



# Newfoundland.

No. 81.

THURSDAY, February 5, 1829.

Sixpence.

**Notices.**

**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.

**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.	Description	Price
1	Elegant six Octave Grand Ac-tion Pianoforte	50 0 0
2	Ditto ditto	40 0 0
3	Ditto Mahogany Chest Draw-ers, with 6 drawers	12 0 0
4	Ditto ditto Secretary	9 0 0
5	Ditto ditto Chest Drawers	9 0 0
6	Ditto ditto ditto	8 0 0
7	Ditto ditto Sofa Table	7 5 0
8	Ditto Oval Looking Glass (gilt frame)	7 0 0
9	Ditto ditto (mahogany frame)	5 10 0
10	Ditto Ebony Plate, with 8 sil-ver keys	5 5 0
11	Ditto ditto Cupboard	5 0 0
12	Ditto ditto	3 10 0
13	Ditto ditto	3 10 0
14	Ditto Wash-hand Stand	3 10 0
15	Ditto Looking Glass (mahoga-ny frame)	3 10 0
16	Ditto Card Table	3 0 0
17	Ditto Foot-stool	1 5 0
18	Ditto ditto	1 0 0
19	Ditto ditto	1 0 0
20	Ditto Tea Canister	1 0 0
21	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 until 1st 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 Har-bour-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—

THAT very neat, compact, and desirable COT-TAGE, North of Fort William, and immediately in the rear of the Hon. Judge BREXTON'S residence, containing two Parlours, four Bed-rooms, Servants' apartments, Scullery, Pump-room, Water Closets, an excellent fruit-pr. Cellar, Out-houses, Stables, &c. &c., with a Garden and a piece of Mead-ow 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 applica-tion to

MICHAEL NEEHAN.

**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.**

New 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.

**ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.**

(Concluded from our List.)

The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poetry was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but, perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several other people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked, the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene,

and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing; though the crowd was very great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercenary neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonic to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—such it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was arranged from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of a hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal bard had been hid. These idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse? The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted, I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pigeon or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been over-clean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave, went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth was on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impetuosity shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and professions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of *Dunfermline*, with the remains of him who had sang

of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of Heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with state, and impeding the honest sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those inclines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigree Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep these fastidious persons away? But above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks, which early sorrows were making thin and grey, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the carrier of Burns was closed, I saw another sight; a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of the boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured for them, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and practice, was laid in halcyon earth, in the church-yard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all Post & Corners who has a better

right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean, and the sordid, and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail! to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.—*London Magazine.*

OLD BAILEY, Tuesday, November 4.

TRIAL OF JOSEPH HUNTON FOR FORGERY.

Before Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Baron Garrow.

The Session was specially adjourned to this day on Wednesday last for the purpose of trying Joseph Hunton, the prisoner whose extensive forgeries have excited so much general interest. The doors of the Court were assailed by persons anxious to obtain admittance to hear the trial, so early as eight o'clock, and they had not been opened more than half an hour before the Court was completely filled.

The Recorder, several Aldermen, and a great many persons of commercial influence in the city, were on the bench throughout the whole of the trial.

The Judges came into the Court precisely at ten o'clock, when the prisoner was immediately placed at the bar. His appearance betrayed none of those evidences of guilt which are frequently discernible in persons in his situation, nor did it exhibit any great feeling of confidence. As the trial proceeded, however, he became much depressed and agitated, and kept his back constantly towards the Jury. At the desire of Mr. Justice Park, he was allowed the indulgence of a chair, and during the greater part of the trial he sat with his elbow on the dock, and his head resting on his hand, in such a manner as to conceal the features of his face.

The necessary silence having been obtained, the Clerk of Arraigs read the indictment to the prisoner.

In the first count it charged that Joseph Hunton had feloniously forged the acceptance to a certain bill of exchange for 94*l.* 13*s.*, dated the 23d of August, 1828, purporting to be drawn upon John Dixon, and accepted by Richard Luck, with a view to defraud Sir Wm. Curtis and Co.

In the second count it charged that he had uttered a like bill of exchange, well knowing it to be forged, with a view to defraud the same parties.

There were other counts in which it was alleged that the bill had been uttered with a view to defraud John Dixon and Richard Luck.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty."

The Hon. C. Law and Mr. Clarkson appeared for the prosecution, but no counsel were retained for the prisoner.

The Hon. C. Law stated the case to the Jury, observing that the evidence of the witnesses whom he should call before them would be confined almost entirely to the proof of the charge alleged in the second count of the indictment,—viz. that the prisoner had uttered the bill in question with a guilty knowledge of its being a forgery, and with a view to defraud Sir William Curtis and Co. It was indeed in his power to prove that the acceptance, which upon the face of the bill purported to be that of Richard Luck, was not in the hand-writing of that person, but that in fact it was that of the prisoner. As there would be much difficulty, however, in proving that the forgery had taken place within the city of London, which would be necessary to support the charge in the indictment, he did not mean to proceed on that count, but should confine himself to the second. The learned counsel then proceeded to state the circumstances of the case, which were afterwards detailed by the witnesses, and having made a few observations upon the prejudices which might probably have been raised in the minds of the Jury against the prisoner in consequence of the different statements which had been current respecting him, concluded by exhorting them to banish every previous impression from their own breasts, and found their verdict in this case wholly and solely upon the evidence that would be produced before them.

