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St. John's



Newfoundlander

No. 524.

THURSDAY, August 10, 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.

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 9 o'clock, in order that the boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock, on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies and Gentlemen.....7s. 6d.
 Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
 Single Letters.....0s. 6d.
 Double ditto.....1s. 0d.
 And Packages in proportion.

N. B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all Letters and Packages given him Carbonear, April 20, 1837.

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 that splendid Packet-boat.

ST. PATRICK,

to ply between Carbonear and Portugal Cove, having two cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies) with two sleeping berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of the respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them general satisfaction.

The Sr. PATRICK will leave Carbonear for the Cove, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 9 o'clock, and the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; the Packet man will leave St. John's at 8 o'clock on these mornings

TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers.....7s. 6d.
 Fore Cabin Ditto.....5s. 0d.
 Single Letters.....0s. 6d.
 Double Ditto.....1s. 0d.

Parcels in proportion to their size or weight. The owner will not be accountable for any money put on board.

N. B.—Letters for St. John's, &c. received at Mr. Edmund Phelan's, Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kielty's, (Newfoundland Tavern,) and at Mr. John Crute's. Carbonear, April 20, 1837.

St. John's and Harbour-Grace PACKET.

THE fine fast-sailing, Cutter, the Express leaves Harbour-Grace, precisely at 9 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 passages 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,
 Harbour-Grace.

May 11.

A SECOND HAND PIANO FORTE.

Apply at the Newfoundland Office.
 May 25.

On Sale

Robinson, Brooking, Garland & Co.

ARE NOW LANDING

From the JULIA, from Liverpool,
 AND OFFER FOR SALE,

2 PIPES } Prime Bronté Madeira
 10 Hogsheads }
 40 Cr.-Casks } **WINE.**
 June 1.

HUNTERS & Co.

The Cargo of the ANNADALE, from Prince Edward's Island.

HARDWOOD PLANK

Pine and Spruce BOARD
 Hemlock Ditto
 Ash BILLETS
 50 M. SHINGLES
 50 KEGS, 2 gallons each.
 May 25.

W. & H. Thomas & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED,
 Per JULIA, from Liverpool,
 THEIR SPRING SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

Which are now open for Inspection.

ALSO,

Of recent importations,

- 150 Lbs. fine INDIGO
- 400 Bls. Hamburg and New-York Pork
- 300 Ditto prime Beef
- 100 Firkins Butter
- 600 Bls. superfine and fine Flour
- 700 Bags Bread
- Sugar in boxes, barrels, and hogsheads
- Molasses, Oatmeal, Pease
- 130 Bags assorted Nails
- 20 Tons assorted Cordage
- 20 Coils White Rope
- Spumpan, Oakum, and Hambroline
- 100 Boxes Chocolate
- Leaf Tobacco in hogsheads and bales
- Negrohead ditto in kegs
- 200 Bls. Pitch
- Coal Tar, Paints, Linseed Oil
- Varnish, Spirits of Turpentine
- 100 Boxes Soap
- 100 Ditto Candles
- Chain Cables and Topsail Sheets
- 40 Bags fine Coffee.

May 25.

Robinson, Brooking, Garland & Co.

ARE NOW LANDING

From the Brigantine FAME, Capt. Figgitt, from Barbados.

98 Puncheons MOLASSES
 43 Barrels } FINE SUGAR.
 1 Tierce }

And for Sale on accommodating Terms.
 June 1.

West of England Goods

BULLY, JOB & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED,

Per PUGENX from Bridport, SELINA from Torquay, and by previous arrivals—

- 2 Cod Seines 55 by 85
- 2 Ditto ditto 50 by 70
- 1 Caplin ditto 20 by 35
- 2 Ditto ditto 24 by 41
- 2 Ditto ditto 24 by 43
- Long Shore Lines in Bales of 25 dozen each
- Herring, Mackerel, and Cast Nets
- Twines of all kinds

150 Pair Fishing and Deck Boots
 2000 Pair Men's, Women's, & Boys' Shoes, assorted in different sized Packages.

The above will be Sold cheap for Fish payment in the Fall.
 May 25.

On Sale

BY

HUNTERS & CO.

100 M. Merchantable Pine and Spruce
 Inch BOARD

- 100 M. Merchantable Shingles
- 20 M. 2 and 3 Inch Pine Plank
- 10 M. 3 inch Hemlock ditto
- 10 M. Hardwood Plank, 1 1/2 to 3 inch
- 20 Spars, from 10 to 16 inch
- 5 M. Superior Clapboard

Imported by sundry Vessels from Miramichi and P. E. Island.
 June 29.

BY

ROBINSON, BROOKING, GARLAND & Co.

Just received per SCIENCE, from Hamburg,

- 2000 Bags BREAD
- 300 Barrels PORK
- 300 Firkins BUTTER
- 250 Barrels Superfine FLOUR
- 200 Very Fine Westphalia HAMS
- 50 Barrels Boiling PEASE
- 50 Ditto Sockholm TAR
- 10 M. BRICKS.

June 1

Cod and Caplin Seines of various sizes

Canvas, Nets, Bunts
 Lines and Twines of every description
 Payable in Fish, Oil, or Cash.

ALSO,

- 2,000 Pair English Shoes
- 2,000 Lbs. Butt, Shoulder, & Bellies English Leather
- Shoe Thread
- Devonshire Cider
- Dorsetshire Beer
- 700 Bottles "Snouts" Pickles & Sauces.

DANIEL FOWLER.
 May 25.

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

HAVE JUST IMPORTED

Per Sophia from Havana,
 AND OFFER FOR SALE AT LOW PRICES,

- 98 Puns. Best MOLASSES
- 100 Boxes Fine SUGAR

ALSO—

Per Mary Isabella, from Hamburg,

- 200 Barrels Pastry FLOUR, particularly recommended to Families
- 600 Barrels Superfine and Fine ditto
- 50 Half-barrels Superfine ditto
- 100 Bags Cabin Bread
- 30 Barrels Pease
- 10 Half-ditto Split ditto
- 30 Ditto Pearl Barley
- 50 Demijohns best Hollands
- Smoked Beef and Hams.

July 6.

BY

JAMES FERGUS & CO.

- 100 Puns. Choice Retailing MOLASSES
- 40 Hogsheads SUGAR

EX LOTTERY from Porto Rico.

- Negrohead TOBACCO, first quality, a very superior article
- 1 Case Fishing BOOTS
- EX SIR THOMAS DUCKWORTH from Bermuda
- High Proof Demerary RUM
- Fine ditto SUGAR
- Excellent ditto MOLASSES

EX BETHRA from Demerary.

ALSO, IN STORE,

Prime Mess BEEF, PORK, RICE.

July 6.

PARISIAN CAFES.

