







its course, and falling into a current was taken round the point at Martaban, and passing onwards towards the sea, left the island on the east, and consequently the undisputed property of the East India Company. The Burmese Commissioners, to account for so unfavourable a movement of the gourd, said, that the easterly winds prevailed, and that the gourd was forced to that destination by these winds. We have never been informed what became of that gourd. As an arbitrator in settling so serious a difference between two great nations, it ought at least, to have been considered entitled to a distinguished niche in the Asiatic Society's Rooms in Calcutta; but we fear it was left to its fate, and is hidden among the trossers of the deep. Be that as it may, what we wish to call attention to, is not altogether, we presume, an unobserved fact, that the channel through which that gourd took its course between the island in dispute and Martaban, is now apparently being fast filled up. Already a very considerable and constantly increasing island has been formed mid-way between Belu and Martaban, and the land and men could be seen on foot from the Burmese side to Belu Island. If this newly formed island continue to increase as it has done, there can scarcely be a doubt that ere long an Athmas will appear high and dry connecting Belu island with Martaban, and offer another opportunity for the appointment of Commissioners to adjust a boundary between the two nations. We trust that an opportunity to a gourd-shell will be little avail in showing "which way the wind blows."

(From the Maulmain Chronicle, Aug. 24.)  
On Monday last was announced the arrival of the Princess Royal and Euphrosine from Madras, having on board the transports of H. M. S. 84th regiment, this regiment left England on the 1st of May last, and has been sent here for the relief of H. M. S. 62d. It is under the command of Lieut. Col. Macbean, the detachment which has arrived being under the command of Major Frisely.

A splendid launch took place on Saturday last of two brig and three pilot boats, the former government pilot vessels. Both being on the same slip, the launch of the second, the farthest removed from the water, was a very beautiful sight, as she had about 150 feet to move ere she reached the water. They were named Tavy and Subeen, and are pronounced by all competent judges as splendid specimens of naval architecture, reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. Binner's abilities. We trust that the specimens of Maulmain workmanship now possessed by Government in a steamer and these two Pilot brigs, will prove an inducement to cause more vessels to be built here. As regards materials and workmanship, we believe they can be exceeded anywhere, while the cost is considerably less than that of either Calcutta or Bombay. There was a magnificent man-of-war of 1000 tons on order in this place for the Royal Navy, but the subject, if ever seriously entertained, appears to have been dropped. This is a pity, for we think, that were a frigate once built here, she would produce early orders for several more, and that in time Maulmain would become a favorite royal building yard. We have heard it said, that the forests are not sufficiently productive to supply the wants of a station of this kind, like a permanent establishment of a government building yard in this place, but this we doubt. The Shan forests are known to be of great extent, and the Timber must find its way into the Maulmain market, there being no other to which it can be transferred.

The H. C. Steamer Enterprise returned from the southward on Friday last. We regret to learn that much sickness and mortality attended the voyage along the coast, owing to which, to the loss of cattle in the former year, and the great rise of water in the rivers, the crops are likely to prove very defective this season. A most unusual degree of sickness has also prevailed among the people engaged in cutting sapan wood, several boats having returned with the loss of the greater portion of their crews. The great rise of water in the rivers is, perhaps, the cause of this mortality, but we believe the latter part of the country, the T. nasserim river, is rise is greater than has been known for many years. Last monsoon the coal field was overflowed, but this year the water is said to have been several feet above the mouths of the pits, and the old town of Tenasserim was for many successive days under water.

No authentic intelligence has yet reached us of the movements of the Court of Ava, but judging from the various reports, there seems no doubt that he will be at Rangoon some time in October. It is said that timber and other materials are in course of collection to erect a palace for him at Pegu, and as nothing is said about any similar building at Rangoon, we presume his stay at this latter place will be but short. Of the visit of a certain nobleman, we have heard that what was formerly mentioned, that he will superintend the casting of a large bell for the Rangoon pagoda. It is not unlikely, however, that His Majesty's movements may be impeded by the presence of cholera on the banks of the Irrawaddy, which is said to be committing frightful havoc in many of the towns and villages. Some cases have occurred at Rangoon.