Mr. Roberts.—I am one of the partners in the banking-house of Sir William Curtis and Co. John Dixon and Co. banked with us. They carried on business in Ironmonger-lane. The house consisted of John Dixon and the prisoner at the bar. We were in the habit of discounting bills for them. The prisoner conducted the financial business of the house, and was frequently in the habit of coming to our house with bills of exchange. He did so on the 1st of September last, having several bills with him, which he had described in a list, and which he wished to offer for discount. I have one of the bills now in my hand. I expressed on that occasion, as on all others, very great reluctance to discount the bills.—The prisoner told me distinctly that they were all bona fide legitimate commercial transactions. I agreed to discount them, and rolled them up in the list which the prisoner gave, and which I now produce, and afterwards put them in the discount-office. (The witness here described the manner in which the bill was entered in their books.) A few days before I received this letter, which is in the hand-writing of the prisoner, and which bears the post mark of Deal, I positively refused to discount any more bills for him. The letter is dated the 27th of September, 1828, and is directed to me as a Member of Parliament. I received it on the 20th of September.

The letter was here put in and read. It was signed by the prisoner, and stated that in consequence of some derangement in his accounts, and the refusal of

Sir W. Curtis and Co. to discount his bills, he had determined on keeping himself out of the way for a short time.

Mr. Roberts then stated, that in consequence of that letter he caused all the bills he had discounted to be collected, and submitted to the attention of Mr. Dixon.

Thomas Brackett, a clerk in the discount-office of Sir W. Curtis and Co., proved more particularly the manner in which the bill in question had gone through the books of the house.

Mr. Alexander Chumy, another clerk in the same house, gave evidence to the same effect.

A person in the gallery was here about to address something to the Court, but was instantly stopped by Mr. Justice Park, who told him that it was impossible for the Court to hear any thing from an indifferent individual. If he had any thing to communicate on the one side or on the other, he should impart it either to the counsel for the prosecution or to the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. John Dixon stated that he was a haberdasher in Ironmonger-lane, and that on the 1st of September last he was in partnership with the prisoner, who managed the financial department of the house. The bill in question was here handed to the witness, and he swore that no part of it was in his hand-writing. He added that they were in the habit of keeping a bill-book, but that that bill was not entered in it.—They were in the habit of doing business with a person named Richard Luck, who resided in Kent, and he had an account with them, but it was not equal to the amount of the bill.

Mr. Richard Luck stated that he was a grocer and general dealer at East Peckham. No other person of his name resided at East Peckham, but there was a person named Luck, who was in the same line of business at Yalding, about two miles and a half from his house, but he believed his name was Thomas.—The bill was here handed to the witness, and he said that the acceptance was not in his hand-writing. He was indebted to Dixon and Co., but not to the amount of that bill. He had given them two bills in payment of his account before September, but they were neither of them the bill now produced.

James Wells, an ale-house-keeper at East Peckham, stated, that he had been in the habit of seeing Richard Luck's hand-writing for the last seven years. He did not believe the acceptance to that bill to be in his hand-writing.

Mr. Joseph Warren stated, that he was a draper at Bury St. Edmund's, and had formerly lived six years with the prisoner, and had, consequently, a good knowledge of his hand-writing. He believed the signature "R. Luck" to the bill in question to be in the hand-writing of the prisoner, as also the words "accepted, made payable at the Sperr Inn, Borough." Several other papers were shown to the witness, which he stated he believed also to be in the hand-writing of the prisoner.

Mr. Henry Mountain, another draper at Bury St. Edmund's, had also been in the service of the prisoner for six years. His evidence was precisely similar to that of the preceding witness.

Mr. Richard Luck recalled.—Stated that he had never authorized the prisoner to accept any bill for him.

Edward Hunt, a police-officer at Portsmouth, stated, that he assisted in arresting the prisoner, whom they found on board the Leeds New-York steamer, which was lying, wind-bound, at St. Helen's. He asked the prisoner if his name was Wilkinson, and on his replying in the affirmative, he told him that it was useless to attempt concealment any longer, as the whole of his transactions had been discovered, adding, that he was under the necessity of arresting him on a charge of forgery. He was writing at the time, and had several papers before him, and on his saying that they were his, he seized them, and kept them in my possession. These are the papers.

The bill in question and some other papers were here read by the Clerk of Arraigs,—among them were the letters addressed to the editor of *The Times*, which were published in the report of the former trial of the prisoner.

The prisoner, who had declined throughout the whole of the trial to put any question to any of the witnesses, requested permission to look at these letters. The request was of course granted, and the papers put in his hand. He examined them minutely for a moment, and returned them without making any observation.

This was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Justice Park then told the prisoner that if he had any thing to say in his defence, it was now the proper time to offer it.

The prisoner replied, that he had not intended to have said a single word in his defence, but he thought he might perhaps be considered wanting in a proper feeling towards those who were nearly related to him, if he refrained from putting a few questions to Mr. Roberts, which, by the permission of the Court, he would now do.

Mr. Justice Park.—Certainly. Let Mr. Roberts come into the box.

Mr. Roberts accordingly presented himself.

Prisoner.—Was this bill discounted by the house of Sir Wm. Curtis and Co. on account of the knowledge and opinion that it had of the acceptor, or on account of the knowledge and opinion that it had of myself?

Mr. Roberts.—This bill was not discounted by me on account of any knowledge I had of the acceptor; but purely upon the ground of the previous assurance of the prisoner that it was a bona fide transaction of business.

Prisoner.—Was there not at the time in the possession of Sir Wm. Curtis and Co. a deed of assignment placed there by John Dixon and Co., as a collateral security for any bills that might be discounted?

Mr. Roberts.—There is in our possession a deed

of assignment purporting to be a collateral security to us for any bills or advances we might make to the house of J. Dixon and Co.

