



Newfoundlander

No. 137.

THURSDAY, March 4, 1830.

Sixpence

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

Notices.

PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES NEATLY PAINTED.

In Colours 2 Dollars each,
Bronze 1 Dollar,
Plain black, Shaded ½ Dollar.

William Eagar

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public that he will attend at his Rooms, (at the Old London Tavern), from 11 until 2 o'clock, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, to take the outline with a Machine constructed on the most unerring principles; and trusts to meet the approbation of those who may honour him with their commands.

N. B. Young Ladies and Gentlemen instructed in the rudiments of Landscape Painting.

October 8.

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 WENTON,
Agent at St. John's,
ROBERT OKE,
Agent at Harbour-Grace.

February 11.

Matthew Gussell

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.

LOST AND WON.

By Miss Mary Russel Mitford.

"Nay, but, my dear Letty—"
"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? And is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, Sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? And did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh! if I had been there!"

"You!—Why, Letty—"
"Don't Letty me, Sir! Don't talk to me! I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale. I have the honour, Madam, to wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a snail's pace; and the one went westward and the other eastward—ho.

This unlovely parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating one's rivals and next neighbours in the annual match; for juxtaposition is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl, like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love; and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender remembrances and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. "He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself: "he said he would before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said anything about liking me; but still—and then aunt Judith and Fanny Wright and all the neighbours say—however, I shall know to-morrow." And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tan-yard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her ear-rings in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late, that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the benediction from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look-out for a farm and a wife,

both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair-one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-ferm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming: I am no Petruchio to master this Catherine. I come to wive it happily in Padua; and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a large quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed overnight, having authorized his cousin to let his house, and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby; and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common party for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity: how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return—and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes of a young unpractised heart,

"And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend, to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Friday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother; and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling: I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!"—And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their some-time friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling, (in spite of his former mischances), the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what indeed actually occurred, that the East Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty, so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply dress, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was

still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white; but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness; sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricket and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets; the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss, and went in; and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, there accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches. A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing, but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and sea-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed.—At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattled, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he; and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with abstract interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton. "Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!" "Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away, and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself, until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel

of my sake; it almost broke the story. But even that the good tanner, warming compared with her conduct see how she keeps the upon me; her handiness, and her pretty ways and come forget old times and old places, just miss her neat parlour and the was so fond of, as much as I do the great hall; but she never seems never has spoken a hasty word for all you know, poor thing! Ob! quick-tempered!"

Of nothing of this!" repeated Paul Bid- three of their best wickets being Few- by players summoned him to go in. For of all this!"

Such were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, seemed likely to verify the predictions the hopes of the most malicious of his by batting as badly as he had bowled well. had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby safe quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; huffed the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and dominated the adverse party when they went in, in the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away. "Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other, and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the finest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

STORIES OF WATERLOO.

A very interesting work, in three volumes, called *Stories of Waterloo*, has just been published, from which we extract the following correct and effective description of the evening after the dreadful battle:—

Wander o'er this bloody field,
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many—
Lie down'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.

Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated; and the dynasty of that proud spirit for whom Europe was too little was over.

Night came, but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host," to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives, and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But wearied with blood (for the French throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,) and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British relaxed gradually, and at Genappe ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillon and La Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry, some miles further on, halted and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge. The memory of the former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *corps victis* was pronounced, and thousands besides those who perished in the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon, and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurra of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer), exhibited rather the fight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body, never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or more desperate and unyielding bravery

than during the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, and in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown every other power that had hitherto opposed it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was entrusted; and Wellington, at midnight, returned to Waterloo across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as "by the pale moonlight," he unwillingly surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view, for mortal suffering in its terrible variety was frightfully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over; but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were laid upon the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,

"Yerk'd out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice."

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery and war equipages, was so much cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring the wounded from the field. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and rendered the efforts of Belgic humanity both slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, "war's very worse results" were visible. The struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the city. Many, however, had perished in the attempt; and lying on the road side, covered the causeway with their bodies. Pits, rudely dug, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat; and the same sod, at the verge of the forest, covered "the horse and his rider."

When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented! Fancy may conceive it; but description must necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to fitter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon-wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of "a foughten field?"—each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of a field of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly to the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the muscetry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Alby's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground lay cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated. The advance and repulse of the guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made. The old guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet had closed the contest.

It was at the first light of morning that a solitary party were employed in the place we have described, examining the dead, who there lay thickly. There were no plunderers; one, wrapped in a cloak, directed the researches on the rest, who seemed acting under the stranger's control, and from their dress appeared to be Belgian peasants. Suddenly, the muffled person uttered a wild cry, and rushing over a pile of corpses, hurried to a spot where a soldier was seated beside a fallen officer. Feeble as his own strength was, he had exerted it to protect the wounded man. His musket was placed beside him for defence, and his own sufferings seemed forgotten in his solicitude for the person he was watching. The noise occasioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer; he feebly raised his head—"It is herself!" he faintly muttered; and next moment sunk in the arms of Lucy Davidson!

PICTURE OF EUROPEAN MANNERS IN THE EAST.

