



# Newfoundlander.

No. 135.

THURSDAY, February 18, 1830.

Sixpence.

## 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.

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.

### Matthew Guswell

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that he has just launched a safe and commodious PACKET BOAT, built expressly for the purpose of conveying Letters and Passengers to and from the following places in Conception Bay—Viz.:

To CARBONAR on Monday, returning on Tuesday;

To CUBITS on Wednesday, returning on Thursday; and

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

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

#### TERMS:

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

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

### DART PACKET BOAT.

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

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

Letters left at the Newfoundlander Office will be carefully forwarded.

November 26.

### SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

## Miscellaneous.

**FATAL CURIOSITY.**—A melancholy story was related a few years since, by a traveller in the western section of our country, of a man who, in company with a friend, attempted to explore the celebrated cave in Green's County, Kentucky, which is about ten miles in length. After having provided themselves with a lantern, food, and other refreshments, sufficient for one or two days' subsistence, they commenced their subterranean tour. As they proceeded from one apartment to another, viewing with astonishment the wonders of this stupendous cavern, they frequently came to large and apparently very deep pits, which they avoided with much difficulty by crawling on their hands and knees. They wandered about, alternately walking and crawling, near a whole day, during which they had passed a number of these deep pits. They had just approached one, when, by some fatal accident, the light which they carried was suddenly extinguished. The one who carried the apparatus for restoring the light, in the agitation of the moment, made a mis-step, exclaiming, "Lord have mercy on us," and fell headlong into the pit they had the moment before discovered. His companion listened, and distinctly heard the unfortunate man strike the bottom, and fetch a deep groan like one in extreme anguish. He called on him, but received no answer—he called again, but all was as silent as the tomb. The narrator stated, that had he but fallen with him, it would have been a happy circumstance; for to attempt to find the mouth of the cave, and pass the many dangerous places they had met with in their way thither, would be imminently hazardous, if not utterly impossible. He thought, therefore, of only dying the lingering and painful death of starvation. He sat down and gave vent to his anguish in a flood of tears. He finally concluded to make an attempt to get out—he could but share the fate of his companion by falling into the pit, and this would sooner put an end to his mental sufferings. He commenced what he conceived a retrograde movement, by crawling on his hands and knees, and proceeded without accident a long time, when he again yielded himself up to despair. A copious effusion of tears subdued in a measure his agony. He set out again, but with little hopes of ever arriving at the mouth of the cave. The survivor had noticed that it branched off in various directions: he therefore concluded that he had taken the wrong way, and was probably as far and farther from the entrance as when he first started. He halted, with the determination of waiting patiently the approach of death. Like the drowning man, who is said to catch at a straw, the possibility of escape again occurred to him; and, summoning up his remaining strength, he made another effort to find the outlet to the cavern. On the morning of the third day, when nature and hope were nearly exhausted, he thought he observed a ray of light, and on suddenly turning a corner, the morning star shone full in his face. His feelings, he said, must be imagined, for they cannot be described. He immediately made known the fate of his companion; a number of citizens commenced a search in the cave, found the pit, and with some difficulty obtained the body, and had it decently interred.—*Boston paper.*

**Wills of Shakespeare, Milton, and Napoleon Buonaparte.**—The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors'-commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing. "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrde, 22d July, 1616.—The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon, to whom future ages, in spite of legitimacy, will confirm the epithet of "le grand," is signed in a bold style of hand-writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

**THE JEWISH NEW YEAR.**—On Sunday evening last, the year 5500 was ushered in with the usual rites observed on such occasions by the Israelites. At sunset the people resident in the metropolis assembled at their synagogues, when the whole of the Mosaic laws, and the usual prayers, &c., were read over, and the congregations remained until between 8 and 9 o'clock. On Monday, their New Year's day for the present year, they again assembled at sunrise to celebrate the feast of trumpets; in commemoration of Abraham offering up his son. At 10

o'clock the trumpets were sounded, which announced the commencement of the year. They met again at sunset the same day, and also on Tuesday, at the same hour, when the observance of the rites terminated. No food is allowed to be taken until the sounding of the trumpets on either day.—*London paper.*

Napoleon, when in the height of his power, being one day at Amiens, whilst traversing the square in the midst of the acclamations of the inhabitants who had assembled around him, cast his eyes upon the multitude, and perceived in one of the corners of the square a stone-cutter, who had not been induced to quit his work, by the curiosity which animated the crowd by which he was surrounded. The indifference of this man excited the curiosity of Napoleon; he wished to know something about him; and passing through the crowd, urged on his horse until he arrived close to him. "What are you doing there?" said Napoleon. The workman raised his eyes and recognised the Emperor—"I am cutting stone." "You served under me?" quickly observed the Emperor, who recognised an old soldier. "It is true, Sire." "You were present in the campaign of Egypt—you were a brigadier in such a corps?" "Yes, Sire." "Why have you quitted the service?" "Because I had completed my time, and obtained my discharge." "I am sorry for it; you were a brave man. I shall be happy to do for you any thing in my power—say what do you require from me?" "That your Majesty will leave me to cut my stone in quiet; my work suffices me: I am in want of nothing." This trait brings to mind the interview of Diogenes with Alexander; but the modest pride of the Greek philosopher was not equal to the reply of the stone-cutter.—*Paris paper.*

**YES OR NO?**—Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children, that he suffered the sons of the Prince Royal to enter his apartment whenever they thought proper. One day while he was writing in his closet, the eldest of these princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happened to fall upon the table at which the King sat, who threw it at the young prince and continued to write. The shuttlecock falling on the table a second time, the King threw it back, looking sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen again; the shuttlecock however, fell a third time, and even upon the paper on which the King was writing. Frederick then took the shuttlecock and put it in his pocket; the little prince humbly asked pardon and begged the King to return him his shuttlecock. His Majesty refused: the prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them. The young prince at length being tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the King, put his two hands on his side, and tossing back his little head with great haughtiness, said in a threatening tone,—"Will your Majesty give me my shuttlecock. Yes or No?" The King burst into a fit of laughter; and taking the shuttlecock out of his pocket, returned it to the prince, saying, "you are a brave boy, you will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you."

**THE LATE LORD LONDONDERRY.**—A large party of lordings and young M. P.'s had been summoned one evening under the direction of Mr. Arbuthnot of the treasury, to attend the debate of an important question brought forward by ministers, on which a division was anticipated. After a long and very tedious discussion, however, the opposition declined measuring their strength; upon which Lord Castlereagh, who had observed all the while the restlessness and impatience of the junior adherents of the treasury, moving to and fro under the gallery, and scarce brooking the controlling nods of their leader leisurely walked up to them, and addressing the latter, with a tooth-pick in his mouth, said, very coolly, "Arbuthnot, we shall have no division to night; send your boys home."—*Weekly Review.*

**Evil consequences of Rocking Children.**—It is doubtful whether the practice of rocking infants, when often repeated, be not the origin of many of the diseases of children. When the human offspring first begins to make use of its faculties, and to give proof of its being sensible to existence, even should this be done to infantine cries, is it right to stop those cries and to prevent its paying that tribute to nature? The rocking of the cradle brings on sleep only through the stupor it produces on the senses. Such a motion cannot but offend the delicate fibres of the brain of an infant, injure its digestion, sour the milk from which it derives its nourishment, and turn it into curds.

## THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

It was on a Sabbath evening, towards the end of the month of July, that the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, curate of Tintern, in Monmouthshire, set forth to visit his daughter Hester, who resided in one of those romantically situated cottages, which form so interesting a feature in the mountainous scenery of the Wyse, between Ross and Chepstow. The distance he had to go was scarcely a mile; but the walk was toilsome, for his path lay among the hills, through which it was rudely cut, and the loose fragments of rock on which he trode gave way at every step. His thoughts, however, were too much occupied with the sad objects of his visit to permit of his heeding the rugged road, or even the sublime beauties of nature which were spread around him.

Hester was his eldest daughter, and the eldest also of nine brothers and sisters; a large family to feed, clothe, and educate, upon the scanty stipend of his curacy, though eked out by a small patrimonial property, and a fortune of two hundred pounds, which he had with his wife. When all was put together, and the profits of a small school added, as well as those which he received from the sale of a quarto volume, "On the Dawnings of the Everlasting Gospel Light," Parson Lloyd was a somewhat poorer man than his neighbour, Farmer Morgan, who always boasted that he could spend a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and pay every body their own. But Farmer Morgan, at last, did not pay every body their own; for he went into the Gazette, and there were only three shillings in the pound for his creditors, while Parson Lloyd contrived to make both ends meet; perhaps, because he took care never to have a creditor, always deferring the purchase of any thing he wanted till he could spare the money to pay for it. "He who makes his necessities wait upon his means," he would often say, "will never find them troublesome; but reverse the order, and let your means be the drudges of your necessities, and run as fast as they may, they will never overtake them."

Hester Lloyd had married Farmer Morgan's second son, David; and it was always said, by those who pretended to know the secret, that she did so, more from a desire to diminish the heavy burden of her father's family, than from any violent affection she had for the young man. To say the truth, they were a mismatched pair. David was a coarse rustic, of violent passions, a moody temper, and suspected of dissolute habits. Hester, on the contrary, was mild and gentle in disposition, affectionate, and trained up in the strict observance of those simple, unobtrusive virtues which became the comparative humility of her station, and the character of her parental roof. When, therefore, she married David Morgan some shook their heads, and pitied the poor girl for the sacrifices she made; while others turned up their eyes, and wondered how even Love could be so blind.

The union had neither the approbation, nor the disapprobation, properly so called, of Hester's father. She was of an age to choose discreetly (having passed her three-and-twentieth year), when, as was certainly her case, the heart did not take the lead in choosing; and he left her, therefore, to decide for herself, after temperately discussing with her, upon several occasions, whatever might fairly be urged in favour, or to the prejudice, of the young man. Hester, herself, took a twelvemonth to consider of her decision; and finally yielded her consent to the pertinacious, rather than the ardent solicitations, of David Morgan.

It has been said by an ancient cynic, that marriage has only two happy days, the first and the last; but Hester was doomed to find even this stinted portion of matrimonial felicity too liberal an allowance. On their return from church, an unfortunate difference arose between her husband and her father upon some trifling subject of rural economy—the breeding of pigs, or the cultivation of barley; or some matter not a whit more important. David was loud, overbearing, and at last insolently rude. Nay, he so far forgot himself, at one moment, that his hand was raised to seize Mr. Lloyd by the collar. "Forbear, young man!" said the reverend pastor mildly; "and learn to have more command over your passions; or they will one day hurry you into conduct which all the rest of your days may not be sufficient to atone for."

David felt the rebuke. He felt ashamed. He saw the cheek of Hester turn pale, and he felt sorrow

[For remainder, see last page.]

MATHEMATICAL LADIES.

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

I can perfectly understand Lord Byron's antipathy to mathematical ladies. There is nothing in the study of numbers analogous to female intellect, which is essentially imaginative. Female mathematicians are seldom what the French call *aimables*. In the middle of the last century, Newton's sublime discoveries rendered mathematics fashionable; and fashion will reconcile a French lady even to the mathematics. "La belle Emilie" of Voltaire, and Madame Ferrand, the friend and mistress of Condillac, are two of the most notable instances. The former translated and commented on Newton in the intervals of the gaming-table and the toilet; and the latter wrote a considerable part of the "Traite des Sensations," the well-known work of her philosophical lover. These, however, were exceptions, produced by the influence of the times. The exact sciences are not made for woman. Her feelings are too petulant for cool, temperate calculation, in which fancy and sensibility go for nothing at all. When Nature, in her caprice, produces a Bolognese doctor, really learned in such matters, the woman is sure to suffer by it.

The cleverest women are accented (and with some reason) of inaccuracy in her thoughts; but the defect does not arise (as some have imagined) from the want of the discipline of a course of mathematic. — Madame de Stael was sometimes inconsequential in her reasoning; but neither she nor any other female and non-mathematical writers of less power, have fallen into such "bald and disjointed" twaddle as is to be found in the pamphlets of some of our university polemics and politicians. "The high men," as I am told they are called at Cambridge and Oxford, do not usually become the most distinguished statesmen and philosophers.

I suspect, therefore, that the current admiration for the mathematics, as an instrument of mental discipline, arises much more from the safety of such pursuits, and their disconnection with moral and political interests, than from the rigour and exactness of their methods of argumentation. At the end of five years' college course, the student is not more likely to question established abuses, than if he had spent his time in playing shuttlecock. His moral faculties have been kept perfectly quiescent. Indignation at public and private wrong, contempt for falsehood and dishonesty, the kindling glow of approbation at patriotic self-sacrifice, have remained unawakened and cold. The pursuit of abstractions has shut out all interest or feelings for realities; and the university whippers-in have trained the young hound quite away from the pursuit of forbidden truths.

A mere mathematician is the fittest raw material for manufacturing a passive-obedience parson, or an all-confiding country gentleman. Placed in the foreground of the world's great scene of action, the most accomplished of the class is but on a par with the mere land-surveyor: he can estimate quantities, and nothing more. With the sole exception of the inventors, who, as in the other branches of knowledge, must be superior persons, the greatest proficient in the mathematics are often the dulllest and least apprehensive of men; and as they mistake the superiority of their scientific methods for their own aptitude to discover the truth, they are most presumptuous. These are the persons who sneer at lady writers, and imagine that there is no road to common sense and common observation, but over the Ass's Bridge.

Of mathematics, as a means to an end, as the handmaid to the natural sciences, it would be absurd to speak slightly; but as a mere discipline, I fancy I am not singular in doubting their efficacy; and I am certain that, for the female mind in particular, they can do little beyond encouraging pedantry, while they blunt that rapid intuition which serves a woman better than reason, and gives to superior females the influence they have so often possessed on public affairs. In literature, more especially, it is this intuition, this promptitude to feel rather than to analyze the truth, that has given not only their charm, but, I will add, their utility, to female writers. If they were more exact, they would be less striking. Their especial service is to keep alive the fervour of enthusiasm, and to avert the calculating selfishness which is the besetting sin of advanced civilization. One day, complaining to a celebrated Irish wit of the faults of my early works, he replied, "Let them alone, child; it is to your faults you owe your success."

