



# Newfoundland

No. 83.

THURSDAY, February 19, 1829.

Sixpence.

### Notices.

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.

### 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.
No. 1	1 Elegant six Octave Grand Action Pianoforte	50	0	0
2	1 Ditto ditto	40	0	0
3	1 Ditto Mahogany Chest Drawers, with 6 drawers	12	0	0
4	1 Ditto ditto Secretary	9	0	0
5	1 Ditto ditto Chest Drawers	9	0	0
6	1 Ditto ditto ditto	8	0	0
7	1 Ditto ditto Sopha Table	7	5	0
8	1 Ditto Oval Looking Glass (gilt frame)	7	0	0
9	1 Ditto ditto (mahogany frame)	5	10	0
10	1 Ditto Ebony Flute, with 8 silver keys	5	5	0
11	1 Ditto ditto Cupboard	5	0	0
12	1 Ditto ditto	3	10	0
13	1 Ditto ditto	3	10	0
14	1 Ditto Wash-hand Stand	3	10	0
15	1 Ditto Looking Glass (mahogany frame)	3	10	0
16	1 Ditto Card Table	3	0	0
17	1 Ditto Foot-stool	1	5	0
18	1 Ditto ditto	1	0	0
19	1 Ditto ditto	1	0	0
20	1 Ditto Tea Canister	1	0	0
21	1 Ditto ditto	0	15	0
180 Tickets, at 20s. each		180	0	0

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

OEHLSCHLAGER & Co.

December 18.

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

PORTRAITS OF EMMELINE MEYNELL AND EVERARD DELAVAL.

From the Writings of the late C. Edwards, Esq.

"How?" I exclaimed, somewhat nettled: "do I not see, not to speak of their fine formation and colour—do not I see the soul which beams through the eyes?—a soul of brightness and elasticity beyond measure fascinating and entrancing, and yet (which is scarcely on the surface) with capabilities of soft, as well as passionate, feeling far more deeply touching still? Do I not see the wit that plays in that smile?—and yet would I not swear that those lips would be still more beautiful as a sigh passed over them? Do I not see—"

"I doubt not," interrupted St. John, "that you see all this—which in the main is perfectly true—a and a great deal more also: for, though somewhat more than sufficiently conscious of your knowledge in such matters, I cannot deny that you possess it—yet still I assert that you see only the surface of that picture, and that the interest which belongs to it lies below. Be you are burning with curiosity, so I will gratify it without longer delay." He stooped, and pulling a small key from his pocket, unlocked the case, and flinging the doors back, one on each side, I beheld, painted manifestly by the same hand as the picture in front, a portrait of a boy, apparently under seventeen, beautiful as the day, but of a sadness of expression which pierced the heart with pity, which was the keener for the admiration with which it was mingled.

"You could not see thus far beneath the surface, I think you will admit," said St. John, smiling after a pause; "and yet, without so doing, you could not judge of the character of Emmeline Meynell; for if this fair boy did not operate, exactly, upon its formation, its full development wholly was caused by him."

I was, while St. John thus spoke, gazing intently upon the boy's countenance. There was something in it I could not thoroughly understand. It was a beautiful face, oval, and of a rich complexion, the cheek just touched, as has been beautifully said, with 'le duvet de l'adolescence,' and the hair in the full and luxuriant beauty which the fashion of that time (the first few years of Charles the Second's reign) more than any other permitted. But in the eyes—full, finely shaped, and with that completion to the beauty of the eyes, long and dark lashes—there was an expression which I could not define. It was not of mere sadness, though it was very sad—it was not alone of a gentler, but more permanent, melancholy—though melancholy seemed to be the prevailing condition of his soul. There was, mingled with these, a degree of that fire which in generous youth bespeaks the consciousness of coming manhood—but there was also, and it was (this which put me at fault, an expression of eager, perhaps even almost querulous, anxiety, which I knew not how to account for, and which I find I cannot at all describe. I have three times changed the words by which I have endeavoured to paint this peculiarity of aspect, and I feel that I have succeeded most miserably in rendering my description clear and striking. Perhaps the reader will better understand what I mean, when he learns the cause by which St. John accounted for it to me.

"I do not wonder," he said, when I had explained to him the difficulty I felt; "I do not wonder at your perplexity—but three words will perfectly set it at rest. That boy was deaf and dumb."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "yes! I see it now—and now that I know it was so, I am amazed I did not discover it before. How pitiable!—so fine a creature!—such noble expression otherwise!—how keenly his condition must have preyed upon his mind!"

"It did, indeed," said St. John; "but not merely for itself. In early boyhood he was not merely happy, but gay and lively as a bird, the delight of every one, the—but hold I must not forestall my story. Here it is," he added, taking a manuscript from his pocket—"go you and read it, while I put the picture up again."

### THE STORY OF THE PAGE.

Everard Delaval was the son of a distant relation of the Meynells, who was killed in the Civil War, while a lieutenant in the regiment which Sir Richard, the reigning Meynell of that day, had raised for the king's service. Delaval had always been a poor man, and his little property had been totally dissipated by the exigencies of the times. Accord-

ingly, when he died, leaving a motherless child, that child was penniless also. But he was not friendless: the promise which Sir Richard made to his dying kinsman, of taking care of his boy, was amply redeemed.

It was at Naseby that Delaval fell. It was not long, therefore, before the royal army ceased to exist, and its members were dispersed, some to their homes, and many to wander in exile. Sir Richard had been one of the warmest supporters of the royal cause: he had raised a regiment of cavalry at the very beginning of the war, and had fought at its head from Edgehill to Naseby. A more ardent partisan King Charles had not; but Sir Richard had other feelings also, and, like all his feelings, warm and strong to the last degree.—He was married to a woman upon whom he doted, and his children were the beloved of his soul. Still he had not scrupled to leave them, and pursue the war throughout its course. But now that all was lost—that the war was at an end, and the king put to death, Sir Richard felt that further sacrifice would be of no avail. "If," he argued, "one could make any head against these hang-dog Puritans; if there were but a trumpet blown, or a standard raised in the king's cause, Richard Meynell would be the first man to join it. But why should I make my wife and children beggars, give up Arlescot, which has been in our name for three hundred years, and in our blood, for aught I know, for a thousand, to some crop-eared, round-headed spawn of a butcher's boy and an oyster-wench; why should I do this, to go creeping, and crawling, and stirring about the Courts of the Continent, like a gipsyman and his brood among our green lanes and commons? No; for the king's cause I would sacrifice the estate, eye, and the son who is to inherit it, before I slept—but it were mere fool's-play to do so when it could not avail him a jot."

The consequence of these reflections was that Sir Richard compounded with the parliamentary commissioners; and, by suffering a heavy fine, was allowed to retain possession of his estate. Hither, therefore, he retired—and he immediately sent for Everard Delaval home. The boy was, at that time, about five years old, and already gave promise of possessing the beauty which his picture so strongly manifests. He became the plaything of the whole house: all admired and loved him on account of his beauty, his liveliness, and his amiable disposition—all pined him on account of his infirmity. Sir Richard, especially, showed him the greatest favour. He remembered his dying friend's anxiety about his helpless child.—and how his mind was soothed and relieved by his promise of protection. Sir Richard however, retained several of his military habits, and had many of the ideas of times obsolete already at his day, but many of the fashions of which he approved, and some of which he even adopted. The recent war, also, had tended to confirm him in his notions concerning how the young gentry should be reared. The breaking out of hostilities had found the immense majority, even those of gentle blood, unused altogether to arms, and totally untrained to their exercise. Accordingly, he was determined to rear his sons differently, as well as the little orphan who had come under his care. Thus, although probably the office had been discontinued in families of his condition, since the days of Elizabeth, he constituted little Everard his Page; and partly from Sir Richard always thus designating him seriously—and partly from his children repeating it, half in jest and half in wonder at the novelty, he came to be universally called and known by the title of "the Page"—to the almost total supersession of his name.

