



# Newfoundlander.

No. 136.

THURSDAY, February 25, 1830.

Sixpence.

Printed and Published every THURSDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN SHEA, at his Office opposite the CUSTOM-HOUSE, Water-Street, where Advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and cheerfully 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 1/2 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 20.

**"GAS LIGHT"**

"We have now been so long accustomed to this new light in the streets, that, like all other terrene goods, we have almost become insensible to its blessings. Yet let him who desires to know what he owes to chemistry and 'Old Murdoch,' turn into any of the streets still lighted with oil, and then come back to the nocturnal day of the Strand or Pall-mall. The parish oil-lamps were like light-houses on the ocean; guides, not lights; the gas has become a perpetual full moon; and it may assuredly be pronounced one of the most splendid and valuable applications of chemistry. Why has not old Murdoch his statue also? He deserves it even better than his master; for the master was well paid in solid pudding. In other days, that statue would have equalled the Colossus of Rhodes, and the demi-philosopher would have breathed flame like the Chimera; in the fabulous ages before that, he would have come down to us as a god, or a demigod, the rival of Prometheus, Hercules, and Atlas. Why not cast him in Aclillean brass, the rival of the great hero of gun-powder and Waterloo, and make him breathe gas like the dragon of Wantley, to illuminate the triumphal arch. Ingrata Patria!

"The new light! yes, much has been heard of its power and influence; but what has the new light of all the preachers done for the morality and order of London, compared to what has been effected by this new light. Old Murdoch alone has suppressed more vice than the Suppression Society; and has been a greater police officer into the bargain than old Colquhoun and Sir Richard Birnie united. It is not only that men are afraid to be wicked when light is looking at them, but they are ashamed also: the reformation is applied to the right place. Where does vice resort? Where it can hide; in darkness, says the preacher, because its deeds are deeds of darkness. Seek it in Pudding-lane, and Dyott-street, and the abyssees of Westminster. Why was not this new light preached to them long ago?—twenty bushels of it would have been of more value than as many chaldrons of sermons, and taking even the explosions of the inspector into the bargain. But it is well that this is at length to be compulsory, since it is never too late. Thieves and rogues are like moths in blankets: bring the sun to shine on them, and they can neither live nor breed. Let the Duke of Wellington place a gas lamp at every door of these infernal abodes; and since they cannot be smoked out, make their houses as much like glass, on the principle of the old Roman, as we can compass. This is the remedy; at least till common sense will condescend to the better expedient of pulling down and laying open all these retreats of misery and vice; the disgrace and the nuisance of London, and not less a standing infamy to the poor themselves. Yes, Regent-street is fine and showy, and, if any one pleases, useful, and so are the new churches, or might be: but the whole would have been well exchanged for fifty or a hundred clean, open, spacious, and well-lighted streets, of houses fitted for the habitations of the lowest orders of London; and while the charity would have been great as penitentiaries, soaps, and subscriptions, so would the moral result have been more valuable than that of the whole of the churches united."

**STOPPAGES EXTRAORDINARY.**

The device is to pay—mischief is at work, and no body's eyes seem to be open. Congress is to be petitioned next week for the passage of a law to stop Sunday mails. All sorts of influence are to be brought to bear upon the subject, and there is no doubt but that the "march of letters" will be stopped incontinently, once every seven days. Were this all, it might be borne—but this is not all. We are credibly informed that the next step will be to have a law passed obliging the Liverpool packets to "come to" every Sunday, on the principle that intelligence ought not to travel by water or land on the day above mentioned. No work of any kind is to be allowed on that day. The details of the petition about to be presented are in our possession, but we hardly dare to present them to our readers. Nevertheless we will mention a few.

Imprimis. The mail is to be stopped on Sundays. Were it the female, Miss Fanny Wright's Sabbath lectures would not spread knowledge as they do at present. But while the mail is to be stopped, the female is to go on. Secondly, a law is to be passed rendering it obligatory on the body to

stop its digestive functions and its peristaltic motion on Sundays—for these functions and this motion amount to work, and no work is to be tolerated, whatever necessity may say to the contrary. Who unto them that eat fried oysters or 'obsters on Saturday night! Thanks to our stars that we are not a stomach!

Is this all! Alas! no—not a hundredth part of the plan is developed. Trees, turnips, and tomatoes grow, until they attain seniority, every day in the week, Sundays not excepted. These, and all the vegetable and animal race are to be stopped in their work, once every seven days. If any precocious boy is caught growing on Sunday, he is to be whipped out of it, provided the law be passed. One advantage expected from this, is that people will live much longer, in the ratio of one to seven.—For instance, a man of seventy, the work of whose growth has been stopped on Sundays, will be only a man of 60. If his growth could only be stopped every day of the week, he would always be a youth. We may come to this yet—there are no bounds to the march of intellect.

But the most astonishing parts of the scheme are yet to be developed. Will the reader believe it, the "stoppers" intend to petition for the passage of a law obliging the tides to cease from their work, (i.e. their rise and fall) on Sundays, and compelling the winds to keep quiet also.—Were it the east wind only that would come under the law, gout and rheumatism would shout a loud Amen. But the gentle Zephyrus, and the self-important Boreas, let them blow on Sunday, for they keep off the packets, and enable us editors to pass the day as we ought to do—and we never wish to pass it in any other manner.

But there is another cut to be let out of the bag. It has lately been ascertained that the earth (the old reprobate! revolves on her axis, and travels along in her orbit on Sundays. Oh! if the earth had been caught doing this in Connecticut thirty years ago, and had been taken before Squire Thompson, how soon she would have been fined five dollars and costs, and committed until paid! However, her morals are to be mended; and if she presumes to carry males and females on Sundays, she will be made to smart for it, smart as she may now think herself in travelling seventy-five thousand miles and more in an hour.

The law is to be universal in its application. The rays of light from the sun are to be stopped every seven days, and put up in bottles, to be kept for the purpose at half-way houses, quarter-way houses, &c., which are to be established on the route between the United States and the sun. It is said that the planets are going to kick up a dust on the occasion, and insist upon their right to work constantly according to the laws of nature. Mercury says he has so much to do, that he cannot possibly stop; Venus says she never has stopped, and never will; Jupiter turns up his jocular nose, and Saturn looks just as grim as when he was stopped in his operations, and sent to Italy some time ago—we believe it was before the Russians crossed the Danube. However, a detachment of the United States' militia is to be ordered out to enforce the law, and that will settle the matter.

What the petitioners intend to do with old father Time, who travels on Sundays, we have not heard. Oh! that they would stop him! He is a particular friend of Saturn, and will probably follow the latter's advice. As yet, we have not seen him use a stop-watch; every new year he pulls out a repeater. Oh! that the petitioners only could stop his arithmetic, as well as his motion—that stern adder of years, subtracter of comforts, divider of hearts, and multiplier of wrinkles, who works all human bodies, sooner or later, by the rulers of vulgar fractions.—N. Y. Courier.

WHISKEY.—Three Irishmen, who had drank pretty freely of whiskey at a tavern near Dublin, were loud in the praise of its virtues, as they reeled along the banks of the Liffey. One of them had just declared that "Whiskey was neat and drink to a man," when his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. "There, Pat," said one of his friends, "you are fully provided for; you had meat and drink, and now you have got washing and lodging."

A singular old gentleman, in a neighbouring county, was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating over its contents for some time, he desired the person in waiting for his answer, to tell his master that the medicine he should certainly pay for—but that he should return the visits.

**THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.**

(Concluded from our last.)

Before Hester could reply, or remove her handkerchief from her eyes, one of the officers of the prison entered the yard, and ordered the convicts to follow him. David and old Morgan hurried out the first; and in less than a minute, there were left only Hester, her father, and the girl who had accompanied them. Mr. Lloyd waited till he heard the rattling of the lumbering machine as it drove off; and he then led Hester out. He had been a silent and a sad spectator of the interview; and he felt that it would be only an unnecessary pang, added to those she had already endured, if he permitted her to witness the actual departure of her husband. Her emotions, when he told her that he was gone, satisfied him he had judged rightly, and acted wisely. They were not those deep and maddening emotions which lacerate the heart, when a beloved object is torn from it for ever. It was impossible they should be. But Hester had stood at the altar with David. She was a wife. He was her husband. She was a mother. He was the father of her children. All usage may destroy all the finer sympathies which hallow those relations in a woman's gentle and affectionate nature; but it is death alone—or its equivalent, eternal separation in this world—that can make her feel she has no longer a husband, and her children no longer a father. And when that feeling does come, it will wring the bosom with a sorrow unlike any other.

Hester returned to her father's house that day, and remained there thenceforward with her two children. The cottage which she had occupied since her marriage was given up; and the produce of the little furniture it contained, when sold, her husband's creditors allowed her to keep, out of respect for herself, and pity for her misfortunes. It was an additional burden which Mr. Lloyd was ill able to bear; but his trust was in Him whose command it is that we should succour the distressed, protect the fatherless, and do all manner of good. In the bosom of her family, in the discharge of her maternal duties in the occupation afforded her by superintending the education of the daughters of some of her neighbours, which enabled her to meet many of her own personal expenses, without drawing upon her father's slender means, and in the peaceful retreat of the valley of Tintern, her mind gradually recovered much of its former tranquillity. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. "The woods and glades internixed,"—(to adopt the language of one who has been pronounced an oracle in all that concerns the picturesque,)—the winding of the river,—the variety of the ground,—the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it.

In such a scene did Edmund, the son of David Morgan, pass his youth; and had he lived in "monkish times," by such a scene would his warm imagination have been allured, and he himself have become a monk of holy Tintern. It was his supreme delight, while yet a boy, to wander the live-long day amid the wild and craggy steeps, the tangled thickets, the solitary glens, and the variously wooded slopes, of that magnificent amphitheatre, laid out by the hand of nature. It was no less his delight to linger round the ruins of the venerable abbey, as the shadows of evening descended upon them, or when the pale moon partially illuminated their grey walls, or streamed in trembling radiance through the ivy-wreathed windows. At such moments, his imagination would carry him back to the period when it was the abode of living piety; when the vesper hymn pealed along its echoing cloisters; and when all the pomp and solemnity of a religion which inflamed the mind by the seduction of the senses, reigned in sacred grandeur beneath its roof. Sometimes he would peep the ruin with the creations of his heated fancy; summon from their graves the shadowy forms of holy men who had died there in ages past, and half believe he saw the visions of his brain embodied before his eyes.

"In such a place as this, at such an hour, if aught of ecstasy may be believed, Descending angels have conversed with men, And told the secrets of the world unknown."  
(For remainder, see last page.)

DR. DOYLE ON THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

In a letter addressed to the Freeholders of Ireland.

This instruction relates solely to the intent and meaning of the oath which many of you, either at present or hereafter, may be called upon to make when you wish to register your freeholds. We apprehend that the form of oath to be taken by you on that occasion is not sufficiently known to many of you, and we are well aware that the person who is not informed as to what he is to swear until the oath is recited for him in the crowd and bustle of an open court, cannot then pay so much attention to it, or understand the wording of it so well as he should. Hence it becomes our duty to inform you of the right meaning of the oath to be taken by you as freeholders, that all danger of offending God, either through ignorance or by wilful perjury, may be far removed from you.

We do not think it necessary on this occasion to excite anew within you a great fear and horror of perjury, by repeating what we have so frequently explained for you in our public instructions. Let it suffice here to remind you that wilful perjury is a great and grievous sin—great and grievous because it offends against the majesty of God, against all the interests of society, and against the salvation of the soul of the perjurer; for which soul Christ died. He who commits perjury, calls upon Almighty God to witness a lie, and thus dishonours the name and the sanctity of the Lord. The perjurer also offends against all the interests of society; for law is maintained, persons and property secured, justice enforced, and crime punished, by bearing testimony to the truth, and he who commits perjury or swears falsely, defeats, as far as in him lies, all those just and salutary purposes. But the man who professes to declare the truth, and concludes his promise to do so by touching the holy gospels with his hand, by pressing them to his lips, while he utters with his tongue "So help me God," and these his holy gospels;—the man who does these things, and speaks these words, and yet conceals the truth or tells a lie, that man pronounces his own sentence, and damns by anticipation his own soul. He prays as it were to Heaven, that if what he swears be not true, then that God may never help him, and that the holy gospels, which are the record of the faith and religion of Christ, and are there put and used to signify that faith and religion, by which alone salvation can be attained; the man who prays that these gospels may not help him if what he swears be not true, and yet conceals the truth or tells a lie, virtually renounces the christian faith, and places himself amongst those wicked ones whom the Lord Jesus will destroy by the brightness of his coming. The perjurer thus pronounces sentence against himself, and anticipates by his prayer the condemnation of his own soul. To save a brother from bondage, to deliver a father from death, to preserve a mother from shame, nay, to avert the ruin of the whole world, it is not lawful to tell a lie; but to lie on oath, to state a falsehood, and call God to witness it, is a crime too hideous for the mind to conceive, or for language to express. Amongst the freeholders of Ireland many, alas, too many, have either through ignorance (which may the Lord compassionate) or wilfully (and then the sin is such that for its remission a man can scarcely pray); but many freeholders hereafter, either through ignorance or wilfully, did commit the horrid crime of perjury. "The rich," as the apostle James expresses it, "the rich oppressed them by might; they drew them before the judgment seats; they blasphemed the good name that is invoked upon them," by tempting them and suborning them to commit perjury;—but these freeholders, however tempted and suborned, yet if they swore falsely, they committed sin, and are reproved by the law (of God) as transgressors.

Take warning, then, beloved brethren, from evils which have occurred—which are notorious—which have been turned against the perpetrators of them—and which the justice of heaven, perhaps, employed to punish even the innocent with the guilty; for the whole class of freeholders, amongst whom these perjuries were committed, have been stripped of their privileges. Only a few days more, and their wives and their virtues and their name will be forgotten for ever.

You, therefore, who are now prepared to register your freeholds, take care that you do not involve yourselves in the guilt of perjury. Comprehend fully—understand clearly the oath you are to swear, and the meaning of it. Let not the rich oppress you by might, let them not draw you before the judgment seats. Do not blaspheme the good name that is invoked upon you; for if you have (in this matter) respect to persons, you commit sin, and will be reproved by the law (of God) as transgressors.

The following being the "oath of a freeholder registering a freehold of the annual value of ten pounds," is what most immediately concerns you, and with regard to the meaning of which you are most likely to be deceived or led astray. I will, therefore, in the first place, copy the oath entire from the Act of Parliament; I will next explain for you the true meaning of it; and, finally, notice the false interpretations put upon it by ignorant or designing men, some of whom would make a mere bandage of your souls as well as of your freeholds.

