

John Shea Proprietor  
Newfoundland

THE



# Newfoundland

No. 496.

THURSDAY January 26, 1837.

Sixpence.

## Conception-Bay Packets



### NORA CREINA

PACKET-BOAT BETWEEN CARBONEAR AND PORTUGAL COVE.

**JAMES DOYLE**, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-boat to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal Cove*, and, at considerable expense, fitted up her Cabin in superior style, with four sleeping berths, &c.

The *Nora Creina* will, until 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 those days.

Ordinary Fares, 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d. double ditto 1s. and Parcels in proportion to their weight. April 21.

### The Saint Patrick.

**EDMUND PHELAN** begs most respectfully to acquaint the public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which at a considerable expense he has fitted out, to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal Cove*, as PACKET-BOAT: having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for rest.) The Fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping berths; which will, he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community, and he assures them that it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The *St. Patrick* will leave *Carbonear* for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, and at the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the Packet Man leaving *St. John's* at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

#### TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers, 7s. 6d.  
Fore ditto ditto 5s.  
Letters, single 6d.  
Double, ditto 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.  
The owner will not be accountable for any specie.

N. B.—Letters for *St. John's*, &c., will be received at his House in *Carbonear*, and in *St. John's* for *Carbonear*, &c., at Mr. Patrick Kitley's *Newfoundland Tavern*, and at Mr. John Crute's. April 28.

## ST. JOHN'S & HARBOUR GRACE PACKET.

THE fine fast-sailing Cutter, the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at nine o'clock, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning for *Portugal Cove*, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—This Vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable cabin for Passengers; all Packages and Letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for Packages or Postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares, 7s. 6d., servants and Children 5s. each, single Letters 6d. double ditto 1s., and parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, *St. John's*.  
ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, *Harbor Grace*.

## Notices

### Notice to Mariners.

LIGHT HOUSE on Cape Spear, NEWFOUNDLAND.

### NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT a Light will be exhibited in the Light-house which has been erected on *Cape Spear*, on the evening of THURSDAY the 1st of September next, and thenceforth continued every night from sun-set to sun-rise, for the benefit of Navigation.

The character of this Light—which will burn at an elevation of 275 feet above the level of the sea—will be that of a POWERFUL REVOLVING LIGHT, showing a brilliant flash at regulated intervals of ONE MINUTE.

The STATIONARY LIGHT on Fort Amherst, at the entrance of this Harbor, will be continued as heretofore.

THOMAS BENNETT  
HENRY P. THOMAS  
JAMES MURPHY  
B. BONIFANT  
JOHN SINCLAIR

Commissioners

*St. John's, Newfoundland, August 25, 1836.*

## SPLENDID NEW PACKET-BOAT



### Between Brigus and Portugal Cove.

THE Brigus Packet Company beg to apprise the public that their Packet Boat *ARIEL*, of 30 tons, has now commenced plying between *Brigus* and *Portugal Cove*. She will leave *Brigus* on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday, & Friday at 9 o'clock, and *Portugal Cove* on the intermediate days, at 12 o'clock.—This Vessel is built in a superior manner and offers the most desirable accommodations for Passengers—having a separate Cabin for Ladies.

Terms—Cabin Passengers, (after) 7s. 6d.  
Fore Cabin, 5s. 0d.  
Single letters 7d.  
And Packages in proportion.

PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, *St. John's*.  
WILLIAM GILL, Agent, *Brigus*.

## TEAS!

WILLIAM STEWART & CO.  
Have just Received,  
Per NIMROD,  
AND OFFER FOR SALE,

- 25 Half-chest Twankey Tea
- 10 Boxes fine ditto (13lbs each)
- 10 Ditto Green ditto (13lbs each)
- 15 Ditto Hyson ditto (13lbs each)
- 5 Half-chest Young Hyson
- 15 Chests Souchong
- 8 Half ditto
- 15 Boxes family ditto (14lbs each)
- 30 Chests Congo
- 40 Half ditto
- 50 Ditto Bohea.

Being on Consignment, and will be sold cheap for Cash.

Also,  
A few Casks LOAF SUGAR.  
November 24.

T. & J. Brocklebank  
OFFER FOR SALE  
60 Tons COAL,  
Just received per Brig Andes, from  
Liverpool.  
Which will be sold cheap if taken  
from the Vessel immediately.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

To portray upon ivory the features which will probably grow blank in the dust long before even his fragile tints have faded;—to give to those who are parting with the one nearest and dearest to their hearts, some shadow of their visible presence;—this is the task of the Painter!

Many have been the glad, and many the sorrowful occasions upon which my pencil has been summoned; one or two of these scenes it is my purpose to lay before the reader;—in colours, not bright, perhaps, but true.

Years have now passed since, one morning in the early season, I was roused from my labours in my studio by the arrival of a visitor. He was young and there was in his air that which indicated the union of high birth and mental superiority; his manner was elegant, yet it was not without a touch of embarrassment.

"I have called," said he, in the hope... in the belief that it is possible for an artist to take a likeness from... from memory... should there be a dislike to sitting?"

"I have been able to do so," replied I, a little surprised at his marked confusion.

