



Newfoundland and Labrador.

No. 127.

THURSDAY, December 24, 1829.

Sixpence.

Notices.

**PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES
NEATLY PAINTED.**

In Colours 2 Dollars each,
Bronze 1 Dollar,
Plain black, Shaded 1/2 Dollar.

William Eagar

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public that he will attend at his Rooms, (at the Old London Tavern), from 11 until 2 o'clock, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, to take the outline with a Machine constructed on the most unerring principles; and trusts to meet the approbation of those who may honour him with their commands.

N. B.—Young Ladies and Gentlemen instructed in the rudiments of Landscape Painting, October 8.

Desirable conveyance to and from Harbour-Grace.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat Express will ply regularly from this date between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning, at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove the succeeding days at noon.—The Letter Carrier leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock, Sundays and bad weather only excepted.

Cabin Passengers 10s.
Steerage ditto 5s.
Letters 6d.
Double ditto and parcels in proportion.

The Public are respectfully noticed that no accounts will be kept for passage or postages, neither will the proprietors be accountable for any specie or other monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the offices of the Subscribers will be regularly forwarded.

J. CLIFT, Agent, St. John's,
T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace.

Matthew Gusswell

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that he has just launched a safe and commodious PACKET BOAT, built expressly for the purpose of conveying Letters and Passengers to and from the following places in Conception Bay—Viz:—

To CARBONAR on Monday, returning on Tuesday;

To CUBITS on Wednesday, returning on Thursday;

To HARBOUR-GRACE on Friday, returning on Saturday; wind and weather permitting.

The Packet Boat will leave the Cove on the respective mornings, precisely at 11 o'clock; and will start from the places above-mentioned, on her return, exactly at 9.

TERMS:

Ladies and Gentlemen 10s. each
For all others 5s. ditto
Letters 6d. each
And Parcels in proportion to the size.—Not accountable for the conveyance of money.

Letters and parcels left at the Newfoundland Office, will be called for on the respective days.

DART PACKET BOAT.

JAMES DOYLE begs to inform the Public, generally, that he will continue to ply between Carbonar and Portugal Cove, until the end of the year, leaving the former place on Monday and Thursday, and St. John's on Tuesday evening and Saturday morning, in each week, (weather permitting.)

Terms of Conveyance:—Ladies and Gentlemen, 10s. each; Servants and Children, 5s.; Letters, 1s.; and Parcels in proportion, which DOYLE will deliver in person.

Letters left at the Newfoundland Office will be carefully forwarded, November 26.

BLANK Custom-House Reports, Ships' Articles, Bills of Lading, Indentures, Shipping Papers, and other Blanks for Sale at the Office of this paper.

Notices.

WE, the Undersigned Trustees to the Estate of JOHN BOYD, of St. John's, Merchant, Insolvent, having appointed Mr. BENJAMIN SCOTT our Agent, to realize the Effects of the said Estate, and to discover and collect the Debts due thereto, we request that all persons to whom the said Insolvent may be indebted will furnish their Accounts, duly attested, without delay, to our said Agent; and all those indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to him.

J. M. HENDERSON,

By his Attorney,

J. B. BLAND,

JAMES STEWART,

By his Attorney,

KENNETH McLEA,

SAMUEL BREMIDGE,

By his Attorneys,

RENDELL & MORTIMER.

December 3.

In the Insolvency of Oehlschlager & Co. Of St. John's, Newfoundland, Merchants.

AT a Meeting of the Creditors of the said Insolvents, held in pursuance of due notice on the 16th day of this instant month October, at the Court-house, CHRISTIAN SCHWEIGER and G. H. FELDTMANN are appointed Trustees of the Estate and Effects of the said Insolvents, and are hereby authorized, under such orders as the Honourable the Supreme Court shall from time to time make herein, to discover, collect, realize, and distribute the Estate, Debts, and Effects of the said Insolvents;—and all persons indebted to the said Insolvents, or holding any property or effects belonging to them, or either of them, are hereby notified to pay or deliver the same over to the said Trustees.

By order,

JAMES BLAICKIE,

Acting C. G. S. C.

Court-house, 21st October, 1829.

ALL Persons having Demands upon the Estate of OEHLSCHLAGER & Co., of St. John's, Merchants, Insolvent, are requested to present them, duly attested, to the Subscriber, without delay; and all those who may be indebted to the said Estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment to

THOMAS H. BROOKING,

Agent to the Trustees.

November 5.

THE Passengers who came to Newfoundland, last Spring, to the Brigs Maria, Invulner, Able, Eleanor, and Mary & Betsy, are requested to pay the amount of their passages, as the unpaid Bail Notes will be sent to Ireland, by one of the vessels now preparing to sail.

PATRICK MORRIS.

NICHOLAS LATOUR

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he intends to Re-open his DANCING SCHOOL, on FRIDAY, the 20th November.—As several Gentlemen have applied who wish to obtain a knowledge of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, he will also commence his French Classes in a few days.—Those who intend to learn the polite and elegant accomplishment of FENCING, are requested to make early application, as but a limited number of Pupils can be received.

November 12.

To be Let.

THAT neat COTTAGE, with Out-houses and Garden attached, now in the occupancy of Mr. DANIEL BREEN, opposite the Mall.—For particulars apply to

October 1. NEWMAN W. HOYLES.

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

October 8. JAMES HALLY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Nothing can be more barbarous than the intonations with which most boys, after they leave school, either read or speak. In Ireland the system of recitation is detestable. At Stonyhurst, if a few important branches of education were not as much attended to as they ought to have been, a neglect of this useful and pleasurable accomplishment was not among their faults. The passion which prevailed at this school for recitation soon extended itself to acting. A private theatre was built, at the expense of the students, under the superintendence of the masters. There were also exhibitions called "Academies," where the boys were examined in Greek and Latin, and recited their own verses before a great concourse of people, who assembled from the neighbourhood. These shows tended greatly to excite emulation, and that love of distinction which the Jesuits had a particular faculty in creating. A number of ladies used, at one period, to attend these spectacles. However, the Jesuits thought it prudent to dispense with their attendance, as one of them, a young woman who lived near Preston, fell desperately in love with the late Mr. Gerald Baggot, of Castle Baggot, who had a person and countenance endowed with many captivating qualities. The lady became deeply enamoured with him at first sight. There were rumours of her having used various ingenious means to convey to him an intimation of her passion. I do not exactly recollect the particulars of the catastrophe, but it was of such a nature as induced the Jesuits to prohibit the attendance of the gentler sex at their annual exhibitions. This regulation was only an extension of their rule with regard to women, from the night to the broad day. It is a law among the Jesuits that no women shall be permitted to sleep in their colleges. Under no circumstances, no matter how urgent, was any deviation from an ordinance so ungalant ever allowed. The mothers, and what was far more deserving of note, the sisters of the students used occasionally to come to Stonyhurst to visit them. I remember to have seen, walking through the play ground, and accompanied by their relatives, some of the most beautiful girls upon whom I have ever looked. The College was thronged with English Catholics of the highest class; and I have the warrant of Lord Byron for saying, that the English Catholic women are remarkable for a peculiar loveliness, which a certain shy superciliousness of bearing tends to set off. Aurora Roby,* of whom Don Juan becomes enamoured, and who is hated by the Lady Adeline, is a Catholic. I have seen forms and faces at Stonyhurst, among the groups of visitors, from which the great poet might have selected his model of a Popish belle of the old idolatrous aristocracy of England, and who would themselves have justified in their own persons, "the invocation of Saints." The Jesuits always received their guests with a splendid and cordial hospitality. After dinner, however, scenes of amusing embarrassment would sometimes occur. Preston was at the distance of fifteen miles; the road ran through a wild and unfrequented country, and to return there at a late hour of the night was exceedingly inconvenient. A remote intimation would at first be given that beds would be acceptable, and then the ear of Dr. Stone was deaf to the insinuation; what was at first but a suggestion, grew into a broad hint, and at length strengthened itself into a direct request. The Doctor would then state, with all the politeness with which it was possible that a negative to a lady could be enveloped, that Saint Ignatius had, in founding the order, laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that none of the daughters of Eve should sleep within the gates of the Society; and, in order to mitigate the apparent violation of courtesy, he would add, with a pious ejaculation, "lead us not into temptation."—To this announcement it was impossible to make any opposition. The carriage was ordered. Bonnets were tightly tied about throats, which it was indeed perilous to look on—tippets of the warmest fur were drawn over bosoms whose undulations would have shaken the vows of St. Scajus. The party left the great refectory, and proceeded through the long and dreary passages of the old cas-

