



# Newfoundlander.

No. 82.

THURSDAY, February 12, 1829.

Sixpence.

### Notices.

#### A Female Servant,

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	£	s.	d.
1	Elegant six Octave Grand Action Pianoforte	50	0	0
2	Ditto ditto	40	0	0
3	Ditto Mahogany Chest Drawers, 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 Sopha 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 Flute, with 8 silver 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 (mahogany frame)	2	10	0
16	Ditto Card Table	2	0	6
17	Ditto Fast tool	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.—Keeps 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 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 BRENTON'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 MEEHAN.

### THE SPANISH LADY.

The Story of the Lady Olivia de Castro—said to be from the papers of the late C. Edwards, Esq.

It is strange, and often lamentable, to consider the influence which public events have upon private fortunes. I do not now speak of the widows made by war, or of the other many and dreadful sufferings which that awful scourge inflicts upon humanity.—The stream of the public destinies carries upon its bosom many a private shallop; sometimes aided by its current, and adorned by its course of beauty, but far more often, after a long succession of perils, wrecked and utterly destroyed.

Who, but a soothsayer, would have seen any connexion between the fortunes of Herbert Meynell, the son of an English knight and dame, born and bred in England—and those of Donna Olivia de Castro, the daughter of a Spanish grandee, whose only migrations had been between her father's castle in Old Castile, and his palace at Madrid. And yet these two persons fixed the fate of each other's lives. And what brought them together? The course of public events.

Sir Herbert Meynell's father had been one of those gentlemen, of knightly families, who bought the hereditary knighthood, which James I. constituted for pecuniary purposes, under the title of baronet. He was a favourite of the King, and his son was bred up very much about the person of Prince Charles. Sir Herbert was thus, at the period of his father's death, which happened in the year 1620, when he was about two-and-twenty years old, far from being the coarse, uninstructed, unimproving bumpkin, which the mere country gentlemen of England almost universally were at that day. He had been bred about the court, and among the best even there. He had great natural advantages, and he had cultivated them, whether of body or of mind, to the utmost. Accordingly, at the time that he succeeded to the very large property of his father—another advantage of the extent of which he was fully conscious—he was one of the most accomplished gallants of the court, in which he fixed his residence. Coming from the midland, he had family connexions with the Lord of the ascendant, Buckingham; and, although not by office one of his retainers, he was constantly about his person, and was considered as one of his most favoured followers.

Accordingly, when that most extraordinary expedition, the Prince's journey to Spain, was resolved on, Sir Herbert was singled out as one of the galaxy of noble and gallant persons who were to go direct to Spain, and form the retinue of the Prince during his residence at Madrid. Buckingham had originally wished that he should accompany them; but, as their escort was literally limited to three—Sir F. Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter—this was found to be impossible. He went out, however, with Lord Denbigh, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who formed the court of the Prince at Madrid.

Never, perhaps, was there more youth, beauty, wit, wealth, and rank, congregated together than in this cortege. The Duke of Buckingham, whose eminence itself had originally arisen from his advantages of person, was, at this time, in the very zenith of manhood, and an unparalleled course of continued success had added all the *ris vite*—the animation, buoyancy, and brilliancy—which are the usual attendants of good fortune. The young noblemen who had followed the Prince to Madrid, were the very elite of the court. They had been singled out with reference to their showy and imposing qualities; and, though the Prince himself already indicated that cold and reserved temper which afterwards proved of so much detriment during the course of his ill-fated life, it could scarcely have been possible for Francis I., or Henri Quatre, to have gathered around him a retinue more distinguished for grace, vivacity, and *l'air de Cour*.

But, even among these, Sir Herbert Meynell stood prominent. He was, at this time, scarcely five-and-twenty. Tall, graceful, and athletic in form—with the eye of a falcon, yet a smile soft, sweet, and penetrating as that of a woman; bred, too, under the eye of Buckingham, with this model of courtly grace and gallantry constantly in view, no wonder that he had imbibed much of that exquisite manner, which even his enemies admit Buckingham to have possessed, and still less wonder that he should also have contracted some of those vices which even his best friends have never denied. Such was Sir Herbert

Meynell, at the time that he arrived at the court of Spain, in person and outward manner; what he was in heart the following narrative will probably shew.

It was in the month of May, 1623, that a bull-fight was held at Madrid, for the purpose of displaying this national exhibition to the Prince of Wales. Splendidly as these shows are always got up, especially when honoured by the royal presence, the magnificence was redoubled on the present occasion, as may very naturally be supposed. And, indeed, if the object were to display to the English prince an exhibition of Spanish character, no means so well calculated for the purpose could have been chosen. It went, indeed, a little farther than was probably intended; for all the points of that character that were displayed, were not, perhaps, quite in consonance with the ideas of the Prince.

Certainly, in those days, a public bull-fight might be considered as a condensation, upon one spot, of all the most prominent parts of the national disposition in Spain. The love of display—not the fight, gay, and giddy feeling of Frenchmen, but the more grave, more solid—I had almost said solemn—partaking rather of the nature of the tournament of old days than the ball-room of modern times—with such feelings did the Spanish cavaliers enter the arena, dressed splendidly, but rigidly nationally, and casting up their eyes to the galleries loaded with beauty, which stretched around the enclosure above, await with proudly-swelling hearts the signal which was to give them the opportunity of exhibiting their persons and their prowess to such fair beholders.

And these very beauties formed in themselves no trivial portion of the exhibition. The ladies of the court, accustomed to mix freely in society, were there very much as the belles of London or Paris go to the opera; but the great majority were persons who, exalted though they might be in rank, yet, living only in private life, were subject to the many and minute restrictions which the modes of life, then prevalent in Spain, enforced. To these a bull-fight was a gala looked to with eagerness, and enjoyed with delight. With all the advantages of dress—placed, too, in a position conspicuous, yet, at the same time, not painfully so, from its being occupied by all alike—few things could be more dazzling than this circle of loveliness and brilliancy. The Spanish ladies are, or, at least, then were, peculiarly fitted for this species of exhibition. Less light, lively, and vivid than the French, they probably shone less in the ball-room or the *salon*; but their full, deep, Cleopatra-like order of beauty, admirably became a position such as this, where they sat as the arbitresses and rewarders of the exertions of their *peux*. There is something in the repose of a Spanish woman's countenance, indicating, as it does, the slumber of profound, fervent, even fierce, passion beneath, which impresses the mind more than almost any other description of beauty.

