



Newfoundlander.

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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.

CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

It is perhaps scarcely more presumptuous to essay a sketch of the departed glories of this great man, than it is idle to expect, at this day, a due remuneration of honour and regard for his memory, which even this western world ought to feel a grateful interest in bestowing. Peradventure, when the infectious spirit of base obsequiousness to plebeian insolence and domination shall have been repressed; when the crude and incoherent dreams of Utopian mania have fled; when the triple league of infidel blasphemy, of desperate and sacrilegious rebellion, and of upstart and usurping tyranny shall have been broken and driven back, then, and not till then, may the labours of the illustrious crusader against despotism, impiety, and crime, be duly remembered, and estimated in the public sentiment; while the affectionate admiration of the good and the wise shall be encouraged, with virtuous confidence, to direct their regards from every quarter, in thankful harmony, to his tomb; and to spread, with generous enthusiasm, increasing and immortal laurels on "the grave in which their druid lies."

To speak appropriately and adequately of Edmund Burke, it will, perhaps, readily be confessed is unattainable; since to the task there should be brought an eloquence no less diffusive, choice, animated, lofty, and pathetic, than that which marked the genius of the affulgent luminary, between whose beams and a perverse and devious age the darkness of death is irrevocably interposed. Of him who has so admirably celebrated cotemporary greatness in his faithful yet splendid eulogy of Chatham; who, with a master-hand of friendship, "smiling in tears" at the recollection of the past, could so affectingly delineate the pious and patriotic sentiment, the inflexible and unsullied honour, the social and private virtues of the noble Keppel; of the incomparable orator, from whose chaste and glowing description the most highly distinguished and excellent in character seemed on various occasions to borrow new lustre, who, alas! can there now be found competent to speak? who qualified to proclaim his worth and tell his fame? Gifted by the bounty of nature with a capacity the most comprehensive, the mind of Edmund Burke was early enriched by all the classical luxuriance of antiquity. In a country which knows how to cherish and appreciate scholastic learning, he was educated into an intimate acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature, which familiarized to him all that is exquisite and valuable in their poets, and orators, and historians. Such was the knowledge which served as the first and sure foundation whereon the magnificent edifice of his future eminence was erected—a knowledge which he ever afterwards delighted to cultivate and educe—a knowledge, now more than ever sanctioned by the railings of that despicable equality which would destroy whatever is calculated to add dignity to man, or to exalt him above the sphere of its own villainous level. On this rich and venerable stock Mr. Burke engrafted the most select fruit in the elegant and variegated walks of the literary garden of England, added to the most precious productions of foreign soils. Nor were his mental possessions confined only to the more polite and facile embellishments, but, incited by a vehement thirst for erudite acquisitions, commensurate with his lively and unconquerable force of apprehension, he successfully penetrated to the most hidden stores in the various improved branches of modern science. With native talents, thus aided and fortified, Mr. Burke could not fail to bring into public life an irresistible claim to the notice of a wise and generous nation. Accordingly, on the grand theatre of political exhibition, in "the chosen temple and favourite habitation of British fame," the House of Commons, he soon commenced his career; and, for a long progress of years, until the season of his retirement, he continued to astonish and illumine, and to shine conspicuous among the primary orbs in the system of that illustrious body. During the whole period in which he sided with the opposition, in the many warm and vigorous productions of his pen, and the most impassioned efforts of his transcendent elocution, it should be recollected, to the honour of Mr. Burke, that, while maintaining a spirited contest against the ministerial policy, he has left no traces of aberration, by which he can be accused of having, in the most unguarded moment of irritation, asserted the doctrines of licentious disorder—of having intentionally assisted to confound, misguide, or delude—or of ever sacrificing, for an instant, the rights and dignity of his station to the audacity of mobbish pretension, or the veering breath of popular

applause. But the period in his history, wherein he should now more particularly be held up to contemplative admiration, is from the epoch, when, on the event of the terrific and execrable revolution in France, he burst, with honest magnanimity, the trammels of party, and indignantly severed every tainted connection, by boldly unfurling a radiant flag of warfare against the demoniac enemy of social being. With the ken of prophetic wisdom, Mr. Burke was the first to foresee and predict the devouring and desolating effects of that tremendous explosion on morals, religion, and law. At a moment of general infatuation he had the hardy resolution to stem the tempestuous current from French insanity, and, with a warning voice, to expose to mankind the rocks, and quicksands, and syren perils of that destructive sea. From that instant he continued to be assailed by a hostile array of profane philosophy, enraged jacobinism, seditious nobility, profligate ambition, and grovelling democracy, all conjoined under one motley banner by the same infamous unity of end. But the arrows of pigmy malevolence reached not, or fell harmless from, the firm front of the mighty Colossus.

"The hero rose,
Her axis, Pallas o'er his shoulders throws."

Incessantly was he accused of wantonly exciting the most chimerical alarm, and of fabricating fictitious consequences on the change in France, alike injurious to the purity of her designs and the cause of political reformation. By a singular fatality, France herself answered his accusers, and justified him. Her conduct realised "to the uttermost" every dreadful anticipation he had made: and, with a melancholy coincidence, most of her deeds of darkness and iniquity have been perpetrated in the exact order, and by the very means, which he had anxiously foretold. What was once treated as the extravagant ravings of a prolific imagination, appears now to be scarcely any thing more than a simple representation of the obvious connexions of cause and effect—an authentic history, written on the scene of action, of what had already occurred, instead of a prospective view of that which was likely to happen. As a Statesman, he might have enjoyed this remarkable testimony in favour of his sagacity, if, as a man, he had not possessed a heart sensibly alive to the miseries and future dangers of suffering and persecuted humanity.

To say that the exalted character of Mr. Burke was unalloyed by failings, would be to arrogate for him what can never be the lot of imperfect man. Malice has pleased itself with dwelling on his haughty contumely, his intemperate hyperbole, and imprudent precipitancy; but, in this respect, even the exaggerated picture she has drawn imputes to him no weaknesses but those of an ardent and towering mind, retrieving every error by an hundred-fold weight of sterling merit. To the charge of corrupt apostasy in his latter years, which, without believing, his foes are obliged to use as a weapon of protection to their own depravity, it would be insulting to his memory to deign a reply. To them, the difference between honest independence and venal versatility is as unintelligible as that which separates rational freedom from the saturnalian uproar of anarchy. Nor can they comprehend, from their own feelings, why a man of undisguised and ingenuous nature should renounce the ties of former associates, when their principles of conduct ceased to accord, without being actuated by the mercenary motives of prostitute cupidity. 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, should 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 sorrowfully 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, let 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-

ly his own which at the moment he was wielding.—At one time we may behold him in a dazzling blaze of awful majesty, as when imprecating public vengeance against the mantled tyrant of India; and again, in mild yet glowing serenity, appearing the consecrated guide of homage to superior goodness, when invoking blessings on the godlike virtue of the philanthropic Howard. If in this moment, like "the mighty master" when "he sung the fallen Darius," he leads us, in the thrall of pensive melancholy, at the sad and unworthy fate of beautiful and august royalty, in the next we are awakened by the loud trumpet of righteous indignation against rabble oppressor, till lost in sullen recollection that the honourable days of chivalrous enterprise are no more. No idea was to him too vast or sublime for apposite expression. With impetuous force, he ransacked the whole material world for metaphor and analogy, seizing and rejecting at pleasure, in his gigantic stride. To him alone, perhaps, it has appeared to utter, in equal language, the savage abominations of the heretic republic. With the magic wand of his genius, riding in the storm, he has been able to swell a wild hurricane of eloquence, irregular, perturbed, and overwhelming, significant of the eruptive violence and relentless fury of that system of riotous turmoil, which, from its blackest deep, he has explored, and turned up to the shuddering senses of civilized man.