Sir Richard was unable, in consequence of the close vigilance of the powers that were, to carry his training to the extent he wished; but, as far as all the military parts of his horsemanship went, it was, of course, impossible to restrain him—and, under cover of childish sports, much of the military exercise of the day was also communicated to the boys. In all these the Page was rapidly proficient. His wit, his vivacity, his playfulness, were all equally conspicuous. His intelligence, in despite of his awful privation of the ordinary means of exchanging thought, was extreme; and his ingenuity in devising means to convey his own ideas fully equalled his aptitude in comprehending those of others.

Thus matters went on till the Page was about fourteen years old, when a circumstance occurred, from which the fate of his future life was fixed. This was the return to Arlescot of Sir Richard's daughter Emmeline. This young lady had been wholly bred up by an aunt, whose god-daughter she was,

and who, having no children herself, had implored her brother to spare her this one of his many. To this he had consented: and, in consequence, Emmeline had resided with this lady from her very infancy till now, when, at the age of seventeen, she was restored, by her aunt's death, to her father's roof.

Emmeline Meynell was, at this time, probably one of the most fascinating beings that it was possible to behold. She was not what is termed regularly handsome; but she was far, far more attractive than many persons who strictly, perhaps, had greater claims to the possession of more beauty. She was of a figure rather short than otherwise in stature, and of a grace of formation, which always beautiful, was doubly so in motion—in which her playful, buoyant, bounding disposition caused it almost constantly to be. The same lively and ardent temperament gave a vivid play and wonderful variety to her countenance, which it was but too delightful to gaze on. Now, while the words of wit sprang from her lips, its spirit would flash in her eyes—and her whole face would become irradiated with the expression of a brilliant mind; now it would change from this to that livelier, thoughtless, keen aspect, which joyous, yet graceful playfulness, lends so delightfully to a young girl's features;—and now, again, the look of stern, almost fierce, scorn, which the mention of any thing that was base called forth, would prove that the same countenance, so bright, and so sweet, could speak the higher passions as strongly; while the softness and sadness which would pervade it when she was touched, showed that she possessed also in perfection those gentler and more endearing qualities which are, pre-eminently, the attributes of woman.

When she first arrived at her father's house, her spirits were still chilled, and her manners checked, by the recent loss of her who had stood to her in the place of a mother. But the extreme kindness of all—parents, sisters, brothers—soon dissipated her sadness; for it is one of the most provident laws of nature, that whatever may be the love borne by the child towards the parents, the bitterness of grief for their loss must ere very long pass away. Without this, indeed, the world would be one scene of mourning; but the fond and grateful remembrance—the regretted sigh which springs to the lip when it pronounces the loved name—these feelings, it is to be hoped, never pass from the heart in which feeling dwells.

Everard had, in spite of his half nick-name of the Page, been in truth bred among the young Meynells completely as a brother—and a brother's feelings he had always experienced towards them all. But this brilliant apparition, which now, of a sudden, irradiated the whole scene at Arlescot, was viewed by him very differently. At first he rather feared her.—Naturally shrinking, in consequence of his infirmity, from strangers, who, of course, comprehended him with difficulty,—he now found a stranger—and such a stranger!—established in the very centre of the domestic circle in which he lived, and, very naturally, attracting an exceeding share of their notice and attention. Next, he began to admire her extremely, while the fear, in great measure, continued—"How animated—how brilliant—how expressive," thought he, one evening, as she was detailing in the most vivid manner some of the things she had seen abroad with her aunt, to her brothers and sisters who surrounded her, anxiously catching every word she uttered—"and how delightedly they are all listening to her!—I wonder what it is she speaks of!—Alas! I cannot listen to her!"—and one of the pangs which, as he grew older, his situation was beginning to cause him, shot across his mind, and that more painfully than usual. "But I can look at her—and her very countenance speaks!—What's that?—what's that?" he (alas! I cannot say said—but) conveyed to one of the sisters who stood by, as a sort of expression of horror seemed to pervade the countenance of all, as though (as he thought) palely reflecting from the breathing emotion which was conspicuous in Emmeline's. The girl explained to him that her sister was speaking of the falls of Schaffhausen, which she had seen when on the Continent, and over which had beheld a boat drawn by the violence of the current. "My sister was describing to me the one scream, which the poor man gave, at the moment all was lost, and that was what made us all shudder—I never heard any thing so horrible!" "Alas! I cannot bear!" thought poor Everard, as he turned away, and never had his heart been so full at the reflection.

It was explained to Emmeline what questions Everard had been asking—and she, who pined the [For remainder, see last page.]

From the Greenock Advertiser, December 20.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The campaign in the East may now be considered at an end on the part of the Russians, who are retiring over the Danube into Moldavia, not intending, in all probability, to leave any considerable force in Wallachia, which, in fact, appears to be so exhausted as not to be able to furnish any adequate supply. It is still asserted, however, that the Turks will make some attempts against Varna, if the weather shall not set in so severely as to render such attempts impracticable; for they think, that as the place had been so battered, the Russians cannot have had sufficient time to repair the fortifications in such a manner as to enable them to resist a superior force. It is supposed that Varna is defended only by five or six thousand Russians. But what has become of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg's covering army, which was between Bazardjik and Varna? It may have retreated, but no official intelligence has yet been received of any such movement. The retreat of General Wittgenstein from before Varna, followed by the raising the siege of Silistria, must have been attended with great loss of men, baggage, heavy artillery, waggons, and horses; and it is idle to suppose that the miseries of a retreat in such inclement weather, and by such bad roads, must not have been aggravated by the incessant and harassing attacks of the Turkish cavalry. The course of the Danube is in possession of the Turks from Widdin to Hirsova; and though doubts are said to be erecting in the neighbourhood of the Turkish fortresses, they, as is supposed, are principally for the purpose of covering the retreat of the Russians. With respect to Gen. Geismar, it can hardly be supposed that he will be able to retain his position at Kalafat without strong reinforcements.

The new Grand Vizier has, in the mean time, displayed great activity. Whilst he has sent a part of his army to watch Varna, another part has marched to Rudschuck to join the Pacha of Widdin, and Hussein Pacha combines his operations with the garrison of Silistria, threatening an irruption into Wallachia, and making such demonstrations as may compel the Russian General Langeron to retire from Bucharest.

Accounts from Jassy, in the French papers, of the 28th November, represent the roads to be in the most miserable condition, and that the divisions of cavalry which have arrived there are not numerous—some are without horses—and the men appear to have suffered the greatest privations.

According to the tenor of letters from the Turkish capital to the 28th ult., there was not the slightest expectation, at Constantinople, that any interference by Great Britain and France would be effectual in terminating the war with Russia; on the contrary, that the Turkish Government was making every preparation for further resistance, and all the public officers were in the highest state of exultation at the result of the late campaign. Having failed in Europe, it was supposed that the Emperor of Russia would now more vigorously direct his measures against the Asiatic possessions of the Ottoman Porte; and indeed tidings had been received of the march of a very considerable Russian force southward of the Asiatic frontier.

The accounts from the Austrian capital also confirm the statements that the whole of the Russian force had not crossed the Danube, independently of the garrison of Varna; there was, however, little doubt that the troops generally were on the retreat, and that they would not make any longer pause till they had passed that river.

