



# Newfoundland.

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Sixpence.

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Administratrix.

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T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace,  
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LETTER WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED J. P. CURRAN, ESQ., ON HIS ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

The day is too bad for shooting, so I write. We arrived in miserable weather at Donaghadee; thence we set sail for the Port, where, after a prosperous voyage of ten hours, we arrived. The English gentlemen had got before us to the inn, and engaged four horses, all there were; two might have drawn them one very short stage, and they saw us prepare to set out in a cart, which we did, and I trust with a cargo of more good manners and good humour aboard us, than the two churls could boast in their chaise and four.

I was greatly delighted with this country; you see the trace here of the devil working against the wisdom and beneficence of God, and torturing and degrading his creatures. It seems the romancing of travelling; but I am satisfied of the fact, that the poorest man here has his children taught to read and

write, and that in every house is found a Bible, and in almost every house a clock; and the fruits of this are manifest in the intelligence and manners of all ranks. The natural effect of literary information, in all its stages, is to give benevolence and modesty. Let the intellectual taper burn ever so brightly, the horizon which it lights is sure, but scanty; and if it soothes our vanity a little, as being the circle of our light, it must check it also, as being the boundary of the interminable region of darkness that lies beyond it. I never knew any person of any real taste and feeling, in whom knowledge and humility were not in exact proportion. In Scotland, what a work have the four-and-twenty letters to show for themselves! — the natural enemies of vice, and folly, and slavery; the great sowers, but the still greater weeders, of the human soil. Nowhere can you see the cringing hypocrisy of dissembled detestation, so inseparable from oppression; and as little do you meet the hard, and dull, and right lined angles of the southern visage; you find the notion exact and the phrase direct, with the natural tone of the Scottish muse.

The first night, at Ballintra, the landlord attended us at supper; he would do so, though we begged him not. We talked to him of the cultivation of potatoes. I said, I wondered at his taking them in place of his native food, oatmeal, so much more substantial. His answer struck me as very characteristic of the genius of Scotland — frugal, tender, and picturesque. "Sir," said he, "we are not so much the wrong as you think; the tith is easy, they are swift in the cooking, they take little fuel; and then it is pleasant to see the gudewife with her balms about the pot, and each with a potatoe in its hand."

We got on to Ayr. It was fortunate; it was the last day of the rain, and the first of the races; the town was unusually full, and we stood at the inn door — no room for us. "My dear Captain," said I, "I suppose we must lie in the streets." "No, that you shall not," says a good-looking man it was Campbell of Fairfield "my wife and I knew you were coming, and we have a warm bed ready for you; she is your countrywoman, and I am no stranger to you; I had a trial in Dublin eight years ago, and you were in the cause." "Oh! yes, sir, I remember; we beat the enemy." "Oh! yes, sir," says Campbell of Fairfield, "I beat the enemy, tho' you were at his head." I felt my appetite keen. I was charmed with the comical forgiveness of his hospitality. I assured him I heartily forgave him for thrashing my rascal client; and a few moments brought me to the kind greeting of my very worthy countrywoman. They went a little aside, and I overheard their whispers about dinner. Trouble, you may suppose, I did not wish to give; but the feeling of the possible delay by an additional dish, was my panic. "My dear madam, I hope you won't make me feel that I am not one of your family, by adding any thing." "No, that I won't," says she; "and if you doubt my word, I'll give you the security of seven gentlemen against any extravagance." So saying, she pointed to a group of seven miniature of young men that hung over the fire-place. "Six of those poor fellows are all over the earth; the seventh; and these two little girls, are with us; you will think that good bail against the wickedness of extravagance. Poor fellows!" she repeated. "Nay, madam, don't say 'poor fellows'; at the moment when you feel that hospitality prevents the stranger from being a poor fellow, you don't think this the only house in the world where the wanderer gets a dinner and a bed; who knows, my dear countrywoman, but Providence is at this moment paying to some of your poor fellows far away from you, for what your kind heart thinks it is giving for nothing." "Oh! yes," cried she; "God bless you for the thought." "Amen, my dear madam," answered I; "and I feel that he has done it."

We were much pleased with the races; not, you may suppose, at a few foolish horses forced to run after each other, but to see so much order and cheerfulness; not a single dirty person, nor a ragged coat. I was introduced to many of their gentry, Lord Eglinton, Lord Cassillis, Lord Archibald Hamilton, &c.; and pressed very kindly to spend some time with them.

Poor Burns! — his cabin could not be passed unvisited or unwept: to its two little thatched rooms — kitchen and sleeping place — a slated sort of parlour is added, and 'tis now an alehouse. We found the keeper of it tipsy; he pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and, with a most *ad-propos* laugh, observed, "there is the very spot where Robert Burns was born." The genius and the fate of

the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears.

On Thursday we dine with Lord Eglinton, and thence I hope to pursue our little tour to Lochmound, Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c. These places are at this time of the year, much deserted; however, we sha'n't feel quite a solitude; and, at all events, public buildings, &c. do not go to watering-places, so that still something will be visible. In this region the winter is always mild; but the rain is almost perpetual, and still worse as you advance to the north. An Englishman said to a Highlander, "Bless me, sir, does it rain for ever?" The other answered, "Oh! my, sir, it snows whiles!" See what a chronicle I have written, &c. &c.

J. P. C.

The preceding is not the only record that Mr. Curran has left of his admiration of Scotland. His defence of Mr. Hamilton Rowan contains a short but glowing eulogium upon the genius of that country, for whose splendid services in the cause of the human mind no praises can be too great. After speaking of the excessive terror of French principles, by which juries were governed in their verdicts, he proceeded: — "There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which dis aims assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances, as its best ground of faith. To what other circumstance can you ascribe, that, in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe what, in my mind, is still more astonishing; — in such a country as Scotland — a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth — cool and ardent — adventurous and persevering — winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires — crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns — how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?"

**AUDIENCE OF THE GRAND TURK.**

The following account of the European ambassadors at the Porte, and the manner in which they are admitted into the Sultan's presence, is extracted from a work, entitled *Deux Annees a Constantinople*, written by a person in the suite of the French Ambassador: —

"The Ambassadors at the Ottoman Porte are those of France, England, Russia, and Holland; Austria has an interuncio at Constantinople; Prussia and Sweden, ministers plenipotentiary; and Naples and Denmark, charges d'affaires. Those envoys of the different powers have each guards allotted to them by the Porte, which precede them whenever they go any where. Formerly, these were janissaries, clad after a different manner from the janissaries of the barracks, and despised and hated by their comrades for serving those who were not of the faithful hire; but since the new organization, these janissaries have been replaced by other guards. It would be wrong to suppose that the envoys of the powers have frequent or easy access to the presence of the Sultan. The Grand Seigneur imagines, that it behoves the representative of the prophet to keep himself inaccessible. Widely different from our princes who, elating affability amongst the Royal virtues, multiply receptions of all kinds, the Turk imagines them to compromise his grandeur, and would suppress them entirely, if he could do it without weakening his policy.

The ambassadors see his highness only twice during the term of their embassy; at their arrival and their departure. All affairs are carried on through the drogmans, or interpreters, attached to the different legations. They treat every two or three days with the Ottoman ministers,

"The first audience granted by the Sultan to the ambassador is solemn. Count Guilleminot having had his some while before my arrival in this country, I could not assist at it; but I profited by that obtained by the representative of the King of Holland, who willingly invited me.

"The day on which an ambassador is called to remit his credentials to his highness, an escort, composed of three or four hundred troops, is sent to him by the Porte: it is a custom, the origin of which is of considerable antiquity.

"This honour was reserved exclusively to the janissaries, the first military body of the empire. — They accepted it readily, as a gratuity always accompanied this service.

"At five in the morning numerous companies of janissaries, in full accoutrements, were found collected at the gate of the Dutch palace at Pera. They ranged themselves in march at the head of the procession; after came the ambassador, his secretaries, interpreters, and the principal Dutch merchants, all on horseback. Descending thus to the sea coast at Galata, we were received into caïques, handsomely decorated, and we passed to the Turkish quarter.

