



Newfoundlander.

THURSDAY, January 21, 1830.

Sixpence.

Notices.

PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES NEATLY PAINTED.

In Colours 2 Dollars each,
Bronze 1 Dollar,
Plain black, 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 CARBONEAR 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 Newfoundland Office, will be called for on the respective days.

DART PACKET BOAT.

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

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

Letters left at the Newfoundland Office will be carefully forwarded.

November 26.

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

THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

(From the London Observer.)

These boys, who are connected together in such an extraordinary manner, arrived in London on Thursday, and they will be accessible to visits from the public next week. In the mean time, having seen them, we shall do what we can to enlighten public curiosity by describing the boys; it can only be gratified, we presume, by seeing them. They are two distinct and perfect youths, about 18 years of age, possessing all the faculties and powers usually possessed at that period of life, united together by a short band at the pit of the stomach. On first seeing them, it may be supposed, so closely are their sides together—or rather they overlap a little—that there is no interval between them. On examining them, however, they are found not to touch each other; the band which connects them being, at its shortest part, which is the upper and back part, about two inches long. At the lower front part this band, which is there soft and fleshy, or rather like thick soft skin, is about five inches long, and might be susceptible of extension were it not for a thick rope-like cartilaginous substance, which forms the upper part of the band, and which is not above three inches long. The band is probably two inches thick at the upper part, and above an inch at the lower part. The back part of the band, which is rounded from a sort of thickening at the places where it grows from each body, is not so long as the front part, which is comparatively flat. The breadth or depth of the band is about four inches. It grows from the lower and centre part of the breast of each boy, being a continuation of the cartilaginous termination, or breast bone, accompanied by muscles and blood-vessels, and enveloped, like every other portion of the body, with skin, &c., or what are called the common integuments. At present this band is not very flexible, and there is reason to believe that the cartilaginous substance of the upper part is becoming gradually harder, or approaching the condition of bone. From the nature of the band, and the manner in which it grows from each boy, it is impossible that they should be in any other position in relation to each other, but side by side like soldiers, or coming up a little to front each other. Their arms and legs are perfectly free to move. There is no connexion between them but this band, and their proximity seems in no way to inconvenience either; each of them, whether standing, sitting, or moving, generally has his arm round the neck or waist of the other; and when this is the case, you observe that they are perfectly well formed and straight. When they take the arm from this position, so close are they kept together that their shoulders cannot be held straight; and the near shoulder of each being obliged to be held down or up to allow them room to stand, gives them the appearance of being deformed; but two straighter or more flexible bodies can scarcely be seen. In their ordinary motions, they resemble two persons walking more than any thing else we know of. In a room they seem to roll about, as it were; but when they walk to any distance, they proceed straight forward with a gait like other people. As they rose up or sat down, or stooped, their movements reminded us occasionally of two playful kittens with their legs round each other; they were, though strange, not ungraceful, and without the appearance of restraint and irksomeness. The average height of their countrymen is less than that of Europeans, and they seem rather short for their age, even judging them by their own standard. They are much shorter than the ordinary run of youths in this country at eighteen years of age, and are both of the same height. In personal appearance, there is, indeed, such a striking resemblance between them, that except from position, it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. In the colour of their skin, in the form of the nose, lips, and eyes, they resemble the Chinese, whom our readers may probably have seen occasionally about the streets of London, but they have not that broad and flat face which is characteristic of the Mingol face. Their foreheads are higher and narrower than those of the majority of their countrymen. The expression of their countenance is cheerful and pleasing rather than otherwise, and they seem much delighted with any attention paid to them. Their appearance betokens perfect health. To their friends and attendants, and to each other, they are said to be much attached. They read the countenance of the visitor readily, and are easily affronted with any expression of pride or contempt. They have not learnt, we believe, any

usual art beyond rowing a boat, but they can run and jump, and climb cranks and rigging with great facility. They are dressed in a short loose green jacket and trousers, the costume of their country, which is very convenient, and allows the utmost freedom of motion, but does not show the form of these boys to advantage. Almost all such deviations as this from the usual forms of nature are offensive, but there is nothing in the appearance of these boys to excite a single unpleasant emotion. With their arms twined round each other, as they bend down or move about, they look like a group of statuary. It has been stated that they never speak to each other, but this is a mistake; though, as they appear to have a means of communication more rapid than by words, we cannot be surprised that they do not use their tongues as readily as accomplished ladies. They constitute, we believe, the most remarkable specimen ever yet known, of two human bodies, perfect in all their parts, having all their animal functions separate and distinct; all the powers of locomotion, and all the faculties of each, belonging to himself; in short, of two separate persons united and bound together by an inseparable link. They have thus grown up almost to manhood, and there is at present no reason why they may not live as long as the average duration of human life. We see nothing, even in their formation, why they should not be able to practice several of the arts of life. In their own country, they are said to have caught fish, and probably thus to have supplied themselves with sufficient food.—They are very strong, and in our presence lifted a gentleman of considerable weight with great ease. Strange as is their confirmation, and helpless as they might appear, they are thus found to possess all the means of providing for themselves. Without being in the least disgusting or unpleasant, like almost all mostrosities, these youths are certainly one of the most extraordinary freaks of nature that has ever been witnessed.

A great many curious questions arise on contemplating these youths. Those connected with the science of anatomy, relating to the structure of the connecting band, and how it is kept alive, whether blood flows into and circulates through it from each, and passes into the system of the other—whether it be composed of bone or cartilage—whether it could be safely divided or not, (though the boys, it seems, do not bear with satisfaction of a separation), with many similar curious questions, time only can solve, and these we must leave to the examination of the faculty. Those questions connected with the minds of the two youths are perhaps of equal importance, and they can only be settled by continued observations. If the mind depend, as is most generally supposed, on the living body, there can be no doubt but each of these bodies must have a mind of its own. If the mind be something distinct from the body, and depend not on it—if it be, as some philosophers say, the result of external circumstances, the only difference between men's minds being caused by the different circumstances to which they are exposed—then, as the circumstances in which these boys have lived have always been precisely the same, their minds may be one and the same; at least, these two bodies, always united, will supply the best means of settling at rest the question now agitated between Mr. Owen and his disciples, and a more ancient school of philosophers. From the reports of Capt. Coffin and his companions, the boys seem affected by the same passions, to resent the same insults, and to be grateful when either receives a benefit. They are affected also, to a certain extent, by the same pains. A short time ago one of them had a tooth-ache, and the other was observed to be at the same time restless and uneasy; but though thus similarly affected, it is obvious that one will does not sway them both; both have a separate power of voluntary motion; but they are accustomed to move in unison, that the slightest indication of a wish seems to operate on them both, and they move as if they had but one will.—We presume this is the result altogether of habit. When they were children, according to the manners of their country, and the poverty of their parents, they would be suffered to roll about the ground just like two young animals, and their movements being under no nursery-maid's control, or schoolmaster's tuition, would always be as much influenced by the will of one as of the other; and the inconvenience of pulling contrary ways would be so continually in operation admonishing them by the pain they suffered not to do so, that they necessarily came always to move together. Continued practice, we know, makes a whole regiment of soldiers lift their legs together and take steps of the same length, moving as

if one will—that of the commander—directed all their legs; and on the same principle, these two boys, having each a separate will, move in unison, without ever pulling, like two dogs tied together for the first time, contrary ways. From being continually united, of course they have formed the same habits, and the same objects strike their senses at the same time. They are not, on this account, subject to many different motives. Thus they always, on the principle of habit, eat and drink at the same time, and they always go to sleep at the same time. Indeed, it is said that they are so sensible on this point, that one cannot be awakened without rousing the other. The cause of sleep, familiar as is the practice to mankind, is not yet accurately known, and this peculiarity in the two Siamese youths may lead to a satisfactory explanation of it. These are among the curious phenomena which, while they are living, these boys may enable an accurate observer to solve, but some curious anatomical questions can only be decided at their death.

