



# Newfoundlander.

No. 133.

THURSDAY, February 4, 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 } 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 Gustwell

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To CARBONAR on Monday, returning on Tuesday;

To CUBITS on Wednesday, returning on Thursday; and

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

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

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

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

### DART PACKET BOAT.

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

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

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

### SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

## FIRST ROUT IN LONDON.

(From Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir.")

Of all metaphysical mysteries, there is nothing more difficult to get at than the mystery of memory. Montaigne, complaining of his, observes, "et suis si excellente en oubliance, que mes escripts memes, je les oublie, pas moins que les autres." This is precisely my own case. "I never could remember any thing I wrote beyond the moment when it was going through the press. The other evening I found a book lying open on the piano-forte, which somebody had just laid down, on being called to take a part in the *Preghiera*, in the opera of the *Moss*, and I chanced to light upon a high-flown and rather nonsensical passage, of which I could make nothing. This induced me to look at the title page. It was "The Wild Irish Girl," seventh edition. I had not seen it for years. I was amused, and a little surprised.

In *diebus illis*, it was with my style, pretty much as with the oaths of Frere Jean de l'Entomour—Comment, vous jurez, Frere Jean?—"Ce n'est (dit le moine) que pour orner mon langage: ces son couplets de rhetorique Cicronienne." All that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction given to literary composition, was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me. The imagination, or feeling, or whatever it was, that carried the "Wild Irish Girl" through seven editions in less than two years, was wholly unsupported by any of the advantages which reading, the world, society, or the judgment and taste they bring with them, could confer. I began to write almost as soon as I could read; and the premature development of imagination, which enabled me to combine and invent, was inevitably destitute of that command of language, which books and reflection only give. Hurried on by the "thick-coming fancies" of a fervid but uncultivated mind, I did not always pause to secure the best and most precise expression by which they could be conveyed; and except when I had to give utterance to some strong feeling, (for feeling always finds its own language,) I was often, as the sportsman's phrase is, "at fault." Conscious of the poverty of my vocabulary, I frequently borrowed a word, or adopted a phrase, as Frere Jean did an oath, not for its precise application or intrinsic meaning, but simply "pour orner mon langage."

I remember once making this humble and pleading confession under very singular circumstances, and with a most propitiating effect. It was on the occasion of my first appearance at a great London rout, and at the moment when the uncalculated success of the juvenile work alluded to had given me that sort of vogue which learned pigs and learned ladies, and other things more valuable for their singularity than their utility, enjoy in common.

A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the Countess Dowager of C—k, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington-street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled on my ears, and seized on my imagination; as that of her great ancestor, "the father of chemistry, and uncle to Lord Cork," did on the mind of my old friend, Professor Higgins. I was freshly launched from the bosom of the barony of Tíreragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of English *ton*, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or millinery, for such an awful transition: so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O'Rourke, Prince of Brefney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job-carriage at the hour of ten, and, "all alone by myself"—as the Irish song says—

"To Eden took my solitary way."

What added to my fears, and doubts, and hopes, and embarrassments, was a note from my noble hostess, received at the moment of departure, which ran thus:—

"Every body has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl: so she must bring her Irish harp."

"M. C. O."

I arrived at New Burlington-street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high sounding titles of Princes and Ambassadors, and Dukes and Duchesses, announced, long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the

porter, and was bawled from footman to footman, as all names are bawled, which are not written down in the red-book of fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials. How I wished myself back in Tíreragh with my own Princes, the O's and the Macs; and yet this position was among the items of my highest ambition! To be sought after by the great, not for any accidental circumstance of birth, rank, or fortune, but simply "pour les beaux yeux de mon merite," was a principal item in the utopia of my youthful fancy. I endeavoured to recall the fact to mind, but it would not do; and as I ascended the marble stairs, with their gilt balustrade, I was agitated by emotions, similar to those which drew from my countryman, Maurice Quill, his frank exclamation in the heat of the battle of Vittoria, "Oh, Jasus, I wish some one of my greatest enemies was kicking me down Dame-street!"

Lady C—k met me at the door of that suite of apartments which opens with a brilliant boudoir, and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilight falls upon fountains of rose-water which never dry, and on beds of flowers that never fade,—where singing birds are always silent, and butterflies are for once at rest.

"What, no harp, Glorvina," said her Ladyship.

"Oh, Lady C—k!"

"Oh, Lady Fiddlestick!"—you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope-street for Miss Owenson's harp.

Let us by Dr. Johnson's celebrated "little Dutch," and Boswell's "divine Maria," who kindly and protectingly drew my arm through hers, I was at once merged into that mob *elegantes* and *elegants*, who always prefer narrow door-ways for incipient flirtations, to the clear stage and fair play of the centre of a saloon. As we stood wedged on the threshold of fashion, my dazzled eyes rested for a moment on a strikingly sullen looking, handsome creature, whose boyish person was distinguished by an air of singularity which seemed to vibrate between hauteur and shyness. He stood with his arms crossed, and alone, occupying a corner near the door; and though in the brilliant bustling crowd, "was not of it."

"How do, Lord Byron?" said a pretty sprite of fashion, as she glided her spirituality through a space which might have proved too narrow for one of Leslie Foster's demi-semi souls to pass through.

Lord Byron! All "les braves Birones" of French and English chivalry rushed to my mind, at the sound of the historical name! But I was then ignorant, that its young and beautiful inheritor was to give it greater claims on the admiration of posterity, than the valiant *preux* of France, or the loyal cavaliers of England, had yet bestowed on it. For fame travels slowly in our barony of Tíreragh; and though Lord Byron had already made his first step in that career which ended in the triumph of his brilliant and powerful genius over all his contemporaries, I had got no further in the article Byron, than the "pends-toi, brave Biron," of Henri Quatre.

After a stand and a stare of some seconds, I was pushed on—*and*, on reaching the centre of the conservatory, I found myself suddenly pounced upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady C—k, whose effort to detain me on this very uneasy pre-eminence, resembled Lingo's remonstrance of "keep your temper, Rusty-fusty," for I too was treated *en privesse* (the Princess of Coolavin), and denied the civilized privileges of sofa or chair, which were not in character with the habits of a "Wild Irish Girl." So there I sat, "patience per force with wilful choler meeting," the honess of the night! exhibited and shown off like "the beautiful hyena that never was tamed," of Exeter Change, looking almost as wild, and feeling quite as savage!

Lady C—k, whose parties are the pleasantest in London, because they are exempt from the monotony which broods like an incubus over the circles of English fashion, has been accused of an inordinate passion for lions. In my own respect, I have only to say, that this *engouement*, indulged, in the first instance, perhaps, a little too much at my expense, has been followed up by nearly twenty years of unswerving friendship, kindness, and hospitality.

