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AND

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FROM THE NEW YORKER. THE LOVERS OF ST. CLAIR. A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

And from her pure and unpolished speech May violets spring—I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou shalt howl!" Hamlet;

OR, LOVED unto some thou art gentle as a summer brook, wandering along some happy valley to mingle its peaceful waters with the gliding river or spreading lake, reflecting in its glassy bosom the quivering blue of the summer's sky, and the flowers and green boughs that bend their graceful necks to bless the wilderness!—To others thou art as the impetuous torrent, spreading ruin and devastation on every side, sweeping away the frail sunny flowers of earthly enjoyment, and burying them for aye in the waters of forgetfulness!

But woman's love—that thrice holy flame, pure as the radiant sun—oh! it gladdens like the smiles of spring the heart it shines upon, arraying in beauty and bloom the arid wilderness of life, and tinging even the clouds of sorrow with a moonlight halo of loveliness!

I envy not that man his callousness of heart who can sneer at what he terms the poet's ravings—who, in the pride of a cold philosophy, can select the frailest and most transient phases of nature to prefigure the first undying love of gentle woman's heart—that love which, like the shaded well in the wilderness, the sun cannot parch, nor the sand-storm obliterate—where the pilgrim of the world may drink deeply a balm for his sorrow, and acquire fresh vigor to contend with the storms of adversity!

Let me conduct the mind of my reader on the wings of fancy far from the spot where he now peruses this simple sketch; let me transport him to the sunny valley of St. Clair, in the Department of the Seine, one of the most romantic valleys in "the pleasant land of France." Like the Happy Valley of Rasselas, mountains surround it on every side, wooded to their very tops with dark-waving fir trees, while the old ancestral oaks fill up the wide area of the vale beneath. Those who have seen the tints of morning and evening gleaming over the striking features of that peaceful valley can never lose the recollection of its Arcadian loveliness; in the eye of memory, even now while I write, it arises once more, arrayed in the dim beauty of a morning vision.

The Duke de Caillouze, before the great French revolution had effaced the memory of kings and their minions, was one of the most powerful peers of France. His estate comprehended nearly the whole of the valley of St. Clair; and his proud chateau, now crumbling in ruins, was once the resort of beauty, rank and chivalry. Where are now the proud dames and gallant knights who joined in the revelry of his dazzling halls?—Where are the boasted glories of his race?—Gone like the figures which the finger of childhood etches on the sands of the fast-flowing ocean!

The Duke was advanced in years when the French revolution burst forth, and had been for some time a widower. The education of his youthful son Alfred formed the pleasing employment of his peaceful days. His prophetic eye had long foreseen the cloud that lowered over the tottering throne of his king; when, therefore, it did burst, it possessed less terrors for him who had long contemplated such a consequence to the many abuses which had enfeebled the pillars of the state. It is the loftiest oak which soonest feels the shock of the thunderbolt. The Duke de Caillouze was far removed from the influence of the revolutionary whirlpool; when therefore he heard of the voice of anarchy thundering in the royal halls, where of yore were lisped the honeyed words of flattery, he knew that his turn must eventually arrive, his paternal acres be laid waste, and his old castle form another trophy of time. "But ere that unhappy hour arrive," he would say with a melancholy smile, "these grey hairs, I trust, shall be smoothed on that peaceful pillow, o'er which eternal silence reigns, where I shall hear not the voice that denounces the dwelling of my fathers to the flames, or see their bloodied hands desecrate the insignia of my ancestors' glory." But say, my Alfred, what must become of thee?

Such was the good old duke. Let us revert to his only son, who may be not unaptly termed the crowning stone of the pyramid of his long and noble race.

Secluded from all intercourse with fashionable society, the youthful Alfred, tho' nobly born, grew up till the age of nineteen an unsophisticated child of nature. His lively imagination pictured the great world he had heard of as but an extension of his native valley. The wild deer bounded not more free over the leaf-strewn glades than did the dark-eyed boy; and

each thought of his ardent mind glanced as wildly as the shaft of his bow when it sought the proud eagle on the rock.

