

John Shea Proprietor

South Street

St. John's

THE



Newfoundland

No. 501.

THURSDAY, March 2, 1837.

Sixpence.

On Sale

BY

JOHN RYAN,

L OAF SUGAR, Currants, B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder, Cognac Brandy in blads, 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.

Notices.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE

Of Kelly-Grews,

B EGGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the Public, that he has a most safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of Passengers, and which he intends running the winter, as long as the weather will permit, between Kelly-Grews, Brigus, and Port-de-Grave. —The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at Mr. J. CRUTE's and Mr. P. KIELTY's for Letters, Packages &c., and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of their being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has a HORSE and SLEIGH, which he will have every Tuesday in St. John's, if the weather and path will permit, for the purpose of conveying Passengers to Kelly-Grews; He has also, a CATAMARAN for carrying Luggage &c., from St. John's to Kelly-Grews, and from Kelly-Grews to St. John's,—he will carry a Saddle with him every trip, in case the path should not be answerable for the Sleigh to return; He has also, good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage &c.

One person, or three, 15s. passages across the Bay; above that number 5s. each. Passage in the Sleigh 7s. 6d. each, from St. John's to Kelly-Grews, and the same from Kelly-Grews to St. John's; Saddle Horse 10s., Luggage carried on the most reasonable terms. January 19.

Mr. GOSSE,

Miniature Portrait Painter.

B EGGS 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.

To be Let.

T HE 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.

RUBENS AND HIS SCHOLARS.

"The great rarely appear in their true character, except in the eyes of their posterity."—Anon.

"There! this last head of mine is a masterpiece. I have outstripped myself. That shadow across the brow is transparent as air, and the broad hat comes six inches out from the canvass. Our master Rubens can do no better. It is perfect! Look at it and fling away thy pallet for ever, Adrian Vanderneff."

"There must come an older man than thou, friend, and, by my troth, a better, ere I fling away my pallet. Ay, and though I say it that should not, an abler man than even our master Rubens. Braggest thou of thy shadowed forehead and looped hat?"

"But look, Adrian, look ere thou condemn. I think there be touches here to extort condemnation even from thee, niggard as thou art in praising all works but thine own. Come, glance thine eyes here, if but for a moment. I may profit by thy opinion. I call it the Disguised Knight."

"If I be niggard of idle eulogy," muttered Adrian, rising, however, to look at his friend's sketch, "it is because I am no flatterer. I see not half so much to admire as some others I could name. Come, shew us thy picture."

"Here, plant thyself here, Adrian, the light is not altogether as I could wish."

"There is too much of it for this piece," interrupted the critic.

"There is!" acceded Francis, unconscious of the innuendo, "but, nathless, shews it not well even side by side with yon laboured works of Rubens? Is not the shadow thrown over the brow cunningly? Is there not something in the face rich and mellow; in the eyes, particularly?"

"Why, if truth must be told, replied Adrian, "it is certainly an indifferent fair effort, and does thee credit, Francis. When practice shall correct thy drawing, and study enlighten thee on the art of mixing colours, and blending them more softly into each other with the skill which thou mayest one day acquire in execution from perseverance, and when experience shall—"

"Mother of heaven! Stand from before my easel," interrupted the enraged student; "thou hast no more taste in that thick skull of thine than a rhinoceros. An indifferent fair effort, forsooth! Practice, correct my drawing; study, improve my colours; experience, assist my execution! Why, thou hadst better add at once! and when time shall have instructed me in designing!"

"Ay," cried Adrian, "that was just what I was going to conclude with, when thy ill manners interrupted me; but not conclude with either, for there are other trifles which I would advise thee on, touching thy paintings, Francis."

"I will have none of thy advice, Adrian Vanderneff! Trifles, forsooth! fine trifles! Stand from the canvass, if you please!"

"Look you now, what a passion thou art in. First ask me to criticise, and then be offended that I comply."

There was a brief silence, and the scholars of the immortal Fleming went on with their tasks. At length the hypercritical Adrian, who was engaged in painting a wild boar goaded by hounds and huntsmen, and whose strictures on his friend's productions arose more from a knowledge of his irritable disposition and a sly love of fun, than any desire to depreciate his skill, broke the pause in a grave tone.

"Francis?"

"No answer."

"Francis?"

"What?"

"Art thou angry with me?"

Again no answer. The mortified student continued painting furiously at the looped hat.

"Thou art not angry with me, Francis?"

"I am angry with thee. I am angry because thou hast no perception whatever of beauty in painting."

"Why, as to that," rejoined the other, "thou shouldst rather pity me, than be angry. I am to get bread by my profession, and if, as thou sayest, I have no perception whatever of beauty in painting, faith I shall starve!"

"I did not say no perception whatever!"

"Thou didst, Francis, by this hand!"

"Well, thou shalt not starve," said the good-na-

tured and somewhat simple Francis, relenting in "at least not while I can hold a brush. But, in truth, thou art too severe on my picture."

"Pshaw! I did but jest, Francis. Dost thou not know my ways yet? Thy head is capital; though, perhaps, a little dark."

"Oh! I like a dark head, of all things."

"And thine is dark enough, with a vengeance. But do not frown, Francis, I am not going to abuse thee. Thy head, as I said, is capital. Gad! it's magnificent."

"Stand here, good Adrian," said the now delighted artist, "and look at it through thy hand, now!"

"The mouth is expressive!"

"Is it not?"

"The nose comes out beautifully!"

"Does it not?"

"The mustache is glorious!"

"I knew you would like the mustache: but the eyes—I have laid myself out on those eyes; they are better than anything I ever did before, and I take praise for the whole character of the brow. It is a conception so exclusively my own."

"Why, it is fine, that is certain," murmured Adrian, with more earnestness, and half to himself; "but of a surety, I have seen that brow before."

"Never," cried Francis, colouring perceptibly.

"It is solely and exclusively from my own imagination."

"But I have seen it, I swear. It has, indeed, a beauty rare and sweet."

"By heaven! it is my own."

"A beauty rare and sweet," continued Adrian, without noticing the interruption; "but to leave jesting—a beauty, Francis, infinitely above either thy conception or mine."

"Adrian Vanderneff!" cried Francis, vociferously; "Adrian Vanderneff, thou wouldst try the patience of Job!"

"Job!" echoed Adrian: "I would beard Sampson himself, in the full might of his strength, if he claimed that grand and peaceful forehead; those serene and eloquent eyes. Thy famous head is only a copy, Francis."

"Now, may thy false tongue blister!"

"Nay, pleased or angry, I can prove what I assert. It is a copy, although, peradventure, thou knowest it not. Painters, the best of them, even such as thou, Frank, are apt to paint from memory, when they deem themselves painting from fancy, and thus mistake impressions of what they have seen, for images of what they have composed. That this face is a close imitation, I can prove to all the world, even to thyself; but to shew at once, that I am not alone in this conviction, call yon youth, who has so recently joined our master that he can have no prejudice respecting thee, and I will ask him whether he has ever seen the original of thy Disguised Knight; or, if thou pleasest, bring him up and question him thyself."

"Absurd! that mute child! a pretty umpire, to be sure; a beardless boy to decide upon my works, who have been toiling years in this very room. He had better himself first learn to paint."

"Mind not thou that; the youngster is able to tell white from black, though he be shy and silent."

