



# Newspaper

No. 80.

THURSDAY, January 29, 1829.

Sixpence.

Printed and Published every THURSDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN SHEA, at his Office opposite the Custom-House, Water-Street, where Advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and carefully attended to. Orders will also be transmitted by Mr. THOMAS FOLEY, Merchant, Harbour-Grace.—ONE GUINEA per annum.

### Notices.

#### LOTTERY

### Oehlschlager & Co.

BEG to inform the Public, that the following Articles will be disposed of, by Lottery, in Shares, at 20s. each.—The articles are of the best manufacture.

No. 1—1 Elegant six Octave Grand Action Pianoforte	50 0 0
2—1 Ditto ditto	40 0 0
3—1 Ditto Mahogany Chest Drawers, with 6 drawers	12 0 0
4—1 Ditto ditto Secretary	9 0 0
5—1 Ditto ditto Chest Drawers	9 0 0
6—1 Ditto ditto ditto	8 0 0
7—1 Ditto ditto Sofa Table	7 5 0
8—1 Ditto Oval Looking Glass (gilt frame)	7 0 0
9—1 Ditto ditto (mahogany frame)	5 10 0
10—1 Ditto Ebony Flute, with 8 silver keys	5 5 0
11—1 Ditto ditto Cupboard	5 0 0
12—1 Ditto ditto	3 10 0
13—1 Ditto ditto	3 10 0
14—1 Ditto Wash-hand Stand	3 10 0
15—1 Ditto Looking Glass (mahogany frame)	3 10 0
16—1 Ditto Card Table	3 0 0
17—1 Ditto Footstool	1 5 0
18—1 Ditto ditto	1 0 0
19—1 Ditto ditto	1 0 0
20—1 Ditto Tea Cabinet	1 0 0
21—1 Ditto ditto	0 15 0

180 Tickets, at 20s. each . . . 180 0 0

The Drawing of our Lottery, which was intended to take place on the 15th instant, will, in consequence of some unforeseen occurrence, be postponed for some time. Notice will be given when the Drawing will take place.

OEHLSCHLAGER & Co.

December 18.

THE Express Packet is now laid up for the winter season, and a suitable boat provided, with an experienced crew, to run between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove, as often as favourable opportunities offer.—Fares will let May.

Housekeepers and Planters . . . 10s.  
Servants and Children . . . 5s.  
Single letters, and packages in proportion, 1s.

Should the communication by water be interrupted at any time during the winter, a Letter-carrier will proceed weekly, weather permitting, from Harbour-Grace to St. John's, by land.

N. B.—The Public will please take notice, that no accounts will be kept for postages or passages.

T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace.

JAMES CLIFT, Agent, St. John's.

January 8.

### To be Let.

For such a number of Years as may be agreed upon, and immediate possession given.

WHAT very neat, compact, and desirable Cottage, North of Fort William, and immediately in the rear of the Hon. Judge BREXON'S residence—containing two Parlours, four Bed-rooms, Servants' apartments, Scullery, Pump-room, Water Closets, an excellent frost-proof Cellar, Out-houses, Stables, &c. &c. with a Garden and a piece of Meadow ground adjoining.

The House is situated in a very pleasant, and airy part of the suburbs, and commands an extensive view of a beautiful part of the surrounding country.

Further particulars may be known, on application to

MICHAEL MEELAN.

### On Sale.

About 6 or 7 tons of prime Upland

## HAY,

FOR SALE, by

January 8. THOMAS HOULTON.

### NEW PORK AND BEEF.

## Wm. & Henry Thomas

HAVE IMPORTED.

In the Brig *Horatio*, from Halifax,

231 Barrels New York prime Pork.

15 Ditto ditto Beef.

Which they offer for Sale, at reduced prices, for cash.

N. B.—The whole of these Provisions are, but a few weeks put up, and can be highly recommended.

December 25.

### NEW PROVISIONS.

Now Landing, from the *Harriet*,

A SMALL CONSIGNMENT OF

SUPERFINE and fine Flour,  
Middlings ditto,  
Indian Corn Meal,  
Beef, in whole and half-barrels,  
Pork,  
Leaf Tobacco, in small bales.

These several articles were shipped at New York last month, and will be found of the first quality, under their different denominations.

Cash, Oil, or Fish will be received in payment.

JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.

November 27.

### PENENDEN HEATH MEETING.

#### MR. SHEIL'S SPEECH.

(Concluded from our last.)

Why, my God! do you ever hear of the Catholic deputies of France or Belgium asking their ghostly fathers how they should vote? Or do the Catholic members of Congress ask the Pope how he would like to have a Popish establishment in the United States? Are they not as good citizens as any other members of the community, and do you ever hear one word about Popery and despotism being established in America? But supposing Catholics had the will, would they have the power to overthrow the constitution? What! some twenty Catholics overwhelm the British House of Commons? But it is suggested that they will aim at the annihilation of the church. Why should they be actuated by any such solicitude, when the church will no longer affect their individual interests, or stand in the way of their ambition? The Presbyterians of Ireland are a powerful body—they have wealth, intelligence, and public spirit, and constitute the Protestant population of the north of Ireland. They have as strong a political nature for distaste towards the establishment as the Catholics, and before they were emancipated (for they have been long since put upon a level with the members of the establishment) it was insisted, especially by Swift, that their equalization would lead to the destruction of the legal religion. The direct contrary has been the result. The Presbyterians are professedly indifferent to the abuses of the establishment, and they care not one jot whether a Lord or a Bishop, whether an absentee from Ireland or from Heaven, has twenty thousand a year at his command. You allege, however, that we Catholics would be anxious to raise our church upon the ruins of yours, to strip your clergy of tithes, and to possess themselves of the gorgeous opulence of an anti-apostolic and anti-scriptural establishment. Never was there a more unfounded imputation. The whole body of the Irish Catholics look upon a wealthy priesthood with abhorrence. They not only do not desire that their bishops should be invested with pontifical gorgeousness and prelatic pomp, but when a bill was introduced in order to make a small, and no more than a decent provision for the Catholic clergy, did they not themselves repudiate the offer, and pre-