I shall never forget the cordiality with which, upon this memorable occasion, she presented me to all that was the most illustrious for rank and talent in England; even though the manner savoured, perhaps, something too much of the Duchesse de la Ferte's style of protection, on a similar occasion, "Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez—vous allez voir comme elle parle;" for if the manner was not exactly conforma-

ble to the dignity of the Princess of Coolavin, the motive rendered all excusable; and I felt with the charming *protegee* of the French Duchesse, that "so many whimsical effects proceeded from an immoderate desire to bring me forward."

Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd, which an idle curiosity easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed to amuse every one but its subject. "Lord Erskine, (this is the 'Wild Irish Girl,' whom you are so anxious to know. I assure you she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories which you told us the other evening at Lord C—ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comite*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abingdon says you would make a famous actress—she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her; she will be here by-and-by. This is the Duchess St. A—; she has your 'Wild Irish Girl' by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear Mr. T—; (this is Mr. T—, my dear; geniuses should know each other)—do, my dear Mr. T—, find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh! here he is! What! you know each other already; *tant mieux*. This is Lord Carysfort. Mr. Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much; but you must not read his works—they are very naughty. But here is one, and whose works I know you have read. What! you know him too!" It was the Hon. William Spencer, whose "Years of Sorrow" was then drawing tears from all the brightest eyes of England, while his wit and his pleasantry cheered every circle he distinguished by his presence.

Lewis, who stood staring at me through his eyeglass, backed out at this exhibition, and disappeared. "Here are two ladies," continued her ladyship, "whose wish to know you is very flattering, for they are wits themselves, *l'esprit de Mortemar*, true N—'s. You don't know the value of this introduction. You know Mr. Gell, so I need not present you; he calls you the Irish Corinne. Your friend Mr. Moore will be here by-and-by. I have collected 'all the talents' for you. Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet; and find me Lady Hamilton. Now pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's, in the rebellion, that you told to the ladies of Llangollen; and then give us your blue-stocking dinner at Sir Richard Phillips's; and describe us the Irish priests. Here is your countryman, Lord L—k, he will be your bottle holder."

Lord L—k volunteered his services. The circle now began to widen—wits, warriors, peers, ministers of state. The harp was brought forward, and I attempted to play; but my howl was funeral; I was ready to cry in character, but endeavoured to laugh, and to cover out my real timidity by an affected ease, which was both awkward and impolitic. The best coquetry of the young and inexperienced is a frank exhibition of its own unsophisticated feelings; but this is a secret learned too late.

A ball at Mrs. Hope's drew off my auditory, and towards midnight, the ring was thinned to a select few, some fifty particular friends, who had been previously asked to stay supper. It was my good fortune to be placed at table between Lords Erskine and Carysfort, who had both been particularly kind to me during my perilous probation; and now, no longer "the observed of all observers," I had leisure to observe for myself, and to be amused in my turn.

I had got into a very delightful conversation with my veteran beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C—k reproached him as "the late Mr. Kemble;" and then, looking at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded, was not one of mere recognition:—it was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much pre-occupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared to be actuated by some intention, which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-a-vis*, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head and jelly. Alas, no!—the bore was, that my head happened to be the object that fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathach* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well organized Brutus, and better than any in the repertoire of theatrical perukes. Succeeding

at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually stuck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked—"Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Lord Erskine "came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, "*les serpents de l'envie ont siffles dans son cœur*;" on every side—

"Some did laugh,  
And some did say, God bless us."

—While I, like Macbeth,

"Could not say, Amen"

Meantime, Kemble, peevish, as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat-pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady C——) and, reading, with his deep, emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his fore-finger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, "Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? and where did you get all these d——d hard words?"

Thus taken by surprise, and "smarting with my wounds" of mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: "Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's dictionary."

The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the *J'y allois* of *La Fontaine* was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the *naïvete* of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and shortly after, Mr. Spencer carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head—inside or out.

Talking over this scene, not long since, at Lady C——'s, with a lady who had been present, it came back with all its circumstances to my memory, and with a keen recollection of the pains and penalties incidental to inexperience and unprotected female youth, when forced by necessity to step across the threshold of domestic privacy, and to carry to the mart of public suffrage the feeling and fancy intended by nature for home consumption. Between my first and my last appearance in the elegant and hospitable saloons of New Burlington-street, what a difference—in person, feeling, sensation, intellect,—the all that should make identity, yet does not! I cannot trace the least similitude between Mr. Kemble's "little girl," and the proscribed of emperors and the excommunicated of popes. There is more philosophy in the woman who went "to market her eggs for to sell," than the world is aware of; and I have been tempted to quote her "Lord have mercy on me! sure this is none of I!" as often as my illustrious countryman Daniel O'Connell has applied to his own Ireland his favourite quotation of

"Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

I have repeated it, when telling a droll Irish story to the minister who had set his seal to Ireland's ruin; in the Tuilleries, when I stood face to face, "bandying compliments with majesty;" in the Quirinal, when in *l'été-a-tête* with a cardinal secretary, amid scenes that belonged to the middle ages; in the Palace Borghese with the family of Napoleon Buona-parte; on the Pontine Marshes, when receiving the confessions of a Carmelite monk, on his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Peter; and in the vice-regal circles of Dublin Castle, when a liberal Lord Lieutenant shook my right hand, at the same moment that a grand master of an orange lodge shook my left!

I remember relating my *debut* at Lady C——'s, and my scene with Mr. Kemble, to the late Marquis of A——, as something more true than possible. He told me that he had known him to do things more eccentric, when under the influence of that one glass too much; and he quoted an anecdote which occurred at the —. "Kemble was seated between the two Scotch Dukes of H——, and of A——; the conversation turned on genealogy, and the two peers grew warm on the relative antiquity of their houses, Kemble, who had not drunk pending the argument, and who saw with despair the battle in abeyance between their graces, after muttering his impatience for some time, broke out on a sudden with "D——n both of your bloods, send round the wine!" "Nobody," added Lord A——, "appeals to Kemble sober against Kemble tipsy—he is such an excellent fellow, and such a perfect gentleman."

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

MUMPS' HA!

(From a Note to Guy Mannering.)

It is fitting to explain to the readers the locality described in this chapter. There is, or rather I should say there was, a little inn, called Mumps' Hall—that is, being interpreted, Beggar's Hotel, near to Gilsland, which had not then attained its present fame as a Spa. It was a hedge alehouse, where the Border farmers of either country often stopped to refresh themselves and their nags, in their way to and from the fairs and trysts in Cumberland, and especially those who came from or went to Scotland, through a barren and lonely district, without either road or pathway, emphatically called the Waste of Bewcastle. At the period when the adventures described in the novel are supposed to have taken place, there were many instances of attacks by freebooters on those who travelled through this wild district, and Mumps' Ha' had a bad reputation for harbouring the banditti who committed such depredations.