Upon a foreigner, especially, this effect is strong, and the bold and loose gallants of the English Court had not looked upon the fair Iberians unmoved; and, if report spoke truly, they had not failed to push the advantages of their position to the utmost. These advantages were many and great. Not only the romantic nature of the Prince's journey had tended to draw the curiosity of all Madrid upon himself and every one belonging to him; but, as they were foreigners, they were supposed to be, to a certain extent, privileged persons, and were held excused from many of those formalities and regulations of etiquette, which tend so much to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It is possible, indeed, that this exemption was already granted by persons who thought that there might be worse arrangements than for their daughters to accompany the Infanta to England, as the wives of the Prince's courtiers. At all events, there seemed to be a general understanding that the Englishmen were not expected thoroughly to conform to all the niceties of Spanish etiquette—an understanding to which the young ladies were very willing to accede, and the young gentlemen not at all. It may be supposed, indeed, that these last could by no means highly approve of such arrangements; and they hated their visitors, therefore, with a very cordial and hospitable hatred. Indeed, the chief enjoyment which the cavaliers promised to themselves in this bull-fight, was that, for once, they would be the sole objects of attraction, as their foreign rivals, of course, did not enter into the arena. "I wish to heaven they would," muttered one of the combatants; "the world would then see the differ-

ence between a true Castilian and these northern savages." Perhaps it may not be considered quite a fair ground of contempt, that the foreigners did not understand this peculiarly Spanish exercise; but, even in our days, the same spirit exists; an Englishman despises a Frenchman because he cannot defend himself with his fists, and a Frenchman an Englishman because he cannot fight with a rapier.

The Englishmen, themselves, however, were warmly interested by the fine and daring spectacle which was passing before their eyes. As for its being cruel also, few people think the worse of any sport for that, even now. But then the very meaning of the term was not known by the great. Meynell alone saw but little of the fight. The bull made a splendid first rush, and as Sir Herbert was moving onward to get a fuller view of what would next happen, his eye lighted upon an object which put bull, and cavaliers, and matadores, out of his head in an instant. It was a young lady of about eighteen. She was seated just outside the space enclosed for the court and its followers. Being a little in front of where Meynell had been standing, he had not observed her till, as he was moving forward, a part of his dress becoming hitched upon the rail, he turned back to disengage it; and then his eyes rested full upon the loveliest face which, till then, they had ever beheld. The English Court was, in the reign of James I., undoubtedly remarkable for the degree of beauty which adorned it. But Meynell felt in an instant that any thing so lovely as this he had never seen. A picture of this lady hangs in the gallery at Arlescott-hall; but it is, in several respects, different from what she was at this time. There was health as well as beauty in the cheek; and, in lieu of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes every one so vividly as existing in the eyes of that picture, there were the brightness and animation of an unclouded spirit; and the pride of a beauty, a noble, and a Spaniard—mitigated and qualified, however, by an expression both of sensitiveness and kindly feeling. She was speaking at the moment Meynell first caught sight of her, and pointing out something in the arena to a lady who appeared to be her mother. The sweet, soft, and musical tone of her voice—the beauty of her lips as they moved in speaking, and displayed, from time to time, the exquisite teeth within—the formation of the rounded and delicate arm, as it was outstretched in the act of pointing—and, almost above all, the hand itself that pointed—the whole picture, in short, struck Meynell with the keenest admiration and delight;—he stopped short, and, after a few moments, drew near to the rail, and sat down within a few paces of this enchanting vision.

Sir Herbert had, undoubtedly, been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, somewhat taken a-back by the sudden view of a creature so inexpressibly lovely. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession—or, at least, not speedily to regain it—even under such circumstances as these. He looked, and looked again—to ascertain whether his first glance had deceived him; on the contrary, the more he gazed the more he admired. His thoughts ran back to the memory of the English beauties whom he had wooed—but none could compare with this perfect Spaniard. He scanned the peculiar points of her national beauty, and thought them so many ingredients of perfection. Meynell was not a man to let his admiration long remain unknown to its object. "I will wait," thought he, "a little while for an opportunity to accost her—and if it does not occur, I will make one."

The combat had been going on for some time eagerly gazed upon by the lady, but not in the least looked at by Sir Herbert, who, on the contrary, was occupied in watching the variations of her speaking face, as the events in the arena below fluctuated. On a sudden she turned pale as death, and uttered an exclamation amounting to a scream—and, at the same moment, there seemed to be a strong movement of anxiety and horror pervading the assembly.—Meynell looked up, and saw that the bull was making a furious rush at a cavalier, whose horse was desperately wounded, and who was himself hurt. From the incapacity of the horse to move quickly, the destruction of the rider seemed inevitable, and, just as he disappeared from the sight of Meynell, in consequence of coming too near to the gallery in which he sat for his eye to reach the ground, it was evident that the cavalier was falling from his horse backwards, the bull having already reached and attacked it in front. The lady leaned back in her seat, and, covering her face with her hands, trembled violently. Meynell sprang forwards, and, with some little dif-

\* Buckingham's wearing the French costume was one of the first things by which he gave offence at the Court of Spain.

GENERAL VICTORIA.

(From Ward's Mexico.)

The adventures of Victoria are altogether unequalled in the history of human sufferings:—

"It was his practice to keep but a small band of men about his person, and only to collect his force upon great occasions; a mode of warfare well suited to the wild habits of the natives, and, at the same time, calculated to baffle all pursuit. The instant a blow was struck, a general dispersion followed; in the event of a failure, a rendezvous was fixed for some distant point; and thus losses were often repaired before it was known in the capital that they had been sustained at all. Nor were Victoria's exploits confined to his desultory warfare: in 1815, he detained a convoy of 6000 mules, escorted by 2000 men, under the command of Colonel Aguilu, at Puente del Rey, a pass, the natural strength of which the insurgents had increased by placing artillery upon the heights by which it is commanded; nor did it reach Vera Cruz for upwards of six months. The necessity of keeping the channel of communication with Europe open, induced Calleja, in December, 1815, to intrust the chief command, both civil and military, of the province of Vera Cruz, to Don Fernando Miyares, (an officer of high rank and distinguished attainments, recently arrived from Spain,) for the special purpose of establishing a chain of fortified posts, sufficiently strong to curb Victoria's incursions. The execution of this plan was preceded and accompanied by a series of actions between the insurgents and royalists, in the course of which Miyares gradually drove Victoria from his strong holds at Puente del Rey, and Puente de San Juan (September, 1815;) and although the latter maintained the unequal struggle for upwards of two years, he never was able to obtain any decisive advantage over the reinforcements which the government was continually sending to the seat of war. Two thousand European troops landed with Miyares, and one thousand more with Apodaca, (in 1816;) and notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of the year 1816, most of the old soldiers fell: those by whom he replaced them had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants had engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out; with each reverse their discouragement increased; and, as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hope of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any further supplies; the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unshaken, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forests, rather than accept the *indulto*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after-history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first few weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him, or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca, too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river, which they were unable to cross; and on several others, he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last a story was made up, to satisfy the Viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognized as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were re-called to more pressing labours in the interior. But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit: harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity, but his sufferings were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger, and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses, or other animals, that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting any thing but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period,