I know there were many, particularly among the younger branches of the army, who complained that they could not get into society at the presidency; but I cannot help thinking that the fault was, in some degree, their own. They were either too proud or too idle to seek it. Sullenly shutting themselves up in their barracks, or in obscure quarters in the Black Town, they expected that men, accustomed to have court paid to them for their situations, or engaged in official business, would, or could, go out of their way to find them out. If at a ball, they would complain of the impossibility of procuring partners; but this they owed chiefly to their want of acquaintance; for I do not observe that the ladies—that is the married ones—gave themselves greater airs in India than elsewhere. In fact, a *more de famille*, from the scarcity of petticoats, thinks it becomes her to be as gay, if not gayer, than single ladies in England. With a Miss it is quite different; for if her appearance be such as to render her desirable as a partner in a dance, she is also, for the same reason, considered by many as a desirable partner in a more important concern, and therefore not likely to be left at liberty to dance with a subaltern, even if she should feel disposed to accept that honour, which is not at all probable. Indeed, the matrimonial market in India is much the same as other markets for live stock, where the best possible price is obtained for the article. The first ball after the arrival of a fleet from Europe may be considered as a kind of fair-day, where the new-comers of the softer sex are shown off, and where every family, that has the advantage of possessing a fresh attraction, whether of its own or consigned to it from the mother country, takes care to appear.—The rank or property of the suitor is the price offered for the article; and in estimating this, the gradations from a member of council or general to an ensign or assistant surgeon are as well understood and as clearly defined as the gradations of the currency from a sovereign to a farthing, or from a gold mohur to a doody; the civil and military branches of the service preserving the same relative value that is assigned to them in the tables of precedence published in the East India Directory. The system pursued in disposing of the fair objects is exactly the same as that used at the sale of King's stores in a dock-yard, where the auctioneer begins by putting the highest price on the article, and keeps lowering and lowering, till some bidders assents to the price, and bears off the goods. First, the young lady is instructed to set her cap at a civilian high in office, or at an officer high on the staff. If in the course of a few months there is no bidding at that price, then she condescends to cast a smile upon the second rank, and so on the bottom. Should she possess any pretensions to beauty, she is soon snapped up; for the scarcity of the article prevents people from being very fastidious in their tastes. If of the true European white, she is almost sure to go off tolerable well; but no mixture of the Asiatic will suit persons of any rank. Should the young lady continue on hand till the arrival of a fleet conveying a fresh supply of fair ones, she is, of course, thrown somewhat into the back-ground, and her chance of a good match considerably diminished; so it often happens that females are thus compelled to accept offers which, at first starting, they would have rejected with disdain, and in some instances to take the very men whom they once treated with scorn. But she must be a hapless virgin indeed, and possessed of no ordinary attractions, who is compelled, as a *dernier resort*, to put up with an ensign of native infantry, by whom she may be horse off to spend the honeymoon in a hill-fort. How happy marriages in general prove among Europeans in India, may hence be inferred.

ROYAL PUN.—RIGHT DIVINE.—Among the few highly favoured individuals who were included in the select evening parties of his present Majesty, George the Fourth, while at Brighton, was the facetious Rev. J. Wright. On one occasion the King suggested to his brother, the Duke of York, some intention he had of doing a particular act, to which the Duke dissented, and on which the Reverend jocularly observed, "The King can do no wrong." "Then," said his Majesty, "Fred, I shall pursue my object, for you hear I have 'Wright Divine,' on my side."

The Newfoundland.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The communication from "A Friend to the Fishermen and Shoremen's Association," was returned to us at too late an hour to admit of its appearing in to-day's paper;—we, therefore, are compelled to reserve it for next week.

Died, on Sunday morning last, after a very short illness, sincerely regretted by her friends and acquaintances, Mrs. ELEANOR PARKER, wife of Mr. William Parker, of this town, aged 26 years.—Her remains were conveyed to the grave on Tuesday evening, attended by a numerous and respectable concourse of the inhabitants.

BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY.

St. John's, 17th February, 1830.

THE Twenty-fourth Anniversary Meeting of the BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY took place this day, at the *Orphan Asylum School*, at which there was the usual full attendance of the Members. The business of the day was opened by the Vice-President, Stephen Lawler, Esq., with the customary formalities; after which the roll of the members was called by the Secretary, and the sum of 30l. 15s. collected and paid over to the Treasurer.—It was then unanimously agreed to, that the sum of 60l. be placed at the disposal of the Chairman and Committee of Charity, to meet the exigencies of the ensuing quarter, to be laid out in the purchase of bread, molasses, and tea, which shall be distributed—together with five bags of bread presented to the Society by William Johnston, Esq.—at the School-room, to distressed objects, on the plan of last year.

The following gentlemen were then proposed, and unanimously admitted members of the Society:—

MR. BRYAN ROBINSON,
MR. WM. GREADY.

The Chairman of the Committee of the *Orphan Asylum School* made the following statement:—

This being the day on which it is usual for the Committee to acquaint the members of the Benevolent Irish Society with the state of the *Orphan Asylum School*, they beg permission to lay before them and the public an abstract of its present condition; and they trust it will be gratifying to its benevolent supporters to learn, that it still continues, with undiminished zeal, to fulfil their intentions, and has been for the last season actively engaged in dispensing the rudiments of a useful education to a vast number of the destitute children of their less fortunate townsmen; and the Committee confidently hope the advantages here held out may be productive of the greatest happiness to many of them through life.

Since the last anniversary there have been nearly two hundred children admitted, making the aggregate number received into the School since its formation to exceed nine hundred—many of whom have made such progress in improvement as would surprise persons not acquainted with the fact.

The average number in daily attendance, during the season, have been nearly as follows—Boys, 250; Girls, 215. The classes consisted of those learning Navigation, Book-keeping, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Reading, Writing, and Spelling.

