General Republican Star and Advertiser.

VOL. XXXII. EASTON, (MD.) TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1830. NO. 14...1533.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
BY
THO'S. PERRIN SMITH.

TERMS

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum payable half yearly in advance.—No paper can be discontinued until the same is paid for.

Advertisements ar inserted three weeks for *One Dollar*, and continued weekly for *Twenty-Five Cents* per square.

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees for the years of 1828 and 1829, are hereby notified that no longer indulgence can possibly be given, as I am determined to close the collections of said fees as the law directs. have given my deputies the most peremptory orders to execute every person who may neglect this notice. I would also take the liberty to inform those persons who owe fees for the present year, (1830) that the same has been due for several months past, and payment is expected immediately for the same.

WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.

july 20 w

To Bricklayers and Carpenters.

THE Committee appointed to superintend the building of a new brick Church in St. Peter's Parish, in this county, will receive written proposals for the Brick and Carpenters work on or before the first of December next. The proposals to be left with Mr. S. T. Kennard in Easton, who will previously give the applicants the necessary information with regard to the size of the house, mode of finishing &c.

nov 9 4w

SHINGLES FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST PURCHASED A LOAD OF

80,000 Cypress Shingles,

In BUNCHES of Superior Quality,

Which he will sell cheap, for Cash only.

☞Persons sending orders will be good enough to accompany them with the money, otherwise the Shingles will not be delivered.

WM H. GROOME.

nov 2 enw8w

THE INDIAN PHYSICIAN.

EDWARD LOCKWOOD

FROM BALTIMORE,

HAVING for the last fifteen years, practised the healing art with the most flattering success in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he has appointed E. Lockwood his agent in Easton, in whom he can confide; he having studied with me for about four years, and is perfectly well acquainted with those Vegetable substances, known to have the power of curing the worst of Diseases to which our frail bodies are liable, the administration of medicine will be confined, to the practice of the Seneca Nation of Indians, which practice is particularly applicable to the cure of the following named diseases:

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Gout,
Tetter Erysipelas, Epilepsy or Falling sickness,
Deafness, Fits, Baldness, Sore & Weak Eyes,
Female Obstruction, Cancers, Ulcers,
King's Evil, White Swellings, Stone or Gravel,
Dropsy, Piles, Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Polypus and Mercurial Affections,
Rheumatism, Anoplexy, Palsey,

And many other diseases to which the human family are exposed. The afflicted will meet with every possible attention, and every possible exertion will be made to restore them to health, by calling on the Indian Physician, at Mr. Ridgaway's, Union Tavern, Easton.

Easton, Nov 23 4w

THOS. C. NICOLS

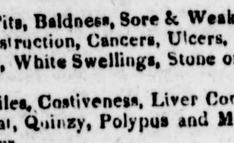
TAKES this method of informing the public, that he has removed to Easton and intends teaching school, in company with Miss M. G. Nicols. He flatters himself that, by unremitted attention to the duties of his profession, he will merit a share of public patronage. He has in his possession, letters of recommendation from gentlemen of respectability, both in Kentucky and Ohio, which may be seen at any time, at Miss Nicols' school room.

N. B. For the accommodation of such young gentlemen as are prevented by their business, from attending a day school, I have determined upon opening a night school, to commence on Monday the 29th inst. at 6 o'clock P. M. Terms two dollars per quarter. Hours of tuition from 6 until 9, five nights in the week.

THOS. C. NICOLS.

nov 23 3w

STEAM BOAT MARYLAND.



NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the Steamboat on her routes between Easton and Baltimore, will, on and after the 20th of this month and until the Spring, call at Castle Haven, in Dorchester county, for the delivery and reception of Passengers, and not at Cambridge. LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.

Easton, Oct. 12 w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union to the Easton Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Peacock, and formerly by himself, begs leave most respectfully to tender his grateful acknowledgements to his numerous customers and friends who have heretofore honoured him with their calls, and at the same time to solicit them and the public in general for their patronage.

THE EASTON HOTEL

Is now in complete order for the reception of travellers and others, and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no labour or expense to render every comfort and convenience to those who may favour him with their custom.

Private parties can at all times be accommodated and Horses, Hacks and Gigs, with careful drivers, furnished to go to any part of the Peninsula. The public's ob't. serv't.

SOLOMON LOWE.

jan 26 6qw

From the Dover Enquirer.