### Extracts from U'w Works.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THE JOURNEY.

As we issued from the glen the country became more open, patches of cultivation presented themselves, and an air of comfort and condition superior to what we had hitherto seen was observable in the dwellings of the country people. The road led through a broad valley bounded on one side by a chain of lofty mountains, and on the other separated by the Shannon from the swelling hills of Munster. Deeply engaged in our thoughts, we travelled along for some miles without speaking. The scene we had witnessed was of that kind that seemed to forbid our recurrence to it, save in our own gloomy reflections. We had not gone far when the road behind us was again opened up, as we induced us to turn our heads. They came along at a sharp trot, and we could soon perceive that although the two or three foremost were civilians, they who followed were dragoons. I thought I saw the priest change colour as the clank of the accoutrements struck upon his ear, I had, however, but little time for the observation as the party soon overtook us.

"You are early on the road, gentlemen," said a strong powerfully built man, who, mounted upon a grey horse of great bone and action, rode close up beside us.

"Ah, Sir Thomas, is it you?" said the priest, affecting at once his former easy and indifferent manner. "I had rather see the hounds at your back than those beggles of King George there. Is there anything wrong in the country?"

"Let me as you another question," said the knight in answer. "How long have you been in it, and where did you pass the night, not to hear of what has occurred?"

"Faith, a home question," said the priest, summoning up a hearty laugh to conceal his emotion; "but if the truth be told, I was some time at the priory at Glenduff, my friend here being an Englishman—may I beg to present him to you—Mr. Hinton—Sir Thomas Garland—he heard wonders of the monks' way of living up there, and I wished to let him judge for himself."

"Ah, that accounts for it," said the tall man to himself. "We have had a sad affair of it, Father Tom. Poor Turlington was murdered, and a little before that—"

up in an instant, and, seizing a sabre that hung beside his bed, defended himself, with the courage of desperation, against them all. The scuffle and the noise soon brought his sons to the spot, who although poor boys, behaved in the most gallant manner. One of the men, who had covered his face with his wounds, they dragged poor Turlington down the stairs, shouting out as they went, 'bring him down to Freney's—let the bloody villain see the black walls and the cold hearth he has made before he dies.' It was their intention to murder him on the spot where, a few weeks before, a distress for rent had been executed against some of the tenants. He grasped the banisters with a despairing clutch, while fixing his eyes upon his servant who had lived with him for some years past, he called out to him in his agony to save him; but the fellow came deliberately forward and held the flame of a candle beneath the dying man's fingers, until he relaxed his hold and fell back among his murderers. Yes, yes, Father Tom, Turlington saw with his own eyes, while his brother was stretched senseless on the floor, he was struggling with the others at the head of the staircase; and strange enough too, they never hurt the boys, but when they had wreaked their vengeance on the father, bound them back to back, and left them."

"Can they identify any of them?" said the priest, with a glance at his own eyes and manner. "Scarcely, I fear; their faces were blackened and they wore shifts over their coats. Herry thinks he could swear to two or three of the number; but our best chance of discovery lies in the fact, that several of them were badly wounded, and one in particular, whom he saw cut down by his father's sabre, was carried down the stairs by a comrade, bathed in blood."

"He didn't recognise him?" said the priest eagerly.

"No; but here comes the poor boy, so I'll wish you good-morning."

He put spurs to his horse as he spoke and dashed forward, followed by the dragoons; while at the same moment, on the opposite side of the road, a young man, dressed in the most disorderly manner, in a sling—rod by. He never turned a look aside; his filmy eye was fixed, as it were, on some far off object, and he seemed scarce to guide his horse as he galloped onward over the rugged road.

The priest relaxed his pace to permit the crowd of horsemen to pass on, while his countenance once more assumed the stern and despondent look, and he released into his former silence.

"You see that high mountain to the left there," said he after a long pause. "Well, our road lies round the foot of it; and, please God, by to-morrow evening we'll be some five-and-twenty miles on the other side, in the heart of my own wild country, with the big mountains behind you, and the great blue Atlantic rearing its frothy waves at your feet."

He stopped for an instant, and then grasping my arm with his strong hand continued in a low distinct voice:— "Never speak to me nor question me about what we saw last night, and try only to remember it as a dream. And now let me tell you how I intend to amuse you in the far west."

Here the priest began a spirited and interesting description of the scenery of the province—their habits, their superstitions, and their customs. Sustaining the interest of his account with legend and story—now grave, now gay; sometimes recalling a trait from the older history of the land; sometimes detailing an incident of the fair or the market, but always by his wonderful knowledge of the peasantry, their modes of thinking and reasoning, and by his imitation of their figurative and forcible expressions, able to carry me with him whether he took the mountain's side for his path—or beside some cotter's turf fire—orkimmed along the surface of the summer sea in the frail bark of an Adull fisherman.