In the early part of the season the Committee, as on the last year, so strongly felt the necessity of having a female assistant for the purpose of taking care of the younger children, and instructing the more advanced girls in plain needle-work, that, although they were very sensible of the additional expense which such a measure would involve, they were induced to engage Mrs. Fannon until the Christmas vacation, at a salary of 25l.; and it is but justice to her to add, that, during the time she was retained of this year, as well as the last, her conduct, attention, and tenderness, were such as to afford the greatest satisfaction.

The Society is already informed that since the last annual meeting the School has changed Masters. When Mr. Simms (the late teacher) notified the Committee of his intention to resign the situation, they naturally looked round for some one competent to supply his place; they even had it in contemplation to send to Ireland for such a person; when, being informed that the present teacher, Mr. John Grace, who was then residing in Harbour-Grace, was in every respect fully qualified, and strongly recommended for the office, a communication was opened, and he was finally agreed with. The Committee now feel called on to say, that that gentleman has eminently sustained the character given of him—that his assiduity and diligence in the performance of his duties, merit their warmest approbation.

The Committee lament that, from causes not within their control, they have been somewhat disappointed in the expectations which they entertained, of being able last year to pay off all the incumbrances

ces on the establishment;—in failure of which they this year determined that by the strictest economy and watchfulness, they would endeavour to effect it: how far these efforts have been successful, will appear on reference to the current account.

In May last, the Institution stood indebted to the Treasurer in the sum of 112l. 7s. 10d.; in addition to which there have been since paid for salary, 75l.; incidental expenses for blacksmiths' accounts, stationary, coals, fire-wood, &c., 13l. 10s. 9d.; making altogether a gross sum of 200l. 18s. 7d.—The Committee have, however, now the satisfaction of being able to state, that, with the exception of that part of the Master's salary becoming due since November last until the present time, the whole and entire of the debts due of the *Orphan Asylum School* does not exceed the sum of 10l.

Notwithstanding the comparatively favourable view which the Committee are enabled to take of the progress of the Institution, they yet feel that they should not at all relax in their efforts; they are sensible that salaries and incidental charges are growing and will accumulate; they do not forget that it continues to hang heavily on the breast of its parent Institution; and they are therefore determined that no exertion shall be wanting on their part to endeavour, as much as possible, to limit those claims which they have been hitherto constrained to make on the funds of the *Benevolent Irish Society*.

Of the many charitable and well-disposed persons who annually assist them; very few have yet contributed. The season in which such contributions and donations have been generally received, is from the anniversary day until the middle or last of March. The Committee intend waiting on those persons, and also to demand some small assistance from such parents as have children coming to the School, and who are known to be in a situation to contribute. By pursuing those and similar measures, they cherish the hope, that, on the 17th of March, (when they shall resign their trust) they will be enabled to do so entirely unencumbered.

The following Resolutions were then passed unanimously:—

Resolved—That the best thanks of this Society are justly due, and hereby given, to His Excellency Sir Thomas John Cochrane, Patron of the Institution, for his countenance and approbation, as well as his annual donation of five guineas towards the funds.

Resolved—That the grateful thanks and acknowledgments of this Society are due, in a particular manner, to the following distinguished friends and supporters of the Institution, as well as of its branch establishment, the *Orphan Asylum School*:

	£	s.	d.
To the Hon. Chief Judge Tucker, for his annual subscription	5	5	0
To the Hon. Judge Brenton, for his annual subscription	2	0	0
Ditto, to the <i>Orphan Asylum School</i>	1	0	0
To the Hon. Judge Paterson, for his annual subscription to the <i>O. A. School</i>	2	0	0
To the Right Rev. Dr. Scallan, &c., for his annual subscription	20	0	0
To the Hon. A. Brooking, for his annual subscription	2	0	0
To James Simms, Esq., Attorney-Gen., for his annual subscription	2	0	0
Ditto, to the <i>Orphan Asylum School</i>	2	0	0
To Capt. Bruce, R. N., Colonial Secretary, for his donation	2	0	0
To George R. Robinson, Esq., of London, M. P., for his annual subscription	5	0	0
To Thomas Holdsworth Brooking, Esq., for his annual subscription	2	10	0
Ditto, to the <i>Orphan Asylum School</i>	2	10	0
To Messrs. Wm. & Henry Thomas, for 2 years' subscription to the <i>O. A. S.</i>	6	0	0
To Wm. Johnston, Esq., for his very liberal present of FIVE BAGS BREAD.			
To James Stuart, Esq., Greenock, for his annual subscription	2	0	0
To the Rev. Mr. Ward, for his annual subscription	0	10	0
Ditto, to the <i>Orphan Asylum School</i>	0	10	0
To William Carson, Esq., M. D., for his annual subscription to the <i>O. A. School</i>	2	2	0
To Benjamin Bowring, Esq., for his annual subscription to the <i>O. A. School</i>	1	0	0
To "A Friend to the Institution," (who will not allow his name to be made public,) for his magnificent annual subscription to the <i>Orphan A. School</i>	10	0	0

Resolved—That the Members of this Society are duly sensible of the loss sustained, not only by their own Institution, but by many other charitable bodies, in the death of the late Marmaduke Hart, Esq., of London—who had been for many years a most liberal subscriber to their funds—to whose many eminent virtues they have the melancholy gratification of bearing this public testimonial.

Resolved—That the Right Rev. Doctors Scallan and Fleming are deservedly entitled to the lasting regard of this Society, for the many and substantial proofs they have, at all times, given of their disposition to promote its best interests.