The prisoner then addressed himself to the Jury to the following effect:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I stand before you in a situation which renders any struggle or endeavour on my part to obtain an acquittal vain. When I was brought up on my former trial, I applied to the Court to have it postponed, in order that I might have the opportunity of examining my books and accounts, and by that means be enabled to shape the form of my defence. That request, it appeared, could not be granted, and the trial proceeded. The natural consequences followed: a case was established against me, I was unprepared with a defence, and was consequently convicted. I beg leave, however, to acknowledge my best thanks to the learned Judge who presided on that occasion, for the very humane and impartial manner in which he put my case to the Jury. It is true, that since my last trial, I have been offered the opportunity of using my books as I then requested, but it is now too late to be of any service to me. If that offer had been made before my conviction, I should have been able to have made an available defence; but, as I before said, it is now too late—I am already convicted. Any proof, therefore, that I might bring would be of no avail. The offer of the use of my books now, or of producing evidence, now that I have been found guilty, is in fact the same as to say to a man who has on a strait waistcoat, Be free. Under these circumstances, I consider any defence that I might offer would be perfectly useless. I have now no money of my own. I took no money of any of my creditors when I endeavoured to escape from this land. The little that I had about me was advanced by my friends, and that was taken from me upon my apprehension. I was once in better circumstances, but since my bankruptcy I have had no supply which would enable me to enter into the expense of a defence aided by counsel. My friends, it is true, would have come forward for me now, as they did on the former occasion, had I not positively denied to give my consent to what I considered would be a wasteful expenditure of money. I have, therefore, no counsel, and can only throw myself upon the merciful consideration of the Court and of the Jury, reminding them that a wife and ten children are dependent upon my exertions for their existence."

Mr. Justice Park.—Have you any witnesses whom you would wish to call?

Prisoner.—None, my Lord.

Mr. Justice Park then proceeded to charge the jury, entering at considerable length upon the facts of the case. He eventually left it to them to say whether they believed the prisoner had been guilty of uttering the bill in question with a guilty knowledge of its being forged, with a view to defraud some person into whose hands it might pass.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, said, they believed the prisoner to be guilty of uttering the bill with a knowledge of its having been forged, but they were not all unanimous in the opinion that it had been uttered with a view to defraud.

Mr. Justice Park.—I cannot take such a verdict, gentlemen; you must say whether you believe him to be guilty or not guilty of the general charge.

The Jury again consulted for a short time, and then returned a verdict of *Guilty*, but begged to recommend the prisoner to mercy.

Mr. Justice Park.—Upon what ground, gentlemen? Foreman.—Upon the ground, my Lord, that a collateral security had been placed by him in the hands of Sir William Curtis and Co.

Mr. Justice Park.—If by that, gentlemen, you mean to acquit the prisoner of an intention of fraud, I cannot receive the verdict. I must tell you that the circumstance of a collateral security for bills or cash advanced in the regular way of business, and in bona fide transactions, is not sufficient to acquit the prisoner of fraud; for if he uttered the bill in question with a knowledge of its being a forgery, he must have done it with a view to defraud some one or other.

Some of the jury appeared anxious to argue the point with his Lordship, but he cut them short by saying that it did not become the dignity of the bench to be reasoned with in such a manner. If the jury had any difficult point in which his assistance was necessary, he should consider himself bound to give it. He had already made them acquainted with the law of the case. The facts were entirely for their consideration, and it was their duty to pronounce such a verdict upon them as their consciences should direct.

The jury, after deliberating for a few minutes, returned a verdict of guilty upon the second count generally; but again strongly recommended him to mercy, not only upon the ground of the security before alluded to, but also upon that of his having a wife and large family dependent upon him.

There were three other indictments against the prisoner, but after a short consultation with the Bench, the two gentlemen who appeared for the prosecution declined to proceed in them.

The prisoner was then removed from the bar, and there being no other prisoner for trial, the jury were discharged, and the Court adjourned until two o'clock, when the Recorder returned, and proceeded to pass sentence upon all the prisoners who had been convicted of capital offences during the session.

Joseph Hunton was again placed at the bar, and on being asked what he had to say why he should not die according to law, addressed himself to the Court, in a tremulous tone, to the following effect, from a written paper, which he held in his hand:—

"I have but little to add to what I have already said in this court, except that, in all my transactions with my prosecutors, the idea of fraud or of injury to them never once entered into my mind; on the contrary, they know that I have endeavoured successfully to

promote their interests, though at the expense of my own; and though I am convinced of having violated the law, yet, having given ample security to my prosecutors for the performance of my engagements with them, I hope I may be permitted to express that I am not conscious of any moral or wilful guilt with respect to them. I have lived more than half a century with a character hitherto of unimpeached integrity, of which ample testimonials can be produced. I have endeavoured conscientiously to discharge the duties which I owe to society, and have maintained and educated a numerous family, still under my care, with credit and reputation. I have now attained that period of life when I might have reasonably expected to have received some reward for my exertions; but a series of misfortunes and of losses, to an amount exceeding the usual lot of man, have entirely destroyed those expectations; and having given up all my property to satisfy the claims of my creditors; until those claims are adjusted, I am entirely destitute, and have hardly any property left which I can now call my own. If these circumstances are any alleviation for my having violated the law, or if they form a plea for the mitigation of punishment, may I earnestly entreat, for the sake of a most worthy and truly deserving wife,—for the sake of ten most affectionate, most dutiful children, most of whom are in the early stages of life,—all of them innocent participants in and sufferers by my misfortunes, but whose heads will be lowered down to the very dust, if, in this period of adversity, with all their prospects of happiness destroyed, the extreme punishment of the law is inflicted on me, and the life of the husband and father, now almost their only consolation, be taken away. For the sake of these, may I most earnestly entreat, that when the sentence now to be pronounced is laid before the King and Council, that these alleviating circumstances may be mentioned,—that the peculiarly defenceless situation in which I have been brought to trial, and especially that the very kind and very humane recommendations of both the juries by whom I have been tried, may also be communicated; and that I may be recommended as a suitable object of the Royal clemency,—that I may be permitted to live the few remaining years which may be allotted me, until it may please Divine goodness, in his infinite mercy, to call me from this state of probation in the regular course of nature; and that a life which, though passed in an humble sphere, has, I trust, been of some use to society, may not be cut off by the most appalling of all deaths—by the hands of the executioner."

