

**BRITISH EXTRACTS.**

It is said that government has ordered a magnificent medal to be struck in honour of the taking of Constantine.

According to the Brussels papers the English workmen employed in directing the locomotive engines on the Brussels railroad mutilated, in consequence of an order from the administration that Belgian workmen should be taught to direct the machines. The arrest of one or two of the Englishmen, who refused to direct the trains, speedily restored order among the rest; and to do away with their apprehensions of losing their situations as soon as a sufficient number of Belgian workmen were able to supply their places, the administration has since entered into an engagement with them, which can be broken only under circumstances of gravity, and which have been previously specified.

A foot-race took place in the garden of the Luxemburg, Paris, between 20 gymnastic professors of the corps of sapeurs-pompiers, the swiftest of whom accomplished a distance of four leagues (about 10 miles) in 69 minutes.

Printed handbills are exhibited at several shops in the neighbourhood of Drury lane, stating that a woman of 71 years of age has left her home. In describing her, the bill says that "she has a large when on her neck."

The French king has already commanded that the statue of General Darnemont be executed, and placed amongst those of his brothers in arms in the grand national gallery at Versailles.

The Paris press is a good deal occupied with the speech of Lord Durham to the Reform society of that city, upon which the organs of the several parties express themselves as their politics incline.

A tolerable lesson has just been read to the wretched remnant of the French legion at Jaen, in a state of absolute destitution, at which place they were refused entry by the governor, and obliged to encamp outside the town, whilst waiting permission from their own government to re-enter France. This corps, originally numbering 6,500 men, has been reduced by slaughter, privation, and desertion to less than 600; 200 of whom are totally disabled by the wounds they have received. This forms a fit, though melancholy appendage to what is daily seen of the British legionaries in the streets of London.

Letters from Circassia state that the Russians were still compelled by the vigorous attacks of the natives, to remain in their entrenchments at the camp established by them. Some fighting among other places, the stationary troops had 650 men wounded, who were sent into the fortress of Ghelindjik. A meeting of the confederated tribes was to take place on the 15th inst. It was also said that the Emperor Nicholas was about to proceed to Circassia, passing through the port of Kertsoh.

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**MAURITIUS.**

The Mauritius journals which have recently come to hand, are chiefly dedicated to objects of internal economy, such as education, the apprenticeship of the blacks, and wholesome laws, passed for the more effectual regulation of trade and commerce, the handicrafts, and various acts and professions. It is now required that all persons exercising any trade, profession, or handicraft, shall have a license. The ordinance specifies a number of exceptions in favor of various professions, teachers, advocates, physicians, the ministers of religion, public functionaries, &c. Notaries and prosecutors in the Admiralty, who practice also before the ordinary tribunals, must have special licenses, which subject each to the payment of £30 per annum; commercial agents, £20. The same sum for notaries employed elsewhere in the island and its dependencies. Proctors who do not practice before the ordinary tribunals, only £7 per annum; other individuals, £3 yearly. For each beast of burthen, £1, and each vehicle, £1.

The Legislative Council passed in the short space of six weeks, in November and December last, a number of acts, which required a supplement to the Gazette of not less than thirty-four folio pages.

The "Mauricien," of the 1st of January, supplies a very interesting article on the distribution of prizes in the Colonial Academy. On two occasions, the 21st and 23rd of December, the principal officers of the government, the bishop, the heads of colleges, and many others attended the gratifying exhibition of juvenile talent and industry. The halls were so extremely crowded that they could scarcely contain the actors and spectators in this interesting exhibition. The names of one of the Queen's regiments was in attendance both days, and before the examination commenced, the national anthem was played. After some suitable preliminary addresses from the professors of the Colonial Academy, and an excellent exhortation from Mr. Munnice, three children, of from nine to twelve years of age, of whom one was a girl, recited in his excellent costume, recited in English several long pieces of poetry, with a pronunciation and accent which called forth decided marks of approbation. The young gentlemen who carried off the prizes expressed in appropriate terms their grateful sentiments to their auditory. The scene exhibited at the Mauritius Academy, on the 23rd December, was equally gratifying, and that which took place at the Colonial Academy on the 21st. Thus we see that the colonists of the Mauritius proceed in rapid strides towards the improvement of the minds of the rising generation in the arts of peace and progressive advancement in commerce and industry. It is gratifying to witness an entire absence of all party feeling on almost every public subject; indeed, the journals there are conducted in a manner equally creditable to the publishers and the public.

**INDIA.**

We have received an accession to our files of Indian papers to the 15th December last. It appears from Mr. Bell's "comparative view" of the external commerce of Bengal during the years 1835, 1836, and 1837, that an increase in the general trade of the country has taken place since the East India Company was deprived of its exclusive privileges. The total increase in imports is about 36 lakhs, and in exports about 53 lakhs. This able and interesting statement refers merely to Bengal.

The attempts to establish steam navigation on all points in India are going on rapidly, though it seems that the Madras Committee feel reluctant to correspond with those of Calcutta and Ceylon, but desire rather to communicate indirectly and direct with the Home Committee. The Calcutta journals reprobate, and we think very properly, this narrowness of mind in the individuals composing the Madras Committee, and observe justly enough, that it is only by a union of the committees in India, that full and perfect success can be hoped for with the Home Committee.

The Australian Association for facilitating the intercourse between India and the southern British Colonies is proceeding vigorously in the prosecution of its scheme. Shares are sought for with avidity.

His Excellency Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, was in December last making a tour of inspection throughout the provinces, and was every where received with enthusiasm and great splendor.

The Burmese affair appears to be far from being satisfactorily adjusted. The Calcutta Courier has the following—

"An officer of the Burmese Court, whose rank we are told is that of Padawo, or High Steward of the Household, has arrived in Calcutta from Rangoon, bearing a verbal message from the King to Colonel Buxton, the purport of which, we are to invite the resident to return to Ava, with an assurance of a hospitable reception, but upon an understanding that he is to say not a word about the Treaty of Yandaboo. This Lord of the White Elephant still declares himself determined not to recognize. The messenger appears to have been sent in lieu of a written reply to the communication from the British Resident after getting his orders by the Patana, and in expectation of finding the Colonel still at Rangoon. The name of this functionary is Antonio Canereta; he is of Portuguese descent. He has brought with him some thirty or forty thousand rupees, (not two lakhs, as reported in the Harkara), and is said to have been making enquiry about the cost of steam vessels. His visit to Calcutta must be interpreted as a favorable symptom, though in a manner accidental and without any diplomatic mission to the Government; but the infraction and disavowal of the treaty is not mended thereby. In short, if, on our side, there be any disposition to fight, the case offers grounds enough for a pretty little quarrel, but we are no more obliged to make it one, than is King Tharawaddie under any necessity to march troops into Aungmye, for the reason he claims the right to do so when he pleases. Colonel Buxton leaves Calcutta by the steamer on the 15th—*in search of the Governor-General*," as our brother of the *Harkers* said last week."

