



Newfoundlander.

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Sixpence.

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

Notices.

PROFILE MINIATURE LIKENESSES NEATLY PAINTED.

In Colours 2 Dollars each,
Bronze 1 Dollar,
Plainblack, 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 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 Newfoundland Office, will be called for on the respective days.

DART PACKET BOAT.

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

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

Letters left at the Newfoundland Office will be carefully forwarded.

November 26.

MAGNANIMITY OF JOSEPHINE.

All the household of Josephine at Navarre were invited to dine with the Mayor of Evreux, and went accordingly, leaving, as usual, Madame d'Asberg with her Majesty, whom she never quitted. In the midst of a magnificent feast we saw an agent of the prefecture enter with a letter for the Mayor. The man's visage sparkled, and he exclaimed at the door, "The King of Rome is born! It was on the 20th of March, 1811." I cannot describe the effect of these words on the guests, who, rising precipitately, crowded round the bearer of this great news, and questioned all at once respecting the event, and the sensation which it had produced in Paris. While the Mayor ran to give orders which he had received, M. Portals directed the carriages to be immediately prepared, that we might return instantly to Navarre, whither the perfect had sent a courier.

Little knowing Josephine's greatness of soul, her entire abrogation of self, her absolute devotion to the happiness of the Emperor, I fancied that a little of the woman must still remain in her, and that she would bitterly regret not being the mother of this infant, so warmly welcomed by a whole nation. I judged like a frivolous and superficial person, accustomed only to the important concerns of a ball-room. On arriving at the palace, I learnt the true character of her who had so long been the cherished companion of her sovereign, frequently his adviser, and always his friend. In stepping from the carriage, my notions underwent a complete change. I saw such satisfaction on every countenance, that it was easy for me to guess what were the Empress's sentiments. Would any one have dared to smile if she were sad? Scarcely had we entered the saloon before her Majesty inquired if any details of the event had arrived. "I regret," she exclaimed every moment, "being so far from Paris. At Malmaison I should have had news so quick. I am rejoiced to see that the painful sacrifice which I made for France has been beneficial, and that her futurity is secure. How happy must the Emperor be! The only thing that grieves me is, that I have not learnt his happiness, from himself; but then he has so many orders to give—so many congratulations to receive! Ladies, here, as elsewhere, there must be a fête to celebrate the accomplishment of so many wishes. I will give you a ball. As the apartments are not large, I will have the guard-room flocked; for the whole town of Evreux will be anxious to come and rejoice with us; and under such circumstances, I cannot assemble so many persons. Make your preparations, M. Pierlot; send for one of my full dresses; for, on this occasion, I will not receive my company in dishabille. As for you, gentlemen, I require you to wear your state costume."—I have added nothing to what Josephine said. The only difference is, that these phrases were not pronounced consecutively. The agreeable countenance of her Majesty was frank and open while she spoke. It was impossible to doubt that the joy which she expressed was real. Never, in my opinion, did she more distinctly show how deserving she was of the high condition which she had attained. The next day the viceroy (Eugene-Beauharnois) arrived, and gave us all the particulars we could desire.

The viceroy assured Josephine, that the Emperor said to him, when he took leave, "You are going to see your mother, Eugene; tell her that I am sure she will rejoice more than any one at my happiness. I would have written to her ere this, had I not been absorbed by the pleasure of looking at my son. I tear myself from him only for the performance of indispensable duties. This evening I will discharge the most pleasing of all—I will write to Josephine." In fact, at 11 o'clock, just as we were about to take tea, we heard a great bustle in the anti-chamber, and presently the folding doors of the gallery, in which was her Majesty, were suddenly thrown open by the usher, who exclaimed, "From the Emperor!" A young page of a pleasing countenance, but who seemed harassed with fatigue, appeared; I believe it was M. de Saint Hilaire. The Empress recognised him, although it was two years since she had seen him. To give him time to recover himself, she put several questions to him with that gracious air which pervaded every thing she did. This young man, the bearer of a letter in the hand-writing of the Emperor, was so afraid of losing it, that he had thrust it into the bottom of his side-pocket; and it was with some difficulty that he found it. The Empress perceiving his embarrassment, continued to converse with him on matters personal to himself; and to tes-

tify the interest she had in the fate of his uncle, who was killed in Spain.—At last, the letter was presented; her Majesty retired with the viceroy to read it, and to reply to it, having given orders to prepare supper for M. de Saint Hilaire, whom she wished to retain until the next day, that he might rest himself; but he replied that he must set off as soon as he had received her Majesty's answer. In half an hour the Empress returned to the saloon; her eyes were red, and the viceroy seemed to be much agitated. We did not dare inquire the contents of the letter—Josephine guessing our curiosity, was so good as to satisfy it; and told us that which had affected her so deeply. She first shewed us the page on which there were a great many blots. I do not exactly recollect the commencement; but the last sentence of the letter was, word for word, as follows:—"This infant, jointly with our Eugene, will constitute my happiness, and that of France." "Is it possible," remarked the Empress, "to be more amiable, than thus to endeavour to soften what at this moment would have been painful to me, if I did not so sincerely love the Emperor?—This bringing together (rapprochement) of my son and his, is worthy of the man who, when he wishes to be so, is more insinuating than any other." When M. de Saint Hilaire came to receive her Majesty's orders:—"That is, for the Emperor, and that for you," said she to him, giving him her answer and a little red Morocco case, containing a diamond pin worth five thousand francs.—Memoirs of Josephine.

MR. CURRAN AND JUDGE ROBINSON.

Mr. Curran's diffidence totally vanished whenever he had to repel what he conceived an unwarrantable attack. It was by giving proofs of the proud and indignant spirit with which he could elabrate aggression, that he first distinguished himself at the bar; of this his contest with Judge Robinson is recorded as a very early and memorable instance. Mr. Curran having observed in some ease before that Judge, "That he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship in any book in his library."—"That may be, Sir," said the Judge, in an arid, contemptuous tone, "but I suspect that your library is very small." His lordship, who, like too many of that time, was a party zealot, was known to be the author of several anonymous political pamphlets, which were chiefly conspicuous for their despotic principles and excessive violence. The young barrister, roused by the sneer at his circumstances, replied, that true it was that his library might be small, but he thanked Heaven, that among his books there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. "I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the title-pages give me the writers' names; my shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity, that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

He was here interrupted by the Judge, who said, "Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "my lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are perhaps not acquainted. A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat, delivered it to a bystander to hold; but having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also; that the trustee of his habiliments had decamped during the affray. So, my lord, when the person, who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment, to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

Judge Robinson.—"If you say another word, Sir, I'll commit you."

Mr. Curran.—"If your lordship should do so, we shall, both of us, have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing your Lordship has committed."

The Judge did not commit him; but he was understood to have solicited the bench to interfere, and make an example of the advocate, by depriving him of his gown, and to have received so little encouragement, that he thought it prudent to proceed no further in the affair.

PATHETIC STORY.

(From Anecdotes of the French Revolution.)

