



Newfoundlander.

No. 130.

THURSDAY, January 14, 1830.

Sixpence.

Notices.

PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES NEATLY PAINTED.

In Colours 2 Dollars each,
Bronze 1 Dollar,
Plain black, Shal'd 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 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 CUBITS 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.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21.

The quickness of communication with some parts of the Continent, by means of steam-vessels, has led to a profitable trade in the introduction of many articles of consumption of a perishable nature, which could not previously be attempted. A novel undertaking is about to be carried into effect, by which the projector expects to realize a considerable sum. He has formed a large establishment on the coast of Holland, for the baking of bread, which will be conveyed immediately from the oven, on board of a steam-boat, and in twenty-four hours, which is the ordinary period of the voyage, he expects to offer it for sale on the banks of the Thames. He expects to realize a profit of 2d. on every loaf so imported, all expenses deducted. The introduction of biscuit, prepared at Hamburg and other places, for the supply of our shipping, has already become extensive, and yields a good return.

The biographical notices of General Garth which have appeared, omit to state that he was for many years the favourite Equerry of the late King; although it was this very circumstance which brought him into that close and continual association with the Royal Family which laid the foundation of some recent reports. He was appointed in 1790, and retained his situation till the death of George III.—What probability there is of having stood in the paternal relation to the young man whose name has been so much before the public late, may be judged of from the fact, that General Garth was only six years younger than his Royal Master.

A correspondent, who professes to know all the particulars, informs us that the assertion in the Chancery affidavits is utterly destitute of foundation, of Captain Garth's having surreptitiously obtained possession of General Garth's papers, explaining the mysterious secret of the Royal Parentage of the former; and that this calumny will be fully exposed in a Court of Justice.—Times.

The Stuart Papers.—Aware of the great interest that has been, and is attached to the remarkable documents, known by the name of "The Stuart Papers," which were brought from Rome after the death of Cardinal York, the last of the family, and placed in the hands of Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, we are glad to find that they are no longer likely to remain in the obscurity of St. James's Palace, where they were deposited. The King, we are informed, has now transferred these papers to Sir Walter Scott, for examination and publication; and we have reason to know, that his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, is already engaged in this important duty, and actively employed in arranging the mass, which certainly could not be in better hands.—Literary Gazette.

Sovereignty of Greece.—Prince Leopold is still in Paris, but he is expected to leave on the 15th or 16th, so as to arrive in London by the 21st. He is accompanied by Sir Robert Gardiner. The movements of his Royal Highness since his arrival in Paris have caused some interest, as it has been reported that he is one of the candidates for the new throne which the Allies propose to erect in Greece. The Prince himself affects to laugh at the report, and to treat it with discredit; nevertheless, many persons about the Court who are considered to be well informed, declare that some project of the kind is actually on foot, and that the Prince has had frequent interviews with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs on the subject. It is not known how far this may be true; but certainly he has had very frequent conferences with the King and the Duke of Orleans, the latter of whom seems to be a sort of medium of communication between the Prince and the King when they do not correspond personally.—Court Journal.

A Mechanical Orchestra.—A mechanic, brother to the celebrated Moelzel, of Vienna, has constructed at Boston, a set of musical automata, no less than forty-two in number, which compose a complete orchestra, and execute several of the most difficult pieces of music in the most perfect manner; among others, the overtures to Don Juan, Giovanini, Iphigenia, and La Vestale. Those which excite the most admiration and wonder are the violin-players, which execute their portion of the music precisely as if they were living performers, viz.—by the motion of the fingers, &c. A company of Americans have offered the artist 300,000 dollars for this extraordinary and unrivalled piece of mechanism; but the price demanded is 500,000.

SHARK FIGHT.

The following curious account of a shark fight, by an eye witness, appears in the Calcutta Oriental Herald of the 24th of May:—

"An instance of intrepidity and dexterity on the part of an up-country native, well worthy of being recorded, occurred in this neighbourhood. I chanced to be on the spot when this display of coolness and courage took place; and had I not witnessed it, I confess I should have been sceptical in believing what, nevertheless, is plain matter of fact. I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of Coolies were employed on the shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. Knowing that the alligators were common enough, I at first conjectured that the fish in question must be one of those rather frightful animals; but recollecting that the natives and alligators are not so much strangers to each other as appearances on this occasion indicated, I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment a native on the Choppah roof of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who, in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant.—The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had at this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body that he might seize upon his prey, the man making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly 20 seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, 'Tan, tan!' The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.

"It did not occur to me to ask if this was the first shark fight in which he had been engaged; but from the preparations and ready assistance he received from his companions in the boats, I should suppose that he has more than once displayed the same courage and dexterity which so much astonished me. The scene was altogether one I shall never forget. The neighbourhood of the combatants to the shore—for they were only a few yards from it—enabled me to see what I have attempted to describe to the greatest advantage."

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

(Concluded from our last.)

I hate mentioning ages, after people get beyond that uncertain time of life which is called a "certain age;" so I shall compromise the matter, by giving the sum total of both their ages, leaving it, as it may chance, to the sagacity or gallantry of my reader, to adjust the difference in such proportions as may warrant the aforesaid declaration, that the "gentleman was not too old, nor the lady too young." Sir Frederick, then, was exactly —; Mrs. Fitzroy within three months of —; which, by the simple rule of addition, will be found to give the joint-stock amount of 93, throwing in the lady's quarter of a year.

Sir Frederick Trehear had two sons, George and Edward; and one daughter, Emily. Edward was the elder, and of course heir to the title and estate. George was a miserable cripple, in consequence of an accident which befell him in his infancy. Of Emily, every thing is told, when it is said she was not ugly, and not short; not ill-natured, and not stupid; not too fat, and not too pale; not too talkative, and not too grave. To complete her negative character, however, it must be added, she was not the affirmative of any of these negatives. In fact, she was one of those girls of which a million are made according to pattern every year; and which it would hardly be fair to consider as the workmanship of "Nature's journeymen" even, but rather of her apprentices; while the mould in which she was cast, must certainly have been in use ever since Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise. There is no more marked difference between one of these two-legged machines, and the mob of others, than there is between one white-beet cabbage and another, or between half-a-dozen blue-and-white tea cups, belonging to the same set.

Edward Trehear, the "young squire," as he was usually denominated, was in his twentieth year, had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and bade fair to reflect honour upon both those eminent seats of learning. At Eton he had risen to the distinguished rank of "Captain," and received his forced tribute of "salt" at the Mootem; while at Oxford he had contended successfully for some of the highest academical prizes. To what specific purpose his natural endowments and scholastic attainments were to be applied—what his future course was to be—were, as yet, left to the future. There had been some talk about his standing for the representation of the county at the next general election, and promises of support had been spontaneously tendered which would almost justify the experiment; but his father was too wise and prudent a man to impoverish the family estate by squandering eight or ten thousand pounds, even for the certainty, still less for the chance, of his son's return at a contested election.—Otherwise, he was not insensible to the honour of again seeing a Trehear in parliament, which had not been the case for nearly fifty years, when the grandfather of Edward, Sir Theophilus Trehear, ruptured a blood-vessel by the vehemence with which he vociferated "No!" upon the question being put from the chair, for the second reading of the famous East India bill.