*She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere, As far as her own gentle heart allow'd, And deemed that fallen worship far more dear, Perhaps because 'twas fallen; her sines were proud Of deeds and days, when they had filled the ears Of nations, and had never beat or bow'd To rival power; and as she was the last, She held their old faith and their feelings fast.

tle, attended by a band of Jesuits to the great entrance, where the carriage which was to convey them to Preston was drawn up. Here the resolution of the ladies would fail them. The darkness of the night, the keenness of the biting air, the gusts of wind that would come sweeping from the dreariness that surrounded the College, would render a journey to Preston a serious undertaking. Here the party would stand dismayed; and, after a pause, voices that, like music, sound sweetest by night, would again renew their intimations, that for once the ordinances of Ignatius might be violated, and that, after all, no great risk would be incurred by a little extension of the splendour of the Jesuit board, to the brief lodging of a night. It was, however, in vain, that to the venerable Rector of the English Provinces these adjurations were addressed. Some of the younger members of the Order, who stood with torches beside him, might have relented, but the Doctor was immovable. He still preserved that gentlemanlike demeanour, which is, with a Jesuit, equivalent to a precept of religion; but he was not to be stirred from his purpose.— Though the thunder should roll, and shake the old castle to its foundation, and the lightning should show the loveliest faces pale with dismay by its nearest and broadest flashings, still the Jesuit was never surprised into a breach of the anti-chivalrous canons of his order. He would bow the ladies into their carriages with a relentless perseverance; and in the midst of hail and storm, would command the gates to be closed, while the postboys cracked their whips and put spurs to their horses, and the wheels that rattled over the pavement of the old avenue announced, as they rolled away, the victory which the disciple of Loyola had gained over human nature, by his insensibility to charms, which if the devil had copied when he tempted St. Anthony in the shape of a woman, the recluse would have succumbed.

Perhaps the vigorous rules adopted by the Jesuits, in order to render themselves impregnable in their vows of continence, or to secure themselves from all impeachment of their morality, may be regarded with some justice as carried to an extremity of precaution. Still, the alacrity with which accusations against religious confraternities are preferred, and the readiness with which they are received, justify, to a great extent, the severe discipline, which has had the effect, not only of preserving the virtue, but what is really equivalent, the moral character of the Society of Jesus. Robertson, who was by no means favourable to the Order, observes, that while other communities degenerated into licentiousness, the Jesuits always sustained a high reputation for personal good conduct. His commendation is peculiarly applicable to the College of Stonyhurst. Vice had no residence within its walls. I do not recollect having either remarked or heard of the least deviation from propriety among the members of the Society. One Reverend Gentleman, who was not, however, a Jesuit, but proposed to become one, was slightly addicted to the pleasures of the table; and lest his love of conviviality should grow into an excess, although he was a man of considerable abilities, he was informed that his tendencies were not in conformity with the discipline of Ignatius; and was politely required to leave the College. The Jesuits omitted no effort to introduce amongst the Students that regard for propriety which prevailed amongst themselves.—The passages in the ancient writers, which were tinged with any indelicacy of phrase, were omitted in editions expressly designed by the Jesuits for their schools, and which had been chiefly published by Juvency. The boys were under a perpetual vigilance. From the school-room, the dinner-room, and the play-ground, the superintendents of the establishment, who performed the office of sentinels, were never absent. Besides these functionaries, there were also "the administrators," selected by the boys themselves for the purpose of keeping watch over their conduct. The result of these expedients was a propriety in the demeanour of the Students, which it would be difficult to surpass. Blasphemy and indecency of expression were wholly unknown, and I think that I may state, with perfect truth, that, during the whole time I continued in the College, I never heard a syllable at which the modesty of a girl could have been startled.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.—Mr. Brougham is a thin and hollow-complexioned man, strongly characterized by a convulsive movement of the nostrils. When irritated, the expression of his sarcasm is tremendous.—his step in walking the street is hurried and restless—his dress mean. Roscoe, the Li-

erpool historian, is tall and thin, with a stoop in his shoulders. Washington Irvine is both gentlemanly and agreeable in his figure, with a strong tendency to drowsiness when in company, or when walking; we have seen him ourselves dozing while standing at 3 o'clock before Molteno's, in Pall Mall. The Duke of Wellington is tall, with a strongly marked bronzed countenance—"the warrior every inch." Edward Irving, the preacher, is also spare and thin, with a tremendous bushy beard, and highly popular whiskers. He carries the puritan with him in gait, voice, and manner. Sir Walter Scott is a grey-headed unassuming elderly man, with a slight limp, but not so much so as is supposed. Lockhart, his son-in-law, is a dandy in person, as well as in literature; he is at present editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Miss Edgworth is a thin, plain lady, with a voice sharp as the chirp of a cricket. Tom Moore is a short round little gentleman, with a lively eye, and restless activity in his gait. In company, as we have met him at Longman's, his flow of animal spirits is more to be admired than his wit. The Marquis of Anglesea is a fine commanding man, handsome, and well formed. Mr. Scarlett, the barrister, is the very personification of concealed good humour, fresh coloured and corpulent, with a delightful delivery. Mr. Canning is gentlemanly and intellectual in person, with a classical cast of countenance, and noble contour of head. Wilberforce is unostentatious in figure, but, like the Marquis of Wellesley, commanding both in voice and oratory. Kean, the actor, is vulgar and plebeian in address and person, with nothing to redeem him but a fine intellectual eye, whose expression is restless and versatile. Cobbett is an orthodox English farmer in appearance, rather corpulent, but with an intelligent countenance. Mr. Peel is a gentleman in gait, person and address. —*Edinburgh Observer.*

WASHINGTON—SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*:

Derryane Abbey, Sept. 1829.
 Sir,—I read in your paper of the 7th, an attack upon me by "an American citizen," for having taunted the memory of Washington with the fact that he was a slave owner all his life, and only emancipated his own slaves by his will. Thus having had the use of slavery all his life, and paying this only compliment to human liberty, that he condescended to allow its blessings to be enjoyed only when he could sustain no personal inconvenience from such enjoyment.

I acknowledge I threw this nettle on the grave of Washington, but I flung it with regret. It was extorted from me by the strong conviction I entertained that the vices of great men are doubly enormous—enormous, as they contradict the tenor of their lives—and enormous by the force of example and the species of palliation which they afford to vulgar criminals, whose vices are unredeemed by one single virtue.

I have long despised anonymous writers; and my contempt for his class is quite vivid for the "American citizen," who talks of manliness, whilst he assails me from beneath a mask. If he were to give his name to the public, it is ten to one that he would prove to be a slave owner, or the son of a slave owner, himself; and probably one of those many Americans who lay the flattering unction to their souls, that it cannot be a crime to follow one half of the example of Washington, namely, to be the proprietor of slaves.