fer their honourable poverty, and the affections of the people, to the directions of the crown. And how did the people act? Although a provision for the priesthood would relieve them from a burthen, did they not deprecate their adulterous connexion with power? The Catholics of Ireland well know that if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the establishment, they would become a corrupt and profligate corporation of lazy churchmen, bloated with insulance, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives and persons a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and poverty of which they are now as well the practitioners as the teachers. They well know that in place of being the pious, active, and indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, in place of being their consolars in affliction, their resourcers in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, the trustees of their interests, their visitors in sickness, and their companions in their beds of death, they would be a ruin, supercilious, reckless, heartless troop of abandoned profligates, equally insolent to the humble, and sycophantic to the great; flatterers at the noble's table, and grinders in the poor man's hovel—rapacious in extortion, slaves in politics, and tyrants in demeanour, who from the porticos of palaces would give their instructions in humility—who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons in temperance—who from untried chariots would pronounce imjunctions against pride and pomp, and from the primrose path of dalliance, would point to the steep and thorny way to Heaven. The Catholics of Ireland well know that this would be the character of their priesthood, if their church was ever raised on the ruins of the establishment, and monstrous as the opulence of that establishment now is, they would rather behold the wealth of Protestant Bishops increased tenfold; and another million of acres added to their episcopal territories, than behold their pure and simple priesthood degraded from their poverty into opulence, and sunk from their noble humility to that dishonourable and anti-Catholic ostentation, which, if it were once established, would be sure to characterize their church. Englishmen, I speak the sentiments of the whole body of my countrymen when I speak this, and I pledge myself whatever weight and influence I have in the body to which I belong, when I solemnly and emphatically reiterate my assertion that there is nothing which the Roman Catholic body would regard with more abhorrence, than the progress of the enormous and corrupting revenues of the establishment to a clergy who owe their virtues to their poverty, and the attachment of the people to their dignified dependence upon the people for their support. Protestants, I should have done, and yet before I retire from your presence, indulge me so far as to permit me to press one remaining topic upon you. I have endeavoured to show you that you have mistaken the character and political principles of my religion. I have endeavoured to make you sensible of the miserable condition of my country—to impress upon you the failure of all the means which have been hitherto tried to tranquillize this unhappy country; and the necessity of adopting some expedient to alleviate its evils. I have dwelt upon the concurrence of great authorities in favour of concession; the little danger that is to be apprehended from that concession; and the great benefit which would arise from the establishment (to use an expression of the Duke of Wellington) of religious peace in Ireland; I might enlarge upon those benefits, and show you that where factions were, when the substantial causes of animosity were removed, the fierce passions which agitate the country would be laid at rest. English animosity would, in all likelihood, flow in and fertilize Ireland; English habits would gradually arise; a confidence in the administration of justice would grow up; the people, instead of appealing to arms for redress, would look to the public tribunals as the only arbiters of right. The obstacles which now stand in the way of education would be removed—the fierceness of polemics would be superseded by that charity which a Christian extends to his fellow man—a reciprocal sentiment of kindness would take place between the islands—a real union, not depending upon acts of Parliament, but upon mutual interest and affection, would be permanently established; the empire would be consolidated, and all danger from the enemies of Great Britain would disappear for ever. I might also point out to you, what is obvious enough, that if Ireland be allowed to remain as it now is, at no distant period the natural foes of Great Britain may make that unfortunate country the field for some tremendous speculation, and may draw a picture of the dreadful consequences which

would arise, if an enormous population were to be roused into a concurrent and simultaneous movement. But I forbear from pressing such considerations upon you, because I had much rather rely upon your own magnanimity and lofty mindedness; than upon any ground of possible evil, and ostensible contingency. I therefore do put it to you, that independently of every consideration of expediency it is unworthy of you to persevere in a system of practical religious intolerance, which Roman Catholic states, who told out to you a fine example in this regard at least, have abandoned. I have heard it said that the Catholic religion is a persecuting religion—to be sure it was, and so was every other religion that was ever invested with authority. I might retort on you the charge of persecution—I might remind you that the early reformers, who set up a claim to liberty of conscience for themselves, did not indulge any others in a similar luxury. I might tell you that Calvin, having obtained a theological masterdom in Geneva, set fire to the faggots to which Servetus was bound, and offered up his screams and groans as a sacrifice to that peculiar orthodoxy, of which he was the founder. I might tell you, that even your own Cromwell, who was himself a martyr, had first inflicted what he afterwards suffered, and that this father of your church had, even in the reign of Edward VI, accelerated the progress of heresies to immortality, and sent them through fire to heaven. But I will not adopt this course of discrimination. The truth is that both parties have, in the paroxysms of religious persecution, committed the most execrable atrocities; and it might be difficult, if their misdeeds were to be weighed, to adjust the balance of atrocity between them. But both Catholics and Protestants have changed, and with the situation of time, we ourselves have undergone a salutary reformation. In the streets where the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, the Huguenot walks in friendship with the Catholic, and even in Rome itself, the simple ceremonies of your religion are undisturbed by Papal intrusions. Through the whole continent religious distinctions have begun to vanish, and freedom of conscience is almost universally established. How does it happen that England should be almost the only country where religious distinctions are maintained? Protestants who accuse the Catholic religion of intolerance, compare the conduct of Roman Catholics with your own. In France, where the religion of the state is that of Rome, all men are admissible to power, and no sort of sectarian distinction is instituted by the law. The third article of the French Magna Charta provides that the Catholic religion shall be the established one, but that every French citizen, no matter of what denomination, shall be capable of holding every office in the state. The Chamber of Deputies is filled with Protestants who are selected by Roman Catholics, and Protestants have held places in the Cabinet of France. You charge our religion with intolerance. Encounter these notorious facts if you can. Look to other Catholic states, as Hungary, in the year 1791, Protestants were placed by a Roman Catholic government on a perfect level with their fellow citizens. In Catholic Bavaria the same principle of toleration was adopted. That the Catholics of Europe have given you a splendid example, and while they have retained the impulsion of intolerance, have held out to you a practical reproach. Away, then, with the charge that my religion is the patroness of oppression, and a way with the impulsion of toleration and philosophical Christianity, in which you ever vanishingly indulge. You are behind almost every nation in Europe. Protestant Prussia has emancipated her Catholic subjects, and Silesia is free. In Germany the churches are used indiscriminately by Protestants and Catholics—the Lutheran service, in a happy succession, follows the Catholic mass; according to Luther, a Catholic converted follows Lutheran service. Hanover itself, which England owes an obligation to, Protestant Hanover has made a proclamation of religious liberty, and the Hanoverian Catholic is free, and still the Irish Catholic remains the branded and degraded wretch which your pontifical law have made him; while the Hanoverian Catholic stands before his deity with our relation? Is this just dealing towards the Irish? and how can our gracious Sovereign reconcile the tears which he gave to Ireland with Irish oppression and with Hanoverian liberality? How can your reconcile with your own magnanimity this hard and cruel treatment of my unhappy country? And how can you consent to Hanoverian emancipation, and to the perfecting of Irish freedom? Will you, then, you intend such glaring examples before you, that

Yourselves to offer up a wanton invocation to the legislature to rivet the fetters of your Catholic fellow-citizens? Englishmen, do not undertake so ungenerous an office. I do not call on you to petition for my liberty, but I implore you not to raise your arms against it. This is all that I ask. Leave the legislature in the uncontrolled exercise of its discretion, and do not tell the Parliament that the fetters of your fellow-citizens must be more strongly bolted. On behalf of my country, on behalf of unfortunate Ireland, I conjure, I supplicate you, not to interfere for the low-hearted purposes of oppression, it is ungenerous, it is almost unmanly, it is unworthy of you. Men of Kent, you have never been conquered—yet you shall be conquered to-day, but the victory shall be obtained over yourselves. Conquer your prejudices, obtain a mastery over your antipathies, be victors of your passions, vanquish your animosities, and put your antipathies to flight. Conquer yourselves—and conquer us. This—is the way to subdue us—this is the way to obtain an empire over our affections, to fill us with gratitude, and to make our hearts your own. Let me go back to Ireland with the power to say that Englishmen and Protestants, with all their prejudices, both natural and sectarian, allowed their eyes to be opened to the calamities of Ireland, and when they saw them, had compassion on us.

During Mr. Sheil's speech the greatest confusion prevailed. He entreated the meeting to hear his defence to the statements that had been made against the Roman Catholics of Ireland. (Hisses, hooting—"turn him off—go home to your butter-milk," and the like, were thickly interspersed throughout his speech, with frequent applause from all parts of the circle.)