In the close intimacy which, as has been mentioned, subsisted between the families at Trehear Lodge and Fitzroy Cottage, (as the elegant residence of Mrs. Fitzroy was modestly designated,) Edward, of course, became a frequent visitor at the latter; while, somehow or other, it always happened that he was at home whenever the Fitzroys were known to be coming to the Lodge. It was soon settled, therefore, by those who had made the match between Sir Frederick and Mrs. Fitzroy, that one would certainly take place between Edward, and either Agnes or Jane. But it would have perplexed the most expert interpreter of amorous hieroglyphics to decide whether Edward cared for either Jane or Agnes, so impartially were his attentions bestowed upon both. He was, indeed, the frequent companion of their walks and rides in summer; would read to them in the long dreary evenings of winter; and sometimes take his part in singing a duet, or accompanying them with his flute (which he played with an expression and brilliancy of execution, worthy almost of Drouet or Nicholson,) while they exerted their own skill and science alternately upon the harp and piano-forte. Occasionally, too, he might be detected in a tete-a-tete, at one time with Jane, at another with Agnes, either in the drawing-room or upon the lawn, or sauntering through the grove of quivering

[For remainder, see last page.]

THE WEST INDIA TRADE.

(From the London Sun, November 19.)

We announced some days ago that apprehensions were entertained that our Government were seriously thinking of throwing open the West India trade to the United States. There is now no doubt, extraordinary as it may appear, that such is the fact. The negotiations upon this subject have been going on *sub rosa* for some months. Letters from New-York, dated the 15th October, have been received, begging for introductions to West India houses, "as the restrictions," say the writers, "on our trade to the West India islands are likely soon to be removed." Thus we see that this all-important question, to some of the first interests of the state, is kept a profound secret in England, till it creeps out, as it were, by accident; while in America, the thing has been known for at least three months. The business is to be canvassed and decided upon; but they who are most interested in it are not permitted to know anything about it. Our North American colonists felt assured, after Mr. Canning's letter and Mr. Huskisson's speech on the Tariff, last session, that they should, at any rate, be allowed to enjoy the West India trade for a considerable time, and they consequently commenced extensive establishments, built warehouses, equipped ships, and in every way exerted themselves to take advantage of the privilege. All their exertions, however, it would seem, are to be sacrificed to the conciliating system, the object of which appears to be neither more nor less than the promotion of foreign interests at the expense of our own. It may be, too, that the measure now to be repealed is not a favourite with the present Ministry, because it proceeded from Mr. Canning; but we can scarcely believe that they can be actuated by any such paltry motives. Certain it is, however, that those measures in which they themselves acquiesced, such as the Free Trade system, and the suppression of the one-pound notes, though proved to be highly pernicious, must not be touched, and for no other reason, as we have good authority for thinking, but because Ministers are determined to preserve their consistency. One would imagine, that after the sacrifice of consistency which some of them have made with regard to the Roman Catholic question, they ought to be very delicate on that point. A correspondent observes, "it is probable that Mr. Rush, though not a member of the present government of the United States, who was over here before Jackson was in power, must have been feeling his way, and that, true to the Yankee system, he did not lose sight of his national interest, because a change was about to take place in his government." But, be this as it may, it is quite evident the Americans have been at work with some effect; and it is high time that those British merchants more immediately interested in this truly national question should bestir themselves. We believe that a deputation has waited upon Mr. Fitzgerald upon the subject, but how they were received, or what took place upon the occasion, we have no means of ascertaining. Report, however, says that the audience with the great man was by no means satisfactory, and that no positive information as to the intentions of Government could be obtained. The trade carried on between Canada and the West India colonies has already become very extensive, and is greatly on the increase. The following is a list of imports of West India produce at Quebec only, from the opening of the navigation, the end of April, to the 23d of September this year, and exports of provisions and staves within the same period last year. This list, it ought to be observed, refers only to the port of Quebec, and, therefore, forms only a portion of the exports and imports of our North American colonies. It is true that the whole of the imports may not have come direct from the West Indies, nor may the whole of the staves and provisions have been exported there; as, however, there are no means of separating them, we give the list as it is:

Imports of West India produce to Quebec, and Exports of provisions and staves from Quebec, from the commencement of the season—say the end of April, 1829, to September 23, 1829—	
Imports from opening of the Navigation 1829, to Sep. 23.	Exports from opening of the Navigation to Sept. 24, 1828.
Rum, punchcons 7,282	Flour, barrels 31,092
Sugar, hogsheads 1,327	Wheat, bushels 98,080
— tierces 535	Pork, barrels 8,490
— barrels 1,244	Beef, barrels 3,160
Molasses, ditto 491	Staves & heading, 4,451,033
	Boards and deals 975,231

It should be recollected that the trade between the West Indies and our North American colonies is a barter trade, and, as such, exceedingly valuable. The North American colonists take provisions, boards, and staves, and bring back rum, sugar, and molasses. The United States trade is of a different nature altogether. They take boards, staves, provisions, and notions, which they sell for cash, and then go to the Danish and other islands, and purchase their cargoes at cheaper rates than they buy of our colonists, and sail with them to European ports—thus draining our islands of specie, getting all the freights of the produce of other settlements, and interfering with us in the ultimate market. The United States do not now want sugar for home consumption, because they grow it in more than sufficient quantities on the Mississippi. Cargoes, indeed, have actually appeared at Hamburg of American growth, shipped at New Orleans. These are facts—and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald wishes to be considered a man of facts;—these are facts which the Board of Trade should not lose sight of. If the West India colonies are to be drained of specie, of course they will have no cash to buy English manufactured goods with. The excuse, no doubt, for throwing open the trade, is the opening a market, by the amelioration of the American tariff, for British manufactures. But are not the Americans similarly situated with regard to the major part

of those articles as they are with regard to West India sugars? Can they not, or rather do they not, produce the greater part of the manufactured goods themselves? The government will find that they are greatly mistaken if they imagine that an extensive trade will ever again be carried on between America and this country. It is nonsense to suppose that Congress will modify the tariff to such an extent as to materially benefit this country. In justice to their own manufacturers they cannot do it. We have no doubt, however, that some modification of the tariff is contemplated the next session of Congress; but, we repeat, it is ridiculous to imagine that any thing of the kind will be done for our benefit. They have made an attempt at universal manufacture, which they have found to be impracticable. The consequence will be, that the protection will be taken from those few articles which they cannot protect with advantage, but the importation of those which they can, will still be prevented by prohibitory duties. Of this we may be assured, that whatever they do, they will do for their own benefit, not for ours. The Yankees know nothing of reciprocity, except that kind which is all on their own side.—*Morning Herald*.