I learnt from him that in the wild region where he lived, there were above fifteen thousand persons, scarce one of whom could speak or understand a word of English, and the priest, in the presence of the ruler and the judge. Before him all their disputes were settled—all their differences reconciled. His word, in the strongest sense of the phrase, was a law—not indeed to be enforced by bayonets and policemen, but by constables and sheriffs' officers—but one which in its moral force demanded obedience, and would have made him who resisted it an outcast among his fellows.

"We are poor," said the priest, "but we are happy. Crime is unknown amongst us, and the blood of man has not been shed in strife for fifty years within the barony. When will ye learn this in England? When will ye know that these people may be led but never driven—that they may be persuaded but never coerced? When will ye consent to bend so far the prerogative of your birth, your riches, and your rank, as to reason with the poor and humble peasant that looks up to you for protection? Alas, my young friend, were you to ask me what is the great source of misery of this unhappy land, I should tell you, the superior intelligence of its people. I see a smile, but hear me out. Unlike the peasantry of the countries they are not content. Their characters are mistaken, their traits misconstrued—partly from indifference, partly from prejudice, and in a great measure because it is the fashion to recognize in the tiller of the soil a mere drudge, with scarce more intelligence than the cattle in his plough, or the oxen in his team; but here you have a people quick, sharp-witted, and full of sense. They are not content with ten times the accuracy you can guess at; they are suspicious, because their credulity has been abused; vindictive, because their wild nature knows no other revenge than their own right arm; lawless, for they took upon your institutions as the sources of their misery and the instruments of your tyranny to which they are reckless, for they have nothing to lose; intolerant, because they are not content. With an effort to win their confidence or secure their good-will, you overwhelm them with institutions—cumbersome, complicated, and unsuitable; and while you neglect or despise all appeal to their feelings or affections, you place your faith in your soldiery or special commission. Heaven help you! you may thin them off by the sword, but you will never get rid of the root of the evil is as far from you as ever. You do not know them—you will not know them; more prone to punish than prevent, you are satisfied with the working of the law, and not shocked by the accumulation of crime; and when broken by poverty and paralysed by famine, a gloomy desolation spreads over the land, you meet in the halls of congratulation to talk over tranquillized Ireland."

In this strain did the good priest continue to develop his views concerning his country; the pivot of his argument being, that to a people so essentially different in every respect, English institutions and English laws were inadequate and unsuitable. Sometimes I could not only follow, but agree with him; at other times he seemed to me to perceive his meaning and dissent from the very little I could catch. Enough of this, however. In a biography so flimsy as mine, politics would play but an unseemly part; and even were it otherwise, my opportunities were too few, and my own incapacity too great to make my opinions of any value, on a subject so complicated and so vast. Still the topic served to shorten the time of my journey, and I did not in the least lose in the comfortable parlour of the little inn at Ballyhoroscough, so far had we both regained our spirits that once more the priest's jovial good humour irradiated his happy countenance, and myself, hourly improving in health and strength, felt already the bracing influence of the mountain air, and that strong sense of liberty, never more thoroughly appreciated than when regaining vigour after the suffering of a sick bed.

We were seated by an open window looking out upon the landscape. It was past sunset, and the tall shadows of the mountains were meeting across the lake, like spirits who waited for the night hour to interchange their embraces. A thin pale crescent of a new moon had just risen, and did not dim the lustre of the thousand stars that glittered round it. All was hushed and still, save the deep note of the rill, or the measured plash of oars heard from a long distance.

tauce. The rich meadows that sloped down to the water sent up their delicious odour in the balmy air, and there stole over the senses a kind of calm and peaceful pleasure that such a scene at such an hour can alone impart.

"So it is, sir," said the priest. "Let no Irishman wander for scenery; he has as much right to go travel in search of wit and good fellowship. We don't want for blessings. All we need is, to know how to enjoy them. And believe me, there is a plentiful feast on the table of gentlemen would be the most conducive to the dishes. And now, that reminds me—what are you drinking?—negus. I wouldn't wish it to my greatest enemy. But to be sure, I am always forgetting you are not one of ourselves. There, reach me over that square decanter. It wouldn't have been so full now if we had had poor Bob here—poor fellow; but one thing is certain, wherever he is, he is happy. I believe I never told you how he got into his present scrape."

