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"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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LITERATURE.

[From Mrs. S. C. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character.]

THE RAPPAREE.

"True for you, ma'am dear, it is smoking up to the mines, sure enough, but it 's by no manner o' manes unwholesome, more particularly at this season, when its so *could*; it will clear, my lady, in a minute—see, it 's moving off now."

"Moving up, you mean," replied the young lady to whom this speech was addressed, and whose eye followed the thick and curling smoke that twisted and twisted, in serpent-like folds, around the blackened rafters of "Mr. Corney Phelan's Original Inn,"—so, at least, the dwelling was designated by the painted board that had once graced it, but now played the part of door to a dilapidated pig-sty. Again, another volume folded down the chimney, for so the orifice was termed, under which the good tempered and rosy Nelly Clarey was endeavouring to kindle a fire, with wet boughs and crumbling turf. The maid of the inn knelt before the unmanageable combustibles, fanning the flickering flame with her apron, or puffing it with her breath; the bellows, it is true, lay at her side, but it was bereft of nose and handle. "Poor thing," she said, compassionately, "it wasn't in it's natur to last for ever; and sure, master's grandmother bought it as good as thirty years ago, at the fair of Clonmel, as a curosity, more nor anything else, as I heard say."

"Are you sure," interrogated the young lady, after patiently submitting to be smoke-dried for many minutes—"are you sure that the flue is clear?"

"Is it clear, my lady! Why, then, bad cess to me for not thinking of that before!—sure I've good right to remember thim devils o' crows making their nesteens in the chimbley; and it's only when the likes o' you and yer honorable father stop at the inn, that we light a fire in this place at all."

She took up the wasting candle, that was stuck in a potato, in lieu of a candlestick, and, placing a bare but well-formed foot on a projecting embrasure near the basement, dexterously catching the huge beam that crossed the chimney with her disengaged hand, swung herself half way up the yawning cavern, without apparently experiencing any inconvenience from the dense atmosphere. After investigating for some time, "Paddy Dooley!—Paddy Dooley!" she exclaimed, "come here, like a good boy, wid the pitchfork, till we make way for the smoke."

"I *can't*, Nelly honey," replied Mister Paddy from a shed that was erected close to the "*parlour*" window, "arn't I striving to fix a bit of a manger, that his honour's horses may eat their hay, and beautiful oats, dacently, what they're accustomed to—but Larry can go."

"Larry, avourneen!" said Nelly, in a coaxing tone, "do lend us a hand here wid this pitchfork."

"It's quare manners of ye, Nelly,—a dacent girl like ye, to be asking a gentleman like me for his hand (Larry, it must be understood, was the *bocher* and wit of the establishment), and I trying for the dear life to rason wid this ould lady, and make her keep in the sty; she nosed a hole through the beautiful sign."

"Bad look to ye both!" ejaculated Ellen, angrily; "I'll tell the masther, so I will," she added, jumping on the clay floor, her appearance not at all improved by her accent. "Masther, here's the boys and the crows, after botherin' me; will you tell them to help me down with the nest?—the lady's shivering alive with the could, and not a sparkle of fire to keep it from her heart."

"Don't *you* be after botherin' *me*, Nelly," replied the host; "but I ax pardon for my unmannerliness," he continued, coming into the room—his pipe stuck firmly between his teeth, and his rotund person stooping in a bowing attitude to Miss Dartforth—"sure I'll move it myself, with *all the veins o' my heart*, to pleasure the lady at any time!—Give us a loan of the pitchfork, Larry."

"To tell God's truth, master, it's broke and the smith—bad look to him!—forgot to call for it, and little Paddeen forgot to lave it—but here's the shovel 'll do as well, and better too, for it's as good as a broom, seeing it's so neatly split at the broad end." "The master" took the shovel not angrily, as an English master would have done, at such neglect; but taking for granted that a shovel would do as well as a pitchfork, or a broom, or anything else, "when it came asy to hand," and perfectly well satisfied with Larry's ingenuity, he poked, and poked, up the chimney, while Ellen stood looking on at his exertions, her head upturned, her ample mouth wide open, displaying her white teeth to great advantage. Presently, down came such an accumulation of soot, dried sticks, clay, and disagreeables, that Nelly placed her hands on her eyes, and ran into the kitchen, exclaiming "that she was blinded for life;" while the young lady, half suffocated, followed her example, and left "mine host of the public" to arrange his crows' nests according to his fancy. The kitchen of an Irish inn (not an inferior place of public accommodation — but what would be termed in England a "posting house"), at the period of which I treat, would now be considered as a more befitting shelter for a tribe of Zingari, than for Christian travellers; it was a room of large dimensions, and high elevation, with an earthen floor worn into many inequalities, and an enormous hole in the roof directly over where the fire was placed, through which the smoke escaped, after hanging, as it were, in fantastic draperies around the discolored apartment. A massive bar stood out from the wall, against, or nearly against, which the fire was lighted, and from it were suspended sundry crooks and nondescript chains, fitting for the support of iron pots and such cooking vessels as were put into requisition, when "quality" stopped, either from necessity, or for refreshment, in the wild and mountainous district where resided Mr. Corney Phelan; indeed, the house was frequented more by farmers' drovers endeavoring to conduct wild mountain sheep to the markets of Waterford, or even Dublin (and I have now in my possession some old family memoranda, which state the price paid for such animals, at that time, to have been two shillings and six pence per head), and persons in that sphere of life, than by such gentry as Mr. Dartforth, who travelled in his own carriage, and with a suitable number of attendants; he was a rich landed proprietor, a justice of the peace, and M. P. for the county town. It may be readily supposed that the arrival of persons of rank was a matter of importance, and that some preparations were made in the "parlour," as it was called, while the worthy magistrate occupied himself in inspecting the accommodation provided for his horses in the out-houses. The animals had undergone much fatigue, for the gentleman and his daughter had journeyed from Dublin; and when he drew near the dwellings of some of his principal tenants, he had called upon them, as "gale day" was passed, to collect his rents. The roads leading to those dwellings had, in many instances, been rendered heavy, and nearly impassable by the rains; the horses were almost foundered; and, although within a few miles of home, it was found impossible to proceed without giving them some hours' rest. Miss Dartforth, with the cheerfulness and good nature so charming in females of every age, accommodated herself to circumstances, took off her hat, and, having in vain sought, with the ken of a laughing blue eye, for what a woman, however old and ugly, would fain see in every room—a looking-glass—shook back her clustering tresses, which twined in wild luxuriance over her graceful form; then, partially unclasping a silver-laced riding-habit, she made her way amid five or six barelegged 'helpers,' some dozens of various-sized pigs, fowl and collies, to a three-legged seat near the fire, close to a petted white calf, that had established itself very quietly on a "lock of straw," in the most comfortable portion of the apartment. She then commenced leisurely investigating the whims and oddities of the assembly; and the smiles that occasionally separated her full rich lips, showed she was an amused spectator of the *melange*. Everything appeared in confusion; the landlady, whose mob cap was trimmed with a loose bed-gown of striped cotton, beneath which a scarlet petticoat, of Dutch dimensions, stuck forth: she was the only female in the establishment who luxuriated in shoes and stockings—the former were confined on the instep, by rich silver buckles; and, though she occasionally sat with much state behind a soiled deal board, which presented a various assortment of drinking measures, and was garnished at either end by kegs of whiskey, yet did she keep a necessary, and not silent *surveillance* over the movements of the various groups. Some idea of her conversation, or, more properly speaking, her observations (for she never waited for a reply), may be gathered from the following:—