In the extreme dearth of news which prevails at present, a Sunday paper has thought fit to revive the scandalous story regarding the birth and parentage of Captain Garth, by the publication of certain affidavits bearing on the case which is now before the Court of Chancery. These, of course, have been copied with avidity into other Journals, and as we must "do as other people do," such of our readers as relish a tale of mystery of this sort, will be pleased to find that we have followed the goodly example. They will be disappointed, however, to perceive that the mystery is as yet as far from being unravelled as ever. The *Standard*, whose comments are appended, indeed says that it is admitted that Garth is the son of General Garth by a Princess of the blood; but the *Times* points at a more incredible origin, and founds its belief on the large sum which was offered to Captain Garth, to purchase his secrecy and the suppression of correspondence which would have unequivocally disclosed the fact. \$8000. in hand, and an annuity of 2,400. at least, with a conditional promise of its being raised to 3000. would scarcely have been offered for the concealment of an affair such as the *Standard* represents the illegal marriage of the Princess and Gen. Garth to be, and which, in the same article, it assumes to have been no secret after all.

It appears that, while Captain Garth was treating for the sale of the original documents, he had provided himself with attested copies; so that there is a probability of the duplicate contents of the box being divulged, though the box itself, with its documents, should be detained where they are. The public may well dread such a result, as they can be no harmless matters which such strenuous efforts have been made to suppress.—*Greenock Advertiser*, Nov. 20.

Extract from Mr. O'CONNELL'S Speech at the Josephian Orphan Society.—"It is impossible that Ireland should continue a province. She has twice as much population and capabilities for independence as Portugal, which is an independent state. She has within herself twice as much political power as Spain, which is an independent state. It exceeds infinitely in power independent states in Italy. It has more population and energy than Prussia, which has made a great figure in the modern history of the world. It has more combination of strength and political power than the new kingdom of the Netherlands, whose broken-faithed Monarch has trampled upon the religion of his honest-hearted and confiding subjects. It has more strength than Sweden, Denmark, or twenty republics of South America—even the glorious eagle of North America cannot look upon the sun of liberty with a more firm eye, and the beams of freedom would be as little like to dazzle the sight of infant Ireland, rising in all the strength of native combination. (*Cheers*.) Of my country I have never despaired—I have never despaired of her, when I could not get above five or six men together. We were a species of political outlaws—we were scarcely noticed, and the only attention paid to us by the Orangemen, was to manifest how utter was their contempt for us. Almost the entire press was against us; and those who ventured to take our part were consigned to the dungeon's gloom, where the life was exhausted from honest John Magee, for daring to be true to Ireland, and where died Hugh Fitzpatrick, the venerated father of a respectable family—the last martyr to Ireland. (*Cheers*.) At that period, there was combined against us the government, the castle, the police, the yeomanry, the law, and the church, and with all these against us, and the majority of the people of England, whose mistaken prejudices were arrayed against us; and yet, from small beginnings, we increased and became of so much importance as to carry our emancipation." (*Hear, hear.*)—*Dublin Morning Register*.

Mr. Blackburn, the Member of the county of Lancaster, having signified his intention of declining again to become a candidate in the event of another election, many persons are spoken of as his successor. Lord F. L. Gower, the present Secretary for Ireland, is one who is likely to be proposed with the interest of the Duke of Bridgewater. Sir Thomas Hesketh is expected to come forward, and his abilities and services as a Magistrate have been long known and highly appreciated by an extensive circle. Mr. Stanley is also talked of, as having given some promise to offer himself in case of a vacancy in the representation of the county; but the Derby interest will scarcely risk its popularity by attempting to return two Members. Mr. William Peel, the brother of the Home Secretary, is the fourth person spoken

of, who from his habits and knowledge of business, and his comprehensive understanding, is said to be quite adapted for so important a trust. Mr. Hulton, of Hulton, is the fifth who would stand a chance of success; but it is thought he will persist in declining to accept a seat in Parliament from prudential motives. Mr. Townley, of Townley, is the sixth, and he would, of course, have the powerful interest of the Catholics in the county; and Mr. Nowel is the seventh and last. The favorite is not yet mentioned, but interest begins to be excited, and some new candidate is named every day.—*Manchester Advertiser*.

The Revenue for the week terminating with Friday, the 20th instant (inclusive), is in the same satisfactory and improving condition that we have for some weeks had the pleasure of announcing. As one half of the current quarter has now elapsed, a fair comparison may be instituted with previous terms of similar duration;—we state with much pleasure, that whether compared with the like portion of the quarter which directly preceded it, or with the corresponding period of the last year (which will probably be considered a more decisive criterion), the result is in either case highly gratifying. The improvement, although extending to most of the sources of public income, is most conspicuous in that branch which is received as the best test of the general extension of the comforts and enjoyments of the great body of the people.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Ireland is entirely an exporting country, and her exports are to a surprising extent. The great seats of the exporting trade are Waterford, Limerick, Sligo, Youghall, Cork, Dublin, and Drogheda.—Waterford ships about 250,000 quarters annually of wheat, and of oats nearly an equal proportion, with 10,000 of barley, &c., and about 200,000 cwt. of flour; Limerick ships about 180,000 quarters, of which oats form two-thirds; Sligo, Youghall, Dublin, Cork, and Drogheda, from 90,000 to 140,000 quarters each. The entire exports of Ireland in grain and meal amount to about 1,200,000 quarters of the former, and 300,000 cwt. of meal and flour.

Exclusive Society.—Every one has heard that in the world of *ton* there is an epicycle to the interior of which few indeed are able to gain admission; though to do so is the great object of the most ambitious among the votaries of fashion. The proceedings of those privileged beings who move in this circle within the circles are, of course, matters of anxious speculation; but so rigid are the prohibitions of the *Exclusives*, that no one has yet penetrated the mystery in which they shroud themselves. Like other themes, however, even secrets have their date, and are assured that a book is forthcoming from the pen of a personage of *Royal rank*, the object of which is to render a full and unreserved display of *Exclusives*, male and female.

Appointments, &c.—Vice-Admiral E. G. Colpoys is appointed Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, in the room of Vice-Admiral C. F. Fleeming, whose period of service has expired. Commander Eaton Travers, of his Majesty's sloop *Rose*, 18, at Halifax, is promoted to the rank of Captain. Lieut. John George Dewar, of his Majesty's yacht *William and Mary*, at Woolwich, is appointed to the command of the *Rose*; and Lieut. Henry Preston is appointed to the *William and Mary*, vice Dewar. Lieut. William Lee Rees, of his Majesty's ship *Victory*, is appointed to his Majesty's ship *Druid*, in the room of Lieut. George Caswell, who exchanges, and is appointed to the *Victory*. M. Inches, surgeon, is appointed to his Majesty's ship *Druid*. Mr. James Lowrey is to be the Superintending Assistant-Surgeon to his Majesty's ship *St. Vincent*, 120, vice Mr. Francis Osborne, appointed to the *Sheldrake* packet. Mr. W. Mitchell, of his Majesty's ship *Isis*, is to be Lieutenant of the *Samarang*.

The *Pallas* frigate, Capt. Fitz-Claunce, with the Earl of Dalhousie on board, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 16th of September last, and was to proceed to Calcutta in a day or two afterwards.

Promotions.—Mr. William Barrow, of the Madagascar, to the rank of Lieutenant; Mr. J. R. Liburn to the rank of Lieutenant, and appointed to the *Wellesley*.

Appointments.—Lieut. E. Norcott, to the *Trinculo*; Lieut. Caswell, to the *Victory*; Lieuts. John Bazely, Wm. O'Brien Hoare, and W. H. Riall, and Mr. B. Jennings, Purser, to the *Druid*; Lieut. W. P. Green, of the *Astrea*, to the *Frolic*; Lieut. Robert Paley, to the *Astrea*, vice Green.