Such is a faint resemblance of what was Edmund Burke. When alive, so rarely was he endowed, that in all speeches and writings, however important the subject, he never failed to excite, at will, the most curious interest in whatever concerned himself. More fortunate, perhaps, in this than the Roman orator—in him egotism was no longer disgusting; and vanity itself, putting off its title with its grossness, was gracefully refined into an attractive ornament of bland persuasion. Pleased and obedient whenever he digressed to bring himself into view, his followers insensibly forgot the high-way of his argument, and even inclined to lament his return to it, as a departure from his proper theme. Of a personage thus highly privileged and deservedly favoured, a very humble attempt to trace back the prominent and characteristic features may gain some indulgence from his liberal adherents and confederates in principle. To a liege admirer it is the welcome occasion for rendering fealty to that glory which, resting on the unchangeable basis of religious and political truth, shall stand as a rock of adamant, defying the malignant rage of the fiends of faction, scepticism, and innovation.

LONDON AND ENGLISHMEN.—Nothing can be more surprising than the contrasts presented in London to a traveller at first view; the monotonous regularity of some quarters of this city, which are quite spacious, clean, and uniform; and the dirt and darkness of several others; the incredible activity of an innumerable crowd of people who are running about the streets; the sorrowful gravity which reigns on every face; the brilliancy of the illuminations at Vauxhall, and in the public gardens; the silence of that multitude of walkers, who seem to frequent balls and assemblies more with a view of making each other miserable than for amusement; the perpetual movement of an immense population on working days; the solitude and dullness which succeed on Sundays; the licentiousness of elections, the frequency of riots, the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the respect shown to the constituted authorities; the abuse that is lavished, and the stones thrown at men in power; the profound sentiment of civil equality; the maintenance of the most ridiculous feudal customs; the boldest philosophy, and the most obstinate intolerance persisted in towards the Catholics; the admiration awarded and unlimited honours tendered to talents and merit of every kind, and yet, an almost exclusive esteem for wealth; finally, a boundless ardour for every enjoyment, and an almost incurable ennui for all the pleasures of life. Such are only a part of the singularities which distinguish these proud islanders, a people apart from the rest of the world, and whose manners, characters, inclinations, qualities, and defects, so totally differ from those of other nations, that they seem to be a separate community amidst the great European family, and which has for many centuries retained and preserved a stamp which is distinct and indelible.—Memoirs of Count Segur.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPLES.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

In the year 1796, I accompanied the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau from Rome on a flying visit to Naples, where, through the friendly agency of my worthy friend Heiglen, the Danish Consul, the Princess and her suite were soon established in a commodious and elegantly furnished residence above the Villa Reale, overlooking one of the noblest promenades in Europe, with the celebrated group of the Toro Farnese before our windows. Our prospect included the whole bay as far as Cape Minerva, and in the blue distance of this splendid scene appeared the singularly-shaped isle of Capri.

The Princess, ever sincerely desirous to remain incog., had travelled from Lugano to Naples under the name of Madame de Sollnitz; but her servants, thinking themselves degraded by her assumption of a lower rank, every where proclaimed her a Princess of the royal house of Brandenburg; and not only to landlords, cooks, and waiters, but to any one who would listen to them. The consequence of this publicity was a considerable aggravation of her travelling expenditure, as, according to the long-established tariff of all the hotel-keepers in Europe, a Prince or Duke must pay twice as much, but a King or Emperor three or four times as much, as a Count or Baron. At Naples, however, we were indebted to this treachery of the servants for an early visit from the intelligent and gentlemanly Prussian painter, Philip Hackert, who, with graceful promptitude, asserted his inherent claim to attend a Prussian Princess as *cicerone*. He escorted us to every object worthy of notice in Naples and its vicinity, and was prevented only by indisposition from accompanying us to Salerno and Positano. These attentions were enhanced in value by our knowledge that no painter in Europe was so well paid for his professional labours, and that he was such an economist of his time as to apportion it to his various objects with mathematical accuracy.

Perserving industry, a love of order, and a knowledge of human nature, were the foundations of Hackert's fortune, which probably surpasses that of any painter since Rubens. He was also well versed in statistics and finance, and, had accident thrown him into the career of politics, he would probably have raised himself to the same eminence as a statesman, which he has attained as a landscape painter.

Hackert was employed by the King of the Two Sicilies to negotiate the transfer from Rome to Naples of the treasures of fine art belonging to the Farnese family; and the consummate ability with which he conducted and accomplished this delicate mission, was repaid by the enduring confidence and liberality of his royal patron, who assigned to him a winter-residence in the Fracavilla Palace at Naples, and the old palace at Caserta for his summer abode; besides many other substantial proofs of kindness and favour. The prudent artist espoused to himself the permanent enjoyment of these advantages, by asking no favours for himself or others; by a careful avoidance of all interference in politics; and by declining the posts of honour and badges of distinction which were tendered to him. His rare sagacity in this respect proved that, during his intercourse with the titled and the powerful, he had studied the mazes and perils of a courtier's life as successfully as the characters of trees and aerial perspective. His ambition never soared beyond the title of *Pittore di Camera*; and his advice to his brother George, when appointed engraver to the King of the Two Sicilies, was literally this:—"Brother, you must beware of speaking, because the King hates the smell of tobacco; and you must never accept a court order, because the name of Hackert requires no such distinction."

The King listened with pleasure to the conversation of this intelligent artist, and often stood by him to observe the progress of his paintings. The Queen, too, honoured him with her favour, because he promoted her husband's favourite pursuits of the chase and fishing, and never troubled himself about the measures of the all-powerful minister Acton.—In Hackert's fine collection of gems and valuables, were several costly rings presented to him by the Queen of Naples; also a ring sent to him by Catherine of Russia, in testimony of her approbation of his large picture of the battle of Tacheme, painted to commemorate the courage and self-devotion of Vice-Admiral Spiridow, who refused to abandon his burning flag-ship, and was blown up in her. When Count Orloff requested Hackert to undertake this picture, and to introduce the blowing up of the Admiral's ship, the painter told him that it was not in his power, because he had never seen a ship blown up. "Is that all?" said the Russian; "then you shall see one." Purchasing an old man-of-war, employed as an hospital-ship, Count Orloff ordered the magazine to be crammed with powder, and the vessel to be blown up for the instruction of the artist, who now accomplished without difficulty the grand picture, ten feet high, which adorns one of the historical saloons in the palace of Peterhof.

Hackert's table surpassed all others in Naples in its perfect appointment, and in the refined cookery and flavour of its viands. The selection of the various dishes was truly æsthetic, the hospitable painter having culled from the best culinary works of France, Italy, and Germany, the most approved and exquisite receipts. Following, too, with classic taste, the example of the Greeks and Romans, his guests never exceeded or fell short of the Muses or Graces in number. He gave two dinners in honour of the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau at Naples and Caserta, in which refined taste and lavish magnificence were harmoniously blended: even the Angora cat Marchesina, the painter's pet, dipped her whiskers into a silver dish.