"No, father; and that's precisely the very thing I wish to ask you."

"You shall hear it, and it isn't a bad story in its way; but don't you think the night air is a little too much for you? I'll close the window, and the fire will depend on me, later, pray leave it open."

"Ha, ha, I was forgetting again," said the old fellow, laughing roguishly, "stella sunt amantium oculi, as Pharis says, there now, don't be blushing, but listen to me."

"It was somewhere about last November, that Bob got a quiet hint from some one at Daly's, that the suit of his friend, Debit, was the more conducive to his well-being, as various writs were flying about the capital after him. He took the hint, and set of the same night, and reached his beautiful chateau of Newgate without let or molestation—he saw victory vultured for the winter, he could, if necessary, sustain a reasonable siege against any force the law was likely to bring against him, and he had an abundant supply of arms—there were guns that figured in '41, pikes that had done good service a little later, swords of every shape—from the two-handed weapon of the twelfth century, to a Roman pattern made out of a scythe by a smith in the neighbourhood; but the grand terror of the country was an old four-pounder Cromwell's, which the major had mounted on the roof, and whose effects, if only proportionately injurious to the enemy to the results nearer home, must indeed have been a formidable engine; for the only time it was fired—I believe to celebrate Bob's birthday—it knocked down a chimney with the recoil, blew the gardener and another man about ten feet into the air, and hurled Bob himself through a sky-light into the house below."

"A great effort in raising the confidence of the country people, some of whom verily believed that the ball was rolling for a week after."

"Bob, I say, victualled the fort, but he did more—for he assembled all the tenants, and in a short but pithy speech he told them the state of his affairs, explaining with a judicious sequence what misfortune would befall them if by any chance they were to lose him for a landlord."

"See now, boys," said he, "there's no knowing what misfortune wouldn't happen ye; they'd put a receiver on the property—a spalpeen with bailiffs and constables after him—that would be making you pay up the rent and faith I wouldn't say but may be he'd ask ye for the 'rent' too."

"Oh, no further matter I did any one ever hear the like," the people cried on every side, and Bob, like a clever orator, continued to picture forth additional miseries and misfortunes to them, if such a calamitous event were to happen, explaining at the same time the omnipotent nature of the persecution practised against him.

No, boys, cried he, 'there isn't a man among them all that has the courage to come down and ask for his money, face to face, but they set up a pair of fellows they call John Doe and Richard Roe—there's names for you. Did you ever hear of a gentleman in the county with names like that? but that's not the worst of it, for you see even there two chaps can't be found, and the law is against you, and sure enough people go so far as to say that there is scarce a man at all, and it's only a way they have to worry and annoy country gentlemen with what they call a fiction of the law; and my own notion is, that the law is nothing but lies and fiction from beginning to end."

"A very loud cheer from Bob's audience proclaimed how perfectly they coincided in his opinion; and a keg of whiskey being brought into the law, each man drained a glass to his health, uttering at the same time a determination with respect to the law officers of the crown, that boded but little happiness to them when they made a tour in the neighbourhood."

"In about a week after this there was a grand drawing-hill; that's you understand, what we call in Ireland, bringing in the harvest; and sure enough, the farm-yard presented a very comely sight, with ricks of hay, and stacks of corn, and oats, and barley, and out-houses full of potatoes, and in fact every thing the country produces, besides cows and horses, sheep, gigs, goats, and even turkeys, for most of the tenants paid their rents in kind, and as Bob was an easy landlord, very few came without a little present of some kind, such as a pig, a hen, a goose, a turkey, a bear or other. Well, the next day—it was a fine dry day with a light frost, and as the bog was hard, Bob sent them all away to bring in the turf. Why then, but it is a beautiful sight, captain, and I wish you saw it; may be two or three hundred cars all going as fast as they can get, on a fine bright day with a blue sky and a sharp air, the boys standing up in the kishes driving without rein or halter—ways at a gallop—for all the world like Ajax, Ulysses, and the rest of them that we read of; and the girls, as pretty creatures as ever you threw an eye upon, with their short red petticoats, and their hair plaited and fastened up at the back of their heads: on my conscience, the Trojan women was nothing to them."

