



Newfoundlander.

No. 177.

THURSDAY, December 9, 1830.

Sixpence.

Printed and Published every THURSDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN HEA, 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.

DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE To and from Harbour-Grace

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet-boat Express, having undergone a thorough and complete repair, has just commenced her usual trips between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning, at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove the succeeding days at noon, Sundays excepted, and weather permitting.

Cabin Passengers 10s.
Steerage ditto 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double ditto 1s.
Parcels (not containing Letters) in proportion to their weight.

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers will be regularly transmitted.

AGENTS: HENRY WINTON, St. John's; ROBERT OKE, Harbour-Grace.

DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE TO AND FROM Port-de-Grave, Brigus, and Bay Roberts.

THE Arrow Packet Boat THOMAS BUTLER, Master, will ply between PORT-DE-GRAVE and PORTUGAL COVE, weekly, throughout this season.

She will be at Cubits at 8 o'clock every WEDNESDAY morning, to receive on board Passengers, Letters and Parcels from Brigus. She will then call at Port-de-Grave, and there wait half an hour to receive Passengers, &c. from that place and Bay Roberts and from thence proceed to Portugal Cove, direct.

TERMS OF CONVEYANCE:
Ladies and Gentlemen 10s.
Servants and Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double ditto and Parcels in proportion.

The Letter Carrier will deliver the Letters and Parcels in St. John's, immediately on his arrival there, and call on the following morning (Thursday) at 7 o'clock precisely, at the Office of the Public Ledger, for Letters and Parcels directed to the above-named places.

The Arrow will leave Portugal Cove (on her return) at 11 o'clock every THURSDAY morning weather permitting. She will land Passengers, Letters, and Parcels for Port-de-Grave and Bay Roberts at Port-de-Grave, and then proceed immediately to Cubits.

NORA CREINA. PACKET BOAT BETWEEN PORTUGAL COVE AND CARBONEAR.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuation of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet Boat, to ply between Portugal Cove and Carbonear, and, at considerable expense, fitted up her Cabin in superior style, with four Sleeping Berths, &c. DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

The NORA CREINA will, under further notice, start from Carbonear, on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8 o'clock, in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of these days.

Terms as usual.
Letters, Packages, &c., will be received at the Newfoundlander Office.

EDUCATION.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs such Families in the Out-ports as may be desirous of having their Children educated in St. John's, that he has opened a BOARDING-SCHOOL, for Young Gentlemen; and he begs to assure them, that the education of those placed under his charge, shall not be the only object of his care, but also everything which may be calculated to instil into their minds sentiments of morality and virtue, shall be most faithfully and punctually attended to.

TERMS.—For Education, Board, Lodging, Washing, Doctor's Fees, Pens and Ink—30 Guineas per annum.

The Subscriber also takes this opportunity of returning his unfeigned and grateful acknowledgments to the Inhabitants of this town and its vicinity, for the very kind encouragement which he has received during his residence among them these five years. Having been at considerable expense in fitting up his house, he intends removing into it in a few days, when he shall then have it in his power to pay the most particular and strict attention to his pupils, though he flatters himself that he has hitherto given general satisfaction. Considerable practice as a Teacher, and a long attention to the difficulties and obstructions which retard the progress of Youth in general, have enabled him to accommodate himself the more easily to their capacities and understandings; and an earnest desire of promoting and diffusing useful knowledge, as well as his own interest, is his chief motive in this undertaking, he is not therefore without hopes of a continuance of the same patronage and approbation.

HENRY SIMMS.
N. B. As H. S. purposes to limit his School to a certain number, Three Months' notice will be required previously to the removal of any Pupil from the School.—The subjects of study and terms as in a former advertisement.
AN EVENING SCHOOL will be opened on next MONDAY—Terms may be known on application.
October 28.

On Sale.

Just Received, AND ON SALE

At the Stores of

R. R. WAKEHAM,

(At a small advance on Cost and Charges)

20 HALF-CHESTS Bohea Tea,
100 Qr.-chests and boxes Congo do.
various qualities and prices,
6 Boxes fine Souchong,
6 Qr.-chests Twankey,
3 Ditto fine Hyson.

ALSO,
(At Cost and Charges)

30 Bolts Canvas,
3 Bales, containing a variety of Lines, Twines,
Shoethread, &c. &c.
1 Bale, containing a variety of Slips,
18 Crates well-assorted Earthenware.

October 14.

IMPORTED,

Per John & William, from LONDON,
AND FOR SALE,

BY Richard Langley,

A few Crates well-assorted Stone Ware,
CONSISTING OF

JARS and BOTTLES from 3 gallons to 1 pint,
Upright JARS of all sizes, calculated for Jams,
Preserves, &c. &c.
Figured JUGS, MUGS, PITCHERS, &c. &c.

Which will be sold on very moderate terms.

ALSO,
2 Crates Blue and White
EARTHENWARE

August 10.

On Sale.

Bulley, Job & Co.

HAVE RECEIVED,
Per Collector from Halifax,

31 Packages FRESH TEA,

Which they offer for Sale at very reduced prices,

BOHEA in Chests,
CONGO in ditto,
SOUCHONG in Boxes.

October 7.

Just Received

From LONDON,

Per Isabella,

ONE CASE, containing Brown and White Windsor, Atkinson's, Shaving, Otto of Rose, and Superfine Scented, Soaps.

One Case, Macassar and other Fashionable Oils, Kalydor, Bears' Grease, Pomades, Rouge, Naples Cream, Brushes, Pink Sauces, and a variety of fine Essences.

One Case, French Olives, Capers, Ragoutante, Pickles and Sauces in variety, Cayenne Pepper, and Patent Mustard.

All of which are offered very low by the package or dozen

WILLIAM HART GADEN.

October 21.

JUST IMPORTED,

In the Brig Rose, &c. from ENGLAND,
AND FOR SALE,

By the Subscriber,

SHOT and Gunpowder,
Nails of all sizes and descriptions,
Iron—bolt, flat, square, and sheet,
Tin Plates (various),
Chain Cables, 3-4, 11-16, 5-8, 9-16, and 1/2 Inch,
and Apparatus,
Anchors,
Pipes,
Earthen and Glassware,
A few Packages Liquid and Paste Blacking, variously made up,
Coals, (about.)