An old and sturdy yeoman belonging to the Scottish side, by surname an Armstrong or Elliott, but well known by his soubriquet of fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and still remembered for the courage he displayed in the frequent frays which took place on the Border fifty or sixty years since, had the following adventure in the Waste, which suggested the idea of the scene in the text:—

Charlie had been at Stagshaw-bank fair, had sold his sheep or cattle, or whatever he had brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were then no country banks where cash could be deposited, and bills received instead, which greatly encouraged robbery in that wild country, as the objects of plunder were usually fraught with gold.—The robbers had spies in the fair, by means of whom they generally knew whose purse was best stocked, and who took a lonely and desolate road homeward—those, in short, who were best worth robbing, and likely to be most easily robbed.

All this Charlie knew full well; but he had a pair of excellent pistols, and a dauntless heart. He stopped at Mumps' Ha', notwithstanding the evil character of the place. His horse was accommodated where it might have the necessary rest and feed of corn; and Charlie himself, a dashing fellow, grew gracious with the landlady, a buxom queen, who used all the influence in her power to induce him to stop all night. The landlady was from home, she said, and it was ill passing the Waste, as twilight must needs descend on him before he gained the Scottish side, which was reckoned the safest. But fighting Charlie, though he suffered himself to be detained later than was prudent, did not account Mumps' Ha' a safe place to quarter in during the night. He tore himself away, therefore, from Meg's good fare and kind words, and mounted his nag, having first examined his pistols, and tried by the ramrod whether the charge remained in them.

He proceeded a mile or two at a round trot, when, as the Waste stretched black before him, apprehensions began to awaken in his mind, partly arising out of Meg's unusual kindness, which he could not help thinking had rather a suspicious appearance. He therefore resolved to reload his pistols, lest the powder had become damp; but what was his surprise, when he drew the charge, to find neither powder nor ball, while each barrel had been carefully filled with tow up to the space which the loading had occupied! and the priming of the weapons being left untouched, nothing but actually drawing and examining the charge could have discovered the inefficiency of his arms till the fatal minute arrived when their services were required. Charlie bestowed a hearty Liddesdale curse on his landlady, and reloaded his pistols with care and accuracy, having now no doubt that he was to be waylaid and assaulted. He was not far engaged in the Waste, which was then, and is now, traversed only by such routes as are described in the text, when two or three fellows, disguised and variously armed, started from a moss-bag, while, by a glance behind him, (for, marching, as the Spaniard says, with his beard on his shoulder, he reconnoitred in every direction,) Charlie instantly saw retreat was impossible, as other two stout men appeared behind him at some distance. The Borderer lost not a moment in taking his resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who called loudly on him to stand and deliver; Charlie spurred on, and presented his pistol. "D——n your pistol!" said the foremost robber; whom Charlie to his dying day protested he believed to have been the landlord of Mumps' Ha'. "D——n your pistol! I care not a curse for it." "Ay, lad," said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, "but the tow's out now."—He had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding a man of redoubted courage well armed, instead of being defenceless, took to the moss in every direction, and he passed on his way without farther molestation.

The author has heard this story told by persons who received it from Fighting Charlie himself; he has also heard that Mumps' Ha' was afterwards the scene of some other atrocious villany, for which the people of the house suffered. But these are all tales of at least half a century old, and the Waste has been for many years as safe as any place in the kingdom.

DEATH OF A REBEL.

FROM "A TALE '98."

"The worthy Colonel, having finished his last cup of tea, and given orders that the materials of a glass of punch should be prepared for his return, went down to examine the desperate rebel. 'Bring out that croppy rascal'—thundered out the Colonel; bound, bleeding, and faint, O'Brien was brought before him. 'So you have made a good night's work of it, my boy!' The prisoner remained silent.—'What have you to say for yourself?' Still there was no answer. 'Oh, you're sulky, are you? Sergeant, put a pole across the two windows of the next lane, and prepare a rope for this hero.' At this moment the prisoner, collecting all his strength, addressed his judge in a calm, steady voice; one of the soldiers afterwards declared, that in that moment of mortal agony, his accents were as firm, and his look as proud, as if he stood there to issue commands, and not to receive sentence. 'That this would, probably, be my end, I have long been aware: I am not now about to stoop to ask for mercy; the best of my ancestors have been ruthlessly slain by the Saxon; their death may well be mine; they died in vain attempts to free their native land from the foe and the stranger—so do I: one comfort still remains—though I could not break the chains of my native country, I shall not witness the riveting of her fetters. I have three requests to make;—first, that I may be allowed to write a farewell to my family; secondly, that a minister of religion may be permit-

ted to attend me; and, thirdly, that a soldier's death may be allowed me.' The Colonel listened to him with undisguised amazement; the calmness and steadiness of the prisoner had put him into a furious rage, and with brutal harshness, he refused his petition, and reiterated his orders that the fatal apparatus of death should be instantly erected. A young officer that was present, an Englishman by birth, interfered so far as to procure for the prisoner the means of writing a few lines, and the privilege of solitude while the rude gallows was being erected.

"The grey dawn of morning was just beginning to appear, when it was intimated to the prisoner that the preparations were completed. Those who have spent a sleepless night, know well the exhausted and haggard appearance they present, when the dull light of the early morn breaks upon their vigils. As the prisoner went slowly through the guard-room, the pallid faces of those who kept the watch, and the manifest unwillingness with which they stood to their arms, seemed to him to speak of sympathy and pity. It was but a seeming; civil war destroys every generous sentiment; these men had seen the insurgents plunge their pikes into the bodies of the wounded in the previous engagement; they had heard of the cruelties practised by the rebels, and they were steel-ed against compassion when these rebels were in their power. O'Brien had not far to go: the fatal tree was close to the guard-house door. Bound and manacled, he made one desperate effort, and rushed through the files of the surprised guard; but their surprise lasted only for a moment; he had not run five yards, when a friendly bullet gave him, as he desired, a soldier's death. His lifeless corpse was suspended from the gallows, but the gallant spirit had escaped from the dreaded insult."

UNPARALLELED EXPLOIT.

Lord Cochrane at Basque Roads.

The following account of this hazardous achievement was written by an officer of Marines who was present:

"Our fire-ships were sent in, each conducted by a lieutenant and five men; the ships were sixteen in number, and some very heavy: when they got in, the French ships cut and split, and nine sail of the line got on shore on the Isle of Aix, and the next morning we discovered them: the fire-ships having done little good, the small craft and frigates were ordered in to attempt to destroy them. The place where they lay was like Portsmouth harbour, under the fire of the two batteries, each of which had three tiers of guns, of twenty-nine each, all heavy metal: the navigation to get at them was very difficult, in some places there being only four fathoms water. Just as we were sitting down to dinner on board the *Revenge*, our signal was made to go in and assist the gun and mortar vessels; our ship was cleared for action in fifteen minutes, and in half an hour we were alongside of three sail of the line, when we opened a dreadful cannonade on them, which continued for an hour and a quarter, when the *Warsaw*, a fine eighty gun ship, and the *Aquilon*, struck to us. We were now in a very critical state ourselves, being in only five fathoms water, which was ebbing very fast; the batteries on shore, having got our length, struck us almost every shot for the last quarter of an hour; luckily a breeze springing up, we got off into deeper water, and out of reach of their guns, when we anchored again, and sent our boats to take out the prisoners, and set them on fire about seven, P. M. At nine they were all in flames, and at two in the morning they blew up with a tremendous explosion; the French set fire to the *Tonnire*, and the *Imperieuse* to the *Calcutta*; three other ships of the line are on shore very much mangled by the frigates and boom-ships; some of them are on their beam-ends, and but little chance of their getting off again. The Captain of the *Warsaw* is on board our ship: he says, they were bound out to relieve Martinique with troops and provisions. I went on board his ship after she struck, and the decks were strewn with dead and dying—a most dreadful slaughter. We also lost several killed and wounded, and our ship is much cut up in sails and rigging, which makes it probable that we shall be sent in to refit.