These youths express much disappointment at London; the weather having been foggy, they say it is all night, and on their arrival on Thursday, insisted upon going to bed about the middle of the day. On reaching their bed-room, the chamber-maid tapped their heads, and told them they should be her sweethearts, at which they laughed, and in a playful and boyish manner, they at one and the same time kissed each side of her cheek. On being jocularly told of this, they said it was Mary that wanted to have them for a sweetheart—not they that wanted to have Mary. They always appear to have a smile on their faces, and are remarkably cheerful and merry. Talking about separating them gives them great pain; the idea seems to them to be too horrible to be entertained. The persons in whose care they are, appear to be respectably well-informed people, and the boys seem particularly attached to them. Mr. Robert Hunter, who first discovered them fishing on the banks of the Siam River, visited them yesterday morning. The delight of the boys when he came into the room was unbounded. We understand their father is dead. Their mother readily acceded to their being brought to Europe, as she considered it would be bettering their condition.—She accompanied them on board the ship; and, as it was not going to sail for a week, she was invited to remain on board; but she declined, observing that she might as well as part with them then as a few days hence.

One night Sheridan came drunk into the House. Mr. Pitt observing his situation, proposed to postpone some discussion in which Sheridan was concerned, in consideration of the peculiar state of the honourable member. Sheridan upon this fired; and on the instant his self-possession returned, he rose, and remarked that in the history of that House, he believed, but one instance of this disgraceful conduct insinuated by the honourable member had occurred. There was but one example of members having entered that House in a state of temporary disqualification for its duties; and that example, however discreditable to the parties, could not, perhaps, be deplored, as it had given occasion to a pleasant epigram. The honourable member on the Treasury Bench would correct him, if he misquoted the words. Two gentlemen, the one blind drunk, the other seeing double, staggered into the House, arm in arm, and thus communicated their Parliamentary views to each other:—

I can't see the Speaker,
Pray, Hal, do you?
Not see the Speaker, Bill!
Why, I see two.

Henry Dundas and Pitt himself were the heroes of the tale.

Mr. Curran, in some way or other, generally contrived to throw witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lord, my lord," vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—"My lord, my lord, I can't answer you little gentleman, he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "O! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description—it's merely a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart."

WATERFORD ELECTION.

(From the *Waterford Chronicle*.)

A perusal of the two following addresses, the one from Lord George Beresford, and the other in reply, from Mr. H. Winston Barron, will show the cause of the hostile meeting between these gentlemen, on Saturday morning, November 7, the particulars of which appeared in *The Sun* of yesterday:—

“TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

“Gentlemen—When the retirement of Mr. Henry Villiers Stuart from the representation of the county Waterford enabled me to renew my claims to the flattering distinction which it is my pride to have enjoyed for so many years, I solicited, in person, at your hands the highest honour an independent county can bestow. My reception on that occasion led me to hope that you would be spared the agitation of another contest. I find, however, that during my absence from Ireland an active canvass has been commenced against me, and that calumnies the most illiberal and malicious have been circulated to the prejudice of my interest and the dishonour of my name. Gentlemen, my opponent, Mr. H. Winston Barron, has announced himself as the champion of your independence, and has stigmatised my family and myself as an ambitious and corrupt oligarchy, anxious to convert the county of Waterford into a close borough. Had this gentleman confined himself to those general assertions, it might possibly be thought that he only used the permitted license of electioneering declamation. But when, instead of relying on his own merits, and confining himself within the limits of fair and manly competition, he permits a specific charge of the most dishonourable traffic and the foulest corruption to be circulated against me, and scruples not to derive advantage in his canvass from the stain which has thus been cast upon my name, though he is conscious that it should have been attached to his own, I feel that such a return for any long forbearance has absolved me from all scruples of delicacy towards Mr. Winston Barron; and I will now follow the only course which is left, to clear my character from an imputation which, if well founded, would for ever disqualify me for representing the county of Waterford in parliament. Before Mr. Henry Villiers Stuart retired from the representation of your county, Mr. Henry Winston Barron proposed to some of my family and friends to give me the support of his own influence, and that of his connexions in the county, on condition of our assisting him in the claims he then set up to the representation of the city of Waterford. His overtures were respectfully, but firmly declined. When Mr. Stuart's retirement had rendered such support an object of vast importance to any candidate for the representation of the county of Waterford, Mr. Henry Winston Barron renewed his proposal, representing himself as holding the keys of the county, and able to ensure my return without a contest. This proposal was again firmly declined in a written communication to Mr. Henry Winston Barron, which he, no doubt, retains. And now, gentlemen, permit me to ask whether Mr. Henry Winston Barron or myself is best entitled to assume the proud title of the supporter of the independence of the county of Waterford? and which of us has formed the most correct estimate of your character, and of the means best calculated to gain your suffrages? He, who thus audaciously attempted to convert your county into a close borough—or I, who declined all participation in this project of corruption, preferring to rest my claims upon a fair and open appeal to the electors, although they had so lately rejected me.—If, gentlemen, I now advert to the question which separated us at the last election, it is only to express my anxious hope that, as that question no longer exists, the divisions it created, and the feelings it excited, may be buried in oblivion; and to assure you that it will be my constant endeavour, as I am confident it will be that of every member of my family, to restore among us the harmony and kindly feeling which its discussion interrupted. Amongst other imputations calculated to excite prejudice against me, it has been industriously circulated that I come before you with changed principles. This I deny. My principles are what they have ever been—those of firm attachment to the British constitution and to the Protestant religion. I always considered the late question as purely political; as such, while that question was under discussion, I openly and conscientiously opposed it. The legislature has judged differently, and has passed the relief bill;—the law of the land is thus essentially altered—to it I bow—and I hold it the bounden duty of every good subject to co-operate in bringing about that happy result which the legislature contemplated, and to obliterate every trace of the divisions which have too long kept Irishmen asunder. I trust, gentlemen, that much prosperity is yet in store for Ireland; nor is any thing more likely to promote it than the continued residence of our landed proprietors; and it is with more than ordinary gratification that I am enabled to assure you that the present head of my family is at heart an Irishman—that he has already expressed his determination to reside at the seat of his ancestors—and, by cherishing his tenantry and studying the interests of your county, to deserve the good opinion of all those whom I have now the honour to address. My family is identified with this great county by that community of interest and feeling which property and residence must always produce, and I trust there is sufficient energy and independence in the county of Waterford to repel the noisy interference of those meddling strangers who trade in agitation. I have already trespassed too long on your patience, and will only add, that if I should be the fortunate object of your choice, you may always command my

services to promote the interests of Ireland in general, and of the county of Waterford in particular. And I feel confident that I shall be able to satisfy you all that my great object is to be the independent representative of an independent county, with a firm determination to avail myself of every opportunity to forward the interests of all ranks and classes in the county of Waterford without distinction. I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, your faithful and devoted servant,

“GEORGE THOMAS BERESFORD.