THE SORTIE OF FORT ERIE.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
When pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

Among the heroic and daring achievements which have contributed to exalt the American name, and cast unfading glory on its arms, the Sortie of Fort Erie stand conspicuous. It was planned by the late General Brown, and has been considered, aside from its splendid results, a military chef d'œuvre.

On the 14th of August, 1814, the British troops, under Gen. Drummond, attempted to carry Fort Erie by storm; but being repulsed by the Americans, with severe loss, they abandoned this mode of warfare, and commenced a siege, with the hopes of carrying the place by regular advances. Meanwhile the Americans labored assiduously in repairing the damages their fortifications had received from the attack, and in making preparations to resist the besiegers; frequent skirmishes occurred and a cannonade on both sides was kept up, but nothing of importance took place until the 17th of September. Gen. Brown, at that time perceiving that the British had just completed a battery, which could open a most destructive fire upon the fort, planned this desperate sortie, as the most effectual method of annoying the enemy, and affording relief to his own troops.

The British force consisted of three Brigades, of one thousand five hundred men each, one of which was stationed at the works in front of the Fort, and the others occupied a camp two miles in the rear. At two o'clock the American troops were drawn up in readiness to make the sortie. The orders were, to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up.' This business, each soldier felt well assured, would be no pastime of the moment—no bloodless skirmish; but a deed that would require the nerve of manhood, and the fearless daring of the hero. Accordingly each man was prepared for the utmost; all useless and unnecessary encumbrances were left within the Fort, and equipped only with the trusty firelock, the glittering bayonet, and the well stored cartridge box, we stood prepared for the enterprise that would befit the body guard of a Napoleon, and one in which even they might pluck an additional laurel.'

The twenty-first regiment, to which the writer of this brief sketch was attached, was commanded by Colonel Upham, the present candidate of the republicans of N. Hampshire for the Chief Magistracy of the State. This corps was composed mostly of the hardy yeomanry of the 'Granite State'—'full blooded yankees from New Hampshire,'—men who had left their fireSides and their homes, and their wives and their children, and drawn the sword in defence of their bleeding country, not as the mercenary and wholesale butchers of a tyrant; but as freemen, and as men bound to protect the soil, the institutions, and the laws, which had been religiously bequeathed to them by their revolutionary fathers. And nobly and truly did they discharge this duty.

They proved not only their descent from heroes, but that they themselves were such: ever ready at the call of danger, and ever foremost in the hour of fight; they acquired a name for gallantry and noble daring that is remembered to this day with gratitude and pride. Nor was the man who had led them deficient in any of the qualities of the skilful commander or the gallant soldier—firm as the everlasting rock of his native hills, and true as the steel he wore, he was the fit and worthy colonel of as brave a regiment as ever carried dismay and death into the ranks of a foe. But to return to the fight.

A division composed of riflemen and Indians, and commanded by Gen. Porter, the late Secretary of War, was ordered to open the attack, by proceeding in a circuitous route, through the woods by a road which had been opened, and engaging the enemy's flank; while the right division, under Gen. Miller, was stationed in a ravine, between the Fort and the enemy's works, with orders not to advance until after the attack of Gen. Porter.

The command of Gen. Porter advanced with so much celerity and caution that when they rushed upon the enemy's flank they gave the first intimation of their approach. A severe conflict for a moment ensued, in which several gallant officers fell at the head of their columns. In thirty minutes, however, possession was taken of two of the batteries in this quarter, and the garrison made prisoners. At this moment the division of Gen. Miller was ordered to advance. In conjunction with a column of Gen. Porter's division, he pierced between the second and third tier of batteries, and after a severe contest carried the first of these.

The whole of these batteries being now in possession of our troops, Gen. Miller's division inclined to the more formidable batteries towards the lake shore; and at this moment a part of the reserve, under Gen. Ripley, joined him. Here the resistance on the part of the British was more obstinate, their works being exceedingly intricate, from the successive lines of entrenchment, and the constant use of the bayonet was the only mode of assailing them. In this manner the contest was maintained for several moments with unequal advantage on the part of the Americans. The British having by this time received considerable reinforcements from the brigade in the rear, poured upon them, from their batteries, a destructive fire, which they were unable to return on their part, with effect; and thus situated their condition was becoming every moment more doubtful and precarious.

