

John Shea, Proprietor
Lancaster Street
St. John's

THE



Newfoundland

No. 502.

THURSDAY, March 9, 1837.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

BY

JOHN RYAN,

LOAF SUGAR, Currants,
B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder,
Cognac Brandy in bds., 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.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE

Of Kelly-Grews,

BEGS 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. KELTY'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 Luggages &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., Luggages carried on the most reasonable terms. 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. BECKER'S.

January 5.

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.

NINA DALGAROOKI.

A TALE.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

There was not in all St. Petersburg a more admired beauty than the young Countess Nina Dalgarooki. Her mother, who had been an Italian, had bequeathed to her the dark hair and eyes of the south, to which were added her own northern complexion, of the most dazzling fairness and brilliancy. In the gay saloons of her native city, where the ruder as well as the softer sex

"Sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea," her beauty was the theme of every tongue; all agreed that it was as faultless as it was rare; and Nina was far from aping the singularity of differing from so general an opinion. She had very early lost her mother; and had therefore been left to the unadulterated spoiling of a doating father, and almost equally fond brother. At the time this history commences she had just attained her seventeenth year. Courtied, flattered, followed, and admired—her father and brother in high favour with the Emperor—there appeared nothing wanting to make her happy; but as well might we expect silken curtains, soft couches, and eider-down pillows to ensure pleasant dreams, as to suppose that all "the appliances and means to boot" of happiness can make us so unless imagination lends one of her Claude glasses, and allows us to view our realities through its medium. No matter how bright the true sun may be, a winter sky, seen through the magic glass, is, to the cheated vision, "brighter, lovelier far." Nina sincerely loved her father; and the first sorrow in her little life had been the intelligence that, in another month, he was to set out to Siberia, on a secret mission. The struggle that arose in her mind was, whether she should accompany him, and

"Waste her sweetness on the desert air; or remain behind, pining for the society of a parent she almost idolized. He urged the latter course, as he should be but three months absent, and intended, on his return, taking her to Paris and London; but still the wish to go predominated.

One evening, when her brother Ladislav had left her, after using every argument to induce her to abandon all thoughts of the Siberian journey, her eyes fell upon a large mirror. "Ah!" said she with a sigh, as the glass gave back her most beautiful form, "if one could but take care of one's beauty as one does one's jewels and costly robes, only wearing it on particular and worthy occasions, then, indeed, I should not mind passing ten years, let alone three months, in Siberia, or any other desolate place. But when one recollects the wear and tear of one's good looks,—when one is compelled to wear them every day, especially in such a climate as ours,—it is really distressing to take them, even for a day, where they cannot be appreciated; or expose them, like the consolidated sigh that the Prince in the fairy tale left his mistress, as a pledge of his constancy, to an atmosphere that may dissolve them in a moment. I wonder," continued the fair soliloquist, "whether those alchemists and people really do know enough of the secrets of Nature to discover those wonderful elixirs that they pretend to possess? I'll ask Catherine about that old wizard, or magician, or whatever he is—Paul Zamoiski, I think she calls him." So saying, she rang for her tire-woman, with the intention of holding a cabinet council.

"Catherine," said she, as soon as her summons was obeyed, "you are always telling me such wonderful stories about that Paul Zamoiski, that I feel half-inclined to put his skill to the test, as I have a vague dread of this journey to Siberia. I should like (though I am sure I should not believe a word of it) to hear what he would say about it."

"Oh, Madam!" eagerly replied the delighted abigail, who, in common with her whole tribe, dearly loved an adventure, especially if it was a secret one, "I am sure he would not tell you a single thing but what was true; for there was a poor girl, Sophia Lindendoff, who went to him to get a charm by which she might know if her lover continued constant; and he gave her a rose—a real red rose—which he said would keep in bloom for ever and ever, if her lover should live and love her as long as that; but that the moment he was false, the rose should wither up, and turn into one

large, sharp thorn. Well, the rose lasted quite fresh and blooming for three whole weeks, including the day she got it, which was the day after her lover went away; and at the end of this time poor Sophia looked at her rose one day, and lo! there was nothing left but the great black, sharp thorn! Now, Madam, I know a young man who has a friend, who has a cousin, who has a sister who actually saw all this with her own eyes; and what is more, they have all sworn, if they could but catch old Zamoiski, they would throw him into the Neva."