**SALES BY AUCTION.**

**POLACK'S SALES.**

**Isle of France Sugar, Soap & Rice.**

THIS DAY, the 14th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely,

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Rooms, George-street,

**SEVEN TONS ISLE OF FRANCE SUGAR,** superior quality  
37 Bags Rice, ditto  
5 Tons Soap

Terms made known at time of sale.

**BY A. POLACK,**

THIS DAY, the 14th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely, at his Rooms,

**ONE Grand Piano-forte**  
One Cottage ditto  
One Square ditto, by first-rate London builders.

AFTER WHICH,  
A variety of Household Furniture  
A few cases superior Wines  
Terms made known at time of sale.

THIS DAY, the 14th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely,

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Bazaar,

**SIX CASES LONDON HATS**  
15 Loose do.  
6 Pieces Cloth  
10 Bags Corks, very superior  
3 Tons Soap  
1 Case Paper Hangings  
63 Pairs Flushing Trousers  
1 Case Clocks  
1 Case Plated Ware  
With a variety of Goods too numerous to particularise.

Terms made known at time of sale.

**Mixed Herd of Cattle,**

THIS DAY, the 14th instant, at twelve o'clock precisely,

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At Mr. Abraham Hearn's "Australian" Inn  
Parliament Road,

**FORTY-FIVE HEAD OF HORNEB CAT-TLE,** consisting of  
Fat Bullocks  
Cows  
Heifers  
Steeers, and  
Calves.

Terms made known at time of sale.

**LARGE CLOCK, &c. &c.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
THIS DAY, at eleven o'clock precisely, at his Rooms,

**A LARGE CLOCK,** formerly fitted at Apsley Lodge, Hyde Park  
Household Furniture  
Saddle and Brille  
Books, &c.

Terms—Cash.

**Four beautiful Farms, originally one Estate of 2000 Acres, on the Banks of Lake Macquarie, 25 miles from Newcastle and the same from Maitland, judiciously selected by an experienced Surveyor in 1826, and admirably adapted for Cultivation, rearing of Stock, &c.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Bazaar, on MONDAY, the 16th Instant, at 12 o'clock, to the highest bidder.

A. POLACK has the pleasure to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has received instructions from the Proprietor to sell by Auction the above choice title Farms. They are a pleasant distance from Sydney, about 20 miles from Wiseman's and have a good road to Newcastle. The Lake is navigable for vessels of from 12 to 14 tons burthen. They have been so arranged and subdivided, that each may have equal advantages. There is a considerable frontage to the Lake which present a most picturesque and enchanting appearance, its shores being exceedingly varied and beautiful; a large proportion of the soil is a dark sandy loam and has produced fine crops of Wheat, Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, &c., and from its proximity to the Sea, and the well-known consequences of the frequency of showers. There is abundance of Grass at all times, and affords a fine opportunity to the enterprising settler, who could scarcely fail to realise a competency in establishing a Dairy, also, in fattening pigs, there being an extent of fine swamp adjoining. An excellent speculation may also be made in the curing of fish for the market and the whaling trade, the Lake being literally alive with Mullet, Schnappur, Whiting, Plaice, &c. To those who are fond of field sports they may indulge in them to their heart's content, there being Kangaroo, Wild Duck, Pigeon, &c., in great numbers.

To Professional Gentlemen who may be desirous of leaving for a few months their fatiguing avocations, and have the enjoyment of a pretty estate and refreshing views, and Capitalists who may be inclined to possess a portion or two of land in a rising part of the country, there being already several respectable settlers near, the present may be considered an admirable opportunity not likely to occur again in that interesting neighbourhood.

A Plan of the Property can be seen at the Bazaar.

Terms made known at the time of Sale.

**A. POLACK**  
Has received instructions to dispose of  
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,  
**ONE THOUSAND WETHERS**  
**FIVE THOUSAND EWES,** of ages from two to four years.

These Sheep are perfectly clean, and never have been diseased. Further particulars made known as soon as the ages, name of the Shepherds, &c. have been received.

AFTER WHICH,  
420 Mixed Herd  
187 Goats  
42 Mares, Horses, Geldings, &c., &c.

**Household Furniture, Plate, Books, Globes, &c.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
On TUESDAY next, the 17th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely, at the Normal Institution, Hyde Park; the proprietor retiring into the interior.

**HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE**  
Plate, Glass  
Books, Globes  
And various other articles too numerous to particularise.

Terms made known at time of sale.

**SALES BY AUCTION.**

**BANK SHARES.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
On THURSDAY, 12th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely, at his Rooms,

**FIFTEEN SHARES** in the Bank of Australia. To be divided in lots to suit purchasers.

Terms—3 months.

**DAIRY COWS & CALVES, WORKING BULLOCKS.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
On TUESDAY the 1st May, at Twelve o'clock precisely, at his Bazaar,

**THIRTY CHOICE DAIRY COWS,** one half with Calves by their sides; **EIGHTY-SEVEN GOOD WORKING BULLOCKS.** The Cows are from the Herds of H. H. MACKRICH, Esq., M. C. and are well worthy the attention of the Sydney Dairymen, or Families, having been regularly trained in a Milking Yard. The Bullocks will be sold separately.

Terms made known at time of Sale.

**First-rate Curricles, Horses and Harness.**

On TUESDAY the 1st May, at Twelve o'clock precisely,

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Horse and Carriage Bazaar, by order of the Proprietor who is about leaving the Colony for Europe,

**A PAIR OF SPLENDID GREY HORSES** sixteen hands high. Curricles and Harness. The Horses have been driven in Tandem, Single and Double Harness, and are accustomed to the Saddle; in fact are suitable for any work. The Curricles and Harness are in good condition having had little wear.

Terms made known at time of Sale.

N. B.—The above will be sold in one Lot, and a more complete "Turn Out" is not to be met with in Sydney.

**"VAUCLUSE."**

**A. POLACK**  
HAS great pleasure in announcing to the Inhabitants of New South Wales, that he has been honored with instructions from the proprietor

**W. C. Wentworth, Esq.,**  
to submit to public competition at an early day soon as the Surveyor's Plans are ready. A portion of that splendid and unequalled

**MARINE ESTATE, KNOWN AS VAUCLUSE,**  
situate in those fine "LAND LOCKED" portions of PORT JACKSON's Harbour called

**Watson and Rose Bays;**  
Its situation is beautifully grand, and commands a perfect view of the Head Lands, and sinuosities of the various Bays and inlets of the truly romantic Harbour in which it is situated, both on the East and West sides thereof, from the North and South Heads to the Parramatta River, taking in the Tower Sydney, and the Blue Mountain Range in the Western Horizon.

**THE NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD**  
passes through the Estate which makes its distance from the Capital about four miles, along a good and lively Road, it is also about the same distance by Water, so that Conveynances at all seasons are practicable a desideratum of great importance, as Gentlemen in Public Offices (particularly those with Families) might here live economically and conveniently.—The rising Village of Watson's Bay, the celebrated

**Point Piper Estate,**  
the residence of Major Gibbs, &c. &c. are contiguous, and it is within "gun shot" of the "South Head Light House" and "Flag Staff," consequently has an unbounded view of

**THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.**  
It is also so situated that every Vessel entering in or going out of the Harbour, must pass almost within hail, so that in this particular it may be compared to the celebrated fashionable watering place "South end" at the mouth of the Thames.