The storms in the Black Sea, which are at all times violent, but particularly so this year, have caused great disasters. Two ships from Varna have perished, and one has fallen into the hands of the Turks. One of those that perished contained the trophies taken at Varna; the other had sick and wounded on board. It should appear as if neither reinforcements nor supplies can be thrown into Varna by sea during the tempestuous season.

The Hamburg mail has brought letters and papers from St. Petersburg to the recent date of the 11th instant, and they state that the greatest activity prevailed in all the public departments, in order to prosecute with additional energy the war against Turkey. Upon this subject the determination of the Emperor Nicholas seemed quite fixed, and it did not appear that any representations to be made by foreign powers would have any effect in inducing him to abandon his intention. The only circumstance which could at all check him in the execution of his design was the difficulty of raising money, and Great Britain was looked to as a matter of course for supplies in his emergency. It seems to have been expected in the Russian capital, that long before this something definitive would have been concluded upon the subject between the agent sent to Paris and London by the Russian Cabinet; and the letters express no little surprise that the London papers which had been received in St. Petersburg, up to the latest date, were destitute of information as to the progress of the contract.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

There is a confident hope entertained at Vienna that negotiations for the settlement of the Greek question will be immediately opened. Intelligence from that city of the 11th has been received, which mentions that M. Amadee Jaubert passed through on the 10th, on his way to Constantinople, with despatches from France. A British Messenger, with despatches for Constantinople, arrived at Vienna at the same time, and both France and England are represented as pressing the renewal of negotiations with the Porte. The Vienna article adds, that the boundaries of Greece have been arranged at London, and that the new State will include the Morea and the

Cyclades Islands, under the supremacy or *suzerainete* of the Porte. The Islands called the Cyclades, in the Archipelago, are those which surround the Island of Delos, once so celebrated, and now little more than a desolate uninhabited rock. By the accession of new dependencies, which contributed to the revenues of the temple of Delos, it came to include under that general name all the small Islands of the Archipelago, or *Egean Seas*, called *Sporades*, or scattered Islands.

THE LATE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.—The recovery of the Earl of Liverpool from the melancholy malady into which he fell by a stroke of apoplexy on the 17th of February, 1827, being from the first hopeless, its termination in death was an object rather to be desired than deprecated; and now that the event has actually taken place, we should consider it as a relief, and not as a new affliction, to his surviving friends. The event took place yesterday morning, at an early hour, at Coombe Wood. His death was sudden and unexpected, as his Lordship had for some time previously been in better health than usual. Since his severe attack in the spring of 1827, his Lordship's public life had ceased, and he had been the subject of interest only to his personal friends. These were, indeed, numerous and warm, but the nature of his malady denied access to his presence to all but his immediate attendants and the members of his own family. The consequence has been, as it always is in such cases, no longer living to the world—the world had ceased to live to him. The account of that death, which would, two years ago, have created a great sensation, will be read with less attention than that of many meaner, and less able, and less amiable men. His Lordship was very early introduced into Parliament, and, after passing through several inferior offices, was made Home Secretary in 1807; he became Colonial Secretary in 1809, on the retirement of Lord Castlereagh; and Foreign Secretary in 1810. In 1822, he was made First Lord of the Treasury, on the death of Mr. Perceval, which office he held for the long period of fourteen years. His Lordship was twice married. The present Countess is a sister of Sir Robert Chester. The honours of the deceased Earl will descend to his Lordship's brother, the Honourable Cecil Jenkinson. For the purity of his moral conduct, the rectitude of his mind, and the uniformity of his political principles, his Lordship was much and deservedly respected. Indeed he was never tempted to swerve from the course which was prescribed to him by his excellent father.—*Star*, December 5.

London, December 27.

We have almost invariably refrained from entering into any statement relative to the Revenue, until the termination of the Quarter, when the accounts are made up. But some of our contemporaries having touched upon the subject, we have to state, generally, that an improvement has taken place in the chief heads of the Revenue; and if that improvement continue for the next fortnight, that is, till the 5th of January, the Quarter's statement will be a very satisfactory one. Upon this subject, it is pleasing to find that those who were the most opposed to the Duke of Wellington's Administration at its commencement, now do justice to his efforts to investigate every branch of the public expenditure, with the view of introducing as much economy as is consistent with the honour and welfare of the country.—*Courier*.

The Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is at last disposed of; the Duke of Wellington, following the precedent of other Prime Ministers, during whose Administration the office had become void, has appointed himself to the vacant office. The Wardenship has been, in the last three instances, given to Prime Ministers; Lord North, Mr. Pitt, the Earl of Liverpool, and now the Duke of Wellington. The only emoluments appertaining to the office are the pay as Governor of Dover Castle, worth about 485*l.* per annum; the beautiful residence of Walmer Castle, on which the late Earl of Liverpool expended a considerable sum of money, and the Droits as Admiral of the Cinque Ports. This ancient fee of office comprehends all the rights of a Lord of the Manor, from a point near Seaford, to the coast of Essex; and any wrecked goods within the district, that remained unclaimed for a year, are condemned in the Cinque Ports Admiralty Court held at Dover, as the Droit of the Lord Warden. It very rarely happens, however, that any articles of value are cast on shore without a claim for them being made and established. We are not disposed to quarrel with the Duke of Wellington for appropriating to himself what his predecessors have done before him. His Grace has as good a right as any of them to the office, which is, after all, one more of honour than emolument. The residence of Walmer Castle is the most desirable thing about it, and his Grace's health will benefit considerably by an occasional recreation from the fatigues of office in the vicinity of the sea-breezes. It has been said that the Lord Wardenship is worth 6000*l.* per annum, but this is surely a mistake.—His Grace has been pleased to retain Mr. Robert Jenkinson as Deputy-Warden, and Lieutenant-Governor of Dover Castle; and this mark of respect to the memory of the Earl of Liverpool, has given sincere satisfaction to the inhabitants of Dover, who cherish the greatest affection for the amiable character of the Lieutenant-Governor.—*Sun*.

The following letter has been addressed by the Duke of Wellington to Dr. Curtis, Catholic Primate of Ireland:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 4th inst., and I assure you that you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the State, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I con-

cess that I see no prospect of such a settlement.—Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately. If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy. Believe me, my dear Sir, ever your most faithful, humble Servant,

WELLINGTON.

London, Dec. 11."

The letter of the Duke of Wellington to Dr. Curtis, has occasioned the most extraordinary sensation throughout Ireland. It is there looked on as altogether favourable to emancipation, has astonished Mr. O'Connell, electrified the Association, and called forth from the different liberal journals the most unqualified expressions of satisfaction. The passage which the Catholics seem most to rely on, is that wherein his Grace asserts his earnest wish that the Question should be settled, from a firm conviction that such settlement is essential to the welfare of the State. And most justly we conceive, is reliance to be placed on this passage. It has proceeded voluntarily from one of the most powerful Ministers that England has ever known, and though it be subsequently qualified a little by the confession of the writer that he sees "no prospect of such a settlement," yet when we come to reflect upon the whole bearing of the letter, in connection with the conversion of Mr. Dawson, the rumoured apostasy of Mr. Peel, which even the staunchest of that gentleman's supporters have not ventured to contradict, the failure of the Brunswick Clubs, and their late sulky show of moderation, there can be but one opinion on the subject, viz., that the Duke of Wellington, both as a man and as a Minister, is zealous for Catholic emancipation.