"Miss Dartforth, my lady!—(Mary Murphy, will ye never finish picking the few feathers off that bird?)—my lady, I humbly ask your pardon on account of the smoke, and—(Nelly Clarey, Nelly Clarey, may-be it's myself won't pay you off for your villany; don't tell me of the crows; what do I give you house-maid's wages for, but to look after my best sitting-rooms?)—Miss Dartforth, ma'am, is that baste (the calf I mane) disagreeable to ye?—it's a pet, ye see, on account of its being white—quite white, Miss, every hair—and lucky—Billy Thompson, ye little, dirty spalpeen! will ye have done draining the glasses into yer well of a mouth!—it's kind, father, for ye to be afther the whiskey, yet I'll trouble ye to keep yer distance from my counter—Corney Phelan, it ud be only manners in ye to take the dudeen out o' your teeth, and the lady to the fore; I remember when ye'd take it out afore *me*—why not?—the day ye married me, dacency and dacent blood entered yer barrack of a house, and made it what it is, the most creditable inn in the country—Peggy Kelly, ye're a handy girl, jump up, asthore, on the rafters, and cut a respectable piece of bacon off the best end of the flitch—asy—asy! mind the hole in the wall, where the black hen is sitting—there, just look in, for I am thinking the chickens ought to be out to-morrow or next day—Larry, ye stricken devil! have ye nothin' to do, that ye stand chuck in the doorway?—are ye takin' pattern by yer masters's idleness—he that does nothin from mornin' till night but drink whiskey, smoke, sleep—sleep, smoke, and drink whiskey?—Oh! but the heart within me is breakin' fairly with the trouble—bad cess to ye all!—there's the pratees boilin' mad! and the beef!—I'll rid the place of the whole clan of ye—for it's head, hands and eyes I am to the entire house—ye crew!" &c. &c.—And the eloquent, burly lady sprang, with the awkward velocity of a steam-carriage, towards the fire-place, oversetting everything in her way, to ascertain how culinary affairs were proceeding in two large iron vessels, round which the witches in Macbeth might have danced with perfect glee—so deep, and dark, and fitting did they seem for all the purposes of incantation.

Much amused, the young lady patted the calf, which looked into her face with the unmeaning innocence of expression which characterizes the animal, and, as she stopped to conceal the smiles excited by Mistress Corney Phelan's anger, the loosened tresses fell over her brow and eyes; their re-adjustment occupied a few moments—but when she looked up she saw a woman seated opposite to her, whom she certainly had not before noticed, and who she thought it very strange should have escaped her observation; her dress bespoke the mendicant, and she eagerly stretched her bony and muscular hands over the blazing turf fire; her frame appeared chilled by the cold of a keen October evening that was fast closing—for her cloak remained unfastened, and even the hood, that perfectly concealed her features, was unremoved. Miss Dartforth could not help remarking that the cloak was much longer than is usually worn by Irish beggars, and the foot which projected from beneath its ample folds was covered by a substantial brogue. Once, and once only, the fugitive, but expressive, glance of a wild, bright eye met hers, and the idea that *somewhere* she had before before encountered a similar look possessed her imagination. While she was endeavoring to remember the *where* and the *when*, her father entered, attended by one or two of his servants, and accompanied by a relative, who, according to the miserably dependent feeling that, I regret to say, is not yet banished from my country, played clerk, toady, whipper-in, understrapper, or what you please, to his patron, who afforded him bed, board, washing, clothes, and shooting; kindly requiring, in return, that he should act as affidavit-man on all occasions (particularly when he recorded wonderful stories), and laugh invariably at his jests;—"Time out of mind such duties wait dependence." The justice was a free-hearted man, frank and violent, good-natured and obstinate, a talker of patriotism, a practiser of tyranny, and fonder of his pretty daughter, Norah Dartforth, than of his hounds, his hunters, or even his landed interest. It was, however, a well known and accredited tale that he had broken his wife's heart by frequent fits of violence; or, more properly speaking, he had frightened her out of the world while in the prime of youth and delicate, lily-like loveliness; he then took an oath, which, I believe, he religiously kept, that he never would get into a rage with his daughter. This, nevertheless, did not prevent his getting into passions with others, and, indeed his life, as must always be the case where anger is indulged in, was a round of sins and repentances. The county report went on to say that there was one error he more sorrowed over than the rest:—

Sometime after his marriage, disappointed in not being blessed with an heir to his estate, he adopted a boy of singular talents and beauty, whose parents, humble and industrious cotters, died of malignant fever, near his avenue gate: this boy he cherished with all a father's love and tenderness, and even the birth of a daughter, after a lapse of many years, did not appear to diminish the affection he entertained for the interesting youth. Unfortunately, over-indulgence nurtured a proud and daring spirit, which, by different management, could have been tamed to the gentle and ennobling duties of life. The boy grew in beauty, and increased in talent; but he also became imperious and overbearing; even if Mr Dartforth and his gentle lady were inclined to make allowances for his wayward fancies and insolent actions, the very humblest serf on his domain was loud in complaints of the *parvenu*'s tyranny; and the worthy man, who had obstinately persisted in a new-fangled idea, which he had imbibed from some of the French authors of the period—that the human mind was of itself perfection, and that there were no impulses given that needed restraint—persevered in his "system," as he called it, until the impetuous James brought himself into the strong arm of the law, by an open act of violence, directed against one of his protector's brother magistrates, which, but for the interposition of powerful friends, would have banished him the country. It would have been better, perhaps, had the law been suffered, at that time, to take its course. He returned home with an insulted, but unsubdued, spirit, and the remonstrances of his well-meaning but ill judging friend were heard with visible symptoms of impatience. The voice of reproof sounded harshly on the ear that, for eighteen summers, had listened to nothing but the honeyed accents of praise. In an evil hour, when both were heated with that noxious spirit—of which I cannot sufficiently express my detestation, having too often witnessed its baneful and pernicious effects—words terminated in blows; Mr. Dartforth struck his *protege*, and the other, whose tiger spirit could ill brook such an insult, hurled his almost father to the earth. It is not too probable that murder would have terminated the disgraceful scene, had not Norah, roused from her light and innocent slumbers by the fearful noise of the unnatural combat, rushed between them, and in an instant, her soft, but energetic voice awoke the intemperate youth to a sense of his crime and ingratitude; the remembrance of the insult inflicted was effaced by a sense of the evil he had done, and he humbled himself, even to the dust, at Mr Dartforth's feet. Then was the moment, when his heart and feelings could have been caught on the rebound, but the wrathful and intoxicated man cursed the stripling in the madness of his rage—it was a deep, a bitter, an irrecallable, curse—that made the maiden's warm blood run cold in her veins, and withered the heart of the unfortunate victim of intemperate passion. Pale, trembling with varied emotion, he crouched, for a moment, beneath the ban—then rising, as the young wolf-hound from his lair, without a word, a groan, or a tear—without even an adieu to her who had, regardless of her own interest, often palliated his faults—he left, forever, the halls that had sheltered his childhood.