When dining at Caserta, the Princess was expressing in enthusiastic terms her admiration of

William Tischbein's historical picture of the "Judgment of Brutus." At the name of Tischbein, I observed a flush of resentment darkening the features of Hackert, and, knowing them both to be incapable of professional hostility, I was unable to interpret this angry impulse until evening, when Hackert took all his guests to see the exotic animals in the royal menagerie. He summoned a black ostrich, and as it came trotting towards us, he said with a bitter smile to the Princess, "Is not the head of that ostrich the very picture of Tischbein's?" This curious comparison gave me at once a clue to the source of Hackert's resentment. Tischbein, although designed by nature and education for an historical painter, was passionately addicted to a pursuit of a much less elevated character.—A zealous disciple of Lavater, he had long studied with deep interest the resemblances between human and animal features, and had exultingly proclaimed his discovery that Hackert had the physiognomy of a fox. The landscape-painter, to whom this discovery of the enthusiastic physiognomist had been told with ill-natured exaggeration, thought himself insulted by the comparison, and, instead of wisely joining in the laugh, he carefully inspected all the wild animals in the menagerie, and endeavoured to revenge himself by proclaiming Tischbein an ostrich.

Totally unconscious of any offensive meaning in these comparisons, Tischbein did not hesitate to tell any one who came in his way the animal resemblance he had discovered in his features. Meeting one day Dr. Domeier, he seized him vehemently by the arm, and said, in his impassioned manner, "No, my worthy friend! you are no dog! That was an unfortunate mistake. You are an ox!"

To my infinite mortification, the Princess declined to avail herself of Hackert's proposal to invite Lady Hamilton to tea. In vain did our obliging host repeat his assurance, that this celebrated Englishwoman would esteem it an honour to exhibit before her, in all their classic variety, her well-known mimetic talents. The Princess assigned some unsatisfactory excuses, and remained inexorable. Her principal objection, as she afterwards acknowledged, was the great intimacy of Lady Hamilton with the notorious Countess L.—u, and the, if possible, still more notorious Lady N. When the old satyr, Lord B., once discovered these three Susannas together in a bou'oir, he started back, exclaiming with his wonted sarcasm, "A présent le bordel est rempli, et je m'en vais." A more gallant remark might have been expected from one who, notwithstanding his grey hairs, was passionately enamoured of the Countess L.—u. During her stay in Naples, whither her hoary lover was prevented from accompanying her by illness, he sent her by special messengers presents of the finest flowers twice or thrice a week, accompanied by *billets doux*, of which some highly impassioned extracts found their way to the public ear; and, when his fair friend wished to visit the crater of Vesuvius, the Noble Lord's gallantry prevailed over his love of money, and he employed a number of men to hew steps up the steepest parts of the road to facilitate her ascent.

The cultivated taste of the Princess found infinite gratification in the society of the celebrated historiographer of the Phlegrean fields, Sir William Hamilton, a fine old man, and youthful as Androon himself. A worshipper of every thing beautiful in fine art, he derives from the philosophy of the graces, the rosy hours and feelings which embellish the evening of his life. At every fresh addition to his matchless collection of antique Grecian vases, his enthusiasm flashes out with ardour; and when he obtains a vase distinguished by fine drawings, or eminent beauty of form, his rapture is boundless, and comparable only with the exuberant delight of children over their Christmas presents. Happy, triple happy! is the man, who can, in advanced age, exult with loud and boyish rapture over the attainment of a favourite object!

Sir William Hamilton's collection of vases will, to the tasteful and cultivated traveller, alone repay the cost and trouble of a journey to Naples. There is, indeed, throughout Europe, with men of classic taste, but one opinion of these celebrated vases, most of which are above 2000 years old. The fine drawings which adorn them afford a standard by which we can measure the elevation of the art of painting in the times of Zeuxis, Timanthes, Parrhasius, Apelles, Apollodorus, and others; and they certainly justify us in estimating the often-disputed excellence of ancient painting, by the acknowledged perfection of ancient statuary.

It is to be regretted that the drawings upon the most remarkable and beautiful of all these vases are so licentious, as to compel the proprietor to keep it, like that masterpiece of sculpture, the Satyr at Portici, under lock and key. An inundating stream in Sicily, which had washed away large portions of its bank, developed an ancient tomb, in which this remarkable vase was discovered in perfect condition. The owner of the soil regarded this precious work of art as common earthenware; and Sir William, who was accidentally in that vicinity, heard of, and purchased it for a trifle.—*Mathisson the Poet.*

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

From Teeling's personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion.

The rank, the talent, the virtues, and disinterested patriotism of Lord Edward Fitzgerald distinguished him in the estimation of his countrymen, as a man every way qualified for the most important trust, and the boldest undertakings. Young, ardent, and enterprising; enthusiastic in his love of liberty; of devoted attachment to his country, and possessing the most unbounded confidence of his countrymen in return; reared in the school of arms, and distinguished for military science, he possessed all the qualities to constitute a great and popular leader, and seemed destined by nature for the bold and daring

enterprise, to which an abhorrence of oppression, and the most lively sense of justice irresistibly impelled him. Sacrificing in this pursuit all the prospects to which rank, fortune, and an illustrious line of ancestry opened the way, he sought only in the ranks of his country that distinction, which his talents and virtues could not fail to obtain.

Though no chief had actually been appointed to the supreme command in Leinster, the eyes of all were naturally directed to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The officers who composed his staff, as well as those who had been selected to command in the respective counties, were men distinguished either by military talent, or local influence. Few, however, of the former now remained in Ireland. It was difficult to elude the vigilance of the Government, and the period of resistance having been from time to time postponed, the officers of foreign states had returned to their respective services, to which the busy scenes of warfare throughout Europe had recalled them. Those who had offered their services in the hour of Ireland's distress, were from these circumstances (some alas! but for a short period) precluded any share in her disastrous fortunes, but Ireland can never forget their generous sympathy in her cause;—the gallant Honble. — Plunkett, that intrepid soldier of fortune, whose fame will be recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered; the brave and devoted Bellew, who would exchange the laurels of foreign conquest, to encounter peril and privation in the land of his birth; the most distinguished for virtues in the noble house of M.—re, to whom titles and fortune opposed but a slender barrier, where the happiness of his country and her liberties were at stake; the young and ardent L.—s—n, whose virtues shed lustre on the titles of his son; and he to whose memory my heart is devoted with more than fraternal affection, whose soul was the seat of honour, whose mind was resplendent with every virtue, whose love of country burned with unextinguishable fire, and whose unbounded philanthropy embraced the whole human race. Shade of the brave, accept this tribute of remembrance, and may thy ashes, moistened by the tears of thy country, be mingled with mine, when the lamp of thy brother shall be extinguished, and that heart cease to vibrate, which loved thee for his country, and his country in thee.

A more intimate acquaintance with Lord Edward's character, served only to increase our respect, by exhibiting his virtues in still brighter colours; with the firmest characteristics of mind. In the hour of peril he was calm, collected and brave; in his moral social moments cheerful; but gentle and unassuming, he attracted all hearts, and won the confidence of others by the candour of his own. The early period of his life had been almost exclusively devoted to military pursuits; and at the conclusion of the interesting struggle for the independence of the western world, he became acquainted with the celebrated La Fayette, and other distinguished characters in the American revolution. An association with such men could not fail to make a lively impression on a young and enthusiastic mind; and his subsequent residence in France, in the proudest days of her history, gave fresh energy, if energy were wanting, to a soul already devoted to the great cause of universal benevolence. Candid, generous, and sincere, his soul never breathed a selfish nor unmanly feeling; obstinate, perhaps, when wantonly opposed, but yielding and gentle by nature, he sometimes conceded to counsels, inferior to his own; high in military talent, he assumed no superiority; but inspired courage and confidence where he found either deficient. The only measure which, perhaps, he was ever known to combat with the most immovable firmness, in despite of every remonstrance and the kindest solicitude of his friends, was on the expected approach of an awful event, where failure was ruin, and success more than doubtful. "No! gentlemen," said he, "the post is mine, and no man must dispute it with me; it may be committed to abler hands, but it cannot be entrusted to a more determined heart. I know the heavy responsibility that awaits me; but whether I perish or triumph, no consideration shall induce me to forego this duty." The eventful period passed by; circumstances changed its expected course, and the measure was abandoned.

