



Newfoundlander.

No. 87.

THURSDAY, March 19, 1829.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

BY

HUNTERS & Co.

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

PATRICK MORRIS

OFFERS FOR SALE,

30 Cases Printed

COTTONS,

Each containing 50 pieces;

WHICH WILL BE SOLD,

On very low terms to wholesale purchasers.

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 Mr. PATRICK SHELLEY, who has purchased the debts.

MARY MYHAN,

March 5.

Administratrix.

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.

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.

SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

BILLS OF LADING and SHIPPING PAPERS for Sale, at the Office of this Paper.

PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,
And Lady Emma's soul-subduing looks;
Lost in delight." Cybbe.

Lady Emily had had great curiosity to see Arthur St. John. Her brother had been in the habit of speaking of him constantly as his dearest friend; and she knew from the same source that his reputation for talents was pre-eminent among those whose occupation it was to judge of talents. The arrival of a person, whose coming had been prefigured by circumstances such as these, could not be an indif-ferent event to a young lady of sixteen, whose feelings and ideas had not as yet been fashion-bitten and made worldly by joining in that most heartless, selfish, cold, mercenary, intercourse, called, emphatically, Society. If her passions were not as yet deep and powerful, her feelings, at least, were quick and sensitive. The romance natural to her age lay piled within her heart, ready to take fire at the first touch.

But St. John felt far more strongly still, and saw and guessed nothing of all this. Fielding has somewhere said, in substance, that it is seldom that a very young, and consequently inexperienced man expects to meet with villainy in the world; for how should he know of it, unless he be a villain himself, and thus be prompted by suggestions from within? And how, therefore, should St. John be able to guess the paler affection which existed in Lady Emily, while he burned with a passion, fated to give its colour to his whole life?

If a party in a country house be deserving of the praises I have showered upon it in the opening of this paper, it is certain that it possesses at least one advantage in an incomparable degree, viz. the ease and rapidity with which we become acquainted with those with whom we sympathize. In London, three years will not make two persons of opposite sexes so well known to each other as three weeks will do in the country. Three weeks!—why, in that space there may be condensed the whole history and fate of a human heart; opening, crisis, and catastrophe!

And so it was with poor Arthur. Lady Emily's attachment to her brother was great; and, while he was at home, she was constantly in his company. She rode with him in the morning; she got into the same little coterie at night; and in all this St. John mingled. He admired her exceeding beauty; he was fascinated by the grace, animation, and even archness of her manners; he was touched by the sentiment which was constantly upspringing in every word she spoke. Above all, he was dazzled and made drunk by her very manifest admiration of him. Nothing, indeed, adds more strongly to the fascination of a young and charming girl than the circumstance of those fascinations having the assistance of her evidently appreciating our sweet self, according to the modest estimate which we ourselves are apt to form of that person.

And thus did Lady Emily look on St. John. She hung upon all he said, and gazed upon his face as she spoke; she appealed constantly to his opinion; and exclaimed "Oh! how beautiful!" when he once repeated to her a couple of stanzas of his composition. She would sing his favourite airs; and shewed deference to his taste and judgment in every thing. Was it possible to resist this? Wanderings in magnificent woods in the most beautiful summer evenings that ever came out of the heavens, (at least they seemed so,) with sunsets, and moons, and poetry, and fancy, and feeling, and the most accommodating *tiers* in the world, in the shape of a careless, boyish brother, who "thought no harm," and saw and heard nothing that was not on the surface, and thus gave the danger of a *tele-astete*, without its consciousness; in such circumstances as these, what could St. John do, but fall in love? He did; and that with all the head-long powers of a passionate heart, and, alas, with all the fixed intensity of a firm one:—

"What say'st thou, wise one? 'That all-powerful Love
Can Fortune's strong impediments remove;
Nor is it strange, that worth should wed to worth—
The pride of Genius with the pride of Birth!'"

I do not say that soaring visions like these were thus accurately defined in St. John's mind; but that certain vague images of an elegant and picturesque personage, with a honeysuckle growing into the windows, and a green lawn stretching down to a trout-stream, with a couple of children playing on it, and Lady Emily sitting under the trellis-work, smiling as she watched them—that some such picture as this

did occasionally form itself in St. John's imagination is most certain. It was foolish, perhaps, but so it is to be in love at seventeen, and yet very sensible people are so every day.

Lady Emily's feelings, on the other hand, were far from being so definite as this. She was thrown into the intimate society of a most striking young man—her brother's chosen friend; she felt the brilliancy of his talents, and the general superiority of his manner; and, above all, she was too glad and delighted with the manifest power which her attractions had over him, and which she continued to exert more and more, as she perceived their daily increasing effects. This was not coquetry, properly so called; it was not done for the purpose of display or of tyranny—but she felt it altogether to be delightful, and she indulged in it, without inquiring as to whether it was to lead, or what its effect might be upon either St. John or herself.

Thus days and weeks rolled on. The young men were not to return to Eton, but were to commence residence at Oxford at the end of the long vacation. Thus they were to pass the three months from Election to the beginning of Michaelmas Term, at Mableton. The proceedings of the young people were little observed; they were thought almost children; and if Lady Missenden, sometimes perceived symptoms of admiration for her daughter in Arthur St. John, it was merely with a smile, and without an idea of danger for either party.

But danger there was, and that deep and imminent. One evening, in the beginning of September, Lady Emily had strolled with her brother and St. John as far as the London lodge, of which I have already spoken. The air was of that rich, balmy temperature, which the close of day, in a fine autumn, so often possesses; and a glorious harvest-moon shed her luxurious and luxuriant light upon the scene. When they reached the gate, Lord Mableton recollected that he had some directions to give to one of the game-keepers, whose lodge was about a mile farther on, along the skirt of the park; and, thinking that it would be too far for his sister to walk, he desired St. John to take her home.

Alas! what a dangerous position is this! Two persons, young, beautiful, full of poetry and romance, and whom the constant intercourse of a considerable period had been drawing nearer and nearer to each other, were thus placed alone in a scene, the loveliness of which nature and art had both contributed their utmost—it was evening—there was a deep, soft stillness—they were beneath that light

"Which every soft and solemn spirit worships,
Which lovers love so well."

—their arms were linked, and the quickened pulsations of the heart of one were felt against the bosom of the other, which thrilled at the touch. Ah!—one has known such moments—and years of pain were well repaid by one of them:—one has—but it is no use plunging into one's own reminiscences; my present business is with St. John and Lady Emily, whom we left walking home together from the park-gate.

They proceeded in silence down the hill; but the thoughts of both were busy. Their conversation had been more than commonly animated while Lord Mableton had been with them, and the revulsion was consequently felt the more. It is probable that, at no moment of their intercourse, had Lady Emily felt more strongly or more tenderly towards St. John. The subject on which he had previously been speaking, though a general one, he had contrived to turn so as to give individual application to his feelings towards her:—he had spoken warmly and eloquently—and she was touched. He was now silent—but she was well aware of what nature that silence was.

At length he stopped suddenly. The place where he did so was in one of the most confined points of the prospect; it could scarcely be to gaze on that that he paused. "Lady Emily," said he, in a voice of which the calmness seemed the effect of preparation, "on this spot I saw you first: it was here that, with your heart beaming on your face with love for your brother, my eyes first beheld you. Gracious heaven! what a change has taken place in my existence since then!—I was then careless, free, light-hearted—now, my whole soul is engrossed by an overwhelming, a devouring passion. Lady Emily, I see by your manner that you do not misunderstand me—you know you must have known for some time, that I adore you!"—and the violence of his emotion made him gasp for breath. Lady Emily trembled, but did not speak. St. John continued—

[For remainder, see last page.]

HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF THE JANIZARIES OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

At the moment when the eyes of all Europe are turned towards the revolution which is in progress at Constantinople, those who have observed, on the spot, the customs and institutions of the Ottomans, are struck by the erroneous notions which prevail in the western parts of Europe, and of which they meet with daily proofs in the journals and other works of political writers with regard to the Janizaries.

The Janizaries of our days bear but a very slight resemblance to the militia of that denomination created by Amurath, so intrepid, docile, and devoted to their chief, and who proved so fatal to the Christians under the haughty Mahomet II.

As fast as Osman and his descendants extended and consolidated their conquests in Asia, they distributed a part of the conquered lands into fiefs, which their favourites and their officers held of them on condition of following them to the war with a certain number of men, armed and maintained. With these feudal troops, united with adventurers, whom the hope of booty and reward attached to the first sultans, those sovereigns drove the Christians out of Asia, and carried the war into Europe. The Christians of that Epoch not having armies in anywise better organized, the religious fanaticism, a sole command, and the example of the chief, insured the victory of the Mussulmans.

It was not long, however, before the Sultans perceived the defects of the feudal troops, who, being bound to serve for a limited period only in each year, returned to their hearths, or deserted, when the bad season approached. They therefore felt the necessity of increasing the number of their permanent troops, and with this view Amurath formed, from his young prisoners of war, a body of infantry, under the name of *geni-tcheri*, (new soldiers.) This corps received regular pay and rations; it was subjected to a very severe discipline; it was recruited and augmented, in the sequel, by the incorporation of a fifth of the prisoners, and of a tenth of the children of the Christian villages tributary to the Crescent.—These youths, seduced by the priests of the Koran, soon forgot their paternal creed, to attach themselves to Sovereigns, who, constantly victorious, treated them well, recompensed their devotion liberally, and connived at their pillage, provided they were brave.

Down to the reign of Soliman the Wise, the Janizaries raised the Ottoman power to its highest pinacles; but, under his effeminate successors, their discipline became relaxed. The Sultans then devoted themselves to the harem, softened by every sort of voluptuousness, delighted more in buying women and eunuchs than in paying soldiers. The corps of Janizaries became a burden to them. Yet, not daring either to disband it, or to deprive it of its privileges, the rewards of the great services it had rendered, they left off requiring from the Christians their portions of youth for recruiting it, and they gave permission to the Janizaries who desired to marry, or to follow any trade, to reside out of the barracks. They thought by these means to weaken this formidable body, at the same time they drew advantage from a pitiful saving on the score of provisions, which were only distributed to those who were lodged in the barracks; but soon making a profit of the advantage of belonging to a privileged body, who received pay without being bound to any service, the nobles had their numerous domestics enrolled in the corps, and the Janizaries, who had become artisans, did the same in regard to their children.

The youth of the Mussulman race, whom the severity of the discipline had kept out of the corps, then sought in crowds the honour of entering it as volunteers, in order to participate in the quality, if not as respected the pay, at least as regarded the powerful protection of such a body, and of its privileges; of these privileges the principal were, that of being the first military corps of the state, and the guard of the Prince in the field, that of being amenable only to their chiefs, and those chiefs to be chosen from the corps alone; that to their officers only were entrusted the command of fortified places, &c.

The Janizaries, without foregoing any of these rights, ceased, by the abuses and the false policy of the Sultans with regard to them, to be a body adapted for the defence of the state, and become nothing more than a civic guard, composed of all the valets of the nobles, and artisans of the towns; or rather a numerous corporation, turbulent, jealous to excess of its privileges, a burden to all classes, and formi-

dable to their Sovereigns. From 15 to 20,000 wretches, who wanted the activity or the industry necessary for the exercise of a profession, remained, even latterly, in the barracks of Constantinople, and of the other great towns of the empire, where they performed the easy duty of a mere guard. They were to be known by a distinguishing girdle. In other respects their clothing and arms were not uniform. The Janizaries on duty at Constantinople, indeed, were allowed to be armed only with a stick; while the whole Mussulman population, to the confessor himself, constantly carried in their girdle a pair of pistols and a great poniard. Those who did lodge in the barracks performed no service, were never exercised, nor even assembled, and knew such of their officers only as distributed to them their quarterly pay. A great many of them sold, by anticipation, to speculators, their pay for their whole lives.

The corps of Janizaries was divided into *odas*.—The *oda* in the beginning was nothing more than the soldier's mess, and had only a small number of officers, the same for all. But as certain *odas* enjoyed extraordinary reputation, or special privileges, besides those common to the whole body, it followed that some of them reckoned as many as 10,000 names on their registers, whilst others had no more than 200.

The number of Janizaries throughout the empire who were in the receipt of pay, amounted to about 100,000; upwards of 300,000 were enrolled. Yet notwithstanding all that the Sultans could do during the late wars with the Russians, this corps never furnished more than 25,000 men, the half of which deserted before they arrived at Adrianople, although the army took more than a month to go that distance, which is but a march of six and forty hours.

In the first campaigns of the present war with the Greeks, the Turkish army counted some Janizaries; but for the last three years there had been no longer even one.

The guard of the *Sandjuc-Sherif* (the standard of the Prophet) was formerly confined to a certain *oda*. In later times, all pretended to this honour, because this sacred standard constantly accompanied the Grand Vizier; consequently, the division with which it remained was the principal body of the army. Such is the absence of discipline among the Turks, that in one of the last campaigns the Grand Vizier, shut up in his camp at Shoumla with 80,000 men, wanted the power of detaching from it 5,000 to go to the distance of five and twenty leagues to the relief of Crassowa, attacked by the Russians.—He was obliged to levy in the immediate country itself, and merely for that single operation, a body of men, who dispersed as soon as they had executed it.

From all this, it is manifest that a reform was indispensable. Sultan Mahmoud, who had lived in intimacy with his cousin, the unfortunate Selim III., during the year which elapsed between the deposition and death of the latter, felt sensibly its necessity; but he felt also that as long as the Janizaries existed, no reform was practicable. The *Ulemas*, another privileged corporation, comprising the sacerdotal and magisterial offices, were scarcely less the enemies of innovation than the Janizaries themselves. The two corporations, without any reciprocal love, mutually aided each other in the preservation of the baneful privileges which they enjoyed; the *Ulemas*, however, being better informed, could be more easily brought over to consent to the reforms on which the very existence of the empire depended. It was these, and especially their head, the *Sheik-ul-Islam*, or the Mufty, whose fetters (resembling the bulls of the ancient Popes) have such an influence on the Mussulman people, whom Mahmoud determined to gain. The oppression besides of the Janizaries, so burdensome to the other corporations, and to those even of their own body who desired to remain quiet when the rest were in mutiny; the imminent dangers which threatened the empire; the successful example of the Pasha of Egypt; these circumstances had commenced, in the ideas of the Turks, a revolution which Mahmoud did but follow.