"The *Topchi-bachi* (chief of the cannoniers) and some officers of the palace, whom the Grand Turk had sent before us, attended us to the beach; we were then furnished with horses, richly caparisoned, and in this state were conducted to the seraglio, where we entered a kiösk, the pavilion destined for our reception.

"After a repast followed by coffee, and a display of the presents from Holland, the author proceeds: — "We were at length introduced into the presence of the Grand Turk, whom I saw for the first time. He was in an apartment, the tapestry of which was of superb cashmere; he was seated, cross-legged, on a throne covered with jewels, and surmounted by a brilliant canopy. He wore a pelisse of green stuff, trimmed with the fur of the black fox of Russia; a poignard, studded with diamonds, was at his breast; and an egret fastened by a cluster of diamonds decorated his magnificent turban. Mahmoud is a large and well-built man; his features are hard; he has a quick eye, a countenance of assurance, and an attitude bold and imposing."

**GAMBLING.**

(From the "Philosophy of Clubs" in the New Monthly Magazine.)

There was a barrister in this society, not many years ago, whose name is associated with painful recollections. His fate left a considerable gloom for some time upon our mirth; for he was a cheerful, lively, good-natured member. He too was an excellent scholar, and entered the law with prospects as encouraging as usually beam upon its early votaries. But he was the smallest man, the most abridged specimen of humanity, not absolutely dwarfed, I ever knew. This, with a most plebeian monosyllable for his name, (these are greater disadvantages than they are generally considered,) not a little damped the ardour of his studies; and a most inauspicious hour it was that saw poor B — enrolled amongst the band of the Beefsteaks. It called up a different tribe of enjoyments to his fancy, and law became every day more distasteful to him; The whim and humour of the club quite alienated him from all graver pursuits; owing, probably, to some natural defect in his mind, which converted, as it were, into its necessary aliment excitements that should only have been its occasional indulgences. In this unsettled disposition, he joined the shoals of English that swarm the streets of Paris. B — had a turn for calculation, and prided himself upon it. A scheming Abbe, whose calculations were built on a different basis, insinuated himself into his confidence, and brought him an ingenious plan to win at play, with a certainty of large gains, and a probable chance of breaking the banks. B — investigated it closely, and worked day and night at it till he thought he understood it — a most wretched delusion! The Abbe accompanied him to the *Rouge et Noir*. It was the first experiment of the new talisman. It was agreed, that its operations were to commence by fifty successive throws upon the red; and that the stake should remain there for that number of games, or, if lost, to be renewed. The luck was on B —'s side. He won fifty times the amount of his venture. This was as it should be, it was exactly what the Abbe had predicted from the scheme, which was to regulate the caprices of fortune. At this point B — took up half the woody

tearing in conformity to the Abbe's instructions, the other half on the black. This also succeeded, and B— left off, his pockets stuffed with Napoleons and Bank of Paris billets. For this miraculous invention, the Abbe claimed and received the moiety of his profits, the amount of which was twenty-five thousand francs. Two nights successively the mystic tablet was auspicious; they won and participated as before. The next night the goddess shook her light wings; the towering structure of the Abbe's arithmetic tottered to its fall. They carried home nothing; and B— was obliged to draw upon England for the last sad remnant of his resources. "Beware of Paris!" said M. Clermont, the amiable and respectable partner of La Fite's house, as he told the cashier to count out the money. The caution sank for the time into his heart; and it was confirmed (the wretched are always superstitious) by a slip, as he mounted the steps of the Frescati, in consequence of which the bag which held his whole wealth fell to the ground, and emptied its contents. On that night B— lost to the last livre, and had nothing left to retrieve his losses, or to sustain his family (a wife and child,) who resided with him at Paris. He looked to the Abbe for consolation. The Abbe had none to give him. "Give me back," said B— "some of the money which I shared with you." "Ma foi!" exclaimed the Abbe with a despairing shrug, "I have placed it in the rentes for *ma pauvre famille*."

At the table sat an English Nobleman, who was not so absorbed in the play as to be insensible to what had passed; and he was too well acquainted with the vicissitudes of a gamster not to divine the real state of the case. It was the late Earl of Thanet. Perceiving B— to be still lingering near the table, and conjecturing what was going on with him, he addressed him with great kindness. "You have been unlucky," said he; "here is a rouleau. Try your luck again with moderation. But give that French scoundrel his *congé*." The little Abbe understood him, and was gone no more. With this new capital B— re-commenced. In half an hour it was gone; and he had the additional mortification of having contracted a debt of honour to a perfect stranger, which he was unable to satisfy. He rushed out of the house in dreadful distraction, and wandered he knew not whither. I have heard from his own lips the adventures of that night; and I do not think that when he left Frescati, it was with the thought of self-destruction. It was a dark, but serene night. He had strolled to the Quai, near where the Seine yields up its drowned bodies to be claimed by friends or relatives, should the wretches that fly to its waters as the Lethe chance to have either.— Fatigued with his long and wayward ramble, he leaned for a few minutes on a stone, and looking friendly upon the river, as its dull and melancholy stream glided along, ejaculated almost unconsciously—"There too shall be my refuge!" His exclamation caught the attention of a person who was lingering near the spot, in a state of mind equally desponding and life-weary. The idea which had only on a sudden darted across the mind of poor B—, had been long the fixed and cherished purpose of the other, though for the moment suspended by the accident of meeting a brother in wretchedness, who, to all appearance, was bent upon the same mode of flying from it. Singular as it was, they mutually recognized each other, for they had often met at the same pandemonium of play. B— told him, without reserve, his situation. "You have been unfortunate," said the other; "but abandon your dreadful resolve, I implore you. Live; you have the tenderest of connexions. There is one whose identity is entwined with yours. I, too, came hither to escape the burden of disgrace, ruin, and want. But there is none to await my coming; no heart will quicken its throbs at my return. Yet, if I can dissuade you from death, I will live on; at least, I shall have one satisfaction to live for, if I restore you to your family and home. Return to your hotel; to-morrow I will see you, and we will try to reason ourselves into hope." They shook hands: B— being the more easily diverted from his rash determination, as it was the instantaneous suggestion, rather than the firm resolution of his despair. But he had not walked thirty paces before he heard a sudden plunge into the water: it was his friend, who had only postponed his own fate for a moment. B— rushed to the spot whence the sound came, but the body was not found till the next day. L—'s story is well known in Paris. He had formerly been in the Guards, married a beautiful woman, and fixed his residence at Paris. For a while conjugal affection, and the sweetness of domestic enjoyments, prevailed over the natural levity of his heart; but it was a transient triumph. The master-vice that destroys the holiest pacts of the heart, rendered him by degrees a fiend-like being—cold and harsh to the being by whom he was adored. He played on—was ruined; and she sank under the double misfortune of unkindness and ruin.

There was a darker cloud yet in L—'s fate.— He had lost all: he had exhausted the compassion of his friends; for such was his transformation of mind and feeling, that he could solicit and climb the staircases of others (Dante's last of infamies), and endure the frigid excuse, and the surly denial. There was one who did not desert him; a being of the gentlest nature, with all the accomplishments of her sex, and with a deep share of feeling. She was a Frenchwoman, not affluent; and she had advanced him sums to an amount which prudence condemned. She opened her purse to him again. It contained a few Napoleons, of which she gave him two, for it was more than she could easily spare; and being suddenly called away, she left it on her table. The feat of L—'s fate was comprised in that one short moment of temptation. When she returned, he was gone, and the purse no where to be found. No doubt

remained on her mind as to the manner in which it had vanished; but so noble was her nature, that she would have buried it in the recesses of her own heart for ever. Nor was it ever known, till shame, remorse, and the consciousness of his ingratitude, drove him to self-destruction. He returned the purse and its full contents; and on the night of the same day, the interview with B— took place.

