



Newfoundlander.

No. 132.

THURSDAY, January 28, 1830.

Sixpence.

Printed and Published every THURSDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN SHEA, at his Office opposite the CUSTOM-HOUSE, Water-Street, where Advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and carefully attended to. Orders will also be transmitted by Mr. THOMAS FOLEY, Merchant, Harbour-Grace—ONE GUINEA per annum.

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.

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.

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.

SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

THE LATE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

(From the Dublin Pilot.)

The late Catholic Association was, whether we consider its constitution, proceedings, influence, or effects, one of the most extraordinary bodies which has existed in any age or country. Viewed in its progress, and at a distance, before results became the best commentary upon measures—known only through the distempered medium or garbled misrepresentation of disinterested enmity—it was considered, even by many who had no disposition to misrepresent it, suspicious in its objects, often dangerous to the public peace, and even sometimes detrimental to the cause for which it was instituted. But those who, even with such prejudices, visited the Association themselves, who witnessed the debates and proceedings, were obliged to acknowledge that the fairest, even the only debating they could have ever witnessed, was to be found in that assembly. Not like the House of Lords or Commons, and their packed auditories, in which every question was virtually decided before it was discussed, and in which the most powerful orator with the best cause felt depressed, by the secret conviction that his exertions could hardly secure him an additional vote. In the Association, the speaker felt conscious that he addressed a body only anxious to adopt whatever was the best measure, and ready to be convinced by the best arguments. The orator, therefore, became animated by hope, elevated and inspired by the prize of glory for which he was contending. These circumstances were favourable to the cultivation of true eloquence. Eloquence, therefore, of the very highest order—eloquence not merely imaginative, impassioned, declamatory and Irish, as it was the fashion to say, but business speaking, effective, solid, sustained by research, and delivered in purification—this was the general character of the Association oratory, particularly within the last two or three years. To particularise the names of O'Connell and Sheil, would be only to mention names associated universally in public opinion with eloquence not surpassed in any period or in any country. But there were speeches occasionally delivered by men not generally known and distinguished, by Ford, Norton, W. M'Dermott, Wyse, Romayne, Redmond, Costelloe, and many others, which would do honour to any assembly in the world. When the historian shall have to record, and posterity to decide upon the character of this Association—when with the high order of eloquence shall have been found a high order of moral feeling—the temper and decorum which usually pervaded an assembly so mixed and open—the courtesy with which adversaries were heard—the ability with which they were replied to and refuted—more decorous than the House of Commons, with none whatever of the antic vivacity of the French Chamber; without an armed executive, ruling the people with the most unbounded authority;—when these circumstances, stripped of contemporary prejudices, shall be fairly considered, men will acknowledge that a nation from which such an assembly emanated is capable of governing itself, and that if other governments have not found the same obedience, it is because they have not exhibited the same virtues. For the Association has proved that insubordination is not inherent to the Irish nation, but that a government which truly represents the people and possess their confidence will be implicitly obeyed—while insubordination, dissatisfaction, resistance, and weakness, attends the government of the gibbet or the triangle—of corruption, plunder, intolerance, fraud, force, and fear. This is a lesson which should animate all men in pursuit of freedom—it is a lesson which should instruct governments, if governments can be instructed, in the true art of governing mankind. This lesson, this great political truth, has been established by the Catholic Association on an immutable basis. When, too, the victory achieved by this body, compared with the obstacles encountered, shall have become matter of unprejudiced consideration—the pride and the prejudices of England, for the first time after centuries of rapine and misrule, yielding to reason, justice, and humanity—the distinction between the conquerors and the conquered at last obliterated, and this great measure admitted distinctly by those who proposed it to be the result of the measures of an assembly which once awed, while it convinced— which, by combining the greatest political excitement with the greatest popular subordination, made justice an imperative necessity, and forced its enemies to be its advocates. When all these circum-

stances are fairly stated and considered, posterity will regard the Association with admiration and gratitude, as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, and decide that ability, eloquence, integrity, courage, and perseverance, in no ordinary degree, must have composed the materials of an assembly by which so many dangers were encountered and so many obstacles overcome.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

(From the Memoirs of T. A. Emmet.)

The Rev. Dr. Jackson is said by the author of the memoir to have been the first man who opened negotiations with the French Government, about the year 1795, for aid in the liberation of his country from oppressions and exclusions which had then become intolerable. He did so with the zealous co-operation of all her patriot and many of her most eminent sons. He was betrayed by the infamous Cockayne, the British spy and assumed friend; and was arrested, and finally convicted of high treason. Mr. Emmet described him as a man possessed of distinguished talents and acquirements, and a high sense of honour; and he illustrated his character by the following fact:—While Dr. Jackson was preparing for his trial, and while his fate was more than probable, a friend was admitted to his room in prison, and remained there on business until a late hour at night. Dr. Jackson conducted him to the outside door of the gaol, expecting there to find the gaoler ready to turn the key. They key was in the door and the gaoler in a profound sleep, probably intoxicated. His escape was now in his own hands. He first looked at his friend and then at the gaoler with an intense gaze. After a pause of a moment, he said, "No; I will not abuse the poor fellow's confidence in me!" he turned the key, opened the door, resisted the advice of his friend, closed the door after him, awoke the gaoler, and retired to his cell.

I cannot follow my inclination in closing this little notice, (says General Haines,) without committing to writing some anecdote which Mr. Emmet has related to me. I will mention two or three which reflect great credit on the fidelity of the Irish people. The first has a relation to the celebrated Mr. Rowan, already spoken of. It will be recollected that he was defended by Mr. Cavanagh. He was cast into prison, and his sentence was hard and severe. While incarcerated in the cells of one of the dungeons of Dublin, Mr. Emmet and two or three others contrived a plan for his escape. It was suddenly executed. A small vessel was to take him to France. It was an Irish schooner, manned by Irish sailors, who knew nothing of the person whom they were to transport to the continent. His name, character, and every thing were concealed. They agreed to take a person to Havre for a certain sum, and to go with all possible expedition. In the night time Mr. Rowan boarded the little vessel directly from his gaol. The wind changed, and instead of sailing the next morning as it was expected, she was detained some five or six days in port. The government discovered Mr. Rowan's escape the next morning subsequent to his deliverance from captivity. A proclamation was instantly issued, and three thousand pounds sterling were offered as a reward for his detection. There were but four or five seamen in the whole crew of the Irish vessel.

Mr. Rowan's situation may now be well imagined. All Dublin rang with the news of his breaking from prison. The sailors were daily on shore. The proclamations were posted upon the market-cross and every where else, and scattered in the streets. The seamen picked up several copies, and brought them on board their vessel, and read them aloud in Mr. Rowan's presence: for he had never left his place of concealment. At length one of the crew cast his eyes on Mr. Rowan, and quick as lightning compared him with the description contained in the proclamation, exclaimed, "You are the man! This is Archibald Hamilton Rowan!" Mr. Rowan, with the firmness incident to his character, replied, "I am the man; I am Rowan—and I am in your hands; act as you think proper." Instantly every one of the crew answered, "Mr. Rowan, you are safe. By us you shall never be given up. We have agreed to carry you to France, and there you shall be landed." The next day the schooner sailed, and there Mr. Rowan was landed by these poor sailors. Let the annals of the world be consulted; let the noblest traits of human nature which ages have unfolded be displayed in their most compre-

hensive form, and where would a nobler instance of disinterestedness be found? The reward was great; to Mr. Rowan, these poor men were allied by no political sympathy, nor by any other peculiar tie; they had never seen nor known him before. Their compensation to carry him to France was a mere trifle: he made them no splendid offers of money, and yet he was protected by their generous feelings—their sense of humanity, honour, and justice.

