



# Newfoundlander.

No. 129.

THURSDAY, January 7, 1830.

Sixpence.

## Notices.

### PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES NEATLY PAINTED.

In Colours ..... 2 Dollars each,  
Bronze ..... 1 Dollar,  
Plainblack, Shaded ½ 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 Guswell

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 CEBITS on Wednesday, returning on Thursday; and

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 Newfoundlander 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 Newfoundlander 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.

## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

(From "Sketches of the Irish Bar.")

It would not be easy to imagine adventures more disastrous than those of the unhappy Mr. N——. He moved in Dublin in the highest circles, and was prized for the gracefulness of his manners and the gaiety of his conversation. He became a favourite at the Castle, and was admitted to the private parties at the Viceregal palace. The late Duchess of Gordon visited Ireland, and was greatly pleased with his genius for losing at piquet. No person was preferred by that ingenious dowager to a votary of fortune who still continued to worship at a shrine where his prayers had never been heard. It was rumoured that he was every day plunging himself more deeply into ruin; still he preserved his full and ruddy cheek, and his glittering and cheerful eye. Upon a sudden, however, the crash came, and his embarrassments compelled him to leave the country. He had one friend. Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, had known him when he was himself at the Irish bar. It does Mr. Croker honour, that, in his emergencies, his brother barrister was not forgotten. The honourable secretary promised a lucrative situation for Mr. N—— in the island of Malta. His Irish friends looked forward to the period when he should be enabled, after recouping his circumstances, to return to Ireland, and to reanimate Kildare-street Club-house with that vivacious pleasantry, of which he was a felicitous master; when, to every body's astonishment, it was announced that Mr. N—— had left the island, had taken up his residence at Constantinople, and renounced his religion with his hat. He became a renegade, and invested his brows with a turban.—The motives assigned for this proceeding, it is not necessary to mention. It is probable that he involved himself a second time by play, and that he had no other resource than the expedient of a conversion, through the painful process of which he heroically went. Having carried some money with him to Constantinople, he at first made a considerable figure. He was dressed in the extreme of Turkish fashion, and was considered to have ingratiated himself by his talents into the favour of some leading members of the Divan. His prosperity at Constantinople, however, was evanescent. His money was soon spent, and he fell into distress.—Letters of the most heart-rending kind were written to his friends in Dublin, in which he represented himself as in want of the means of subsistence. It was in this direful state of destruction, that he addressed himself, in the cemeteries of Constantinople, to a person whom he guessed to be a native of these countries, and whom he discovered to be his fellow-citizen. His condition was lamentable beyond the power of description. His dress was at once the emblem of apostasy and want. It hung in rags about his person, which, from a robust magnitude of frame, had shrunk into miserable diminution. He carried starvation in his cheeks; ghastliness and misery overspread his features, and despair started in his glazed and sunken eye. He did not long survive his calamities. The conclusion of his story may be briefly told. For a little while he continued to walk through the streets of Constantinople in search of nourishment, and haunted its cemeteries like the dogs to which Christians are compared. He had neither food, roof, or raiment. At length he took the desperate resolution of relapsing into Christianity; for he indulged in the hope, that, if he could return to his former faith, and effect his escape from Constantinople, although he could not appear in these countries again, yet, on the continent, he might obtain at least the means of life from the friends, who, although they could not forgive his errors, might take compassion upon his distress. He accordingly endeavoured to fly from Constantinople, and induced some Englishmen who happened to be there, to furnish money enough to effect his escape. But the plot was discovered. He was pursued and taken at a small distance from Constantinople; his head was struck off upon the beach of the Bosphorus, and his body thrown into the sea.

MARRIAGE OF J. P. KEMBLE, THE TRAGEDIAN.—In 1787, the daughter of Lord North conceived a violent attachment for Mr. Kemble; nay, it is said, actually commenced a correspondence with him. Her father discovered this circumstance, but found remonstrance with his daughter was in vain, for she was resolved to give her hand to Mr. Kemble. He therefore waited upon the tragedian, re-

presented his daughter's prospects in life, and assured him, that if he married his daughter, neither he nor her should ever receive one shilling from him; but if, on the contrary, he would, within one fortnight, lead any other lady (leaving the choice, of course, to Mr. Kemble) to the altar, he would present him with 4000*l.* in return for his compliance with his wishes. A golden bait was never yet rejected by a Kemble, at least where it could be taken with honour. John Philip required little time to make up his mind; put the soft question to the widow of the late Breton, who

"Look'd up to blush, and look'd down to sigh," and consented.

Mr. Kemble had to perform on his bridal night, and his bride was with a party at the house of John Banister, jun. where the wedding feast had been celebrated. At half-past ten, the lady anxiously awaited the presence of her lord to grace the festive board. But, as Knight says, in his "Richard and Betty," eleven o'clock, and no Kemble; twelve o'clock, and no Kemble. The host then went to the theatre to seek him, and he there learned that Kemble had performed in the play, and gone home. Every where were messengers instantly despatched, but in vain. At last, Jack Banister bethought of inquiring at Kemble's lodging, where, wondrous to relate, he found the phlegmatic John abed and asleep, having, as he said, from the pressure of business, quite forgotten his wife, and indeed that he had been married at all. He attired himself, and accompanied a comedian to his house.—Mr. Kemble having thus performed his engagement, waited next day upon Lord North with his marriage certificate, &c. claiming a performance of his promise; but the wily minister received him with irony,—asked what interest he could have in Mr. Kemble's domestic arrangements, and on what ground he expected the 4000*l.*—Mr. Kemble got into a violent passion, stamped and raged; when Lord North coolly told him, that though he admired his acting very much, he did not wish him to perform a scene at his house, and requested him to walk down stairs.

## INTERESTING TALE.

### FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

"Heigho!" exclaimed Agnes Fitzroy, as she let her harp escape slowly from her hands, and its balanced position against her knee, while the last notes of a plaintive air of Mehul's were faintly dying off the strings. "Heigho!"—and she threw herself languidly back into her chair.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated her pretty, lively cousin, Jane Douglas, who was sitting at the window, twirling and untwirling round her fair fingers the gold chain, from which hung an eye-glass—not worn for ornament, but use—and not therefore a quizzing glass, but a necessary supplement to a pair of sparkling black eyes, whenever they wished to discern distinctly any object that was more than three feet distant from them. "Mercy on us! That was a terribly long and sentimental heigh—o! I wonder where it is gone to? Positively I felt it fan upon my cheek as it escaped out of the window, and I declare," she continued, looking through her glass, with a well-feigned air of serious amazement, "I declare, I can see it;—yes, there it goes, floating like gossamer, upon that soft, yellow moonbeam, over the grove of chestnut trees, in the very direction of the parish church!"

"How can you be so ridiculous!" said Agnes, half pouting, half smirking, at the fanciful rallery of her sprightly cousin.

"How can you be so unamiable," retorted Jane, "to have for your companion such a discreet and trust-worthy personage as myself, and yet make your heart like the prison-house of the ghost in Hamlet—the abode of untold secrets?"

"I can't say I understand you," replied Agnes, rising, and advancing towards the window with an exceedingly demure look.

"But I demand you," answered Jane, taking her hand, "thanks to these tell-tale fingers, and that terrible heigh—o, which by this time, I dare say, has arrived at its journey's end, creeping like a wreath of mist through the key-hole of the church door, and settling itself like a diamond dew-drop, or perhaps curled round in the shape of a ring, upon the altar-table. Yes!" she continued, playing with the long taper fingers of Agnes, and addressing them as if they could understand what she said, "you are

never tired—no, not you—of giving melodious birth to that sweetly plaintive and enchanting air of Mehul's, since it was so rapturously praised, and a repetition of it so beseechingly implored, the other night, by a certain tall, and tolerably good-looking young gentleman, who stood watching your fairy motions with so enamoured a spirit, that he could not see who was laughing at his lack-a-daisical appearance."