No doubt but humanity shuddered at the measures which he took; but those who are acquainted with the nature of his people, will readily acknowledge that there was no alternative for him between killing and being killed. He has been reproached for having, as it were, in the face of an enemy, destroyed a force which, in the sequel, he has not been able to replace. What has been stated above proves that it was not of a force, but of an opposition, that he got rid. Will his measure succeed? This question is too complicated for us to pretend to solve it. To have an army, finances is requisite; to have finances, an administration is indispensable. All this has yet to be formed; and, what is worse still, has to be introduced in exchange for existing abuses. But what appears indisputable is, that there was no other way of commencing the reform than by the destruction of the corps of Janizaries.—*The Sphynx*.

with the other side of the street, and in its desolating progress destroyed successively Mr. Massiah's premises, the stores of Messrs. Ross, Preston, Albany & Co., and Johnston and M'Callmont. Whilst the conflagration continued in this direction with irresistible fury, it received on the other side a momentary check, affording some hope that America-street might yet be saved—this hope was however but momentary; for the extreme heat caused by such an immense body of fire as that occasioned by so many houses all at once in a mass of living flames, acted so powerfully on one of the opposite houses, (occupied by Peggy Anderson), that thought windward, it caught fire, which immediately progressed towards America-street—so that this street was now assailed on both sides, rendering it but too obvious that its entire destruction was inevitable, both its opposite corners being at once in flames. Several times the fire took hold of the house occupied by Mr. Paul, and as often was it extinguished; but the opposite side being now in flames, the heat became so intense, the materials so dry and predisposed to catch the least spark, and the flames ascending in such immense volumes, that every effort proved unsuccessful—the devouring element obtained a complete mastery, which set every attempt to arrest its progress at defiance,—and it proceeded up America-street on both sides, consuming house after house with awful and astonishing rapidity. The appearance was now fearful, and seemed to paralyze every effort. No language can describe—no force of poetic imagination can adequately picture to itself the character of this truly terrific and lamentable scene; and were it possible to cherish any other feelings, at such a moment of devastation and ruin to many, than sorrow, and alarm, those which relate to the sublime might be abundantly indulged—the very air parched and burning as if impregnated with the elements of destruction—both sides of the street, with all their back premises, of the most combustible materials, in one sheet of living fire—the flames raging as if animated by the demon of destruction, sometimes pointing high to the heavens, and at other times forming a complete arch across the street—light unlike that of sun or moon rendering every object visible as at noon day, spreading a horrid glare over thousands of countenances of all colours, and clothing the trees with a hue which seemed not of nature's work, and on which the eye liked not to dwell—formed a scene truly magnificent and appalling. In this way the fire continued till about six o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, and till, with the exception of three or four houses, it totally destroyed the whole of that district of the town bounded by the River on the West, High-street on the East, Vliasingen draining trench on the North, and Stabrook Canal on the South. The scene is now most desolate; the very site of the different stores and houses can hardly be pointed out; and of what were two days ago populous streets, comfortable habitations, and extensive warehouses, nothing remains but smoking ruins, vitrified glass, and such materials as the fire could not consume. Great fear was once entertained that the fire would communicate with the stores of Messrs. Murray, Brothers & Co., across the canal; and were it not for the judicious measure of covering the house with wet blankets, and keeping constantly playing upon it with water, there is no doubt but this would have happened, and that the greater part of the town would have been destroyed. As it is, the calamity is great; and we have heard the most respectable and intelligent assert, that the loss cannot be less than 200,000/ sterling. Many respectable and industrious individuals are entirely ruined, homeless and penniless. The progress of the flames was so rapid, and the confusion necessarily so great, that little could be saved, and that little of course much damaged. It is impossible for us to describe the magnitude of this catastrophe, or detail the extent of individual loss; but this we know, that some who were a few days ago in affluent circumstances are now absolutely beggared; that many who were extremely comfortable, and contributed to the wealth and respectability of the colony, are destitute as the wrecked mariner who saved nothing but his life; and that those who are best able to withstand the loss they have sustained, cannot but feel it to a very serious degree. Various accidents took place, and some of them were of a serious nature—and it is with deep regret we announce the death of Dr. Stewart, of the 25th Regiment of Foot. His daring courage and zeal to stop the conflagration led him up into a situation of danger; and, either finding his retreat cut off by the flames, or dreading suffocation, he precipitated himself from a window three stories high, and in his fall received a concussion of the brain, and other injuries, of which he died this morning, in the house of Messrs. Frazer and Maggee, where every possible attention was paid to him. We have heard of some other deaths, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the report.

PROPERTY DESTROYED.

Dwelling-house and stores, the property of and occupied by Mr. J. Vowels; shop, occupied by Mary Chisholm, and dwelling-house and shop, the property of and occupied by Betsy Massiah, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Mr. A. Iyer, and occupied by Mr. John Paul, merchant, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Messrs. Jones, Griffith and Co., from which they had lately moved to another part of the town, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Mr. A. Iyer, and occupied by Mr. Lambly, turner, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Mr. J. H. Albany, and occupied as a cooperage, burnt.—Front half, dwelling-house and stores, the property of Messrs. Collymore and Forte, apothecaries and druggists, lately removed to another part of the town; back half, a dwelling-house, the property of Elizabeth Douglas, burnt. Front half, dwelling-house and stores, the property of Captain Luckie,

occupied by Mr. M'Cormack, coach-maker, &c.; back half, stable-yard for the Court-house, &c., burnt. The Court-house, Colonial Secretary's Office, and King's Receiver Office, the property of the Colony, so much damaged as to be uninhabitable. Dwelling-house and store, the property of Mr. J. H. Bibby, occupied by Mr. Koth, watch-maker, much damaged. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of and occupied by Mr. R. Pinkerton, coach-maker, &c.; much damaged. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Messrs. Bogies, King and Co., occupied by Mr. Joseph Richardson, as a cooperage, burnt. Dwelling-house and store, the property of and occupied by Mr. Edward Paris, tailor, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of H. Baker, Esq.; front half occupied by Mr. Geary, plumber; back half, by Messrs. M'Donald, Watson and Co., as a cooperage, burnt. Two dwelling-houses and stores, the property of Mr. W. Hedges, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of and occupied by Messrs. Kersten and Co., burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of and occupied by Messrs. Douglas, Adamson and Co., burnt. Dwelling-house and store, the property of Dr. John Bryden, occupied by Peggy Anderson, burnt. Dwelling-house and store, the property of and occupied by Priscilla Thompson, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Messrs. W. Johnson and H. M'Callmont, occupied by Mr. James Brand, merchant, burnt.—Dwelling-house and stores, the property of and occupied by Messrs. John Walmley and Co. (front store fire-proof); dwelling-house and back stores, &c., burnt. Two dwelling-houses, &c., the property of Mr. N. W. Pollard, burnt. Dwelling-house and store, the property of and occupied by Mr. Buras, as a cooperage, burnt. Dwelling-house, the property of and occupied by Mary Bynor, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of Mrs. Shute, occupied by Mr. Joseph Richardson, as a lumber-yard and store-house, burnt. Two dwelling-houses and stores, the property of Mr. Thomas Forrester, one house pulled down, the other much damaged, and the out-offices, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, erected on a platform, extending to low-water-mark, the property of and occupied by Messrs. W. Johnson and H. M'Callmont, burnt.—Dwelling-house and stores, erected as above, and occupied by Messrs. Albany and Co., burnt.—Dwelling-houses and stores erected on a platform, the property of and occupied by Messrs. Preston and Clifford; small house and stores, the property of Mr. Joseph Vowels, and occupied by Maria Horner, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, the property of the estate of T. G. Albany, deceased, erected as above, burnt. Dwelling-house and stores, erected as above, the property of and occupied by Matty Jordan, burnt. Dwelling-houses and stores, the property of Mr. George Ross, erected as above, occupied by Mr. Ross, Mr. Cooy, and Mr. F. Padmore, burnt. Store houses erected as above, the property of and occupied by Mr. George Ross, burnt. Dwelling-house and store, erected as above, the property of the minor children of Messrs. Samuel and Paul Massiah, occupied by Mr. Massiah and Jane Jolly, burnt. Dwelling-houses and stores, the property of the minors Massiah, occupied by Mr. James Campbell, Mr. Rossie, Sally Delph, Mary Trayogle, and Miss Runipler, burnt. Dwelling-houses and shops, the property of Mr. A. Maigrot, occupied by Mr. Maigrot, Mr. Nicholls, and Kitty Sandy, burnt.