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I have seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great, though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this, I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O'Shanter*. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary smirch of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears.—His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Braw-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the address nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused him to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy.

Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was, therefore, much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land, among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death, his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was "fry," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him."

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) January 29, 1829.

We have devoted a considerable portion of this, and last Thursday's, impression to the full-length report of Mr. SHEIL's justly celebrated speech at the Meeting of the Brunswickers in Kent, held for the purpose of perpetuating the political slavery of their fellow-subjects in Ireland, and of continuing the discussions which unfortunately prevail there. Mr. SHEIL, not content with serving his country in Ireland—and not satisfied with exposing there the persecutions and miseries to which she is subject, proceeded to England to detail, on Penenden Heath, the griev-

ances and injustice to which that beautiful but unhappy country is a prey, and to defend the principles of that religion which the great majority of her people profess, and for which they are condemned to ignominy and degradation. We leave our readers to judge how well he has discharged the duty he imposed upon himself. We are sure his speech will be read, with feelings of delight and admiration, by every friend to religious peace and freedom of conscience. It cannot be too often impressed upon the minds of the many, still impervious to liberal and unprejudiced impressions, that the Catholics are only seeking to obtain that which is the birth-right of every British subject—namely, religious freedom, or, in other words, to be allowed to worship God, according to the doctrines of that religion which his conscience tells him is the best—a principle which has, for the last half century, been so ably, and so strenuously advocated, by the most profound and eminent statesmen that ever adorned the councils of the Empire. We refer to the speech before us, as a triumphant refutation of the many idle charges that are generally brought against Roman Catholics; and, we feel confident, that the most fastidious bigot for the continuance of the system of exclusion, will find it impossible, by any just or substantial reasoning, to dislodge Mr. SHEIL from any one of the lofty positions he has taken up, in defence of his country and his creed.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

The sons of Scotia, and admirers of ROBERT BURNS, the Prince of Scottish poets, celebrated the anniversary of his natal day by dining together at the Missea Ward's hotel, on Monday evening last.—The entertainment was of the very best description, and was served up with that elegance and profusion for which the Ladies of this hotel are so celebrated.—At 6 o'clock upwards of 80 Gentlemen sat down to dinner, Capt. BUCHAN, R.N., in the chair, with JOHN BOYD, Esq., acting as Vice President.—After the removal of the cloth, the following toasts were given from the chair—the Band of His Excellency the Governor, which attended, by permission of His Excellency, playing the appropriate airs to each—to which the good feeling and harmony that prevailed, gave additional zest:—

The King.—God bless him; and long spare him to his devoted people.—Four times four.—*God save the King.*

The Chairman then rose, and having pronounced an eulogium upon the character and genius of Burns, who shed such a lustre upon the land that had the honour of giving him birth, concluded by proposing

The never-dying memory of Burns; may the genuine spirit of patriotism which glowed in his soul, and breathed in his lays, never cease to animate the spirits of his countrymen.—(Drank standing, and in solemn silence.)—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

His Excellency Sir Thomas Cochrane, our beloved Governor; may he never less deserve the affections of the people of Newfoundland, or the people his care.—Three times three.—*There's nae luck about the house.*

The Navy and Army.—Three times three.—*Rule Britannia.*

Lieut. Bishop, R.N., begged to thank the company for the honour done to the Navy. In those piping times of peace, they had little else to offer than the expression of their thanks; but he hoped they would yet live to see the day, when the sons of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, would be enabled to give more substantial proofs of their gratitude and attachment to their country. (Loud cheers.) He would before he sat down, propose the health of their excellent Chairman, whom he was sure they all respected and loved.

Capt. Buchan.—Three times three; and continued cheering.—*Logic o' Buchan.*

Capt. Buchan thanked the company most cordially for the manner in which they had received his health, as also for the kind manner in which it had been proposed, particularly as he was sensible that it was their friendly disposition towards him, rather than any merit of his own that called forth such a flattering testimony of their regard; but it would always be the dearest wish of his heart, to deserve the approbation and esteem of his fellow-countrymen and citizens. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The memory of Ramsay, Ferguson, and the departed Bards of Scotland.—(In silence.)—*Auld lang syne.*

The memory of Lord Byron; which will be cherished by every admirer of genius, whilst our language exists.—(In silence.)—*Tyrolese song of liberty.*

Our illustrious countrymen and contemporary bards—Campbell and Scott—and the minstrelsy of our native land.—Three times three.—*Flowers of Edinburgh.*

Wordsworth, and the living Poets of England.—Three times three.—*Hearts of Oak.*

Anacreon Moore; the enlivening and the spirit-stirring master of Irish song.—Three times three.—*Patrick's Day.*

Our Native Land—the land o' cakes; may time nor distance never diminish our love or attachment.

—Three times three.—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*

The Land we live in.—Three times three.—*Home, sweet Home.*

The circle of our Female acquaintance.—Three times three.—*Green grow the Rushes O!*

Mr. John Shea tendered the acceptance of his thanks and gratitude for the compliment which had been so enthusiastically paid to the "Fair Daughters," of whom he felt so justly proud; and, before he sat down, craved permission to propose a toast, to which he was sure their hearts would beat responsive; he gave

The Daughters of Caledonia, with nine times nine.

"Scotia's hills and Scotia's streams,  
Hae been the burthen o' many a sang;  
But brighter far, and bonnier themes,  
Are the lassies that wander those scenes among."  
[Tune—*Jessie o' Dunblane.*]

Mr. M'Lea rose, and, in a most fervid strain, acknowledged the compliment conferred upon his countrywomen, and concluded by proposing

The Benevolent Irish Society of St. John's.—*The Beggar Girl.*

Mr. John Shea apologized for again obtruding himself upon the notice of the company, but said, that, in the absence of Mr. Hogsett, Vice President of the Benevolent Irish Society, as one of the officers of that Institution, the duty of returning thanks—a painful one, certainly, because he was conscious of his inadequacy to do justice to it—devolved upon him; he trusted they would, however, take the will for the deed. The Benevolent Irish Society had attained to the proud station which it now held in the community, cheered on and encouraged, as it had been, by their countenance and support; and he fondly hoped that, in its future career, by pursuing that line of conduct which had called forth their unanimous approbation, it would also be distinguished by a continuance of the same favours. In the name of the Benevolent Irish Society, he most sincerely thanked the company, and begged to propose the health of the Gentlemen who had so ably, and so efficiently, filled the Vice President's chair, during the festivities of the evening: he gave

The Vice President, Mr. Boyd.—Three times three; and great applause.—*Rub Roy Mac Gregor.*

Mr. Boyd rose and said—Mr. President and Gentlemen, in rising to thank you, which I most sincerely do, for the honour you have conferred on me, by drinking to my health, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of expressing my heartfelt satisfaction at seeing around me so many valued friends, with whom, on many former occasions, I have spent happy, very happy hours;—and, when I bring to mind, the many times and oft I have sat here at the festive board of my friends of other countries, like true patriots, keeping alive the revered memory of their national and guardian patrons, a deep feeling of regret steals over me, at the recollection of the time that has elapsed since the sons of Scotia gave similar proofs of their nationality.