“*Curraghmore, 3d Nov., 1829.*”

“TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

“Gentlemen—I have this moment read the address of Lord George Beresford to you. His Lordship's address, as you have perceived, is not so much an avowal of any political principles on his own part as a violent personal trade against me. His Lordship accuses me of having tendered to him my support in the county. Now, I do candidly avow that, acted upon by the feeling of conciliation which so generally prevailed in the first moments of exultation, I deceived myself into the opinion that an honest man might, without compromising his public virtue, entertain the idea of supporting a Beresford; and I will not be so uncandid as to deny that I might not have been also impelled by an object of legitimate ambition. Actuated by these feelings, I did canvass his friends. On these points, I have only to say that I confess my error. I acknowledge my guilt. I was wrong in ever, for a moment, entertaining the thought of supporting any of the Beresford family. This was a political crime of the deepest hue, and one, to the expiation of which my whole life, whether in a public or private capacity, shall be devoted. I feel that the consideration of his Lordship's address divides itself into two distinct parts. The first, as between myself and the county; the second, as between myself and Lord G. Beresford. As far as regards the county, my feeling is, that I cannot sufficiently excuse myself for the fault I have committed. It is the only act of my life I have to regret, and I shall certainly never cease to regret it. The same fault, it is true, may, in past times, have been committed by others; but I shall not seek to shelter myself under this consideration—I shall not endeavour to acquit myself by any retrospective allusion to others. I am not inclined to justify my guilt, nor even to extenuate it—I confess it in the most aggravated degree, and I sincerely regret it. In the step which I took I acted in my own private capacity as an individual, without the knowledge of many of my nearest connexions and friends, and contrary to strongly expressed opinions of those of them with whom I did consult. To these friends I feel I can scarcely atone. My conduct was rash, imprudent, and I fully admit unpardonable. And now, as regards the second consideration of the address, namely, the conduct of Lord George Beresford towards myself. The simple fact of my 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 the attempt to do so, he has sunk himself even 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. With respect to his public character, he opposes the great measure of concession to Ireland with the most desperate and persevering virulence up to the very last moment; but that measure being carried, he instantly deserts his party, and flies over to the liberal interest, believing that interest to be the stronger in the county. He crouches to the Catholic Bishop of Waterford—he crouches to Mr. O'Connell—he crouches even to Mr. Sheil. By these acts of dissimulation, and by professions of a corresponding character, he hoped (but vainly hoped) to impose upon the party at whose feet he prostrated himself. Finding himself, however, rejected with contempt by that party, he again flies back to his old friends, and he now sounds the tocsin of ‘Protestant principles,’ by which he means nothing else than Protestant ascendancy. On commencing his canvass he professed a total alteration of principles. Acting under these false pretences, he applied to the late Catholic Bishop of Waterford, employed Mr. Sheil, and sought to seduce Mr. O'Connell. Deceived by these acts, he proffered the conditional promises of a few liberal gentlemen, who, no doubt, will now feel themselves absolved when they find his Lordship, in his present address, declaring that ‘his principles are what they have ever been.’ The truth is now out. He has never changed; but his love of places and pensions induced him, in the hope of retaining them, to feign a change. I ask you, gentlemen, if this is a man to be trusted? He tells you that much prosperity is in store for Ireland. I ask you, is it by sending men of his stamp to parliament, that this prosperity is to be attained? He says we should not countenance agitators. Why did he hire one agitator, and offer a bribe to another? Many of the particulars connected with my offer of support, as stated by his Lordship, are perverted and exaggerated. The paragraph relative to my ‘holding the keys of the county,’ &c., so far from being truly attributed to me, was, on the contrary, the identical language held to me by one of his Lordship's friends, when soliciting my neutrality. I might expose many other points in his Lordship's address, but I shall not, for the present, descend to any more

minute analysis. And now, gentlemen, I have expressed my opinion of his Lordship; I address myself again to the question as resting more immediately between you and myself. It is true that you have called upon me to stand for the county, and that my coming forward has been in obedience to that call. Since the sense of the county was declared, I never for a moment hesitated, but I freely avow that, under existing circumstances, it is just and fair that the county should have an opportunity of re-considering its decision. Whatever the result of that re-consideration may be, I shall most willingly submit to. My first and main anxiety is, that the independence of the county should not suffer in my person, or from any imprudent error of mine. Should your decision be that I am to continue your candidate, I am ready and prepared to go on with the contest. Should you decide on putting forward any other gentleman, I can only say that the independent interest shall have my most strenuous support in every possible way. This is but a small portion of the atonement which I feel that I owe the electors. 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. But during any interval that may occur before the sense of the county be taken, I would respectfully, but most earnestly, warn the electors to be on their guard against attempts to delude or ensnare them—I can tell them they have the county in their hands; let them hold it. To those friends from whom I have met with the kindest and most warm-hearted support, I beg thus publicly and sincerely to offer my most lasting gratitude. The recollection of their kindness shall never be obliterated from my heart? Should I not be the returned representative for the county of Waterford, I shall bear in mind that the fault is not theirs, but my own. I have committed an error, and I am willing to submit to any sentence with which the electors may please to visit it. 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?