[Here the oath is inserted.] The meaning of this oath is sufficiently plain; and if you were permitted to use your own common sense upon the words which compose it, there would be no danger whatever of your mistaking the meaning of them. That meaning is this, that the house or land, or both, is to be in fee simple, or by lease for ever, or by a lease for one or more lives. I believe these are the titles which constitute a freehold; and that, in your opinion, or to the best of your belief, if you were to eat it next March or Michaelmas, a

good and solvent tenant could afford to pay for it ten pounds more than you yourself now pay for it. Let no man deceive you, brethren—that is the right and only true meaning of the oath, with the following exception—namely, that parliamentary taxes, such as hearth-money tax, or window-light tax, or county and baronial or townland taxes, which are imposed by grand juries, and these church cesses and taxes which are imposed on us by vestries, and of which it is impossible to calculate the amount or extent; these several taxes and cesses, such as you have paid them for the last year, or for an average of years, are to be deducted from the value of the freehold. So that, for example, if these taxes and cesses amounted to three pounds in each year, for the last few years, one year taken with the other, then you could swear that your freehold was worth ten pounds a year, if besides the three pounds a year paid in taxes, it was worth to yourself or to a solvent tenant seven pounds a year.

I do hope, beloved brethren, that I have made this matter sufficiently clear for you; and now permit me to warn you against the false interpretations which may be put upon this oath for the purpose of deceiving you, or which you yourselves might through error or ignorance be led to put upon it. And, first, the value of ten pounds a year, above what you pay for the house or tenement, must arise from the house or tenement itself, and not from any trade, or art, or profession, which you may happen to exercise or carry on in it, nor from any capital, labour, or industry, which you may employ in it or upon it. For example, a man may have a brewery, or a tan yard, or a shop, or an ale-house, by which he gains fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred pounds a year—and he may carry on the business by which he makes this money in a house or tenement which is not worth a shilling a year more than he pays for it. Now, whatever be the nature of that man's trade or title, he cannot swear a freehold out of his house or tenement, because they are his own capital, his trade, or industry, and not his house, which yield the above-mentioned profit. Such a man also may pay a large sum of money for a license to carry on his trade, but that money, though paid in virtue of an act of parliament, is not a parliamentary tax charged upon his house or tenement, though the house or tenement may be noticed by the act of parliament or by the tax-gatherer, for the purpose of more easily collecting the revenue; but the tax is levied upon the trade carried on in the house, and not upon the house itself; or it is levied as payment for a license to carry on a certain trade or profession in such a town or place. Hence taxes or licenses paid for by dealers or publicans cannot be enumerated among those parliamentary taxes, which we have before said may be deducted from the value of the freehold.

And now, beloved brethren, allow me to call your special attention to another argument which might be employed to deceive you, as to the true meaning of the oath to be taken by a freeholder. It is said you are enabled to pay the rent charged upon your house and farm, and not only to pay your rent and taxes, but also to support your family; but in supporting your family you must expend a few pounds and more, all which you make by the produce of your farm, therefore you have an interest of ten pounds in your farm, and can, with a safe conscience, swear to a freehold of ten pounds a year.

It is truly surprising how any man of common sense and common honesty should perfect by such interpretation the clear and obvious meaning of the oath above quoted. But to answer this argument, beloved brethren, if argument it is to be called, it would be sufficient for the most indigent and humble among you to say thus:—"If, Sir, I build a shed upon the side of the high way, and only obtained employment for the labour of myself and children, we could provide for ourselves such food and raiment as we are now blessed withal; but could we therefore swear that our shed so constructed by the high way was worth to us or would be worth to a solvent tenant ten pounds a year?"

The oath of the freeholder, beloved brethren, does not regard the produce of labour, whether of men or cattle—or of capital, such as money and industry employed in the tillage of land; for these may be worth not ten pounds, but fifty or a hundred or five hundred pounds a year, when employed upon a farm in which the tenant has no interest whatever. The freeholder's oath regards the house or land, or both, standing alone and unconnected with the labour and expense of cultivating the latter, and hence it is that the freeholder swears not only that he himself has a freehold, value ten pounds a year, but that in his opinion a good and solvent tenant could afford to pay for it ten pounds a year, over and above the rent with which it is now charged, excepting only the taxes before mentioned. And the meaning of the oath such as it is set forth in the objection, there is no 40s. freeholder, however poor and miserable, who might not register a ten-pound freehold; if his holding only afforded him space to labour in—for there is no man, in my opinion, who can by any possibility support and clothe a family at a less expense than ten pounds a year. This interpretation would imply that the blood and sweat and smews of the man, and not his house or tenement, constituted his freehold. But there is no danger of your being seduced by what is manifestly false, nay, exceedingly absurd.

Finally, it is said you would not relinquish your present tenement and expose yourself and family, houseless to the world, for ten pounds a year, therefore you may register a freehold for that amount. This statement, if made to any of you, beloved brethren, is well calculated to excite your feelings; but do not, we beseech you, indulge them. It may be made through ignorance and not with any evil design; but if made with an intent to terrify you, reply to it, saying—The earth and the fullness thereof belong to the Lord, and I know that he has care of me; if any one oppress the poor man unjustly, I

know that vengeance will fall upon him from above. He who would tempt me to sin against Heaven, by intimating that I should register a freehold which I have not, or be banished from my home, may exert his rights because he is strong; to the violation of the judgment of God. To tempt me, however, to swear that I have a freehold worth to myself or to a solvent tenant ten pounds a year more than I pay for it, when you and I know that I hold it at a rack-rent, is to insult my poverty and trifle with my distress—for surely no man would seriously estimate the value of property by the price which a husband or a father would pay that his wife might not be left houseless, his children exposed to famine, and himself left a solitary wanderer upon the earth.

We almost omitted to mention, that some persons of singular ingenuity, in divining fictions, had thought and said, that among "parish cesses or rates and cesses on townlands" which may be deducted from the estimated value of the freehold, could be included the sums paid to ecclesiastical persons or corporations under the Tithe Composition Act—but this is not the case. Charges of this sort are a commutation for tithes, and do not partake in any way of the nature of a cess or tax, whether Parochial or Parliamentary.

We conclude this instruction, beloved brethren, by conjuring you, in the name of God, and by the fear and reverence you owe to our Lord Jesus Christ, on whose holy gospel you will be sworn, that you do not suffer yourselves to be seduced by new and strange doctrines on the subject of oaths; that you swear only to what you know, and that if you be in doubt you do not swear at all. That you take the words of an oath in their plain and obvious sense, for such is the sense of the Legislature, or (if they be at all doubtful) in that meaning which will remove you farthest from the danger of lying or offending God. Remember the words of St. James, the great Apostle of our Lord, "If you bear respect to persons, you commit sin, being reproached by the law as transgressors." Chap. 2, v. 9.

Peace be to you, beloved brethren, and grace from God the father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

+ J. DOYLE, D. D.

(From the London New Monthly Magazine.)

W. OF TRINITY-HALL. A PORTRAIT.

In the old grey court on the right of the master's lodge, not far from the rooms occupied by Edden, that meretricious, though not the mildest, of tutors, lived, in the year 181—, W. of Trinity-Hall. He was a short, fat, thick-set man, with a round, red face, fond of grog, but very averse to Greek, a naval gentleman disguised in academicals; and as he rolled along Trumpington-street, in his falk, flowing, fellow-commoner's gown, with the same step and swagger with which he would have paced his own quarter-deck, was a spectacle which has been known to relax the iron muscles even of Professor Scholefield himself.