For the site of an Establishment for the accommodation of Invalids and Officers on leave of absence for health, from India, another spot in the Colony will not be found, as "Sea Bathing" so requisite for such persons may here be enjoyed in reality, amusement is also at hand in Boating, Fishing, Shooting &c. The Proprietor has decided that about

**Four Hundred Acres**  
of the magnificent Estate shall be divided into spacious allotments, varying in size—when the same is completed by the Surveyor a more perfect description will be notified prior to the day of Sale.

Terms highly liberal made known in future advertisements.

**1,950 SHEEP.**

On an early day, if not shortly disposed of by Private Contract,

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Sheep and Cattle Bazaar,

**1950 SHEEP** of the following description—

500 Ewes, 3 years old  
500 Ditto, 4 years old  
950 Wethers, 20 months to 4 years old, now departing at O'Connell Plains. The Wethers are fit for immediate slaughter, and the whole in excellent condition.

A. POLACK feels much pleasure in stating, that he has received the assurance of the Proprietor, that these Sheep are perfectly free from disease, and subject to the closest inspection of the most competent judges. The Wool has realized from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 2d. per lb.

Terms made known at time of Sale.

**960 Acres at Mulgoa.**

**A. POLACK,**  
HAS received instructions from the Proprietor, to let for THREE or FIVE years, one of the best Agricultural Farms in the Colony, consisting of NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FRONTAGE of one mile, and a quarter to the Cuppasture, from 36 to 40 Acres are cleared, several Huts, Stock Yards, and a Dairy have been erected.

This Farm is admirably adapted for a DAIRY FARM, and particularly suitable for a HOME-STEAD for an extensive Grazier, its distance from Sydney only 40 miles, and being bounded on the west by an extensive Government Run extending to Cox's River, on the east by the Cuppasture, north by the property of John Blandland, Esq., south by Mr. Shudforth. For Rent and further particulars, application to be made to the Auctioneer.

**SALES BY AUCTION.**

**BEHIND THIS AND OUR NEXT PUBLICATION.**

THIS DAY—A. POLACK, at his Rooms, piano-fortes.

A. Polack, at his Rooms, merchandize.

A. Polack, at his Bazaar, mixed herd of cattle.

A. Polack, at his Rooms, large clock.

A. Polack, at his Rooms, 7 tons of Isle of France sugar.

MONDAY—A. POLACK, at his Rooms, four beautiful farms

**SALES BY AUCTION.**

**HOOP IRON.**

**TO COOPERS AND OTHERS.**

**BY W. HEBBLEWHITE,**  
At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 16th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely,

**A QUANTITY OF HOOP IRON,** of various sizes—Purchasers under £30, cash; upwards, approved bills at three months.

**To General Dealers and others.**

**BY W. HEBBLEWHITE,**  
At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 16th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely.

**TEN dozen velvet VESTS,** rolling Collars  
**Two bales bleached Russia Sheetings**  
**Two ditto brown ditto**  
**One case speckled cotton Hosiery**  
**Two bales Counterpanes**  
**One case Watch Guards**  
**One ditto Perfumery**  
**Two ditto very superior Black Hats**  
**One bale cord Jackets**  
**One ditto ditto Trousers**  
**One ditto moleskin Jackets**  
**One ditto ditto Trousers**  
**One ditto ditto Great Coats**  
**One ditto ditto Olive ditto**  
**One case Deck Boots**  
**One case ditto ditto**  
**Six pieces black superfine Cloth**  
**Twelve ditto blue ditto**  
**Six ditto colored ditto**  
**Fifty dozen lambs' wool Half Hose**  
**One bale Cheese Cloth**  
**One case Quilling Net**  
**Twenty pieces Gingham**  
**One case Sailor's Knives**  
**One ditto ditto**  
**Four hundred gross English Pipes**  
**About two tons Colonial Beef**  
**And a great variety of Merchandise, too numerous to particularise.**

Terms—Purchasers under £30, cash; above that sum, approved bills at three months.

**Household Furniture, &c. &c. the property of Mr. W. W. Brown, on the Premises, Prince-street, nearly opposite to the Military Hospital.**

**By W. Hebblewhite,**  
On the Premises, Prince-street, on WEDNESDAY, 18th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely.

**MR. HEBBLEWHITE** has received directions from Mr. Brown, to sell on the day above mentioned, the whole of that Gentleman's Household Furniture, &c. &c. (prior to his departure for England) comprising

Sideboards  
Chests of Drawers  
Dining, Penwork and other Tables  
Chairs  
Looking Glasses  
Bedsteads and Furniture  
English Feather Bed and Bolster  
Mattresses  
Beds  
Bridals  
Brussels Carpets  
Rifle and Fowling Piece  
Glass  
A splendid eight day Clock, by Oatley, Seconds and day of the month; warranted one of the best time-keepers in the Colony.  
With a great variety of Kitchen Utensils, and other Articles too numerous to particularise.

Terms made known at time of sale.

**Twelve Tuns Sperm Oil, of superior quality.**

**By Isaac Simmons & Co.,**  
On WEDNESDAY next, 18th day of April, to commence at 11 o'clock precisely, on the Wharf of Messrs. Campbell and Co. Lower George-street,

**THE above Twelve Tuns of SPERM OIL** will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

TERMS—Ten per cent. cash deposit; the remainder by approved Bills at three months.

**Twelve hundred to fifteen hundred Ewes.**

**BY A. POLACK,**  
At his Bazaar, opposite the Military Barracks.

A. POLACK has received instructions to dispose of by Private Contract, twelve hundred to fifteen hundred EWES of ages, in lots of not less than four hundred. The whole are perfectly clean, and warranted not to have been diseased. They are now departing at Wingello, by Berrina, and will be ready for the tup in all April.

Terms and further particulars on reference to the Auctioneer.

**TO EMIGRANTS AND OTHERS.**

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**

**BY MR. PHILLIPS,**  
At Parramatta, on SATURDAY the 21st inst.,

**A PIECE OF LAND,** containing about 50 acres, situate in Fenell-street, with a Skilling erected on it, the property of Mr. Henry Brown.

Title, Grant from the Crown.  
Terms—Cash.

**REMOVAL.**

**NINEAN STEWART**  
RESPECTFULLY begs leave to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from his late residence, in York-street to George-street, south, opposite the Talbot Inn where he hopes to receive a continuance of that patronage and support with which he has been hitherto favored.

N. S. has always on hand a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, and particularly solicits the attention of Settlers from the interior, who occasionally visit Sydney, he having a stock of superior Strong Boots and Shoes, suitable to government servants.