“I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
“With the most sincere respect,
“Your faithful and devoted servant,
“H. WINSTON BARRON.
“*Belmont-house, Nov. 4.*”

It appears that Lord George Beresford and Mr. Barron have fought, in consequence of the publication of an address by his Lordship to the electors of the county of Waterford. In this address the noble Lord accused Mr. Barron of having offered to support him in the county, provided the Beresford interest should be given to Mr. Barron for the city of Waterford,—now, and long, and faithfully represented by Sir John Newport. This fact adds a new and interesting, though not more favourable, character to the whole proceeding. If Sir John Newport has not publicly made known his determination to retire from Parliament, which at his age might not be at all unnatural, we can imagine few things more likely to provoke and disgust the freemen of Waterford, than an attempt to supersede the Right Hon. Barronet, come from what quarter it might. If Sir John Newport be not a man of the very first-rate ability, his talents, and still more, his industry and information, are such as to command respect. He understands the interests of his country well, and has struggled to promote them manfully and skillfully from the period of the union to the present hour.—There never was an Irish question, during the last twenty-eight years, on which the member for Waterford did not distinguish himself by a fearless and uncompromising devotion to his country's welfare. There was no sacrifice of personal or official advantage, which this honest representative did not make, to what he deemed his political consistency and duty; the last instance of which, we are told, was his refusal to accept office with the Grenvilles when they joined Lord Liverpool, assigning as a reason for thus rejecting the recommendation of his earliest friend, Lord Grenville, that the principle of the Government was adverse to any measure of Catholic relief. That so indefatigable and efficient a representative of the liberal interest throughout Ireland as Sir John Newport, should at this time of day be exposed to any serious opposition on the part of Mr. Barron,—a gentleman who has no political merits that we are aware of to refer to, except that of being a Catholic, and of having Mr. O'Connell's support,—would seem to argue the grossest ingratitude in those of the electors of Waterford who might vote for him, and without meaning to disparage Mr. Barron's pretensions, a very singular defect in the powers of comparison with which that Honourable Gentleman's advisers were gifted when they urged him to such a contest. If, however, Sir John Newport, as may have been the case for aught we know, has announced or intimated an intention to resign his seat for the city of Waterford, Mr. Barron must be acquitted on the preceding ground, and has only to stand his trial on the other,—of having bartered

(as Lord George Beresford affirms) the Barron interest in the county for that of the Beresfords (which is not very formidable) in the city, and thus endeavoured to make a job of both. It is stated in the accounts from Ireland, that Mr. Barron did not deny the charge, but chose rather to call out Lord George Beresford. We are at a loss to see how this duel, even had he, unfortunately, shot the Noble Lord, or been shot by him, would have mended Mr. Barron's case in the eyes of the people generally, who require some better vindication of such an accusation than that which the muzzle of a loaded pistol would supply. We regretted, when it was first announced, the retirement of Mr. Villiers Stuart, from the county of Waterford; and our concern is not diminished by this prospect of the scenes which are likely to follow his resignation. For Lord George Beresford's politics, if he has any, they are, we take for granted, those prescribed to him by his family, and therefore not much to our taste. His Lordship has reached the rank of a General Officer in the Army, and has, we believe, a regiment, which must be taken as *prima facie* proof of services of some sort or other; but it is said that his first service in the field has been his campaign with Mr. Barron. If the latter gentleman should, in consequence of these disclosures, which it was rather an Irish expedient to prevent from circulating by making them the subject of a duel—if, we say, he should, in consequence, be compelled to forego his hopes of a successful canvass, we trust that the independence of the county will not suffer, but that the constitutional interest will still show fight, and bring to their good behaviour the members of an oligarchy who have never once, during the last century or the present, betrayed the least sympathy with the people of Ireland, or given a vote but as some Tory Minister directed; or employed one pennyworth of an overgrown patronage but for the ends of selfish aggrandizement.—*Times.*

(From the *Montreal Gazette*, Nov. 10.)

LABRADOR FISHERIES.

We inserted in our last number a Table from the *Quebec Star*, in relation to these Fisheries, giving some interesting particulars as to the comparative number of vessels, &c., employed by the different countries concerned in this important trade, and the value of the fish, &c. taken. We copy the following remarks from Mr. Neilson's *Quebec Gazette*, and fully agree with the writer as to the great and rising importance of this branch of commerce, and the immense benefit which might accrue to the North American Colonies, were the Imperial Government to direct their serious attention to the subject, with the view of increasing the share which the British Provinces now enjoy of the advantages arising from these fisheries:—

The foregoing statement has been furnished by a gentleman who has passed a large portion of his life on the Coast of Labrador, and whose pursuits, abilities, and close observation, enable him to form probably as correct a judgment on the subject as any person. From other statements, we have no doubt it is a great approximation to the truth. Compared with past years, the trade seems not to have diminished. It has annually been as great, at least since 1817.

The total value of the Labrador fisheries on the spot, without considerations of subsequent carriage and profits, is thus estimated at 1,100,000 Halifax currency, or somewhat more than the average estimated value of the exports from both the Canadas and the bordering American territory. They employ 2108 vessels, and the extraordinary number of 24,000 seamen; while the whole the Canada trade employs 9000; the average tonnage of the vessels does not probably exceed 70 tons, giving 146,700 tons, for 150,000 tons in the Canada trade.

It is well known that no occupation is so well calculated to form hardy seamen as deep sea fishing.

Both, therefore, as a source of wealth to Great Britain, and of power to its military navy, this trade may be of immense importance. But it appears that all the British North American Colonies, with Great Britain itself, had actually engaged in the trade, during 1829, only 608 vessels, manned by 9,110 men, producing 673,000 cwt. of fish, and 6730 hds. of oil, whilst the United States, the only great rival power of Great Britain, had 1500 vessels, manned by 15,000 men, producing 1,100,000 cwt. of fish, and 11,000 hds. of oil, or on a general average of ships, men, and produce, more than one half more. The superiority has been acquired too by the United States, under disadvantageous circumstances, not having the privileges of drying their fish on land, nor fishing nearer than a league from the shore, nor taking shelter in the harbours, and having a longer voyage to perform than the British Colonial vessels.

We think that our loss of this trade cannot be ascribed to a want of enterprise, intelligence and economy, in our people engaged in it, but chiefly to bad commercial regulations, and to a fatal restriction of the Colonial Trade.

We have not the information to enter largely upon the proof of this view of the subject, but can merely state that the American fishing vessels are manned by men, paid in proportion to the catch and success of the adventure, that their vessels are more cheaply found in materials and provisions, that the personal interest of the crew makes them more enterprising and industrious, that the markets of the whole world are open to them, to exchange or sell, and return directly or circuitously with cargoes or specie, as interest may suggest. Those, who know the

* The statement shows that 9,110 English fishermen caught 673,000 cwt. of fish, and made 6,730 hds. of oil; while 15,000 American fishermen caught 1,000,000 cwt. of fish, and made 11,000 hds. of oil.

importance of these advantages, must acknowledge them of great consequence.

We are almost ashamed to state our own share in the benefits of the Trade. Lower Canada figures as having 8 vessels of 2,108 tons, manned by 150 men, out of 2,110 vessels employed by others.

We trust that among the efforts made by Great Britain to enhance the value of her Colonies, and to increase her own power, she will give a portion of her attention to her North American Fisheries. A Committee of the House of Commons could not be better employed than in taking extended evidence on the subject.

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

The following is extracted from the Introduction to Colonel Evans's Book on "The Practicability of Inveading India":—

"In estimating the relative financial strength of states, the question is not the distribution, but the aggregate of available resource.

"Where are the appearance of decay or neglect—of an enfeebled or paralysed industry?"