Bob, who was sitting upon the horse, was coming home from the bog about five o'clock in the evening, cantering along on a little dun pony he had, thinking of nothing at all, except, maybe, the elegant rick of turf that he'd be bringing home in the morning, when what did he see before him but a troop of dragoons, and at their head old Basset, the sub-sheriff, and another horse that he had seen in the Four-courts of Dublin. By the mortal, said Bob, 'I am done for!' for he saw in a moment that Basset had waited until all the country people were employed at a distance to come over and take him. However, he was no ways discouraged, but brushing his way through the dragoons, he rode up beside Basset's gig and taking a long pistol out of the holster, he began to examine the priming as cool as may be."

"How are you, Nick Basset?" said Bob, "and where are you going this evening?"

"How are you, major?" said Basset, with his eye all the while upon the pistol. "It is an unpleasant business—a mighty unpleasant business to me, Major Bob," says he; "but the truth is, there is an execution against you, and my friend here, Mr. Hennessy—Mr. Hennessy—Major Mahon—asked me to come over with him, because as I know you—"

"Well, well," said Bob, interrupting him. "Have you a writ against me—is it me you want?"

"Nothing of the kind, Major Mahon. God forbid we'd touch a hair of your head. It's just a kind of a capias, as I may say, nothing more."

"And what's the matter with the dragoons with you?" said Bob, looking at him mighty hard.

"Basset looked very sheepish, and didn't know what to say, but Mahon soon relieved him—"

"Never mind, Nick, never mind, you can't help your trade; but how would you look if I was to raise the country on ye?"

"You wouldn't do the like, major—but surely if you did, the troops—"

"The troops!" said Bob: "God help you! we'd be twenty—aye, thirty to one. See now, if I give a whistle, this minute."

"Don't distress yourself, major," said Basset, "for the decent people are a good six miles off at the bog, and couldn't hear you if you whistled ever so loud."

"The moment he said this Bob saw that the old rogue was up to him and he began to wonder within himself what was the best to be done."

"See now, Nick," said he, "isn't like a friend to bring up all these red coats here upon me, before my tenantry, disgracing me in the face of my people. Send them back to the town, and go up yourself with Mr. Hennessy there, and do whatever you have to do."

"No, no," screamed Bob Hennessy, "I'll never part with the soldiers!"

"Very well," said Bob, "take your own way and see what will come of it."

"He put spurs to his pony as he said this, and was just striking into the gallop, when Nick called out—"

"Wait a bit, major, wait a bit. If we leave the dragoons where we are now, will you give us your word of honour not to hurt or molest us in the discharge of our duty, nor let any one else do so?"

"I will," said Bob, "now that you talk reasonably; I'll treat you well."

"After a little parley it was settled that part of the dragoons were to wait on the road, and the rest of them in the lawn before the house, while Nick and his friends were to go through the ceremony of seizing Bob's estate, and make an inventory of every thing they could find."

"A mere matter of form, Major Mahon," said he: "we'll make it as short as possible, and leave a couple of men in possession; and as I know the affair will be arranged in a few days—"

"Of course, says, Bob laughing; 'nothing easier. So come along now and let me see you the way."

"When they reached the house Bob ordered up dinner at once, and behaved as politely as possible, telling them it was early and they would have plenty of time for every thing in the evening. But whether it was that they had no appetite just then, or that they were not over easy in their minds about Bob himself, they declined to go through the ceremony of seizing Bob's estate, and make an inventory of every thing they could find."

"A mere matter of form, Major Mahon," said he: "we'll make it as short as possible, and leave a couple of men in possession; and as I know the affair will be arranged in a few days—"

"Of course, says, Bob laughing; 'nothing easier. So come along now and let me see you the way."

"When they reached the house Bob ordered up dinner at once, and behaved as politely as possible, telling them it was early and they would have plenty of time for every thing in the evening. But whether it was that they had no appetite just then, or that they were not over easy in their minds about Bob himself, they declined to go through the ceremony of seizing Bob's estate, and make an inventory of every thing they could find."

the manner of his capture, for after all it was only trick for trick."

"The worthy priest now passed to mix another tumbler, which, when he had stirred and stirred again, he made a goodly before him on the table, and seemed lost in reverie."

"Yes," said he half-aloud, "it is a droll country we live in, and there's not one of us doesn't waste more ingenuity and display more cunning in getting rid of his fortune, than the cleverest fello' elsewhere evinces in accumulating theirs. But you are looking a little pale. I think these late hours won't suit you, so I'll just send you to bed."

"I felt the whole force of my kind friend's advice and yielding obedience at once, I shook him by the hand and wished him good night."