His youthful feelings had found a tender object around which to cling. Unknown to and unperceived by his father, he loved and secretly cherished the beauty of the valley, the graceful Eleanore, the only daughter of one of his father's tenants. Though far beneath him in rank, he loved her with as deep a love as man's bosom, as yet unhardened by sin, is capable of feeling. He knew not the wall of adamant the opinion of the world had placed between her rank and his—She was his first love, and deeply was his love returned. Had all the fairest beauties of Gallia's-shattered chivalry been called before him, that he might choose a partner for life, he would have seen but the youthful Eleanore, with her laughing blue eyes beaming fondly upon him.

Time is ever on the wing. His pinions, which in the sunshine glowed with rainbow beauty, assume a darker hue from the gloom of the tempest. The flood of the revolution swept over the sunny valley of St. Clair. The ancestral chateau of the Duke de Caillouze was wrapped in flames, and the old duke summoned to appear before purified democrats, dignified by the title of representatives of the people, accused of the unpardonable crime of having been born an aristocrat.

He was hurried amid the jeers of the brutal soldiery into the old family carriage, which soon bore him away from the scene of devastation without obtaining leave to bid farewell to his son, the only idol which dwelt in the sanctuary of the breaking heart of the good old man!

And where was he? After an ineffectual struggle to obtain an interview with his father, he resigned himself for a time to be carried along by the overwhelming current of unhappy events he had witnessed during the last few hours; but as the carriage disappeared that bore his father away from the home of his childhood, with hand outstretched to his ruined home, he vowed revenge on the heads of the bloody tyrants who had been the cause of such devastation. Alas! he knew not the import of the words he then uttered—He knew not the many folds of the giant serpent he had sworn to wound—he knew not the weight and magnitude of the trembling crags which hung over him. In that hour of agony the ingenious mind of the young nobleman was entirely changed. He had lived before for love—now for revenge.

With the agility of a deer he bounded from the soldierly who had been left to see that the work of destruction was fully accomplished, and who had received instructions to secure him also and bring him to the capital. He escaped, and during the rest of the day eluded their search.

Under a wide spreading oak of the forest, revealed by a sickly gleam of moonshine that streamed through a loop-hole in the overhanging foliage, stood two figures clasped in each other's arms.

"Eleanore, Eleanore! sob not so deeply!" said Alfred de Caillouze, for it was he; "summon up your fortitude—we must part, though but for a time. I must follow my father; they will murder him else. I will return soon—I will, indeed I will, Eleanore. The soldiers are in pursuit of me—should they entrap me, they will frustrate my designs. I will—I may never see my father more!" said he, kissing her with emotion and placing her fainting form against the tree. "Farewell! here I must not linger—it is fatal ground." And he strode away through the dimly lighted pathway under deepening boughs, casting one farewell look on Eleanore, who had fainted. The demon of revenge was struggling fiercely to dispossess love and all gentler feelings from the soul of Alfred. He had not the courage to await a renewal of the scene he had already undergone, which he knew must take place on the revival of Eleanore.

"Thy will be done!" said the poor girl, when she recovered her senses and found that he was gone—He is sadly changed of late, and much reason has he to be so, or he would not have left me thus!" Her tears fell faster on the turf where on she knelt than the chill night dew from the leaves above, which she heeded not.

Let us drop the curtain on this scene, & raise it on another of a sterner character. In a dim, dreary vault, lightened by an iron lamp suspended from the centre of the low roof, on a pallet of straw reclined the form of a venerable old man—the priest has just left him, after administering the last unction, for to-morrow he is to suffer, with a number of others, the merciless sentence of the demon Danton. He has just fallen into a gentle slumber, when a knock is heard at the door of his cell—the face of a soldier peers in—he starts from his feverish repose—a pale form enters and throws itself into the arms of the trembling and now paralytic old man.

"My father!" exclaimed Alfred. "My son! my son! my darling boy! how came you here?—How obtained you entrance into this dangerous place?" Gold gold! said the young man with a frenzied air—gold, father!" Long they remained clasped in each

other's arms, their tears mingling together. They were startled by the voice of the sentinel, who roughly announced that the half-hour was expired, and that Alfred must depart.

"Not yet! not yet!" said both at once: "here is gold—we will never meet on earth again—have mercy!"