The Recorder.—You say that the honesty of your life could have been proved by witnesses. You have acted very unadvisedly in forbearing to call them. The Court was extremely anxious to hear any thing that could possibly have been said in your favour. However, you have adopted your own course, and must take the consequences. At the same time you may depend that every alleviating circumstance of the case will be laid before the Secretary of State, through whom alone it can reach the Royal ear.

The Recorder in the course of his address expressed his regret that the prisoner who had been tried that day had thought proper, in the course of what he had just submitted to the Court, to say, that the crime of which he had been found guilty was not a moral offence. It was a crime which deeply affected commercial security in such a city as this, and was, in his opinion, a very great moral offence. He thought, that if His Majesty was made acquainted with the expression, he would be inclined to look more seriously on the offence than he otherwise might have done.

Sentence having been passed, the Court adjourned until the 4th of December next.

REASONS FOR BEING HAPPY.

A celebrated wit said, that a man's life consisted in his *ingress* into the world, his *progress* through the world, and his *egress* out of the world. The "doctor and nurse, and a great many more," make a vast fuss about the *ingress*;—the man himself makes the *progress* a matter of multifarious concern, and the sable concomitants of the *egress* are designed to stamp it with a solemn significance; but, after all, as the musical monarch of Israel exclaimed, "What is man! a mere 'bubble' on the stream of time!"—and, "as the old burst, new emerge," quoth the melancholy muse of Byron, making man blush at his "little brief authority." It is amusing to detach one's mind from the ties with which interest and sympathy bind it to the common concerns of mankind, and from an imaginary elevation to look down on the busy bipeds of business, the pursuers of pleasures, and the bustle of ludicrous importance which pervades the microcosm of one's contemplation.—Those who are not sufficiently philosophic to be able thus to abstract their minds, can, at all events, transfer their bodies from a juxta-position with the "busy throng," to the dome on the summit of the City Hall, experiencing in the ascent a physical treat, to which the pleasures of the tread-mill are not to be compared; and finding, when there, a considerable light thrown on the subject of which we are about to treat, by a bird's-eye view of the Lilliputian crowd passing and re-passing below, all in motion, like goats on a fine day, as much bustle among them, and apparently to as little purpose. "Walk up," kind reader, "walk up," (as they bawl in Bartholomew Fair)—walk up in fancy to the altitude, and suppose yourself peeping from the railing by which you are encircled—thus situated, be so kind as to ask yourself whether those little creatures strutting below wear the "human face divine," for the mere purpose of elongating, or whether a smile would not be an arrangement of features infinitely more becoming such mortals; when you have decided in the affirmative—which, it is presumed, you must inevitably do—be kind enough to commence the catechism with

yourself; and, after a few interrogatories—if you find yourself really and bona-fide identified with the puny personages you have been contemplating, and if you have been smiling at their fancied importance, and their pretensions to long visages and unhappiness—be so accommodating as to screw up your physiognomy into a broad grin, and laugh at yourself, for, undoubtedly, it is as ridiculous for you to be unhappy, as for them to be so. Now, kind reader, after the colloquy between you and yourself has terminated in your becoming your own laughing-stock—pride put to the blush—and a fair opening made to happiness—you will much oblige us by leaving yourself for a moment or so, to regard more particularly the beings who make this bustle below your fancied elevation. Adjust your opera-glass, and direct it to that melancholy youth—every wrinkle in his face is a canal—his eye-brows are knitted into a rope, and pistols peep out of his pocket. Poor fellow!—a rival has deprived him of a vixen who would have soon convinced him, that he had reasons to be happy in losing her. Look at that limping figure, progressing on one leg and a walking-stick, the other leg enjoying almost a siccure, the cadaverous hue of care spread over his countenance, and anxiety squeezing the perspiration out of every pore—unhappiness itself personified!—You imagine him in debt, in truth, his interest in the funded debt of his country is his sole concern—his lameness and debility make you apprehensive of his falling—he is apprehensive of being a lame duck, and fears the falling of the price of Stocks. This man possesses a PLUM, and unhappiness is its bitter accompaniment. While poverty and wretchedness surround him, incessantly imploring his beneficence, and depicting in terms which nothing but the insensibility of avarice could prevent him from perceiving his reasons for being happy. But what of that lank-faced fac-simile of the living skeleton, his whole frontispiece exhibiting, in colours not to be misunderstood, the necessity of Dr. Lee's antibilious pills? It is worth while to regard the movements of this little animal, 'cept a tradesman—his head turning about as if it were on a spindle, and his nose pointing in as many directions as the weathercock on the top of the Exchange during a shift of wind. Let us see how the wind blows:—his face looks as blank as the credit-side of his ledger—debt has dragged him from his counter—and, although his appearance is sufficiently meagre and un-dropsical, he is afraid of being tapped. A tap on the shoulder he imagines to be not quite so comfortable a thing as an epaulette on that part; he is therefore employing his eyes east, west, north, and south, in order to discover if such a thing awaits him; he is as unhappy as a man whose mind is full of French faces, Irish lious, calicoes, and cambrics, can be; he seems to forget poor Richard's adage—that "long faces will not pay the debts" of the world, his debts would be paid without discount. He has only to look about him, and take into consideration the wonderful renovating qualities of the city jail, or the limits; and their capacities for furnishing insolvents with fine shops, and stocks in trade, and his reasons for being happy will be as clear as the meridian sun. Just take a peep at that person who, like one of the characters at our Theatre, has got a place under Government, that is, under petticoat government—his better half claiming much the better half of the husband's prerogative—making herself comfortable at the expense of his comfort. Such a man has as many reasons for being happy, as he has for wearing his inexpressibles. We will now, if you please, gentle reader, descend from the regions of fancy, to the terra firma of fact. And although we will not go so far as the late Ned Gilbert did, in his song, to discover reasons for being happy;—(poor Ned used to sing—

