

John Shea Reporter  
Dublin



# Newfoundlander

No. 498.

THURSDAY, February 9, 1837.

Sixpence.

## Conception-Bay Packets



### NORA CREINA

#### PACKET-BOAT BETWEEN CARBONEAR AND PORTUGAL-COVE.

**JAMES DOYLE**, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-boat to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal Cove*, and, at considerable expense, fitted up her Cabin in superior style, with four sleeping berths, &c.

The *Nora Creina* will, until further notice, start from *Carbonear* on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet-man will leave *St. John's* on the Mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8 o'clock, in order that the boat may sail from the *Cove* at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

Ordinary Fares, 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d. double ditto 1s. and Parcels in proportion to their weight. April 21.

## The Saint Patrick.

**EDMUND PHELAN** begs most respectfully to acquaint the public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which at a considerable expense he has fitted out, to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal-Cove*, as **PACKET-BOAT**: having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for rest.) The Fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping berths; which will, he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community, and he assures them that it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The *St. Patrick* will leave *Carbonear* for the *Cove*, *Tuesdays*, *Thursdays*, and *Saturdays*, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, and at the *Cove* at 12 o'clock, on *Mondays*, *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, the Packet Man leaving *St. John's* at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

#### TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers,	7s. 6d.
Fore ditto ditto	5s.
Letters, single	6d.
Double, ditto	1s.

Parcels in proportion to their size or weight. The owner will not be accountable for any specie.

N. B.—Letters for *St. John's*, &c., will be received at his House in *Carbonear*, and in *St. John's* for *Carbonear*, &c., at *Mr. Patrick Killy's Newfoundlander Tavern*, and at *Mr. John Crute's*. April 28.

## ST. JOHN'S & HARBOUR GRACE PACKET.

The fine fast-sailing Cutter, the **EXPRESS**, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at nine o'clock, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning for *Portugal Cove*, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—This Vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable cabin for Passengers; all Packages and Letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for Packages or Postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares, 7s. 6d., servants and Children 5s. each, single Letters 6d. double ditto 1s., and parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents,  
St. John's.  
ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent,  
Harbor Grace.

## THE IRISH LORD LIEUTENANT AND HIS DOUBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE O'HARA TALES."

It is really quite true that some time ago, and not long ago either, there was a London gentleman who took a strange fit of ambition into his head. His partial friends, or himself alone of his own accord, or he, in concert with them, believed that he bore, in face, air, and even in the upper part of his figure, a striking resemblance to a certain nobleman, who had become highly distinguished in the annals of fame by brilliant qualities of various kinds. In truth there was a likeness, but a general one only, between him and the celebrated Duke (or Marquis—at present we cannot declare which ought to be the proper title), and, highly flattered by this personal compliment of nature, he did all in his power to seem "the very image." He studied his original as closely as the nobleman's appearance in public, in the streets, in the parks, in "the house," gave him opportunities for doing so; and, in consequence of his observations, he changed his elongated hat for one of a round fashion, and his light hair for a satiny, coloured, or haphy (for we hate being as demonstrative as he himself was) a raven-black wig; he instructed his tailor how to cut his coat; he spent hours

at the cloth—to say nothing of the other hours occupied, by its aid, in trying to imitate a bow, a smile, a turn of the lip, or a droop or toss of the head. But, although much was gained by all these adaptations and labours, something yet remained to be done, in order to procure a public and general misconception of who he was: for the Double's great longing consisted of a wish to have people gaze after him in the streets, in proof of how well he enacted his part; and here (as regarded self-exhibition in the streets) lay his difficulty. At home, indeed, or in the houses of his particular friends, while he sat quietly at table, he succeeded amazingly well, because, in fact, in a sitting posture, you could not so easily detect that his figure was considerably shorter than the noble one of his supposed counterpart; but one cannot well sit down, out of doors, in a thronged metropolis; unless, indeed, one sits in a saddle, on horseback; and even if one could do the former-mentioned feat, it were of no avail in this particular case, inasmuch as the man to be cheated out of the admiration due exclusively to his own person, never did it; and as to sitting in a saddle, our gentleman had no saddle, not to talk of a horse's back to put it on. The truth must out; although "a real gentleman," the high price at which human existence, with a reasonable share of enjoyment superadded, must be purchased in London, had deterred his hitherto economical and rational mind from attempting the keep of a steed worthy of being seen in and about the great city.

But what will not high ambition endeavour on the road to its object? The Double, after pondering the matter some time, started off, after breakfast, one morning, to scrutinize the studs of sundry livery-stables, of respectable character though reasonable charges; and with a vivid recollection in his mind of the often-contemplated horse most usually ridden about town by his own original, he selected, before dinner, an excellent likeness of the animal, and hired it, for two days in each week, at not a very extravagant price. And now, if ever a man were on his hobby-horse, surely he was on his; and twice every week, for months afterwards, we have seen him, at fashionable hours, walking or trotting, nay, even galloping, his new acquisition, up and down *Piccadilly*, and by *Hyde Park Corner* into *Grosvener-place*, and about the Parks, and where not; and veritable attention did they both draw from individuals of the passing crowds, who, having never seen the true man and horse any where but in the open air, were promptly imposed upon; nor is that all; but once or twice in the Ring in *Hyde Park*, we, and others along with us—for, at the time we speak of, he was beginning to be blown among us knowing ones, as *Master Shallow* might say—have seen him bowed, or smiled, or kissed finger-tips to, out of carriage which he rapidly passed in the direction opposite to their motion; and, oh, intoxicating spirit of fame! what a happy glow did not those palpable hits impart to the countenance of the successful aspirant! Indeed, it cannot be guessed by what process of reasoning (to say little of feeling) he thus deemed himself honoured in his own mind, on account of only being mistaken for a celebrated person.

What, then, were the grounds upon which the poor Double so anxiously would have disowned his identity? (so anxiously, indeed, that we do believe he was ready and willing to sell himself to the devil, as *Doctor Faustus* did, could the bargain have ensured to him as perfect a change into the likeness he thirsted after, as was the change from youth to age ensured to the doctor by his bargain.) But, 'tis useless multiplying questions or conjectures on the subject; we only know that, in a vein of perfect consistency, he was nearly as proud of the deception practised by his hired horse, as of that toiled after by himself; that he often wished the poor brute were conscious of the laurels he had gained; and that (wiping his brows with a handkerchief in a way he had once seen his better self do) he has been heard to say, after returning from a day's exhibition about town, "I do own myself grateful and proud for having been cast in the same mould with that great man!"

And so far, for months as has been said, he passed a very happy life; when suddenly there arose a prospect of great interruption to the gathering of the triumphs of his deceptive existence. It is clear that if the nobleman were known to have left London, he would scarce hope to make people go on believing that he was still in London; unless, indeed, he wished to frighten passengers in the streets out of their senses, by being taken for the *wraith* or *fetch* of the great man's public character. In fact, to continue in the glory of the occasional doubt that he was somebody else, the Double was necessarily chained to the place, though not to the spot of the place, inhabited by that somebody; and considerable, therefore, were his anxieties, and regrets, and sense of humiliation, when he read in the papers that the noble and gallant — of — was to go over immediately to Ireland as its Vice-King, or Lord Lieutenant.

True, the high appointment flattered his vanity, in a kind of personal way. He felt it as an additional homage very nearly paid to himself; and strongly was he tempted to spend the summer, at least, in the Irish metropolis, in the hope of coming in for his just share of the usual public, that is street, worship, to be paid to the representative of royalty. But then, first of all, he feared, if he did not dislike, the Irish; and they were at that time more to be feared than ever, many of the counties of their country being in open insurrection, famine, and typhus fever. And next, what was he to do for his well-esteemed horse, in Dublin? he could not think of purchasing him,—the price was too much even for ambition to pay, taking purse into account; but by no other arrangement could he prevail on the owner of the livery-stables to allow the distinguished animal to float within view of Ireland's Eye—(the little island so called in the bay of Dublin); and, in a word, (and alas! by the newly-appointed Vice-King sailed for his Irish capital, while his disconsolate Double remained, still torn by indecision, in London.

