

that he spakes up, and says his say, out o' the face, and fitted his jacket nately, like an honourable, honest man.

"Well, they be can talking in an unknown tongue, after the fashion of a batch of crows—caw—click—caw—caw—and at last the Bishop says, 'You know that a Dispensation is a great expence, and those who expect the like favours from the Church must help to support it.'

"'Is this to be sure,' says I, 'but as I mean all this as a surprise—and thinking of the state the curators are both in, dying with such a complaint, and all, I trust yer reverence's Holiness will be light upon me.'"

"Sure, I'd have given hundreds for it," exclaimed Alick.

"It's you 'ad be the fool then," observed Walter.

"It 'ad be no better for that—I pulled out my bag—(I had five guineas in all)—"

"Where did ye get the money?" inquired his father.

"'Don't ye remember,'" replied the young man, "that whenever my head is steady enough to do a turn o' work, ye pay me for it?—and I saved it all up—for my heart told me that some o' ye might want it, one of these days; will Watty has no right to it—for sure he's been a pain o' a reproach to ye all his life—little less than a born natural."

The tone of these words, contrasted painfully with his former cheerful voice; it was like the tolling of a funeral knell, even while the sound of joy-bells lingered on the air; but after a brief pause he resumed:

"Five guineas," said the Bishop, "is the lowest penny."

"'Och, murder!—ye'er honour's reverence 'ad never think of that, sure,'" said I—"three guineas and a half—I'm poor, as I am, to offer ye trash o' paper! I'll give you an' how." Well, he considered a bit, and the two began the ci—caw—cawing, in the foreign language, which I own I didn't think manners—except for quality—to be sure they 'ave ways of their own—well, he offers me the thing for four guineas; and done, says I, and tould it down to him on the sod, honest, as the saying is, as a judge. Well, now listen, boys, for the flower of the story: he takes up the gold, and he looks at me somehow—askin' that my heart went boom—bobbin'—and my eyes felt queer. "Take it back," said he,—"and with that he handed it across to me—"

and keep it to buy a wedding shute, and an old man prays that at the day o' judgment all may make as *clane breasts* as you have now; keep the money, and there's the Dispensation."

"Now, boys and girls," added Watty, grinning—"isn't it the height o' condescension in me to be discorsing wid ye here, after talking face to face to a bishop? Look at me! I've seen one of the world's wonders—a priest return money!—but I expect to see another—a wife that won't sound. Ye all know the rest," he added, when the merry laugh had subsided, excited by his "at remark;" "how I was returning by way of a short cut through the wood, and—but where's the good o' going back, as ye say that spoilage of a villain get off?—well, may-be so best—only I don't like to think of it."

After many demonstrations of Irish joy, which I beg it clearly to be understood is much more boisterous than spher English custom would warrant, and various congratulations, the party separated.

"Now I'm off to the priest," exclaimed Watty. "You're not, take my word for it," replied his father; "what 'ud ye do to the priest at this hour?"

"List to do the Bishop's bidding—sorra! a thing else—didn't he tell me to tell Father Nedly, with his compliments, that he'd be with him the morrow?—and—by the powers, I clane forget it!—he said he'd have the pleasure of marrying Mary and Alick, is hisself, the next day."

As he concluded this sentence, there commenced in the cottage a confusion of tongues, and noises not easily described. Mary, who had been exchanging a few parting words with her lover on the narrow step leading to her little chamber, leaned against the rail for support; the only face that beamed unalloyed pleasure, and the perfection of happiness, was Alick's—he pressed Mary's hand closely to his heart; and then, with a delicacy of feeling that would add a new grace to any rank, however exalted it might be, beckoned Jessie to assist her to her room; and, giving utterance to the joy and hope which filled his bosom, gently and affectionately bade her good night.

"'It's quite an impossibility! Watty, ye'll never come to good for not telling us afore—sure that was the first thing ye should ha' thought of!'" said the father of Mary.

"'A Bishop, holy and bones, coming to marry a child o' mine?'" exclaimed the mother;—"and not a tating in the house!—the hour in the laying time—thin as frosty suppers; and the chickens not as big as ducks!" Sorra! a grain o' tea have we, nor a drop o' wine—it can't be, that's sattin'!"