Everybody has heard—and in these days of cheap travelling it would be surprising if everybody had not seen—something of the gaiety and brilliancy of Paris. It certainly well merits the title of "the City of Pleasure." It is the capital of enjoyment and luxury, where Care is ashamed to show his ugly face, and so puts on the mask of Momus. In every arrangement you plainly see that the object aimed at is pleasure. The means of amusement are infinite; and the people—the happy and careless people—are ever ready to be amused even with a trifle! Glare and glitter blaze in your eyes in all quarters. There is no lack of balls. Theatres and réunions of every species are in abundance; yet, among all places of public resort, none is more light, more gay, more tasteful, more brilliant, than a first-rate French café. To see a café in perfection, one must absolutely quit London. The thing is not to be found in this quiet metropolis of ours. Don't talk to me of Verrey's; that is unquestionably an excellent refreshment shop; but to a veritable French café it is no more to be compared than dull lead to burnished gold! If you are afflicted with a visit from those intolerable intruders, the blue devils, I advise you to seek refuge in a French café. In a moment you feel the genial influence of the joyous atmosphere which envelops you. Who can wear a look of care when there are so many laughing countenances inviting you to be merry? On one side the dominion of Frenchmen—rattle on the marble table. On another side wit and conversation supply the staple of mirth; while, in a quiet corner, a party of easy politicians are silly enjoying the pungent jests of the Charivari or the Corsaire. The café is full—all is merriment; and the very walls, radiant with polished mirrors, seem to join in the universal delight, reflecting it back a hundredfold! And how beautiful are those walls! Painted with the brightest hues—embellished with gold and silver ornaments, their look is at once light and gorgeous. Sometimes the decorations are in that fantastic style called Arabesque. Sometimes they consist of figures of goddesses, cupids, nymphs, and other pleasing personages of the same class; and so well painted, that had we them framed and hung in our London parlours, we should be inclined to look upon them as perfect gems. Higher in an eminence sits enthroned, in the full consciousness of her charms,—the adoration of every male beholder—the fair presiding genius of this enchanting temple! How cheaply are a smile and a bonjour from lips so pretty, purchased by ten sous for a demi-tasse of coffee! How enviable is the privilege, acquired by the sacrifice of twopence for a verre d'eau sucrée, of slipping a compliment into the ear of so exquisite a creature! No wonder, then, that Frenchmen, of every age and station, frequent the café. And small blame to them for it, as Pat says; for tho' it must be confessed there is much of mere glitter about acafé, yet in glitter, as well as in noise, there is some hidden spring of the joyous. All the world knows that the poets describe Silence as sad, and every body will admit that there is nothing particularly exciting in bare walls. But paint your room well; cover it with mere tinsel, if you like—throw into it the hum of conversation, and the bustle of intercourse—create, in a word, a French café, and instantly, Joy, with her smiling face, appears at your elbow. No wonder, then, that the café flourishes! No wonder that the propriétaire rapidly amasses wealth, and turns rentier! No wonder that the garçons—the tidy, active, and assiduous garçons—thankful for the son they get as guerdon from each guest—grow rich and become propriétaires in their turn. They all richly deserve success and prosperity. Yet transplant a French café, with its female divinity—its shining magnificence—its sprightly garçons—into the heart of this staid metropolis of the British empire, and a hundred—nay, a thousand to one, it would prove a dead failure. The truth is, the population of Paris is very different, in feelings and habits, from the population of London. We Englishmen are a domestic race. Look at our cheerful parlours—our snug fire-sides—and say, is it possible for mere glitter to draw us abroad from the real substantial comforts of our homes? Never! And, therefore it is that cafés, which to thrive, require a ceaseless flow of customers—in and out every minute—are not suited to the immobile population of Old Eng-

land. What is home to a Parisian? A perfect terra incognita, or rather any place where glare and lure banish thought, for the moment, a home—a paradise to him. In fact, a Parisian has no real home. 'Tis true he has an apartment and a card of address, but when will you find him *chez lui*? At bed-time, and at bed-time only. To be "at home" is with him synonymous with being "asleep." "At home" he does nothing—absolutely nothing else but sleep. In the morning out he sallies, and breakfasts at the *café*. More advanced in the day he lunches at the *café*. After dining at the restaurant, he finishes his evening at the theatre or the *café*—sips ice, plays at dominoes, and at last home he goes to sleep.

SPEECH OF MR. SHEIL AT THE LAMBETH FESTIVAL.

Mr. SHEIL, in reply to a toast conjoining his own health and justice to Ireland, returned thanks: "To-night (said the eloquent gentleman), there will be in the ancient palace occupied by the Kings of England a vast concourse of the splendid aristocracy of this country, to celebrate the attainment by the Princess Victoria of that age at which the constitution deems her entitled to form a judgment of the interests and of the rights of the great people which Providence may have appointed her to rule. The proud nobility of England will meet around her, and offer her the tribute of their anticipations. 'Tis well and right that they should do this; and the royal lady to whom these oblations of almost premature protestations of devotedness will be made will know full well how to estimate the sincerity of these homages of which she will be the object; but while she goes through these formalities of the palace, I rejoice that she should also be furnished with the proof which such meetings as these will give her, that she holds a deep place in the affections of the people, and that while this auspicious day is commemorated by courtiers in the saloons of royalty, it is also hailed with an enthusiasm at least as real by the great body of the people, whose affections are of a value so infinitely greater than the adulation of the heartless great, by whom princes are so often treated either as their idols or their victims. Be this day a happy one, and of hope for this noble country, let it be the initiation! I think, sir, that I can form some estimate of the feelings which this day must have arisen in the mind of the illustrious person on whom such vast prospects are opened, and who seems to have been born to a destiny so glorious. It is some presumption to picture in imagination the scene which must this morning have passed between the mother—the exulting mother—and the tender and grateful child. [Loud and continued cheers.] Do you think with me—(it is impossible that it should have been otherwise)—do you believe with me, that when the princess met her incomparable mother, and knelt down to ask the maternal blessing, on a day when such a blessing ought to be heard in heaven—do you not believe that she laid her hands upon the head of the royal girl, and that, raising up her eyes to God, she prayed that the Almighty might make that good and gentle daughter the means of felicity to that empire which she is destined to govern? [Great cheers.] And do you not also believe, that, while that prayer was being offered up, the child looked into the mother's face with tears (for joy as well as of sorrow tears are the indication), and that she mingled her prayers with the maternal orison, that she may live to gladden her mother's heart by becoming a blessing to the English people? [Long continued cheers.] That she does entertain the high and holy desire to be instrumental in the diffusion of happiness over the entire of this magnificent empire I entertain no doubt. What a spectacle must offer itself to her imagination when she reflects on the great part which she is ordained to perform. The vast and stupendous range of dominion which she is to exercise must be spread before her. When she looks to the east, she sees Hindostan with its hundred millions, who have hitherto experienced little else but British domination, but among whom the advantages of civilization and of true religion are extending. She sees Australia in the south, where British colonization displays, even in its infancy, the evidences of gigantic power. In the extreme point of Africa she beholds the promontory which, in reference to what may be yet achieved, may be well designated as that of 'Hope.' In the west she sees the emancipated negro appreciating in those 'regions of the sun' the incipient liberty to which she trusts to give accomplishment. This is a glorious and magnificent prospect; but how much more ennobled it becomes, when, turning her eyes from remoter objects, she looks to England herself (great cheering)—glorious and magnificent England: she may well rest her eyes with exultation upon her grandeur, her opulence, her boundless commerce, her mighty navies, her almost illimitable sway."

From England, then, the learned gentleman drew the attention of the illustrious personage, whose birthday they were met to celebrate, to the condition of his unhappy country, and the causes of all its misfortunes:—
"Let her learn (said he) that, as hitherto the misfortunes of Ireland have arisen from the unnatural policy which preferred the interests of a faction to the rights of a nation, the remedy for all those evils is to be found in the simple expedient of common justice."

COMMERCIAL CRISIS.—House of Commons.—"They," said the Honourable Member for Birmingham, meaning the Merchants who have just failed, "had been defrauded of their rightful property by

the secret, concealed, and fraudulent proceedings of that House. He would stand up for the character of these unhappy men, who found their wealth passing away under the effect of these injurious laws. They had been told that the Bank of England ought to assist these persons. If the Bank of England should attempt to assist them, unless Government at the same time repealed this law (Peel's Bill), the consequence would be, that the Bank of England, after expending all that it could possibly expend, would fall under one common ruin with the others. The Bank of England could not withstand the law of the land, a law which compelled them to pay in standard gold. The Bank would, no doubt, have been able to deal most liberally by distressed merchants but for the necessity of paying its own debts in standard gold; and a Restriction Act would no doubt be found a great relief to all men whose assets are not equal in value to the debts they owe. But the nation has unfortunately experienced but too much of this quackery. What men in trade require is not relief through depreciation, but a *bona fide* adherence to the standard, so that they may enter on speculations with something like an assurance that their property shall not be swept away by mismanagement of the currency. Mr. Barclay and Sir John Rae Reid declared that the existing embarrassments were in a great measure owing to extravagant speculations. But this is somewhat like the Hindoo system of the world, which makes the earth rest upon an elephant, but makes the elephant rest upon nothing. What was the inducement to enter into extravagant speculations? Was it not the abundance of money? And who made money abundant? That is the question which must be enquired into. It will not do to throw all the blame on the Ministers, and to acquit the moneymongers.