"I think," said Nina, smiling, "that would be a better fate for the false lover than the true prophet. But, Catherine, where is this said Zamoiski to be met with? Would he come to one, if one sent for him?"

"Come to you, Madam!" almost screamed Catherine; "no, not if the Emperor himself—yes, the Emperor perhaps, but certainly nothing less, begging your Ladyship's pardon—could get him out of his den; and even to see people in it he sometimes makes the greatest possible favour."

"Well, but, Catherine, suppose you went to him, and told him that a lady—a great lady—(and here the young beauty haughtily put back her beautiful head)—wants to consult him, and would go to him to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, he dare not refuse."

"Why, as for that, Madam," said Catherine, sagaciously, "those people who have dealings with the old gentleman dare do anything, and are so heathenish, that they have (God forgive them!) no more respect for nobility than a Polar bear."

"Well, but Catherine, you can at least go and see, and let me know in the morning."

"To be sure I can so, Madam; but then he lives in such an out-of-the-way place, at the other side of the Neva, and I doubt whether even a drosky could get there; for he is perched up at the top of such a high hill, that it is almost as difficult to get to the top of it as it would be to clamber up the artificial rock that is under the statue of Peter the Great. But I will go directly: all I fear is, that you will never be able to get to such an outlandish place."

The next morning—

"When lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake;—"

Catherine drew the curtains of her fair mistress's bed and announced to her the joyous intelligence that that mysterious being, Paul Zamoiski, had vouchsafed her an audience at the appointed hour. Long and soignée was her toilette that morning, as though she determined to improve, as much as possible, that beauty in whose behalf she was about so strangely to intercede. I have often remarked that, when one is well acquainted with a foreign language, one piques oneself upon reading and being able to read works in it, which are far beyond the patience, capacity, or comprehension of the natives of the country in which they were written. Now as Nina had, like most of her compatriots, a wonderful facility in acquiring languages and was perfectly well versed in English, we can only suppose some of our Parliamentary debates had most unaccountably reached her. And, in order to be plus Anglois que les Anglois—she had actually read Mr. Hume's speeches; and from them had formed an idea of establishing a Beauty Savings Bank, if she could get any magician good-natured enough to furnish her with sufficient security; she was quite willing to invest her capital in it—which, even the prince of sorcerers himself could not refuse to acknowledge, was a very handsome one.

There is no knowing how much more time the young countess might have passed in contemplating a person which nature had left her no room to embellish, had she not been informed that Prince Kieseroff was in the saloon. Now the Prince de Kieseroff had almost as great a renommée for beauty as herself, and was in fact the Cupidon déchaîné of the North. He had been among the first and most devoted of her adorers,—and in her "heart of hearts" she loved him well:—but, as the Chevalier d'Eon justly observes, "La coquette n'est qu'un talent aimable de cacher ou de faire paraître son amour,—dont la nature a douée toutes les femmes; et certes un amant fidèle a un droit légitime à tous les talens de sa maîtresse." So thought Nina too, and therefore determined he should serve an apprenticeship to her caprices, before she would allow him the enviable privilege of enduring them for life. Nor was she much in the wrong;—a woman's

smiles, to be valued by the other sex (who are all more or less barbarians), should be like the days of a Russian summer—bright, but few. After she thought she had kept him waiting a reasonably unreasonable time, she at length condescended to walk languidly into his presence, wrapping a Czarna Polonoise closely about her, and, applying a flacon of bouquet des soupirs d'amour to her nose, instead of answering his inquiries about her health which he made in a voice of the most tender solicitude, she declared that she had not slept the whole night, she was in such ecstasies at the idea of leaving St. Petersburg.

"No wonder, when it is for so charming a place as Siberia!" interrupted the prince; not a little piqued at the arctic coldness of her manner.

"And why not? I am sure there is no one, or thing, sufficiently agreeable for one to regret here."

"I am quite of your opinion," said her lover, (who was now leading on the forlorn hope of his own dignity); "and for that reason I am off to Paris in a fortnight. Have you any commands?"