ALSO,
A general assortment of Woolleths, Hosiery, Carpeting, Cottons, Muslins, Men's, Boys' and Girls' Fancy Hats, Hardware, and Slips of every kind. And in Silk—Gros, Ducapes, Satins, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Ribbons—a great variety,
Flowers, Wreaths, &c. &c.

WILLIAM HART GADEN.

October 7.

BY JOHN B. THOMSON,

SUPERFINE, Fine, and Middlings Flour,
Carolina Rice in Tierces, and by the Cwt.,
Pork, Butter, and Bread,
Bolt and Bar Iron,
Nails of all sizes,
Window Glass, 8 x 10, and 9 x 7,
Pitch and Tar,
Oakum and Cordage.

AND JUST RECEIVED,
A CASE OF GENTLEMEN'S LONDON

HATS,

Best quality, at 31 Shillings.

ALSO,
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Manufactured Goods,

Which will be sold on low terms for Cash, Fish, or Oil.

October 21.

BLANK Custom-house Reports, Ships' Articles, Bills of Lading, Indentures, Shipping Papers, Bills of Health, Oil Certificates, and a variety of other Books for Sale at the Office of this Paper.

REPEAL OF THE UNION—THE MINISTRY—THE IRISH MEMBERS.

(From the Dublin Weekly Register, October 23.)

We have extracted some remarks from the Dublin Morning Register upon the progress of public opinion in Ireland, as respects the getting up of petitions for the repeal of the Union. We have seen private letters which somewhat modify this strength of statement, so far at least as relates to the description of signatures already annexed; but there can be little doubt that the question is of such a nature as will necessarily rouse up a considerable portion of Irish national feeling, and possibly give a feature to the ensuing session which has not been hitherto anticipated. It certainly will not simplify the gordian knot of existing policy as respects Ministers, while to the great majority of Irish members it may prove a source of considerable embarrassment.—Globe of Saturday.—[The private communications alluded to by our cotemporary, must have been made in ignorance of facts. Our statement upon the subject was quite free from exaggeration; and during the short period which has since elapsed, the question of a repeal of the Union has made more rapid progress in the favourable opinion of the public than its most sanguine supporters had anticipated.]

We have been informed that the letter-press printers of Dublin intend to petition the legislature for a repeal of the Union. No branch of industry has suffered more by the passing of the Act of Union than that of printing. The example of this intelligent portion of operatives will, no doubt, be followed by all the other trades. Where universal evil has been felt, there should, of course, be general and cordial co-operation.

DROGHEDA.—Monday being the day appointed by requisition for holding a public meeting, to petition the King and both Houses of Parliament for a repeal of the legislative Union, from about eleven o'clock a large concourse of people paraded through the principal streets, preceded by music and bearing banners belonging to the different trades, one of which, a person near us, said was a tri-coloured flag. In front of the Linen Hall there was a platform erected, and upwards of one thousand persons assembled round it, amongst whom the greatest enthusiasm appeared to prevail.

KILKENNY.—The first parish meeting to petition for this object, was held in the town of Freshford, on Sunday, the 17th inst. The object of the meeting excited a great degree of interest in the neighbourhood. It was well attended by the more wealthy portion of the inhabitants, including a considerable number of ladies; and a large crowd of countrymen of every rank, evinced how much this object of great national importance occupied the minds of all classes of the people.

CLARE.—A spirited and very able requisition, which is now in active progress of signature, through this county, has already received a number of the most independent names to it—it is addressed to the High Sheriff to convene a public meeting to prepare a petition to Parliament for the repeal.—Clare Sentinel.

QUEBEC, October 13.—H. M. Yacht Herald, commanded by George B. Maxwell, Esq. and having on board Lord and Lady Aylmer, arrived this morning in port, after a passage of 43 days from Cowen. About eleven in the forenoon the distinguished passengers came ashore with the customary salutes from the Yacht and the citadel. Lady Aylmer, accompanied by his Excellency Sir James Kempt, proceeded immediately to the Castle of St. Lewis, in an open carriage drawn by four horses. His Lordship, attended by the Staff of the Garrison, followed on horseback.

His Lordship's suite consisted of Lieut.-Colonel Clegg, Military Secretary, Capt. Airy, 34th Regiment, and Captain M'Kinnon, Grenadier Guards, Aides-de-Camp.
It is understood that Sir James Kempt, will leave this for England in the Herald, about Tuesday next. Chas. Littlejohn, P. E. Nov. 9.—Arrived on Thursday, the Barque Quebec Trader, J. Lamb, Master, 46 days from Dublin. Spoke on the 27th ult. to the eastward of Cape Breton, H. M. Yacht Herald, from Quebec, bound to England, with Sir James Kempt, late Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, on board.

REPEAL OF THE UNION—DINNER TO MR. O'CONNELL.

(From the Dublin Weekly Register, Oct. 23.)

Yesterday evening a public dinner was given in the Royal Hibernian Arena, Lower Abbey-street, to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., by the friends and supporters of his political principles, and those anxious for a repeal of the legislative Union. But two days' notice had been given of this dinner, and yet there were collected within the precincts of the Arena not less than 800 persons of the middle and respectable classes in society. Upon this occasion the Arena was laid out with great taste by Mr. Ladley, although from the great numbers that poured in to the building anxious to compliment Mr. O'Connell by their presence, sufficient accommodation could not be made for them. At one part of the evening so great was the crowd and pressure that some of the temporary platform that had been erected fell down, but we are happy to state that no accidents occurred. Marcus Costello, Esq., was called to the chair. He was supported on his right by Mr. O'Connell, and his son, Captain O'Connell; upon his left sat Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Groves, a Protestant Clergyman. There were besides them several gentlemen in the room distinguished for their patriotism, their rank, and situation in society.

As soon as the cloth had been removed, Mr. Costello called for a full bumper—he was, he said, about to give them a charter toast—all corporations had their charter toast—he should now give them the charter toast of Ireland, suggested by their distinguished guest—he called upon them to fill high for a "Repeal of the Union."