This point conceded, it follows that emancipation must be obtained. Even when the Duke was comparatively insecure in his seat, he had influence enough (by taking, in our opinion, an undue advantage) to overthrow the Liberals. Surely, then, when he is now firmly fixed in the good opinion of his colleagues and the country, he can succeed in his endeavours to obtain emancipation—especially when all the intelligence and good feeling of the kingdom is with him.—*Sun*, December 27.

The Earl of Liverpool, whose mental and bodily afflictions caused him suddenly to withdraw from the high and important office of Premier of these Kingdoms, has now ceased to exist. An unexpected recurrence of spasms, on Thursday last, deprived that excellent man of all that remained to him of life, the prolongation of which had, for the two last years, become far more desirable. His name will go down to posterity, in connection with the most eventful period of his country's history, as an enlightened Statesman, and a Minister of incorruptible integrity.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Thursday being the day for the meeting of Parliament, previous to the last prorogation, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Montrose, and Lord Ellenborough, took their seat on the Woolsack, at half-past three o'clock, as His Majesty's Commissioners. The Commons were summoned, and a few of the clerks and officers appeared at the bar to represent that House. The Commission was then read, after which the Lord Chancellor, in the terms of the Proclamation, declared Parliament further prorogued to Thursday, the 5th of February. Lord Melville was the only other Peer beside the Commissioners present.

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

The cortege entered Windsor Park by the Bishop's Gate, at which a detachment of the Life Guards was posted to receive her Majesty; and on her arrival at the Castle-yard, she was received by a Guard of Honour.

On alighting from her carriage, the Queen was received by the Duke of Montrose, her Lord Chamberlain, and conducted by him up the grand flight of stairs leading to the state apartments. His Majesty, who was waiting at the top of the stairs, saluted the Queen in the most cordial manner, and, addressing her in French, assured her that he would have been delighted to see her at his Palace as soon as possible after her arrival in this country, but "you must perceive (said his Majesty) that until now I had no suitable place in which I could receive you." The King then led her Majesty to the state drawing-room, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The Queen was seated beside his Majesty on a sofa, all the rest of the distinguished company standing. The King then asked of his visitor permission for the other ladies to be seated, to which her Majesty gave her assent, and otherwise departed herself in a manner far beyond what could reasonably be expected from a child of her yet tender years. Upon her first entrance into the apartment, she was evidently embarrassed at the splendid and crowded scene which was presented to her, but she soon recovered her self-possession, and conversed for nearly half an hour with his Majesty and several of the distinguished personages. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Clarence and Gloucester were particularly attentive to the Queen, and among other objects the splendour of her dress did not escape their admiration. His Majesty seemed highly pleased with the quickness and intelligent simplicity of the Queen's replies. But there was a circumstance which not only struck his Majesty, but every other member of that distinguished company who had seen our own Princess Charlotte. It was the strong resemblance which the interesting little stranger bore to her. His Majesty was the first to notice this painful resemblance, and the truth of the remark was forcibly felt by every one present. It threw

over the whole scene an interest which no State ceremony whatever might be the important political considerations which it involved, could have imparted.

After nearly half an hour spent in conversation, his Majesty led the young Queen through the corridor, and several apartments of the Palace, to the dining-room, where a *dinner* was laid out, of which they partook, with about thirty of the distinguished company who had met to witness the reception of her Majesty.

The Queen was seated next to his Majesty, on his right hand. He was most marked in his attentions to her, addressing her as Queen, and uniting in his manner towards her, affection and tenderness for a child, with the attention due to a Sovereign.

Nothing could exceed the joy which the Noblemen, who attended their Queen, seemed to feel at the kindness which his Majesty manifested upon this most important occasion, and they could scarcely restrain their emotions, when the King, addressing his illustrious guests, said, that in this country there prevailed a custom, which to some of them might appear strange—it was an old English custom, and certainly not a bad one—that of drinking healths; in accordance with that custom, and as a means of conveying his own feelings, his Majesty proposed the health of his young friend and ally, the Queen of Portugal.

As soon as this toast was drunk, the Queen rose, and the eyes of all were fixed on her: she assured his Majesty that, to her at least, this custom was not new, as she had, on every day since her arrival in England, drunk at her own table, his Majesty's health, and, with the warmest feelings of gratitude for his kindness, she begged now again to propose that toast. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which this child conveyed the expression of her thanks, and the assurance of her gratitude to his Majesty. The whole scene was calculated to excite the deepest sympathy.

His Majesty, at the conclusion of the repast, led his Royal Visitor back to the drawing-room, and subsequently conducted her to the top of the stairs where he had received her on her arrival. His Majesty, it gave every one pleasure to perceive, walked with a firm step. Indeed, his general health is such as to promise to his loyal and attached subjects the continuance, for years to come, of the blessings of a happy reign.

On taking leave of the Queen, his Majesty embraced her, and again assured her of the kind and warm wishes which he entertained for her future welfare.

The Queen then took her departure in the same order in which she had arrived. On leaving Windsor she was greeted by crowds, who had assembled to witness the procession. She arrived at Laleham at about half-past five o'clock.

An intense sensation has been excited by the trial, in Edinburgh, about the end of December, of a man by the name of Burke, who was found guilty of the murder of a woman named Docherty. It appeared, from the evidence of an accomplice and others, and by his own confession, that Burke, with some associates, had for a length of time carried on a wholesale trade in blood—not for the sake of plunder, revenge, or any other of the many inducements which frequently lead men to take the life of a fellow being; but merely for the miserable fee paid by anatomists for human "subjects."—The King's Evidence alluded to (a man named Hare) admits having been concerned, as principal or accessory, in twelve murders, and that he knew of another, in which he had no hand. Horrible as is this statement, the admission of Burke himself is still more appalling—"that he had sold from thirty to thirty-five uninterred bodies (for dissection) within the last two years!" Nearly all of whom, it is supposed, were deprived of life by this fiend in human shape, and his associates. Among the victims was a poor idiot, who had been decoyed into the house, or rather den, of Burke, and strangled; an Irish mendicant, and her son, (a boy 14 or 15 years old), also met with a similar fate. Burke took the opportunity, while the former slept, to deprive her of existence—the body was then strapped, and forced into a herring-barrel of pickle, whilst Hare strangled the child over his knees, and afterwards thrust the corpse into the barrel containing that of the mother!—Many unfortunate girls of the town were also murdered, one under peculiarly revolting circumstances, for whose body Burke obtained 5*l.* at the Dissecting-room. We cannot at present enter further into detail respecting these horrible occurrences, which (taking into consideration the motives that led to them) are altogether unparalleled in the annals of crime. It seems mysterious that the purchasers of the bodies—men, it is presumed, of learning an science—should never have discovered that the subjects they were anatomizing came to their death by violence.—The information that led to the discovery of the whole transaction was given by a temporary inmate of Burke's house.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 19, 1829.

Since the commencement of our Editorial labours, we have never published an article upon our domestic concerns, with more heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction, than we now feel in inviting the attention of our readers to that (which will be found in another column) under the head of "Association of Newfoundland Fishermen and Shoremen;"—and we are sure that this very interesting document will be perused, with corresponding feelings, by all who are interested (and who is there not?) in the prosperity and success of the Fisheries of this Island.—In the

able and comprehensive prospectus of the intended Association, we cannot but admire the wholesomeness of the views which have been adopted by the Gentlemen who undertook the laudable task of framing its Rules;—and, as we are warranted in stating that the whole of our Merchants are actuated by the same creditable feelings towards the formation of this Institution, there cannot be a doubt but all others, whether immediately or more remotely concerned, will also lend a helping hand to promote a coalition, such as that in progress, which, under proper management, must conduce more to the general welfare than any that has ever yet been set on foot amongst us. We believe we can assert, without fear of contradiction, that this Island now contains as hardy and useful a body of men, and as well qualified to perform their duties, in the different branches of the fisheries, as any country can boast;—let them, therefore, upon this occasion, attend to the advice of their best friends, and cheerfully co-operate in furthering a plan which cannot fail of exalting their character, promoting amongst them industry and carefulness, and, by those means, procuring comparative independence. We anticipate a very respectable and numerous attendance at the Meeting in the Court House on Saturday next, to countenance and support so noble an undertaking;—to which we sincerely wish the most complete success.