But if his appearance was droll, much more were his demeanour and dialogue. He had served many years in the navy; and having (to use his own expressions) "thrice fought a ship, was now about to work a church." No chance of promotion now our best friend is deposed! My father will have a vacant living very shortly; and I, he sighed deeply, "must fill it!" So, thus he concluded, to the utter amazement of the resident fellow, "I've brought myself up in smooth water, and here I am, like a young bear, with all my troubles before me."

Never was there a prophetic more sadly perplexed. When in his cap and gown, he always seemed doubtful of his own identity. Moreover, he was perpetually puzzled between his clerical prospects and his nautical retrospects. "Wind westerly! This day nine years I was wrecked off Ushant." By the way, have you heard that the Bishop of Peterborough has issued a fresh code of signals—psa! questions I mean? How on earth I'm to answer! Mind your weather helm, Madam!" he exclaimed, as the gigantic Mrs. Battle transfixed him with the point of a huge umbrella. "You should have shortened sail in this squally weather," was his gruff observation, as he with difficulty disengaged himself from her drapery and apoplexies.

Etiquette required he should be introduced by the tutor to some man of his own college. Mr. C—C—, one of the "exclusives," was fixed upon. "Ha! I knew something of one of your family—old Billy Blue;† Mr. C. C.'s complexion bore considerable affinity to his noble relatives' nickname at that particular instant. "Old Billy Blue! Ah! he was not one of your psalm-singing beggars, with his hair as straight as a die. No, no! he knew what was a midshipman's duty, and more he never required. Not like your saintly skippers of modern days, who, while they give their orders, turn up their eyes like a lady in love, and expect impossibilities."

"You should endeavour, Sir," was the sage advice of the professor of civil law, "to give your mind an academical turn while resident in this our university." But in vain. He convulsed the bystanders by the most pertinacious adherence to his own phraseology. He persisted in maintaining, before a horrified assembly of the most serious young men, that Mr. Simeon's action in the pulpit reminded him "of a ship's course working to windward;" and averred that "Professor —, while delivering his lectures, resembled a stormy petrel on the look-out for squalls."

"W. —" said the gay Sir Charles —, as he rushed into his room one morning; breathless

† Tutor at present to Mr Wellesley's sons. ‡ The late Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

and half-dressed—"W. —, shut your doors, the bailiff's are after me, and what can I do?" "Do? stand out to wind with every stitch you can crack. But stay, have a glass of grog before you start.—Easy, easy. Why you bellow like a bunch of boat-swains!"

I feel some difficulty in stating whether it was during a college examination in Trinity-Hall, or a criminal one before the Vice-Chancellor, that Mr. W. —'s parts shone forth with the greatest brilliancy. The examination papers were generally printed; this year they consisted of Questions on one of the Gospels in the Greek Testament, and on, I think, the Kurou Paidria of Xenophon. "Do you find any difficulty, Mr. W. —?" said the examining fellow, kindly, observing he had been poring over his papers for an hour in evident perplexity—"I shall be happy to give an explanation, or remove any obstacle that —"

"I'm quite at sea, Sir, with my sailing orders," was W. —'s mournful reply. At once, he folded up his papers with his characteristic composure, and placed them in the tutor's hands. Their contents were a simple

"Mem:—May 20th, 181—, 1 p. m. Wind westerly—dead calm. Pored for three hours over my printed instructions—as incomprehensible as Lord Gambler's speeches. Never could understand but one chapter in the New Testament, the twenty-seventh of Acts—that not called for. As to Mr. Cyrus, it's all bubble!" R. W.

There had been a trumpery row in the university, which, magnified by malice, was brought under the cognizance of the Vice-Chancellor. W. — was present: the only individual, in fact, of the party that was sober. His evidence was material, and both parties pressed for it proportionably. "I'll show the old lady a bit of traver's sailing," said W. —, and he mytified accordingly. "But what was the origin of the fray? Who struck the first blow?" asked Mr. Vice, and asked in vain.

At length the Vice drew a long breath, and began—"Mr. W. — you were present at the commencement of this dreadful outrage—you were an eye-witness of the whole of this flagrant proceeding—now, Mr. W. —, on your honour"—these words were repeated with the most appalling solemnity—"on your honour, Mr. W. —, what was the first thing you saw?" "Mr. Vice-Chancellor," replied W. —, with an elongated visage, a mock solemnity of utterance, and a pause between each word, that gave the most farcical air to the whole proceeding—"There's no working to windward of truth—the first thing I saw—was—Mr. Fitzosborne casting his ballast."

Yet his stories were to the full as memorable as his sayings. He had an inexhaustible store relative to Lord Collingwood, with whom he had sailed, and his dog Bounce, which he used to detail to the huge delight of a large laughter-loving audience. "Our I must find room for, the shortest, not the best. A Jemmy Jessamy of a midshipman waited on his Lordship to solicit a lieutenantcy. The Admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, "That would be sporting with men's lives indeed! Sir, I would not trust you with a boat in a trout-stream!"

I lost sight of him for some years. "At length we met again at — Palace—the for instance—I for examination. It was one of our rainy, chilly summers, and the Bishop, a thin, spare man, whom hard study and sedentary habits had evidently enervated, shrank from the inclemency of the season. "The morning is cold, the wind must be easterly."

"No, my Lord, not since this day week," said W. —. "It was southerly at six; then veered a point or two to the north-east, and is now due north." "Indeed!" said the Bishop, who was evidently surprised at this lengthy reply, and by no means up to his man. Then addressing his Secretary, who waited for his signature, he inquired, "Is it the first or second of June, Mr. Porteus?" "The first, my Lord, the glorious first of June Howe's victory, my Lord. How I should like to have another lick at those—" The Bishop stared, and turned to his secretary, who reflected his Lordship's look of wonder with one of the most unqualified bewilderment. "Hem!—hem!—my Lord, I beg pardon."

VALUE OF OUR COLONIES.—Mr. Mac Queen, in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, says—"The following facts are with deference submitted to your Grace. These possessions take from Great Britain and Ireland, annually, for their internal consumption, above 4,000,000L. the produce of the British soil and of British industry; they export annually to Great Britain and Ireland, agricultural produce to the amount of 9,000,000L. exclusive of freights and charges nearly 3,000,000L. additional, all of which latter sum, together with two-thirds of the produce, is again expended in this country on British labour, and in British supplies. These possessions give permanent employment, in the direct trade with the mother country, to 260,000 of British shipping. The mother country draws nearly 7,000,000L. of Revenue, annually, from their produce consumed in it, and they add yearly nearly 3,000,000L. to the exports from Great Britain to foreign countries."

The Newfoundland. ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 25, 1830. TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Friend to the Association of Fishermen and Shoremen," is under consideration.—We cannot promise to publish any

of the other communications we have received this week, without being first favoured with the names of the authors.