Young —, whose mother now resides in London, was sent by her to Paris, in order to polish, and keep him out of harm's way. I remember him well: he was a good-natured but incautious lad, and possessed of great simplicity of manners. But, unfortunately for him, he was a most impassioned Englishman, and openly cursed the French and all their measures; for which indiscretion Suedaer often remonstrated with him in vain. The Committee of Public Safety, wanting some English heads for exhibition, caused him to be arrested. Suedaer visited him in prison. He was, even there, always merry, full of the heyday of youth, and continued to blaspheme the French Republic, 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the King,' were the favourite songs with which he made his prison walls resound. But Rule Britannia, and God save the King, were proofs of his being one of the serfs of George, and an agent of Peet. It was evident, therefore, that he was engaged in a conspiracy in-prison to destroy the unity and indivisibility of the republic. 'Nothing could be more clear,' said Fouquier Tainville, the public accuser. Accordingly, he was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, with a vast number of other persons of both sexes, among whom was Colonel Newton (who was sentenced to death for playing at cards). As he knew scarcely anything of the French language, of course he could not understand a syllable of what passed. They asked him no questions, but he was sentenced to die. When he was removed from the tribunal, and after he returned to prison, he was as unconcerned and as gay as ever; for he had not the most distant idea that he had been on trial. The next morning he was carried down into the court-yard, where the fatal cart, attended by Gens D'Armes, awaited him. At the same instant Dr. Suedaer entered the prison to take a last adieu of him and Colonel Newton. The Colonel was already seated in the cart, and looked very dejected. The spectacle of Newton bound, and in that situation, startled the youth; he inquired whether they were going to take him. He could not make himself understood, as he did not speak French. At that instant Suedaer, overwhelmed with an agony of grief, came up to him. This agitation of the Doctor's increased his distress; he asked hastily, 'Doctor Suedaer! what are they going to do with me?' Suedaer, quite overcome, and bursting into tears, answered, 'My poor lost boy, I am come to bid you farewell—you are going to instant death.' 'To death!' said he, with the quivering lip of youthful innocence. 'I have not been tried.' Then wringing his hands, he exclaimed, 'Oh! God! Oh! God!' and swooned away in the arms of Suedaer. While in this condition he was torn away, and thrown into the cart. He recovered, however, before he reached the scaffold, and cried most bitterly. Colonel Newton (who had long served under Suwaroff, and received twelve wounds at the storming of Ishmael, and who was Colonel of the regiment of dragoons which guarded the King to the scaffold), pitying the distress of the youth, forgot himself, and employed the last moments of his existence in administering comfort to him. But nature was uppermost; the misery of his afflicted mother rushed into his mind; nor did he cease to exclaim, 'My poor mother! my poor mother!' until the fatal axe closed his eyes upon this world.—The spectators pitied him; for his person was extremely prepossessing, and I am sure his innocent countenance was enough to have wrung a tear from a heart of stone. He was only eighteen years of age at the time of his murder, and a considerable fortune awaited him, had he attained to maturity. On the disconsolate mother, thus bereft of her only child, the tearful eye of pity casts a sympathizing look; and should this sad tale of the fate of her beloved offspring fall into her hands, I wish her to be assured that the recorder of it, while commiserating her mourning life, and dropping tears of agony upon the page, discards every sentiment that may add to it at consuming grief which is too rapidly hurrying her to a premature grave. In this narration, my only motive is to arouse humanity, and to implore, in the awful name of God, the avenging justice of mankind against a people who are in continual hostility against the peace, the innocence, and the happiness of every part of the animated world.

LONDON, JANUARY 9.

Death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Our readers will learn with profound regret, that the Arts have sustained an irreparable loss by the premature decease of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The incontestable and almost unenvied supremacy accorded throughout Europe to the President of the Royal Academy, did perhaps as much honour to those who rendered homage to transcendent genius, as to the great artist who was the object of it. To his friends and to his country his loss is irreparable; but he lived long enough for his own glory—his name is recorded in imperishable characters in the splendid list of the illustrious men who have done honour to the happy land which gave them birth.—*Courier*.

Sir Thomas dined with Mr. Secretary Peel on Saturday, and then appeared to be in his usual good health and spirits. Sir Thomas, we believe, was upwards of fifty, and was elected to the Presidency of the Royal Academy on the death of the late Benjamin West. As a portrait painter, he was unrivalled for the high finish and delicacy of his likenesses, which, in point of expression, were by many people considered nearly if not quite equal to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—*Sun*.

It is reported that an extensive Naval promotion will take place on the next anniversary of his Majesty's birth day; and that also a variety of alterations and improvements, which have been for some time digesting, relative to the service, will then be promulgated.—*Plymouth Herald*.

We are enabled to state, from the most positive authority, that all the preliminary arrangements for raising Prince Leopold to the throne of Greece have been made, and that the result of the conferences have been communicated to the respective Courts whose Ambassadors had taken part in them. There are, however, still some obstacles to surmount, and we can confidently state, that the affair is not considered to be positively settled; so far as the Prince himself is concerned, no point remains to be argued; and it is believed that the Emperor of Russia will also agree to what has been determined upon in London. Should every thing be arranged definitively as now intended, the Duke of Wellington or the Earl of Aberdeen, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Peel in the House of Commons, will bring in a bill to absolve the Prince from his allegiance, as a British subject; and the means of enabling him to support the kingly dignity will be provided for by the Allied Powers. As to the income enjoyed by Prince Leopold in right of the late Princess Charlotte, we have authority to state, that no suggestion will be made to him by our Ministers as to relinquishing any part of it, it being felt that such an interference would be indelicate. It is expected, however, that such a liberal provision will be made for him as King of Greece, that his Royal Highness will voluntarily resign a portion of the income which is paid to him by this country. In addition to this statement, which is from good authority, we have to notice a rumour now very prevalent in the best saloons in Paris, that a marriage is to take place between Prince Leopold and one of the daughters of the Duke of Orleans. Such an union is much more probable than the story which has been told of an intended marriage between him and the widow of Napoleon. It is a well-known fact that his Royal Highness and the Orleans family have lately been on terms of very great intimacy. During his stay in Paris he was a frequent visitor at the Duke's palace, and since his return there has been much correspondence between him and the Duke. The statement in a morning paper that the King was warmly opposed to the projected elevation of Leopold, is, we can state positively, without foundation.

Irish Members of Parliament.—These gentlemen are now to be regularly brought before the bar of the public. Mr. O'Connell has established an office of Parliamentary Agency in Dublin, under the direction of Mr. Dwyer, Secretary of the late Catholic Association. This gentleman is to give minute information, through the Catholic newspaper press, of all the proceedings, and among the rest the following:—"Mr. Dwyer will also give the public, once a week, as accurate a list as possibly can be obtained of names of the Irish Members who attend Parliament—with the days of their actual attendance at the House, and the manner in which they vote on each particular question.—My eldest son, who accompanies me to London, will assist in the formation of this list. The Irish people will thus be thoroughly informed of the diligence and conduct of their representatives."

JANUARY 22.

The Earl of Rosslyn entertained the Cabinet Ministers to dinner on Wednesday evening, at his residence in St. James's Square. This was the first Cabinet dinner given by his Lordship since his accession to the Ministry, and was the second Cabinet dinner given this season. Nearly the whole of the members of the Cabinet were present.

The health of the Right Hon. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald is, we regret to state, rather worse. Indeed, if the present symptoms continue, we apprehend his retirement to be inevitable.—*Sun*.

It is stated in some high places that Sir John Malcolm is on his way from India to England, for the purpose of advocating in parliament the cause of the East India Company.

Agricultural Distress.—A few days ago the Magistrates assembled at the Lewis Quarter Sessions, following the example of the grand jury of Kent, passed a string of resolutions on the agricultural distress of the country, which they forwarded to the Duke of Wellington, who has sent the following answer:—

London, January 18, 1830.

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant respecting the application of the Magistrates

acting in the Eastern division of the county of Sussex, upon the distress which they state to exist in every part of the country, commercial as well as agricultural; to which I will draw the attention of the King's servants.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WELLINGTON.

W. B. LANGRIDGE, Esq.

We have received accounts corroborative of previous statements, that the Russian troops lately employed against the Turks, were suffering severe losses from disease.—*Courier*.

JANUARY 23.