By the Brig *Caledonia*, on Monday last, in 42 days from Greenock, papers have been received in town to the 2d January; and, having been favoured by our Mercantile friends with some of the latest dates, we have devoted a considerable portion of this day's number to the most interesting extracts. The first campaign, in the war between the Russians and Turks, it will be seen, has ended decidedly in favour of the latter;—this is not, however, owing to the superior skill or bravery of the Turks—for there was not one pitched battle fought during the year—but is attributed, rather, to the inclement weather which had set in, before the Russians commenced their retreat into winter quarters—in effecting which, they experienced the most serious disasters. In domestic intelligence, there appears to be but little of novelty or importance—the Catholic question is still the all-engrossing topic. Parliament was positively to meet, for the despatch of business, on the 5th Feb. Mr. O'CONNELL intended to be in London, on the 3d—accompanied by a deputation of two gentlemen from every town in Ireland—to take his seat at the opening of the Session.

DEPARTURES.—In the *St. Patrick*, for Cork, George W. Busted, Esq. and family, and Mr. Walters.

We are happy to learn, that all the vessels which left this last fall, up to the 11th December, had arrived in safety at their respective ports of destination, in Great Britain and Ireland, after remarkably quick passages.

The *Britannia*, (having on board His Honour Chief Judge TUCKER,) hence, at Waterford, in 14 days.

The *Caledonia*, from Greenock, spoke, on the 9th January, in lat. 50 N., long. 17 W., the Brig *Oscar*, Drvsdale, from Oporto bound to Harbour-Grace—obliged to bear up for Bristol.

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

ENTERED.

FEBRUARY 17.—Schooner *Fury*, Vaughan, Halifax; 60 qtrs. beef, 11 casks and 6 turkeys, 33 casks beer and cider, 10 bbls. beer, 70 bbls. pitch and tar.

Brig *Caledonia*, Kelso, Greenock; 20 firkins butter, 119 coils cordage, 100 bbls. pork, 48 chaldrons coal.

CLEARED.

FEBRUARY 11.—Schooner *St. Patrick*, Downes, Cork; 2,350 qtrs. fish, 684 gallons oil, 29 ox hides.

From the Harbour-Grace Weekly Journal, Jan. 29.

The circumstance alluded to in our last, as the cause of the non-appearance of our paper on the 1st and 8th inst., prevented our noticing, at an earlier period, a public meeting of the inhabitants of this Bay, convened at the Court House, Harbour-Grace, the 29th ult., pursuant to a requisition to the Deputy Sheriff to that effect, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning His Majesty's Government against the imposition of any additional duties, or new taxes, on the trade of this island. Not having been favoured with a copy of the proceedings of the meeting, we can only present our readers with the following outline:—

The usual formalities being gone through, in which Nicholas Stabb, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, was called to the Chair, and Robert Park, Esq., of Carbonear, chosen Secretary—Mr. Parkin begged to inquire if it was intended to confine the deliberations of the meeting to the specific object for which it was apparently called; if such were the case, not only would the labours of the meeting of the 15th November, be thrown away, but the season being so far advanced, the calling another meeting would be attended with inconvenience and difficulty which he feared would not be surmounted, and thus the inhabitants would be prevented from expressing their sentiments on another subject of vital importance to their interests. Under these circumstances he should, with the Chairman's permission, move—"That this meeting be open to the consideration of any subject involving the general interests of the Island;" which, after a little discussion, was seconded, and unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Nuttall, after making some observations on the subject, then moved—"That a Committee be appointed to prepare a Petition to the House of Commons, against the Imposition of any additional Duties

or Taxes upon the Trade of this Island," which was seconded by Mr. Ridley, and unanimously carried.

Mr. Parkin then rose, and submitted to the meeting some observations respecting the advantages derived by other British Colonies, from the possession of Local Legislative Governments, as well as those which he conceived would accrue to this Island, by being placed on a similar footing, supporting his observations by a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the Island, from the year 1812 to 1824, as appeared by documents laid before the House of Commons, about the latter period; and also the revenue and expenditure of the year 1826, as laid before the House of Commons last year; and concluded by moving—"That the Committee already proposed, do prepare a Petition to the House of Commons, praying that a Local Legislative Government, possessing similar powers and privileges to that of Nova Scotia, and other of His Majesty's Colonies in North America and the West Indies, may be granted to this Island;" which was seconded, and carried with acclamation.

The Committee appointed were Robert Park, J. Elson, John Charles Nuttall, Josiah Parkin, James Hippiusley, Thomas Ridley, and Benjamin Scott, Esqrs.; and although only about ten days elapsed from the Meeting being held, and the closing of the Petitions, that against taxation received 1300 signatures, and that for the Legislative Government, between 900 and 1000; the latter we understand would have received an equal number of signatures, had not the Committee (in consequence of the expected early sailing on the Monday morning, of the vessel by which they were conveyed to England), been under the necessity of closing the Petitions on the Sunday afternoon.

THE ASSOCIATION OF NEWFOUNDLAND Fishermen & Shoremen.

It is proposed to form an Association of Fishermen and Shoremen in Newfoundland; the first and principal object of which is—the encouragement of industry and frugality, for the purpose of improving the moral habits of the people, and to secure to them the means of making provision for themselves and families out of the produce of their own labour. Secondly, to raise a fund, from which the sick, aged, infirm, and unfortunate of their own class, may look for assistance and support. And, thirdly, to promote among the industrious and enterprising of all classes engaged in the Fishery, a spirit of independence.

When it is considered how numerous are all the perils and accidents to which Fishermen are liable, and how great the bodily fatigue which they suffer every season, it will be scarcely necessary to urge many reasons to induce them to be more provident, and to incline them to husband with greater care a portion of their hard earnings, in order that they may be prepared to encounter those exigencies to which the nature of their hazardous occupation will ever necessarily expose them.

Without adverting to all those resources which may be made available in raising a fund sufficient for the accomplishment of the objects contemplated, and without bringing forward arguments in detail to prove the necessity of establishing a public and permanent security for the benefit of all those who may be engaged in catching and curing fish, it may be sufficient to show, that, in this district alone, there are upwards of 2200 men, commonly denominated Dieters, who, being without families, few, if any of them, can be fairly regarded as persons having a settled residence. The balance of wages due to each of those men, at the close of the season, we will suppose to be 8/, though some of our best and most intelligent fishermen say it should amount, upon an average, to 15/ per man for this class; and, as in this colony every industrious man, in possession of health, may generally earn sufficient during the winter to maintain him, it is deemed a fair and rational conclusion to draw—that half the balance, at least, should be a clear gain, and a saving. What, we would ask, has too long prevailed as a system among this most active and hardy race of men?—Unfortunately for them, and for society generally, they have allowed season after season to pass away, and at each succeeding spring they return to the oar and the line, without a shilling to help themselves, and, in numerous instances, unprovided with even necessary clothing. Their first step on entering into service, is, to incur a considerable debt, to fit them for the fishing voyage, and, in too many instances, they consume half their wages before they have served a fourth part of their time, so that they commence by working, what is commonly termed "a dead horse." With this burden upon their shoulders, they proceed to sea, and pursuing the same system in which they commenced, they frequently find that (notwithstanding the law has in some measure protected them) they are considerably involved. Having finished their labours for the fishing season, and finding themselves heavily in debt, and contemplating a rigorous winter approaching, without any means of support, they frequently quit the neighbourhood in which they usually reside, to avoid their creditors, and in too many instances they have proceeded to other colonies, which are now endeavouring to compete with us in every branch of the fisheries; and what is more to be lamented, some have emigrated to the United States, which are found already to be our most formidable rivals.

