

The People's Press.

AND

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO 26.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY JULY 3, 1833.

VOL. 1.

Published every Wednesday Morning, by
THOMAS LORING.

TERMS.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding a square inserted at ONE DOLLAR
the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subse-
quent insertion. A liberal discount to Yearly Advertis-
ers.
123—OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, be-
low the Court House.

25 Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, on Sunday
last, a Negro Man named **CAESAR**.
He is about 25 years of age, 5 feet 9 or 10 inches
high, slender made, black complexion and speaks
and moves quickly. He had a coarse white coat
with a shirt and trousers, a black bombazette coat,
black cloth pants, and a black hair cap. He was
seen on Monday morning last, on the Wil-
mington Road, about 4 miles from Newbern, and
it is probable that he will endeavor to get on board
of some vessel at Wilmington and effect his escape to
the North. Masters of vessels and all others
are forwarded from harboring, employing, or
carrying him away, under the penalty of the law.
A reward of \$15 will be paid for his apprehension
and confinement in Jail; if he be taken within the
limits of this State, and \$25 if apprehended out of
the State.

WILLIAM V. BARROW.
Wilmington, 12th June, 1833. 3t-24

NOTICE.

At the Court of pleas and Quarter Session
of Brunswick County, at June Term, 1833,
A. A. WANET and JOS. J. BRYAN, qual-
ified as Executors to the last Will and Testa-
ment of **WILLIAM BRYAN**, deceased. All
persons indebted to said estate, are requested to
make immediate payment, and those who have
claims against said estate, are also requested to
present them within the time required by law.
A. A. WANET.
JOS. J. BRYAN.
June 12, 1833. 23, 4t.

Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the Presi-
dent, Directors and Company of the Bank
of Cape Fear, for the renewal of a Certificate for
eighty shares of the Capital Stock of said Bank,
for the renewal of a Certificate for fifty shares of
the Capital Stock of said Bank, at the expiration
of three months from the date hereof, both in the
name of John P. Martin, the original Certificates
having been lost.

BY THE EXECUTORS.
April 30, 1833. 21. 1st Aug.

Notice.

WILL be sold, on Tuesday of September
County Court, all the NEGROES be-
longing to the estate of **JOHN W. WALKER**,
deceased, on a credit of six months.
SAMUEL ASHE, Executor.
June 19, 1833. 8t-24.

Notice.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under
the Firm of **F. LUBECK and CO.** is
this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All those
persons indebted to the Concern, are requested to
come forward and settle their accounts with Mr.
LUBECK, and all persons having demands
against the Concern are requested to present them
for payment to him.

F. LUBECK.
June 11, 1833. 4t-24

\$25 Reward.

THE subscriber will give TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS for the apprehension and deliv-
ery to him of a boy by the name of **ESAU**,
about 14 years of age, belonging to the estate of
the late Joseph Gorrie, deceased. He is well
known in the town of Wilmington, and in the
neighborhood of CORBETTS.

R. H. COWAN.
June 19. 6t-24

Caution.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against
purchasing a certain NEGRO MAN, named
PETER, of a yellow complexion, now in Jail in
Wilmington, and claimed by **DANIEL B. BA-
KER**, and was by him committed to prison. The
above named negro I claim as my own, by a legal
right, which right has never been transferred to
any person. Said negro was stolen on the night
of the 10th instant, from the plantation of **WIL-
LIAM HANKINS**, in Brunswick County.
EDWARD LEMMONS, Sen.
Brunswick County, June 17, 1833. 3t 24p

Taken up,

AND committed to my care
in Smithville Jail, a negro
man 5 feet 7 1/2 inches high; he
says he is twenty four years of
age, but looks like he is forty or
fifty five; his fore teeth are out; thin visage; his
right wrist Crooked, and his fingers drawn up by
the Rheumatic pains; his face is broke out with
Small Pox, and he says that he belongs to Roer.
Nisner, living within nine miles of Georgetown
South Carolina.
S. N. GALLOWAY, Jailor.
June 12, 1833. 23, 5t.

NEGROES WANTED.

THE highest prices will be paid for 35 or 40
likely NEGROES of both sexes by applica-
tion to the Subscriber at Wilmington.
HOPE H. SLATER.
May 8, 1833 18, 1st p4t.

Notice.