"He that's no feet to his legs  
He surely can never want blacking;  
And if in his jaw there's no pegs,  
Why he can't wear them out with out-cracking;")

yet he may venture to affirm with a celebrated petticoat politician of France, that if we are unhappy, it is our own fault. One complains that his profession is so attended with disagreeables, that he is quite-miserable; a short time alters his complaint, and all he wants is a little more employment in that profession which rendered him so miserable but a short time before. Another bewails his book debts, and solicits you to increase their number at the same time. A third complains of the unhappiness arising from a large family, and soon after (not having the fear of Malthus before his eyes) invites you to a christening. The same melancholy mortal who mourns his matrimonial infelicity, will lack-a-daisy implore your sympathy for the loss of his wife. Instances might be enumerated, *ad infinitum*, of individuals being unhappy who have abundant reasons for being happy. Happiness, like the poet's honour, rises from no condition exclusively;—there is no person who will read this essay, but what may, without pursuing any difficult process of reasoning, be satisfied that his unhappiness has arisen more from the gloomy workings of his own mind, on any particular circumstances, than from those circumstances themselves. The mind of man is anomalous in its operation—that an event at one time will plunge it into distress, which at another will scarcely disturb its tranquillity. At one time, gloominess will envelope it, and at another, without any change of external circumstances, it will perceive nothing but reasons for being happy.

Let benevolence distinguish the rich—principle, the politician—industry, the tradesman—domestic virtue, the married—and honour, the unmarried;—then, however misfortune may frown, how many, who are now wretched, will find reasons for being happy.

A CHARACTER.—Among the worthies of the club, there was a truly original character, the late Mr. F—, a thorough-bred dogmatist, but with a memory so constitutionally treacherous, and a tem-

per so irritable, that he was perpetually hazarding some fact or opinion that united the whole club in a chorus of dissent and opposition against him; and he defended his assertions with a vehemence which was almost phrenzy. He raved, on these occasions, like an Almanzor or Mustapha in a tragedy of Nat. Lee, and it was high amusement to see him prostrating his antagonists one by one, as if he was wielding the flail of Falus. "Mr. —, how can you be such a blockhead!" "What nonsense, Mr. —, you are talking!" These exclamations were seconded by an auxiliary oath or two; and the words "ignorant dogs," "damnable ignorance," died half articulated on his lips. But every one knew and felt the many excellent qualities of his nature, and nobody thought of making an acrimonious reply to his harmless cynicisms. But when hard pushed, as he frequently was after asserting any remarkable extravagance, and he began to find that his ground was no longer tenable, he had recourse to a singular stratagem, which he managed with considerable adroitness,—that of shifting his side in the debate, slipping the absurdity from his own shoulders, and saddling it upon his opponent. One evening he had got upon a point of Grecian history, and through some confusion of memory had ascribed the victory at Marathon to Epaminondas; and when some one ventured to set him right, F— resented it with great warmth, telling him that he was a blockhead to contradict him on a point that no school-boy could be ignorant of.—Sayers entered the club-room just as the controversy was becoming vituperative. A reference was usually made to him; and, on being told the question which was so warmly debated, he decided, as a matter of course, against F— and Epaminondas.— "There," exclaimed F— triumphantly, "I told you so. What could Epaminondas have had to do with the battle of Marathon?" In vain did the poor disputant, who had maintained the correct proposition, protest against the absurdity laid to his charge; F— still persisted, till the other was quite disconcerted at the trick that had been put upon him. A loud laugh, excited by the intrepid assurance with which the blunder was transferred to the very person who had stepped forward to correct it, put an end to the dispute. F— was once in Parr's company at a party specially assembled at Norwich to meet the Doctor. Parr was in his glory, for every one listened to his declamations with the most respectful deference. At length, F—, who thought that he also was entitled to some share in the conversation, began by advancing a most egregious absurdity.— Parr looked black as night, and, giving one or two tremendous whiffs, the usual portents of a coming storm, began to chastise poor F— in his usual antithetic style. "Sir," said he, "you have advanced, with the intrepidity of a dancer, that which is too foolish to be called a paradox, and may, therefore, defy refutation; for how can that be refuted, which no man in his senses would venture to affirm? The errors of the wise, or the heresies of the learned, may deserve refutation; but who would waste his breath in confuting the dreams of ignorance, and dispelling the illusions of bedlam?" Here Parr looked round the company with a look not unusual with him on these occasions, and which implied, "Have not I done for him?" In the mean while, F—, who had listened with great impatience to this vehement tirade, and who was evidently meditating one of his retreats, inquired with great apparent coolness,—"Well, Doctor, after this attack, will you allow me to ask, what was my proposition?—what was it that I said?" "Why, Sir," said Parr, "you said"—and then recapitulated the absurdity he had just been exposing. "Good God! Doctor," exclaimed F—, "is this the part of a candid disputant? I maintained quite the contrary; it was you who contended for that absurdity. I could never have advanced anything so outrageously extravagant." This was too much for Parr. He broke his pipe into a thousand pieces, stamped and flamed with rage; may, both the accusing and the recording angel would have had ample employment, had heaven's chancery been open at the time; for the Doctor rushed out of the room with half-a-dozen asseverations, which, though half suppressed, were yet sufficiently audible.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

(From Kelly's Reminiscences.)

I went one day to dine with my witty countryman, Curran, the Master of the Rolls, at his pretty place at Rathfarnham. Among his guests was Counselor Mac Nally, the author of the opera of "Robin Hood." I passed a delightful day there. Many pleasant stories were told after dinner; among others, one of Mac Nally's, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had for getting into scrapes, when they first arrived in London.

The night his opera of "Robin Hood" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat in the front boxes; on the front row were two gentlemen, who, at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this, my Irish friend got up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder, said to him,

"Sir, you say that this opera was written by Mrs. Cowley; now, I say it was not: this opera was written by Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple.—Do you take my word for it, Sir?"