Scarcely a month had elapsed, however, after the Lord Lieutenant's arrival in the land (sometimes) of potatoes, when the good folks of Dublin began to be puzzled, as their brethren of London had been, by the vision of his copyist, riding about the main streets, or along the beautiful quays, or in the *Phoenix Park*; the horse, too, whether the London one or not, being a very good similitude. One fortunate circumstance was in favour of our adventurer. The Lord Lieutenant (though he stuck no great bunch of shamrock in his hat or on his breast, and pointed at, or pressed his hand upon it, as some people had done before him) was beginning to be very popular, in consequence of a mode of conduct, as manly, and as suitable to his nature, as it was good in policy. In truth from almost the day of his arrival, he had thrown himself upon the confidence of the people, asking the higher classes of them to share his hospitality, or goodhumouredly sharing theirs; and showing himself in public, with the least ostentation possible, to the other classes. To come to our point: he began soon to ride through the streets, very often quite alone; and here, it will be perceived, was the circumstance in favour of his untired and untiring mimic of which we have already spoken. Here was the Vice-Sovereign in a situation susceptible of perfect imitation by one man and horse; and it is quite true that the lonely imposter sometimes succeeded to his heart's content in consequence; hats and caps were taken off to him by men and boys at either side of the streets, as he rode along, bowing and smiling to a degree of similarity only conferable by long practice; and having heard that the object of his mixed adoration and self-esteem had alighted one

day at the door of a pastrycook's shop, and chatted amiably with the pretty girl behind the counter, he also did dismount at the door of another shop of the same kind, and did also overwhelm with a sense of being inexpressibly honoured and lifted out of herself, the poor as pretty handmaiden of the rival establishment; and after all this, he would steal away, horse and self, to deposit the former in his livery stable, and then win, by circuitous and unfrequented ways, his own humble lodgings, and sit down, a delighted man, to his chop or his steak, not now playing the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to his orderly landlady or her smoke-dried daughter; though indeed it added to his notions of self-consequence in the house, to hear them begin to say—even while he strove to disown himself—"ha! ha! how very like he was!"

But his hap, which seemed to be sadly interrupted. It was, indeed, that the Lord Lieutenant would speedily get out on a tour through some of the counties in Ireland, and some of the disturbed ones too! For all the reasons—and more with them—given for his internal troubles when he heard of the intended voyage from London to Dublin, he felt agitated anew. Doubtless, the Irish he had met with in Dublin, itself, were not so much to be dreaded as he had laid the thing down in his own mind; but the barbarians of the insurrectionary and remote quarters of the country! the savages, whooping among their hills and bogs, with scythes and pikes in their hands! His soul, although nothing of its darling thirst for renown had abated, shrank from such a prospect of peril. Besides, would there be much glory, worthy of the name, to be gained by the mistakes of his person committed by the populace of small towns or villages, or by peasants on the road-side, even supposing he should escape danger? Yes! and a new and brilliant ray of future fame flashed on his soul. Yes! by some happy combination of circumstances, in his character of Lord Lieutenant, he, also—and he, really—might ally an Irish rebellion, or slaneh the wounds of civil discord. But fears, deadly fears, came on him again. His horse, too, as in a former case?—In truth, we must; a second time part from him undecided, and a prey to conflicting wishes and doubts, longings and terrors; and in the mean time, afterwards other things, let us occupy ourselves a little with his reality.

This was not a year of rank insurrection, in any of the usually disturbed (that is, starving) districts of Ireland. (Great outrages were, too, committed by the neglected, uneducated, and despairing peasantry. The chief feature of their refractory spirit, for the season, was evinced in combinations and determinations not to cut down the corn of any of their landowners, no matter of what degree, who, during the speechifying of a recent election, we believe, had thought proper to give them rather hard words.

"An' so, we're not as much as to lay a finger on the poor Capt'n's whate, either, Con?" asked one of a body of legislators among them, who were assembled, by stealth, at a late hour of the night, in an old barn, for the purpose of organizing the rebellious proceedings of the next day;—it will be understood that the querist spoke in a tone of mock compassion for "the poor Capt'n," while his features expressed a bitter sneer.

"The divil a grain of id'll ever lie in shape wid help from our holy Roman reaping-hooks, Micky, ma-bouchal," answered Con, who might be termed chairman of their committee of public safety, though, indeed, he was only squatted on a thin lair of old straw, accidentally found in the empty barn.

"Och, an' its like, if we don't cut it for him, that he'll be forced to send a little way to the north for the nate Orange hands," remarked a third,—"because, ye see, boys, we're only all a set o' baste-brutes o' Romans that's to be found about him, in these parts, and that he said, out afore all the gentlemen, th' other day, warr'nt fit to be touched wid a pair o' long's, so we warr'nt, the Lord look down on us!"

"Amin," assented Micky. "an' since if he can stop his nose at us, afore the whate is ripe, he can do widout us, when it's ready to shell itself about the fields."

"That's a truth," said another—"an', sure, when the people that God pleased to put in a country, aren't fit to cut the harvest that God put in it too, why, thin, the Capt'n must only try to send for the Orangemen, the few hundred miles, as my gossip here told ye afore me, or else see how many rale, honest boys, like 'em, he'll be able to get in the barony."

"An' they're asily counted," resumed Con, the chairman,—"four of 'em, all in a lump; ould Spear, wid the head shakin' on his shoulders, like the last life on the top of a papal—he that cries 'amin' to his reverence, the minister, in the church, every Sunday,—ould Spear, I say, is one; thru there's the two Hucks, brothers, the wavers, the only bodies that bears ould Spear in the church, or does he there to bear him, barr'n the minister's own wife and childer, and the Capt'n himself, long life to him,—an' to his whate, too—the Hucks is—stop—ould Spear is one—yes—the two Hucks is three—craturs so worn away with he shuttle, and goin' in winter to a could church, that—but, look up there boys!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting himself, as he stared towards the roof of the barn. The eyes of all the other rebels followed his, and fixed upon the face of a man which was visible thro' a rent in the thatch, and which earnestly regarded them.

"It's Connors, the informer!"—shouted Micky—"out wid us, boys, an' let us give him what some of us owes him, at last!"

"I'm no Connors, and I'm no informer," said the man overhead, "stop where ye are, boys, and look at my features again."

"By the mortal man!" cried one of the conspirators, a young, taciturn, sad-browed fellow, who previously had not uttered a word, tho' he now spoke with remarkable liveliness of voice and manner, as he sprang from his primitive seat on his heels by the rough wall of the building—"By the mortal man, an' he says thur!—it's poor Ned Cahill is in it, if he's a livin' man this night!"

"You're not far off from the mark, Peery O'Dea," replied the intruder—"and, now that you're sure o' me won't you and the other boys let me drop down among ye, to discourse one word?"—He prepared to descend thro' the aperture as he spoke; his face disappeared from it; his legs, his body, took the place of the former; then he swung an instant by the hands, from the rude joists of the roof, and saying—"tish't the same way some people 'ud like to see me hangin', boys!"—he alighted firmly on his outspread feet, in the middle of the earthen floor of the barn. There was ease, agility, and boldness in all his motions while accomplishing this not unperilous descent; and now, the rushlight which illumined the council of the disaffected Irish, showed the person of a slight-limbed man of thirty, or thereabouts, with broad chest and shoulders, and a well-favoured face, of which the only disagreeable expression was the suspicious curl of the brow, and the sidelong quick glance of the eye.

"Musha, my poor fellow! poor Ned!" resumed Peery O'Dea, hastening to him, and there were tears in Peery's eyes, and a tremor in his limbs, while they interchanged the usual salute—kissing each other's cheeks, as they held each other's hands. The other peasants looked on, with various expressions of countenance. Some showed sympathy; some anxiety, perhaps for themselves; and one or two regarded the new comer, as if forming a selfish resolution towards him.

"And how is Nelly, ma-bouchal?" demanded Ned Cahill.

"The only sister o' yees is brave an' hearty," answered Peery O'Dea—"if it wasn't for thinkin' a great daile about you, Ned, an' cryin' mornin', noon, and night, on the head of it all."

"An' her weenoh?" continued Cahill.

"As fine a lump of a boy as ever you——" began the vain father. His brother-in-law interrupted him.