Nina, in her turn somewhat foiled by her own weapons, began to thaw into downright kindness; which, truth compels us to own, made his highness so presumptuous that he soon began to encroach upon it by expressing a degree of gratitude, which she hastened to assure him he had not the least occasion for; till again having ventured to issue bulletins about his loss of appetite and want of sleep—she looked as pale and as anxious, as if the whole College of Physicians had signed them. When (oh! the arrogance of those pensioners on a lady's pity—a humanely-treated lover) he assured her that he had slept the preceding night, and actually had the temerity to quote Voltaire's lines to the Queen of Prussia.

Once more the storm lowered upon her brow—her lip curled, and she assured the poor prince that, if there was one thing in the world that she detested more than another, it was French poetry—which, in her opinion, was only fit to be quoted to opera-dancers and French women when labouring under their ninety-fifth love-affair in their forty-fifth year. Thus, imitating Hecla—alterate fire and ice—she whiled away the morning; till at length the prince took his unwilling departure—suspended like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of his hopes and the earth of his disappointments.

Unused to all contradiction, Nina looked twenty times a minute reproachfully at the pendule, whose slow hands seemed as if they would never reach the appointed hour that she was to put the skill of Paul Zamoiski to the test. At length it did arrive, and this spoiled child of nature, and of fortune, sallied out in the darkness of the night, to encounter such cold and sleet—that, had she met them on any other terms than her own pleasure, she certainly would have pronounced them to be her death-warrants. When she at length reached the wizard's wild and almost unapproachable habitation, her courage had nearly forsaken her; especially when Catherine had expended a quarter of an hour in knocking with a stone upon the massive and thickly nailed door, without any other sound being returned to her application than the echo of her own blows, and at last, when the heavy portal slowly creaked upon its hinges, it was not opened by hands, but by a cord from within, like that sometimes used in convents. After they had traversed a long court they came to an old broken archway, at one side of which they were met by an old woman, whose Gorgon visage was crested by a high black Polish cap, which served as a sort of spire to the temple of ugliness beneath. She pointed to a sort of porter's-lodge, into which she pushed Catherine, and then conducting the more than ever terrified Nina a few yards farther into another court, she stopped at a flight of old broken stone steps, and bidding Nina wait below, she hobbled up them till she came to a low turret-door, where she rang a hollow and melancholy sounding bell, which was for some minutes unanswered, during which time poor Nina remained shivering below, half dead with cold and terror; at length the hag re-appeared and beckoned her to follow. No sooner had they reached the before-mentioned door than the old Cerberus thrust the young and haughty countess in, as unceremoniously as she had done her attendant into the porter's-lodge. For two or three seconds she found herself in a narrow and totally dark passage:—"Good heavens!" thought she, "does that old wretch mean to bury me alive?" but ere she had time for any more reflections, a

door opened at the end of the passage into a long and brilliantly lit room, or rather gallery, with a vaulted ceiling and high painted windows which commenced about six feet from the ground, so that, without the assistance of a ladder, it would have been impossible to have seen out of them. About the room was a chaos of telescopes, mathematical instruments, globes, celestial and terrestrial;—here stood what might be the empty sarcophagus of a Cæsar, or an Alexander;—while here (as the quaint old Sir Thomas Brown hath it), “the Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses, or time, had spared—were ready to be converted by Avarice into physic, and Mizraim and Pharaoh awaited their turn to be sold as balsams!” and, in every direction, crucified bats and spiritualized scorpions abounded. At the upper end of the room was a large arched iron grating, behind which, on a black marble couch, reclined a full-length figure of *Death*—his crown and sceptre made of the most costly jewels, which contrasted fearfully with the iron plainness of the rest of the skeleton. Above this grating was a sort of verandah balcony, supported by six red Egyptian marble pillars, the capitals of which were shaped like a palm-tree; in this gallery prowled, in separate divisions, a pet-tiger, a lynx, a wolf, and two vultures, which ever and anon uttered the most horrible yells. A sort of thick vapour pervaded the room, and, out of the cold and frozen air, of the night, its heated atmosphere was so overpowering that Nina nearly fainted. The tenant of this strange apartment now advanced to meet her. He was habited in a most orthodox long black gown, but, in other respects, was a very

(See last Page.)

ROMANTIC STORY.