"I will not submit my picture to him, not to thee! Stand away Adrian! Once more I tell thee, he shall be no judge over me! I do not even know his name!"

"Nor I," answered Adrian—*Van Hoort, or Van Huyst, or some such cognomen*; but what difference does his name make?"

"I think it a chance, indeed, if the fellow has one."

"Whether he have or not his name is nothing to the purpose. I swear we will have him up from his corner, where he sits all day toiling like a slave. I think it will leap out from him whence you stole your 'fine eyes,' friend Frank. Here, young gentleman; Master *Van Kuyte*, Master *Van Hoyte*, my good youth!"

The student to whom, in a loud voice, this call was addressed, raised his head, and finding his presence desired, arose and came forward. He was slender, quiet, and boyish in his appearance, and discovered in his voice and general manner, something modest and timid; yet, at the same time, courtly and graceful.

"Can I be of any service to you, gentlemen?" he said.

"Yes, Mynheer *Van Koyte*, you can," replied Adrian; "be so good as to step this way; there, my

friend, stand just there; now cast your eyes about and try what paintings you see."

The youth named several, mentioning some which he concluded to be originals, either of Rubens or some of his pupils, and others that were copies generally by the scholars.

"Name the originals," said Adrian.

He did so, omitting that painted by Vandersteen.

"Now point out the copies, my young Daniel." The first selected was the piece in question, the unfortunate looped hat and shadowed forehead.

"How, young sir, my Disguised Knight a copy! have a care!"

"I trust no offence," said the youth, mildly; "but it strikes me that the picture you term the Disguised Knight is a copy, or partly a copy, from one of the most charming productions I ever saw, and one of which I have myself also made a copy."

"I could have sworn it," shouted Adrian.

"There is no such thing," said Vandersteen, obstinately.

"The original to which I allude is in this very house," cried the youth.

"Of a surety it is," cried Adrian, triumphantly, "and the master is," he continued, looking at the youth—

"Rubens."

"And it stands—"

"In his private room, at this instant, undried, unfinished."

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Adrian, "you see at once you are detected, and your Disguised Knight, ha—ha—ha! is a disguised knight no longer; but, stripped of his incognito, turns out to be the bold Chevalier F—'s head, appropriately dressed in palmer's weeds by Master Francis Vandersteen; ha—ha—ha!"

"It is false, it is a plot. I have never seen the Chevalier F—'s head but once," said Francis, "and I wager my life there is no resemblance between the two."

"Where didst say is the picture?" asked Adrian.

"It stands in the study of Rubens," replied the young scholar. "Our master allowed me to take one copy of the unfinished head as a specimen of what I could do when I came to solicit a place in his family. He is, however, generally there himself; and, when absent, he has prohibited my entering his chamber."

"So indeed he has prohibited us all," rejoined Adrian, "and that most expressly."

"Absent or present," cried Vandersteen, indignantly, "I will disprove this foul slander on my Disguised Knight," and he was rushing from the apartment—

"Art mad, Francis?" cried Adrian.

"If not, it is no fault of thine, nor of Mynheer *Van Skoit*, there, (or whatever his name is) for you are enough to drive a saint mad!"

And he was proceeding on his purpose when Adrian seized him.

"But, Frank, the Chevalier F— is in the private room of Rubens."

"I care not, I will see it, and make you confess your injurious accusation. Let me go, Adrian!"

"But, man, Rubens may be there. He will dismiss you for ever from his favour, if you break thus in upon his privacy after his express command."

"I care not for Rubens, nor for you," cried the student, enraged beyond prudence. "My fame is as dear to me, as our master's is to him, and even he shall not rob me of it."

"But, Francis?"

"Release me!"

"But, dear Francis!"

"Unhand me, I say—unhand me!—Adrian Vanderneff, you will make me angry!"

He shook off the grasp of his alarmed friend, and darted out of the room. The two fellow-students followed, and succeeded reaching him only at the very door of the master's chamber.

"If thou lovest me, Francis Vandersteen," cried Adrian, seizing him by the shoulder.

"Away, I love thee not!"

"If thou lovest thyself—"

"I tell you, the foul fiend himself shall not prevent me."

"It will ruin you for ever."

"I care not."

"You are mad—and, by Heavens! Francis shall not enter."

(See last Page.)

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P.

Frenchpark, Dec. 26, 1836.

Sir—I am on the point of writing a second address to my constituents, in order to acquaint them with the details, and interest them more deeply in the success of the Irish question. Before committing myself with them by an irrevocable opinion upon this most important, and, as I think, hitherto misunderstood subject, I desire to be publicly informed by you if you coincide with me in the conviction that the sole cause of the unnatural state of Ireland lies in this—that religion is made a point of honour between the Catholics and Protestants. As a Protestant, whose feelings are not unconnected with Ireland, and whose sympathies for her distressed condition are far from being unreal, I assert deliberately that such is my conviction.

You, Sir, are considered in England, and in Parliament have represented yourself to be, the representative of the opinions of eight millions of your Catholic fellow-countrymen, and as a public man interested in the union of this distracted empire, and as one of the representatives of the united kingdom, I call on you to declare if you believe that Ireland ever will be, or ought to be tranquil, until the religion of the majority is placed on an equal footing, in every respect, with that of the minority—or, in other words, if it is not a point of honour—a consideration familiar with every Irishman, that the Catholics should be, religiously and politically, upon an equal level, without reserve, with the Protestants. As a Protestant and an Englishman, I tell you that if it be not so, it ought to be so. We, Englishmen, as Protestants, would not consent to be held down in any way by the Catholics, were they our superiors in number or wealth; and I can see no reason why my Catholic fellow-countrymen in Ireland should submit to a degradation worse than that which would not be tolerated by Englishmen and Protestants.

If you, Sir, are of opinion that religion is thus considered a point of honour in this unhappy country, I shall proceed immediately to call upon my countrymen, who at present are also yours, to put an effectual stop to this horrible position of affairs. The honour of their respective churches shall cease to be the subject of internal quarrel, and Ireland shall be no longer deluged with the blood of victims, slain on the altar of religious but unchristian honour. If Irishmen have in their nature that innate predilection for receiving and giving satisfaction which is imputed to them, they have sufficient incentives and equally fair subjects with other people. But religion shall not, if I can assist in preventing its continuance, be any longer the unholy subject of dispute. Let Irishmen fight among themselves, if they prefer that amusement to any other upon any other subject under the sun; but as a Christian, a politician, and a man, I protest against their right to kill each other for their religion.

I beg the favour of an early reply, and have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
T. WENTWORTH BEAUMONT.

TO T. WENTWORTH BEAUMONT, ESQ.,

Darrynane Abbey, 30th December, 1836.

Sir—I hasten to reply to the letter which you have done me the honour to address to me through the public papers. As a gentleman you are entitled to the most perfect courtesy; as a member of the British Legislature you are entitled to the most candid and explicit reply to your questions.

In the spirit, then, of respectful courtesy and thorough candour I reply to your inquiries; suffer me only to adopt my own order in answering them.

You ask—first—"If I believe that Ireland ever will be," or "ought to be tranquil, until the religion of the majority is placed on an equal footing, in every respect, with that of the minority?"

My answer is ready: Ireland cannot possibly be—she, in my opinion, ought not to be tranquil—until the religion of the majority is placed on an equal footing, in every respect, with that of the minority.