Great as James's faults certainly were, it was said that Mr. Dartforth secretly blamed himself for the result; but even Norah was interdicted from mentioning the name of the once favoured boy, who, it was believed, had quitted the country for some far distant land. There were, however, many who asserted that, after Patrick James had left Mr. Dartforth, "his honor had never been rightly his own man;" and, indeed, it was evident to all that his temper and habits had not improved since his *protege* had absconded.

As the magistrate seated himself on a chair, which the bustling landlady officiously presented him, next to his gentle and affectionate child—"his heart's darling," as he termed her, in the warm language of Irish phraseology, that daughter thought she had never seen her father's cheek so pale, or his eye so rayless.

"Dear father!" she exclaimed, pressing her left cheek to his, "sit at the opposite side; I will move with you — you are chilled, but there you will be quite shielded from the draught of the door."

"Make way for yer betthers, honey!" screamed the landlady in the ear of the mendicant, who did not seem inclined to relinquish her seat to "the gentry;" a very unusual thing in Ireland, where so much outward homage is rendered to the aristocracy. "Good woman," interposed Miss Dartforth, coming up to her, and placing her hand gently on her shoulder, "will you oblige me by exchanging seats, as my father suffers by the draught from which your cloak protects you?"

The beggar rose, and leaning, as if from excessive weakness or fatigue, on her staff, crossed over to the other side, at the same time muttering some faint words, which neither father nor daughter could comprehend.

"Is the woman deaf and dumb?" inquired Mr. Dartforth, angry, perhaps, at her tardiness of motion.

"She's as good—just then as good as the one and t' other," replied the *bocher*, coming forward, dexterously managing so as to make his crutch supply the place of his lost leg. "She's an afflicted crathur — God presarve us! — but harmless, and's under a vow never to let the hood fall off her head, in rain or sunshine—heat or cold—night or day; and, what's more, never to lay side on a bed for the next seven years. Oh! there's a power o' holiness about her, plaze yer honor."

"I suppose she has committed some dreadful crime, for which the religion you believe in requires such atonement?"

"Crime! the crathur!—bless ye, no; she's as innocent o' crime, or passion, or anything o' that sort as yer honor. Och! no—the poor thing's heart aches for the sins o' the world—she wishes to ease 'em."

"A female crying philosopher!" observed Mr. Dartforth to his daughter.

"And yet there is something that, under other circumstances, would be called philosophy, about it," replied Norah. "How often is it that situation and influence command the homage which, at first sight, appears paid to the virtue, not the person!"

"Miss Norry, you are growing too wise for me," said the male toady, who was called, by his associates, "Swallow-all Dick;" by his superiors, "Dick;" and by his inferiors (meaning those who honestly worked for their living) "*Mister Dick*." He stood, with his hands in his pockets, before the fire, to the manifest inconvenience of all engaged in preparing the anticipated meal.

"What a wonder that is, to be sure!" muttered Lame Larry, "as if you were one who could shoe the goslins, catch a weasel asleep, or spit a sunbame."

"Has there been much news stirring lately—I mean during my absence?" inquired Mr. Dartforth, addressing Larry, who certainly was the most intelligent person of "the Original Inn."

"Only a few more of Freney's tricks playing here, and there, and everywhere, plaze yer honour."

"The rascal! has any one yet discovered who he is, or where he came from?"

"Lord, no, sir!—a body might as well hunt and catch a leprechawn as him; did yer honour hear how he sarved the judge and jury, at the ferry o' Mount Garrett? Well, ye see, there was a lot of fire-arms he wanted to get over; and the boatman tould him as how he daren't let him pass, in rason that the judge was going to cross in the course of the day, and his people were keepin' the boat. 'Is that all?' says Freney, says he—the blue eye dancin' out of his head wid scorn, at the little wit o' the boatman; and he goes his way. Well, jist as the judge, and all the law and the country—(yer honour's glory was out of it at the same time, ye know, so it didn't take up much room)—the law and the justice all packed tight and comfortable in the boat, as need be—up comes a poor blind ould crathur of a man—seemingly as dark as dungeon, leadin' a baste with a load of brooms on his back. 'Och, my misery!' says the ould crathur—setting up a pulhalew that 'ud reach from this to Bantry,—'and it's I'll be too late, God help me! and miss the market.' Well, yer honour, for once the judge listened to marcy—and a poor man the pleader. 'Come, honest friend,' says he. 'We'll make room for you, and yer baste can swim over.' 'God mark ye to glory,' says the ould man; 'but what'll I do with my brooms?' 'Lay 'em in the bottom of the boat,' says the judge; and they all got over comfortable together. Well, when they reached the other side, sure as life there was a whole troop of the redcoats, waiting to cross the contrary way. 'What are ye after?' says the judge. 'Plaze yer lordship,' replied the sargent, 'we've just heard that the daring rascal, Freney is over the water, with fire-arms, and combustibles, and contrivances enough to blow up ould Ireland, and murder it entirely: and that he wants to get to this side, and waylay and destroy every mother's son at the 'sizes; so we're going to stop him.' 'God bless ye for that same!' said the ould crathur of a man, setting his brooms on his baste at the same time; 'it was only yesterday that the rapparee took every fardin' I had in the world—and only left me these few screeds of clothes; and if he's let go on that way, neither gentle nor simple will be alive in the country, this day three months' 'Could ye describe him?' says the judge. 'He's a good portly man to my seeing,' made answer the ould crathur. 'Middling-sized — middling-sized,' repeated the sargent, stepping into the boat; 'I'd know him ten miles off, if the devil himself set him a smoking.' The ould man gave a chuck of a laugh, and off wid him, after making his obedience, mannerly, to the great gentlemen—and the boat and the soldiers towed away for the other side; and the judge and grandees gathered themselves up, quite shyish-like, on the horses that were waitin' for them — and, by the time they were settled, from the top almost of the hill that ye mind is so overgrown with osiers, and all kinds of creepin' bushy herbs, came a loud, wild laugh—and they looked up, one and all, and sure enough, there was a sight to frighten the tories!—every plant seemed grown into a livin' man, with a musket on his arm, by way of a shoulder knot, and 'Freney's brooms are the brooms that'll sweep clean!' shouted the fellow. 'Our brave little commander for ever!' roared another; and then Freney himself stepped upon the ancient grey rock at the top of all, and waving his hat, with the air of a raale nobleman, he bowed to the company below. 'I'll find an opportunity of returnin' yer lordship's civility; and you or yours shall never be harmed by me or mine,' says he; 'and I hope you won't forget Freney and the ferry of Mount Garrett.' Well, before ye could say 'Cork!' there were the osiers waverin' in the wind, so innocent-like, and the men gone, as a whiff o' smoke; only, as the grandees passed up the bank, wild, cheerful laughter onet or twict broke on their ears. And maybe the sargent and his lobsters weren't dancin' mad in the boat with fair spite, jist over the way; and they forced the boatman to tow about, and, somehow or other, as he was turnin', the vessel upset; and such scramblin' and clawin' as they had to get safe ashore, and their ammunition all wet, and their firelocks spoilt; and then they would have it the boatman did it a-purpose, and swore they'd bagnot him; the poor fellow was frightened — why not? — and got away out of their reach, just in time to save his life.