"On the contrary, a vigilant and energetic care is visible every where. Nothing seems to lie fallow. The divisions and subdivisions of proprietorship are strictly and tenaciously kept up. The fields wear the aspect of a garden. A considerable portion of the people are far better dressed than in former years, seek and possess more comforts, and are becoming more intelligent and educated. New roads are opening at great expense, the old ones are perfecting, shorter lines are devised. If five hundred yards of distance can be saved, there seems to be no difficulty in procuring as many thousands wherewith to effect it. Well-appointed public carriages and magnificent horses follow in rapid succession along every line, with a despatch indicating that the passengers stand much more in need of time than money.

"In how many directions, also, may be seen commencing, or in process of completion, new canals, railways, superb bridges, and other public works—not usually of a perishable, cheap, or frail material, as would be the case were funds really deficient, but of durable iron and massive stone. Not does utility alone seem to be consulted. Many of these works are proofs of a triumphant science, as they are monuments of ornamental art, destined to embellish the country, in which they have been reared, for many ages to come. Some—the Menai-bridge, for instance, just completed, or the Waterloo—demanded (either of them) an expenditure equal to a whole year's surplus revenue of the Empire in the reign of George the First or Queen Anne.

"Observe the description of household furniture now in use. Is it not more choice, more frequently replaced by a new fashion, more curiously wrought and neatly finished, than formerly?"

"Some of the greater country-houses of the ancient aristocracy may not, perhaps, be kept up with the same baronial splendour, or rude profuse hospitality, as in days of yore. But manners are changed; the taste for a country life has declined; the luxurious owner may have other mansions that are preferable, or may relish the society, the pleasures, the refined dissipation of cities, more than his ancestors were wont to do; or may have wasted his patrimony at the gaming table. Such accidents do happen.

"Where one hereditary house or family, however, falls into decay, half a dozen others shall be pointed out which were not known in the rank of affluence half a dozen years back. Every one emigrates, at some particular part of the year, to foreign capitals, to watering places, &c. A poor people are stationary. The country gentlemen exclaim 'they are ruined!' that is, their tenants are not always able to pay the rent that is 'in the bond'—to fulfil engagements entered into under other circumstances. But ride to a covert-side in any county in the kingdom, during the hunting season, and you will find some fifty or two hundred of these ruined gentlemen, mounted on horses with the dash of the Arabian blood in them, averaging in value from fifty to two hundred guineas. Each of these ruined gentlemen has got a stud, which he rides as if he might afford the loss of a horse now and then. Where else could this be afforded? No other body of ruined gentry in Europe could do it. Attend a popular race-course—carriages will be found to have assembled in countless thousands. There are large cities, that have grown up within a few years, whose style of buildings is minutely handsome, decorated to attract the eye, and which are designed solely for amusement, and are supported splendidly on the casual superfluities of those who are in search of pleasure or variety. Such cities are Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, &c.

"But a metropolis, especially one such as ours, which is not supported by a gorgeous court or a vast military establishment, will not be a bad index of the wealth of an empire. Where is there another London—this capital of an impoverished state? Is it not a kingdom rather than a city? For, perhaps, a hundred miles of its interminable streets, one may walk within almost a continued range, on either hand, of store-houses filled, for the most part, to the very door-ways, with every imaginable variety of clothing, food, furniture, jewellery, plate, &c. Why, the contents of these shops would purchase the fee simple of the revenues of some very respectable states! Many of the owners of these shops have their villas in the country, whither they retire after the business of the day is over, and where they live very often more like aristocrats than retail dealers."

"But there are no buyers," say those who take another view of these matters. The unfortunate shopman is closing his accounts, and must soon inevitably close his doors, &c. But there are plenty

of capitalists in the city, who are daily racking their brains to find out some new description of enterprise wherein to embark their money, and who would inevitably possess themselves of these unsaleable commodities, (if they really were unsaleable,) and would freight a fleet with them, and find a market for them somewhere else; for the greater part would be useful or in request in any region of the world.

"Are the buildings, public or private, of this commercial centre or common mart of all nations, falling into decay, or lessening in number? On the contrary, great expense continues to be gone to, in throwing down whole streets, in order to erect in their place a better-adapted, more lofty, spacious, and a superior style of architecture. Hundreds of these more resemble palaces than private dwellings, and are only calculated for incomes of a very large amount. Nor are these gratifying signs of a very prosperous condition, and of an abundant means, to be witnessed only in particular quarters: the interior, and the whole circumference, present a continuous and similar picture. It is new cities that are creating round the old one, while the latter is reconstructing after a more convenient and modern fashion. These are not the evidences of wealth—they are wealth itself.

"But those who maintain the converse, not unusually answer such statements as the above by saying—'We are living on credit—we are spending our capital.'

"But this is impossible. It is one of the monstrous absurdities which sometimes pass current as arguments. A private individual cannot spend his principal, or even anticipate his income, without borrowing from some other individual, in money or goods (which includes credit). Neither can a nation, without borrowing in money or goods, from some other nation. Have we done so? On the contrary, our merchants give long credits to foreign merchants; and our capitalists have, since the war, sent to other nations, or advanced for foreign speculations, between one and two hundred millions sterling.

"There is another phenomenon peculiar to England. Let a dissolution of Parliament take place; and, presently, actually hundreds of our ruined gentry, or junior nobles, (who clamour occasionally for protecting duties,) will be ready to deposit in their banker's hands, as much as ten, fifty, or even a hundred thousand each, for the honour of representing a particular place or county. This is inconsistent with any other but a state of excessive opulence.

"All these things prove, to demonstration, as it appears to me, that the aggregate wealth at present, accumulated amongst us greatly transcends what it ever before was, and far surpasses any thing now or heretofore possessed by any other community in any other age or country."

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) January 21, 1830.

We invite the attention of Amateurs, and others, to the Theatrical Notice in another column, and regret exceedingly that a necessity should have existed for appealing to them a second time.—It would, certainly, reflect much discredit upon the many talented Gentlemen in this town, now that the Theatre is built, fitted up, and so well furnished with scenery and dresses, to oblige the Managers, owing to a want of support on their part, to close up this almost only source of amusement to the public, and of relief to so many wretched objects of charity.—We know that the absence of those Gentlemen whose presence alone used to give a stimulus to such proceedings, threw a great damp upon the Meeting of yesterday. We hope there will be no such cause of complaint to-morrow.

The Petitions to both Houses of Parliament, agreed to at the late public meeting of the Roman Catholics of this town, upon the subject of the Relief Bill, have been transmitted, with letters to the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, and DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P., by the brig Traveller, to PATRICK MORRIS, Esq., Waterford; to be by him forwarded to their respective destinations.—We hope next week to be enabled to publish the several documents connected with the above.