"If you would do it for me, I should be more grateful than you can imagine—but the circumstances are peculiar, and I am fearful you may refuse;—and added he, and his eyes filling with tears proclaimed his emotion, "my happiness, my only chance of happiness is in your hands! I am about to leave England for years, and would wish to continue unknown to you \*\*\*\* but there is a lady: one in whom my very existence is bound up; we have been brought up together, but we must be separated. You shall see her, and if you will give me a sketch, however slight!"

For a moment he covered his face with his hands. I promised a ready compliance with his wishes, if he would instruct me how to proceed. It was arranged that I was to go with him that night to the opera—that I should see the arbitress of his fate—the keeper of his heart's treasure. "One glance at her features," he said, "will be my best excuse!" It would have been impossible for me to hesitate long, for his passionate intreaties would have prevailed upon a far less sensitive nature than mine.

To the opera I went with him that night; and in all the dazzling circle around there was not one whose beauty could for a moment compare with that of the young and exquisite face which I was to remember! Who that had ever seen could forget it?

My companion entered her box, and the change that came over her bright cheek told its own tale, whilst the air of cold politeness with which the lady of stately and matronly appearance who was by her side, greeted his approach, showed that it was by stealth alone he could ever hope to win even the dim imperfectly-pictured resemblance of that glorious face.

Once more I went to gaze upon it; and with a throbbing heart I sketched its matchless features. I had caught the smile with which she welcomed him, and when I placed it before my stranger guest, I thought that in the folly of his young love, he would have worshipped the hand which had given consolation to his exile!

Months passed by, when I received a request from Lord R—that I would paint a miniature of his young "fiancee." I of course complied, and at the hour appointed for the sittings his Lordship entered the room, a lady leaning on his arm; the same, ay, the same fair creature whom I had already sketched for another!

With cold and evident reluctance she allowed him to lead her to the seat. Beautiful as she still was a shadow seemed to have passed over her; sorrow had been in the depths of those blue eyes and had stolen away the lustre and the light that were native to them; whilst, for the gladness of youth which I had seen in them before, there was a settled expression of despair. I read in that face a fearful story!

The next day I was informed that lady Louisa G— was too unwell to resume her sitting. I heard at the same time that it was "her father's will" that she should become the bride of Lord R—. A short time after I saw their union announced in the papers.

The next spring found me still surrounded by the implements of the art I love, when one evening I received a hurried note from Lord R—, requesting

my immediate presence in his house in—street. I went, and in the most agitated manner did he beg of me to take a likeness of his "beautiful, his dying wife."

Shocked beyond expression, I accompanied him to the drawing-room; there, extended on a couch, was laid the wreck of the young girl I had seen, but one little year before, in all the "pride and prodigality" of beauty!

The glorious eyes were sunk and dim; the exquisite features sharpened by the hand of death; the dark hair thrown back in the impatience of sickness! She welcomed me with a faint smile, but met her husband's anxious eye with an expression that was not love.

I sat down to my sad task, and had scarcely commenced when a domestic brought in a card. The pale cheek of Lady R. blushed deeply, as she tremblingly exclaimed, "Let him come in."

"My love," interrupted Lord R., "you are not well enough to see strangers."

"Strangers! we were brought up together," whispered the dying creature.

The door flew open and the visitor entered. I knew him at the first glance. He walked hurriedly to the sofa on which the lady sat; incapable of rising (though evidently anxious) to receive him. He appeared to see but one object in the apartment—of Lord R.'s presence he seemed wholly unconscious. He wildly pressed a pale thin cold hand to his lips—here murmured some one word, that might be his name but it was scarcely audible. The hand grew colder in his fevered pressure. Yes, even before Lord R. could interpose, or proffer assistance—she, with one long intense look upon features familiar to her from childhood, and imaged probably in her marriage dreams, had fallen back—the loveliest ruin eye ever beheld.

When I left that stately and splendid mansion it had no mistress.—*Court Journal.*

## FIRST LOVE; OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY L. E. L.

The assertion that "What is everybody's business is nobody's," is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is everybody's" is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is, of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs and cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others: it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers;" and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did everything. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy,

(See last Page.)

EXTRACTS FROM WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

**THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.**—Strong natural sense supplied in Lord Surry the neglect of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence whenever he rose to address the house, analogous to his formation of mind and body. In his youth—for at the time of which I speak he had attained his 38th year—he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated occasionally, in the streets or on a block of wood. At the Beef-stake Club, where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals in that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness, he was negligent to so great a degree, that he merely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On the occasion, being insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my Lord," said he, "Did you ever try a clean shirt?" Drunkenness was in him a hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father the Duke of Norfolk, indulged equally in it: but he did not manifest the same capacities as his son in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact that Lord Surry, after leaving his father and all the guests under the table at Tatched House tavern, in St. James's-st., has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rights. Even in the House of Commons, he was not always sober; but he never attempted, like Lord Galway, to mix in the debate on those occasions.