"But that's nothin' to the escape he had, not long since, when he hid in a hay-rick, and seven soldiers passed him, and every one *prodded* the rick with their bagnots; and, every time they did, it went into him; for all that, sorra a stir did he stir, only stud it out like a Trojan."

"He has had a great many escapes by flood and field, papa; I feel quite interested in him; he is, I have heard, brave and generous, and particularly attentive to females," observed Norah.

"Ay, girl!—you are like the rest of your sweet sex; give a man a character for bravery, and no matter whether he be brigand, or soldier, or rapparee, you are all ready to defend his cause; and my life on't, if this Freeney, the cut-throat, received womankind recruits, the bushes would be covered with cast-off drapery."

"Dear papa, he is no cut-throat — no single deed of blood is registered against him; and the instances I have heard of his charity, taking from the rich to give to the poor, bestowing even from his own purse to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, have, I confess, interested me in his fate; I do not feel the least afraid of him."

"Nor never need, Miss, my lady," observed the *bocher*, bowing. "I'll answer for it, that James Freney 'ud spill the best drop of his heart's blood for one smile from yer sweet face; sure he's every inch an Irishman."

"You know him then?" inquired Miss Dartforth, smiling and blushing—for I dare not deny the fact that all women like a delicately-turned compliment even from a *bocher*.

"I can't say but I've seen him," replied the man, shifting off, at the same time, to the other end of the kitchen. It must not be imagined that this dialogue had proceeded, even thus far, without sundry interruptions from worthy Mistress Cornelius Phelan, who was all bustle and anxiety at the impropriety of such visitors dining in the kitchen; "and sure the parlour was cleared, and but little smell o' smoke in it now," &c., &c. Both gentlemen and lady, however, persisted in their determination not to enter the "crow's nest," as Norah laughingly called it; and the table was accordingly set in the centre of the kitchen, and covered, if not with elegant, certainly with substantial, fare;—boiled fowl, enormous nondescript masses of beef, "neatly boulstered up," to use Mrs. Phelan's terms, with fine white cabbage and English carrots; potatoes, of course, were not wanting; and the travellers were too hungry to be fastidious. Miss Dartforth, who never forgot the wants of others, heaped a plate, after the Irish fashion, with meat and potatoes, and, before her own dinner was ended, turned to present it to the mendicant, but to her surprise, the woman had disappeared as mysteriously as she had entered! she was about to express her surprise at this circumstance, when Nelly Clarey (who, blooming under a cap which, in some degree, confined her clustering hair, and was ostentatiously garnished with cherry-coloured ribands, stood behind her chair to the manifest annoyance of Mr. Dartforth's old servant, who always claimed the privileges of waiting personally upon "*his young lady*"), touched her arm, whispering, at the same time, "For God's sake, never heed her."

The October evenings in Ireland are damp and dreary; nor have they the uniformly clear sunsets, or invigorating atmosphere, which characterize the farewell summer month in England. The weeping skies of Ireland have become almost proverbial; but, even while they weep, they smile—apt emblem of the happily volatile temperament of a people who have suffered much, and suffer still. I learned in early youth to love the quickly closing evenings of autumn, and, at times, delight more in rain than in sunshine. I must, however, resume the thread of my narrative, and mention that, at about the distance of a hundred or a hundred-and-twenty yards from the hag-yard, which flanked the inn on the north, and protected it from the cold winds, ran a long wall, intended originally as a division between the farms of two brothers who had sacrificed their property in litigation, and died at last poor and penniless — the one in a distant land, where he had been sent by the offended laws of his country; the other in a jail. The wall was called by the countay people, "the brother's ban," and a good deal of superstitious feeling attached to it. Many of the stones had fallen to the earth, and over them the gay green weeds had triumphed, while others showed dimly in the moonlight, and might have been easily converted, by the magic of imagination, into things of living and mysterious form. A few stunted elms, with here and there a dark popular, waved gently in the chill evening air; and, although the laugh and wassail sounds of the inn talkers and revellers called to remembrance the proximity of human habitation, yet the undefinable dreariness of the spot was increased, rather than broken, by the shadows of two persons, in earnest conversation, the one passing rapidly backwards and forwards with a firm, undaunted step — the other halting, or rather hopping, after the superior, endeavoring, in vain, to keep pace with him, yet bearing his rapid strides and impatient temper with extraordinary good humor.

"Fine times, to be sure, they must be wid ye, when ye let a good seven hundred — I dare say goold — hard goold — slip through yer fingers as asy as kiss my hand; the boys 'll never stand it; how could they?" observed the lame one.

"Not stand it! What the devil do you mean, Hacket, when there is not an ounce of brains among a troop of them? Why, Breen himself dare not—ay, I say *dare not*—dispute my will in anything."

"Maybe not; but I know he looked mighty black when I tould him ye meant that old Huncks to get home scot-free."