But how has this unworthy citizen vindicated Washington? Why, he has not dared to deny the fact I stated, namely, that Washington had slaves all his life, and only emancipated them at his death. No—that would be too much even from an American slave owner. But he has sought to diminish the crime of Washington by bringing a false charge against me, and by distorting the sentiments of others; and yet these miserable efforts to wash the only black spot in the character of Washington, serve but to shew the hopelessness of the effort, and to render the dark shade on his character more distinct.

He has charged me with treating the immediate emancipation of the black British subjects in the West Indies as an absurdity. I said no such thing. I think it would not be either absurd or impracticable. I think slavery is a crime to be abolished, not merely an evil to be palliated.—With this conviction I insisted, and ever shall insist, on immediate freedom for every slave. But I said that the West Indians urged that if freedom were conferred at once, it would generate anarchy and outrages on life and property, and that, therefore, I would acquiesce in a gradual abolition of slavery, provided it were a *real* and not a *mock* progress to liberty.

This is the only profession I made to the criminals who hold their fellows as part of their property. Man, the property of man!!!—and it is a false American citizen who comes forward to palliate this offence, which cries to heaven for vengeance, and to all good men for immediate correction.

He says Washington was educating his slaves into a fitness for freedom. He says this gratuitously. But what!—was Washington then so unlucky as not to have succeeded in finishing the education of his slaves until just the day of his own death? Had the slaves a kind of lease for a life of inaptitude for freedom? and was that life precisely the life of Washington? What a precious absurdity! No—every good and every generous man should with me regret this one fault of Washington; but he should candidly admit that it was a deep, though I hope not a damning, spot on his otherwise stainless purity and simple majesty of character.

Washington was one of the greatest men the world ever produced. His patriotism was pure and disin-

terested. His love of the independence of his native land chaste and correct. He sought for constitutional liberty, not by turbulence and crime, but by adhering to the letter of the law, and to the spirit of the British constitution. Yet when the refusal of the advisers of the crown to listen to peaceful and conciliatory counsels drove him to the field, he made the boastful British rulers rue their stupid obstinacy, he won the laurels of liberty from the invaders of his native land, and he was the principal instrument in converting the land of his birth. Oh, glorious destiny!—from being a pitiful, pelting province of Britain, into an independent and a mighty nation!!

It is—it is with unfeigned regret that I find one dark trait in his illustrious character. Nor should I have noticed it, but that my subject led to it—and that I deem it right to raise my humble voice to convince the haughty citizens of America, that the slaveholding States are held in abomination by all those whose opinions ought to be valuable. Man is the property of man in about one half of the American States;—let them, therefore, not dare to prate of their institutions, or of their national freedom, whilst they hold their fellow-men in bondage. Of all men living, an American citizen, who is the owner of slaves, is the most despicable;—he is a political hypocrite of the very worst description. The friends of humanity and liberty in Europe should join in one universal cry of shame on the American slaveholders. "Base wretches," should we shout out in chorus, "base wretches, how dare you profane the temple of national freedom, the sacred fane of republican rites, with the presence and the sufferings of human beings in chains and slavery."

We have no other mode of assisting our poor enslaved brothers in America, save by raising up the force of public opinion in their favour, and to the eternal shame and infamy of their task-masters. Let there be no truce with American slavery—behold how I shall convict them out of their own mouths.

I lately received, from the kindness of Mr. J. Binns, of Philadelphia, a beautiful copy of the Declaration of American independence, with a facsimile of the signatures. In it I read with a glowing soul these words—"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that amongst them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Look at those words, American citizens. Here is the great charter of American freedom—here are the principles which they consecrated by an appeal to the Great and Awful Ruler of the Universe. He smiled on the progress of their arms. It was a kind of compact with the Deity. Not without his auspices are the Americans free and independent. May we not be permitted to ask whether they shall not provoke vengeance who violate their own principles, and outrage their own solemn and heaven-attested declaration.

Join with me, friends of freedom, friends of humanity, in consecrating to eternal infamy the owners of slaves in the Republic of North America. Nothing can justify—nor whilst I live shall the example of Washington palliate their crimes. But let us ever cherish the virtues of the illustrious Bolivar, the greatest, in my opinion, and the purest of patriots, who began his career of liberty by giving freedom to seven hundred slaves which were his own property. Blush, virtuous Americans, at this contrast with your great and glorious Washington, who, I repeat it, had slaves all his life, and only emancipated them as against his heirs.

May I beg of you to correct a ludicrous misprint in the note you, Mr. Editor, published of my speech at the Anti-Slavery meeting. You printed "*Brunswick*" for "*Benthamite*," and gave that praise to the former which is only due to the latter. I am proud of being a Benthamite, because he seeks "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."—I would not be a Brunswicker for the created universe.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 DANIEL O'CONNELL.

EMBARKATION.

The Blue Peter was fluttering at the fore, the anchor up, the fore-topsail loose—I looked upon them with something of the same feeling in which a criminal receives the announcement that his doom is irrevocably fixed.

To part from all my friends—to expatriate myself from my native land, perhaps for ever—these were things hitherto contemplated at a distance—now, indeed, was the stern reality before me; the bustle of preparation was all over, and now I felt the full power of the icy hand of desolation. To say the truth, my courage sank in the trial; and I found nothing of consolation in the knowledge that many around me were compelled to make equally bitter sacrifices. There were none so young as myself; none who had been less in collision with the world; none, therefore, who pronounced his last Farewell with a more aching heart. No; there was nothing in the novelty of my situation—nothing in the gallant appearance of the ship, nor in the broad and noble river, nor in the beautiful and varied landscape, all rich and glowing as they were under a summer sun, that could charm away the melancholy foreboding that oppressed my heart.

"*Je ne te verrai plus! Je ne te verrai plus!*" Ah, well do I recollect the impression the first perusal of that passage of De Florian's made upon me, but little then did I imagine they would be the parting words of my own heart's idol. But 'twas even so, and they proved true, too true. "She passed away like a shadow, and I saw her not again." With her last letter in my hand, I seated myself on a chest in the cabin, and sat gazing vacantly on the panorama before me; new objects starting up in quick succession as others were receding from view. The sound of her voice would at that instant have

scattered all my aspiring hopes to the winds, and all the wealth of all the Indies would not have tempted me to leave her. But my fate was sealed, and it was well that I could not contemplate it long without interruption.

The third mate's servant came in, for it was the mess cabin, and began to make what I judged to be some arrangements for dinner; that is, he placed three or four soup plates upon a chest, and round the chest he stuck three or four stools, the latter being every thing the cabin could boast in the shape of furniture. Indeed, the general aspect of things was by no means inviting to a youth who came for the first time to partake of sailor's fare, and that all unconscious of the confusion of an outward-bound ship under weigh. Presently my messmates made their appearance, and unceremoniously commenced a wild and, to me, almost unintelligible dialogue about the ship, the captain, their dinner, themselves, and a thousand other things,—all swept away, and drowned, one after the other, in the torrent of their conversation. One was the third mate, a somewhat good-looking, olive-complexioned, dark-haired man, who threw himself upon one end of my chest with a concussion that a lid of stout oak only could resist—took a quid of tobacco out of his left jaw—sharpened his knife with the energy of a Shylock, muttering curses, as he drew it backwards and forwards, against the cook for having no soup, and against the captain for going to sea before the water was stowed. His junior in rank sat beside him—a youth who should have lived in the reign of Julius Cæsar, when fatness was a passport to royal favour. "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." Here was one that answered the description to a tittle, and Decius would have given any money for him: pity that he was born a few centuries too late! The Vice-President at our magnificent board was a passenger. The first word he uttered declared his Hibernian origin, and his proportions by no means spoke discreditably of the potatoe. In sober speaking, he was a fine model of a man as I ever beheld. On entering the cabin, and perceiving a stranger, he bowed with something of French politeness in his attitude and manner; but the first ceremony of salutation over, he stood before you in his native garb. I had then been but very little in the society of his countrymen, and the oddity of his remark, not less than the peculiar dialect in which he uttered them, completely beguiled me of my sorrows.