The Paris papers of Wednesday, and private letters dated Tuesday, describe the preparations making at Toulon for a combined military and naval attack on Algiers, should the Dey persist in refusing the indemnity demanded from him by the French government, as being on a very extensive scale. In one of the journals, the expedition is spoken of as being undertaken in conjunction with the Pacha of Egypt; but this single statement needs confirmation. Orders have been sent from Toulon to Admiral Rigny to return immediately, in order to command the naval force; and sixty merchantmen are freighted for the conveyance of troops. It is said, that at first no landing will be made at Algiers, but a powerful bombardment, followed by some fire-ships, to burn the ships in the port. If this does not produce a satisfactory result, two divisions of troops, which are to be stationed near Toulon, are to be embarked for the coast of Africa. This will not be done until the last extremity, that the men may stay as short a time as possible in a country where quarters are scarce.

The Lisbon Gazette announces, that on the 20th ult. Don Miguel held a Court, at which the Spanish, Papal, and American Ministers, had their first public audience with his Majesty.

The Governor of Gibraltar has abolished the tax of five sous a day, which was exacted from all strangers whilst they continued to reside in that garrison. The Hon. Edward Peire, a Catholic, has been chosen Lord Mayor of York for the ensuing year.

JANUARY 20.

Mr. Wilkie was yesterday chosen President of the Royal Academy, in the room of the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Government have received intelligence of the death of Sir Charles Brisbane, the Governor of the island of St. Vincent.

It was understood in the city yesterday afternoon, that one measure which Government has under contemplation is the abolition of the office of the Master of the Mint, held by Mr. Herries, who is positively stated to have the appointment of President of the Board of Trade, in the room of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who continues seriously indisposed.

PORTUGAL.—Authentic accounts from Paris, of the 20th, state that the French Government had received a telegraphic despatch from Bayonne, announcing the death of the Queen Dowager of Portugal. The date of her Majesty's decease was not mentioned in the despatch.

Papers and letters from Lisbon have been received to the 10th instant. The only fact of importance which they record is the death of the Queen Dowager. This mischievous woman died on the 7th, at the age of fifty-four. Some curious stories are told of the means employed by the doctors and divines who surrounded her death-bed, to prolong the life of this worthless Princess. Her hopeful son, Miguel, was anxious that her life might be preserved a few days, chiefly that he might enjoy a hunting excursion which he had projected at Pinheiro; and he was not a little displeased with our lady for allowing his mother to die on the 7th instead of the 10th, when he would have been ready for the event.

The commercial letters seem to anticipate some important change in the situation of Portugal in consequence of the old Queen's death. Intelligence of the 1st November had reached Lisbon from Rio de Janeiro, confirming the statements of the fitting out vessels to repair either to Terceira or Lisbon, to act as circumstances might dictate, in support of the cause of the young Queen. This had diffused the greatest satisfaction among the adherents of the constitution, who, from that circumstance and the loss to Miguel of the Queen's support, were sanguine and enthusiastic in anticipating a change for the better. It was generally believed that Miguel and his Ministers were under great consternation and alarm, and it was reported that they had determined on granting an amnesty immediately, in the hope of thereby obtaining the support of the English Government.

JANUARY 27.

THE WEATHER.—Accounts of a melancholy description are almost daily received of the effects of the severe cold on the Continent, accompanied, as in England, with a heavy fall of snow. Both in France and Spain a number of persons have been frozen to death, and others have been devoured by the wolves, who have been driven from their dens in pursuit of food. At Paris, Fahrenheit's thermometer has marked as low as seven, being 25 degrees below the freezing point, and in other places the cold has been still more intense. At Bologna the river is entirely frozen, an event which has not before happened in the memory of man.

The Earl of Nonntcharles has resigned his situation as one of the Lords of the Treasury.—*Star*.

Mr. Herries attended at the office of the Board of Trade on Monday evening, and also yesterday morning. Mr. Courtenay, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, had an interview with the Right Honourable Gentleman, at the office, yesterday. Some of the papers connected with the office were forwarded yesterday to the residence of Mr. Herries.

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was rather better yesterday, the Right Hon. Gentleman experienced some benefit from taking a hot bath the preceding evening.

The Duke of Bedford is seriously indisposed at his residence, Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire. An express arrived in town yesterday morning, to fetch Sir Henry Hallford. Soon after the arrival of the messenger, Sir Henry left town for Woburn Abbey, to attend the noble Duke.

The Duke of Buccleuch is to move the Address in the House of Lords, and the seconder is to be the Earl of Glengall. We understand that in the House of Commons, the Address will be moved by Lord Darlington, and seconded by Mr. Wm. Ward, member for the city.

Mr. Martin Archer Shee has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in the room of Sir Thomas Lawrence. We receive this intelligence with pleasure. Mr. Shee has not been a fortunate artist; but he is a man of learning and honourable enthusiasm in his profession. He is known to the literary public as an elegant and spirited poet. His *Rhymes on Art, or the Remonstrance of a Painter*, which appeared many years ago, was hailed by the first critics of the day—and, both in the text and notes, offers many proofs of Mr. Shee's knowledge and taste. The *Morning Journal* makes the following unhandsome remarks on Mr. Shee's selection:—

"Mr. Shee is an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic. He is a portrait-painter, but does not hold the highest rank even in this department of art, which has been generally designated as the inferior, but to which Great Britain is mainly indebted for the high station assigned to her on the Continent. It will, consequently, be matter of surprise to many, that the choice of the Academy did not fall upon some more distinguished individual."

We call this unhandsome, because we cannot see that Mr. Shee's being Irish and Catholic, ought to be any obstacle to his filling the chair of the Academy. Ireland is not destitute of genius. We think it is *Le Sage* who notices, in *Gil Blas*, the astonishing command of the school logic possessed by the students of that nation at Salamanca. In eloquence and wit, Ireland is second to no country in the world. In racy humour, and social excitability, the Irish even exceeds the French character. For the rest, some of the noblest painters the world ever saw were Catholics. We admit and regret that portrait painting is so much followed in our day. And we are sorry that the British school of historical painting is so poor. For the rest, we are pleased at Mr. Shee's elevation. It is a sort of tribute to literature, which artists too often neglect.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE TIERNEY.

The death of the Right Hon. George Tierney, M. P., was announced last night through the ordinary channel of an advertisement. Had this distinguished Statesman's career been as successful as his principles were fixed and unaccommodating, courtiers might have been in waiting to announce the fatal event, and the precise moment of its occurrence, to the Sovereign in his palace, and reporters stationed to collect the details of his last illness. We can now do little more than announce the fact that Mr. Tierney is no more. We know not with certainty what was his age; but he must be the last of nearly ten of that galaxy of talent which illuminated the House of Commons by its brilliancy, from the close of the American war, and during the tempestuous season of the French Revolution. Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Pitt, are all gone before him, inferior in brilliancy, but almost equal in argument, to Fox,—less burdened with the trappings of learning, and less perplexed with the refinements of metaphysics, than Burke or Windham,—second in wit, but more abounding in wisdom, than Sheridan,—less soaring and imposing than Pitt,—Mr. Tierney was generally heard with attention equal to any of these illustrious persons in debate; and if he could not succeed in carrying the opinions he espoused, he seldom allowed his adversaries to boast of a personal triumph over him as their advocate. Mr. Tierney's speeches were more like colloquial good sense spoken in the parlour, than lofty or studied eloquence uttered in the Senate: and he was, therefore, spared the pain of many a broken metaphor and redundant clause, given merely to round a sentence. He was sagacious in an eminent degree. His enemies have given the quality a less engaging epithet; but whether it were sagacity or cunning, in him it was a pure and useful quality; for it is but too obvious that it was never exerted to promote his own personal interests. Perhaps there might be the less disposition abroad to excuse or pardon it to its possessor, because it was but too often successfully exercised in detecting and exposing the selfish motives of others.—*Times*.

IRELAND.

A report has prevailed within this short time, that the vacant Roman Catholic Bishoprick of Waterford is likely to be filled, not by any one of the Rev. Gentlemen, whose names were lately returned to the See of Rome, but by the Rev. Dr. Weld, at present residing in the "eternal city"—a gentleman of one of the most eminent Catholic families in England, and of great wealth.—*Mirror*.—[If this prove to be the case, the Pope has assumed the unqualified appointment of the Irish Catholic Bishops.]