his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when driven by hunger, he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria, cut off, as he, from all communication with the world, received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, during the intervening period. When, in 1818, he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and of whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change could take place, where he wished them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain, at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it, was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent. The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered; during this time they lived principally by the chase; but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognized to be that of a European. By European, I mean of European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions quite at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the mean time, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely: Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days after, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had fortunately not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before saw any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by a friend or foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognized him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from amongst the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognize his old General. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his appearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but it was soon known that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed in existence—all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his independent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's projects for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government, and not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious Emperor.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

CATHERINE GREY.

The really affecting history of Catherine Grey and her husband, the Earl of Hertford, forms the tale to which her name is assigned. Queen Elizabeth is here described to be enamoured of the Earl; and after the discovery of his connexion with Catherine, her jealousy vents itself in confining them to separate apartments in the Tower. We pass over the imaginary interview between the Queen and Catherine, and shall commence our extracts with the resolution taken by Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing in the Tower at the time, to visit Seymour, at the moment when the Lieutenant of that fortress has permitted his prisoners to meet, notwithstanding her Majesty's express commands to the contrary:—

"The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the Queen's address.  
"How now, Master Lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one; but surely there is in it nothing so appalling that it should banish the

blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say—

"Gracious madam!" said Warner, "pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the Queen. "How! do you dispute the commands of your Sovereign?"

"Then, most dread Sovereign," said the Lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the Queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your Majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the Queen, using the favourite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkening brow: "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave—bast thou suffered him to escape?"

"Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the Queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, 'He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment.'

"What, ho there!" shouted the Queen, as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger. "Guards, seize the traitor!"

"Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the Lieutenant in the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The Queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Grey, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a Queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Grey in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the Queen.

"The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the Queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

"The guards immediately surrounded the Earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, gracious Queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the Queen; he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great Queen, not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

"Naught, save my death," said the Queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

"Catherine's ear caught the last part of the Queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning, she exclaimed, 'thy death or mine. O, Queen! then thus,' she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, 'thus may his life be spared!'

"A cry of 'treason! treason!' pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the Queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, Oh Queen!" she said as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound, 'Catherine Grey no longer disturbs thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour.'

"Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the Queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Grey was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The Queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kins-woman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon; where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth, at the expiration of that period, released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful—he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union."

FATHER O'LEARY.

(From Kelly's Reminiscences.)

"One day, the facetious John Philpot Curran, and my witty countryman the celebrated Father O'Leary, did me the honour to dine with me. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents; and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran, was no bad match.

One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the Divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.

O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Doctor Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the Doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, Sir?"

"Faith, Sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me."

Upon this the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither;—Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language."

O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, to which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, "This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me;—Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom."—The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room.

From the London TIMES, November 5.

Lord Bexley, it seems, has been doing his best to break out of the limbo of obscurity, by the publication of a letter against the Pope of Rome, and the Councils, and the Cmons, and the thousand and one religious errors and political transgressions of the Papists. Considering what Lord Bexley's history has been, and by what sort of associations the *idea* of him is accompanied—when, for some special or malicious purpose, one "remembers not to forget" the existence of such a "grave," if no longer a "potent" personage—we really are induced to ask his Lordship why he cannot let himself alone. He is a Lord; he has a snug pension of some 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a year; and—what any body else but Lord Bexley would, in Lord Bexley's circumstances, bless his stars for—he has, with these appendages and illustrations of the blindness of fortune fresh about him, together, we hope, with some, at least, of the more innocent enjoyments of animal life, achieved in safety the *summum bonum* of oblivion.

Oh! why, then, Lord Bexley, could you not let yourself alone? That this once-wonderful mathematical genius might have no mean confidence in his own powers of demonstration, we can well imagine. The man who could convince 600 representatives of the most enlightened people on earth that 15 was equal to 21, may be pardoned for holding cheap the national intelligence of England; but no prank that the noble Lord ever attempted in the way of mathematical or financial paradox, was to be compared with his recent endeavour to found a persecution of the Catholic laity of this day, on the doctrines of the fourth council of Lateran.

If the yell of "No Popery" had any meaning, or any bearing upon the question whether Catholics who have already the right of making members, and thereby governing many votes in Parliament, might not also, with equal security to the state, have the right of voting, as well as of telling others how to vote;—if that "yell" had any honest meaning, why surely it would not have been confined to the block-heads by whom only (with scarce one exception) it is uttered. Had the measure of emancipation been of a nature to entail upon the empire any risk from Popery, would not—and we entreat an earnest attention to this list of great and celebrated men, the ornaments of their country—the highest authorities of the last century and the present, in all that concerned the civil liberties of England, with the interests of her constitution "in Church and State,"—would not Mr. Burke, the idol of Tory statesmen, have sounded the war-trump of "No Popery?" Would not Mr. Wyndham, the acute and high-minded; or Mr. Wilberforce, religious and Protestant even to enthusiasm; Mr. Fox, the devoted partisan of Whig principles and of freedom in Church and State; Mr. Pitt, of his whole generation endow'd with the loftiest and most masculine spirit, no further a Tory of 1688 than that, by the chance-medley of times and circumstances, the Whigs of 1788 opposed him—Mr. Pitt, the object of clamorous and ostentatious worship by those who now convulse the spheres with this foul tempest of "No Popery,"—would Mr. Pitt not have joined the cry? Would he not have thundered it in the ears of Europe, had he dreamed that the cause of Popery would have been favoured by emancipation? Would Mr. Pitt—the pilot, the guardian, the tutelur genius of "Church and State,"—have dwelt upon emancipation as one of the national benefits connected with the act of Union, and growing out of it, and crowning and consummating that imperial measure—would he have recommended the Union itself, as naturally leading to the relief of the Catholics, and divesting emancipation of any dangers to be feared from it had Ireland stood alone, "if he entertained the least apprehension that the