One of the most gratifying and exhilarating exhibitions witnessed in this town for some years, took place on Monday last. — It will be recollected that at the annual general meeting of the "Association of Newfoundland Fishermen and Shoremen," in January last, it was determined to commemorate the anniversary of the formation of the Institution, by marching, in procession, through the town; — and, accordingly, at an early hour, on the day above mentioned, the drums and fifes from the Garrison (which Colonel BURKE had, in the handsomest manner, granted the use of for the occasion) beat up through Water-street, to summon the Members to the place of rendezvous (the *Globe Tavern*), agreeably with the public notice previously given. The Honorary and Ordinary Members, to the number of about 300, assembled in the long room, and after some necessary arrangements, at 12 o'clock, the procession was formed, headed by the Officers and Directors, who were decorated with very elegant crimson silk sashes; behind whom came the Honorary Members, comprising most of the principal merchants and other gentlemen of the town, two and two; and next the Ordinary Members, in like manner; each of the latter wearing a rosette on the left breast, which had a very pleasing effect. The whole being then marshalled in the street, with the beautiful silken banner of the association and the union-jack in front, and an English and Irish ensign in rear, an excellent band of music, composed of amateurs who had kindly volunteered their services, and others selected for the occasion, struck up "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia;" — after which the procession moved off to the quick step of "Patrick's Day," and proceeded, in excellent order, accompanied by some thousands of men, women, and children, through Water-street, Maggotty Cove, struck up to Duckworth-street below Fort-William, thence to River Head, and again into Water-street, to the place of meeting — the band during the whole march playing, alternately, the most popular and celebrated English, Scotch, and Irish airs.

Upon the return of the procession to the *Globe Tavern*, an excellent repast was found laid out and arranged on several tables for the greater convenience of the members. THOMAS H. BROOKING, Esq., was called upon to preside at the festive board, and it is needless to add, that he filled the office with his wonted urbanity and spirit-stirring manner. — After the usual time occupied in "cutting and come again," the Chairman proposed the health of their worthy Patron, His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE; which was received and drank with those demonstrations of respect, his liberality and well-known friendly disposition towards the Institution were calculated to call forth. The healths of the Vice-Patrons, the Right Rev. Dr. SCALLAN and the Hon. R. A. TUCKER, were then given and drank with nine-times-nine. — The Secretary next took an opportunity of reading a communication he had received from the President of the association, the Hon. E. B. BRENTON, in acknowledgment of the vote of thanks passed at the last annual meeting, and expressive of his thanks "for the favourable opinion they had been pleased to express of his endeavours to promote the laudable objects of their Institution; and, at the same time, to assure them that in accepting, as he did with great pleasure, the office of President, to which they had thought fit again to elect him, it was his earnest wish and intention to forward and support those objects by all the means in his power."

After which, the Hon. Judge BRENTON's health was drank with the loudest cheering. — The health of the worthy Chairman, THOMAS HOLDSWORTH BROOKING, Esq., was next drank in bumpers, with thundering acclamations.

The Chairman acknowledged in the warmest manner the flattering compliment that had been paid to him, and congratulated the Meeting on the excellent order and regularity of their proceedings that day. He felt the deepest interest in the welfare of their association, which he was happy to perceive was rapidly advancing in wealth and numbers; and it should, at all times, command his best advice and assistance.

The healths of the following gentlemen were then toasted, with those enthusiastic feelings of approbation to which the members justly considered them entitled: — The Vice-Presidents, WM. THOMAS and NEWMAN WRIGHT HOYLES, Esqrs.

These gentlemen severally returned thanks, and expressed themselves highly gratified at the flourishing state of the association, which it should always be their anxious wish and desire to preserve and maintain.

"The Directors of the Association."

Mr. LAWLER, on behalf of the Directors, offered his best acknowledgments. They required no other stimulus to exertion, than the consciousness of the blessings which would be entailed on this community by establishing the association upon a solid and permanent basis.

"The Secretary of the Association." Who begged the acceptance of his best thanks, for so distinguished a compliment.

Mr. T. WILLIAMS next addressed some very appropriate observations to the Meeting, upon the good effects which would result from the association, of which, as a native of the country, he naturally felt proud. He concluded a very energetic address by proposing

"The Committee of Relief."

Mr. THOMAS ALLEN briefly returned thanks.

"The Ladies" were toasted in the most gallant style, with overflowing bumpers.

"The healths of Mr. Hogsett and Mr. Bisset, who were instrumental in forming the Association."

Mr. BISSET regretted that Mr. HOGSETT had left the room a few minutes before, particularly so, as he felt himself unequal to the task of thanking the Meeting, in the manner he could have wished, for the honour conferred on both of them. If his humble efforts in establishing the Association were deserving of credit, the pleasure he felt in witnessing the proceedings of that day more than compensated him — and he was sure those were also the sentiments of his friend Mr. HOGSETT.

After a few other patriotic toasts and sentiments, the Meeting separated, and the Members retired to their respective homes in that decorous and orderly manner that had characterized the proceedings throughout.

We are gratified to learn, that the fine, healthy appearance of the men, and their respectable deportment, have been the general theme of praise since the above day — and there can be no doubt from the interest now excited, and the countenance and support afforded to the Association by all the great and good of the community, that at the next procession, which it is intended shall be kept up annually, the Association will have doubled its numbers.

We strongly recommend to our readers a perusal of Dr. DAYLE's admirable letter upon the nature of an oath; which, though addressed to the Freeholders of Ireland, forcibly applies, we think, in many particulars, to this Island, where the system of *cogging* so universally prevails among the larger portion of its inhabitants.

The report of the proceedings of the Anniversary Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society is unavoidably postponed until next week.

A most daring attempt was made on Sunday night last, to set fire to a house in Duckworth-street, near the residence of T. WILLIAMS, Esq. About 6 o'clock, on that evening, a quantity of old rags were discovered, in a blaze, immediately under the house, and in such a situation as to leave no doubt of the diabolical intention of those who placed them there. Several persons have been examined, before the Magistrate, and though strong suspicions are excited against an individual, the charge cannot be brought sufficiently home to justify committal. — It is lamentable to think that there are miscreants lurking in our community capable of perpetrating such a horrid deed.

Correspondence.

[For the Newfoundland.]

TO MY FRIEND.

When thy mind's eye shall fondly trace  
Those scenes that once delighted thee,  
When e'er the time, where e'er the place,  
Oh, think of me.

When days long past thy thoughts employ,  
When fancying o'er some former glorie,  
And distant friends shall meet thine eye,  
Let me be near.

If present joys thy bosom swell,  
And by-gone days thy fancy see,  
Still may there in thy light heart dwell  
One thought of me.

When friends flock round on ev'ry side,  
And friendship each demands of thee,  
Remember when you thus divide  
A share for me.

When woes oppress, (as sure they will,  
Tho' may they lightly fall on thee,) Oh, let thy wounded spirit still  
Fly o'er to me.

When grief draws forth the tender tear,  
And sorrow aims her shaft at thee,  
If friends you need, and none are near,  
Then think of me.

Purchase your friends should prove unkind,  
(Those who profess'd your friends to be,) What e'er await you'll always find  
A friend in me.

St. John's, 24th February.

[For the Newfoundland.]

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

'Tis a strange combination; but strange as I am,  
I ne'er was a stranger to woman or man;  
And the boasts of the forest, for ought I can tell,  
As woman or man, just know me as well.  
My reign has been long; yes, from the first man,  
And before, all good christians believe, it began;  
And by the same rule, 'tis impress'd on my mind,  
That I shall outlive both the world and mankind.  
Neither Cartwright nor Cook, nor Perry nor Ross,  
E'er explor'd the vast regions I frequently cross.  
Nor has Shakspeare nor Dryden, nor Pope nor Otway,  
Nor Dehlan nor Cowley, nor Phillips nor Gay,  
Nor Waller nor Strouton, nor Prior nor Britton,  
Nor Byron nor Scott, who whole libraries have written,  
Proved a do to the world half the fiction or truth  
I indulg'd in by me since the time of my youth.  
I've supported the pulpit, the bench, and the throne,  
The artist I've aided — the poet's my own.  
And in all earthly quarrels, no matter 'twixt whom,  
Whether emperor or king, or my lord and his groom,  
I've invariably 'steer'd, from 'ginning to end;  
And all did my utmost to serve as a friend.  
But lovers! oh lovers! 'tis woe you, but true,  
That in all my exploits, whether ancient or new,  
You've all bewilder'd so much as by you.  
You have pleasur'd me sorely, and rack'd me with pain,  
Through your means livelong nights without sleep have I lain;  
And with all my philosophy, caution, and skill,  
Your cause, day and night, keeps haunting me still.

