambassador—a plenipotentiary."  
"Anything else?"  
"Come, Senorita, you understand me. I know it.  
I'm in the secret—"  
"Oh! pray do, do tell me all about it, I do so  
love secrets," and she clasped her hands and looked  
the personification of eager curiosity. This was  
a little too bad. Calm with desperation, I replied,  
"I'm Tim Griffin's bosom friend."  
"Ah! that is no secret, Senor; but, apropos,  
perhaps you can persuade him to oblige our friends  
and put of his trip till after their charade-party?"  
"Ah ha! I thought, the lead at last. 'It is un-  
necessary,' I replied; 'he is not going to-morrow'  
(fr-rap went the fan); 'at the same time he will  
not be at the charade-party; but what is the good  
of fencing? I have an awkward duty to perform,  
but it must be done, so here goes. I have a mes-  
sage for you from Griffin, Senorita."  
"Speak it in English," she said, hurriedly, her  
manner changing on the instant, "so it will for us  
be safer."  
This was a great help, and I went ahead swim-  
mingly. "Yes, Miss Cayrasso. Timothy has  
made me his confidant, and I have seen your father's  
letter."  
"Ah, that letter! was it too bad? too brutal?  
too furious, as he was to me?"  
"He has spoken to you, then?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, the letter was a strongish one certainly,  
and was, as you will know, to forbid all intercourse  
between you."  
"And Timo—Mr. Griffin, will he forgive it to  
me?"  
"Yes, forgive me that I am daughter to the man  
who did him insult?"  
"My dear Miss Cayrasso, what a question! Tim  
adores you, worships you, and—she looked so capti-  
vating I couldn't help adding—small blame to  
him!"  
"And then?"  
"Well, then comes the point—I scarcely like to  
mention it!"  
"Ah, he will forsake me!" she cried.  
"Far from it; he wishes you to a—a—what  
shall I say?—fly [novelistic, but the word], to fly  
with him from an uncongenial parent, and—  
—what you said to him the other night, you know  
out of the Bible—Ruth or some one—eh? in short,  
to elope and get married at Tetuan! There, thank  
God, it's over! I thought there might be a tor-  
nado, but no transport could have surprised me so  
much as her calm monosyllable."  
"When?"  
"To-morrow night or Tuesday night," I replied,  
encouraging her business-like brevity, and repres-  
sing a strong desire to shake hands with her.  
"I will go, for I esteem him and I hate my father.  
I could not longer stay with him, for he is too  
cruel, and if I did not go away, I would beg the  
good sisters at Algeciras to take me back to them  
for always."  
Here was something like a Senorita! Now why  
the dickens shouldn't a girl like this occasionally  
take a fancy to me, instead of squandering herself  
on fellows like Buttonshaw or—well, even Tim? I  
stilled these thoughts, however, and went into detail  
with the heroine as to plans.

The municipal banquet was to be on Tuesday  
night, and that night, therefore, was the best suited  
to our purpose; but as it was also the last night reason-  
ably practicable for the purpose, we thought it de-  
sirable to have more than one string to our bow,  
and decided to make the attempt on Monday. It  
was arranged, therefore, that at eleven o'clock the  
next night Tim and I should parade ourselves in a  
certain nook of the umbrageous garden in which  
the Casa Cayrasso stood, and that there Amalia  
should meet us finally prepared for flight.  
"But if anything prevents it?" she said—"any  
accident? what am I to do?"  
"If anything prevents it, then on Tuesday night  
you must meet us, as early as possible—say nine  
o'clock—a little above the Moorish tower, where  
the vineyard begins, not three hundred yards from  
your home; and if that should fail—"  
"That shall not fail," she exclaimed, "if I have to  
fly through the roof and over the town!"  
"Brave girl!" I cried, with enthusiasm; "who  
could fail with you to inspire him? Till eleven to-  
morrow night, then, adios."  
"Adios."  
"Miss Amalia," said a voice from behind, as I  
was shaking hands with her, "I am sent by the  
Senora to say that you are particularly wanted in  
the drawing room." The voice was the voice of  
Buttonshaw, Amalia's ex-lover, and the expression  
of that officer's countenance was not angelic as he  
glowered upon our leave-taking.  
"You wanted our pluck and finesse, Mr. Button-  
shaw: we are not thwarted by violent parents, not  
we—ha!—ha! Genius, sir! all things are possible  
to genius." I only thought this; what I said was,  
"You'll find this alcove deliciously cool, Button-  
shaw; let me recommend you to bring a partner in  
here," and so, ezzo, darkly scowled upon by the  
Rifleman.