Who, then, in the present embarrassed state of the fisheries, will be hardy enough to assert that our Fishermen and Shoremen are not objects of general solicitude? And where are they who would not

lend their aid in endeavouring to alter the character and improve the condition of those men, by teaching them to acquire the blessing of independence? We will boldly say, that such men are not now to be found in Newfoundland!

The Merchant, the Shopkeeper, the Planter, the Fisherman, Shoreman, and all, we presume and believe, are ready and willing to embark in the laudable undertaking;—and it may not be going too far to expect, that when the Government shall find that the whole body of fishermen of the Island are making a determined and resolute struggle to extricate themselves from present difficulties, by abandoning the old and ruinous system, and by assuming a new character, they will also afford some additional encouragement and support.

During the early movements of those who have so laudably united in forming the present association, an obstacle was raised by some, who stated that the Merchants would not give it their countenance, because their interest lay in keeping the Fishermen in debt. This was speedily removed, by reference to several respectable Merchants, who not only favoured the design, but promised to give a portion of their support; and we have the best proof, that many of them have already evinced the most lively interest, together with an earnest desire to see the NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION established forthwith, in the true spirit of independence.

We will assert, without fear of contradiction, that as every person in the Island is more or less affected by the prosperity or adversity of those engaged in the fisheries, it should be their disposition, as it is obviously their interest, to assist the Fishermen, Shoremen, and others actually employed in the fishery, in raising a fund to prevent pauperism, and all its concomitant evils; for we have ever found that, in nine cases out of ten, where distress has appeared, the industrious and frugal have been obliged to contribute a portion of their means to support those whose improvident and immoral habits alone, have brought misery upon themselves and families. With an altered state of things those demands upon our charity would be comparatively few, and they would mostly be confined to aged, infirm, and diseased persons, who will, we are confident, never petition in vain for assistance and relief from a community so distinguished for its benevolence as our own. Upon the broad principle of philanthropy this Institution is humbly, though earnestly, brought before a generous public, who, it is hoped, will favour the cause with their patronage and support. The good work once begun, may, with those means obviously within our reach, soon acquire such strength and vigour as will enable us to sustain the superstructure, even against the heavy storm of adversity—with which, however, we pray it may never be assailed.

The Association, under judicious management, will be found capable of conferring most important benefits upon those for whose immediate advantage it is designed, and may confidently be expected to prove a great source of prosperity and happiness to the present and future generations.

As one of the means of encouraging the system of frugality, and the spirit of independence, so essential to the comfort and happiness of the class of persons which it is expected are most likely to be benefited by the Institution, it is further proposed to engraft upon it a *Savings Bank*, in which any portion of the earnings of the Fisherman and others employed in the Fishery may be deposited, and for which an interest will be allowed them.—When it is considered how frequently a very large part of the balances received by the Fisherman at the end of the season is dissipated in unnecessary and thoughtless expenses, in a short period after they are received, and how destitute they are, consequently, often left, either for their present support, or for their wants in fitting themselves out in the Spring, it is hoped that they will be induced, if satisfied with the nature of the security offered to them, to place, at least, a part of their savings where they know it will be productive to them, and where they may be sure of receiving it again, if they so wish, in their time of need.

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| T. H. BROOKING,  | HENRY SHEA,     |
| JOHN BLACK,      | J. WALSH, M. D. |
| WM. THOMAS,      | HENRY BISSETT.  |
| A. HOGSETT,      |                 |
| THOMAS ALLEN,    | JAMES AYLWARD,  |
| PAT. BRENDON,    | WM. MARTIN,     |
| STEPHEN RYAN,    | WILLIAM SHEA,   |
| MICHAEL KEATING, | THOMAS MEALEY,  |
| MICHAEL DUNN,    | WM. WALSH,      |
| GEORGE CAREW,    | JOHN FURLONG.   |

The Committee request that such Gentlemen as intend to favour the Association with their patronage and support, and all Fishermen and Shoremen who may be desirous to enroll themselves as Members, will meet at the COURT-HOUSE, on SATURDAY next, precisely at the hour of 11 in the forenoon, when the Rules and Regulations will be submitted for their approval and adoption, and Officers will be then chosen for the ensuing year.

St. John's, February 16, 1829.

Notice.

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

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

January 29.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 12 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

William & Henry Thomas,

60 Q TRS. prime fresh Beef,  
20 Carcases Mutton,

10 Barrels prime corned Beef,  
15 Ditto American Pork,  
10 Firkins Butter,  
5 Boxes Chocolate.

February 19.

Notices.

WANTED,

A WET NURSE, and a HOUSE MAID.—

Apply at the Newfoundland Office.

February 19.

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.

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

On Sale.

Just received, per CALEDONIA, from Greenock,

AND FOR SALE,

BY

Rennie, Stuart & Co.

100 Barrels prime Irish PORK,  
A few firkins 1st quality Irish BUTTER  
50 Tons COAL, which will be sold low from alongside.

February 19.

BY

HUNTERS & Co.

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

NEW PORK AND BEER.

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.



Doets' Corner.

TRUTH AND YOUNG ROMANCE.

Young Romance, through roses straying,  
Saw old Truth trudge lamely on;  
One in pleasure's light was playing,  
The other sighed for pleasures gone:  
Cries Romance, "O rest a minute,  
And discuss our views of Earth;  
Your's may have most prudence in it,  
But in mine is all the mirth!"

"Ah!" says Truth, "this world discloses  
Nought but vain delusive wiles;  
Thorns are under all your roses,  
Sadness follows all your smiles!"  
Cries Romance, "Perhaps I often  
Colour life with tints too warm;  
Yet my warmth a shade may soften,  
While your coldness chills a charm!"

"What is Love?" the sage then asks him,  
"Love in summer hours so sweet?  
Wintry weather soon unmasks him,  
And your idol proves a cheat!"  
"Love!" the youth replies, "O sever  
Real Love from vain deccits;  
Constant Love brings hours that never  
Lose their sunshine or their sweets!"

"Friendship too, you call a treasure!  
But," says Truth, "it is a tie  
Loosely worn 'mid scenes of pleasure,  
And when Fortune frowns—thrown by."  
"Friendship," he replies, "possesses  
Worth which no dark change destroys,  
Seeking, soothing our distresses,  
Sharing, doubling all our joys!"

"Go," says Truth, "tis plain we never  
Can such hostile thoughts combine;  
Folly is your guide for ever,  
While dull sense must still be mine!"  
Cries the boy—"Frown on, no matter,  
Mortals love my merry glance;  
E'en in Truth's own path they scatter  
Roses snatched from young Romance!"

[Concluded from first page.]