For several months B— was deeply affected by the catastrophe. In the fate of L—, he thought he saw the image of his own reflection, and was, unfortunately, led to deduce from the self-destruction of his friend, motives equally powerful for his own. It was, however, insanity that urged him to it; for a considerable relief had been extended to him by a liberal relative. It was too late. B—'s was of one of those suicides in which the unhappy being seeks for the mode of snapping the thread of existence at once, and rendering the transition as short and as easy as possible. It was the hate of the malady, wreaked upon his own body in revenge for the agonies of the spirit, for it was dreadfully lacerated and mangled, and he had evidently died after a long and lingering effusion of blood.

VOYAGE TO THE EASTERN SEAS.

[The following extract is from the last edition of *Captain Basil Hall's Work*, just published by Messrs. Carvill. It forms a part of one of the additional chapters, and is therefore entirely new.]

*Captain Maxwell's Attack on the Batteries at Canton, on the 12th of November, 1816.*

On leaving our primitive and kind friends at Loo Choo, we steered directly across Japan sea, and having sailed between the Philippine Islands and Formosa, made directly for the anchorage of Lintin, which takes its name from an island lying opposite the mouth of the great river flowing past Canton.— On the 3d of November, 1816, shortly after anchorage, we received despatches from the British Factory, announcing the unsuccessful issue of the Embassy, and the expected return of Lord Amherst. The failure of the mission, it appeared, had disposed the Chinese authorities at Canton to treat the interests of the British Factory with great contempt, and in several instances to visit his Majesty's peaceable subjects with insult and direct injury. Next morning was received a copy of a recent edict, or proclamation, of the Viceroy of Canton: in this document, worded in the most offensive terms, it was stated that the Ambassador would not be permitted to embark in the river, but must find his way as he best could to the ships, which were to remain at anchor among the Ladrone Islands, almost in the open sea. There was every reason for supposing that this insulting mandate was a gratuitous piece of impertinence on the part of the local authorities, not authorized by the Supreme Government. In China every thing is regulated by custom; and the precedent of the embassy under Lord Macartney was more likely to be adhered to, than that so inconvenient and degrading a mode of embarkation should be wantonly assigned to Lord Amherst. The hostile sentiments of the Viceroy towards all foreigners, and especially the English, had long been well known to our establishment at Canton; and as these proceedings were precisely what had been anticipated, the greatest anxiety was felt by our countrymen, and, indeed, by all the foreign residents, as to the line of conduct which Captain Maxwell would adopt on the occasion.

Nothing could be conceived more dissimilar to our recent occupations than the duties which now devolved upon this officer. Instead of the pacific, timid, hospitable Loo Choons, he had to deal with the arbitrary and unsociable military authorities of China, at no time very friendly, and at the present moment professedly hostile to his nation. The same deliberate good sense, however, carried him successfully through these diametrically opposite services, and what in one instance took the character of patient forbearance, became in the other the most prompt and vigorous action. Both lines of conduct were so admirably suited to the occasions respectively, that had their order been reversed, as they might readily enough have been by a less judicious officer, the consequences must have been mischievous in the highest degree. It should not be forgotten, that as neither our visit to Loo Choo, nor the discussions with the Chinese, could have been anticipated, no specific instructions beforehand could by any possibility have been given for the performance of these services.— The most perplexing dilemmas, indeed, must often occur in a profession, the extent of whose range is only limited by that of the globe itself. But it is on such occasions that the distinction between one officer and another comes into play: that the man who dreads and shuns responsibility, or whose shoulders are not broad enough to bear it when it happens to fall on them, is crushed beneath the weight; while the professional genius of another will sport with the difficulty, and, like Nelson, turn what to ordinary eyes seems irreparable disorder into the means of enhancing his country's honour.

Shortly after the ships had come to an anchor off Lintin, a Mandarin, in command of a fleet of war junks, came on board the *Alceste*. He said a pilot would be soon sent, together with the usual permit, or Chop, as it is called, sanctioning the entry of the ships into the river. But on the 7th, three days afterwards, a Mandarin of much higher rank came to the frigate, expressly directed, he said, by the Viceroy, to order us to remain where we were, and on no account presume to approach nearer the river's mouth. Captain Maxwell expressed great surprise at this rude message, and argued the question the more earnestly as this Mandarin said he was in confidential communication with the Viceroy, and authorized by him to make arrangements. It was in vain represented that the proceeding alluded to would be high-

ly indecorous, not only on account of the inconvenience and difficulty of communicating with the ships anchored so far off; but being directly in the teeth of an established precedent in the case of Lord Macartney, such a line of conduct would be a palpable insult to the present Ambassador.

It is material to mention that an edict of the Emperor had been published some time before, in which it was specified that the present Embassy was to be treated in every respect exactly as the former had been; and Captain Maxwell conceived it improbable that the Emperor would recall his own orders in this essential particular, when he had scrupulously adhered to them in every other. The Mandarin, however, shook his head at all these arguments, as if quite unconvinced; but he was too well-bred to give the only good reply—that the proposed measure was actually intended as an insult. Captain Maxwell, however, who saw this clearly, gave him to understand, that whatever the Viceroy, or even the Emperor himself, might be disposed to do, he was determined not to permit any such indignity to pass with impunity. The Mandarin, struck with this manner of viewing the case, stoutly denied any disposition on the part of Government, to slight the Ambassador, but repeated that express orders had come from Peking to forbid the entry of the ships.

The whole of this interview was interesting and curious in a very high degree; for it was evidently a sort of experiment on the part of the Chinese to discover what manner of man they had to deal with; and Captain Maxwell, who had an important duty to fulfil, may be supposed to have been feeling his way likewise, and endeavouring to discover to what lengths fair words would reach, and how far, in the event of the worst, it might be necessary to bring the argument within the range of cannon-shot. It was as fair a diplomatical skirmish, therefore, as could be, and to a spectator like myself, amusing beyond description. The conversation was carried on principally through the medium of a Chinese interpreter, or linguist; but the Mandarin himself also understood some English, and more than once showed, by the expression of his countenance, that he knew what was meant, even before the interpreter had time to render the words. When Captain Maxwell asked how it happened that the commander of the fleet, who had visited him on the 3d inst, had not undertaken to procure pilots, Chops, and so on, if not duly authorized? "Oh," replied the Viceroy's envoy, that officer happens to be partly a fool, and partly a wit; he was acting the latter character when he came to you, and merely wished to make sport; he was only quizzing, I assure you, and had no authority."—"Well," said Captain Maxwell in reply, "it may be very well for such a fellow to take these liberties; but," added he, in a tone and manner which made the Mandarin's buttons wag on the top of his bonnet, "I advise his Excellency the Viceroy not to take example from his Admiral, and attempt to pass any such humours upon me!" Our Chinese diplomatists exchanged expressive glances, and for some time all was allowed to go on smoothly. The next experiment which the Mandarin tried on Captain Maxwell's temper, related to what is called in China a Security-Merchant, a term which requires a little explanation.

Every foreign ship which goes to Canton for the purpose of trading, is obliged, before commencing business, to have a high bond or security for good behaviour lodged by one of the great dealers in tea, known by the title of Hong merchants. In the event of any disturbance occurring on board of that ship, or any breach of the laws and customs of the country being committed by her officers or crew, the unhappy Security merchant has to pay the penalty—sometimes in the shape of a large fine of hard dollars to the Viceroy, and sometimes in the less expensive shape of a round dozen or two with the bamboo, inflicted in a manner which, were the sufferer an European, would be the most hurtful possible to his feelings and dignity, but which in China, where it is said there is not much honour to be tarnished, goes merely for so much drubbing; and the poor Hong merchant limps on board next day, with tears in his eyes, to supplicate his indiscreet constituents to behave better in future, if not in consideration of their own interest, at least in compassion to his poor bones.