The schooner Providence, MARDON, master, arrived here on Monday night last, in 20 days from Cadiz. In coming through the narrows, owing to the darkness of the night, she struck on Pancake Rock, but having thrown-out signals of distress, and procured assistance from the shore, was got off in about an hour, without sustaining any material damage.—The Providence experienced such favourable winds and weather on her voyage, that the studsails were seldom taken in during the whole time—and, when hoisted—for soundings on the banks, a few days ago, the crew caught a large number of remarkably fine fish;—an unprecedented occurrence, we believe, at such a period of the year.

We have heard that the thermometer, on last Thursday morning, was at 7 below zero.

DEPARTURES.—On Friday last, in the Leander, for Greenock, the Hon. Chief Justice Tucker, Mr. Dunscomb, Mr. R. Scott, Mr. M'William, Mr. M'Callum, Mr. Boag.—In the Norval, for Oporto, Mr. M'Ivor.—On Tuesday, in the Traveller, for Cork, Mr. Kydd, Mr. Cusack, Mr. T. Mara, Mr. Roach.

One of those fatal accidents which we so frequently hear of in this country, occurred on Windsor Lake, on Monday last. Three brothers of the name of

Gladney, who took up their winter quarters in a tilt, or hut, on the borders of the lake, were returning home on the ice, in the evening of that day, with their load of wood, when a boy, who accompanied them, in passing over one of the warm springs with which some parts of the lake are said to abound, and where the ice is generally very weak, broke through, and was precipitated into the water. The three men immediately rushed forward to rescue him, and with some difficulty succeeded; but, in their anxiety and confusion, one of them, named John, also fell in, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of his brothers to save him, he sank, almost within their grasp, to rise no more. The body was found soon afterwards, but life was totally extinct.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that a brother of the unfortunate deceased was lost nearly at the same spot, in a similar manner, a few years ago.

Married, on Sunday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. F. H. Carrington, Mr. Henry John Saunders, of this place, joiner, to Miss Mary Williams, of Bay Bulls.

Died, on Thursday evening last, after a long and severe illness, aged 3 years and 9 months, Henry Canyn, only surviving son of Mr. Stephen Lawler.

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

ENTERED. January 19.—Schooner Providence, Mardon, Cadiz; 80 tons salt, 5 boxes oranges, &c.

CLEARED. January 15.—Brig Manchester, Downey Halifax; 12 casks olive oil, 1 pipe Madeira wine, 1 barrel salmon, &c. Brig Balclutha, George, Vienna; 2900 qtls. fish, 630 gallons cod oil.

Brig Traveller, Harvey, Waterford; 1955 qtls. fish, 236 gallons oil, 80 ox hides, 160 pieces log wood, 45 cwt. junk. Brig Diana, Ferguson, Barbados; 2888 qtls. fish, and 4 M. brick. Brig Leah, Cole, Figueira; 2100 qtls. fish, 1458 galls. oil.

Sales at Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock, AT THE STORES OF

Rendell & Mortimer,

- 35 FIRKINS prime new Hamburgh Butter,
- 20 Barrels ditto Pork,
- 8 Half-barrels Irish Pork,
- 15 Tierces Strangman's Porter,
- 1 Hogshead Brandy,
- 3 Ditto Red Wine,
- 12 Dozen superior Port Wine,
- 15 Prime Westphalia Hams,
- 3 Bags Coffee,
- 15 Boxes Soap and Candles,
- 3 Pieces Swanskin,
- 2 Ditto Flushing,
- 5 Ditto Blue Serge,
- 5 Green Rugs,
- 12 Pair Blankets,
- 1 Bale Sole Leather,
- 2 Bundles Kips.

January 21.

TO-MORROW,

At 12 o'clock, ON THE WHARF OF

Wm. & H. Thomas,

If not previously disposed of by private contract,

The remarkably fine, substantial SCHR. MARGARET, Of the Burthen of 72 tons, with all her Materials as she came from sea.

N. B.—A liberal Credit will be given on the sale of the Margaret, on approved security. January 21.

Notices.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

A Meeting was held at the Green-Room, this day, at 12 o'clock, pursuant to public notice, but there being but few Gentlemen present, it was Resolved—That the Advertisement be repeated, calling a Meeting for FRIDAY the 22d instant—when it is hoped, that those influential persons and well-wishers of the institution, who have hitherto contributed by their services as managers, or as amateur performers, towards promoting the interests of the Theatre, will attend to forward, by their presence, the laudable objects for which it was designed. Amateur Theatre, 20th Jan., 1830.

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.

SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

Notices.

ASSOCIATION OF

NEWFOUNDLAND

Fishermen & Shoremen.

THE First Anniversary Meeting of the above Institution, will be held at the Globe Tavern, on MONDAY next, the 25th instant, at 12 o'clock. As the election of Officers for the ensuing twelve months will take place on that day, and several subjects connected with the well-being of the association be brought under the consideration of the Meeting, a full attendance of the Directors, Honorary and Ordinary Members, and such other persons as feel interested in its prosperity, is particularly requested.

By order, JOHN SHEA, Secretary.

January 21.

THE Assistant Commissary-General will receive Tenders, in triplicate, on the 28th January, instant, on or before 11 o'clock, A. M., for the Supply of

20 Cords birch FIRE WOOD,

Of good merchantable quality.

To be subject to approval, and to be delivered at the expense of the party tendering, at Fort Townshend Fuel Yard, between the 10th and 17th April next.

Payment will be made, on delivery, at this Office, in dollars at 4s. 4d. each.

Commissariat Office, 14th Jan., 1830.

MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY Of Carbonar.

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

T. NEWELL, Secretary.

Carbonar, 19th December.

On Sale.

BY

SAMUEL CODNER,

- PRIME Hamburgh Pork,
- Ditto ditto Beef,
- Good ditto Bread,
- New Cordage, 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 inch,
- Number and flat Canvass,
- Shot, Flint,
- Oakum, Pitch, Tar,
- Black and bright Varnish,
- Molasses, Rum, Brandy, and Ale.

Also,

- A quantity of Shop Goods,
- 1 Boat, and 3 Sails,
- 2 Sealing Pumps.

PAYMENT—Cash on the 10th May next. January 21.

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 Hamburgh,

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.

AT THE ST. JOHN'S

BEWERY,

BARM at 6d. per quart; GRAINS at 1s. per bushel; and superior PORTER at 4s. per tierce.

December 24.



Poets' Corner.

PARTING WORDS.

(By Mrs. HEMANS.)

One struggle more, and I am free.

Leave me, oh! leave me!—unto all below.
 Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
 Thou mak'st these mortal regions, whence I go,
 Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
 That I may part in peace!

Leave me!—thy footstep with its lightest sound,
 The very shadow of thy waving hair,
 Wake in my soul a feeling too profound,
 Too strong for aught that loves and dies to bear.
 Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
 Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
 Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
 The still submission from my thoughts depart.
 Dear One! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
 The beauty of our free and vernal days,
 Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
 Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
 Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
 The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
 Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
 They speak of life, of summer, and of thee—
 Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
 From the old beach-roots flashing into day?
 Are the broad lilies imaged in its flow?
 —Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
 From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
 Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
 —Not now! 'twill not be slow!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and heaven!
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die.
 Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven?
 —Returns!—thy parting wakes mine agony!
 —Oh! yet awhile delay!