The powerful influence which Lord Edward possessed; the unbounded confidence of the people, and their personal attachment to the man, whose family had so often shared in the misfortunes of their country, and were justly designated "*Hibernis ipsis Hib-riores*;" the increased severity of government; the undisputed preparations on either side for a hostile struggle—all led to the more immediate adoption of measures which, perhaps, no human prudence or foresight could then avert. The most conspicuous for influence or leadership were either at this moment arrested, or large rewards offered for their apprehension. With a mind impatient of restraint, where he conceived duty and honour to lead the way, Lord Edward could ill brook concealment at this eventful moment, when his presence could have marshalled thousands in arms. Delay appeared pregnant with danger; some of the boldest spirits were cut off; the miseries of the country hourly increased; and it was resolved at every hazard to try the fortune of the field.

The country which boasts the honour of Lord Edward's birth was the first to raise the standard in the eventful struggle; and the plains of Kildare, which for centuries had been the abode of tranquillity and peace, presented, ere the morrow's sun had set, ten thousand men in arms. Had Lord Edward Fitzgerald in person succeeded in erecting the standard in Leinster, it is uncertain what might have been the result of this measure, or its influence on the future destinies of Ireland. But vain are the hopes of man, for the power that marks his destiny no human force can arrest.

The protection of Lord Edward's person was an object of the most anxious solicitude; and the heroic

fidelity of those to whom it was entrusted, recalls to our remembrance the romantic and chivalrous attachment which distinguished the natives of a sister country, when the fugitive descendant of her former monarchs possessed no portion of the princely domains of his ancestors, beyond the faithful hearts of her hardy mountaineers. Neither the large rewards offered by Government for his apprehension, nor the threats held out against any who should shelter or protect him, had the slightest influence on those to whom his safety was committed. To avoid suspicion, his place of residence was frequently changed, on which occasion he was always escorted by a few brave and determined friends. Hundreds were from time to time in possession of the secret, and some were arrested on suspicion of having afforded him an asylum; but no breath ever conveyed the slightest hint that could lead to his discovery.

It is difficult to conceive the lively interest evinced by all ranks for the safety of this amiable and distinguished nobleman; and I have been surprised to meet at his residence men who, from the relative situation in which they stood with the government of the country, must have made a considerable sacrifice of their political fears to personal attachment. I was one evening in conversation with Lord Edward, when Colonel L. entered his apartment, accompanied by two gentlemen, with whose persons I was unacquainted, but who, I had reason to believe, were members of the Irish legislature. The Colonel, after embracing Lord Edward with the warmest affection, laid on his table a large canvass purse filled with gold, and smiling at his lordship, while he tapped him on the shoulder—"Therr," said he, "there, my Lord, is provision for—"

A few hours would have placed Lord Edward at the head of the troops of Kildare; measures were arranged for this purpose which the government could neither have foreseen nor prevented. But a fatal destiny interposed; his concealment was discovered through the imprudent zeal of an incautious friend, and, after a desperate struggle with an overpowering force, wounded, exhausted, and fallen, the gallant Edward was captured.

Lord Edward was reclining on a couch when the party entered; they called on him to surrender—he grasped a dagger—they instantly fired—a ball entered his shoulder—he sank on the couch. Bleeding and extended on his back, he bravely maintained the unequal conflict, killed the leader of their band, wounded a second officer of the party, and only yielded when resistance was no longer availing. Even here his native generosity triumphed; for on the arrival of surgical aid, he declined the proffered assistance, desiring that the first attention should be paid to his wounded antagonists. The surgeon complied with his request, and on his return announced to Lord Edward, who eagerly inquired the result, that Captain Ryan was killed, and Major Swan mortally wounded. "Then, Sir," said he, with the mildest composure, "you may dress me. It was a hard struggle—and are two of them gone?" The surgeon who attended on this occasion is yet living; he can pronounce whether the wounds of Lord Edward were mortal; whether under prudent and skillful attention they might have caused an easy or a lingering death; and whether the visits of this humane gentleman, whose skill might have relieved, or kindness soothed, the sufferings of his noble patient, were forbidden to his Lordship's cell. But the days of the gallant Edward were numbered, and rapid his transition from the dungeon to the tomb. I impeach no man with so foul a deed; forbid it justice and humanity. "The secrets of the prison house are yet untold;" but, in the emphatical language of his friend and compatriot, O'Connor, "in those days of stalking butchery, for Edward's precious blood not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had." I drop the painful narrative. Short but brilliant was his career;—honoured be his memory. May the virtues of the Sire descend upon the son, whose opening promise has arrested the attention of the legislature, and commanded an act of national justice.†

No man was more happy in his domestic circle than Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He possessed the hand and affections of the amiable and accomplished Pamela, and in this he felt that he possessed kingdoms. He was the favourite of his family, the idol of his sisters, and the pride of his brother, Robert, Duke of Leinster.—Loved, admired, and respected by all, he enjoyed a greater portion of happiness than generally falls to the lot of any one individual; and had not the sorrows of his country rankled in his heart, and interrupted the enjoyments with which heaven had blessed him, he could scarcely be said to have had one earthly wish ungratified. His fortune though moderate, was ample, for he equally despised the ostentation of the world, and the narrow feelings of the ungenerous soul. Hospitable without extravagance, he delighted in the society of his friends; and in these hours of domestic enjoyment, the lovely Pamela attracted by her lively and fascinating manners, the admiration of all; formed to charm every heart and command every arm that had not already been enlisted in the cause of Ireland. Ireland was her constant theme, and Edward's glory the darling object of her ambition. She entered into all his views; she had a noble and heroic soul; but the softer feelings of her sex would sometimes betray the anxiety with which she anticipated the approaching contest, and as hopes and fears alternately influenced her mind, she expressed them with all the sensibility characteristic of her country.—In the most sweet and impressive tone of voice, rendered still more interesting by her foreign accent and imperfect English, she would, with unaffected

* Swan, though severely wounded, recovered.
† The act of confiscation which was passed by the late Irish parliament on the estates of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, has recently been repealed by a just and generous act of the Legislature.

plivity, implore us to protect her beloved Edward. —“You are all good Irish,” she would say, “Irish are all good and brave, and Edward is Irish—your Edward and my Edward.”—while her dark brilliant eyes, rivetted on the manly countenance of her Lord, borrowed fresh lustre from the tear which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. These were to me some of the most interesting moments I have experienced; and memory still retraces them with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain.

I was honoured, on a particular occasion, as the escort of his lovely and interesting wife, a few days ere the hand of death had severed them for ever. I saw her once again!!! Memory still portrays the lovely mourner, wrapped in sable attire; deserted not, yet alone—for the tender pledge of conjugal affection, clings to a bosom now insensible to all but sorrow. If beauty interests our feelings, and misfortune claims our sympathy, in the ordinary walks of life, shall we refuse it to the high-born—to the illustrious by descent—to the wedded partner of the noble and the brave? A stranger in our land, she was the adopted child of Erin; but alas! the adopted of her misfortunes.

GRAVES OF THE IRISH IN PARIS.