As men-of-war, however, have nothing to do with the commerce of the port; as none, indeed, had ever entered the river before, except the ships of Lord Macartney's embassy, the idea of a security-merchant for a king's ship had never been dreamed of till this occasion. The Mandarin, not duly warned by the tone and manner of Captain Maxwell's first reply about the facetious admiral, or more probably being misled by his uncommon gentleness of manner, said it was the intention of the Viceroy not to allow the ships to remain longer, even at their present anchorage, unless they procured a Hong merchant forthwith to answer for their good behaviour. "What is it you mean?" said Captain Maxwell, warning a little: "let me hear that again, if you please." The Chinese, not altogether at his ease, repeated that security must immediately be lodged for the good behaviour of the ships. "Are you aware," said Captain Maxwell, "that this is a ship of war—King George the Third of England's frigate the *Alceste*?"—"I did not distinctly understand," stammered out the Mandarin, who saw too late that he was in a scrape, and knew not for his life how to get out of it; "I wished to be better informed—I wished merely to learn from you what cargo you brought—what kind of goods to dispose of."—"Cargo!—goods to dispose of!" exclaimed Captain Maxwell, rising and striking the table with his clenched hand, in admirably feigned anger—"Cargo, did you say!—powder and shot, sir, are the cargo of a British man-of-war! Did you see his Majesty's pendant flying at the mast-head? If you did not, I desire you will take a good look at it on your way to Canton, where you may tell the

Viceroy you have seen a flag that has never yet been dishonoured—and please God, while it waves over my head, it never shall!"

When Captain Maxwell began this address, the Mandarin opened his eyes, and stared amazedly at him; then rose half off his seat, and presently with his hands shaking, as if the cold fit of an ague had overtaken him, doffed his cap of office, and gave a glance over his shoulder towards the stern windows, to see whether, in extremity, he had any chance of making his escape. As Captain Maxwell approached his climax about the flag, and struck the table a second time, the Mandarin and interpreter both retreated, step by step, as far as the sides of the cabin permitted them, where they stood with uplifted hands, quite aghast, and in an ecstasy of terror. It was with the utmost difficulty I kept my countenance, for I knew, by a slight and almost imperceptible smile at the corner of his mouth, that Capt. M. himself, so far from having given way to passion, was not only perfectly cool, but was enjoying, to the very top of his bent, the consternation into which he had thrown the Viceroy's deputy and his attendant. Matters, however, were soon apparently re-adjusted, by Captain Maxwell's ringing the bell, and ordering some cherry brandy, which the terrified Mandarin relished vastly more than the gunpowder speeches he had just been treated with; and I could see him more than once cast a side glance to the racks suspended under the guns, each holding a dozen of twenty-four pound shot.

[It was ultimately agreed between the Mandarin and Captain Maxwell, that if the latter would have patience to wait until the 23d day of the moon, free permission should be given him to come up.—Capt. M. being determined to then force his way, if disappointed, as he expected he should be, closed his interview with the following words—"You regulate all things in this celestial empire of yours, you tell me, by precedent, and it shall go hard but I furnish you with one that will serve you for many years to come."]

The twenty-third day of the moon came without any reply from the Viceroy: neither pilot nor Chop making its appearance. The *Lyra* in the meantime was despatched for provisions to the Portuguese settlement of Macao, in the immediate neighbourhood. But Captain Maxwell wishing to give ample time, and, above all, unwilling to do anything precipitate, waited four-and-twenty hours later than the day specified; at the end of which period, on the 12th of November, he weighed and proceeded to Chuen Pee, an anchorage a few miles below the narrow entrance called the Bogue, or Mouth, the Boca of the Portuguese navigators. Here a fleet consisting of seventeen large men-of-war junks, each mounting from four to six guns, with a complement of sixty men, was drawn up in line of battle to oppose the farther progress of the frigate. The numerous batteries along shore were also ordered to be filled with men; indeed, the whole scene indicated a resolution of resisting the intention of the strangers to pass the prescribed limits. A small boat, or as it is called a Sanpan, was now seen to put off from the admiral's junk, and make towards the frigate. This boat was rowed by an old woman, which circumstance, though not uncommon in the upper parts of the river, was certainly now intended as an additional indignity. On her coming alongside, the same interpreter who had accompanied the Mandarin at the memorable interview of the 7th, made his appearance on the quarter-deck, along which he strode with an air of much greater confidence than he had shown in the cabin a few days before. He was the bearer of an order as he expressed it, from the commander-in-chief of the Emperor's war junks, for the frigate to anchor instantly. Captain Maxwell, whom nothing could irritate or discompose, answered this impertinent mandate by jocularly asking in the broken English used by the interpreter, "Suppose no do—what then?" "Then, I think," retorted the linguist, with a very significant wink of his small red eye,—"I think that my great Mandarin there sinkee your ship!" And sure enough, while they were still in conversation, the admiral fired first one gun, then another, and so on along the whole line. Although these guns were all shotted, Capt. Maxwell, with good humour and presence of mind, called out that he was greatly obliged to the admiral for his salute, and ordered three guns to be fired with powder only, in return for the compliment, but continued his course onwards under all sail. The Mandarin soon put this mistake to rights by firing more shot, in which example he was followed by the whole fleet.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) April 2, 1829.

By a messenger, overland, yesterday, from Bay Bulls, we learn of the arrival of the Brig *Oscar*, Captain Drysdale. She sailed from Milford on the 5th February, reached Cape Broyle on the 21st March, and yesterday put into Bay Bulls, bound to Harbour Grace. Private letters from London, brought by this opportunity, have been received in town—but no papers. We have not heard of any intelligence of particular moment.—The Brig *Diana*, Captain Ferguson, from Greenock for this port, is also reported—we believe accurately—to be at Cape Broyle, detained by the ice; in that case, a courier, with the letters and papers may be looked for in the course of this day.

The Schooner *Ranger*, Farrell, master, the first vessel from the ice, arrived on Tuesday morning, with 1,600 seals—and brings, we are happy to learn, on the whole, rather a favourable report of this important branch of our trade—the Seal Fishery. Sea

veral sailing Schooners have been seen in the ice, off this and the neighbouring ports, for some days past, and their crews actively employed in killing seals.

MECHANICS' SOCIETY.

The Members of the *St. John's Mechanics' Society* celebrated their Second Anniversary, at Mr. Patrick Doyle's Globe Tavern, on Thursday the 19th March; on which occasion were displayed the Arms of His Excellency the Governor, and various other flags pouring the Society. At half-past six o'clock the company sat down to a very sumptuous dinner, at which Mr. Lawrence Barron presided. After the cloth had been removed, the following toasts and sentiments were given from the Chair—

- "His Majesty the King—God bless him." Four times four.—*God save the King.*
- "His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and the Navy."—*Ruler Britannia.*
- "Lord Hill and the Army."—*Waterloo March.*
- "The Duke of Wellington and His Majesty's Ministers; may wisdom guide their councils."—*Wellington's March.*
- "His Excellency Sir Thomas Cochrane, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Newfoundland, and Patron of the Mechanics' Society." Three times three.—*Let Fame sound the Trumpet.*
- "The Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."—*Spring of Shill-lagh.*
- "His Honour Richard Alexander Tucker; may he shortly follow with his presence our metropolis."—*Welcome here again.*
- "The Hon. E. B. Brenton and the Judges of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland."—*Balance a Strain.*
- "James Cochrane, Esq., late Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court."—*Joy be with him.*
- "Captain Bruce, Colonial Secretary."—*Erin go Braugh.*
- "The Worshipful John Broom and the Magistrates."—*Excite around the huge Oak.*
- "Lieut. Colonel Burke and the Officers of the Garrison."—*Britia Grenadiers.*
- "Lieut. Bishop and Officers of the Militia."—*Battle of the Nile.*
- "The Right Rev. Dr. Scallan and his Clergy."—*Coolin.*

The Rev. Mr. FLEMING here rose, and in the most energetic manner returned thanks. We regret much the want of a reporter, as this Gentleman has spoken on the merits of the Society in the most warm terms, and concluded by proposing—

"The health of Mr. Lawrence Barron, President of the Mechanics' Society, in a full bumper; three times three."