"We've an elegant piece of beef here, Mr. —," says he; "but it is a dishonour to your ship that you should let it come without the potatoes. Here's a young gentleman was no more born to be a tailor than myself, that was brought up at college, and your devil of a cook sends us nothing but cabbage. What say you, Sir?" I told my new friend that I sympathized cordially with him, for the last-named was a vegetable I never could eat. "Did not I know now it was a right lad," and he gave my hand a gripe that sent the blood to my cheeks with more haste than was agreeable.

"Why, you were never brought up in Dublin College, H—," said a gentleman at the door, whom I did not till now perceive.—"Dublin College! Do you think, now, that I could come from Dublin College? but what other do I mane, think ye, than my own college of —, where I was bred and born."—"Why, there's no college there."—"No college there? Now, sure it's not to a gentleman like myself that you would give the lie direct; so I shall only tell you there is a college, and an elegant college, too."—"Why, I have been there, and never saw or heard of it."—"Faith, then, my dear, you went the wrong road to it."

This produced a general laugh against the collegian, in which he innocently joined.—"That I did go the right road is very clear," resumed the doctor, (for such he was).—"To be sure it is, and didn't I tell you that same?"—"Why, not exactly, according to my English understanding; but I, of course, cannot be so erudite as a member of College." The laugh was again furiously against Pat, and he cared as much for it as the Eddystone for the spray of the sea.—"By the Lord," says he, "but that's a queer fellow," as the doctor went laughing up the ladder.

MISSOLONGHI.—A history of the siege of Missolonghi has been published at Paris, by M. Auguste Fabre, a French writer of considerable celebrity. It contains a number of most interesting details with respect to that memorable event. The bravery and self-devotion of the unfortunate Greeks are painted with a very masterly pencil. It is well known, that after having been disappointed in all their hopes of aid, feeling their ramparts crumbling under their feet, seeing their fathers, their wives, and their children, perishing by famine, the garrison sent a communication to the only corps which was able to give them any succour, that of Kairaskaki, requesting it to attack the rear of the enemy on a certain day, and to announce its arrival by a general discharge of musketry, at which moment the garrison would make a sortie, and endeavour to cut their way through the besieging army. On the appointed day, the population of Missolonghi was assembled. There remained three thousand soldiers, (including those who, although sick or wounded, were capable of marching with the assistance of their comrades) a thousand artificers or other men unused to fighting, and about five thousand women and children. The Grecian women, who fancied themselves strong enough to brave the fatigue and danger of the sortie, dressed themselves in men's clothes, in order that if they were unable to escape the enemy, they might be mistaken for soldiers, and put to death instantly. Many of them hung round their necks and round the necks of their children, as a protecting talisman, the revered relics of their ancestors; and wore concealed daggers, with which either to strike the enemy,

or to secure their escape, being taken alive. Those whose weakness forbade them to follow the troops, joined the desperately wounded, the sick, the aged, and the infants, and resolved to bury themselves in the bowels of the town. It was a terrible moment! Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts; those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All these preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to the Turks, and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. "But one voice was heard among the despairing women," says M. Fabre: "'To the sea! to the sea!' Many precipitated themselves into wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full, and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even several children, had the address and the good fortune to free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; 1200, who could discover no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsalis (one of the primates of the town, who, having obstinately refused to accompany thearrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder-magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it.' They wept not; they had no parting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them for ever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meanwhile, the enemy crowded round their asylum; some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roof, and endeavoured to demolish it. At length, Capsalis, perceiving that a vast number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks—'Lord, remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so violent, that the neighbouring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea, moved from its bed, inundated one part of the town. Two thousands barbarians were blown up with Capsalis." Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama! —*Literary Gazette.*

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) December 24, 1829.

We do not know that we should have noticed the long rigmarole of quibbling and twaddle which appeared in Tuesday's *Gazette*, under the signature of "An Inhabitant of St. John's," were it not for the purpose of repelling an insinuation, conveyed in the outset of his frothy effusion, that the article in our last was the production of a correspondent, "under the favour of the Editorial *We*." Though neither our time or our inclination will allow us to wade through such a bolstered-up case as the "Inhabitant" has submitted to the public, we will condescend to step a little out of our way, to remove such an impression;—for while our columns are never closed to any correspondent who chooses to occupy them out upon a legitimate subject, under his own or a feigned signature, in the favours of the editorial department, we—that is to say, "the *Newfoundlander*,"—will allow no participation;—therefore, be the merits or demerits of our last Editorial what they may, "the *Newfoundlander*" is wholly and solely responsible—and ready and willing to bear all the *onus* that placemen and pensioners may feel inclined to impose upon him.—We have been assured, from several respectable quarters, that our views and sentiments, on that occasion, were in unison with those entertained by the community, generally;—and it is, certainly, to us, a source of gratulation to have been—what every Journalist should be—the echo of the public voice. In handling the subject that has drawn upon us the ire of the "Inhabitant," we felt it our duty to lay before the public some stubborn truths which had come to our knowledge connected with it; but, as it appears, that these undeniable facts were exceedingly disrelished in the quarter for which they were intended, we find the "Inhabitant," with all the devotedness of a true and faithful servant, throwing himself valiantly into the breach, on behalf of his Patrons, having, no doubt, a due regard, at the same time, to the sterling benefits to which such *disinterested* conduct must surely entitle him. But how does he discharge this self-imposed duty? Finding it impossible to meet the charge in a plain, manly, straightforward manner, he endeavours to blink the question in a tissue of mis-statements and subterfuge—commences a furious attack upon the Body of our Merchants, upon whom he would most willingly place the odium of the "villified currency"—and attempts, by a little *very consistent* sympathy with their losses, to enlist in his favour the suffrages of the Shopkeepers and Retailers. But this tact and manoeuvring shall not divert our attention—all the "Inhabitant's" subtlety cannot remove us one iota from our first position. As a matter of courtesy, we will inform the "Inhabitant," that it was Sir John Duckworth, and not the Merchants, who first fixed the sterling value of the dollar at five shillings—and at that rate it continued for several years, until a Govern-

ment Department, in conjunction with an Individual high in office, commenced a practice of traffic on the dollars, to the public prejudice, which we cannot designate by less unqualified terms, than dishonourable and disgraceful. To such sources may be distinctly traced the introduction of that system, which we have all, more or less reason, seriously to deplore; and to which, may be attributed in a great measure, the evils that now hang like millstones round our necks. A disquisition upon the currency was not, however, the subject of our "commentary"—we merely dwelt upon the hardship of increasing the rents of Crown Lands 15 per cent, and asserted—what the "Inhabitant," with all his plausibility, could not disprove—that, at all events, the time chosen for doing so was most unfortunate;—and this we will establish upon the wording of the official notice itself. If "the failure of this year's fishery" be the ostensible reason for continuing to receive the dollar, in payment of Crown Rents, for a period of seven days from its date, at the usual rate of five shillings, it must strike any one at all conversant with the nature of the Newfoundland trade, that the bad effects arising from that failure, cannot be fully developed, or their extent known, probably for twelve months to come; and we again repeat, that a time of acknowledged distress—with our trade in such a depressed condition—our produce depreciated, in foreign Markets, to an alarming extent—was not the one for Government to impose new burthens which could, by possibility, have been spared. With respect to the hardship of paying the Magistrates' Salaries in currency, instead of sterling, the "Inhabitant,"—who, by the bye, displays throughout an evident intimacy with the secrets of the Cabinet—assures us, that His Excellency the Governor has represented their case to the Secretary of State,—and very sapiently remarks, that His Excellency did so, as a matter of justice, considering their claim to be just. The "Inhabitant" is, doubtless, one of those lucky mortals far removed from the turmoil and anxiety attendant on a life of trade—enjoying a superabundant share of the "loaves and fishes;" but who would, we dare say, grumble very much at being called on to refund the difference in his income, for the last two or three years, between sterling and currency, however "erroneously" he might have received the former;—yet he, nevertheless, felt himself bound, by every tie of gratitude to his benefactors, to bestow his mite of assistance, in the shape of a three-columned letter in the Gazette, to prevent, if in his power, the "extinguishment of the last lingering spark" of a system which must inevitably crumble before the growing spirit of inquiry abroad. Let the "Inhabitant" beware of involving himself in the ruins.