"Go on—pray go on, my merry cousin," said Agnes; "you are quite poetical this evening, and it is really charming to listen to you."

"I have no doubt it is," rejoined Jane. "It is always charming to have other people do for us what we would fain have done, though we like not to do it, for ourselves."

"I dare say," said Agnes, "you think yourself a wonderfully clever girl—the very Newton of petticoat philosophers, in the discovery of love secrets."

"Not at all, my dear cousin," replied Jane; "but you know it cannot be so very difficult to perceive the symptoms of any particular malady, in a person who is so very subject to its dreadful attacks. Let me see—it was last June twelvemonth, I think, when you were first seized; but that was only a slight attack, for you got well before the end of the month. Then you had another, about the beginning of August following, which lasted nearly till Michaelmas day—then a third in November, and that stuck to you all the winter—like my aunt Rachel's Christmas cough, as she calls it. You were but just recovering from this in the spring, when—one, two—yes, you had three terrible sharp fits, one after another, in that proverbially dangerous month, the month of May. It was hardly thought possible you could recover from the last of them, and so it was determined that the clergyman should be sent for, but—"

Agnes sprung to her harp, and leaning over it in a sylph-like attitude, first drowned the voice of Jane with an extempore prelude of crashing-chords, and then silenced her, while she played divinely the saucy air of "Cease your funning."

When she had done, there was a pause; and just at that moment the moon was partially obscured by a light fleecy cloud passing over it. Agnes had returned to the window, and her eyes were directed towards that mild, pale luminary, which was now beginning to edge, with a soft, silvery radiance, the border of the cloud from which it was slowly emerging.

"And so you think, Jane," said she, taking her cousin's hand, "that my heart is like that cold, chaste orb, dimmed, ever and anon, by passing clouds; but like it, re-appearing again as cold and as bright as ever? I wish I could think so! You deem it, too, as inconsistent—changing even as she does? Ah me! There are times when I fancy it rather the dove, wandering forth from its ark to find its resting-place, but destined to return with no olive branch!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!—fiddle-de-di!—fiddle-de-do!—fiddle-de-dum!" exclaimed Jane, mimicking the sorrowful cadence of her cousin's voice. At the same moment she caught her round the waist, and, in spite of herself, made her waltz three or four times up and down the room, to the tune of "Di tanti palpiti," hummed by herself. When she had dragged her about till they were both out of breath, she pulled her down by her side on a settee, and said, "Now talk to me again about chaste cold orbs, doves, arks, and olive branches: and if you do, you shall have another dance, till I have fogged this fine sentimental frippery out of you."

"You are a strange girl, Jane," said Agnes, "but I still hope to see the day when that heart of yours will do penance. Recollect the fate of our poor friend Harriet Lindsay! She laughed at love till she was nineteen, and then—died of it before she was one-and-twenty!"

"As I never shall, while there are fevers, inflammations, and consumptions, to hand me out of this world into the next," rejoined Jane. "And for my part, though poor dear Harriet had the credit of dying of a broken heart, because her lover died of a broken neck, by a fall from his laudau, I confess I always thought it was a surfeit of ice creams and strawberries that really killed her. If it had been a cold summer, and a bad fruit season, Harriet Lindsay might have looked a little pale, or so; and for a few days, perhaps, found the wing of a chicken more than she could eat at dinner; but by the end of a week, take my word for it, the knife and fork would have conquered the pocket-hand-

[For continuation, see last page.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21-25.

The Duke of Wellington had a long interview with the King on Tuesday; the audience lasted for nearly three hours, and a variety of business was transacted. We mention this fact the more particularly, in order to give an opportunity for noticing a rumour circulated with an industry that would be meritorious if it were not inserted for the purpose of deception. It has been said very confidently, and by persons who, at all events, ought to be above giving countenance to premeditated fiction, that the intercourse between the Sovereign and the first Minister of the Crown has not latterly possessed that character of confidential cordiality by which it was once distinguished, and which is, perhaps, indispensable to the prompt and efficient administration of public affairs; that the Sovereign receives his trusty servant reluctantly, and only when some great exigency requires a meeting; and that there is no disposition on the part of the first Lord of the Treasury to render these conferences of more frequent occurrence, or of more extended duration; or—to express the matter plainly—we are taught to believe that the foundation on which the present order of things rests is insecure, and that a change is probable, if not imminent.—Is this really so? Are we on the eve of one of those changes which necessarily and inevitably impede the progress of objects of general and national solicitude? The very reverse of all this is the fact; the direct and masculine understanding of the premier is a sufficient guarantee against a system which would tend to preserve office at the expense of personal independence; and the department of the Sovereign is such as befits him towards the most eminent of his subjects, and most trusted of his counsellors. At no one time were the relations between the parties more perfectly cordial and satisfactory.—*Morning Chronicle*.

His Majesty is as well as his loyal subjects could desire. The preparations at Windsor Castle will be complete for the Sovereign's reception by Tuesday next, when it is expected the King will take up his residence there. A very extensive suite of apartments have been prepared, by Royal command, for the use of the distinguished visitors who are invited to spend their Christmas at the Castle. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland will make it their abode for some time at the special desire of the King. All intention of visiting Brighton is now abandoned for the present season, principally on account of the distance, which would render inconvenient the frequent communication between the Sovereign and his Ministers.

The report of very important changes in the Administration continues to gain ground, and perhaps obtains additional confidence from the almost unanimous wishes of the nation on the subject. The recent visits of the Premier to Windsor are said to have related to this desirable event.—*Age*.

Nothing has transpired at the Treasury, as to the intended reforms in the church revenues, &c., by the Duke of Wellington, but it is fully understood that he contemplates some of importance. The information which we gave exclusively as to the reform of the church liturgy may be fully relied on. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom the idea has been said by some to have originated, has, we are informed, been seriously occupied on the subject for some time past.—*Sunday Times*.

The Revenue for the week terminating with Friday, the 20th inst. (inclusive), is in the same satisfactory and improving condition that we have for some weeks had the pleasure of announcing.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the Army half-pay amounts to more than half the charge of our effective land forces—the latter for the present year being 5,226,770l., the former 2,967,733l.—*Morning paper*.

Mr. Lawless has left London for Ireland. This gentleman has served all his terms for the present year in the Honourable Society of Grey's Inn. We understand the Government prosecution against Mr. Lawless is given by the Law Officers of the Crown in Ireland.—*Morning Chronicle*.

It is reported in the higher circles, that Horace Twiss, Esq., under Secretary of State for the Colonies, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Orby Hunter. The young lady will eventually be entitled to an immense fortune.—*Sunday Times*.

His Majesty's Ship *Sybil*.—We are glad to find, from a letter dated St. Helena, Sept. 19, that the sickness in H. M.'s ship *Sybil*, on the African station, has at last abated. It had broken out on the 20th July, in the Bight of Benin, since which time the *Sybil* has buried forty hands, seamen, marines, and boys, but on the 19th September the invalids were all convalescent. The Commodore (Collier) was quite well; the *Dallas*, commanded by Lieut. Harvey, (the *Sybil*'s tender) had captured a brig with 450 slaves on board, and two other vessels with cargoes.

Naval on dits, from Plymouth.—The pay-office of the Navy and Marines to be consolidated. The ships in ordinary are to be placed under the old regulations, viz., by the master attendants of the Dock-yard. The water establishment at Staddon Point to be under the charge of Mr. Turner, the King's barbour-master of this port. The Breakwater to be finished by contract, but a superintendent to be appointed by Government, at a salary of 300l. per annum. A number of cutters to be employed along the coast for the prevention of smuggling, and the Guard Blockade station to be abolished, thus effecting a saving of 10,000l., a-year.

Lieut. Charles Henry Acherley, of his Majesty's ship *Occus* (son of J. H. Acherly, Esq., Barrister),

now in the Mediterranean, and forming a part of the fleet under Sir Pulteney Malcolm, has been presented by the Pacha of Smyrna with a firman, sprinkled with gold dust, which empowers him to travel through every part of the Turkish dominions.