ANECDOTE OF MOORE, THE POET.

At Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage where Moore, it is stated, composed "Lalla Rookh." For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield; and there was no end to the pleasanties and anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him; no limit to the reflections which existed of the peculiarities of the poet, of the wit and drollery of the man. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited, was irresistible. It is neat, but very small, and remarkable for nothing, except combining a most sheltered situation with the most extensive prospect. — Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peeping into the little book-room, yeelp the "Poet's Den," from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure, scarcely human, appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated— "Come in, gentlemen, come in. Don't be fear'd!

I'm only a tailor at work on the premises." The villainous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene, and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live long morning, he composed his "Lalla Rookh." It is a little, confined gravel-walk, in length about 20 paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast; bounded on one side by a straggling row of stunted laurels—on the other, by some old decayed wooden paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. — Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of any description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them: they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this:—"You may insert the lines in the *Chronicle* or not, as you please: I am perfectly indifferent about it; but if you do insert them, it must be *verbatim*." Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localists of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines, beginning

"Those evening bells, those evening bells"

were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ashbourne bell, and sweetly indeed do they sound at that distance, "both mournfully and slow;" while those exquisitely touching stanzas,

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb  
In life's happy morning bath hid from our eyes,"

were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P. B. But to his drolleries. He avowed, on all occasions, an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminently plain, but who nevertheless had been anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract his attention. "I cannot endure an ugly woman. I am sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy." The lady observed that "such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily." "Don't talk of it," said the wit; "Don't talk of it. It cannot be." "But I tell you," said the lady, who became all at once most piqued and positive; "it can be, and it is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. She speaks in a deep, gruff, base voice; he is a thin shrill treble. She looks like a John Dore; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squawk by some of their neighbours; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search their houses from one end to the other. But what of that? No unhandsome reflection can, in such a case, be cast by either party. I know them well, and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply what have you to urge? I flatter myself that I have overthrown your theory completely." "Not a whit. Colonel — has got into a scrape, and like a soldier, puts the best face he can upon it. Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation, when, one morning, he entered Mrs. —'s drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand, and in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner, exclaimed, 'if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle.'— Here is a letter from my friend, Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the *Corsair*. Ah, Mrs. —, it is nothing now for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but it is somewhat passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet." Those who know him most intimately felt no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again been heard to express great regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact, that Mr. M., on two different occasions, endeavoured to re-purchase the copyright of certain poems; but in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation. The attempt, however, does him honour.

An affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears and hopes, and cares and anxieties, come over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on the promising and idolized child, he will own the censure passed on these poems to be just, nay, more—every year will find him more sensible of the paramount necessity of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty on a father's part to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, "The Epicurean," affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Many of Alethe's most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from it with the happiest effect; to say there was no book like it, no book regarding it as a mere human composition, which could on any subject even "approach it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity." Long may these sentiments abide in him.—*Literary Gazette*.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF BUONAPARTE.

When Buonaparte was examining the great Pyramid, with Denon and others, a messenger arrived at the entrance with information that the Turks had landed in great force on the coast. Without returning to Cairo, Buonaparte ordered Kleber to join him

with the troops there, as a reserve, as rapidly as possible, and arrived the next night at Aboukir, to command those that had been collected for him.— With his Generals Lasnes, Murat, and Marmont, who accompanied him, were his interpreter, and his interpreter's brother, an artist. They were all in the same tent with their Commander, and when every thing was arranged for the approaching fight, lay down in their cloaks around him to repose. This artist (from whom I had the anecdote) told me, he never was in his life near Buonaparte without being impressed by his profound and terrible head, and now more than ever, the associations being peculiarly interesting from the time of the night, the approach of a battle, and the General awake with a single lamp, he found himself so irresistibly attracted to his features, that he could not sleep: curious to observe whether Buonaparte would sleep himself, he kept his attitude of apparent repose, and silently fixed his eyes on him with an eager and breathless anxiety. It was now the very depth of midnight, and to the rumbling of artillery and the rattling of arms had succeeded the most gloomy and horrid silence! After a considerable pause, during which Buonaparte was hanging over a map, he leaned his pale and sallow cheek on his hand; the lamp glittered on his broad forehead; while his eyes, beaming in the shadows of their sockets, gleamed with a dense and lustrous fire: he looked at his watch, then walked to the door of his tent, and earnestly observed the dark and still horizon; then returned, put his watch upon the table, and dwelt on its echoing and solitary tick with irritated agony.— In a few minutes he strode again to the opening of his tent, and again returned disappointed, for Nature was proceeding with her accustomed regularity, uninfluenced by his turbulent haste. He now took the lamp, and holding it above his head, looked round on those who were sleeping: the artist instantly shut his eyes, as if asleep like the rest; while Buonaparte, deceived, replaced the lamp, and perfectly unconscious of being observed, yielded to his feelings without restraint. His whole frame began to shake with a restless impatience: he seemed weary of waiting the regular process of nature: he seemed longing to have time and eternity within his grasp, that he might wield and control them as he willed for his purposes. Unable to compose himself, he dug the table with a pair of compasses in agitated spasms, and appeared inwardly to curse the irrevocable limits of being! How justly would this enthusiastic eagerness have been ennobled, had the object been elevated and virtuous; but degraded by its ferocity, we consider it only as the restless turbulence of a General, who hated delay, the consequence of any will but his own, though the consequence even of the systematic regularity of nature. Excited nearly to madness by his fiery agitation, he rushed once again to the door: when, as if in pity to this victim of passion, the light dawned on his heated face with a smiling and charming freshness. The mists of morning were rolling away as the light glittered on their rotundity, and nature began to awake from her drowsy stupor with a sort of stirring hum that indicated life, though nothing was heard distinctly. Buonaparte extinguished the lamp; and, with an energy that marked his delight, roused his Generals, mounted his horse, rode through his soldiers, telling them, "an army of Turks existed near them, and by ten, he expected, they would exist no longer." The battle shortly afterwards commenced, and by ten, indeed, nothing remained of his gorgeous enemies but the melancholy and shadowy remembrance.

N. M. ROTHSCHILD, THE JEW.

A CHARACTER.

The author of a spirited publication, entitled "A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great; or, More Men and Things in the British Capital,"—gives the following character of this distinguished individual:—

"Sceplic, go to the Royal Exchange almost any morning that you please, and among some scores of persons, whose appearances will not very greatly elevate your notions of the dignity and grace of human nature, you will see some one whose face and figure alike baffle your powers of description; and whose whole man and manner make you instinctively repeat the vulgar tetrastich—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell:  
The fact itself I feel full well—  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!"