DEATH OF MURAT.—The Court Martial sat, and whilst they were judging him, the King, who had ordered the Captain not to say a single word in his defence, was quietly conversing with four officers, to whose care he had been entrusted. The last moments of his life were those of a hero. The King was still conversing with the officers, when the door of his room was opened; the Recorder had come to inform him that he had been sentenced to death, and that his execution was to take place in half an hour. The King who had listened to him with great sang froid, sat down, and wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, Queen Caroline; he then cut off several locks of his hair, and having enveloped them with the letter, he delivered it unsealed to Captain Starbuck, requesting him to transmit it to his family, and also the seal of his watch, which would be found in his right hand after his death, (it was a cornelian, representing the face of his wife.) He then said to the Recorder, "Do not wait any longer; I am prepared to die." The King was then led out of his room—that is, he only stepped out of the door, and beheld twelve soldiers drawn up, who were waiting for him. He walked towards them with a steady step, and, with a smiling countenance, said, "Soldiers! do not let me suffer pain: the situation you are placed in even renders it necessary to fix the muzzles of your muskets on my bosom." He then pointed to his heart, and looked steadfastly at the seal which he held in his right hand. The twelve soldiers fired. Thus died King Joachim, at four o'clock in the evening of the 13th of October.—*Franceschetti's Events at Naples.*

When Sheridan was once canvassing in Stafford, he had to ask the vote of rather a reluctant mechanic, who was only capable of being excited upon the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in the cause of which he was an enthusiast. Sheridan seized upon that pregnant theme, and clothing it in the garb of his glowing eloquence, he solemnly pledged himself for the support of a measure, which he described as being the cure for all the evils of the state, saying, that that, once obtained (and he hoped it would be had in the next Session); every man might sit down in peace under the shade of his own fig-tree. The man, overpowered with the blaze of the orator's eloquence, at once agreed to give him the vote, which he had previously resolved upon selling to the highest bidder, expressively adding, however, that as the reform which would make all happy was so near, he hoped that Mr. Sheridan would, the next time, "be able to come down with the tippery."

An unemployed weaver meeting with an acquaintance the other day, was making his complaint about the present unequalled depression of business, and the state of general distress. His friend, with great elongation of visage, exclaimed—"Ah! Jamie, the han' o' Providence is in't; it's a just punishment for our sins." "It may be sae, an' it may not be sae," replied Jamie, "I canna say; but there's sae thing I'm sure o', gin that which you say be true—the weavers suffer mair for their sins, than ony set o' men that I ken o'."

FRIENDS AT COURT.—A gentleman, begging Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest at Court, added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his Grace. "Then," said the Duke, "your condition is desperate; you could not have named two beings who have less interest at Court."

CHARACTERS OF THE FORMER LEADERS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BODY IN IRELAND.

(From Wyse's history of the Catholic Association.)

LORD FINGAL had all the better peculiarities of his order, with qualities which had borrowed from the trials through which they had passed, only a stronger tinge of virtuous and steady indignation at the wrongs which still continued to oppress his country. From his placid lips there never burst an unworthy complaint; he boasted and promised little; but neither what he promised, did he fail to perform. His countenance full of benignity, was a fit expression of the interior man; he was mild and modest; but there was also in him the firmness and honour of a true gentleman, the spirit and perseverance of a true patriot. Through all the after vicissitudes of the body, Lord Fingal never deserted its banners; he screened by his individual character, pure even from the breath of calumny, the errors and offences of an easily excited people; he often threw himself into the breach, and singly repelled, by the weight of his own consideration, the reproach and interference of the government. Conciliating to all; bearing all in patience; sacrificing in nothing and to none, his principle; after a series of the most contrasted events, exhibiting the most opposite principles, he fully succeeded in producing a spirit of unanimity until then unknown in the Catholic community, and left to his son an inheritance the brightest which a father can transmit to his children, the praise of having successfully done his duty in difficult times to his country, and the glory of sitting down in the evening, full of years and honours, under the shadow of that national happiness, to obtain which he had cheerfully spent the morning and noon of his existence.

LORD FRENCH.—There was nothing of the Nobleman about this man; no grace; no soothing; no art; his mind and body were in strict unison, and adapted with a sort of marvellous felicity to each other. To look at his sallow and farouche countenance, lit with the gleamings of habitual sarcasm; to hear the deep whining, and the exaggerated roughness of his western accent; to see the huge giant frame, the unpowdered hair, the long club cue, the loose and lumbering coat, the slouching step, and the studious and somewhat savage neglect of this extraordinary personage—was to bring over the imagination loose recollections of a French revolutionist, blended indeed with peculiarities essentially Irish, a composition inexplicable, and sometimes alarming, for which you had no type of interpretation in either country. Every thing about him, mind or body, was energy. His action came coarse, and swinging, and negligent, but always with a certain conviction of mastery, on the table. He thought signally and roughly; he spoke harshly; whatever was the topic, he cast through all, grave, or lofty, or indignant, as it might be, fantastic fragments of Irish humour, which left surprise, and pain, and emotion, strangely jumbled together, in the mind even of the most habitual of his hearers. The field in which circumstances had placed him, it was quite obvious was by no means that which was the most fitted for the man or his works. He was no orator, but he left you fearfully convinced that he might do something more. He seemed to have been born many centuries too late, and would have figured with far more effect as a general of the Kilkenny confederacy, than as a chairman of a small committee meeting in a back room in Dublin. The very look and gesture of the man was proof there was hardly room enough in the existing state of the country and the law, for a full development of his energies: others talking of reasoning—he seemed to think of nothing but of action. In the age in which he lived people gazed on him with a sort of stupor, as an anomaly in accord with no class or no feeling of their body. He had little influence with any; they heard him for his strangeness, and when absent they turned round and willingly forgot that he had ever been among them. He finally died by his own hand.

LORD TRIMBLESTON.—The early years of his life had been passed in feudal France; his opinions, his feelings, his whole *maniere d'etre*, had been characteristically and indelibly affected by this sinister circumstance. The French revolution had burst on him in the middle of a circle of polished and chosen friends. Blinded by their sufferings and wrongs, he condemned every attempt, however limited or wise, for the attainment of their unquestionable rights on the part of the people. He saw nothing in that awful regeneration, but revolt against the best of institutions, insolent rebellion against the most sacred titles, outrageous and detestable principles, unjustified by a single good. His person, his manners, his accent, were disagreeably and extravagantly French. All that he said or did belonged to a class unknown and unfelt in Ireland. It was an emigrant from the army of Conde you listened to, and not to an indignant Catholic Peer, the natural protector of an aggrieved people, rousing and directing, on the just principles of constitutional freedom, the combined exertions of his Catholic countrymen. Such a man had no clue to the popular mind.