The Central Circuit Court terminated its sittings yesterday, after the disposal of the unusual number of 270 cases. An extraordinary circumstance in the history of the Courts in this country occurred on Friday last, when in some case involving a very trifling sum, the jury were unable to agree, and were consequently locked up from twelve o'clock on that day until two o'clock on the next; but it having been stated upon oath by a medical gentleman that the life of one of the jurors, whose health had been precarious, would be endangered by further confinement, the jury were discharged.—Ledger.

The schooner Mary, Patterson, master, of and from Pictou bound to Hull—out 13 days, laden with hardwood, put in here on Tuesday last, in a very leaky state, with two of the crew severely frost-bitten—will have to discharge.

Married, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. F. B. Carrington, Mr. THOMAS EPPES GADEN, third son of the late George Gaden, Esq., of the firm of Hart, Eppes, Gaden, and Robinson, to JANE ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. John Etie, Merchant, of this town.

Died, on Monday last, after a lingering illness, Mr. THOMAS CULLETON, a respectable inhabitant of this place. His funeral took place yesterday, and was respectfully attended.

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

ENTERED.
DECEMBER 18.—Brig Gulnare, Edington, Trinidad; 17 puncheons molasses, 2 hhd's, and 1 tierce sugar.
CLEARED.
DECEMBER 17.—Brig Eunice, Lewis, Halifax; ballast.
18.—Brig Vittoria, Elder, Oporto; 1872 qtls. fish, and 1761 gallons cod oil.
19.—Schooner Thomas McCulloch, Tyson, Barbadoes; 96 qtls. fish, 14,000 feet board, 19½ bbls. beef, 34 bbls. turpentine.
21.—Brig Lavinia, Cowan, Pernambuco; 2382 qtls. fish, oil, dregs and blubber, 796 qtls. fish, 82 ox hides, &c.
22.—Brig Shubenacadie, Bartlett, Liverpool; 22891 galls. oil, dregs and blubber, 796 qtls. fish, 82 ox hides, &c.
Brig Ardent, Brophy, St. Vincent's; 1989 qtls. fish, 30 bags bread, 3 casks wine.
Schooner June & Susan, Harvey, Waterford; 820 qtls. fish, 6417 gallons oil.
Brig Caledonia, Kelso, Vienna; 2130 qtls. fish, 2551 gallons oil.
Brig Perseverance, Watts, Brazil; 2382 qtls. fish.

CARBONEAR, CLEARED.
14.—Schooner Ann Sophia, Butcher, Malaga; 2600 quintals fish.
Brig Lark, Pynn, Portugal; 1850 qtls. fish.

On Sale.
AT THE ST. JOHN'S BREWERY,
BARM at 6d. per quart; GRAINS at 1s. per bushel; and superior PORTER at 45s. per tierce.
December 24.

Sales at Auction.
On SATURDAY next,
The 26th inst. At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
M. Bride & Kerr,
THE
Schooner FURY,
Burthen per register 92 tons; she is three years old, full timbered, iron sheathed, and is in every respect fitted for the Seal fishery. An inventory of her Materials may be seen, by applying to JAMES BOAG, at the Counting-house of M. BRIDE & KERR.
December 24.

(By order of the Trustees in Mr. JOHN BOYD'S Insolvency.)

On MONDAY next,
The 28th instant, At 11 o'clock,
ON THE PREMISES OF
Mr. JOHN BOYD,
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY,
Belonging to his Insolvent Estate,
10 SEALING Punts,
Water and other Casks,
Hardwood and other Board and Plank,
Bermuda Freestone,
Half-worn Hawfers,
Iron Weights, a lot of Fish,
Dressed Staves, Shop and other articles.

Also,
THE UNDERNAMED SCHOONERS,
Resolution, burthen per register 85 46-94ths tons,
Alert, ditto ditto 63 79-94ths ditto,
Springbird, ditto ditto 61 11-94ths ditto,
Three Sisters, ditto ditto 53 68-94ths ditto,
Mary Ann, ditto ditto 25 51-94ths ditto.

These very eligible vessels for the fisheries, are in every respect well found.—Inventories of their Sails, Craft, and Materials, may be seen previous to the Sale, on application to

B. SCOTT,
December 24.

Notices.
PUBLIC MEETING.
A MEETING of the Roman Catholics of St. John's and its vicinity, will be held at their Chapel, on MONDAY next, the 28th instant, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of submitting to them the Reply of His Excellency the Governor to the Communication of the Committee, on the subject of the Relief Bill.—By order of the Committee,
JOSEPH SHEA,
Secretary to the Roman Catholics of St. John's.
December 24.

MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY
Of Carbonear.

NOTICE is hereby given, (to prevent application) that no Vessels will be admitted into the Scheme of the Mutual Insurance Society of Carbonear, for the year 1830, but those belonging to Conception Bay.—By order of the Treasurers,
T. NEWELL,
Carbonear, 19th December. Secretary.

EDWARD MORRIS
BEGS leave most respectfully to inform his friends and the public, in general, that he has commenced business in the Shop recently occupied by Doctor ROCHFORD, immediately adjoining the premises of Mr. Wm. KYDD;—and hopes, by unremitting assiduity, care, and attention, to receive a share of public patronage and support.—He has a choice assortment of the most valuable and useful MEDICINES, which will be renewed early in the ensuing spring.
Orders, &c. from the Out-ports will be thankfully received, and carefully transmitted with all possible despatch, on very reasonable terms.
E. M. intends keeping a constant supply of good CORDIALS, which will be Sold low to wholesale purchasers.
December 17.

I WILL NOT be accountable for any Debts contracted by the Crew of the Brig Southampton, under my command.
December 3. HENRY M. STOWE.

On Sale.
JUST LANDED,
From the Brig James Hunter, from Demerara,
AT THE STORES OF
Henderson, Bland & Co.
18 Puncheons RUM,
10 Ditto MOLASSES
Belonging to Mr. BOYD'S Insolvent Estate.
December 17. B. SCOTT.

Notice.
AT an Examination of the Pupils of Mr. CAMPBELL, Successor to Mr. MARSHALL, JAMES SIMMS, Esq., His Majesty's Attorney-General, presided, and adjudged the premiums to the young gentlemen in the following order:—

COMPOSITION.
Class 1st.—James Haddon, 1st.; W. Stevens, 2d.
2d.—Joseph Simms, 1st.; T. Evans, 2d.
3d.—James Brine, 1st.; W. LeMessurier 2d.

DECLAMATION AND RECITATION.
Class 1st.—J. Haddon, 1; W. Coughlan, 2.
2d.—Jas. & Joseph Simms, 1; T. Evans, 2.
3d.—W. Le Messurier, 1; F. Carter, 2.

ROMAN AND ENGLISH HISTORY.
Class 1.—W. Coughlan, 1; J. Haddon, 2.