Mr. BARRON rose and said—  
"Mr. Vice President and Gentlemen, for the very flattering way in which my health was proposed, and toasted by all, I feel it my duty to return my sincere thanks for the honour done me, and beg to propose—  
"The health of Thomas Moore, the Bard of Erin."—*The Minstrel Boy.*

Mr. PATRICK MULLOWNEY being here loudly called for, that gentleman rose and said—

Mr. President, Mr. Vice President, and Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry, as it is the first time I have had the honour to be at the Mechanics' anniversary dinner, to be obliged to apologize to you, instead of eulogizing the bard of Erin; but, to be candid with you, Gentlemen, my head is a little indisposed, and a day or two has only elapsed since I replied on the same occasion, and, in all probability, were I to say any thing now, it might be but a repetition of what I said at the anniversary dinner of St. Patrick. I shall, therefore, decline saying any thing on this subject for the present; but, Gentlemen, before I sit down, I cannot help expressing my regret that I am not qualified to become a member of your valuable Institution; at the same time it affords me no small degree of pleasure to find that I have been considered worthy to be the guest of one of your respectable body. A Society like yours, Gentlemen, that is composed of such a useful and indispensable part of the community, cannot fail of being productive of much good; for it is calculated by its rules, which I have seen in the public prints, to promote industry, to cherish virtue, and support the infirm, to put down idleness, immorality, and intemperance, that bane of health which is the society of many an ornament. It is, I perceive, Gentlemen, patronised by our excellent Governor, by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Scallan, and the Clergy of the town; it has the support of other distinguished characters and high authorities; and you have placed the first key of your Treasury in the hands of that patriotic Gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Fleming, who honours you this day with his presence. To him, Gentlemen, and to the other officers who governed your Society since its formation, is mainly to be attributed its prosperous condition and elevated state. With these few observations I will conclude, hoping the prosperity of your Society will exceed the most sanguine expectation of its most zealous member, which ever shall be the warmest wish of the humble individual that addresses you.—  
Mr. MULLOWNEY concluded by proposing—

"The health of Mr. Patrick Doyle, Vice President."—  
Who briefly returned thanks.

"The Rev. Frederick H. Carrington."—*Leave points of belief.*

Mr. JAMES WOOD here rose and zealously returned thanks.

"The Rev. Daniel S. Ward."—*Roslin Castle.*

Mr. WARD rose and spoke to the following effect:—  
"Mr. President, Vice President, and Gentlemen, I feel grateful for the kind and sanguine manner in

which you have been pleased to notice me on this occasion. The services which I have rendered your laudable Institution are but small; nevertheless, I feel a pleasure in being able to say that I was among the earliest and warmest supporters of your Society. I was so willingly, because I thought its objects were good, and its utility would soon become manifest. Nor has expectation failed, Gentlemen. I have often thought that the industrious mechanic, while he has his health, is as happy, perhaps more so, than the affluent. He has not their luxuries, it is true, but he is a stranger to the care, anxiety, and disappointment almost invariably attendant upon the possession of wealth. He can sit down to his homely fare with a keener appetite and sweeter relish than they who feed upon the choicest dainties; and while his rich and luxurious neighbour is wakeful and uneasy upon a bed of down, he could rest with composure even on a bed of straw. But in the time of sickness the inconvenience of his situation is deeply felt. The well earned pittance, which hitherto was found sufficient to maintain himself and his family, becomes entirely inadequate to procure the comforts necessary to alleviate pain, and facilitate the recovery of health. The industrious husband, finding his efforts ineffectual, has no alternative but either to see a beloved wife or child languishing without suitable relief, or to plunge himself into inextricable difficulties in order to obtain it. But should the domestic head himself be laid aside by sickness or accident, then, with increased necessities, he finds an increased inability to supply them. The customary stream is dried up, and what is he to do? It may be said, let him apply to others for relief; true, but it is painful to an ingenious mind to be burdensome to others. The man who has been accustomed to maintain himself and family by his own industry, cannot endure the thought of becoming a pensioner on the bounty of others, without the most absolute and irresistible necessity. He nobly struggles with unknown difficulties, and too frequently does so beyond the bounds of prudence, from a principle of false delicacy, until he is debilitated with disease, racked with pain, destitute of remedy, and perhaps involved in debt, which it will be difficult for him ever to discharge. And suppose him at last to be reluctantly driven to seek assistance from others, he may be easily told that while he has this and that comfort left, which the industry of former years enabled him to acquire, he cannot expect relief. See him then in the last extremity, disposing of one small article, and then another, until he has bereft himself and family of every remaining comfort; and what else does he become, but the victim of destitution, disease, and, probably, of death! Gentlemen, such instances have occurred, happily not often in this country; they have occurred within the compass of my own observation. And where shall we find a remedy? I answer, you have it in yourselves. It is to be found in this and similar institutions. Gentlemen, your tree is planted—it is promising—and my warmest wish is, that it may take root downward, and bear fruit upward, to your utmost gratification.

"The Rev. Mr. Pickavent."—*Rose tree in full bearing.*

Rev. Mr. WARD returned thanks.

"The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock—the emblem of the Society."

To which the Rev. Mr. WARD proposed should be added—

"Civil and Religious Liberty—the bond of union."—*Home, sweet home.*

"The Trade, Fisheries, and Agriculture of Newfoundland."—*Banks of Newfoundland.*

"John Rochfort, Esq., M. D., Visiting-Surgeon of the Society."—*Paddy Curry.*

On Dr. Rochfort's health being toasted, with loud cheering, he rose and spoke to the following effect:—

Mr. President, Mr. Vice President, Stewards, and Gentlemen—My silence on the present occasion would savour of insensibility; permit me, therefore, to solicit your acceptance of my warmest acknowledgments for the distinguished honour now paid me. Gentlemen of the St. John's Mechanics' Society, of the sincerity of your good wishes, I have had repeated proofs, and which claim of me the most unequivocal declaration of gratitude. Yes, Gentlemen, even to the private citizen, the approbation of his neighbour should ever be a source of gratification; but, Gentlemen, when the public man is so fortunate as to obtain the public approbation, he may justly consider himself as having arrived at the very pinnacle of his ambition; and, Gentlemen, as such do I view my present connexion with your Society, being now for the second time elected (and under circumstances to me of a flattering description) to the important and conscientious station of Visiting Physician and Surgeon to your Society, I cannot but feel that election as the best public attestation of your approval, perhaps not alone of my public, but even of my private, conduct. Gentlemen, it is not my intention to trespass upon your festive time, by resorting to figures or other rhetorical flourishes, for the purpose of conveying you through the airy regions of the intellectual faculties, by passages hitherto unexplored, in eulogy of voluntary association; nor shall I, Gentlemen, by a use of the trite phraseology of modern eloquence, attempt demonstrating the utility of your Society, of which, from your splendid celebration of its Anniversary, it is evident you are already fully convinced; but shall conclude by tendering you the most unqualified assurance of my heart ever beating responsive to those of the best friends of your Institution; and that, having with attention studied the laws of your constitution, it shall be my ambition to realize your fondest anticipations by a conscientious discharge of the duties which may arise from them, and devote upon me.

"The Fair Daughters of Terra Nova."—*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*

Mr. D. MORLEY being here loudly called for, he rose and said—

Mr. President, Vice President, and Gentlemen—Called on for the first time in my life—labouring under feelings of depression—conscious of my inability to do justice to the task for which I am called on, whilst yet I hear the pleasing thrill of Terra Nova re-echo in my ear, the encomiums bestowed on her Fair Daughters cannot but awaken in my breast feelings of inexpressible pleasure and delight; therefore, Gentlemen, assured of having attained the height of my ambition in appearing on behalf of the beautiful and blooming Fair of my country, and as I am a dear lover of them, to return thanks for the honour you have done them, and the truly amiable and praiseworthy manner in which they have been toasted.

"Our worthy guests."—*Friend and pitcher.*  
Mr. THOMAS BECK returned thanks.  
"Our absent friends."—*Auld lang syne.*

On the Stewards' health being toasted, Mr. P. KOUCH returned thanks, and concluded by proposing—

"The health of our worthy hostess, Mrs. Patrick Doyle."—  
Which was received with the greatest acclamation, and on which Mr. Doyle returned thanks.