"Oh, well,—sure I know, Peery; Nelly's gorgoon 'll want no praises you can give him; but that's not the business, now. I can here, a good stretch o' road, to spake o' something else to you and the boys forment me, only I'm hungry, not to say drouthy, an' 'ud ax a bit an' a sup afore I make my noration; so you'll just step out, a-eich, and beg a mouthful, for me from Nelly, and tell her I'll see her, may be, the night, afore I take to my thravels again."

"I'll run out," volunteered one of the two men, whom we have mentioned as glancing at Cahill in a questionable way—"I'll run out, Peery, an' you can be stoppin' wid your brother-in-law."

"No," said Cahill, fixing upon him an expressive look—"no, neighbour (we're all neighbours after a manner, tho' I won't take id on me to say I ever saw much of you afore); but no, neither Peery nor you need go now. Con, my boy," turning hastily to the ex-chief of the assembly, "you and I are ould friends, an' you'll think it no great trouble to run and ax a morsel to ate for a hungry and a tired man."

"You're ather just sayin' it, Ned a-rich," responded Con, and he rose and strode towards the badly-secured and crazy door of the barn. "I'll let you out, my own self," continued Cahill—"there," holding the door only a little way apart, while he again glanced keenly around him, "and now God speed you!" he shut the door, and secured it as he had found it; "and you and I, Peery, can just step, the closest of any, to the door; for who knows who might be on the scent of one of us abroad; there's great temptation, boys," turning to the legislators, as he drew a pistol from his breast, "great temptation even among neighbours some times, in the reward offered for the head of a poor outlaw."

Short answers, yet such as sympathized with Cahill's well-known position, or seemed to do so, came from the greater number of his hearers after he had spoken; but Peery O'Dea was greatly moved; his friends heard him groan as he turned away his face.

"It's a long time since you cum this road afore, Ned," remarked Micky before named, "tho' we hard tell of you showing yourself, bare and there, in other places."

"Aye, Micky, the life I'm forced to keep isn't the pleasantest: here an' there, as you say, good weather and bad; sleepin' little, and never two nights together on the same road, an' never under a christian roof, out out in the fields at the snug side of a stack, or in a wood, or in a plantation, or near the fox's hole, or down by the river near the otter's bed; and all for fear of what I said a woment ago. The neighbours are very good to me—I'll never deny id; and, as yet, I have no reason to be in dread or doubt of any one; but the reward in the proclamations is a heavy one; that's all I have to say."

He started slightly, Peery shating his emotion, as a woman's voice came to the door at the outside, high in anxiety, if not lamentation. Cahill, after listening a moment, hastily undid a second time the fastenings of the door, using, however, some caution still, and after saying in a whisper to Peery, "Look about you," opened his arms to embrace his only sister, whom he had not for a long time seen, and who was his nearest surviving relation.

Their meeting evinced deep and true affection on both sides. The young woman had an interesting if not handsome face, and her person just began to indicate the matronly change, which her characters and duties of wife and mother were working in her mind. She wept abundantly, while her arms surrounded his neck, and her face lay hidden on his bosom; but for some minutes her attempts to speak could not get beyo d, "Oh, Ned! Oh, poor Ned!" Nor was the rough man she clung to unmoved.

At length they began to talk a little more freely, and calling to mind the claim which her brother had forwarded by Con upon her hospitality, Mary O'Dea caused the outlaw to sit down near the door, with his back to the wall, upon her ample cloak folded into a temporary cushion; and confronting him, sitting also "on her hunkers," she gave him to eat of the plain fare she was able to snatch up at home, and to drink, too, out of a bottle of "potheen," diluted with water. During her attentions, and his industry in consequence of them, Mary looked every other instant at her brother's features, or scanned his person, or perhaps the state of his attire, while tears flowed down her cheeks and plaintive mutterings escaped her. Poor Mary, poor as she was, deserves to be called a good specimen of the only really beautiful existence under Heaven's sun, a true-hearted and gentle-hearted woman; she possessed, too, as may appear, what (hank Providence!) often mixes up with female excellence in the softest shape, a strong, prompt mind, and a sacred sense of right and wrong.

See last page.

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

(From Hood's Comic Annual.)

[Mr. Hood deploras, and justly, "the notorious rudeness of what is called Civil War;" and he produces the following letter, written by a finished gentleman of the old school as a proof that even civil war may be civilized, and carried on with becoming courtesy. The letter is dated from "Castille Senior," and addressed to a public functionary at Madrid.]

"Your Excellency,—I had the honour of describing in my last despatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair, of the same nature.

"Early on the 19th instant, our pickets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to our front, and commenced a liberal exchange of compliments with our tirailleurs. Our cavalry in the meantime had sought an introduction to their horse, which was met in the handsomest manner, and many intimacies were formed, that only ended with life. The cavalry at length retired, but evidently with regret, and many reiterated promises of soon coming again.

"Their main body now appeared moving in the best disposition towards us; whilst the rifles on the flanks paid the most marked attention to our officers, who received many substantial tokens of their regard. A closer acquaintance was now sought with an embressment quite flattering; indeed it was difficult to reply in adequate terms to the warmth and importunity of their offers. Perceiving that we had some very heavy guns on our right, they obligingly undertook to carry them; professing at the same time a very sincere inclination to serve our light artillery. They also wished to take charge of a hill on the left that might annoy us; but had the courtesy to resign it to Colonel Bower, on a representation that the eminence was indispensable to his views. Their cavalry also endeavoured gallantly to make a favourable impression on us; and in particular evinced a lively desire to visit some of our squares; but which, on the plea of inconvenience, we found means to decline. There had manifestly been a design of

dropping in upon us unprepared, but fortunately I was enabled to foil the plesantry, and even to turn the table upon themselves. The enemy finally gave up every point, and handsomely offered to accommodate us with the field of battle; but feeling bound in politeness to return the visit, I ordered an advance of the whole line; and we were at once hospitably admitted to enter their lines without ceremony, and make ourselves at home in their camp. In justice to their generosity I must not omit to state, that we found it abundantly provisioned—the artillery entirely placed at our command—the whole baggage devoted to our use, and even the military chest left very much at our service.

"The list of casualties is not yet made up—but I am in possession of some of the details. The 19th was politely invited to a masked battery, and a succession of balls, kept up with a spirit that the regiment, and Major Smith in particular, will long remember. Cornet Bower is deeply indebted to a lancer, who helped him off his horse; and Captain Curtis is lying under a similar obligation in the hospital. Captain Flint owes the cure of his asthma to the skill of a carbiner; and Lieutenant Power was favoured with as specific a remedy for determination of blood to the head, Colonel Boul was handsomely presented with the freedom of the field, enclosed in a shell; and Major Brooke is absent, having received a pressing invitation that he could not well resist—to visit the enemy's quarters.

I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

(Signed) MANNERS.

(Countersigned) CHESTERFIELD.

NORTHERN WHALE FISHERY.—The Aberdeen Herald suggests a plan for rendering the whale fishing more profitable, safe and agreeable. That something is necessary to encourage this branch of commerce is proved by the fact that within the last 12 years the number of vessels employed has decreased from 142 to 81! The plan is simply to establish a settlement of active and enterprising whale fishers on some favorable spot in the vicinity of Davis' Straits, and to employ only so many large vessels as may be necessary to carry out provisions to the colony, and fetch home the oil, blubber, whalebone, and other articles which may be thought worth importing. From all the information that we at present possess, we should think that the most eligible position for the settlement would be at Pond's Bay, or somewhere between that and Lancaster Sound, on the west coast of Baffin's Bay. There are some situations on the north-east shore (Prince Regent's Bay, for example) that might be found suitable; but, of late years, the fishers assert that the whales have been most plentiful towards the other shore.—Inverness Courier.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS—SATURDAY.

Walton and others v. Campbell and another.—Mr. Sergeant Wilde appeared for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Alexander for the defendants. This was an action brought by the plaintiffs, as the assignees of Brown, Jansen & Co, the London Bankers, who became bankrupts on the 20th of October last, to recover from the defendants the amount of a bill of exchange for 700l., which came into their hands on the day after the bankruptcy, and which bore the indorsement of Messrs. Leyland and Bullin, bankers at Liverpool, from whom the defendants received it, with a knowledge at the time that the bankruptcy had taken place; and the question was, whether they (the defendants) had a legal right under such circumstances, to retain the bill as a set-off against a debt due by them to the estate of the bankrupts, or whether the Liverpool bankers, whose indorsement was erased from the bill, ought not to be liable for the amount.