"Most certainly, Sir," replied the astonished gentleman; "and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me."

"Umph! very well, Sir," said he, and sat down. At the end of the second act, he got up, and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, "Sir, upon your honour, as a gentleman, are you in your

own mind perfectly satisfied that Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple, has actually written this opera, and not Mrs. Cowley?"

"Most perfectly persuaded of it, Sir," said the gentleman, bowing.

"Then, Sir," said the young Irishman, "I wish you a good night;" but just as he was leaving the box, he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said,

"Pray, Sir, permit me to ask, is your friend there convinced, that this opera was written by Mr. Mac Nally, Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple?"

"Decidedly, Sir," was the reply; "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement."

"Oh, then, if that is the case, I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy on your seats as you do now."

After this parting observation, he withdrew, and did not return to the box.

I have often heard it said, that Irishmen are generally prone to be troublesome and quarrelsome. Having, in the different countries I have visited, had the pleasure of mixing much with them, I can aver, from experience, that the contrary is the case, and that, generally speaking, they are far from being either the one or the other; and if they find that an affront is not intended, no nation in the universe will join more freely in the laugh, if even against themselves. I will take leave to quote an example,—Curran versus Mac Nally:

Mac Nally was very lame; and when walking, had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the Rebellion, he was seized with a military arlour; and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, Mac Nally said, "My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to enter the Lawyers' Corps, and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the wit; "but, to renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" said Mac Nally.

"For this reason," said Curran; "the moment you were ordered to march, you would halt."

LONDON, November 24.

The Brighton Gazette adheres to its assertion, that the Duke of Wellington is opposed to the formation of Brunswick Clubs. The Duke is no change-ling; and we as firmly repeat the fact announced by us last week, that the Duke has expressed himself in terms directly opposed to the opinion now attributed to him by our cotemporary. Our statement rests on very high authority—and although we shall not presume to impugn that of our neighbour, we must be excused if we hesitate in giving full and implicit belief to it. At one period, and that not very remote, we happen to know, that the formation of Brunswick Clubs was strenuously urged by a member of the administration (not of the cabinet), in order that government might be enabled to form a correct estimate of the bearing of public opinion; that opinion has subsequently been declared in a manifestation by no means equivocal. We may add, that the highest personage in the state is by no means hostile to such constitutional associations.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 5.—A dreadful misfortune has just befallen the Imperial family. Her Majesty the Empress Mother was taken from it this morning at two o'clock, after a short illness of only a few days.

Paris, Nov. 18.—A telegraphic despatch from Toulon announces that the *Loiret*, from Patras, has arrived with despatches.

Admiral de Rigny reports that the castle of the Morea surrendered on the 30th of October, after having been cannonaded for four hours, and that the Morea is entirely evacuated.

Admiral de Rigny announces that each ship had erected a battery on shore to reduce the fort.

Triest, Nov. 7.—A letter from Corfu of the 24th of October announces, that on the news of the occupation of Patras by the French, the populace of Prevesa had surrounded and threatened the residences of the foreign consuls, but that no accident had happened.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 5, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The communication of "A Subscriber," has been received; but before it can appear, we must request an interview with the author.

Extract of a letter from Ferryland, dated 27th January, 1829:—

"We are informed by a man over land from St. Mary's, of part of the wreck of a Schooner being driven on shore at or near that place, together with chairs and sheep; from which we conjecture her to be from Halifax.—The man speak also something of butter."

"At Trepassy, they state a vessel to have been wrecked; staves, and part of a smart cabin, having been driven on shore at St. John's, probably from Quebec—all hands perished!"—*Gazette.*

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—We regret to learn that, on the night of Sunday last, the Carpenter belonging to the Government Yacht *Forle*, in attempting to get on board that vessel, was drifted away by the force of the wind and the slough, and has not since been heard of. The unfortunate man, we are told, was of steady and sober habits, and at

nine o'clock had left the house of a friend to go on board his ship. The boat into which he had got for this purpose had but one oar in it, and there is some probability in the conjecture that he had, by some misfortune, lost his possession of it. It is melancholy to add that the poor man was heard to call loudly while drifting downward; and some effort was made to assist him, but unfortunately without avail. The night was dark and tempestuous; and there can be no rational doubt that long before this time he must have perished.—*Ledger*, Jan. 30.

**Shipping Intelligence.**  
CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.  
CLEARED.  
FEBRUARY 2.—Erig Norval, Panton, Oporto; 2,924 qth fish.

**Sale at Auction.**  
**TO-MORROW,**  
At 12 o'clock,  
ON THE WHARF OF  
**PATRICK MORRIS,**  
12 Prime fat SHEEP.  
February 5.

Notices.  
Card.

THE Subscriber, grateful for the patronage he has received since his commencement in St. John's, begs to inform his friends and the public, that, from the late improvement his School Room has undergone, the unremitting attention on his own part, and the mode of instruction he has adopted, he will be enabled to afford unquestionable advantages to Pupils committed to his care, and satisfaction to Parents probably not yet experienced on similar occasions; and as he has limited himself to a certain number, early application is recommended.

TERMS AS UNDER:—  
1st Class of Children ..... 2 Guineas, per year;  
2d Class, Reading and Writing, ..... 2½ ditto, per ditto,  
3d Class, English Grammar & Copying, 3 ditto, per ditto,  
English Grammar, separately, ..... 3½ ditto, per ditto,  
And so on in proportion as the Pupil advances.

E. J. GLEESON.  
N. B.—At the suggestion of some of the respectable inhabitants of this town, he expects to be enabled to establish a Classical School early in May; which he will also limit to a certain number.  
February 5.

To Builders and others.

PERSONS willing to contract for the Building a COTTAGE in the Garden adjoining the Attorney-General's in Cover-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.