I add, that until then she will not be; and whilst I live she certainly shall not be free from salutary, but peaceful and energetic agitation—that is, until perfect religious equality—without one particle of political, civil, or temporal ascendancy at either or any side—is firmly established.

You next put the question in other words—secondly, you ask—"Is it not a point of honour, a consideration familiar with every Irishman, that the Catholics should be religiously and politically upon an equal level, without reserve, with the Protestants?"

By point of honour I understand you to mean, motive of action on which the feelings and passions of men are equally, if not more engaged, than even their judgment and reason. I tell you, then, that the reason, the judgment, the best feelings, and the most ennobling passions of the people of Ireland, are now deeply, resolutely, and irrevocably engaged in the familiar conviction of every man, that the Catholics should be religiously and politically upon an equal level, without reserve, with the Protestants.

One word with respect to the nature of such equality.—It is necessary that I should be distinctly understood—there are three modes of producing such equality.

The first would be by leaving the present establishment of temporalities to the Protestants, and procuring from Parliament equivalent temporalities for the Catholics.

The second would be to divide in portions, equal or unequal, the present ecclesiastical temporalities between the Protestants and Catholics.

The third would be that the state should appropriate to education, and other works of charity and benevolence, the present ecclesiastical temporalities, leaving the Protestants to support and maintain their religious hierarchy and worship precisely as the Catholics maintain theirs, and, of course, leaving the Catholics precisely as they are at present.

Now, the first method of equalization, we, the Catholics of Ireland, deem too burdensome to the British nation to be practical, and, even if practical, we deem it unjust to the Dissenters. We, therefore, reject it altogether.

The second method—the dividing the present temporalities between the Catholics and Protestants—we deem equally unjust to the Dissenters. We repudiate it altogether, and most unequivocally, because it would create a criminal and disastrous connection between the Catholic church and the state—a connection injurious to the best interests of truth and religion, taking away from argument its force and efficacy, and from piety

its only but transcendently GREAT REWARD. A connection which has certainly injured Protestantism in Ireland, and could only tarnish and defile what I deem—I say it in no discourtesy—the superior sanctity of Catholic doctrines and Catholic institutions.

I would rather die ten thousand deaths than consent to degrade and vitally injure the Catholic religion in Ireland by a connection with the state.

I am convinced that the peace, tranquillity, and prosperity of Ireland require the establishment amongst us of the voluntary principle of maintaining religion; and that as long as any pecuniary ascendancy—as long as any power remains to a Protestant minister to put his hands into the pockets of the Catholics, so long dissension, dissatisfaction, and turmoil will reign paramount in Ireland.

There remains another question of your's unreplyed to. Let me call it—though earlier in your letter—the third.

It is this—"You desire to be publicly informed by me if I coincide with you in the opinion that the sole cause of the unnatural state of Ireland lies in this—that religion is made a point of honour between the Catholics and the Protestants."

By point of honour I again understand a motive of irritated feeling and exasperated passion, arising from the painful sense of unjust inferiority on the one hand, and the contemptuous pride resulting from unjust superiority on the other.

My answer, then, is, that I entirely concur with you in that opinion. You have discovered the true, the great, the gigantic, the all-pervading cause of the unnatural state of Ireland. It is, indeed, the sole cause—for it so exasperates and envenoms every other portion of misgovernment, that although without it our evils would be curable—they are rendered deadly only by the admixture of this fatal ingredient of ever-recurring religious rancour.

I beg leave to add, that in the other just and generous sentiments of your letter I concur. I myself should despise the English people if they consented to pay tribute to a church from the tenets of which they conscientiously dissented. Why should the best feelings of man be outraged by calling upon him to support doctrines which he believes to be erroneous, and clergymen whom he is convinced are the propagators of error?

Yes—the English would deserve to be despised—and I, for one, should hold them in contempt if they submitted to maintain in England a gorgeous establishment for the English Catholics. The Catholics of England bear at present about the same proportion to the Protestants of the establishment in England, as the Protestants of that creed bear in Ireland to the Catholics. The cases are parallel. You indignantly disclaim, under such circumstances, the supporting a Catholic hierarchy in England. You speak in the tone and temper becoming a high-minded English Protestant gentleman. I, an Irishman and a Catholic, at a humble distance, reciprocate your high-toned sentiments, and scorn with as ineffable a scorn the compulsory support of a church in which I have no faith.

The people of Ireland join me in this contemptuous disclaimer of longer supporting out of our means that church. We may, in our virtuous struggle to shake off the incubus of tithes, be hated, or feared, or both; but we will not consent to be despised. The fell apostate, Lyndhurst, may insult us, and the fallen aristocracy of England may re-echo the insult, but we never, never will be parties to our own degradation by acquiescing for one hour in the superiority of a church to which we do not belong.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

SUPERSTITION.—Some very remarkable facts have just been brought to light at a trial that took place on the 9th and 10th of this month at the Court of Assizes des Bouches du Rhone, in France.

It must be mentioned, however, that though the trial be so recent, the circumstances that gave rise to it occurred 12 months ago. They were shortly these:—

On the 7th of December in last year, a little before 2 o'clock in the morning, the watchman at an *abattoir* in Marseilles observed something that looked white on the pavement close to the door of the charity hospital, and on examining it closely he found it to be a corpse. At the same moment three persons, who appeared to have been waiting at the corner of the street, ran away and were not overtaken.

The watchman called for assistance, and two of the night patrol having come up, the body was ascertained to be that of a quack, named Antoine Arnaud. The hands and feet were tied together, but the clothes were not removed; and the head was covered with several handkerchiefs that served to conceal a large wound in the throat.

At the Hotel Dieu it was found that the body had been opened by a longitudinal incision from the breast, which had been subsequently sewn up. The wound in the throat had divided several arteries, and must have caused death from excessive bleeding, though no blood was anywhere visible. The medical men were astonished to see that the intestines, the heart, the liver, and the various organs had been apparently torn from their places, and afterwards crammed into the pectoral and abdominal cavities, without any care or proper arrangement. Notwithstanding the rough manner in which they had been handled, however, all the organs were entire, except the liver, of which nearly the half had been taken away.

Of course no time was lost by the police in making such an investigation as might lead to a correct knowledge of the facts of the case; and they ascertained that the deceased had been some years resident at Marseilles, where he carried on the double profession of day-labourer and quack doctor. It seems that he took the greatest and most disinterested care of his patients, for it could not be discovered that he ever received money, except in a solitary instance, when 1500 francs had been given to him by a man in better circumstances than the persons who usually employed him. After a few inquiries, there was good ground for believing that he had fallen a victim to a remedy

prescribed by himself. His system of medicine was decidedly the most extraordinary ever heard of. Whenever a patient applied, he gave the following directions:—"I am about to take a soporific, and when I am asleep you will pierce my neck with a knife. (*Vous me plongerez un couteau dans le col.*) The blood issuing from the wound will entirely cure your disorder." It appeared that this singular prescription had often been followed, for numerous scars were observed in his neck. To his liver Arnaud ascribed still more wonderful properties than to his blood. "If," he repeatedly said, "I should appear dead, from loss of blood, give me some of my own liver to eat, and it will at once restore me."