Madame Bonaparte Wyse, daughter of the Prince of Canino, intends returning to Ireland in the course of a few weeks, to establish herself near the seminary of her children. Neither the pleasures of Italy, the land of enchantment, nor the tenderness of her parents, by whom she was received with open arms, after her unmerited misfortunes, had power to detain the most affectionate of mothers from her children. She is at present upon a visit in Surrey with a lady, a friend of her family.—*Morning paper*.

Much exertion is making to ameliorate the condition of the Greeks. Many English and French gentlemen and ladies have gone from Italy to relieve their distresses. The Countess Le Brun has embarked for Poros to establish orphan and poor-houses, in the name of the Greek Committee. The President favours all useful institutions; but he is in want of funds sufficient to extend them as he desires. His intention is directed chiefly to the formation of a military and naval force, as the want of large ships is more and more felt by the Greek Generals. A negotiation is going on with the Hydriotes, for buying some large vessels by barter.

The following melancholy loss of lives appears in Lloyd's list:—*Wisby, Gotland, Nov. 3*.—An English brig, laden with oil, bound to St. Petersburg, (the master's name Seams or Sims, was driven on shore the 30th ult., on the S. E. part of this island. Mr. J. A. Jackson, the British Vice-Consul, went on board with 13 men, to render assistance, and they were all unfortunately drowned, also the master and crew, except two men, the vessel having floated into deep water and upset.

Notwithstanding the delay that has taken place, we have strong reason to believe that a promotion of Flag Officers will appear in April next, five years having elapsed since the last, and in addition to the sale of Captains' commissions, which is said to be finally settled, the equalization of the half-pay is to be taken into consideration; for, as it stands at present, Captains of 24 years on the list, with the rank of full Colonel, get no more pay than the junior Captain on the list, who has, perhaps, only served the required time, from his first entering the service, viz., six years Midshipman, two years Lieutenant, and one year a Commander. The new regulation is said to be, that Captains are to be paid according to their standing on the list, and to receive their present pay until they have completed ten years; from that period to fifteen, to receive an additional two shillings per diem; to twenty years, fourteen shillings and sixpence; after that time, sixteen shillings to be the highest rate.—*Devonport Telegraph*.

The number of Flag-officers that have died since January, 1816, amounts to 166, or 12 a-year. From the 1st of last January, 10 have died—viz. four Admirals, one Vice, two Rear, and three superannuated ditto.—*Devonport Telegraph*.

TURKEY.—The Turkish intelligence relates the insubordination of some of the Pachas. Eight thousand Albanians, it is said, still support the Pacha of Janina; and the Pacha of Scutari seems to be strongly posted at Phillippopoli, which place he is preparing to make his winter-quarters. His force is represented as increasing daily, and meanwhile he lays the neighbourhood under contribution, and pays for what his troops are in want of. If he be really in possession of treasure, the source of his supplies may furnish an interesting topic for conjecture.

Intelligence from Vienna to the 10th inst., states that considerable apprehensions were entertained in that city, for the consolidation of the peace of Turkey, owing to the reports of a French courier from Constantinople, who had just passed through. According to these reports, the dissentient obstinacy of the Pachas was likely to produce serious embarrassments in the relations between the Sultan and the Russian Generalissimo. Russian and Turkish couriers were daily crossing each other on the road between Constantinople and the head-quarters of Count Diebitsch; and it was even said that the Reis Effendi was about to pay the Count a visit. With respect to the Pachas, it appears that the Commander of Giurgevo refused to surrender that fortress in obedience to the command of the Sultan, and that the Pacha of Scutari could not be prevailed upon to send back the Albanese who had flocked to his standard, but "persisted in his hostile and menacing attitude." What he proposes for his own individual good, or for the benefit of the Empire, by this course of proceeding, it is rather difficult to divine. If he have any intelligible object, it is as likely to be plunder as patriotism; but it may turn out to be no more than that undisciplined obstinacy of the Mussulman character, which, for all the purposes of good government, stands so much in need of correction. In the present instance, it has the effect of casting doubts upon the good faith of the Sultan, which may lead to serious inconvenience to him and his Empire.

PORTUGAL.—The *Constitutionnel* contains a private letter from Washington on the subject of the United States' recognition of Don Miguel, and the personal reception of his representative by the President. The writer describes the state of opinion upon the disputed point of the legality of such recognition, with reference to the settled principles of international law. He declares that if Miguel be a Sovereign *de facto* by the voice of the people, the doctrines of a Republic like America demand that he should be recognised, whatever his supposed personal defects, or disqualifications from past conduct or present disposition.—It is, undoubtedly, the understood principle in such cases, that where there is no strife, in-

ternal or external, respecting the head of a nation, no just obstacle can exist to the intercourse of foreign powers with it.

DUBLIN, November 9.—Lord Killeen starts for the county of Meath, and will, it is believed, be returned without opposition.

WATERFORD ELECTION—DUEL BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES.

Lord George Beresford, a few days since, published an Address to the Electors of the County Waterford, containing some observations reflecting on the political conduct of Mr. Winston Barron. Mr. Barron thought it necessary to make his appeal to the constituency, and introduced some marked personal animadversions upon the conduct of Lord George. An extract will be found subjoined. Preparatory to the publication of this latter address a copy was sent by Mr. Barron to Lord George Beresford. A message was the consequence. The parties met on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, at Bishop's-Hall, in the County of Kilkenny, the demesne of Joseph Green, Esq. who acted as the friend of Lord George.—John Alcock, Esq. officiated for Mr. Barron. The parties fired two shots each without effect, when Mr. Green declared on the part of Lord George that he was satisfied. The principals were removed from the ground, but no explanation or adjustment took place. The following are extracts from Mr. Barron's address:—

"And now, as regards the second consideration of the Address, namely the conduct of Lord George Beresford towards myself. The simple fact of having held any conferences with the Beresford family is not to be justified—and I do not seek to justify it; but this forms no excuse for his Lordship's dishonourable violation of a private and confidential communication; and I therefore most unequivocally stigmatise his conduct as a base and profligate abandonment of every principle which has heretofore been held sacred amongst gentlemen!!—He has for his own purposes endeavoured to pull me down; but in his attempt to do so, he has sunk himself lower than he before stood.

"His late despicable dissimulation of his political principles has earned for him, as a public man, the contempt of all parties. His present violation of honour has reduced his private character to the same level as his public. He crouches to the Catholic Bishop of Waterford—he crouches to Mr. O'Connell—he crouches to Mr. Sheil. He says we should not countenance agitators. Why did he hire one agitator, and offer a bribe to another?

"After having canvassed the county, I have the satisfaction to announce, which I do most unequivocally, that the independence of the county is, beyond all question, secure, and that a member of the Beresford family cannot by possibility be returned. The feeling against that family in every part of the county, and amongst every class of the electors, is so overwhelming, that any independent candidate from the simple fact of being opposed to them, would be certain of success—to this success I shall, in whatever capacity I am placed, most strenuously contribute.

"My first hasty and inconsiderate step in public life was rather an unhappy one. I have one act to regret, but I am far from thinking myself, by that one act, lowered to the level of the Noble Lord my opponent, every act of whose public life has been a continued series of bartering in one way or another, and for the most mercenary of motives.—But laying aside for a moment, every other act of his, I would ask, can public honesty be expected from a man who is now found, in the most abandoned manner, violating the most sacred principles of honour in private life?"