Lord Chief Justice Tindal said, that the only question in this case for the jury to consider was, whether they were satisfied that the defendants had received the bill in the ordinary course of business, or whether they were aware at the time of the bankruptcy, and received it as a set-off against their debt, and with a view also to hold harmless the bankers at Liverpool, by whom it was endorsed. The Jury would consider the answers given by one of the defendants when examined by the Commissioners of Bankruptcy upon the subject.

The jury found for the plaintiffs—damages 700l., the amount of the bill.—Liverpool Chronicle.

Scott's opinion of Byron and Wordsworth.—I remember well how correct Scott's impressions were of such beginners in the literary world as had not then acquired any fixed character. Of Lord Byron he had from the first a favorable impression; therefore, by no means agreed with the critique of the "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. The attack on himself in Lord Byron's Satire, which was now published, he treated as he did all such attacks, with the most perfect good humour, seeming unaffectedly amused by it. Of this volume, at its appearance, he said, "there cannot be a doubt that Lord Byron has considerable power; how he may use it, or whether he will write any more, it is impossible to guess. Facit indignatio versus—but spleen and gall are disastrous materials to work with for any length of time."—Of Wordsworth he always spoke favourably, insisting that he was a true poet, but predicting that it would be long ere his works obtained the praise which they merited from the public. "There is nothing," he observed, "which seems to please readers now-a-days so well as a narrative, but they will not be contented with the kind

of story which Wordsworth will tell them. They must have characters of all descriptions in the same plot, after the dramatic fashion; and, moreover, they insist on a great share of love and murder, cutting and slashing, mystification, and suspense. In that respect I am very fortunate, never knowing how I am to get to the end of my tale; so it is, therefore, no wonder if readers afterwards partake of the same perplexity. This reminds me (though it is apropos des bottes) of what happened with Coleridge one evening, after he had taken a double dose of opium. He had, as usual, talked a long time, and, on coming to a full stop, asked one of his admirers if he had made himself understood. "Perfectly," said this disciple; "I comprehend you in the clearest manner!" "Then you must be a far deeper philosopher than I am," said the poet, "for I have not myself understood one sentence that I have uttered for the last half hour."—Recollections of Sir W. Scott.

NEW IRISH PRIVY COUNCILLORS.—We have great pleasure in announcing that the following nobleman and gentlemen have been appointed Privy Councillors:—Lord Talbot de Malahide; Villiers Stuart, Esq., Lieutenant of Waterford; John Richards, Attorney General; Anthony Richard Blake, Chief Remembrancer. This announcement, we need not add, will give universal satisfaction to the Liberals of Ireland.—Dublin Post.

TRADE WITH PORTUGAL.—Two decrees have been issued by the Portuguese Government, by both of which British trade will be benefited. The first decree is dated the 14th November, and is to come into operation on the 14th of February next. This decree relates to port charges; and as British vessels trading to Lisbon average 120 tons, British commerce will gain as well by a reduction of the rates, as by a simplification of the mode of levying the duties. The second decree is dated the 24th November, by which the operation of the decree of April 18, 1834, hitherto restricted to the custom-houses of Lisbon and Oporto, is extended to other custom-houses in the kingdom. Previously to the adoption of this measure, foreign goods entered for consumption at any of the out-ports were excluded from the benefit afforded by the decree of April 1834, and continued subject to the payment of 30 per cent. duty, instead of 15, to which rate the duties on foreign produce generally had been lowered at Lisbon and Oporto.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

One of the most daring and audacious "achievements" ever attempted in this City was accomplished yesterday. It has much the character of romance, and the hero of it exhibited all the qualifications of an adroit and successful swindler.—The circumstances are these:—

At ten o'clock in the morning, a person of gentlemanly appearance, respectably dressed, and apparently of middle age, went to the residence of Wm. Wise, Esq. on the North Mall, knocked at the door, and handed a letter to the servant, to be conveyed to her master. This letter, which was signed "Wm. LEADER" requested a private interview with Mr. Wise, as the writer had some important business to transact, and on perusing it Mr. Wise desired the servant to shew him up. Mr. Wise was confined to bed, and on entering the room in which he lay, the applicant closed and locked the door, walked over to the bed, took a pistol from his pocket, raised the pan and examined the priming, and then with his left hand drew from another pocket a folded paper, open, however, at one end. This end he exhibited to Mr. Wise and, presenting the pistol at his head, he said, "Sign your name to this, or you are a dead man." Mr. Wise asked what it was? He replied, "I won't tell you, but sign it at the peril of your life." Mr. Wise said that if it were money he wanted he had blank checks on the table beside him and he would fill one of them for him. The other answered that he did not want a check:—he should either have his name to that document or his life. Mr. Wise, who, unable to summon the servants or to make any effort to relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor, was somewhat alarmed at the perilous position he was so unexpectedly placed in, hesitated for a moment, on which the fellow said, "Come, come, there's no time to be lost; sign that, or in one moment you are a dead man." Mr. Wise then raised himself in the bed, and the other handed him a pen from the table at his side. Agitated as he was, Mr. Wise was sufficiently master of himself to write his name in a way so different from that in which he ever wrote it before as to afford an easy clue to the detection of the document whenever it is presented, which it is supposed will not be until after Mr. Wise's death. While signing the name Mr. Wise perceived under the folds of the paper an 8 and two 0's—what other, or whether any other figures were there he could not tell. When his object was accomplished, the person who presented the paper took it over to the fire, and held it to dry, examining it deliberately two or three times during the process, and all the while remaining with his face turned towards Mr. Wise, and his eyes firmly fixed on him. This occupied about a minute and a half. He then (putting the pistol on half cock) returned to the bed and said "So far I have accomplished what I wanted. I have now but to say, that if you attempt to make the least noise, or to give the least alarm, until I am out of the house though I should be at the hall-door, I will return and blow your brains out." This said he placed the paper and pistol in his pocket, made his bow to Mr. Wise, unlocked the door, and walked deliberately down stairs. Mr. W. in a few minutes, rang the bell, and having directed some of the servants to remain with him, sent for the Sheriffs and a Magistrate, and swore informations against the

delinquent, who is a person Mr. Wise has no recollection of having ever seen before.—*Cork Southern Reporter.*

**RESTORATION OF A PORTION OF THE DOCUMENT**  
Amongst the letters for the North Mall House this morning, through the Post, was one addressed to Mr. Wise, bearing the signature of "W. Leader," enclosing that part of the Document bearing the signature and date. It proves to be a three shilling Bill Stamp; but of the amount of the draft Mr. Wise is still in ignorance. The writer accompanied the document with an expression of thanks to Mr. Wise for his kindness, and a hope, using the words "Death before dishonour," that the terms of the conversation that passed between him and Mr. Wise should not escape the latter—in the meantime that the amount of the Bill being discharged, he had no further use of his signature.—*Ibid.*

The Newfoundlander

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) February 9, 1837.

We are in possession of files of Irish papers to the 31st December, by the *Blandford*, from Cork—last from Cove, in 24 days. The papers are chiefly filled with details of disasters by land and sea, experienced in Great Britain and Ireland during the previous week.

A Snow storm, and weather otherwise so dreadfully severe, that few persons remember any thing like them, have interrupted the communication between London and almost every part of England, causing not only great commercial inconvenience, but loss of property, and, in some instances, loss of life.

Another attempt has been made on the life of Louis Philippe, King of the French. He was fired at on his way to the Chamber of Deputies by a young man of very respectable appearance. The ball narrowly grazed the King's head, and the assassin was so close to the carriage, that he was immediately recognized by the King himself, and taken into custody, with three or four others in the crowd, who were supposed to be accomplices, from having shouted "Bravo" at the report of the pistol. He refused to give any account of himself, and it was found, upon examination, that he was prepared for consequences, having previously cut out that part of his shirt on which his name was marked. His Majesty displayed great firmness and presence of mind on the occasion, and a few minutes afterwards delivered his speech to the Chamber without betraying any emotion.

The rumours to which we alluded last week relative to a dissolution in the Ministry, are contradicted in the Journal in which they first obtained publicity through misinformation.