"Black! did he? I wish I had seen him. I tell ye, Hacket, his gold, if I touched it, would blister my fingers—it would kindle hell's own fire within my heart. For fifteen years I eat of his bread, and even his own child, that creature whose pure and spotless hand, not two hours since, rested on my shoulder—(it was like a dove seeking repose on a hawk's wing) — even when that child was born, the same shelter, the same smile was mine. Blessed Virgin!" he continued, striking his forehead violently, "you, a poor dismembered, blighted creature, can understand that you couldn't tear the hand that fed ye."

"It was a pity," replied the *bocher* (for my readers have doubtless discovered that Larry and Hacket are one and the same person), while a cold sarcastic smile overshadowed the usually good-natured expression of his countenance, "a murderin' pity that ye didn't think of that when ye——ye had the little row." He would have said, "when ye struck him to the earth;" but in the dim light he marked James Freney's eye flashing upon him, and he finished his sentence, modified even as it was, in a trembling voice.

The unhappy young man remained silent for a few moments, while the rapidity of his pace increased. At length Hacket ventured to observe that the gang had lately been very discontented with his liberality—particularly to Lady Duncannon, whose money he had returned, merely because her husband was not with her, and even refused to take her watch set with diamonds, which they considered robbing them of lawful plunder. "Ay," he said, mournfully, "it is ever thus: as well might the lordly lion, that I have read of, mate with the base-born ass, that brays at the moon, as one of gentle breeding assimilate with such a set—but I am a fool to talk thus to you, Hacket—and worse than a fool to have chosen such a life; but the die is cast, and I am a dreaded, degraded outlaw, whose miserable bones will, one of these days, rattle on a gibbet, in the March winds and scorch there in a July sun—while you—you, Hacket— my poor mother's only relation, will be the sole living thing to shed a tear in remembrance of him, who, instead of his own honest name, was called James Freney.

"No such thing," replied the *bocher*, notwithstanding his habits and associations, much moved at feelings, which, although he could not enter into, he could sympathise with, simply because they affected one whom he sincerely loved, not merely for the sake of kith and kin, but from mingled and undefined sensations. "No such thing; you'll live, and make a fortune, and get the pardon. Sure, you never harm anything to death, and are so complaisant to the ladies, that a woman's nob 'ud save ye, if ever it came to that. Ye may be a lawyer yet; I'm sure ye understand a dale more about it than the half of 'em."

"You gave my positive instructions to Breen, that all were to pass safe?"

"I did, though I thought it mighty foolish;—for just look here, now—the ould justice *owes* ye—sure it's not trusting to seven or eight hundred pounds of his money ye'd be, if ye'd remained wid him? Didn't he breed ye up for his heir? Isn't a promise a debt? — and there can be no harm in taking what's one's own."

"I tell ye what, Hacket, if all the saints, and priests, and bishops, and the blessed Virgin herself, were to absolve me the next minute, I would not—I could not!—There's the share I had out of the Waterford merchants, that troublesome job; why half the plunder now is hid up and down the country, in bog-holes and brier-knocks; but my share they shall have of that, and of anything else going. A kind commander I have ever been, and mean to remain; but I *will* be their COMMANDER while my brain has strength to frame a resolution, or my finger power to draw a trigger."

"Well—well—yer heart's set upon it, agra! enough said; for, as I live, the ould justice is on the move. I see Nelly Clarey herself, pokin' out with the candle, lookin' for me; and Paddy Dooley, too; and the sarvin'-men—the over-fed, poor porpoises, crawlin' about;—but, Captain, dear, ye'll never be able to get your horse, Beefstakes, out of the back shed, *unknownst*, while them lazy animals are loungin', doin' nothing', at all, at all."

"Too true," replied Freney, evidently much annoyed at this information. "I meant to have been off before them."

"D'ye hear that girl screaming 'Larry' like a skirl-a-white? Choke ye, a'n't I going!" Larry moved several steps towards the farmyard; then, as if remembering something particular, returned, and said, "Mister Captain, I jist wanted to tell ye that I fancied, may-be, ye were throwin' a sheep's-eye after Nelly; now, I've always had a mind to that girl, myself. Ay, ye may clap a sneer on yer handsome face, if ye like; but though I own to the loss of the limb, I'm no bad fellow to look at when the disguse is off, and a tidy bit of a wooden leg on; there's a time for all things; and I know you'd never think of her as your wife, but I tell ye, that barefooted lass deserves honorable tratement; and it would be what *I* don't deserve, let alone *her*, to have her head turned for nothin' at all, but, may-be, to make her an open shame before the whole country; so let her alone, and for once take a fool's advice." The *bocher* swung off towards the rude stables, leaving the rapparee, captain of one of the most daring gangs that ever infested the country, in an irritated and melancholy frame of mind. He folded himself up in the long blue cloak that had had served to conceal his person at the inn, and ruminated, as he reclined against the mouldering wall, on the uncertainty and waywardness of what he, in his blindness, designated FATE.

> "There is a bitterness in man's reproach,
> Even when his voice is mildest, and we deem
> That on our heaven-born Freedom they encroach,
> And with their frailties are not what they seem;
> But the soft tones in star, in flower, or stream,
> O'er the unresisting bosom gently flow,
> Like whispers which some spirit in a dream
> Brings from her heaven to him she loved below,
> To chide and win his heart from earth, and sin,
> and woe."

Freney, the robber and the outlaw, felt the reproving voice from "star, and flower, and stream;" and the brief vision of one who, had he conducted himself with common propriety, might have been the cherished and respected wife of his bosom, sent many a bitter pang of self-reproach through his aching heart. He contrasted what he *was*, with what he could have been; few are there who can bear so miserable a retrospect unmoved.

He had seen Norah Dartforth not an hour before, and the remembrance of her surpassing loveliness pressed upon his imagination, in gentle but firm opposition of the efforts he made to obliterate her image from his memory. Poor Nelly Clarey, whom, with Irish recklessness, he had often jested with, forgetting the impression such conduct might have upon a thoughtless, but not a heartless girl—in his present refined mood now appeared a coarse and vulgar creature; and he felt more angry with Hacket, for the insinuation he had thrown out about her, than for any other portion of his remonstrance. At length, overcome with contending feelings, he rested his head against one of the huge, white stones, I have before mentioned; and even while he watched the flitting lights in the inn-yard, sleep steeped his eyes in forgetfulness.

"Captain, dear, what ails ye?" were the kindly sounds which awoke him to consciousness. "Lord save us! jist at the very minute whin all the wit ye have in the world is most wantin', to find ye sleepin' in this unlucky place, in the could moonlight, and not lookin' a taste like yerself. Rouse, Captain, honey! or those ye wish well to'll be the worse for it."