"Page" very much, went and fetched some drawings of Switzerland, and showed him the spot where the accident she had been describing had occurred. Everard wished to ask her some further questions concerning it; but she did not understand his signs, and she could not, for the same reason, convey to him what she wished to say. After some fruitless attempts, she made a gesture that it was all in vain, and went, at the request of her brothers, to play to them on the spinnet. "It is, indeed, in vain," thought Everard, as his eyes followed her glancing figure down the room. "I cannot interchange one thought with her!" and he bit his under lip convulsively, to check the tears which he felt springing to his eyes. "And there," he continued, "she is delighting them all with delicious music, and I know not even what it means."

From this evening, the Page's thoughts became almost constantly fixed upon Emmeline. She had become, indeed, so completely the pervading spirit at Arlescot Hall, that it was no wonder if, as he almost began to think, he was fated to meet her at every turn; to say nothing of the fact, which he did not yet know, that at every turn he sought her. Still they were not much together. His first difficulties in making himself understood by her had so chilled him that he avoided all occasions of conversing with her (I believe that is a word I may use) almost as much as he sought those of seeing her. To gaze upon her—to catch the expression of her smile, and watch the shifting glance of her eye—to look for her light form bounding along with the most graceful and elastic step, and to receive the nod, the smile, the kind wave of the hand, as she chanced to pass him; it was upon such things—I was going to write such trifling things, but, as regarded him, they were any thing but that—it was upon such things as these that the soul of Everard fed for months; and he did not yet know that he was imbibing poison.

He was, indeed, so single-hearted in these matters that she was the first to have a vague suspicion of the truth. As the summer advanced, Emmeline began to ride on horseback with her father and brothers, and the Page. It was this last who raised her upon her horse, and who assisted her in alighting from it. She had ridden a very few times when she perceived that a circumstance, which had at first struck her as casual, continued and even increased. Everard's hand, with which he grasped her's, as he placed the other beneath her foot, to lift her to her saddle, trembled in a manner which could not but attract her attention; the attention once attracted, could not but perceive, though undoubtedly she had no idea of its extent, a certain portion of the truth. For, in Everard, whose thoughts, being debarred their natural vent, lived in his face, it was impossible that feelings such as those which now were dawning within him should not be distinctly visible to those who sought them. Emmeline looked in his face to gather knowledge—and what she saw there caused her eyes to be averted speedily.

"Is it possible?—a boy, a mere boy—but fifteen last week. Tut!—the thought is too ridiculous—I am allowing a good opinion of my sweet self to run

me into this absurdity. And the poor boy never has, three times in his life, exchanged thoughts with me! we scarcely understand each other in the least, and yet I am fancying this nonsense." She looked again more boldly "Pray Heaven it may not be so, after all!"—was the result of that second glance.

These constant rides brought Emmeline and the Page into more frequent and closer contact. She gradually acquired the power possessed by her brothers and sisters of conversing with him with considerable facility, and she was surprised at finding, under all his disadvantages, the degree to which his mind was cultivated. Indeed, the very fact of his infirmity 'ebarring him from general and easy intercourse, had thrown him, in a great degree, upon books as a resource, and he had profited by them to the utmost; and this Emmeline, who had been far more educated than her sisters, had herself sufficient knowledge to appreciate.

The effect of such intercourse upon the unhappy boy was first to dissipate the degree of dread which still remained when he approached her—and next, to condense, to strengthen, and to render fervent the admiration he had always felt for her, till he could no longer mistake the name it more properly deserved to bear. But yet, according to one axiom on the subject of love, it did not deserve the name—for, if love cannot exist without hope, then this was not love. Hope there was none: he loved, indeed, as the Indian worships the sun, without the remotest idea of participation. This gave him a startling frankness of manner towards the object of his passion, which could not have existed under any other circumstances, and which first bewildered, and afterwards still amazed, Emmeline herself.

When Emmeline read her friend's answer, she blushed, then wept, to find how truly her forebodings had been accomplished. Yes, Emmeline blushed, and then wept—yes, she wept; for, though her feelings were now fondly, and perhaps, warmly, interested towards Everard, she still felt not anxiety only, but in some degree, shame also, for the position in which she stood. In the first place, he was a boy, much younger than herself; occasionally she felt this unpleasantly; moreover, he was far beneath her in station, and a daughter of the Meynell's could not be supposed to be quite indifferent to this; and, lastly, she looked back to the time when she had laughed to herself at the idea of the possibility of such an attachment, and this sometimes gave her a twinge of shame at her having so speedily falsified her predictions. But, on the other hand, there was, first and foremost, what had undoubtedly given rise to the feelings on her part, the spectacle of the deep, strong, intense, all-engrossing passion, which he felt for her. This, beyond question, had been the cause of her affection, and it now continued to feed it. Then, there was sympathy for his terrible misfortune, borne so nobly till his love for her had made him feel its full misery; there was admiration of his person, talents, and acquirements; there were, at once, respect and fondness for his excellent heart. "Yes!" she exclaimed, as she sat, thinking, with Lady Raulkner's letter open in her hand; "Yes! Mary is quite right—I do love him, there is no denying it, even to myself. Love him! yes; and he knows it now; and, oh God! the joy, the ecstasy, the confession gave him! If Mary had seen him at that moment, she would have forgiven me all; she would have felt that no human heart could resist such affection as that." And she pondered with deep pleasure upon the picture her memory had placed before her. "And yet," she continued after a pause, "what is all this to lead to? my father would never listen for a moment to such a marriage, and besides he is so young; it is impossible!" And she sank into one of those reveries of perplexity and pain under which she now suffered so often.

And what did he feel; the boy, who had thus forestalled, as it were, the course of time, and called forth the first affections of a woman like this? The strong intensity of his joy was almost too keen—I had nearly said too severe—for it not to be long before it subsided into happiness. "She loves me—She!—she loves me, the poor boy who cannot speak to her; who cannot hear her dear voice: but he adores her, and she knows it; she feels for me—she loves me!" And the constant repetition of the fact scarcely sufficed to feed the burning consciousness that so indeed it was. And oh! how his heart would swell, as he thought of the thousand feelings which he longed to pour forth to her, and could not; when he felt the check which stopped the passionate words which sprang in myriads from his heart, and chilled and thinned them by the circuitous modes of communication to which he was obliged to have recourse. "But still she loves me!" that was the comfort with which he always re-assured his soul; he felt that, in despite of all else, that made him worthy of envy.

Time passed on, and carried with it very little sensible alteration in the condition and feelings of our lovers. They felt the impossibility of yet, for a considerable time, taking any steps to bring about their union; and they, at present, contented themselves with letting matters take their course, only being especially careful that no suspicion of their attachment should arise. At length extraneous causes brought about their separation for a time.—Sir Richard's eldest son was sent to travel, and it was determined that Everard should accompany him. The pain of parting was extreme—but the necessity of the parting was obvious and inevitable—and each trusted the other so fully that the regret was, in some degree, diminished by the certainty they both felt of their affection continuing unimpaired by absence. It was whilst the family of Sir Richard was in town, making preparations for the heir's departure, that the picture was painted which now hangs in the gallery at Arlescot. The family portraits were already very numerous there, and old Sir Richard was by

no means the man to cause any hiatus in the line by his default. He, therefore, took this occasion to have the portrait taken of his daughter Emmeline, of whose appearance he was peculiarly both proud and fond, and who was calculated so eminently to make a delightful picture. On her visits to the painter, she was accompanied by Everard, and the fidelity and merit of the execution of her own portrait, did but add to the desire she felt that his should be taken also. It was impossible that this should be done, avowedly, and yet she could not bear to resign the idea. Accordingly she procured (by dint of largess) the painter to execute the striking painting of Everard Delaval, which is still concealed within the frame of her's, in the manner contrived by herself. The back of the picture was covered with cloth, so that the doors were not visible—and, as she expressed it, the picture was to remain thus hidden "until dearest Everard! the day shall come when we avow our affection in the face of the world, and I may proudly place my husband's portrait by the side of mine." The reasons why these portraits were never so placed, will appear presently.