"Lord Cochrane caused about fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder to be started into puncheons, which were placed end upwards: upon the tops of these were placed between three and four hundred shells, charged with fuses; and again, among and upon these were between two and three thousand hand-grenades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together with wedges; and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stem to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might render the explosion the more violent.

"In this immense instrument of destruction, Lord Cochrane committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen; and after the boom was broken, his Lordship proceeded with this explosion-ship towards the enemy's line. Let it be recollected, that at this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot, and then his Lordship's danger in this enterprize may be properly conceived.

"The wind blew a gale, and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were discovered, one of the enemy's line made the signal for fire-ships, which being also a blue light, the enemy fell into great confusion, firing upon her with very injurious effect, and directly cut their cables.

"When Lord Cochrane had conducted his explosion-ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after putting fire to

the fuses, which was calculated to give them fifteen minutes to get out of the reach of the explosion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high, the fuses burnt too quickly; so that, with the most violent exertion against wind and tide, this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be, at the time when the most tremendous explosion that human art ever contrived took place, followed by the bursting at once in the air of nearly four hundred shells and three thousand hand-grenades, pouring down a shower of cast-metal in every direction!... But fortunately our second Nelson was spared, the boat having reached, by unparalleled exertion, only just beyond the extent of destruction. Unhappily, this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom his noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue, and partly drowned with waves that continually broke over them. Two of the four sailors were also so nearly exhausted that their recovery was for some time despaired of.

"The repetition of his explosions was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal destruction in every fire-ship; and, immediately crowding all sail, ran before wind and tide so fast, that the fire-ships, though at first very near, could not overtake them, before they were high and dry on shore, except three seventy-fours, besides the *Calcutta*, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burnt.

"Our hero next turned his attention to rescue the vanquished from the devouring elements; and in bringing away the people of the *Ville de Varsovie*, he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took the crying little favourite up into his arms, and brought it away. It may be supposed that he has conveyed this fortunate little trophy into the bosom of his family, where it ought to be ever cherished as an instance of his generous care. But a still greater instance of goodness was displayed in his humanity to a captain of a French 74, who came to deliver his sword to Lord Cochrane, lamenting that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His Lordship instantly got into the boat with him, and pushed off to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable loss; but in passing by a 74, which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off; a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord Cochrane's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled, and the rest of this party were nearly drowned."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Were we required to characterize this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not a Heroical, Devotional, Philosophical, or Moral Age. It is an Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of the word; the Age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches, and practices the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation, some helps and accompaniments, some cunning, abbreviating process is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all discredited and thrown aside. On every hand the living artisan is driven from his workshop, to make room for a speedier, inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. The sailor furls his sail and lays down his oar, and bids a strong, unwearied servant, on vapourous wings, bear him through the waters. Men have crossed oceans by steam; the Birmingham Fire-king has visited the fabulous East; and the genius of the Cape, were there any Capeens now to sing it, has again been alarmed, and with far stranger thunders than Gama's. There is no end to machinery. Even the horse is stripped of his harness, and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead. Nay, we have an artist that hatches chickens by steam—the very brood hen is to be superseded! For all earthly, and for some unearthly purpose, we have machines and mechanic furtherances; for mincing our cabbages; for casting us into magnetic sleep. We remove mountains, and make seas our smooth highways; nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature; and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils.

"What wonderful accessions have thus been made, and are still making, to the physical power of mankind; how much better fed, clothed, lodged, and, in all outward respects, accommodated, men now are, or might be, by a given quantity of labour, is a grateful reflection which forces itself on every one. What changes, too, this addition of power is introducing into the social system; how wealth has more and more increased, and at the same time gathered itself more and more into masses, strangely altering the old relations, and increasing the distance between the rich and the poor, will be a question for Political Economists—and a much more complex and important one than any they have yet engaged with. But leaving these matters for the present, let us observe how the mechanical genius of our time has diffused itself into quite other provinces. Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and spiritual also. Here, too, nothing follows its spontaneous course, nothing is left to be accomplished by old, natural methods. Every thing has its cunningly devised implements, its pre-established apparatus; it is not done by hand, but by machinery. Thus we have machines for education: Lancastrian machines; Hamiltonian machines—monitors, maps, and emblems. Instruction, that mysterious communing of wisdom with ignorance, is no longer an indefinable tentative process, requiring a study of individual aptitudes, and a perpetual variation of means and methods, to attain the same end; but a secure, universal, straight-forward business, to be conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism,

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with such intellect as comes to hand. Then, we have religious machines, of all imaginable varieties—the Bible Society, professing a far-higher and heavenly structure, is found, on inquiry, to be altogether an earthly contrivance, supported by collection of monies, by fomenting of vanities, by puffing, intrigues, and chicanes—and yet, in effect, a very excellent machine for converting the heathen. It is the same in all other departments. Has any man, or any society of men, a truth to speak a piece of spiritual work to do, they can no wise proceed at once, and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, appoint committees, issue prospectuses, eat a public dinner: in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it. Without machinery they were hopeless, helpless—a colony of Hindoo weavers squatting in the heart of Lancashire. Then every machine must have its moving-power, in some of the great currents of society. Every little sect amongst us, Unitarians, Anabaptists, Phrenologists, must each have its periodical, its monthly or quarterly magazine—hanging out, like its windmill, into the popularis aura, to grind meal for the society."

**SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.**—His Majesty's ship *Blossom*, commanded by Capt. Richard Owen, has been directed by the Admiralty to complete the surveys of the different parts of the West Indies which have been left undone by the Spaniards; and the late admiralty surveyor in that quarter, Mr. De Mayne, Capt. Owen, it is understood, will be principally employed among the Bahamas, and the coasts between Carthage and Yucatan, more particularly to examine the dangerous shores of the latter place; and to ascertain correctly the meridian distances between the principal points in the West Indies chronometrically. He has received for this purpose a supply of the very finest instruments; and no pains have been spared in the equipment of the *Blossom*. Capt. Owen, it is reported, has been particularly directed to report on the qualities of the star quadrant; a late improvement of the quadrant, in which the glasses are considerably enlarged, for the purpose of gaining as much light as possible in observing the altitudes of stars with the sea horizon.