### MISCELLANEA.

CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND LIFE GUARDS.—A match between the officers of these two regiments was played upon the lawn in front of the cavalry barracks at Spital, near Windsor, on Wednesday, which lasted from shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning till dark in the evening. The number of companies and cricketers (to the number of 10) were called into requisition—five on each side. Amongst the players were Colonel Hall, Viscount Drumlanrig, Colonel Macdonald, Captains Blane, Lawley, Langley, B. Ukley, and Alexander. The First Life Guards scored an unusual number of runs in their first and second innings, which may be attributed, in a great measure, to the very inferior character of the bowling and fielding of their opponents. The play, however, terminated at the close of the 2nd innings of the 1st Regiment, in consequence of the evening then closing in, when the 2nd Regiment had to get not less than upwards of 220 runs, in their 2nd innings, at some future time to carry off the wickets. In the last innings of the First Life Guards, Private Leslie Grew was decidedly the best bowler on the opposite side, and whose loss was a serious disadvantage to them under the circumstances, was violently struck by the ball, receiving a very severe cut upon the head, which rendered it necessary that he should be immediately conveyed to the hospital, and he is now attended by the regimental surgeon.

THE HARVEST IN SCOTLAND.—The weather in Ross-shire, according to the Caldonian Mercury, has during the last fortnight, been dry, warm, and genial—just such as the farmers want and wish at this critical season. Saturday, the 16th, was the hottest day which we in this quarter have experienced for many a year. The sun was still and like the breath of heaven. The corn is looking healthy, and the vegetation generally wears a most hopeful and cheering aspect. Calithness.—The weather continues of the most propitious kind for sowing and ripening the crops. The late wet weather has been succeeded by drought and sunshine, and everywhere throughout the country the harvest promises to be early and abundant. We are not in the least in the least alarmed at the damage done to the potatoes by frosts in June is not so extensive as was at one time anticipated. In Dundee the weather during the past fortnight has for the most part been all that could be wished by the most sanguine agriculturist. Heat and drought have been predominant, but the timely showers afforded such relief to the parched soil, as to prevent any material damage from being done to the growing crops. We regret to state that in many places in this district potatoes are very thin; indeed, so much so, that some of the proprietors have ploughed up and rest the drills with other seed. The crop is anticipated to be generally small in size; nevertheless the kinds already in the market are selling at from 8d. to 1s. per stone of 14 lbs. At Glasgow, says the Courier, the crops are still in the enjoyment of beneficial weather, which is rapidly bringing the crops to maturity. Several instances of early shearing continue to be announced but harvest will not be general here for a fortnight or three weeks. Numbers of Irish reapers are already arriving at the Broomfield. The Irish papers would do great service in this respect, by assuring them that our own unemployed male and female operatives in every part of the country, who will of course be preferred by the farmers, will be amply sufficient for the harvest, and that the sheavers who came from Ireland must lay their account to a very different state of things from what they have been accustomed to. We should consider it unjust and unfeeling to send the Irish reapers, and our unemployed workpeople, not to make this known.—Times, Aug. 4.