Resolved—That the Members of this Society, fully sensible of the many important services rendered to the Institution by their President, Patrick Morris, Esq., offer him their cordial and unanimous thanks;—and while they regret his continued absence, assure him of their unaltered confidence and esteem.

Resolved—That the thanks of this Society are justly due, and hereby unanimously given, to the Vice-President and other Officers of the Institution, for their zealous and faithful discharge of their respective duties during the past year.

The ballot for Officers next took place, when the following gentlemen were chosen to fill the respective offices attached to their names:—

- STEPHEN LAWLER, Esq., elected *President*.
- Dr. SHEA elected *Vice-President*.
- (Mr. PATRICK KOUGH re-elected *Chairman of the Orphan Asylum School*.)
- Dr. WALSH elected *First Assistant*.
- Mr. PATRICK SHELLY elected *Second ditto*.
- PATRICK DOYLE elected *Treasurer*.
- JOHN KENT elected *Secretary*.
- PATRICK MULLOWNEY elected *Chairman of the Committee of Charity*.
- MICHAEL KAVANAGH elected *Chairman of the Committee of Review & Correspondence*.
- JAMES KENT re-elected *Secretary to the Committee of the Orphan Asylum School*.

STEPHEN LAWLER,
Vice-President.
JOHN SHEA, Secretary.

APPEAL

**TO THE CHARITABLE INHABITANTS
Of St. John's.**

THE BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY, accustomed hitherto to possess resources for relieving the distressed objects of charity recommended by Members of its own body, has confined the knowledge of its proceedings within the limits of its own immediate circle; but finding itself now placed under unprecedented circumstances, it reluctantly presents itself to the public on behalf of the destitute poor of this town, especially the orphans and widows.

This Society is invariably in the habit, every year, of making its greatest effort for the relief of distressed objects in that quarter commencing (in the Society) on the 17th February, and ending on the 17th May. The Society, therefore, according to the practice of former years, commenced on the 23d ult., to issue its allowance of bread, molasses, and tea; and it appears, by the report of the Chairman of the Committee of Charity, that he has already ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE FAMILIES, comprising upwards of Four Hundred Persons, on his issuing list, and that probably as many more would have been recommended, were it not for an intimation given to the Members, that the number received by the Committee far exceeded the means at their disposal. The quantity of bread, molasses, and tea, purchased by the Society for the present quarter, amounting to the sum of 60l., voted for charitable relief, will, on the present scale of issue, be all expended by the 1st of April next; and the Society, therefore, entertains the most confident hopes (from a knowledge of the characteristic benevolence which distinguishes the respectable inhabitants of this community, as well as from the readiness with which a few of the Merchants who lately came to a knowledge of the Society's circumstances, made it a voluntary offer of twelve bags of bread), that the situation of the destitute poor only requires to be made publicly known, in order to be speedily and effectually relieved.

The Society will gratefully and thankfully receive, in money or bread, such assistance as will enable it to continue, if not increase, its present scale of issue up to the 10th of May;—and with respect to the distressed objects not on the Society's list, the Society leaves it to the judgment of those charitable persons who shall interest themselves in their behalf, to determine on the most eligible plan for their relief.

The Society, deeply impressed with the sufferings of their fellow-creatures in this town, have resolved to decline, for the present season, their annual custom of celebrating the Festival of St. Patrick by a public dinner.

On behalf of the Benevolent Irish Society,
STEPHEN LAWLER,
Vice-President.
JOHN SHEA, Secretary.

March 4.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF

James Stewart & Co.

30 Firkins Irish BUTTER,
10 Barrels prime BEEF.

March 4.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE GOVERNOR.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On THURSDAY EVENING next,

The 11th instant,

WILL BE PERFORMED,

"**Love A La Mode;**"

WITH THE FARCE OF

"**MONSIEUR TONSON.**"

Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFT.—Box, 3s.; Pit, 2s.

Doors to be opened at half-past 6 o'clock; Performance to commence at 7.

March 4.

Notices.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

FOR THE

United Pilot Club.

THE undermentioned Pilots out of the port of St. John's, do hereby agree to associate themselves together, under the name of the UNITED PILOT CLUB, from the 1st March instant, until the first day of June next; from which time, until the 10th day of August, the Club shall be dissolved, and each man be at his own disposal to proceed on the fishery, or otherwise;—but from the 10th day of August the parties undersigned bind themselves to re-unite, and act together for their mutual benefit, until the first day of January, 1831, under the following Regulations:—

1st.—The Pilot Club shall not consist of more than fifteen Pilots; but as it is understood that two of the said Pilots, namely, John Vinnecomb and John Gallishe, have each a shipped man now in their employ, the Pilot Club shall continue their services in the boats of the Club, and allow their said Masters monthly wages out of the general funds for the time such said men shall be employed.

2d.—The number of boats belonging to the Pilot Club shall not exceed three; the wear and tear and expenses of which shall be rateably borne by each of the members of the Club; and in case of the loss of one or more of the said boats, the members of the Club are bound to pay for the same, or to provide other boats of equal value.

3d.—There shall be a Master Pilot appointed for each of the boats belonging to the Club, who shall have the command, guidance, and direction of the Pilots in their respective boats; and the said Master Pilots shall be John Gallishe, Richard Vinnecomb, and John Ryan.

4th.—Should any member of the Pilot Club be absent when his services are required, and not be able to give a satisfactory reason for his absence to the Master and Crew of the boat to which he may belong; or should any Member be rendered, by drunkenness or other excess, unable to perform his share of the work, such member shall be fined Forty Shillings—to be deducted from his share of the general fund, and divided among the other members of the Club.