The writ has issued for the election of a representative for Limerick, in room of the late Mr. Lloyd, who represented the county for so many years. Mr. Massey Dawson has vacated his seat for Clonmel in order to become a candidate; and there will be a contest between him and Colonel O'Grady, son of the Chief Baron; but it is thought that Mr. Dawson has the best chance of success, as he is backed by

the Earls of Kingston and Clare, Lord Massy, and others of the leading men of the county.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed the people of the county of Limerick on their approaching election.—The following are his expressions respecting the Peerage:—

"Three or four Lords have, it seems, determined to dictate a representative to the county of Limerick. According to the principles of the Constitution, these Lords are, by law, prohibited from intermeddling with elections. According to the practice, they grossly and contemptuously violate the law—and then these very Lords bestride the Bench of Justice, and rigorously punish the slightest violation of the law that is committed to poor men. I trust I shall live to see the day when these noble offenders will meet the same measure of punishment from even-handed justice which they now minister to others—and although I do not desire to see them at the cart's tail, or in the convict ship, yet I hope and expect to see the day when the law of the land will become too strong for their delinquencies, and will be able to confine them to the exercise of their own privileges, without daring to infringe on the rights of the people."

The rumour of the change of Ministry, which was given confidently a short time since, has become small by degrees and beautifully less. It has been re-modelled, day after day, in a less confident form—"The Ministry has been changed;" "It is changing;" "It must be changed;" "It may be changed;" "If it be not changed, the Lord confound it." This is the progress of the report to its true value. We cannot but suspect that our contemporaries, who propagate these strange stories, must be deluded by persons who are themselves deceived. There must be some persons, we take it, who derive from their assiduity in intrigue, and from their being allowed to pursue their work without the least molestation, too great a confidence in their eventual success.

One course of policy is now, it would seem, resorted to, and the party apparently derives hopes from misrepresentations calculated to excite personal jealousy in the King against his Ministers. The Ministry is now too closely in accordance with Foreign Powers—it is too influential in Europe—it is too powerful in Parliament—it does not rely enough for support on the King's personal favour—it does not consult assiduously enough the King's personal wishes. These are the arguments which it addresses to the reason of a patriot Monarch.

What there has been in the public conduct of the King to encourage the expectation that these appeals to a womanish jealousy will be successful, we cannot discover. It was not observable in his elevation of Mr. Canning, or of his present Minister, nor even (to go further back) in his attachment to Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, who, whatever were their defects, were not crawling or subservient men. There are appearances that he has indulged in strong antipathies in comparatively unimportant matters; but what incapable Minister has he taken into favour on account of hoped-for subserviency to his wishes?

Without therefore presuming to judge of the feelings of the King, we derive from his past conduct an assurance that all the intrigues, by whomsoever conducted, on which the party founds its hopes of a change of Ministry, will be ineffectual. We may expect, however, reports of the wonderful changes to be wrought at Windsor; and as the procession to that place wanted nothing but men and horses to be both numerous and imposing, and to manifest a deep feeling in the nation, we shall have lists of administrations which (except common sense, and capacity, and estimation in the country) will want nothing but their actual appointments to be perfect cabinets.—*Globe*, January 15.

We understand that a serious difference of opinion exists between the Premier and an illustrious Personage on the subject of the affairs of Portugal. The desire of the Noble Duke to recognise the regal authority of Miguel is said to be opposed in the highest quarter, in consequence of a feeling that the conduct of Don Miguel has been directly insulting to the Sovereign of this country, inasmuch as he has broken engagements which he had personally made, when hospitably entertained at Windsor.—*Brighton Gazette*.

It is said that the sum of 120,000*l.* was paid into the Bank of England on Monday to the account of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, a short time back, was the purchaser of stock to the amount of 170,000*l.* The repairs and rent of Apsley-house could not have cost less than 50,000*l.*; so that it would seem his Grace is beginning to know the value of money. Some years back it was whispered that he was far from affluent. But the truth, we have heard, is, that since his appointment to the Premiership the Noble Duke has had his hands too full of business to have any chance of spending money—his salary as First Lord of Treasury, and his pay as Field Marshal, are more than equal to his expenditure, so that the princely income he derives from his extensive estates in this country and on the continent has been for some years untouched.—*Kent and Essex Mercury*.

The Newfoundland.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The communication acknowledged in our last, has been withdrawn by request.

We understand that the schooner *Surprise*, Capt. HARVEY, intended to sail for Oporto to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, will probably touch at some port in Ireland, on her way thither.—Letter-bag at the office of Messrs. ROBINSON & BROOKING.

The brig which appeared off this harbour on Saturday last, and the following day, proved to be the *Jane Hatton*, Capt. KERR, 35 days from Greenock. The vessel having been forced to leeward of this port, the Captain endeavoured to make for Bay Bulls, but could not, owing to the ice, fetch nearer than within two miles of the heads;—he, however, with very great difficulty succeeded in sending the letter-bag on shore, and a messenger arrived with it, at this place, early on Tuesday morning last.—We are much indebted to our several mercantile friends for the latest papers brought by this conveyance, up to the 1st February, which has enabled us to impart to our columns this week, a more than ordinary degree of interest. Although in our hasty perusal of the several English and Scotch journals in our possession, we were unable to discover any article or piece of information of particular moment, we have endeavoured to diversify our available space with those miscellaneous extracts from which our readers could, themselves, form a tolerably accurate estimate of the state of the foreign and domestic relations of the mother countries.—Several contradictory statements have appeared in the London papers respecting His Majesty's Health—we can gather, from the whole, that it is in a very precarious state.—Parliament was to have met in the first week in February; the session is looked forward to with considerable anxiety and interest.

Since writing the above, we have heard with sincere regret of the total loss of the *Jane Hatton*, on the night of Monday last. The wind having veered in the course of the evening to S. W., continued to blow with increasing violence until about 11 o'clock, P. M., when the vessel, being quite unmanageable in the ice, was driven against the north head of Bay Bulls, where she struck three or four times with great violence, bilged, and soon afterwards sunk about a mile off. The Captain and crew were obliged to take to the ice for several hours, having stove their long-boat in hoisting her over the ship's side; but after infinite labour they partially secured the leak, and finally reached Petty Harbour in the morning, completely exhausted with cold and fatigue.—The *Jane Hatton* was laden with a valuable cargo of bread, flour, molasses, coals, &c.

An accident of a most heart-rending nature occurred on board the brig *Shubencadie*, on her passage hence to Liverpool, in December last. Mr. HUGH R. DOUGLAS, of this town, had, with his family, namely, Mrs. D. and two children, taken passage in the above vessel, and, while walking the deck on the third day after their departure, with his younger child, a fine boy of two years of age, in his arms, he was violently thrown, by a sudden pitch of the vessel, upon the poor infant, who was so much injured as to survive the fatal fall but a very few minutes.

We feel much pleasure in stating, that a letter has been received in town from Capt. JOHNSTON, of the brig *Agnes*, lately belonging to this port, (which vessel, it will be recollected, was fallen in with, abandoned, on the Banks, in November last,) announcing his safe arrival in Liverpool. He had communicated the particulars of his escape from the wreck in previous letters, which have not yet come to hand.