**AMERICAN NAVY.**—State of the marine of the United States for 1829:—38 ships of the line, 11 frigates, 13 sloops, 7 schooners. Building, 5 ships, 6 frigates, 4 sloops. Total, 53. Number of men: 53 captains, 202 lieutenants, 34 master commanders, 332 midshipmen, 5,864 sailors. Total, 6,527.

**PHENOMENA IN RIVERS.**—"Rivers, in running into the sea, present a great variety of interesting phenomena, many form bars of sand, as the Senegal and the Nile; others, like the Danube, rush with such force into the sea, that one can for a certain space distinguish the waters of the river from those of the sea. The Mississippi ejects its waters with such force that it retains the form of a strong and rapid river even in the bosom of the Atlantic, traverses the American coast for upwards of two thousand miles, and first mingles with the ocean near the western shores of Scotland. This prodigy is denominated the "Gulf Stream." Rivers, however, sometimes experience the superior influence of the sea, which repels their waters into their bed. Thus the Seine forms at its mouth a "bar of water," and the Garonne, unable to discharge with sufficient rapidity, the waters which it accumulates in a kind of gulf between Bordeaux and its mouth, exhibits this aquatic mountain, stopped by the flow of the tide, rolling backwards, inundating the banks and agitating vessels.

"The most sublime phenomenon of this kind is that of the giant of rivers, the Orellana, called the river of the Amazons. Twice a day it pours out its imprisoned waves into the ocean. A liquid mountain is thus raised to the height of one hundred and eighty feet; it frequently meets the flowing tide of the sea, and the shock of these two bodies of water is so dreadful, that it makes the neighbouring shores tremble—fishermen and navigators fly from it in the utmost terror. After every full moon, when the tides are highest, the river seems also to redouble its power and energy; its waters and those of the ocean rush against each other like the onset of two mighty armies. The banks are inundated with their foaming waves; the rocks drawn along like pebbles, and borne as weapons of war almost upon the surface of the adverse tides, are compulsory participants in the conflict by dashing against and fracturing each other. Loud noises like the clamour of warring hosts re-echo from island to island. One would suppose that the genius of the river and the god of the ocean contended in battle for the empire of the waves. The Indians call this phenomenon, 'Pororoca.'"

## The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 4, 1830.

Thomas Dalton, Esq., formerly a respectable merchant of this town, now a Member of the House of Assembly, in Upper Canada, has lately commenced the publication of a newspaper at Kingston, in that Province. We find it noticed in the following favourable terms in the *New York Truth Teller*, Nov. 28:—

"We have received the first number of 'The Patriot and Farmer's Monitor,' a new paper, edited by Mr. Dalton, a gentleman of considerable talent, at Kingston, in Upper Canada. From a perusal of its columns and his address to the Canadian Farmers, we learn that it is intended particularly for their use, and if conducted upon the principles and plans he proposes, it appears to us that it will be a paper of

great service, not only to them, but also to their neighbours in these states. We regret our limits prevent our copying the address, which is plain, sensible, and well written. We wish Mr. Dalton every success in his new undertaking."

**DEPARTURES.**—In the *Diana*, for Barbados, Mr. Wm. J. HERVEY, and Mr. FINLAY.

## Correspondence.

[For the Newfoundlander.]

SIR,—May I call your attention to the celebrated judgment of Chief Justice Forbes, in the case of Jennings and Long against Hunt and Beard, as embracing principles which have lately engaged the attention of the public. There are few reported cases in which a Judge has displayed more legal and constitutional knowledge than in this,—beautifully arranged, and expressed in pure and elegant language.

This judgment forms an important era in the history of Newfoundland;—it is as a Star in the East, which ought to guide our modern law Officers, as they have been lately called.—In the best imaginable temper the Judge restrains illegal and arbitrary assumption, and clearly points out to the government and the people, the prerogatives of the Crown, and the privileges of the subject.

I send you the following extract; but I recommend to my fellow-subjects a careful consideration of the whole case and judgment.

Your's, &c.

St. John's, 3d February, 1830.

"In looking into the proceedings which took place before the Surrogate at Labrador, it does appear that he had received certain rules and regulations, in the form of a proclamation, expressly applying to the case before him, and that his decision was founded upon those regulations; but then it is offered in explanation of this circumstance, that the Governor's proclamation necessarily formed part of the Surrogate's proceedings, and was, in fact, the law upon which he founded his judgment. In support of which position, a bundle of orders and other acts of the local government has been handed into Court, containing a series of regulations and observances for the trade and fisheries of this island, and variously affecting the persons and property of its inhabitants; from which I am to infer that a legislative authority in this government, unknown to the laws of England, but claimed under a prescriptive exercise in Newfoundland, is now, for the first time, sought to be established in this Court. So large, and, indeed, so dangerous, an innovation upon the accustomed principles of adjudication in the Court, ought not to be passed over unobserved. If the proclamation by which the Surrogate is stated to have been governed, be legal, then, indeed, there can be no doubt that it is as binding on this Court as it was on the Surrogate Court; and that it will be equally binding on the King in Council, should the case go to an appeal. There is no dispensing power in Courts, and that which was the law of the case at Labrador, will be the law in London. I am bound, therefore, to apply to it the same considerations which, I think, would be applied by the Lords of Appeal. It is a determined principle of law, that the King holds a legislative power over conquered or ceded countries, but that no such power is held over countries originally settled by British subjects. This Island and the Labrador were first discovered by the English, and peopled by emigrants from the United Kingdom. But the application of the principle does not rest upon a question of geography, it is expressly declared by the statute 49th Geo. III., chap. 27, that the Courts in Newfoundland shall be governed by the laws of England, so far as they may be applicable; and the same course of administering justice, is, by the statute 51 Geo. III., chap. 45, extended to the Labrador. These statutes are affirmative of what was before the common law of all the English colonies; over which it has been solemnly recognized in the celebrated West Indian case of *Campbell v. Hall*, that His Majesty holds no legislative authority. The King has, indeed, large prerogatives; but the prerogatives of the Crown are defined by the constitution, and form a part of the law of the land. It will not be contended that there is a prerogative peculiar to Newfoundland; and if there be not, then a proclamation for regulating the trade and fisheries of this island and its dependencies, must rest upon the same foundation as a proclamation for governing the trade and fisheries of Great Britain. 'Proclamations,' says *Blackstone*, 'are binding upon the subject, where they do not either contradict the old laws, or tend to establish new ones, but only enforce the execution of such laws as are already in being, in such manner as the King shall judge necessary.' And I am not conscious of having seen any Act of State, in modern times, which has not been perfectly in unison with this first principle of the constitution. It is a mere sophism to distinguish between regulations and laws. Every thing which prohibits that which was not prohibited before, is a law. But to bring this matter at once to the test, let us look at the code of regulations for the fishery and trade on the coast of Labrador. The first article declares 'that no inhabitant from Newfoundland, nor any person from any of the colonies, shall, on any pretence whatever, go to the coast of Labrador; and if any such are found there, they shall be corporally punished for the first offence; and the second time, their boats shall be seized for the public use of British ship-fishers upon that coast.' A regulation which debar a

million of His Majesty's subjects from the exercise of a common right, submits their persons to ignominious punishment, and their property to forfeiture, may well be called a law; and if it be, however penal its provisions, I am bound to enforce them.—Now it is well known that the principal fisheries at Labrador are actually carried on by people from this island; and I have purposely put this case, because I wish it to be clearly seen to what extravagant consequences the principle contended for must lead."