The present meeting, Gentlemen, if it cannot be called a national one, certainly approaches the very nearest of any to it. We are met to cherish the memory of our country's best bard—a bard which Scotland will ever proudly boast of having given birth to; and, I am sure there is not one of my countrymen who now hears me, but will, while they join me in regret that the sons of St. Andrew have been so long without the pleasure of meeting their friends, mingle in the hope, that in this night there is a redeeming hour, which the admiring countrymen of the immortal Burns will rapturously seize, to show they are deserving the name, as they uphold the character of true Scotsmen—and that, although in numbers in this community, we may fall short of the sons of St. George, or St. Patrick, our little band will endeavour this night, to keep pace with their friends in patriotism, hospitality, and good humour.

Gentlemen, the object of our meeting being to commemorate the return of our bard's natal day, carries with it, I hope, its own excuse, if, in the overflowing of feeling, we should express ourselves warmly in his praise; for we may justly be proud of claiming him as a countryman, whom the world acknowledges to have been a poet of the first rank—an ornament to any country; whose works, whether for their sublimity in idea, or their beauty of expression, equally entitles him to our deepest veneration and regard. Were our national and talented bards of the present day, now to hear me—Campbell, with his delightful "Pleasures of Hope," and Scott, with his pleasing "Lay of the last Minstrel," or, not less bold than beautiful, "Marmion," they would lay claim to no pre-eminence for their effusions over the "artless strains" and "wood notes wild" of their departed brother. Moore, that enlivening Melodist, and deservedly favourite of Ireland, has borne testimony to the transcendent genius of Burns—whilst the bards of Old England have not withheld from his poetic worth, their meed of praise.

# THE NEWFOUNDLANDER.

Gentlemen, I have no experience in public speaking; you will, therefore, I hope, as my friend Mr. Carson has just requested, take the will for the deed, and excuse me from further occupying the precious moments of this evening, than by proposing a toast, in which, I have little doubt, you will cordially join. Mr. President, I offer as a bumper toast—

The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, may they ever flourish and together entwine.—*Britons strike home.*  
Civil and Religious Liberty all over the globe.—*Three times three.—If the Kirk wad let me be.*

Our respected Guests; may we never less socially entertain them.—*Three times three.—Sorry to part.*

Mr. T. Holdsworth Brooking was here loudly called for.—Mr. B. said, he rose in obedience to the voice of his numerous kind friends, whom he had the happiness to see around him. He observed, that being placed in the prominent situation which he had then the honour to fill, he would, in the first place, most cordially thank the company for himself; next, for those friends who so kindly encouraged him. He said he liked meetings of this description, (*loud cheers*) because he was persuaded that they must ever promote much and essential benefit to society, generally; for, while they cherished that fine feeling which has invariably animated the sons of Scotia, they were not less useful as an example to those of others, belonging to our common country, in keeping alive the true spirit of patriotism for which Scotchmen are so justly famed. (*Cheers*) He had the satisfaction to observe, that John Bull, too, in the hour of need, was ever among the foremost in rallying round that beautiful standard—the tree of liberty, which the poet Burns always nurtured; and he was happy in being enabled to assert, that his own countrymen were alike zealous in sustaining the same cause. He hoped that the sons of the Thistle, the Shamrock, and the Rose, would ever unite in supporting the great standard of constitutional freedom. He (Mr. B.) was not apt in quoting Burns; but, in the language of a favourite poet of his own nation, which he would cite in compliment to the Scottish bard, he would exclaim—

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

Mr. Brooking concluded, amid loud cheering, by proposing the health of

The Stewards—to whom we are so much indebted for the pleasures of the evening.—(*Drank with three times three.*)

Here there was a general call for Mr. Sinclair, who rose and said—

In the name of the Stewards and myself, I rise to return our united and sincere thanks for the honour just now conferred on us. It is at all times pleasing and satisfactory to have such an expression of the sense entertained of our services in any cause; but, in such a one as the present, we feel it doubly; and if we were fortunate enough to gain your approbation on this occasion, I hope that on the next, or similar one, if we are called upon to perform the like office, we shall acquit ourselves with equal credit; and I am certain, there is not one amongst us that would not join, heart and hand, in paying that tribute of respect, which is so justly due to the memory of our immortal Bard—therefore "be ours this night, who knows what comes to-morrow."—I now beg to propose a toast, which I am certain will be done justice to by every one present. We are much indebted to Capt. Bruce, for the very kind and handsome manner in which he acted, when application was made, through him, for the use of His Excellency the Governor's band, which was so readily granted.—Favours of this kind must not soon be forgotten, I therefore propose

The health of Captain Bruce, Colonial Secretary, in a bumper, with three times three.—(*Drank with great cheering.*)—*The Exile of Erin.*

Absent Friends; not less remembered because they are so.—*Three times three.—Herc's health to them that's awa.*

Several other toasts and select songs were given, during the evening, by different members, and the hilarity was prolonged, by a few of the prime ones, to an early hour next morning, when the company separated, after having enjoyed as happy and agreeable an evening as good company, a good dinner, the choicest wines, and a quantum sufficit of *Farintosh*, could be expected to produce.

The Committee appointed at the Public Meeting of the 18th December last, to prepare and forward a Petition to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, having presented the Petition to His Excellency the Governor, who has been pleased to forward it to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State, beg leave to lay before the public the result of their labours.

W. CARSON.  
W. THOMAS.  
J. BLACK.  
G. LILLY.  
J. BOYD.  
P. DOYLE.

To the Right Hon. Sir GEO. MURRAY, G. C. B.,  
Principal Secretary of State for the Colonial  
Department, &c. &c.

Sir,  
A public meeting of the inhabitants of this town and places adjacent having been called by the High Sheriff, at the requisition of several respectable inhabitants of this town, with a view to ascertain the public opinion on the expediency of petitioning His Majesty to grant a Local Legislature to this Island; which meeting, having the High Sheriff as its Chairman, was, as usual, and respectfully attended; it was resolved, "That a Petition be prepared and forwarded to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that His Majesty's Government concede to Newfoundland a Constitutional Legislative Government."

After so decided an expression of the public feeling on this most important subject, we, the Inhabitants of the Town of St. John's, in the Island of Newfoundland, beg leave most respectfully to approach you, Sir, and to request that you will be pleased to recommend to His Most Gracious Majesty to grant to His ancient and loyal Colony of Newfoundland, those legislative rights and privileges, which have proved a source of prosperity and happiness to our neighbouring Colonies, and which cannot fail, under good management, to prove a blessing to this country, and to conduce most materially to the improvement of its trade, its fisheries, and its agriculture; and, above all, to the improvement of the moral condition of its Inhabitants.

To induce you, Sir, the more readily to recommend this measure to His Majesty's notice, we beg leave to assure you that the altered and increased state of the Trade of this Island, within the last twenty years, is such as to command the attention of His Majesty's Government; that we are now in a condition superior to most of His Majesty's Colonies, if not to all of them, at the time when His Majesty was pleased to grant to them Legislative Governments; and that we are in a condition equal to the management of our internal affairs, and to the discharge of Legislative duties.

To prove this, we have only to call your attention to our extensive commerce with various parts of the world; we receive annually to this Island 750 vessels from foreign ports, bringing with them an import of at least 600,000*l.* value, whilst our annual exports are—

- 830,000 Quintals Cod Fish,
- 340,000 Seal Skins,
- 9,000 Tuns Oil and Blubber,
- 4,900 Casks of Salmon, Herrings, and Mackerel,
- 637 Beaver Skins,
- 4,000 Other Skins and Furs.