The robber eagerly and anxiously inquired what the young women's words portended.

"Whist—asy!" exclaimed Nelly, in a low confidential tone; "sure they think I'm asleep; for you don't look to me *sensible* that it's close upon eleven, and the mistress's tongue itself is quiet a good hour agone; and the gentry set off afore nine; and there's more hot foot after them, than you'd have a mind to, I'm thinkin'."

"Nelly, for God's sake, come to facts at once, or——"

"I will; sorra a word I ha' said that wasn't as true as gospel—but let me tell it my own way. I heard ye say to Larry (the poor, conceated crature!) that ye wanted most particular to see Breen; well, for sartain sure, the *bocher* tould him so, for he has been skulkin' about the place all day; but instead of coming to the fore, I noticed him hidin' and pokin' more like a *grasnogue* than a Christian. Well, ye see, I went out about the stables, jist to cool myself, after the cookin', and the flurry o' dinner, and the quality, and all; and, somehow, my light (though I made a screen for it, with a cabbage leaf), went out just at the minute I thought o' fodderin' the cow, the crathur, that the boys don't half mind; so, knowin' she doesn't like to be 'woke of a suddent, I went asy to the door, and jist as I was going to pull out the kipeen (not that the door's much good, on account of the gap in the wall), I hard Breen in low discourse with another man, that I'd no knowledge of in life: and he went on for to tell him how unreasonable ye war' in regard o' takin' a turn out o' the ould gentleman's money; and how he wouldn't listen to no such thing—but purtend to you, whin it was all over, that it was nothin' but a misunderstandin', and down-face the *bocher* that he said one thing, when, to the hearin' of my own two ears, the poor thing said the direct contrary."

"The villian!—the double-dealing mean-spirited villian!" ejaculated Freney.

"Ye may say that," responded Nelly, "but wait a while till ye know all. 'I'm sartin,' says t'other man, 'that the captain 'll take to the road after them, by the way of purtection, for he has a suspicion over you, when anything like this is stirrin'; and ye know there's not one o' the boys 'ud disobey the captain.' 'I'm sure he's for the road,' says Breen, 'for Hacket tould me Beefstakes was in the same cow-shed, at the back, as my Slasher; and more betokens, at the right-hand side.' 'And a noble pair o' bastes they are,' remarks t'other; 'but Beefstakes is terrible knowin', and sorra a harm it would be to put a peg to his speed for to night.' 'What do you mean?' says Breen. 'Bathershin,' makes answer the strange man, 'you don't know; why, just run a nail up the fetlock; sure it's only an accident, and nobody the wiser.'"

"The cold-blooded scoundrel!" muttered the captain between his firmly-set teeth, "the noble horse that has so often saved my life!"

"Well, they coshered, and coshered, so asy, I couldn't make out the words," persisted Nelly, "only the short and the long of it was, that the stranger was to go and lame the beast at once; and, they couldn't get the animals out while the sarvents were about the house, just wait till they were gone, and then, takin' the short road to the black gap, wait there for the company. May-be ye think ye have it all yer own way, says I; but better than you have got into the wrong box. So I stole off asy, asy, under shelter of the wall, till I cleared the corner, and then away with me in a whink to poor Beefstakes. And what do ye think I did? I minded well what had been said, that *your* baste was on the *right* side; so I jist made 'em change places; and, my jewel! afore you could clap yer hands — afore I could make way for myself to get out o' the scrip of a shed, the murderin' black villain comes; and sure it's myself was afeerd of the horse's heels, and I *scrudged* up into a mere nothin' right under Beefstakes' legs. And, as if the baste knew the business, he never stirred all the time the fellow was lamin' his own animal. Well, when he thought his job finished, captain, honey, he skulked off with himself like an exciseman; and, as asy as ever I could, I made the crathurs change places again, like the great parliament lords; and ye may go bail, it's little I heeded foderin' the cow, though she turned her head to me, natural as a Christian; and knowin' yer saddle was particular, I changed that too; and God sees I was tremblin' for all the world like a shakin' bog, till I got out of the place; and the end of it was, I seen the gentry off, and Breen wasn't long behind; but he was forced to go asy at first, on account of the road, the short cut, ye know, bein' broke up wid the rain; but for fear he'd suspect (for the baste must fall lame when he puts any speed upon it), I thought it most prudent, ye see, just to lift Beefstakes out of the shed intirely, and so I led him round to the black thorn at the left, by the gap, in the corner. And now, captain, 'gra! ye may think as ye plaze, but grim as ye look all this time, I've done a friendly turn for you and the baste, and ——"

"Grim as I look!" repeated Freney, his gallantry and his grateful feelings both rousing to meet the accusation; "my darling Nelly, I never loved ye half as well as at this moment," he continued, energetically, at the same time imprinting no very gentle salute on her lips. Ellen drew the back of her hand across her mouth, as if to efface the kiss, and then replied:

"Faigs, Captain, I'll not say that's a lie, and yet the love ye talk of isn't deep enough to smother a kitten; I see as plain as I see the moon in the heavens, that I'm not the sort for you to fix honourable love upon—and for the other sort, I'd scorn it, as men scorn the women they bring to shame; I didn't think so *once*, may-be—(the poor girl's voice faltered), but I see this day the *raale* bame o' love from under yer hood, when it *wasn't* at *me* ye looked, and I *felt* the differ;—but never heed it, Captain, aroon!"—and she drew herself up, and laughed a light, bravoing laugh, which any one could hear came from the lip, not the heart, and then half said, half sung the old stanza:

> "While me ye thought for to beguile,
> I cared for another all the while:
> And knew, my boy, what ye were at;
> Och! never fear but I spied ye, Pat!
> Wid yer smiles,
> And yer wiles!
> And by the same rule,
> Ye think every girl you meet a fool!'"

Freney was too earnest, too occupied, to play the gallant on this occasion; and contented himself with observing, as he hastened towards the spot where his really noble animal pawed the earth, with "proud impatience of ignoble ease:"—

"Well, Nelly, sweethearting out of the question, you have acted the part of a true friend, which by God's blessing, I will never forget to you or yours. Save ye! my brave lass! The head and the heart of an Irishwoman are always ready when wanting, and, faith, that's more than can be said of the men." He sprang lightly into his saddle, and Beefstakes, as if conscious that his utmost speed was required, used well the freedom of a loosened bridle: horse and rider were soon out of sight.

What the feelings of Nelly Clarey were, must now, for ever, remain unknown, even to me, her faithful historian; all I can record of her is, that she repeatedly wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and then gazing, only for a moment, on the spot where he had disappeared, with a deep-drawn sigh retraced her steps to the miserable, almost roofless, apartment, in which her couch was spread, and where she soon sweetly and tranquilly slumbered, as if she had never known sorrow, or revelled in tears.