"The thing before you stands cold, motionless, and apparently speculationless, as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the patriarch was turned; and while you start with wonder at what it can be or mean, you pursue the Association, and think upon the fire and brimstone that were rained down. It is a human being of no Apollo-like form or face. Short, squat, with its shoulders drawn up to its ears, and its hands delved into its breeches pockets. The hue of its face is a mixture of brick dust and saffron, and the texture seems that of the skin of a dead frog. There is a rigidity and tension in the feature, too, which would make you fancy, if you did not see that that were not the fact, that some one from behind was pinching it with a pair of hot tongs, and that it were either ashamed or afraid to tell. Eyes are usually denominated the windows of the soul; but here you would conclude that the windows are false ones, or there is no soul to look out at them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there one scintillation of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of 'a skin to let;' and you wonder why it stands upright, without at least something within. By and by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and

the most inquisitive glance that ever you saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would have thought of, is drawn slowly out of the ere-while fixed and leaden eye, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard. The visiting figure, which has the appearance of coming by accident and not by design, stops but a second or two; in the course of which, looks are exchanged, which, though you cannot translate, you may feel must be of most important meaning. After these, the eyes are sheathed up again, and the figure resumes its stony posture.— During the morning, numbers of visitors come, and all of whom meet with a similar reception, and vanish in a similar manner; and last of all the figure itself vanishes, leaving you utterly at a loss as to what can be its nature and functions.

"That singular figure is Nathan Myers Rothschild, the Jew, who holds the purse to all Kings in the Continent, and opens or closes it just as he lists; and who, upon certain occasions, has been supposed to have more influence in this country than the proudest and most wealthy of its nobles—perhaps more influence than the two Houses of Parliament taken together. He takes that post to be in the midst of his scouts: those visitors who appear to come casually, are all there by appointment. They communicate their information, receive their instructions, and hasten to act; and probably at each application of them to the great calculating machine, it was willed that a million of money should change masters, or that a Potentate, who calls himself absolute, should alter his purpose, dismiss his minister, or change the system of his politics. Ungainly as his external man is, and detached as it seems from business, and incapable of thought, it is the case of, perhaps, the most curious, and certainly the most powerful, calculating machine that ever existed.

"The prodigies of calculation which have from time to time been exhibited, all sink into nothing before this one. They could play with numbers in a manner wonderful enough, no doubt; but their play was unproductive—was nothing but a melior marvel to be soon forgot; but this wields the purse of the world, and by means of that, all the powers in it. Along, too, with the intuitive magic of numbers which this singular being possesses, there must be a magic over the passions of men; but what is it, or how it works, the possessor will not tell, and nobody else can.

"Even this secrecy, however forcible and fell as it is, cannot last for ever. The former high priests of Mammon have suffered reverses—have been swept of all their wealth, driven to despair, and perished by their own hands; and, therefore, the man who lives upon the produce of his daily industry, must be more happy, and may be more secure than Rothschild, the Jew, amid all his wealth and power. So much for the very acme of the remnant of Jacob!"

ANGELO'S REMINISCENCES.

Dining one day, *tete-a-tete*, with his Lordship, and partaking of his bottle of claret, for want of better amusement, he started up, and ringing the bell, ordered his carriage, saying, "come Harry Angelo, you and I go and see the gay doings at Jacob's Well."

We drove off, and arrived there about half-past nine; his Lordship, to avoid being known as a *great man* alighted at some distance. The long room, if I may depend upon my memory, was on the ground floor, and all the benches were filled with motly groups, eating, drinking, and smoking. It appeared at once a scene of true conviviality. Lord Barmore whispered, "this clatter and clangor of knives, forks, glasses, and tankards, is quite exhilarating; I suppose we must do like our neighbours," when he vociferated, "Waiter let us have something for supper." We were served with a Welsh rabbit, took our pipes, and were as noisy as the youngest, and as cooey as the oldest staggers in the smoking conclave.

It would spin my narrative to an unreasonable length, were I to describe the various amusements of this evening. There was a president, who from a rostrum, knocked with his ivory mallet, hoarsely bawled, "Will any gentleman favour the company with a speech, a recitation, an imitation, or a song?" Half a dozen candidates for fame, in each department proposed, started up; when the moderator, from his lofty seat, decided who was the first on his legs. The parties then retired, a bell was rung, the curtain was raised at the end of the room, and the spouter or singer, making his bow, commenced his part.

Among other exhibitions of tom-follery, two stock-broker's clerks, the one six feet two in height, the other, a stumpy Jew, performed the parts of Pierre and Jaffier. The laughter excited by these two sworn friends, was only equalled by the representation of Othello, *solus*, by a man of colour, the son of a West Indian planter, newly imported, whose thick speech and phraseology might have better fitted him for *Massa Mungo*, in the Padlock. The singing was equally choice, and what was most admirable, as it is usual at such heterogenous assemblies, those whom nature seemed to have qualified least, were those who volunteered to figure in the most difficult pieces. The entertainment, as Lord Barmore often said, was the most prolific of fun, that his Lordship, whose very being was to seek frolic, had ever witnessed in all his peregrinations.

Another of his inventions was the 'Bothering Club.'

This was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose: suppose a resident at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the convenience of his Lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave, topping shopkeeper in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his Lordship's table, and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The

person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony Pasquin, or the youngest Edwin, two wicked, witty ministers of his Lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. —One present would begin, "Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?" "Sir, with great pleasure, but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, Sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, Sir; but, 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbour, in Elbow-lane, that—excuse me—I could have almost sworn." "No, Sir, I assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

At this moment a confederate enters, and, after bowing, and apologizing for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his Lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, "Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is a pleasure, indeed!"

"Indeed, Sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Higginbottom—what is his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense; when he appeals to his friend, who invited him thither, but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his Lordship, who gravely observes, "Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and I know not what to think." Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate, that he is identically "John—Jabus—Ben—son;" when another adds to his embarrassment, by declaring, "Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked."—"What do you mean, Sir?" "Why, Sir, ha, ha, ha,—that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mousetrap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer in Elbow-lane, and the greatest wag in all London." And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddles his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson—or Higginbottom.

(From "Table Talk abroad.")

"You have seen Pitt, you say."

"Yes; and, in the first and only instance, shortly previous to his death. I was in the Court of Exchequer, as he passed through it to join the other Ministers and Judges in the Exchequer Chamber, whence they were to proceed to the ancient ceremony of pricking for Sheriffs. The appearance of national affairs was then most gloomy, and the public mind greatly disturbed. A crowd had assembled for the purpose of beholding him, and it was with difficulty that the officers in attendance could preserve a passage for the premier. He entered alone, hat in hand; but no sooner were his ears assailed with the cries of disapprobation, which broke forth from the mob on his appearance, than, with somewhat of an air of defiance and of scorn, he placed it on his head, and firmly regarding those who on either side of him manifested their displeasure, calmly and slowly pursued his way. His face I thought singularly inexpressive of the high talent he possessed—not like his great father's. At times, and only at times, a few and not deeply-marked lines between the eye-brows gave sign, and (if considered) strong and effective sign, of powerful genius and deep reflection. Haughtiness appeared to me the prevalent character of his features, mingled with the spirit of 'high resolve,' of firmness and endurance. In proceeding through St. James's Park to his office in Downing-street one day on foot, he was recognised by the crowd, which had from some other cause been attracted thither, and he was accompanied with all the honours of mobility to the place of his destination; but vain were the efforts of popular fury and clamour to arouse his indignation. He went upon his way unmoved; and gradually the noise subsided, until, as he reached his house, there was sufficient silence to enable him to be heard;—there, bowing to the populace with ironical courtesy and respect, he begged leave to return them his thanks for the honour of the public escort which they had condescended to afford him."