THE Subscribers have entered into Copar-
tnership in the
SAIL-MAKING BUSINESS,
under the firm of
MACOMBER & HANFORD,
Campbells Buildings, Steam Boat Wharf, where
they will be happy to serve the merchants and
all others that may oblige them with their patron-
age.
ROBERT MACOMBER.
GEORGE O. HANFORD.
Wilmington, May, 14 1833. 13t-19.

TIMBER!

THE Subscriber would pay cash for 4 or 500
000 feet of Pitch or Yellow Pine Mill TIMBER
E. B. DUDLEY.
June 3, 1833. 22, 4t.

SPRING GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from
NEW YORK, a large and complete assort-
ment of Staple and Fancy **DRY GOODS,**
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROC-
ERIES**, &c. all of which he offers for sale at
wholesale and retail, at low prices. His assort-
ment contains a large supply of
Superfine and fine black, blue and fancy colored
Cloths, Summer Casimires, Vestings,
Crape Cambrics, Merino Bombazines,
Marino Cloths, Princettas, Black Lastings,
Linen Cloths, Cinnamon and Bombazettes,
Fine printed French Muslins,
Plain and figured Swiss, Book, Mull and Jaco-
net Muslins.
A very handsome assortment of Swiss, French
and English Gingham.
Linen, Lawns, Linen Cambrics,
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
Rich Damask Table Cloths and Diapers,
Calicoes of various qualities,
Silk and Cotton Hosiery,
Gloves of every description,
Blonde Veils and Shawls.
Crape, Silk and Hernani Handkerchiefs, fash-
ionable style.
Black, Nankin, and Canton Crapes,
Black and white French Crapes,
5-4 and 3-4 black Italian Lustring Silk,
Black gro de Swiss, watered gro de Nap and
Satin Levantine, all of very superior quality.
Belt and Bonnet Ribbons, and every other de-
scription of **FANCY GOODS.**

ALSO,
A LARGE Stock of brown and bleached **COT-
TON SHIRTINGS & SHEETINGS.**
Colored Domestic, Cotton Seine Thread,
Cotton Warp, Hemp Twine, & Shoe Thread.
Gentlemen's fine HATS.

HARDWARE.

"Collins & Co's" Cast Steel Broad and Hand
Axes, a very superior Article.
Cast Steel Club Axes and Hatchets.
Long bit Axes, Saws, Planes, and Carpenter's
Tools of all kinds.
Mill Cranks, Smith's Bellows, Anvils,
Vices, Hand and Sledge Hammers,
Iron of all sizes, Hoes and Spades,
Screw Plates, &c. &c.

GROCERIES.

Old Madeira and Port Wines of the best quality.
Sicily Madeira, Malaga, and Lisbon Wines.
Lard Sugar, Brown Sugar, Coffee,
Imperial, Gun Powder, Hyson, and Young
Hyson TEAS, by the Chest or Pound, of
very superior quality.

Drugs and Medicines.

An assortment.
ALEXANDER ANDERSON.
April 24. 16 tf.

NOTICE.

PERSONS indebted to the Estate of the late
Col. Thomas Cowan, are again respectfully
requested to settle the same—or their accounts will
be placed in the hands of an officer for collection,
by the Executors.
February 13, 1833. 6tf.

FOR SALE,

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

SUGAR in hhds. and barrels.
6 Crates of assorted Crockery Ware.
50 doz. Tumblers of different sizes and qualities.
Quart and Pint Decanters.
Kegs of Nails, assorted.
Kegs and Boxes manufactured Tobacco, first rate.
200 Barrels of Mackerel, in barrels and half barrels.
300 Barrels of Philadelphia Flour, a first rate article.
Fayetteville and Philadelphia Flour.
Kiln dried Corn Meal, in Barrels.
1500 bushels of Sound Salt.
Chain Cables and Anchors.
Black, yellow, red, and green Paints, by the keg.
Sperm Candles, by the Box.
Men's Shoes, by the Case.
Bread by the Barrel.
Claret Wine.
4000 lbs. of Bacon.
1000 Bushels Corn.
Spirits of Turpentine.
Bright Varnish.
Pitch and Rosin.

ALSO,

Two elegant second hand

PIANO FORTES.

A. & J. MAC RAE, & CO.
April 17. 1f 15.

Wilmington Academy.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Wil-
mington Academy, in the Court House,
May 29, 1833,
It was resolved to re-establish the Wilmington
Academy on liberal principles.