In giving an account of the late Mr. M'Adam, the great road-maker, the Editor of *The Dunfries Courier* takes occasion to introduce the following romantic story:—The pedigree of M'Adam, the great road-maker, was not a little curious, more particularly by his mother's side. His father married a Miss Cochrane, of Waterside, on the banks of the Ayr, grand-daughter of Sir John Cochrane, of Ochiltree, the second son of the first Lord, and ancestor of the present line, of the family of Dundonald. In this way, the blood of a house ran in his veins, which has produced philosophers, as well as warriors. Mr. M'Adam's mother was not only closely allied to the Dundonald family, but the niece of the celebrated Grizel Cochrane,—a daughter in a million, who, according to the age in which she lived, surpassed, in noble daring, and high moral courage, the Lady of Lord Nithsdale, Elizabeth of Siberia, and Scott's humbler heroine, Helen Walker, the true Jeanie Deans. As Lord Dundonald had been ennobled by Charles II., he, from motives of honour, abstained from conspiring against him; but his son was unfettered by any such feeling, and, finding it impossible to uphold the religious liberties of his country, he had made up his mind to undertake a colonizing expedition to South Carolina. But, while in London, in 1683, he became the friend of Russell and Sydney, and was otherwise so much involved in the plans of the Whigs, that the idea of emigration was, for a time, at least, abandoned. As the great object of the party was, to oust the Duke of York from the succession, to ensure the effect of a simultaneous movement, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyle, in raising the malcontents in Scotland. By treachery, however, the design was discovered; and, while not a few paid the penalty on the scaffold, Argyle and his principal adherents fled to Holland, where they remained till February, 1685, when the Duke of York ascended the throne of England. An expedition was then determined on, under Argyle, assisted by Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth. The expedition, as is known, failed, chiefly owing to the irresolution of the leader, who, contrary to the advice of Cochrane and Hume, lingered timidly in his own country—a mistake which led to the dissolution of the army, and his own death. Argyle fled, disguised as a peasant; and the ancestor of the hero of many a naval fight—the well-known Lord Cochrane, now Dundonald—was soon apprehended, carried to Edinburgh, and, after many indignities offered to his person, committed to the “Heart of Mid-Lothian,” to await his trial as a traitor, on the 3d of July, 1685. The day of trial soon came, and with it a sentence of condemnation; and then, for the first time, it was intimated, that the members of his family would be permitted to see him. But, as he was fearful of bringing suspicion on his sons, he debarred them from approaching Edinburgh, until the night previous to his execution. With this hard injunction they unwillingly complied—but nothing could restrain the filial love of an only daughter, Grizel Cochrane, a young, beautiful, high-souled maiden, of the age of 18. Lord Dundonald, at this time, was exerting himself to the utmost, by a heavy sacrifice of property, to procure the pardon of his son, through the influence of Father Peter, who was known to be conscience-keeper and chief adviser to the King. But the post travelled so slowly in those days; that time was required to conduct and mature a negotiation so delicate; and, in the meantime, there was danger that the arrival of the death-warrant would preclude every ray of hope, by sealing the fate of the intended victim. Thoughts such as these, lacerated, unspeakably, the feelings of Grizel; and, at length, she intimated to her father that she had formed a plan, which, however romantic, she was determined to execute, and would be under the necessity of leaving him for a few days. Sir John remonstrated warmly and tenderly; but it was all in vain; and the high-souled girl cut him short, by telling him she was a *Coch-*