"His late Majesty, having asked him if he had never thought of marriage; 'I have never yet had time, Sir,' was the characteristic and laconic reply of the Minister."

Scene at the Convent of the Great St. Bernard. —I had not been two hours under its roof, before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan; stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in an instant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground floor of the building, which is occupied with stables, and store-houses for wood and the other supplies of the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window. Summer was gone at once; and 'the winter wild' was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow in every shape—that it could be flung into by the most furious wind, whirlpool, drift, and hill, flashed and swept along. Before evening, it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood-fires; the bursts of wind shook the wall like cannon shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St. Bernard. As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the dangers of travellers surprised in the storm. The fine-

ness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change, and the sounds of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs as the strangers arrived, kept me long awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed, cauldrons smoked; every stranger was pelised and furred up to the chin, and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading room, where they found books and papers, which seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios of prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place, or amused themselves at the piano in the drawing-room, for music is there above the flight of the lark, or poured over the shelves to plunge their souls in some 'flattering tale' of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed, capped, and gaitered into irresistible captivation. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half-a-dozen herbals from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligation to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasantries, the memorials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best there were eighty beds. —Tales of the Great St. Bernard.

The following anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who had received it from Mr. Burke, Barry's early and steady friend. This great orator, with whom the painter had frequently dined, being aware of most of his eccentricities, and wishing much to see in what way he conducted his household concerns, requested to be asked to dinner. Barry replied, "Sir, you know, I live alone, but, if you will partake of a steak, I can answer for your having it hot, and from the best rump in the most classic market in London." "I will dine with you," replied Mr. Burke; "but mind, you must not let me put you in the least out of your way." "You shall dine as I do, Sir," observed Barry, "there shall be no auxiliaries," turning his head to the sideboard of glittering plate and glass. A day was then fixed. Upon Mr. Burke's arrival at 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market, his host conducted him into the painting-room, which had undergone no alteration whatever from the period when it had been used as a carpenter's shop. It was partly occupied by his large picture of Pandora; but principally with whole-length portraits of the persons who sat to him for his Adelphi pictures, together with numerous old straining-frames; a printing-press, for he printed his own plates; and thousands of cobwebs.—Most of the windows of this painting-room were either cracked or broken; the tiles of its ceilingless roof were as wide apart and as much mutilated, as those which appear in the first state of Hogarth's print of the Strolling Actresses in a Barn; and the small fire-place was filled with a grate large enough for the carpenter's glue-pot. However, it was under this roof that the great Burke was to dine. The fire burned clear, the steaks were put on, and Barry, who assumed no false pomp, though he had means of comfort within his reach, after spreading a towel upon a small, round, three-legged deal table, just large enough for two plates, the beer, and bread, put a pair of tongs into his visitor's hand, requesting him to turn the steaks while he went for a pot of porter; and, upon his return, with his usual consistency of bluntness, swore that the wind had taken off the head just as he was crossing Titchfield-street. —Nollekens and his Times.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 18, 1830.

The Officers of the Garrison gave a splendid Ball to their friends in this town and neighbourhood, on Tuesday last, at the Mess Room, Fort Townshend. Cards of invitation were issued to upwards of 120 persons; and at 8 o'clock the company began to assemble—soon after which, dancing commenced, and was kept up with great animation to an early hour on the following morning.—The dancing-room was very tastefully decorated with flags and transparencies, as were the passages leading to the card and refreshment rooms.—The choicest wines, viands, and refreshments of various kinds were provided in the greatest profusion—added to which, the extreme politeness and urbanity of the hosts left nothing wanting to the enjoyment and hilarity of their guests, who retired highly delighted with the festivities of the evening.

Accounts were received in town yesterday evening, of a most lamentable and melancholy accident which occurred at Ferryland on Monday last. On the morning of that day some young men had formed a party, to proceed on a fowling excursion outside the heads of Ferryland Harbour; and having made preparations for that purpose, were in the act of shoving off the boat from the Beach, when one of their guns, which had been previously placed in the boat, accidentally went off, and lodged the whole of its contents in the side of Mr. Samuel Henley, who survived the fatal shot but a very few minutes. The deceased was a very promising young man, of about 24 years of age, practising surgery and medicine for some months past in the Ferryland district, and much esteemed and valued by his friends and acquaintances.—We sincerely condole with his agonized

parents, who are residents of this town, on this sudden bereavement of one to whom they had every reason to look forward as a comfort and consolation in their declining years, and who gave promise of becoming an ornament to the profession which he had just entered upon.

Last Tuesday's Gazette contained a Proclamation from His Excellency the Governor, directing and appointing, "that a CIRCUIT COURT for the Central district of the said Colony shall be holden at St. John's, on Monday, the twenty-second day of March next, and continue its Sittings thence and until Saturday, the eighth day of May following, inclusive: And also, that a CIRCUIT COURT for the Northern district of the said Colony shall be holden at Harbour-Grace, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of May next, and continue its Sittings thence and until Wednesday the ninth day of June following, inclusive."

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

I do not hate—but I have felt  
Indifferent to woman long—  
I bow not where I once have knelt,  
I lip not what I pour'd in song;  
They are too beautifully made  
For their tame earthliness of thought;  
Aye, their immortal minds degrade  
The meaner work His hand hath wrought:  
The sparkling eye—the trilling tongue—  
The glowing lip—the icy heart;  
Heaven and earth together flourish!  
Oh! I must hate—or these must part!

I wandered on a glorious night  
With a fair creature I had met—  
Ours of your things of "love and light,"  
Made of bright cheeks and curls of jet.  
Her brow was like a fresh snow-flake,  
Or like the page of sins forgiven;  
Oh, you'd have looked to see her break  
Away like a freed bird to heaven.  
Well, 'twas a glorious night—the sky  
Seemed like Mahomet's sapphire wall;  
And the blue, star-gem'd canopy  
Seem'd lighting earth for festival.  
'Twas beautiful indeed—and she;  
(Pray heaven I may ne'er meet again  
Such hollow, painted parentry.)  
She said "their chimney smoked again."  
Oh! Milton, Dante, Spenser, Pope!—  
Ye of the lyre and corbel shell!  
Rise and lament how earth's best hope,  
How woman, woman, woman, fell.

