

one whom I took to be a Feejee-man enter my tent, a circumstance so inconsistent with the respect to our prescribed limit, of which I have spoken. His colour, however, struck me as lighter than that of any native I had yet seen. He was a short wrinkled old man, but appeared to possess great vigour and activity. He had a beard that reached to his middle, and but little hair, of a reddish gray colour, on his head. He gave me no time for inquiry, but at once addressed me in broad Irish, with a rich Milesian brogue. In a few minutes he made me acquainted with his story, which, by his own account, was as follows.

His name was Paddy Connel, but the natives called him Berry; he was born in the county of Clare in Ireland; had run away from school when he was a little fellow, and after wandering about as a vagabond, was pressed into the army in the first Irish rebellion. At the time the French landed in Ireland, the regiment to which he was attached marched at once against the enemy, and soon arrived on the field of battle, where they were brought to the charge. The first thing he knew or heard, the drums struck up a White Boys' tune, and his whole regiment went over and joined the French, with the exception of the officers, who had to fly. They were then marched against the British, and were soon defeated by Lord Cornwallis; it was a hard fight, and Paddy found himself among the slain. When he thought the battle was over, and night came on, he crawled off and reached home. He was then taken up and tried for his life, but was acquitted; he was, however, remanded to prison, and busied himself in effecting the escape of some of his comrades. On this being discovered, he was confined in the Black Hole, and soon after sent to Cork, to be put on board a convict-ship bound to New South Wales. When he arrived there, his name was not found on the books of the prisoners, consequently he had been transported by mistake, and was, therefore, set at liberty. He then worked about for several years, and collected a small sum of money, but unfortunately fell into bad company, got drunk, and lost it all. Just about this time Captain Sartori, of the ship *General Wellesley*, arrived at Sydney. Having lost a great part of his crew by sickness and desertion, he desired to procure hands for his ship, which was still at Sandalwood Bay, and obtained thirty-five men, one of whom was Paddy Connel. At the time they were ready to depart, a French privateer, *Le Gloriant*, Captain Dubardieu, put into Sydney, when Captain Sartori engaged a passage for himself and his men to the Feejees. On their way they touched at Norfolk Island, where the ship struck, and damaged her keel so much that they were obliged to