LONDON, JUNE 26.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

Windsor Castle, June 20.
On examining the mortal remains of his late Majesty, William IV., the following appearances were noticed:—
In the right cavity of the chest there was an effusion of about 14 ounces of serous fluid.
The lung on that side was nowhere adherent, the vessels of the lower lobe were very much tinged with blood, and the air-cells contained a mucous and serous fluid, having a bloody tinge.
The left lung adhered generally and with great firmness to the surface of the pleura lining the chest; these adhesions appear to have resulted from former attacks of inflammation.
The vessels of this lung were also tinged with blood, and its lower portion was somewhat indurated.
The rings of the trachea and bronchi were ossified to a great extent; and the lining membrane was of a dark colour, in consequence of the distended state of the vessels.
The pericardium adhered universally to the surface of the heart; but these adhesions were slight, and appeared to be of very recent formation.
The heart itself was large, and softened in its texture. Its right side was extremely distended with blood, but exhibited no marks of organic disease.
On the left side of the heart the mitral valves were found to be ossified, and the three semilunar valves of the aorta were in the same state. The ossification was in two of them to such an extent that it must have materially interfered with their functions.
The coats of the aorta were much thickened, and on its inner or lining membrane there were several deposits of earthy matter.
The liver was somewhat enlarged and hardened, and was of a granulated structure throughout.
The gall bladder was extremely contracted, and contained but little bile.
The spleen was increased to double its natural size, and a large portion of its surface was covered with a cartilaginous deposit.
The pancreas was enlarged and indurated.
The stomach and intestines were healthy, except at one part of the large intestine, which was narrowed by a thickening of its inner membrane.
The right kidney was quite sound, but the left was unusually vascular, and exhibited a granulated appearance. The investing membrane adhered very slightly to it.
The bladder was in a healthy state.
M. J. TIERNY. A. COOPER.
W. F. CHAMBERS. R. KEATE.
D. DAVIES. B. C. BRODIE.
E. D. MOORE, Apothecary to his Majesty.

PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN AT THE TOWER AND IN THE TOWER HAMLETS.

Conformably to former precedents, and pursuant to an Order in Council, this ceremony took place on Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock. His Grace the Duke of Wellington, the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, arrived at the Queen's-house, where he was received by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, the Deputy Lieutenant-Governor, and Major Elrington, the resident Governor, and was joined by Mr. William Ballantine, Chairman of the Sessions, Sir Frederick Roe, Sir John Hall, and several other Magistrates and Deputy Lieutenants of the Tower Hamlets. Having proceeded to the Parade, the Proclamation was read by Mr. J. W. Lush, (Chief Bailiff,) followed by a flourish of the drums and trumpets of the Royal Household. The guns on

the batteries were then fired, and the Royal Standard on the White Tower, which, since the demise of the late King, had been only half-mast high, was hoisted to the top. The procession then moved forward in the following order:—A body of the metropolitan police to clear the way, and the constables of numerous parishes, all on horseback; next followed the headles of nearly 20 parishes; then came the warders of the Tower in the uniform of the Tower garrison, and mounted on chargers, carrying their halberds; next came the Duke of Wellington on horseback in the uniform of Lord Lieutenant of the Tower, with Majors Elrington and Doyle; and the rear was brought up by the band of the household troops, and a numerous body of the magistracy, headed by Mr. Ballantine, Chairman of the Tower Sessions, in open carriages. The procession was exceedingly imposing, and thousands of persons followed it throughout its route. The battalion of Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Lascelles, was drawn up on the Esplanade, and saluted the Duke and procession while passing through the fortress. The proclamation was again read near the site of the old postern on Tower-hill, at White-chapel-bars, Spitalfields-market, at Shadwell-market, and finally at Ratcliffe-cross, at which place the Duke, in a short speech, returned thanks to the Gentlemen for their attendance, and the procession separated. Considerable cheering by the populace followed each reading of the proclamation, and the appearance of the Duke on horseback excited great applause.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 25.

By one of those blunders, of which so many other towns seem justly to have complained, the proclamation intended to be read in this place did not arrive until Friday night, for, instead of being sent direct from the Home-office to the proper authorities, it was forwarded to the High Sheriff at Tunbridge Wells, the Sheriff sent it back to London, and on the next day it was brought down here. The high constable for the time being, upon whom the duty of proclaiming the fact in this borough has always devolved upon the accession of a new Sovereign to the throne, had, long before the arrival of the writ directing him to do so, made preparations for the ceremony, which took place yesterday morning. The Queen was first proclaimed in front of the Town-hall with great pomp, the high constable being invested with the insignia of office, and aided by the military and civil authorities. At the conclusion of the proclamation on this spot three loud huzzas were given for the Queen Victoria, and the military band played the first strain of the national anthem. The high constable then mounted his horse and proceeded to proclaim her Majesty at seven other places in the town. There was a grand procession of upwards of 600 people, including a regiment of cavalry (the 6th Dragoons), under the command of Colonel Jackson, the artillery, the blockade, the magistrates, clergy, all the public bodies, and parochial officers, besides numbers of the inhabitants. On the return of the procession to the place whence it started, the Queen was again proclaimed outside, and the proclamation was finally read in the hall, where a meeting was then held for the purpose of returning thanks to the individuals who had assisted in the proceedings of the day. On Thursday a public meeting will be held for the purpose of agreeing to an address of condolence and congratulation to the Queen and also an address of condolence to the Queen Dowager, who is much respected by the people here, to whom her virtues have greatly endeared her.

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) August 10, 1837.

By the *Alexander Adam*, in 37 days from Poole, we are in possession of London dates to the 26th June, but they furnish no information of importance in addition to what had been previously received.—We insert as many extracts as our space would admit of.

Exchange Buildings, 3d August, 1837.

At a meeting held this day, in accordance with a requisition addressed to the Foreman of the Grand Jury of the Supreme Court for the Fall Term of 1836, signed by eleven members of that Jury—

PRESENT:

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Hon. JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman and Foreman. | Messrs. Charles Bowring |
| Messrs. G. Clapp | Messrs. Robert Brine |
| Bulley | William Jordan |
| John Wyatt | Robert Job |
| A. Le Messurier | Ewen Stabb |
| Lawrence O'Brien | W. Richards. |
| Richard Howley | |

It was *Resolved*—
1st.—That the present meeting have seen with surprise and indignation, a statement made in the *Acadian Telegraph* of the 7th July, said to have been copied from a petition to the House of Commons, from this country, to the purport that the Grand Jury had protested against the representations made by the Chief Justice Boulton in his opening Charge to the Court, referring to the tumultuous proceedings at the elections.
2d.—*Resolved*—That as no such protest was ever made by the Grand Jury, the present meeting deem it a duty they owe themselves, at once flatly to contradict it; and as the Chairman has not been able to obtain a copy of the Petition to lay before the meeting—*Resolved*—That this meeting do adjourn to Saturday next, at one o'clock, to

receive the Petition, and then to offer such opinion on thereon as may be called for.

JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman.

Saturday, 5th August, 1837.

Adjourned meeting of the Grand Jurors from the meeting of the 3d instant—

PRESENT:

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. SINCLAIR, Chairman. | Mr. Stabb |
| Mr. Williams | Mr. Bowring |
| Jorden | Mr. G. Clapp |
| Bulley | Le Messurier |
| Le Messurier | Scott |
| R. Job | Rennie. |
| Richards. | |

The minutes of the former meeting were read and approved.