THE Public are most respectfully informed, that a GOOD ORDINARY will be provided every day at 2 o'clock, at 1s. 6d. each, at PERKINS'S hotel.  
January 22.

SEALERS' AGREEMENTS  
For Sale at this Office.

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,  
Hamburgh Bread, in bags,  
Quebec ditto, in bulk,  
First quality Irish Butter,  
Ditto ditto Hamburgh ditto,  
Teneriffe Wine, in pipes,  
Bronte Madeira ditto, in hogsheads,  
A few dozen superior St. Perry Wine, equal to  
Champagne,  
Ditto ditto Claret Wine,  
Hawfers from 4 to 6-inch,  
Powder and Shot,  
Flat Canvas,  
No. ditto, from No. 1 to 7,  
Negrohead Tobacco, in kegs,  
Superior Souchong Tea.

**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.

MELODIES—BY MOORE.

(Indian.)

Like one, who doom'd o'er distant seas His weary path to measure...

(French.)

Fear not that, while around thee, Life's varied blessings pour...

May the new ties that bind thee, Far sweeter, happier prove...

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

A WEDDING AT SCHOOL—FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from our last.)

The move was dexterously and unsuspectingly effected. The widow's anxiety to send her Lucy a faithful portrait of her dear babes...

The lovely widow exerted herself to bespeak my friendship and good-will for the absent objects of her affection...

In about three weeks, during which I put to the full test the hospitality of my new friends...

On the following morning I sallied from my hotel, far earlier than decency warranted for paying a visit in Baker-street...

"Precival, my dear fellow!" said I, "how goes it? I have not a moment to spare...

"Oh, not much, Colonel," said he. "I see you are in haste—only—only—"

"But," said the young man, modestly, "the mo-

ney should have been lodged some days ago; and Greenwood says he can wait no longer.

While I was waiting to speak to one of the partners about an immediate advance of the needful to poor Harry...

The words expressed by these hyperborean symbols, I began to perceive were French; and gathering erudition as I proceeded...

This gentleman, the clerk told me, was no more, and had died deeply involved in circumstances exactly coinciding with Sophy's account of Alexina's guardian.

"Mr. B—," said the banker, addressing himself to the clerk, "has any thing been made out about that letter which came some weeks ago from abroad?"

"Sir," said the clerk, in some confusion, "the letter was unfortunately laid aside till this morning, when, with the assistance of this gentleman, I have just succeeded in ascertaining the name of the house to whose care the billet is addressed."

"That is very unlucky," said the banker to the clerk; while the old man, only gathering from the blank looks of both a result unfavourable to his hopes...

"And is the sur-name all that puzzles you?" asked Mr. D. "Surely that can be at once supplied by this good old man."

The question was put in French, and promptly answered "F—off only daughter of my master, Count Fedoroff, and an English lady, his late wife."

What a revolution did those few words make in my relative situation with Alexina! I felt as if all was foretold at an end between us; but, I hope, not the less disposed to forward the inquiries of a sorrowing parent, and restore her to his arms...

This daughter, the long-lost and wretched heiress of Count Fedoroff, to marry a moderately endowed

English soldier! to go to the West Indies, or elsewhere, and, as the old song has it, "lie in a barrack!" Impossible!—Ours I was selfish enough to wish the knot already tied; but I was soon myself again...

My air of conscious exultation when first ushered into the room, where sat Alexina with her friend Mrs. F—, must, I am sure, have appeared to the last degree comical and absurd.

"I fear, Mrs. Montelieu," said I, in great agitation, "I am much later than you might have justly have had reason to expect, but the business which detained me was of a nature —"

"Oh! no apology is necessary, Col. Donovan," said she, with the unaffected modesty and gentleness which characterized her whole deportment.

"Assure me of nothing, my dear madam," interrupted I; "if you would have me keep my senses, and go through my duties as a man of honour should do, forget that any thing has passed between us—that I ever had the presumption to aspire to your hand."

I really believe this humble, long-depressed child of misfortune, thought me suddenly deranged, so like bitter mockery did my expressions appear.

"I am not mad, indeed," said I, reading her thoughts, "though I have had much to make me so this morning; but only the bewildered herald of a very astonishing, and, let me add, delightful discovery relative to yourself —"

"To me!" she repeated with an accent of unbounded surprise—"I thought, till yesterday, nothing could occur to break the tenor of my monotonous existence."—[Here a soft blush tinged her pale cheek—and it went to my very heart to see that the sweet soul was mortified by my want of curiosity to know how she had felt yesterday, and was feeling to-day.]

"Alexina!" said I, for the first time in my life feeling the brotherly right to call her—"If I could avail myself of your unsuspecting innocence, I should be a villain. Yesterday, you thought yourself, and I thought you, alone in the world; and on that supposition, what we might both have done is now as if it had never been. You are no longer thanks to a merciful Providence—a friendless orphan. You have a father the sole comfort of whose declining age is the vague, and, till this day, almost relinquished hope of folding you once more in his arms."

She grew very pale, trembled violently, but to my infinite relief, did not faint quite away. There was water on the table beside her drawings; I sprinkled some of it on her face, and she soon revived, for the swoon of joy carries its own cardinal with it.

When the pious effusions of a full heart to the Father of the fatherless, had given place to more sacred emotions, her first words were—"You will assist me in making up to this dear father, for our long, long separation, will you not? But, perhaps," added she more gravely—the pride of woman taking alarm at my continued silence—"perhaps there is something in my father's character or circumstances which may have produced a change in your intentions; if so, and her blush was no longer one of conscious timidity.

"There is, indeed every thing in your father's situation to make me retract my rash proposal of yesterday! When it was made, I felt a lover's exquisite sympathy for beauty in misfortune; and a Briton's pride in placing competence at least within her reach. You are the daughter and heiress of a proud Russian noble; and Jack Donovan has only to say, 'God bless you altogether!' and try to forget his short dream of happiness amid a life of duty and vicissitude."