[For the Newfoundlander.]

## ENIGMA, BY S. C.

Ladies! again the winter nights prevail,  
And call forth anecdote and curious tale,  
The smart bon mot and lively jeu d'esprit,  
To cheer the gloom and glad the company,  
Who now assembl'd round the fire-side sit,  
And laugh and titter at their sons of wit.  
The night is cold, the glass is down at zero,  
Your lover enters, and with him my hero,  
Who thus relates his tale:—Fair maids! the swain  
Who tries all arts young tender hearts to gain,  
Who waits upon you all the live-long day,  
Gives when you frown, and when you smile is gay;  
Tho' he in these attentions must discover  
More of the tender than impassioned lover,  
Yet I with him in politesse can vie,  
He cannot show you more respect than I.  
When fair \*\*\*\*\* trips across the lawn,  
I inhale the balmy breath of early morn,  
I her attend; and when she at the play  
Attracts all eyes, "the gayest of the gay,"  
I aid her and assist her comme elle plait.  
In various colour'd dresses I am seen,  
As black and white, as yellow, blue, and green.  
In ancient times I gain'd a warrior's name,  
And reached the highest pinnacle of fame;  
With aim unerring, threw the fatal dart,  
That pierced the trembling victim to the heart.  
When nature weeps, and darkness veils the sky,  
I may be seen in splendid majesty;  
But, like the meteor hope, should you pursue,  
I fly before, and only mock the view.  
Ladies! pursue not gilded painted joys,  
At best but transient, unsubstantial joys;  
But seek that joy which never can decay,  
Tho' beauty fail, and time shall pass away.  
St. John's, 3d February.

[For the Newfoundlander.]

## ENIGMA, BY APPOTHP.

To fill a corner of your page,  
Permit a rhymist, not a sage—  
But one who blats much plainer;  
And tho' he comes from distant climes,  
He hopes you'll not reject his rhymes  
In your next Newfoundlander.  
Far distant regions give me birth,  
And there I spring from mother earth,  
A child in Flora's train;  
And when matur'd by Nature's hand,  
I soon become of great demand,  
For speculative gain.  
And thence convey'd across the seas,  
By furious gale or gentle breeze,  
To Albion's happy strand;  
Where I, alas! am pris'ner made,  
Until I have a tribute paid  
To him who rules the land.  
Free liberty I then assume,  
Yet many hardships are my doom,  
Which cannot be denied:  
In showers of water I am drench'd,  
Until my ardent thirst is quench'd,  
By moisture thus applied.  
By engines then my frame is shorn,  
Until my limbs are cut and torn,  
Or rack'd upon the wheel;  
Mechanic power is then applied,  
Till blood flows out on every side;—  
What pressure then I feel!  
But change the scene—I give delight  
To thousand thousands day and night,  
And banish every care.  
Yet, in this act of yielding joy,  
My vot'ries quickly me destroy.  
Now, Sir, my name declare.  
St. John's, 3d February.

principles of conduct, necessary to secure the welfare of the community, are actuated by the mercenary motives of prostitute avidity. But to America it will remain a proud monument of honour on record, that the same Edmund Burke, who, in the hour of her distress, signified himself as the able champion of her cause, would have been the first to oppose the ruins and convulsions of Gallic tumult. Let her then manifest her gratitude by attending to the sound and orthodox lessons which, in his last days, the venerable veteran in polity has so impressively pronounced and orowfully illustrated. Above all, at a crisis when it is become so peculiarly necessary to instil loyal and sacred principles into the minds of her youth, and the rising generation be taught to know and respect his hallowed services, and to emulate the enlarged powers and delightful models which his works display. In the tendency to imitate him, they must aspire to the most extensive attainments of studious application; for the sources of his captivating oratory are as unbounded as the range of visible creation. At his command, each department of nature opened wide its treasures; and science stood like a handmaid to supply him with all her "gorgeous imagery." Every description of rhetorical power belonged to him, that always seeming most eminent.

Died, on Monday morning, much regretted by her friends, MARY, wife of Mr. Wm. Conway, Southside, aged 34 years.—Her funeral took place yesterday, numerously and respectably attended.

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

CLEARED.  
JANUARY 27.—Brig Caroline, Hellyer, Portugal; 3,100 qtls. fish.  
Schooner Providence, Mardon, Portugal; 1,540 qtls. fish.  
FEBRUARY 1.—Schr. Nines, Gibbs, Figueira; 1,300 qtls. fish.

## Notices.

TO SEALER OWNERS, &c.

A YOUNG MAN, who has been well accustomed to the Foreign and Coastwise trade of this Island, would engage himself, as NAVIGATOR, on board a vessel going to the Seal Fishery.—For further information, apply at the *Newfoundlander* Office.

February 4.

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 flushing 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,

January 14.

Administratrix.

MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY  
Of Carbonear.

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

T. NEWELL,

Carbonear, 19th December.

Secretary.

## On Sale.

BY

Daniel Codner & Co.

HAMBURGH Pork, Butter,  
Deck Boots,  
Powder, Shot,  
A large assortment of new Cordage and Canvass,  
Pitch, Tar, Nails, Oakum,  
12 Pieces Broad Cloth,  
And a great variety of other Store and Shop Goods.  
February 4.

BY

SAMUEL CODNER,

PRIME Hamburg Pork,

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 Punts.

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.