I love to see the house of God  
Indeed a place of serious prayer—  
I love to see its deep aisles trod  
By the heart-broken worshipper;  
'Tis the last place which e'er should be  
Profaned by heartless levity.  
It was a calm, still morning—sleep  
Lay on the waters, and the air  
Had folded its light wing to keep  
The sabbath morning holy—fair  
And beautifully painted hung  
The deep blue drapery of heaven,  
And over earth and sky seem'd flung  
The pure sweet look of sins forgiven.

I thought it worked a change—for men  
Went softer than they're wont, and trod  
As if 'twas on their hearts that then  
They sought the dwelling-place of God.  
I marked them enter: the grey head  
Bent low in reverence, and the child  
With its long sinner lashes hid  
The blue eyes that might else have smiled  
At the gay Sabbath dress I felt  
As if the world was purified;  
I looked around me; all had knelt,  
The saint and sinner, side by side,  
To the low breathing prayer. He spoke,  
The man of God, of the deep wrong  
By which the Jewish rulers broke  
The heart of Jesus. I have strong  
And fearless feelings; but I wept  
As if my head were waters—tears!  
Aye they were tears—tears, too, which slept  
When hopes, which I had nursed for years,  
In one short hour went withering. Yet  
I turned me to the slow Amen,  
And wiped my drowning eyes; and met  
A trifling smile!—think ye of men?  
I tell you men hath heart;—no, no,  
It was a woman's smile. They fall  
Of her bright ruby lip, and eye  
That charms the Arabic gazelle;  
They tell of her cheek's glowing dye,  
Of her arch look and witching spell;  
But there is not that man on earth,  
Who at that hour had felt like mirth.

St. John's, 17th February.

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

Sir,—If you deem the following Solution to the Charade in the Public Ledger of Tuesday last, signed "J. B. B." worthy a place in your respectable columns, by inserting it you will oblige

Your obedient servant,  
POMONA.

History does proclaim your first a car,  
The warrior's pride in ancient war;  
In your second, then, I find a nation;  
Your whole, an autumn flower—Carnation.  
St. John's, 17th February.

Died, on Monday night last, after a short illness, aged 36 years, Mr. GEORGE RENNELL, son of the late Dr. Rennell of this place.—His funeral will take place this morning (Thursday), at 11 o'clock, from the St. John's Charity School.—The friends of the deceased are respectfully invited to attend.

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

CLEARED.  
FEBRUARY 12.—Brig James Hunter, Fraser, Demerara; 1480 qts. fish, 3 casks 70 gallons cod oil, 100 spruce bark.

Notices.

PROCESSION  
OF THE  
Association of Newfoundland  
Fishermen & Shoremen.

THE Members of the Association of Newfoundland FISHERMEN and SHOREMEN are requested to meet, at the Globe Tavern, on MONDAY next, at 11 o'clock, to commemorate the formation of the Institution, by marching thence in Procession through the principal parts of the town, agreeably with the Resolution passed at the last Anniversary Meeting.—By order,

JOHN SHEA,  
February 18. Secretary.

I WILL NOT be accountable for any debts contracted by the Crew of the Colonial Vessel Forte, under my command.

HENRY P. STEELE,  
February 18. Captain.

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.

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 Newfoundland Office.

February 5.

On Salt.

BY

Daniel Codner & Co.

HAMBURGH Pork, Butter,  
Deck Boots,  
Powder, Shot,  
A large assortment of new Cordage and Canvas,  
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 Canvas,  
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.



Poets' Corner.

From the "Forget me-not."

My childhood—those were joyous days!  
I have not yet forgot  
The peasant minstrel's cheering lays;  
Or mountain-shelter'd cot:  
Those heights, too, where the wild rose blush'd,  
And hung its graceful wreath  
Across the rippling stream, that rush'd  
In silver threads beneath.  
My youth, too, was a happy time,  
And I remember well,  
I loved the merry village chime,  
And peaceful sabbath bell,  
Mellow'd by distance, as it stole  
With measure sweet and clear;  
Those sounds were music to the soul,  
I never again shall hear.  
I recollect my happy home,  
My pleasures as a child;  
The forest where I used to roam,  
The rocks so bleak and wild.  
That home is tenantless, the spot  
It graced is rude and bare;  
The loved ones gone, our name forgot,  
And desolation there.  
My mother's smile I recollect,  
Her voice I can recall;  
And there is one I would forget,  
The best beloved of all.  
She too is gone, no hallow'd earth  
Marks where her ashes rest;  
Far from the country of her birth,  
Her lone grave is unblest.  
All, all I cherish'd now are dead,  
The daring and the brave,  
Who side by side in battle bled,  
And shared a soldier's grave.  
How sweet 'twill be when nature ends,  
Life's pilgrimage of care,  
To rest in peace with well-loved friends,  
And slumber with them there.

[Continued from first page.]

for what he had done. But his father-in-law also felt the indignity that had been offered to him, and he slowly walked away towards his own house.—Hester looked after him. She said nothing. She only thought, as she leaned upon her husband's arm, and proceeded silently towards his father's house, what a change one little half hour had wrought in her condition! Her now obedient steps went one way—her heart, at that moment, another. The former taught her she was a wife—the latter, that she must cease to be a daughter. It was a sharp lesson to come so early. She said nothing. But though her tongue spoke not, the uneasy reflections of David clothed it with words of bitterness; and he strove, as much as his nature would let him, during the rest of the day, to dispel the gloom with which his violence of temper had clouded the beginning. Hester was neither angry nor sullen; but she was sad; and she could not conceal that her sadness was greatest, when, as she sat down to dinner, the marriage feast lacked one guest, whose absence was to her, if not the absence of all, at least the absence of all comfort.

Mr. Lloyd was a sincere Christian. Without any parade of sanctity, he diligently endeavoured, in all his dealings with his fellow-creatures, to fulfil the commands of Him whose minister he was. He could not, therefore, let the sun go down upon his wrath; but, like a primitive disciple of his master, he sought the dwelling of his enemy, with the word of peace and the hand of fellowship. So pure a judge had he been in his own cause, that he considered he had done wrong, very wrong, in suffering himself to be kept away from the wedding-table of his daughter, by his resentment for a hasty speech uttered by her husband. "I will go," said he, "and heal this wound before I sleep." And he did go: and it was a blessed sight for Hester to behold, as she saw her father enter, with a benignant smile upon his countenance, walk up to her husband, and taking him by the hand, exclaim, "Son, we have never been enemies; let us then continue to be friends!" David was overpowered by this unexpected display of meek goodness; and his voice really faltered as he replied, grasping Mr. Lloyd's hand with honest warmth, "God forbid we should not!" Hester kissed her father, and wept; but they were tears of much gladness. It was a peaceful evening after this. Mr. Lloyd shewed, by his cheerful conversation and kindly manner, that the spirit of anger had entirely departed from him, and with it, all recollection of the offence. David did not shake off, quite so soon, his remembrance of the morning; for he was vanquished, in spite of himself, and he felt—as a man generally does who commits a wrong, and finds coils of fire heaped upon his head, by the generous conduct of the person whom he has wronged—humbled and ashamed, in his presence. Hester was supremely happy; for she beheld her father and her husband side by side, under her own roof.