The death of the Marquess of Headfort occasions a vacancy in both branches of the Legislature, as the county of Meath loses the services of his son, the present Marquess, who represented it in several successive Parliaments, and succeeds to the barren honour of an Irish Peerage, by which he is incapacitated from being the Representative for any county or town in his own country, without being entitled to take his seat in the House of Peers of the United Kingdom. The deceased Nobleman had long enjoyed a confidential intimacy with his Sovereign, and was conspicuous in the annals of play and gallantry, having been for one or two seasons the most successful frequenter of the West End Clubs, but ultimately experiencing (as is almost invariably the case) losses ruinously heavy. His Lordship was defendant in the celebrated crim. con. cause of *Mansley v. Headfort*, in which the damages were 10,000. The present Marquess is also not unknown in a similar way to the members of a learned profession. His Lordship some years since, married the very beautiful daughter of Sir John Stevenson, the widow of a Mr. Dalton. It is asserted, that the Headfort interest in Meath will be given to Lord Killeen.

The brig *Hector*, Dunlop, arrived at the Motherbank, on Tuesday, from Rio Janeiro. She brings accounts that the Emperor of Brazil had rather un-

expectedly dissolved the Chambers by means of a laconic order, stating no reason. Preparations were making for the reception of the Empress, expected at Rio in a fortnight. His Majesty's ship *Seringapatam*, 46, Capt. Hon. W. Waldegrave, had arrived at Rio. No bank had been established, but financial arrangements were going on, and an Edict had been issued, declaring that the Slave Trade was to cease on the ensuing 10th of February, in conformity to the Convention with Great Britain. That traffic has, of late years, been carried on to a great extent in Brazil. It was not known with certainty whether Dr. Francia was dead.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.—The locomotive experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway have not ceased with the winning of the prize lately offered by the Directors; every day some new trial is made, and some new result obtained, which serve to render more conspicuous than ever the vast capabilities of steam carriages, when employed on railways. On Saturday week, Mr. Stephenson's engine, which has received several material improvements since the late competition, exceeded all its previous performances in an extraordinary degree. It drew after it, on a dead level, forty tons, at an average rate of fourteen miles an hour, being more than three times the weight which it drew at the rate of twelve miles and a quarter per hour when competing for the prize. It afterwards drew eighteen tons up a plane, having an inclination of one in ninety-six, at the rate of eight miles an hour. "The Novelty" had not, at the date of our last advices from Liverpool, made its reappearance upon the railway, but it was expected to exhibit again before the close of the week.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

A young girl, born at Granville, in the department of Manche, engaged herself as a man on board one of the vessels trading to Newfoundland, about three years ago. Since that time she has been always employed as a sailor, and was always remarked for her activity and zeal. She has made three voyages to Newfoundland, and the captains were always perfectly satisfied with her. Her sex was discovered in consequence of an injury she received from a fall; and now, by a singular vicissitude, in changing her dress she lost the means of her existence.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

ATROCIOUS FEROCITY.—A native of Manilla, who had embarked, as the cook, on board an English whaler, has just given a rare example of the most atrocious ferocity. The English Captain, during the passage from New Zealand to the *Schelle* Islands, where he was going, had, several times, complained of the negligence that his cook, whom he had engaged at Manilla, showed in whetting the knife for cutting the beef at dinner. One day, tired of repeating the reproaches he had already so often made, without being obeyed, he was led by passion to give a blow on the ear to the lazy cook, who, after having received this correction, promised the Captain, dwelling on the last words of his phrase, that that very evening his knife should be well whetted. On the instant he was seen to seat himself at the grindstone, and he ground the table knife in a way to satisfy the Captain, who went to bed better pleased with his cook than he was some hours before. But scarcely was he asleep in his berth, near which the officers were sleeping also, when the cook was seen to go down into the ward-room, as he often did, and come up some time afterwards with the knife in his hand, and throwing himself on the main watch, cut the throats of five of them before they could pursue him, or deliver themselves from this unforseen attack. The officer on watch went down, however, into the ward-room, taking with him a charged musquet, to get rid of this madman; he found the Captain, the second, and one of the Lieutenants with their throats cut, in their berths; he tore himself from this scene of horror, and pursued the furious cook, who took refuge on the bowsprit. The officer went up to him to fire at him more surely from the end of the deck, but at the moment he was drawing the trigger of his musquet, the murderer threw himself into the sea.—The jolly-boat was immediately lowered into the water, and by the light of the moon, the assassin, who swam to a great distance, was pursued; he attempted to make his escape, but in vain. The sailors put out their hands to seize him; he then threw away the knife, which he had kept, and which embarrassed him. He seized the soles of his feet with his two hands, and disappeared by letting himself roll in this posture to the bottom of the waves, thereby eluding the rage of the sailors, desperate because they could not revenge on him the death of their Captain and their comrades. The whaler has reached the *Sechelles*, commanded by the last of the officers aboard, who has become Captain by the death of all his superiors.—*Paris Paper*.

Death from Bleeding by Leeches.—On Thursday the 29th ult. a girl named Ann Morris, about twelve years of age, whose parents reside at Holt Town, was obliged to leave her work in consequence of a sore throat; and on the following Tuesday (the 3d inst.) six leeches were applied to the part by a leech-woman residing at Blank-top, in conformity with orders to that effect by the surgeon of the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary. The leech-woman gave the girl's mother the necessary directions after the leeches were taken off, and soon after the girl was put to bed. In the course of the night she asked for drink, and had some water given to her. Between three and four o'clock in the morning the mother awoke and found her daughter dead by her side, the bed being completely drenched with blood. It appears that the mother either had not used the necessary precautions after the bleeding, or that one of the leeches had penetrated the jugular vein, and caused the unfortunate girl to bleed to death. Some

excitement having been occasioned in the neighbourhood by the girl's sudden death, an inquest was held before Mr. Milne, and an inquiry into all the circumstances took place. The jury were of opinion that the death of the child was attributable to one or other of the causes we have named.—*Manchester Paper.*

BRENAN OF KLOPPOOK.—We are informed that this man, who, on the night of the 4th inst., so intrepidly and effectually defended his house against the Queen's County marauders in search of arms, has been recently sent for by Mr. Crosby, of Stradbally Hall, his landlord; and that, in reward of his bravery, this worthy gentleman has generously and unsolicitedly made Brenan a reduction in his rent of fifty per cent. For Brenan's daughter also, who supplied her father with loaded arms during the attack, Mr. Crosby has destined 200l. at her wedding.—*Carlow Post.*

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 22.

HORRID MURDER.—Just as our paper was putting to press, we received a communication detailing the particulars of a barbarous and cold-blooded murder, perpetrated near Windsor in this Province, through which Mr. Thomas M. Rudolph was deprived of existence. From what we can collect, it appears that Mr. Rudolph was sent to warn some persons off of lands at a place called Rainey-cove, and that he was there barbarously way-laid and murdered.