It would be impossible adequately to describe the enthusiasm with which this toast was received. The entire company rose simultaneously, and continued waving their handkerchiefs for ten minutes at least, while the building resounded with long-continued cheers, and cries for O'Connell and a Repeal of the Union. When an instant's pause occurred in the cheers, they were again resumed and with redoubled ardour. Silence was at length procured, and

Mr. Costello continued.—The toast which he had proposed, was one which must be drunk with enthusiasm by every class of Irishmen, no matter what was their sect or party. (Hear.) And he only wished that their rulers had seen the enthusiasm, and witnessed the delight with which the toast had been received. (Loud cheers.) The people were beginning to be conscious of their power, and to know that they have but to will that the Union should be repealed, and their object must be attained. (Cheers.) All classes were beginning to be united—the Catholic and the Protestant knew what was for the interest of Ireland—they would co-operate together, and they should achieve the happiness of their native country. (Cheers.) It was his opinion, as it was that of every man who loved his country, that it was as essential for Ireland, as for England, that both countries should be connected by the golden link of the Crown—(hear)—and with the same spirit that he would struggle for a repeal of the Union, should he struggle to prevent a separation between the two countries. (Cheers.) The Irish did not wish to have any man for their King, but their present ruler—the valiant "Sailor-King." (Loud cheers.) The learned and eloquent gentleman, after enlarging upon the miseries entailed on this country by the Union, and shewing the mischiefs consequent upon that measure, observed, that it was not their rulers who were preserving Ireland to England, but Daniel O'Connell. (Hear, and loud cheers.) Mr. Costello next argued that there was neither reason nor justice to support a continuance of the Union, and concluded by proposing the Charter toast of Ireland—

"The Repeal of the Union."

The toast elicited the most enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Costello proposed, in very eloquent speeches, the two next toasts.

"The people, the true source of legitimate power."

"King William."

Mr. Costello said he should next propose to them a toast, which they long expected—Daniel O'Connell, whose name was an eulogy in itself.

"Daniel O'Connell."

Upon the announcement of the toast, the most rapturous applause and enthusiastic cheers again burst from the company, and were continued for several minutes.

Mr. O'Connell rose, soon as a pause in the cheering could be obtained, and said, that instead of making what was called a speech, he would only ask them a question. Was there any man in the community so absurd as to imagine, that things could remain as they are in Ireland? (Hear, and cries of no, no.)

When he looked round him, and saw himself encircled by Protestants, Presbyterians, Catholics, and Dissenters, he asked himself could things remain as they are—can Ireland continue a pitiful, miserable, wretched province, governed by clerks and paltry tax-collectors—shall Irishmen be proscribed in their native land, or will they be allowed to manage the affairs of their own country, as the French are? (Cheers.) No longer had his struggles the appearance of being for the advantage of a sect—he was now labouring for Ireland, and for the general good and advantage of all Irishmen. (Cheers.)

He was endeavouring to restore to Ireland a resident government and a resident parliament—the breath of Irishmen filled the sails of the ark of their country, which was floating on majestically to the security, liberty, happiness, and independence of Ireland. What had been the consequences of the Union? Every day their country was becoming worse—every day her people were becoming worse—every day her situation was deteriorating—every day her

people were becoming poorer—he challenged the hireling writers who opposed him to shew one benefit which Ireland had derived from the Union. Of the twelve millions which were raised out of the soil of Ireland, four millions were carried out by the absentees—four millions, at least, were paid in direct taxes, while not one million was expended in the country; and this was paid without taking into account the indirect taxes, such as the tax paid upon tea, on which, alone, there was taken from the Irish 500,000*l.*, but which was not reckoned amongst their taxes, because it was paid in the India House in England; and they, for instance, not only had to pay such a tax, but additional charges were imposed upon them, for they were charged with interest and commission to remunerate those who paid the tax for them. (Hear, hear.) He was quite certain that eight out of the twelve millions were taken from Ireland, and to her people there was left but six and eight-pence in the pound of the results of their industry. (Hear.) What was the present state of Ireland? In Naas, the Rev. Mr. Doyle mentioned that out of 4000 inhabitants, 3200 were in a state of starvation. In Newry, the Mendicity Association had to be broken up for want of the means in the inhabitants to support it; and yet, in such a state of things, was he to be told that he was unnecessarily agitating Ireland for the repeal of the Union? No; his agitation was, if for nothing else, for the mere purposes of humanity. (Hear.) In 1822, the people of several parishes, not having the means of sustenance, sent for their clergymen to receive the last sacraments of their religion, that they might lie down in their beds and die. He could tell their rulers that the people of Ireland would never do so again. (Cheers.) The advantages that had followed from a resident legislature he had before this demonstrated, and the miseries to the people that were caused by absenteeism—he could now tell them that if they repealed the Union, they should have no absentees; and it was his opinion that Ireland was good enough for any man to live in. (Cheers.) Hour after hour the drain of absenteeism was increasing upon the country—the issue was unstopped, Ireland sent out every thing, and she got nothing in return except a few fat Englishmen, and some raw-boned, high-cheeked Scotchmen. (Cheers and laughter.) The Evening Mail said that the attempt to repeal the Union was a popish plot; now he, in reply, said that it was not; but it was a good Protestant plot—an Irish plot, and a plot that must succeed. (Cheers and laughter.) He could also tell the Mail that there was no chance of its procuring divisions amongst the people. (Hear.) There was at present in the chair a worthy friend of his and a sincere Protestant. (Cheers.) Having then a Protestant on his left, he should tell them what a parish priest on his right said. [Mr. O'Connell here read a letter from the Rev. Gerard Doyle, P. P. of Naas, stating that he should become a member of the "Irish Volunteer Society," and transmitting his subscription of one pound. The letter of the Rev. Mr. Doyle was received with loud cheers.]—The honourable gentleman then continued by saying, that to mar their plans for the regeneration and happiness of their country, they had nothing to apprehend, except the revival of bigotry in Ireland, and the operation of secret and illegal societies. (Hear, hear, hear.) Against those societies he warned every man who loved his country, and who was desirous of seeing Ireland happy, prosperous, independent, and free. (Cheers.) He was happy, upon this occasion, to be able to tell them that Munster was anxious for a repeal of the Union—so also was Connaught—Leinster likewise desired it, and his worthy Protestant friend, the indefatigable and true-hearted Irishman, Mr. Costello, was determined to give up his term, and go through the North to see how many parishes there would petition for the repeal of the Union. (Loud cheers.) They could not forget that they had George Ensor there.—(Hear, hear.) He would only say to his friend Mr. Costello, let him but bring from Ulster 100 petitions from different parishes in the North, petitioning for a repeal of the Union—the charm was dissolved and the Union was at an end. Irishmen should ever remember that their country never was conquered, but that she was destroyed by the dissensions that was promoted amongst her own children. These dissensions they should be desirous of avoiding—these dissensions they should strive to put an end to, as they wished well to Ireland and her permanent tranquillity and prosperity. (Hear.) Mr. O'Connell, after alluding to the conduct of Sir Henry Hardinge in issuing a proclamation against the Anti-Union Association, concluded by saying—How are Irishmen to succeed? By burying for ever in oblivion the bad passions which have hitherto arrayed sect against sect, and party against party. Irishmen should for ever engulf them in the grave of obscurity—they should stand upon the tombstone of their native dissensions, and while trampling upon that fatal memento of past dissensions, they will be bold Erin arising aloft, carrying independence upon her front, and pouring down upon her children the blessings of peace, prosperity, christian affection, and complete domestic happiness. (Loud and long continued cheering.) Mr. O'Connell again resumed, and in a most powerful and eloquent speech, proposed the health of

"Marcus Costello, Esq."