That the Trustees pledge themselves to the
public that no teacher will be permitted to incul-
cate on the minds of the students sectarian prin-
ciples.
That Thos. F. Davis, Edw'd B. Dudley, Wm.
P. Hort, and Thos. H. Wright be appointed a
Committee to obtain subscriptions in aid of the A-
cademy, and to employ competent Teachers to
take charge of the Male Department.

Also resolved that John Hill be appointed Presi-
dent of the board of Trustees, James Dickson
Treasurer, and Wm. P. Hort Secretary.
WM. P. HORT, Secretary.
Wilmington, N. C. June 5, 1833. 22tf.

Notice.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Executor
to the last will and testament of Edmond
B. Waddell, at the March term of Brunswick
County Court; Notice is hereby given to all per-
sons having claims against said estate, to present
them within the time prescribed by law, or they
will be barred of recovery.
H. Y. WADDELL, Exr.
April 29th, 1833. 29 tf. Ad.

Notice.

THE subscriber wishing to close his
business in Wilmington, offers for sale a
large and extensive assortment of Goods consist-
ing of
**Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery Ware,
Groceries, Hats, Shoes, &c. &c.**
Persons indebted to the subscriber are earnestly
requested to call and settle.
HENRY NUTT.
March 27. 12tf.

200 bottles of

PORT WINE,

A superior article, For Sale by
S. N. CANNON.

CRANIOLOGY.

[Translated from the French.]

"What think you of this brilliant Count
de Pehf?—he has been at Court only a
fortnight, and already all the women are
in love with him. It is seldom you see
so much grace and nobleness united to wit
and learning. The Emperor wishes to
marry and attach him to the court. I
think he will go far."

"I have only had a glimpse of him. He
has many personal advantages; but—
"Don't make a hasty application of
your system to him."

"My judgments are founded only on
observation, and as yet I have not exam-
ined him with sufficient attention to be
very positive; but a handsome exterior is
not always indicative of good and eminent
qualities."

"As for him I give him up to your closest
scrutiny. Analyze his features; feel
what you call his osseous protuberances,
and I am quite sure you will think
with me that a loftier soul was never en-
shrined in a more beautiful body."

"Perhaps so."

This conversation took place at a mag-
nificent ball given at Vienna by Prince
Metternich. There were assembled all
the personages of the Austrian Court most
distinguished for rank and fortune, all the
ambassadors of the European Powers, all
the high officers of the crown, covered
with rich embroideries and orders; a
crowd of charming women, young, ele-
gant and graceful, sparkling with dia-
monds, and dressed with the greatest
splendor. Amidst these noble persons,
the Princess de C—through whom Met-
ternich hoped to gain Alexander's particu-
lar friendship and good will, was very
conspicuous; but young Count de Pehf—
whose brilliant exterior, high rank, and
amiable qualities, had in so short a time
made him a universal favourite with the
fashionable society of Vienna, attracted
even more attention and remark than the
princess. The Count had left his fine
Bohemian estate, and appeared for the
first time at Francis' court, to whom he
came to render homage as his sovereign.
Metternich had already marked him as
his own.

The first of the speakers was a man of
about forty, whose person, though effemi-
nate, was very prepossessing. He had an
expanded forehead, a well shaped nose,
large blue eyes, and an agreeable mouth,
around which an enchanting smile always
played at command. His manner was
winning, and put you at your ease in a
minute. Perfectly self-possessed on all
occasions, he knew how to mingle in the
dissipations and follies of the great, but
always with the determination of profit-
ing by them. The second, although
more than fifty years of age, had all the
vigor and boldness of youth. His fore-
head, already bald, was high and open;
his manly features announced habits of
deep thought and decision. This was the
celebrated Dr. Gall, the illustrious physi-
ologist; the former was Prince Metternich,
Prime Minister to the Emperor of Aus-
tria.

According to his usual custom, the
Prince had retired in the middle of the
fete, into the solitude of his closet, in order
to dispatch some business. Gall remain-
ing alone, and struck with the warm
partiality displayed not only by Metternich,
but the whole court for the young Count,
was determined to watch him closely,
during the rest of the evening.

As Count de Pehf—was finishing a
minuet which he had danced with the
beautiful Princess de Schw—, and dur-
ing which every one had crowded a-
round to admire his easy, graceful, and
elegant manners, the Prince, who had
returned to the saloon, and stood behind
Dr. Gall, tapped him lightly on the
shoulder.