We understand that it is contemplated to institute a charitable association in this town, for the purpose of raising a fund to be applied towards the relief of such of the natives of Scotland, and their descendants, as may hereafter become chargeable upon the sympathies and benevolence of their more fortunate fellow-creatures. All scotchmen, therefore, and the descendants of Scottish parents, are respectfully invited to attend a meeting which will be held in the Commercial Room, this evening, precisely at half past 6 o'clock, when the propriety of immediately forming a charitable society, in accordance with similar institutions in the sister Colonies will be submitted.

The *Leah* and *Caroline*, both from Hamburg, for this port, bore up, and arrived at Dartmouth, with loss of sails, &c.

Died yesterday morning, Mr. Philip Powell Collins, an old and respectable mechanic of this Town, aged 78 years. He was a native of Cashel, County Tipperary. His funeral will take place on Saturday next at 3 o'clock, from his late residence, Kings Road, when his friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

Sales by Auction.

Valuable Investment!

WILL BE DISPOSED OF,  
At Public Auction,  
(Without Reserve)

At the Commercial Room,  
**THIS DAY,**  
(Thursday) At 12 o'clock,

ALL those extensive and desirable PREMISES situate on the South side of this Harbour, lately owned by Messrs. John Dunscomb & Co., but now the property of their late Partner, Richard Wood, Esq., of Bermuda, and known by the name of "Messrs. John Dunscomb & Co.'s South-Side Premises."—The Water Side extends 250 feet from East to West; and that remarkably fine STORE erected thereon, admeasures 106, feet long by 35 feet broad. There is also a DWELLING-HOUSE on the Premises, 25 feet long, by 18 feet broad.

Any further information required previous to the day of Sale, may be obtained of Messrs. JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co., or

BLAND & TOBIN.

February 9.

TO-MORROW

(Friday) At 1 o'clock,  
AT THE

Commercial Room,  
(Without Reserve)

50 Cr.-Chests Bohea TEA.

R. PERCHARD,

February 9.

Auctioneer.

(Without Reserve.)

On SATURDAY,

Next, At 12 o'clock,  
ON THE PREMISES,

WILL BE SOLD,  
By Public Auction,

(UNDER A DECREE OF FORECLOSURE)

THE fee-simple of and in that piece of Ground situated on the North side of Water Street, in this Town, and opposite the premises of Messrs. Bland & Tobin—on part of which is erected a Dwelling-House lately occupied by Robert Stears.

ALSO,

The interest of EDWARD BANKS in and to those Water-side PREMISES which were conveyed to him by Mrs. CATHERINE BURKE and now in the occupancy of Mr. RICHARD HOWLEY.

For further particulars or information apply to Mr. R. R. WAKEHAM, Attorney.

R. PERCHARD,

Auctioneer.

February 9.

Notices.

THE Subscriber having observed in the public papers of this town, during the past week, an advertisement, inserted by Mr. R. R. WAKEHAM, Attorney, offering for sale, by public auction, on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock, "under a decree of foreclosure, The fee-simple of and in that piece of Ground situate on the North side of Water-street, in this Town, and opposite the premises of Messrs. Bland & Tobin, on part of which is erected a Dwelling House, lately occupied by Robert Stears,"—he hereby gives notice, that, for himself, and on behalf of the other Heirs, Children of the late John Burke, he will dispute the right of any person whatsoever to assign or sell the said property as above described.

ALEXANDER BURKE.

February 9.

Mr. GOSSE,

Miniature Portrait Painter,

BEGS leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen, and public generally of St. John's, and its neighbourhood, that he will take Likenesses on Ivory, of various sizes, at from 2 to 5 Guineas each,—warranted correct, and superior finish.

On Ivory cards at 15s. each.  
Color'd profiles on ditto 7s. 6d.

Residence at Mrs. BELCHER'S.

January 5.

To be Let.

THE Subscriber offers to let, from the 1st day of April next, that very eligible situated Stone House, now occupied by him, adjoining the Premises of Messrs. B. BOWRING & SON, with or without Stores in the rear.

JOHN HOWLEY.

January 19.

On Sale

G. & R. CLAPP

OFFER FOR SALE,

On reasonable terms,

RUNNING RIGGING and Bolt Rope of all sizes, WARPS of from 3 to 5 in., Seaming, Roping, and other Twines, Tar, Varnish, Rosin, Pitch, WHITE LEAD. Black, Green, Red and Yellow Paints, in Kegs of 14 and 28 lbs., Whiting, Ochres, Oils, Turpentine, Spars, Coals, Men's Deck BOOTS, Men's, Women's, and Children's SHOES, Great Coats, Flushing Jackets, Cotton Shirts.

Also,

Cognac BRANDY in Puns, and Hbds. Port, Pale, Brown Sherry and Bronti Madeira WINE, in Hbds., Qr. Casks and Bottles, Choice Claret and Scheidam HOLLANDS, in cases containing 1 dozen bottles, Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli in cases containing about 10 lbs., Souchow Tea in Qr. Chests, Mould and Dipped Candles.

February 2.

TEAS.

LATELY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

B. BOWRING & SON,  
Hyson, Twankay and Congo TEA,—

ALSO—

150 Boxes Soap, 20 Barrels Currants

Feb. 2.

T. & J. Brocklebank

OFFER FOR SALE.

The Cargo of the *Barque IRT*, from Copenhagen, VIZ.—

1000 Barrels Superfine Flour

750 Bags fine White Biscuit

250 Ditto Superfine Ditto

200 Barrels prime Moss Pork

150 Firkins 1st Quality Butter

10,000 Bricks.

December 29.

By Private Contract,

The fine, fast-sailing

Schr. CHARLES,

Only 2 years old. Burthen per Register, 79 Tons. She is a most desirable Vessel for a Sealer or Coaster; being full-timbered, sharp built, and well found in Rigging and Sails. Inventories may be seen and terms known by applying to

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

January 26.

Baine, Johnston & Co.

HAVE RECEIVED,

By the *ELIZA*, from Boston,

300 Barrels new BEEF

16 Puncheons choice MOLASSES

8 M. W. O. Hoghead STAVES

20 Dozen Carpet BROOMS

600 Barrels INDIAN CORN

IRISH BUTTER, in Store, *ex Clydesdale.*

January 12.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE

Of Kelly-Grews,

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the Public, that he has a most safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of Passengers, and which he intends running the winter, as long as the weather will permit, between Kelly-Grews, Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at Mr. J. CRUTE'S and Mr. P. KRILEY'S for Letters, Packages &c., and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of their being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has a HORSE and SLEIGH, which he will have every Tuesday in St. John's, if the weather and path will permit, for the purpose of conveying Passengers to Kelly-Grews; He has also, a CATAMARAN for carrying Luggages &c., from St. John's to Kelly-Grews, and from Kelly-Grews to St. John's,—he will carry a Saddle with him every trip, in case the path should not be answerable for the Sleigh to return; He has also, good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage &c.

One person, or three, 15s. passages across the Bay; above that number 5s. each. Passage in the Sleigh 7s. 6d. each, from St. John's to Kelly-Grews and the same from Kelly-Grews to St. John's; Saddle Horse 10s., Luggages carried on the most reasonable terms.

January 19.

On Sale.

BY

JOHN RYAN,

LOAF SUGAR, Currants, L. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder, Cognac Brandy in hds., Gin in cases, Stockholm and Coal Tar, Pitch, Cordage, Oakum and Spun yarn, Starch and Blue, Hyson and Gunpowder Teas in small packets, Boot Leas, Upper and Sole Leather, Iron (assorted), Nails (assorted), Iron Hoops, Pipes in boxes, London Mould Candles, Barclay and Perkins's Porter, Sherry Wine in Qr.-casks, Lime in casks, Together with a general assortment of SLOP-GOODS, suitable for the Seal Fishery. January 19.

POTATOES, &c.

Per *Kingaloch*, 12 days from Cork,

NOW LANDING

AT THE STORE OF

L. O'BRIEN,

The Cargo of the above Vessel—

CONSISTING OF

1200 Barrels Prime POTATOES  
150 Bushels Poland or Seed OATS  
60 Firkins BUTTER } both of the best  
40 Bls. & Half Bls. PORK } quality, and  
} ordered particularly for  
} family use.  
St. John's, January 12, 1837.