Two years had elapsed, and Everard still remained abroad. In all he saw—amid all the new ideas which the scenes he beheld crowded upon his mind, the first, the last object to which every thing, in some shape or other, was referred—the standard by which the value of every thing was measured—was Emmeline Meynell. What she would think of such a picture—how their hearts would draw closer to each other until the influence of such a noble prospect—how infinitely more he should enjoy any contemplation that delighted him, if she were there to share and reflect back his thoughts and feelings; such was the manner in which the novelties, beauties, and wonders, whether of Art or Nature, throughout his travels, affected the mind of Everard. They were not able to have much communication—a kind, yet open message from her in a letter to her brother—some indirect allusion which he knew well Emmeline alone would really understand, in his letters to Sir Richard; such was the limited extent to which their correspondence was confined. Yet no shadow of doubt ever crossed Everard's imagination—he felt, however, how little absence altered him, or rather how totally it left his affections the same—and he judged by himself of Emmeline. He painted her, in his mind, as frequenting their favourite haunts at Arlescot, and recalling all that they had felt as they had been in them together. He knew that thus he should have felt, and he fancied her feelings as his own.

And so, in fact, they were. She did love him fondly, ardently; and if she saw more clearly than he the difficulties which lay in their path, this served only to add to her anxiety, and to cause her pain—not to diminish her love. His admiration of her was, doubtless, of an unbounded nature, which she could not fully reciprocate; but the deep and fond pity which his misfortune caused, probably drew her heart towards him with more real tenderness than she would have felt in any other event. The unceasing intercourse, also, in which they had lived so long, caused a blank and dismal void upon his departure. Her voice no longer thrilled so lightly—her smile was less bright and less frequent—and she lost, in great measure, that habit of springing forward with the elastic bound of a deer, which she had been with her a peculiar characteristic. In all she did, in all she thought, she felt that her heart was far away with Everard Delaval.

Such being the case, my readers will doubtless be surprised when they learn that on Midsummer-day, two years after his departure, the old hall at Arlescot was prepared for high festival, and that the festival was the marriage of the Lady Emmeline with the eldest son of the Lord de Vere, the richest and most powerful man of that county in which Arlescot stood. It was to take place in the chapel at noon. And was she then fickle?—Had she forgotten the first affections of her youth, and all that they had caused her to feel, and, above all, all that he, towards whom they were directed, had felt? Far from it. She still looked back with bitter, bitter regret to all the hopes of past years—she shed heart-scalding tears over their utter extinction. What then caused her to act thus? Simply the constant, ceaseless entreaties of her father, and all who surrounded her—and a want of boldness and firmness to avow aloud that she loved another, and who that other was.—These motives may appear too feeble to operate such an effect. Alas! I am certain that many and many who read these pages will draw a long sigh as they repeat to themselves their knowledge of how true they are! The history of this poor girl's heart during the eighteen months that she had undergone the persecution—for though arising from the kindest motives, such in truth it was—which had led to the present issue, is, I am confident, what many a lady of our own time, who seems prosperous and happy in the eyes of the world, would recognise as her own. Her lover far, far away—no one near from whom she could seek consolation, advice, or support—her own family, above all, the very last to whom such a confidence could be made—the consciousness, perhaps, that her affections were bestowed in a manner the world would condemn; these feelings within and without—the constant urging, sometimes almost violent, but for the most part excessive only in fondness, of her father—the persuasions, kindly meant and kindly made, of her sisters—and, above all, the ceaseless remonstrances of her friend, her half-confidence in whom had given such power over her, and she never spoke, nor would her Emmeline speak openly on the subject, but was ever giving dark hints, and, at the most painful moments, causing her to tremble for her secret; subject to a situation such as this, it is to be wondered at if the fortitude of the unhappy girl sank under it at last, and that, with despair and agony in her soul, she consented to become the bride of Lord de Vere's son?

The hour was come: the old chapel was garlanded with flowers, and all the peasant girls of the country around scattered roses for the bride to walk upon as she approached the altar. Emmeline Meynell was a very different being at this moment from what she was when I first introduced her to my readers. Her countenance was still most expressive, but its expression was that of calm, subdued agony. The aspect of springing wit and irrepressible buoyancy of temperament was extinct—utterly. A sunken cheek, and an eye of which the glassy absence of active expression spoke perhaps more than all else the sense of suffering; such were now the characteristics of that face whose brilliancy and beautiful life and motion had been so irresistibly enchanting. The contrast of a rich and vivid spirit of this description, with the despairing prostration into which they are so apt to fall under misfortune, is one of the most awfully painful pictures of human misery that it is possible to contemplate.

The bridal party approached the altar. Sir Richard, habited with due splendour, seemed the gayest of the group; for the sisters of the bride could not be blind to the fact that, from whatever hidden cause, the match was distasteful to her, and their countenances wore an expression of anxiety at least, mingled with sympathy for their sister's suffering, which now was becoming at every instant more apparent; and the bridegroom naturally was little pleased with the reluctance of his bride assuming so visible a shape. Still the ceremony was proceeding, when a loud noise was heard at the entrance of the chapel; and the Page rushed in, his dress disordered, his face flushed, his eyes blazing, and, rushing towards the altar, he attempted to utter some few words. The sound which at that instant issued from his lips was probably the most awful to which human organs ever gave utterance. The frantic energy of the moment overcame his physical imperfection; but his total ignorance of spoken language caused what he did speak scarcely, if at all, to approach the form of words. The terrible yell which burst from him struck every heart with awe and horror. Emmeline, the first to recognise him, forgetful of all save him; but as he opened his arms to receive her in his embrace, he staggered under her weight, and fell backwards upon the pavement. When they raised them, they found them both covered with gore. The crisis had been too much for Everard—a blood-vessel had burst, and he was dead.

"And what became of Emmeline?" said I to St. John, who entered my room as I turned over the last leaf of the manuscript.

"Alas!" he answered, "that scarcely needs the telling. Hearts that have received such wounds as that, never long survive."

*A River the Emblem of Human Life.*—The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, runs through meadows, and waters a garden through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant; it is most beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motion; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost, and mingles with the mighty abyss of waters. Pursuing the metaphor further, we may say that in its origin, its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank, and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake, in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool, unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to, and lost in, the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.

When Mr. R. Martin first went to Parliament, he found an inexplicable indisposition in honourable Members to listen to his eloquence, and consequently conceived an aversion to the common symptoms of colds. One night it chanced that "a good substantial winter cough" was heard while he was speaking; upon which he stopped, and, addressing the Speaker, said—"I should like to have some private talk with any Honourable Gentleman who will do me the favour to identify himself with that cough." Another time, some one having differed in opinion with Mr. M. across a dinner table, he turned to the servant behind his chair, and quietly said—"Melt the lead, John."

Rogers puzzled his friends the other day, with a new conundrum.—Why is the devil on the back of a mouse compared to two words of the same meaning? Because it is *synonymous*, (sic on a mouse.)—Sir William Curtis's last, is however much superior. He has posed the Court of Aldermen with the following.—Why is a man who ties his father in a sack, compared to the river Tigris? Because it is the way to *Bug-dad*.

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