**THE FIRST LORD LONSDALE.**—Overleaping the two inferior stages of the peerage as if beneath his claims, Sir James seated himself at once on the earl's bench, by the title of Lonsdale; an elevation which, it might have been thought, was in itself fully adequate to his pretensions and services. Yet, so indignant was he at finding himself last on the list of newly created earls—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already barons of many centuries old—that he actually attempted to reject the peerage, preferring to remain a commoner rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the House of Commons, where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor, and placed himself on one of the opposition benches, as member for the county of Cumberland, if Colman and Clementson, the serjeant and deputy serjeant-at-arms, had not withheld him by main force. Apprized of his determination, and aware of his having already kissed the King's hand at the levee on his being raised to the earldom, though the patent had not yet passed through the necessary forms for its completion; they grasped the hilts of their swords, restrained him from accomplishing his purpose, and at length succeeded in obliging him to seat himself under the gallery, in the part of the House allotted to the Peers when present at the deliberations of the commons. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the crown.

**DEATH OF WM. PITT.**—On Friday, the 27th of March, 1812, Sir Walter Farquhar and I dined with Sir John Mackpherson at Brompton Grove, near London. No other person was present. After dinner, the conversation turning on Pitt's last illness and death, Sir Walter said, "It was by no means the gout killed him. The fatal campaign of 1805, and the battle of Austerlitz, terminated his life. I admit that his stomach was previously debilitated; but the calamities of Austria and Russia overcame him. Lord Melville's unfortunate impeachment, and his dismissal as first Lord of the admiralty, laid the foundation of Pitt's disease. When he came up from Bath, early in 1806, I went down to him at Salthill, and earnestly besought of him to remain there; it being so near Windsor. I represented to him that he could have continual access to the King, and at the same time would breathe the pure air, and might see his friends. He would not listen to me, but came on to Putney. Nevertheless, when he arrived there, which was on Saturday, he mounted the stairs with great agility, and went out to take the air in his carriage next day. On Monday the Ministers got to him, and what passed among them I know not; but on the ensuing morning he was so much worse as to excite in me the greatest alarm. He complained that he felt as if his body was cut in two. I strongly urged him not to apply to any public business; a piece of advice which I enforced to the persons about him. Conscious of his danger, I requested that a consultation might be held on his case; offering to fix on any physician that he might like, and to join a third with us. The proposition met with his immediate assent. He named Reynolds, and to join him was added Baillie. We met, and having examined his body, we all concurred in thinking that no vital part or function was defective; but, from the Tuesday, a putrid fever and a thrush manifested themselves. He held out till the Thursday se'nnight, on which day he expired. During the last nine days he lay chiefly on his back,

swallowed only lime-water, and became extenuated in mind, as well as in body, to the greatest degree. I was continually with him, though I was not present when he breathed his last. His faculties sunk with the progress of his disorder and his extreme physical debility."

**THE NOTORIOUS DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.**—To return to the Duke of Queensberry. If he had lived under Charles the Second, he might have disputed, for pre-eminence in the favour of that prince, with the Arlingtons, the Buckingham, the Palmouths, and the Dorsets, so celebrated under his reign. Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths, and other idle tales. It is, however, a fact, that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room, the scene of Paris and the Goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females to be found in London presented themselves before him precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while he, habited like "the Dardan shepherd," holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest. This took place at his house near Green-park. Neither the second Duke of Buckingham, commemorated by Pope, whose whole life was a voluptuous whim, nor any other of the licentious noblemen, his contemporaries, appear to have even realized a scene so analogous to the manners of that profligate period. The correct days of Geo. III were reserved to witness its accomplishment.

**EARL GREY'S ENTRY UPON THE POLITICAL STAGE.**—The opposition, however diminished in numbers the party might be, received at this time a most valuable accession of talents in the person of Mr. Grey, now Earl Grey. He had been elected member for the County of Northumberland, late in the last session, when, on the decease of the Duke of that name, Lorp Algernon Percy succeeded to the peerage as Lord Louvaine. Grey sprung from a very noble and ancient stock. His father a general officer of merit, decorated with the order of the Bath, was the younger brother and presumptive heir of Sir Henry Grey, a baronet of George the Second's creation. Mr. Grey, when he first took his seat in the House of Commons, had not long accomplished his two-and-twentieth year. His figure, tall and elegantly formed, prepossessed in his favour. The smiles of the Duchess of Devonshire, and her blandishments, which few persons at any period of life could resist were believed to have operated very powerfully in attaching him to the party that she espoused; for he seemed irresolute, at his outset in parliament, which side he should take; professed a reluctance to oppose government, as well as respect for administration; and disclaimed all party feelings. But he instantly threw aside these restraints.