MISCELLANEOUS HISTORY.
Class 2.—Joseph Simms, 1; James Simms, 2.
3.—W. Le Messurier, 1; James Brine, 2.

SPELLING.
Class 1.—W. Coughlan, 1; James Haddon, 2.
2.—T. Evans, 1; Joseph Simms, 2.
3.—W. Le Messurier, 1; G. Finley, 2.

WRITING.
Class 1.—T. Evans, 1; J. Haddon, 2.
2.—Joseph Simms, 1; George Gill, 2.
3.—James Brine, 1; F. Carter, 2.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
Class 1.—J. Haddon, R. Haly, W. Coughlan, cut.
2.—James Simms, 1; P. Carter, 2.
3.—W. Haly, 1; R. Brine, 2.

PRONUNCIATION.
Class 1.—J. Haddon, 1; W. Stevens, 2.
2.—James Simms, 1; Joseph Simms, 2.
3.—F. Carter, 1; G. Finley, 2.

ARITHMETIC.
Class 1.—J. Haddon, 1; W. Coughlan, 2.
2.—J. Stevens, 1; R. Haly, 2.
3.—W. Le Messurier, 1; P. Carter, 2.

GEOGRAPHY AND MAPS.
Class 1.—R. Haly, J. Haddon, (cut); Coughlan 2.
2.—J. Simms, 1; J. Simms, T. Evans, cut.
3.—W. Le Messurier, 1; James Brine, 2.

GLOBES.
Class 1.—James Haddon, 1; R. Haly, 2.
2.—James Stevens, cut, 1; Jos. Simms, 2.
3.—W. Le Messurier, 1; F. Carter, 2.

FRENCH.
G. Gill, R. Haly, W. Stevens, cut.

EUCLID.
J. Haddon.

Mr. CAMPBELL assures those who honour him with the education of their children, that he is fully sensible of the important charge they confide to him. To discharge this trust, faithfully, he is obliged by duty and interest; but gratitude must also be added, finding he has been most honourably dealt with by his patrons.

Mr. C. hopes, as he shall have a longer time to prepare them, that the approbation his pupils elicited from the Gentlemen who examined them, shall be doubled on the next occasion.—No extra charge for Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, Land Surveying, &c. The extra charge for French shall also be foregone.

On the 4th January, Mr. C. will commence a NIGHT SCHOOL, to teach the English and French Grammars; and his experience warrants him in saying, that a diligent Student, attending his lectures, may acquire a complete knowledge of the former, and learn the grammatical peculiarities of the latter, in a very few months.
Vacation will end on the 6th January.
December 22.

For WATERFORD.
(To Sail about the 25th of this month.)
The
Brig MARIA.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
December 10. PATRICK MORRIS.

For FIGUEIRA.
(Having a great part of her Cargo engaged)
The fine, first-class
Schooner UNION,
Wm. COLLINGS, Master;
Will carry about 1600 quintals Fish.—For Freight or Passage, apply to
December 10. W. & H. THOMAS.

On Sale.
BY
HUNTERS & Co.
A Few pipes and hogsheads superior Catalonia WINE, received per Schooner William, from Gibraltar.
October 22.

On Sale.
Wm. & Henry Thomas
OFFER FOR SALE,
On very favourable terms,
The fine, fast-sailing Brigantine
GUYSBOROUGH,
Burthen per Register 100 tons;
Only two years old; she is remarkably well found, sharp built, full timbered, and is in every respect a most desirable vessel for a Sealer, or for the general trade of this Island.
December 10.

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
THE
Schooner JAMES,
Burthen per Register 92 tons;
Launched last month; is full timbered; and in every respect well adapted for a Sealer or Coaster.—For particulars, apply to Mr. ORR on board, at the Wharf of Messrs. RENNIE, STEWART & Co. November 26.

Wm. & Henry Thomas
HAVE IMPORTED,
In the Brigs Guysborough, from Halifax, and James Hunter, from Demerara,
AND OFFER FOR SALE,
At reduced prices,
380 BARRELS Ship-stuff FLOUR, put up expressly for making Biscuit, and particularly recommended to the notice of Bakers.
30 Puncheons high-proof and fine-flavoured Demerara RUM.
20 Boxes CHOCOLATE,
15 Kegs Scotch, Maccabau, and Princes' Mixture SNUFF, in lb. and half-lb. bottles.
December 10.

IMPORTED,
In the Brig James Hunter, from Demerara,
AND
FOR SALE,
AT THE STORES OF
Messrs. Hunters & Co.
A few Puncheons OLD RUM.
Also,
A few bottles of Laurel and Castor Oil, of excellent quality.
JAMES FINLAY,
December 24.

RICHMOND SUPERFINE FLOUR.
JUST imported from New-York via Halifax, per
Guysborough, 100 barrels fresh superfine
FLOUR,
And for Sale by
JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
December 10.

BY
Benjamin J. Williams,
Per Schooners Wellington and Aurora, from Quebec,
258 Barrels Boston inspected prime
PORK.
December 10.

Wm. & Henry Thomas
HAVE IMPORTED,
In the Schooner UNION, from New Brunswick, and JOANNA, from Halifax,
AND
OFFER FOR SALE,
On reasonable terms,
540 BARRELS States' Flour, superfine, fine, and middlings,
65 Half-barrels ditto,
100 Barrels Indian Meal,
6 Puncheons Rum,
150 Barrels American Onions,
396 Bushels Indian Corn,
4 Barrels best Jamaica Coffee,
150 Sides dressed Upper Leather;
Also,
A few Barrels choice Newtown Pippins.
AND,
Of former Importations,
700 Erels American Pork,
200 Erels New Butter.
December 3.

BY
BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS,
100 PUNS strong-proof Demerara Rum,
200 Puns fine-flavoured Molasses.
Also,
Pork, Beef, Butter, Flour, Coffee, &c.
Doubletons received at 3l. 17s. 6d.
November 12.



Doct's Corner.

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY.
BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Now pass, thou coward, as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die."

Heart! thou dost press forward still,
Where the trumpet's note ran shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
First where'er the brave were met,
Last against each dark tide set;
Leader of the charging spear!
Fiercy heart! and least thou here?
May this narrow spot inure
Aught that so could beat and burn!

Heart! that lov'st the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last;
Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through weed on frotted stone;
Silent—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long, dark grass hath bound thee:
Sleep'st thou as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley sleep?

No! brave Heart! Though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own.
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude?
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
Sweeping past thy lowly bed
With a mute, yet stately tread;
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night,
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

In the noble Douglas' sigh,
Arm'd to follow thee, or die?
Now, true Heart! as though wast wont,
Pass thou to the peril's front!
Where the banner spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee!
Dreams! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief,
Dreams, yet bright ones!—Scorn them not,
Thou that seek'st the holy spot!
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain!

THE LOVES OF THE LEARNED.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

(From the Winter's Wreath for 1830.)

Darwin has sung in mellifluous language the Loves of the Plants, and Tom Moore, in language no less mellifluous, has done the same to the Angels. My theme is of a nobler, as well as more difficult description; for I hereby engage to celebrate the Loves of the Most Learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, Professor of Moral Philosophy to the University of Gottingen. The Doctor was a profound metaphysician; so profound, indeed, that his lectures were often unintelligible, even to himself. This, however, so far from diminishing, enhanced their value; it proved that they were full of deep thought; and while he doled them out, in solemn strain, his audience looked upon him with an admiration approaching to awe; and he was unanimously deemed the most recondite philosopher not only in Gottingen, but in all Germany.—Kant himself not excepted.