The police at length, after having arrested and examined several persons against whom there appeared no proof, traced the house in which the deceased had last been seen alive. It belonged to a young woman named Camille Viacca, who had been for some time under his care. A long series of circumstantial, but seemingly decisive evidence, left no room to doubt that to the too faithful adherence to his own prescription by this woman and one of her friends the death of Arnaud must be attributed, and the case was brought before the regular tribunals.

But here an unexpected difficulty arose. Notwithstanding the skill of the public prosecutor, it was exceedingly puzzling to know how to frame the indictment. Homicide had clearly been committed, but evidently without "malice aforethought." The death of the practitioner was obviously the result of his own instructions, and his liver had evidently been cut out for the purpose of preserving his life.

An immense crowd was present at the trial, when several witnesses proved the directions given by the deceased. M. Lieutaud, acting for the Procureur-General, left the case entirely in the hands of the jury, who discharged the prisoner.

We have been assured that there is no foundation whatever for the statement published by us last week, as to a difference in the Cabinet concerning open questions. We have seen our statement wholly and positively contradicted, in writing, by a member of the Cabinet whose honour cannot be for a moment questioned; and we are therefore bound not only to believe, but frankly to acknowledge, that we were misinformed on the subject. An expression of our sincere regret at having been so misled, is unfortunately the only reparation that we can make to Mr. Rice for suspicions which, it now appears, were altogether unfounded. But we also owe some apology to our readers. Hardly any proof short of that to which we now yield entire assent, would have led us to doubt the accuracy of our first information; which came from one who is incapable of deceit, very much attached to the Ministry, and likely to be well acquainted with their sentiments. Our informant, it is clear, had been grossly imposed upon. By whom, we have not at present any means of judging; but this is certain—that for some time past, accounts of the most contradictory nature as to the disposition of the Cabinet, with respect both to open questions and to an early dissolution of Parliament, have been diligently circulated by persons forming part of the Government. Black and white are not more opposite than some of these communications to friends of the Government by persons in office. If the object were to involve the purposes of the Government in profound mystery, the means adopted have been completely successful. At this time, no one can form a conjecture as to what is even probable, with respect to matters which affect the stability of the Government and the deepest interests of the country. Hence, naturally, erroneous reports; and, from honest journalists, the earliest correction of errors which, under the circumstances, can scarcely be avoided.—*Spectator*, Jan. 3.

HEARTRENDING ACCOUNTS OF THE LATE HURRICANE !!!—Although in our last publication we gave, we believe, the most voluminous, accurate, and interesting account of the late hurricane of any paper in London, we have received further particulars of this dreadful gale, which must astound all sober minds, and harrow the hardest hearts in England! The reports, which are written exclusively for this paper, are so appalling, that we actually tremble to publish them. They are, however, as follows:—As Sir Robert Peel was taking a side glance at some subterranean holes and corners of the late House of Commons, a sudden gust of the tremendous hurricane completely blew off his whole surface, and left him exposed in such a frightful state that he is obliged to retire from public life.—As Mr. W. M. Praed, the Member for Yarmouth, was standing between two pickpocket Jews near a dirty Post, opposite Somerset-house, a stack of chimneys fell upon the Hon. Mem.'s head, and—the stack, not the head—was broken into fragments. The kennels were dreadfully disturbed; but we are happy to state that the honourable Member's head received not the slightest injury.—At Bow-street, Lord Lyndhurst appeared and complained that whilst passing the statue of Mr. Pitt, "the pilot that weathered the storm," a tremendous gust blew away all his principles, and the people ran off with them. The Noble Lord indignantly required the sitting magistrate to grant warrants; but several policemen swore that they were present, and they saw no principles blown from his Lordship. Nothing came from him but a few particles of what appeared to be soot. They effervesced in a puddle and went down the drain. The complaint was dismissed.—The Marquis of Londonderry had an idea blown into his

head, and the unhappy Nobleman has been taken to St. Luke's, where, we regret to state, he will be confined for the remainder of his life.—Lord Ellenborough, in passing down a court on the north side of Pall-Mall, had the curls of his beautiful locks blown completely straight. His Lordship has consulted the best advice, and the result is a report that his head is rendered useless.—Sir Charles Wetherell, in passing down Corn-street, Bristol, had his breeches blown off. They were the identical pair in which he had made his forty-four hours' speeches upon the Reform Bill, and they contained in one of the pockets a copy of the Bishop's Sermons, which Sir Charles declared was the most valuable property destroyed in the conflagration of the City.—A tremendous gust exchanged the characters of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham.—Our feelings are so overcome that we cannot further pursue the dreadful accounts of this tremendous hurricane. The effects will be felt in the next Parliament.—*Weekly Despatch*.

It is commonly expected that the whole line of the London and Birmingham railway will be completed early in the summer of 1838. The communication between London and Hemel Hempstead will be opened to the public on the 1st June next, and will be continued as far as Tring before the close of the year.

A HINT TO THE WORKING CLASSES.—If a man at 21 years of age began to save 4s. a week, and put it to interest every year, he would have: At 31 years of age, £130 15s. 1½.; at 41, £371 7s. 4½.; at 51, £735 14s. 11½.; at 61, £1229 5s. 2½.; at 71, £2296 0s. 4½.

The late snow on an average, was supposed to have been three feet deep throughout the country; and the quantity that fell in two days was greater than the quantity that fell the last four years.

It is said by filling the inside of a horse's shoe with soft soap, the accumulation of snow is prevented; and its repulsive properties also prevent the animal's foot from slipping.

BURNS'S RELIGIOUS FEELING.—The following is a striking, and, we believe, original anecdote of Burns:—"I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation, which, while yet a school boy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock.—The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. "Man," said he, "is the God of the dog. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! —With what reverence he cringes at his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what dependence he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought just to be so with the Christians, but the dogs put the Christian to shame."—*Duncan's Philosophy of the Seasons*.

Mr. Green, three other gentlemen, and a lady, ascended from Paris in the famous Vauxhall Nassau Balloon, on Monday. The weather was most unfavourable; and at a distance of one hundred yards from the ground, the Balloon was concealed from the spectators by a mist. After a short trip, it descended about a mile beyond Vitry.

The Duchess of Braganza, widow of Don Pedro, and her infant, are expected shortly to arrive in this country, on her way to Munich, to join her mother, the Duchess of Leuchtenburg.—*London Spectator*.

The Newfoundlander

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 2, 1837.

We are requested to state that the brig *Tweed*, Captain Leslie, will sail for CORK, to-morrow morning.—Letter Bag at the Office of Messrs. Perchard & Boag.

The whole range of waterside premises of this town now presents an active, industrious, and spirit-stirring scene, in the busy preparations for embarking in the Seal Fishery. We are sure that a finer fleet, better manned, or better equipped in every respect, never left this port, though we are told the number of vessels is somewhat short of last year.—Up to Tuesday last, the harbor was completely frozen over inside Chain Rock, but the Southerly gale of that night proved of great service in breaking up the ice at Maggoty Cove; and the "Ice Committee," though only formed yesterday morning, (for the first time under the Ice Cutting Act), were prepared to enter upon their duties after dinner-hour, and, owing to their well-directed exertions, and the personal attendance of the Gentlemen composing the Committee, had, by last evening, cut a spacious channel fully half way towards Messrs. Newman & Co.'s, which we have no doubt

will be completed betimes to-day. This promptitude and good management on the part of the Committee—for which they are entitled to the best thanks of the Trade—will enable the Sealing vessels to start whenever they think proper; and should the present favourable weather continue, the whole fleet will probably have sailed before this day week.—We most heartily wish each and every one of them a prosperous voyage and a safe return.