"'Twere more than my head is worth, citizen; you must depart, and that instantly, or it will be death of all!"

"I care not," said Alfred.

"But I do, citizen," said the sentinel.

"Wait but for a few minutes, soldier," said the old duke: "I have much to say to my son—you have a son?"

"Yes! what then?"

"Be merciful, then—grant my boon: you may be placed in these troublous times, and that soon, in—my situation—be merciful!"

The soldier retired with his gold, granting them five minutes longer.

"My son," said the duke, "you know the end for which a man of honor lives?"

"Revenge!"

"My son—my son! Revenge against whom?"

"Revenge on thy murderers!"

"Alas! poor boy! you know not what you utter—the bow crushes not more surely its prey than they would thee, did they hear thy words. Hark! I hear coming footsteps—speak low!"

"I care not! let them crush me."

"My son, time flies—I hear the sentinel's footsteps—bow thy stubborn knee. You love me: swear to me, then, in the presence of thy God, that you will continue true to the cause of rational liberty—that you will meet death, if such be thy fate, my poor boy, with the same fortitude as I do now—that you will forbear all useless revenge, which would but hasten thine own fate and that of thy party—swear!" Perceiving that he faltered,

"Time flies," said the father, "if you swear not ere we part forever in this world, I can not bid thee peace."

"Citizen, the five minutes are elapsed; come along," said the sentinel.

"Swear!" said the duke.

"I do—I do!" said the almost senseless youth, as the unfeeling jailer tore him from the old man's embrace.

"Farewell, my poor boy!—remember!" were the last words uttered by the father in hearing of the son. The closing door divided them forever!

The noble Duke de Caillouze was found dead in his cell the following morning—the axe of the executioner was balked of a victim—the rabble of a scene in the great tragedy daily acting.

The young Duke de Caillouze attached himself, as may be supposed, to the Royalist party. The limited duration of that unfortunate faction is well known. On its overthrow most of the Royalists who did not seek safety in emigration, ultimately joined themselves to the Constitutionalists, who in their turn were forced to yield to the overwhelming torrent.

Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, the fatal Triumvir, now reigned triumphantly in the Hall of the Convention as in their midnight clubs.

I shall not follow the young Duke through all his subsequent adventures. Suffice it that, true to his oath, he remained faithful to his cause, and on the dispersion of his party by the sanguinary Jacobins, was one of the few who escaped with life and sought safety in precipitate flight.

During the short though eventful period of his life since the death of his father until now, he had not heard, nor indeed sought to hear, any thing of Eleanore. His existence was bound in a spell, and now that it was broken, his mind in the hour of danger, when Death fixed his dark eyes on him at every turn, again pained to behold once more the hatnets of his childhood, and her whom he had well nigh forgotten, but who loved him as deeply and fondly as ever!

"Oh! woman's love, it fainteth not, And deathless is its will; For when all human hopes are vain, It feeds on memory still."

It was a piercing day in December, when a stranger, meanly dressed, demanded admittance at the humble dwelling of De Sablon, the father of Eleanore, in the valley of St. Clair. The stranger was the young nobleman—how altered in body, spirit, and hope since last he beheld that peaceful valley!

"May the way-worn rest in the shadow of your threshold, citizen," said our hero, "and taste of your cup?"

"Welcome, citizen," rejoined De Sablon, "but why ask in such humble terms what you are entitled to demand as a brother—you belong not to minions of kings."

Here the speaker was interrupted by the entrance of his daughter, who no sooner beheld the stranger than she exclaimed, "Alfred!—you!—is it you?—safe!"

"Alfred!" said the father, "Alfred de Caillouze!—an aristocrat and proscribed?—begone! son of the hoary tyrant who reigned over our peaceful hamlet—begone! young scorpion! ere I crush you, the citizen soldiers, even now, were in search of you—a price is on thy head—but I spurn the gold crimsoned with blood."

"Father! father! this must not be!—He must not depart! At the first turn

the soldiers will be on him—we must secrete him for a season."

"Never!"

"I will depart, Eleanore," said Alfred proudly, "unfortunate, proscribed, hunted as I am, I yet scorn to hold my life at the mercy of one so destitute of the feelings of humanity."