The Foreman having stated to the meeting that he, with other members of the Grand Jury had carefully examined the copies of the petitions at the Colonial Secretary's Office, none of which was addressed to the House of Commons, or accompanied by statements on oath; neither did those addressed to his Majesty contain any such statement that the Grand Jury had protested against Chief Justice Boulton's address to them.

Resolved—That it is therefore the opinion of this meeting that the statement made in the *Acadian Telegraph* must either be the result of false communications sent to the Editor, or else a fabrication of his own.

Resolved—That copies of the above resolutions be published, together with a copy of the report made by the Grand Jury to the Supreme Court at the close of the Session in January last, and that the same be sent to Mr. Thompson, the Editor of the *Telegraph*.

PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY.

The present term of the Supreme Court being about to close, the Grand Jury cannot terminate its labours, or take leave of the Court, without expressing the high satisfaction which the Jurors feel at the prompt and efficient manner their several Presentments have been attended to by the Court.

The Grand Jury, in the course of its investigations, have been deeply impressed with the very inefficient state of the Police and Constabulary force of this town and district. The Jurors therefore present the same in the hope that the Court will be able to adopt measures, not only to augment their numbers, but to enforce the vigilance and discipline of such few by concentrating its operation more immediately under the guide and direction of the Police Magistrates, than, by the evidence adduced before them connected with the late riots and tumults, the Jury have strong reason to believe has heretofore been the case—and which has led the Police authority to be more contemned and ridiculed, than feared or respected.

The Grand Jury in presenting the state of the Police and Constabulary of St. John's, must at the same time refer to the Presentment of the district of Coopection Bay, particularly Harbor Grace and Carbonear, on that point, when it has been made clear to the Jurors, all law, rule, and order, have been set at open defiance, where, besides a Police or Constabulary establishment, little of anything short of a military force can insure protection to life or property; and where the Jury are of opinion the constituted authorities are not in all respects the best suited or qualified for the offices which they are appointed to fulfil.

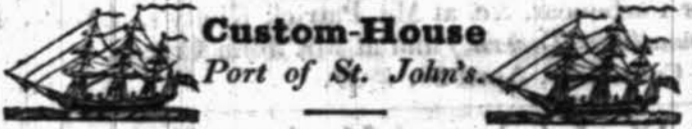
JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman.

Grand Jury Room, January 6, 1837.

ARRIVALS.—In the *Despatch*, from Halifax, Mr. and Mrs. Bland.—From Cadiz, via Ferryland, Mr. T. D. Archibald.—From New Brunswick, Doctor Thale.

DEPARTURES.—In the *Eliza & Nancy*, for Bristol, Asst.-Com.-Gen. Beverley, Mrs. Beverley, Miss Beverley, Master H. Boulton.—In the *Dove*, for Liverpool, Mr. McCallum.

Shipping Intelligence.



VESSELS (ENTERED.)

- August 3.—*Despatch* M'Grath, Halifax—143 firkins butter, 45 puns. molasses, 31 puns. rum, &c.
- Harriet, Kennedy, New Brunswick—30 M. lumber.
- Bachelor, Caldwell, Quebec—51 M. staves.
- Ann Johnston, Sinclair, Cadiz—200 tons salt, &c.
- 4.—*Hope*, Forest, Arichat—33 head cattle, 11 sheep.
- Bermuda, Phillips, St. Vincent—50 puns rum, 84 puns. molasses.
- Dingwell, Graham, New York—100 bls. pork, 97 bls. pitch and tar, 217 bls. cider.
- 5.—*Alexander*, Keating, Sydney—25 M. lumber, 10 M. shingles.
- John Stuart, Campbell, Barbados—60 puns. molasses, 40 cwt. sugar.
- Scipio, Graham, Bridgeport—90 tons coal.
- 7.—*Watchman*, Whitney, Trinidad de Cuba—80 hhd. & 12 tierces molasses.
- Patriot, Nicholas, Cadiz—140 tons salt.
- Dove, Mermaid, Cape Breton—30 M. board, &c.
- Lady, Babin, New Brunswick—30 M. lumber.
- Mary Jane, Deagle, P. E. Island—8 head cattle.
- Richmond, Gurior, Cape Breton—60 tons coal.
- Selina, Hicks, Cadiz—180 tons salt, 120 jars olives.
- Malvina, Geran, Sydney—100 tons coal.
- St. Patrick, Le Buff, Cape Breton—70 tons coal.
- Goose, Grills, Oporto—80 tons salt, 27 qr.-casks, 2 pipes & 6 hhd. wine.
- Alexander Adam, Hare, London & Poole—460 bags bread, 160 kegs paint, 65 bls. flour, 50 boxes candles, 5 pipes, 4 hhd. & 12 qr.-casks wine, and sundry merchandise.

8.—Mary, Mermaid, Novascotia—30 head cattle, 11 sheep.
 Hope, Saunders, P. E. Island—27 head cattle 30 sheep.
 9.—Spanish Brig Dorotea, Millet New York—ballast.
 Daniel O'Connell, Phoran, Bridgeport—70 chalds. coal.
 Arichat, Boudrot, Cape Breton—40 head cattle, 50 sheep.
 Hugh Denoon, Brookman, Halifax—50 puns. molasses, 60 M. shingles, 20 hhd. porter.

VESELS (LOADING.)
 August 5.—Hope, Forest, Arichat.
 7.—Jane Amanda, Campbell, Cape Breton.
 8.—Isabella, Stephens, London.
 Phoenix, Mortimer, Figueira.

VESELS (CLEARED.)
 August 5.—Albion, M'Kay, Sydney—50 bis. flour.
 St. John's, Percy, New Brunswick—sundries.
 Mermaid, M'Clure, Barbados—1100 qts. fish, 100 bags bread, 60 bis. flour, 1000 galls oil.
 Eliza & Nancy, Tolman, Bristol—14,000 galls. oil, 41 bis. caplin.
 Cicely, Guthridge, Pernambuco—2600 qts. fish.
 Gentleman, Babin, Cape Breton—100 hhd. salt.
 Three Sisters, Burke, Miramichi—50 bis. flour, 30 bis. pork, 6 hhd. and 2 qr.-casks, wine.
 7.—Royal William, Axtell, Cape Breton—sundries.
 Dove, Roche, Liverpool—18 puns. molasses, 19,000 galls. cod & seal oil, blubber and dregs.
 8.—Sibella, Musgrove, Cape Breton—50 bis flour, 50 bags bread, 20 hhd. salt, 10 bis. oatmeal.
 Industry, Henley, Novascotia—120 bis. flour, 15 bags bread, &c.
 Harriet, Kennedy, P. E. Island—sundry merchandise.
 9.—Isabella, Patterson, Quebec—ballast.
 Edward, Fothergill, Quebec—200 crates glass bottles.
 John White, Finlay, Cape Breton—ballast.

Sales by Auction.

Public Sale.
 ON OUR WHARF
THIS DAY,
 (Thursday) At 11 A. M.,

Part of the Cargo of the Brig DINGWELL, from New-York—viz.:

- LEAF TOBACCO, in Hogsheads and Bales
- A few Barrels CIDER
- 50 Barrels BEEF
- 12 Cases LEMON SYRUP
- 40 Barrels TAR and ROSIN
- 6 Logs MAHOGANY
- 1 Franklin STOVE.

J. DUNSCOMB & Co.

August 10.

THIS DAY,
 (Thursday) At 11 o'clock,
 BY

JAMES CLIFT,
 (For the benefit of whom it may concern)

- 12 Franklin Stoves, (for wood and coal)
- 10 Saddles and Bridles
- 2 Hhd. Leaf Tobacco } Damaged.
- 2 Barrels ditto }

August 10.

TO-MORROW,
 (Friday) At 11 o'clock,
 ON THE WHARF OF

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.
 To close Sales—

- 60 M. LUMBER
- 30 Puncheons MOLASSES
- 30 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO
- 3 Hogsheads Leaf ditto
- 20 Boxes CHOCOLATE.

Terms.—Fish or Cash by the 10th September.
 August 10.