rane, and, as such, she was determined to hazard all on the cast of a die. Accustomed to horseback, she mounted her palfrey, a fleet and good one, and, disguised much below her rank, found her way, unchallenged, to the English border. There, as she knew, a female resided, who had been her nurse, and in whom she could confide; to her, therefore, she revealed all; and, the better to aid her daring design, obtained a suit of stripling's clothes (her own foster-brother's) in exchange for her own. Equipped with a pair of small pistols, and a horseman's cloak, she sallied forth on the errand of a highwayman. Ascertaining the stations at which one of the Northern postmen stopped, she had the address to abstract the charge from his pistols, while he was asleep. She then paid her bill to the hostess, and departed on her mission of intercepting the courier, as she had found the mails so securely placed under his head, that she could not have removed them, without the greatest risk of awakening him. By walking her palfrey, and taking a few sweeps by cross-roads, she awaited the postman's arrival, without exciting suspicion; and, when he did come up, entered into conversation with him, and rode for some time by his side, before she ventured to tell him she had taken a fancy to his saddle-bags, and must have them. This demand the other treated as a joke, and rallied the supposed lad on his puny appearance; but, when Grizel produced a pistol, and pointed to a wood, about a mile off, where she had friends to assist her, he became serious, and, after muttering “your doom be upon your head!” drew a blunderbuss from its holster, and fired, without effect. Surprised at this, he seized the other, and, on finding it equally harmless, leaped from his steed, determined to pull so puny a robber to the ground. But this hostile motion, Grizel evaded by spurring her steed, and, as the other animal had proceeded a few yards in advance, she alertly seized it by the bridle, and galloped off as rapidly as possible. After a brief space, she had courage to look round, and was delighted to see the courier running in an opposite direction, to apprise the country of the band of thieves, which he, no doubt, believed were stationed in the wood. This point gained, the heroic lady threaded the plantation carefully, to the thickest part, and examined, with a palpitating heart, the mails, in which she found, not only her father's death warrant, but the same fiat directed against various other individuals. These documents she separated from the letters, which were left untouched, concealed them about her person till she had leisure to destroy them, found her way back to the house of her nurse, communicated the glad tidings, re-adopted her first apparel, and arrived safely in Edinburgh. By this heroic action, a delay of 20 days was gained; and, before the expiration of that period, Father Peter, on receiving a bribe of £5000, obtained from the King a pardon for Sir John Cochrane, and his son John—a document which, we are happy to say, is still in existence. It is, of course, written in Latin, bears date 1685, and is of the property of a lineal descendant of the house of Ochiltree and Waterside, who resides in the neighbourhood of this town. From the state of the times, the above adventure was not spoken of publicly for several years; but, after the Revolution, the devotion shown by Miss Cochrane, who afterwards married Mr. Kerr, of Morristown, in the County of Berwick,* “was neither unknown nor unapproved”—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

* It is worthy of being mentioned, that this lady was grandmother to Coatts, the great London Banker.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, LONDON.—SATURDAY
Fraser v. Berkeley.

This was an action brought by Mr. Fraser, the publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, against Mr. Grantley Berkeley, M. P., and Mr. Craven Berkeley, his brother, for an alleged most violent assault, the circumstances of which have been already before the public.

Mr. Erle, who appeared for the plaintiff, recapitulated the facts of the case, and it appeared from his statement that Mr. G. Berkeley and his brother, accompanied by another person, went to the shop of Mr. Fraser, on the 3rd of August, and without any explanation Mr. G. Berkeley felled him to the ground. The learned counsel, in detailing the assault, said, that while Mr. Fraser was on the ground, Mr. G. Berkeley beat him on the head and face with a whip, used to tame unruly horses, and that there was a band of wire round the end of it. The learned counsel, after detailing the circumstances as they appeared in the following evidence, called upon the jury to give heavy damages for this unprovoked assault; and stated, that although the presumed provocation was a review of a work of Mr. G. Berkeley's, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, yet that Mr. Grantley Berkeley had not asked for any explanation as to the author of the review before he commenced the assault.

The first witness called was Mr. Braid, who deposed that he was passing Mr. Fraser's shop on Wednesday the 3d of August, and that he heard a person cry for help; there was a great noise like heavy blows being struck; witness could see a person on the ground, and another beating him with a whip; ascertained afterwards that the person on the ground was Mr. Fraser, and the person who was beating him was Mr. G. Berkeley; Mr. Berkeley was holding Mr. Fraser down with one hand, and beating him with the other; he beat him over the head and shoulders; the blows were as violent as he could give them; Mr. G. Berkeley is a tall, powerful man, and Mr. Fraser was a slight made man, of small stature, and no match for him; there was a person placed at the door with his arm across to prevent persons from going