We have been very politely favoured by ROBERT JOSE, Esq., with the following list of arrivals from Newfoundland, transmitted by his friend in Liverpool. It is gratifying to learn that there are no accounts of any missing ships—and it is though some vessels had been out rather long than the time usually allowed for a passage from this country, it is in some measure accounted for by the prevalence of easterly winds on the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, during the whole of December and January last:—

- Oct. 27.—*Warwick*, Adams, Demerara
- Dec. 28.—*Swift*, Newell, Cork.
- Jan. 13.—*Favourite*, Withycomb, ditto
- 21.—*Charles*, Harvey, ditto.
- 6.—*Aurora*, White, ditto.
- Mary Russell*, Newman, ditto
- 9.—*Fly*, Egg, ditto.
- Dec. 30.—*Jane Hatton*, Kerr, Clyde.
- 22.—*Ann*, Williams, Genoa.
- 5.—*Salvage*, Willis, Malaga.
- Apollo*, Wakeham, at Crookhaven, in 11 days.
- Jan. 3.—*Ann*, Hellyer, Falmouth.
- 8.—*Prince Regent*, Lishy, Pool
- 7.—*Elizabeth*, Johns, ditto.
- Robert*, Nodworthy, ditto.
- Enterprise*, Cole, ditto.
- Ann*, Hayward, ditto.
- Harriet*, Preston, Gravesend.
- Oct. 24.—*Ariana*, —, Jamaica.
- Jan. 5.—*Walker*, Tennant, Liverpool.
- 8.—*Lady Ann*, Pittman, ditto.
- Sarah*, Hayman, ditto.
- 19.—*Shubencadie*, Bartlett, ditto.
- Hebe*, —, ditto.
- 6.—*Augi Le Bus*, —, Jersey.
- Jan. 6.—*Feronia*, Henley, Teignmouth.
- 7.—*Mary*, Wills, Plymouth.
- 9.—*Dolphin*, Wakeham, Figueira.
- Prince Regent*, Mortimer, Teignmouth.
- 7.—*Britannia*, Shadden, Waterford.
- 13.—*Aurora*, Poirier, ditto.—(Arrived at Liverpool 28th Jan. Lost the mate overboard between that place & Waterford.)
- Dec. 28.—*Britannia*, Metherell, Havre.
- Jan. 12.—*Kingscore*, Wilkie, Naples.
- 13.—*Lindsay*, Rowe, Pernambuco.
- 7.—*Harton*, Kingshot, ditto.
- Rio Janeiro*, Loreyat, ditto.
- 10.—*Scotia*, Curdy, ditto.

- 8.—*Mercury*, Cram, Lisbon.
- Oak*, Woodward, ditto.
- Brothers*, Mitchell, ditto.
- Dec. 27.—*Mayflower*, Martin, ditto.
- 29.—*Eliza*, Biol, ditto.
- Jan. 8.—*Little Catherine*, —, Malta.
- Charity*, —, ditto.
- 9.—*Meridian*, —, Rio Janeiro.
- Dec.—*Cornhill*, Florence, Oporto.
- Hebe*, Field, ditto.
- Samuel*, Bond, ditto.

The brigs *Manchester* and *Kate*, have arrived hence at Halifax—the latter in 19 days, with loss of fore-topmast.

The following is a list of the vessels cleared out at this port for the Seal Fishery, up to last evening.—We believe more than fifty of these vessels proceeded to sea yesterday, with a very favourable time—and it is expected that the whole of the Sealers (upwards of 100) will have sailed before Sunday next:—

VESSELS' NAMES.	TONS.	MASTERS' NAMES.	MEX.
<i>Abeona</i>	66	Daniel Dwyer	21
<i>Perseverance</i>	112	George Carey	21
<i>Fanny</i>	81	Edward Chafe	25
<i>Dove</i>	53	Edward Parcell	28
<i>Nancy</i>	64	Thomas Heneey	19
<i>St. Patrick</i>	64	Thomas Casey	21
<i>Despatch</i>	77	Dennis M'Grath	25
<i>Speculation</i>	84	William Burn	23
<i>Seafloater</i>	52	Michael Wallace	15
<i>Fury</i>	72	James Mahar	25
<i>Brazilian Patriot</i>	75	Nathaniel Woodley	23
<i>Felicity</i>	69	Lawrence Power	19
<i>Revenge</i>	55	Thomas Power	16
<i>Reliance</i>	70	Charles Ryan	24
<i>Joanna</i>	129	Edward Ryan	30
<i>Hannah</i>	89	John Roach	24
<i>Brothers</i>	61	Henry Chafe	23
<i>Rambler</i>	111	Peter Pim	25
<i>Morning Star</i>	63	Michael Acid	19
<i>Margaret</i>	84	William Butt	17
<i>Sally Ann</i>	77	Thomas Butt	21
<i>Elizabeth</i>	69	Thomas Roman	21
<i>Hope</i>	49	Thomas Butler	17
<i>Hope</i>	71	Isaac Martin	21
<i>Messenger</i>	58	Thomas Brennox	20
<i>Trial</i>	42	James Jordan	15
<i>Hebe</i>	45	Jacob Chafe	18
<i>Resolution</i>	85	John Bulzer	22
<i>Charlotte</i>	48	William Pilley	17
<i>Renown</i>	86	Thomas Allen	24
<i>Amazon</i>	35	John Casey	13
<i>Success</i>	53	Joseph Beuson	21
<i>Emily</i>	100	Richard Delany	26
<i>Collector</i>	42	James Woods	15
<i>Belle Isle</i>	90	William Gordon	24
<i>Leonard</i>	75	Patrick Manning	24
<i>Perseverance</i>	72	Thomas Burke	21
<i>Elizabeth</i>	90	William Dwyer	24
<i>Ranger</i>	61	Michael Francey	20
<i>Industry</i>	49	Peter Sexton	18
<i>Elizabeth</i>	61	Michael Dunn	18
<i>Fanny</i>	68	Garrett Dalton	20
<i>Barbara</i>	55	William Reddy	17
<i>Elizabeth</i>	40	James Pottle	17
<i>Rival</i>	69	D. Davidson	21
<i>Eclipse</i>	54	Garrett Dooley	20
<i>Mauln</i>	63	Michael Murphy	20
<i>Wellington</i>	74	William Mullens	22
<i>Daniel O'Connell</i>	75	William Kent	22
<i>St. Patrick</i>	131	Patrick Power	26
<i>Wellington</i>	73	Foran	22
<i>Confidence</i>	77	John Picott	26
<i>Active</i>	54	John Steers	18
<i>Two Sisters</i>	69	Peter Blake	23
<i>Hannah</i>	57	Morris Br'nan	23
<i>Joseph</i>	60	William Ryan	19
<i>Seafloater</i>	47	Walter Walsh	17
<i>Fame</i>	52	Joseph Hickey	18
<i>Concord</i>	80	Edward Kennedy	25
<i>Elizabeth</i>	71	William Shea	23
<i>Almira</i>	55	John Mulcahy	26
<i>Sally</i>	47	Richard Quin	14
<i>Industry</i>	53	James Fursey	20
<i>Avalon</i>	83	Thomas Mealey	25
<i>Gumborough</i>	100	Walter Bennett	27
<i>Theresa</i>	57	Morris Cummins	18
<i>Robert</i>	65	Edward Neal	18
<i>Aurora</i>	40	Martin Whelan	15
<i>Active</i>	67	Edward Reddy	20
<i>Cousins</i>	108	William Kennedy	29
<i>Notre Dame</i>	69	Jacob Bradbury	21
<i>Argyle</i>	74	Thomas Pynn	26
<i>Cambrian</i>	79	Michael Keating	18
<i>Rose & Thistle</i>	80	Francis Nezal	22
<i>Speculator</i>	79	James Jorene	26
<i>Betsy</i>	68	Walter Shelly	23
<i>Amily</i>	47	Edward Williams	17
<i>William</i>	47	Thomas Fing	18
<i>Margaret</i>	54	Thomas Knight	18
<i>Three Sisters</i>	53	Mottley	16
<i>Rose</i>	38	Fannea	11
<i>Belinda</i>	109	Pitts	20

* The Masters not included.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday last, the Schooner *Confidence*, belonging to this port, underwent the ordinary process of smoking, for the purpose of destroying the vermin with which she was infested; and it appears that, on the following morning, the owner of the vessel sent a seaman on board, with instructions to take off the hatch and to light a fire in the cabin. The unfortunate man proceeded, in company with another, to obey these orders, and upon blowing the fire, said to his companion that he felt as if tipsy from blowing it, and that he should lie down. He accordingly did so, and was some time afterwards found lying on the floor apparently dead. Vinegar was immediately procured with which to rub his temples; but the man who performed this kindly office soon became quite giddy, and on going up the companion, felt so affected as to be scarcely able to move from the place. In saucing the vessel no other combustible is said to have been used than wood, sea-coal, and two or three pair of old shoes.—A coroner's inquest has been held on the body; and a verdict of *died by suffocation* returned. The name of the deceased was *William Ingham*, a native of England. He had been in the service of Mr. Picott, to whom the vessel belongs, for a number of years.—*Lodge's*.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Newfoundlander*.