5th.—The Members of the Pilot Club do bind themselves to pilot vessels in and out of the port of St. John's, upon the same terms of payment as they have been in the habit of receiving from the following houses—namely, Messrs. Robinson & Brooking; Messrs. Brown, Hoyle & Co.; Messrs. John Duncomb & Co.; Mr. Nicholas Gill; Mr. Patrick Morris; Messrs. Henderson, Bland & Co.; Messrs. Hunters & Co.; Messrs. Bulley, Job & Co.; Messrs. Rendell & Mortimer; Messrs. W. & H. Thomas; Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co.; Messrs. Alsop & Co.; Mr. Benjamin Williams; and Messrs. Newman & Co.

6th.—The Pilot Club shall meet together on the first Saturday in every month, when there shall be an account given of the different sums received by each member for pilotage, and a fair and rateable distribution made of the general fund among the members;—and if it should be proved, to the satisfaction of ten members of the Club, that any member does not give a fair and true account of the monies received by him during each month, he shall be fined Five Pounds, which shall be distributed rateably among the other members.

7th.—Any member who enters the Pilot Club, and signs to the rules herein mentioned, shall not have it in his power to withdraw from the said Club, under any pretence whatever (sickness excepted); and should any member presume to do so, he shall pay to the Club a fine of Fifty Pounds, to be recoverable, as a just and lawful debt, in any Court of Law in the Island.

The parties whose names are hereunder affixed, bind themselves, by their signatures, to the strict fulfilment of the above Rules and Regulations, and to the payment of the several penalties attached to them for neglect of duty, dishonesty, or absence.

- JOHN RYAN,
- JOHN GALLISHEW,
- RICHARD VINNECOMB,
- THOMAS RYAN,
- NICHOLAS VINNECOMB,
- JAMES M'LAUGHLAN,
- ALLEN BEDFORD,
- JOHN VINNECOMB,
- JOHN FLEMING,
- ABRAHAM GALLISHEW,
- JAMES BRYAN.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
2d March, 1830. }

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 *Forté*, under my command.

February 18.

HENRY P. STEELE,
Captain.

SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

Notices.

ALL Persons having legal Estate of THOMAS St. John's, Newfoundland, are hereby requested to, for, attested, to the Subscriber; and the said Estate, are desired to present to

STEPHEN
February 11.

TO SEALER OWNERS

A YOUNG MAN, who has been to the Foreign and Colonies, is desirous to engage himself, as Navigator, on board a vessel going to the Seal Fishery. For further information, apply at the News Office.

Feb. 11.

On Sale.

BY PRIVATE BARGAIN,
THE UNDERNAMED SCHOONER

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.

NEWMAN & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,

On reasonable terms,

500 BAGS Bread,
200 Barrels American Pork,
50 Barrels Hamburg and Irish ditto,
200 Firkins Irish Butter,
A large quantity of assorted Cordage (cheap),
Pitch, Tar, Oakum,
Swanskin, Cottons, Slips,
Ravensducks, Canvass,
Sealing Guns, &c. &c.

March 4.

BY

Daniel Codner & Co.

HAMBURG Pork, Butter,
Iron, Shot,
A large assortment of new Cordage and Canvass,
Pitch, Tar, Nails, Oakum,
12 Pieces Broad Cloth,
And a great variety of other Store and Shop Goods.

February 4.

BY

SAMUEL CODNER,

PRIME Hamburg Pork,
Ditto ditto Beef,
Good ditto Bread,
New Cordage, 1 to 3 1/2 inch,
Number and flat Canvass,
Shot, Flints,
Oakum, Pitch, Tar,
Black and bright Varnish,
Molasses, Rum, Brandy, and Ale.

Also,
A quantity of Shop Goods,
1 Boat, and 3 Sails,
2 Sealing Puns.

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.

LAVOLTI.

POLITAN STORY.

"First and Last," &c.)

"let that content you," said

"content me," replied Beatrice; "but heaven? Believe it not. The proud only in the very act of denying sin; but one rising and setting of the sun does not, in thought or deed, of it? Hear me, Malavolti—hear

Oh! You are doomed to die; all in-Of prayers and supplications of friends Few have been cast back upon them; and Ber, pleading for your life in nature's As, have wept and sued in vain. Reason condition, then, as if disease or length of ought you to the grave; and do not, in rldly wrong, so wrong your eternal soul imminently, if not surely to fling away. You say you are innocent." "I am!" exclaimed Malavolti, impa-

answered Beatrice, "of blood—of that for which, unjustly, you are to die; but not of a crime, and therefore not fit to die, till by meek repentance, and perfect faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice, you wash out every stain; for in the centre of the proudest heart the seeds of rottenness lie enshrined."

"True, most true," replied Malavolti, calmly.—"And it is most true, too, that I am to die; but never on a scaffold. Fools! They think these fetters, and this dungeon, and their careful watch to keep from me each implement of death, will achieve their triumph; as if steel, or poison, or the free use of hands, were all the means by which a man can escape from injustice! Oh, mother! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed by what I am, that my heart aches not, as once it would, to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing piteously. "I can bear to lose you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Malavolti; and that when my own dying hour comes, its pangs will be mitigated by no hope of rejoining thee, my only one, the choice one of her that bare thee, in the mansions of the blest, in the abodes of everlasting peace. Oh, God! what affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with trouble!"