At this critical juncture, the remaining division of the reserve, composed of our own (the twenty-first) and a part of the seventeenth regiment, under the command of Col. Upham, was ordered up, to put an end, at once, to the contest, by charging rapidly upon the enemy's works and carrying them at the point of the bayonet.—A conflict dreadfully beyond description, now ensued, but the twenty-first under its brave leader firmly withstood the shock. At one period, however, our centre for a moment faultered; but it was only for a moment. The voice of our Colonel was heard above the din of battle 'the twenty-first must do its duty; there are none to support it.' This was enough—its effect was electrical, and sent a thrill to each soldier's heart. Had a fresh division of troops, at that moment arrived, they could not have done more. The deafening shout of 'ONWARD' burst at once spontaneous from every soldier's lips, and the two lines closed with each other, at the very mouth of British batteries, which they contested with terrific violence, at the point of the bayonet. Such was the obstinacy of the conflict that many portions of the troops, on both sides, were forced back, and the contending parties became mingled with each other. Nothing could exceed the desperation of the contest at those points where the cannon were stationed with which the enemy had calculated to compel the Fort to capitulate; and to dislodge and destroy which had been the main object in planning the Sortie There, 'man to man, and steel to steel,' across the carriages and at the mouth of the guns, every inch of ground was disputed, and both American and Briton fell to mingle in one common dust.

'Balls struck, blade cut, as foe met foe,
'And feet slipped o'er the blood below.'

The British, however, at length began to give way, and no exertions of their officers could restrain them. It was in vain they represented to them the disgrace of flying before a 'handful of ragged militia' as they were pleased to term the Americans; it was in vain they called upon them, in the name of their King and country, and by the laurels they had gathered on the Battle fields of Europe, to 'throw themselves once more into the breach.' They would not, they could not withstand the almost solid steel that bore them down, reeking with their own gore, and pressed forward by resolute and determined freemen. They left the batteries in confusion, and our men remained the proud masters of their last entrenchment.

Thus closed the *Sortie of Forte Erie;* and an enterprise more desperate and sanguinary is not to be found in the annals of our country's victories. It was planned with consummate skill, and executed with determined and heroic bravery. In a few hours the labor of forty-seven incessant days, which had been expended by the British upon their works, was destroyed; and, in addition to the splendid trophies of this signal exploit, upwards of a thousand of their men were killed, wounded and made prisoners.

GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.

In Senate, Nov. 2.

Mr. Floyd from the joint committee to whom was referred so much of the Governor's Message as relates to the Cherokee government, made the following report:

The propriety of effecting an entire abolition of the exercise of governmental powers by the Cherokee Indians, your committee consider as settled. The State, by an act of her Legislature, has extended her laws, both civil and criminal, over the territory and persons of said nation indiscriminately, and thereby virtually abolished all government over such territory, save her own; and any further legislation, having for its object the prevention of the exercise of sovereign power by the Indians, would have been rendered by such an act unnecessary had any or sufficient pains and penalties been annexed to the enforcement of Indian laws or regulations Those who claim the right of managing the affairs of the Indians, having availed themselves of such omission on the part of the Legislature, and continue to assemble in Council from time to time, for the purpose o making new laws and enforcing them, and o thers already adopted for said tribe, has rendered it necessary, in the opinion of your committee, to enact such laws as will prevent in future, the exercise of such assumed powers. The Government of Georgia or the Cherokee Nation alone has the undoubted right of jurisdiction over the territory and persons of said Nation within the chartered limits of Georgia. Both cannot possess it. And if such co-equal right could exist, the exercise of such right, by both powers, would be cruelty in the extreme to the Indian. What would be required by the one authority, might be rendered highly penal by the other. The same act being declared criminal by both, would inflict severe punishments twice for the same offence—a state of things not to be desired by any civilized community. Such, however, is now the situation of the Cherokee Indians. They live exposed to the penalties and requisitions of the codes emanating from sources different in their origin, different in their principles, and different in their exactions. In determining which power should yield in this contest of jurisdiction, your committee have had no difficulty, nor can they perceive what violence can be done to the feeling of humanity, when they recommend the abolition of a severe and tyrannical code, and propose to substitute in its place a humane and republican government. For the purpose therefore of more effectually preventing the exercise of power by the Head men and Chiefs of said Nation, they recommend the following bill:—

A bill to be entitled an act, to prevent the exercise of assumed and arbitrary power by all persons under pretext of authority from the Cherokee Indians and their laws—Which was read the first time.