During the whole, the greatest hilarity reigned, accompanied by national and sentimental songs; which continued undisturbed until 4 o'clock on the succeeding morning.—*Communicated.*

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

CLEARED.

MARCH 30.—Schr. Union, Walsh, Bremer; 1000 qtls fish. Schooner Charlotte, Knowland, Halifax; 30 tierces and bls salmon, 100 hides.

Died, on Thursday last, Mrs. BROPHY, wife of Mr. DANIEL BROPHY, of this town.

—on Sunday last, after a short illness, in the 38th year of her age, MARY, wife of Mr. W. MAXWELL, tailor—Her funeral took place on Tuesday, respectfully attended.

—on Tuesday evening, after a short and severe illness, SUSANNAH, wife of Mr. JOHN MUNN, aged 30 years—Her funeral will take place from Mr. MUNN'S residence, (Barber's Hill) to-morrow (Friday), at 2 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintances of the family are requested to attend.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.  
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

(For the benefit of the Orphan Asylum School.)

On MONDAY evening next,  
Will be Performed,

COLMAN'S much-admired Comedy of  
**JOHN BULL.**

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

April 2.

Notices.

THE Treasurers of the Mechanics' Society acknowledge, with becoming gratitude, the receipt of TWO POUNDS, donation, from the hands of His Honour Chief Justice BRENTON.

April 2.

ALL Persons holding Leases under Government for Lots of Ground in the town of St. John's, known by the name of Fishing Ships' Rooms, are hereby notified that their respective premises will undergo an inspection between the 5th and 12th days of April next, by persons duly authorized to examine and report on their state, in terms of the conditions annexed or contained in the said leases.

GEORGE HOLBROOK,  
Surveyor-General.

Surveyor-General's Office,  
24th March, 1829.

On Sale.

By private contract,

A PIECE OF GROUND, containing 4 acres, near Blackmaker's Hall, adjoining Michael Rileys' plantation, held by lease from Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart., renewable every thirty years, upon payment of a small fine.—Further particulars may be known, by applying to

April 2. MARY MYHAN.

BY  
Michael Scanlan,

40 Pancheons Rum,  
15 Ditto Molasses,  
30 Boxes mould Candles.

March 26.—

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

PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, Knight, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, and Vice Admiral of the same.

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the fifth year of His Majesty's Reign, intitled "An Act for the better Administration of Justice in Newfoundland, and for other purposes," it is declared and enacted; that the Circuit Courts for this Colony shall be holden in each year at such times, and at such one or more place or places, within each of the three Districts of the said Colony, as the Governor or Acting Governor, for the time being, of Newfoundland shall from time to time direct and appoint:—

Now I, the GOVERNOR, do therefore, by this my Proclamation, direct and appoint that the Circuit Court for the Central District of the said Colony shall be holden at St. John's, on Wednesday the 6th day of May now next ensuing, and continue its sittings thence and until Tuesday the 16th day of June following, inclusive:—

And that the Circuit Court for the Southern District shall be holden as follows, viz:—  
At *Burin*, on Wednesday the 6th May;  
At *Placentia*, on Thursday the 14th May;

And at *Ferryland*, on Friday the 22d May, and until Friday the 29th day of the same month; Provided, nevertheless, that the Judge of the said Southern Circuit Court may make, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to make such convenient alterations in the said times or days, or in any of them hereinbefore specified, as to him may seem absolutely requisite or expedient for the public good.

And of these presents all Magistrates, the Sheriff and his Deputies, and all Bailiffs, Constables, Keepers of Gaols, and other Officers in the execution of their offices about the premises, and all singular other persons whom it doth, shall, or may concern, are hereby required and commanded to take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, Newfoundland, the 23d day of March, 1829, in the 10th year of His Majesty's Reign.

By Command of His Excellency,  
J. TEMPLEMAN,  
Pro Secretary.

To be Let.

For such a term of years as may be agreed on, and immediate possession given—

TWO new Dwelling-houses, fit for the immediate reception of families, situate in *Duckworth-street*, two doors West of the Central School, each containing one large Shop and Kitchen on the first floor, one large Room and two Bed-rooms on the second floor, and a spacious Garret.—Application to be made to  
April 2. JAMES HALLY.

On Lease for a Term of Years, and immediate possession given,

A commodious and substantial Dwelling House, large Retail Shop, Out-houses, &c. &c. late in the occupancy of Mr. WARNER, Surgeon, deceased, pleasantly and conveniently situated near the King's Beach, in this town.—The house is built of brick, in the best manner, and is in every respect well adapted for the residence of a genteel family. It consists of a large Dining-room, Parlour, Drawing-room, and four or five Bed-chambers, together with a convenient Kitchen, and frost-proof Cellars extending under the whole of the building.—The Shop is well fitted up, and in an excellent situation for a Retail Business, and having apartments adjoining and over it sufficient to form a commodious and distinct Dwelling, would be Let separately from the brick house, if required.—For further particulars, apply to  
CHARLES SIMMS,  
Attorney for Mr. Thomas Shanks,  
March 26.

And immediate possession given,

A Convenient Dwelling House in *Duckworth-street*, fronting the Church, and adjoining the New Inn, and now undergoing a thorough repair.—Apply to  
CHARLES SIMMS,  
Attorney for Altwood & Haynes,  
March 26.

And immediate Possession given,

THAT commodious VILLA, pleasantly situated on *Hawthorn Hill*, lately in the occupancy of George Washington Bastedo, Esq., with spacious Out-houses, Garden, &c., and about five acres of Land in a good state of cultivation.—Apply to  
March 3. PATRICK MORRIS.

The Annuals.

THE GEM—THE WINTER'S WREATH—THE AMULET—THE FORGET ME NOT—THE LITERARY SOUVENIR—FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

There they are, the pretty things! Criticise them? We might as well think of criticising the colours of a bed of tulips in full bloom; or the fantastic figures made by the combination of a kaleidoscope; or the imagery of a rich painted Gothic window, through which the rays of a western sun are streaming; or whatever else is most diversified, gay, and gorgeous. A critique on them should only be written in a lady's boudoir; by her own taper and jewelled fingers; with finest crow-quill, the gilt and silver tassels hanging from its top, and quivering at every movement of its jetty plumage; in a delicate Italian hand; and on such embossed and perfumed paper as has never, but once, been subjected to the soil of printer's fingers. No, they were never meant nor made for criticism! Enjoy them, or let them alone!

In fact, it is impossible to refrain from looking at them, and so equally impossible to write solemnly and austere about them; they are so completely out of our critical province, the intoxicating productions of an extra-review region, that we should, perhaps, have adopted the above alternative, both sides of it, only dividing the two between our public and private capacity; and been well content in the one to enjoy them, and in the other to let them alone, had it not been for the circumstance which we are about to mention. Many of our friends and readers intend to purchase one of these Annuals, for their own families probably, and perhaps a second for a present, and they feel embarrassed about the selection. It would be a great comfort to them, we are assured, to have our judgment in the matter for their guidance; and it is most convenient to give this in the Monthly Repository. To make the result as satisfactory as possible, we shall not merely announce a decision framed upon our own exclusive principle of preference, whatever that may be; but assuming that each individual knows what best suits his own taste, or that of the friend whom he wishes to please by his present, we shall point out, as well as we can, the publication by which that taste will be most highly or fully gratified. We regret that the later date of their appearance, and the necessity for an early preparation of our present number, obliges us to exclude the Keepsake, the Anniversary, and the Bijou, from our comparative estimate. They will not fail of notice in our next.

The first question then is, do you choose by the pictures or the letter-press? By the former. Very well. Now we must come to sub-divisions, of which we shall take, as the first, a taste for simple landscape, either without figures, or in which they are altogether subordinate to the scene. There are two very good engravings of this class, the *View on the Thames near Windsor*, (by Miller, from a painting by Havel), in the *Winter's Wreath*; and the *View on the Ganges*, (by Finden, from Daniell), in the *Forget Me Not*. The latter has the superiority in execution; but notwithstanding this, and some advantages in the scene itself, such as the river's more picturesque banks, those cupola'd and minaretted buildings among the trees, and that deeper shade thrown so beautifully upon the water, we turn with pleasure, as many have done before us, from the Ganges to seek the Thames, as it is there, so gracefully curving, and gently flowing, and softly shining, in that mild light which seems made on purpose to be reflected in its waters, and which indeed was made (by the artist) for that very purpose; and very well made too.