MR. SCULLY.—He had received from nature far more of the statesman than of the orator. He was grave, cautious, secret, profound, no ebullition of vanity appeared upon the surface, no involuntary revelations of feeling detected, or even hinted, the inward man. No person could more naturally weigh all the advantages of an arrangement before he submitted it to the passions of the multitude for adoption, or when once thoroughly penetrated with its utility, in spite of aristocratic sneer or popular clamour no man was more unlikely to recede. Yet he seldom ventured into the enemy's camp; and when he did risk attack, it was those slight flank movements, those off skirmishings of resolutions or de-

bate which were intended to produce little more than the momentary annoyance of an antagonist. "There was a surly and sometimes a clumsy kind of Machiavellism about him, which more or less finctured his entire policy. He hated the direct line, and preferred coming at the most obvious consequence by a circuit. He could not take his tea without a stratagem; nor could he be persuaded to make a people free or happy without first deceiving them. His whole being was lawyer like, he specially pleaded greater rights, and would not disdain to slip in through the half open gates of the constitution, on a quibble. He was an admirable parrier; made few thrusts, but seldom received a blow. During his administration (for such it may be truly called) the Catholic body erred little, retrograded little, but advanced little also. He talked about, he curveted, he made zigzag movements, but he never lost ground. Mr. Scully's powers were not distinguished by the first-rate logical acumen, but were by no means inconsiderable in the lower regions of popular eloquence. Yet Mr. Scully was no orator; his person was unfavourable; low, squat, clumsy, it could only be redeemed from these physical defects by the general cast of his countenance. Yet even there was little which was not of a very secondary order. The prominent nose, the broad forehead, was forgotten, in the small, weak, almost inexpressive eyes. The general contour has been likened to Napoleon's; but two faces, in their real character, could not be imagined more absolutely opposed. One was coarse, stout, bluff, common sense, with lines here and there of shrewdness or cunning; the other had all the delicate refinements with all the substantial qualities of the highest order of the human mind. His action was irregular, rude, but often emphatic; his enunciation measured, yet unpolished; he employed public speaking only—the carrying of the measures was the end. No man was less ostensibly governed by the public eye, yet no man more thoroughly governed by it. He was felt in consequences; the main measure was known only when the event had taken place. During the whole period of his rule, he was absolute; and in whatever manner he chose to show himself to the body, either through others or in his own person, seldom or ever did he meet with any thing like a steady or effectual opposition to his measures, or any essential falling off of that habitual respect which men contracted ever for his faults."

Dr. Doyle has published an address to the inhabitants of a part of his diocese, on the subject of Secret Societies, and the Administration of Unlawful Oaths. The feeling which pervades it is excellent; and as Dr. Doyle possesses great influence among the Catholics, this manifestation of a hearty zeal to forward the views of the Administration will, we should hope, be productive of benefit. We are willing to believe that Dr. Doyle has not narrowed his ambition to the mere furtherance of the views of his own order—the besetting sin, not merely of priests, but of all separate castes—and that he is fired by the noble ambition of a vailing himself of the great influence his talents, learning, and knowledge of the world give him, to labour in the sacred cause of the regeneration of his countrymen. A few master-minds, untaught by the sordid aims of vulgar politicians, may work wonders at a moment like the present. The Irish have now, for the first time, Representatives in the Councils of the nation. The Anglo Irish who have hitherto alone represented Ireland, must become Irish or nothing. Men like Dr. Doyle in the closet, and Mr. O'Connell in the Legislature, dedicating their whole energies to the improvement of their countrymen, may work wonders, notwithstanding the strength of the interests opposed to them. Let us never despair. Dr. Doyle does not, like the Reverend Edward Irving, deem a state of torture on earth a desirable advantage for those committed to his spiritual care, with a view to their being "nearer to Christ hereafter;" but seems to think Christianity does not imply a renunciation on the part of any men of their right to as much temporal happiness as they can obtain without injuring others. He recommends obedience to the law, because he perceives an honest intention on the part of those in power to promote the general welfare; but he at the same time fearlessly declares that he would not have taken up the arms of the Gospel against any combination created by "the oppression of guilt in power." What he says on this subject is deserving of remark:—"The Penal Code has been repealed, the road to improvement is now open—nay, the work itself of improvement is already commenced; the minds of all men are engaged in devising means whereby the condition of the people may be bettered; and the King's Government, which has made all his subjects equal before the law, is now anxiously intent on providing us with the means of living as becomes the members of a free State. In other times, beloved brethren, if I saw you distressed and in want, or driven by oppression to combine, I might hesitate before I took up the arms of the Gospel, lest in the employment of them I should seem to range myself on the side of guilt in power against guilt in distress. But now no such feeling damps my zeal, or makes my heart falter, whilst my tongue would speak. No; this is the period of the resurrection of our country. We may now, as before, feel pressure and distress; but our pressure and distress are no longer the forerunners of despair."—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE NEW KING OF JERUSALEM.

It was stated some time since, that Mr. Rothschild was about to restore the kingdom of Jerusalem, and on inquiry we find the report correct. Every thing is arranged, and we understand that his Jewish Majesty, who has obtained the investiture of his king-

dom from the Sultan, will set off next week, leaving the Bulls and the Bears inconsolable. He takes the title of Ahab II., in compliment to his lady, who assumes the name of the first Ahab's amiable consort.

There was a private rehearsal of the coronation at the Synagogue, in Duke's place, on Saturday last, after the stars had appeared, which was very grand indeed. All the tribes, from Holywell-street to Houndsditch, attended; and a fragrant meeting it was. Ben Cohen, who is the Sam Rogers of the house of Israel, remarked, that go where they would, the cents stuck to them. The attendance was very numerous, and the greatest loyalty to their new prince prevailed;—indeed it was observed, that no people in the world are more devoted to a sovereign, or more anxious after a crown. The coronation was performed by the Right Rev. Rabbi Herschel, who poured the oil of gladness over his Majesty. As it was only a mock coronation, the Rabbi used only train oil, because it was "she-per;" and it had a fine effect as it ran down over the goodly person of his Majesty, given him about the same appearance and odour as he generally exhibits about half-past 4 o'clock on 'Change after a busy day. The crown was a composition—Rothschild himself alleging that he liked to be in metalliques. The sceptre was held by Moses Montefiore, as being his majesty's general acceptor—and the ball by Mr. Levy, the pawnbroker, of Hemmings'-Row. Braham and Nathan sang the coronation anthem, assisted by Sir Snuffe Shuffe, who is as great a Jew as ever sat in a Synagogue. Aby Belasco was champion, but he refused to fling down the glove, saying, "that he wasn't to be gammoned out of a mitten that ere way—for if I throwed it down here," said he, "a pretty chance I'd have o' seen' it again." Isaac Solomons blew the ram's-horn trumpet before the prince, and little Lousada was, as usual, conspicuous as a lyre.

After the ceremony was over, his Majesty addressed his faithful people in a short speech. He told them the long-promised day was come at last, and that they were to go back again to the land of Abraham, like pilgrims, with their scrips. Instead of dwelling in Duke's place, he would set some of them in the place of Dukes. He appointed Goldmid Lord Ask-a-lan, and Montefiore the Earl of Jobba. Ben Cohen he made Grand Jackall of the empire, with the lordship of the lake of Guineasellit; and B. Ricardo he entitled Lord Bear-shabby. To Mr. Benjamin Gompertz, Secretary for the protection of animals, he gave the dignity of Lord Issachar, referring him to the first five words of the 14th verse of the 49th chapter of Genesis, as his patent for his promotion. On M. Levi he bestowed the honour of Baron Bethlehem, and on Louis Pig-face Cohen the style of my Lord Ham-man. He appointed F. B., Esq., Chief Gramarian, because he had so long dealt in roots; Mr. Vardon Game-keeper; Mr. D'Almaine, First Archer, or Puller of the Long Bow; Mr. J. D'Israeli, of Bloomsbury-square, Librarian, or Keeper of the Curiosities of Literature; Mr. B. D'Israeli, Fashionable Novelist; and Mrs. Isaacs, of Whiteheart-yard, Mistress of the Serail. The only punishment in the New Jerusalem was to be the stocks—and the laws were to be those of Leviticus, revised by Mr. Adolphus. The arms of the kingdom are to be a bull rampant and bear couchant. With a gracious bow of his head, he concluded by saying—"To all per cent, (present, I mean) I bid a-jew."