**THE FIRST LORD MELVILLE.**—Dundas, beneath the appearance of unguarded, open manners, knew how to mature, and, when necessary, how to conceal, the most solid projects of ambition. Managing Scotland, while he controlled India, and looking forward to the British Peerage as his certain reward, he kept his eye fixed invariably on Pitt. With consummate ability he adapted his conduct, as well as his conversation, to the peculiar structure of that minister's mind, on which adulation would only have produced effects injurious to his own plans. Dundas guided Pitt on many points, and influenced him upon almost every measure; but he effected it by never dictating upon any matter. When discussing public business, he commonly affected to embrace ideas contrary to the opinion which he knew or believed Pitt to have formed upon the subject. After contesting the chancellor of the exchequer's arguments, Dundas usually concluded by adopting his sentiments, as if from real conviction. This ingenious species of flattery proved irresistible, under the control of judgment. The Duchess of Gordon, who lived in the habits of great intimacy with them both, entertained about the same time the project of marrying her eldest daughter to the first minister. Lady Charlotte Lennox was then about eighteen years of age; and, though not a Hebe, yet her youth, her high birth, and her accomplishments, might, not improbably, as her mother thought, effect his conquest. In fact, Pitt, however little constitutionally inclined to the passion of love yet manifested some partiality towards her and showed her many attentions. But Dundas, than whom few men were more clear-sighted, and who by no means wished his friend to form a matrimonial connexion, which must have given the Duchess a sort of maternal ascendancy over him, determined to counteract her design. For that purpose he could devise no expedient more efficacious than affecting a disposition to lay his own person and fortune at Lady Charlotte's feet. He was then a widower, having been divorced from his first wife. Pitt, who never had displayed more than a slight inclination towards the lady, ceased his assiduities; and Dundas's object being answered, his pretensions, which were never clearly pronounced, expired without producing any ostensible effect. Singular or doubtful as these facts may appear, I have good reason for believing them to be founded in truth. They came from high authority. Two years later, the Duchess of Gordon succeeded in procuring for her the hand of Colonel Lenox, since become Duke of Richmond.

**THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.**—A new and powerful ally now appeared who soon changed the aspect of affairs, and succeeded in placing Fox, though not first, yet second on the list of candidates. This auxiliary was no other than the Duchess of Devonshire, one of the most distinguish-

ed females of high rank whom the last century produced. Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunninga, in regularity of features, and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that celebrated woman. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from nature and fortune, she possessed an ardent temper, as well as strong impressions; a cultivated understanding, illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt from vanity and coquetry. To her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, she was attached with more than common filial affection, of which she exhibited pecuniary proofs rarely given by a daughter to her parent. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister Lady Duncannon. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence.

**ACCOUNT OF AN EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE.**—Zante, it is well known, is subject to frequent shocks of earthquake, and Dr. Walsby had the good (or ill) fortune to witness one of the most fearful which have occurred in the island during the present century. The Doctor thus describes it:—"When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighted, on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this country, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated and were changing places; presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side, as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness—while, at the same instant, the walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became for a moment visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid to protect it from the falling fragments. Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall. An accident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood in the square opposite the Palazzo a tall slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jingle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruin by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarise me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever."

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

National Bank of Ireland Office, Dame-street, Dublin, 22d of November, 1836.

"Whilst the run for gold continued on the National Bank, of which I am governor, I was often asked by friendly persons, unconnected in interest with our establishment, to use the influence which the people of Ireland allow me to possess to put a stop to the unwise demand for gold in lieu of national notes. I refused to do so—I refused to interfere—until the demand should have ceased, and until the National Bank had practically proved its readiness and punctuality, by paying every demand made upon it.

"I did, indeed, think that the people of Ireland ought, of themselves, to have shown their confidence in me, and to have testified their conviction that I would not be one to circulate amongst them any paper which could cause any loss or injury to anybody; but I would not complain, nor do I now complain—I am only grieved that the people should injure themselves, by striking down prices, and should deprive the farmers of good markets, and take away from almost everybody the means of giving employment to the labourer and to the poor.

"The three last years were years of low prices and of great difficulty for the industrious classes to pay their rents and sustain the heavy burdens which pressed upon them. This season, on the contrary, opened well; there was a remunerating price for everything, when a foolish panic seized a number of persons, and they most senselessly and culpably made a run on the banks. It did, indeed, afflict me much to see the people thus injure themselves.

"It also grieved me to see that the Irish people—intelligent though they be—did not understand the security against any ultimate loss which arises from the constitution of a joint-stock bank, where every shareholder is liable to the full extent of all his property. Every bank note is in the nature of a judgment debt, and binds all the real property of the shareholder. This I tell you as a lawyer, and pledge my professional credit thereupon.

"For example—The Agricultural Bank has ceased to pay its notes with banking regularity. I am sincerely sorry for it; it was kind and useful to the farmers and traders. I have no sort of connection whatsoever with that bank, or with the respectable class of persons who are its shareholders; but I am bound to tell the people that I am perfectly convinced that every single note of that establishment will be ultimately paid in full, and I declare it my opinion that no man should part with an agricultural note for less than its full value.

"I have, I repeat, no connection with the Agricultural Bank, neither have I with the Provincial Bank, but I know that the Provincial Bank is a very wealthy establishment. I know its shareholders in London are extremely opulent; I know that the people are perfectly safe in taking and in keeping the Provincial notes, and that it is folly, and, in fact, great wickedness, to make any run on that bank, because it would interfere with its directors in their readiness to accommodate the farmers, merchants, and traders, and thus keep down prices, and prevent trade and employment.

"I say these things of the Provincial Bank without having had, directly or indirectly, any communication with any person connected with that establishment. It really is so solvent an establishment that its shareholders may perhaps be displeased at my seeming to uphold their credit. They mistake me: it is not for their sakes; it is for the sake of the people of Ireland that I write—it is to warn the people against being their own enemies, by preventing the Provincial Bank from discounting bills and advancing money to the industrious classes of society.