Through the indefatigable exertions of Patrick Wright, Esq., and a party from Windsor, the body was discovered in a brook, where it had been placed by the parties who committed the dreadful deed. Mr. Wright with a promptitude for which he deserves the highest praise, instantly called a Jury who examined the body: "on it were found the marks of a blow behind and on his right ear, and the print of four fingers and a thumb on his throat." It would seem that the attempt to strangle, was not attended with consequences so speedy as were requisite; and that the party afterwards forcibly held their victim under water, until death was produced!

It would seem, that after the act was committed, the murderers covered over the body with some brush and left it in the brook; but a heavy rain which fell on the following Sunday, washed away whatever had been placed upon it, and the corpse covered only by two feet of water, was thus easily discovered.

Mr. Wright instantly apprehended three persons, Skaling, Wilcox, and Mills, on the spot, upon whom suspicion had fallen; and subsequently two others—Spring and a younger Skaling were committed to jail. They were to be brought up for examination yesterday morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the funeral of Mr. Rudolph was to take place.

THE WEATHER.—Accounts from Canada and New-Brunswick, represent the present winter, as yet, uncommonly mild. Here we have had but one or two winter days up to New Year's morning. Christmas was green, but healthy and merry; and the last day of 1829 was soft and drizzly like a day in April! It is a serious addition to the comforts of all, to the poor in particular, that the rude visitant so long delays his coming. We hope that the proverbially long-winters of Nova-Scotia may soon be like other matters, subjects of tradition, not experience.—*Acadian Recorder, January 2.*

COMMERCIAL.—An Order in Council, dated at Windsor, 12th October, 1829, has been transmitted to the Chamber of Commerce by the principal officers of the Customs; and by which His Majesty, (in pursuance of the powers vested in him by the Act passed in the 6th year of his reign, for regulating the Trade of the British possessions abroad) extends so much of the 6th, 7th, 7th and 8th, 9th, and 10th, Geo. IV. "as impose prohibitions and restrictions on the importation of Goods into the British Possessions in America and the Island of Mauritius; and as relate to the entry of Goods inwards and outwards in those possessions, and the island aforesaid, and to the practice of smuggling there," to the settlements at Sierra Leone and the Western Coast of Africa.

Another Communication has been made to the Chamber from the same source, conveying the opinion of the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council for Trade, that Blubber, Train Oil, Head Matter or Whale Fins, taken and caught by the crews of British Colonial vessels, of which three-fourths are British subjects, are to be deemed as taken and caught wholly within the meaning of the Act 6th Geo. IV. cap. 107, sec. 43, and may be exported to England without being subject to any higher duty than 1s. per tun. The shipper's oath is varied in conformity to this regulation.—*Nova-Scotian, December 17.*

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) January 14, 1830.

The brig *Indian Lass* arrived at Carbonear, on Friday last, in 40 days from Liverpool. The letters, &c. were received in town on Tuesday evening; but we have seen no papers later than those brought by the *Balclutha*.

The *London Atlas*, of the 22d November, remarks that a County Waterford meeting was about to be held in Waterford, for the purpose of selecting a truly independent candidate in the place of Mr. VILLIERS STUART, and to set aside the pretensions

both of Mr. WINSTON BARRON and Lord GEORGE BERESFORD.

We feel peculiar delight and gratification in recording whatever tends to raise our country in the estimation of the world—whether the subject be the valour and talents of her sons, or the virtues and beauty of her daughters;—and of that nature is the following well-merited eulogium (copied from the *Halifax Gazette*) upon Mr. JOSEPH CLINCH, a native of Trinity, recently called to minor orders in Nova Scotia—who bids fair to reflect great credit on the place of his birth.

"According to the notice which we communicated in our last, the Rev. Samuel Edwin Arnold was, on Sunday the 20th, ordained Priest, and Mr. Joseph Hart Clinch, Deacon.

"The latter of these Gentlemen is known in this community as the writer of several poetical pieces of acknowledged merit, which exhibit considerable strength of imagination. Indeed, the chaste and animated composition which he delivered on Sunday morning, from Isaiah, vi. 8,—although it was marked by no affectation of language, no empty attempt at declamation, by nothing, in short, which was beneath the dignity, or beyond the modesty of the pulpit—abounded with thoughts which would have occurred to none but a poet, and which could by none, but by one who felt them, have been delivered with so much affectionate sincerity.

"Till lately, the christian world has had to regret, that the talent of poetry should so seldom have been exhibited in connection with sacred subjects and sacred persons. The names, however, of *Milligan* and *Dale* and *Keble* in the English, of *Heber* in the Anglo-Indian, of *Mant* in the Irish, and *Doane* in the American Church, are sufficient to redeem the character of the sacred poetry of the present day.—We rejoice in the accession to our Colonial Church of a clergyman who may occasionally resort to the powers of song, for the purpose of kindling those feelings of devotion which every reader of the effusions of the above mentioned talented divines must bear us testimony may be raised by sacred poetry.—The subjects upon which Mr. Clinch has hitherto exercised his muse, have been entirely of the grave and contemplative kind. The character, therefore, of his compositions need undergo little change, now that he has made a solemn consecration of all his faculties to the noble cause of religion. The ordinances of his church, and many of the forms of her admirable ritual, may be illustrated by poetry, while the beauty and sublimity of their subjects must give the poet who shall choose them for his themes a noble point of elevation."

The *Leander* will proceed to sea at an early hour to-day, if not too much obstructed by the ice in the harbour.

We understand that the *Traveller*, Capt. HARVEY, will sail for Cork and Waterford, at furthest, on Sunday morning next, wind and weather permitting.

The schooner *George*, LAKE, master, from Halifax to this port, with a cargo of rum, was totally lost near Capso, about the 20th December last; the master, mate, and two of the crew were drowned, and the remainder (three in number) very severely frost bitten.

The unusually mild weather experienced for the last few weeks, suddenly changed on Tuesday last, and has since been clear, but frosty. The harbour was slightly frozen over yesterday, and, at an early hour this morning, the thermometer stood at three degrees below zero, with the wind steady at N. W.

From the "*Atlantic Souvenir*," for 1830.

TO A STOLEN RING.

O for thy history now! had'st thou a tongue
To whisper of thy secrets, I would lay
Upon thy jewel'd tracery my ear,
And dream myself in heaven. Thou hast been worn
In her fine spirit's pride, and thou hast felt
The bounding of the blindest pulse that e'er
Sprang from the heart of woman. And thy gold
Has lain upon her forehead in the hour
Of sadness, when weary thoughts came fast,
And life was but a bitterness with all
Its vividness and beauty. She has gazed
In her fair girlhood on thy snowy pearl,
And mused away the hours; and she has cast
On thee the flashing of her downcast eye
When a strong tone was eloquent in her ear:
And thou hast lain upon her cheek and prest
Back on her heart its beatings, and put by
From her clear temples the ungather'd curls;
And in her holy sleep, when she has lain
In her unconscious beauty, and the dreams
Of her high heart came goldenly and soft,
Thou hast been there unbidden, and hast felt
The swelling of the clear transparent veins,
As the rich blood rush'd through them warm and fast.
I am impatient as I gaze on thee,
Thou inarticulate jewel! Thou hast heard
With thy dull ear such music! The low tone
Of a fond sister's tenderness, when night
Hath folded them together like a flower;
The sudden snatch of a remember'd song
Warbled capriciously: the careless word
That half betrayeth the inaudible thought
Working within the heart: and more than all,
Thou hast been lifted when the burning prayer
For a loved Father, and the sleeping one
Lying beside her, trembles on her lip,
And the warm tear, which from her eye stole out
As the soft lash fell over it, has lain
Amid thy shining jewels like a star.