Malavolti bit his lip, which quivered with emotion in spite of himself; and his eyes glistened with tears that he could not repress. There was a tone of such deep anguish in the voice of Beatrice, as she uttered the last words, such a truth of maternal suffering in them, that even the gaoler, who sat in one corner of the cell, felt a sort of pity kindling in his rugged bosom, and he addressed Malavolti.

"Come, Signior," said he, rising and advancing towards him, "don't be too obstreperous. You see what a way your poor mother is in, and it is not much she asks of you, methinks, when she only begs you to have a priest. What harm can he do you? You say you are innocent; but that does not make the matter either better or worse, as I can perceive; for, innocent or guilty, your head is to be chopped off, and so you ought to be shrived. You are not the first man by many, I can tell you, that I have had under my care, who has felt a little qualmish about confessing his guilt. According to their own account, indeed, very few of them deserved what they got; but what then? They were none the better for being innocent; so do what your mother wishes, send for a priest, and confess your innocence to him. It will be a comfort to yourself; and I am sure this noble lady will be all the happier for it when you are gone."

"My good fellow," replied Malavolti, who knew exactly what the gaoler meant to say, though his manner of expressing himself was neither very bland nor much adapted to his purpose.—"My good fellow, I'll talk with you upon this subject when we are alone—"

"Which we must soon be now," interrupted Verruchio, "for the evening gun went ten minutes ago; and by this time they are making preparations to lock up the outer prison gates for the night."

At these words Beatrice arose, and embracing her unhappy son, the wretched mother took her leave, imploring him to think of all she had said, and promising to return on the following morning at the earliest hour which the regulations for admitting strangers would permit. Malavolti kissed her tenderly, but made no reply; and when she had quitted the cell, he cast himself upon his litter of straw to brood in silence over his design.

Malavolti was a Florentine by birth, but a Neapolitan by education, and by all those relations, social, moral, and political, which constitute the affinity of country. His father was of patrician descent, though he inherited with the pure blood of his ancestors only a very slender portion of that wealth which in former times had ranked them with the Princes of Italy. Still, however, the wreck of his patrimonial property, that had escaped public confiscation, and the waste of private prodigality, through the long course of three centuries, enabled him to maintain the independence, if not to assume the state, of his noble lineage. At an early age he married Beatrice Polenta, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Polenta, and of a family as noble, but as decayed, as his own. The personal charms of the youthful Beatrice, and the lofty qualities of her character, were her only dowry; but when she bestowed these, with her heart's first love, upon the father of Malavolti, she went to the altar, rich in the costliest trea-

asures of a bride. It was about two years after their marriage, and when Beatrice had given birth to the son whose doom she now bewailed so bitterly, that she accompanied her husband to Naples, where he had sought and obtained a civil office of considerable rank and emolument under the Neapolitan government. But he had scarcely entered upon its duties, and begun to nourish hopes of future advancement, which lay fairly within the range of his position, when a malignant fever, whose fierce progress no skill could arrest, brought him to his grave in the short space of three days.

Beatrice idolized her husband. Every hour since their union had developed some fresh cause why she should do so. When the ardour of mere passion had subsided, instead of clinging to her only by the cold remembrance of expired or expiring sympathies, (that common, though feeble link of conjugal attachment,) far nobler bonds succeeded. The lover, chosen by the heart alone, had grown into the being whose virtues kindled the devotion of the mind.—And this love dies not, because it is inspired by that which partakes not itself of death. Memory retraces, in fleeting colours, that comeliness of the body which was pleasant to the eye, when the body lies in corruption; but the enduring record of departed goodness dwells in the soul, like the writing that is inscribed upon adamant.

There is, in singleness of grief—in the rare privilege to sorrow, without the upbraiding consciousness of disregarded duties—a refuge for the mourner. When we can say to ourselves, our tears hallow the dead, but wrong not the living; when we feel we are at liberty to consecrate our whole existence to the deep, silent homage of the tomb, because we feel that all we have lived for has been taken from us, and that therefore all our thoughts may gather, unblamed, round the past, and a mysterious, and scarcely earthly repose, dwells within us. We shut out the world, and a calm solemn submission of the bereaved spirit seems to reconcile us to afflictions with which we are thus permitted to hold undisturbed communion. But this Sabbath of the heart was denied to Beatrice. She had been a happy wife; he who had made her so lay festering in his shroud; yet, she was still a mother, and her maternal yearnings gave eloquent language to the utter helplessness of her first-born. "Poor child!" she would exclaim, as she watched its placid slumbers, or gently wiped away the tear that had fallen on its orphan brow, "it were a cruel office for my hand to barb death's arrow afresh, and leave thee, like a thing of chance, to sink or swim, upon the vexed waters of life. That thou art fatherless, is heaven's will; but wherefore thou art so, concerns thy wretched mother less to know than it does to confess before heaven the sacred duties she has to discharge towards thee! Yes, thou sleeping image of him who sleeps in death! thou strange and incomprehensible source of bright hopes and a laughing future, streaming across my dim path, like sunbeams irradiating the dark edges of a passing thunder-cloud, giving fair promise of a serene sky anon!—yes, thou secret spell, that canst make a mother's warm smiles glow within the cold, cold sepulchre of her widowed heart, I will bid sorrow be gentle for thy dear sake; and when my sad thoughts steal to thy father's grave, or linger there with fond recollections, summon them back to thy cradle of our child, and make them obedient servants to thy happiness."