A Meeting of the "Scottish Society of Newfoundland," lately formed in this Town, took place at the Exchange Buildings, on Saturday evening last, when the Rules drawn up by a Committee for the government of the Institution, having been unanimously approved of and adopted, the Society proceeded to ballot for the election of Officers for the present year, and the following Gentlemen were accordingly elected:—

James Fergus, Esq., J. P., *President*.
The Hon. John Sinclair, *Vice-President*.
James J. Grieve, Esq., *Treasurer*.
John Boyd, Esq., *Secretary*.
Committee of Charity.
Messrs. John Thomson, Thomas Glen, Andrew Milroy, James Boag, John McWilliam.
Medical Gentlemen.
Samuel Carson, M. D., Thomas McKen, M. D.

(From the Royal Gazette.)

AT THE COURT AT ST. JAMES'S,
The 21st September, 1836,

PRESENT:

The King's Most Excellent Majesty; the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Minto, Lord John Russel, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Holland, Lord Denman, Lord Glenelg, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Whereas the Governor of His Majesty's Island of Newfoundland, with the Council and Assembly of the said Island, did in the month of May, 1836, pass an Act which has been transmitted entitled as follows—Viz.

No. 63.—"An Act to prevent the Encroachments of Aliens on the Fisheries of this Island, and for the further protection of the said Fisheries."

And whereas the said Act has been referred to the Committee of the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council appointed for the consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations;—and the said Committee have reported as their opinion to His Majesty that the said Act should not receive His Majesty's Royal confirmation;—His Majesty was thereupon this day pleased by and with the advice of His Privy Council to declare His disallowance of the said Act; and the same is hereby disallowed accordingly.

Whereof the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Island of Newfoundland for the time being, and all other persons whom it may concern, are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

(Signed)

C. GREVILLE.

Dwining-street, 29th November, 1836.

SIR,—I have had the honour to receive your despatch of the 2d September, marked "Separate," enclosing a Memorial from the Inhabitants of St. George's Bay, and various other documents, relative to the assistance afforded by them in the autumn of 1835, to the Crews of two Vessels wrecked in their neighbourhood. On the receipt of your despatch I lost no time in recommending the case of the Memorialists to the favourable consideration of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and I have now much pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the answer and its enclosure received from their Lordship's Department, by which you will perceive that you are authorized to draw on the Accountant General of the Navy for a sum equal to 1s. 6d. a-day, for each individual of the Crews so supported. At the same time you will express to the inhabitants of St. George's Bay the satisfaction with which His Majesty has heard that notwithstanding the difficulties with which they were themselves compelled to struggle, they had made such persevering and humane efforts for the relief of those who had been unfortunately shipwrecked on their coasts.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) GLENELG.

Capt. PRESCOTT, R. N., C. B.

Married, at Little Placentia, on the 12th Dec. last, by W. G. Bradshaw, Esq., Licensed Magistrate, Josiah Blackburn, Esq., of Great Placentia, to Miss Mary Waldren Tucker, of Poole, Dorsetshire, eldest daughter of Joseph Tucker, Esq., now of Little Placentia.

Died, on the 21st ultimo, after a short but painful affliction, which he bore with great patience and strength of mind, Mr. Thomas Morris, Sen., an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, aged 69 years.

On Thursday evening last, after a short illness, in the 59th year of her age, Mrs. Bridget Hervey, daughter of the late Mr. Dominick King, of this town.

On the 13th ultimo, of Scarlet Fever, at Ferryland, aged 8½ years, Emily Sarah, youngest daughter of Robert Carter, Esq., Sub-Collector of H. M. Customs at that Port.

Notices.

COMMERCIAL ROOM,
28th February, 1837.

At a Meeting of the Owners and Masters of Vessels, held at the COMMERCIAL ROOM This Day, pursuant to a requisition, for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of the Act 4, Wm. 4, cap. 2.

P. W. CARTER, Esq., J. P., opened the Meeting and read the requisition, when he retired—and the Hon. WM. THOMAS was called to the Chair—it was then

Resolved—That a Committee to consist of Thirteen persons, be appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for cutting Channels in the Ice, and regulating all business relative thereto.

The Meeting then proceeded to ballot for a Committee, when the following Gentlemen were duly elected:—

Hon. J. SINCLAIR
Mr. RICHARDS
— M'BRIDE
— ALSOP
— C. F. BENNETT
— BULLEY
— J. J. GRIEVE
— WARREN
— JENNINGS
— O'BRIEN
Hon. WM. THOMAS
Mr. JOHN STUART
— R. HOWLEY.

The Meeting then adjourned.

WM. THOMAS, *Chairman*.

The Committee then met and balloted for a Chairman and Treasurer, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:

Hon. W. THOMAS—*Chairman*.
C. F. BENNETT, Esq.—*Treasurer*.

COMMERCIAL ROOM,
March 1, 1837.

At a meeting of the "Ice Committee," held This Day, the following Rules and Regulations were adopted:

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ICE COMMITTEE.

1st.—That a Channel shall be cut in the Ice, not less than 60 feet wide, as near as convenient to the most prominent Wharves.

2nd.—That the Channel shall be kept open until the 11th instant, and as much longer as the Committee may direct.

3rd.—That no Person shall, prior to the 11th instant, be permitted to cut any other Channel in the Ice than that laid out by the Committee, without their express permission, in writing, under the penalty of FIVE POUNDS, Sterling.

4th.—That any Master of a Vessel who may haul his Vessel into the Channel contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall pay a fine not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Sterling.

5th.—That any person obstructing the Committee in their duty, or wilfully blocking up or injuring the Channel, contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Sterling.

6th.—That when the actual expense of cutting the Channel can be correctly ascertained, a rate shall be levied on all Sealing Vessels, not exceeding ONE SHILLING, Sterling, per man per diem, for every man of the crew of each and every of such Sealing Vessel—and on all other Vessels using the Channel a rate not exceeding FORTY SHILLINGS, Sterling, for every 100 Tons, Register Tonnage of such Vessel or Vessels.

7th.—That Mr. Ambrose Shea be appointed Secretary to the Committee.

(Signed) WM. THOMAS, *Chairman*.

BANK

OF

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Branch of the above Bank established in this town is now open, and that the hours of business will be from 10 to 3 o'clock. Discount days, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS. Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on the days previous.

Any farther information required may be obtained on application to

ANDREW MILROY,
Manager.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
28th February, 1837. }

£350

To be Placed at Interest.

THE Directors of the Association of Fishermen and Shoremen having the sum of THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS, Currency, to invest, at interest, for the benefit of the Institution, will receive Tenders (addressed to the Secretary) for that amount, until THURSDAY, the 9th inst., at 12 o'clock—specifying the rate of Interest which will be given for one year, with approved security.

(By order)

JOHN SHEA,
Secretary.

St. John's, March 1, 1837.

Notices.

Mutual Insurance for the Sealing Voyage.

At a General Meeting of Persons interested in VESSELS about to proceed on the SEALING VOYAGE, held This Day, agreeably to public notice, Rules for the present season were agreed to, and Messrs. W. WALSH, STEPHEN RYAN, and W. BYRNE, appointed Surveyors, who will attend survey and grant Certificates for all Vessels that may be entered on the Books of the Society.