"But it must—ay, it shall be so! or this hour you lose a daughter," said the noble girl, with a look which spoke her deadly intention, snatching at the same moment the dagger of her father which hung against the wall."

"Peace! sitty one," said De Sablon, "return me that weapon, or, by the Spirit of Good, I bury this blade in the bosom of this fair disturber of my quiet."

"So be it," said the maiden, who, tho' pale as death, yet stood firm to her purpose, "hark! they approach! the blood-hounds—now or never!"

"Now!" said the father, plunging the short dagger he held into the breast of Alfred de Caillouze, who fell to the ground, the soldiers at the same moment entering.

"And now!" said the inspired maiden, "you lose your only child. I have loved him through all. I will follow him—I will avenge him!"

The blade gleamed but for a moment upon the grasp of the maiden, then sunk deep into the heaving snow of the fondest bosom that ever veiled the faithful heart of woman. No groan escaped her, for despair had struck her bow.

The father, led on by his impetuous passions, had never anticipated such a catastrophe. He thought but of securing the head of an aristocrat, and by doing such service to the republic, raising himself to its presence.

The fatal blow was struck and answered as if by an echo by the execution of the threat of his daughter, whom he had not truly known until then.

De Caillouze, who had not dreamed that such an assassin-like act could be even meditated by one who had so long been a favored vassal of his house, was taken entirely by surprise, and fell stricken to the heart, without a struggle or a groan. His eye gazed for an instant at the uplifted arm of his murderer, and closed to behold one last tender glance on the prostrate form of Eleanore.

The soldiers bore forth the still breathing body of the young nobleman and cast it on the frozen ground—turning it rudely over and cursing the hand that had robbed them of the price of blood.

The red sunset of a December sky fell on the pale countenance of the last Duke de Caillouze, as his spirit bounded forth to revel in eternity.

The soldiers entered once more the cottage of De Sablon, and found the old man with a frenzied air, attempting to wipe away, with his aged, grey hairs, the purple blood from the wound through which had ebbed the spirit of his angel daughter—and ever and anon he kissed her marble brow.

They bore him back with them to Paris a raving maniac. On consideration of the service he had rendered the state by the death of an aristocrat, he was lodged and well treated during the remaining five years of his life till he died at the Bicetre.

Were I to follow the usual custom I would bury the lovers in the same grave, and plant a green tree to wave over them." Such, however, is not the case, for their graves are far distant—the fair form of Eleanore being buried in the churchyard of her native valley, and that of Alfred de Caillouze on the spot where he died—they grudging an aristocrat a few feet of consecrated earth and the trouble of burying him. But the enfranchised souls of the lovers.

"To the azure overhead," there let us hope they are eternally united in happiness which cannot vanish like our frail visions of earthly bliss. Peace to the souls of the departed!"

New York, Sept. 3.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

About half past 2 o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the interior of the block bounded by Broadway, Howard, Mercer and Grand streets. It was a perfect calm, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction. The damage may be thus stated.

In the interior of the block, but opening by a passage way to Mercer street, No. 20, the extensive four story brick building, about 80 feet long by 50 or 60 in breadth, owned by Benjamin Burtell, and occupied by him and Cornell and Althouse as a grate and fender, iron railing, and iron door manufactory;—totally destroyed, with nearly all its contents.—Cornell & Althouse were insured, but not to the full amount of their loss. The establishment employed 60 hands.

Occupied by No. 28, Mercer street, a stable occupied by C. C. Campbell, destroyed.

On Mercer street.

No. 16, a two story brick building, slightly injured.

No. 18, a three story brick building, occupied by Mr. Moran, considerably injured.

No. 20, two story brick, owned by Benj. Burtell, occupied by Saml. Cornell. Destroyed.

No. 22, two story brick, owned by

Benj. Burtell, and occupied by Mrs. Ann Hunter as a boarding house, and Wm. Shaw, as a dwelling.

No. 24, a two story frame building owned by Benj. Burtell, and unoccupied on account of some repairs which were making. Totally destroyed.

No. 25, a handsome two story brick building, occupied as a dwelling by C. Keyser. Badly damaged.

On Broadway.