"Well," said he, "have you scrutinized
him narrowly; are you not now convinced
that the Count is a paragon of perfection?"
Gall drew the Prince aside, without
reply, and when they were out of the
circle:

"Your paragon, Prince," exclaimed he,
"is a monster!"
"By St. Mary! Doctor," rejoined the
Prince with a smile, "you cannot be seri-
ous, or your system must be false."

"You are incredulous; but wait time
will show which of us is right."

Some years afterwards this horrible and un-
paralleled crime spread dismay through-
out Germany. The criminal was sentenc-
ed to be degraded from all his titles and
dignities, and afterwards to be beheaded;
the sentence was put into execution.

It was the brilliant Count de Pehf—
Two months after the ball given by
Prince Metternich, and in which he had
figured so conspicuously, the young noble-
man had married the heiress of one of the
richest and most illustrious families of
Hungary. Young and charming, she
had but just made her appearance at
Court, when the Emperor disposed of her
hand, with her free consent it is true, for
she had not been able to behold the Count
without feeling for him the preference,
which all other women gave him. Im-
mediately after his marriage, the Count
retired to a distant estate, wishing, as he
said, to enjoy, without constraint, his new-
ly found happiness. The first three years
were happy ones; the birth of two child-
ren still increased their felicity. The

Count lived in the closest seclusion visit-
ing neither relations nor friends nor per-
mitting any one to enter the castle. His
wife, without having any open ground of
complaint, found him cold, reserved, and
severe; a gloomy frown frequently settled
upon his features. Although he never
spoke a harsh word to, or struck one of his
vassals they always retired from, or trem-
bled at his appearance. He had but one
pleasure, which was the chase; in all sea-
sons of the year he gave himself up to it
with equal and indefatigable ardor. The
deer was his favourite object of pursuit.
He was extremely dissatisfied when the
animal was killed outright, and wished
only to have it crippled; his delight was
to satiate himself with the sight of his ag-
onies as he was torn in pieces by the
hounds. When the struggle was pro-
tracted and the death rattle loud and pro-
longed, a singular smile animated his
features, and he was cheerful for the re-
mainder of the day. If the hunt had af-
forded him no gratification of this kind,
he made his dogs fight, and allowed no
interference till one was disabled. If
they tried to run away, he pitilessly killed
them with his own hand. These eccen-
tricitys however, did not seem more
strange than those of many other Hunga-
rian nobles who resided on their estates,
and kept aloof from the Court. The
Count moreover was very liberal and
even profuse, to all who approached him.

During the last two or three months,
he had attached a surgeon to his estab-
lishment; because he was determined for
the future no stranger should come near
the castle. The surgeon was largely
paid and had no other duty than to at-
tend to the health of the inhabitants of
the manor, but he had been enjoined by
the Count to have as little intercourse as
possible with any other persons, and par-
ticularly to observe secrecy as to all cir-
cumstances, however unimportant, that
might take place on the estate.

One afternoon the Count returned to the
castle after an unsuccessful hunt; his
looks were more than usually gloomy.
Without changing his dress or taking re-
freshment, as was his daily custom, he
hastened up to his wife's apartment. Her
little children, her only pleasure and con-
solation, were around her; she immedi-
ately rose and rushed to embrace him. The
Count ordered the children to leave the
room.

When he was alone with his young
wife, he told her to be seated, and placed
himself before her in such a manner as
to be able to see her slightest change of
countenance. He then drew a long dag-
ger from his belt the blade of which was
triangular and skillfully sharpened. He
appeared to amuse himself by feeling its
point now on the end of his finger, and
then on the palm of his hand. The Coun-
tess, struck by this new and unexpected
scene, cast her eyes down, and awaited
the termination with inexpressible
anxiety.

"Madame, you must die!"
"What mean you?" cried the Countess,
terrified at his words, and the hollow
tone with which they were pronounced.
"I repeat it Madame, you must die, and
that, without noise, without complaint."
Then seizing her by the arm, he stab-
bed her in the side; she fell fainting with-
out a groan. When she came to her
senses, she was upon the bed, and a dress-
ing had been put upon the wound. The
Count was alone with her in the room,
his eyes steadfastly fixed upon her, his
lips parted with a slight smile. He ap-
peared happy in observing the different
impressions wrought by fear or pain upon
his victim's countenance.

"I have changed my mind, Madame,"
said he, when he saw she had entirely re-
covered from her insensibility, "you shall
live; but your life will depend altogether
upon your discretion. At the slightest
whisper of what has or may hereafter
pass betwixt us, I shall know how to in-
sure your silence forever."