Months rolled on, and the neighbours began to think David Morgan quite an altered man since his marriage. He was civil and obliging; went regu-

larly to church every Sunday; rose early to work; attended to his farm; returned home sober, and before dark, on market-days; got into no quarrels; smoked his pipe in the evening, on a bench before his own door, and drank a pint or two of his own home-brewed ale. In short, he exhibited all the outward qualities of a steady, thriving, and industrious farmer; and it was prophesied, if he went on so, that he would soon become a better man than his father, by the difference of many an acre added to those which he already rented. Hester observed this auspicious change, and might almost be called a happy wife.

She was not entirely so; for there were out-breaking of temper at home, lightning-flashes of the mind, and distant thunder-murmurings of the heart, which the eyes and ears of friends and neighbours nor saw nor heard. The sky was clear above—the sun shone brightly—but the elements of storm and tempest perpetually loomed along the horizon, which the first gust of wind would drive into angry collision. To Hester's watchful eye alone, and to her anxious spirit, were these signs revealed. She could not conceal from herself the trials and the dangers they hourly menaced; but she could conceal them from all the rest of the world,—and she did. Not even to her father did she speak of them. They were the griefs of her own foreboding heart, and they were buried there. If they should ever be disinterred thence—if they should ever be realised—and write themselves in such characters upon her face as she could not hide—if her countenance complained for her—she must submit; but till then, she was resolved hope should chasten fear, and the faith she plighted at the altar forbid her lips to become the accusers of her husband.

It was about two years after her marriage, that the bankruptcy of old Morgan happened. For some months previously, Hester suspected matters were going wrong; not from any thing which her husband communicated to her, for he had grown reserved, sullen, and morose; but from the manner of the old man himself, from their frequent conferences in secret, and from his total neglect of his farming stock. David, too, instead of minding his own affairs, and looking after his own crops, or attending the markets, as he was accustomed to do, sold hand over head upon the ground; took the first price that was offered; replaced nothing which he sold, but kept the money, and talked of setting up, by and by, as an innkeeper at Chepstow. Meanwhile, debts were contracted, and none were paid; creditors became clamorous, and David grew more and more reckless of their clamours. At first he could not pay; at last he would not, and they might do as they liked. If Hester ventured to remonstrate, she was churlishly told to mind her own business, and look after the house, though there was every day less and less in it to look after; for whatever could be spared, and often what could not, was converted into money. Old Morgan pursued much the same course; and it seemed as if father and son were striving with each other who should make most speed in the race of destruction.

Thus matters went on from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, for nearly three months; and then old Morgan was made a bankrupt. Every one predicted that David would soon follow; but every one lamented it at the same time, on account of poor Hester, who was universally respected. Indeed, it was mainly owing to this feeling of respect for her, that her husband's creditors had not either enforced their claims, or thrown him into a prison. They did not scruple to tell her so; and though she felt grateful for their kindness, she knew it was a forbearance that hung by a very slender thread, and each day she expected to see him dragged to jail.—If that did happen, what was to become of her, far advanced in pregnancy with her second child, and not a roof to shelter her except her father's?

She was sitting one evening, sadly ruminating upon all these things, and expecting David's return, who had gone out early in the morning, she knew not whither, when Jacob Griffith's, a maternal uncle of her husband's, a respectable, but poor old man, dropped in. He sat down, and she drew him a mug of ale, which, however, he scarcely touched. She talked to him, first upon one subject, and then upon another; but he hardly answered her, and altogether his behaviour was so strange, that she looked at him as if she thought he had already had a little too much; a failing which she knew sometimes overtook "uncle Jacob." She was soon convinced, however, that the old man was not now in his cups, whatever else might be the matter with him, for he was leaning forward on his staff, which he held with both his hands, and the tears were trickling down the furrows of his sun-burnt face.

"In the name of heaven, Jacob, what ails you?" said Hester, laying down her work, and going towards him.

"I am thinking," said Jacob, with a heavy groan that burst from him as he spoke—"I am thinking, Mrs. Morgan, how my poor sister Jane would have taken it to heart if she were alive now, which, thank God, she is not! But the Lord help us! what we may come to in this world!"

Hester's knees tottered—her colour fled—and she seated herself gently by his side, as she exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "What is the matter, Jacob, that you talk thus?"

The old man shook his head, while he answered, "Matter enough, I fear; but who would have thought it?"

"For God's sake," replied Hester, "tell me what it is you mean. Has any thing happened to David?"

"Ay," said Jacob, "and his father too. I was coming into Monmouth to-day at noon, and had just crossed over the Munny-bridge, when I saw a sight of people afore me: I walked up to them to find out, if I could, what was going on—and you might have

knocked me down with a feather the next moment—for what should I see but David and his father, old George Morgan, handcuffed together like two thieves, and being led to prison? They did not see me, and I was glad on't; for I couldn't have spoke a word to them, my tongue stuck so to the roof of my mouth, like, I shall never forget how I shook."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken?" inquired Hester, in a tone of voice so thick and inarticulate, that Jacob suddenly raised his head from the staff on which he had continued to support it.

"Am I sure this is my right hand?" answered Jacob.—"But, Lord preserve you! what ails you, Mrs. Morgan? You look as white as your apron; you are not faintish, sure? Here, take a sup o' this ale—'twill warm you, like, and do you good."

Hester was indeed pale enough; and she trembled so violently, that Jacob might well suppose she needed something to warm her; but she kept from fainting, and after a few minutes she was able to ask him whether he knew "what they had done, that they were taken to prison?"

"I could not get at the rights of the matter," said Jacob; "but from what I understood, I should guess it was something about old Morgan's bankrupt job; though I don't see, for my part, how that could concern David."

"Nor I either," replied Hester, wiping her eyes, and sighing as if her heart would break. "But whatever it is, I have had the dread of it upon my spirits for these many months. I felt certain that some misfortune or other was hanging over me; and it has come at last. My husband's conduct was so changed, he had grown so careless about every thing, had so entirely neglected his affairs and his home, that I was so sure, unless some change for the better took place, nothing but ruin could come of it in the end. Oh dear! God knows, my situation is bad enough, just now, at any rate." And Hester's tears flowed afresh, as the thought of what her situation was presented itself to her mind.

"Don't take on this way, Mrs. Morgan," said Jacob. "After all, things may not be so bad as they appear; and he they never so bad, fretting, you know, won't mend them. It is a sad business, to be sure; but we must hope for the best. Besides, many an innocent man has been wrongfully suspected, and taken to prison, before now; and who knows but this may be David's case, ay, and old Morgan's too? So keep up your spirits, Mrs. Morgan, and don't grieve. Here, take a drop of ale."