Beatrice kept faith with herself. As years rolled on, the prattling infant grew into the sturdy boy; and the sturdy boy ripened into the manly youth, in whose every look and feature, tone of voice, proud bearing, and impetuous spirit, she saw the exact counterpart of him whom in her own youth she had loved to idolatry. Nor was the resemblance the self-created picture of a mother's partial eyes.—Friends and kindred, nay even strangers, who knew the father, would dwell upon the extraordinary identity which shone forth in the young Malavolti. Oh! how she would sometimes sit and gaze upon him, or mark his lofty carriage as he trode the earth, or listen to his full melodious voice as its tones deepened into manhood, and in the thrilling ecstasy of imagination forget that twenty years had passed away! In such moments, he was her own Malavolti, and she the Beatrice Polenta who had stood with him blushing at the altar, and weeping in the fulness of her joy. When the delusion vanished, the charm remained, and the son was loved with feelings in which Beatrice unconsciously mingled the memory of her husband.

He was in his seven-and-twentieth year when the lamentable event occurred, which consigned him to a dungeon, with the sentence of a felon's death. Lamentable indeed it was in its consequences to Malavolti; but he was the victim of circumstances, and not of premeditated iniquity. Without seeking it, and, in truth, without deserving it, he had drawn upon himself the enmity of a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Brittono. The immediate cause of this enmity was jealousy; the imagined offence of Malavolti, a secret intrigue with his self-assumed rival's mistress, the beautiful Angelica Duzelli. But Malavolti was too proud an aspirant for woman's heart to dispute its possession. The loveliest of the sex, if she could balance between his pretensions and those of another, was disdainfully released by him from the perplexity of a choice; though, in a case where he had once been received, he would punish an intruder, while he relinquished with scorn the object of contention. This haughty feeling, which could be satisfied with nothing less than unquestioned and unquestionable supremacy, presented an insuperable barrier to what he would have considered the intolerable degradation of seeking to supplant another from whom the tenure of possession might be supposed to consist in the mercenary conditions of a stipulated price. Still more was it a defence against the mean and pitiful ambition of declaring

himself a suitor for the preference which had been already bestowed with the sanctity of love.

Brittono, however, acting under the influence of seeming circumstances that warranted his suspicion, and ignorant of Malavolti's creed in matters of gallantry, had pampered his jealousy with what he deemed proofs of design, if not of success, in participating with himself in the favours of Angelica.—But instead of making a direct accusation, he sought to involve Malavolti in a quarrel, by stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Malavolti had noticed these splenetic efforts; but though a man of fiery character, and prone enough to dare the proudest he who ruffled his self-complacency by a look only that could be construed into a precursor of defiance, he held the mastery over his impetuous passions with too noble and dignified a spirit, to let them be played upon, or to suffer that they should be made the instruments of his own arrogance at the will of another. Hitherto, therefore, he had studiously parried, sometimes with raillery, sometimes with scorn, and sometimes with contemptuous silence, the repeated endeavours of Brittono to provoke him into a feud; but the latter, goaded on by his fancied wrongs, and mistaking the deliberate self-command of Malavolti, for a taint of cowardice, singled him at last beyond the endurance of that habitual control which he had imposed upon his feelings in all their previous clashing. It was in the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto, and in the presence of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Naples, that Count Brittono happened to encounter Malavolti on an evening subsequent to one in which he believed he had been serenading the fair Angelica under her garden window. Malavolti observed that his brow was more tempestuous than usual, and that the firm compression of his lips, and the scowling wrath of his eyes, indicated he was writhing under the torment of strong emotions. It so chanced, too, that Malavolti, who was a little flushed with wine, felt an inclination to sport with his moody humour; and advancing towards Brittono, he remarked, in a tone of careless freedom, that he had "never seen the incomparable Angelica look so lovely as when last I saw her at the opera. She seems passionately fond of music."

"Yes," replied Brittono, curling his lip into an expression of cold disdain, "so fond of it, that I believe she sometimes finds pleasure in the discordant twanging of a cracked guitar."

"I dare say," rejoined Malavolti; "for the soul holds intercourse with the divine melody of an air it knows, in spite of its bungling execution, as we can withdraw ourselves from the rant and monotony of a bad actor, and suffer the mind to settle upon the inspired conceptions of the bard whose language he profanes."

"You seem to understand the power of music over a heart susceptible of its charms," answered Brittono.

"Oh!," replied Malavolti, gaily, "it is not the power of music only over susceptible hearts that I understand, I have studied every avenue to them."

"And made yourself master of all, I doubt not," said Brittono, ironically.

"And made myself master of all," repeated Malavolti, "from a burning look, and an inexpressible tender sigh at morning prayer."

"To the lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade under a garden window," interrupted Brittono, abruptly.

"Ay," said Malavolti, laughing; "an evening serenade by moonlight under your mistress' window, especially if you can find your way to her bed-room window, is our charming Italian method of delicately offering the homage of an impassioned heart to its refined idol. But for the grossness of what you call the 'lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade,' I am no follower of such pastimes. They are apt to give a man the quinsy; or, as it may chance, provide a grave for him before he has thought seriously of dying."

"And yet, Signior," answered Brittono, folding his arms in his mantle, while he fixed his eyes steadily upon Malavolti, "there are fools in this city of Naples, who tempt the chance you mention."

"There are fools every where, as well as in Naples," retorted Malavolti, giving a marked emphasis to his words; "but the fool to wouder at in my mind, is he who rashly seeks to play with a lion till he rouses him. Rousing him at once were better, if he have nerve for the encounter."