in; witness was struck by the person at the door, and knocked down; that person was a very stout, powerful man; could not ascertain who or what the person was; at last witness struck the man, and got into the shop; Mr. C. Berkeley was within the shop; Mr. C. Berkeley said to his brother, “D—n him, give it him;” Mr. G. Berkeley gave it him well; Mr. C. Berkeley was not so powerful as his brother, but was a much stronger man than Mr. Fraser; when witness got into the shop, Mr. G. Berkeley had his left hand entangled in the hair of Mr. Fraser's head, and was beating him with the other hand with a whip; this was when Mr. Craven Berkeley cried out, “D—n him, give it him well;” Mr. Fraser put up his hands to save himself from the blows, and had his hands very much cut in so doing; witness interfered, but Mr. G. Berkeley continued to beat Mr. Fraser; Mr. Fraser bled very much; the man who had been at the door afterwards threatened to strike witness for rescuing Mr. Fraser from his friend, who, he said, was giving him a d—d good horse-whipping; Mr. Fraser gave the parties in charge to a policeman; witness wanted the policeman to take the man into custody, but both the Berkeleys called him a d—d interfering scoundrel, and threatened him; the stout man got off, as the policeman would not take him into custody, because, he said, he did not witness the assault; the whip used by Mr. G. Berkeley was a very heavy riding-whip, the heaviest, perhaps, that witness had ever seen; before he got into the shop heard from forty to fifty blows; Mr. Fraser cried out, “help,” “mercy,” and “murder!” Mr. Fraser seemed to be dreadfully hurt; the blows were given with as much violence as Mr. G. Berkeley possessed.

Mr. Thessiger, who appeared for the defendant, cross-examined this witness, who said that the outrage had given him strength, and that he would interfere again in such a case; did not hear either Mr. C. Berkeley or Mr. G. Berkeley while the assault was going on, call Mr. Fraser a libeller, and say that he had libelled their mother; nothing occurred in the presence of Mr. Fraser to enable the witness to judge of the cause of the assault; had never called on Mr. Fraser since; Mr. F. called on witness.

The next witness was a person named Mathews, who witnessed the assault. He corroborated the statement of the first witness, adding that Mr. G. Berkeley struck Mr. Fraser alternately with the butt end and the lash; the blows were given with the most desperate violence; the blood was trickling from Mr. Fraser; Mr. Fraser said, “For God's sake, help!” Mr. C. Berkeley struck a person very violently who attempted to get into the shop; when assistance got in to the shop Mr. Fraser escaped to the door, and when he got to the door he was struck back violently into the shop by Mr. C. Berkeley, and Mr. G. Berkeley then got hold of him by the hair of the head, drew him back, and horsewhipped him again over the head and back; this was when Mr. C. Berkeley said, “D—n it, Grantley, give it him, give it him well!” Mr. Fraser then escaped from Mr. G. Berkeley, and made his way for the private door, Mr. G. Berkeley followed him in the street, and said, “D—n you, I'll cut your blasted head off!” Mr. Fraser had then nothing on his head but his hair (a laugh); Mr. Fraser in proportion to Mr. Berkeley was like a young sucking baby.

A witness named Davis corroborated the evidence of the above witness.

Mary Lane, a servant to Mr. Fraser, said that after her master came home on the day in question he appeared very unwell; he went into convulsions, of which he had two attacks; he appeared to suffer a great deal of pain, and was confined to his bed from the Wednesday to the Sunday, and continued unwell for some time afterwards; Mr. Fraser was not now quite recovered.

On cross-examination the witness said that Mr. Fraser went out of town about a week after the assault.

This closed the case on the part of the plaintiff. Mr. Thessiger then addressed the jury on the part of the defendants. The learned counsel expressed his astonishment that after the distressing details into which his learned friend Mr. Erle had entered, no medical man was called; and contended that he had considerably overcharged his case. Mr. Thessiger then complained that the counsel on the other side had totally concealed the gross provocation which Mr. Berkeley had received. The Messrs. Berkeley admitted the assault, but it had been caused by the most overruling and galling provocation. The learned counsel proceeded to say, that previous to August last Mr. G. Berkeley had written a book, entitled *Berkeley Castle*, and that a review of this work had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, the object of which was to revile and calumniate Mr. Berkeley, and in fact the article was one of the most scandalous and revolting that had ever issued from a licentious press. The learned counsel then read a part of the article, in which it stated Mr. Berkeley's mother had lived with his father some time before she was his wife, and that she had at least one child before she could induce the old lord to marry her. The learned counsel then said, that another part of the article, hinted that the defendant was ready to be a liar and a thief if his betters should desire it, or if an advantageous opportunity offered. The article also attacked the courage of Mr. Berkeley, and very much tortured and misrepresented a passage in the dedication to the work.

Evidence was then called to prove the publication.