J. BOYD,
Secretary.

Monday, February 27, 1837.

Marine Insurance Association.

THE Table of Premiums having been modified, as also the Average Clause in Policies enlarged, the Public are invited to inform themselves of these favourable alterations for the present year, by application at the Office, which will be open for business every lawful day from 11 till 2 o'clock.

J. BOYD,
Agent.

INSURANCE OFFICE,
Exchange Buildings, Feb. 22, 1837. }

St. John's Mechanics' Society.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Saint John's Mechanics' Society, will be held at the Mechanics' Hall, To-morrow (Friday) at 12 o'clock.

(By order)
THOMAS M'NAMARA,
Secretary.

March 2.

IRISHMEN and the Descendants of Irishmen will celebrate the Anniversary of the Patron Saint of their Country, by dining together on THURSDAY the 16th instant, at the Orphan Asylum School.

To prevent the inconvenience arising from the admission of too large an assemblage, the Subscription list is necessarily limited to One hundred and fifty.

TICKETS to be had of the Stewards.
M. CARROLL,
Secretary.

March 2.

WANTED,

A HOUSE-SERVANT, who understands the management of HORSES.—Apply to

WM. THOMAS.

February 23.

To be Let.

For such a term of Years as may be agreed upon, and possession given immediately.

THAT Capital FARM and FARM-HOUSE, situate near the King's Bridge, and within five minutes walk of the Town, commonly known by the name of "MURRAY'S FARM."

The Land—which comprises arable and meadow ground, is in a high state of cultivation—and includes a Garden stocked with Fruit Trees of several sorts.

The Farm House—which is new—possesses a capacious frost-proof Cellar, and is capable of affording comfortable accommodation to a respectable family.

For further particulars, apply to
MR. ROBINSON.

March-2.

For such term of years as may be agreed on, and immediate possession given—

THAT very convenient and eligibly-situated DWELLING-HOUSE, late in the occupancy of Dr. SHEA;

ALSO,

(And possession given on the 1st of May)

The DWELLING-HOUSE at present in the occupancy of Mr. Solicitor-General EMERSON.—For further particulars apply to

DR. SAMUEL CARSON.

February 23.

On Sale.

BY
BLAND & TOBIN,
100 Barrels prime Irish PORK, per Blandford from Cork.
And of former Importations.

40 Puncheons RUM
40 Ditto MOLASSES
30 Hhds. Muscovado SUGAR
100 Firkins Prime Cumberland BUTTER.
February 16.

By

EWEN STABB,
Ex Charlotte,

Hide & Shoulder LEATHER of excellent quality CALF SKINS.

Also on hand, and will be Sold Cheap,
30 Barrels American APPLES
8 Marble CHIMNEY-PIECES.

February 16.

On Sale

Cordage.

20 Tons Assorted CORDAGE.

Viz.—
Hawser-Laid from 1 to 6 inch
Shroud-Laid from 6 thread Ratline to 6 inch
Houseline, Hambroline, Marline, & Spun yarn
1 and 1½ inch White Rope
9 and 10 inch Bunking Cables

For Sale by
W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

February 16.

G. & R. CLAPP

OFFER FOR SALE,
On reasonable terms,

RUNNING RIGGING and Bolt Rope of all sizes, WARPS of from 3 to 5 in., Seaming, Roping, and other Twines, Tar, Varnish, Rosin, Pitch, WHITE LEAD.

Black, Green, Red and Yellow Paints, in Kegs of 14 and 28 lbs., Whiting, Ochres, Oils, Turpentine, Spars, Coals,

Men's Deck BOOTS, Men's, Women's, and Children's SHOES, Great Coats, Flushing Jackets, Cotton Shirts.

Also, Cognac BRANDY in Puns, and Hhds, Port, Pale, Brown Sherry and Bronti Madeira WINE, in Hhds., Qr. Casks and Bottles, Choice Claret and Scheidam HOLLANDS, in cases containing 1 dozen bottles, Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli in cases containing about 10 lbs., Souabong Tea in Qr. Chests, Mould and Dipped Candles.

February 2.

TEAS.

LATELY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

B. BOWRING & SON,
Hyson, Twankay and Congo TEA,—

ALSO—
150 Boxes Soap, 20 Barrels Curra nts
Feb. 2

By Private Contract,

The fine, fast-sailing
Schr. CHARLES,

Only 2 years old. Burthen per Register, 70 Tons, She is a most desirable Vessel for a Sealer or Conster, 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.

New Provisions, &c.

RICHARD HOWLEY,
IS NOW LANDING

The Cargo of the COLUMBIAN PACKET, from
Hamburgh,

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 hhds. 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 accommodated with a few gallons of Genuine COGNAC and HOLLANDS—perfect Cordials.



Poets Corner

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Oh! believe not the language of love
Was ever yet spoken with flowers;
'Tis the language of regions above,
And not of a world such as ours.

In the morning of life we all feel,
Full keenly, love's magical dart:
But how can the tongue e'er reveal,
What is known, only known, to the heart?

Use not as Love's type, then, the flower,
Whose beauty fades fleetly away;
Whose perfume but lasts for an hour,
Whose freshness is gone in a day.

If the tongue and the lips are too weak,
To express the full force of its powers;
If the eye can but look, and not speak,
Oh! what can we say—with a flower.

Frail offspring of earth is the rose,
And to bloom but on earth was it given;
While love, in the heart where it glows,
Is the link that connects it with heaven.

Then believe not the language of love
Was ever yet spoken with flowers;
'Tis the language of regions above,
And not of a world such as ours.

(Continued from first Page.)

"Then, by heavens! I will! Stop me at your peril! Release me, Vanderneff, or I will make it no common quarrel!"

A violent struggle ensued, Vanderneff striving to drag away his friend, who was younger than himself, and whom, in spite of all his badinage, he sincerely loved, and Vandersteen exerting his whole strength to gain the door. At length, with a sudden and furious effort, Francis wrenched himself from the grasp of his opponent; but, in doing so, completely lost his own equilibrium; falling, with a heavy impulse, he was precipitated exactly against the door which he had been using such strenuous efforts to obtain. His weight thrust it from its hinges. It flew into the room, the young artist close behind it, and, with a tremendous crash, both were prostrated at length upon the floor; nor was this all; the fatal picture, the magnificent Chevalier F——, which had occasioned this ill-starred dispute, had been dashed from its easel (where the immortal author of the *Descent from the Cross* had left it ten minutes before,) it was hurled from the ground; and the identical eyes, the beautiful and unconscious cause of the dilemma, having been violently rubbed against a heap of stiff brushes, were completely effaced.

Here was a coil! Poor Vandersteen rose upon one knee over the discomfited door, pale and affrighted at the ruin around. Adrian and his young companion, *Jan Huyte* (as they called him), stood in the passage in mute amazement and horror, and the splendid painting lay discoloured on the floor; the touches of that inspired hand sacrilegiously defaced.

"Now heaven forgive me!" cried Vandersteen, rising, his anger merged in fright and grief; "This will be my last day. I do believe my master will no less than annihilate me!"

"The beautiful—beautiful Chevalier F——!" exclaimed the youngest scholar.

"And the cursed door, too!" added Adrian.