The greatest hilarity prevailed among the tribes. Several proselytes of the gate were there. Mr. G. Dawson, lured by a half-penny a day, appeared under his Hebrew title of Judas; and Bishop Coplestone, who figured as a new convert, "As I have rattled," said his Lordship, "I may as well rat all the way." We are happy to learn that he got thro' the ceremony of initiation into the Mosaic church very easily; the officiating minister observing, that the more disagreeable part of the ceremony had been performed already. We shall, ere long, give further particulars of the Jew king.—*London paper*.

EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

In Housaie's Memoirs, vol. 1, page 435, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices, that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to be uncommonly skilful; it is probable that the following incident may have been proved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself. Anne Boleyn being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the minister who assisted at the execution could obtain, was, that she would shut her eyes.—But, as she was opening them every moment, the executioner was fearful of missing his aim, and was obliged to invent an expedient to behold the Queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drew the attention of Anne; she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this circumstance to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eye of the lovely but unfortunate victim.

On the night Garrick left the stage, the riot and struggle for places can scarcely be imagined.—Though a side box close to where we sat was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry *vi et armis*. "Shut the door, box-keeper," loudly cried some of the party.—"There is room, by the pow'rs," cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed—"Turn out that blackguard!"—"Oh; and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman;

"come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and shillaly you through the lobby!" This public insult left the tenant in possession of no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round and cried, "I'll talk to you after the play is over."

SAM ROGERS'S LAST.—The immovable lady V— was complaining to Rogers the other day of the very unfashionable sensibility of her niece, the accomplished and lovely Ellen P—, who had been so soul-stricken by Fanny Kembl's *S Juliet*, that, according to her stoical aunt's description, the young lady absolutely shed a "torrent of tears." "What!" said funny Sam, "a torrent of tears! why, the poor dear girl must have had a cataract in her eye!"

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) January 28, 1830.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is not in our power to answer any of "M's" queries on the subject of the "Post-office disputation," as he has termed it. We know that an action was taken against the Post Master, in the Sessions Court, to recover the sum of 7s. 6d., demanded and received by him, as the postage of a certain number of newspapers from Boston, via Halifax;—but the suit was afterwards withdrawn, to be brought forward, we understand, in the Supreme Court.—Under such circumstances, "M" will see the propriety of our withholding his communication.

An official notice appeared in last Tuesday's *Gazette* announcing the appointment of *The Honourable* EDWARD BRABAZON BRENTON, Esq., as *Acting* CHIEF JUDGE, and *The Honourable* WM. PATERSON, Esq., as *Acting* ASSISTANT JUDGE, of the SUPREME COURT of this Island.

We understand there are four vessels now in this port ready for sea, to sail in the course of this morning. The *Diana* for the West Indies; the *Providence* and *Caroline* for Portugal; and the *Kate* for Halifax;—an occurrence worthy of remark at this particular season of the year.

A brig was signalled at the Block-house, on Sunday last, supposed to have been the *Marnhull*, from Brigus, bound to Liverpool.

The following is a copy of the Petition from the Roman-Catholic inhabitants of this town, to both Houses of Parliament, agreed to at the public meeting of that body, held on the 28th December last, and transmitted, by the brig *Traveller*, to the care of PATRICK MORRIS, Esq., Waterford, to be forwarded, respectively, to the Marquess of LANS-DOWNE and DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., together with the letters accompanying the same.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

THE PETITION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF ST. JOHN'S, IN THE ISLAND OF NEWFOUNDLAND, HUMBLY COMPLAINING.

Sheweth—

That your petitioners are without either a local legislature or representation in the Imperial Parliament; but, notwithstanding, possess the greatest confidence in the wisdom and justice of your Right Honourable House, and in the paternal solicitude of His Majesty's Government, in affording them every protection in the full enjoyment of the rights, privileges, and immunities, to which, as British subjects, they are entitled.

That your petitioners, yielding to no class of His Majesty's subjects in devotion to his august person, and loyalty to his Government, contemplated with satisfaction and gratitude the relief afforded to His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects by the Bill passed in the Imperial Parliament, entitled "An Act for the relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects;" and your petitioners most humbly beg to submit to your Right Honourable House their regret and disappointment at learning that a construction had been put upon that Bill, by the Law authorities of this Island, having the effect of excluding your petitioners from its operation.

That before your petitioners decided on approaching your Right Honourable House for redress, they adopted the resolution of applying to His Excellency Sir Thomas John Cochrane, Governor of this Island, in order to ascertain from the highest authority here, whether the information, of which your petitioners had previously been put in possession, was or was not well founded.

That your petitioners to the communication made to His Excellency, received a reply signed by the

Colonial Secretary, of which the following is an extract:—"I am commanded by His Excellency to acquaint you, that in consequence of having received from the whole of the Law Officers of this Government an opinion, (formed after mature deliberation, and an anxious desire to bend it to the expectations of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects) that the Act of the 10th Geo. IV., cap. 7, does no more apply to His Majesty's Colonial possessions than those penal statutes it is intended to repeal; and that the relief it affords to His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, must, in the Colonies, emanate from the Royal Will—His Excellency has transmitted that opinion to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to be laid before His Majesty."

That your petitioners do not attribute to your Right Honourable House, or to His Majesty's Government, the least intention of withholding from them the benefits of the operation of that Bill, which has been extended to His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in all other parts of the empire. Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly but confidently pray your Right Honourable House to afford to them that redress which their case requires.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

[Signed by upwards of 700 persons.]

A copy of the above, with the needful technical alterations, is to be presented to the House of Commons.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF LANS. DOWNE, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD MARQUESS.—As Secretary to the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this town, I have the honour of informing your Lordship, that at a meeting of their body which took place in December last, for the purpose of devising the best means of obtaining a participation in the benefits of the Relief Bill, (from which, in the opinion of the Law authorities here, the inhabitants of Newfoundland are excluded) it was resolved, that petitions should be immediately forwarded to the Imperial Parliament, representing our grievances, and praying for redress.

For presentation in the House of Commons, our petition has been confided to our illustrious countryman Daniel O'Connell, Esq.; but in selecting from amongst the Peers of Great Britain one whom we hoped might feel interest sufficient in our favour to present our prayer and advocate our cause before that august assembly, our choice naturally devolved upon him whose resplendent talents, diversified learning, and uncompromising firmness, unreasingly and successfully devoted to the cause of civil and religious freedom, have obtained for him the respect and admiration of all parties, and the everlasting gratitude of those in whose cause such high qualifications have been embarked.

In forwarding our petition to your Lordship, humbly soliciting your powerful advocacy, we beg leave respectfully to remind you, that, although the oldest of the colonies of Great Britain, Newfoundland is perhaps the most neglected, in being without a local legislature, or any representation;—and if the circumstance of being almost forlorn can give us an additional claim to your Lordship's consideration, we feel assured that nothing will be wanting to the success of our prayer.