N. B. Four good workmen immediately wanted, to whom liberal encouragement will be given.

**TO BE SOLD,**

**A HOUSE** well adapted for the business of a WHEELWRIGHT and BLACKSMITH, situate in George-street, South, Sydney, commonly called the "Brickfield Hill," and opposite the Royal Oak. It contains 6 rooms, a good frontage with 3 windows, and 2 doors, and a good yard, and other material conveniences. The present occupier being about to enter into business on the Parramatta Road. Application to be made to Mr. Sommerfield, on the Premises. (By Letter postage free.)

WM. SOMMERFIELD,  
George-street.  
18th April, 1838.

**UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF**  
**His Excellency Sir G. Gippis,**  
**F. DEBENGLIOS,**  
**Veterinary Surgeon and Farrier, from Paris,**

**BEGS** to offer his services to the Public of Sydney and its vicinity, and from his knowledge of the above Profession, in all its various branches, hopes to merit a share of their Patronage.

F. D. will undertake to effectually cure the Scab in Sheep.  
Residence, Brickfield Hill, George street, two doors from Goulburn-street.

**WHOLESALE PRICES OF GOODS.**

**SPIRITS IN BOND.**

Brandy, First Quality, per gallon	£ 8 0 0	5 0 0
Second ditto	7 0 0	4 0 0
Rum, B.P., proof	5 0 0	0 0 0
Rum, Strong, 30 O.P.	0 0 0	0 0 0
American, ditto	0 0 0	0 0 0
Gin, untinted	0 0 0	0 0 0
Straw colored	0 0 0	0 0 0
Cape, Company's best, 110 gallons	14 0 0	0 0 0
Champagne, sparkling	2 0 0	3 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	3 0 0	3 0 0

**WINE.**

Port, best, per pipe	50 0 0	60 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	1 10 0	1 15 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	30 0 0	40 0 0
Sherry, best per bulk	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	1 5 0	1 10 0
Madeira, per pipe	35 0 0	50 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	1 8 0	1 10 0
Teneriffe, per pipe	18 0 0	0 0 0
Perthozon	0 15 0	0 0 0
Cape, Company's best, 110 gallons	14 0 0	0 0 0
Champagne, sparkling	2 0 0	3 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	3 0 0	3 0 0

**BEER.**

Alb. Beer Burton, per barrel, 56 gal.	6 10 0	0 0 0
Hodgson's pale per hhd.	7 0 0	0 0 0
Taylor's strong pale	7 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 14 0	0 15 0
Other Brewers	0 0 0	0 0 0
Porter, per hhd.	6 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	5 12 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	5 12 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 12 0	0 0 0

**SUNDRIES.**

Almonds, hard shell	0 0 0	0 0 10
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 1 4
Alspice, Soft	0 10 0	0 0 0
Annatto, Spanish	0 0 0	0 0 0
Ashea, Fat U. S.	per cwt. 18 0 0	3 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	18 0 0	0 0 0
Arrowroot	per lb. 0 10 0	0 0 0
Butter, Irish	0 0 0	0 0 0
Candies, English	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 2 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 10 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 0 0
Cassia, Chinese	ditto 0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 0 0
Cheese, Cheshire	ditto 0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 2 0	0 0 0
Cigars, Fat U. S.	per cwt. 18 0 0	2 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	18 0 0	0 0 0
Havana, ditto	0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 1 0
Cinnamon	per lb. 0 0 0	0 0 0
Cloves	ditto 0 0 0	0 0 0
Coffee	ditto 0 0 0	0 0 0
Copper sheeting	ditto 0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 0 0
Curries	ditto 0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 0 0
Flax, New Zealand	per ton 0 0 0	0 0 0
Ginger, Jamaica	per lb. 0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
Hans, Yorkshire	ditto 0 10 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 12 0	0 0 0
Herrings Pickled, per barrel	2 5 0	0 0 0
Honey, English	per lb. 0 2 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 2 0	0 0 0
Iron, Bar, assorted	per ton 12 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	15 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	16 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	8 0 0	8 10 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	12 0 0	12 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	12 0 0	12 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 25 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 25 0	0 0 0
Liquorice, Spanish	per lb. 0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 12 0	0 1 0
Mustard	per lb. 0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 8 0	0 10 0
Oil, Olive	per gallon 8 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	8 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 27 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 12 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	4 0 0	4 4 0
Pepper, black	per lb. 0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
Pickles, assorted, per twelve quarts	1 5 0	1 7 6
Pitch, Stockholm	per barrel 5 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	5 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	4 12 0	0 0 0
Pork, Irish	ditto 4 12 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
Potatoes, New Zealand	per ton 0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 1 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 40 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 4 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	1 7 6	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 12 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 2 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 5 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	4 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "	0 0 0	0 0 0
"    "    "    "    "    "		



Lammas' Flood—Flinn's Rock.

A TRUE STORY.

Who that has travelled the Dublin and Derry road, but must remember the picturesque little town of Newtownstewart, just twenty miles from Derry, with Bessy Bell hanging over it, in majestic grandeur, on the one side, and the pellucid stream of Mourne rolling rapidly along on the other side, threatening, in its circling course, to sap the foundation, not merely of the town, but of Bessy Bell herself. A little above the town are the beautiful vale and glen of Moyle, embosomed in the sombre shade of Mary Gray, and almost surrounded by the rivers Monterlony and Stroul, which, uniting—

“Gie a huzzaw,  
 Wif joy that they run to the bonny Aralstraw.”

The united river is thence called the Mourne; and if the traveller, by coach or car, can prevail on the driver to slacken pace, about three quarters of a mile below the town, where the river, running pretty close to the road, forces its rapid way through a rocky channel, in a deep ravine of about two hundred yards over, and east his eye right towards the centre of the river, rather up the stream from the principal ledge of rocks, there he will perceive a single stone having nearly a cubical form, and which, on account of its size and peculiar shape, was formerly known by the sobriquet of the Giant's Finger-stone, but latterly from the circumstance which I am going to relate, it has been called Flinn's Rock.

To persons living in the neighbourhood of mountains, the effects of Lammas Floods are very well known. At that season the rains often come on suddenly, and the mountains, coming in for a large share, and having their surfaces encrusted, as it were, by the summer's drought, frequently send the floods down the glets with such precipitation, and in such vast quantities, that the riverbed, which, but a few minutes before, was little more than an empty channel, will present, to your view, a roaring torrent, filled from bank to bank; and, very often, to the no small detriment of the farmer, bursting its boundaries—forcing its irresistible course over meadows—corn and potato fields—and bearing along, on its fuming surface, the produce of the holmes.

It was I think in August of 1812, that Charley Flinn, a wheelwright, residing in the town of Newtownstewart, and the subject of my story, was exposed to one of the most singular adventures that the history of Lammas' Floods contains. Flinn had been felling trees in a wood, some distance above the town, and seeing a fresh in the river, on this day, he availed himself of it to float his timber down to his own yard, which was convenient to the strand. He had just hauled out a portion, about fifty yards above the bridge, and was in the act of landing a very large tree, when the water, of a sudden began to extend around him and his assistants; and it was evident, from the dark and gloomy appearance from the atmosphere in the direction of the river's source, that there was heavy rain in that part. The flow of waters increased, until the spot where they a few minutes stood, was occupied by a fast increasing torrent. In the mean time the tree, notwithstanding the efforts of a number of men, was floating down the stream, and Flinn in order, as he thought, to manage it better, threw himself astride over it. The river was still rising fast—so much so, that poor Flinn had scarcely got himself balanced on the tree, when the men were no longer able to hold it, and away it floated, into the middle of the stream, bearing Charley along with it, in the least enviable situation imaginable.