Poets' Corner.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Like thee to die, thou Sun!—My boyhood's dream  
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,  
Ebb'd from a field of victory—yet the hour  
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,  
Nature's deep longings.—Oh! for some kind eye,  
Wherein to meet Love's fervent farwell gaze;  
Some breast, to pillow Life's last agony;  
Some voice, to speak of Hope and brighter days,  
Beyond the Pass of Shadows!—But I go,  
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;  
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,  
Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,  
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,  
Mingles its feeling while ye speak of me:  
Of me, your soldier, midst the mountains lying,  
On the red banner of his battles dying,  
Far, far away! And oh! your parting prayer!  
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there!—  
It will!—a blessing on that holy breath!  
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.  
Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;  
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;  
Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head,  
Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed,  
My soul's last earthly breathings!—May your home  
Smile for you ever!—May no winter come,  
No world, between your hearts!—May even your fears,  
For my sake, full of long-remember'd years,  
Quicken the true affections that entwine  
Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep  
Amidst our Fathers, where those tears might shine  
O'er my slumbers; yet your love will keep  
My memory living in the ancestral halls,  
Where shame hath never trod—The dark night falls,  
And I depart.—The Brave are gone to rest,  
The brothers of my combats; on the breast  
Of the red field they reap'd—their work is done—  
Thou, too, art set—farewell, farewell, thou Sun!  
The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,  
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE FIRST AND LAST SACRIFICE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"I left for ever the Lake of a Thousand Islands, carrying with me only a handful of the ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior Tecumseh. He was then about to depart from the borders of Canada, upon a journey of a thousand miles, to invite the Lower Creeks to take up the hatchet in defence of the British against the Americans and Upper Creeks. I joined him. I was his companion. I sat with him in the assembly of the great council when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration they would take up the hatchet at his call. And they did; and I fought by his side when they did. His enemies were the Americans; mine were the Whites; and my revenge slaked its thirst in their blood, with the same refreshing sense that I drink of the sparkling waters of the spring, without asking its name. Seven of the scalps you see belonged to those who fell beneath my tomahawk; but my arrows flew thick besides; nor was my gun levelled in vain.

"When the warrior perished, the hope perished with him of the gathering of the Indian nations in some spot where the white people would not follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done.—Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and I built my cabin in the woods.

"It was in the season of the green corn, when the thank-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down. My mother shook, for the fear of death was upon her. She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenceless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept. Come with me, and learn the rest."

The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest; I followed; utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I had seen and heard, so obscure and exciting in what I might still have to see and hear; it was so impossible for me to enter into the dark feelings of revenge that had been avowed, or to applaud the murderous spirit in which they had been appeased by this unrelenting savage; while to rebuke either must obviously have been at once hazardous and unavailing, that I could only meditate fearfully and silently upon the whole.

The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes; while overhead the gigantic plane and maple trees, the lofty cedar, and the many different species of oak, formed a verdant roof, impervious to the rain which was falling in torrents. The fragrance of the woods was delicious, and the notes of innumerable birds, the cooing of doves, with the incessant gambols of the squirrel, leaping from bough to bough in every direction, soothed and delighted me, in spite of the feelings with which I was oppressed. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the

cabin, I observed a small stage, constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered, was the body of the Indian's mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes—the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple sylvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the acclivity. Presently I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a height of nearly two hundred feet into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream belled and whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place—the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trunks of trees might be seen, tossing and writhing about like things of life, tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither, and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke.

"Do you mark that cedar, shooting out midway from the rock? Hither I brought the white man, who doomed me to be born upon a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slew my father!' He shook, as my mother had done; for the fear of death was then upon him. 'My father's blood hath left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters.' He would have fled to the woods, like a wounded panther; but I grasped him thus, (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me) and cried, 'Come with me to the Spirit World, and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with a robe in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I point to the blood of his slayer!'

"How he shrieked as I sprang with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below; but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent, for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest. Why was I preserved? Why was I kept from my father? I could not go to him. The branches clung to me; and from the depths of the forests there came a voice on the wind, saying, 'Return!' I planted my foot on the rock; at one bound I clutched yon topmost bough; I swung myself on that jutting crag, and reached the spot where now I stand."

As he spoke these words, he quitted his hold of me, to my infinite relief. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might almost say convulsed, from the recollection of his consummating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement should precipitate us both into the frightful chasm, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be, while holding me so firmly. In either case, I should have had no faith in the Great Spirit spreading the cedar to catch me in my descent; while, if I had found myself in its "green arms," I felt morally certain I must have remained there till doomsday, provided I had only my own agility to trust for swinging myself out of them. But in what a situation was I actually placed! In such a spot, and with a being whose motives I was not only still unable to fathom, but whose wild caprice perhaps might urge him to, I knew not what, if I spoke one unguarded word. After a short pause, however, I ventured to address him; but while I cautiously gave expression to an opinion from which, if confirmed, I looked to extract consolation for myself, I took especial care to shape what I said as much to his taste as I could possibly make it.

"And thus the death of your childhood—"

wind. I heard it—I obeyed it. Follow, and behold my LAST SACRIFICE."

We now descended the eminence on which we were standing, and again proceeded along the intricate path which conducted us back to the cabin.—When we entered it, the Indian invited me to eat by pointing to the repast which was still spread upon the ground; but I declined. He then motioned me that I should sit; and taking my hint from his own inflexible silence, I did so without uttering a word, but watching with intense anxiety all his movements. Divesting himself of his robe and turban, he put on a splendid dress of ceremony; after which, taking down the fifteen scalps, which were all strung upon a twisted cord, made from the bark of a tree, he suspended them round his neck. The one from which hung those long glossy tresses of auburn was in front, and spread itself with mournful luxuriance over his breast. Thus accoutred, and with his musket in one hand, and his hatchet in the other, besides the tomahawk, shot-pouch, powder-horn, and scalping-knife, which were stuck in his belt, he turned to me and said, "Follow; bring with you the buffalo-hide on which you sit."

I did so, though with some difficulty; for the hide was both heavy and cumbersome to carry. We were now once more in the forest, and on the same track as when we set forth for the whirlpool. The Indian, instead of striding along with a quick elastic step, walked at a slow measured pace, but with great dignity of carriage. We had proceeded about a hundred yards, when he began a wild melancholy chant, in his native tongue; and it was then, for the first time, the horrible idea flashed across my mind, that he was about to immolate himself. Good God! and was I to witness the appalling ceremony, in this wilderness, from which it seemed impossible, utterly impossible, I could ever extricate myself! What, then, might be my own fate? To perish in these woods, perhaps, by the slow torture of famine, or fall a prey to some savage animal, or noxious reptile. There was such maddening horror in the first, that the shrinking soul clung piteously to the dismal hope of finding quick death in the second. I had heard and read of miserable wretches, lost wayfarers, thro' these primeval forests, whose sufferings, though written by no pen, nor told in living speech, cried aloud in every heart, and stared ghastly upon the fancy. The perspiration burst from me as these sickening images presented themselves to my imagination; my limbs tottered as I continued to follow. I knew it would avail me nothing, at that moment, to give utterance to my fears; and I strove to comfort myself with the idea that possibly they might be unfounded.

We arrived at the small stage on which lay the body of the Indian's mother. Here he stopped—ascended it, laid down his gun and hatchet, took from me the buffalo hide, spread it carefully by his mother, and placed on the other side the earthen vessel containing the bones of his father, and the handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of his wife and children. He next seated himself between them on the buffalo skin; and surely, whatever else I may forget in this world, while I remember any thing, I can never forget either the sublime expression of his countenance at that moment, or the grim horror of his appearance, with the scalps round his neck! For now, by the light which fell upon them, as I stood beneath, I could distinguish the black clotted blood that stiffened the hair at the roots. Longer silence became insupportable—impossible; that which had hitherto kept me silent—my own safety—now with an equally irresistible impulse stirring me to speech.