"We are all ruined. Oh Francis, Francis!"

"Spare thy reproaches; I see we are undone! I will go down myself in the canal immediately!"

"Hadst thou drowned thyself ten minutes ago, indeed," rejoined Adrian, beginning to recover his usual manner, "it would have been the most fortunate event of thy life, but it is too late now."

"What shall we do! what can we do!" exclaimed Francis.

"Couldst thou but bring here thy disguised knight's eyes," remarked Adrian, half laughing; "but come, Master Francis, pick up the fragments. That splendid porcelain vase looks pretty, does it not? crushed into a thousand pieces beneath yon heavy table."

"I wonder the table had not split into atoms," said Francis; "and only to think, not a leg injured. See, it stands just as well as ever!"

"Truth to say," added Adrian, "it is odd enough; but look, the poor door, too, which I certainly thought shivered to splinters! Nothing in the world ails it, but simply the nails have been driven from the hinges. Look, Francis, now I set it up! By Jupiter! it stands as well as ever! Reach me yon hammer, gather up those nails, look (he hammered away furiously a few minutes) there! it is the same as ever, and shuts and opens admirably."

"Ah! I always thought thy genius lay towards carpenter-work," cried Francis, laughing through his distress, and not unwilling to acquit himself of numerous similar obligations received from his friend. "Well, behold now!" said Adrian, "the room looks seemingly as usual; draw the cloth square

over the table, Francis; pile up those huge tomes as they generally lie, gather the fragments of the vase, dash a careless spot of paint over yon broken piece of wall, lift that old chair, and—"

His instructions were followed.

"As I am a sinner! thou hast succeeded marvellously; no one could suspect the utter revolution which every thing has undergone in this apartment. But for that unhappy Chevalier F——, all might yet be right."

"Ah! all will never be right with me again;" groaned Francis, disconsolately.

"Why, *Van Coit*!" cried Adrian, springing like lightning across the room. "Death and fury! what is the boy about?"

This exclamation was elicited by the sight of their young fellow-student, who was busily occupied before the easel of Rubens at the unfortunate painting.

"Heaven and earth! the fellow is mad!" exclaimed Francis. "Surely he is not painting on the canvass of Rubens!"

"Friends," said the young artist, "leave this to me. Only suffer me to try my hand at the face, and I will consent to bear the blame of this day myself."

"By St. George! the boy speaks well," cried Vandersteen; "I like his spirit, and agree to the terms. If we leave thee to thyself, thou wilt bear the blame?"

"Even so."

"Then heaven assist thee! thou shalt have my prayers, and any other aid I can give. Shall I touch the forehead for thee?"

"No, I thank thee, thy prayers will serve me better," replied the other, laughing; yet all the while busy at his undertaking.

"When went the master forth?" cried Adrian.

"I would give a thousand pounds to know!"

"I saw him, ten minutes before we came here, pass the window," replied Francis.

"Oh ho! then, with all thy courage, thou knowest the chamber empty?" rejoined Adrian, laughing.

"To be sure; think'st thou I am a fool. But pass he did, and at that hour this day I know he has an engagement which will occupy him till night."

"And how goes the day now?" demanded the young painter, still losing not a moment in proceeding with his task.

"A half-hour to noon."

"And will the master remain abroad till sunset?"

"If that time be sufficient, set thy heart at rest."

"And is the room in all other respects the same as it was?"

"There is not the wrinkling of a paper to betray us."

Stand aside, then, in heaven's name, and let me on with my work."

"Will he do it? will he succeed?" whispered Francis to Adrian, as they overlooked the artist, who, having brought forth his own copy, was guiding his pencil by it in the bold endeavour to reproduce one of the favourite works of Rubens, so as to deceive the eyes of even Rubens himself.

"It is not possible," replied Adrian; "so young—so unknown—to match him with the first artist of the age. He is mad to think of it!"

The rays of the descending sun fell broad and rich into the chamber of the renowned Fleming, giving his bright heads a mellow tint. A step in the hall announced his approach. The three scholars turned pale, partly with interest and partly with fear. Rubens passed the door of the room in which they were accustomed to paint, and into which they had now retreated.

"He is gone!" cried Francis; "now for it!"

"*Van Coit*, if thou deceivest him, thou art immortal. Art thou still assured?" demanded Adrian.

"No!" cried the other, turning still paler; "for the first time, now, I wonder at my foolish confidence."

"Merciful fathers! he is returning," exclaimed Vandersteen, in agitation. "He has discovered us at a glance, and is coming to arraign us. I would I had fled the house at once. Oh, that the roof would fall and bury us!"

The door opened, and Rubens stood before them. They shrank back into the corner, their heads down, and expecting each moment the thunder of the charge.

"Adrian Vanderneff! Francis Vandersteen!"

"We are here!" replied the two conscious scholars.

"Come to my apartment. Ah! and thou!" he added, to the younger of the three. "Come thou, too; I shall need thee also. Follow me."

He withdrew to the chamber; his scholars followed in silence. Gaining the scene of their late dilemma, they cast oblique looks at the table, the picture, and the door.

"Francis Vandersteen," said Rubens, "move the easel a little to the left—so. Adrian, close somewhat the curtain. Ah! that will do. Now, my young friend, do you see this picture?"

They all saw it.

"I have no pupil more valued than you. Two of you are long known to me, and by perseverance may reach the highest summit of your art. The other two, although young, have no need to be discouraged. I have been looking to-day at certain paintings by each of you. They are good; some beautiful. I have here finished a piece which I intend to leave out for your peculiar study. It is one of my best efforts, and combines certain prominent excellencies to which I recommend your particular attention. I can do nothing for you more unexceptionable than this. The more I gaze on it, the more it grows on my approbation. I left

it this morning so delighted, that my desire was to call you at once, but thinking lest the glow of my own labour deceived my eyes, I resolved to wait a cooler judgment. At this moment, it looks more admirable than ever; and, in the upper part of the face, I have outdone myself. I shall order it down into your room, and when you paint up to those eyes, I pronounce you immortal!"

"We shall never dare attempt it," cried Vanderneff, "unless *Van Coit*—"

"*Van who?*" repeated Rubens with surprise; "and who is *Van Coit*?"

"They have—why, I know not," said the young artist, blushing modestly, "honoured me with that appellation."

"Well, I really thought," said the simple Vandersteen, unable to suppress his profound admiration and wonder, "I really thought they said *Van Coit*, or *Van Hoyt*; and if not that, what is thy name?"

"I am called *Van Dyke*," was the reply.

"But der duvel!" said Rubens, after a deliberate gaze around the room, which made the three certain hearts tremble with apprehension, "what has become of my beautiful porcelain vase?"

WHO ARE KNOWN BY THEIR MANNERS AT PLAY.

(From *Buck's Book of Human Character*.)

Few men love to be beaten at cards, backgammon, or chess—Sidonius, however, relates of Theoderic, that when engaged at dice, he alternately displayed his eagerness, his skill, his patience and his cheerfulness of temper. If he lost, he laughed; and if he won, he was modest and silent. Yet Sidonius confesses, that notwithstanding the apparent indifference, his courtiers chose to solicit favours in the moments of victory; and that he had himself derived some benefit from his losses. Theoderic seems, however, to have had higher aims, for while engaged in the game, he watched the countenance and manners of his officers in the moments of loss, of victory, and of suspense.