The alarm spreading over the town, men, women, and children, were running in every direction. Many plans were mentioned for rescuing Charley, but the only one considered practicable was to procure coils of ropes—which being done, the bridge afforded a convenience for extending the rope from side to side over the river; the rope was then borne along, as quickly as possible, for Flinn, who, not being a swimmer, still kept fast to the tree, sometimes carried to one side of the river, sometimes to the other, according to the course of the stream. The tree was now approaching the rocks before-mentioned, and the humane persons, who were hurrying to Charley's relief, were yet far behind. Many and loud were the cries of the spectators as Flinn drew near the rocks, through which it was impossible for him to pass without being dashed to pieces. He was just entering on the scene of horror, and seemed launching into eternity, when the end of the tree stuck into a cleft of Grant's Finger-stone, and stood as fast as if moored by anchors. Now was the time for Charley to attempt escaping from his perilous seat. He crawled along the tree, and clambering up the side of the rock, got himself safe on the top of it. The men bearing the rope were hastening to his relief as quickly as circumstances would permit, but they had still a considerable way to come, and the flood was increasing so rapidly, that there was every appearance of the rock, on which Flinn stood, being covered before the rope reached him. The shores, by this time, were crowded with people—some projecting schemes, some shouting to the men coming down the river, and a great many offering prayers to heaven for that deliverance to Flinn which no exertion of theirs could effect. At this time Flinn, himself, was on his knees, imploring the assistance of the Most High; and it was evident, from the signs he had made to the people on the shore, that he was recommending himself to their prayers—for, from the roaring of the flood, as it waters bounded from rock to rock not a word could be heard, even by those who would speak to each other on shore. The water was now dashing up

against his feet, and the next roll was expected to carry him off, when the men succeeded in reaching him with the rope; signs were made to him how he should act, but he could not understand them. The prospect of deliverance brightened upon him; besides the current was now tumbling over the rock, and he could keep his place no longer; he gave the rope a turn round his body, and consigned himself to the mercy of the boiling surge. The river here was about one hundred yards over, and the rock, upon which Flinn had stood, was considerable towards the eastern shore; but that side being much rougher than the western, he chose the latter, although the distance was much greater. The men on that side kept pulling the rope, but no trace of Charley could be observed from the time he left the rock, and it was thought he had struck against the bottom, and had lost his hold; however, at length he rose to the surface, within about three yards of the shore, but just when his friends were hurrying to take hold of him, and the open arms of his shrieking wife were extended to embrace him—as if fate had decreed that Charley Flinn should be drowned—the rope broke, and he was once more sunk in the raging element. This was the moment for acting, not thinking; as soon as the rope gave way, two men leaped into the flood—one missed, the other succeeded in taking hold of some part of Flinn's clothes, and, by the hold drew him ashore, but apparently lifeless. Every means which could be applied on the instant were had recourse to, and, in a little time he began to exhibit signs of life; his strength gradually increased, and, in a few hours, he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home—  
*Dublin Penny Journal.*

Humorous Sketches by "Boz."

(From the concluding number of the Pickwick Club.)

INTERRUPTED LOVE.

“The fat boy returned, slumbering as peacefully in his dicky over the stones as if he had been a down bed on watch-springs. By some extraordinary miracle he awoke of his own accord, when the coach stopped, and giving himself a good shake to stir up his faculties, went up stairs to execute his commission. Now, whether the shake had jumbled the fat boy's faculties together instead of arranging them in proper order, or had roused such a quantity of new ideas within him as to render him oblivious of ordinary forms and ceremonies, or (which is also possible) had proved unsuccessful in preventing his falling asleep as he ascended the stairs, it is an undoubted fact that he walked into the sitting room without previously knocking at the door and so beheld a gentleman with his arm clasping his young mistress's waist, sitting lovingly by her side on a sofa, while Arabella and her pretty handmaid feigned to be absorbed in looking out of a window at the other end of the room. At sight of which phenomenon the fat boy uttered an interjection, the ladies a scream, and the gentleman an oath, almost simultaneously. ‘Wretched creature, what do you want here?’ said the gentleman, who it is needless to say was Mr. Snodgrass. To this the fat boy, considerably terrified, briefly responded, ‘Missis.’ ‘What do you want me for?’ enquired Emily, turning her head aside, ‘you stupid creature.’ ‘Master and Mr. Pickwick is a going to dine at five,’ replied the fat boy, ‘Leave the room,’ said Mr. Snodgrass, glancing upon the bewildered youth. ‘No, no, no,’ added Emily hastily. ‘Bella, dear, advise me.’ Upon this, Emily and Mr. Snodgrass, and Arabella and Mary crowded into a corner and conversed earnestly in whispers for some minutes, during which the fat boy dozed. ‘Joe,’ said Arabella, at length, looking round with a most bewitching smile, ‘how do you do, Joe?’ ‘Joe,’ said Emily, ‘you're a very good boy; I won't forget you Joe.’ ‘Joe,’ said Mr. Snodgrass, advancing to the astonished youth, and seizing his hand, ‘I didn't know you before. There's five shillings for you, Joe.’ ‘I'll owe you five, Joe,’ said Arabella, for old acquaintance sake, ‘you know,’ and another most captivating smile was bestowed upon the corpulent intruder.

INNOCENT LOVE.

“The fat boy led the way down stairs, his pretty companion captivated all the waiters and angling all the chambermaids as she followed him to the eating room. There was the meat pie of which the youth had spoken so feelingly; and there were, moreover, a steak and a dish of potatoes, and a pot of porter. ‘Sit down,’ said the fat boy. ‘Oh, my eye, how prime! I am so hungry!’ Having apostrophized his eyes in a species of rapture five or six times, the youth took the head of the little table, and Mary set herself at the bottom. ‘Will you have some of this?’ said the fat boy, plunging into the pie up to the very ferules of the knife and fork. ‘A little, if you please,’ replied Mary. ‘The fat boy assisted Mary to a little and himself to a great deal, and was just going to begin eating when he suddenly laid down his knife and fork, leant forward in his chair, and letting his hands, with the knife and fork in them, fall on his knees, said, very slowly, ‘I say, how nice you do look!’ This was said in an admiring manner, and was, so far, gratifying; but still there was enough of the cannibal in the young gentleman's eyes to render the compliment a doubtful one. ‘Dear me, Joseph,’ said Mary, affecting to blush, ‘what do you mean?’ The fat boy, gradually recovering his former position, replied with a heavy sigh, and remaining thoughtful for a few moments, drank a long draught of the porter. Having achieved this feat he sighed again, and applied himself assiduously to the pie. ‘What a nice young lady Miss Emily is!’ said Mary, after a long silence. The fat boy had by this time finished the pie. He fixed his eyes on Mary, and replied, ‘I know a nicerer.’ ‘Indeed!’ said Mary. ‘Yes, indeed!’ replied the fat boy, with unwonted vivacity. ‘What's her name?’ enquired Mary. ‘What's yours?’ ‘Mary,’