"It is not your own death," I exclaimed, "that you call your last sacrifice!"

He smiled; but made no answer.

"In mercy, then," I added, half frantically, "destroy me first; for here, in this wilderness, I must perish when you are dead!"

He shook his head, and pointed upwards. "No!" said he. "Watch the green leaves, and walk with the wind. Speak no more. But when I am in the Spirit World, cover me with this buffalo robe, and go!"

I stood aghast, motionless, and scarcely able to breathe, while the Indian was as calm and unperturbed as if he were only lying down to sleep. He now began again his funeral chant, or death song, in a low wailing tone, so full of mournful expression, that though there was something monotonous in its character, it brought tears into my eyes. But, as it grew louder and bolder, from the animating theme—the deeds of prowess he had performed, and the white men he had slain—till, at the last, it swelled into a terrific yell, as he recounted the death of his father's murderer, which echoed through the surrounding solitudes like frightful howlings, my blood seemed to chill and curdle. Hitherto he had spoken in a language unknown to me, and I only judged of its import from the expressive sympathy of his features. But suddenly he stopped; and then, in a gentle murmuring voice, resumed his dirge in English.

"I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race! The life-stream that fills my veins is like the river that goes to the ocean and is lost! I had a father, I had a mother; I had a wife, I had children. I have no father, I have no mother; I have no wife, I have no children. I am the last of my race. I have no kindred. The white man came, who slew my father, and the fathers of my father.—The white man came, and he burned my cabin on the Lake of the Thousand Islands! I brought the wild deer home from the chase, but my wife and children could be gathered in the palm of my hand. I had no tear to mingle with those of my mother which fell upon their ashes! I fled to the wilderness, and carried with me the bones and dust of those that were. My father's blood was on my lips when I came from the womb: the white man's blood is on my hatchet which goes with me to the grave.

I have done well; for the Great Spirit has called me: I shall not die like the tree that perishes, or be cut down like the corn that is ripe. I am the last of my race, and there is no hand but my own to send me to the Spirit World!"

At these words, he took his scalping-knife from his belt, and, with a firm unflinching hand, drew it slowly across the entire abdomen! The blood gushed—the bowels fell out. I could see no more.—Staggering towards a tree, I hid my face in its luxuriant branches. But I still heard his voice—faintly and more faintly—repeating the words, "I go to my fathers—I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race!"—till guttural, indistinct gaspings—a sudden fall, and a dreadful silence—proclaimed that he was a corpse!

And I was alone, with that dead man before me—and in the solitude of mighty forests—and not a sound disturbing that solitude but the dripping of his warm blood upon the dry leaves beneath! And where was now the living guide to lead me through their labyrinths, to chase from my drooping spirits the ghastly horror which reared itself before them, that, perchance, I might never tell the tale of all I had witnessed? While I stood lost in these agonising fears, feeble and irresolute under these harrowing forebodings, I heard the fresh breeze careering through the leaves above my head. The rustling noise seemed like aerial voices calling upon me to depart. I remembered the words of the Indian, and looked up with grateful hope to my viewless pilots, who were to conduct me on my pathless way. Summoning all the energy I could command, I ascended the platform, covered the bleeding body of the warrior with his buffalo shroud, and then left him, in his mausoleum of the desert, to rot as nobly as Egyptian monarchs in their colossal pyramids.

I found little difficulty in rigging the cabin of the Indian, having already thrice trod the path that led to it. I entered it for a moment, and thought how soon the hand of desolation would crumble it down. His bow and quiver, with its sheaf of arrows, lay upon the ground. These I possessed myself of, and mounting my horse, set forth, with an anxious mind, upon my journey. I watched the gigantic trees that seemed to frown upon me, marked the direction in which their leaves were slanted by the wind, and followed it. It was so dark when I traversed this route in the first grey of the morning, that I was unable to satisfy myself, by any one object, as to being in the right path. Still, wherever there was a turning that corresponded with the apparent course of the wind, I unhesitatingly took it; and it was with no ordinary emotions of delight, after riding about an hour, that I found my attention directed, by the sudden starting of my horse, to an object which I instantly recognised as the carcass of the wolf which the Indian had destroyed. This gave me confidence; and before noon I was once more at Murder Creek, that deep dark glen where I had camped out the preceding night. Here I halted for a time, rejoicing in what I could consider as no other than a miraculous escape, while seated on the blackened stump where I first beheld the Indian like a vision of disturbed sleep. What my reflections were I will not attempt to describe; nor would it suit with the character of this narrative, to relate the comparatively ordinary occurrences which befell me on the rest of my journey to Savannah.

Legal Dexterity.—The anecdote, now going the rounds of the press, from the last London, of General Wirion's advice to the Frenchman who complained that an Englishman knocked him down whenever he attempted to rise—"Mon ami, when an Englishman knocks you down, never do you get up until he is gone away"—reminds me of a story of Serjeant Davy. The Serjeant having abused a witness, as Serjeants will abuse witnesses, was, on the following morning, whilst in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Serjeant concluding that it was a client, desired that he may be shown up; the visitor, stating his name, reminded the Serjeant of the abuse which he had heaped on him the preceding day, protesting that he could not put up with the imputations, and must have immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Serjeant, raising himself up, said—"But you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?" "Certainly not," said the aggrieved party; I should never think of attacking a man in bed." "Then I'll be a-d-d," said the Serjeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes round him, "if I get out of bed while you are in this town."—London Magazine, February.

When the Russian fleet were at anchor in the Bay of Loughor, commanded by Admiral O'Dwyer, a distinguished seaman, and an Irishman by birth, Michael Kelly and Nancy Storace were then at Leghorn. They often went on board the Admiral's ship, and were delighted by hearing the Russians chant their evening hymn. The melody was beautifully simple, and was always sung completely in tune by that immense body of men. There was at the time, in the harbour, a privateer, from Dublin, called the *Fame*, Captain Moore. He and his first officer, Campbell, were Irishmen, and had a fine set of Irish lads under them. When Storace's benefit took place, the officers and crew who could be spared from their duty, to a man (and a famous sight it was) marched to the Theatre, and almost filled the parterre. At the end of the Opera, Storace sung the Irish ballad, "Molly Astore;" on the conclusion of which, the boatswain of the *Fame* gave a loud whistle, and the crew, *en masse*, rose and gave three cheers. The dismay of the Italian part of the audience was ludicrous in the extreme. The sailors then sang "God save the King," in full chorus, and when done, applauded themselves to the very skies. Nothing could be more unanimous or louder than their self-approbation.—Kelly's Reminiscences.