BY

CODNER & JENNINGS,

450 Bls. excellent Devonshire Potatoes,

at 9s. per barrel,

2 Tons English Hay,

(JUST ARRIVED.)

ALSO,

A large assortment of Cordage  
A lot of Canvas  
Leatherwares and Leather, in variety.  
Oakum, Pitch Tar, Paint, &c. &c. &c.  
January 12.

New Provisions, &c.

RICHARD HOWLEY,

IS NOW LANDING

The Cargo of the *COLUMBIAN PACKET*, from  
Hamburg,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE

At reduced Prices—Viz:

200 BARRELS Prime Mess Pork  
200 Firkins new Butter (Holstein)  
for family use

300 Barrels Superfine Flour  
50 Do. Extra do. for Pastry  
100 Do. fresh Oatmeal  
175 Bags superfine Cabin Biscuit  
75 Do. fine do. do.

1000 Do. Good Common do.

50 Coils assorted Cordage

600 Pair Yarn Hose

50 Pair Deck Boots

A few Kegs Tongues, Pickled Rounds Beef and Smoked ditto.

Also,

Per *BLANDFORD* and *CHERUB*, from  
London,

3 Pipes and 20 hds. Cognac Brandy, (Martell's brand) warranted of the very best quality

40 Hbds. Bordeaux ditto, (Dumon Frere's brand)

20 Do. Pale Skiedam Geneva

400 Boxes best London Tallow Candles, Mould's and Dip's

20 Do. Imperial Wax do.

50 Do. Hard Yellow Soap

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

London Butt Leather, Calf Skins, Kips, Basils and Boot Legs (block'd)

1000 Doz. Paste and Liquid Blacking

40 Casks gold-colored Sherry Wine, 3 doz. each

6 Qr.-casks and 20 cases prime old Port

100 Dozen London Brown Stout

100 Do. Pale Burton Ale, &c. &c.

N. B.—Connoisseurs can be accommodated with a few gallons of *Genuine COGNAC* and *HOLLANDS*—perfect Cordials.

December 28.

Shipping Intelligence

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

VESSELS (ENTERED.)

February 6.—Schoener Sarah, Roach, Cape Breton; 22 tons hard wood, 70 eahds. coal, 6 M. staves, 5 M. board.  
7.—Brig Blandford, Hutchings, Cork; 100 bls. pork, 50 firkins butter, 40 tons potatoes.

VESSELS (CLEARED.)

February 2.—Schooner Fidelity, Bruce, Cork; 2000 qtls fish, 3000 galls. oil.  
4.—Brig Cove, Reed, Liverpool; 20,000 galls. seal and cod oil.  
7.—Brig Fortitude, Thomas, Pernambuco; 2400 qtls fish.

DESERTED from the service of the Rev. CHARLES DALTON, P. P. Harbor Grace, a youngster, by name WILLIAM RYAN, aged about 25 years, and about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. Notice is hereby given, to all persons to whom it may concern, not to harbor or employ the aforesaid William Ryan, as the Rev. C. DALTON intends prosecuting the lad as far as the law will direct.

February 9.

(Concluded from second page.)

"An' won't you stop wid us the night Ned, agraw?" she asked, towards the conclusion of his hasty meal.

"You oughtn't to say to me, won't you Ned, but can you, Mary ma chree," he answered, turning his head to the door to note if Peery continued to do his duty at it, with the pistol he had slipped into his hand, "that's what you ought to say to me, Mary; but little's the use in thinkin' of the thing the heart 'ud like best to do, when a body isn't able to do it."

"I'll do something to get you lave to do that, Ned, my dear, afore I'm many days oulder," resumed Mary, glancing at her husband, and, with a nod of her head, looking expressively at her brother, while she spoke in a low, cautious voice.

"Mary! Mary ashore!" he said, in the lowest whisper, although its cadence betokened sudden and deep emotion, "what are you for saying, girl? Get up, and come this way wid me."

He took her by the arm, and led her into a corner of the barn where they were far removed from the peasants.

"What's this, at all?" he continued; "tell me in one word, Mary!"

"I know all about it at last, Ned, and I'll do my best to free you from the outlawry," she replied.

"Doul!" he cried impatiently; "the woman has taken lave of her senses!—all about what? and what would you dhrame o' doing? and who would you, Mary, if you do know all?"

"Himself, Ned."

"Peery, his ownself?" he demanded. "No other cratur; who could? Poor fellow, he couldn't long keep it from me; the heart in his body is too straight, and it loves and likes us both too well to let him lie down quietly, and you—"

"Whisht, Mary, for your life! whisht!" he cast his suspicious eyes all round him. "Musha, but he's a born fool of his mother to open his lips to you a word about it! an' tell me, Mary, what are you goin' to do? what can you thry that wouldn't be against your own husband—the father of your weenoch?" he continued passionately, "and daare you, Mary—daare you attempt any thing so unnatural as that? Mary, my curse be upon your head—and I will pray for our father and our mother to curse you out of their graves, if you let only the thought of it come into your mind!" She several times strove to speak, he seemed resolved to afford her no opportunity; "give over thinking of it I warn you!" he went on, "and now good bye and God bless you!"

"if you deserve his blessing; good bye, Mary, I'll see you again as soon as I can!" He hastily turned from her, and, standing with his back to the door, continued speaking to the peasants, without an instant's pause, "I'm goin' my road, boys, and as my time is short, I must say what I have to say to ye, at a hop-and-a-jump; so here it is. The Lord Lieutenant will be down among ye the morrow morning. He's to stop wid a good friend of yours, I hear, and that's like as if he wasn't far off from being a good friend himself. I don't want to advise ye to be good boys for his eyes; sure you'll thrate him well of your own accord, because ye all know he manes well to us, (the first of his kind that ever said so, at last), and more betoken because he goes about the poor country like a man who has thrust in its poor people; ridin' his horse, sometimes, almost alone, along bye roads and bushreens, as simple, ay, and a great deal simpler than some o' the little squires nigh hand to us; well if it's a thing that Captain Lighton axes the Lord Lieutenant to ax ye to cut his harvest, it would only be a good turn, afther all, not to refuse; it may serve yourselves; and may be it might serve me, too, in an endeavour I'm goin' to make to get lave to come home from my rambles, and lake to arning an honest mouthful again; and so, there's what I'm come a beggin' to ye for; and, now the good night to ye, boys, or the top o' the morning; for that matter the day's breakin' already. God speed ye."

"Peery O'Dea," he added, whispering to his brother-in-law, "help me to open this ould door, quick, quick! and out vid you now-like a hurler afore me! and let us run over a field or two together. I want to spake to you, and and keep you free of harm! Come man, hurry!" He seized Peery's arm, and almost forced him through the door-way; and when Mary and some of the peasants went out to look af'er them, the brothers-in-law were not to be seen. Mary pondered a moment, shook her head, and then bent her steps homewards, little changed in the resolution she had taken to try and restore her brother to society.

"What fool's talk has passed between you and Mary, Peery O'Dea?" asked Cahill, when they had gained their place of concealment, the ruins of an old castle, which overhung the main road to their village.

"Ned," answered Peery, "you know I've told her all; don't fly in a passion wid me; I saw ye disoorcin' together in the barn, and it was asy to guess what Mary was sayin' to you."

"An' that's the way you keep your promise wid me?" questioned Ned.

"I couldn't help it, Ned Cahill, ashore. It was lyin' like a heavy stone on my heart. Sure enough, we both thought it would be for the best; I to hold my tongue an' thry to work for her and the weenoch while you were only forced to hide yourself for a start. But I'll tell you what it is, Ned; the mornin' I heard of them takin' you, I set off for the jail door, to give myself up to them in your stead, as it well became me to do; an' nothin' but the news I larned on the road o' your breakin' jail, an' givin' 'em leg bail, the thing that put the outlawry on you, afther all, poor boy, nothin' but that sent me home agin. Ay, an' I have more to say to you, Ned Cahill; the first moment I hear of your falling into their clutches a second time, I'll be on the road to

the jail door a second time too; for I can't eat by day, or sleep by night, thinkin' o' you. An' afther all we can say about Mary and the child, my heart tells me I'm not doin' a thing that a man ought to do."