"Church and State" of England would have been impaired by this "natural consequence" of the Union? Would Mr. Pitt have surrendered an office which was identified with his being, and dissolved a Ministry which was almost incorporated with the State, because he could not carry the admission of the Catholic Lords and Gentlemen to Parliament, had such admission been by him regarded as any thing but beneficial to the Protestant interests of the realm? Again, we say, would Lord Grenville—as sound a statesman as any of this age, and as upright as any former age could boast of—would that virtuous and enlightened Minister have blinded his countrymen to the Popish terrors of emancipation, had any such terrors existed? Mr. Grattan—had civil freedom been menaced by Catholic emancipation, would Mr. Grattan, less the advocate of liberty than her hero—would he have shrunk from denouncing the demon of Popery? Of men of later growth—Lord Castlereagh—shrewd and penetrating—was consistent in his contempt for "No Popery," and we verily believe that he was in that case honest. Lord Grey Lord Harrowby, wise and conscientious, though but half appreciated as a statesman—Lord Lansdowne, Lord Plunkett, Lord Holland, Mr. Whitbread; and last, the much-honoured and lamented Canning—these were, one and all, zealous friends of the grand measure of emancipation. Was ever such a catalogue presented to any people, of men so eminent—men so noble—the flower of their country—the land-marks of their time—of parties opposite—of opinions and principles independent and diversified—Whigs, Tories, neutrals, English, Irish, old and young, varying in sentiment upon all other questions, but agreed ON THIS ALONE? Let us say, any rational being of calm and sober intellect consider but this one argument—this evidence of authority from which in the British empire there is no appeal—and ask himself ought he not to blush for listening to the frantic war-whoop of "No Popery?" If there were a particle of reason in "No Popery" employed as against the extension of civil liberty, then would more than half of Europe be suffering under a perpetual civil war; for if the Pope could command the temporal allegiance of those who professed the tenets of Catholicism, then would every Catholic Sovereign, as well as Protestant, hold his crown from the Vatican.

But it is madness to call this a religious question, and it is so designated for knavish ends by those who will lead the lower classes of the Protestants. We have affirmed a hundred times, and we shall never cease to dwell upon it, that the present union between the Catholic laity and their priesthood is a forced and unnatural condition. The laity, on the look-out for allies, have in their extremity had recourse to the priests. The priests are now their instruments, not their rulers. Receive the laity into alliance with the state, and they at once send back the reverend gentlemen "to their breviaries," which even the Irish peasant have often sneeringly recommended them to study. But the whole question resolves itself into this: Will you apply a remedy to the horrible state of Ireland, or are you satisfied to leave her thus—an ulcer in the side of England, which eats inward every hour towards her vitals? None but Southey, the Poet-Lawyer, and the sage Duke of Newcastle, talk or think of re-enacting the penal code against the Catholics. Every enlightened Englishman, and every honest Irishman, sees and confesses that such a monster in politics cannot be suffered to appal the world, as that of a nation whose operative and governing force is no where in contact with its laws and institutions, but acting independently of them, and even contemptuously towards them. Every man who reflects but for a moment, must be conscious that the system cannot last, where there is nothing but a parchment sovereignty on one side—and on the other, a self-directed people. Why, the so-much-laughed-at paper blockade is not a whit more ludicrous than the paper union between Ireland and this mistaken country; or than the paper patent, by way of government, which pretends to rule over the Irish nation. Should it come to blows—which GOD in his mercy avert from us—the bayonet, and the brave man who impels it, will execute, no doubt, their dreadful duty; but we repeat, that if Ireland is to form part of our political community, it is not by insulting with shouts of "No Popery," a people, of whose religion the Pope is the recognized head, but by bearing with them an equal share of subjection to equal laws, and granting to them an equal share in the enjoyment of common liberties.

Law Intelligence.

NAVIGATION—IMPORTANT RULE.

[A vessel sailing with the wind, should give way to one sailing by the wind, and the ship sailing by the wind is not to alter her course.]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Handasyde and others v. Wilson and others.

Mr. Parke opened the pleadings.

Serjeant Jones stated that the plaintiffs in this case were the owners of a brig called the *Juno*, burthen 180 tons, and that the defendants were the owners of a smack called the *Alert*, belonging to the Leith and Berwick Navigation Company, of which the defendants were members. The action was brought to recover a compensation for the loss of the *Juno*, which it was alleged, had been occasioned by the negligence of the defendants' servants, who were entrusted with the care and management of the *Alert*. It appeared that on the 16th of January last, the *Juno* sailed from London, bound to Shields, and proceeded safely on her voyage until the Sunday following, which was on the 20th of the month, when she

had arrived off Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire. At about five o'clock on the morning of that day, one of the seamen on deck perceived a vessel, about two cables' length ahead, bearing towards them. The *Juno* was at this time sailing close hauled, in a N. N. W. direction, with a westerly wind; the other ship, which proved to be the *Alert*, coming in a direction, S. W. The master of the *Juno*, upon being informed that another vessel was close ahead of him, went forward, and having hailed her, desired her crew to luff, or, in other words, to put their helm a-lee, at the same time putting his own helm a-weather. By this arrangement, if the master of the *Alert* had followed the instructions of the master of the *Juno*, which, as a good seaman, it was insisted, he ought to have done, the vessels would have undoubtedly passed clear of each other, and no accident could possibly have arisen; but, instead of doing so, the master of the *Alert* kept on his former course until within a very short distance of the *Juno*, when, instead of putting his helm a-lee, which might even then have carried him clear, from some inexplicable reason he put his helm a-weather, and ran aboard the *Juno* on her larboard bow, and became so much entangled with her that both were in imminent danger of going down. The *Alert*, however, being the lighter vessel of the two, escaped without much damage, but the *Juno* sunk in about six or seven minutes after she struck, her crew being compelled to save themselves on board the *Alert*. These were the facts of the case.

The ownership on both sides being admitted, the crew of the *Juno* described the accident as stated by counsel, and gave it as their opinion, that it would certainly have been avoided if the Captain of the *Alert* had acted in a seamanlike manner. Other persons, experienced seamen, stated, that as the *Juno* was sailing close hauled, it was the duty of the master of the *Alert*, who had the wind free, to give way, in order to let the *Juno* pass.