The Doctor was a short, stout, big-wigged, carbuncle-nosed gentleman of some sixty years, and a bachelor to boot. He was, moreover, Provost to the University; and, in virtue of his office, wore upon his head a low-crowned, three-corned hat, and upon his person a superb black velvet coat, while he carried in his right hand a long, silver-headed cane, with which he strutted up and down, with an air of prodigious dignity. No wonder the students regarded him with reverence; no wonder they doffed their caps at his approach; no wonder they listened, awe-struck, to his prelections; no wonder they looked upon him as the greatest man in Gottingen, ergo in Germany, ergo in Europe. Nor was this excellent opinion of the Doctor confined to the students: he entertained it himself in all its force, and verily conceived that he was one of the metaphysical pillars of modern times, and worthy to stand side by side with Locke, Kant, Bacon, Leibnitz, or Helvetius, if not to rank above them.

Now the Doctor, for above half a century—that is, since he was ten years of age—had been so occupied in study, that he had no time to think of any thing else. During that period he had pored over all sciences, human and divine. The works of Newton, Euler, and Langrange, were familiar to him as household words. He was versed in theology, ethics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, logic, philology, criticism, astronomy, geography, and natural history. Homer, Thucydides, Strabo, Herodotus, Virgil, and some score besides the classics, he had got by heart—not to talk of Plato, Aristotle, &c. &c. In a word, he was the most erudite man in Gottingen—the me-

taphysical pillar of Germany—and the wonder of the whole college: equal, aye, superior to Locke, Kant, Bacon, Leibnitz, Helvetius, &c.

Now, the reader will naturally ask, what could tempt such a learned man to fall in love. It might be thought, that his love of learning would have prevented him from loving any thing else; and that the ancient sages would have served him in the place of wife, and sons, and daughters. But the Doctor's heart was wonderfully capacious. It not only admitted to its affections all the philosophers of antiquity, but left room for the image of the fair Angelica Walstadt to intrude itself.

Angelica was a pretty, a very pretty girl. In stature she was middle-sized, and had the most graceful figure in the world. Her hand was particularly small and elegant, and so were her feet and ankles. Her hair was auburn, her complexion fair, her eyes hazel, and her teeth as white as polished ivory. She was 19, and full of *espieglerie*.

Angelica had just fifteen hundred lovers; that is to say, she had all the students in Gottingen. They followed her, sung about her, fought duels on her account, and teased her to death with love-letters. Angelica was a good girl; she could not love them all, but she pitied them sincerely; and, in testimony of her regard, curled her hair at night with their *billets doux*.

The Doctor saw Angelica by chance, in the college-garden. They were both engaged in deep thought; he in considering a mathematical problem propounded to him by Dr. Muller, the Logical Professor,—she in meditating what response she should make to her cousin, Frank Bernard, who had popped the word to her the night before, and expected a categorical reply on that evening. The situations of both were, therefore, rather interesting;—the Doctor being employed upon mathematics,—the lady upon love. They were extremely grave upon the occasion; and had passed each other several times without recognition, so very profound and absorbing were the subjects of their mutual thoughts. At last, on looking up by chance, the Doctor saw Angelica—

"It was the most unlucky look
That ever living mortal took."

The problem, which was on the point of being solved, reeled to its base. He looked a second time at Angelica,—it tumbled to the ground. A third time,—it broke in pieces, and vanished into "airy nothing." The mighty pile of thought, which he had reared up with so much care, and upon which he was preparing to lay the last stone, melted away: nor could the materials of which it was constructed be re-assembled by any effort of the understanding. The problem remained unsolved; and the Provost of Gottingen College was foiled, and lost his heart besides. Newton, Euclid, Leibnitz, Euler, and Laplace, were put to the rout by a pretty girl of 19.

The Doctor went home,—not to resume the solution of his problem, but to philosophize upon the Platonic doctrine of love. He turned it over in all its various bearings, tried it by analysis and synthesis, and came to the conclusion that it was a very rational affair, no ways inconsistent with ethical science—mathematically correct, and logically incontrovertible. Putting on his spectacles, laying his three-cornered hat aside, and throwing off his coat, he seated himself in his study, and read Anacreon through, from beginning to end.

Let us now return to Angelica. Unconscious of the mischief she had committed, in spoiling the solution of a problem which set the College in a blaze—not to talk of the damage she had done to the Doctor's heart—she also went home, put aside her bonnet, and shawl, threw herself upon a sofa, and exclaimed, "Heigho!" Frank Bernard made his appearance—a fine, handsome youth of 24—and sat down beside her. He came to demand the aforesaid categorical answer from his fair cousin; and after many evasions, and so forth, she responded categorically in the affirmative.

Now for the Doctor. No sooner had he finished Anacreon than, resuming his coat and hat, and laying hold of his long, silver-headed cane, he sallied forth in academic pomp to the house of Angelica's parents. He was received with all the honour due to his learning and situation; and, after the usual compliments of the day had been gone over, he laid his proposition before them. They heard it with astonishment, and endeavoured by sundry arguments, to overturn its different points. "The Doctor was too old for their daughter;" "her affections were already engaged," &c. To their various objections, he opposed all the keenness of his philosophical acumen. He reasoned with them Socratically, Platonically, and syllogistically; and overpowered them with arguments drawn from the Stagyræ, and fifty other sages equally wise and learned. The least potent of his reasons was a promise to settle 50,000 guilders upon Angelica. What could plain, unphilosophical folk like them do against such a logician? They gave way—first the gentleman, and then the lady—and agreed to recommend him, with all their influence, to their daughter; so he went away, thinking he had achieved a greater victory than Alexander the Great, when he took the famous city of Tyre.

Angelica was sent for, and the affair broached to her *sans ceremonie*. At first she smiled, thinking it a jest; then she looked serious, when she learned that the Doctor had actually made proposals; and, lastly, fell into hysterics, on hearing that her parents supported his pretensions. She sobbed, wept, raved, and tore her hair in the prettiest style imaginable, for 20 minutes; then wiped her eyes, looked melancholy, and—took the first opportunity of seeing Frank Bernard.

They met together—Frank and Angelica—and, after a hearty laugh, it was agreed between them that she should see the Doctor, hear what he had to say, and, if possible, put an extinguisher upon his

passion. She, accordingly, gave her parents to know, without, however, informing them of her ultimate design upon the Doctor, that she complied with their wish that she should permit him to see her. Papa and mamma were delighted. They said she was a good girl, and that 50,000 guilders, the metaphysical pillar of modern times, were too valuable considerations to be thrown away.

The Doctor called a second time, and was by her parents conducted to the room in which sat Angelica, radiant with beauty. The door was shut upon them, and they sat face to face—the fairest maiden, and the most learned philosopher, in Germany. The latter was dressed with uncommon care. He had put on his wig of ceremony, and eased the outer man in a new suit of black *superfine*, which clung as closely to his well-developed person as the bark of the tree to the tree itself. Verily, he was an Adonis; and so, doubtless, thought Angelica, for she looked upon him with both surprise and admiration.

After a few preliminary hems, the Doctor broke the ice by—Guess! By making a few remarks on the weather, praising the young lady's beauty, &c. &c. No such thing. He commenced, slap-dash, by a philosophical disquisition on love. Angelica hung down her head, and looked sheepish. He quoted Anacreon and Ovid; Angelica blushed. He spoke of Platonic love, paternal love, and holy love; Angelica fidgetted upon her seat, and played with her fan. He considered the passion analytically; Angelica began to giggle. He proved that love was an excellent thing in its way, and worthy of all acceptance; Angelica laughed outright. This was too much. To be laughed at by a girl of 19; to have his eloquence, his philosophy, his learning, ridiculed by a child. Zounds! the thing was unendurable. He rose indignantly from his seat, put on his three-cornered hat, and, laying hold of his silver-headed cane, strutted out of the house, and betook himself to the *sanctum sanctorum*, within the college walls.