The next degree, in an ascending scale, we take to be romantic landscape, in which Friendship's Offering is marvellously rich, having the *Cove of Muscat*, which looks very like *Dumbarton Castle on the Clyde*; *Campbell Castle*, a Highland scene, from which the hunter and his dogs might well have been spared; and *Glen Lynden*, which professes to be in *Terriodale*, but which really lies in the wild, extensive, grotesque, and sublime province of *Martin-dale*; for nowhere, save in the brain of John Martin, painter and engraver, are there such mountains, and gleus, and caverns, and precipices, and lights, and glooms, and heights, and depths, and distances, as make up the world, whose solitary scenery we have a glimpse of in this *Glen Lynden*, and the inhabited portion of which we have elsewhere beheld awarming with countless myriads of people, and groaning beneath interminable palaces and towers whose tops touch heaven. Martin is the portrait painter for infinite space to sit to, with the certainty of his producing a good likeness; and a very low per centage on his buildings would make the fortune of all architects and surveyors, past, present, and to come. How poor, after this, seems even that *Ehrenbreitstein*, (by Pye, from Turner) in the *Literary Souvenir*; and yet it is a noble engraving of a noble scene. The *Eddystone Light-house*, in the *Forget Me Not*, is also well engraved, but the scene is feeble. The waves curl gracefully, as if they had been trained; the boat is dancing, as if to a measured air; the lightnings are playing; and the whole makes up a very beautiful storm for a drawing-room.

Friendship's Offering has two very good groups, the *Parting*, (by Romney, from Haydon) and the *Warning*, (by Warren, from Cooper). The last is the best. The *Spectre*, with her distinct features, but misty form, gradually melting away into and blending with the air, is excellent; but we are not sure whether the *Blind Piper*, (by Shenton, from Clennell) in the *Forget Me Not*, may not balance them both. The old man is perfect; his inclined head, his groping fingers, his cautious feet, his whole

figure and attitude, are all as blind as blind can be. And, oh! the music that he is going to squeeze out of that bag! His face and his elbow are a fearful prophecy of the forthcoming notes; and yet that face is venerable, as a face may very well be, without being musical; and it has a harmony of its own which belongs to the chords of the human heart; and that girl behind is quite in unison. Who can resist her meek, quite, humble, affectionate, unspoken appeal, or turn away without dropping something in that hat which she does not thrust forward, but holds as one who would not receive your gift the less gratefully for having expected it unobtrusively. The *Literary Souvenir* has two very beautiful things of this class, the *Sisters*, and the *Young Novice*. They may be looked at and talked of long. But the *Gem* has three; the *Farewell*, and the *Death of Keeldar*, (both from Cooper: the one by Mitchell, and the other by Warren); and what to our eyes is the very gem of the gem, and of all the rest, the *Widow* (by Davenport, from Leslie). Here are no startling contrasts; no strange effects of light and shade; no violent action, nor indeed action at all; no elaborate grouping of figures or arrangement of drapery; there is only a pale, lovely, abstracted woman, her eyes fixed on vacancy, with a little affectionate boy, pleased with the pressure of which she is unconscious, and feeling a dim desire to alleviate a grief, of the extent of which his comprehension is as dim. That cambric handkerchief in the left hand is rather Ephesian; but she is not guilty, not aware of the seeming affectation: it is evident she is not; for in her deep and mournful reverie, her right hand is as senseless of the cold marble on which it rests, as is that cold marble itself.

In pictorial embellishment of the highest pretension, that which aspires to combine actors and scenery, presenting some memorable incident on a not unworthy theatre, the field must be cleared for two competitors, *Marcus Curtius*, (by Le Keux, from Martin) in the *Forget Me Not*, and *Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus*, (by Goodall, from Danby) in the *Literary Souvenir*. Let them share the epithets of sublime and beautiful between them, if indeed "beautiful" be a term luxurious enough for that soft, silken, golden, balmy essence of all that is rich and delicious which the artist has served up in honour of the *Egyptian Queen*; or if "sublime" can convey—but how should it?—any notion of those long and lofty piles of towers, palaces, and temples, in which *Martin* has embodied the majesty of ancient Rome; of that black and fearful abyss; of that agitated and countless multitude, with all their varied and mighty emotions; of him, the self-devoted, in all his exalted and exulting patriotism, bounding over the edge of the gulf on that magnificent charger, worthy to bear its master to his fate of endless fame; of that crashing peal (the intensely blazing lightnings make us hear it) by which the gods shout their acceptance of the sacrifice; and of that faint line of clear sky on the remote horizon, which infallibly predicts that in a few minutes the thunderings and lightnings will have ceased; those solid masses of cloud have rolled away; the gulf be closed; the multitudes dispersed; and the streets of Rome be slumbering in peace, quietness, and safety, beneath a serenity of the heavens so intense, as if it would be unbroken to eternity.

The literary pretensions of these publications must be despatched very briefly, for this number completes our volume for the year, and the calls of the printer are echoed by those of the index maker. Those whose relish is for the most talented, exciting, and powerful species of composition, may find it in the *Gem*. Charles Lamb is there; he who can make a pun pathetic, and a jest profound; who knows so well how to trifle in his philosophy, and to philosophize in his trifles; and whose quaint and racy style has ever the genuine smack to an old English palate. There are verses of Scott's which carry us pleasantly back to the days before *Waverley*, and which, could we forget the novels, would set us longing for more *Marmions* and *Minstrels*. Then you have *O'Hara Banim*, in the "Rival Dreamers," a tale to which they may produce a rival who can: we shall be glad to see it. And there is the Editor himself, the facetious man, to whom *Leander's* swimming the "broad Hellespont" is only an occasion for a broad grin. He has produced a ballad so free from quibble that the most nervous victim of *paranomasia-phobia* need not shrink from it; and so full of poetry and power, that it may take its place by the side of the best productions of *Crabbe*, and not far behind even those of *Coleridge*. "The *Dream of Eugene Aram*" can never be forgotten.

In the *Winter's Wreath* there is less which can offend the taste of any person than in any other of the Annuals; and it must not be supposed that there is not in them matter of offence, not only to the fastidious, but to all who take them up in a taste and humour less Catholic than our own is just at this present moment. The *Roscoes* are in it; and every *Roscoe* seems to have elegance of diction, refinement of taste, justness of thought, and extent of information, as a sort of natural gift, an hereditary instinct. There need have been no "perhaps" in the Preface to the assertion that "some portions of the following pages deserve to be remembered, when publications that are merely ephemeral will be forgotten." It is the just desert of many portions. We must resist a strong temptation to extract a very sensible paper, entitled "Pleasant Companions," by E. T., and some beautiful lines on *Benevolence*, by John Bowring.

The *Amulet* is the religious Annual: it characterizes itself as the "Christian Remembrancer," nor will we dispute the propriety of the appellation. It were better, perhaps, that serious people should content themselves with works designed for the public indiscriminately, instead of setting up one which is to be peculiarly and exclusively their own. Were the *Amulet* intrusted to an injudicious Editor,

it would soon become a mere collection of psalms and sermons. Then, however gratifying its personal, and useful its tendency, it is too probable they would both be enjoyed and felt by those only who had no occasion for them, at least in such a form. Mr. Hall has acquitted himself excellently well in his delicate situation. The *Amulet* is religious, without being sectarian, and without ceasing to be literary.