Serjeant Wilde, for the defendants, remarked upon what he conceived to be the weakness of the plaintiff's case, and said that he should prove that the master and crew of the *Alert*, so far from having been guilty of neglect, had taken every possible means in their power to prevent the accident, which, in fact, had arisen from the improper course adopted by the master of the *Juno*. That the *Alert* first saw the *Juno*, and continued to hail her until they ran foul of each other; that she was to the leeward and not to the windward; that the course adopted by the master of the *Alert*, of going to leeward, was perfectly correct, and could not have been the cause of the accident, if the *Juno* had not altered her course in the same direction, which according to the rules of sailing, she had no right to do.

The crew of the *Alert* swore positively to these facts; and other witnesses were called, who stated that if the vessels were in the position described by the witnesses for the defendant, it was the duty of the master of the *Alert* to have sailed to the leeward, and that the *Juno* ought not to have altered her course. These witnesses concurred with those who had been examined on the other side, in stating that it was an established rule of the sea; that a ship sailing with the wind should in all cases give way for one sailing by the wind, whose duty it would be to keep straight on her course, in order that the ship sailing with the wind might not be deceived in the course she might choose. There was no fixed rule as to which side a vessel with the wind should pass a vessel by the wind; that was left to the discretion of the captain to determine which should appear the best and safest, under existing circumstances.

Chief Justice Best told the jury that the question for their consideration would be—first, whether the *Alert* was to the leeward of the *Juno*, as had been stated by the defendants' witnesses; and secondly, if they were of opinion that she was, whether there was any established rule among seamen, that a ship sailing with the wind, being to the leeward ahead of a ship by the wind, should continue her course to the leeward, and that the ship by the wind should pursue her course without any alteration? If their opinion should be in the affirmative of these questions, his lordship thought their verdict must be for the defendants; but if their opinion should be to the contrary, then he thought it should be for the plaintiffs.

The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the defendants. Chief Justice Best then said, that as the decision of the jury might be of some importance upon one of the questions; he wished to know if they were of opinion that a rule had been established by seamen, that a vessel sailing with the wind should give way to one sailing by the wind, and that the ship by the wind should not alter her course.

To this question the jury replied in the affirmative.

The following description of Ibrahim Pacha is given in a private letter from Navarino, inserted in a Lyons paper:—"Ibrahim is very short in stature, and as fat as a London alderman; his countenance has something vulgar about it, but his eye is very expressive, and his large light-coloured beard gives him a patriarchal appearance. General Maison was very much astonished with the shrewdness he exhibited, and seemed surprised at the sagacity with which he treated the most intricate and delicate subjects. It is impossible to form a proper judgment of this Turk without seeing him, but it is most certain that he is a man of resolution, and possesses a considerable share of tact. During the conference with General Maison, Ibrahim spoke nothing but Arabic; and after entering into the subject of the evacuation of the Morea, he said, in a jocular tone, that as they were agreed upon the principal points, it was unnecessary to discuss the details. He added, that he felt much pleasure in finding himself with Frenchmen, and in being enabled to bob and nob with them in the Parisian style. When Ibrahim retired, he

shook hands with some of the officers, and saluted the others in the most polite and gracious manner."

The following anecdote of the late Lord Byron is given in the *New Literary Gazette*:—Lord Byron was in the habit of dispensing much charity through the hands of an excellent man, Dr. —, under strict injunctions of secrecy as to the donor. The Doctor one day presented himself with a very sad countenance, and, in reply to consequent questions, he said it was caused by the circumstance of a young man having been just placed under his care, for whom his anxiety and commiseration were warmly excited. The young man, independent of extreme ill health, was then in a complete (and to be feared incurable) state of insanity—the effect of hopeless love. A reciprocally warm attachment had long existed between him and a girl well worthy the devotion of a good manly heart. She was, moreover, really beautiful; but unfortunately, though of equal rank with her beloved, she could bring a dowry with which it was too far for his most strenuous efforts, or even his hopes to compete. Her father was inexorable, malgré the very high character of the suitor—and he went mad! Lord Byron lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the report; and under a disguise he obtained from the girl a confirmation of her lover's worth, and her modest but determined vow to wed no other; also a knowledge of the amount of her dowry. The Doctor was then summoned to aid with his advice and opinion: the result of which was that he engaged to restore the sufferer to reason and health, under the sovereign security his Lordship gave for his happiness. The amount of the dowry was doubled!! The young man, though long the object of trying solicitude, recovered, and they were married. Their benefactor, still unknown, dispensed, through his exemplary almoner, added gifts; their virtue, their affection, and their good luck, made all prosper under their care, and they are now not only the happiest but the richest of the village.

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 12, 1829.

Shipping Intelligence. CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

CLEARED. FEBRUARY 7.—Schooner Yacht, Townsend, Cork; 104 qts fish, 7 bis salmon, 8 bis, and 41 firkin s. made, 39 casks containing 2122 gallons cod oil and blubber, 6 to 10 old junk.

Passengers in the Yacht—Mr. John Dillon and Mr. R. Beelen.

Died, on Monday last, after a short but painful illness, Mr. SAMUEL WOODLEY, aged 51 years;—a respectable inhabitant of this town. His funeral will take place on Saturday next, at ONE o'clock, when his friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

Sale at Auction.

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

Notices.

BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-third Anniversary Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society, will be held at the Orphan Asylum School-Room, on TUESDAY morning next, the 17th instant, at 10 o'clock. As the election of Officers for the ensuing twelve months will then take place, and other important matters be brought before the notice of the Society, a full attendance of the Members is particularly requested.

By order, JOHN SHEA, Secretary. February 12.

Education.

HENRY SIMMS,

Present Master of the Orphan Asylum School,

BEGS leave to inform the Inhabitants of this town and its vicinity, that he intends Opening an English, Mercantile, and Mathematical SCHOOL, early in May next. He flatters himself that, from his practical knowledge of conducting Schools, as well as from the system of instruction he will introduce, advantages will be afforded to his pupils equal, if not superior, to any that can be obtained in this Island; and particularly calculated to facilitate their progress in knowledge and science.

The School will be situated in an airy and central part of the town. February 12.