NEW-YORK, Dec. 5.—*Wholesale Poisoning at Madeira*.—The Editors of the Journal of Commerce have been favoured with extracts of several letters from Madeira, received by the Howard, to the 29th October. It will be seen that a horrid act has been committed there, the particulars of which are:—

MADEIRA, Oct. 29, 1829.  
A most extraordinary and horrid deed, worthy of St. Bartholomew's day in France, has been committed here this week. The Governor of the Island, and the other Miguelite authorities, knowing that the 13th Regiment of infantry was inclined to *Constitutionalism*, bribed the commissioner who was charged with furnishing bread to the troops, to poison the bread for that regiment. A hundred soldiers felt immediately the effects of the poison, and were carried to the hospital. The news soon spread;—the remainder of the regiment rebelled, and arrested the commissioner. The 2d of infantry, and the artillery, (regiments rather attached to Don Miguel,) unexpectedly took the side of the 13th. On the 26th the troops besieged the palace of the Governor, in order to arrest a major supposed to be concerned in the transaction, but he escaped on board a corvette. The greatest confusion prevails. It is expected that the revolted troops will proclaim Donna Maria 2d.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WASHINGTON, December 8, 1829.

"Fellow Citizens of the Senate, and House of Representatives:—

"It affords me pleasure to tender my friendly greetings to you on the occasion of your assembling at the Seat of Government, to enter upon the important duties to which you have been called by the voice of our countrymen. The task devolves on me, under a provision of the Constitution, to present to you, as the Federal Legislature of twenty-four sovereign States, and twelve millions of happy people, a view of our affairs; and to propose such measures as, in the discharge of my official functions, have

suggested themselves as necessary to promote the objects of our Union.

"In communicating with you for the first time, it is, to me, a source of unfeigned satisfaction, calling for mutual gratulation and devout thanks to a benign Providence, that we are at peace with all mankind, and that our country exhibits the most cheering evidence of general welfare and progressive improvement. Turning our eyes to other nations, our great desire is to see our brethren of the human race secured in the blessings enjoyed by ourselves, and advancing in knowledge, in freedom, and in social happiness.

"Our foreign relations, although in their general character pacific and friendly, present subjects of difference between us and other Powers of deep interest, as well to the country at large as to many of our citizens. To effect an adjustment of these, shall continue to be the object of my earnest endeavours; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the task, I do not allow myself to apprehend unfavourable results. Blessed as our country is with every thing which constitutes national strength, she is fully adequate to the maintenance of all her interests. In discharging the responsible trust confided to the Executive in this respect, it is my settled purpose to ask nothing that is not clearly right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong; and I flatter myself, that, supported by the other branches of the Government, and by the intelligence and patriotism of the people, we shall be able, under the protection of Providence, to cause all our just rights to be respected."

"Of the unsettled matters between the United States and other Powers, the most prominent are those which have, for years, been the subject of negotiation with England, France, and Spain. The late periods at which our Ministers to those Governments left the United States, render it impossible, at this early day, to inform you of what has been done on the subjects with which they have been respectively charged. Relying upon the justice of our views in relation to the points committed to negotiation, and the reciprocal good feeling which characterizes our intercourse with those nations, we have the best reason to hope for a satisfactory adjustment of existing differences."

"With Great Britain, alike distinguished in peace and war, we may look forward to years of peaceful, honourable, and elevated competition. Every thing in the condition and history of the two nations, is calculated to inspire sentiments of mutual respect, and to carry conviction to the minds of both, that it is their policy to preserve the most cordial relations. Such are my own views, and it is not to be doubted that such are also the prevailing sentiments of our constituents. Although neither time nor opportunity has been afforded for a full development of the policy which the present Cabinet of Great Britain designs to pursue towards this country, I indulge the hope that it will be of a just and pacific character; and if this anticipation be realized, we may look with confidence to a speedy and acceptable adjustment of our affairs."

"Our Minister recently appointed to Spain has been authorized to assist in removing evils alike injurious to both countries.

"With other European Powers, our intercourse is on the most friendly footing."

"No very considerable change has occurred during the recess of Congress, in the condition of either our agriculture, commerce, or manufactures. The operation of the Tariff has not proved so injurious to the two former, nor as beneficial to the latter, as was anticipated. Importation of foreign goods have not sensibly diminished; while domestic competition, under an illusive excitement, has increased the production much beyond the demand for home consumption. The consequences have been low prices, temporary embarrassment, and partial loss. That such of our manufacturing establishments as are based upon capital, and are prudently managed, will survive the shock, and be ultimately profitable, there can be no good reason to doubt."

"The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1829, was 5,972,435 dollars and 81 cents. The receipts of the current year are estimated at 24,602,230 dollars; and the expenditures for the same time at 26,164,595 dollars, leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January next, of 4,410,070 dollars and 81 cents."

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) January 7, 1830.

The unexpected arrival of the *Balclutha*, in 35 days from Greenock, has put us in possession of English and Scotch dates to the 27th November.—Without being able to fix upon any article of peculiar interest, we have endeavoured to select from the latest papers, such extracts as will convey to our readers a tolerably accurate idea of the existing state of things in Great Britain and Ireland, both in the political and domestic sphere.

We have received, by the *Manchester*, from Halifax, our files of Colonial and American papers, to the 22d December.—In the absence of other matter, we should have availed ourselves of the President's Message to the Congress of the United States, as an important document at this particular season; but its great length, and the supply of British intelligence, supersede the necessity of publishing more than such portions of it as appeared to us to possess most interest.—We are glad to perceive that it breathes, throughout, a most pacific and friendly feeling towards Great Britain.

We remark, with much pleasure, that a few public spirited individuals at Harbour-Grace, are about

to institute an Association of Fishermen and Shoremen, in the populous district of Conception-Bay.

A letter from Harbour Grace, received by a gentleman here on Monday, states, that a brig was seen off Western Bay, on Sunday evening last, supposed to be the *Indian Lass*, which vessel was to have sailed from Liverpool, for this port, about the 25th November.

We understand that the Hon. Chief Justice TUCKER has engaged his passage in the Brig *Leander*, to sail for Greenock on Tuesday morning next.

DEPARTURES.—In the *Maria*, for Waterford, Mr. John Kent, Mr. John O'Mara, and Mr. Goff, of Ferryland.—In the *Southampton*, for Grenada, Mr. R. Trimmingham.

It will be gratifying to Mr. JAMES BALL, of Carbonear—who published a notice in this paper in July last, calling on his brother JOHN, supposed to be living near Boston, to go forward and claim the "Ballygriffin estate," in Ireland, which had devolved on him by the death of a relative—to learn, that the endeavours used for the discovery of the rightful heir, have been attended with the desired success—as appears from the following paragraph, taken from the *New-York Truth Teller*, of Sept. 26:—

"A WINDFALL.—We copy from the *Newfoundlander*, of July 2, the following notice, for the benefit of the person therein named, who resided for some time in Boston, and who is now, we understand, at some one of the manufacturing towns in the vicinity, practising his handicraft of weaving. He may now cast aside his shuttle, overset his loom, put on a checked dickey, don a new beaver, and call at this office, where we will tell him more about his good fortune.—We are informed that the Ballygriffin estate, which is waiting to receive its new "lord," is worth upwards of 20,000L.—a handsome windfall for an operative in these griping manufacturing times.—We shall require, says the *Boston Traveller*, but a small commission, say five per cent., on the amount, for imparting the information."

[Then follows the notice which appeared in the *Newfoundlander*.]

The Brig *Experiment*, Capt. Taylor, which recently left Carbonear, for Lisbon, laden with fish and oil, is destined to return as soon as her cargo is discharged, to commence a Sealing Voyage on the eastern side of those immense fields of ice which annually float along our coasts.—This vessel has been peculiarly fortunate in that fishery on former voyages, carried on immediately from these shores; and, in the present instance, her owners, Messrs. Gosse, Pack, and Fryer, have amply supplied her with provisions, arms, ammunition, and a select crew of 20 hands all accustomed to such an expedition. A licence has also been obtained from His Excellency the Governor to allow the vessel to proceed on the enterprise, and to operate as a protection if boarded by other vessels during the voyage, to whom the singularity and formidable nature of her equipment, might become an object of suspicion. But the ultimate design of the present undertaking forms its peculiar novelty in our trade; we allude to the attempt to procure a trip of seals, after discharging a cargo at a foreign market, without the necessity of returning to this country to make an outfit, which frequently consumes so much time in the achievement as to nullify the object in view; whilst, on the other hand, by laying up a vessel in port here, until the time arrives for pursuing the sealing voyage, the vessel remains idle in the mean time, and the opportunity of making an advantageous freight abroad is wholly lost. The result of this adventure will doubtless be awaited with much interest, by the trade in general.—*Conception-Bay Mercury*, January 1.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The *New Brunswick Royal Gazette*, 8th Dec. contains the following:—

"By AUTHORITY.—His Lordship the Bishop of Nova-Scotia having nominated the Rev. George Coster, A. M. of the University of Cambridge, to be Archdeacon of New-Brunswick, the same has been graciously approved of by his Majesty."