The Chairman returned thanks.

While Mr. O'Connell was speaking, Mr. Steele appeared in the Arena, and his presence was hailed with the most rapturous applause. He immediately proceeded to the chair, and having shaken hands with Mr. Costello, Mr. O'Connell, and other patriotic friends, took his place near the chairman. His health was given, as well as that of Mr. Barrett, of the Pilot, Mr. Staunton, of the Register, whose "Hints to Hardinge" were spoken warmly of by the chairman, who said they should be in the hands of every man

who wished to know the real situation of Ireland, and the health of Mr. Lavelle, of the Freeman, was also given. Several other patriotic toasts were announced from the chair, and, at eleven o'clock, Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Costello, retired—they were met at the outside of the Arena by hundreds of persons, who conducted them in triumph, and amid the most enthusiastic cheers, to the mansion of Mr. O'Connell.

FRANCE.

Paris is in a state of serious excitement. The people cry for the blood of the ex-ministers. The attempt which they conceive has been made to save the lives of the unfortunate men has inflamed the populace, and the consequence has been of late, the posting of placards inscribed "Death to Polignac, &c." and the assembling of mischievous mobs for some time past. On Monday night last they collected in groups in the court-yard of the Palais Royal, when their cries under the Royal windows, and general conduct, rendered a clearance necessary, and the National Guard performed that service. The mob retreated to the garden, but, being ejected thence, there was a cry of "To the Louvre" where the artillery of the guard is kept. Thousands assembled on the place du Palais Royal, and were proceeding to the Louvre to take possession of the cannon in order to attack Vincennes, where the ex ministers are confined, but were foiled; they then proceeded to Vincennes, disarming a military post by the way, and providing themselves with staves from a neighbouring vine-yard. Arrived at the castle, only then 400 in number, they summoned it to surrender and shouted "Death to the ministers!" but this availing nothing, they returned, and about 100 of their body were straightway apprehended by the National Guards. On the following day, a proclamation from the prefect of police, calling upon the people to refrain from assembling, and promising justice to the ministers, appeared.

The Newfoundlanders.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) December 9, 1830.

Our dates, by the Manchester, from Liverpool, extend to the 30th October, being a fortnight later than papers previously received. Parliament assembled on the 26th October, but no other business was gone into, except the swearing in of Members. The Right Honourable MANNERS SUTTON was re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons. The KING, it was expected, would open the Session in person on the 2d ult.—Sir GEORGE MURRAY, the present Secretary for the Colonies, will succeed LORD HILL as Commander of the Forces.—The ex-King of France and part of his Suite had arrived in Edinburgh to occupy his former residence, Holyrood House, during his stay in Britain. Revolutionary principles appear to be extending themselves throughout Europe to an almost alarming degree;—indeed, the present state of the Continent would justify the conviction that a political convulsion is nigh at hand, which, in its consequences, will deeply affect the interests of the whole civilized world.—In England, reform is the order of the day—and Ministers, with so many warnings before their eyes, must pause ere they turn a deaf ear to the appeals about to be made from one extremity of the empire to the other. A Society was about being formed at Liverpool, on the principles of the Birmingham Political Union—now comprising upwards of seven thousand of the Inhabitants of that important and wealthy town.—In Ireland—ill fated, unhappy Ireland—so long a prey to the evils entailed upon her by a baleful system of misrule—agitation seems to be on the increase. The subject of a "Repeal of the Union" is gaining ground with gigantic strides, until it bids fair soon to rival in magnitude the "great question," now for ever, we hope, buried in oblivion. Our Irish Papers teem with reports of public meetings held in various parts of the country, at which the most energetic resolutions were adopted to effect that object. Mr. O'CONNELL is, as usual, the presiding genius in the political struggle, animating by his splendid eloquence, and directing the efforts of the people by the wisdom of his counsel. The Hon. Gentleman, or—"The Man of the People,"—as he is usually termed, was entertained at public dinners in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, Limerick, Drogheda, and Tralee, preparatory to opening his Parliamentary campaign.

ARRIVALS.—In the Manchester, from Liverpool, Capt. CAMPBELL, Regt., late Fort Major in the Garrison of this place.—In the Scudlows, from Demerara, Mr. FINLAY.

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

ENTERED.
DECEMBER 3.—Schooner True Blue, Webster, P. E. Island; 3000 bushels potatoes, 300 bushels oats, 130 bushels turnips, 10 hds. ale, and sundries.
Schooner Arion, Fowler, Annapolis; 200 barrels apples, 40 hds. and 50 bbls. cider, 25 cwt. cheese, &c. &c.
Schooner Hugh Denoon, Smith, Boston; 260 bbls. flour, 10 bbls. tar, 25 bbls. beef, 50 bbls. apples, 50 kegs butter, 60 bags bread, 2 hds. tobacco.
4.—Brig Providence, Sexton, Barbados; 6 hds. 1 tierce, and 9 bbls. sugar, 60 puns. molasses.
Schooner James, Meredith, Boston; 165 bags bread, 70 bbls. beef, 42 bbls. mutton, 116 bbls. apples, 135 firkins butter, 130 bbls. flour.
6.—Brig Atlantic, Bell, Jamaica; ballast.
Brig Junius, Turbull, Qu-bee; 126 bbls. beef, 30 puns. oil casks, 223 kegs butter, 200 bags bread, 362 bbls. flour.
Schooner Tropic of Canoe, Whitman, Guysborough; 70 bbls. mackerel, 44 bbls. beef, 450 bushels oats; 32 tbs. butter, 25 sheep, &c.