AFFAIR AT ST. BARTS.

(From the New York Statesman.)

We received this morning, the subjoined letter from an estimable friend, an officer on board the United States ship *Erie*, giving a highly interesting account of the seizure of the Buenos Ayrean privateer in the harbour of St. Bartholomews.

"U. S. Ship *Erie*, Dec. 9th, 1825.
"Off the Island of Santa Cruz.

"I gladly embrace the opportunity of writing you by Lieut. Morris, who is prize-master of a Buenos Ayrean privateer, which we captured a few days since at St. Barts., and have ordered to Pensacola for adjudication.

"The affair will doubtless create some sensation; I shall, therefore, give a short summary of the facts as they have actually occurred. We had a boisterous passage to the latitude of the trade winds, rendered more unpleasant by the crowded state of the *Ship*;—and to accommodate the Minister of the Netherlands, who has an estate at St. Martins, where his lady resides, and to afford General Harrison a short respite from the horrors of sea sickness, the Captain obligingly consented to stop a day or two at the above mentioned Island. The day after our arrival, a despatch was received from St. Barts, acquainting us of a privateer's having taken a quantity of valuable merchandise from an American brig, and that the privateer was at the time in the harbor. The intelligence was confirmed by the English Brig of war *Jeany*, who politely ran down expressly to communicate the same information. We immediately got under way, leaving the *Mini-ters* on shore, and as soon as possible after anchoring, the Governor was waited upon by the Captain, and a demand made that the schooner should be given up as a pirate. After a procrastination of two days, the Governor and Council refused either to deliver up the vessel or to order her from the port.

"Determined not to let loose a Buccaneer to prey upon our commerce, and believing this was our lawful prize if once in our power, it was determined to send in our boats with muffled oars at midnight, and cut her out from under the guns of the Swedish batteries. The expedition was entrusted to our first Lieutenant, who shoved off from the *Erie*, (at the

time in the outer harbour) at 1 o'clock in the morning in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain.

"For a whole hour nothing interrupted the gloom of this ship's company, who were anxiously watching the direction of the boats, when suddenly the loud report of a heavy gun from the battery announced, that the vessel was in possession of our men, and getting under weigh. Lights were hoisted by the ship, and a second and a third gun increased our uneasiness—but only for a few moments, as the flash of the lightning showed the privateer rapidly advancing before the wind; and running alongside, informed us that not the slightest accident had occurred. We instantly slipped our cable and extinguished our lights, as the batteries had thrown their shot so near as to render any delay highly dangerous.

"On waking the next morning, I found the ship at our old anchorage, off St. Martins, whence we sailed last evening, on our way to Curacao, to land the Dutch Legation. Much noise will assuredly be made by factitious people, in consequence of infringing the neutrality of the harbour of St. Bartholomews. But you must bear in mind, that the Buenos Ayrean private armed vessels have, at the present moment, no enemy but Spain, whose merchant flag is never seen, and that they are driven by necessity to acts of robbery, and are protected covertly in three Islands of the West Indies, viz. St. Thomas, St. Eustatia, and St. Barts, where they are principally owned.—This fact has been clearly proved in the late instance of the trial and condemnation of the pirates at St. Christophers. It is the opinion of the most intelligent men in this part of the world, that if active measures are not adopted to crush the hydra, that the evil will increase to an alarming degree.

"I pray you to excuse this careless scrawl, which is not only written *currente calamo*, but during a chase and the firing of our heavy bow-guns, which not only shake the ship, but the brain. We are desirous to close our communications, as the boat is getting ready to send on board the prize. From Curacao we proceed to land Gen. Harrison at Maracai-bo, from thence we steer direct to Pensacola."

HARBOUR, BERMUDA, JANUARY 27.

ACORN AND CONTEST.—We understand that the Naval Commander-in-chief, Sir Charles Ogle, Bart., the Captain, Officers and Crew of H. M. S. *Huscar*, have contributed two days pay, each, to the widows and children of the unfortunate men who perished in H. M. S. *Acorn* and *Contest*. The seamen were the first to come forward, and generously offer their mite towards the support of the widows and the orphans of their unfortunate brother seamen, and we trust that this truly christian-like act will be followed by the officers and crews of other ships on the station.

THE DANGER OF SAILING IN THE TRADE WINDS.

AWFUL INCIDENTS.—One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the Master of a Greenland whale-ship, found himself becalmed among a vast number of icebergs in about 78 north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of immense height and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks, appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, shewing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his station, but there being no wind he could not move either one way or another, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the surrounding icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grunting, and crushing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warrens, found, to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs which had, on the preceding evening, formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course amongst them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the North. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing any thing except her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs remained motionless.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several of his men, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared upon the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chain caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a small table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party, therefore, went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment

which Captain Warrens had viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. His inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his opened eye-balls. He held a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus, "11th Nov. 1762; we have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warrens and his men hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor in one corner of the room was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and the flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him.

In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a dog was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the polar seas, in high northern latitudes. On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of these with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen up thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her in the ice.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH.

(From a Sermon preached by Dr. Chalmers, for the Hibernian Society.)

We talk of the Irish as a wild and uncivilized people. It will be the indication of a very gross and uncivilized public at home, if we restrict our interchange with the men of the opposite shore, to the one interchange of merchandise. Let the rudeness of the Irish be what it may, sure I am, that there is much in their constitutional character to encourage us in this enterprise. They have many good points and engaging properties about them. I speak not of that peculiar style of genius and of eloquence, which gives such fascination to the poets, the authors, the orators of Ireland. I speak of the great mass; and I do think that I perceive a something in the natural character of Ireland, which draws me more attractively to the love of its people, than any other picture of national manners ever has inspired. Even amid the wildest extravagance of that humour which sits so visibly and so universally on the countenance of the Irish population, I can see a heart and a social sympathy along with it. Amid all the wayward and ungovernable flights of that rare-pleasantry which belongs to them, there is a something by which the bosom of an Irishman can be seriously and permanently affected, and which I think, in judicious hands, is convertible into the finest results on the ultimate character of that people. It strikes me, that of all the men on the face of the earth, they would be the worst fitted to withstand the expression of honest, frank, liberal, and persevering kindness;—that if they saw there was no artful policy in the attentions by which you plied them, but that an upright and firmly sustained benevolence lay at the bottom of all your exertions for the best interest of their families;—could they attain the conviction, that amid all the contempt and all the resistance you experienced from their hands, there still existed in your bosoms an unquelled and undiminished love for them and for their children;—could they see the working of this principle divested of every treacherous and suspicious symptom, and unwearied, amid every discouragement, in prosecuting the task of their substantial amelioration. Why, my brethren, let all this come to be seen, and in a few years I trust our devoted missionaries will bring it before them broad and undeniable as the light of day; and those hearts that are now shut against you in sullenness and disdain, will be subdued into tenderness; the strong emotions of gratitude and nature will at length find their way through all the barriers of prejudice; and a people, whom no penalties could tame, whom no terror of military violence could overcome, who kept on a scowling front of hostility that was not to be softened, while war spread its desolating cruelties over their unhappy land, this very people will do homage to the omnipotence of charity; and when the mighty armour of Christian kindness is brought to bear upon them, it will be found to be irresistible.