"Bother an' botheration, Peery; do you mane to tell me, even if it did happen that I was locked up agin, that it would be the part of a man to start himself off, of his own accord, from wife an' weenoch; to say nothin' o' the poor ould father o' you sittin' at home by the fire; an' let them send you for life across the wide seas, if they didn't take the life from you aforehand? I tell you, man, you have your duties laid out for you on this yearth; as for me, no one is dependin' on me, and no one 'ud miss me barrin' yourself an' Mary; an' even ye only for the sorrow, an' nothin' at all for the loss; an' I am not a boy given to marryin', I don't think the notion of it'll ever come into my head agin; for, in throth, Peery, from the day I helped to carry poor Caub Farel to the berrin-ground, afther the lang sickness that made her a light load to carry any where afore it ended her days"—Cahill's voice changed, and his eyes fell—"from that day to this, Peery, though I was a younger boy then, I never saw the colleen I'd care to be thinkin' of; no, nor want to see her neither. But we're talkin' a power o' rammaush here, in this ould place. Tell me, Peery, an' don't tell me any thing but the thruth, how much o' the real business did you blab out to Mary?"

"I didn't hide a single bit of the real business, Ned. I told her that it was myself (an you not wid me nor in the secret) that went up to Lighton's house that night, for the arms, along wid the other boys; an' I told her you only follied us to get me home out o' danger, when, by bad luck, you found out what I was goin' to do; and that when the Peeters pershued us, afther we got the guns and pistols, and were hard and close on my thrack, you ran up to me, Ned, and forced my gun from me, an' made me turn off home by a cross-cut; Oeh, Ned! if it could come into my mind that night, what you were goin' to do—"

"Pho, Peery I never meant they should ketch either of us, when I took your gun, an' if you were hid by me to use your legs sooner, they never would have to tell that they came up wid me; 'twas our argufyin' the thing that spoiled all. Well, no matter now. Just listen to me over agin. What's Mary goin' to do, to thry an' get me free o' the outlawry? can you tell me that, Peery?" Peery solemnly protested he could not. He had never heard his wife mention the subject. Cahill looked grave, and, after a pause, kindling into a rage, said, "By the sky over us! if my sister, my father's and my mother's daughter, ever attempts the like of it, I could kill her with my own hand!"

Peery asked what he meant; and it was obvious from his perfectly unconscious manner, that he did not share with his brother-in-law a single doubt of Mary. Cahill evaded answering him.

"You must stop the day by my side, Peery—that's all; or as much of the day, at last, as'll be wanting to do what I mane to doe in. An', first of all, let us hide here till the Lord Lieutenant passes by to Mr. Lowe's big house; I'd like to see him, that I may know him again; an' he'll soon come now, for Mr. Lowe expects him to the great break-in'."

"Accordingly, both remained in the ould ruins some hours, peering out upon the road through narrow window-slits in its walls. And Ned Cahill seemed to have gained true information as to the movements of Vice-Royalty. After some time distant shouts reached them; they watched the top line of the hilly road; the uproar came nearer; clouds of dust arose in view; and, dimly seen through it, down streamed and trundled the crowds of peasantry, who were drawing his Excellency, with silken ropes, in his open carriage, and the huge crowds who, jumping and capering, were before them, beside them, and behind them and Mr. Lowe, and other gentlemen of the place, on horseback, in front; an' not a soger nor a peeler to be seen!"—as the ecstatic mob declared, and truly declared, the ecstatic mob, who, not two years before, had been enjoying the Insurrection Act, and who have not remained quite ecstatic, ever since that blessed morning.

"I'm told I'll know him in the carriage by his takin' off his hat and makin' in manner o' bows and fine manners to the people;"—soliloquized Cahill, looking close, as the frantic rout whirled onward the truly and meritedly popular Lord Lieutenant, often tumbling over each other, in the miserable zeal of each and all to "have one pull at the ropes."

"Well, an' there I seen him sore enough," resumed Cahill, "an' it'll be quare if I don't know him agin, afther he ates his break-in'—much good may it do him, every bit an' sup of it!"

At Mr. Lowe's hall door the people permitted his Excellency to stop. Their parish priest there read him a little address, to which he replied kindly, in impromptu. Again we have to notice the correctness of Ned Cahill's private sources of information, Captain Lighton, who, with other gentlemen, had ridden out that morning to meet the great man, handed a note into the carriage. The Lord Lieutenant, interrupting a few words of conversation with the parish priest, immediately glanced once at it, and then saying something in a low voice, gave it to his late reverend panegyrist, who having perused it in his turn, thus addressed the assembled thousands.

"My good people—down to this morning ye have refused, even against my request, to cut Captain Lighton's corn; here is his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, and your friend, if you will let him, by deserving his friendship,—and through my mouth his Excellency is pleased to ask ye, will you, or will you not, save the blessed harvest that Divine Providence—"

"We will, please his Majesty and your Rive-

rence;" interrupted a voice very like that of "Con;"—"We will, out o' glory to him for axin us,—an' for another little reason, because poor Ned Cahill, that we're all sorry for, an' love an' like, is afther bid-ding us do the same thing aforehand."

"Ned Cahill! the poor outlaw!" resumed the priest, forgetting a little chagrin he had felt, on the head of being cheated out of a very pretty peroration, by Con's interruption: and he and the Lord Lieutenant began to discourse anew, in seeming earnestness.

Ned Cahill and Peery O'Dea soon had proof, from a changed hiding place, that the people respected Con's pledge as their spokesman; shouting and capering and brandishing their sickles, hundreds of them rushed into the Captain's fields, and simultaneously attacked all the ripe corn they could find.

And still the outlaw showed a knowledge of how more important people were to act upon that—to him—memorable day. Having again spirited Peery along with him to a convenient place of ambush, he watched, earnestly, the expected approach of the Lord Lieutenant, along a bye-road leading, zig-zag, from Mr. Lowe's house. Peery knew his purpose by this time, and awaited its issue with his own mental reservations of what he would do, should evil come of Ned's bold thought.

"Whisht, Peery!" cried Cahill, catching his arm, as he glanced over the hedge of the road, with a sparkling eye, and suddenly glaring cheeks:—"here he is, sooner than I or others had a notion of;—and ridin' quite alone, too by the powers!—not an edge-a-gong, nor Mister Lowe, himself, wid him!—well, an' that's quare! but I s'pose they're behind the turn o' the road; or, at any rate, it's all the better for me—so here goes, in the name o' God and good luck!"—and springing upon the road, and falling instantly upon his knees, straight before the object of his souls solicitude and reverence, he continued—"Oh, your Excellency! oh, my Lord Lieutenant!—oh, please your Majesty, hear one word from a poor, heart-sore man!"

"Who—a—t, what, what, friend?" stammered the person he addressed, endeavouring to rein in and quiet his horse, who had been amazingly startled at the sudden vision of Cahill; and, indeed, the horse's master did not speak or look like a man of perfect presence of mind.

"My life, my life!" resumed Cahill; wait, your honour, my Lord Lieutenant, an' I'll bould him, for you;—and he jumped up and grasped the horse's reins—"an' now—"

"Let go, fellow! let go!" screamed the rider, in increased terror, for, from Cahill's brogue and impassioned pronunciation, he had mistaken the possessive pronoun which the supplicant had placed before the word "life."

"Oeh, an' won't I, your Majesty, won't I, when you only hear me spake one word!—sure I'm no one else in the world, but poor Cahill the outlaw, that your Majesty—"

"Outlaw!" repeated the officer—"savage villain! do you mean to murder me?"

"Murder you, my Lord Lieutenant!" repeated poor Cahill, in his turn, letting go the reins, and starting back, aghast, with clasped hands—"By the blessed stars in the sky! I love an' like you so well, that I wouldn't harm a hair o' your horse's mane, let alone one o' your own head, for the round world stuffed full of gold!"

"And why do you carry that pistol, then?" still stammered the poor Double, now a little soothed, however, by the honest battery of Cahill, and the repetitions of the plebeian titles addressed to him.

"This 'ere the bit of a pistol, my lord!" Cahill drew it from his breast, where its butt end had been well hidden—"oh, an' is it me you fear on the head of this!—looker here, please your Majesty—"

He discharged the weapon in the air, close by the horse's ears, however; the animal pranced and reared in a frenzy of terror, and his rider, still sharing his feelings, could scarce keep his saddle.