I have the honour to forward to your Lordship, herewith, a paper containing the report of the proceedings of the Roman Catholics, the reply of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Thomas John Cochrane, to our communication, and the opinion of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Island, on the subject of the Relief Bill—to which I beg leave to call your Lordship's attention.

I have the honour to be,
My Lord Marquess,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH SHEA, M. D.
Secretary to the Roman Catholics of St. John's.
St. John's, Newfoundland, 12th Jan., 1830.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P.

SIR,—As Secretary to the Roman Catholics of St. John's, (the capital of this Island) the duty devolves upon me of addressing Ireland's greatest patriot, and liberty's most powerful champion, upon a subject immediately connected with the civil and religious liberty, and, consequently, with the happiness of the Catholics of Newfoundland.

You will perceive by the documents which shall be transmitted to you with this, that the Law authorities here have decided against the eligibility of Roman Catholics to take office, without the legal qualifications required previous to the passing of the Relief Bill.—When a report of such a tendency had obtained circulation in this community, a meeting of the Roman Catholics was called, in order to take into consideration the course which it might become them to adopt;—and at that meeting, which was very numerous and respectfully attended, it was resolved, that their Secretary should address a letter to the Governor of this Island, Sir Thomas John Cochrane, to know from him whether the Relief Bill passed in the Imperial Parliament in 1829, did or did not extend to this Island according to the interpretation of the Law Officers here. A letter to that effect was addressed to the Governor's Colonial Secretary, and an answer received, confirming, in the most unequivocal manner, all that rumour had previously spread abroad—upon which a second public meeting of the Roman Catholics was called, for the

purpose of taking the sense of the Catholic population upon the further measures, which should be pursued, in consequence of such communication. At that meeting, it was resolved unanimously, that both Houses of Parliament should be petitioned, without delay, for the redress of a grievance no longer to be endured, and evidently never contemplated by the Legislature at the framing and passing of the Relief Bill;—for, although they, the Roman Catholics of Newfoundland, had, in common with their suffering fellow Christians in Great Britain and Ireland, borne up under the pressure of the burdens iniquitously and wantonly heaped upon them—not only with temperance and forbearance, but absolutely with a certain portion of pride, arising out of the consciousness that they were merely paying the penalty of their allegiance to that faith, which has always been a thousand times dearer to them than life itself—yet, now, that a period has arrived, when through your indomitable labours, unceasing exertions, and boundless talents, all barriers between Roman Catholics and the highest stations are removed—the Catholic inhabitants of Newfoundland can no longer consent to submit tamely to degradations which they have hitherto suffered for conscience sake.

You will see by the resolutions at the last public meeting, that the petition to the House of Commons is to be entrusted to your care for presentation—and that to the House of Lords, to the Marquess of Lansdowne—and such is the reliance felt here on your able advocacy of its prayer, that it would be deemed a species of blasphemy to breathe a doubt of its success.

For myself, individually, I cannot sufficiently express the high sense I feel of the honour of having been selected as the medium of communication with so distinguished an Irishman—the pride of his country, and the admiration of his countrymen and their descendants all over the globe.

I have the honour to be,
SIR,
Your most obedient, humble Servant,
JOSEPH SHEA, M. D.
Secretary to the Roman Catholics of St. John's.
St. John's, Newfoundland, 12th Jan., 1830.

Correspondence.

[For the Newfoundlander.]

TO THE BIBLE.

A Parody on the "STOLEN RING," which appeared in the Newfoundlander of the 14th January last.

O for thy praises now! Had I a tongue
To tell of all thy worth—could I but print
Thy blessed accents on the wordling's heart,
I would pant at once for heaven. Thou hast been read
By all the chosen ones, and thou hast felt
The beating of the contrite heart when first
It turn'd from love of sin to love of God,
In silent chambers, in the trying hour,
O' sadness;—and when weary thoughts came fast,
And life was but a bitterness, thou hast sooth'd
The sufferer's grief with hope of future bliss.
And much I know of one
Who in her girlhood mused upon thy page,
And ever and anon when others join'd
In the wild burst of revelry and joy,
Would seek a hiding place to weep unseen,
Beneath her pillow thou hast lain at night,
When gentle sleep calm'd down the anxious thought,
And in the midnight-hour her very dreams
Espoke the longing of a soul intent on heaven!—
For she would see and hear unearthly things,
And waking weep to find the life-blood yet
Through her transparent veins flow'd warm and fast.
She was impatient then, and would have wing'd
Her flight direct to realms above, where thou
Hast taught her joy awaited christian souls.
And thou hast heard such music! the soft tone
Of pray'r for her lov'd parents; and for those
Whom with a sister's heart she lov'd sincerely:
"No sudden snatch of a remembered song
Warbled capriciously,"—no careless ward
Betraying thoughts possessed her—for she spoke
Of holy things that worked within her heart.
And, more than all, thou, thou wert ever nigh
When the burning pray'r for her life's partner,
And the sleeping ones whom God had giv'n,
Trembling upon her lip, was heard on high.
The words of life which are in thee, she priz'd;
And the warm tear which from her eye stole out,
As her soft lash fell over it, has told
How much she ow'd to Him of whom thy prophets spake.

St. John's, 27th January, 1830.

[For the Newfoundlander.]

CHARADE.—(ORIGINAL.)

My first of all subjects is ever the slave—
Both moral, religious, both lively and grave.
My next, is for valour and wisdom renown'd,
And o'er all the rest of creation is crown'd.
My third, tho' it ranges the universe round,
My second commands, and together they're bound;
My whole to accomplish, my first lends its aid,
For the good of my second in learning and trade.

St. John's, Jan. 27, 1830.

[The author requests a solution of the above, in verse.]

Married, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. F. H. Carrington, Lieut. JOHN BULGER, R. N., to ELIZABETH, sister of Mr. T. Houlton, of this town.

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

CLEARED.
JANUARY 27.—Brig Kate, Shaddan, Halifax;—part of her forward cargo from Hamburg.

CARBONEAR.—ENTERED.
JANUARY 9.—Brig Indian Lass, Williams, Liverpool; 80 bls. flour, 60 tons coals, 40 firkins butter.

St. John's, 27th January, 1830.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Association of Newfoundland Fishermen and Shoremen was held, at the Globe Tavern, on Monday last, and was respectively and numerous attended.—Wm. Thomas, Esq., Vice President, in the Chair.

The Chairman opened the business of the day by congratulating the members upon the very respectable attendance at that, their first anniversary meeting. Though the Association had been in existence nearly one year, none of its benefits could yet have been experienced, as the rules had, very wisely he thought, set apart the first year to allow their funds to accumulate and gather strength;—and now, that the time was approaching when its rules would come into operation, he was happy to find there were none of their members who were likely, for the present, to require any aid or assistance. There were then 121 members enrolled on the books of the Society, from whom £21. 10s. 3d. had been received during the last year, besides the sum of \$66. 4s. in donations and subscriptions from honorary members, including 10l. from their Patron, His Excellency Sir Thomas John Cochrane, and 12l. 10s. from one of the Vice-Patrons, the Hon. Chief Judge Tucker—making the sum total of 148l. 14s. 3d.; out of which the sum of 36l. 15s. 11d. had been paid, by order of the Trustees, for the necessary incidental expenses of the Association during the year, leaving a balance in the Treasurer's hands of 111l. 18s. 4d.—of which, 108l. had been placed at an interest of 5 per cent., for one year, from the 24th June last.—He (the Chairman) had no doubt, as the excellence of the Institution became more fully developed, both their funds and numbers would rapidly increase.—There was, he could assure the meeting, every disposition manifested, on the part of the higher classes in the community, to forward the Association; and he hoped that those who were more immediately interested in its prosperity, would not be outdone in their exertions to raise the Association of "Newfoundland Fishermen and Shoremen," to that elevated station which every well wisher of the country must feel anxious it should assume.