I sauntered back to the room, and shortly after  
took my leave and went to report progress to Tim.  
I found my hero in a most maudlin condition—  
a state of things which was much aggravated by  
the account I gave him of my interview. That  
narrative he constantly interrupted by minute in-  
quiries as to the exact appearance of her eyes, hair,  
teeth, &c., at such and such junctures, and by much  
amatory quotation in various languages dead and  
alive. I did not protract my stay with him, there-  
fore. The next day we spent in making our ar-  
rangements for the flight of the eyepuff. We got  
our leave, chartered a felucca, put our stores on  
board, had her moored at the 'New Mole,' from  
which we were to start; gave out the 'chiesse' ostenta-  
tiously to the garrison; in short, did what was  
necessary. I must here make a few explanatory  
remarks, in order that the difficulties we had to con-  
tend with in attempting to leave the Rock by night  
may be appreciated.

The Rock of Gibraltar runs out from the main-  
land like a tongue into the sea, and forms, with the  
neck of the land which connects it with Spain, and  
with a bold curve of the Spanish coast, which  
sweeps round opposite its western side, a deep and  
noble bay. The town is built along this face,  
covered, towards the bay, by the 'Line Wall,'  
which is protected by a series of batteries and bat-  
tions, and furnished here and there with landing-  
places and water-gates. The evening gun is fired  
at sunset, when all the gates are shut and draw-  
bridges pulled up, so that he who is without must  
stay without, and he who is within must, nilly willy,  
there remain till the morning gun. Also in the  
harbour (for the prevention of smuggling) there is no  
arriving or departing allowed between sunset and  
sunrise—no movements, in short, of any kind; and  
the boat offloading in this respect is liable to be fired  
at or made prisoner of by the sentries on the Line  
Wall. There were some exceptions to this rule in  
favour of men-of-war's boats. At one landing-  
place and gate—the 'Ragged Staff'—situated about  
the centre of the Line Wall, they might arrive or  
depart up to ten o'clock; indeed this gate was not  
closed until that hour; and they had the same privi-  
leges all through the night at the 'New Mole,' a  
pier which projected at right angles from the south-  
ern extremity of the Line Wall. But these privi-  
leges could not, at that time, be legally extended to  
other than boats of the royal navy; and even in  
their case, it was at the discretion of the officers  
commanding the two guards to withhold or concede  
them. We had decided upon starting from the Mole  
for various reasons. The guard there was at that  
time always furnished by my own regiment, and I flattered  
myself I could overcome the scruples of any  
of my brother-subjects as to the legality of letting us  
depart after gun-fire, indeed at any hour of the  
night. Moreover, we should have a much larger  
margin as to time than at the Ragged Staff, which  
closed at 10 o'clock inexorably, and the further ad-  
vantage of a clear run out to sea, with no liability  
to detention by the sentries on the Wall.

Our business of the day, therefore, included a dip-  
lomatic visitor the officer of the New Mole  
Guard; and he being tractable, we moved, as I  
have said, the felucca to the Mole, instructing the  
crew and my factotum and familiar spirit, Zebedee  
(who, in consideration of his great aptitude for all  
sorts of crime, was to accompany us), to expect to  
sail that night, any time after eleven o'clock. And  
so the day wore on. I dined with Tim at his mess,  
and, shortly before eleven o'clock, we found ourselves  
en route for the tryst.

The Casa stood in its own grounds of about an  
acre in extent, surrounded by a high white wall,  
pierced in front and rear by two solid green doors.  
Turning the handle of one of these, in passing along  
to look for an eligible climbing place, we found to  
our surprise that it was open.  
"Luck!" said Tim.  
"I'm not sure of that," I replied. "Amalia said  
the doors were locked at ten, unless her father was  
out; and if he is at this late hour he will return  
soon, and may surprise us."  
"Oh! there's lots of cover—we must skirmish."  
We waited in a clump of shrubs which Amalia  
had described. Hence we commanded the back  
door of the house, which was every now and then  
brightly illuminated, as the moon burst from thick  
masses of cloud which were sweeping across the  
sky. The cathedral clock struck eleven. The  
Hour. A lugubrious wail of 'All's well' passed  
over the Rock, and all was silent. The windows of  
the house were dark—the jealousy all shut; there  
was that sort of stillness about the place that sug-  
gested the impossibility of any one being awake.

Minutes passed; and the house, with the wavering  
lights and shadows that played over it, seemed to  
acquire a human expression—a bantering air, as if  
it said, 'Amalia, to night? Good—ha! ha!—so  
likely—very good!'  
The half-hour struck—no Amalia!  
"Give her ten minutes more," I said, "and then  
we'll go. Something must have happened to de-  
tail her."  
Another quarter chimed, and I said, 'Now, Tim,  
it's no use waiting—let's be off: the arrangements  
for to-morrow night are perfectly clear, and it will  
be ten times as simple. Come along.'  
"No," said Tim, "let us make a cast round the  
house, and see if we can discover something; after  
that I promise I'll go."  
Cautiously, from clump to clump and from tree  
to tree, and always in shadow, we stole round the  
left flank of the house—all quiet; round the front—  
nothing stirring; round the right flank—all blank  
and still.