The principal portion of the Irish, who die in Paris are interred at Pere la Chaise; and aware of this, I sought their tombs on Sunday, and found, with deep regret, those of many who, a few years before, I had left in health and spirits in Paris.—Going in its immediate vicinity, I was attracted, of course, to the grave of Ney, and was charmed to find it bordered with evergreens and flowers, kept in the neatest order. A fine branch of laurel and several chaplets had been thrown upon it before my arrival. The distance between it and the splendid monument to Massena is trifling. In passing it, my eye caught a very handsome black obelisk, under which reposes the remains of General William Lawless. You will recollect that after his departure from Dublin, in the year 1798, Mr. Lawless entered into the French service, and that, although severely wounded in defending Flushing against our army, then under Lord Clatham, he saved the Eagle of the Irish Legion, and, by the aid of Lieutenant (now Colonel O'Reilly) succeeded in escaping from the English troops, and delivered it into the hands of the Emperor. General Lawless highly distinguished himself in several subsequent actions, until, in one of the bloody engagements fought by Napoleon in Silesia, in 1813, he had the misfortune to receive a cannon shot in the ankle, which rendered amputation of his leg necessary. He never perfectly recovered the effects of that wound, but bore his sufferings with manly fortitude, until his lamented death, which took place in 1824. General Lawless was a man of talent as well as of intrepidity, and contributed to maintain the high character which Irishmen have ever borne in the armies of France. Here also lies another officer of the Legion, Captain Maguire, who had been admired for his courage, and beloved for his other estimable qualities. He was one of those captured in the autumn of 1798, in company with Theobald Wolfe Tone, but remained undiscovered, and was treated as a French prisoner. Farther on I found the tomb of the brave Colonel Blackwell, whom ‘death had respected in a hundred battles.’ The interest which Napoleon took in his fate in 1801, when, after his arrest at Hamburg, he was transmitted to Ireland, is in your recollection; but the gallantry with which, in his future services in the field, Blackwell repaid the Emperor for his protection, are now known. In the deadly field of Eylau, he particularly distinguished himself. The Rev. Richard Hayes lies buried not far from Colonel Blackwell. Remote from these I found the handsome monument of Edward Luines (Lewins), who had resided in Paris since 1798. Mr. Luines was an excellent scholar, a man of considerable talent, an attached friend, and preserved to his last moment the warmest love for Ireland. The present King appointed him one of the Inspectors-General of the Universities of France, a place of trust and honour, which proved the high estimation in which his literary talents were held in this country; his Majesty at the same time created him a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

SENSIBILITY OF GENIUS.—When Burns resided in Edinburgh, his company was eagerly sought after by the *bon-civants*; who, under the ominous title of the Gin Club, yet continue to hold their meetings in their old retreat at the Canongate; they claimed him as the choicest spirit in their revels, and held out all the temptations that pleasant society and a deep carousal could afford, to induce him to remain amongst them. But Burns' temperament was as full of vicissitude as his life. He was sensitive to the first approach of the disagreeable, and shrunk even from convivial intercourse, unless his companions were congenial to his taste. When they found him “in the vein,” therefore, they knew his value, and cherished him. On one occasion he dined with a confidential friend, who, finding him in a most sparkling and jovial mood, induced him to accompany him in the evening to the meeting of their companions at the Canongate. Burns' vivacity promised a rich fund of humour and glee, and his friend, our informant, auguring from the delightful temper in which he had caught the poet, promised the members an enjoyment of the highest order. Burns entered the room, and took his seat beside his friend. The chair was called, and festivity began. An hour passed away and poor Burns was silent; several attempts to excite his hilarity were made in vain, and during the remainder of the evening he could not be roused even to a smile. At last the disappointed assembly broke up, and the poet forming a little coterie of four or five of his own im-

mediate and attached friends, repaired to that little *sanctum*, known by the name of Burns' Coffin—which, we are sorry to say, is on the point of being sacrificed to some modern street improvements! Here the repressed enthusiasm shone out—his heart was on his lips in a moment—and, forgetting the gloom of the preceding scene, he charmed his own little circle with songs and recitations, until the “peep o' dawn.” When his friend inquired the cause of his silence in the club, his answer was characteristic of the susceptibility of his mind—“I dinna like the face o' the carl who sat in the chair!”

THE LYRIC POETS MOORE AND BERANGER.—The greatest song writers of the present day are Moore and Beranger; both men of genius, but as distinct as the genius of their countries. If Horace be taken as a standard of comparison, the Frenchman approaches far nearer the antique than the poet of the melodies. Beranger is gay to intoxication; but his gaiety is wholly without sentiment; and the exuberance of his spirits does not prevent him from expressing his ideas in the plainest, but at the same time the purest and most idiomatic language of society, or rather of the people. In the gaiety of Moore there is no merriment, and the pleasures he sings have extremely little of reality about them; the merit of his verse lie in their adaptation to the music, and the beauty of their images—sometimes in the felicity of an idea, or the delicacy of a sentiment. The fault of Moore is his elaborateness;—the great charm of Beranger is his facility; to write seems as easy to him as to breathe; and one of his songs is no more than a smile, or, when he happens to be tender, a sigh. The merit is consequently fleeting; we shall never see an adequate translation of them—who ever expects to see Horace in an English dress which is not also a disguise? Such men as Beranger avail themselves, by the inspiration of genius, of the felicities of their own language; every line, every phrase, is a piece of exquisite propriety, as peculiar to the language in which they write as the ideas are to the writer. We cannot say this of Moore—the only untransferable part of his writings is harmony.—*Spectator.*

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 11, 1830.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are thankful to “Delta,” but must request an interview.

An association of Fishermen and Shoremen has been established in Harbour-Grace, for the Conception-Bay district.—A very numerous and respectable meeting was held in the Court-house of that town, on the 26th January last, at which the rules and regulations (founded on similar principles to those of the association of Newfoundland Fishermen and Shoremen of this place) were submitted and approved of—a liberal subscription entered into—and officers chosen for the guidance of the association for the ensuing year.

Tuesday morning last was ushered in by one of the most violent snow storms, accompanied by severe frost, experienced in this town for several years. It commenced about 1 o'clock, with the wind at N.N.E., and continued to rage with increasing fury far upwards of 13 hours, during which the incessant howling of the storm, and the dense whirlwinds of drift—though one of the wildest scenes of grandeur that can be imagined—presented a terrific and alarming appearance. Business and work of every description were completely put a stop to, and the doors and windows of several houses in town so blocked up by immense heaps of snow, as to suspend the intercourse of the nearest neighbours. After 2 o'clock p. m., the storm gradually abated, and the night was afterwards beautifully clear and serene. We regret to learn that a soldier belonging to the Royal Veteran Companies, stationed at Signal-hill, was blown from the road into a heap of snow, within a few yards of the Barrack-gate, and, being rendered by the cold incapable of exertion, was found there, in the evening, frozen to death. We have not heard of any other accident—indeed, it happened, very fortunately, that the storm commenced at an earlier hour than the labouring people are in the habit of going into the woods, otherwise the consequences might have been disastrous in the extreme.

THOUGHTS AT PARTING.

(From the Winter's Wreath for 1830.)

How painful the hour that compels us to part
With the friends that we cherish as gems of the heart;
But, oh! more severe when that parting is told
With a voice unimpassioned, an aspect that's cold.
When the sigh meets no sigh from an answering breast,
When the hand pressing warm, vainly sues to be prest;
For then 'tis not absence alone we deplore,
But friendship decayed, and affection no more.
From the friends that we love when we wander alone,
Our thoughts unexpressed, and our feelings unknown—
Whilst hope strives in vain through futurity's gloom
To decry one bright moment in seasons to come;—
Yet then if a sigh be but heaved from the breast,
If the hand pressing warm, in requital be prest,
Some soft recollections will still be in store,
Though on parting we feel we may never meet more.

Died, on Sunday morning last, after a lingering illness, Miss JOHANNA RILEY, aged 20 years, much regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.—Her funeral took place yesterday, from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. Lacey, and was very respectfully attended.