MILITARY EXECUTION.

PARIS, NOV. 6.—I went to see a military execution which took place in the rear of the Ecole Militaire, opposite the Bois de Boulogne. The culprit, Fournet, a soldier of the 4th regiment of the guards, in a fit of revenge and jealousy, had shot his serjeant. He was a very fine-looking young man, about 25 years of age; and, if any thing could palliate the dreadful crime for which he suffered, the circumstances of provocation which hurried him into it might be deemed some excuse. He had for a considerable time been treated with extreme harshness by his serjeant, who imposed upon him the severest military duties. The immediate cause, however, of the fatal act of revenge, for which he suffered the last penalty this morning, was an attempt upon the part of the serjeant to deprive him of the affections of a young woman to whom he was attached. Upon ascertaining this fact, he sent him a challenge, which he refused, and the challenger subjected to punishment in consequence. Upon being restored to liberty he went to the serjeant's quarters, sent a person to say that he wished to speak to him, and, upon his coming out, shot him through the heart. He made no attempt to escape, but delivered himself up immediately, saying that he knew he should suffer death, but that, having deprived his enemy of life, he should suffer with pleasure. It is a singular fact that he would have been entitled to his discharge, his period of service having nearly expired, in a fortnight after the time which he selected for the commission of the offence; and the reason which he alleged for having chosen that particular time was, that if he deferred his vengeance until after his discharge, he would have been tried by the civil power, and condemned to the guillotine, instead of dying the death of a soldier.—His conduct at the place of punishment was in conformity with this declaration. The execution was to take place at one o'clock p. m. At a quarter to one, the culprit, accompanied by his confessor, and attended by two of the gens d'armes, appeared in a fiacre upon the ground. He descended with a firm step, and walked to the fatal spot. He was dressed in the grey undress coat of his regiment, with his sword-belt across his shoulder. Upon taking his station, the Commanding Officer approached him, and read the sentence of the Court Martial, which condemned him to death. The Officer then retired, and the culprit deliberately took off his coat, waistcoat, and black stock, folding his shirt-collar back, and knelt down, his eyes being uncovered. The Priest who had accompanied him then stooped over him, and having spent a few minutes in prayer with the unhappy man, kissed him on both cheeks, and bade him farewell. The soldiers who were to perform the office of executioners, 12 in number, having received the word, raised their muskets, in the act of doing which, the prisoner crossed himself, and the word being given, the fatal volley was fired, and the

suffering of the poor wretch terminated. He fell flat on his face, and a quivering of the limbs being perceptible, one of the soldiers advanced, and fired his piece into his ear. The whole of his regiment were present, and about five or six thousand spectators, amongst whom were a number of females.

He refused to have his eyes covered, and to the last moment kept them fixed upon the party who were to fire at him. Such an instance of cool, unflinching courage, without the least appearance of bravado, I never beheld; and one could not help regretting that its possessor had not been reserved for a different fate, or suffered in a better cause.

NOTES UPON CIRCUIT.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

This is one of the most delightful of Mr. Sheil's very delightful series of papers upon this subject. It possesses all the wild interest of romance, combined with all the strict sobriety of truth. The style is particularly captivating, highly ornamented, and in some parts redundant, but every where suited to the subject. Amongst the numerous trials which he has selected for the display of his varied abilities, we extract the two following; both are highly interesting.

"KILKENNY.—The only civil case at Kilkenny which deserves mention, was an action brought by a girl named Maria Lennard, against an English officer, the paymaster of a regiment, Captain Richard J—. He had been quartered at Templemore, where he contracted a concubinal intimacy with Miss Maria Lennard, whom he appears to have considered as a piece of porcelain that had never received any flaw. This Diana of the barracks alleged that, previous to his leaving Templemore, he gave her a certificate, written in bog Latin, in which he had forged the name of a father Kesham, testifying her marriage to one Jacobus Smith. This document, which was sworn to by several respectable witnesses to be in the Captain's handwriting, produced a good deal of merriment at his expense. But the ground of action was a kind of bond for two hundred pounds, by which the Captain bound himself, in the event of his putting her away, 'from his fancy or otherwise.' The question turned upon the genuineness of this instrument. A variety of the Captain's letters were produced, which raised shouts of laughter. There was a quantity of contradictory swearing, and the case was doubtful, until a whole squadron of dragoons was produced, 'who kissed and told,' and made the counsel for the plaintiff, who had represented Miss Lennard as a second edition of 'Sterne's Maria,' upon their sentimental journey through Circuit, look exceedingly disastered. The general camp, pioneers and all, appeared to have participated in those favours of which the Captain imagined that he enjoyed a monopoly. It was impossible to resist the charge of the whole regiment, who came down with fixed bayonets; but when the plaintiff's case was utterly broken, the most melancholy person in court was the Captain, who, although he got a verdict, seemed to think that the romantic drollery of his amour more than counterbalanced the glory of success. He appeared to wish that 'he had nothing known,' and that the bliss of ignorance in which he had so long revelled was better than such a verdict. It is but justice to him to add, that his character for liberality, and his high reputation as a man of honour, were thrown by the jury into the balance, and weighed the plaintiff up. The only farther circumstance worth note is, that an idea went abroad that the Catholic rent had supplied the means to defray the action.—This preposterous notion was set at rest by the highly-respectable attorney who conducted the case, by whom it appeared that the plaintiff had herself been able to advance the costs, in order to assert a right which, at first view, appeared to be perfectly well-founded, and which it was his professional duty to assist her in maintaining."

"In the Criminal court, a conviction of three men for the murder of a man of the name of Devereux, afforded an illustration of the moral condition of the peasantry, and one of the instances in which murder is at last overtaken by a slow but certain retribution. Devereux took a few acres of land from which the prisoners at the bar had been ejected. It was resolved that he should die; sentence having been pronounced upon him by 'the secret tribunal,' which Captain Rock has established for the redress of wrongs, which are not only not cognizable, but are produced in the imagination of the lower orders by the law. Devereux was aware that his head had been devoted. He never slept out of the town of Callan, which was at three miles distance from the farm, and always walked with arms about him.—However, the ministers of agrarian vengeance were not to be frustrated. A day was fixed for his immolation. The whole country was apprised of it. As he was walking in the broad light in his fields, one of his labourers engaged him in conversation, and at the corner of a hedge three men rushed on him, when his companion pinioned his elbows behind his back, in order to prevent him from drawing the pistol which he endeavoured to grasp, and, beating his forehead in, left him dead upon the ground. The whole scene was observed by a woman, who was aware that the murder was to be perpetrated, and went out for the purpose of seeing the spectacle. She was induced, by the reward offered by government, to give information, on which the executioners of Devereux were hanged. Devereux was himself a bad and bloody man, and at the trial it was stated by one of the witnesses for the prosecution, that he had, many years before, committed murder. The question was not pursued, and whom he had murdered I did not at the moment learn. Upon the day appointed for the punishment of the men who had