The large five story brick building, No. 441, occupied as a cabinet ware-house and factory by Miller and Campbell, and owned by Isaac Lawrence; totally destroyed. The contents of the ware-rooms, below, were principally saved; but those of the upper floors were destroyed. Understood to be insured.

No. 443, the hardware furnishing establishment of N. Ludlum; a three story building, of brick; occupied above by the same as a dwelling. Badly damaged.—Goods principally removed. Iron factory in the rear, part of the same establishment, totally destroyed.

No. 445, a three story brick building, occupied below by Grandjean, as a hair store; and by L. Lewis, as an astral lamp store; considerably injured. Goods removed. Building owned by Benjamin Burtell, who we learn, had insurance on all his property.

No. 447, occupied as a carpet store by Hiram Miller, slightly injured. Goods partly removed.

No. 439, next below Miller & Campbell's; occupied below as a soda establishment, and above as a dwelling. Partially damaged.

The loss is estimated by the Insurance Companies between \$50 and \$70,000, of which \$40,000 was insured; \$20,000 at one office, \$12,000 at another, and \$8,000 at another.

Journal of Commerce.

THE PIANO THIRTY.

In a former number we gave a story from a small work recently published, entitled "Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry." We should gladly have copied, as a much better specimen of the Work, a story by the author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry;" entitled "Alley Sheridan," but it is much too long for insertion at present.—The following laughable occurrence is introduced by way of episode:

N. Y. Constellation.

"Arrah Paul," said one of the party, "will you tell us the story about the time you went to buy the forty piano for Col. Edmondson's daughter long ago?"

"God be with them times," said Paul, "they warn't like now; the old sort of gentlemen for me. I took to the car-man business then," he continued, "and carried it on for some time well enough; but I remember what I'm speakin' of was the first journey I made to Dublin after bein' ill. It was the very year that Doctor Cooper; but he was only a horse doctor—quack'd me to death with his calumny pills; he insisted, right or wrong, that I was, subject to the fallen sickness— which, betune ourselves, was no lie at least three or four times a week, when I happened to get a sup in, you see—ha, ha, ha. Well he was a droll man, fond of his jokes sure enough. But for all that, sorta a thing ailed me, only a slight touch of pretension in the intellects—a complaint, he said, very hard to cure all out; so that I only wanted to be kept clear wid somethin' gentle. My curse upon all quacks, any how; the thief of the world bein' accustomed to date with horses, dosed me upon too large a scale entirely; an' only for Doother Mansel he'd have got old Nol Cooper to make me a suit of Narrowway sustain for the winter, when I wouldn't be complainin' of a misfit, even if it was tacked wid thread that you'd hardly know from sixpenny nails."

"But, Paul about the purchase?"

"Troth, I wasn't to be blent about that same purchase, but Master Frank Edmondson, that put me up to it out o' downright wickedness.—A wough! it's there the money was as plinty as skilake stones, or this young fellow would n't be at such a loss to spend it in one division or another; for he ped decent for his figaries. I had, ye see, an order for a piano-forty, to a Mistor—, oh, I disremember his name; but he lived in Westminsterland-street, in the town o' Dublin. 'Paul,' says Master Frank, 'will you have many things to bring for my father from Dublin?' 'Yes Sir,' says I, 'I'll have a piano forty please your honor, an' a lot of carpetin' and two tables; only, Mather Frank, I'm ahead o' losin' my way in the big place, or bein' cheated, or may be gettin' myself into jail.' 'Well,' said he, 'I could sarve you if you'd keep a secret.'—'Thry me wid it first,' says I, 'My father's throwin' away money upon a piano forty, an' he knows no more whether one is good or bad, than a cow does of a holiday—nather does my shister, and he winked knowingly at me. It's well, said he, that it wasn't a piano fifty or a piano sixty that he ordered; he's too lavish entirely of his money,' says the cute young chaver—'an' is, a shame a man of his years to be buyin' a musical coffin, when it's one of oak he ought to be thinkin' of—'an' he winked so wisely at me again, that sorta one o' me ever

suspected he was makin a hare o' me.—'Thry for your honor,' says I, 'tis makin' his sowl he ought to be, sure enough.—'Ay, an' all of us,' says he, very solemnly; 'but, Paul, in regard to what I'm speakin' about—I believe you're to pay forty pounds for this instrument,' says he, 'tis from that it's named; but if you take my advice you'll buy a piano thirty,' says he, 'and put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife an' childer. I've been very wild myself, Paul,' says he, 'an' lavished a great deal o' money, an' it's full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem.'