The Count continued his usual life.
Every day after returning from the chase
he went up to his wife's apartment, and
curiously examined, but without speak-
ing, the wound he had made. One evening,
when it was nearly closed, after carrying
the point of his dagger from one part to
the other of the Countess' body, doubtless
to increase her agonizing suspense, he in-
flicted a new stab, skillfully directed,
at the same time commanding her, on
pain of instant death, to utter no cry. The
wound made, he appeared for some mo-
ments to revel with delight at the sight of
the spouting blood. He then coolly ap-
plied the bandage as before.

This second wound healed, he had every
successive fortnight made a fresh one,
and always with the same calm and inex-
pressible cruelty. No one in the castle
suspected the true cause of the alarming
and progressive state of weakness shewn
by the Countess who was almost always
confined to her bed.

Meantime, nothing could assuage Pehf—
his sanguinary monomania. The
Countess's beautiful body was no longer
but one horrible ulcer, furrowed as it
was by her husband's dagger. Although
the wounds were not deep, (the monster
with a refinement of diabolical cruelty,
taking especial care they should not be
mortal) yet they were so numerous that
they threw the poor victim into a violent

fever, and her life was in imminent dan-
ger. The Count after much indecision,
determined to call in the surgeon, after a
new threatening his wife with the whole
weight of his vengeance, if she betrayed
his infernal secret, and strictly enjoining
the surgeon not to endeavor to find out
the cause of his patient's illness. He
like every body else in the castle, imag-
ined the Countess to be in a consumption
from the austere, secluded, and mysteri-
ous life she led. Well skilled in his pro-
fession, he soon traced her situation to a
more extraordinary cause, a great admirer
of her virtues and resignation, he succeed-
ed in wringing the secret from her.

Without leaving the castle, he informed
the authorities of what had taken place.
One afternoon, as he returned from the
chase, the Count found the castle yard
filled with cavalry. Arrested and taken
to Bude, he was tried, condemned and be-
headed.

THE CORRUPT JUDGE.

By the side of the road between Fer-
mony and the beautiful scenery of Lis-
more, is still to be seen, battering against
the all destructive tooth of Time, the ruins
of an antiquated house once the dwell-
ing of the corrupt Judge P.

Its moss covered walls and grass grown
chambers, are evident symptoms of its be-
ing for many years untenanted; yet there
is an attraction, in the lone loveliness of its
picturesque situation, which would well
suit the gloomy mind of one disgusted
with the selfish cares of the world.

At the time to which this story refers,
there lived a gentleman, whom I shall call
Nagle, in rather reduced circumstances,
and who was engaged in a law suit for the
recovery of some property—the final
determination of which, if given against
him, would considerably involve his al-
ready limited means.

The trial was expected to take place in
a few days, before the notorious Judge P.;
and Mr. Nagle's opponent had given the
Judge a present of fifty bullocks, to se-
cure his good will, which, it was thought
would weigh heavy in his charge to the
jury.

Nagle was very much afraid, that as he
could do nothing equal to his opponent
his case was hopeless; it therefore had an
effect on his mind and spirits, which did
not long escape the shrewd of Paddy Mal-
owny, his groom, his butler, steward, in
one word—his right hand man.

Paddy was the handiest boy in the
world, had the neatest cabin, the best lit-
tled garden, the most thriving pig, and on a
Sunday, mounted on his master's old
white mare that was blind, but as Paddy
expressed it—"barrin she was lame,
on three legs, and couldnt stand on the
fourth, would do very well for a racer"—
why no one was equal to Paddy, at least
so the gals thought—and no one can de-
ny that they are the best Judges in such
cases; and many's the one who was cock-
ing her cap to be Mrs. Malowny; but fair
Paddy was no fool, so he let them tarry—
"Oh but he's a purty bye!"—for some o-
ther market. Well, when he saw his
master looking as if something ailed him,
he made bold and ax'd his Honor—
"was the sickness—the lord between us
and all harm—that was on him?"

"No Paddy, my fine fellow," sis he,
"but 'tis sick at hart I am; those fifty fine
bullocks that M—gave the Judge that's
to try the lawsuit, will be ruination to me."