There was too much anxious conversation going forward in the kitchen, for Jessie to remain long in Mary's room; from which she soon flounced forth, exclaiming, "'It's out o' the question; and a dirty turn o' ye, Watty, not to tell it at once, and ye more nor two hours in the house; and not a stitch o' boots muslin to be had nearer nor Ballybeg, nor so much as a yard of satin ribbon. Oh, joy be with you, sweet Dublin!—one h only to cross a street, and the most beautiful of things for... anerals or weddings are o' yer hand. If ye'er pockets are full of money, sure it's there ye can empty them, and that witho... any trouble to signify; while here, one may live for ages, and see nothin' worth dressin' for—nothing but the likes o' ye, Watty, and folk too busy in love to think of any but themselves, and a pack of old fogies that I wouldn't be seen speakin' to in darlin' Dublin.'"

"Ye're wrong, Miss Jessie," replied Walter, "'in one thing; sorra! o' the likes o' me, here or elsewhere, ye'll ever see. As to Dublin, or any other place, you girls fill contive to spend ye'r money, if ye have it; but look I'd go off in the morning to Ballybeg, and bring ye as much finery as ye want—and tay, and sugar, and wine, and every thing for a wedding we must have; and now 'ud I to the priests.'"

The miller accompanied his son; and neither family went to bed that night, so busy were they with preparations for the coming feast—for in that light an Irish wedding is always considered. After the seniors had maturely deliberated on the affair, it was an agreed-upon-matter that it was perfectly impossible to put off a priest, much less a bishop; and I confess myself unable to describe the extreme preparations that consequentially occupied the next morning, day, and night. Such doings had never been heard of in the country. Literally, the fattest calf was killed; and Walter executed his commissions to the satisfaction of everybody, except Jessie, for he brought her white calico instead of muslin—declaring that it was worse than mad to pay so much more money for what was no better than a cobweb.

Sweet Mary Sullivan—she appreciated too highly the affection of Alick, the wild, devoted kindness of poor Walter, and the condescension of the Bishop, to urge obstacles which she did not feel ought to exist. The desire of her heart was fulfilled—the affection that had grown with her growth was to flow on undisturbed in its unpolled course; and she silently thanked God, and prayed that she might continue worthy of Alick's love.

To a delicately-minded woman, the wedding-day is one of mingled mournfulness and hope. "To be another's"—to resign to another's care her will, her happiness—to think that every feeling must be moulded to please one, who accepts her submission as a duty, not a duty, not a favour—is a sacrifice indeed; but, the hope, that, in return for the homely comforts, the cheer'd acquiescence, the soothing voice, the ready smile, the delightful tranquillity that woman's love sheds over the humblest home—the hope that these tendernesses will be repaid by the wise guidance, the steady counsel, the noble friendship into which the tumultuous feelings of the lover subside, when he is called husband, cheers and supports the most sensitive mind under a charge so decided and entire.

Doctor O'Brien was received with slavish obsequiousness by Father Nedly Cormack, and the house was put in especial order for the purpose. He, however, declined accepting the priest's invitation to remain. He was going on to the squire's, he said, to spend the night; but hoped to have the pleasure of meeting his reverence to-morrow at the Bleach House. Father Cormack must see, he added, the necessity of his appearing there; as he had heard on his way that a very dreadful outrage had been committed on the Sullivan family, into which some inquiry must necessarily be made.

I am sorry for it—but the next day Father Nedly was at the "pint o' death wid the age, and a smodering about his heart, and

a pain in his head, and not able to touch a drop o' liquor!"—according to Katty ("Flinn," who smelt the wedding preparations afar off; as did some dozens of variegated beggars, who afterwards, seated on the green sward, enjoyed the remains of the treat—a peculiar privilege, which that class of persons have enjoyed since out of mind; to them a wedding or a funeral are alike signals for feasting; and I have often been amused at the mixture of rags and happiness such gipsy-like groups present.

Need I add that our bride looked lovely—that the bridegroom was grateful for his long-sought treasure—that the bishop was gracious, and departed with the heartfelt prayers of his people? No!—but I must add that the air of that part of the country disagreed so much with Father Nedly Cormack, he soon found it necessary to "quit," for another province; and that the bishop's nephew was appointed to his parish—a circumstance at which Walter rejoiced exceedingly; the more so, as the young priest good naturedly promised to forgo his once-favorite amusement of "shooting wood-quests."

THE LLAMA.