To be Let.

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
TO-MORROW,
 At 11 o'clock,

ON THE PREMISES,
ON A LEASE OF 40 YEARS,

A PLOT of GROUND, fronting on Holloway Street, measuring 32 feet—running East 42 feet. The Rent to be paid annually from the day of sale in Sterling Money; the Purchaser to be at the expense of the conveyance of the Leases, and optional with him to build or not to build.

JAMES CLIFT,
 Auctioneer.

August 10.

Freehold Property.

TO BE SOLD,
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
TO-MORROW,
 (Friday,) at 12 o'clock,

ON THE SPOT,
The COTTAGE

At present occupied by Mr. AYRE. It is remarkably well built and in excellent condition, being papered and painted throughout. Terms of payment will be made accommodating. For further information, apply to

PERCHARD & BOAG.

August 10.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER.

To Quebec, or a Part in Nova Scotia.

The good Schooner
BACHELOR
 Captain CALDWELL;
 Will accept a low figure, if applied for immediately.

HUNTERS & Co.
 August 10.

Notices.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
 19th July, 1837.

Contract for COALS.

TENDERS in triplicate will be received at this Office on the 20th of September, 1837, from persons willing to enter into a Contract agreeable to certain conditions which may be seen at this Office, for supplying the Commissariat Department, at St. John's, Newfoundland, with 570 Chaldrons of Best Sydney COALS, from the mines in Cape Breton.

J. LAIDLEY,
 D. C. G.

Commissariat, Newfoundland, }
 24th July, 1837.

BANK

OF
British North America

FOR SALE.

BILLS ON LONDON,
 In Sets to suit Purchasers.

OFFICE open from 10 to 3 o'clock.
 DISCOUNT DAYS—MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS.

A. MILROY,
 Manager.

Boarding and Day

SCHOOL,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MRS. HOWE and DAUGHTERS

BEG leave to inform the Inhabitants of St. John's that it is their intention to open a BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, On the First of August next, for the instruction of YOUNG LADIES, in the Branches usually taught in the higher Seminaries. The School will be divided into three Classes, the third, and youngest; to be instructed in the following Branches, viz.—

READING, WRITING, ORTHOGRAPHY, ARITHMETIC, GRAMMAR, GEOGRAPHY, AND PLAIN NEEDLE WORK, £1 10s. per Quarter.

SECOND CLASS.

Ancient, Modern, and Sacred History; Composition, Biography, Natural Philosophy, Mental and Practical Arithmetic, including the Branches named in the third class, £2 per Quarter.

FIRST CLASS.

Elocution, Mathematics, Astronomy, with the use of the Globes, including all the above mentioned Studies, £2 10s. per Quarter.

MISS HOWE will give Lessons in Drawing, according to the rules of perspective; also in Painting, in oil and water colours, and on velvet, if desired. Embroidery, with various other kinds of ornamental Needle Work, Wax and Shell work.

The French Language will be taught; also, Lessons will be given in Music.

Young Gentlemen, under ten years of age, taught the first rudiments of Latin.
 St. John's, July 27.

THOMAS O'BRIEN.

THE nearest of Kin to THOMAS O'BRIEN, late of Bay of Bulls, who emigrated some 8 or 9 years ago to the Island of Bermuda, where he became Jailor and has since died, will bear of something to their advantage by applying at our Office and making proof of relationship.

JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
 July 13.

FOR SALE.

A SECOND HAND

FIRE ENGINE.

Apply at the Newfoundland Office.
 August 3.

TO BE LET

And immediate Possession given,
 A HOUSE situate at the head of the King's Road adjoining the Premises formerly occupied by the late Mr. Robert Brown.

ALSO.
BUILDING GROUND,
 50 Feet in Front—152 Rear.—Apply to
 PHILIP DUGGAN.
 August 3.

And possession given immediately,
 THE Commodious DWELLING-HOUSE in Gower Street, near the Wesleyan Chapel, occupied by the Subscriber. It has a frost-proof CELLAR, and a good WELL of WATER attached.—For particulars apply to
 C. M'CALLUM.
 July 27.

TO BE LET.
 AN Eligible Waterside PREMISES in this town, For information apply at the Newfoundland Office.
 July 27.

Wanted to Charter.
 A VESSEL of from 100 to 200 Tons, to load Timber at a neighbouring Port for Britain,
 JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
 July 18.

On Sale
Bills on New York
 At Sight,
 FOR SALE ON LOW AND ACCOMMODATING TERMS
 BY
 W. & H. THOMAS & Co.
 Also—
BILLS ON HALIFAX.
 August 10.

BY
Baine, Johnston & Co.
 230 Tons
SALT.
 Ex ANN JOHNSTON, from Cadiz.
 August 10.

JUST RECEIVED
 FROM LONDON,
 AND FOR SALE
 BY
Lawrence O'Brien,
 4 Cases best white Sparkling CHAMPAIGN, of 3 dozen each
 2 Ditto Pink CHAMPAIGN, of 3 dozen each
 2 Ditto fine Sparkling BURGUNDY, of 3 dozen each
 3 Ditto finest Chateau Lafitte CLARET (of 1825) 3 dozen each
 August 3.

W. & H. Thomas & Co.
 OFFER FOR SALE,
 The Cargo of the Schooner HUGH DENOON from Halifax,
 CONSISTING OF
 62 Pun. Barbados & Trinidad MOLASSES
 60 M. SHINGLES.
 N. B.—Fish or Cash taken in payment.
 August 10.

Thos. & John Brocklebank
 OFFER FOR SALE
 For Fish in October next,
 500 Bags Superfine and Fine
BREAD,
 Just Received, per Brig Thornley, from Hamburg
 July 27.—4w

PRIME MESS.
 Of a well-known brand!

Ex Thornley, 15th Inst. from HAMBURGH,
500 Barrels PORK.
 SAMUEL CODNER.
 WHO HAS ALSO JUST IMPORTED,
 A quantity Canada and Irish BUTTER of superior quality
 A few Pun. Choice MOLASSES
 SALT, CORKWOOD, and other essential articles for the Fishery;
 AS WELL AS
 Superfine FLOUR, BREAD
 Devonshire ALE and CIDER
 Paints and Oils
 Soap and Candles
 Bridport Wares
 Various other Goods.
 July 27.—4w.

On Sale

BY
NICHOLAS GILL,
50 PUNS. strong proof fine flavoured Demerara RUM
 20 Pun. Retailing MOLASSES
 25 Hhds. and 00 bis. first quality SUGAR
 And a few Barrels American TAR.
 July 27.

BY
EWEN STABB,
 500 Bags BREAD
 300 Firkins BUTTER
 300 Barrels FLOUR
 250 HAMS
 Pine and Spruce LUMBER
 LEATHER, CORDAGE
 RAISINS, BRANDY
 Madeira WINE, BROWN STOUT, &c.
COALS,
 Now landing at 7s. & Hogshead.
 July 20.

High-proof Jamaica RUM.
W. & H. THOMAS & Co.
 HAVE JUST IMPORTED,
 In the Brig MERMAID, from Jamaica,
 10 Puns. best JAMAICA SPIRITS,
 Proof 18 @ 20,
 Which they offer for Sale at Cost and Charges.
 July 13.

The Subscribers'
 HAVE JUST RECEIVED,
 Per AMITY,
 AND OFFER FOR SALE,
 A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
DRY GOODS,
 Also, of former Importations,
 150 Qr.—Chests Hyson, Souchong, Bohea and Congo
TEAS.
 BENJAMIN BOWRING & SON.
 July 6.