SIR,—Conceiving the subject of the following letter, received yesterday from Michael Tobin, Esq., of Halifax, to be of vital importance to the inhabitants of this place generally, I request you will give it immediate insertion in the *Newfoundlander*.
Yours, &c.
+ THOMAS SCALLAN.
St. John's, 10th March, 1830.

"TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. SCALLAN.

"My Lord,—Having written you already by this conveyance, I omitted to inform you that the small-pox is making rapid strides at Bermuda; and as the port of St. John's has much trade with that Island, it will most likely find its way to your town, and the only remedy known as yet is the vaccine inoculation, which many here are now availing themselves of. The Doctor General of this Garrison sends some of the vaccine lymph to St. John's, by the present opportunity, which I trust may be made useful. A sloop of war was sent from Bermuda to this place in January for a supply, but we regret to hear it proved to be too old, and the disease has in consequence spread. We have however sent some fresh matter to our friends in Bermuda. Much alarm has been caused here, fearing the dreadful disease may gain a footing. Your poor people would suffer much were it to make its appearance amongst them.—I hope the use of vaccine may prevent it.
Your obedient servant,
"MICHAEL TOBIN."

Halifax, 27th Feb.

Died, at Dartmouth (England), in January last, NICHOLAS BROOKING, Esq., late Collector of H. M. Customs at that port, and brother of the Hon. Arthur H. Brooking, Collector of H. M. Customs, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.
ENTERED.
March 10.—Schooner *Elizabeth*, Nowlan, Halifax; 29 bls. sugar, 14 M. shingles, 300 bls. flour, 3 bhd. and 2 qr. casks madeira wine, 9 bls. and 12 boxes cheese, 58 qrs. beef, 45 carcasses mutton, &c.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,
At 11 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
Wm Henry Thomas,
THE CARGO
Of the Schooner *Elizabeth*, from Halifax,
CONSISTING OF
30 QRS. Prime fresh BEEF,
30 Carcasses MUTTON,
19 Barrels Sugar,
25 Ditto superfine Flour,
50 Ditto fine ditto,
125 Ditto middlings ditto,
50 Cheese,
4 M. Shingles.
Also,
12 Boxes Chocolate,
10 Qr.-casks Congo Tea.
March 11.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.
(For the benefit of the Poor.)
THIS EVENING,
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 11.

Notice.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
10th March, 1830.
At a Special Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, held this day, it was resolved that REWARDS be given to the Masters of the three best Schooners sailing from this port, who may bring in the greatest number of Seals, in proportion to the number of their Crews respectively, this spring.
That the Reward for the best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with a suitable inscription, value 4l.
That the Reward for the second best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 3l.
That the Reward for the third Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 2l.
HENRY HAWSON, Secretary.
SEALERS' AGREEMENTS
For Sale at this Office.

Notices.

Encouragement to Seal-Catchers.

THE Underwriters of St. John's will present a SILVER WATCH (value Five Guineas), with an appropriate inscription engraved thereon, to the Man who shall kill, haul, and deliver on board the vessel he may belong to this Spring, the greatest number of SEALS; to be ascertained by the affidavit of himself and the Master of the vessel—the said vessel being insured by the Underwriters—whether sailing from St. John's or an Outport.
J. BOYD, Agent.
March 11.

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

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.

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,
Agent,
February 25.

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, Slops,
Ravensducks, Canvass,
Sealing Guns, &c. &c.
March 4.

BY
Daniel Codner & Co.
HAMBURGH Pork, Butter,
Deck Boots,
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 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 Pants.
January 21.

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,
Ruh, Molasses,
A Ship's Long Boat and Gig.
January 1.

MALAVOLTI.

A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

[Concluded from our last number.]

"Yes," replied Malavolti, calmly, "it is doubt, not certainty, that makes a steadfast spirit falter.—Till yesterday, life was a stake played for; and though my chance was desperate, my feverish hopes hung trembling on the throw. To-day, I count the hours between me and the grave; and I thank the reverend council for their despatch. They might have clothed cruelty in the garb of mercy, and, by seeming to deliberate, mocked me with the belief that justice sat on their right hand, and that they would execute the judgment of truth. Yesterday, the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it, the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun; but to-day, the terror is gone, and I languish for the end."

"I grieve to hear thee say so," answered Beatrice; "for it is pride, not religion, that supports you; pride, which is of this world only, who, when she plants her foot upon the sand, believes she treads upon a rock. I do not doubt you dare to die, but I dare not think of what it is you dare, when it is only death you are prepared for. It is a miserable vaunt, Malavolti, to boast your equality with the beasts that perish! Yet, you do no more, when you make your reason perform the office of their instinct, by exchanging the fear of death, which should appal the most righteous, for the ignoble heroism of merely despising the body's sufferings."

"Would you have me led forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed Malavolti.

"No!" answered Beatrice, firmly; "I would not see you led forth to mount the scaffold—I would not see you die at all, if what I would were what I could. But can you bid these stone walls yield you a free passage to liberty and life? Can you achieve the substitution of a just pardon for an unjust sentence? Oh, my son! can you—can you escape the scaffold?"

"Ay!" murmured Malavolti.

"How?" said Beatrice.

Malavolti was silent. Beatrice looked at him for a moment, and then advancing with a slow step and dignified air, "Proud man!" she exclaimed, "tremble at what you see! Behold, your mother kneels to you."

Beatrice knelt at the feet of her son. Malavolti covered his face with his hands.

"Hear me, Malavolti! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears upon a husband's grave, and balance the account of sorrow with the surplus of remaining joys. Mine was the condition, rather, of a prosperous merchant, whose wealth is great indeed, but all, all embarked in one fair venture, which being shipwrecked, he is a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope. But what did I when the tempest came and stripped me of my wealth? Ah, my son! I forgot myself and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs—I calmed my grief, divorced my sad thoughts from your father's tomb, and lived through many a grievous hour because thou didst live. Now, Malavolti, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice! Give me, in return, for all the years I have been a weary pilgrim on this earth for thee, the few miserable days that stretch between the present one and that whereon it is appointed thou must die. Oh, God! the pang is sharp enough to look upon you, as now I do, and think how soon I must lose you; yet can I gather some consolation from the knowledge that a thousand puny accidents in life's daily course might have wrought the same calamity, with a suddenness, too, whose shock would have bruised my poor heart even worse than this that hath befallen. But my thoughts grow frantic, Malavolti, and my affliction is without hope, when I behold thee 'blotted out of the Book of Life, and not written with the righteous,'—when the tremendous truth smites me, 'that from beneath, hell is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming!'"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Malavolti, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "spare me!"

"Son! son!" rejoined Beatrice, rising, "spare me, and save thyself! Disrobe thy haughty spirit of those tinsel gauds of a mountebank world, whose vanities thou ne'er again mayst look upon; prepare for death, not as a pageantry, when a man is to look on and call you noble, but as a sacrifice where the eternal God is to be appeased, and which the saints of heaven may offer up, with prayers, upon their golden altars."

Malavolti, whose face was still covered with his hands, wept bitterly, and his sobs were audible.