"With respect to the Bank of Ireland—the Government Bank—I beg leave respectfully to thank the Directors for the liberality with which they have come forward to sustain public credit. I do not know of greater madness than that of the people who made a run for gold on some of the branches of the National Bank—it was sheer insanity... again striking down the prices of their own commodities, and taking away the means of employment.

"It is not merely as Governor of the National Bank of Ireland—it is as one, alas! of the oldest and steadiest friends of Ireland that I address you. As the friend of the people I call on them to allow the banks to do them good.

"I instituted the National Bank merely to do good to the people of Ireland—I call on them to assist me to serve themselves. Every shilling of property I have in the world—all the property of my eldest son and family—all the property of my son-in-law—is involved as security for the notes of the National Bank, together with the property of all the other shareholders. The run has ceased—the demand is over. I now only ask the people to return to the tranquil enjoyment of those advantages which I sought to secure to them by establishing the National Bank in Ireland.

I cannot conclude without candidly confessing that several Conservative landlords have come forward to sustain public credit, and have sunk all considerations of angry politics, in order to do public good. This is a kind and right feeling, which ought to be cultivated and encouraged at every side and by every body.

"I think I deserve the confidence of the people. I call on them to confide in me and to follow my advice. No man can be injured by doing so. Every man will be the better for taking the advice, in this instance, of

Your devoted friend,  
"DANIEL O'CONNELL,  
Governor of the National Bank of Ireland."

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) January 26, 1837.

**BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.**—A party of the Sons of Scotia commemorated the anniversary of the birth of their great national Poet, BURNS—of whom they are so justly proud—by dining together last evening, at the Golden Lion Hotel. The entertainment was sumptuous and abundant—including, of course, a magnificent edition of the "great chieftain of the puddin' race"—served up in excellent style, and followed by a choice dessert, and wines in rich variety. The Hon. JOHN SINCLAIR presided on the festive occasion, assisted by JAMES G.

GRIEVE, Esq.; as Croupier; and after an ample discussion of the good cheer, the following toasts were given from the chair:—

- The King—God bless him.
- The Queen and Royal Family.
- The never dying memory of Burns—may the generous spirit of patriotism which glowed in his soul and breathed in his lays, never cease to animate the spirits of his countrymen.
- His Excellency Governor Prescott.
- The Navy and Army.
- The Legislature of Newfoundland.
- The Chief Justice and Judges of the Island.
- The Memory of Scott, Ramsay, Ferguson and Hog, and the departed bards of Scotland.
- The Memory of Byron, which will be cherished by every admirer of genius while our language exists.
- Our illustrious Countrymen and contemporary bards, Campbell, Wilson and Glanfillan and the Minstrelsy of our native Land.
- Wordsworth and the living poets of England.
- Anacron Moore the enlivening and spirit-stirring Master of Irish Song.
- Mrs. Prescott and her family circle.
- Our Native Land—may time or distance never diminish our love or attachment.
- The land we live in—prosperity to its Trade and Fisheries.
- The fair daughters of Terra Nova.
- The charitable Institutions of the Island.
- Civil and Religious Liberty all over the globe.
- Absent Friends—not less remembered because they are so.

DEPARTURES.—In the *Helen*, for Greenock, Mr. T. Hogan, Miss Hogan, and Mr. M'Lea.—In the *Hebe*, for Greenock, Dr. Shea, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Welsh, Mr. M'Allister, Mr. A. Crawford.—In the *Colombian Packet*, for Greenock, Mr. R. O'Dwyer.

Died, on Thursday morning last, after a very short illness, much regretted, Mr. JAMES CRUDEN, a native of Greenock, aged 78 years.—His funeral took place on Sunday last, and was attended by a large portion of the most respectable inhabitants of the town.

At Fredericton, in New Brunswick, in the early part of last month, after several years of suffering, which she bore with the most pious resignation and christian fortitude, Mrs. HESTER M'CAWLEY, a native of this town, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Denning, relict of the late Mr. Daniel M'Cauley, and mother of the Rev. Dr. George M'Cauley, President of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.—The loss of this truly estimable woman is very deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and this Island. She was left, more than thirty years since, a very young widow, with two children, and her whole attention was directed to their education and improvement. She was often heard to say that her highest object of worldly ambition was to see her son a worthy minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which she was herself a member; and in this wish she was so far gratified, that she has not only had the satisfaction of hearing him preach in the parish church of his native town, but her life was spared until he was appointed, at an early age, to the responsible office of President over the institution in which he had, a few years before, been elected as a scholar. To this valuable institution, Dr. G. M'Cauley, in common with the greater number of missionaries at present employed in this diocese, owes the means of his academical and clerical education, and it is not unworthy of remark, that he is the first native of the Island of Newfoundland who has been regularly educated for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the colonies.—Communicated.