Brig Sedulous, Goldsworthy, Demerara; 151 puns. rum, 70 puns. molasses, 25 bags coffee, 6 bbls. sugar, 37 boxes chocolate, 80 venison hams, 15 bbls. crackers.
Ship Manchester, Dixon, Liverpool; 30 bbls. oatmeal, 200 bags bread, 50 bbls. pork, 62 bbls. beer, 440 bbls. flour, 100 boxes soap, 80 firkins butter, 7 puns. brandy, 4 pipes ginseng, and sundry merchandise.
Schooner True Blue, Webster, P. E. Island; 2750 bushels potatoes, 700 bushels oats.
Schooner St. Ann, M'Donald, P. E. Island; 3420 bushels potatoes, 280 bushels turnips.
Schooner Traveller, Moore, Liverpool, (N. S.); 48 M. board and plank, 45 M. shingles, 200 sides Neats' leather, 2 hds. sole leather.
7.—Brig Belfast, Swan, Demerara; 163 puns. rum, 22 puns. molasses, 2 hds. sugar.

CLEARED.

DECEMBER 2.—Schooner Trio, Jones, Greenock; 70 tons oil, 308 qts. fish, &c.
4.—Schooner Elizabeth, Moser, Halifax; 600 qts. 60, 1 qr. cask wine.
Brig Maria, Freud, Poole; 160 tons oil, sounds, timgrenad fish.
Brig Duke of Clarence, Fenwick, Barbados; ballast.
Brig Arimat, Petou, Jersey; 447 qts. fish, 52 puns. rum, 11 bbls. sugar.

Conception-Bay.

HARBOUR-GRACE.—CLEARED.
NOVEMBER 26.—Brigantine Agnes Wood, Metcalf, Liverpool; 11427 gallons cod oil, 1188 gallons seal oil, 100 gallons dross, 20 casks salmon, &c.
27.—Brig Dewsbury, Blake, Lisbon; 1990 qts. fish.

CARBONEAR.—ENTERED.
NOVEMBER 23.—Brig Janes, Sbran, Halifax; 150 barrels flour, 35 bbls. pitch and tar, 44 M. shingles, 27112 ft. board, 30 firkins butter, &c.
CLEARED.
NOVEMBER 27.—Brig Columbia, Ford, Leghorn; 3500 qts. fish.
Brigs and Carbonear—Brig Swallow, Carder, Liverpool; 60 puns cod oil, 25 puns seal oil, &c. &c.
DECEMBER 2.—Brig Hope, Shaddock, Poole; 9296 gallons cod oil, 4147 gallo. s seal oil, 1325 gallons blubber, &c.

[For the Newfoundlanders.]
THE GRAVE OF THE BELOVED.
"She was too beautiful to die;
But oh! too fair for earth."
John Malcolm.

And are ye laid so low in earth—
My once beloved flower;
While far from gaze of mortal eye,
Thou hast a golden bower?
Yes—thou art fading in the tomb
Wh-re youth forgets to love;
And while the willow weeps below,
Thy spirit smiles above.
This is redemption's nursery,
Where sad survivors grieve;
Here passing strangers gaze at noon—
And mortals meet at eve.
The blackbird sings of late more shrill,
The Robin warbles grief,
For each must die and disappear,
Like autumn's falling leaf.
I cannot weep,—for all my tears
Have ebb'd their latest flood;
And were I now to weep again,
'T would be with tears of blood.
Oh! it is sad to see the flowers
Grow wild above the dead;—
And know that all you lov'd so well,
Lays in such narrow bed.
How faded must that cheek appear,
That once could mock the rose.—
And oh! how fair has been the brow,
Now mould'ring in repose.
But is it not a crime to mourn,
For spirits pass'd to heaven;—
And seek to draw compassion down
From whence they first were given?
Then farewell! sombre bed of death—
I never more shall weep—
Farewell! thou melancholy grave—
Sleep—dreamless, relics, sleep!

St. John's, December 6, 1830.

Sale by Auction.

THIS DAY,
At 11 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
William & Henry Thomas,
THE CARGO
Of the Schooner Traveller, from Liverpool, N. S.,
CONSISTING OF—

48 M. Pine Board and Plank,
27 Puncheon Shooks,
150 Sides Neats' Leather,
3 Bales Offal Sole Leather,
6 Dozen Dressed Goat Skins.

ALSO, (TO CLOSE SALES)

200 Cheeses,
30 Firkins new Butter,
20 Barrels Corned Beef,
2 Hds. very superior Virginia Tobacco,
14 Kegs best quality Negrohead ditto,
20 Fine Hams,
60 Bags Bread, 56 lbs. each,
2 Bales Hops,
30 Barrels inspected Fall Mackerel,
10 M. Birch Plank, 1, 2, 3, and 4 inch,
10 M. Hemlock Ditto, 1, 2, and 3 ditto.
December 9.

Sales by Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

William Hart Gaden,

THE

Schooner ELIZABETH,

Burthen 40 Tons;

THE

Schooner GEORGE,

Burthen 20 Tons;

Both are well found in Ground Tackle, Sails, Rigging, &c.

ALSO,

- 5 BOXES Long Tipped Pipes,
- 4 Crates well-assorted Earthenware,
- 2 Cases (48 each) Men's Plated Hats,
- 2 Dozen Men's and Boys' Felt Ditto,
- 1 Piece Black Broad-cloth,
- 1 Piece Napped Cloaking,
- 4 Pieces Blue Flushing,
- 2 Pieces Whitney,
- 10 Pieces Washed Stuffs,
- 8 Pieces Long Cloths,
- 6 Pieces Mole-skin,
- 16 Pieces Furniture Cotton,
- 1 Dozen Men's Waxed and Yarn Hose,
- 6 Dozen Comfortables,
- 6 Dozen Men's Guersey Frocks,
- 4 Dozen Woollen Drawers,
- 10 Dozen Knives and Forks,
- 6 Dozen Clasp Knives,
- 8 Dozen Liquid Blacking, jags, 3 sizes,
- 6 Dozen Paste Blacking, pots and boxes, 3 sizes,
- 1 Very large Cod Seine, Trawie Twine,
- 1 Lot Glassware,
- And other Articles.

R. PERCHARD,
Auctioneer.

December 9.