That was the day, he said, appointed by the rules, for the election of their Officers, Directors, and Trustees, for the ensuing twelve months;—and they were also to choose from amongst their body a Committee of Relief, consisting of 21 members, of whom, he requested, they would be very particular and careful in their selection, as some of the most important duties connected with the Institution were attached to that Committee.

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers for the next twelve months, when the following gentlemen were chosen unanimously:—

- PRESIDENT.
The Hon. Judge Brenton, re-elected.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.
William Thomas, Esq., re-elected—Newman W. Hoyles, Esq., elected.
TREASURER.
Thomas Holdsworth Brooking, Esq., re-elected.
DIRECTORS.
Mr. Brooking, re-elected, Mr. Hoyles, re-elected,
W. Thomas, do. H. Thomas, do.
M. Bride, do. James Kent, do.
Bisset, do. T. Bennett, elected,
Lawler, do. B. J. Williams, do.
Doctor Walsh, do. Sinclair, do.

- TRUSTEES.
Mr. Bisset, re-elected, Mr. Lawler, elected,
H. Thomas, ditto, B. J. Williams, do.
M. Bride, ditto.

- SECRETARY.
Mr. John Shea, re-elected.
COMMITTEE OF RELIEF.—ELECTED.
Mr. Thomas Allen, Mr. Lawrence Barron,
George Carew, Michael Keating,
Stephen Ryan, Charles Ryan,
Thomas Mealey, Michael Molloy,
Michael Dunn, William Walsh,
James Aylward, George Marshall,
Denis Nowlan, Roger Flahavan,
Patrick Brennock, Francis Neagle,
John Furlong, John Walsh,
William Shea, Michael Doherty,
William Martin,

The following resolutions were then proposed, seconded, and passed unanimously:—

Resolved.—That our thanks and gratitude are particularly due to His Excellency Sir Thomas John Cochrane, our Patron, for the countenance and support he has been pleased to afford to this Association.

Resolved.—That the thanks of this Association be given to the Hon. Chief Judge Tucker, and the Right Rev. Doctor Scallan, our Vice-Patrons, for their liberal donations and attention to the interests of the Institution.

Resolved.—That the Hon. Judge Brenton, President of this Association, is justly entitled to our warmest thanks, for his valuable services since its formation.

Resolved.—That the Honorary Members who have contributed so munificently to the funds of this Association, deserve our most grateful acknowledgments.

Resolved.—That the members of this Association do celebrate the anniversary of its formation, by assembling, at the Globe Tavern, on Monday, the 22d February next, and marching thence, in procession, through the principal parts of the town.

Resolved.—That all future candidates for admission into this Association, shall be recommended by two persons already members of the body.

A subscription list was then opened, and the sum of 30l. immediately set down by the honorary members present.

WILLIAM THOMAS, Vice-President.
JOHN SHEA, Secretary.

Mr. Thomas having vacated the chair, Mr. T. H. Brooking was called thereon, and the following resolution passed by acclamation:—

Resolved.—That our best thanks are due to the Vice-President of this Association, William Thomas, Esq., as well for his uniform zeal and attention to the welfare of the Institution, as for his able and judicious conduct in the chair this day.

THOMAS HOLDSWORTH BROOKING,
Chairman.

Notices.

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.

DESERTED, from the service of the Subscribers, HENRY TINCOMBE, a native of Devonshire; about 25 years of age, five feet two inches high, florid complexion; had on when he left, a brown jacket and fluting trousers.—Whoever is found harbouring or employing the said deserter, after this public notice, will be prosecuted as the law directs.
ROBERT ALSOP & Co.
January 28.

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.

On Sale.

BY
SAMUEL CODNER,

PRIME Hamburg Purk,
Ditto ditto Beef,
Good ditto Bread,
New Cordage, 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 inch,
Number and flat Canvass,
Shot, Flints,
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 Puns.

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 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.



Poets' Corner.

COUSINS.

"I Hymen, dit-on, craint les petits Cousins."—SCRIBE.

Had you ever a Cousin, Tom?
 Did your Cousin happen to sing?
 Sisters we're all by the dozen, Tom,
 But a Cousin's a different thing,
 And you'd find, if you ever kiss'd her, Tom,
 (But let this be a secret between us)
 That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
 For they're not of the Sister genus.
 There is something, Tom, in a Sister's lip
 When you give her a good-night kiss,
 That savours so much of relationship,
 That nothing occurs amiss;
 But a Cousin's lip, if you once unite
 With your's, in the quietest way,
 Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
 You'll be dreaming the following day.
 And people think it no harm, Tom,
 With a Cousin to hear you talk;
 And no one feels any alarm, Tom,
 At a quiet coosily walk.
 But, Tom, you'll soon find what I happen to know,
 That such walks often grow into straying,
 And the voices of Cousins are sometimes so low,
 Heaven only knows what you'll be saying!
 And then there happen so often, Tom,
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers,
 And looks that were moulded to soften, Tom,
 And tones on which memory lingers;
 That long ere your walk is half over, the strings
 Of your heart are all put into play,
 By the voice of those fair demy-sisterly things,
 In hot quite the most brotherly way.
 And the song of a Sister may bring to you, Tom,
 Such notes as the angels woo,
 But I fear if your Cousin should sing to you, Tom,
 You'll take her for an angel too;
 For so curious a note is that of their's,
 That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,
 Has been all the while singing the National Airs,
 Instead of the Psalms of David.
 I once had a Cousin that sung, Tom,
 And her name may be nameless now,
 But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
 Though we are no longer so;
 'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
 When there is not a leaf on the tree;
 But 'twixt walking and singing, that Cousin has been,
 God forgive her! the ruin of me.
 And now leave sought for society, Tom,
 And lead a most anchorite life,
 For I've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
 And out of the wish for a wife;
 But, oh! if I said but half what I might say,
 So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
 That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
 And from Cousins—as long as you live.

THE FIRST AND LAST SACRIFICE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

It was towards the latter end of May that I set out from New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding over-land to Savannah. I knew the fatigue I should have to undergo, the delays I should experience, and the possible dangers I might encounter; but I had heard and read so much of what there was to excite admiration in the regions through which I should pass, as well as to gratify curiosity in the scenes of savage life I should behold, that I willingly consented to pay the price for such gratifications. My imagination kindled at the thought of traversing a space of many hundred miles, through gloomy forests of pine, oak, and cedar, over wide spread swamps, across flooded creeks, and amid tribes of Indians, still roaming their native wilds, proud and fearless hunters of the woods, or lingering on the confines of barbaric life, till the full tide of civilization should sweep away all the ancient landmarks of their race. My fancy was bewildered with a thousand dreamy visions of strange adventures and of perilous escapes—of romantic hardships by night, when camping out in the woods, and of ceaseless novelties by day, to gaze and wonder at, in the sublime desolation of stupendous wildernesses. I pictured to myself the path of the hurricane, sweeping before it for miles trees of mighty growth, and covering the earth with their majestic ruins—the fierce wolf, and the pouncing panther—the rattlesnake and the alligator—with all that poetical ardour of mind which revels in the exciting conceptions of untried danger. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in the idea of plunging into the depths of awful solitudes, where nature reigned ALONE—where the breeze was perfumed with odours scattered by her hand only—where the sparkling fire-flies danced and glittered before the traveller's eyes like festal fairy lamps, and where birds of unknown song and plumage made the air vocal with their wild melodies; in short, where man, in towns and cities is every thing, would be nothing.