'Nonpareil,' from London
RICHARD HOWLEY
 IS NOW LANDING
 From the above Vessel,
15 Hhd. (MARTELL'S Brand) warranted prime,
 10 Ditto Pale Skidam GENEVA
 16 Pipes and Qr.-casks Spanish PORT WINE
 10 Bls. PASTE, BLACKING, in small Pots
 ALSO, ON HAND,
 Of previous importations,
 35 Hhd. Brandy and Geneva, (in Bond)
 30 Ditto Prime Sherry Wine, in bottle
 A few Cases and Qr.-casks prime Old Port
 350 Boxes London Candles, molds and dips
 10 Dozen Waxed Kip and Calf Skins
 20 Hides Rounded Leather,
 30 Casks Paste and Liquid Blacking
 50 Ditto bottled Ale and Porter—3 doz. each
 Pork, Flour, Butter, Bread,
 Cordage, Nails, Lines, Twines,
 Lance Bunts, and
 A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Manufactured Goods.
 N. B.—Customers not wishing to purchase Spirits by wholesale, will be supplied as heretofore in small lots.—Warranted GENUINE.
 July 13.

By the author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."
 "Give a dog an ill name, and hang it," quoth the proverb; but, with regard to a novel, though often worse used than a dog, we may say the very reverse—give it a good name, and hang it, if at all well supported, if it does not help it to succeed. In truth, a good name for a book is a very good thing; and we deem Mr. Lover lucky in having adopted that of his popular song as the patronymic of a work of fiction, like the present—destined, or we are much mistaken, to be equally, and it could be hardly more, popular. A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet; but the benefit of the name is, that it leads us to smell the flower; then, to be sure, if it were a daffodil; we would cast it down with contempt, but, if a real genuine queen of the garden, we would rejoice in appreciating its delicious and refreshing odours.

But what has all this to do with Rory O'More? Simply, that the author's lively ballad, so called, is a universal favourite; and that there is nothing in the

production before us to lessen the favour attached to the title. Rory admired in verse, will be *More* admired in prose: the lively national lyric having paved the way for the greater undertaking—the truly Irish, national and characteristic story.

This is the first flight of Mr. Lover to such an extent: none of his preceding tales having occupied more than portions of a single volume; and the difference of effort is very considerable; for, though much and original talent was requisite to frame the delightful humorous effusions to which we have referred, still more must be exercised in the conception, construction, and execution of a design which was not only to sustain his preceding fame, but to place him in the front rank among the foremost writers of the country in this branch of literature. In his pictures of Irish manners and Irish life there is no exaggeration, no straining after effect. Though the incidents are often striking and startling, they are, nevertheless, natural and probable. The miseries of the rebellion of 1792 are, indeed, painted with the feelings of an Irishman, but they are not disgraced by the daubings of a partisan. Events grow out of the state of society which are sufficiently strange for the pen of the novelist, and sufferings sufficiently severe for the sorrow of the patriot; yet there is such an appearance of truth over the whole, and the characters are so vividly drawn, that, while you wonder at the scenes presented, you never entertain a doubt of their reality.

Of some of these features we shall now endeavour to convey an idea, though it must of necessity be a very imperfect one. The volumes open with a description of the cottage of the O'Mores, and nothing can be more graphic.

"In a retired district of the south of Ireland, near some wild hills, and a romantic river, a small bye-road led to a quiet spot, where, at the end of a little lane, or boreen, which was sheltered by some hazel hedges, stood a cottage, which in England would have been considered a poor habitation, but in Ireland was absolutely comfortable, when contrasted with the wretched hovels that most of her peasants are doomed to dwell in. The walls were only built of mud; but then the doorway and such windows as the cabin had were formed of cut stone, as was the chimney, which last convenience is of rare occurrence in Irish cabins, a hole in the roof generally serving instead. The windows were not glazed it is true; but we must not expect too much gentility on this point; and, though the light may not be let in as much as it is the intention of such openings to do, yet if the wind be kept out, the Irish peasant may be thankful. A piece of board—or, as Pat says, a wooden pane of glass—may occupy one square, while its neighbour may be brown paper, ornamented inside, perhaps, with a ballad, setting forth how

"A sailor courted a farmer's daughter

That lived conveyant to the Isle of Man."

But, though the windows were not glazed, and there was not a boarded floor in the house, yet it was a snug cottage. Its earthen floors were clean and dry; its thatched roof was sound; the dresser in the principal room was well furnished with delft; there were two or three chairs and a good many three-legged stools; a spinning-wheel, that sure sign of peace and good conduct; more than one iron pot; more than one bed, and one of those four-poster beds, with printed calico curtains of a most resplendent pattern. There was a looking-glass, too, in the best bed-room, with only one corner broken and only three cracks in the middle; and that no further damage might be done to this most valuable piece of furniture—most valuable, I say, for there was a pretty girl in the house who wanted it every Sunday morning to see that her bonnet was put on becomingly before she went to chapel; that no further damage might be done, I say, this inimitable looking-glass was imbedded in the wall, with a frame-work of mortar round it, tastefully ornamented with cross-bars, done by the adventurous hand of Rory O'More himself, who had a genius for handling a trowel. This came to him by inheritance, for his father had been a mason; which accounts for the cut-stone doorway, windows, and chimney of the cottage, that Rory's father had built for himself. But when I say Rory had a genius for handling a trowel, I do not mean to say he followed the trade of his father; he did not; it was a gift of nature which Rory left unencumbered by any trappings of art; for, as for line and rule, these were beneath Rory's consideration. This setting of the glass proved, for there was no attempt at either the perpendicular, the horizontal or the plane; and from the last being wanting, the various portions of the glass presented different angles, so that it reflected a very distorted image of every object, and your face, if you would believe the glass, was as crooked as a ram's horn, which I take to be the best of all comparisons for crookedness. Mary O'More, however, though as innocent a girl as any in the country, did not believe that her face was very crooked; it was poor Rory who principally suffered, for he was continually giving himself most uncharitable gashes in shaving, which Rory attributed to his razor, when, in fact, it was the glass was in fault; for when he fancied he was going to smooth his upper lip, the chances were, that he was making an assault on his nose, or cutting a slice off his chin. But this glass has taken up a great deal too much time, which, after all, is not uncommon: when people get before a glass, they are very likely to linger there longer than they ought. But I need not go on describing any more about the cottage; nobody wants an inventory of its furniture; and I am neither an auctioneer or a bailiff's keeper. I have said Rory's father was a mason. Now his mother was a widow—argal (as the grave-digger hath it) his father was dead. Poor O'More, after laying stones all his life, at last had a stone laid over him; and Rory, with filial piety, carved a crucifix upon it, surmounted by the letters I. H. S., and underneath this inscription—"Pray for the soul of Rory O'More; Requiescat in Peace." This inscription was Rory's first effort in sepulchral sculpture, and from his inexperience in the art, it presented a ludicrous appearance; for, from the importance Rory attached to his father's soul—or, as he had it, soul—he wished to make the word particularly conspicuous; but, in doing this, he cut the letters so large that he did not leave himself room to finish the word, and it became divided: the word *requiescat* became also divided.

You were thus called on to pray for the Sow in one corner, while the Cat was conspicuous in the other.