**Shipping Intelligence**

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

**VESSELS (ENTERED.)**

January 19.—Schooner *Huxinson*, Wright, Halifax; 20 M. lumber, 20 M. shingles, 160 firkins butter, 10 bla beef, 40 hhd's porter, 5 hhd's ale, 30 boxes raisins.  
20.—Brig *Tweed*, Leslie, Cape Breton; 140 chalds coal, and sundries.  
Brig *Leander*, Granger, Demerara; ballast.  
Schooner *Charles*, De Roche, Cape Breton; 50 tons coal, 10 firkins butter, and sundries.

**VESSELS (LOADING.)**

January 21.—O'Connell, Dollard, Barbados.  
Gazelle, Cothay, Brazil.  
23.—Leander, Granger, Europe.  
24.—Cove, Reed, Liverpool.

**VESSELS (CLEARED.)**

January 21.—Brig *Sophia*, Humphries, Havana; 1700 qtls fish, 100 kits salmon.  
Brig *Colombian Packet*, Longridge, Greenock; 20,000 galls oil, 1800 qtls fish, 184 hides, and sundry merchandise.

**Notices**

APPLICATIONS will be received at the Office of C. F. BENNETT, Esq., (Chairman of the Commissioners of Roads for the Town and District of St. John's,) until MONDAY next, the 30th inst. at 11 o'clock, from Persons desirous of filling the Office of GENERAL ROAD SURVEYOR.—The Salary attached to the Office by the Act of the Local Legislature is 75*l.* Sterling per annum.  
January 26.

**FREIGHT to HARBOR GRACE**

The Brig **CALYPSO**,  
Now lying at the Wharf of Messrs. JAMES STEWART & Co., will take Freight for Harbor Grace on reasonable terms.—Apply on board.  
The CALYPSO will sail the first favourable opportunity after Monday next.  
January 26.

**Sales by Auction.**

**Damaged Bread!!**

**THIS DAY,**  
(Thursday) At 11 o'clock,  
On the Wharf of

**Baine, Johnston & Co.**

136 Bags BREAD, partially damaged, in lots to suit purchasers

IMMEDIATELY AFTER,

- 100 Bushels Indian Corn
  - 10 Kegs Negrohead Tobacco
  - 15 Barrels Apples
  - 20 Ditto Beef
  - 5 Puncheons Choice retailing Molasses.
- January 26.

**THIS DAY,**

(Thursday) At 11 o'clock,  
By

**JAMES CLIFT,**

5 PIECES Blue and Black Clothes

- 6 Do. Flushing
  - 130 Pair Drawers, 73 Shirts
  - 1 Piece Bedtick
  - A lot Ribbons, Muslin, &c.
  - 4 Herring Nets
  - 100 Pair Wellington Boots
  - 200 Do. Shoes
  - 2 Tables, 1 Sofa, 6 Chairs
  - 1 Argand Lamp
  - 5 Pieces Oil Floor Cloths
  - 5 Do. Oil Table Cloths
  - 6 Pair Decanters
  - 1 Set Sleigh Harness
  - 1 Buffalo Skin
  - 4 Bear Skins
  - 1 Double-barrelled Gun.
- January 26.

**On SATURDAY next,**

The 28th Instant, at 12 o'clock,  
On the Wharf of

**C. F. Bennett & Co.**

**BUTTER—**  
63 Firkins of choice Cumberland, suited for family use

**TOBACCO—**  
2 Hhds Leaf

**COFFEE—**  
20 Bags St. Domingo

**WINES—**  
3 Pipes Canary  
4 Hhds, low price Sherry

**WHISKEY—**  
1 Piece of Spirits

**TEA—**  
2 Chests Gunpowder  
6 Do. Bohea  
6 Do. Souchong

**BOOTS—**  
170 Pair Mens Deck

**BREAD—**  
A lot of Damaged

**POTATOES—**  
30 Barrels

**TURNIPS—**  
12 Barrels

**RICHARD LANGLEY,**  
Auctioneer.

**On Sale**

**By Private Contract,**

The fine, fast-sailing  
**Schr. CHARLES,**

Only 2 years old. Burthen per Register, 79 Tons. She is a most desirable Vessel for a Sealer or Coaster, being full-timbered, sharp built, and well found in Rigging and Sails. Inventories may be seen and terms known by applying to

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.  
January 26.

**CODNER & JENNINGS,**

450 Bls. excellent Devonshire Potatoes, at 9s. per barrel,  
2 Tons English Hay,  
(JUST ARRIVED.)  
ALSO,  
A large assortment of Cordage  
A lot of Canvass  
Leatherwares and Leather, in variety.  
Oakum, Pitch Tar, Paint, &c. &c. &c.  
January 12.

**Notices.**

**Mechanics' Ball.**

THE Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John's are most respectfully informed that a PUBLIC BALL will be held at the MECHANICS' HALL, on the Evening of TUESDAY, the 31st instant. TICKETS—Ladies at 5s., Gentlemen's 7s. 6d., may be had of the Officers of the Mechanics' Society, who will officiate as Stewards on the occasion. January 19, 1837.

COMMISSARIAT,  
Newfoundland, 10th January, 1837.

**CONTRACT FOR BAKING BREAD.**

PERSONS willing to contract for BAKING BREAD, for the Troops and others in St. John's, from the 1st April, 1837, to the 31st March, 1838, agreeably to certain conditions which may be seen at this Office, are informed that Tenders will be received on TUESDAY, the 31st January, 1837, until One o'clock, P. M.