"Blessed be those tears!" exclaimed Beatrice, in a voice of fervent zeal; "they are the gracious harbingers of contrition, the penitential waters of the soul, which cleanse it from its impurities. Oh, my son! child of my love! my only one! I never saw thee weep, till now; that sorrow for thy sorrow, whatever it was, did not make me prone to weep too. But this grief is holy; and with a joy as holy do I welcome it. The parched earth smiles not more gratefully when gentle rains descend, than does my almost withered heart smile in gladness, refreshed by these precious drops thine eyes let fall."

She paused. But while she gazed at Malavolti, her features assumed an expression of divine sanctity, which seemed to heighten with her progressively deepening conviction that the moment of assured victory was near. Blended, however, with this saint-like ecstasy, there was a troubled air of chastened and subdued, though intense melancholy, which told all the story of a mother's grief. Whatever might be the sublime consciousness of triumphant piety, it could not silence the voice of nature; and that voice

eloquently revealed to the heart of Beatrice that after all she had done, she had but brushed away a loathsome weed growing in the rank soil of a grave. The grave remained!

Malavolti, meanwhile, was fearfully agitated.—The impassioned appeal of his mother had unnerved him. He spoke not; neither did he uncover his face. But his labouring chest, the trembling of his body, his deep-drawn sighs, and his convulsive sobs, denoted what a tempest raged within. Grasping the ponderous fetter that hung upon him, he arose, paced up and down his cell, and dashed away, with an impetuous hand, the tears that still gathered in his eyes. Beatrice uttered not a word. In anxious silence she watched the stormy conflict of his passions. It was to her the omen of a prosperous issue; for what alone she feared was that calm, unruffled spirit, which, in the beginning, had betokened so fixed, so deep, and so inexorable a purpose. Some minutes had thus elapsed, and the violence of Malavolti's emotion was gradually subsiding, when he approached Beatrice, took her hand, and, in a faltering voice, addressed her:

"You have prevailed!" said he. "Be satisfied! I am as innocent of this crime, mother, as when you bore me; doubt not that. But you shall see me mount the scaffold like a felon; and I will die—a murderer's death—and let a holy priest shrive me of my sins. All this I'll do, in poor requital of that weary pilgrimage you have borne for me. But oh! I did, indeed, meditate far other things! I did look to mock at my destroyers, and in such a way as would have told the world that Malavolti, who shrunk from the axe, had fortitude to embrace a hundred deaths in shunning one—to die hourly, ay hourly, through the space allotted him yet to live. But it is idle; now, to talk of cancelled baths made to my own heart in the agony of shame, as I contemplated the ignominious scene of a public execution. Do with me as thou wilt."

Beatrice embraced her son, and wept upon his bosom. The feelings of both were at that moment beyond the reach of language; and even after their first vehemence had abated, silence was the sanctuary of their thoughts. The mind of Malavolti had undergone a complete revolution. He had a new character to play; new passions to control and guide; new duties to learn; and a new path to tread in his passage to the grave. Beatrice, on the other hand, now that the pressure of the greater evil was removed, felt with accumulated sharpness that which she fancied was entirely blunted, because its pain had been lost in the more acute anguish of one whose anticipation maddened her. She could now meditate upon the single grief of her approaching bereavement, and sorrowful enough were her meditations; but never once did she allow them to betray themselves by word, or sigh, or tear, or look, in the presence of Malavolti. No! This incomparable woman, with all the lofty spirit of the matrons of ancient Greece or Rome, held her maternal grief in subjection, that she might the better comfort and sustain her son. It was only when she was alone, and in the solitude of her own thoughts, and unobserved of any, that she paid the natural tribute of the heart, and discharged it of its swelling burden.

Time passed on, and every day Beatrice was at her post. No sooner did the hour strike at which the outer gates of the prison were unlocked, than she presented herself for admission, and sought the gloomy dungeon of Malavolti. Sometimes she was accompanied by the venerable Padre Anselmo, who administered the holy offices of religion, and with pious zeal prepared her unhappy son for death. It was an inexpressible consolation to Beatrice herself to participate in these offices, to listen to the exhortations of the sacred apostle of grace, and to join her own fervent prayers with the appointed ones of the Church, for the efficacy of their intercession. At other times, when Anselmo was delayed or prevented in his attendance by duties elsewhere, she would sit for hours with Malavolti, discoursing of a world to come, with such calm earnestness of voice, and with such seeming tranquillity of spirit, that, but for the affectionate ardour of her manner, she might have appeared a kind friend only seeking to lighten the tribulation of a friend, instead of an anxious, heart-broken mother, supporting a beloved son under the trial of approaching death.

It was on the evening of the eighteenth day, and when only three more intervened before the day of execution, that Malavolti was awakened from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, after the departure of Beatrice for the night, by the harsh grating of his cell door.

"Here is a holy father," growled Verruchio, "who says he must speak with you. He would not be denied; but, by St. Agnes, it is as much as mine office is worth to let him in at this untimely hour.—You must be quick, friar, or come again in the morning, for I shall return speedily to conduct you forth."

The gaoler retired, locking the door after him.—Malavolti, in the dim twilight of his cell, could just discern the tall figure of a man, closely wrapped in the cowl and black drapery of a Franciscan monk, who listened for a moment to the receding sound of Verruchio's heavy footsteps along the stone passage, and then, striding hastily up to him, threw back his hood and cloak, exclaiming, "Fly! save your life!"

"Who are you?" replied Malavolti, raising himself from his straw.

"It matters not. I come to save you. There is no time for words. Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the prison walls. There you will find persons waiting to convey you from the danger of pursuit; and leave the rest to me."

"Why should I do this?"

"Tut, tut—ask questions, man, when you have leisure to be inquisitive. A moment's irresolution, and we fail. Here—hold your chains thus, and they will not clank; wrap yourself in this cloak, draw the

cowl down round your face, and be sure you speak not, nor walk with a too eager step, till you are once fairly on the outside. Here—here."

"You come upon a thriftless errand, whoever sent you," said Malavolti, disengaging himself from the disguise which the stranger was placing upon him.

"Are you mad?"

"No; I am innocent!" replied Malavolti proudly.

"Granted; but your death is inevitable."

"I know it; and I will not avoid it by an act which would give every tongue in Naples a license to say I deserved it."

"By St. Francis!" exclaimed the stranger, "you amaze me. But I have risked too much already not to risk a little more. Consent to fly, or—"

"Or what?" interrupted Malavolti.

"Hark!—Verruchio returns. I hear his footsteps—quick! quick! I'll throw myself on this straw, while you, as the door opens, stand prepared to quit the cell, that so he may not enter himself and perceive the cheat. When you are safe, I know a way to save myself."

"You disturb me," said Malavolti. "Be quick yourself, rather, and resume, for your own secure return, the disguise that has enabled you to come safely hither. Whoever you are, your motives claim my gratitude, though I disdain to use the means you proffer."

The next moment the key was heard in the door. The stranger hastily re-clothed himself in his Monk's garb; as Verruchio entered, ejaculated in a low voice a pious *Benedicite!* and slowly followed him from the cell. Malavolti returned to his straw; but it was long before the perturbation which this mysterious scene had occasioned would allow him to sleep. There was no clew by which to unravel the interest any human being, except his mother, could be supposed to feel in his fate, sufficient to suggest such an enterprise; and well he knew it originated not with her. She had, all along, fixed his thoughts too steadily upon the fatal consummation of his iniquitous sentence; and was, besides, as incapable as himself, of favouring a scheme which, though it might save his life, would ratify his imputed guilt. Wearied with conjectures, he at length sunk into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

Not such was the slumber into which he sunk a few short hours before he went forth to execution.—Beatrice had obtained permission to pass with him that last, that dreadful night. And she did so. At midnight, the good Padre Anselmo retired to seek a brief repose, promising to return at sunrise. Beatrice sat by her son's side, supporting his head upon her bosom, and gazing wistfully at those features which had the paleness of long imprisonment upon them, but nothing else to wring her heart. Their expression was angelic, and shone with the sanctity of perfect resignation. As she parted the clustering raven locks that covered his fine open brow, she thought he had never looked so like his father, as she last remembered to have seen him, when he, too, in his dying hour reclined upon her bosom. And then unbidden recollections crowded fast upon her mind; step by step they carried her back through buried hopes, and bright dreams that were, when all of present joy, and all of future bliss, that beamed like sunny visions upon the sparkling tide of time, was precious to her only because it was shared, or prophesied of being so, in years to come, with her much-beloved son. The transition from these remembrances to the scene before her was dreadful. It pierced her very soul; and it was a relief from the torture of her own solitary thoughts while Malavolti slept, when the entrance of Anselmo called both herself and him to the solemn preparations for the scaffold.