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.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On FRIDAY, the 20th instant, Will be Performed, The much-admired COMEDY of The Poor Gentleman; AFTER WHICH, THE FARCE OF THE HONEST THIEVES.

Tickets to be had at Mr. CLIFT'S Office.—Box, 3s.; Pit, 2s.—Doors to be opened at half-past 6; Performance to commence at 7. February 12.

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, ..... 2s. ditto, per ditto, 3d Class, English Grammar & Ciphering, 3 ditto, per ditto, English Grammar, separately, ..... 3s. 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.

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 Salt.

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, Tenerife Wine, in pipes, Bronte Madeira ditto, in hogsheds, A few dozen superior St. Perry Wine, equal to Champagne, Ditto ditto Claret Wine, Hawsers from 4 to 6-inch, Powder and Shot, Flat Canvass, No. ditto, from No. 1 to 7, Negrohead Tobacco, in kegs, Superior Souchong Tea.

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.

PATRICK MORRIS

OFFERS FOR SALE,

30 Cases Printed COTTONS, Each containing 50 pieces; WHICH WILL BE SOLD, On every low terms to wholesale purchasers.



Port's Corner.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

I snatched a wild rose from its deep rocky bed,  
Where lonely and lovely 'twas blooming, nor e'er,  
Till I felt, that my fingers were wounded, and bled,  
Dreamed that aught like a thorn or a briar was near.  
And they told me the world was just like the rose,  
That nothing but beauty at distance revealed,  
And never on hearts that seemed fair to repose,  
For that then I should find all the thorns concealed.

Alas! I knew little of life, and I sighed,  
When thus warned of all I could love, to beware,  
And where are the hearts in this world then I cried,  
We can trust, if we trust not to those who seem fair?

Or are we thro' life's narrow valley to steal  
Distrustful, with no hing like kindness displayed,  
Oh! rather than this I'd be happy to feel  
A thousand such wounds as this flow'et has made.

The reflection might long have embittered my breast,  
Were it not that I saw a young lily alone  
By the stream—and I plucked it—but cautiously, lest  
A briar may lurk in its fair leaves unknown.

But oh! after heedfully searching it round,  
No longer I sighed—for sure plainly it proved,  
As well as a flower without thorns can be found,  
We may too meet with hearts to be trusted and loved.

[Concluded from first page.]

faculty, reached the edge of the gallery. He was just in time to behold the rescue of the cavalier. The bull had already stooped to gore him, when one of his comrades, rushing in at full speed, wounded the bull, and drew him off to another part of the arena. Meynell immediately returned to his previous seat, and, leaning over, said to the lady—"Calm yourself, Madam, he is safe."

She withdrew her hands from before her eyes, and, seeing the young Englishman, whom she had observed spring forward at the moment of alarm, she answered, with the animation of still remaining fear, "Are you certain, Sir? I saw that terrible animal close upon him!"—"Fair lady, I assure you, I saw the cavalier rise, and he was but slightly hurt: the gentleman, whom you see yonder on the chestnut horse, came in time to rescue him."

The conversation having once begun, Meynell took sufficient care that it should not drop. At first, he was rather hampered by his difficulty in speaking Spanish; and he complained of his being a poor Englishman, who had not been long enough in Spain to overcome his northern ignorance, in a manner which announced that he was one of the Prince's suite—a fact which, as he well knew, was at that moment more likely to forward him in his suit with any lady in Madrid, than if he had been a grandee of the first class. But he did not yet know Olivia de Castro, or he would have felt how little impression such things as that made upon her mind. She relieved him, however, on the score of language, by asking him whether he spoke French. "My mother," she added, looking towards her, "is a Frenchwoman, and her language is, consequently, as familiar to me as my own."

At this, Sir Herbert was delighted; for he fully felt the exceeding disadvantage of having so faulty a weapon as a language which he imperfectly understood. "It is like fencing with one's left hand," said he to himself, "besides the chance of making some blunder, so ludicrous, as inevitably to cast ridicule upon the speaker. Any thing but that I could make head against—but once the idea of ridicule falls upon a wooer—the die is cast—it is all in vain!"

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the waning moon, as she shed her melancholy light upon the splendid garden of Don Guzman de Castro's palace, shown upon two figures who were seated in one of its rich alcoves. The lady's head was drooped upon her bosom, and she looked not towards her companion, who was leaning forward, and apparently speaking with great rapidity and earnestness.

"Is it not enough, Olivia," he said, "that you have weaned me from the faith of my fathers—would you make me also untrue to my Prince? No!—our marriage must be secret, or it cannot be at all.—If it were known that Sir Herbert Meynell, the follower and friend of Buckingham, was married to the Donna-Olivia de Castro, there would, in this court of form and etiquette, be an end of the Prince's negotiation at once. No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke—"our union must be secret. A few months passed, and I may own you to be mine in the face of the world—and carry you to my own country, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the court, and the mistress of my whole soul, and heart, and happiness, in our home."

"Then, why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low, faltering tone—as though, even when she asked it, she was quite aware of the answer her lover would make.

"Trifle not with me thus!" he exclaimed—"You know that in three days I shall have left Spain. I cannot assign to the Prince the real cause of my reluctance, and he has singled me out to bear letters to the King. I must go. And can I go without putting it beyond the reach of fate that you should be mine? Can I go, and leave you exposed to the constant solicitations of Don Guzman, that you should marry the Comte? How can I know how soon they may not be turned into commands, and enforced with every species of severity?"

"And could you doubt my truth, though they were?" said Olivia, turning her eyes full upon her

lover's face, with a look that might have reassured the soul of Otello, in his fiercest mood. But Meynell did not doubt. He knew full well, that though he had tendered to her the throne of Spain and the Indies on the one hand, and that she were threatened with a dungeon on the other, the faith of Olivia de Castro, once pledged, would remain unbroken. Assurance was not his object, for he would not have doubted if he had gone; and, moreover, he was not going. His journey to England was a fiction, invented to serve the very purpose to which he was now applying it: for this crafty and corrupt courtier—this worthy pupil of his false and reckless master, Buckingham—had not the means, so the end were gained; nay, when the end was such as that for which he was now striving, it would truly have been cause for wonder if any means had seemed to him forbidden.

"Doubt you, dearest? No—" he answered; "doubt never can cross my breast with regard to you. But I know not what they do in Spain. I know only that strange things, such as we hear not of in England, are done. Fathers here have power inordinate, and they scruple little how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I quit Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—if not, I cannot go at all! Yes," he continued, as though he were wrought to a paroxysm of passion, "I will forfeit all—duty, country, friends—all! rather than leave you without having made you irrevocably mine!"