Animated with these feelings, and excited by the anticipations which they inspired, I left New Orleans any thing but reluctant to exchange, for a time at least, its beautiful orange groves and fertile plains, clothed with rich vegetation, and the waters of the giant's stream, the Mississippi—whose course, of three ten hundred miles, here terminates in bleak pine-barrens and arid sand-hills—for green savannahs, freshets, log-houses, wig-wams, and Indians with their tomahawks and scaling-knives. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon these topics, neither do I propose to relate all that befell me on my journey, or to describe all the impressions produced by what I saw. I shall confine myself to the details of a single incident.

The moon was shining gloriously, when, on the twelfth night from my leaving New Orleans, I approached a deep glen, known by the name of MURDER CREEK. It had received this fearful appellation in consequence of a tragical event which occurred there some twenty years ago. A party of whites, consisting of about thirty persons, including several women and children, who were camping out during the night, were suddenly surprised by the Indians, and every one of them butchered and scalped. I had made a fatiguing day's journey; not so much on account of the distance I had traversed, as from the circumstance of having met with two or three large swamps, in which my horse frequently stuck so fast, that I was afraid I should be compelled to leave him to his fate, and scramble my own way out as well as I could, over trunks of fallen trees.—Wearily, cold, wet, (for though the day had been hot, the night was sharp and chilly, and I had waded knee-deep through one of the flooded creeks,) and and hungry withal, I made up my mind to spread my blanket, kindle my fire, and after cooking my bacon, and making my coffee, to sleep till dawn, beneath the thick branches of the lofty trees which overshadowed me. Having secured my horse by a little fence of saplings, and given him his supper of Indian-corn leaves, the only substitutes for hay, (a sufficient supply of which I had carried behind me tied on his back,) I prepared my own meal. While I was eating it with a relish which I might have envied, had I been partaking of more costly viands, and watching the beautiful coruscations of light produced by myriads of fire-flies sparkling with evanescent lustre in the deep gloom of the surrounding forests, beyond whose surface the moon's pale beams could not penetrate, I was suddenly startled by the loud, sharp clicking of a rattlesnake. I sprang up, and, by the light of my fire, perceived the reptile gliding away into the thick underwood, not more than three or four yards from where I had been sitting. I had my stout staff of iron-wood in my hand, and with one well-aimed blow laid the creature dead before me. It was nearly seven feet long, its tail, which I cut off, consisting of twenty joints or rattles. I was not sorry I had succeeded in despatching it; for though my blazing fire was, I knew, sufficient to protect me from its near approach, yet I doubt if I should have composed myself to sleep quite so comfortably, had it escaped into the thicket.

After I had finished my supper, and replenished my fire with fuel, so laid on as to prevent its burning away too rapidly, I spread my blanket, arranged my saddle-bags for bolster and pillow, and laid me down. But there was, if I may so express myself, an oppressive stillness around, which kept me awake for some time. Humboldt speaks of the deep impression made by nature whenever man finds himself in company with her alone; and this impression I had frequently felt during the day, when, look where I would, my eyes rested upon no object which linked me with my fellow-creatures; but, at this moment, it was not only more intense—it partook of emotions which, in their character, were both awful and melancholy. The solitude of night, even in a crowded city, is solemnly impressive. What then must it be, when it deepens the solitude of the wilderness—when, to the consciousness of utter loneliness are added that visible gloom which contracts the boundaries of sight, and those audible sounds which proclaim the surrounding desolation? The air was loaded with these sounds that told the dismal tale, and fancy clothed them all in its own livery. As I lay gazing at the quiet moon, the trickling murmur of innumerable springs flowing over pebbly beds, or through channels fringed with rank herbage—the din of distant waterfalls—the roar of some cataract—the howl of the wolf—the deep hoarse croak of the frogs in the neighbouring swamps—and the drowsy buzz of insects wheeling, fluttering, and dancing in the moonbeams, seemed to invade my ears with incessant and confused repetition. Nor could I wholly dismiss from my thoughts all recollection of the event which had given to the place its ominous name—the Murder Creek; for, not a hundred yards from me, the blackened stump of a tree still marked the spot which had witnessed the frightful massacre.

Insensibly, however, sleep began to steal over me, and I was sinking into repose, when I heard a rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, and saw an Indian seated on the blackened stump. I have just mentioned, gazing steadily at me. I neither spoke nor moved; and he was equally silent and motionless. I do not think he was aware that I was awake and looking at him. He was tall, of a robust make, and his attitude, as he sat, full of that native grace and dignity which have so frequently been described as peculiar to some tribes of these children of the woods. His dress was elegant and picturesque, consisting of a sort of loose gown of red and blue cotton, with the hem highly ornamented, and fastened round the waist by a richly embroidered belt, in which were his tomahawk, scaling knife, and shot-pouch. On his legs he wore moccasins of brown deer-skin, and from his neck hung a profusion of silver ornaments, some shaped like circular plates, and others of the form of shining crescents. Over his shoulders hung his quiver and sheaf of arrows; and on his head he wore a white cotton turban, from behind which nodded a small plume of black feathers. In his hand he held a gun, and athwart his body, obliquely crossing his left shoulder, and hanging below his right, his bow was slung.

I had full leisure to note all these things, for there he sat, the moon's light falling brightly and silently upon him. There he sat, and his eye was brightly and as silently upon me. It was like fascination. I could only look at him, and breathe softly, as I feared to disturb the warrior. I almost doubted whether I had indeed heard his approach, or whether the form I beheld had not grown like a vision

upon my sight. In this manner I lay for nearly half an hour, (such at least the time seemed to me,) till my eye balls ached with gazing; and still the figure was there, while not a muscle of his face or body betrayed by its motion that it was a living man I gazed upon. I closed my eyes for a moment, to relieve the intolerable pain they felt; but when I opened them again, the Indian had disappeared. I was now convinced I had been mocked with a waking dream; for awake I was, and had been all the time. I was convinced, too, that what I had mistaken for the rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet, was nothing more than the impression of those confused sounds I have described, to which that stealing slumber of the senses which precedes sleep had imparted its own vague qualities. Had his feet been shod with moccasins of the cygnet's down, I must have heard their tread as he retired, had the form been real.

Under other circumstances, an occurrence like this would have banished sleep for the rest of the night; but in spite of what I felt, and of the mustering thoughts that began to throng into my mind, the fatigue of my day's journey sat too heavily upon me to let me keep awake. In the very midst of unquiet and feverish meditations, I fell asleep. How long I continued in that state, I cannot say; but it must have been three or four hours, for when I awoke, my night fire was nearly burnt out, and the moon was veiled by black and tempestuous clouds, which had gathered in the sky, threatening a storm. The first object that met my eyes, as I looked round, was the Indian! He was seated in the same attitude as before, but his figure was now only dimly and partially visible, from the long flashes of red dusky light thrown upon it at intervals by the expiring embers. I started up, grasping one of my pistols, which lay half-cocked by my side. He arose, and slowly advanced towards me. I was on my feet in an instant, and as he came near, I presented my pistol; but with one blow of his tomahawk, given with the rapidity of lightning, he struck it from my hand so violently, that the piece discharged itself as it fell to the ground. The report echoed and re-echoed, peal upon peal, through the surrounding forest. I endeavoured to possess myself of the other, when he sprang upon me, seized me by the throat, and with his right hand held aloft his murderous weapon. Expecting the fatal blow to fall, I made signs of submission; and both my gestures and looks implored his mercy. He surveyed me for an instant without speaking, then quitted his hold, and stooping down took up my remaining pistol, which he discharged in the air. I saw, by the quick-glances of his eyes, that he was looking about to ascertain whether I had any other weapon of defence, and I signified that I had not. He now lighted the pipe of his tomahawk* by the embers, gave two or three puffs himself, and passed it to me; I did the same; and from that moment I knew I was safe in his hands. The symbol of peace and hospitality had been reciprocated; the pledge of good faith had been given which no Indian ever violated.