The bell-told!—the assistants of the prison entered the dungeon to attire Malavolti in the usual dress of a criminal who is to die for murder. A faint flush passed across his cheek during this humiliating ceremony, and he cast his eyes round the cell for his mother, as if he would have conveyed to her by one hurried look all that his proud spirit then suffered, as the price for yielding to her prayers. But she was no longer present. Firmly resolved to abide all, while she could be firm, she had found it impossible to witness this ceremony, and to take her last farewell, without betraying such emotions as might have unmanned Malavolti at the moment when he had most need of all his energies. She had, therefore, withdrawn unperceived, pronouncing no other adieu than the mute one which was concentrated in the agonizing look she fixed upon him, as she hurried out of his presence for ever!

The procession began. Malavolti walked with a firm step, an erect figure, an air of conscious innocence, and with something of expressed contempt for the injustice he sustained, mingled with a profound character of religious awe at the solemnity of his situation. The scaffold was erected about a hundred yards from the walls of the prison. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the sun shone with all the brilliant radiance, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it, with all the balmy softness of the Italian climate. The assembled crowd was numerous; but of the many thousands who were there collected, not one ventured to disturb the thrilling silence of the scene. Malavolti surveyed the multitude; and again his face was flushed for a moment, while his knitted brow, and the haughty gathering up of his body proclaimed that one expiring rally of mere earthly passion, was throbbing in his heart. But it was soon over, and he ascended the scaffold with the calm demeanour of a man in whom the fear of death had passed away.

The last offices of religion were performed by Anselmo, who had retired a few paces from the block; the executioner stood ready with his axe; and Malavolti was in the act of kneeling down, after having requested the headsman not to strike till he gave the signal, by stretching forth his hand, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed "Stop!" Mala-

volti either heard it not, or supposed it was some other cry, for he knelt down, while the assistants proceeded to place him in the proper position, when the same voice, in a louder and more frantic tone, was heard again. "Innocent! Innocent!" it cried, or rather screamed. The words were instantly repeated by a thousand tongues, and the air resounded with tumultuous shouts of "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Malavolti raised himself on one knee, and gazed wildly round, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The officers of justice mistaking the confusion for a desperate attempt at rescue, laid hold of him, and endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, grasping the axe firmly in both hands, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike the fatal blow, the moment there was room for him to wield the instrument. The populace roared, groaned, yelled—amid loud and louder cries of "Innocent! Murder! Brittono! Brittono!"

Malavolti, with a giant's strength, wrested himself from those who were struggling to hold him, and like a maniac, sprung at the throat of the executioner, who had raised his axe to fell him where he stood. The people, bearing down all opposition, rushed forward; Malavolti and the executioner rolled together on the platform, the latter streaming with blood from a wound inflicted with his own axe in falling, when, just at that moment, a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, and ascending the steps of the scaffold. It was the Count Brittono himself! He was enveloped in a black cloak, his hat off, his features distorted with agony, and exclaiming in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude, "Look on me! look on me! I am Brittono—Malavolti is innocent!" The eye of Malavolti caught one glimpse of his person, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, he swooned in the arms of the Padre Anselmo. A tremendous shout of exultation burst from the populace, which was repeated with deafening violence when they saw the hand of Malavolti firmly grasped in that of Brittono, who was kneeling by his side.

In a few moments peace was restored; and though no one could explain the cause of what they had all witnessed, every one rejoiced in the miraculous preservation of a noble cavalier from an unmerited and shameful death. Malavolti, as soon as he recovered from his swoon, was conducted back to the prison, amid the now silent sympathy of the thousands who had assembled to behold his execution. They gently blessed him as he passed, but abstained from all violent demonstrations of joy, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling, which animated the whole as if they were but one man, and taught them to reverence the grandeur of his situation. And Beatrice! Where was she? Did no messenger of gladness pour the balm of joy into her sad heart? Was there no swift tongue to tell her she was still a mother? Oh, yes! Those shouts—that wild uproar—those straining throats that filled the very air with voices innumerable, crying aloud, "Malavolti! Innocent!" outran the surer tidings of the good Anselmo, who sought the poor mourner in her desolate habitation. "I will praise the Lord as long as I live! I will sing praise to my God while I have my being!" was all she could say, when, with streaming eyes upraised to heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son!

A few words will suffice to relate the circumstances which led to this extraordinary catastrophe. The Count Brittono was the victim of his own snares. Believing that Malavolti was his secret rival in the affections of his mistress Angelica, he had resorted to the familiar practice of his country, and employed three desperate bravos to prowling about the grounds of his villa, and watch their opportunity for assassinating him, should he approach the house. These hired stabbers had been in his pay for several weeks; but as Malavolti was really no candidate for the lady's favours, they might have pursued their honourable calling for as many months without surprising their prey. It was to this secret ambush, however, that Brittono alluded darkly, when in his altercation with Malavolti at the Duke de Montreleto's, he retorted, that there "were fools in the city of Naples who tempted the chance he mentioned;" that of being "provided with a grave, before he thought seriously of dying." By what fatal mischance, or under what unforeseen circumstances it happened, was never known; but that very night, Count Brittono himself, repairing to his villa, was mistaken for Malavolti, set upon by his blood-hounds, and left for dead, in the way already mentioned. At first, Brittono believed that the persons who had attacked him were hired by Malavolti, who had taken that method to supersede the necessity of meeting him on the following morning. Hence his own willingness, and that of his family, to conceal the fact of his wounds not being mortal, in the hope that the convenient forms of Neapolitan justice would work out their revenge by sending him to a scaffold; while they knew it would be no inexpressible offence in the eyes of the majority of their countrymen, that Brittono should afterwards appear. He would be rid of a detested rival at all events; and he did not despair of living down whatever odium the circumstance might at first excite. The scheme, therefore, was fully resolved upon, and adroitly managed. But in the interval, and while slowly recovering from his wounds, Brittono received unequivocal proofs from his mistress, that his suspicions were utterly unfounded with regard to Malavolti, and he also learned who were his real assassins. It was then that something like computation began to awaken in his breast for the impending fate of Malavolti. He would willingly have rescued him from it. But how could he do so, without betraying his own unparalleled perfidy? His first contrivance was sending one of his myrmidons, disguised as a monk, to prevail upon Malavolti to escape from prison; but when this project failed, he knew not what to do. Base as he was, he could not reconcile even to his conscience the idea of sacrificing not only an innocent man, but one who, he had ascertained, had never wronged him in the point where he was most sensitive. Still he could not resolve to make the sacrifice of himself in the only way that would enable him to do substantial justice. At length the day of Malavolti's execution arrived, and impelled by a restless impulse which he strove in vain to resist, he mingled with the crowd in disguise; but when he saw the guiltless Malavolti in the act of offering up a life he had not forfeited, his emotions became so violent and ungovernable, that he rushed forward to arrest the fatal catastrophe in the way described, though almost too late to give effect to his tardily awakened sense of honour.