The Tenders to express the number of Pounds of Bread which will be given for every 100 lbs. of Flour supplied by the Commissariat Department, and to be accompanied by a letter signed by two responsible persons, engaging to become bound with the parties tendering in the sum of 10*l.* sterling, for the due and faithful fulfilment of the contract.  
J. LAIDLEY,  
A. C. G.

COMMISSARIAT,  
10th January, 1837.

**Tenders for CARTAGE.**

NOTICE is hereby given that Tenders in Duplicate will be received at this Office on TUESDAY, the 31st January, until One o'clock, P. M., from persons willing to enter into a Contract for supplying the Public Departments with such Transport as may be required from time to time, between the 1st April, 1837, and the 31st March, 1838, agreeably to certain conditions which may be seen daily at the Commissariat Office, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock.

The Tenders must express the price in Sterling for a whole day, or half a day for each.  
Horse, Harness and Driver,  
Box Cart or Truck, with one Horse.  
Harness and Driver,  
Box Cart or Truck, with two Horses,  
Harness and Driver.

The Tenders must be accompanied by a letter signed by two responsible Persons (such as may be approved of by the Assistant Commissary General,) engaging to become bound with the party tendering, in the penal sum of 10*l.* sterling, for the faithful performance of the contract.

Payment will be made at this office, quarterly, in British Silver, or in Dollars at 4s. 4d., at the option of the Senior Commissariat Officer.  
J. LAIDLEY,  
A. C. G.

**To be Let.**

THE Subscriber offers to let, from the 1st day of April next, that very eligibly situated Stone House, now occupied by him, adjoining the Premises of Messrs. B. BOWRING & SON, with or without Stores in the rear.  
JOHN HOWLEY.  
January 19.

**Mr. GOSSE,**

Miniature Portrait Painter.

BEGS leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen, and public generally of St. John's, and its neighbourhood, that he will take Likenesses on Ivory, of various sizes, at from 2 to 5 Guineas each,—warranted correct, and superior finish.

On Ivory cards at 15s. each.  
Color'd profiles on ditto 7s. 6d.  
Residence at MRS. BELCHER'S.  
January 5.

**T. & J. Brocklebank**

OFFER FOR SALE,  
The Cargo of the Barque *IRT*, from Copenhagen,  
VIZ.—  
1000 Barrels Superfine Flour  
750 Bags fine White Biscuit  
250 Ditto Superfine Ditto  
200 Barrels prime Mess Pork  
150 Firkins 1st Quality Butter  
10,000 Bricks.  
December 29.

**On Sale.**

BY **JOHN RYAN,**

LOAF SUGAR, Currants,  
L. B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder,  
Cognac Brandy in blds.,  
Gin in cases,  
Stockholm and Coal Tar, Pitch,  
Cordage, Oakum and Spun yarn,  
Starch and Blue,  
Hyson and Gunpowder Teas in small packages,  
Boot Legs, Upper and Sole Leather,  
Iron (assorted), Nails (assorted), Iron Hoops,  
Pipes in boxes.  
London Mould Candles,  
Barclay and Perkins's Porter,  
Sherry Wine in Qr.-casks,  
Lime in casks,  
Together with a general assortment of SLOP  
GOODS, suitable for the Seal Fishery.  
January 19.

**POTATOES, &c.**

Per *Kingaloch*, 12 days from Cork,  
NOW LANDING  
AT THE STORE OF

**L. O'BRIEN,**

The Cargo of the above Vessel—  
CONSISTING OF

- 1200 Barrels Prime POTATOES
  - 150 Bushels Poland or Seed OATS
  - 60 Firkins BUTTER } both of the best
  - 40 Bls. & Half Bls. PORK } quality, and or-
  - dered particularly for
  - family use.
- St. John's, January 12, 1837.

**Baine, Johnston & Co.**

HAVE RECEIVED,  
By the *ELIZA*, from Boston,

- 300 Barrels new BEEF
  - 16 Puncheons choice MOLASSES
  - 8 M. W. O. Hoghead STAVES
  - 20 Dozen Carpet BROOMS
  - 600 Barrels INDIAN CORN
  - IRISH BUTTER, in Store, ex *Clydesdale*.
- January 12.

**New Provisions, &c.**

**RICHARD HOWLEY,**

IS NOW LANDING  
The Cargo of the *COLUMBIAN PACKET*, from  
*Hamburg*,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE  
At reduced Prices—Viz:

- 200 BARRELS Prime Mess Pork
- 200 Firkins new Butter (Holstein)  
for family use
- 300 Barrels Superfine Flour
- 50 Do. Extra do. for Pastry
- 100 Do. fresh Oatmeal
- 175 Bags superfine Cabin Biscuit
- 75 Do. fine do. do.
- 1000 Do. Good Common do.
- 50 Coils assorted Cordage
- 600 Pair Yarn Hose
- 50 Pair Deck Boots
- A few Kegs Tongues, Pickled Rounds Beef and  
Smoked ditto.