‘So's hers,’ said the fat boy. ‘You're her,’ The boy grinned to add point to the compliment, and put his eyes into something between a squint and a cast, which there is reason to believe he intended for an ogle. ‘You musn't talk to me in that way,’ said Mary; ‘you don't mean it.’ ‘Don't I though?’ replied the fat boy; ‘I say—’ ‘Well!’ ‘Are you going to come here regular?’ ‘No,’ rejoined Mary, shaking her head, ‘I'm going away again to-night. Why?’ ‘Oh!’ said the fat boy, in a tone of strong feeling; ‘how we should have enjoyed ourselves at meals, if you had been here!’ ‘I might come here sometimes perhaps, to see you,’ said Mary, plating the table cloth in assumed coyness, ‘if you would do me a favour.’ ‘The fat boy looked from the pie dish to the steak, as if he thought a favour must be in a manner connected with something to eat; and then took out one of the half-crowns and glanced at it nervously. ‘Don't you understand me?’ said Mary, looking slyly in his face. Again he looked at the half-crown, and said faintly, ‘No.’ ‘The ladies want you not to say any thing to the old gentleman about the young gentleman having been up stairs; and I want you too.’ ‘Is that all?’ said the fat boy, evidently, very much relieved as he pocketed the half-crown again. ‘Of course, I ain't going to.’ ‘That's a dear,’ said Mary. ‘Now it's time I went up stairs, and got my lady ready for dinner.’ ‘Don't go yet,’ urged the fat boy. ‘I must,’ replied Mary. ‘Good bye, for the present.’ The fat boy, with elephantine playfulness, stretched out his arms to ravish a kiss; but as it required no great ability to elude him, his fair enslaver had vanished before he closed them again, upon which the apathetic youth ate a pound of steak, with a sentimental countenance, and fell fast asleep.

THE MRS. WELLER'S WILL.

“‘Samivel,’ said Mr. Weller, accosting his son the morning after the funeral, ‘I've found it Sammy. I thought it was there.’ ‘Thought not was there?’ enquired Sam. ‘Your mother in law's will, Sammy,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘In virtue o' which, them arrangements are to be made as I told you on last night respectin' the funs.’ ‘Wot, didn't she tell you not it was?’ enquired Sam. ‘Not a bit on it, Sam,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘Ve vos adjustin' our little differences, and I vos a cheerin' her spirits and bearin' her up, so that I forgot to ask anything about it. I don't know as I should ha' done it indeed, if I had remembered it,’ added Mr. Weller, ‘for it's a rum sort o' thing, Sammy, to go a bankerin' arter any body's property, ven you're assistin' 'em in illness. It's like helping an outside passenger up ven he's been pitched off a coach, and putting your hand in his pocket, vile you ask him with a sigh how he finds his-self, Sammy.’ With this figurative illustration of his meaning, Mr. Weller unclasped his pocket-book, and drew forth a dirty sheet of letter paper, on which were inscribed various characters, crowded together in remarkable confusion. ‘This here is the dockment, Sammy,’ said Mr. Weller. ‘I found it in the little black teapot on the top shelf o' the bar closet. She used to keep bank notes there afore she vos married, Samivel. I've seen her take the lid off to pay a bill, many and many a time. Poor creature, she might ha' filled all the teapots in the house with vill, and not have inconvenienced herself neither, for she took very little of anything’ in that way lately, ‘cept on the Temperance nights, ven they just laid a foundation o' tea to put the spirits a-top on.’ ‘What does it say?’ enquired Sam. ‘Jist vot I told you, my boy,’ rejoined his parent. ‘Two hundred pounds' worth o' reduced counsels to my son-in-law, Samivel, and all the rest o' my property of ev'ry kind and description volveover, to my husband, Mr. Tony Weller, who I appoint as my sole eggzekuter.’ ‘That's all, is it?’ said Sam. ‘That's all,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘And I s'pose as it's all right and satisfactory to you and me, as is the only parties interested, ve may as vell put this bit o' paper into the fire.’ ‘Wot are you a-doin' on, you humatic?’ said Sam, snatching the paper away, as his parent, in all innocence, stirred the fire, preparatory to snuffing the action to the word. ‘You're a nice eggzekuter, you are.’ ‘Vy not?’ inquired Mr. Weller, looking sternly round with the poker in his hand. ‘Vy not?’ exclaimed Sam, ‘—cos it must be proved, and probated, and sworn to, and all manner o' formalities.’ ‘You don't mean that?’ said Mr. Weller, laying down the poker. Sam buttoned the will carefull in a side pocket, intimating by a look, meanwhile, that he did mean it, and very seriously too. ‘Then I'll tell you wot it is,’ said Mr. Weller, after a short meditation, ‘this is a case for that ‘ere confidential pal o' the Chanceryship's. Pell must look into this, Sammy. He's the man for a difficult question at law. Ve'll have this here brought afore the Solvent court directly, Samivel.’ ‘I never did see such a addle-headed old creature!’ exclaimed Sam, irritably. ‘Old Bailey's, and Solvent courts, and alleys, and ev'ry species o' gammon always a-running through his brain. You'd better get your out-o'-door clothes on, and come to town about this business, than stand a preachin' there about wot you don't understand nothin' of.’ ‘Werry good, Sam,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘I'm quite agreeable to any thin' as vill heppedithe business, Sammy.’

BETTING IN THE CITY.

“The office of Wilkins Flasher, Esq., of the Stock Exchange, was in a first floor up a court behind the Bank of England; the house of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was at Brixton, Surrey; the horse and stanhope of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, were at an adjacent livery stable; the groom of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was on his way to the West End to deliver some game; the clerk of Wilkins Flasher, Esq., had gone to his dinner; and so Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, himself, cried ‘Come in,’ when Mr. Pell and his companions knocked at the counting-house door. ‘Good morning, sir,’ said Pell, bowing obsequiously. ‘We want to make a little transfer, if you