In addition to the quantity of Fish annually consumed by the Inhabitants of the Colony, which cannot be less than 150,000 Quintals. There are also above 400 registered vessels owned in the Island, and employed exclusively in its Fisheries and Coasting Trade. The population of the Island is stated by the last census to be about 60,000, though we are decidedly of opinion it considerably exceeds that number; and we beg leave to ask you, Sir, which of His Majesty's Colonies could exhibit so large a trade in proportion to its population at the time legislative authorities were ceded to them by His Majesty?

That the resources of this Colony would be equal to its requisite and well regulated provincial expenditure, there can be no doubt, when we see other Colonies belonging to His Majesty insignificant, even at this moment, in commerce or importance, when compared with this Island, cheerfully bearing the burthens of a Local Legislature, and improving in wealth and morals under its healthful influence.

We therefore pray that you will be pleased to recommend to His Majesty to concede to his loyal and devoted subjects in Newfoundland a Constitutional Legislative Government, similar to our Sister Colonies, and as much as circumstances will permit in accordance with the principles of the British Constitution.

We have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient, humble Servants,  
[Signed by about 530 persons.]

The above Petition, signed by above 530 persons, was forwarded to His Excellency the Governor, with the following letter:—

To His Excellency Sir THOMAS J. COCHRANE,  
Knight, Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies, Vice Admiral of the same, &c. &c.  
MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of St. John's and neighbourhood, convened at the Court House, by the High Sheriff, it was unanimously resolved,—

"That a Petition be prepared and forwarded to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that His Majesty's Government concede to Newfoundland a Constitutional Legislative Government; and we were appointed a Committee to carry into effect this resolution.

In conformity with our delegation, we have prepared a Petition, numerously and respectfully signed, which we pray your Excellency will be pleased to forward to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

We cannot help feeling the fullest confidence, from the interest which your Excellency has uniformly manifested for the improvement of Newfoundland and the happiness of the people, that you will give the prayer of so many respectable and loyal subjects of our Most Gracious Sovereign, your Excellency's warmest recommendation, and cordially your most

influential support, and for which we anxiously and earnestly pray.

We have the honour to be,  
Your Excellency's  
Most obedient and humble Servants,  
(Signed) W. CARSON,  
W. THOMAS,  
JOHN BLACK,  
GEORGE LILLY,  
JOHN BOYD,  
JOHN DUNSCOMB,  
PATRICK DOYLE.

St. John's, Newfoundland,  
8th January, 1829.

To which the Committee have received the following Reply:—

St. John's, Newfoundland,  
8th January, 1829.

GENTLEMEN,  
I am directed by the Governor, in reply to your letter of this day, to acquaint you that His Excellency has availed himself of the earliest opportunity of transmitting the Petition that accompanied it to His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies.

His Excellency further desires me to assure you, that on being furnished with the detail of the manner in which it is proposed the measure you petition for is to be carried into effect, he will give it that earnest consideration, a subject so seriously affecting the happiness of the community at large, demands; and whenever His Majesty's Government shall think fit to call for his sentiments upon the prayer of the Petition, His Excellency begs you will be fully persuaded that his opinions will be formed under a deep sense of the calamitous consequences that a wrong conclusion may produce; and that they will be uninfluenced by any other consideration than what shall appear to him to be for the real and permanent happiness and prosperity of all classes of the inhabitants of this Government.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,  
Your most obedient servant,  
W. H. BRUCE, Secretary.  
To WM. CARSON, Esq., and the Gentlemen composing the Committee, &c. &c.

## Sale at Auction.

**THIS DAY,**  
AND FOLLOWING DAYS,

At 12 o'clock,

AT THE RESIDENCE OF

**MR. BUSTEED,**

His Household Furniture,

Consisting of

SILVER Table, Dessert, Tea, Gravy, Salt, and Mustard Spoons; Dinner, Dessert, and Pickle Forks; Butter and Fish Knives; Soup, Butler, and Sugar Ladles, and Sugar Tongs; Plated, Embossed, and Silver Edged Branches and Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays; an Espergne, containing 5 Cut Glass Dishes, or Sockets for Candles; Salver, Cake Basket, Coasters, and Egg Stand, with Cups and Spoons; Plated Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, and Cream Jug, Nut Crackers; Salad Fork, Cruet Stand, Cheese Scoop, Skewers, Marrow Spoon, Knife Rests, &c.

Paper Mache Trays and Waiters, Japaned Tea and Coffee Urns, Plate Warmer, Trays and Waiters, Bed-Chamber Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays, Bread and Knife Trays, Suspension and Side Board Lamps, a Hall Lamp, Parlour and Drawing Room Fire Irons and Brass Pierced Fenders, Bed Chamber Fenders and Fire Irons, Brass Stair Rods and Eyes for narrow and yard-wide Carpeting, Brass Pins and Bands for Window Curtains, Bell Ropes, Drawing Room Bellowses, Reading Screens, Patent Cork-screws, Sugar Nippers, (on a Mahogany Stand), and Plain Tea Caddies, Pictures, Backgammon and Chess Boards and Men, Chimney Ornaments, Chimney and Pier Glasses; Cut and plain Wine Glasses and Tumblers, Decanters, Charet and Water Jugs, Champagne, Hoek, Ale, Liqueur, Jelly, Custard and Finger Glasses, Salts, Blue Dinner and other Ware, Evening China, Glass Bowls, &c. Ivory handled Carving, Dinner and Dessert Knives and Forks, Sea-horse tooth-handled ditto ditto.

A set of Mahogany Dining Tables, 103 feet by 4 feet 3 inches; a set of Convivial Tables, for placing round the fire, and convertible into Dining Tables, 9 feet by 3 feet, and into Breakfast, Card, Work, and Dressing Tables; Pembroke and other Mahogany and Deal Tables; a Four-post Carved and French-polished Mahogany Bedstead, 6 feet by 6, and 9 feet high, with Moreen Hangings, Mattresses and Pilliasses; Mahogany and other Tent Bedsteads, with Hangings; Mahogany Side Board, Sofa, Lounger, Chairs, Tray, Chests of Drawers, &c. &c. Cane Bottom Chairs; a French polished Rosewood 6 Octave Grand Cabinet Piano, by WILLIAMS, Patentee Maker to the Royal Family; a Square Piano; Brussels, Venetian and Kidderminster Carpeting; Hearth Rugs, Window Curtains, Feather Beds, Pilliasses and Mattresses, and Bedding, &c. &c.

A variety of Kitchen Furniture; Dish Covers, Wind-up Roasting Jack, complete; Fountain, Fender and Fire Irons, Scoop, Dresser, and Plate Drainer, a Bottle Drainer, and several dozens of Empty Bottles, some Coals, Potatoes, &c. &c.

A Credit, on approved security, will be given to the 20th May, to purchasers of 30*l.* and upwards, and to the 20th October, of 60*l.* and upwards.

JAMES CEIT,  
Auctioneer.

## Sale at Auction.

**THIS DAY,**

At 12 o'clock,

ON THE PREMISES,

WILL BE SOLD,

ALL the late PATRICK MYHAN'S right title, and interest in a small Farm, containing about 3 Acres, situate on the North side of the road leading to Waterford Bridge, on which there is a House, and a large heap of Manure.