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

ENTERED.
JANUARY 11.—Schooner *Almira*, M'Harrow, Halifax; 20 bls. sugar, 315 bls. wheat flour, 8 cases chairs, 5 barrels onions.
Brig *Kate*, Snaddon, Hamburg; 1399 bags bread, 110 bls. flour, 250 firkins butter, 38 boxes segars, 100 hams, 25 bls. beef, 20 bags coffee, 250 bls. pork, 47 kegs lard, 4 cases sausages.
12.—Brig *Caroline*, Hellyer, Vinn; salt.
Schooner *Margaret*, Power, Halifax; lumber, apples, &c.

CLEARED.
JANUARY 9.—Brig *Norval*, Panton, Oporto; 3224 qtls. fish.
13.—Brig *Leander*, M'Ausland, Greenock; 25,110 gallons oil, 10 puncheons molasses, 236 drums fish, 159 ox and cow hides, 120 qtls. fish, caplin, salmon, &c.

HARBOUR-GRACE.—CLEARED.
DECEMBER 31, 1829.—Brig *Indiana*, Taylor, Bristol; 80 tons oil, 9 tons blubber, 225 seal skins, 70 qtls. fish, &c.

JANUARY 4.—Schooner *Caroline*, Flinn, Liverpool; 42 tons oil, 20 tons blubber, 80 hides, 26 cwt. old junk, &c.
Sloop *Oscar*, Drysdale, Oporto; 3350 qtls. fish.
Brig *Sisters*, Smith, Cork; 2654 qtls. fish.

CARBONEAR.—ENTERED.
JANUARY 4.—Brig *Eagle*, Hunt, Tobago; ballast.

CLEARED.
JANUARY 1.—Brig *Eggardou*, Castle, Warland, Brazil; 2-342 qtls. fish, 168 gallons oil, salmon, &c.
2.—Brig *Couvival*, Hampton, Cork; 2850 qtls. fish.

Married, at Petty Harbour, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Herron, Mr. JACOB ANGELL to ANN, eldest daughter of Mr. Matthew Morris, of this town.

Sales at Auction.

THIS DAY,
At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
Wm. & Henry Thomas,
300 BAGS Hamburg Bread, in lots to suit purchasers,
85 Barrels States' fine Flour,
25 Ditto Hamburg ditto,
150 Ditto ditto Pork,
100 Half-barrels ditto ditto,
25 Barrels ditto Beef,
10 Firkins Lard,
130 Firkins Butter,
4 Cases Sausages,
9 Bags Coffee,
30 Boxes Segars.
January 14.

THIS DAY,
At 12 o'clock,
ON THE PREMISES OF
Mr. John Boyd,
THE UNDERMENTIONED VESSELS,
Belonging to his Insolvent Estate,
THE
Schooner ALERT,
Burthen 63 79-94 tons.

THE
Schr. SPRINGBIRD,
Burthen 61 11-94 tons.

THE
Schr. MARY ANN,
Burthen 25 57-94 tons.
January 14. B. SCOTT.

Notices.

ANY Person or Persons desirous to Contract for Completing the *New Government House*, are requested to send in Tenders, at 12 o'clock, on WEDNESDAY next, the 20th instant, to the Office of the Commanding Royal Engineer, where specifications of the work to be performed can be seen any day previous to that date, from 11 to 2 o'clock.
January 13.

LOST, yesterday, between *West's Farm* and *Fort Townsend*, a GOLD REPEATER, with a brass Chain, Seal, and two Keys attached.—Any person who may bring the same to the Office of this paper, or to Mr. J. LEWIS, at Government-House, will be handsomely rewarded.
January 14.

ALL Persons having Claims on the Estate of the late PATRICK HEANEY, Schoolmaster, are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to the Subscriber; and all those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment, otherwise legal measures will be resorted to.
SARAH HEANEY,
Administratrix.
January 14.

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

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

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 him, 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.

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.

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.

On Sale.
JUST IMPORTED,
Per MANCHESTER, from Halifax,
150 BARRELS Alexandria superfine Flour,
100 Barrels New-York prime Pork,
15 Barrels corned Beef,
For Sale by
JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
Also,
Per KATE, from Hamburg,
250 Firkins prime Butter,
(Of the best quality.)
January 14.

BY
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.

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.



Poets' Corner.

HOBBLEDEHOYS.

"Not a man—nor a boy,
But a hobbledehoy."—*Old Song.*

If there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan—
When mamma with her daughters will leave him alone,
If he only will seem to fear them;
While, were a man or a little more grown,
They never would let him come near them.
These, Lilly!—these were the days when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame,
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name:
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Tho' your lips seemed half to invite me,
But, Lilly! I soon got over this—
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.
Oh! those were glad and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in the spring;
When I passed my night in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing—
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And the beautiful verses I wrote one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?
And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say—
And how I lay under the holly bush,
Till your governess went away—
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass—or mewled like a cat,
Till she deemed that the place was haunted?
And do not you, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the play—
When I pinned your kerchief and laced your stays
In the neatest and tidiest way?
And do you forget the kiss you gave,
When I tore my hands with the pin—
And how you wondered men would not shave
The beards from their horrible chin?
And do you remember the garden wall
I climbed up every night—
And the racket we made in the servants' hall,
When the wind had put out the light—
When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt—
And I silenced her with a guinea note—
And blinded him with a squirt?
And don't you remember the horrible bite
I got from the gardener's bitch,
When John let her out of the kennel for spite,
And she seized me crossing the ditch—
And how you wept when you saw my blood,
And numbered me with Love's martyrs—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters?
But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
And those days are all gone by,
And fortune may give me the best she can,
And the brightest destiny;
But I would give every joy and joy
That my spirit may taste again,
That I once more were that glad some boy,
And that you were as young as then.

[Continued from first page.]

poplars, whose trembling leaves chequered their path with dancing moonbeams. It happened, however, that these latter walks were more frequent with Agnes than with Jane, not because they were sought or contrived, but simply because Agnes was more prone to seek such quiet rambles than her mercurial cousin. Edward, with all his book-knowledge, was but a tyro in self-knowledge. He would have discovered else, and soon enough to save a pang, which he was every way too manly and too honourable to appropriate as a triumph, that he was heedlessly strewing with roses the beginning of a path whose end was the grave.

Time glided on, and month after month saw Edward Trehearne a more and more frequent visitor at Fitzroy Cottage, when one morning, about two years subsequently to the period at which this narrative commences, Sir Frederick came alone, and with an air of mysterious importance, requested the honour of a private interview with Mrs. Fitzroy. They were all seated in the breakfast parlour when Sir Frederick arrived, and Mrs. Fitzroy immediately retired with him to another apartment. Jane, who was embroidering a beautiful veil of Brussels lace, instead of continuing her work, could do nothing but look again and again at that portion of it which was already finished, as if she were suddenly struck with the extreme richness and elegance of the pattern. Agnes was reading; but the hand which held the book dropped upon her knee, and while a faint flush came across her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of Jane, who, for once in her life, looked serious and thoughtful. Was it not strange, that neither spoke to the other, when it would seem to be so natural they should interchange thoughts upon the object of Sir Frederick's visit? But they were silent. And the only interruption of their silence was now and then a tremulous sigh, which breathed through the lips of Agnes.