"Let us give it up," I whispered; and I had hardly  
said the words, when I heard the sound of a female  
voice, the jealousies of an upper window were thrown  
open, and Amalia's figure was visible, but only for  
a moment. A stream of light poured from the  
window, and we heard the hum of voices from  
within.  
"What does it mean?" whispered Tim.  
"I can't make out," I replied; "but stay you here,  
and I'll creep up and reconnoitre."

All this side of the house was overgrown with the  
thick horizontal branches of an old fig-tree, inter-  
laced with some luxuriant creeper. The tree and  
its parasites offered me a handsomely decorated  
staircase, and up I went, cautiously cleaving my  
way through dense masses of tendrils and foliage.  
I ascended in a line to the left of the window. The  
jalousies had not been folded back to the wall, but  
stood out at right angles, so, when I was abreast of  
the window, I could stand behind the leaf of the  
jalousy next me, and observe what was going on in-  
side, unseen myself. The room had three occupants.  
Cayrasso sat at the end of the table. A pile of  
books and papers was beside him, shut, however,  
and methodically arranged, showing that business  
was over; while divers drinking appliances arranged  
in front of him, indicated that the work of refresh-  
ment was going on. On his right was Amalia, and  
beside her also were certain account-books and  
papers, from which I gathered that she had been  
acting as scribe. The third person I could not  
make out at first. A broad, round back, a head  
bald and polished like an egg, and a huge mutton  
fat perpetually carrying refreshments to the mouth  
of its owner, were all I had to go by. He spoke,  
however, and doubt vanished. It was old Finucane,  
the Commissary, and my heart died within me, for  
he was the greatest proser and the greatest liar  
in the British army, and would sit there as long as  
one would listen to his exploits. No doubt he had  
been having a business evening with Cayrasso in  
connection with the victualling of the garrison, and  
hence the open door and Amalia's non-appearance.  
My heart died a second death when I heard the  
vein of anecdote he was in. It was his Indian ca-  
reer; and all who found themselves on the threshold  
of that repertory, abandoned hope.

"You'll have heard of the battle of Roomfee-  
guzzlees? No? Ah! that was an engagement,  
I was serving at the time in the 11th Light  
Dragoons, the old Balbriggans—bless them. I was but  
a captain, (the second he had been lieutenant and  
quartermaster in the Madras Fusiliers, and nothing  
higher) but the carnage of the day, after seven  
desperate charges, had placed me in command,  
Well, Senor, it was two o'clock, and the sun blazing  
hot, when Lord Gough rode up to a position near  
where I had my men in leash. I saw his Lordship's  
eye upon us, and I determined to show him what  
we could do. In front of us was a nullah, (was  
there ever an Indian banger without this foreground?)  
beyond was the entire artillery of the Chouringees  
—eighteen batteries loaded to the bung with grape,  
canister, grapnels and other explosives. On our  
left were the fierce Baboos of Kidderpore, twenty  
thousand strong, awaiting with cries of impatience  
the order to advance; on our right were ten regi-  
ments of Ghoorka cavalry—their cuirassiers in  
front, conspicuous by their gleaming breastplates  
and towering cummerbunds. This was our situation  
when I turned to the corps (composed of Irish  
Anabaptists to a man) and cried, 'Which will we  
take first, boys?' and there was a loud shout of  
'Tim with the white weskits, yer anner!'—in al-  
lusion to the Ghoorkas' cuirasses. I sat down upon  
Dilkoosha, my pet Arab, and led them straight at  
the nullah; which we cleared, all but the bugle-  
major; gave the word—"Three about," and we  
were down upon the Ghoorkas like the wind. We  
charged twice through the back, when they broke  
and fled, leaving twelve hundred and seventy-six  
load on the field. I killed sixty-nine to my own  
sabbre; so my trumpeter told me, who scooped them  
off on his holster as they fell. Among these was  
the Kabob of Amritzur, for whose head I got a lac  
(which I lost the same night, at blind hooky, to Sir  
Henry Hardinge, worse luck), the Kitmutdgar of  
Howrah, and his son Prince Muckan, the Rane of  
Cuddalore, three Begums, two Matranis, and  
several minor princes, whom I singled out on ac-  
count of the royal Gunmoore, which they impru-  
dently wore. We then formed up in our old position  
to get breath, and I had just given the words—  
'Unbaiton your jackets and make much of your  
horses,' when Lord Gough rode up.

"Who are you at all, ye tittle man?" says his Ex-  
cellency, addressing me, and using the Irish idiom,  
which he did in moments of excitement.  
"Captain Patrick Finucane, please your Excellency," said I.  
"Did't I tell ye?" said his Lordship, turning to  
his Staff; "did't I say it was Finucane? but the  
blood that's on the face of ye, alannah, bothered me  
intirely.