I know not how it is, but there is a species of—must I call it coquetry?—(I do not mean the regular coquetting system absolutely taught to a young female on her entrance into fashionable life, and which, in nine cases out of ten, from its visible arrangement, is perfectly harmless, and not unfrequently decidedly disgusting)—but a sort of natural witchery, born, I may say, with every genuine Irishwoman, and which, in the cottage, is particularly striking and fascinating.

To those who have *not* witnessed it, I fear my description would appear unnatural, simply because unknown; those who *have*, must be heartless if they have not felt, and do not remember, its charm. I cannot think it overstrained to call it the coquetry of innocence, for in it there is neither art nor guile; it plays most bewitchingly in their bright and beaming smiles, when they blush at the remembrance of their earnest and heartfelt laughter; and, though a young Irish girl will seldom look at a stranger, except "out of the corner of her eye," the glance has nothing sinister or suspicious about it, but discourses at the same moment modestly, yet frankly; it is as apart from French flippancy as from English stiffness, and yet partakes of the gaiety, but not the lightness, of the former, blended with the reserve, without the formality of the latter.

Freney pursued his course towards the high road, and murmured within himself, in no gentle terms, at the impediments in his way; the by-path was little more than a sheep-trail, and much broken by heavy and continued rains; and, moreover, the moon ("pale, inconstant planet") with drew her light just at the time when our hero required it most. Beefstakes, however, knew his road well, and Freney left him pretty nearly to his own guidance, content with now and then encouraging his speed by some kind word of approbation, or an occasional pressure of his heel against his flank. The road they had taken led almost abruptly to the top of a wild, uncultivated hill, or rather what, in England, would be denominated a mountain; and, as the animal was gaining its summit, his master heard, or fancied he heard, the report of a gun or pistol; the horse, too, evidently gave token that the well-known sound of fire-arms broke upon his ear, for he snorted and shook his head, while pressing more eagerly onward.

Freney suddenly checked the rein, and leaning completely over the neck of his noble animal, seemed as if inhaling whatever sounds the night wind bore [illegible] the hill; the pause, though momentary, was [illegible] enough for his purpose: he muttered a deep [illegible] curse, too fearful for repetition, and urged [illegible] impetuous animal to its utmost speed. It w[illegible]s a noble steed, and cleared every impediment that obstructed its progress, vaulted the highest enclosures, and, having attained the summit of the hill, snorted the combat afar off as he dashed, in gallant style, down the declivity, with distended nostril and fire-striking foot. Fortunately, the moon threw a full and glorious flood of light on their path, so that, even in the distance, Freney distinctly beheld the confirmation of his fears, and the necessity, had it been possible, for redoubled exertion. The ground descended steeply, but unevenly, into a hollow glen, one side of which was skirted by stunted and straggling brushwood, that fringed what was called the carriage road, while the other sloped down to a sort of shingly bottom (the black glen), through which a mountain stream brawled angrily and restlessly on its way. This place had been selected by Breen as the most fitting for his purpose, and at the moment the moon shone forth, the renegade had commenced rifling the carriage of Freney's early friend. The old gentleman's faithful servants had evidently made a desperate, and not a bloodless resistance; and, as the captain of the gang neared the spot, his blood boiled, and his heart throbbed, for in the dim light he beheld Norah Dartforth, with dishevelled tresses, supporting her father in her arms, as she half knelt, half reclined by the way-side.

The group was one that Salvator only could have painted, nor would it have been unworthy of his pencil. The brightness of the clear full moon, from which the ill-omened, scowling clouds were rapidly receding, leaving her alone and queen-like in the purity of her own heavens: the abrupt and frowning mountain, glowering like a gigantic and malignant spirit over all within its influence; the wild and tangled copsewood that partially shaded without obscuring, the singular and dissimilar assemblage, that had for its centre the antique and picturesque carriage, while the richly dressed servants and the beautiful and interesting attitude of the kneeling girl finely contrasted with the demoniac appearance of the lawless plunderers. But even my king of painters, had I power to recall him from his repose in that warm and sunny country—

> "Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
> Are most divine,"——

must have failed in conveying an idea of the *succession* of mingled and warring feelings that were manifested, when Freney, fierce and terrible as the mountain-spirit, his horse covered with foam, his eyes flashing with rage and indignation, plunged in amongst them.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, seizing the wretch Breen by the collar, as a massive pocket-book, large enough for a modern folio, dropped from the false fellow's grasp; while, with his other hand Freney drew from his belt a large horse-pistol—"you are a fit example for all who disobey orders," he continued with a frightful coolness of tone and manner.

"Mercy, and hear me!" entreated the caitiff, falling on his knees "ther is no blood spilt to signify—no harm done;' then, suddenly recollecting himself, he added, "sure I can't understand *why* ye trate me after such a fashion—judgment afore death, in this world, anyway."

"Look here, boys," persevered the captain, without loosening his hold, "my orders were given—my orders have been disobeyed, and thus I punish *all*—ay—every mother's son who dares to think and act in opposition to them!" He cocked the pistol, and placed its muzzle close to the wretched man's ear, while all who breathlessly beheld the scene, appeared paralyzed by the energy and determination of this singular being.

"For God's sake! as you expect mercy at your dying day! don't send me out of the world without cross or prayer! one, one minute to make my soul! Oh! for the sake of the mother that bore ye, remember another woman's son!" rapidly ejaculated the unfortunate man. His entreaties had little effect, and in another moment he would have been launched into eternity, had not a small white hand, for the second time that night, rested on Freney's shoulder, and a gentle voice, trembling and faint from agitation, exclaimed "Forbear!" By degrees, his firm grasp relaxed, the lion melted into the lamb, and the outlaw, who braved the ordinances of man, and who would not have quailed beneath the iron grasp of justice, trembled at that gentle touch.

"I know not—I dread to know," said Miss Dartforth, "by what power you command those men; but I recognize the playmate of my youth; and the child my angel mother fostered will not surely stain his hand with blood."

"Believe me," he replied, earnestly, "that, though Patrick James, and James Freney, are one and the same person, I have nothing to do with this night's unfortunate affair. I have not forgotten, Norah—pardon me, Miss Dartforth—I have not forgotton what I owe to your house." He turned abruptly from her, as if afraid to trust himself under her influence. "Rise, ye poor, trembling miscreant! To the lady ye would have plundered you owe your life," he continued, after a moment's pause, addressing Breen, who did not need to have the permission repeated. "And now, my men, help Mr. Dartforth's servants to replace what you would have plundered. Breen, *your* assistance is not required—you hold no communion with my free-hearted boys; not one of them, except yourself, would have dared to disobey me — you and *one other*. All share of booty, for the next three months, I disclaim; there, replace the things, my fine fellows, and I will count scores with you afterwards."