Besides, Rory was (we are told) not a little proud of his name. He was taught to believe there was good blood in his veins, and that he was descended from the O'Mores of Leinster. Then, an old schoolmaster in the district, whose pupil Rory had been, was constant-

ly recounting to him the glorious deeds of his progenitors—or, as he called them, his 'owld anshint anshinters, in the owld anshint times; and how he should never disgrace himself by doing a dirty turn; 'not that I ever seen the laste sign' it is in your *ma bouchal*—but there's no knowin'. And shure the devil's busy wid us sometimes, and dales in fimsytashine, and lays snares for us, all as one you'd snare a hare or ketch sparrows in a thrap; and who can tell the mitit that he might be layin salt on your tail onknowst to you, if you worn't smart?—and therefore be always mindful of your anshinters, that were of the highest blood in Ireland, and in one of the highest places in it too, Dunamaise—I mane the rock of Dunamaise, and no less. And there is where Rory O'More, king of Leinster, lived in glory time out o' mind; and the Lords of the Pale darnt touch him—and pale enough he made them often, I go bail; and there he was—like an eagle on his rock, and the dirty English afeard o' their lives to go within miles o' him, and he shut up in his castle as stout as a ram. In such rhodomontade used Phelim O'Flannagan to flourish away, and delight the ears of Rory and Mary, and the widow no less. Phelim was a great character; he wore a scratch wig that had been built somewhere about the year One, and from its appearance might justify the notion, that Phelim's wig-box was a dripping-pan. He had a pair of spectacles, which held their place upon his nose by taking a strong grip of it, producing thereby a snuffing pronunciation, increased by his taking of snuff; indeed, so closely was his proboscis embraced by this primitive pair of spectacles, that he could not have his pinch of snuff without taking them off, as they completely blocked the passage. They were always stuck low down on his nose, so that he could see over them when he wished it, and this he did for all distant objects; while for reading he was obliged to throw his head back to bring his eyes to bear through the glasses; and this, forcing the rear of his wig downwards on the collar of his coat, showed it forward on his forehead, and stripped the back of his pate; in the former case, his eyes were as round as an owl's; and in the other, closed nearly into the expression of disdain, or at least of great consequence. His coat was of gray frieze, and his nether garment of buckskin, equalling the polish of his wig, and surpassing that of his shoes, which indeed were not polished, except on Sunday, or such occasion as the priest of the parish was expected to pay his school a visit—and then the polish was produced by the brogues being greased, so that the resemblance to the wig was more perfect. Stockings he had, after asort; that is to say, he had woollen cases for his legs, but there were not any feet to them; they were stuffed into the shoe to make believe, and the deceit was tolerably well executed in front where Phelim had them under his eyes; but, like Achilles he was vulnerable in the heel—indeed, worse off than that renowned hero, for he had only one heel unprotected, while poor Phelim had both. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Phelim had a shift—you saw he had; but towards the latter end of the week, from the closely buttoned coat, and the ambuscade of a spotted handkerchief round his neck, there was ground for suspicion that the shirt was under the process of washing, that it might be ready for service on Sunday; when, at mass, Phelim's shirt was always at its freshest. There was a paramount reason, to be sure, why Phelim sported a clean shirt in chapel on Sunday, he officiated as clerk during the service—or, as it would be said amongst the peasantry, he "served mass;" and in such a post of honour personal decency is indispensable.

The schoolmaster figures with much drollery throughout the narrative; but a yet more conspicuous person is a certain Mr. De Lacy (the hero) with whom Rory encounters on a coach journey from Dublin. He is on a secret mission from the French Directory, and, being seized with small-pox, becomes an inmate of the cottage we have just described. We select a previous part of their conversation, as a sample of the dialogue:—

"The traveller laughed outright at the absurdity of Rory's expectation, that well fitting boots for all persons were to be made by intuition. 'Faith, I thought it would please you,' said Rory. 'Don't you think I served him right?' 'You astonished him, I dare say.' 'I'll engage I did. Wanting to humbug me that way, taking me for a nath'ral bekase I came from the country!' 'Oh, I'm not sure of that,' said the traveller. 'It is their usual practice to take measure of their customers.' 'Is it, thin?' 'It really is.' 'See that, now!' said Rory, with an air of triumph. 'You would think that they were cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I told you, you see, we're before them intirely.' 'How so?' said the traveller. 'Arrah! bekase they never trouble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fit along with you, and somebody else drives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you serve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's pleased. Now isn't that better than stich botches as them in Dublin that must have the measure, and keep you waitin' while in the country there's no delay in life, but it's jist down with your money and off with your brogues!' 'On with your brogues, you mean?' said the traveller. 'No, indeed, now!' said Rory; 'you're out there. Sure we wouldn't be so wasteful as to put on a bran new pair o' brogues to go likin' the road home?—no, in troth; we keep them for the next dance we're goin' to, or may be to go to chapel of a Sunday.' 'And if you don't put them on, how can you tell they fit you?' 'Oh, they're all alike!' 'But what would you do, when you wanted to go to your dance, if you found your brogues were too small?' 'Oh, that never happens. They're all fine aisy shoes.' 'Well, but if they prove too easy?' 'That's aisy cured,' said Rory; 'stuff a thrifle o' hay in to them, like the Mullingar heifers.' 'Mullingar heifers!' said the traveller rather surprised by the oddity of the expression. 'Yes, sir,' said Rory; 'did you ever hear of the Mullingar heifers?' 'Never.' 'Why, you see, sir, the women in Westmeath, they say, is thick in the legs, God help them, the craythurs! and so there's a saying again them, 'You're beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer.' 'Oh! I perceive.' 'Yes, sir, and it's all on account of what I told you about the hay.' 'How?' said the traveller. 'Why, there's an owld joke you may take a turn out of, if you like, when you see a girl that's thick in the fetlock—you call after her and say, 'Young woman! She turns round, and then says you, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're used to wear hay in your shoes.' Thin, if she's innocent, she'll

ask, 'Why?'—and thin you'll say, 'bekase the calves has run down your legs to get at it.' 'I see,' said the stranger, 'that is, if she's innocent.' 'Yes, sir—simple I mane; but that seldom happens, for they're commonly up to you, and cute enough.' 'Now, in case she's not innocent, as you say?' said the traveller. 'Faith, maybe it's a sharp answer you'll get thin, or none. It's as like as not she may say, 'Thank ee, young man, my calf doesn't like hay, and so you're welkin to it yourself.'"

Old Mrs. O'More's desire to treat the small-pox affords another fair example.

When Rory returned with his mother, she asked the stranger for so we shall yet continue to call him) how he felt. He told in what manner he was suffering, and she replied by proposing to him to take a glass of whiskey. The very name of the thing produced nausea to the sick man, who refused the offer with a shudder. 'See how you thrimble, sir!' said she. 'Indeed, if you b'lieve me, a good big dhrop o' whiskey is the best thing you could take.' 'Don't mention it, I beg of you; I fear it is the small-pox I have caught.' 'Plaze God, I hope not!' said the widow; 'but if it is, not a finer thing in the world than a dhrop o' whiskey to drive it out from your heart.' Thus she continued to urge the taking of the ardent spirits, which, to this hour, in the commencement of every sickness amongst the Irish peasantry, is considered the one thing needful, and for the reason the widow assigned in this case, namely, to 'drive it out from the heart.' The heart is by them considered the vulnerable point in sickness as well as in love; so much so, indeed, that, no matter what disease they labour under, it is always called an 'impression on the heart.' So well understood does this seem to be amongst them, that even the part affected is not necessary to be named, and the word 'heart' is omitted altogether; and, if you ask, 'Wha's the matter with such a one?' the answer is sure to be, 'He's got an impression.' 'Mrs. O'More,' said the stranger, 'I am certain it is the small-pox; and, while I may yet be moved, pray let me be conveyed to the neighbouring town, to the inn, and let not your house be visited with the disease and the contagion.' 'Oh, God forbid that I'd do the like, sir, and turn the sick stranger outside my doors when it's most he wanted the caring for—and in an inn, too! Oh, what would become of you at all in such a place, where I wouldn't have a sick dog, much less a gentleman, behowldin' to! Make yourself aisy, sir; and if it's as bad as you think, we'll take care o' you, niver fear.' 'I don't fear,' said the stranger, affected by the widow's kindness; 'but it is not right that you should have this horrid disease under your roof, and all for a stranger.' 'Keep your mind aisy, dear, do,' said the widow; 'sure we're all poor craythurs, God help us; and if we did not help one another in our want and trouble, it's the dark and blake world it would be! and what would we be Christians for at all, if we hadn't charity in our hearts? I beg your pardon, sir, for sayin' charity to a gentleman; but sure its not charity I mean at all, only tindherness and compassion. And as for the sickness being under our roof, my childer, God be praised! is over the small-pox—iv it be it—and had it light—as well as myself, so make your mind aisy, dear, and drive it out from your heart with the whiskey. Well, well! don't shake your poor head that way; I won't ax you to take it till you like it yourself; but when there is an impression, there's nothin' like dhruvin' it out. So I'll lave you, sir, for a while, and see if you can sleep; and I'll come in again by and by; and if you want any thing in the mean time, you can jist thump on the flure with the chair; I have put it conveyant to your hand; and the sooner you can bring yourself to take the sper'ts, the better. Well, well! I'll say no more—only its the finest thing in the world, with a clove o' garlic, for worms or fayer, to throw out the venom.' And so, muttering praises on her favourite panacea, she left the room.