The Farm is held under a Grant from Government, dated in May 1822, subject to an annual rent of 8*l.* 6*d.* Sterling, and renewable at the expiration of every 30 years, on the payment of a small fine.

(By order of the Administratrix to the Estate of the late Patrick Myhan)

HENRY SHEA,  
Auctioneer.

January 29.

## Notice.

**FIRE WOOD,**

For the use of the Troops in Garrison at this place.

150 CORDS of Fir FIRE WOOD, of Merchantable quality, and to be delivered on or before the 24th June next, at the Fuel-yard, as under:—

Fort William . . . . . 100 Cords,  
Fort Townshend . . . . . 50 ditto.

The Cord of Wood to be composed of the length, breadth, and height, usually furnished to Government, and to be piled in the above yards, by the Contractor, four Cords high, if required, and measured in the said piles.

Tenders, in triplicate, stating the price in Sterling money, addressed to the Subscriber, for any part of the above, (not less than 20 cords) will be received at this Office, until SATURDAY, the 31st instant, at noon—marked on the envelope, "Tenders for Fire Wood."

Payment will be made in British Silver money, or in Dollars at 4*s.* 4*d.* Sterling, each, at the option of the principal Commissariat Officer; and security will be required for the due performance of the contract.

C. W. BEVERLEY,  
Commissariat Office, St. John's,  
14th January, 1829.

## To Builders and others.

PERSONS willing to contract for the Building a COTTAGE in the Garden adjoining the Attorney-General's in Gower-street, are requested to call at the House of the Subscriber, where a Plan, and Specification of the work to be done, may be seen.

NEWMAN W. HOYLES.

January 29.

ALL Persons having Demands against the Estate of PATRICK MYHAN, late of this Town, deceased, are requested to send in the particulars thereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to pay over the same to

MARY MYHAN,  
Administratrix.

January 22.

## A Female Servant

OF industrious, domestic habits, who understands plain cookery, will bear of a situation on application at the Office of this Paper.

January 22.

## On Sale.

BY  
**HUNTERS & Co.**

SUPERFINE and middlings Flour,  
Oatmeal, in barrels,  
Indian Corn, in ditto,  
Pearl Barley, in kegs,  
New-York Pork, in barrels,  
Hamburg Bread, in bags,  
Quebec ditto, in bulk,  
First quality Irish Butter,  
Ditto ditto Hamburg ditto,  
Teneriffe Wine, in pipes,  
Bronte Madeira ditto, in hogsheads,  
A few dozen superior St. Perry Wine, equal to Champagne,  
Ditto ditto Claret Wine,  
Hawsons from 4 to 6-inch,  
Powder and Shot,  
Flat Canvass,  
No. ditto, from No. 1 to 7,  
Negrohead Tobacco, in kegs,  
Superior Souchong Tea.

January 22.

## PATRICK MORRIS

OFFERS FOR SALE,  
30 Cases Printed

**COTTONS,**

Each containing 50 pieces;  
WHICH WILL BE SOLD,

On very low terms to wholesale purchasers.



Poets' Corner.

SONG—THE BARD OF AYR.

Air—Erin go Bragh.

No more, lovely Ayr! shall thy stream sweetly murmur,  
Respond to the soft breathing lyre of thy Burns.  
For in death's silent chambers, thy loved bard lies slumbering;  
To that dark limit gone, whence no traveller returns.  
But though mute be the pipe, which the sweet minstrel sounded,  
Its notes, to his fame, hath so loudly resounded,  
That his name, by a halo of glory surrounded,  
Now proudly doth float on the breath of applause!

Though no more through thy deep shaded plantations wanders,  
Though thy rich verdured banks, he'll ne'er visit again;  
Still thy woods oft shall ring to his sweet thrilling numbers,  
And thy bold furtive rocks shall re-echo the strain:  
For his lays, gem'd with thoughts of ennobling transcendence,  
Adorned by the lustre of wit's bright splendence,  
And breathing the spirit of pure independence,  
Shall for aye be admired—shall forever be sung!

To thy bard Scotia turns with a heart-felt devotion,  
For the feelings and thoughts which he breathed are her own,  
And the breaths of her sons ever glow with emotion,  
As delighted they list to his soul-stirring song.  
His memory—his worth—and his works she will cherish,  
And so fondly the feelings they 'wake she'll nourish,  
That perennially fresh shall the green laurel flourish,  
Which she gratefully wreathed round the brow of her Burns!

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

A Wedding at School.

What a pity that a story—an old soldier's especially—should ever require a beginning!—that it could not, like some general actions—and those not the least important I have been engaged in—be irregularly brought on, by a random shot from some unknown quarter, or some chance medley sort of encounter between raw troops,—and thus the hero, heroine, and all the corps d'armee, comfortably enveloped in one cloud of smoke—whether from powder or cigars, signifies little—be brought at once into close quarters with each other, and the reader!

I never disliked fighting. I believe no Briton in his heart does; at least while he is about it, whatever cooler reflection may dictate when the heat of action is over: but, next to the chill discomfort of standing under arms for hours of grey twilight, waiting for an enemy, too wise or too wary to give you an opportunity of doing anything—is the nervous feeling of sitting on a rainy day, when nothing in earth or sky seems dry but one's own brain—with a formidable quire of paper drawn up before one—meditating a beginning to a Tale.

I got over that part of the business, I thank my stars, before I sat down; so now I have only to beg the reader to suppose me, first, a spoilt urchin of an only boy—next, a roguish, unlucky school-boy, with just nous enough to keep him from being a dunce, and idleness in abundance to keep him from being a scholar,—then, a raw ensign, in love with nothing but his own coat and feathers,—then, for a long period, a busy, war-worn soldier, with no leisure for any mistress but Glory, (and a devilish coy one she was to British woovers; in all at once, like other coquettes, she opened her arms the wider for her previous disdain,)—and, lastly, for my story I promised begins in the middle—a major of some four-and-thirty years' experience in the world, with a few scattered grey hairs on his temples, and, for the first time in his life, leisure as well as inclination to be in love.

I suppose it was this very leisure and opportunity that, with the usual waywardness of man, prevented my availing myself of either. I was quartered in a succession of garrisons, bustling towns, full of beauty and fashion, and all the *et ceteras* of the newspaper vocabulary. In vain I attended balls—dined, danced, though I confess neither with the spirit nor good grace of an absolute volunteer—flirted—for what Irishman could live in an atmosphere of youth and beauty, without indulging in that species of lively chit-chat, which a good-natured world styles flirtation—but it would not all do. I remained like a perfect salamander, if not unscathed, at least unscorched, and began to fancy my heart had been changed like the babes of an Irish nursery tale, by some fairy, and a cannon ball substituted in its place. Yet it went thumping as usual when I saw any dashing affair in the Gazette, and grew soft as a frosted potato when any old soldier's wife came whining with a cock-and-bull story of distress; but in love I could not manage to be, and it was very provoking to one who literally had nothing else to do.

Had the same favourable combination of circumstances occurred ten years sooner, there would, I dare say, have been no difficulty; but a man past thirty has his wits terribly about him; and, as the most fluent writer has sometimes all his ideas put to flight by the sound of the postman's bill,—the sight of a stray grey hair, with its "now or never" memento, flurries a man too much to allow him to make up his mind.