Tamerlane is said to have been pleased, when a subject won a game of chess of him; but Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, is almost the only good player I ever heard of who received more pleasure from overlooking the game than playing it. To be able to act a similar part in life were delightful.

A Polish noble was playing with Casimir, surnamed the Just; and having lost all his money, he struck the King on the ear, in height of his passion. The King forgave him, "I am not surprised at his conduct," said his Majesty; for, having no power to revenge himself upon Fortune, it is no wonder he should attack her favourite in me."

The anecdote reminds me of Louis the Fourteenth; for a doubt having arisen at a game of backgammon, in which Louis claimed the throw, all the courtiers remained silent. The adversary disputed the cast; when who should come in, but the Count de Grammont. "You shall decide," says the king, "Your Majesty is in the wrong," answered the Count immediately. "How?" inquired Louis; "do you pronounce without hearing a single word?" "Had there been the smallest doubt," returned de Grammont, "these gentlemen would, most assuredly, have all declared in favour of your Majesty."

There is, undoubtedly, much of the real temper to be learned both of men and women, from the manner at which they play at hazard, ombre, whist, quadrille, and even picquet. Some will cheat, some be little scrupulous as to truth and concealment, some are overjoyed at winning or miserable at losing. But chess shows less of the temper than of the mind. This game has been compared to a battle; but it resembles much more intimately the intrigue of a cabinet, in which no one can adequately act the part of first Minister who does not see the various motives and observe the different vibrations which agitate or harmonise the entire machine of general politics.

No one hated to lose at cards more than Napoleon. "He could not bear," says Bourrienne, "that Fortune should frown upon him in a game of cards any more than in a field of battle."

In going to Egypt, his conversation was of science and art, hope and victory sitting near him. But on his return all was monotonous, and apprehension rendered him listless. Then he resorted to cards—and, as a short game suited best, vingt-et-un was the game.

He played chess, too, occasionally; but never liked to lose. "I remember, at Mantus," says Bourrienne, "his losing a game to Gen. Beauvois, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. He was any thing but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful, he would give over playing in order to rest upon his laurels."

When closely analyzed, these exceedingly great men are but too often found to be exceedingly little.

"NEVER FEAR."

Any one tolerably well acquainted with the natives of the "first gem of the sea," must have noticed the above two words in particular in general use, and upon all occasions, as common as the above quotation, which, like some of the tender garments of the islanders, is now hackneyed, thread-bare, and almost worn out. "An Englishman is disposed, when travelling, to be all doubts and fears; he doubts if the vessel will arrive at the expected time, and fears he shall not reach his destination at the appointed hour; he doubts a

storm is coming, and fears the roads are heavy; but Paddy, happy Paddy! let it blow "great guns," as the sailors say, at sea, or be it knee-deep in mire on shore, he never fears; sink or swim, there is a joyousness of spirit, a buoyancy of thought about him, that keeps his head above water and his heart light on shore: he will talk, laugh, sing, dance, and drink, while my more serious and phlegmatic countryman is muffling himself up in a corner, in an unsocial, misanthropical mood, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," gathering his brows against some dreaded approaching difficulty, some misery in perspective which he is so pleased to anticipate. "Take care how you carry that portmanteau," said an English traveller, landing from one of the steamers at Kingstown, to a porter who had jumped on board and made a dead seizure of his apparel so packed; take care, or you will lose it overboard." "Never fear, your honour," was the reply. After making the best choice he could out of a ragged string of dirty outside cars, and choosing the most fleet-looking Bucephalus, he began to fear it would not go as quick as he wished. "Never fear, your honour; Skylark bates all on the road, if you give him the first start." "But look, your traces are broken; have you no leather to repair them?" "Not a haporth." "That cord will never carry us to Dublin." "Never fear, sir." "Yes, but I do fear broken limbs, and neck too." "Ah, never fear," again said the driver. "Take your time going down these hills." "Hills, Sir? not a bit of it, only inclined planes, slight inclinations." "Whatever they are, I have no inclination to lose my life, which I fear I shall." "Oh, never fear—no danger, Sir." "And now," said the traveller, "I have my doubts if we shall be in time for the Waterford mail; and, if too late, I suppose not a bed to be got." "Never fear," replied Paddy, thumping away with the butt-end of his whip, having tied up the traces with the lash thereof. "I fear it will be dark before we get in." "Never fear," said persevering Paddy. "What do you mean?" said the irritable traveller; "do you think you can prolong daylight, or that the moon will rise to please you?" "Never fear, your honour," said Paddy, laughing. In gay, good humour did poor Paddy, flying away in rags, comprising the remains of what once were two drab frieze great coats, with thirteen capes, keep "never fearing" to all he was obliged to endure from the half-dead traveller, whose sufferings from the voyage had not improved a naturally morose temper; and thus did the poor fellow, a stranger to good cheer, cheer his fellow man until they arrived at the prince of hostels, Gresham's. "Here we are at last," said our traveller; "I had my doubts as to being in time for the mail." "Didn't I tell your honour to never fear? Skylark knows he'll not get a feed till he gets to Dublin anyhow, nor another feed till he sees Kingstown again." "Why, you don't mean to say that that poor hack can go back to-night?" "Oh, never fear but he'll go *twice* if wanted." Something over the fare was given—for the English are always generous—with "Get a glass of grog to warm you." "Never fear," said Paddy most heartily; "many thanks, your honour; may you live till you die!" "And that I shall," said the traveller, "never fear." An Irishman never fears in battle, or why would he fight?—never fears poverty or why would he drink?—never fears sorrow, or why should he be sad?—never fears sickness, for exercise keeps him in health; never fears creditors, for he is too poor to be trusted; never fears robbers, for he has nothing to lose; never fears disappointments, for he has nothing to expect; never fears age, for he is always gay; never fears cold, for he takes care spiritedly to guard against it; and, to use his own words, gentle reader, "he fears not even Lucifer himself while God protects him; and he will do, if he live soberly, work industriously, and act honestly, never fear!"—*Liverpool Albion*.

TAKING THE NONSENSE OUT OF ONE.—Idling along in the vicinity of Constantinople, we turned to admire a Turkish child, led by an Abyssinian slave. There is no country in the world where the children are so beautiful, and this was a cherub of a boy, like one of Domenichino's angels. As we stopped to look at him, the little fellow commenced crying most lustily. "Hush my rose!" said the Abyssinian, "these are good Franks; these are not the Franks that eat children; hush!" It certainly takes the nonsense out of one to travel. I should never have thought it possible, if I had not been in Turkey, that I could be made a bugbear to scare a child.—*Willis's Pencilings by the Way*.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.—When the King had invited himself as a guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning. One of his generals, who was noted for his parsimony, having declined the honour of a royal visit under the plea that he had no establishment of his own, his majesty desired him to order a dinner at the hotel of the king of Portugal. This of course could not be evaded; the king was invited, but came with twice the number of attendants the general expected. The very best, however, that the cellar or kitchen could afford, was produced in the greatest abundance, and the king expressed his entire satisfaction. The general sent for the landlord, and inquired the price per head. "One florin without the wine." "Well, then, here is one florin for myself, and another for his majesty; the other gentlemen, whom I did not invite, will pay for themselves." "That is clever," cried the king; "I thought to take in the general, and he has taken me!"—upon which he paid the whole bill.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.