Hitherto not a word had been spoken. I knew none of the Indian dialects, and I was aware that each nation had a language or vocabulary of its own, which, though possessing some common affinities in neighbouring tribes, was often so dissimilar, that they were frequently obliged to carry on communications with each other through the medium of interpreters. While, however, I was considering how I should make myself understood, or comprehend the intentions of my mysterious visitor, I was both surprised and delighted to hear him address me in very good English.

"The storm clouds are collecting in their strength," said he, looking towards the sky. "Get ready. Follow me."

"You speak my language," I exclaimed.

"You hear I do. Get ready, and follow."

"Whether?"

He made no answer, but walked some paces off, in the direction he would go, and then stopped as if waiting for me. I obeyed. In a few minutes my travelling necessaries were collected, my horse saddled, and I on its back ready to proceed, which when he saw, he immediately entered a narrow hunter's path that led into the thickest part of the wood. It soon became so dark that I could not see my guide, and he turned back to take the bridle of my horse in his hand. With an unerring and rapid step he kept the path, and with the eyes of the lynx he discerned its course through the intricate windings of the forest. He did not speak; and I was too much absorbed in conjectures as to what might be the issue of this singular adventure to seek frivolous discourse, while I knew that any attempt to anticipate the issue by questions would be futile. Besides, all fears for my personal safety being allayed, I could hardly say that I now felt a wish to forego the conclusion of a business which had commenced so romantically. We had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when the Indian suddenly stopped; and the next moment I was startled by the report of his musket, which was followed by a loud howl or yell. Before I could inquire the cause of what I heard, I was thrown to the ground by the violent rearing and plunging of my horse; but I soon recovered my feet, and was then enabled to perceive by the faint glimmering of the dawn which now began to penetrate the dark deep gloom of the gigantic trees, that the Indian was in the act of discharging an arrow at a wolf of prodigious size, which seemed to be on the spring to seize its assailant. The arrow flew to its mark with a whizzing sound, and the bow sent forth a twang, which denoted the strength of the arm that had dispatched it. It struck, and penetrated the skull of the wolf, quivering in the wound; and the

* The tomahawk is often so made as to serve for a pipe; the back of the hatchet-head having a little socket attached to it, and the handle being bored.

next moment a tremendous blow from the tomahawk, given, as he sprang towards the ferocious animal, before it could recover from the stunning shock of the arrow, cleft its head completely in twain. The whole of this did not occupy more than a minute; with such dexterous rapidity did the Indian first discharge his gun, then unsling his bow, and follow up its use, by the certain execution of the tomahawk. Nor was I less astonished, as I looked at the animal, and remarked its dun colour, at the extraordinary quickness of vision which the necessity of being constantly on the watch (in their hunting expeditions through trackless woods) against sudden surprise, either from wild beasts, or enemies in ambush, creates in these free denizens of their native wilds. Had I been journeying alone, with all the advantage of daylight, I scarcely think my eye would have distinguished the wolf from the thick bushes in which it was couched, unless my attention had been first excited by some movement on its part; and I could not help testifying my amazement at the whole scene. The Indian made no reply, but reloaded his gun, to be ready, if necessary, for another enterprise of the same kind.

We resumed our journey in silence, and having proceeded, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four miles further, we at length came to a small cabin, or wigwam, erected by the side of the path. It was of the simplest construction, consisting merely of a few saplings stuck into the ground, and covered on the top and sides with the bark of the cedar tree. Round the cabin there was about half an acre of ground cleared, which was planted with Indian corn. Here we stopped; for this was the abode of my guide. I dismounted, fastened my horse to a tree, and followed the Indian into the hut, whose only furniture seemed to be a bed of buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner. I perceived, however, that the walls, so to call them, were hung round with rifles, tomahawks, scaling knives, shot-pouches, powder-horns, bows, arrows, and deer, buffalo, and bear skins. But I will not attempt to describe what were my feelings at the moment when I saw and counted on one side of the cabin, no less than fifteen human scalps, denoting by their size and appearance that they had belonged to persons of almost every age, from the child of three years, to the grey victim of three-score and ten. One in particular attracted my attention, from the beauty of its long, glossy auburn hair, which hung down in profusion, and which had evidently been severed from the head of some wretched female, perhaps young, and lovely, and beloved! I could easily distinguish, too, that all of them were the scalps of white people, who had been slain, I had no doubt, by the being in whose power, utterly helpless and alone, I then was. My heart grew faint and sick at the grisly array; and I turned from it, but with a resolution to betray, as little as I possibly could, by my manner, the emotions it had excited.

"Sit!" exclaimed the Indian, pointing to the bed of buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner of the cabin. I did so; while he, with the same stern silence which he had all along maintained, spread before me some milk, various preparations of Indian corn, wild venison, and *seefler*, the last, a not unpalatable dish, being made of the flour of Indian corn, gathered while green, mixed with honey and water. He seated himself by my side, and partook of the meal. I too ate, and with a relish, after my morning's ride, in spite of many uneasy reflections which I could not repress. These reflections, indeed, were gradually becoming so painful, that I was on the point of demanding from my host an explanation of his motives for bringing me here, when he addressed me. I knew it was a point of Indian politeness not to interrupt a person who is speaking, and I was careful to avoid any breach of decorum.

"You are a white man—I found you sleeping—you were armed—I made you defenceless, and then I offered you the pipe of peace."

"A white man found MY FATHER defenceless and asleep, and shot him as he slept. I was in my mother's womb; but the blood of my father was gathered, and before the milk of her bosom was on my lips, they were made red with his blood, that I might taste the food of revenge before the food of life."

"The first word I lisped, was REVENGE! The first passion I knew, was HATRED of a WHITE MAN! The first time I knelt to the Great Spirit, it was on my father's grave, to pray he would not send for me till I had clothed myself in a robe of blood, to greet my father in the Spirit Country. My prayer was heard. My oath has been kept."

"I grew a man, and adopted myself into the Panther family by marriage. In my cabin, which was then on the banks of the Ontario, the Lake of a Thousand Islands, I numbered three generations. My mother lived—children were born to me—we were one family."

"Did I forget my oath? No. Did I forget the end for which I lived? Never. The day that saw my first-born in its mother's arms, saw my first sacrifice to my father's spirit—a white man dead at my feet. Three moons after, another;—and in that third moon—a third. There," pointing to the scalps, "there hang the proofs that I do not say the thing which is not."

"Four snows passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burnt down. My mother alone sat weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes, which marked the spot where my home had stood when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep. But I comforted my mother all that night, and when the sun arose, I said, 'Let us to the wilderness. We are now the last of our race. We are alone, and the desert offers its solitudes for such!'

[To be concluded in our next.]