It is impossible for us to enter into the various ramifications of the conspiracies which now occupy the canvass; the appearances and transformations of De Welskein, the master of a French smuggler off the coast; and the adventures which precede the mysterious removal of several of the actors from the stage. As we cannot, therefore, show how United Irishmen agree and disagree in these respects, we shall give a brief extract to show generally why they fight.

"Sure, we always do challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the course of play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellow before you is jist going to have the ball all to himself, and you after him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrip? and away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his temper, and comes to thrip you—when, may be he is not so necessitated to thrip you as you wor to thrip him, and that doesn't stand to rayson in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the hurl, and down he goes; and thin, may be, one o' his barony sees that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 'tis the best way of arguin' the point; for there might be some fractious sper'ts would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness o' that play, and that it was an accident settled the game; but when it comes to rale fightin', there can be no words about it; for, you see, when you drive every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out o' the field, there can be no mistake about it."

The love adventures of our hero in Paris form an amusing episode; and his and Rory's return to Ireland after the rebellion has been quelled, brings on the dénouement through several appalling circumstances. Poor Rory's trial for murder, and the horrible fate of the tinker who, with Regan the brother of Rory's sweetheart, occupy important situations throughout the novel; the extraordinary verdict of an Irish jury, and a multitude of other affairs, complete the interest of the third volume—an interest which is rather augmented than impaired by the comic relief occasionally thrown in to lighten it. Thus, when Rory is assured that De Lacy will see justice done him, we read:—

"God bless him!" said Rory, 'he was always good and kind to me; and tell him, if you plaze, sir, that I'm sensible of all he's done for me, and even if I should die, I won't forget it all the same.' 'It would puzzle you to remember it after you die, O'More. But banish such melancholy thoughts, my man—don't think of dyin'.' 'Faith, I hear it's a bad chance with any poor fellow who comes here of late, since the bad times. I hear they come in at the door, and go out at the

window with a balkinny that has a very unsafe bottom to it; and for fear they should hurt themselves in tumblin' through it, they tie a bit of string to them to brake the fall.' The lawyer could not suppress a smile at this ludicrous description of the fatal drop which Rory looked forward to as his new means of exit; but, in a gentle and soothing tone, desired him to be of good cheer, and not to let his heart fail him."

The trial reminds us (though with a "differ") of Kishogoe:—

"Larry Finnegan again attempted to descend from the table, but was interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution; and the look of despair which the countenance of mine host of the 'Black Ball' assumed was almost ludicrous. 'Is it more you want of me?' said he. 'Counsel. A few questions. Sit down, Larry, scratched his head, and squeezed his hat harder than he had done before, and resumed his seat in bitterness of spirit; but his answers having latterly all gone smooth, he felt rather more self-possessed than he had done under his previous examination by the prosecuting counsel, and his native shrewdness was less under the control of the novel situation in which he was placed. The bullying barrister, as soon as the witness was seated, began, in a thundering tone, thus:—'Counsel. Now, my fine fellow, you say that it was for the particular purpose of asking for the crow-bar that the prisoner went to your house? Witness. I do.—'Counsel. By virtue of your oath? Witness. By the varth o' my oath.—'Counsel (slapping the table fiercely with his hand.) Now, sir, how do you know he came for that purpose. Answer me that, sir. Witness. Faith, thin, I'll tell you. When he came into the place that morning, it was the first thing he ax'd for; and by the same token, the way I remimber it is, that when he ax'd for the crow-bar he lint me, some one stan'in' by ax'd what I could want with a crow-bar; and Rory O'More with that said, it wasnt me at all, but the mistress wanted it (Mrs. Finnegan, I mane.) 'And what would Mrs. Finnegan want wid it?' says the man. 'Why,' says Rory, 'she makes the punch so strong, that she bent the spoons sthrivin' to stir it, and so she borrowed the crow-bar to mix the punch.' A laugh followed this answer, and even Rory could not help smiling at his own joke thus retailed; but his mother, and Mary, and Kathleen, looked round the court, and turned their pale faces in wonder on those who could laugh while the life of him they adored was at stake; and the sound of mirth at such a moment fell more gratefully on their ears than the fierce manner of the bullying prosecutor. But the witness was encouraged, for he saw his examiner annoyed, and he took a hint from the result, and lay in wait for another opportunity of turning the laugh against his tormentor. He was not long in getting such an opening; and the more he was examined in hope of shaking his testimony, the less the prosecutor gained by it. At length the counsel received a whisper from Sweeney, that the fellow was drunk. 'He has his wits most dambably about him, for all that,' said the lawyer. 'He has been drinking all the morning—I can prove it,' said Sweeney; 'and you may upset his testimony, if you like, on that score.' 'I'll have a touch at him, then,' said the lawyer. When the jury perceived the same witness still kept on the table, and a re-examination for the prosecution entered upon, they became wearied, and indeed no wonder; for the silk-gowned gentleman became excessively dull, and had he possessed any tact, must have perceived from the demeanour of the jury that his present course of proceeding was ill-timed. Yet he continued; and, in violation of all custom, sought to invalidate the testimony of the man he himself had called as a witness; but Larry's cross-examination having favoured the prisoner, the crown counsel became incensed, and abandoned all ceremony and discretion, which at length was noticed by the bench. 'I beg your pardon my lord, but I am anxious to sift this witness.' 'By Gor,' said Finnegan, 'if you war to sift me till to-morrow, the devil a grain more you'll get out of me!—and indeed you've been gettin' nothin' but the chaff for the last half hour.' The answer had so much of truth in it, that the counsel became doubly annoyed at the suppressed laugh he heard around him; and then he determined to bring up his heavy artillery, and knock Larry to atoms, Counsel. Now, sir, I've just a question or two that you'll answer by virtue of your oath. The Bench. Really, Mr.—. Counsel. I beg your lordship's pardon—but it is absolutely important. Now, by virtue of your oath, have't you been drinking this morning? Witness. To be sure I have.—'Counsel. How much did you drink? Witness. Faith I don't know; I niver trouble myself keepin' count, barrin' I'm sarvin' the customers at home. Counsel. You took a glass of whiskey before breakfast, of course? Witness. And glad to get it. Counsel. And another after? Witness. Ay course—when it was to be had. Counsel. When you came into the town, you went to a public house, I hear, and were drinking there, too, before you came into court? Witness. Oh, jist a trifle among some friends. Counsel. What do you call a trifle? Witness. Four pots a' porther and a quart o' sper'ts. Counsel. Good God! Gentlemen of the jury, listen to this:—a gallon of porther and a quart of whiskey!—Witness. Oh, but that was betune six ay uz!—Counsel. Then, sir, by your own account, you're drunk at this moment.—Witness. Not a bit.—Counsel. On your oath—remember your oath, sir—do you think, after drinking all yourself have owned to, you are in a state to give evidence in a court of justice?—Witness. Faith, I think a few glasses only helps to brighten a man!—and, betune ourselves, counsellor—, I think you'd be a great dale better of a glass yourself this mornin'. The laugh which this rejoinder produced finished the Counsellor, and he sat down without rearing, as usual, at the witness. 'Go down, sir.' But Larry kept his seat until the laugh was over; and not receiving the ordinary mandate to retire, he looked at the discomfited barrister with the most provoking affectation of humility, and said 'Do you want me any more, sir?' This renewed the laugh, and Finnegan retired from the table under the shadow of his laurels."