Eight Women Sacrificed. The following extract from a letter of a young officer in Bengal to his friends in Nottingham, and containing an account of a suttee, at which horrible ceremony he was a spectator, may perhaps be interesting:—"On the 16th of March an order arrived in the camp from Brigadier Lumley, directing me to proceed to Odeypore, there to take command of the political escort. I left the camp at Koolerree on the 17th, and arrived at Odeypore on the 19th. The morning I arrived we went to the lake, where the Ranah Prince and all the great people of the Court were assembled in boats

to celebrate some festival. We went into a boat, and pulled up close alongside the Ranah, and the entertainment, which was varied, concluded with a fine display of fire-works; but, alas! for the poor old Ranah, he ate too much that fatal night, and died on the morning of the 30th (for want of proper advice), after a reign of 55 years. At sunrise the body of the Ranah was carried out from the palace in a splendid litter: he was full dressed, decorated with all his jewels, and sitting cross-legged; just as if he had been alive, eight of his wives, splendidly attired, covered with valuable ornaments, and mounted on most beautiful horses, rode in advance of the royal corpse; they had three miles to go from the palace to the burying-ground. The women threw among the crowd immense sums of money. Arrived at the burying-ground, the body of the Ranah was placed, sitting in state, in the inside of the funeral pile. The ground from the floor had been removed, and the hollow occasioned by this was filled up with cotton, grease, rosin, &c.; over this was laid a carpet of crimson silk, with a broad border of rich gold lace. The women went to a small stream, washed themselves, and said a brief prayer; they then walked round the outside of the pile, and, one at a time, entered it, seating themselves near the body, according to their rank; the door was then closed. The principal Runee sang the verse of a hymn, and then gave the dreadful order for firing the pile. In a moment the whole was one complete flame, and the heat so intense that every one ran to a distance. There was no noise—not even a shriek! Oh, horrible! most horrible!—Even now it makes my blood run cold to think on such a dreadful thing! The women were burnt with almost all their ornaments on—many of great value! One of them gave a present of a set of pearls worth 15,000 rupees. The fire was kept up for three days and nights, and then cooled with milk; the ashes were carefully collected, and sent to be thrown into the Ganges. It is generally supposed that at a suttee the women are intoxicated, or sufficed with opium; this was not the case here. Never were women more collected or more perfectly in their senses; they bore more the appearance of persons going to some place of pleasure than to so horrible a death. There was a pretty young creature among them, aged about 21 years; I wished much to have got something belonging to her, if it had only been one of her wreaths of roses, to have kept as a melancholy remembrance. The cloth of which their dresses were composed has so much gold in it, that it is sold by weight. What can equal the courage of these women? Nothing but their vanity. Their religion does not require this sacrifice from them, and their vanity alone gives them courage."—Nottingham Journal.

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) March 19, 1820.

We are obliged to postpone our account of the proceedings at the sumptuous entertainment given by the BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY, on St. Patrick's Day, until next week;—for which, we are sure our friends (knowing the situation in which we were placed) will not require an apology.

To the Editor of the Newfoundlander.

SIR,—The plan contained in the enclosed vision, (in the perusal of which I have had much pleasure) appears to me so good and so practicable, that I cannot resist the impulse of wishing to see it become the subject of serious thought to the many benevolently-disposed persons in this community. The two objects particularly in view, are certainly those which would be most conducive to the increased happiness and comfort of society in this place.—Should you think with me in this respect, I have no doubt that you will give the vision a place in your paper; and if the hints contained in it induce some powerful individuals to realize the plan, you, perhaps, will rejoice equally with

BENEVOLUS.

St. John's, 11th March, 1820.

Vision of a Recluse.

Pondering again on the wealth of the town of —, collectively and individually, and reflecting on the extreme difficulty the most fortunate must have in devising suitable means to discharge their beneficent intentions, many plans suggested themselves to my mind, and crowded their claims to pre-eminence so urgently, as to bewilder me in their choice. I became, in consequence, overpowered, and fell insensibly into a pleasing slumber; when the following scene presented itself to my enraptured fancy, and remained indelible in my recollection.—Methought the following advertisement appeared in the

"The friends of social order and moral improvement, are requested to meet at the —, on the — day of —, when some propositions will be submitted to them, affording them an unexceptionable opportunity of gratifying their benevolent feelings, independently of all party considerations, and in the pure spirit of christian charity.—Chair to be taken," &c. &c.

Accordingly (the theory of dreams not being cognizable by the laws of dramatic unity) my good genius conducted me to the Meeting, which was, as might have been expected, most numerous and respectably attended; when the good and venerable — being called to the Chair, he opened the

business by a concise, eloquent, and impressive speech, comprehending the objects in view by the projectors of the plan, and which would now be brought forward in a tangible and practicable shape, in some embodied resolutions, and submitted to the Meeting for its approbation.—1st. That the whole human race are children, belonging to one universal family, created and protected by the same Almighty parent and friend;—2d. That necessity requires various classes in society; some to govern by their talents, or to assist by their reflections, and others to labour with their hands to supply the necessities of life;—and society is in its most healthful state when the efforts of all harmonize together in unanimity and content;—3d. That the laws and regulations of every community have a certain tendency to favour the few, in preference to the many, inasmuch as custom, courtesy, strength, and influence will always place the authority of making the laws in the hands of the wealthy and powerful; while every principle of justice, humanity, and religion, is perpetually and imperiously called upon to keep that ascendancy in salutary check, in order to ameliorate the condition of the less fortunate, by the sacrifice of a part of the superfluities of the affluent, and protecting them from oppression and want;—4th. That the valuable institutions for these purposes, patronised and supported by the public, decidedly evince their alacrity when plans of real utility and benevolence are matured and presented for their adoption, and prove that as long as distress may exist, or humble integrity may merit protection and encouragement, new and appropriate modes of meeting these claims will never be undervalued or neglected;—5th. That, as a patriotic and useful channel for benevolent intentions, a subscription be commenced for the purpose of rewarding such faithful and meritorious servants as may have continued a certain time in one place; that the amount intended to be distributed be —; that it be repeated annually, accompanied by a public exhibition; and that the amount be divided according to duration and merit;—6th. That the like sum be raised to be distributed, at the same time and place, amongst those fathers and mothers who have raised the most numerous families with the most scanty means, and the most general propriety of conduct;—7th. That a Committee be appointed to carry these resolutions into effect, with power to add to their number, at their own discretion; that no distinction be made either in their persons or in those of the receivers, as to religious tenets; and their judgment to be guided by such information and circumstances as may come before them in the course of inquiry;—8th. That it be recommended to the Committee to engage the Theatre for the annual exhibition; that to secure decorum and propriety, the boxes be charged such price for admission as may seem most fitting for the occasion; but that the pit be free, and that every means be adopted to render the exhibition interesting and instructive to all parties.

These resolutions were carried by unbounded acclamation; in less than a quarter of an hour — was subscribed; the Committee was soon nominated; and the office gladly accepted.