Mr. Erle having replied, The Lord Chief Baron proceeded to sum up the case to the jury.

At the conclusion of the summoning up his lordship told the jury that they must find a verdict for the plaintiff, and the only question for them to consider was the amount of damages.

The jury consulted a few minutes in the box, and ultimately retired. On their return they found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages, £100.

THE CRITICISMS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

SHAKESPEARE.—The great fault of Chateaubriand's remarks on Shakspeare is, that they address themselves to a by-gone school of criticism; Dr. Johnson's is very far from being the national opinion; and the alterations and adaptations made in Charles the Second's time are held anything but orthodox in the present day. But we shall not enter into the question of preference between the rival queens of the French and the English stage; the foreign critic does not and cannot understand us. But what does our author mean by saying that “all Shakspeare's young female characters are formed on one model?” He might as well say that the rose and the violet resemble each other because they are both sweet. Take, for example, two placed in similar situations—namely, disguised in male attire; and yet what can be more essentially different than the characters of Rosalind and Viola? The last, whose heart

“Tender thought clothes like a dove,
With the wings of care.”

dreaming, devoted, silent, but dying of her silence. The first, on the contrary, is “a gay creature of the element;” a coquette, who delights in teasing the lover, whose danger yet sends the blood from her cheek—witty, sarcastic, with her deeper feelings shrouded as it were in sunshine. What have she and Viola in common?

But Shakspeare has always been a point for dispute between ours and foreign critics. We confess that the present article appears to us a complete Border-land of debatable questions. But what shall we say of the opinion on the sonnets?—“There is more of poetry, imagination and melancholy, than sensibility, passion and depth. Shakspeare loved; but he believed no more in love than he believed in any thing else. A woman was to him a bird, a zephyr, a flower which charms and passes away.”

We will not enter on the spirit of the sonnets, because this has already been done in so masterly a manner, in the pages of this very Magazine, that we need only to refer to the articles of last year, on the “Sonnets of Shakspeare,”—a series of papers eloquent and complete, and bringing out the truth by the light of the imagination. But we protest against the light assertion that “Shakspeare no more believed in love, than he believed in anything else!” Why, the very element of poetry is faith—faith in the beautiful, the divine, and the true. No one was ever great in any pursuit without earnestness,—and who can be in earnest without belief? It was from his own heart that Shakspeare drew his glorious and his touching creations, of which all nature attest the truth. Doubt never was and never will be the atmosphere of genius. He had the true poet's generous reliance on futurity when he wrote

“Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.”

And again,

“Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse live ever young.”

MILTON.—To this subject Chateaubriand has brought all his enthusiasm; and his estimate of Milton is infinitely more English—we might say more true, than his estimate of Shakspeare. We should say this arises from having no standard of comparison by which to try the merits of “Paradise Lost.” There is nothing like it in French literature, and the critic has no preconceived notions to whose test the foreign work must submit. In speaking of the drama, he is fettered by early associations of admiration, links as slight as those charmed threads Monimia wound the hands of Thalaba, and as impossible to break. But in reading Milton, he is “fancy free,” and has to make the rules by which he judges. Moreover, Milton is less national than Shakspeare; he belongs more to that apart world of imagination, solemn and stately, which is to be entered by the ideal faculty alone. Thus, has been produced a fine and elaborate criticism, written in the noblest spirit of appreciation.

SCOTT.—We confess that we are not surprised to find that Chateaubriand does not appreciate Walter Scott. Never were two minds more dissimilar. But the reason that he gives is very strange:—“I speak on this subject with some vexation, because I, who have described, loved, sung, and extolled so much the old Christian temples, am dying of spleen from hearing them so constantly depreciated. There was left me a last illusion—a cathedral: it has been taken from me by storm.”

This seems a most extraordinary complaint to make against the poet of Melrose Abbey; but we may safely leave Scott's reputation to its own security. As was said of the royal power, in the celebrated vote of the Commons in George the Third's time—“It has increased, is increasing, and will increase.”