The Rev. George M'Cawley has been appointed one of the Professors in King's College, New-Brunswick.

The Rev. Mr. Clinch (son of the late Rev. J. Clinch, Trinity) and the Rev. Richard Thomas Tucker (of Bermuda), have been admitted to the Holy Order of Priesthood, being ordained by the Lord Bishop of Nova-Scotia.

*Scilly, Nov. 10.*—A few days ago, the bodies of three men were picked up, floating near the Islands; one of them had a knife in his pocket, marked on the handle, "R. Porter."—they had boots, and appeared as if from Newfoundland. It is supposed that some vessel was lost here about three weeks ago.

*Whale Fishery.*—The whole of the fishing ships have now arrived, with the exception of the *Ellison*. The produce of the fishery is calculated at about 3000 tons of oil; in 1828, it was about 13,000 tons, and in 1827, about 17,630 tons. The *Dauntless*, Braamham, of this port, was lost off Cape Searle, on the 24th September. The crew were all saved, as was also, we understand, part of the stores and blubber. The *Dauntless* had caught 13 fish, about 120 lbs of oil.—*Hull Advertiser*.

To the Editor of the *Newfoundlander*.

SIR,—I have often remarked, that in all communities, large and small, there are always those persons to be found, who, no matter what subject be brought forward for discussion, invariably oppose themselves to the general voice, merely for the purpose of displaying, in public, a braggadocio-like kind of independence—though, in other situations, they are the mean, servile, crawling sycophants, for which nature designed them;—such a one is the person who inserted a letter in the *Ledger* of Tuesday last, under the signature of "A Roman Catholic." This exquisite production is in itself totally unworthy of notice, except in as much as it is calculated to mislead the public, by stating a downright falsehood—that the majority of the Roman Catholics in this community were opposed to the measures recently adopted for obtaining a redress of their grievances. That some few individuals were averse to petitioning, at the present moment, I do not mean to deny; but that they formed a minute fractional part of the Catholic meeting, is equally certain. Those Gentlemen received the credit they deserved, for sincerity of motive, and purity of intention—they gave their reasons for dissenting, in a mild, calm, dispassionate manner, like men of principle and honour; and having discharged their duty, conscientiously, in proper time and place, calmly yielded to what—looking at the small minority—may be justly termed the unanimous voice of the Catholic community.—Not so the "Roman Catholic,"—cur-like, he snarls where he dare not bite—and we now find him entrenched behind a masked battery, from motives that cannot be misunderstood, endeavouring to play off his pointless periods at Constitutional proceedings open to all British subjects. "This may be all very well," quoth the "Roman Catholic;" "but how dare you—you poor, worthless wretches—do that which will give the least shadow of offence to His Excellency the Governor?" Aye—there's the rub. This is "the very head and front of our offending," in the opinion of the "Roman Catholic." I do not mean to follow his example by any awkward attempts at barefaced flattery; but I state, openly and fairly, that the Catholics of St. John's feel, as their Resolution expresses, "indebted to His Excellency the Governor, for many acts of kindness;"—and they most gratefully acknowledge, that His Excellency, in the late correspondence on the subject of the Relief Bill, has been guided by the same gracious disposition he has always manifested, whenever their interests were concerned; but, impressed with the sincerest feelings of gratitude, they judged that petitions from the Catholic body to both Houses of Parliament, would strengthen His Excellency's recommendation to the Secretary of State, and oblige the Right Hon. Gentleman to pay a little more attention to His Excellency's suggestions, than it has, at all times, been his wont to do. I would not libel His Excellency's understanding so far as to suppose such proceedings—carried on in the peaceable, respectful manner they have been—likely to be offensive in the remotest degree.—A parting word to the "Roman Catholic,"—to the paltry, pitiful creature, who has such a disrelish for any other than the life of degradation he is long accustomed to.—He must have had a most irresistible itching to figure in print, when he made the attempt, with the materials of which his epistle is composed. To be sure, he levied contributions on His Excellency's and the Judges' letters;—that was certainly a good half. But do not, Mr. Roman Catholic, as a friend, I entreat you, again take pen in hand, until you have a greater share of common sense, than it now falls to your unhappy lot to possess; consult Lindley Murray for a few hours every day—and do not, on any account, attempt to check the charitable spirit, which you ought to thank "the petitions to both Houses," for awakening in your breast. By adhering to these wholesome rules, you may have some chance of escaping from the nothingness into which a repetition of your present conduct will inevitably cast you.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
A REAL ROMAN CATHOLIC.  
St. John's, 6th January, 1830.

To the Editor of the *Newfoundlander*.

SIR,—The friends of colonization in Newfoundland, must be highly delighted with the opinion of the whole of the Law Officers of this Government, as affording, if it had been wanted, a conclusive argument in favour of colonization.—It appears, from this learned source, that the application of the whole of the written law of England, which are the statutes to this country, depend, exclusively, on the Royal Will; which may be construed to mean the existing Governor, and his secret and irresponsible Council—at least as far as the public are concerned. Newfoundland! the oldest, the most useful, and the most loyal, of the British colonies, do not you now deeply feel your degradation? Without one particle of political right, you are now told, that the English statutes, which you foolishly deemed your staff and security, depend solely on human will or caprice. As a consolation, however, the law authorities must rise high, indeed, in the estimation of our very best customers—the beloved Ferdinand, and his immaculate cousin Miguel.

Your obedient Servant,  
X. Y. Z.  
St. John's, 6th January, 1830.

To the Editor of the *Newfoundlander*.

"Let us, cheerfully, one and all, join hand and heart."  
SIR,—I have been, for the last few weeks, carefully, and with anxious expectancy, looking into the publications of this town, in the hope of seeing an advertisement headed "NOTICE TO AMATEURS," or something to that effect, calling a meeting of the

Gentlemen of the Army, Navy, and town, at the Green-Room of the Amateur Theatre, to make the necessary arrangements for opening the winter campaign; and have not, as yet, I regret, observed the pleasing and spirit-stirring announcement.—Fearing, then, that from any cause we should be deprived of the gratification of beholding our buskined heroes "suing the action to the word," may I beg to inquire, through the medium of the *Newfoundlander*, whether there is any probability of our pretty little Theatre being put into requisition during the present season.—As the profits arising from the performances are laudably appropriated to alleviating the distresses of the poor—(and when were the indigent classes of the community more in need of assistance than at this moment?)—I have no doubt that the Gentlemen who have so long distinguished themselves in the cause of Charity, (and to whom all possible praise is certainly due) will still come forward, as well as many others, in conjunction with,

Mr. Editor,  
Your's, faithfully,  
CATO.  
St. John's, 6th January, 1830.

From the "Forget-me-not," for 1830.

THE STOLEN KISS.