I began to fancy myself a lieutenant-general on the staff, with no soul dear me but a cross house-keeper, and a fifteenth cousin, deaf and blind, and with a mind narrowed to the compass of a regulation shoe-tie. I envied every married man I saw; fancied all their shrouds or dowdies angels incarnate, and

wondered why there were no such girls in the market now.

I tried change of air and scene. Some people go to the country for prospects, some for partridges, some for foxes; but I went in quest of young ladies. Town girls, I thought, looked all silly and affected; nature and simplicity must be found in a country house; so I made the round of the county of N—, saw at least half a score of very nice, pleasing girls, from the beautiful, accomplished syrens of Castle B—, to the unsophisticated daughters of my friend Tom S— at his hospitable cottage. I admired them all, more or less—thought all or any of them would make admirable wives for any man (Jack Donovan excepted)—but as to ever feeling inclined to drop on one knee, (the other was out of the question, a bullet having gone clean through it at Q—), or even tendering my hand on a sheet of gilt paper to any of them, I should as soon have thought of making speeches to my sergeant-major, or writing *billets doux* to the Horse Guards. What made my case harder and more distressing, was, that I dare say many, if not most of the fair creatures, either were, or at least could have been, in love with me. A coxcomb, especially at five-and-thirty, must be a fool—but really disengaged, good-humoured girls, are apt to have a natural predilection for sensible, good-looking men in red coats, who look as if they did not wear them for nothing, and as if they had hearts to give in return.

This, to be sure, in my case, was a sad delusion; and I could have almost echoed the cry of a poor mad-woman, I remembered, when a boy, in Dublin, pathetically exclaiming, "You have all hearts but me." It was only lucky that I seldom staid long enough in one place to have it found out, or endanger my passing for a swindler.

I went, as a last resource, to various races—not to look at the horses, or lose my money, but to look for a wife and lose my heart.—Somehow or other, it would not be made over; and I lost more gloves than would have served for wedding favours, without losing or gaining anything else.

My steeple-chase after a wife was interrupted, by receiving notice of my promotion to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a regiment in the West Indies, and orders to join in a month, or six weeks at farthest. This obliged me to go immediately to London, and, happening to pass, on the day after my arrival, the fashionable school in — Place, where my sister was a parlour boarder, I could not, hurried as I was, resist calling, from the feeling that we might so soon be separated, probably for years.

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and received by one of the stately, and somewhat awful ladies, at the head of the establishment; whose portly figure, and showy style of dress, presented the utmost imaginable contrast with those of a fair, sylph-like, young creature, in deep mourning, who sat drawing in the bow-window of the apartment.

There was something about this elegant interesting creature, which riveted my attention, in spite of myself. I felt half sorry that she should be so young, (apparently not above seventeen,) and ashamed to be so caught by one so little beyond childhood. There is no fool like an old fool! thought I to myself. I have seen many prettier faces in my time, and why should I think twice about a school girl?

I did think about her though—and look at her too; and as Miss T—, apparently from some scruple of propriety, in remaining *tele-a-tele* with a smart officer, evidently discouraged her efforts to escape, I had full leisure to gaze on the sweetest and most regular of profiles. Long dark lashes, fringing a cheek, pale, but not wan—lips, whose expression was that of one of Raphael's angels—and a lovely polished forehead, round which luxuriant auburn curls defied the confinement of a little cap—which, I concluded, she must wear from slight indisposition, and which, from contrast with her young cherub face, only made her more interesting. Her black dress only enhanced the transparency of her skin, and the delicacy of her figure; in short, the *tout ensemble*, dress, figure, and face, were, in my opinion, perfect. There are few women, as every one knows who has been abroad, who do not look angels from behind a convent gate—and, to an Englishman, a boarding school is very apt to convey the same impression. I had never been within one before, so that my feeling on the subject was quite fresh; and as I had never dreamt of losing my heart there, it was perhaps the more natural place for me to find out that I had one.

My sister, good girl! kept me waiting, as sisters will do—for she was quite unaware of our probable approaching separation)—so that conversation between Miss T— and I began to flag. I could not talk to her on the only subject I cared, sixpence about—nor could she have answered me if I had—so, not being able to speak of the young lady in the window, we spoke to her. Miss T— asked me if I was fond of drawings, and I had no more hesitation in answering "yes," than if it had been true. Indeed, so it was, for I suddenly found myself inoculated with a passion for the Fine Arts, which prompted me to rise, and beg leave to admire more nearly what had enchanted me at a distance. Whether this was the drawing, or the artist, I was, of course, not bound to declare.

The subject was a pair of beautiful twin children, evidently from nature or memory, for she had no model before her. "Your brother and sister, I presume?" said I; "for you seem to have them completely in your mind's eye."

She sighed, as she answered, with a slight blush. "I am not so fortunate as to have either."

"Near relations, then, I am sure?" said I, trying to fancy a resemblance.

"Not relations," answered Miss T—, for her

ery gave way to her good-nature; and softly saying, "My dear Mrs. Montolieu, will you be kind enough to hasten Miss Donovan? her brother's time is limited," she opened the door, and the beautiful vision vanished.

"My dear Mrs. Montolieu!" repeated I, mentally. "Did I hear aright? Mrs. T— to this girl of sixteen—this girl with whom I was already half in love?" So, according to an inconceivable fatality, I was again doomed to find a paragon in a married woman—one probably left, on account of her extreme youth, and a husband's absence, to finish her imperfect education! Miss T— read my un-governable curiosity in my face, and was about to gratify it, when my sister entered; and the worthy governess, concluding I should be better pleased with Sophy's elucidations than her own, sailed majestically out of the room.

"Sophy! my dear girl!" cried I, after our first hearty greeting, "who is that beautiful little creature, whom Miss T— has absolutely petrified me by calling Mrs.?" How came she to be a wife at her years, and left at school with her charms? Her husband is either much to be blamed, or pitied."

"He is to be lamented, poor fellow!" said Sophy, looking very grave. "He is dead! and Alexina, at eighteen, has been nearly two years a widow!" I could not for my life even pretend to be sorry, but I was shocked, and sobered. There was something so very romantic and unusual in the whole affair, that if romance and mystery be the food of love (and a diet on which I think it thrives marvellously), mine had wherewithal to make it grow like a mushroom. "A widow!" I exclaimed mechanically—thinking whether the two cherub children could, by any possibility be her own. "A widow! then why does she live here?"

"For a very simple reason, brother John—that she has no other place of abode. Poor Alexina! hers is a strange, yet soon told history. She was placed here in infancy, by an eminent foreign merchant, who duly paid, in the handsomest manner, for her education, till, about three years ago, on his sudden death, the disorder of his affairs put a stop to the supplies; nor among his papers could a trace be found of the history of connections of his protegee.—That she was foreign was evident, from her speaking only French when brought hither; but that France is not her country is equally so, from her infant recollections; imperfect as they necessarily were at three years old."

"But her marriage?" said I, impatiently.