My imagination now rapidly changed this preparatory scene to the real exhibition. The house was crowded, and the orchestra was filled with the *dilettanti* of the town. A beautiful pastoral drama, in two acts, written for the purpose by the versatile and fascinating pen of Miss —, was performed by a voluntary set of amateurs;—it represented a village festival, under the superintendence of the gentry of the town, exhibiting games and rural sports suitable for the occasion, and displaying, in all the magical effect of the writer's unrivalled talent, at once the unaffected condescension of the patrons, and the artless gratitude and simplicity of rustic life. The feelings of humanity and benevolence hereby excited in the breasts of the admiring audience, were well calculated to prepare them for the display which was to succeed; and when the judgment and the passions are thus arrayed to act in perfect unison, then, and then only, is human bliss approaching to that of the blessed in the celestial mansions of harmony and love.—At the close of this performance, the worthy and benevolent — addressed the audience on the subject of the Meeting, in a clear but concise arrangement. He explained the origin of society, the unavoidable inequality of conditions, the distinction of ranks, the mutual dependence of all classes upon each other, the obligations of the moral and social duties equally binding upon the prince and the peasant, and all the intermediate and numerous gradations; He enforced, with a degree of energy, well suited to the subject and the occasion, the observance of the rules of *truth, of honesty, of domestic attachment, of diligence, of economy, of good-will and forbearance, and of that independence of spirit* which raises man above the level of the brute creation; and so far from weakening the bonds of social life, is the best guarantee for their safety and preservation. He explained the relations of property and self-interest as being, under good regulations, the best stimulus to action, that would operate upon every individual to the performance of his relative duties, and thus provide in the most effective manner, for the wants and conveniences of all; thereby securing the whole from want and starvation. In short, this impressive and eloquent address, (suited, nevertheless, to the varying capacities of a public auditory), contained an epitome of the personal and social duties of every station in life, showing that Providence had wisely ordained that individual and public happiness should be governed by the same unerring laws, founded on the immutable principles of justice, truth, and mutual co-operation.

After this address, the candidates for the rewards, amounting to twelve in each division, and who had been already classed on each side of the stage, were announced, separately, for the reception of their prizes, and brought forward to the public view. The orchestra struck up, on each nomination, a spirited

popular air; and when each case was thus disposed of, and they were all again arranged, an appropriate address was made to them, praising the good conduct that had thus drawn upon them the animating approbation of the Public, and exhorting them to a cheerful and persevering continuance in the same meritorious path; and concluding with an encouraging appeal to others, whom similar circumstances in life might, by their efforts, place hereafter in the same honourable and conspicuous station.—The report of the Committee was then read, stating the plan they had pursued to obtain the best information; their assurance to the Public that the most rigid impartiality had guided their decisions, and the high gratification they had experienced in the examination of the merits of the candidates; that having so far accomplished the objects for which they had been elected, and which they hoped had the complete acquiescence of their constituents, they would now retire in order that others as well disposed might have the opportunity afforded them of emulating their predecessors in this case of practical philanthropy; that they could not, however, retire without saying that the complete success attending their endeavours, had stimulated them to enlarge their views on the subject of the happiness and morals of the lower classes, so as to take in a wider range of the means to be employed for this patriotic purpose; that their speculations being so far the result of experience, they would be happy to communicate them to their successors, and lend a willing hand to promote them; and that they were well convinced that the countenance, protection, and friendly regard of the higher classes towards their inferiors, would do more towards improving their morals, their habits, and their comforts, than all the laws already in existence, or all the reproaches and coercion that a mistaken authority could possibly devise.

The thundering applause with which this sentiment was received, shook "the baseless fabric of my vision;" I awoke, and behold it was a dream!—Alas! that it should be but a dream, when so much anticipated good might be accomplished at an expense so trifling!

[For the Newfoundlander.]

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

Say does a care o'ercloud thy brow,
Do woes invade thy breast,
Has passion laid thy young heart low,
Or misery marr'd thy rest?
Are friendship's firmest links destroyed,
Does fortune faithless prove,
Or are thy early hopes alloyed
With pangs of bairned love?
Alas! with these 'tis hard to bear;
But would'st thou seek for peace,
And find a balm for every care—
'Tis found when life shall cease!

Perchance long years have fled by
Mid pleasure or mid strife,
And thou hast tasted every joy
With all the ills of life,
In stern reproof does conscience sting
For much that's pass'd in vain?
Does thy cloy'd heart no solace bring,
Or memory yield but pain?
And would thy spirit seek repose—
A charm to give it peace;
And find a balm to sooth its woes—
'Tis found when life shall cease!

Yet say, has virtue boned thee on,
Amid life's troubled sea?
Then o'er thy course its rays have shone
Like polar-stars to thee!
And bright as truth hath been its light,
In fortune's midnight hour—
It could not stay the tempest's might,
But yet assuag'd its power!
And when thy varied course is past,
And thou would'st seek for peace,
It still will guard thee to the last,
And live the life may cease!

Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.
ENTERED.
March 16.—Brig Mary & Eliza, Doe, Bermuda; ballast.

Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A Certain Woman, of this place, dislocated her Hip-joint, about twelve months since; from which time until three weeks ago, she was under the care of some Medical Gentlemen of this town, without receiving any benefit. Some of her friends having advised her to apply to me, she consented to do so, but first told those Gentlemen her intention; at which they thought proper to sneer and laugh, and also told her that if she took such a step, her death would surely be the consequence. The woman did so, contrary to this wise caution, and is at present under my care; and I now beg to inform these Gentlemen, that I will lay a wager with any one, or all of them, of FIFTY POUNDS, currency—money down—that I will do what it was out of their power to do—namely, (with the assistance of Providence) restore this woman the use of her leg, which they had like to deprive her of for ever.
Application to be made to me.

March 5. PETER BRENNAN, B. S.

To be Let.

And immediate possession given.
THAT commodious VILLA, pleasantly situated on Hawthorn Hill, lately in the occupancy of George Washington Busted, Esq., with spacious Out-houses, Garden, &c., and about five acres of Land in a good state of cultivation.

Apply to PATRICK MORRIS.
March 5.



Poets' Corner.

THE SERENADE.

(From the Casket.)

Wake, lady fair, and hear me sing—
O! can I dare disturb thy rest?
Yet would I touch the tenuous string
That wakes to pleasure all thy breast!
Now, at this silent midnight hour,
Kindly received the mood I bring,
And while my simple strain I pour,
Wake, lady fair, and hear me sing!

No sound now breaks the calm serene,
The heavens are gemm'd with twinkling light;
How bland the air! how sweet the scene!
How still, how tranquil is the night!
So still, so tranquil be thy breast;
There let no passion rudely spring
To break thy peaceful bosom's rest;
Fair lady, hear you what I sing!

Now on the lawn and dewy flowers
The trembling moonbeams lightly sleep;
So Sensibility, sweet power!
Seems loveliest when she bids us weep:
May she thy silent moments cheer,
Her radiance o'er thy prospect fling,
And beam her lustre through thy tear;
Fair lady, do you hear me sing?

But can the bosom peaceful be
That feeling aways with quick control?
Yes, if celestial Piety
Shed her sweet influence o'er the soul.
May she thy sacred guide be given,
And Resignation with her bring,
And Hope, with eye that points to heaven—
This is the foughest wish I sing.

How mild the lustre of this night!
Far lovelier than the brightest day:
Thus memory sheds the softest light,
Borrowed from joys long past away;
Thus melancholy sweet to me
The thoughts that in my bosom spring
Whene'er remembrance dwells on thee!
Still, lady, wake and hear me sing.

And now I'd soothe thee to repose,
Yet kindly what I've sung receive;
May sweetest spells thy eyelids close,
And sweetest dreams thy fancy weave;
Around your couch good angels keep
Their silent watch, and spread the wing
To guard your slumbers while you sleep;
Sleep, lady, sleep, no more I sing.

[Continued from first page.]

"My love for you has been consuming my soul for weeks—it has reached that pitch that I could no longer conceal it, and live;—say, say that you do not feel anger towards me for speaking thus—say that you do not hate me."

"Hate you!—oh God!"—exclaimed Lady Emily—and suddenly checking herself, she was again silent.