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

CLEARED.
FEBRUARY 6.—Brig Britannia, Odis, Portugal; 3,500 qtls. fish.

HARBOUR-GRACE.—CLEARED.
JANUARY 16.—Brig Dispatch, Metherell, Lisbon; 2,250 qtls fish
Brig Dewsbury, Blake, Portugal; 1,950 qtls. fish.

CARBONEAR.—CLEARED.
JANUARY 20.—Brig Julia, Stanworth, Lisbon; 2,560 qtls. fish.

Sales at Auction.

BOOKS FOR SALE.
TO-MORROW,
At 11 o'clock,
(Instead of Thursday, as previously announced)
THE FOLLOWING BOOKS,
Without the least reserve,
By JAMES CLIFT,

- BURN'S Law Dictionary,
- Bingham on Infancy,
- Tyrwhite and Tindale's Digest of the Statutes,
- Palmer's Table of Costs,
- Impey's King's Bench Practice,
- Impey's Questions,
- Horsman's Conveyancing,
- Dickinson's Quarter Sessions,
- Tomlin's Index to Crown Law,
- Modern Conveyancing,
- Blithwood's ditto,
- Christian's Bankrupt Law,
- Crown Circuit Companion,
- Supplement to ditto,
- Chitty's Pleadings,
- Archibald's ditto,
- Comyn on Contracts,
- Beame's Elements,
- Hampdon's Duties of Trustees,
- Impey's Practice,
- Burn's Justice,
- Abbott on Shipping,
- History of England 21 vols. neatly bound,
- Bertram de Maleville's Chronological Abridgment of the History of Great Britain,
- Rise of Joanna Queen of Naples,
- Kennier's Journey,
- Bisqueure's Letters,
- Humboldt's Personal Narrative,
- Dobbin's Guide to choose a Library,
- Don Quixote,
- The Chances,
- 30 Numbers Monthly Repository,
- A Manifold Writer.

ALSO,
A quantity of elegant Cut Glass,
Forks and Spoons plated on Steel.
February 11.

On SATURDAY next,
At 11 o'clock,
On the Premises late in the possession of
THOMAS CULLETON,
(DECEASED)

Situate on the South-side of Water-street, in St. John's, next door to Messrs. R. Alsop & Co.

ALL the said THOMAS CULLETON's right, title, and interest in the said Premises, comprising a Shop, Parlour, Bed-rooms, &c., Kitchen, frost-proof Cellar, Tradesmen's Shop, Store under; together with the privilege of the adjacent Wharf and Passage; of which there are five years and a half unexpired from the 1st of May next, (with the promise from the Proprietor of extending the lease to ten years) subject to the ground rent of 20l. currency per annum.

Immediately after, will be Sold,
All the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., belonging to the said Estate.

By order of the Administrator upon the said Estate,
WM. HAYWARD,
February 11. Auctioneer.

Notices.

BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fourth Anniversary Meeting of the BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY, will be held at the Orphan Asylum School, on WEDNESDAY next, the 17th instant, at 11 o'clock, in the forenoon;—at which a full attendance of the Members is particularly requested.—By order,
JOHN SHEA,
February 11. Secretary.

MECHANICS' SOCIETY BALL.

SUCH Members of the St. John's Mechanics' Society as intend to Subscribe to a BALL, on the evening of the 17th instant, will please leave their Names at the Globe Tavern, on or before SATURDAY next, at 12 o'clock.
THOMAS M'NAMARA,
LOUIS J. MARTIN,
WILLIAM BENNETT, } Stewards.
February 11.

Notices.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS CULLETON, late of St. John's, Newfoundland, Cordwainer, deceased, are hereby requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to the Subscriber; and all those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to
STEPHEN MALONE,
February 11. Administrator.

WANTED, at Government-House, a HOUSE MAID, who can be well recommended.
Government-House, 10th February.

TO SEALER OWNERS, &c.

A YOUNG MAN, who has been well accustomed to the Foreign and Coasting 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.

ALL Persons having Claims on the Estate of the late PATRICK HEANEY, Schoolmaster, are hereby 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.

THE Proprietors of the Express Packet Boat beg to notify to the Public, that so long as the navigation across the Bay continues to be impracticable, a postman will be constantly employed in conveying the mail, to and from, overland.
The Proprietors further intimate, that in order to render less onerous the duties of their agents, and to facilitate the business of an Establishment which has been got up for public accommodation, and not as a source of private emolument, all postages for letters and parcels will hereafter be required to be paid on delivery of the same, without any distinction whatever; and it is earnestly hoped that this arrangement will be fully understood, and readily complied with.
HENRY WINTON,
Agent at St. John's,
ROBERT OKE,
Agent at Harbour-Grace.
February 11.

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

JUST IMPORTED,

Per MANCHESTER, from Halifax,
150 BARRELS Alexandria superfine Flour,
100 Barrels New-York prime Pork,
15 Barrels corned Beef,
For Sale by
JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
Also,
Per KATE, from 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.



Doct's Corner.

A GIRL IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME.

By Alaric A. Watts.

Art thou some vision of the olden time,—
Some glowing eye of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?
Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn plannings of his scathless lyre;
Was thine the frown that chill'd him with disdain,
Crush'd his wild hopes, and quench'd his minstrel fire?
Gleam thou she for whom young Guido pined;
Whom Raffaele saw in his impassion'd dream;
The ray that flash'd, in slumber, on his mind,
And o'er his canvass shed so bright a beam?
No, no;—a masquer in his gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace—
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,
With more than all their sweetness in thy face.
I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,
In youth's first budding spring,—before me, now,
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewell'd brow!
Thy dark hair clustering 'round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds above a summer-moon;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;
Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.
Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chasten'd light bespeaks the soul within;
Lips full of sweetness;—maiden modesty,
That awes the bosoms it hath deign'd to win.
There stand for aye; defying Time or Care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now!
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polish'd brow.
Whilst unto her from whom these lines had birth,
A briefer span but brighter doom is given;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in Heaven.

ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

From Lochleven Castle, by Miss Benzer.

The castle of Lochleven has been long mouldering to decay; the strength of those compact round towers, which so often repelled the English invader, has yielded to time; the steep stone stairs leading to the state apartments have been transported, for the purpose of constructing dykes, to the opposite shore; even the chamber once occupied by Mary Stuart is with difficulty distinguished in the surrounding mass of ruins. The lake alone, with the exception of the few scattered habitations erected on its banks, which disturb not the faith of historical associations, presents the same aspect that it wore in other days; and we may spare a glance to the modest roof where the too early lamented poet, Michael Bruce, first saw the light, without losing the pleasurable consciousness of reality with which we linger on the spot where Mary landed after her memorable escape from Lochleven—that critical moment, the most agitated, perhaps the happiest, of her calamitous existence.

It is natural that the lovers of Scottish history should approach these desolated walls with the expectation of discovering some local illustrations of the mournful scenes which, in 1566, were here exhibited, and which form in a manner the prelude to Mary's tragedy. But although tradition directs our attention to the turret in which the Queen was lodged with Catherine Kennedy, the only female attendant who had been permitted to accompany her, the filling up of the outline must be left to the erudition or fancy of the spectator. We look in vain for some vestige of the place in which the outraged Queen was despoiled of the ensigns of sovereignty; when struggling with Lindsay's ruffian grasp, she subscribed unread, the fatal deed of abdication, and became as a cypher in Scotland. It is for the poet only to describe the embowed window, under which Murray stood—the last time that he exchanged with her an affectionate farewell—when weeping on his neck, and melting with parental tenderness, she earnestly implored him to protect and cherish that child, who had been made the innocent instrument of his mother's degradation. No vestige remains of the royal canopy which, with mock respect, was suspended from the bed in which Mary lay, surrounded by female spies, and sometimes ruder centinels, whom the rigour of her unkind, ungrateful brother had authorised to watch and controul her movements.