St. John's, 24th February.

Married, on Monday evening last, by the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, Mr. HENRY SIMMS, Teacher, to Miss MAHER, both of this place.

On Saturday last, by the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, Mr. JAMES CUDDERY, to Mrs. MARY MYHAN, relict of the late Mr. Patrick Myhan, of this town.

Died, at Harbour-Grace, on Sunday the 31st ult. Mr. JOSEPH GEORGE GILLAM, aged 29 years, a native of Bristol, and, for some years past, Book-keeper to H. W. Danson, Esq., of that place.

Sales at Auction.

TO-MORROW,

At 11 o'clock,

AT THE SHOP OF

Richard Perchard,

- 100 PIECES and remnants printed Cottons.
- 45 Ditto white Calico.
- 5 Ditto Apron Check
- 1 Ditto striped Cotton.
- 12 Pieces and remnants plain and figured Bombazines.
- 1 Ditto Diaper, 2 ditto Toweling.
- 6 Ditto dark Mole-skin.
- 3 Remnants Moreen.
- 2 Pieces black Bombazeeen.
- 1 Ditto green Bunting.
- 25 Ditto Blanketing.
- 2) Pair Blankets.
- 11 Dozen cotton Shirts.
- 2 Ditto red ditto.
- 3 Ditto pair coarse Stockings.
- 30 Pair Flushing Trowsers.
- 20 Monkey and Pea Jackets.
- And sundry other Articles.

February 25.

TO-MORROW,

At 11 o'clock,

AT THE STORES OF

Rendell & Mortimer,

- BLUE, Black, Brown, Oxford, Olive and Green Broad Cloths.
- Black Cassimere, Green Bajaz.
- Grey and Olive Twilled Deabets.
- A few pieces of Tollenet Waistcoating.
- Striped Shirting, Cotton and Cotton Check.
- Cotton Damask Table Covering.
- Five 4-4 and 7-8 wide Irish Linens.
- Black and Grey Glaz'd Linens.
- 5-4 Linen Sheeting, Wave Drill.
- Mull Muslins, Gingham, Gilt Buttons.
- Suspenders, Pocket Combs, 3 M. Quills.
- Patent Garters, a few Daggers.
- Irish Fabinet, Lace Veils, Castile Soap.
- Twenty Boxes Hooks and Eyes.
- Ten pieces Blue and Red Serge.
- Five pieces Blanketing and Swanskin.
- Four pieces Indigo and Olive Flushing.
- Five Green Rugs, 20 pair Blankets.
- Fifty pieces Duck, 20 pair Deck-Boots.

February 25.

On SATURDAY next,

At 12 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

Patrick Morris,

- 50 BAGS Hamburgh Bread,
- 20 Barrels ditto Flour,
- 20 Ditto ditto Pork,
- 20 Tierces Strangman's Porter.

February 25.

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

Notices.

INSURANCE.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for certain individuals of this town, to subscribe Policies for the Insurance of Marine property, Coasting and Foreign, gives notice that he will attend at the *Commercial Room* every lawful day from the 22d instant, between the hours of 12 and 2, for the transaction of business.  
February 25. J. BOYD.

I WILL NOT be accountable for any debts contracted by the Crew of the Colonial Vessel *Forta*, under my command.  
February 18. HENRY P. STEELE, Captain.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS CULLETON, late of St. John's, Newfoundland, Cardiacner, 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  
February 11. STEPHEN MALONE, 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 *Newfoundlander* Office.  
February 4.

On Sale.

BY PRIVATE BARGAIN.

THE UNDERNAMED SCHOONERS,

Belonging to

Mr. JOHN BOYD'S

INSOLVENT ESTATE,

(By order of the Trustees)

ALERT,

63 tons;

MARY ANN,

25 tons;

Both of which vessels are well found in Sails, Rigging, &c. &c.

B. SCOTT,

February 25. Agent.

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 Hamburgh Pork, Ditto ditto Beef, Good ditto Bread, New Cordage, 1 1/2 to 3 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 Punts.

January 21.

JUST IMPORTED,

Per MANCHESTER, from Hull, 150 BARRELS Alexandria superfine Flour, 100 Barrels New-York prime Pork, 15 Barrels cured Beef.

For Sale by JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.

Also,

Per KATE, from Hamburgh,

250 Firkins prime Butter,

(Of the best quality.)

January 14.

BY Henderson Bland & Co.

SHEATHING Iron for Sealing vessels, Hardwood Plank, B. B. and S. S. G. Shot, which will be sold very low, Nails, Cordage, Pitch, Tar, Sheathing Paper, Candles, Rum, Molasses, A Ship's Long Boat and Gigs.  
January 7.



Post's Corner.

KINDRED HEARTS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not, too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow:  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns.  
It may be that the breath of Spring,  
Born amid violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The time that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight!  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night;  
The wind that, with so many a tone  
Some chord within can thrill,—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears!  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watch'd through sickness by the bed,—  
Call this a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend,  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,—  
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

(Continued from first page.)

At the period now described, Edmund Morgan was in his thirteenth year. He was no common boy; and his grandfather, who had watched the dawnings of his character, moral and intellectual, prided himself upon his cultivation of both. Enthusiasm was its basis. In whatever he engaged, it was with the whole energy of his nature. It may be supposed, therefore, that he quickly mastered those branches of knowledge which were within the compass of Mr. Lloyd to teach, and who was also anxious that he should have the advantage of a more-comprehensive education. But how was his benevolent desire to be accomplished? He was too poor to pay for it, and he was too friendless to obtain it from patronage. Accident, at length—if such events in the life of man may rightly be called accidents—shaped his destiny. Some trifling circumstance, so unheeded at the time that no distinct recollection of it survived the occurrence, brought him into contact with an eccentric old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had signalized himself on more than one occasion by the apparent caprice with which he bestowed his bounty. The last act of the kind which had been talked of, was his stocking a small farm for an industrious young man, and giving him besides a hundred pounds to begin with, to whom he had never spoken till he called upon him to announce his intention. But he had observed him frequently, in his walks, labouring early and late, in a little garden which was attached to his cottage; and had learned, upon inquiry, that he kept an aged mother, and a sister, who was a cripple, out of the workhouse, by his scanty earnings. It was Edmund's good fortune to attract the notice of Squire Jones in the way described; and it was not long after that he paid a visit to Mr. Lloyd, for the express purpose of asking a few questions about him. The good old man spoke with pride and affection of his pupil and grandson, but with despondency of his future prospects. "I have reared him as my own," said he, "from his cradle, and I should close my eyes in peace, if I could know, or reasonably hope, so goodly a branch would not be left to float like a worthless weed upon the stream of time." "He shall be planted," replied Squire Jones. "Send for the boy. But never mind just now. You know in what soil he will be most likely to thrive. I shall call again to-morrow. By that time make your choice, and leave the rest to me." The morrow came—the choice was made—and Edmund was to study for the Church, at Oxford, (the great ambition of his youthful mind,) upon an ample allowance secured to him by Squire Jones, in such a way as nothing but his own misconduct could forfeit.