Freney's utterance and actions were rapid and energetic; his followers did as he commanded, with the air of persons who obey more from habit than inclination. It was, nevertheless, obvious that Freney was much agitated, not from any dread of revolt amongst his gang, but from the recurrence, at such a moment of recollections that almost overpowered him. After issuing his brief directions, he walked to where Miss Dartworth had returned to support her father, and hardly answered the question of one of his party, who having discovered the person I before mentioned, as the family "*toady*," coiled up, or rather squatting, like the vile reptile, whose name appropriately belongs to his class, under a huge furze-bush, dragged him forth, and held him, after the fashion of a bale of cloth, at either end, while he exclaimed, "Captain, dear! what's to be done wid this parcel? Sure the gentleman 'ud be glad to get rid of it any way; though, I'm thinkin', its little good is in it for man or baste."

The old gentleman was evidently labouring under an abberation of mind, brought on by terror, and contending feelings; his every nerve trembled, and it was with great difficulty that his daughter and his own servant supported or rather carried, him towards his carriage, by that time ready for his reception. He perfectly understood that the young man who tendered his services to assist him forward, and had saved his property, perhaps his life, was the same he had first cherished, and then abandoned; but he did not appear to understand the light in which he stood, as captain of the robbers; he seized his proffered arm with the eagerness of a drowning man, catching at aught that is even symbolic of hope, and looked long and earnestly into his face; at length, his pale, dull eyes filled with unbidden tears, and with a powerful effort he threw himself on the brigand's neck, lifted up his voice, and wept most bitterly. It was a time of trial for all, and, in after years, was often thought of.

Mr. Dartforth was at length placed in the carriage, and, in broken accents, he entreated Freney to enter with him. "All shall be yours, James, as before," he murmured; "sure you've saved my life. Norah, you speak for me, he always heeded you." This was more than Freney could bear: he rushed from his grasp, ordering the coachman to drive on, in a tone of voice not to be disobeyed.

I have heard that Mr. Dartforth never perfectly recovered from the effects of that night's adventure; the consciousness that the youth he had so loved was the rapparee chief, upon whose head a price was set, and who suffered the curse of Ishmael, even in his own land, embittered every hour of his existence; but worse, even than that, was the consciousness that *his* mismanagement had led to such fearful consequences. Even those who had suffered from Freney's plunderings were ready to admit there was that about him which, had it been properly managed, would have rendered him the admiration, not the terror, of his country. And, with this miserable knowledge, the old man descended to his grave, ignorant of what a few years longer life would have informed him—for Freney, in process of time, repented, and became reformed, and finished his days, in peace and quietness, in the town of New Ross.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE JAMAICA HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—Mr. George Price, senior member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, thus describes the composition of the House of Assembly in that Island:—

"The Assembly consists of forty-seven members. Within the last thirty years there have been three black members in it; during the last three years there has not been one, but there are ten of its members more or less colored, seven of them only slightly so. One of the ten keeps a retail shop, and one has kept a livery stable, but has no property. (There was once a prize-fighter in the Commons of England.) One was once the editor of a leading paper, and the printer for the Legislature; he now owns considerable property, and is the chairman of the committees of the Assembly. These three are very old members of the Assembly, and have always supported the Crown. One of the ten owns a large store of estates' supplies, and has good property; one is a partner of the first mercantile house in Kingston; four are solicitors, of whom three are also clerks of the peace, with good salaries and good private practice, and one is the Speaker of the Assembly. The late Mr. Gordon was one of the ten, and no one has questioned his ability or the respectability of his late position. There are thirty-seven white members. Of these, three are large storekeepers, doing also merchant's business; two are merchants of the first class in Kingston, one was lately a banker, two are editors of leading newspapers, one a civil engineer, one a Crown surveyor, two physicians, one the inspector of hospitals, one an official assignee, one a clerk of the peace, with a good salary and private practice, one a barrister and Queen's advocate, one a Master in Chancery. Of these, and of the other white members of the Assembly, five own one small sugar estate or a cattle farm; nine own one large estate, or coffee property, or represent other estates; and eleven own more than one good property, and some of them several. There being thus twenty-six land owners in the Assembly, it is not true that the landed interest is improperly represented. About thirty-four of the forty-seven members of the Assembly received their education in England; forty of the members are justices of the peace, not *ex officio*, but by appointment from different Governors. The gentlemen of the law are not justices; eight are Custodes, specially selected by the Crown, as heads of the magistracy in their districts, and they appoint the clerks of the peace. They have associated with them two hundred and seventy-five magistrates, and I may mention that in the questions which have most agitated the Island during Governor Eyre's administration, three of the Custodes have stood by him, and five have opposed him as a duty to the Crown."

A punster in human form declares that it is no wonder that American finances are in a state so far from satisfactory. He asserts that everything depends upon the "money of account"—the unit by which you reckon. England, he says, can always pay twenty shillings in the pound—"in fact" (this he whispered below his breath), "she is pound" (or "bound"—we did not quite catch the word), "to do so." France is always prepared with a "franc" statement of her liabilities. Even Spain, who is proverbially considered insolvent, reckoning her liabilities in "reals," can at any time make out an account of her "real" debt. "It is only America," he says, "which, summing up her financial position, will find the arithmetical result truly and unmistakably dollar-ous!"

THE EVIDENCE INCREASES.—Every day the volume of evidence increases in favor of MRS. S. A. ALLEN's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, or Hair Dressing. If your hair is thin, try them, If scurvy, try them; if harsh, try them; if none of these, still try them, for all who use them will preserve their hair through life. Every Druggist sells them. W. R. Watson, Esq., is the Agent for P. E. Island.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES clear and give strength to the voice of Singers, and are indespensable to Public Speakers. "I recommend their use to Public Speakers." Rev. E. H. Chapin...... "They have suited my case exactly, relieving my throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease." T. Ducharme, Chorister French Paris Church, Montreal.—Sold by all Dealers in Medicine at 25 cents per box.

A Paris letter says: "John Mitchell has taken up his old quarters in the transpontine part of this capital (Rue d Enfer,) and settles down in the calm capacity of correspondent to a New York paper. He is a sorely tried and broken down man—two sons have fallen in the war, and an only daughter has died in a Paris nunnery.

Provincetown, Mass., has 500 men employed in the whale fishery; 1200 in the cod and mackerel fisheries; 100 in lobster fishing, and 130 in freighting, making a total of 2,000 seafaring men. All the above branches of business have been very profitable for several years past, and Provincetown is becoming wealthy.