Hester had much cause to grieve. She had said truly, that the conduct of her husband, for a long time past, had been such as to prepare her for trouble of some kind or other; and her grief, therefore, on the present occasion, was less acute than if she had fallen suddenly from the sunny height of domestic happiness by an unforeseen and unexpected blow. But who ever found himself sufficiently prepared for misfortune? Who, till it came, ever ceased to hope that it might not come? And who, when it comes, can say, I have watched for you so long with a troubled heart, that now you find me without a tear to shed, or a sigh to breathe? Alas! the stern reality has a pang of its own unlike that we feel in the most vivid anticipation. Does the child you love, the mistress you adore, the parent you venerate, lie on the bed of death? What though you have whispered this fatal secret to yourself again, and again, and again? What though your spirit have mourned over the dying object, in all the anguish of inevitable bereavement? Ah me! wait till the eye is closed, and the tongue is mute—for ever; tarry till the soul is departed—till the thing you dreamed is the thing you feel—and then you will know the difference between the fear of losing, ay, and even between what constitutes mere man's certainty of losing, and the miserable certainty that you have lost.

Hester felt this difference. She had insensibly trained her mind to meet an undefined calamity; but now, when it came upon her in a specific shape and character, she almost sunk beneath the shock. It was too true what Jacob Griffiths had told her.—David and his father were both in Monmouth jail; and they were there upon a charge of having contrived, and brought about, a fraudulent bankruptcy in the case of old Morgan, under such circumstances as made it doubtful, at one time, whether their lives would not be forfeited. Matters, however, were not pushed to that extremity; but they were tried, found guilty, and received sentence of transportation—the father for life, and David for fourteen years. Hester was far advanced in pregnancy when her husband was thrown into prison; and the very day on which the Judges entered Monmouth, she became the unhappy mother of a son, whose father, scarcely more than eight-and-forty hours afterwards, was branded as a felon by the verdict of a just and impartial jury.

She had visited him several times in jail before his trial, and administered to him all the comfort and consolation which it was in her power to bestow, or in his nature to receive; for it distressed her much to find that he manifested great hardness of heart, and that he was alike insensible to her sufferings and his own disgrace. But she had not seen him since his trial. She had not, indeed, been able to get so far, for her recovery, after lying in; was slow; and she was still extremely feeble and delicate, when, at the expiration of about six weeks, she learned, by a harsh letter from her brutal husband, that if she "wanted to see him again," she must go to Monmouth before a day named, as he was on that day to be conveyed, with other convicts, to the seaport whence they were to embark for New South Wales. She did wish to see him again; and it was on the following morning of that very Sabbath evening, in the month of July, when her father set forth to visit her, as already mentioned, that she intended to do so.

Mr. Lloyd was desirous of seeing his daughter, not only to prepare her, by his conversation, for the melancholy task of taking, in all probability, a last

farewell of one who, criminal and churlish as he was, was still her husband, but also to arrange with her the time and manner of proceeding to Monmouth the next morning, whither he intended accompanying her himself. He found her weeping over her last-born, which lay asleep in her lap. He did not chide her tears, for they were the natural channels of her grief; but in his twofold character of her spiritual and paternal monitor, he applied himself to assuage the sorrow which was their fruitful source. And he had the consolation to observe, ere he departed, that Hester was so far tranquil and resigned, as to disengage calmly upon her approaching interview with David.

In this frame of mind he left her, and in this frame of mind he found her the following morning, when, at the early hour of five, she met him, as had been agreed upon, at the foot of the gentle ascent which rises abruptly from the site of the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey. She had her infant in her arms, and was accompanied by a neighbour's daughter, a hale buxom wench about fifteen, who kindly offered to go with her, and help to carry the child, a labour for which the still impaired health and delicate frame of Hester were hardly sufficient. They set forth, Hester leaning for support upon her father, having, at his suggestion, transferred her sleeping baby to the care of her young companion.

No possible human pain or sorrow could so deaden in the perceptions of natural beauty in souls susceptible of its influence, as wholly to destroy the effects of such scenery as meets the eye between Tintern and Monmouth. The thick woody acclivities which fringe the opposite bank of the river; the rich meadows and green steeps which run shelving from the hills to the water's edge, on the hither side; the picturesque little hamlet of Brook Weir; the smooth translucent bay formed by the Wye, in front of the romantically beautiful village of Landogs, built upon a lofty hill whose indented side is mantled with deep woods; the ruins of the castle of St. Briavels; the white sails of small vessels occasionally gliding along; the solemn stillness of the whole scene, and its surpassing magnificence, might drive away, for a time, all memory of past grief, and extinguish all sense of present wretchedness. The face of sorrow reflects the placid smile of surrounding nature; the bruised heart catches her repose; and the weary spirit revives beneath those feelings which lift it to the Divine Author of so much loveliness, while gazing, with silent gladness, upon its refreshing features.

Hester felt all the benign influence of this consolation from without; and when they arrived in Monmouth, she expressed an eager desire to go at once to the prison, anxious to have the full benefit of her composed and re-animated feelings, in the interview with her husband. It was well she yielded to this desire; for had there been the further delay of but half an hour, the object of her journey would have been frustrated. Contrary to what was first intimated to the prisoners, the day fixed for their departure was hastened, in consequence of the transport appointed to receive them having received pre-emptory orders to sail immediately. Due notice of this change was given to them all, that they who had friends, and wished to see them, might do so. But David Morgan did not trouble himself about the matter; and when Hester, with her child in her arms, presented herself at the prison-gates, the vehicle in which the convicts were to proceed to the port of embarkation was already there.

She told her business in a faltering voice, and was conducted by the turn-key to an inner-yard, where were assembled about a dozen men, whose scowling looks and ferocious countenances terrified her. They were mustered preparatory to removal. Among them stood David and old Morgan, handcuffed together, as were the others. Hester did not perceive them at first; but as they slowly approached her, she recognised her husband, and burst into tears. She was shocked at his altered appearance, for he was now in the dress of a convict, with his hair cut close to his head. She was still more shocked at beholding the iron manacles which bound him to his father.

She could not speak. Old Morgan was silent. David, in a hard, unfeeling tone, while not a feature of his face relaxed from its rigid harshness, merely said, "You are come at last; I thought you might have found your way here a little sooner." Hester could only reply by pointing to her baby, with a look of beseeching anguish, which seemed to say, "Do not upbraid me,—you forget I have given birth to this innocent." The mute appeal appeared to touch him; for he took her hand, and gazing for a moment upon its thin white fingers, and the blue veins that were not used to be so visible, till sickness had made them so, he kissed it. Hester drew nearer—leaned against her husband's bosom—and raising the infant towards his lips, whose little sparkling eyes unclosed themselves, as if to look upon its father, she exclaimed, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Kiss it, too, David,—kiss our son, and bless him." The felon father bowed his head, and kissed his innocent child, while, with his unfettered arm, he clasped closer to his breast its weeping mother.—Nature asserted her prerogative for an instant; the husband and the father prevailed over the hardened criminal; and the heart of David owned that he was both. But the next instant he was neither. As if he thought it become him to play the churl, even at such a moment, or that he should lose character with his new companions, who were standing round, witnesses of this scene, he put Hester coldly from him, and muttered, as he turned away, "There—we have had enough of this nonsense."

[To be concluded in our next.]