taken his own life away, I left Kilkenny for Clonmel. It was a bright and cheerful day. The very breathing of the air under a cloudless sky, and in a delightful temperature, seemed to intimate the value of existence, and gave to the consciousness of a light and unburthened vitality a great charm. It was a day which should scarce have been selected for the ministry of death. As I advanced, I observed crowds of people assembling in various directions, and climbing upon hedges, where women and girls, as well as men, were seen straining upon tiptoe, in order to catch a glimpse at some object by which they seemed to be singularly attracted. On looking towards the goal, I perceived in the rope which was depending from the pulley to which it was attached, and in the rest of the apparatus of justice, the motives of this intense curiosity. The murderers of Devereux were about to die. I saw the door of the prison leading to the stage on which they were to perform a part that appeared to be likely to engage the sympathies of the spectators, open, and presently the iron balcony was occupied by the figures of the doomed and of the executioner. This was sufficient for the gratification of any love of this kind of excitation which I may happen to possess, and turning from the frightful spectacle, I desired the driver, who obeyed the orders with some reluctance, to push on. We were soon out of sight of this painful scene. I fell into conversation with the postilion, who was continually turning back to catch a parting view of the catastrophe; and from him I learned, what I afterwards inquired about and found his statement confirmed, that Devereux, upwards of twenty-five years before, had imbrued his hands in blood. He had joined in the conspiracy of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. The insurgents rushed into Thomas-street, and advanced towards the Castle, scattering dismay before them. They met a carriage, which they stopped. Some of the crowd exclaimed, 'It is Lord Norbury!' That instant the door of the carriage was burst open, and, while the unhappy gentleman inside it exclaimed, 'No! I am your friend, Lord Kilwarden,' the hand of Devereux drove a pike through his heart."

Did time and space allow, we should present our readers with a fine piece of landscape painting, in Mr. Sheil's description of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Clonmel. It is as fine, and we know not that we can give it higher praise, as any thing we ever remember to have read in the long, matchless series of the Waverley novels. But it is in his more thrilling and sombre descriptions that Mr. Sheil's genius shows to best advantage. Even its sportiveness has a sardonic cast about it, and we know no living writer, with the single exception, perhaps, of Mr. Banim, who can throw so much terrible power and earnestness into his details of an Irish murder. His details of the death of one Crossbie, at Wexford, by his wife and her paramour, is a striking evidence of his abilities in this line.

THE BRAVE DAN BRYAN.—An uncommon instance of intrepidity and good nature occurred at the memorable siege of Acre, the particulars of which are thus given in the Naval Chronicle:—Daniel Bryan was an old seaman, and Captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the *Blanche* into Sir Sidney Smith's ship, *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the Generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rights of sepulture, it in a few days became putrescent—a shocking spectacle—a dreadful memento of the horrors of war—the fragility of human nature—and the vanity of all sublunary ambition, hopes, and expectations. Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to the ship, inquiries were instantly made respecting the state of the deceased General. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him; but the only reply that he received was—"Go and do it yourself." Dan swore he would, observing, that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, not like the Turks, leaving them to rot above-ground. In the morning, having obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the General, Sir, and now I'm come to see the sick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearful of his catching the plague, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain inquired if he had seen old Dan. "Yes, he has been burying the French General." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred. The boat's crew, who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the nobler and the milder virtues, thus related its circumstances:—The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him. "No!" he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and my loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty,

not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs. The French now levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero! It was an interesting moment; but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at its head, and another at its feet. But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write—"Here you lie, old Cropl!"—He was then, with his pick-axe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days after, Sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. "Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French General." "Yes, your honour." "Had you any body with you?" "Yes, your honour." "Why, I have been told you had not." "But I had, your honour." "Ah, who had you?" "God Almighty, Sir." "A very good assistant, indeed; give old Dan a glass of grog." "Thank your honour!" Dan drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He was afterwards a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

DREAMS.

(From the Noctes Ambrosianae.)

SHEPHERD.—I weel believe, Sir, that a' your life lang you were never a single moment idle.

NORTH.—Idle! No, James—not even in sleep. Yet do you know, that my sleeping seems to have no kindred with my waking soul. Seldom, I may say never, do I dream of this waking world. I have every night a new set of friends whom I know and love. They pass away with the morning light, and never more return. Sometimes they seem as if they were phantoms I have been familiar with in youth, in boyhood, in infancy; but I know not their names; nor can recall the memory of the times or places where we had met in joy—only I feel that they are lovely, loving, and beloved! We talk of strange and delightful things, and walk over-shadowed by bliss divine; but—

SHEPHERD.—I never met a man before, that had dreams o' that kind besides myself.

NORTH.—I never, my dear James, saw your face in a dream; yet my dreams are often perfectly happy; nor do I remember to have once dreamt of any book, or—

SHEPHERD.—Did you never dream of being married, Sir?

NORTH.—Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!

SHEPHERD.—What! your'e no gaun to greet?

NORTH.—What large dewy orbs divine, angelical eyes in angelical faces, have fixed themselves upon mine, overcharged with love, as if the beings beaming there had been commissioned to pour immortal heaven into my mortal heart! No doubts, no fears, no misgivings, such as haunt and trouble all our delights in this waking world! But one pure serene flow of bliss, deep and high as the blue marbled heaven of the dream that heard the very music of the spheres chiming, as the Paradise in which we stood, face to face with a seraph, kept floating not insensibly through the fragrant ether! The voice that syllabled such overwhelming words! Embracements that blended spirit with spirit! Perishings into intenser life! Swoonings away into spiritual regions! Re-awakenings into consciousness of flesh and blood almost stopt by rapture! Then the dying away back again—slowly but sadly—into earthly existence—till when a beating heart, we knew again that we were the thralls of sense, and doomed to grovel like worms upon the dust—the melancholy dust of this our prison-house, from which there is no escape, except in dreams, and from which at last we may be set free, but for the eternal darkness of the grave! Oh! James, James! what if the soul be like the body, mortal, and all that we shall ever know of heaven, only such glorious and delusive dreams.

SHEPHERD.—Sic visions leave just the vera opposite impression on my mind. Something divine, and therefore immortal, needs must be the spirit within us, that, when a' the sense are locked up in sleep, can yet glorify the setting sun into an apparition far mair magnificent than ever sank into the seahint the western mountains.

Mr. Hume often met with illiberal treatment from the clergy of Scotland, who took every opportunity to asperse his character, on account of his liberal opinion. Observing that whenever he entered a room, a zealot of this class always left it, he one day took occasion to address him:—"Friend, I am surprised to find you display such a pointed aversion to me; I would wish to be on good terms with you here,—as upon your own system, it seems very probable we shall be doomed to the same place hereafter. You hope I shall be d—d for want of faith, and I fear you will have the same fate for want of charity."