Angelica's parents, who were in an adjoining chamber, beheld him from the window, and suspected that something wrong had ensued; more especially, as they heard their daughter tittering and laughing aloud. What could it mean? They demanded an explanation—vowed that she had insulted the rival of Locke, Bacon, Kant, Leibnitz, Helvetius, &c.—averred that she had maltreated the most profound scholar in Germany.

"Most improper behaviour," said her father.
"Most abominable behaviour," said her mother.
"Most noble behaviour," said Frank Bernard, who, a moment before, made his appearance.
"She has lost the most learned man in Europe," exclaimed papa.
"And 50,000 guilders to boot," added mamma.
"Pshaw," said Frank, "I will take her myself, and make her happier than Doctor Dunderhead, with all his wealth."

What became of the Doctor? You shall hear. On reaching home, he resumed the solution of his problem, the solution of which Angelica's appearance in the garden so unluckily marred; and, after six hours' hard study, solved it, to the surprise of the Logical Professor, whom it had almost worried to death, the delight of the college, and the glory of the mathematical world. Love he never afterwards allowed to intrude into the philosophic sanctuary of his thoughts.

What became of Angelica? She was married to her cousin Frank; and the Doctor so far forgot her ill usage, that he not only honoured her wedding by his presence, but gave her a present of a valuable necklace, and set her down in his will for 25,000 guilders; which, doubtless, she will receive, when Gottingen is unhappily darkened by the eclipse of its brightest philosophical luminary in death.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—In one of the small contests in the West Indies, among the wounded was a lieutenant in the 40th regiment; a musket-ball had passed through his body, entering below his left breast, and coming out at his back. He fell at the top of a steep hill, which he had mounted with a small party, but from which they were forced back. A sergeant, who was much attached to the officer, wishing to take the body away, and being unable to carry it, took hold of one leg, and dragged it after him more than a mile down the declivity, and left it there, with an intention of returning at night to inter it;—when he returned, however, to his astonishment, he found his beloved officer alive, and able to speak. He recovered in six weeks, and embarked for England in perfect health.

After a severe action, when numbers have fallen on both sides, perhaps many wounded men cannot be dressed by the surgeons until the following day; and it has been observed, that those who are thus neglected recover as quickly as those who were immediately dressed, and carried to quarters.

This tenacity of life is further illustrated in the case of Colonel Graham, an officer who was wounded in one of the affairs about the same time. He had been left senseless in an ambuscade into which he and his party had fallen, and from which, though with much loss, they were at last enabled to retire; but a few of his men, anxious to recover the body of their gallant Colonel, returned to the spot, and carried it back. Believing that he was dead, they rather dragged than carried him over the rough channel of a river, till they reached the beach; observing here that he was still alive, they put him in a blanket, and proceeded in search of a surgeon. After travelling in this manner four miles, they carried him to a military post, occupied by a party of the 42d. All the surgeons were, however, out in the woods with the soldiers, and none could be found. Col. Graham was still insensible. A ball had entered his side three inches from the back-bone, and passing through, had come out under his breast; another, or perhaps the same ball, had shattered two of his fingers. No assistance could be got, but that of a soldier's wife,

who had been long in the service, and was in the habit of attending sick and wounded soldiers. She washed his wounds, and bound them up in such a manner, that when a surgeon came and saw the way in which the operation had been performed, he declared he could not have done it better, and would not unbind the dressing. The Colonel soon after opened his eyes, and though unable to speak for many hours, seemed conscious of what was passing around him. In this state he lay nearly three weeks, when he was carried to Kingston, and embarked for England; where he arrived, but was still in a very exhausted state, from the continued opening of his wounds, and the frequent discharges from them, and went to Edinburgh with little hopes of recovery; but on the evening of the illumination for the battle of Camperdown, the smoke of so many candles and flambeaux affecting his breathing, he coughed with great violence; and, in the exertion, threw up a piece of cloth, left, no doubt by the ball, in its passage through the body. From that day he recovered as by a charm. Being afterwards removed to the 27th regiment, he went with it to Holland in 1799, where he was severely wounded in the left eye, of which he lost the sight; but a good constitution again triumphed; and he is now in vigorous health, a Lieut.-General, and Lieut.-Governor of Stirling Castle.

The soldier's wife, who was so useful to him in his extremity, was of a character rather uncommon. She had long been a follower in the camp, and had acquired some of its manners. While she was so good and useful a nurse in quarters, she was bold and fearless in the field. When the arrangements were made previously to the attack on the *Vizie*, on the 10th of June, "I directed," says Colonel Stewart, "that her husband, who was in my company, should remain behind to take charge of the men's knapsacks, (which they had thrown off, to be light for the advance up the hill) as I did not wish to expose him to danger, on account of his wife and family. He obeyed my orders, and remained with his charge; but his wife, believing herself not included in these injunctions, pushed forward to the assault. When the enemy had been driven from the third redoubt, I was standing giving some directions to the men, and preparing to push on to the fourth and last redoubt, when I found myself tapped on the shoulder, and turning round, I saw my Amazonian friend standing with her clothes tucked up to her knees, and seizing my hand, 'Well done, my Highland lads,' she exclaimed; 'see how the brigands scamper like so many deer! Come,' added she, 'let us drive them from yonder hill!' On inquiry, I learned that she had been in the hottest fire, cheering and animating the men; and, when the action was over, she was as active as any of the surgeons in assisting the wounded."

GOOD SHOTS.—The late Captain Stackpole of the *Stattira*, who was shot in a duel by a Lieutenant Cecil, a perfect novice in affairs of honour, was formerly the first Lieutenant of the *Cerberus*, when commanded by Captain M'Namara, of duelling celebrity. Such was the exquisite skill of these two officers, that they frequently amused themselves by shooting off the heads of the fowls as they thrust them through the bars of the hen-coops to peck at the grain put there to entice them to protrude their head. Captain M'Namara and Lieutenant Stackpole were often on bad terms, but they knew each other too well to come to extremes. A purser of the *Cerberus* had the filthy habit of picking his teeth with his fork, to the great disgust of his brother officers. One day, after dinner, Lieutenant Stackpole sent his servant on deck for a crow bar, which he ordered to be placed on the dinner table opposite the Purser.—"What is that for?" said the Purser.—"To pick your teeth with," replied Stackpole. The Purser had the spirit to call out the Lieutenant, and had the first shot, but missed his man. "Beg my pardon," said Stackpole, "or by G—d I'll hit you." "I'll see you d—d first," replied the Purser, and put his hand upon his hip.—"I'll hit your elbow," cried Stackpole; and firing, the ball hit the tip of the Purser's elbow, and travelling up the arm to the shoulder blade, occasioned the loss of the limb. On a second occasion, Mr. Stackpole, after supper, insulted the Lieutenant of *Marines* to a degree which excited him to throw a candlestick at his head. The next day Mr. Stackpole called the marine out; and, after his antagonist had missed his aim, he demanded an apology. The marine officer refused his acquiescence; on which, said Stackpole, "Then, by G—d, I'll spoil you; I'll hit your thigh;" saying which, he lodged the ball in the right thigh of the marine officer. An equally good shot, and a much more peaceable gentleman, was Sir Home Popham, who used to amuse himself by firing across his quarter deck (52 feet wide), and carrying away the pin, stuck on a staff for the vane to traverse upon.

A certain Alderman of Norwich, as much gifted as such gentlemen are usually apt to be, requested an author to write a speech for him, to deliver at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," replied the scribe, "and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fit it."

AN AFFECTING PREACHER.—While a *Dervise* was preaching at E, vastly affected. P asked how his discourse had touched him so much? "Oh, Sir," replied the other, "it is not that; but your beard put me in mind of a goat I lost, crying."

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