In about half an hour, Mrs. Fitzroy returned to the room, for Sir Frederick had taken his departure. She approached Jane, took her hand affectionately, and as she tenderly leaned forward to kiss her forehead, exclaimed, "I have long expected such an interview with Sir Frederick Trehearne." Jane looked up. There was a radiant smile upon her features which caught the eyes of Agnes. She read all its meaning, and smiled too; but the light of her smile, as it spread itself over her pale cheeks, was like a wintry sunbeam upon a bed of snow. What

followed will be as easily anticipated, I doubt not, by the reader, as it was by both Jane and Agnes. Mrs. Fitzroy, having seated herself, informed her daughters, (for such she had always styled Jane,) that Sir Frederick had waited upon her to make certain customary inquiries, in consequence of having learned from his son that he was desirous of being permitted henceforth to consider himself the acknowledged suitor of Jane; a desire which he had no wish to oppose, provided he was satisfied with respect to her family and fortune, taking it for granted that Edward had already ascertained the inclinations of the young lady herself. "And you may be sure, my dear child," added Mrs. Fitzroy, "I had nothing to say which was likely to interpose an obstacle, except indeed, upon the score of your fortune, which, though hardly sufficient, perhaps, to match with the large expectations of the heir of the Trehearne estate; is enough, coupled with the rich dowery of yourself, to make you the worthy sharer of a dukedom. Sir Frederick, I am happy to say, estimates the money value of what you possess, in the same liberal spirit. So now, my child, you have only to consult your own heart well, before you finally take a step, in which, according as the heart is well consulted or not, must be ever the chances of its after felicity."

The affectionate and parental tone with which Mrs. Fitzroy uttered these words, was answered by the tears of Jane, as they fell fast upon the veil she still held in her hands; but Agnes, advancing towards her, and tenderly throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, as she gently kissed her, "Happy, happy Jane!" in accents that too well suited with her own tears, which now mingled with those of her cousin. In a few moments the struggle was over; and then, what a touching contrast there was between the beaming countenance of Jane, suffused, each instant, by the mantling tinge of conscious joy, which maiden bashfulness, at times, deepened to the blush of virgin modesty—true love's silent rapture!—and the feverish crimson that burned upon the cheek of Agnes, now quenched, and now revived, as hope's expiring torch shot forth its dying flashes in her stricken heart—true love's silent agony! She, like her mother, had long expected such an interview as Sir Frederick Trehearne had that morning sought; but her altered anticipations of its object was scarcely a month old. Alas! our own desires are swift and treacherous pioneers of our secret hopes. While they seem to remove all difficulties, to level all obstructions, and to open before us a straight, smooth path, for the attainment of what we covet, they only dig pitfalls, and prepare ambushes, to betray or surprise our steps in the pursuit. Agnes, who had followed in their track, found herself engulfed in one of their snares. She awakened as from a dream. But it availed her nothing that her reason told her it was a dream, that she knew she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment had dissolved away. The scene, indeed, might vanish; but where it had once been, remained a ruin! She had realized her own prophetic fears. In the solitude of her heart, love, which had reared itself unbidden, now drooped to unseen decay, in the withering soil of its birth.

They know little of this passion, who deem it the offspring of sighs and protestations, of oaths and tears, of prayers and entreaties, and all the small artillery of courtship. These are but the husbandry which calls forth the common produce of common soils; the needful aliment of that great principle of nature, which alike peoples our cities and our plains, our rivers, and the air we breathe. In many a heart, where it has never been awakened, lies the subtle essence, which, when touched by a kindred essence, starts at once into giant life. And how manifold are the channels through which that kindred essence works itself a passage to the sleeping mischief! A word, a look, a tone of the voice, one pressure of the hand—though a hundred and a hundred have preceded it—a simple "Good night," or a parting "God bless you!" from lips that have pronounced the former for months, shall, in a predestined moment, be like the spark that falls upon the nitrous heap, followed by instant combustion. And then, what a revolution is effected! The eye sees not—the ear hears not—the mind perceives not—as they have been wont. A new being is created—the past is obliterated;—nothing seems to remain of what was; and the very identity of the object, by whom this delirium of all the faculties has been produced, is destroyed. We strive, in vain, to recall the mere man or woman we have known, in the lover or the mistress we now adore. Spell-bound in the fascination, enthralled in the idolatry of suddenly awakened passions, we discover wisdom, wit, beauty, eloquence, grace, charms, benignity, and loveliness, where hitherto we beheld them not, or, at the most, had only dim and visionary glimpses of their possible existence. Picture to yourself the block of rough and shapeless marble, before the magic touches of a Canova, a Chantry, or a Flaxman, have chipped and chiselled away the superfluous rubbish that conceals the living Venus, or the speaking statesman, and you have the best comparison I can imagine of that transformation which the idol of the human heart undergoes, at the moment when the heart creates its idol.

Poor Agnes had found her predestined moment. She knew not why, but of late, the presence of Edward Trehearne seemed to tranquillize feelings, which disturbed and harassed her when he was absent. And then, too, every thing he said, every thing he did, every thing he thought, had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. He could not be wrong; and she was surprised how any body could think or act otherwise than as he thought and acted. If he admired a flower, or dwelt rapturously upon the beauties of a landscape, that flower immediately possessed some hitherto undiscovered fragrance or unnoticed elegance in the eyes of Agnes, and that

landscape straight had charms which she had never seen before. If he condemned another's conduct, Agnes at once thought the object of his censure vile; and if he spoke with enthusiasm of any passage in the poet he was reading, Agnes read it so often afterwards, that she could soon repeat every line. When he was expected at the cottage, neither her books, nor her music, nor her needle, could fix her attention; her thoughts still ran before the hour; and many a treasured feeling was hushed into repose till the moment when it could come forth in his presence. Sometimes, indeed, she paused to ask herself the meaning of all this. To question her heart, why it turned so instinctively towards him, for the gratification of all its most cherished emotions? It was a fruitless scrutiny; a baffled inquisition; for all she gained by it was to know the fact, but not to find the cause; and as there was perfect felicity in the knowledge, why should she care for further investigation? The only thing she fancied she was certain of was, that love had no share in what she felt; she had been in love, she knew, more than once; and it was not at all like what she now experienced. Besides, Edward had never spoken of love to her; and love, therefore, must be out of the question. This was her consolation for a time; but it gradually departed from her, to be succeeded by other thoughts and other hopes. The first startling consciousness of what was really the truth, burst upon her one evening when Edward was reading to Mrs. Fitzroy, Jane, and herself, Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. She had often read it alone; she had once before heard Edward read it; but this time, she felt a strange interest, an unwonted sympathy, in the romantic sorrows of *Viola*; while her heart palpitated violently as the words of *Olivia* fell upon her ear:—

"How now?
Even as quickly may one catch the plague;
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes."