TO-MORROW,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

Robinson & Brooking,

- 400 BARRELS, } Superfine States
80 Half-barrels } FLOUR,
- 200 Bags Bread, in bags of 56, 84, and 112lbs.
- 50 Barrels prime Irish Pork,
- 40 Barrels Beef, 10 Hhds. Porter,
- 42 Ditto Pickled Mutton,
- 75 Casks Butter, 30 Casks Cheese,
- 100 Boxes Soap, 6 Cases Cigars,
- 50 Venison Hams, 8 Cwt. Onions,
- 15 Barrels Beans, 12 Boxes Chocolate,
- 6 Work Tables, 2 Bedsteads,
- Pepper, Coffee, and Rice, in bags.

ALSO,

(The remainder of the Effects of CHRISTOPHER SPURRIER & Co.'s Bankrupt Estate)

- 3 Barrels Salmon, 1 Ditto Mackerel,
- 1 Ditto Pine Varnish,
- 3 Casks Red Ochre,
- 33 Grindstones, 12 Frying Pans,
- 200 Spruce Handspikes,
- 3 Large Mooring Chains,
- 4 Ditto Ditto Anchors.

December 9.

Peremptory Sale.

TO-MORROW,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF THE LATE

Mr. Henry Shea,

The remainder of the Cargo of the ARION, from Annapolis—Viz.

- 20 Puncheons } CIDER,
- 25 Barrels }
- 80 Barrels APPLES,
- 40 Boxes prime Digby HERRINGS,
- 10 Cwt. excellent CHEESE.

December 9.

On Sale.

HENDERSON, BLAND & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED,

By the Schooner Huskisson, from Halifax,

- 50 BARRELS best Russet APPLES, for Winter use,
- 5 Hhds. } Leaf Tobacco—Virginia,
- 50 Bales }
- 4 Tierces Jamaica Coffee, and
- 25 Boxes Mould Candles,

Which they offer for Sale at reduced prices.

November 4.

Sale by Auction.

On MONDAY next,

The 13th Inst., at 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

Robinson and Brooking,

THE FINE

Schooner ODERIN,

Of 82 Tons Register; 4 years old; is a very desirable Vessel for a Sealer, and remarkably well found, as may be seen on reference to the Inventory beneath.

- 2 CHAIN Cables,
- 2 Bower Anchors,
- 1 Stream Anchor, 1 Kedge Ditto,
- 2 Towlines, 1 Cabin Stove,
- 2 Mainsails, 2 Staysails, 3 Jibs,
- 1 Gaff Topsail, 1 Square Sail,
- 1 Lower Studding Sail, 2 Foresails,
- 1 Topmast Studding Sail,
- 2 Topsails, 1 Top-Gallant Sail,
- 1 Cambouse, with coppers, ladles, tormentors, &c.
- 6 Handspikes, Sundry Blocks,
- 3 Marline Spikes,
- 1 Deck Scrubbing Brush,
- 3 Compasses,
- 4 Lower Boxes for Pumps,
- 3 Spears for Ditto,
- 1 Sparre Lower Yard, 1 Ditto Topsail ditto,
- 1 Boat with 4 Oars, 6 Water Casks,
- 1 Mooring Chain,
- 2 Chisels, 2 Hatchets,
- 2 Hammers, 1 Plane,
- 2 Drawknives, 3 Hatch Bars,
- 1 Harness Cask, 1 Lantern,
- 1 Deep Sea Leadline,
- 1 Cigline and Reel,
- 1 Handlead and Line,
- 1 Copper Teakettle, 1 Boats' Kettle,
- 5 Tarpaulines.

December 9.

On Sale.

NOW LANDING,

From the Barque Manchester, Captain Dixon, from Liverpool,

AND FOR SALE BY

Robinson & Brooking,

ON MODERATE TERMS FOR PRESENT PAYMENT.

- 3 PIECES GENEVA,
- 7 Pieces Brandy,
- 72 Dozen London Porter,
- 70 Ditto Fine Ale,
- 400 Barrels } Superfine Sweet New York
80 Half-barrels } Flour,
- 50 Barrels prime Irish Pork,
- 30 Barrels English Oatmeal,
- 200 Bags Bread,
- 60 Firkins prime Irish Butter.

December 9.

Now Landing from the Brig CRESCENT, from Liverpool,

AN ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF

- GUNPOWDER (F*), Superior, in One-Half, One-Quarter, and One-Eighth Barrels,
- Shot, S.S.G. and B.H.,
- Number and Duck Canvass,
- Linens, viz. Coleraine, Diapers, Sheetings, Bed-ticks, and Patent Dowlas,
- Extra superfine Coatings, Whitneys, Flushings, and Blankets,
- Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c.

WILLIAM HART GADEN.

WANTED,

5 Tuns COD OIL DREGS.

October 28.

BY JOHN B. THOMSON,
THE CARGO

Of the Brig Perseverance, from DEMERARA,

- 86 PUNCHEONS Molasses,
- 15 Puncheons High-proof Rum,
- 36 Barrels Sugar,
- 2 Hogsheads Ditto,

On low terms for CASH.

October 21.

PATRICK MORRIS
HAS RECENTLY IMPORTED,

Per the Brigs St. John, Invulnerable, and Schooner McLutho,

- 1,600 BAGS Italian and Dantzie Bread,
- 500 Barrels Flour,
- 200 Barrels and half-bls. prime Irish Pork,
- 70 Pipes Sicilian Red Wine,
- 20 Hogsheads ditto ditto,

Which, with the remains of former importations,

CONSISTING OF

- Superior London mould and dipped Candles,
- London Soap, in convenient packages of 28 and 29 lbs. each,
- And a variety of other Goods,

P.M. offers for Sale on the most reasonable terms.

November 4.

On Sale

JUST IMPORTED,

In the Brig Arno, from Waterford,

AND

FOR SALE

BY

JOHN CUSACK,

IRISH Pork, in barrels and half-barrels,
Feather Beds, with Lipen Tickens, 60 lbs. each,
Sole Leather, of a very superior quality, by the bale or hide,

Calf and Veal Skins (waxed),
Cordovan and Boot Legs,
3 Puncheons Cork Whiskey, which will be Sold low for Cash, by the puncheon or gallon,

Also,

ON HAND,

- Ale, in half-tierces,
- Hams,
- Glassware, in small packages,
- Pigs' Heads, Ditto Cheeks,
- Soap, in 28lb. and 56lb. boxes.

November 4.