The current number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, put its seal to the following affecting particulars respecting the llama, which it describes as authentic—"The llama is the only animal associated with man, and undebaused by the contact. The llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance a head as guide. If fired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hands coaxingly towards the llamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates—'So-so.' If the llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humour, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker— but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their alway clean and glossy skin, their supple and fluid motions, all give them an air of meek nobility and sensitive. It must be so, in fact; for the llama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens, (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the llama is unwilling to perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill treatment by flight, (the llama is never tied or fettered,) he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven, *large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most he expires.* Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indian amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back; if he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the llama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion, that he has learned to die when overtaken."

AN ALLEGORY.

A stic, swelling with the proud consciousness of his worth, took a solitary walk; and straying among the groves of Academicus, he sat down between an olive and a pine tree. His attention was soon excited by a murmur among the trees. The whispers increased; and listening attentively, he plainly heard the pine say to the olive as follows—"Poor tree, pity thee! thou now spreadest thy green leaves, and exultest in all the pride of youth spring; but how soon will thy beauty be tarnished! The fruit which thou exhaustest thyself to bear, shall hardly be shaken from thy boughs before thou shalt grow dry and withered; the green vines, now so full of juice, shall be frozen; naked and bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms of winter, whilst my firmer leaf shall resist the change of seasons. *Unchangeable* is my motto, and through all the vicissitudes of the year I shall continue equally green and vigorous as I am at present." The olive, with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied, "It is true, thou wilt always continue as thou art at present. The leaves will keep that sullen and gloomy green in which they are now arrayed, and the stiff regularity of thy branches will not yield to those storms which will bow down many of the feebler tenants of the grove. Yet I wish not to be like thee. I rejoice when nature rejoices; and when I am desolate, nature mourns with me. I fully enjoy pleasure in its season, and I am contented to be subject to the influences of those seasons and that economy of nature by which I flourish. When the spring approaches, I feel the kindly warmth; my branches swell with young buds and my leaves unfold; crowds of singing birds which never visit thy noxious shade, sport on my boughs—my fruit is offered unto the gods, and rejoices men—and when the decay of nature approaches, I shed my leaves over the funeral of the falling year, and am well contented not to stand a single exception to the mournful desolation I see every where around me." The pine was unable to frame a reply, and the philosopher turned away his steps, rebuked and humbled.

UNITED STATES.

New York August 25th.—The steamboats Motte and Pekin came in collision on Sunday night last, about 100 miles below Louisville. The Pekin sunk immediately to the top of her lower cabin. The Motte ran ashore to save herself from sinking.

Only three steamboats—as far as been ascertained—were sunk in the Mississippi the week before last. Two of them sunk each other by a collision.—*West'n Transcript.*

The feelings of our citizens have been wounded by the outrage which we mentioned in this Gazette yesterday, committed in a grave yard attached to the farm of Mr. Levi Morris. The remains of Charles Thompson, the Secretary to the Continental Congress, have actually been stolen away from it. What adds to the heinousness of the offence is that the interment was made there in accordance with the well known wish of the deceased.—*Nat. Gaz.*

We learn from the Coroner, that a man named McCarney was taken last night to the watchhouse, in Comptroller street, charged by his captor with disorderly conduct. He died this morning between seven and eight o'clock. He is one of the same family with the Kearney who was killed not long since, by a stab from a colored man, about the period of the abolition riots. It is a curious circumstance that five members of this same family have died from casualty within one year; of which one was burned; one poisoned by poppies; one stabbed; and another expired from intense heat on board a ship lying at one of our city wharves. Such distressing mortality from uncommon causes, and in one household, is extremely rare.—*Phil. Gazette.*

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—It is stated in the Charleston Courier of Tuesday, that the making arrangements for the re-building of a house in the burnt district of that city which was destroyed by the great conflagration, the workmen discovered that a parcel of coal remaining in the cellar *was on fire*, and a piece of fat pine imbedded in the same was also in a state of ignition, having, without doubt, been in that state since the morning of the 20th of April last, a period of *three and a half months*, being protected from the air by the rubbish which had fallen on it. The fact is vouched for by credible testimony and deserves general attention.

LOOK OUT!—A large number of counterfeit five franc pieces, Mexican dollars and American halves, are said to be in circulation. They are of a dark pewter aspect compared with the genuine, and some of the five franc pieces are dated 1830, with the head of Charles X. Roy France.—*Id.*

EARLY MARRIAGE.—We see by the notice in the L. L. Star, of the marriage at Hempstead Harbor, of Edward Tappan to Miss Harriet Allen, that Mr. Tappan is 15 years of age, and Mrs. Tappan is 11 years and 10 days old.

Very fair for North and South Hampstead—Hampstead Inquirer.

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