THE ROYAL MINT.—During the last month the greatest activity has prevailed among the employes at the Royal Mint to supply the Bank of England with the new gold and silver coinage, not only for the metropolitan and branch banks in the manufacturing and agricultural districts, but for export to India, China and the continent. Since the Royal proclamation of the 31 of June on the light gold currency, the Bank has received in 4,000,000, and 3,000,000 sterling of light sovereigns and half-sovereigns (of the reigns of George III. and IV. and William IV.), all of which were placed in the British Museum, as a reserve, and are not to be reissued to the public until the receipt of full weight of the new coinage. There have been eight steam presses daily at work at the Mint, to supply the deficiency this has caused in the gold currency. These machines strike on an average from 60 to 80 per minute, and could they be supplied quick enough with pieces, they could take off at the rate of 120 a minute. The average amount of light gold sent into the Mint to be recoined, about 400,000 per week, in bags of 1,000 ounces each, besides ingots. The great demand that has prevailed in the metropolitan and the country for the silver during the panic having partially subsided in consequence of the quantity of new coinage issued by the Bank to meet the scarcity, the weekly average now struck at the Mint is only from 10,000 to 12,000, so as to make way for the gold. The demand of the provinces for India and China is very great, to supply the military and naval forces carrying on the war in that distant part of the British empire. Since Monday a considerable amount has been sent to the Mint, both of gold and silver, to be coined with all expedition, in anticipation of the news that may arrive from that important seat of our commercial dominions by the overland mail. The following is the amount of the precious metals for India and China issued from the 1st July up to Saturday last, the 30th ult. Sovereigns, 695,350; half-sovereigns, 880,000; half-crown, 125,000; and 750,000 shillings besides 40,000 six-pences. Exports of the precious metals.—Calcutta, 280 ounces of gold; 270,720 ounces of silver coinage, and 177,000 ounces in bars. Bombay, 4,500 ounces silver coinage, and 2,700 in bars. Mauritius, 1,280 ounces in gold, 41,000 ounces silver, and 23,632 ounces in bars. Ceylon, 900 ounces in silver, 136,920 ounces in silver. Lancaster, Van Dieman's Land, 400 ounces. Hamburg, 3,000 ounces silver, and 6,000 ounces in bars. From the 21st of July to the 28th there was exported as follows:—Hamburg, 1,500 ounces of silver in bars; Rotterdam, 23,000 ounces; Calais, 60,000 ounces; Hongkong, 137,054 ounces; Mauritius, 23,632 ounces; in gold, 1,650 ounces; in silver, 136,920 ounces. Cape of Good Hope and Wellington, New Zealand, 32 ounces. There is still a great scarcity of silver on the continent in consequence of France and Prussia having a new coinage about to be struck, but gold is cheaper than in this country, although they chiefly receive their precious metals from the bankers and bullion dealers in the city. In consequence of the request for the gold and silver coinage, the half-farthings, it is expected, will not be issued to the public from the Mint before Christmas. All the old silver coinage of George III. and George IV. paid into the Bank is not reissued for circulation, but will be recoined, being so very deficient in weight and so much defaced by wear and tear. The transfer books for Bank stock at the Bank of England will be shut from the 1st September next till Friday the 14th of October following.

"I suppose it's oats you have up there, major," said he.

"No, indeed," said Bob, looking a little confused.

"Maybe seed-potatoes," said Hennessy.

"No, it's neither," said he.

"Barley, it's likely," cried Nick; "it's a fine dry loft."

"No," said Bob, "it is empty."

"And with that he endeavoured to turn them away and get them back into the house; but old Basset turned back, and fixing his eye upon the door, shook his head as a couple of minutes."

"Well," said he, "for an empty loft it has the finest pair of padlocks I ever looked at. Would there be any objection, major, to our taking a peep into it?"

"None," said Bob; "but I haven't a ladder that long in the place."

"I think this might reach," said Hennessy, as he touched one with his foot that lay close along the wall, partly covered by another of the same kind."

"Just the thing," said Nick; while poor Bob hung down his head and said nothing. With that they raised the ladder and placed it against the door.

"Might I trouble you for the key, Major Mahon," said Hennessy.

"I believe it is mislaid," said Bob, in a kind of sulky way, at which both cringed at each other, as much as to say we have him now."

"You'll not take it amiss then, major, if we break the door," said Nick.

"You may break it, and be hanged," said Bob, as he stuck his hands into his pockets and walked away."

"This will do," cried one of the bailiffs, taking up a big stone, he mounted the ladder, followed by Nick, Hennessy, and the other two.

"It took some time to smash the locks, for they were both strong ones, and all the while Nick and his friend were talking together in great glee, but poor Bob stood by himself against a hay-rick, looking as melancholy as might be. At last the locks gave way and down went the door with a bang. The bailiffs stepped in, and then Nick and the others followed. It took them a couple of minutes to satisfy themselves that the loft was quite empty, but when they came back again to the door what was their surprise to discover that Bob was carrying away the ladder upon this shoulders to a distant part of the yard."

"Holloa, major," cried Basset, "don't forget us up here."

"Devil a fear of that," said Bob, "few that know you ever forget you."

"We are quite satisfied, sir," said Hennessy, "what you said was perfectly correct."

"And why didn't you believe it before, Mr. Hennessy? You see what you have brought upon yourself."

"You are not to leave us up here, sir," cried Hennessy; "will you venture upon false imprisonment?"

"I'd venture on more than that if it were needful; but see now, when you get back don't be pretending that I didn't offer to treat you well—little as you deserved it. I asked you to dinner, and would have given you your skin full of wine afterwards, but you preferred your own dirty calling, and so take the consequences."

"While he was speaking a great cheer was heard, and all the country people came gal