"Your pardon, Signior," said Brittono, with much caustic bitterness; "I can imagine a climax of folly beyond that, and my school-boy reading furnishes me with the example—the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, and thought he was a lion; but when he meant to roar, he only brayed—and laughter, not terror, was the consequence."

"Count Brittono," exclaimed Malavolti fiercely, stepping closer to him; "there is offence in your words. Am I their aim?"

"Signior Malavolti," replied Brittono, sarcastically, "a Neapolitan does not ask that question. Or if he does, it is only of himself, to be directed in his resolves by the answer. But you are a Florentine!"

"Enough!" said Malavolti.

"More than enough," replied Brittono, contemptuously; "and yet, I dare say, less than sufficient."

Malavolti's person seemed to dilate itself with indignation, as he glared upon Brittono, and addressed him in a stern and angry voice:—

"Florentine, or Neapolitan—either, or both—for birth and breeding dispute the distinction in me—the high blood of Italian nobility runs in my veins, and you have to learn I shall not dishonour it. Why you are my enemy, I know not; and because I know not, I have avoided being yours. For months you have crossed my path, at every turn meanly seeking to fasten a private quarrel upon me, and so make a cause for vindictive strife to hide the true one. Was

this manly? If you could dare to think I had wronged you, you should have had the greater daring! tax me with the wrong, and not bait me with ambiguous taunts and obscure allusions, like a foul bird of ill omen, who shuns the light, but screams portentously, shrouded in darkness. I am choleric and proud enough to be stung with injury; and being chafed, as now I own myself to be, prompt enough to strike at my assailant. Follow me, Count Brittono!" added Malavolti, pointing to his sword, and retreating a few paces.

"If, as you say, Signior," replied Brittono, with an air of cold, insulting mockery, "it has taken months to chafe you, perhaps the noble heat that burns so fiercely at present will hardly cool before the morning. I have a pleasant appointment an hour hence, that might be marred were I to go forth with you now; but you know my retreat," he continued significantly, "the silvan villa where I sleep during these sultry nights of summer."

"It contents me," said Malavolti, after a pause. "Be it so." Then advancing to Brittono, he added, "But, Count, that there be no mistake in this business when the morning comes, I make my pleasant appointment with you, thus"—striking him gently on the arm with his glove. He then turned on his heel, and quitted the room.

The blood rushed into the face of Brittono; his sword was half out of its scabbard; and if those who were standing round had not held him back, the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto would have been the scene of a sudden combat, where nothing less than the death of one or both of the combatants must have ensued.

That night, in repairing to his villa, Count Brittono was way-laid and assassinated. He was discovered the following morning, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Marble Terrace, covered with wounds, as if he had either fought desperately with his murderers, or they had wantonly mangled his body with repeated stabs. There were strong reasons for supposing, too, that the fatal encounter had not taken place where the body was found, but that it had been brought there after life was extinct; as there was a track of blood through the garden, and for a considerable distance along the unfrequented road which led to the villa.

Suspicion naturally fell upon Malavolti, who was immediately arrested. He denied the crime laid to his charge, and demanded to know the alleged proofs of his guilt. But the compendious principles of criminal jurisprudence, which regulated the Neapolitan tribunals, were too well adapted for the gratification of powerful malignity, to protect less powerful innocence. The family of Brittono was potent in its wealth, in its alliances, and in its influence; and the trial of Malavolti was so conducted, as to secure that decision from his judges, which had been already bargained for by his prosecutors. He was found guilty upon the negative evidence of his own inability to disprove his guilt. Sentence of death was passed. Malavolti appealed to the superior court. Grey heads and wrinkled brows, clothed in scarlet and ermine, went through the solemn plausibility of revising a decree which they never intended to reverse; and Malavolti had the consolation of knowing that all the forms of justice had been duly observed, in grave mockery of all its essential principles, and its fundamental spirit. He was ordered to be executed at the expiration of three weeks.

It was on the day this decision of the superior court had been officially notified, that his noble-minded mother, resigned to part with him in this world, but deeply impressed with the awful necessity of religious preparation for the next, had vainly besought him to employ those means of eternal salvation, of whose efficacy she not only entertained a profound belief; but the rooted conviction, that without them the everlasting perdition of the soul was inevitable. Hence her entreaties; hence her imploring supplications to Malavolti, who resisted her prayers from no infidelity of the heart, nor from any lukewarm sentiments of devotional piety. But in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death on the scaffold—in the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, he had conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his heated imagination by the heroic fortitude which it demanded, sternly admonished him, he must yield neither to the solicitations of filial love, nor to the sometimes importunate cravings of fainting nature, (which, in the hour of death, doth ravenously hunger for the food of eternal life,) by admitting priestly counsel. If he would persevere to the end, he must hold no parley with creeds or dogmas. Therefore was his mother denied; though to deny her as he did, was a harder trial of his resolution than the stern purpose for which he denied her.

On the following morning, Beatrice visited her son as she had promised to do. There were the visible traces in her countenance of much mental anguish, and much bodily suffering. She embraced Malavolti in silence; but there was a clinging tenderness in her embrace, as if she were loath to part with her treasure; and when she grasped his hand, the pressure of her own was a mute exhortation to be composed, which spoke to his heart.

"I have spent the live-long night in prayer for thee," said Beatrice, after a pause, "and my hope is strong that I have not humbled myself before God in vain; for, methinks I behold in thee, my son, the departing signs of that sore tribulation which so grievously oppressed thee yesterday."

(To be concluded in our next.)