

## 霜いmurng.

Coing awhore in an Iron Pot.
Some sorenty or eighy yearrs tioes, on board $n$ omall brig, belonging to toe East India Copm-
 - Emeitrald Itio as iver yo sum. from the amm Lown, Aud, Aar coorse, amorn friends. noro the buic orfoe whols crow, trom theg pocause they oither conld not or woild not tearn nything ; and literally: were onot roth their
The brie war chort of hande, and parinto

 water. leaving our two beroen to wasteh on the uppor deek, ritt ordere to frie ong of bog guas
in oute of any atuck if The Captain tack by the antives..
The Captain had Do aooner landed thaniPat and did yo iver seo them big cunnon balls be-
-Octr! sure an' I did. But sure what wouldro ye be afther dulug with them samio caninon

- Be jabers; wouldn't it be fine foon if ne
could fire of one or them? What a divil of a ackit it nould be aftier making
- Bednd, but so it would. But Pat, wouldn't Thisprain be missing t
This enas a regular chincher to poor Pat, aid. red bis bullet slasped hend for some tine. All of a pudjei thought seemed to strike hina of ull vestoly, as alnoost every oue jo nware, is a-large irou-pot or kettle fur weiting kur, \&c. A plan was very shortly nilopted which should
obinite the lose of a bali. It was this: One of them was to place himseir astrndde of the gun; bolding the pot over the muzzle by the the gun ; and ne our hero Tim wne the etout: estit of the two, the daty of holding the pot was asigned to him. After sone roabe they
munged to get the gun loaded. Tim mounted, holding the pot. Just at Pat way about . 0 aid sarig out, 'Arrabi, Pat, darlini'; be after Gring very aisy, will jo? 'Pat applied-the mateh, and of reat Tim; pot and-ail, into ing the report, and thipking it nnnounced some aitack, oume on bonrd in great baste.
The firat thing tbat greeted his oyeo upun gtepping upoin deck, was Pat,-bis fuos all be
grimed gith pmoke and dirt. 'Well, Pat,' aid he, -whela tha inatter with youf- Where's $\xrightarrow{\text { Tim? }}$
a Tim, bir? And dian't yo see him on shore ? No, How the devil gould be got there? He bunts ure nll hero.'
'Oult : by my sowl, sir,' be weat nōhore in the irun por.

Fuyr bluocancr - When tived in ar nituby, said the Colonel, th there wha, a very one faule. He would drink." …" "Mar course Moister Kurl-carelesuly.
anrked Moister Kurl-carelesuly.

- No side tits. Well-tio was the worst old Sriuker you ever did see-'specially when ous high old time: I really blievo he uyed to
raidge the thine it took him to ormulluw a hora