But, if the relics of Mary's captivity have perished, memorials of her escape are not wanting; and, after the lapse of more than 250 years, we are enabled to trace her steps, to observe, and in a manner almost to witness, the progress of her deliverance.—The fortress of Lochleven, situated, as is well known, in Kinross-shire, was a place of considerable strength, and at an early period had resisted many attacks of English invaders. The adventurous enterprise of the brave de Vipont, who, with four gallant knights, by a masterly manoeuvre had compelled Sir John de Harling to raise the siege and return to England, had been celebrated more than two centuries, when the castle came into the possession of Sir Robert Douglas, who had espoused the repudiated mistress

of James the Fifth, the haughty Lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the Regent Murray, and, according to her own testimony, the lawful, though unacknowledged wife of the King of Scotland. Absurd as were these pretensions, they were not without their abettors and defenders among Murray's professed partisans; but the arrogance of the lady's manners rendered her generally unpopular: nor was it without reason that Mary conceived for her an aversion, which she never betrayed to any other individual in Scotland. After the defection of the royal army on Carberry Hill, and the frightful indignities to which she had been subjected at Edinburgh, the delinquencies of Lady Margaret ceased to be regarded; and it is probable that Mary, with her wonted facility in believing all she wished, allowed herself to calculate on receiving friendly offices from the mother of Lord Murray: she soon perceived, however, that nothing prevailed with this imperious dame like gold; and that by chinking a full purse, or displaying jewels which were indirectly offered to her acceptance, she should best enforce attention from her venal hostess. Her next step was to win her nominal guardian, Sir William Douglas; but his pusillanimity baffled her persuasions, and though not less mercenary than his mother, and more humane, he was too wary to hazard the displeasure of the Regent, whom he rather feared than loved, for the doubtful chance of establishing the supremacy, and earning the gratitude of the Queen of Scotland.

His youngest brother George was of a nature more susceptible of generous sympathies—from him Mary won pity by her tears; she obtained his friendship by her confidence, and he engaged in her cause with impassioned zeal; but his first attempt for her relief miscarried, and served but to furnish pretexts for treating the Queen with greater rigour. "Help me," she wrote to Catherine de Medicis, "help me speedily, or I shall perish in this place." At this moment Mary saw herself bereaved of her only friend, George had been expelled the castle; but he left in it another youth, equally devoted to the Queen's cause, and more able to sustain it. This new champion was a stripling of seventeen, an orphan kinsman of the house of Douglas, and entirely dependent on the bounty of his powerful clansman. No latent ambition kindled the zeal that glowed within his breast—he was humble and obscure: no juvenile vanity had suggested such dreams of passion as George Douglas was believed to cherish. His efforts were prompted by pity and patriotism: if he failed in the enterprise, he might expect to forfeit his life; and if he succeeded, he was sure to lose the friendship of the house of Douglas.

Never was courage more strikingly exemplified, never was intrepidity more happily blended with prudence, than in this modest youth. Convinced that the boldest course is the safest, he resolved, at supper time, in the face of the assembled household, to steal from the niche in which they were deposited, the keys of the castle, and to avail himself of the succeeding prayers to effect the liberation of the Queen of Scots. Apprised of his plan through the medium of Catherine Kennedy, Mary, on the plea of indisposition, refused the next Sunday morning to rise from her bed; and by this manoeuvre, she was at length relieved from the presence of her odious spies. No sooner was she freed from their vigilance, than, without even waiting to change her night clothes, she precipitately left the apartment, supported by Catherine, who had, however, taken the precaution to suspend a shawl from the window, as a signal of the enterprise. Softly and cautiously the Queen descended, equally alarmed by imaginary sounds and real silence. At the foot of the stairs she paused in an agony of suspense—all was still, without venturing to articulate a single word, she counted the minutes that must have elapsed since the critical moment when Douglas was to secrete the keys. Even then he had to achieve another task almost equally difficult, in withdrawing unnoticed from the assembled congregation. The chances of the success were few, the risk most imminent.—Another minute passed, and suddenly, like the phantom of a dream, appeared the active though diminutive form of William Douglas, at once beckoning the fugitives to approach, and significantly motioning to them to observe silence. The Queen and Catherine pursued his steps, each gliding like a nocturnal spectre, till they reached the first and most important gate, to which Douglas presented one of the four large massive keys concealed under his cloak. At that sound the Queen shuddered, so overwhelming was the dread of discovery; but her conductor, with perfect coolness, quickly opened, and then cautiously relocked the portal. In like manner he cleared the second gate, and again, in spite of the Queen's impatience, observed the same precaution. At the third portal no obstacle occurred; at the fourth, the barking of a dog excited in the Queen such alarm, that she no sooner found herself without the walls, than she darted towards the boat, regardless of the stones which bruised her feet, from which, for safety, she had put off her shoes; and springing into the boat, which had been drawn to the shore, she conjured Douglas not to lose a single moment. Having reached the middle of the lake, Douglas threw from the boat the four heavy keys, which impeded its course; meanwhile, Catherine seized an oar, and rowed with all her strength. But, instead of making for the nearest land, Douglas steered towards a more distant point, contiguous to the wood, in which the fugitives might be sheltered from pursuit. With what exultation did he now discover on the margin of the lake, a horse evidently prepared to assist their course, and, as was now apparent, attended by George Douglas, who, in conjunction with Lord Seaton and John Beaton, both included in the number of Mary's confidential friends, had, in different stations, reconnoitred the coast. It were superfluous to speak of joy in such a moment; but faint were the transports with which Mary was

hailed by Lord Seaton to the rapturous emotions with which the two Douglasses reciprocated congratulations. With what pride did they convey her to Niddry!—with what triumph did they see her lodged in the palace of Hamilton!

Thus happily terminated an enterprise of which it was the peculiar feature that none suffered by it either in person or fortune. Even George Douglas, after a temporary exile in France, returned to Scotland, and was rewarded with the hand and fortune of a noble heiress. John Beaton, one of his auxiliaries, attached himself to Mary's service; and little William Douglas, as he was called, continued in her household, and was one of the individuals mentioned in that last testament which was written a few hours before her death, with expressions of gratitude and regret. In like manner, Catherine Kennedy retained the intimacy with her Queen, to which she had been admitted by participating in her sorrows; and during all her subsequent trials and misfortunes, Mary was soothed by the presence, or sustained by the counsels, of those whose fidelity and attachment had been approved at Lochleven.

MRS. JENKINS OF THE 48TH!

(From the Military Sketch Book.)

Who treads upon the field of death? Who sighs upon the winds of the night, like the morning ghost of the warrior, mingling its melancholy tones with the shrieks of the passing owl, that lonely flaps his pinions in the moonlight? Who walks amongst the slain? See, where the figure glides with heedless step, its white robe streaming like a mist of morning when the sun first glances on the mountain; now gazing on the pale moon, now turning to the paler faces of the dead. Who walks upon the bed of sleeping carnage? Who wakes the frightened night from her horrid trance, and thus tempts her terrors? Is it the restless spirit of a departed hero, or the ghost of the love-lorn maid? Is it light, or is it air? Ah no! it is not light, it is not air; it is not the ghost of the love-lorn maid; it is not the spirit of the departed hero. No, no, no, no! 'tis Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th!!!