She slept—I have seen loveliness,  
That heavenly beauty scarcely less;  
Beheld in every varying form  
Its glories, and they well might warm  
The blood of aged saints, long chilled  
In hearts with holiest transport filled.  
I've seen the soft, voluptuous eye,  
I've felt the chastely-yielding sigh,  
The joys of purest love I've known,  
And the mad hour of passion—flown;  
The hand whose lightest touch thrills through  
The fever'd frame—(the changing hue,  
From the soft tint of conscious love,  
When virtue chastens down its fire,  
To those warm flushes, sent to prove  
The unbridled wildness of desire,  
I've viewed—the enthusiast's brow serene  
As full of hope, she gazed on heaven,  
And beauty's madden'd eye, I've seen,  
When unexpected death has riven  
Her lover from her heart away,  
And reason would no longer stay.  
Those I have seen, but never yet  
Has soul in such a form been set,  
With a pure brightness, all elysian,  
While scarce my fluttering senses knew  
If all was not a waking vision!  
She slept—'twas in a beautiful bower,  
Around which every perfume'd flower  
That nature's lavish hand could rear,  
Shed its soft fragrance on the air,  
Which to her cheek its freshness bore  
As gently, in that slumber deep,  
As a fond Mother's breathing o'er  
Her first-born infant's cradled sleep.  
Her clustering ringlets scarcely moved  
From her white brow—their resting place—  
So gently each light zephyr roved  
Among the beauties of her face.  
One dazzling arched pillow mate,  
On which her cheek of pink was laid;  
And, though her eloquent eye was hid  
By its almost transparent lid,  
Love never yet looked so divine  
As in that still, unconscious shrine,  
So tranquil was her bosom fair,  
The eye could see no breathing there,  
And—but that death would never spare  
The loveliness which shone  
Forth from her form that lifeless scene!  
Th' enraptured gazer might have deemed  
The soul itself had gone,  
And left its peerless dwelling here,  
For glory in a higher sphere.  
Her lips, like two small rose-bud leaves,  
Were parted (just like hope and love,  
When hope the trusting heart deceives)  
And who could gaze, nor wish to prove  
The sweetness of the fairest flower,  
That bloomed in that delicious bower.  
I gazed—I bent—I softly knelt—  
I placed my hand upon her brow,  
And the impassioned throb I felt,  
Is in my burning bosom now.  
I knelt—and on her brow I plac'd  
My hand, but not a sign I traced  
Of her returning consciousness;  
And then I even dared to press  
But lightly, on her cheeks pure bloom,  
And all was quiet—as the tomb!  
My burning lip to her's I brought,  
Its scarce-felt breath I madd'ning caught—  
They met!—oh! it would whirl again  
This long-chill'd soul and aged brain,  
Were I to dwell on that brief minute,  
And the wild rapture there was in it.  
That bow'r of fragrance long hath faded,  
And death long, long hath overshadowed  
That brow of beauty, and we've parted,  
She, to be bless'd—I, broken hearted!

Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.  
ENTERED.  
JANUARY 2.—Brig Manchester, Downey, Halifax; 192 bls. pork, 50 bls. beef, 314 bls. flour, 33 chests tea, 15 cwt. cheese, 20 bls. sugar, 2 boxes poultry.  
4.—Brig Balclutha, George, Greenock; coals and flour.  
Schooner St. Patrick, Power, Demerara; 141 puns. rum, 50 casks molasses, 16 bags coffee.  
CLEARED.  
JANUARY 2.—Brig Guinare, Edington, Oporto; 3000 qtls. fish, 2500 gallons oil.  
Brig Southampton, Stowe, Grenada; 3000 qtls. fish, 5 bls. mackerel, 150 gallons oil, &c.  
HARBOUR-GRACE.—CLEARED.  
DECEMBER 18, 1829.—Brig Emily, Churchward, Lisbon; 2000 qtls. fish.  
21.—Brig Lochiel, Soper, Liverpool; 18½ tons oil, 5 tierces and 9 bls. salmon, 5½ tons blubber, 140 qtls. fish, and the remainder taken in at Port-de-Grave.  
CARBONEAR.—CLEARED.  
DECEMBER 22, 1829.—Brig Martha, Sweetland, Tobago; 1788 qtls. fish.  
24.—Brig Experiment, Taylor, Lisbon; 1660 qtls. fish, and 15½ tons oil.  
Brig Beethick, Harker, Oporto; 3600 qtls. fish.

Schooner Helen, Upham, Liverpool; 6241 gallons oil, 3096 gallons blubber and drags, 50 barrels mackerel and salmon, 880 qtls. fish, 71 hides, &c.  
Brig Carbonear, Andrews, Poole; 154½ tons oil, 26½ tons blubber, 220 gallons berries, 155 seal skins, &c.  
28.—Brig Mercury, Roe, Poole; 151½ tons oil, 73 qtls. fish, 160 bundles ditto, sounds, berries, &c.

Died, on Wednesday the 30th ult., of a decline, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Miss CATHERINE WALSH, aged 26 years, much regretted by her relatives and a numerous circle of acquaintance.

Notices.

GOVERNMENT BILLS.

SEALED Tenders in Triplicate, and marked thereon "Tenders for Bills," will be received at this Office, for Bills of Exchange, not exceeding 1000L, to be drawn in Sums not under 100L, on the Lords of the Treasury, until THURSDAY the 7th instant, at noon.—Such Persons as may be desirous of tendering, are requested to express (besides the amount in Sterling Money of the Bill required) the number of Shillings or Pence British, which they propose to take for each Dollar offered, and no Tender will be acknowledged that is not in strict conformity to this advertisement.

JOHN LAIDLAY,  
A. C. G.  
Commissariat Office,  
St. John's, January 1, 1830.

In the Insolvency of George Garratt,  
Of St. John's, Newfoundland, Inskeeper.

AT a Meeting of the Creditors of the said Insolvent, held in pursuance of due notice on the 27th November last, at the Court-house, THOMAS H. BROOKING and HENRY P. THOMAS were appointed Trustees of the Estate and Effects of the said Insolvent, 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 Insolvent;—and all persons indebted to the said Insolvent, 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,  
PETER W. CARTER,  
Acting Clerk C. C. C.  
Court-house, 6th January, 1830.

Mr. CAMPBELL

WILL commence a NIGHT SCHOOL on the 4th January, 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.

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,  
Secretary.  
Carbonear, 19th December.

On Salt.

Henderson Bland & Co.

SHEATHING Iron, for Sealing vessels,  
Hardwood Plank,  
B. B. and S. S. G. Shot, which will be Sold very low,  
Nails, Cordage,  
Pitch, Tar,  
Sheathing Paper,  
Candles,  
Rum, Molasses,  
A Ship's Long Boat and Gig.  
January 7.

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.

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.



Poets' Corner.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

Founded on an anecdote related by an Oriental Traveller.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Away! though still thy sword is red,  
With life-blood from my sire;  
No drop of thine may now be shed,  
To quench my spirit's fire,  
Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest,  
Than dews upon the desert's breast.  
I've sought thee 'midst the haunts of men,  
Through the wide city's fanes;  
I've sought thee by the lion's den,  
O'er pathless, boundless plains;  
No step that tracked the burning waste,  
But I its lonely course have traced.  
Thy name hath been a baneful spell,  
O'er my dark bosom cast;  
No thought may dream, no words may tell,  
What there unseen hath passed—  
This hollow cheek, this faded eye,  
Are seals of thee—behold, and fly!  
Haste, thee, and leave my threshold-floor,  
Inviolate and pure;  
Let not thy presence tempt me more—  
Man may not thus endure.  
Away! I bear a fettered arm,  
A heart that burns—but must not harm!  
Hath not my cup for thee been poured,  
Beneath the palm-tree's shade?  
Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored,  
Within my dwelling laid?  
What though unknown—yet who shall rest  
Secure—if not the Arab's guest?  
Begone! outstrip the fleet Gazelle!  
The wind in speed subdue;  
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,  
As vengeance shall pursue!  
And hate, like love—in parting pain,  
Smiles o'er one hope—we meet again.  
To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,  
The warrior's dart is free;  
E'en now, no spot in all the land,  
Save this, hath sheltered thee—  
Let blood the monarch's hall profane,  
The Arab's tent must bear no stain!  
Fly! may the desert's fiery blast  
Avoid thy sacred way,  
And fettered, till thy steps be past,  
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day:  
I would not that thy doom should be  
Assigned by Heaven, to aught but me.