If Edmund was the pride of his grandfather, he was no less the idol of his mother, who would sometimes think that Heaven had bestowed such a treasure upon her, in compensation for what it had taken away. Perhaps her love for Edmund was somewhat heightened by the circumstance that she had lost her first child when it was only four years old, and he had become, therefore, her only one; but, in truth, his own affectionate disposition, his ingenuousness of character, and his intellectual endowments, were of themselves sufficient passports to all the love of a fond mother's heart. And Hester was a fond mother, though not a weak one. She looked forward, with dejected feelings, to the now approaching moment of her first separation from her dear boy; but she was too gratefully conscious of the benefit he was derive from that separation to repine at it.

There had always been one subject which, whenever it occupied the thoughts of Hester, was most painful and distressing to her. It was the mystery of Edmund's birth. She could not tell him his father was a convict, and she had no reason to believe any one else had done so. She could not even tell him that he lived; for from the moment of his leaving Monmouth prison, down to that of which we are now speaking, no tidings of him had reached her. Neither he nor old Morgan had written a single line to any relative or friend they had left behind. All she ever learned concerning him was, that he had arrived safely at New South Wales, Edmund, when a child, would often talk of his father, merely because the word was constantly upon the lips of his playmates, and because he saw they had fathers. But as he grew older, and began to reflect, a thousand little circumstances presented themselves to his mind, which convinced him there was some mystery, though he knew not what, that hung over his infancy. Once, and only once, he asked his mother, "Who is my father? And where is he?" But the silent agitation of Hester, for she could not answer him, sealed his lips upon that subject ever afterwards.

Edmund was in his sixteenth year when he went to the University, and he remained there, with the usual visits at home during the vacations, till he was one-and-twenty. The progress he made in his studies, and the character he bore for strict propriety of conduct, well justified the munificent liberality of his patron. But he was denied one gratification, that of gladdening his grandfather's pride in him, by the display of his scholastic attainments. The good old man, full of years and ripe in virtue, had breathed his last, from the gradual decay of nature, rather than from the inroads of disease, not long after he had seen the wish nearest his heart realised, Edmund was with him when he died, and he followed him to the grave with feelings which emphatically told him how he could have loved and how mourned—a father! By the interest of his benefactor, (who, the more he saw, and the more he knew of Edmund, found what had originally borne the stamp of a benevolent whim merely, gradually assuming the better quality of a permanent desire to befriend him,) the curacy of Tintern was reserved for his benefit, when he should be duly qualified, by ordination, to assume its pastoral functions. Meanwhile, the place of Mr. Lloyd was supplied by a neighbouring clergyman, to whom the fatigues of double duty were sweetened by something beyond the allotted stipend, out of the purse of Squire Jones.

The Rev. Edmund Morgan was in his three-and-twentieth year, when, as the curate of Tintern, he took possession of the little parsonage house in which his youth had been passed, and which was endeared to him by the recollection of almost every incident in his yet spring-tide of life, that could shed a charm upon the retrospect. He brought to his sacred office a larger stock of theological erudition, and a mind naturally of a higher order, than had belonged to his grandfather; but in the purity of his life, in the holiness of his zeal, and in his exemplary discharge of the numerous duties that belong to a faithful minister of the gospel, he had an example ever present to his memory, which it was his constant prayer he might be able to follow. One only circumstance troubled the calm and peaceful flow of the serene current of his life. A heavy grief—some untold sorrow—lay like a canker at his mother's heart; its ravages were undermining her health, and contracting, with fearful rapidity, the already too little space which stretched between her and the grave. Her wan features, her secret tears, whose traces were frequently visible in her swollen eyes when she appeared at the breakfast table, and those unbidden sighs that would burst from her at times, as if her heart were full of breaking, caused Edmund many a sleepless night, and many a waking hour of melancholy thoughts. There had ever been so much of unreserved communication between himself and his mother, upon all things save this one, that he felt he had here no right to intrude upon the sanctuary of her grief, because he concluded she must have sufficient reasons for drawing around it so impenetrable a veil. When, however, he perceived what inroads it was making upon a life so dear to him, he could no longer be restrained by these delicate considerations. A higher duty than even the respect inspired by filial obligations—the sacred duty of his calling, which enjoined him to breathe the word of comfort over the wounded and mourning spirit, made him resolve to seek an opportunity of tenderly inquiring from his mother a disclosure of the affliction that prayed thus fatally upon her peace of mind. But ere he found an opportunity, events forced themselves a passage to his ear.

His mother entered his room one morning in extreme agitation. "You have heard," said she, with a faltering voice, "of the dreadful business that took place last week; the murder, for so it is considered, of one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers, in a scuffle between him and the poacher, Isaac Price."

"I have," replied Edmund, "and the wretched man will surely be hung if he is taken."

"He is taken," answered Mrs. Morgan, "and lodged in Monmouth gaol."

"It is the law of God and man," said Edmund, "that whoso sheddeth the blood of another, his own blood shall be the atonement. This Isaac Price, moreover, is spoken of as a culprit inured to many crimes; one who has walked in the paths of vice all his life. But why this excessive agitation, my dear mother? What is it that troubles you so grievously, and that has so long troubled you?"

"You shall know, Edmund; for it is better you should hear it from my lips than from those of others, and concealment is now no longer possible. Isaac Price is your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Edmund; and he spoke not another word. His mother wept bitterly. For

several minutes they sat in silence; the thoughts of Mrs. Morgan travelling through a miserable past, and those of her son absorbed in the conflict of present amazement and future suffering. He had found a father, but the first impulse of his feelings was to blush at the discovery. He had learned the secret of his birth, and the knowledge of it tinged his cheek with shame. He waited till his mother became more calm, and then prepared to listen to a tale which he knew must deeply afflict him. She, with as much composure as she could command, related all the circumstances attending her marriage with David Morgan, and of the crime for which he was transported. But in what she further disclosed, Edmund at once discovered the cause of that ceaseless sorrow which had so long harassed her. The term of his sentence having expired, and his father being dead, David obtained a passage back to England; and it was in the summer of the year following that in which Edmund went to Oxford, that he reappeared in his native place. He did not make himself known; and, indeed, his appearance was so altered in the 17 years he had been absent, that no one could have recognised him at first sight. But he prowled about the neighbourhood; and one evening, when Hester was walking out alone, he suddenly presented himself before her. She was alarmed, thinking he was some man who intended to insult, or perhaps, rob her. He called her by her name; his voice awakened the recollection of him in her memory, and gazing at him for a moment, she knew it was her husband.

He made a few inquiries about herself, her father, and her children; but told her he never meant to trouble her by claiming her as his wife. "I am poor enough," said he, "and I suppose you are not over rich; but when I want a guinea, I shall not be particular in looking to you for it; and I expect you will not begrudge to get rid of me upon such easy terms. If you have any money in your pocket now, it is more than I have in mine, and a few shillings will be acceptable to me." Hester gave him what she had; but before she could utter a word in reply, he had turned upon his heel and entered a copse by the road side, observing, as he went away, "Remember, if you wish to be free from David Morgan, you will not deny Isaac Price whenever he sends or watches for you." From that time he had continued to persecute her; sometimes with threatening messages, sometimes by dogging her steps, so that she almost dreaded to leave the parsonage house. How he contrived to live, she could only surmise from what she heard about him, every now and then, as Isaac Price, till at length the affray between him and one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers led to the catastrophe which caused him to be apprehended as a murderer. Then, too, it began to be whispered in Tintern, that Isaac Price, the poacher, was no other than David Morgan, who had been transported upwards of twenty years ago, and who was the father of that excellent young man, the Rev. Edmund Morgan.