"Her widowhood?" "It is a dismal thing, dear John, to have not a friend in the world—not even a brother to cling to—in a worse than orphan condition. I thought poor Alexina would have sunk under the sense of desolation, which, in spite of the kindness of Miss T—, preyed on her gentle heart and delicate feelings.—She was apparently hastening into a decline, when an amiable girl, her favourite companion, invited her, with affectionate earnestness, on leaving school, to accompany her for the winter to Devonshire. This was not a proposal to be declined by one so forlorn and friendless; but had the poor drooping lily foreseen the suffering that well-meant kindness was to entail on her, she would have shrunk from it with dismay.—Her friend was all she could fondly wish; and her parents, though cold, selfish, and unconciliating, were too fond of their indulged daughter, to blame, while they wondered at, her Quixotic affection for a nameless orphan."

Health soon re-animating the poor girl's frame, and mantled on her blooming cheeks; and her beauty, whose bud had been filled and repressed by incipient illness, expanded into rare perfection. The very harsh old people at Sidbury had felt its influence, and grew kinder to the creature, whom every one else loved and admired; and Alexina fancied herself too happy! Her friend Lucy, whose every feeling she shared with sisterly sympathy, was reveling in all the luxury of a permitted and requited attachment—and was ere long to be married to the object of her early affection, Captain Willoughby, a young but distinguished officer.

The wedding would have wanted its dearest, as well as brightest ornament, had not Alexina not remained to act the part of bride's-maid. It received an unexpected guest, in Lucy's only brother, an amiable and accomplished young man, whom parental jealousy and tyranny had driven to seek independence in India, but who, an early sufferer from its climate, had been reluctantly sent home, with a constitution severely shattered, but it was hoped, not irretrievably injured. His parents, softened by the helpless weakness of their only son, hailed his return with joy, and kindness; and cheered by this reception, and invigorated by his native breeze, he seemed daily, though slowly, to recover.

There was perhaps an unconscious balm in the smiles of Lucy's friend, which acted as a charm on his harassed spirits; for he uniformly revived under her presence, and dropped when she was out of his sight. You, Jack, who seem even now to have been fascinated by the faded relics of her dazzling beauty, need hardly be told how soon, or how deeply Edmund Montolieu loved! You know the world too—selfish, callous, mercenary as it is—and can fancy the indignant reception the avowal of his attachment met with from his ambitious parents. With the dignified frankness of one, whom, by driving him from them, they had taught to act for himself, he calmly announced to them, before making the proposal, his unalterable determination to ask the hand of Alexina. They upbided and impotent resentment drove the poor girl to seek refuge at her friend Lucy's, whose recent marriage afforded her a temporary home—and there, it was long ere the united eloquence of love and friendship could prevail on this high-spirited (and I am confident, high-born) young creature, to enter, and clandestinely indeed, but unobscured by parental authority, a family underserving of her.

"There were powerful motives to compliance.—On the one hand, an amiable and disinterested lover, present competence at least, and futur affluence; on the other, absolute destitution, or a home either a boon of charity, or purchased by the most cruel sacrifices, that of quiet leisure, and independence. How few at sixteen would long have hesitated? and yet Alexina did so—for with all her gratitude and esteem for Edmund, she had an irresistible passion to blind her judgment—and it was only when, at the end of a long and alarming relapse of illness, even his unfeeling parents ungraciously consented to the match, that she yielded to such generous and persevering affection, and became, surrounded by his barely civil relations, without one connexion of her own to cognate—the trembling interloper, the wife of the transported Edmund.

"The lovely timid creature had scarce time to cling, with all the devotedness of now genuine and unexpressed attachment, to the only being (save her Lucy) in all the glittering circle, who would not have repulsed her in disdain, when the fragile reed on which her young hope rested, withered from beneath her grasp! Exhausted by conflicting emotions, and long an unsuspected prey to that disease of the heart, which suddenly arrests the springs of life, and freezes in a moment the fount of consciousness and joy, Edmund Montolieu, was carried from the altar to the grave! and that sumptuous wedding feast, which empty state and hollow congratulation had provided, was untasted—but by the sorrowing poor, who view in awe-struck silence the ominous dole!

"The poor young widow, felt like one whose frame and faculties a thunderbolt has nearly annihilated, and when the first few days of speechless woe were past, the unfeeling parents, like too many, smarting under the reproaches of conscience, instead of deploping the harsh severity which had first expatriated and then harassed their son, sought to transfer the cause of his early death to a passion, which, had it been less thwarted, might perhaps have prolonged his feeble existence.

"Poor Alexina, with the generosity and recklessness of youth; had instructed Edmund not to irritate his parents by urging any settlements on one so utterly particeps, to which he at length consented, more from the impression of its being an unavailing effort, than from acquiescence in her disinterested prayers. She was, therefore, on his death, with the exception of a small sum left by him in India, wholly unprovided for—and it was a destitution in which she could almost at first rejoice; since all other connexion between them seemed like to expire with her poor husband, it would have been better indeed to owe to his proud relations an extorted provision, to which they might think a couple of hours' union with their heir but an insufficient title.

"Lucy's unvarying sympathy and affection was again her first resource; but the regiment of Capt. Willoughby being under orders for the West Indies, Alexina, feeling that her longer residence might estrange her friend from her bereaved parents, and prevent her passing under their roof her last months in England, steadily insisted on returning to the protection of her maternal friend, (Miss T—, from her she experienced such a reception as her strong claims on esteem and compassion ensured; and while the young widow imagined that her slender pittance might prevent her from being a burden to her governess, she forbore, out of respect for the prejudices of her husband's family, as well as from the hopeless languor of sorrow, attempting to exercise her own talents in that line. But 'woes,' says the poet, 'love a train!' and there came accounts from India of the wreck of her little all, in one of those extensive failures so common in the east; and Alexina, now as penniless as before her inauspicious marriage, insisted on testifying at once her gratitude and independence, by devoting to Miss T—'s assistance the talents she owed to her care.

"And the children?" asked I, awaking on the cessation of Sophy's narrative, from the deep reverie into which its strange tenor had thrown me.

"The children are Lucy's—born just before her quitting England, and resigned, with all the deep reluctance of a young and sorely-divided heart, to the care of a sister of her husband's—the voyage, the climate, and their tender age, presenting insuperable obstacles to their going out to Barbados."

"I am under orders for Barbados, myself," exclaimed I; "my dear Sophy! I quite forgot to tell you, that it was this which brought me here to-day. I have got a Lieut.-Colonelcy in a regiment stationed there—probably Capt. Willoughby's—and must join in the course of a month or six weeks. But," added I, scarce noticing poor Sophy's blank looks, and exclamations about yellow fever—"I must really see more of your fair friend! how shall I manage it? Could not I offer to carry out the picture of the children, and letters to their parents? A capital thought!—But then this would hardly entitle me to call more than once, just at the last, to get my despatches—and at school too—really, Sophy, these Protestant numbers of yours are almost as difficult of access as foreign ones."

"But," said Sophy, after a moment's thought, "the picture is very far from being finished; and the little creatures cannot come here to sit, for they are only recovering from the hooping-cough. Suppose I should advise Mrs. Montolieu to go and stay a few days in Baker-street, where she is a great favourite, to finish her drawing comfortably? You might go there in the character of Willoughby's new Colonel, without much suspicion."

"Blessing on you for the thought, my dear Sophy!" exclaimed I; "for invention, one school-girl is worth a score of field-officers. Do get this accomplished, and I will put you down in my book for the best husband in my own regiment, or any ten in the service!" saying, I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran off to the War-Office.