[Continued from first page.]

kerchief and the smelling-bottle. Lord help us poor girls, say I, if we are born only to fall in love, and must die when fall out. I like not such grinning love, as Falstaff says of honour. It is all very well, I grant you, to have a nice, handsome fellow, 'sighing like a furnace,' at your elbow, and growing as thin as a winter weasel in an empty barn, for your sake; and if, after you have used him for two or three years, to plague half a dozen of your best friends who envy your conquest, you find you can really make a decent affair of the heart of it, why then—

"Why then," interrupted Agnes, "I suppose Jane Douglas, spinster, would be seen some fine morning, in the proverbially dangerous month of May, going in the same direction as my beigho! only, not like it, creeping in at the key-hole of the church door."

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" exclaimed Jane, stopping her ears with her fingers, "how can you be so malicious to use that horribly Gothic word? Do you think I would ever consent to be married by banns, and have myself proclaimed three several Sundays, with a public notice, that if any person or persons know any just cause or impediment why— Here!—be quick!—sprinkle a little Eau de Cologne upon my handkerchief, or I shall go into hysterics! How could you be so barbarous?"

In this vein of mutual railery, and light-hearted mirth, did these fair cousins banter each other upon a subject which they were both afraid to discuss in a more sober strain. But though they shared a common fear, that fear had no common origin. Jane and Agnes were nearly of the same age;—the former, however, having the advantage (I am not certain, by the bye, that ladies are accustomed to call it an advantage) over the latter by seven or eight months, she being almost twenty, and Agnes almost out of her teens. They had been brought up under the same roof, educated in the same school, and from their cradles, to the period of which we are now speaking, had been such inseparable companions in all the daily occupations and amusements of their whole lives, that either might have addressed the other, in the language of fond recollection used by Helena to Hermia—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent  
When we have chid the hasty footed time  
For parting us—oh, now, is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

But whatever were the secret sympathies and the hidden attractions—whatever the unseen, and to

themselves unknown, bonds of attachment which held them together—nature certainly never formed two creatures less alike in all those visible qualities of mind and character by which they were distinguished. Jane had such an exuberant flow of animal spirits, that it was the most amusing thing imaginable to see her seriously endeavouring to be serious. Her mirth was never broad or coarse; it had nothing of the boyden or the romp in it; but it was a kind of constitutional vivacity, an inexhaustible spring of salient gaiety, which flashed incessantly in sparkling radiance from her eyes, or burst in frolic humour from her lips. Every day she lived, she shed tears; but it was because ten times in every day she laughed till they came; and so cloudless had been her sunshine hitherto, that they were almost the only tears she could recollect she ever did shed. This perpetual summer of the mind imparted a corresponding glow and animation to her manner, a freshness and genial warmth to all her actions, which made her presence the signal for merry looks and cheerful discourse. Her nimble and elastic step, as she entered a room, was nearly as irresistible an invitation to stand up for a quadrille as the sound of a fiddle; while the contagious smile that ever played about her mouth, seemed to say, "Come, good folks, let us laugh at a world that only laughs at us!" And then her own laugh!—it was such a clear, hearty, chuckling laugh—there was such a breadth of hilarity spread over all her features, dimpling her smooth vermilion cheeks, and glistening in her liquid eyes, that, without saying a word, it never failed to provoke a chorus of giggling (no matter how miscellaneous the company) from the asthmatic wheezing of seventy, down to the shrill carolling of seven.—Agnes Fitzroy, on the contrary, though no foe to

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

had within her a chastening spirit of pensive sobriety, which kept her from ever rising to the same height of impetuous gaiety as her cousin. The risible faculty was not so strong in her, neither was the perception of the really ludicrous, or the disposition to convert into the ludicrous, words and actions which were not fairly amenable to that fallacious test. Her passions were calm and deep, and when most agitated, betraying least evidence on their ruffled surface of what was passing beneath. It was no superior self-command that imparted this character to her feelings; still less was it any thing approaching to the mastery of refined artifice which made her look a mask for her thoughts. It proceeded entirely from an excessive sensibility of disposition—a shrinking within herself, as if she feared, whether in trouble or in joy, to find no second self, no other human heart that could give her back her smiles, or receive her tears, in that spirit which had called them forth. What we should pronounce reserve in the cold, and caution in the cunning, was in her an almost morbid delicacy, an ingenuous timidity, which hesitated to disturb the serenity of others, by imparting its own particular grief. Perhaps, too, there was a little alloy, a slight mixture of pride in this feeling—that stern pride of silent sorrow, which is so apt to frown upon the weakness of seeking pity, and to scorn it when proffered. Yet were there any art by which what passed within could be read in looks and actions—if it were really possible to interpret the very language of a smothered sigh, a gathering tear, or a restless manner—if these outward denotements of a perturbed spirit could ever be construed with fidelity, and be made to express what they only indicate, poor Agnes might as well have proclaimed with her tongue, at once, what the secret workings of her heart proclaimed without it. For though it was true that her passions were deep and calm, and that, when most agitated, they least betrayed on their ruffled surface the swift and vexed under-current, still the havoc they made could not always be concealed.

Jane, who had been her inseparable companion for so many years, had gradually acquired a tolerably quick and accurate perception of her character, and could draw shrewd conclusions from sufficiently slight circumstances. But her sagacity was sometimes at fault; and it had never been more so, than when, in her usual strain of joyous railery, she pretended to trace the flight of her cousin's "beigho!" towards the parish church, and to catechise her fingers for lingering so fondly amid the harp-strings upon that plaintive air of Mehul's. That exclamation was breathed by Agnes, at the close of a silent meditation upon a subject which is very apt—yes, very apt indeed—to intrude itself, by moonlight, upon young ladies of eighteen. I am thus particular in mentioning the age, because I have never been able to discover the precise period when a lady herself allows she is not young; and as I happen to entertain some rather heterodox notions touching youth and age in the fair sex, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do consider every lady young who cannot either write or tell her age without employing the *teen*. Farther than this deponent sayeth not.

And what was that subject? And why did the meditation of Agnes end in such a terribly long and sentimental beigh—o, as Jane described it? And why were they both afraid to discuss it in a more sober strain? And why, though they shared a common fear, was that fear without a common origin?

Jane was beginning to fear that she never should fall in love; that is, she was afraid no "nice handsome fellow" would grow as thin as a winter weasel for her sake, and so give her a decent excuse for taking pity upon him. And a great pity she thought it. She knew herself to be naturally of a compassionate disposition; she felt that amiable quality grow stronger and stronger within her, every month; and she longed so vehemently for an opportunity of displaying it, that she was fast becoming a confirmed philanthropist. She had even begun to consider very seriously what could be the reason why love-

making should always commence with the other sex, and had lately started the problem to an old bachelor, who visited the family, and who had already passed his grand climacteric. The question was popped so suddenly, that at first the old gentleman was posed; but gradually recovering from the shock, he replied very gravely, "I'll tell you, Miss Jane, wooing is but an affectionate seeking. Now, we seek not for that which we have, but for that which we have not. It is more proper, therefore, for the man, in this love-search, to seek for what he has lost, than for the woman to seek for what she already has. The man, you know, has lost his rib, and he seeks after her that has it; whereas it would be folly in her to seek it, because she has it. And that, Miss Jane, is a good and sufficient reason why women woo not, but are wooed." "I wonder who has got your rib," said Jane, laughing. "You have never been able to find her out, it seems. And some of you men must have had three or four of your ribs stolen; or else, I suppose, when you marry three or four wives, you seek after other folk's ribs."—"Never mind my rib," replied the old gentleman; and then slyly added, "but take care that you, yourself, are not like the man who had liberty given him to go through a wood, and make choice of the best staff he could find, provided he chose one in his going on, and not in his returning."—"What did he do?" enquired Jane, not at all aware of what was to follow. "Why," continued his bachelor, "he walked along, and with a curious eye observed where he might best suit himself; he saw many that were tall, and straight, and good-looking, and well adapted for his purpose; but no—these would not content him; so on he goes, still expecting better, till at last he came to the end of the wood, and then he found none but crooked and ill-looking ones to choose from; and no great choice of them either." "I know which end of the wood you grow at," said Jane, tossing her head. From that moment, however, she considered herself in a wood, and was terribly afraid lest she should not be able to suit herself among the tall, straight, good-looking, trees; but trowing, at the same time, that if she did get to the other end, she would never choose one of the crooked walking stick. Yet, as she had a very laudable dread of dying an old maid; and, as the love she bargained for in her own mind, was a good, homely, every-day sort of love,—a love that would stand wear and tear, and not get out of fashion too soon,—she did not absolutely despair of finding such a commodity, though she was almost twenty.