Five short weeks before, and Olivia de Castro had never seen Herbert Meynell. He now was master of her whole soul. He had begun by letting her have hopes that he might be won from his heretic faith, and that thus a soul might be gained for heaven. With consummate art, he led her on and on by degrees, feigning that his mind was more and more moved, while he assured himself of the reality that her's was so. They met almost daily. The religious motive which Meynell had, with the subtlety of the fiend, given her wherewith to deceive herself, blinded her at first: but long before the conversion was completed, she felt that her fate was fixed forever—she felt that she loved—loved with that fierce intensity, that overflowing tenderness, that fixed unity, with which a soul like her's alone could love. Let not the reader smile at the short time that had sufficed to operate this. We all know—it is well if we have not experienced—that, in some situations, years are condensed into months, nay, weeks—feelings which would be spread over the whole life of the cold and the cautious, are often accumulated and compressed into one hour of intense sensation.

When Meynell saw that the blow was stricken, that her mind and her heart were his beyond the power of recall, he allowed the work of proselytism to go on more rapidly;—still she hesitated; both the difficulties and the duties of her position hampered her; and it needed the feigned mission to England to hurry her into the fatal step of a private marriage.

That once secured, Meynell, of course, was no longer compelled to leave Spain. The almost delirium of joy with which she received the intelligence that he was to remain, touched, for a moment, the heart of this wicked and cruel man. For an instant, remorse stung him to the quick; and, as he pressed her to his bosom, and fondly kissed her brow, the truth hovered on his lips—he was on the point of telling her all. But the habits of evil years proved too strong for the repentant impulse of one moment;—he held his peace.

It was within a few days after this marriage, that the picture which hangs at Arlescot Hall was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was that came; secretly, to sit to him; but, concluding it to appertain to one of the love-adventures so common at Madrid, he was contented with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvass, and made no enquiries.—The picture was purposely made small for the object of portability. "It is only a head," thought the great master, "but it is worthy of being, and it shall be, the finest that ever passed from my pencil."

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, one day, as he stood, gazing on the unfinished work, at the hour he expected his sitters.—"That brow how noble!—those eyes how beaming with the fire of youth and health, and of a keen, deep, and all-pervading happiness also! How that spirit pervades the whole face, and gives it added life and brilliancy! This must be love,—happily-fortuned love!—nought else could shed such a radiance upon such a countenance.—Alas! how seldom is it thus! But so glorious a creature as this, indeed, deserves it!"

"The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he looked at the progress of the picture after the sitters was gone; "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely, exactly, the expression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been error—I may have gazed upon those eyes, till, without a figure, they dazzled me, and the very beauty of their light may have prevented my rendering it. I will be very careful next time."

He was so; but the diminished brightness was, this time, beyond doubt. It was distinctly perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait after she was gone. "The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought Velasquez, as he closely examined the picture; "this is not as it was. I had thought that I should have executed the most radiant countenance that my art has ever yet embodied, but this will not be so now. It is beautiful—most beautiful still!—perhaps, even more so than before; but it is saddened and subdued. Alas! it is as if I were! Love's brilliant morning has become clouded over ere noon. Pray heaven a storm do not supervene ere sunset!"

And thus did the eyes of the portrait, from being faithfully copied from those of the living Donna Oli-

via, become sadder and sadder every day; till, at last, when the picture was finished, they bore that look of desolation and broken-heartedness which is so remarkable in them still. And what could have changed the whole character of that speaking countenance in so short a time? What could have reduced that heart from the delicious thrill, which accompanies accomplished love, to the dark, dreary, and desolate sensation which wrings it when it first discovers that even that is vanity! Was it in the nature of man thus to wound a creature such as this, whose lofty soul had become softened, whose ardent affection had been kindled into a blaze, for him!—Yes, so alas! it was. The cold-hearted, if not cold-blooded, follower of Buckingham, had already dashed the bloom from this fair flower—and it was drooping before his eyes.

The gradations by which Donna Olivia's misery came upon her, were very similar, in kind, with those through which her love had grown. Soon after their marriage, when the prize was won—when this lovely and gifted creature was irrevocably his—and his joys were lodged beyond the reach of fate,—Sir Herbert began to tire of the constant and minute hypocrisy that was necessary to keep up, in his wife, the belief that he really had become a convert to her faith. The first time a doubt of this crossed her mind was, probably, the bitterest moment Olivia had ever undergone. Her religious feelings were such as might be expected in a Spaniard of that age, with the addition that that Spaniard was a woman of the strongest feelings and passions, and that, up to that period, religion had been the only object they had fed on. And even when that supreme and paramount passion, LOVE, had taken possession of her breast, it had been, as it were, introduced by the agency of religion; its progress had been accompanied by religious thoughts and anxieties; and its climax had been almost simultaneous with the completion of the conversion which had gone on with its gradations. She felt, too, that this was her work—she felt that she had saved the soul of the man whom she adored.

As this doubt increased in Olivia's mind, her soul sickened, and her spirit drooped. The eternal salvation of him whom she loved almost as her own was in jeopardy; and as though this idea were not misery enough to crush her heart, she could not conceal from herself that he had played the hypocrite. "And yet—no," she thought, "that cannot be! he is too noble, too honourable, too true. His love for me blinded his reason, and carried him forward beyond the reality! He thought that he believed—it was his overwhelming passion that deceived him!"

But, alas! she soon found that whatever that passion might have been, it now, undoubtedly, had no such violent influence upon his mind. He grew impatient and testy when she urged the subject of religion; and in his heat would say things that stabbed her to the heart's core, and lay there, corroding it into torture, while he, light, careless, and cold, had forgotten he had ever so spoken. Indeed, as the Prince's stay at Madrid drew towards an end, Sir Herbert's behaviour changed so completely as to open the eyes of the unhappy Donna Olivia at last. "He loves me no more—he never could have loved me!" for Sir Herbert began to talk of the necessity of his accompanying the Duke of Buckingham on his return to England, and of the impracticability of Donna Olivia coming at the same time. It is strange that though this wounded every feeling of her sensitive nature, yet lofty and even haughty in mind as she had always previously been, she did not display, under her lover's coolness, the slightest tinge of that fierceness and violence which women of such temperaments usually shew under ill-requital. No—she was totally subdued, broken. She had staked all upon one cast, and lost it; and heart, and hope, and energy, and fire, were all gone at once.