But what were these emotions, compared with the deep, still, thrall of her soul, as she slowly raised her large blue eyes, and fixed them with unconscious earnestness upon Edward, while he gave utterance to the following passage, in a tone fraught, as she imagined at least, with surpassing pathos?

Viola. Aye, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Viola. Too well, what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord! She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?"

The sigh that burst from the lips of Agnes, as her eyes dropped, and she resumed the fancy-work she was about, responded with mournful eloquence to the thrilling question.

It was little more than a month after this evening, that Sir Frederick Trehearne called upon Mrs. Fitzroy, and within the same period Agnes had fatally discovered that which caused his visit. No preparation can completely arm us against the shock of an anticipated blow when it really comes; and hence the brief struggle with herself which has been described. But that brief struggle was ALL. Agnes was too proud to confess a sorrow of her own creating. She could not stoop to acknowledge she had nourished, not merely an unrequited, but an unsought, an undesired passion; and she was too noble-minded to disturb the happiness of one she so loved, by the selfish obtrusion of her own wretchedness. Not a word ever passed her lips, therefore, that could betray what was passing in her heart; and yet, many a sharp and bitter pang was given to her heart when Jane, ignorant of its sufferings, would strive to cheer the drooping spirits of her melancholy cousin, by joyous anticipations of her own approaching felicity, or sprightly predictions, that the example she was about to set, would soon be followed by Agnes herself. These were her most trying moments; for there are no moments so trying as when we are called upon to participate, only, in joys which we have once expected to revel in alone; to see the garland which has faded off our own brow freshly blooming on the brow of another. Agnes, however, save that sometimes her smiles were cold and languid, and that her answers denoted she was more engaged with her own thoughts than with Jane's discourse, bore her trials meekly. Once, only once, she permitted an expression to escape her which had reference to her situation.

"I wonder," said Jane, one evening, in her usual rattling manner, after the day had been fixed for the celebration of her marriage with Edward, "I wonder whether marriages in a family are like misfortunes, which they say never come alone? What do you think, Agnes?"

"I wonder," replied Agnes, pensively, and with a slightly tremulous voice, which she strove to conceal by a faint effort of gaiety in her manner; "I wonder whether I shall be made to waltz again, if I compare my heart, now, to the dove wandering forth from its ark to find a resting place, but returning with no olive branch?"

Jane was silent. The word "now" had been pronounced in a tone of such deep melancholy by Agnes, and with an emphasis so peculiar, that, though Jane knew not its meaning, she felt it had a meaning which could not be supported with; and Agnes herself immediately changed the subject of conversation.

The bridal-morn came, and Agnes descended from her chamber a bride's-maid! She would have it so, in spite of all the fond entreaties of her mother to the contrary. And why were those fond entreaties urged? Alas! The grief that speaks not—that weeps not—that will not complain, but dwells in si-

lence in the heart, is the grief which consumes the heart. Other sorrows quench themselves in their own tears—or are scattered by their own sighs—or discharged from the oppressed bosom in each word of gentle lamentation; but the ravages of a lonely sorrow are fatal! Like the worm that never dies, it gnaws and gnaws, from hour to hour, and from day to day, till the last thread of the vital cord gives way, and the poor sufferer is at rest. The health of Agnes had gradually declined; and though she strove to conceal as well the symptoms as the cause of her increasing debility, she could not allay the anxious fears of her mother, as her wan face, painted with the hectic glow of a wasting fever, told

"How painful disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon her maiden cheek!"

Mrs. Fitzroy had watched these symptoms with uneasiness, but without any serious apprehensions, till the rapid strides they latterly made inspired her with alarming thoughts of the danger they portended. In fact, there was but too much reason to dread that Agnes was becoming consumptive, if she were not so already. The languid glare of her full blue eyes, to which a frightful prominence was given from the hollowness produced by the wasting of the flesh round their orbits—the quick breathing, and the panting cough, brought on by the slightest motion—the wayward appetite, that now loathed and now craved for food—and the labouring respiration, as well as the flushed face, which followed every meal—together with the emaciated appearance of her whole frame, were fearful indications of the existence of that hopeless, though deceitful malady. Medical aid had been called in, but the most skillful remedies had failed to arrest its progress. Yet there were some days when a treacherous hope of amendment was held out, to be followed only by a more severe and searching relapse.

It was in this delicate and dangerous crisis of her health, that the appointed wedding-day arrived; and hence it was, that both Mrs. Fitzroy and Jane earnestly dissuaded her from encountering the fatigue and excitement of the ceremony. But no; it was her wish, her prayer almost, that she should attend, and that she should be her cousin's only bride's-maid. And she did so; and she was her only bride's-maid; and she stood, like one entranced before the altar; and when the ring was on the finger of Jane, she smiled, and in a whispered exclamation to her own breaking heart, she said, "I have done well! I have triumphed over myself! I have calmly witnessed the consummation of a felicity which should have been my own; and now I may depart, and bury my secret with me." Jane was a happy bride, but Agnes felt that she was a happier bride's-maid, for her last and hardest trial was over, save one, and that she prayed for as the end of all.

Her prayer was heard. The moon, whose silver crescent rose pale and bright in the evening of that day which saw the nuptials of Jane Douglas, shed its waning beams upon the grave of Agnes Fitzroy! On the eleventh morning she died; but death stole over her so gently, that she was as one who sunk to sleep only in his grim embrace. And as she seemed to fall asleep, her finger dropped upon the melancholy but faithful picture of her own sad fate, drawn with prophetic fidelity by one who, like herself, had bowed his head to the "worm that preyed upon her youthful bloom." A volume of Kirke White's poems was in her hand; she had been reading his *Fragment of an Eccentric Drama*; and the book lay open before her, where the Goddess of Consumption is supposed to speak in the following fanciful strain of her fell office. It was probably the last object upon which the dying eyes of Agnes rested!

"In the dismal night-air dress,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek and bleach her skin,
And pray on the silent fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes;
When they sparkle most, she dies;
Mother, do not trust her breath,
Comfort she will breathe in death;
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her.
The coffin must be her bridal-bed,
The winding sheet must wrap her head:
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie!"

Reader! if I have shown you a picture of FIRST LOVE, which your heart recognises, you will know that such love is FIRST and LAST!

Miss Fanny Kemble.—A writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, speaking of the new debutante, says, "The most extraordinary circumstance in Miss Kemble's incipient career is, the suddenness of it. I have no fear of being contradicted when I affirm, that the young lady had no thought of her present destination till after the walls of Covent-garden theatre had been placarded with the auctioneer's posting bills, announcing the day on which the walls would be stripped, the sundries to be sold, and the property to be consigned to irretrievable dilapidation. In childhood, I have understood she had evinced a not unnatural, but childish inclination towards a profession, in which all her family had been creditably, and some of them splendidly, distinguished. Motives, far different from those of arrogant forgetfulness of what had been their own stepping-stone, led her nearest and best friends to discountenance this propensity; and her own good sense induced her to acquiesce in their mature judgment, and to discard the very thought. So the matter rested till the present crisis arrived; when the design was formed from an impulse far superior to vanity, or the desire of notoriety, and the die was cast at once."