"I, too, have duties, Colonel Donovan," answered she, her calm serenity not in the least impaired by the brilliant prospect I had set before her; "that, to my father, I trust I shall never forget; and oh! what delightful arrears of love I shall have to bestow on [I fear from your sad silence] my sole remaining parent! But circumstances, melancholy enough, God knows! have given me early independence; and I should deserve to be spurned by my new found parent, could his rank or fortune for one moment make me forget your conduct when I had need her. Read that note, which in distrust of my nerves for a personal interview, I wrote last night to be delivered to you this morning. The sentiment it contains might have gathered added strength and energy from what I have now heard of our relative position; but I wish you to see them as they emanated from the unconscious fulness of a grateful heart. Take them as my unalterable answer. Were my father capable of sacrificing the child's honour and happiness to pride or ambition, I might tearfully request you to lend her to him for the remnant of a closing existence; but it would be to return strengthened by filial duty, to other and praiseworthy ends. Donovan! I am yours irrevocably,—hear me witness, my vows are sealed before their confirmation can possibly expose me to the charge of disobedience!"

I had only time for incoherent expressions of admiration for this noble girl, and resolution to abide by her father's determination, when, as I had arranged with Nicolai, the old steward, a carriage drove up to the door, out of which I saw him step first, and

proffer his assistance to a fine noble looking wreck of a man, who, enfeebled by infirmity and emotion, could scarcely ascend the staircase. I went to detain him a moment below, while I in two words explained the matter to Mrs. F—, and to my sister Sophy, who, burning to know the result of my proposal, had invited herself to spend the day in Baker-street.

Their sudden acquaintance with these delightful tidings gave to both of them an appearance of such equal agitation with their fair friends, that nothing short of parental instinct could have enabled him to distinguish her. When the fine old man entered, his white hair flowing on either side of his worn countenance, all involuntarily rose. He seemed bewildered by the presence of so many females, and in danger of sinking under the scene. Sophy, who happened to be nearest the door, having made a hasty movement to save him from falling, he gazed for a moment steadfastly in her face, then shook his head, and pushing her not ungenially aside, made another step forward. It was to receive in his arms and heart his own Alexina, whom, in the first transports of recognition, he called by the name of her long-lost English mother. We left the parent and child to their own unutterable emotions, and undisturbed ourselves by sharing the transports of old Nicolai, who, after kissing with passionate devotion the hand of his master's daughter, withdrew, and gave us the details of their long separation and its cause.

They were much too long and complicated to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that the capricious tyranny of Paul, and his wayward antipathy to every thing even remotely connected with England, involved Count Fedoroff in sudden and apparently hopeless disgrace—and a banishment to Siberia; amid the first shock of which, the unfortunate mother, before accompanying her husband, embraced with avidity the opportunity afforded by the hurried flight of her countrymen from Petersburg, to send her only child, a pearly, tender infant, wholly unfit for the horror of a Siberian journey, to seek an asylum in England. An ample supply of money and jewels, sufficient to defray her education for years, accompanied the infant; but as the whole transaction (the affair of a few brief feverish moments of maternal alarm) was conducted by Madame Fedoroff after her husband's arrest, and while deprived of communication with him; the distressing circumstances of their reunion prevented his being immediately informed of the name of the merchant to whom his child was to be consigned—and before he roused himself to make the, alas! indispensable inquiry, his poor wife's reason had given way under the united evils of exile and bereavement. For years after his recall from banishment, did Count Fedoroff wander with his harlequin and interesting maniac, in vain quest alike of restored intellect, and tidings of their child. Not the slightest clew or trace could ever be elicited from the poor Countess, till, on her death-bed, a few months ago, she had, in such a lucid interval as frequently precedes dissolution, distinctly pronounced, in the hearing of Nicolai, the name of Livingston, connecting it, though incoherently, with that of Alexina.

The judicious old man, fearing to raise, on such slender ground, false hopes in his aged and grief-worn master, wrote, without communicating his intentions to any one, the mysterious billet which it was my fate to decipher; but after waiting for some time its result, in intolerable suspense, he heard with delight the poor Count resolved on a voyage to England, and felt renewed hope in the purpose of personal investigations.

Their result has been already mentioned, and it only remains for me to tell, in a few words, the brief sequel of my soldier's tale. Count Fedoroff had seen too much of the power of sorrow to rob the eye of meaning, and the cheek of bloom, to allow its words to prey twice upon a daughter's heart. Had a peasant gained her affection in her days of friendless obscurity, I verily believe the chastened spirit of the good old man would have hailed him with grateful approbation. He was not, therefore, disposed to exclude from his heart a soldier of ancient family and unblemished reputation. When I next saw Alexina's letter of acceptance, which, precious as it was, I had insisted on replacing, before her father's entrance, in her almost insensible hand, it bore, in addition to her dear signature, the trembling ratification of a parent.

What a contrast between Alexina's former nuptials, with their extorted consent, and half-reluctant celebration, their "cold marriage tables," and "funeral-baked meats," so strangely interwoven, and our blissful union some months after, surrounded by friends, purchased and endeared by years of dignified suffering!

There was the old Count, his frame invigorated, and his affections renovated—his faithful domestic reflecting his master's every feeling, and partaking his every joy. F. and his kind-hearted wife—my darling Sophy—and last, not least, Lucy and her husband—for, as the picture could no longer go to the West Indies, (at least under my auspices,) the mountain came to Mahomet. I managed Henry Percival's exchange into Willoughby's place, and while he was working and winning his West India stake, while "all Barbados bells did ring"—those of St. George's, Hanover-square, rung out their merriest peal, in honour of Jack Donovan and his little Russian widow.

Count Fedoroff ended his life in Britain; and his daughter made, with the nearest male heir, an arrangement, by which she exchanged slaves and snow at the Pole for cash and comfort in England.