St. John hung on her words, and paused, expecting to hear her continue:—"Speak to me," at last he said—"will you not speak to me?"

"Mr. St. John," she answered faintly, "this must not be. You are my brother's friend—and my"—she paused for a word—"my regard for you is great; but I must not hear this."

"And why not?" interrupted St. John—"why not, unless you despise me?—why not hear me speak thus, unless I am hateful to you? I know that I am poor; I know that your rank places you infinitely above me; I know the country clergyman's son has no right to look up to the Earl's daughter—but I love you—I dot on you—I feel this, and it annihilates every other consideration. And, oh! if you have even the slightest atom of that regard for me, which I have sometimes dared to hope—and the joy of the idea has driven me almost wild—you surely must compassionate the state of feeling which has driven me to this disclosure."

"I cannot be insensible," said Lady Emily, "to the value of such feelings from one like you; I cannot but feel pride of the highest kind at having excited them, for I believe you. I am very young, Mr. St. John, and I know you are too generous to deceive or trifle with me."

"By heaven!" exclaimed St. John—but I shall not detail the protestations of a lover in answer to a speech like this; he was any thing rather than a hackneyed one; and yet his expressions were, I will answer for it, exactly what a Richelieu or a Valmont would have used upon a similar occasion. Nature teaches: these artists of lovers only imitate what they recollect once to have felt.

Suffice it, that before they reached home that night, Lady Emily and St. John had sworn to each other unlimited and eternal love—and the first burning kiss of passion had been impressed upon her beautiful lips.

I shall not dwell on the period which passed between the scene I have just described, and that fixed for the young men to go to Oxford. The disclosure of their passion went no further than to each other. It has been said, and most truly, by a great master of

human nature, that "Quand on est d'accord l'un et l'autre, on sait tromper tous les yeux une passion naissante et combattue éclate; un amour satisfait suit se cacher." The word *satisfait*, as used here, carries with it, it is true, a far more extended meaning than can be applicable in the present case; but still it is applicable; for, in the innocence of their youth, their passion was satisfied by the very fact of its confessed existence, and by the almost unlimited intercourse which it was in their power to command. To Lord Missenden the idea of his daughter's forming an attachment to a person of St. John's rank in life never occurred; nay, he had not ceased to consider her a child, and the subject was altogether foreign from his habits of thinking. Lady Missenden, besides also continuing to regard her daughter almost as a child—a mistake into which handsome mothers will frequently fall—never dreamed of such a thing as a serious attachment springing up between a school-boy and a girl of sixteen. She might, perhaps, sometimes fancy there was a childish flirtation arising merely from the juxta-position of the parties—but this amused her, without exciting any strong feelings.

Lord Mableton, from his more constantly being in the company of his sister and his friend, was not quite so blind. He saw that they were becoming attached to each other; but, as his own feelings on such subjects were much more those of an Eton boy, than such as many lords of eighteen feel now-a-days, he never thought of its acquiring sufficient importance for him to interfere. He was exceedingly fond of both: he was delighted in their society, and he was glad to see they were fond of each other. The whole business had no graver character in his eyes.

At length, Michaelmas term called St. John to Oxford, and the lovers parted. He left Mableton with an additional pang to those naturally occasioned by his first separation from the first object of his love; for, in despite of all his entreaties, Lady Emily refused to write to him. By some strange contradiction of principle, though they had for above a month carried on the intercourse of a clandestine attachment, yet she could not be persuaded to consent to a chaste correspondence. Whether it was the actual tangibility of communication by letter, or the extreme difficulty which would attend the establishment of such a correspondence, or both, certain it is, that St. John could obtain nothing more from Lady Emily than the permission of now and then adding a few words at the end of her brother's letters, and of having sometimes a message addressed to him in her own. How different this was from a direct correspondence, I leave it to those few people in the world to judge, who have ever written or received such letters themselves.

Two years passed away, and St. John and Lady Emily had not met in the interval. Lord Missenden had gone abroad with his family, which had occasioned this separation. But, in the midst of change of scene, and severe study, and active exertion, the image of Emily Lorraine was still constantly present to Arthur St. John. It was the spur which goaded him to struggle for distinction; it was the sweetest part of his triumph when he obtained it. His disposition was keen and warm, but it was also firm and intense; his passion had been formed under the operation of the former qualities; it was retained and cherished under that of the latter. He had set all his heart upon one cast; the hazard of that die involved the extremes of happiness or anguish.

Lord Mableton had left college and gone into the army, and was at this time abroad with his regiment; so that the interruption of St. John's intercourse with Lady Emily was total. At length, Lord Missenden's family returned to England. It was the month of April, and they fixed themselves in their house in town, in order that Lady Emily might "come out." She did so; and was soon in the full whirl of that monstrous compound of selfishness, wickedness, frivolity, and folly—a London season.

It was the middle of June that St. John was able to get away from college, and, hastening to London, the first thing he did was to hurry to Grosvenor-square.—"Is Lord Missenden at home?" he said to the powdered, fat, grumpy personage, who emerged from his leathern tub, with all the brutality, at least, (if possessing none of the other qualities) of Diogenes. "No," said Cerberus. "Is Lady Missenden?" "No." "Is Lady Emily?"—He was in the act, although not strictly according to etiquette, of asking, when he caught a glimpse of her bounding across the hall, and up the stairs. It was but a glimpse; but it sufficed to throw the blood into his face, and back again to his heart with a rapidity that took away his breath. He was going to enter, without waiting for an answer to his last question, when the porter again reiterated his emphatic "No!" and, sorely against his inclination, St. John was obliged to retire in despair.

Three days afterwards a card came, with due formality, from Lord and Lady Missenden, to "request the honour of Mr. Arthur St. John's company at dinner" that day three weeks. Not a word of old friendship or recollection; no three-cornered billet from Lady Missenden, beginning "Dear Arthur," as of yore;—all was chilling, stately, and exceedingly proper. Arthur could not endure the suspense; he twice, in the interval, called in Grosvenor-square, but he never could gain admittance.—The torment he suffered during those three weeks, I would not, though I am a poor man, undergo for as many thousand pounds. Now, he doubted of the endurance of Lady Emily's attachment. "Surely, surely," said he, "she might, under such circumstances as these, have broken through her resolution not to write, and give me one line, if it were really only one, to say that she was unchanged—that she loved me still. But she has been half over Europe,

she has been "La belle Anglaise" in half a dozen capitals; she has forgotten the poor, lonely student, who was far away, and who had nothing but his imperishable love to offer her." But then again the recollection of all that had passed during that dear summer at Mableton, rose upon his mind, and he would exclaim, "No! it is impossible!—that creature can never be false!"

At length the day came. St. John found a large party assembled. Lord Missenden received him cordially, and Lady Missenden with the greatest and most friendly kindness. She inquired with interest about his progress at Oxford, and communicated her last news of Mableton, and gave him his last letter to read. St. John was touched and gratified at this, but his eyes were wandering in search of one, a single glance of whom was to decide his fate. But she was not present; and she entered only just before the servant, who came to announce dinner. The crowd pressed forward, and they did not meet. As soon as they were seated at dinner, St. John found that Lady Emily was on the same side of the table as himself, so that it was impossible for him to see her without making a marked endeavour to do so, which even he felt was, at such a party, impossible. His worst forebodings came across him. Was this accident, or design? If the latter—but he could not endure the thought sufficiently to dwell on it. St. John was near the door; and, as the ladies passed out, Lady Emily approached him, and, holding out her hand, said, "How do you do, Mr. St. John? I am happy to see you again." He fixed his eyes full upon her, but her's were cast to the ground; the blood had flushed her cheek, and her hand trembled in his; but it did not return his pressure, and it was gloved.