please.’ ‘Oh, just come in, will you?’ said Mr. Flasher. ‘Sit down a minute; I'll attend to you directly.’ Thank you, sir,’ said Pell, ‘there's no hurry. Take a chair, Mr. Weller.’ Mr. Weller took a chair, and Sam took a box, and the umpires took what they could get, and looked at the almanack and one or two papers which were opened against the wall, with as much open-eyed reverence as if they had been the finest efforts of the old masters. ‘Well, I'll bet you half a dozen of claret on it; come,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, resuming the conversation to which Mr. Pell's entrance had caused a momentary interruption. This was addressed to a very smart young gentleman who wore his hat on his right whisker, and was lounging over the desk killing flies, with a ruler. Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was balancing himself on two legs of an office stool, spearing a wafer-box with a penknife, which he dropped every now and then with great dexterity into the very centre of a red wafer that was stuck outside. Both gentlemen had very open waistcoats and very rolling collars, and very little watches and very large guard chains, and symmetrical inexpressibles and scented pocket handkerchiefs. ‘I never bet half a dozen,’ said the other gentleman. ‘I'll take a dozen’ ‘Done, Simmery, done!’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘P.P. mind,’ observed the other. ‘Of course,’ replied Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘I see there's a notice up this morning about Boffer, observed Mr. Simmery. ‘Poor devil, he's expelled the house.’ ‘I'll bet you ten guineas to five he cuts his throat,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘Done,’ replied Mr. Simmery. ‘Stop—I bar,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, thoughtfully. ‘Perhaps he may hang himself.’ ‘Very good,’ rejoined Mr. Simmery, pulling out the gold pencil-case again—‘I've no objection to take you that way. Say—makes away with himself.’ ‘Kills himself, in fact,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘Just so,’ replied Mr. Simmery, putting it down. ‘Flasher—ten guineas to five, Boffer kills himself.’ ‘Within what time shall we say?’ ‘—A fortnight?’ suggested Wilkins Flasher Esquire. ‘Confound it, no;’ rejoined Mr. Simmery, stopping for an instant, to smash a fly with a ruler. ‘Say, a week.’ ‘Split the difference,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esq.—‘make it ten days.’ ‘Well, ten days,’ rejoined Mr. Simmery. ‘So, it was entered down in the little books that Boffer was to kill himself within ten days, or Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was to hand over to Frank Simmery, Esquire, the sum of ten guineas; and that if Boffer did not kill himself within that time, Frank Simmery, Esquire, would pay to Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, five guineas, instead. ‘I'm very sorry he has failed,’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘Capital dinners he gave.’ ‘Fine port he had too, remarked Mr. Simmery. ‘We are going to send our butler to the sale to-morrow, to pick up some of that sixty-four.’ ‘The devil you are!’ said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. ‘My man's going too. Five guineas my man outbids your man.’ ‘Done.’ Another entry was made in the little books with the gold pencil cases; and Mr. Simmery having by this time killed all the flies and taken all the bets, strolled away to the Stock Exchange to see what was going forward.

CONSOLS OFFICE.

“‘Wot place is this here?’ whispered the mottled faced gentleman to the elder Mr. Weller. ‘Consols Office,’ replied the executor in a whisper. ‘Wot are them gen'tlemen a settin' behind the counters?’ asked the hoarse coachman. ‘Reduced counsels, I s'pose,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘Ain't they the reduced counsels, Samivel?’ ‘Vy, you don't suppose the reduced counsels is alive, do you?’ enquired Sam, with some disdain. ‘How should I know, retorted Mr. Weller; ‘I thought they looked werry like it.’ ‘Wot are they all a-eatin' ham sangwidges for?’ enquired his father. ‘Cos it's in their dooty, I suppose,’ replied Sam, ‘it's a part o' the system; they're always a-doin' it here, all day long!’

ORAY'S INN AT MORNING.

“The healthy light of a fine October morning made even the dingy old houses brighten up a little: some of the dusty windows actually looking almost cheerful as the sun's rays gleamed upon them.—Clerk after clerk hastened into the square by one or other of the entrances, and looking up at the Hall clock, accelerated or decreased his rate of walking according to the time at which his office hours nominally commenced; the half-past nine o'clock people suddenly becoming very brisk, and the ten o'clock gently falling into a pace of most aristocratic slowness. The clock struck ten, and the clerks poured in faster than ever, each one in a greater perspiration than his predecessor. The noise of unlocking and opening doors echoed and re-echoed on every side, heads appeared as if by magic in every window, the porters took up their stations for the day, the slipshod laundresses hurried off, the postman ran from house to house, and the whole legal hive was in a bustle.’

The Beggarman & the Blacksmith.

“About the beginning of the last century a wealthy farmer lived in the lonely district of Kilmacrenan, in the north of Ireland. His cottage was surrounded with hills, which were used as sheep-walks, their surface was unsheltered, except when occasional trees of stunted hawthorn and elder trees were scattered. About half a mile from the farmer's dwelling were ‘cross-roads,’ distinguished by the white washed forge and cabin of Paddy Murphy, the blacksmith, and called from this circumstance the ‘Curthan bawn.’ It was late in October, 1703, when the farmer, having collected what at that time was deemed a good sum, by his sales at various fairs, was suddenly

called from home to attend the funeral of an aunt, which took place at a considerable distance from his neighbourhood. The money his traffic had brought him was necessarily left in his absence, in care of his wife. On the third evening after his departure, the servant girl was washing the potatoes for supper, when a sturdy looking beggarman approached the house.

“‘Mistress, mistress, dear,’ cried Sally, ‘there's a strange *hocough* coming; any how, I don't like the look of him at all! He's the biggest man I ever see, beats the master out and out, and more by token, he has the devil of a wicked look.’

“‘Shut the door then,’ said the mistress of the cottage. Sally was about to obey, when it struck her mistress that, lonely and unprotected as they were, civility was their best play; as if the beggarman should choose to enforce his admission by violent means, they would not be able to offer resistance. He entered and unceremoniously seated himself by the fire.

“‘What are you getting for dinner?’ he asked.

“‘Beef and potatoes,’ replied Sally.

“‘If you mean that bit of meat,’ rejoined ‘the hocough, it won't be enough to give a taste to the boys.’

“Mrs. Mac Gushigan looked surprised.

“‘Ay, mistress, you'll have company here by and by, this is a cold, raw evening, and they'll want something comfortable.’

“Dinner was nearly ready, when the blacksmith of the ‘Curthan bawn’ entered.

“‘Then it's myself that's proud to see you,’ said Sally to him in a low voice.

“Paddy Murphy's appearance did not please the hocough, who sturdily asked him, what brought him there?

“Paddy looked astonished, but answered ‘that he merely called upon his way from a neighbour's, to see how his friend, Mrs. Mac Gushigan, was.’

“‘Then you may take yourself off again,’ said the hocough, ‘we don't want you here.’

“‘And who are you that order me off?’ asked Paddy Murphy.

“‘I'll show you in no time,’ said the meddler, flourishing his shillelagh.

“‘And if it comes to that, begad I'll have a hit too, before I leave this house at your bidding,’ said Paddy.

“The beggarman aimed a blow at Paddy's head, but he dexterously avoided it, and his hammer descended with such fatal force on his opponent's temple, that the huge beggarman fell dead upon the ground with a single groan!

“‘Oh, murder, murder,’ cried the woman, ‘you've kilt him.’

“‘By dad,’ said Paddy, coolly, ‘it would have been the murder not to kilt him; and he opened the coat of the pretended meddler, and exhibited his belt well furnished with pistols—a whistle hung from his neck. ‘Now,’ said the blacksmith, ‘we'll have all the murder out, if you can only fire a pistol.’

“‘I can fire right well,’ said Sally.