And it was Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th. She, poor soul! was the victim of early impressions. She was cradled in romance, and nursed in air-built castles; she read of Ossian, and she became his adopted daughter; she read of Sir Walter, and she became his adopted niece; she was Lady Morgan's "sympathetic form," and her voice was one of Tom Moore's "Irish Melodies;" she could delight the eyes of the rude with tambour-work and velvet painting; she could ravish their ears with a tune on the piano; she could finish a landscape in Indian-ink, and play the "Battle of Prague" without a stop. The admiration of her doating parents, the envy of her female acquaintances, angelic, charming Charlotte Clarke (now Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th) was all you could desire.

Charlotte was bred at Portarlinton boarding-school; there did she form her mind—there did she learn that she had "a soul above buttons," and that love and glory were the "be all and the end all" of existence. Trade! fie—contaminate not the ethereal soul—dim not the halo that surrounds such excellence, by the approach of such coarse and vulgar matter! Charlotte despised it, even as her father loved it and gave to it all his days.

Dublin is a martial city; the view of the royal barracks is a royal sight. There did she love to go and gaze, and listen to the band, until the tears stole down her lovely cheeks. She would then walk home, and weep, and sleep, and dream of epaulettes, both gold and silver, of scarlet coats, of feathers and long swords. Her days (until after tea-time) were passed in reading Newman's novels, and practising the *run of Braham*. "He was famed for deeds of arms; She a maid of enajed charms." "Young Henry was as brave a youth." "Hark, where martial music sounding far." These were her songs; she practised them in the morning with her hair in papers, and she sung them after supper (whenever she was at a party) with her interesting curls upon her forehead, shading her blushes and the soft light of her languid eyes. She loved the Rotunda-gardens in the summer evenings, and she glided in the ball, when winter hung upon the night; for both in gardens of Rotunda, and in light of ball-room, the red-coats, ever in her hopes, cut a figure in her eye, and a deeper in her heart. She went to the Dargle and the Waterfall, to Pool Avoca, and Killyny (whenever she was invited) and among the Summer Sunday beauties of the scene, full well she did enact her part. Her life was one bright dream, beaming with sun-bright smiles and brighter tears. Her heart was tender, and her will was strong. Need it be said, that such a maid fell deeply in love? Alas! she did. The gentle Charlotte loved;—ah! deeply loved—but who she could not tell! It was a form, and yet it was not matter, (no matter, indeed, whether it was or not;) it was a hero, all epaulettes and scarlet, white feathers, and still whiter pantaloons, set out with sword, and belt, and sash, and gorget; a hero at all points, whose name, nevertheless, was not to be found in the army list; in short, the being was a lovely paradox—a thing, and yet a nothing; she saw it in her dreams, as well as in her wakeful hours; it never left her side, waking or asleep; there was the form of her darling lover, like Moore's "Knight of Killarney," O'Donoghue and his white horse, on a May-day morning—

"That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,

While white as the sails some bark afar,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free,"

dancing and prancing on the winds; there he was in a splendid uniform, (some say with buff facings,

• Vale of Avoca.

some say green) and she woo'd it, and she woo'd it, till her cheek grew pale, and her eye lost half its brightness. Every officer she met on the Mall was likened to her lover in her "mind's eye;" but they were not her lovers. Captains Thompson, Jones, and Pentilton; Lieutenants Jacobs, Raulins, and Flagherty; Ensigns Gibbs, Mullins, and Mortimer; all resembled the object of her love; but she refused to acknowledge their identity with it. At length young Jenkins, an Ensign of Militia, realized the aerial form she so long had loved. Yes, he did actually embody it; and at the holy altar, even in spite of crusty fathers,

"Who make a jest of sweet affection,"

the amiable and adorable Charlotte Clarke became the gentle Mrs. Jenkins.

"War's clarion blew!" Napoleon and Wellington struggled like two giants for ascendancy. Ensign Jenkins volunteered into the line, and proceeded to the fields of Lusitania. Could Charlotte stay behind? No! the briny waters soon bore her, with her husband and seven other officers (all members of the mess) to Portugal. Ensign Jenkins was ordered to the front.—Could Mrs. Jenkins stay behind? No! she braved the fatigues of the march and the horrors of the battle, like a true heroine; she loved the 48th, and she would go along with it, through thick and thin. The parching sun, the drenching storm, the unmoistened biscuit, and the chill damp bivouac, alike she would endure.—"Love and Glory" carried her through all. It was a sight worth all the jewels of romance to see—a thought worth all heaven to contemplate—the sight of Mrs. Charlotte Jenkins, like a "ministering angel," standing amidst the terrors of the field!

The battle raged; the slain were many; the regiment covered themselves with glory—but poor Jenkins fell! The moon arose upon the field of battle, and shone upon the dead—the fight was over.—Could Mrs. Jenkins rest without her husband? Oh, no! Forth she lied to search out the body of her Jenkins, dead as he was, at the dead hour of night. She gazed at the moon—she gazed upon the slain—and she thought upon the days of her teens, of Newman's novels and Portarlinton.

A tender-hearted sympathetic soul, by name Captain Rogers of the grenadiers, watched the fair Charlotte's steps, (for she had told him she would go and seek her Jenkins) and gently led her from the sickening scene.

Poor Jenkins was not found; but dead no doubt he was, for there were several witnesses of his fall. He had fallen upon his face—the Sergeant lifted him from the earth, but he did not speak—life was no longer there; so the Sergeant left him lying on the field, for he had yet to knock some others down.

The truth struck strong upon fair Charlotte's heart; her bursting bosom was saved from rending by a well-timed flood of tears, which the Captain politely wiped away. "Cease, lady, cease this useless, unavailing grief," sighed the sympathetic Rogers; "if thou hast lost a husband, still are a thousand left for thy choice;—and though one Jenkins may be gone, another Jenkins may supply his place."

"Oh! to be thus addressed amidst romantic war! and by a Captain, too, of grenadiers!—I cannot, will not further—"

Draw, draw the veil upon her weakness! But stay, I must—I must reveal it—she was comforted; and not many nights passed o'er her widowed bed, till married was Charlotte to her Rogers—as well as in the field they could be married, where parsons are but rare, as all who know allow.

In joyous honeymoon the pair repaired to Lisbon, (for Rogers was detached upon a special duty) mayhap because the blushing bride wished for retirement from a scene which must have ever reminded her of Ensign Jenkins. But, be that as it may, a month had scarcely told its thirty days (for thirty-one, I know not which) when, one dark night, such as the wolf delights in, a solemn knock was heard at the outer door of the house where rested Rogers and his lady. "Who comes?" The door is opened—a figure stands at the threshold. It is Ensign Jenkins!!! O appalling sight! "A ghost, a ghost! my husband's ghost!" the frightened Mrs. Rogers cries; "Oh, take him from my sight!"

"No, thank you, Ma'am," replies the visitor; "I am no ghost, but Ensign Jenkins of the 48th!!!"

No more; I'll say no more; and wherefore should I? Family affairs I leave as I find them; but this I must relate. The Ensign was not dead, but speechless, when the Sergeant lifted him from off the turf; he had received a knock-down blow, but soon recovered, and was taken prisoner on the field. From French captivity he then escaped; but ah! not time enough to save his lady-love.

O cursed chance! that Sergeant's false and deadly report should thus put virtuous woman's love to proof!

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.—Of the pyramids of Egypt, the largest, that of Cheops, is a square of 746 feet, and its height 461, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's. The quantity of stone which it contains is calculated at six millions of tons, which is three times that employed in the breakwater at Plymouth, and has been calculated by a French engineer to be sufficient to build a wall round the whole of France, ten feet high and one foot broad. Its area at the base is, as near as may be, that of Lincoln's Inn-fields.

An honest Hibernian, whose *Bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had stopt payment, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets of Edinburgh for two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodgings, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in Hospital*, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! Where is it, honey? for I've been lying out these two nights past."