"Eh, then master?" sis Pad, "make your
mind aisy, for call me an omadoun (fool)
if I don't settle that to your satisfaction—
or why? is it there six score of elegant
bullocks, grazin below on the big huch,
and tho' there's none of them our own,
we may borrow an hundred of the best
of em to go a few miles with a decent byre,
to see an honest man righted; for though
I may purtend to give em to him, sorra
a one but that will be back again here to-
morrow morning, plaze God: so put a
bould face on you, and go to Cork; and if
the judge won't use you well, my name
isn't Pat Malowny."

The gentleman comprehended the plan
in a twinkling, and having shaken hands
with Paddy on the strength of the pro-
ceeding, gave him a drop for luck, which
was accepted with cordiality, wishing
him success, and prepared to go to Cork
to know whether his hopes would be
brightened.

It was a warm day in July, and Paddy
had traversed a long and dusty road, from
near Malow, passing by Castle Hayde,
and that sweet country where—the best
perfume the field's wild music—through
the note town of Fermoy, that's a one
side (at least 'twas then) and just a near
the wood of Maccollop, Paddy espied, en-
veloped in a cloud of dust a coach and six
thundering down the hill.

Mr. Malowny had just the first Bar of
Barry, Brallaghan's most pathetic ad-
dress of Miss Julia O'Callahan, when a
thought struck him, he was the man he
wanted, on his way to Cork assizes; so he
halted the cattle to move in the middle
of the road, "just to let the gintels see
the basties."

"Hallo! my lad!" sis a gentleman wid
a wig upon him, peepin out the windy o,
the coach—"whose fine basties are these?"
"Wy thin Sir" says Pad, taking off his
caubogue or a hat, and making a low

bow, "plaze your honor, they're a present
from my master Mr. Nagle, of the west,
to a great gentleman of these parts called
Judge P."

"I'm the Judge, sis he, rubin his hands
wid joy "an tell Mr. Nagle that I'll be-
friend him" for, "pon my honor," tis a
handsome present; and puttin his hand to
pocket by an unusual exertion of generos-
ity, pulling out a five penny oil, sis he
the "road is long my fellow, here is
something to pay for your supper."

"God bless you, Lord—know of your
Lordship's kindness would be pressing
money on me, so he gave me lashings"—
Paddy knew well he would be glad to
keep it.

"Take the bullocks on to my steward,
and he will put 'em up safe."

I will wid a hook, as the coach drove
rapidly off. When a little further on, at
the foot of the hill a tuft of straw over the
door of a house with half a broken sign in
which was once the figure of Ireland's
patron saint, and our hero's namesake,
but now nought remained save that of
what was meant for a crozier, and a por-
tion of a mitred head, in the face of which
jolly red was a most predominant color,
however Paddy was not quite so devoid
of comprehension, as not to know that
within its unpromising walls there was
entertainment for man and beast. March-
ed into the house and called for a drop,
drove his cattle into the yard and put
them into the shed from the heat and
rested himself.

The approach of night had just com-
menced to throw a darkened shade over
the surface of this subinary sphere,
when Patrick Malowny, rejoicing in the
success of his undertaking, prepared to
retrace his steps, accompanied by the
manifold good wishes of the inmates of
the shebeen he had so liberally patroniz-
ed; so resuming his tune, grasping his
shellalah, and driving his cattle out be-
fore him, he set out for his residence,
which he reached before sunrise without
any interruption.

When arrived in Cork, the Judge show-
ed how much he prized the gift, and ax'd
charge to the Jury so completely proved the
equity of his (Mr. N's) claims, with-
standing the nods and winks of the river
of fifty bullocks, that the jury, without
retiring, gave a verdict, without appeal, in
favor of Mr. Nagle!

The scene on the Judge's return, must
have been amusing. He called his stew-
ard

"Where have you put the bullocks?"

"They are where you left them, my
Lord."

"Where I left them; what do you mean
sir?—Where have you put Mr. Nagle's
bullocks?"

"Mr. Nagle sent no bullocks here my
Lord."

The Judge was frantic, perceived he
had been taken in; and what was still
worse, the other gentleman made him
give back his fifty, in the plea that he
had broken faith with him; so that for his
own sake he was obliged to keep the af-
fair as secret as possible.

It became a standing jest at Mr. Nagle's
table where Paddy used to be called in to
tell the story; he was comfortably settled
in a farm, rent free, where he lived for
many a day, until full of years, he was
called to receive in another and hotter
world, the reward of his honesty and fe-
licity in this.

FROM THE NEW