Sometimes, even yet, she could scarcely believe her misfortune to be real. "Not love me!—it is impossible! When I think—aye, of what he has said on this very spot—it is impossible! I have become gloomy and depressed on the score of his religion, and that has made me fearful about all else. Love me! Oh! yes, yes! it is impossible he should not!" And thus, by the repetition of the words, "it is impossible," she strove to make herself believe it was so indeed. "I will come to a full understanding this night, about the English voyage. If I do not accompany him, I shall not live to see him return."

As she resolved, so she acted. She again implored him that he should take her with him.

"Impossible!" he said—"the Prince goes wifeless from your shores—I am to sail in the same ship. It would seem a direct insult to his Highness that I should take a Spanish wife in his company, as though to shew that, though he could not thrive in his wooing, I could. No, no. Stay, Olivia, till the Infanta comes to England, and then avow our marriage, and come in her suite to join me."

"Alas! Herbert—that will never be. You must feel that this match will never take effect. He is, as I said,"—and she sighed heavily at the recollection—"as I said to you the first day we met—he is a heretic—they never will come together."

"Accursed be the word!" said Meynell, who was latterly always nettled when his wife touched on the subject of religion—"heretic though he be, the Infanta of Spain would be but too rejoiced if she could keep him in her net; and Don Philip would resign the political point nearest his heart, to be able to call the Prince of Wales brother. Think you, then, they will break off the match on a point of faith?"

"Be it so, or not," Olivia answered sadly, almost solemnly—"the match will be broken off; therefore, can I never accompany the Infanta to England, Herbert, I must go with you. What! do you think when this concealment even now preys upon me so heavily—do you think I can support it

when you are gone!—when I have no longer these dear meetings to look too to repay me for all I struggle through during the day, do you think I could live?"

"Olivia," Meynell answered, "this is wild and wicked talk. It is imperative upon me, under the circumstances which I am placed, to go to England without you. But you may follow me, ere long.—And to talk thus of the effect of an absence of a few months is, I repeat, but unwise and wrong."

"A few months!—alas, those months I shall never live to see in Spain! Herbert! is it possible that you can be willing to leave me? Is it, oh God! is it true, as I have sometimes feared, and the thought has almost driven me to madness, that you wish it? Oh! no, no—it cannot be. You will take me with you, Herbert! won't you?"

It is, I fear, but too true that, when love has once passed away, those endearments and strung appeals to feeling, which would, but some short time before, have thrilled through the very soul, even revolve him to whom they are addressed. He shrinks from them, at least, with a sensation, to say the least, of uneasiness and pain. And thus it was with Sir Herbert Meynell—who answered his unhappy victim far more coldly than, did one not know to what man's nature, under such circumstances, can reach, one would suppose to have been possible. At length Olivia became maddened—all the slumbering pride of her nature burst forth into life and action at once; false and transitory as the impulse was, it impassioned her whole being for the moment—and starting from the almost caressing posture in which she had hitherto been, she sprang upon her feet, and exclaimed—"Then, Sir, I will go with you! I am your wife—and you shall not leave me. If you are so lost to all honour, humanity, and shame, I will go to your Prince—and he shall hear my story. He will tell me whether or no his presence forbids his followers to take with them their wives—he will tell me—"

"He will tell you, Madam," interrupted Meynell, stung to fury, in his turn, by her threat of appealing to the Prince, but compressing his rage into a sneer the devil might have envied as he spoke—"He will tell you, Madam, that you are not my wife—he will tell you that I am already married in England!"

Olivia stood—as though stricken by the hand of heaven motionless and speechless: but, after the lapse of some seconds, a scream, dissonant and terrific, as is always the voice of human anguish carried beyond the extremest pitch of human power to endure, burst from her, and she fell headlong upon the earth. It was the last sound that was ever uttered by her lips.

**CATHOLIC-PHOBIA.**—It is amusing to observe the magnifying powers of the lens of prejudice, and to watch the progress of alarm as it is excited in the minds of some, who stand with open mouths to catch the lie of the day, and gulp all down as genuine, however absurd, that comes within their reach. It avails nothing that ninety-nine reports believed by these good people have proved groundless; that ninety-nine times they have blushed at having suffered themselves to be imposed upon; still their credulity is gasping for more of the marvellous or the horrible, and the hundredth tale is swallowed with as great a relish, and excites as great an alarm, as any of its defunct relatives.

Since the late rumours of disturbance in Ireland, important have been the pretended apprehensions of some, and they have created real apprehensions as terrific on the part of others, that the Catholics had some desperate tragedy to perform, and were concocting some scheme of horrible intent. The scheme has at length come to light: it is such a one as, whether it really existed, or whether it was got up for the oppressed party, and caused to bear a semblance of reality by the help of a few spies, formed a convenient pretext to William the Norman to confiscate the property of the ancient owners of it in this country, and bestow it upon his own followers.

A few days ago a gentleman handed to us a manuscript, which he had that morning received from Ireland, and which imported to be a detail of a "horrid popish plot, just discovered in Ireland." According to this account, Mr. Lawless was to have visited every extensive parish from Dun alk to Derry, for the purpose of concerting measures for a simultaneous rising of the Catholics. They were to be armed, and, by secret and midnight marches, to assemble, at a given time, in Derry, to surprise the garrison there, and, having secured the arms and ammunition, commence a general massacre of the Protestants, sparing neither age nor sex. Another party was, at the same time, to surprise the fort of Charlemont, in the county of Tyrone, and proceed in the same manner as those at Derry. The city of Dublin was to fall into their power in a week or ten days at most, and all Ireland be comfortably settled under the dominion of the Catholics.

Wild, extravagant, and improbable as this scheme appears, there are persons who believe that such a one was seriously contemplated. Nay, in our own good town of Liverpool, there are some who can hardly "sleep o' nights," lest the Catholics here attempt to cut the throats of their Protestant neighbours, and very seriously tell us of a secret meeting of Catholics which is held on Sunday evenings in a public-house near Marybone, from whose deliberations much mischief is to be dreaded. We would quell the fears of the timid, by assuring them that they have no more to apprehend from the Catholic meeting at Marybone, if such a thing be in existence, than the nation had from the celebrated plot of the re-awakened Arthur Thistlewood.—*Liverpool Alliance.*