The *Literary Souvenir*, *Friendship's Offering*, and the *Forget Me Not*, have little by which to distinguish them from each other. In the general merit of the contributions admitted into that first mentioned there is, we fear, a falling off from last year: in the *Forget Me Not*, there is considerable improvement. The last two are largely indebted to Mr. Bowring, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Mitford. Of the three we may remark that, if the literary part of them be not so decidedly devout (though we have met with no irreligion in them) as that of the *Amulet*, nor so elegant and instructive as that of the *Winter's Wreath*, nor so exciting as that of the *Gem*, they are yet, one and all, so varied and interesting in their matter, and so splendid in their embellishments, that each of them may by many be deemed the best of the whole; and perhaps rightly deemed so. At any rate, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the purchaser of any one of them, who shall grumble at his bargain, to be a very unreasonable personage.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX—THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT—THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT—THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE.

The *Christmas-Box* is comparatively, at least, an old friend, and as such claims precedence; it boasts, besides its sixty wood cuts and its invisible or anonymous contributions from Sir Walter Scott, a story of thirteen chapters, "Garry Owen, or the Snow Woman," by Miss Edgeworth. Whether the "Lord of Misrule" and the "Plum-pudding" which precede it, indispose for sound sense and sober morality, or whether Miss Edgeworth herself is to blame, is a difficult point. Certain it is, that her *Snow Woman* does not delight us. In the first place, we think she has chosen a story which does not suit her; a woman and her children buried in the snow, and perishing with hunger. It is a mistake to say that Miss Edgeworth has no talent for the pathetic; her little touches of feeling are exquisite, and they abound in every thing she has written; but for the awful, the sublime, either in situation or character, and the powerful representation of passion or overwhelming affliction, we are inclined to think she wants imagination. In the present instance, she has described all the circumstances of the discovery and rescue of this poor family, with the minuteness and composure with which she describes spinning-jennies. We do not shudder or hold our breath, we have no fear of meeting the famished mother and her dead and living offspring, when we have drawn our curtains and laid our heads on our pillows; the only impression left on the mind, is the practical deduction that we are not to give too much food when people are starving. Besides this deficiency of sentiment, there is a redundancy of vulgarity in the story; not the mere vulgarity of language, the "whimsomdevers" and "whatsomdevers," and "squeens and spalpeens" of the horse-dealer and the saddler, but the low equivocation and mean tricks, and the profusion of cunning and inordinate flattery which one would hardly wish to become familiar to a child's mind or ear. It is strange that Miss Edgeworth, the advocate for an unnatural and almost impracticable seclusion from servants, should trespass against good taste, by introducing her little friends to such conversation. After the recovery of the *Snow Woman*, the children are very desirous that their father should assist her, and especially that he should give her a cottage. Mr. Crofton (who is chiefly distinguishable from Miss Edgeworth's other fathers by having a name) replies, that his old tenants and their families have a stronger claim upon him than this poor English woman. Cecilia then applies to her mother, who had last year been heard to say, (about building a cottage) "I know the way I can manage to have money enough to do it." Mr. Crofton explains that the cottage in question was built with money which had been designed to purchase a harp, upon which (we are told) Gerald fell into a profound silence, which lasted till they reached the lodge at the entrance, when opening the gate, he let his mother and sister pass, but arrested his father in his passage; "Father, I have something to say to you, will you walk behind?" It is evident to the reader, and ought to be supposed to be to the parent, that Gerald's little heart is quite full, that his embarrassment is owing to the very goodness which he can hardly find courage or words to express; and what does a father on such an occasion? "Son," said he, "I am ready to listen to you, and I will do any thing in my power to oblige you, but you must explain to me how I am to walk behind." There is a time for joking, and a time for teaching grammar; it may be well, too, that children should learn to bear quizzing for their peculiarities of phraseology and manner; but ridicule from a parent, when a child comes to confide his little soul, is injudicious and hateful; it is like rushing to the pool which an angel has troubled, to wash off a few grains of dust.—Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Mitford have written for the *Christmas-Box*, with their usual wise and amiable mediocrity; and there is a dialogue on the birds and beasts at the Zoological Society, which will probably entertain young readers, though we found it rather lengthy ourselves. The best things in the collection are the professedly ludicrous and unprofitable, which it would be unbecoming our gravity to review, (much more to quote) but which are nevertheless exceedingly good, in their own way and place, and well adapted to the genius of the engraver and the design of the work.

The *New-Year's Gift*, with its delicate steel en-

gravings, and its lady-editor, and its dedication to "her Grace," is quite a tasty affair. Parents and teachers may be a little inclined to dispute the assertion, that all the highly-gifted contributors have adapted their effusions to the capacity of children from six to twelve years of age, but there is much that can hardly fail to be enjoyed at one time or other. Mrs. Hemans, who is a general friend to periodicals, has distinguished the *New-Year's Gift* with one of her most exquisite little pieces:—

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh call my brother back to me,  
I cannot play alone;  
The summer comes with flower and bee,  
Where is my brother gone?"

The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sun-beams' track;  
I care not now to chase its flight,  
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree;  
Our vine is drooping with its load,  
Oh! call him back to me!

He would not hear thy voice, fair child!  
He may not come to thee;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in Heaven.

And has he left his birds and flowers?  
And must I call in vain?

Aid through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?

Aid by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh! while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more!

"The writers of the *New-Year's Gift*," as we are told in the preface, "have been induced to confine their narratives exclusively to the romance of history and of real life;"—to some parents this is a recommendation; if there are any left in this age of reason and calculation to whom it is not; if there are any who think the gunpowder of imagination well expended in fire-works, we must refer them to the juvenile *Forget Me Not*, which is one degree behind hand in caution. It is only one degree, for the supernatural in "The *Wishing Well*" is so prefaced with wise explanation, and so forced out of sight by papa and mamma, and a little girl and a lamb, that the poor fairy queen herself, with her green kirtle and golden hair, is no better than a doll. In point of literary merit, the *New-Year's Gift* and the *Forget Me Not* are much on a level; it is hardly necessary to give an opinion of the engravings, as they have been in every bookseller's window for these three weeks.

We spin now to The Juvenile Keepsake.

"*May Morning*" is joyous and pretty, and "Friendship" is sweet, and Mrs. Opie's Hymn is better than her sermons on Detraction; but we pass them all by to come to "A Mother's Love," which, in prose or verse, fact or fiction, is always the most blessed and delicious idea that the mind of man can indulge.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,  
And counted the sands that under it be?  
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?  
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.  
Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on  
To the throne of God some wandering son?  
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?  
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.  
Evening and morn, hast thou watched hee be  
Go forth on her errands of industry?  
The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled,  
But the mother's cares are all for her child.  
Hast thou gone with the traveller Thought afar,  
From pole to pole, and from star to star?  
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,  
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.  
There is not a grand, inspiring thought,  
There is not a truth by a wisdom taught,  
There is not a feeling pure and high,  
That may not be read in a mother's eye.  
And ever since earth began, that look  
Hast been to the wise an open book,  
To win them back from the lore they prize,  
To the holier love that edifies.  
There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,  
The Heavens the glory of God declare;  
But louder than voice beneath, above,  
He is heard to speak through a mother's love."

Is it quite as true, as Horace and all critics from his day to our own would have us believe, that poetry is good for nothing unless it be first-rate? We could not undertake to say for the lines we have quoted, that they have any peculiar originality or concentration; we see none of the lightning flashes or genius, and we have no reason to prophesy that they will be immortal; but they breathe the true spirit of feeling and poetry, and as long as they read, and human nature remains what it is, they must give pleasure. The same may be said of a little song in the *Juvenile Keepsake*, beginning "In this changing world, where our best joys flee." The line is a poor line, and the versification throughout is (if we may be allowed the expression) unable to carry the sense; but in spite of its faults, who can help loving it? if it were only for "the smile of old," which is worth pages of verbiage. We ask pardon of Miss Aikin, and the authoress (whoever she may be) of the *Monster Festivals*, and of our old friend Mrs. Hoffman, &c. &c., but we cannot admire the prose in Mr. Roscoe's collection as much as the verse. It may, nevertheless, be acceptable to the "juvenile public," for whose benefit it was intended, and to their good graces we commit it, (with all the charades and other devices,) wishing them "a merry Christmas," which Mr. Roscoe, we think, has omitted, though he has furnished them, at the end of his preface, with an infallible receipt for obtaining "a happy New Year."