Edmund listened to this recital with deep attention; and, when it was concluded, he exclaimed, after a short pause, "Mother, I will see my father. I can do nothing for him in this world, which he must so soon leave; but he is not prepared for the next; and his eternal soul must perish. I will visit him in prison; and, if Almighty God bless my purpose, I may become an instrument, in his hands, for bringing him to the true repentance of a contrite sinner." There was consolation to Hester's heart in these words of her son; and her sorrow was not without gladness, when she thought of the good work which filial piety might accomplish.

The very next day, Edmund went to Monmouth, and procured an interview with Isaac Price. He did not disclose himself; but assumed the character of a friend of Mrs. Morgan's, sent by her to know if there were any service which she could render him in his present situation. It may be imagined with what feelings he beheld, for the first time, him who was his father in the degraded condition of a felon and a murderer. His appearance was that of a man between fifty and sixty, with a powerful make of body, and a countenance which indicated a rough and daring spirit, rather than the prevalence of ferocious passions. His eye was dull and heavy, and sunk deep into his head; and on his right cheek there were the traces of a severe wound, which, it was supposed, he had received in his desperate struggle with the game-keeper. The top of his head was entirely bald; and, when his hat was off, the bold projection of his forehead gave a vigorous and determined character to the general expression of his face. He scarcely looked at Edmund while speaking to him; but once or twice their eyes met, and—it might be fancy—but his manner seemed disturbed, as if some dimly remembered resemblance of features once familiar to him were suddenly awakened; for Edmund was exceedingly like his mother. To the pretended message, of which Edmund represented himself as the bearer, his answer was, that "he knew of no service which Mrs. Morgan, or any body else, could render him, unless she could save his neck from the halter; and, if she would supply him with money to pay the lawyers well, perhaps he might get off." Edmund, who felt deeply shocked at this reprobate speech, and at the reckless insensibility it evinced of the awful situation in which his father stood, said, he would undertake to promise for Mrs. Morgan that, whatever money might be required to obtain for him the utmost benefit of legal assistance, should be ready. He then endeavoured, indirectly, to lead him into a conversation upon the nature of the crime with which he was charged, and the certain consequences of his conviction; but he maintained a sullen silence; and, at last, manifested no equivocal symptoms of a determination to put an end to the interview. Edmund, therefore, took his leave.

It wanted full two months of the time when the

assizes would commence; and, during the whole of that period, Edmund sought frequent opportunities (sometimes twice or thrice in the course of a week) of visiting his father, as the messenger of Mrs. Morgan; but at none of these visits did David give him to understand he was indebted for this solicitude, on her part, to that which was the real cause. Edmund, at length, beheld the ripening harvest which was to reward his hallowed labours. Inspired with a holy ardour, beyond what even his sacred zeal in the cause of heaven could excite in ordinary circumstances; and his fervent piety excited by the consciousness that it was a father's salvation he was seeking; every impulse of his heart and mind, every energy which religion could animate, was employed to regenerate the sinful nature, and touch the hardened bosom, of the criminal. Much, he considered, was accomplished, when he had brought him into such a state of feeling, that he would listen patiently and attentively to his mild yet earnest exhortations, though they elicited no corresponding demonstrations of repentant sorrow. But most was he rejoiced, and most assured did he then feel of ultimate success, when, as he was one evening about to depart, after having enforced, with more than his usual eloquence, the great doctrine of a sincere repentance, and a true reconciliation unto God, through the Redeemer, his father took him by the hand, and in a voice of supplication almost, rather than of inquiry, said, "When shall I see you again, Sir?" He had never before asked a similar question; he had never before manifested the slightest desire for his return; and his doing so now, was a grateful evidence to Edmund, that his awakened heart began to hunger for the words of eternal life—for the consolation of believing, with a devout and lively faith, that "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to make us clean from all wickedness." Nor was this a delusive promise. The seed of righteousness had been sown; the tree had taken root; and the diligent labourer in the vineyard saw its green branches shoot forth, bearing goodly and pleasant fruit.

The day of trial came, and David was arraigned as a criminal before man; but stood before his judges as one who, having made his peace with God, was prepared to atone for the life he had taken; by the just forfeiture of his own. He was convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. He heard it with an air of composure and resignation, which even they who knew not the conversion that had been wrought within him, still recognised as the workings of a contrite heart, and not as the insensibility of an obdurate and callous one. He returned to his cell, and greeted Edmund, whom he found waiting for him, with a serene smile, that seemed to say—The last mortal pang will soon be past, and you have taught my soul how to pray for mercy, and hope for happiness hereafter. The short interval that remained to him before he ascended the scaffold was so employed, and his demeanour such, that Edmund's heart yearned to receive a blessing from lips which were now washed pure from guilt. He could not endure the thought that his father should quit the world in ignorance that the son, whom he knew not, had been a shining light to shew him the path of salvation. And yet he feared lest the disclosure might discompose his thoughts, and bring them back again to earth. He was thus unresolved, and the fatal morning approached. Edmund passed the whole of the preceding night with his father, in those solemn exercises of devotion which are the fitting preparations of an immortal soul for heaven. The dim light of a lamp fell upon his features as he bent over a Bible which lay open before him, and from which he was reading such passages as were most appropriate to the situation of his father.

David fixed his eyes upon him with sudden emotion, and exclaimed, "It is very striking!" Edmund looked up. "I was thinking at that moment," he continued, "of one whom it would have delighted me to see ere I die, though I have never mentioned her to you, Sir, as my wife. But you are her friend, and I hope you have found cause to speak of me to her in such a way that I may feel assured of her forgiveness for all the misery I have occasioned her."

"My mother," exclaimed Edmund, with an emphatic solemnity of voice, "is on her knees this night, to pray for you, and to join her intercessions with those of your son."

David's breathing was quick, and his whole frame violently agitated; but he could not utter a word.

"Father!" cried Edmund, and knelt before him.

David took his son's hands, and pressed them convulsively to his bosom; but still he could not speak, though he wept as a child. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and he was able calmly to learn how mysteriously the will of God had brought about his conversion by the holiness of his own issue.

The morning dawned, and only a few hours now remained before he would have to suffer the brief agony of a death which no longer appalled him by its terrors. He earnestly entreated Edmund to accompany him to the scaffold, that he might see with how much Christian fortitude he could meet his doom. It was a dreadful task, but he shrunk not from it. He walked by his father's side. As they passed through one of the yards leading to the place of execution, David stopped and spoke to his son. "It was on this very spot," said he, "that I first looked upon you, then an infant in the arms of your mother; and she held you to me, and bade me kiss you; and I did so. It was my first kiss. Receive here, my son, my LAST; and, if I am worthy to beg a blessing from heaven upon you, may your life be spared till a child of your own shall smooth your path to the grave, as you have smoothed mine!" So saying, he bent forward, pressed his lips gently on the forehead of Edmund, then walked on with a firm step, and, in a few moments, David Morgan had satisfied alike the laws of God and man, by rendering life for life.