"Accordingly, we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piano thirty, and pocket the differ; but I got a written order from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out.—'Now, says he, as he finished it, you may as well save twenty pounds as ten, for if you show this to the musical coffin man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds, an', besides, it gives you a good correctur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world. Paul, hem, hem.' Accordingly when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sowld them, and inquired to see a piano thirty. 'The man looked at me. Who is it for?' said he. 'You won't tell to-morrow, nabor,' says I, 'barrin I change my mind. Have you a musical coffin—a good, stoute, beneficial piano thirty, that a man will get the worth of his money of wear out of it? He screwed his mouth to one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler, but, by dad, if Miley M'Grory had seen him!— why, I tuck him for a gentleman! 'Are you a musician?' says the other. 'I do a trifle that way,' says I, 'after the Murph—hem! I mane after atin' my dinner,' says myself, puttin' an' the bodgath, because nobody knew me, but I never receive payment for it; 'Pd scorn that—'How long are you out?' says he. 'Since last Winsday, says I, 'I'm from home.—'An' where is that pray? Behind 'Tully-muclesrag, in the parish of Ternamucle-faughalunkishla beg.' 'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great deal to shirkat for you?' 'Not so strait as your own is at present, says I (he was a small, scraggy-up crathur, like a whittrif). 'Will you show me the article I want?' 'Do you see that shop over the way, said he, at the corner.—'You'll get the article you want there. I accordingly went over and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he could sell me a piano-thirty? We sell nothing here but ropes said he, thry over the way. I thin went back to the fellow, you thievink sence,' says I, 'did you main to make a fool of me? I never carry coalsto Newcastle,' says the vagabone. 'Go home to your friends, my honest fellow, an' you'll ease them of a great deal of trouble on your account, they miss your music after dinner, very much,' says he. 'Oh, said the fiddler, 'tis better to direct the man properly, he's a stranger; writin' down at the same time a direction for me, 'Go to this house, and inquire for the owner of it, say you're from the country an' have perteckiar business, that you can tell no one but yourself, an' depend upon it you'll get what you want.

"'Gif I set, an' at long last found a great house, an' gave three or four thanderin' cracks at the door. 'I want to see the mather, very bad entirely,' says I.—'What's wrong?' said a fellow, all powder, with a tail growin' from his head down his back. 'I have news from the country for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell to myself.' The fellow looked frightened, an' runnin' up the stairs, brought down a gentleman wid a wig and black apron upon him. 'Are you the music man, says I, that has the piano-thirty for sale? I went a musical coffin to buy."

"Kick this scoundrel out," says the ould chap; 'how durst you let him in at all? Out wid him into the channel!' In three minutes we were in one another's woolds; but faix, in regard of a way I had, I soon sowed the hall wid them; and was attacken the ould fellow himself in a corner, when a lot of gentlemen and ladies came to his assistance, hearin' the millia murther he ris at the first dig in the ribs I hot him. You ould durst' says I, laying on him, is this any threatment for a decent man, that wants to give you the preference in dain' wid you, and to leave you good value for what I get, you murtherin' ould rap."

"At last I was seized, hand an' fut, till the offisher would be sent for to take me to jail. But thinkin' of the correctur that Master Frank gaved me, I pulled it out, and put it into the hands of one of the gentlemen; 'here, says I, ye ill conditioned vagrants, read that, an' ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib—if it show, yees what I am.' 'Sure enough,' says he lookin' at it, it describes you to a hair, you villain; an' he read it out. 'This is to sarfify, that the bearer, Paul Kelly, is a big rascal; an' any person securin' him will resave a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out of jail, where he was confined for sheep stealin'. He is a man that squints wid one eye, an' wears a long nose, turned with a sharp hook-out towards his left ear.' 'May all kinds of hard fortune setle down upon him who wrote that,' says I; 'but he has fairly desaved me, the limb of the mischief that he is. 'Gentleman,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake. Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the ma-