"An' see here agin!"—continued Cahill hurling the pistol from him—an action lost to the confounded and dancing eyes of the Double—"and now, at last, your Majesty'll please to hear me!"—he renewed his grasp on the horse's bridle, really only meaning well—"you put the outlawry on an innocent man, my Lord Lieutenant—one that never riz a hand, for bad, in the country—oh, take it off o' me, take it off o' me. Let me go home from the hills and the woods agin, to sleep under a christen roof, an' to meet my fellow-creatures widout bein' afear'd o' them, and to put my hand to the spade or the plough agin, that I may art the honest bit and the honest sup, an' that I may go to the house o' God an' kneel down there and put up my prayers for you an' yours, to the last day I draw the breath o' life!—obowen, tak-it off o' me, an' may you reiga long in glory an' die happy—It's an innocent boy that axes you, my Lord Lieutenant—it's an innocent poor boy,—say the word out o' your mouth, say the word, an' do a good action, say the word, an'—"

"Well, well, well, man!"—interrupted the Double his fears now only divided between the uncertainty whether he had to do with a wild Irish assassin, or a wild Irish madman—"don't you pull me about so, and we shall see—let go the bridle and I will say the word—there—stand aside now, and you may regard yourself as a free man."

"Hurrah," screamed Cahill, jumping up a good height from the ground, as he smote his breast in utter joy—"Peery O'Dea, inside the fence there, do you hear that?"

"Hurrah," an' it's I that do," answered Peery, with another shout, discovering himself.

"It's off o' me, it's off o' me," continued Cahill, hugging his brother-in-law—"isn't it, your honour in glory—isn't it?"

"It is, it is—to be sure it is—have I not said so? I revoke every thing—only won't you and the other man move away from my horse's head? So—good day to you both—all's right—good day—"

and seeing the road clear before him, the speaker gave spur and rein to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment—ay, and out of Ireland in some hours after, from the nearest sea-port, cured, in a degree, of performing his absurd and miserable impostures in it.

"There you go, an' may honour an' glory be in your road afore you!"—Cahill continued to shout.

who, with presented carbines immediately surrounded them.

"Bother, boys, with your stand!"—answered Ned—"I'm Cahill, sure enough, but no outlaw, this blessed day, thank God an' his honour the Lord Lieutenant! Hurrah!" he jumped again.

"Come, come—your arms!"—said the sergeant of the party.

"Arms! borrow a cob I have barrin the two God gave me,--a little while ago, to tell the thruth, I had a sort of an ould pistol wid me—but I sint the bullet of id up into the air, an' itself afther the bullet to thegdivle entirely—an' it's my word I give you, mister Peeters, honies, that, from this day out—"

"Search him!"—interrupted the sergeant.

"Here, then—sarch—sarch—sarch—oh, wid all my heart, I tell you, boys, it's only givin' yourselves trouble for nothin'."

"Fall in with the men then, and march for jail," resumed the sergeant, when the useless search was ended.

"Jail? me march for jail? ye're mad to spake of id. It's more than your lives are worth to use the words. Take great care what ye're for doin'."

"Come, fall in—where are the handcuffs?"

"Handcuffs?" as he heard them jingling—"have a care o' your behaviour to me I tell you once again!"—ajaculated Cahill, while he vainly resisted the strength used to manacle his hands—"his own self took the ban o' o' me, mister Peeters—his own self, my Lord the Lieutenant, only a minute ago, an' on this very blessed spot! ay, ye may laugh at me; but I say he did; an' here's Peery O'Dea that's ready to say the same thing, for he hard an' seen him! didn't you Peery, didn't you?"

Peery proved, indeed, a ready witness; but still the police sneered, until, after glancing down the road, in the direction of Mr. Lowe's house, the sergeant said, "well, Cahill, now's the time to get grace from us, if your words are true,"—the man's tone was still deriding—"here comes his Excellency."

"Which way?" demanded Cahill, glancing up and down the road in great astonishment—"Eh? the gentleman ridin' up to us wid Mr. Lowe and the officers? stop—wait—eh? by the powers o' man, as' it is sure enough, however the divyle—or by the Lord's will—he got there. Peery, Peery, avick!"

"Shove aside, and clear the road," said the sergeant. The police and their prisoners accordingly stood at the fence, the men presenting arms. The Lord Lieutenant stopped before them, and was about to ask what was the matter, when Cahill broke forward, and falling prostrate, with his manacled hands, prayed his Excellency to look on him, and remember him well, and say whether he had not, a few moments before, pardoned him his offences; and at the same time he again shouted out for Peery O'Dea to support his assertion.

"The man must be mad!"—said the Lord Lieutenant to Mr. Lowe—"both of them must be so; I have never seen either of them in my life before; and yet how apparentlly sincere is their earnestness; one of them weep."

At the sound of his Excellency's voice, Cahill started up, staring in mingling and dismay on the face of the speaker; and again he called, in a whisper, to "Peery! Peery! avick!" as if for counsel.

"No, Ned, ashore," replied Peery, after making his own observations—"jist think that's the afore us—or—it is himself, I mane—or else there's two o' them—or is the ould divyle that came the road, first of all, to make you go thro' wid the foolish thought o' your mind, an' get you taken agin?"

While the Lord Lieutenant still spoke in an under tone with Mr. Lowe, the sergeant of the police advanced to recapture Cahill. Peery O'Dea now sprang forward and continued, in a loud, wailing voice—"But since they have you the second time, Ned, it's time for me to do what I said—Please your Lordship, Ned Cahill, my wife's brother, tho' he broke jail, is as innocent as my own weenoch o' what sent him there!—I an the man—I, Peery O'Dea... that headed the boys up to the house for the arms that night—an' Ned wasn't wid us at all, only met me on the road after we got what we went for—an' forced my gun from me, an' stood to be seized by the Peeters... and this is the holy thruth, an' I'll get your honor plenty o' witness-ers to say so:—an' now, sure your Majesty'll jist tell them to let him go, and lake me in his place, an'—"

"Don't put thrust in a word the fool of a boy is sayin, glory to your lordships," interrupted Cahill. "the head of him is cracked, because I'm poor Mary's brother, an' he's often not in his right mind; 'twas in my hand the gun was found—an' 'twas I that broke jail, and, by course, it's I that ought to go to jail over agin; an' so, mister sergeant, now, the Lord save us! an' what's this?"

Mary O'Dea held him in her arms, sobbing and weeping aloud. "To jail you'll never go, brother Ned, machree!" she cried. "never, never, praises to the good God, an' our good Lord Lieutenant!" "Avick, you poor cratur; and did that desaitful divyle come across you, too, and make you all manner o' promises," asked Cahill, returning her embraces. "Your honor, my Lord," continued Mary, "spake the word you promised me."

Addressing Mr. Lowe, his Excellency, touched and affected, turned his horse's head—"Pray, Sir, explain to the poor people." "Cahill," said Mr. Lowe, "your sister has saved you; at least confirmed the Lord Lieutenant's merciful dispositions towards you, previously formed out of other circumstances. She contrived to meet his Excellency before my house this morning, and, on condition that a considerable depot of concealed arms—discovered by her, she has not said how," (Cahill glanced from Mary to Peery)—should be delivered up, obtained your pardon. The tranquillity of the country for the last year, a word in your favor, from your priest and others, and indeed from myself, and a wish to show the deluded people that they will be treated mercifully, whenever they themselves afford the opportunity—all this helped your sister's prayers—Thank his Excellency. You are a free man."

That Cahill did as he was bid it would be idle to enforce. Neither is it necessary to describe the joy of the reunited family. But, indeed, kind readers,—contradictory as the thing may sound,—men of mortal materials similar to those which we believe you like in the brothers-in-law, Ned and Peery, often plunder arms, in some Irish counties, nay,—(and, alas for the admission!) use them fearfully—too. Let us hope and pray, however, that such an Irish Lord Lieutenant as we here have sketched for you, acting under the wise instructions which shape his own excellent feelings and inclinations, may so gain possession of all the hidden depôts of distraction, accumulated by the wretched people.

As for his Double—"Peery, avick," said Cahill, after they and Mary had been left alone on the road—"let us run hard, straight a-head, an' thry an' lay hold o' that brute-baste of a pretender!"—Englishman's Magazine.

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