Wm. & Henry Thomas
OFFER FOR SALE,
ON REASONABLE TERMS,

- 600 BAGS Bread,
- 500 Barrels Flour,
- 400 Barrels Pork,
- 100 Puncheons Rum,
- 20 Ditto Molasses,
- 3 Hhds. Sugar,
- 10 Barrels ditto,
- 20 Hhds. Leaf Tobacco,
- 200 Kegs Negrohead ditto,
- 50 Ditto Span ditto,
- 100 Half and quarter-cheats assorted Teas,
- 30 Tierces Rice,
- 30 Boxes Chocolate,
- 100 Ditto dipped Candles,
- 30 Barrels Montreal Apples,
- 20 Ditto ditto Onions,
- 6 Hhds. London Porter,
- 100 Sides Neats' Leather.

They have also just imported,

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

Which will be opened and ready for inspection in a few days.

November 18.

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

The very fine, firm, and substantial
Brig COUSINS,

107 Tons,

With all her Materials as she came from Sea.

The Cousins is only five years old, and has lately been put in the most ample order for the Seal Fishery, (at which she has hitherto been very successful,) and may now be fitted for that employment at a trifling expense; in every other respect the Vessel is peculiarly well adapted for the trade of this Island.—If the Cousins is not previously disposed of, she will be put up for Sale, by Auction, at the Commercial Room, at 11 o'clock, on SATURDAY, the tenth day of this present month.

Inventory and terms will be shown and made known on application to

J. BOYD,
Broker.

December 2.

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

If applied for immediately,

The remarkably handsome, fast-sailing, Co. pered



Schooner HUGH DENOON,

Burthen per Register 60 Tons; only one year old. This beautiful little Vessel is well calculated for a Sealer or Coaster, being full-timbered, and very sharp built; and although she sails remarkably fast, she carries about 800 Quintals Fish in Casks, a very large Cargo for her Tonnage. She is exceedingly well found in Sails and Rigging, and may be sent to Sea at a very trifling expense.—Apply to

Wm. & H. THOMAS.

December 9.

BILLS ON HALIFAX,

FOR SALE

By

HENDERSON, BLAND & Co.

November 25.

FOR HALIFAX.

THE FINE

Schooner JAMES,

THOMAS MEREDITH, Master,

Burthen per Register 84 Tons.—For Freight or Passage, apply to

W. & H. THOMAS.

December 9.

Notices.

PERSONS wishing to secure Passages for their Friends from Ireland, next Spring, will, on application to the Subscriber, have every facility afforded them.

PATRICK MORRIS,

December 9.

THE Subscriber intending to leave this Country, for the winter, on or about the 12th instant, requests that all those who may have claims on him will furnish their Accounts immediately; and those indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

ROBERT ROACH,

December 2.

Mr. EMERSON

INTENDING to remove shortly from his present Lodgings to his own Premises, near the Court-House, offers to Let the Comfortable and Commodious Tenement he now occupies, the property of Mrs. M'CAWLEY.—For particulars, inquire at Mr. EMERSON'S Office.

September 23.

ALL Pecuniary Claims on Captain STEELE, personally, or the Captain and Owners of the Forte, are requested to be immediately delivered, enclosed, to Capt. STEELE, at Messrs. Wm. & Hy. THOMAS'S, or on board.—As the annual accounts of the Vessel will be closed on the 30th instant, little time can elapse before the demands are finally djusted.

November 20.

THE PASSENGERS who came out from Ross, last Spring, in the Brig Lady Douglas, and Brigantine Hannah, on Bail, are requested to take notice, that such Bail Notes as are not taken up by the 10th of November next, will be returned to Ross; and payment enforced from their respective sureties.

JOHN HOWLEY.

October 21.

THE PASSENGERS who came to Newfoundland in the Ship Frances Mary, Brigs Cabinet, Pandora, Maria, and Invulnerable, are requested to pay the amount of their Passages to the Subscriber, otherwise their Notes will be returned by one of the Vessels now preparing to sail for Ireland.

PATRICK MORRIS.

October 28.

THE PASSENGERS who came to Newfoundland last Spring, in the Brig Mary & Betty, from Ross, are requested to pay the amount of their Passages to the Subscriber, otherwise their Bail Notes will be returned, and payment enforced from their Sureties.

JAMES STEWART & Co.

November 4.

To all whom it may Concern—

THAT we, the undersigned, JOHN MACKAY and JOHN M'CARNEY, lately carrying on a Mercantile Business at this place, under the firm of MACKAY & M'CARNEY, have dissolved Partnership, by mutual consent, from this date; and all debts due to the concern are to be paid to the said JOHN M'CARNEY, who will be answerable for all monies which may be due of them in their Partnership transactions.

JOHN MACKAY,

JOHN M'CARNEY.

Carbonear, 20th Nov., 1830.

Witnesses EDMUND HANNAHAN,

FELIX M'CARNEY.

Mr. PATRICK TOBIN,

Dentist, &c. &c.

BEGS leave to intimate to the Inhabitants of Conception Bay—to whom his warmest acknowledgments are due for the kindness and support he has received since his sojourn amongst them—that he may be consulted, during the winter months, in the branches of his profession, at the house of Mr. JAMES CUDDERY.—Mr. TOBIN will continue, upon his highly-successful plan, to fix Artificial Teeth (from one to a full set) in such a manner as not to be distinguished in appearance from the originals, and without causing the least inconvenience. He will also bring deformed or irregular teeth to their proper stations, and perform all operations in cleaning and fastening loose ones.

Carbonear, Nov. 29.

To be Act.

THOSE eligible PREMISES, adjoining Messrs. M'BRIDE & KEAR'S—at present occupied by the Subscribers.—For particulars apply to

ROBERT ALSOP & Co.

November 25.

TWO Commodious SITTING ROOMS, with Bed-rooms attached; and the Use of a Kitchen.—Apply to

TIMOTHY FLANNERY.

September 30.

TWO TENEMENTS, near the Ordnance Yard. One suitable for a Genteel Family—the other with a SHOP, &c.

For particulars, enquire of

THOMAS HOULTON.

December 9.

Poets' Corner.

MEMORY'S WREATH.

"Do you, too, Remember?"

Remember them! yes, I remember them well,
They were days of enchantment that ne'er can return,
And deep in my heart do I treasure the spell,
And oft drop a tear on their funeral urn.
Oh! were they not sweet! and do you, too, remember
The beautiful garden we treasur'd so much!
'Twas summer-time then—but the blast of December
Soon came, and the roses all died at its touch.
And do you, too, remember the dear happy faces
That crowded the bench 'neath the apple-tree there?
'Tis true they are gone, but my memory traces
Each feature and voice in that varied parterre.
And do you, too, remember when fondly conversing,
As children, we roved thro' the flow'ry cover'd glen?
And oh! how delighted we were in rehearsing
The innocent hymn that enchanted us then!
And do you, too, remember the infantine prayers?
The bed at whose foot night and morning we knelt?
Alas! could I buy with an ocean of tears
A spirit as pure as at that time I felt!
Those moments are fled—but the fond recollection,
The bliss, that the thought of those days can impart,
Can only expire with the pow'r of reflection,
Can moulder alone with the mould'ring of heart.