“‘I'll try and fire, too,’ said Mrs. Mac Gushigan.

“At this juncture the farmer unexpectedly returned, to the great delight of his wife and Sally.

“‘What lumbe's this?’ he exclaimed, stumbling over the body of the bandit.

“‘It's a corpse,’ said his wife.

“‘Lord save us! who's kilt?’

“‘The captain of a gang of robbers, and if I had not settled him, he and his gang would have left no one here to tell tales to-morrow,’ said the blacksmith. The farmer lifted up his hands, struck with astonishment.

“‘If we only manage cutely,’ said Paddy Murphy, ‘we'll have the other birds. The night is dark; you, and I, and the woman, will take a pistol each: we'll stand outside the door, and blow the whistle; and when the gang are pressing, we'll slap at them.’

“The farming acquiesced—the whistle was blown loud, and the tramping of feet was soon heard, and half a dozen ruffians rushed in through the open door of the cottage, directed by the fire light within. As they passed the little party, four pistols were effectively discharged at them, killing and wounding an equal number of men; the two others, terror-struck as loo looked for a reception, hastily fled through a door that opened to the farm yard—leaving their less fortunate companions behind.

“The blacksmith was tried, acquitted, and honoured with the thanks of the jury, for his steadiness and heroism. The grateful farmer gave him more substantial thanks.—  
*Dublin Penny Journal.*

A Bit of a Donkey.

“A strange scena occurred a few nights back at the Gentleman and Porter public-house, in New-street-square, Fetter-lane. Shortly before 9 o'clock in the evening, a gentleman's cabriolet with two flaring lamps stopped at the door of the public-house, and leaving a liveried groom in care of the equipage; a person of gentlemanly dress and appearance alighted, entered the house, and took a seat in the tap-room. The waiter, supposing he had made a mistake, hastily followed, assuring the gentleman he would find superior accommodation in the parlour, to which he offered to show the way. The reply to this invitation was, ‘Parlour be d—d; this is my parlour.’ Suiting actions to words, the stranger sat down, ordered a glass of brandy and water for himself, and desired that grog of whatever kind each might prefer, should be brought in for every person present. The order was promptly obeyed. The number of work-people in the tap-room was at this time about seven or eight, but it soon got noised about that there was a swell—a certain marquis, as some then said, and still persist in saying, at the Gentleman and Porter public-house, treating every one that would drink with him. The apprentices and idlers from the adjacent factories and large workshops all flocked in to see the

“swell,” and swallow as much liquor as could conveniently be got without paying for. All received a ready welcome, and were encouraged by the stranger to drink freely, he ordering the glasses to be filled as soon as emptied. At one time as many as thirty-three glasses of grog were placed on the long table. The tap-room a id parlours were crowded, and it was at last absolutely found necessary to shut the outer doors against all but known faces. While the glasses were crowded along the table, the stranger, who was seated at the middle of the table, made a pretence to stoop down, and suddenly rising, half upheaved the table with his shoulders, scattering the glasses and their contents in all directions. From his subsequent mirth, it seemed evident the whole was an intentional piece of mischief. Bread and cheese, and all other eatables the house could afford, were next ordered in, with ale and porter in abundance. All were invited to partake, and they proved their ability and willingness to eat as well as drink at the stranger's cost. Night was now far advancing, the gig with its glaring lamps with the horse and groom, were still waiting without, but the strange swell showed not the least inclination to budge. The score was mounting up rapidly, and the landlady, notwithstanding; that appearances seemed to bespeak the stranger some wealthy personage, felt desirous of something more tangible than appearances. Her wish was politely hinted, and the stranger wrote a name upon a card, with an address at a tavern near Doctor's Commons, saying that he should stop till the morning, when if the bill was sent to the tavern, it would be instantly paid. Some further conversation with the groom made this quite satisfactory, and the jollity was renewed with increasing vigour. Gallons after gallons of egg flip were ordered in, and soon swallowed. The stranger at one time took a fancy for having the large water boiler that hung over the fire, emptied and filled with gin, that all might help themselves as they wanted it. This was, however, positively refused, and the gentleman revenged himself by arming himself with the poker, and smashing all the crockery he could get at in the scullery and in the kitchen. Other acts of practical mischief were committed by him during the night. He snatched one man's hat off, and placing it beneath his arm, crushed it. The man grumbled, and the stranger took off his own hat and crushed it in the same way, and it being of very superior make he easily put it in shape again. This did not satisfy the man, and he has since, it is understood, got payment for the damage done to his hat. The revel was kept up till ten o'clock the next morning, when the gentleman got into his cab, which had throughout been kept in waiting, and was driven to the hotel to which he had given his address. The bill for the night's fooling was there soon after him, and the nephew of the landlady went with it, but the gentleman was not then to be seen. On the nature of the nephew's business, however, being made known, the money was instantly paid. Who the “swell” was is a matter still in dispute. Some persist in saying it must have been “the marquis,” and endeavour to maintain their assertion by our knock-down argument, no way complimentary to the peer. “It must be him,” they say, “for it would be impossible to find any other man to be so big—a donkey.” He is described as rather a stout, tall, good-looking person. Whoever he is, he quickly resented a sly attempt made to tear aside his incognito, for, on a person drinking to him as the marquis, he took up his glass, nodded, and raised the glass to his lips, but, instead of drinking, by a quick turn of the wrist, dashed its contents in the man's face.

“The public-house where the nocturnal orgies were kept, was, for many years, and till about two years back, the head-quarters of a society, half social and half political in its character, and which boasts the name of ‘The Ancient and Honourable Lumber Troop,’ and claims for itself a traditional existence ever since the days of the Spanish Armada.

“Misfortunes of a Sallow Complexion.—“The French show a marked distinction in their treatment of us and our good allies,” said O'Brien. “It was strongly instanced this morning. While we were forcing the road, a company had sealed the rocks above it to dislodge the traitors who were firing at us from the heights. A poor fellow of mine, whose complexion is uncommonly swarthy, was wounded in the leg and fell. Unfortunately two or three retreating Frenchmen passed accidentally the spot where he was lying, and mistaking him for a Portuguese sharpshooter, stabbed him in several places, and flung him over the precipice; while they raised his comrade from the ground, placed a knapsack under his head, and gave him a drink from a leathern bottle of excellent tincture, which one of them had slung across his shoulder—coming up we found the sufferer upon the road, and with difficulty he told us how he had been treated. We of course rendered him some assistance; but Sergeant Conrigan's remarks, as he was binding a cloth round his fractured leg, turned our condolence into laughter. ‘There now,’ he said, as he put the wounded man against a rock, ‘there you are as snug as if you were in the barracks of Kilkenny. Didn't I always tell ye, that yella face of yours would bring ye into trouble? No wonder the French mistook ye for a Portuguese. It's yourself that could travel from Badajos to Gibraltar, and you're so like a native, the devil a dog would bark at you the whole way. If you get better, Barney, dear, write for the priest's lines, that you were born at Shannon-bridge, and ye can paste it on the back of yer knapsack.—  
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