Also,  
Per *BLANDFORD* and *CHERUB*, from  
London,

- 3 Pipes and 20 hhd's. Cognac Brandy, (Martell's  
brand) warranted of the very best quality
- 40 Hhds. Bordeaux ditto, (Dumon Frere's brand)
- 20 Do. Pale Skiedam Geneva
- 400 Boxes best London Tallow Candles, Mould's  
and Dip's
- 20 Do. Imperial Wax do.
- 50 Do. Hard Yellow Soap

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

- London Butt Leather, Calf Skins, Kips, Basils  
and Boot Legs (block'd)
  - 1000 Doz. Paste and Liquid Blacking
  - 40 Casks gold-colored Sherry Wine, 3 doz. each
  - 6 Qr.-casks and 20 cases prime old Port
  - 100 Dozen London Brown Stout
  - 100 Do. Pale Burton Ale, &c. &c.
- N. B.—Connoisseurs can be accom-  
modated with a few gallons of *Genuine*  
COGNAC and HOLLANDS—perfect  
Cordials.  
December 28.

For Freight or Charter.  
The fine A. 1. British built, Coppered  
Schooner

**Colombian Packet,**

176 Tons per Register.  
Apply as above.



Poets Corner

THE PETITION.

BY L. E. LANSON.

I do not know what hour to name,  
When I shall ask one thought as mine,  
Nor urge my fond heart's gentle claim,  
Upon that hurried life of thine.

Think of me, when the languid night  
Closes around the weary hours;  
When far-off stars are pale with light,  
And the sweet air is filled with flowers.

Ah, yield not to the soother, Sleep!  
But think—ah no! that must not be;  
Enough for me to watch and weep,—  
I would not have thee wake for me.

Think of me when the earliest rose  
Melts gradual in the summer skies;  
And the glad birds their wings uncloze,  
While light and music bid them rise.

When the sun makes each dew spray  
A mirror for the morning's smile;  
But no—that hour is all too gay,—  
Thou must not think of me the while.

Nor shall I ask a sweet brief thought  
Amid thy days of common care;  
I would not have my image brought  
With worldly hopes and fears to share.

Ah! folly of a loving heart!  
What fancies wild and vain are these,—  
Fain their own colours to impart,  
For Love is full of phantasies.

Think of me,—why it matters not,—  
At night—or morn—in crowds alone!  
So I can think me unforgot,  
And trust that true heart as my own.

THE ABSENT.

'Tis midnight deep. I came but now  
From the bright air of lighted halls;  
And while I hold my aching brow,  
I gaze upon my dim-lit walls:  
And feeling here that I am free  
To wear the look that suits my mood,  
And let my thoughts flow back to thee,  
I bless my humble solitude;  
And bidding all thoughts else begone,  
I muse upon my love alone.

Yet was the music sweet to-night,  
And fragrant spices filled the air;  
And flowers were drooping in the light,  
And lovely women wandered there;  
And fruits and wines with lavish waste  
Were on the marble tables piled;  
And all that tempts the eye and taste,  
And sets the haggard pulses wild;  
And wins from care, and deadens sadness,  
Were there—but yet I felt no gladness.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee!  
Each cunning change the music played,  
Each fragrant breath that stole to me,  
My wandering thought more truant made;  
The lovely women passed me by,  
The wit fell powerless in my ear;  
I looked on all with vacant eye,  
I did not see—I did not hear.

The skilled musician's master-tone,  
Was sweet—thy voice were sweeter far;  
They were soft eyes—the lamps shone on,—  
The eyes I worship gentler are:  
The halls were broad, the mirrors tall,  
With silver lamps, and costly wine—  
I only thought how poor was all  
To one low tone from lips like thine,  
I only felt how well forgot  
Were earth's best joys—where thou wert not.

Continued from first page.

and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said that it was the cruellest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of a consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority; they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighbourhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelvemonth before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened,

and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts' content. They exchanged locks of hair: and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears."

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist upon my lover's smoking; if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventures—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a footstool all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favourite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz; and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sautouse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you. He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her own sweet languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of a smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch ah! it is just eleven. Good bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,

The blessed air that's breathed by thee;"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribbands, silks, and bargains—

"Bought because they may be wanted,

Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—What a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilette of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress direct from Paris, that hung around its own atmosphere of rose, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his rancily was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley-street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensees* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,

As from a stream in winter, though the chill

Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford, that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a very pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should be so interrupted here with morning visitors!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet they had sung together.

"Who shall school the heart's affection?

Who shall banish its regret?

If you blame my deep dejection,

Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious, I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world." And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,

In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whether Edward might have floated on the tear of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford came into his own drawing-room.

"So, Madame," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, Sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *detrop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on adjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know the address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been!—He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring

that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime what had become of the fair disconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighbourhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley—and, of course, apologised for her intrusion. He equally, of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together;—and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus:—

"My dear George,

"Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"E."

"Tell them," said the Earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."

During this half hour he dispatched his luncheon, and, for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man,—dispatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the herony:—

"My dear Miss Worthington,

"Hurried as I am I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immerse myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of

"Your devoted servant,

"ELMSLEY."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's, and the following words in the envelope:—

"My adored Emily,

"You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you tomorrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven

"Your faithful and unhappy

"EDWARD."

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the 19th century.