Wednesday, Nov. 3.

[The 1st section of the bill forbids any person or persons, warriors or chiefs of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, to cause the meeting of any Council or other legislative body of said Indians. The penalty of the offence is confinement in the penitentiary for four years.

The 2d section forbids any person or persons to meet in council, assembly, convention, &c. for the purpose of making laws, orders, or regulations for said tribe. The penalty for the offence is confinement in the penitentiary for four years.

The 3d section forbids any person or persons to hold courts for the purpose of hearing and determining causes, issue process, &c. Penalty, four years confinement in the penitentiary.

The 4th section forbids any ministerial officer to execute any precept from any court in the Cherokee tribe, &c. Penalty, fine and imprisonment in the jail, or in the penitentiary, not longer than four years.

The 5th section makes it a penalty of four years confinement in the penitentiary, for any person to confiscate, or attempt to confiscate, the property of any Indian in consequence of his enrolling for emigration, or offering to enroll for emigration, &c.

The 6th section allows the head men, or Chiefs of the Cherokees, to meet any Agent or Commissioner of this State, or of the U. States, for any purpose whatever.]

BORROWING A GRIDIRON;

Or, Paddy Mulloney's Adventure in France.

It is well known that there is nothing more humorous and entertaining than a good Irish story; and such we are confident every reader will pronounce the following, which we transfer to the Atlas from a recent Doublin Journal. There are some of the best touches in it that we have seen for many a day. The writer begins by a reference to Matthews' ludicrous representation, in his 'Trip to America,' of an Irishman who has left his own country to 'seek his fortune'—and who, 'after various failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes; but the Indians reject his proffered service, 'the poor ignorant creatures,' as he himself says, 'just because he did not understand their language.' We are told, moreover, (he says) that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders English, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of Dutch himself.' He then proceeds as follows:—

'A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he called his 'travels,' and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a sort of right of loquacity. He was one of these few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off,' my friend Pat would say, 'troth you won't sir;' and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the 'subject matter in hand,' he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's 'wife and children,' that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain 'approaches,' as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perhaps, assail Pat thus: 'By the bye, Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself) you remember that queer adventure you had in France.' 'Troth I do, Sir,' grins forth Pat.—'What!' exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, 'was Pat ever in France?' 'Indeed he was,' cries mine host—and Pat adds, 'sy, and farther, plaze your honour.' 'I assure you, Sir John,' continues my host, 'Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French.' 'Indeed,' rejoins the baronet, 'really I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.' 'Troth then, they're not, sir,' interrupts Pat. 'Oh, by no means,' adds mine host shaking his head emphatically. 'I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic,' says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the 'full and true account,' (for Pat had thought fit to visit 'North Amerikay,' for 'a rason he had' in the autum of the year '98.) 'Yes, sir,' says Pat, 'the broad Atlantic,' a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself. 'It was the time I was lost in crassin the broad Atlantic a comin home,' began Pat, decoyed into the recital—'whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that youd think the Colleen dhas, (that was her name) would not have a must left but what would rowl out of her. Well, sure enough the mast went by the boord, at last, and the pumps was choak'd, (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin fast, settlin down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin down, in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever: accordianly we prepared for the worst and put out the boat and got a sack o'bishkits, and a cashk o'pork, and a kag o'wather, and a thaifle o'rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and faith thore was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen dhas went down like a lump o'lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her. Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin put up a piece av a sail as well as we could, for we darnt show a stich o'canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin like boody murther, savin your presence, and sure its the wondher of the world we wor'nt swally'd alive by the ragin sae—well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and no thin before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—divil a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky, and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, still in all, yet by my sowl there no great things when you've nothin else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough troth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—troth that was gone first of all—and on! it was thin that starvation began to stare uz in the face—'Oh murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I. 'More power to your elbow Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and troth its myself that wishes the same.' Oh, supposing it was only a dissolute island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they would not be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

'Whisht whisht, Paddy,' says the Captain, 'don't be talkin bad of any one,' says he, 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quorthers in the other world all of a sudden' says he. 'Thrue for you, captain, darlint,' says I—(I called him *darlint* and made free with him you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal)—'thrue for you, captain, jewel; I owe no man a-ny spite'—and troth that was only truth. Well the last bishkit was served out, and by gor, the water itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld; well at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land; by gor, I thot I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thunder an' ouns captain,' says I, 'look to leeward!' says I. 'What for?' says he. 'I think I see the land,' says I, so he up with his *bring-em-near*,—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir)—and looks out, and, sure enough it was.