THE BROKEN HEART.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for October.)

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London.—Thro' of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal festivity! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstacy at the *clat* with which the whole was going off, and chained with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air—"The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never "Return to claim his blessing bride,"

but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displeasure. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument; and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless and apparently unconscious of any one's presence.—Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! What now is the matter?" Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister! Dear Anne, are you ill?"

again enquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God! how strange—what a piercing shriek," &c. At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but, by and bye, those immediately near her could distinguish the words—"There!—there they are—with their lanterns. Oh! they are looking out for the *de-a-d!* They turn over the heaps. Ah! now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one. There! THERE HE IS! Oh, horror! horror! horror! RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched, with a horse for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her, judging from the event, never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length; "why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him; I was going; and you will not let me; but I MUST go; yes, yes."

"Alas, dearest!—why do you talk so? Charles is not gone; he will return soon; he will indeed," sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine—"Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah, me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart. They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer-cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely any thing; but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation, at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affect-

ing situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' these cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking thro' while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he—
On the banks of Allan water
None so gay as she!
But the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier—false was he—"

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, "Oh, let me, let me leave in peace!" During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour, particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble Colonel of the regiment in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present. The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities, together with the fact that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed, convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished, to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command,—"My dear girl, now don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is DEAD—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health? Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision, (if such it may be called) and then she would.

"Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head and die"

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark, when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, "I am, I am—call her—hush," accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging

her arms round her sister's neck—kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling!—Don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me: I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "Oh, God, she's dead!" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas! it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

HUMOURS OF A FREE NIGHT.—The first house that opened for the season was Crawford's (at Dublin); and he was obliged to commence with a "free night," by virtue of his patent. (The house was, of course, crammed in a few minutes.) The play was "Douglas;" and on this occasion all the principles of the theatre were exempted from duty, and the characters were allotted to understrappers. That of Glenalvon fell into the hands of a little black-browed; bandy-legged fellow, by the name of Barret, well known throughout Dublin for his private particularities, and possessing at all times a great circle of acquaintance in Mount Olympus. The Irish people have great sympathy and enthusiasm; and notwithstanding their personal inconvenience, and the caricature dabbings of the beauties of Home (the actors appearing to be all abroad when they were at home) then and there exhibited, they saw and heard the whole with profound attention. Barret's entrance was a signal for an uproar; but it was of a permissible order. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with a black wig, and a black velvet hat crowned with an immense plume of black feathers, which bending before him, gave him very much the aspect of a mourning coach horse. Barret had some vanity and some judgment; he was fond of applause, and determined (to use his own phrase) to have a belly-ful. He accordingly came on left hand upper entrance, and cutting the boards at a right angle, paced down to the stage-door right hand, then wheeled sharp upon his heel, and marched over to the opposite side; his arms stuck a-kinbo, his robes flying, and his feathers nodding, in pretty accurate burlesque of the manner of Mousp. His friends composing a major portion of the audience, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and yelling of lips that greeted him, I, having no powers of expression to describe, must leave to my reader's "powers of conception." When the tumult had a little subsided, Barret began to act; but some of his more intimate acquaintance, taking a dislike to his costume, interrupted him with exclamations of "Paddy Barret, Paddy Barret!" Barret however, was conscious of the proprieties of his station, and, turning a deaf to such addresses, proceeded. His friends now resorted to a species of notice to obtain his, which is beautifully peculiar to an Irish audience—"a groan for Mr. Barret." That happened, however, not to be his first time he had heard it; and as we pay little respect to things we are familiar with, Barret proceeded. The "darlings" were now stipulated to a decisive measure, by aiming an Irish sprout at his no-liding plume, and shouting out, "Devil burn ye, Paddy Barret! will ye lave off spaking to that lady and listen?" The potatoe triumphed; and the actor, walking forward to the lamps, desired to be acquainted with his patrons' wishes.—"Put some powder in your jassy, you black-looking coalhaver!"—"Oh! is that all you want my jewel? why didn't you say so before? Put some powder in my wig! surely I'll do that thing; but I have only to tell you, my darlings, that I'm a Scotch jontleman to-night, and not Mr. Benjamin Barret; and so—" Get out w'd your dirtiness, Paddy; you chimney-sweeper—you traigey crow! Do you think to bather us with your black looks? Go and powder your jassy, you devil's own body-box-maker!"—"Oh, to be sure I'll do that thing." Saying which, he made a low bow, and retreated to the green-room, leaving the audience and Lord and Lady Randolph to amuse themselves *ad interim* as they pleased. Barret on this occasion wore a stiff starched lady's ruff; and the waggish barber powdered him so sufficiently as to lodge a ridge round his throat, and give him the face of the ghost in Hamlet's father. When he returned to the stage, he was received with a shout of laughter that threatened to rend the roof. Paddy bowed full low for the honour conferred on him, and was about to proceed, when the "Norman Quay" critics were at him again. "Arrah! the boy's been in a sigw-storm. By the powers! he has put his head in a flour-sack! Paddy, Paddy Barret!" Glenalvon disregarded them sometime with a very laudable spirit of contempt, till the yells, groans, epithets, and exclamations, swelled the diabolic chorus to a negation of the sense of hearing. He then came forward a second time to inquire their wishes.—"Leedies and jontlemen, what may it please ye to want now?"—"Put some point on your nose," was the reply. "What!"—"Put some on your nose, you honest alive!"—"Put my nose to play tragedy! Oh, bad luck to your taste! I tell you what, Terence M'Mulligan, and you, Larry Casey, with your two ugly mugs-up in the boxes yonder, I see how it is; the devil himself wouldn't please ye to-night; so you may just come down and play the karakter yourselves for the ghost of another line will I never speak." Saying which, he took off his wig, and shaking his powder at them contemptuously, walked off the stage in a truly tragical strut. The prompter was consequently obliged to come on and read the remainder of the part.—Bernard's Reminiscences.