Such were the meditations, the doubts, and the misgivings of the light-hearted Jane; but not such were the meditations, or the doubts, or the misgivings of her fair cousin. Agnes feared lest she should love; or rather, lest she should love too soon, and be doomed to experience that utter wretchedness of loving, not "wisely" at first, but "too well" afterwards. She had proved, and she had sometimes sunk with dismay from the proof, that she was more susceptible of those impressions which are akin to love, than might be compatible with her future happiness; and those very "symptoms" upon which Jane had so sportively rallied her, were to herself the source of many bitter forebodings.—"Yes!" she would often mentally exclaim, "it is too true; I have thought myself in love, and I have thought how blest my condition might become, if while the dream lasted my hand could have followed my heart. But a few short months dispelled the dream; and then, alas! I have only thought how miserable must have been my lot, if my hand had followed my heart!" It was the dread of such a fate as this that haunted her; the dread that in some similar dream, some trance of passion, some fancied devotion of her soul, she should approach the altar, and awaken, afterwards, to the tremendous knowledge, that a cold sense of duty was all that remained of the glowing vision. These were no idle self-tormentings; for she needed but to remember what had been, to add what might have been, and the dark picture was at once completed! There had been moments, when she believed the passion—which some hearts ever feel, and which no human heart ever felt twice—was roused, and she only knew it was not, because its resemblance had died before herself.

At other times she was pursued by fancies, which, though but fancies, had a possible, perhaps, a prophetic, reality for her! Might she not love, and her own sad heart be at once her love's cradle and its tomb?—like an unsewn flower that blossoms in the wilderness, exhales its perfume, then fades and dies! Even as such a flower might love rear itself in the solitude of her own heart, called forth without her will, and drooping to decay in its own withering soil! It is no wonder, therefore, that poor Agnes dwelt sometimes with a melancholy foreboding upon the subject; and she had just burst the fetters of one of those gloomy musings when her merry cousin gave so false an interpretation to the "beigho!" with which it terminated.

Agnes Fitzroy was the youngest of a numerous family, all of whom had survived their father, a general officer, of distinguished character, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo. Two of his sons had embraced the same profession; a third was in the navy, and the eldest had acquired some celebrity as a diplomatist. She had five sisters, who were all married, but only two of them resided in England. Agnes lived with her mother at their family seat in Gloucestershire, within a short distance of Malvern, and commanding an extensive view of that beautiful scenery, including a part of Herefordshire, which stretches from the base of the lofty ridge of the Malvern hills.

Jane Douglas, who was a niece of Mrs. Fitzroy's, had been brought up by her from her infancy. Her father, a private gentleman, of good property, when she was only about two years old, had sacrificed his valuable life in deference to that monstrous absurdity

which requires that a man should stand to be shot at before he can honourably acknowledge he is in the wrong. A hasty word, uttered in the warmth of a casual altercation with a total stranger, led to an immediate meeting, and Mr. Douglas, receiving his adversary's fire, fell dead upon the spot. The dreadful tidings were incautiously communicated to his widow, who was then in the seventh month of her pregnancy. She doated upon her husband, and the shock was too much for her. In less than three days, after she had given birth to a dead-born child, she was herself a corpse under the same roof with her youthful husband; and one funeral ceremony consigned them, with their untimely offspring, to their graves. Such were the melancholy fruits—such the scene of mourning and desolation, resulting from that false principle of modern honour, which washes out with blood an offence extracted from a moody brow, or tortured out of an ambiguous word!

Mrs. Fitzroy took the infant Jane to her own home, educated her with her own children, and tenderly supplied all the maternal offices which her sister would have discharged had she been living.— Though the bulk of her father's property went to his male kindred, as he died intestate, they generously relinquished such a portion as enabled them to make a more than adequate settlement upon her; and, as Mrs. Fitzroy religiously abstained from appropriating any part of it towards the expenses of her maintenance and education, it had gone on accumulating for nearly twenty years, till now Jane Douglas might almost call herself an heiress. Assuredly, it had grown to an amplitude which, if a mere fortune-hunter would have sufficed, was an abundant security against her dying of that dreadful complaint, *old-maidism*.

Separated as Mrs. Fitzroy was from the rest of her children, Agnes had grown up in her affections with much of that exclusive love, and of that singleness of attachment, which twine themselves so closely round an only child. To her, indeed, she had long been as an only child; for though scarcely a week elapsed which did not bring dutiful and affectionate remembrances from her absent sons and daughters, and though the two which resided in England never failed to pass some portion of every summer with her, still they had each become the centre of a little circle of domestic ties, of sympathies, and duties of their own, and no longer dwelt, as it were, within that of which she was herself the centre. They were themselves fathers and mothers; they had taken their appointed stations in the great march of human life; and whatever fond recollections might linger round the home from which they had begun their journey, they necessarily grew fainter and fainter, as the distance increased, and as they mingled with the widening stream of social and individual charities. But, in exact proportion as the tide of maternal solicitude, in the heart of Mrs. Fitzroy, had narrowed its channel, and contracted its course, its fertilizing waters flowed with an augmenting volume towards Agnes; till now, when she was ripening into womanhood, and the gentle qualities of her naturally amiable and susceptible character were unfolding themselves, she had become the constant companion, the only friend, and the favourite daughter of her mother. Jane, perhaps, divided with her the first; was second in the second; but in the third, though Mrs. Fitzroy loved her with a fondness that might be called parental; yet, when some passing cloud of sickness dimmed the lustre of Jane's eye, and when it sat in ominous shadows upon the melting azure of those of her own dear Agnes, nature, faithful to her holiest yearnings, quickly informed her which was the child of her blood, and which of her adoption.

Among the neighbouring gentry, whose seats were near that of Mrs. Fitzroy, and whose estates encircled, as it were, her little domestic paradise, of some fifty or sixty acres, was the family of Sir Frederick Trehearne, with whom a very intimate acquaintance had been kept up since her husband's death. Sir Frederick was a widower, and, for a time, it was positively settled by all the match-making gossips in the country, that Mrs. Fitzroy would certainly appear as Lady Trehearne at the next triennial music-meeting. But that next triennial music-meeting came; and another; and still there was no Lady Trehearne; a circumstance which was wholly inexplicable, for the vicar's wife knew, from the very best authority, that the wedding dresses were ordered, and the Hon. Mrs. Tittletattle had joked the baronet upon his approaching happy change of condition, at which he only laughed! This was pronounced a decisive proof of "malice prepense" on the part of Sir Frederick; and when coupled with the suspicious fact, that the best bedroom at Trehearne Lodge had been newly papered and painted, what further circumstantial evidence could be reasonably required? Now it was certainly true, that the worthy baronet had been guilty of these two alleged crimes, in so far as related to the best bedroom, and laughing at the Hon. Mrs. Tittletattle's joke; but the most serious part of the charge, that of ordering the wedding dresses, resting, as it did, upon the unsupported testimony of that notoriously lying witness—"best authority," turned out, of course, mere fabrication. Still it was generally acknowledged by all persons, except the two who were most competent to judge of it, that it "would be a nice match; for the gentleman was not too old, and the lady was not too young."

[To be concluded in our next.]

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