'Hurra!' says he, 'we'r all right now; pull away, boys,' says he. 'Take care you're not mistaken,' says he. 'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I, 'may be its only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I. 'Oh no,' says he, 'its the land in *airnest*.' 'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we?' says I. Captain, maybe it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Garman Oceant,' says I. 'Tut, you fool' says he, (for he had that consaited way with him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else) 'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's France,' says he. 'Fire an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so—and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I. 'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we'er in now,' says he. 'Troth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has, for I often heard av it in regard o' that same,' and troth, the likes av it I never seen before nor sense, and with the help o' God never will.

Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron. Why then, says he, thundher and turf, says he, what puts a gridiron into your head. Bekase I'm starvin with the hunger, says I. And sure bad luck to you, says he, you couldn't ate a gridiron, says he, barrin you wor a Pelican o' the Wildherness, says he—Ate a gridiron, says I, och, in troth I'm not sitch a gommoch all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dhress a beef-stake, says I. Arrah! but where's the beef-stake to dhress, says he. Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork, says I. By gor I never thought of that, says the Captain. You're a clever fellow, Paddy, says he, laughin. Oh there's many a thrue word said in joke, says I. Thrue for you Paddy, says he. Well then, says I, if you put me ashore there beyant, (for we were nearin the land all the time,) and sur I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I. Oh, by gor the butther's comin out o' the stir-about in airnist now, says he, you gommoch, says he, sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners (foreigners) there, says the captain. Well, says I, and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim. What do you mane? says he. I mane, says I, what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim. Make me sensible, says he. By dad maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do, says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thoudht I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the garman oceant. Lave aff your bumbuggin, says he, I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all. Parley voo Frongesay, says I. Oh your humble servant, says he, who, by gor, you're a scholar Paddy. Troth, you may say that, says I. Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy, says the captain, jeerin like. Troth you're not the first that said that, says I, whether you joke or no—Oh, but I'm in airnist, says the captain—and do you tell me Paddy, says he, that you spake Frinch? Parly voo Frongsay, says I. By gor that bangs Bangher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o' you, Paddy, says he—pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we wont get a good bellyful before long. So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illegant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough I was in my limbs afther bein cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, towrds a little bit of a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin out of it quite timptin like. By my sowl, says I, I'm all right, there's a house there, says I—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women and childher, eating ther dinner round a table quite convanient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thot I'd be very civil to them, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was.

So I took off my hat and making a low bow, says I God save all here, says I—well to be sure they all stopt eating at wanst and began to stare at me, and faith they almost look'd me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron, and so, says I, I beg your pardon, says I, for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in distrish in regard of eating, says I, that I make bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) indeed its thrue for you, says I; I'm tathered to pieces, and I'm quare enough, but its by rasson of the storm, says I, which dhrive us ashore here below, and we're all starvin, says I. So they then began to look at each other again, and myself seeing at wonst that dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin to crave charity—with that, says I, Oh not at all, says I, by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it, says I, if you be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron, says I, makin a low bow. Well, sir, the devil a bit but they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I, beg pardon, sir, says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—maybe I'm under a mistake, says I; but I thought I was in France, sir: arent you furriners, says I,—Parly voo Frongsay? We munseer says he. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I, if you plase? Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flusthered like and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and a scrape agin, I know it's a liberty I take, sir, says I, but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir, says I,—Parly voo Frongsay? We munseer, says he, mighty sharp. Then you will lind me the loan of a gridiron? says I, and you'll obleege me.—Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me, and so, I began to think they were all negars [niggards, for all their fine manners; and troth my blood begun to rise, and says I, By my sowl if it was you was in dishtriss, says I, and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put on it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and cead mile failte. Well, the word cead mile failte seemed to strike his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wonst more, quite slow that he might understand,—Parly—voo—Frongsay, munceer?—Wee munseer, says he; then lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I, and bad luck to you. Well, bad win to the bid of it he'd gi' me and the ould chap begins bowin' and scraping, and says