Oh! how beautiful she then looked!—her form was developed—her noble countenance matured—her beauty was dazzling! He had again seen her—he had again touched her—his brain almost reeled with the excitement of this consciousness. But still he played the self-tormentor, and racked his heart with all the various fancies which a lover's doubts suggest. He could not but feel that, at the moment, and under the circumstances in which she addressed him, she could not say more than she did; but she might have looked at him—she might have shot the glance of an instant, to say, "I love you still."

St. John determined to have his mind set at rest at once, when they joined the ladies; but this was not so easy to do as to determine. When he entered the drawing-room, Lady Emily was at the piano, surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, all eager to play or to sing, and all declining it. Lady Emily seemed to poor Arthur to make more of all this *foppery d'usage*, than was at all necessary; in a word, as young lady after young lady was asked, and pressed, and entreated, and persuaded to do that which she had a perfect mind to do from the first, St. John thought he should have been driven crazed. But, at last, by dint of watching his opportunity, he found it. Lady Emily went with one of her companions to look over a book of prints. The table on which it lay was a round one, and thus left some little space between its extremity and the wall. And to this Lady Emily was not close, so that, without any appearance of particularity, Arthur was able to come and place himself by her side. He began to converse with her about the prints, which were views of Italy, and of her travels there,—overflowing with impatience at being thus compelled to talk on indifferent subjects, to one with whom his soul burned to commune,—till, at last, the young lady, whom Arthur was inwardly cursing, as *Mademoiselle de Trop*, was suddenly called away by her mother. He seized the occasion at once: for before his companion had time to move, he said to her, in a voice which betokened what an effort had been necessary to force himself to calmness, "Emily!—and is all forgotten?"

She blushed a burning scarlet—she bit her lip, which quivered once or twice, as though she was about to speak; at last, she said, "Mr. St. John, this is very indiscreet, very wrong; I thought the time which had elapsed since we met had driven the remembrance of our childish days from your mind; I thought—"

"No, Emily, no: you could not think thus; you must have known, you know, that young though we were, the passion we felt was not childish. You must know that upon that remembrance I lived—that there has not been a thought of my mind, nor a pulsation of my heart, that from the moment we parted, to this hour, has not been wholly and solely devoted to you. You know—"

"Stop, Mr. St. John," said Lady Emily, interrupting him, "this is language I must not hear; I had hoped, Sir, that the follies of our childhood had been forgotten—follies which nothing but my extreme youth could excuse, and of which it is scarcely generous of you to remind me. As my brother's friend, Mr. St. John," she added, in a milder tone, "I must ever feel regard for you—but I must not be thus addressed again." And she walked away, leaving St. John far too much stunned by what he had heard to be able to strive to detain her.

And to what purpose should he? She had crushed his heart at one blow. From that moment St. John has been a miserable man.

It is scarcely necessary to trace the progression of Lady Emily's feelings. Absence, change of place, novelty of all kinds, flattery, and a feckle disposition, had, before her return to England, almost entirely erased St. John from her mind. And the few months she had passed in London had more than served to complete it. She had seen the importance of rank, wealth, and fashionable station; her feelings, which, as regarded St. John, had in truth been the offspring only of early romance, acquiring force and an object from juxta-position—her feelings had now completely frozen down (for it is down,) to her position in society—a mere young lady of rank. The

real truth is, that she was never worthy of the affection of such a man as Arthur St. John: it was a mistake on his part from the first.

The suddenness of his dismissal was fully accounted for in a few weeks afterwards, when the *Morning Post* announced Lady Emily's marriage with a man whose only merits were being a Peer, and possessed of five-and-twenty thousand a-year.

The effect of the blow on such a mind as St. John's may be easily conceived. He went abroad for some time, and it was during his residence in Switzerland that he became known to Sir Edward Meynell. He entered into orders, and is a most exemplary clergyman: but he has never thoroughly recovered the effects of the events I have just narrated; for when I first knew him, which was upwards of twenty years afterwards, he was still, and I am convinced he ever will remain—a melancholy man.

LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE'S ENCHANTMENT.

"There's O'Donoghue's pigeon-house, sir," said Plunket, pointing to a large mass of insulated rock close to the shore of Ross. "And there," said Doolan, pointing to a number of great book-shaped stones, which lay scattered along the shore, "and there's O'Donoghue's library." "Indeed, Doolan! he must have had a hard study of it, then. But where's the story about O'Donoghue's enchantment?" "Sure enough, your honour, I'll tell you the whole story just as it happened. You must know then that O'Donoghue was mighty rich, and powerful he was, and kept a brave house in his day, in the old castle of Ross that's yonder there; and moreover and above, 'tis said he, was the wisest man of his time, and could do wonders by the power of the black art. With all his art, however, he could not help growing old; so, not liking to die, he thought he'd try if he could not make himself young again. Up he goes to the top of his castle, and shuts himself up in a room, with his black book, for as good as seven weeks. Nobody knew what he was doing all that time, or how he lived, till at the end of seven weeks, he called for his wife. Well, sir, up she went to him, and then he told her what he was about—how he had a mind to grow young again, that there was but one way of doing it, and that he wanted her help. "Do you see that tub?" says he, "well, you must cut me in pieces, and put me into it, lock the door, and in seven weeks time you'll find me alive and well, but no bigger than a three-year's old child." "I will," says she. "Oh, but I must have a trial of you first," says he, "for if you was to get frightened, it would be all over with me." So with that he takes his black book. "Now," says he, "I'm going to read, and if you cry out at anything you see, I'll be taken away from you for ever." Well, sir, while he was reading, the frightful things in the world made their appearance, and there was noise as if the world were falling to pieces. The lady, however, stood it out manfully for a long time, till she saw her own child lying dead on the table before her; then she was frightened in earnest, and gave a great shriek; upon which the castle shook like a leaf, and O'Donoghue, leaping out of the windy, disappeared in the waves of Loch Lane. His horse, his table, his library were all taken away at the same time, and may be seen at different parts of the lake turned into stone. That's the way O'Donoghue was enchanted; and 'tis said that he now lives in a brave palace at the bottom of the lake."—*Croker's Legends of the Lakes.*

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AND HER JEWELS.

—We one day asked the Empress to show us all her diamonds. With the utmost complaisance, she ordered them to be brought and arranged on a large table. When the various boxes were opened, we were dazzled by the brilliancy of their contents. It must, I fancy, have been a collection unique in Europe; for it was composed of all the most precious stones belonging to the various towns and cities conquered by the French armies. Her Majesty was exceedingly amused by our mute astonishment. After having allowed us to examine them leisurely, "It is to cure you of an excessive fondness for jewels," said she to us, in a kind tone, "that I have shown you mine. After having seen such extraordinary ones, you will have no wish for others; especially when you recollect, splendid as they are, how unhappy I have been, although possessed of them! In the earlier periods of my astonishing career, I entertained myself with these baubles; but by degrees I became disgusted with them, and I now wear them only when my new rank compels me to do so. Have I not the *brignolettes* that belonged to the queen, Marie Antoinette? Is it certain that I shall be able to retain them? Let me advise you, young ladies, not to envy a magnificence which in no way contributes to happiness. You will be very much surprised when I tell you that I have received more pleasure from the present of a pair of old shoes, than I ever did from the gift of any of the diamonds spread before you."—*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine.*

The steward of the Duke of Guise representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of a number of superfluous attendants. The Duke, after reading it, said, "It is true I can do without all these people; but have you asked them if they can do without me?"

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