BYRON.—Little is said about the author of “Lara,” excepting Chateaubriand's surprise that he should not ever have been mentioned by the English poet. We do not remember any French writer named by Byron but Madame de Staël, and that was the result of personal acquaintance. Byron wanted one element of greatness—that of appreciation. We

refer this to his social education; and there never was a period of worse taste, of falseness of feeling, and of less generous feeling, than the epoch to which he belonged. But to discuss the influence of society on Byron's genius would be too complicated a subject. We must bring our observations to a close with the most remarkable page in Chateaubriand's two volumes. The following is an encouraging literary picture:—

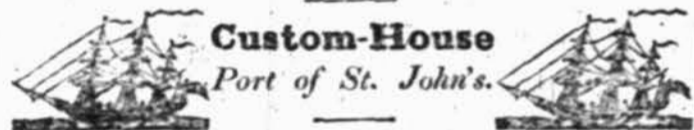
Calamities of Genius.—"Milton, proscribed and poor, descended in utter blindness to the tomb. Dryden, towards the close of his life, was compelled to sell his talents piece-meal to support existence. 'Little cause have I,' said he, 'to bless my stars for being born an Englishman. It is quite enough for one century, that it should have neglected a Cowley, and seen Butler starved to death.' Otway, at a later period, choked himself with a piece of bread thrown to him to relieve his hunger. What were not the sufferings of Savage, composing at street corners, writing his verses on scraps of paper picked out of the kennel, expiring in a prison, and leaving his corpse to the pity of a gaoler, who defrayed the expense of his interment! Chatterton, after being many days without food, destroyed himself by poison."

No one can deny—no one would think of denying—the vast benefit which literature has conferred on mankind; and with what ingratitude has it ever been received! "The late remorse of love," the monody and the monument, have been, and still are, its guerdon. The most successful author pays too dear a price for success. We do not believe, in the present day, that there is a single popular writer who does not bitterly regret the hour he took pen in hand. The fame is far off, and like sunshine seen in the distance, while only the cold wind is felt on the actual path. The wider circle think but little of all you have done for their gratification, until it is too late to think at all. The nearer circle of intimates and acquaintances never forgive the distinction which separates you from themselves. But genius will at last learn the bitter lesson of all experience: like everything else in the present day, it will be taught to calculate. Its gifted ones will at length

"compress
The god within them!"

Fame is but a beautiful classic delusion. The inspiration of the poet is like the inspiration of the Delphic oracles: what was once held divine is now confessed the promptings of an evil spirit mocking the votaries of whom it made victims. We firmly believe that the time is fast approaching when no more books will be written. The once writers will say—"Why should we sacrifice our whole existence to obtain a vain praise, which, after all, never comes sufficiently home to us to be enjoyed? Why should we devote, to this most barren pursuit, industry and talent, which, in any other line, would be certain of that worldly success, which, as we live in the world, is the only success to be desired?" Even poets must at last learn wisdom. The bitterness and the hollowness of praise will be perceived; and then who will be at the trouble of writing a book? Again we repeat, the time is fast approaching when no more books will be written.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Shipping Intelligence.



Custom-House
Port of St. John's.

VESELS (ENTERED.)
February 27.—Brig John Stuart, Campbell, Viana; 10 tons salt.
March 6.—Brigantine Margaret Helen, Bambury, Cadiz; salt.

VESELS (CLEARED.)
March 1.—Brig Blandford, Hutchings, Oporto; 2400 qtls. fish.
2.—Brig Funchal, Picken, Barbados; 2200 qtls. fish, 100 barrels herrings, and sundries.

Notices.

£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 12 o'clock, THIS DAY—specifying the rate of Interest which will be given for one year, with approved security.

(By order)

JOHN SHEA,
Secretary.

A Meeting of the Directors will be held at 12 o'clock, TO-DAY, at the Exchange Buildings, St. John's March 9, 1837.

DESERTED from the service of the Rev. CHARLES DALTON, of Harbor Grace, in November last, a Youngster named EDMOND BRENNAN, aged 25 years, and about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. Whoever harbors or employs said Deserter after this public notice, will be prosecuted as the law directs in such cases.
Harbor Grace, 15th February, 1837.

WANTED,

A HOUSE-SERVANT, who understands the management of HORSES.—Apply to
February 23. Wm. THOMAS.

Notices.

ST. JOHN'S MECHANICS' SOCIETY.

THE Tenth Anniversary of the above Society was held at their Hall, on Friday, the 3d inst. The President, Mr. PATRICK KELLY, having taken the Chair, gave a statement of the funds, and took a review of the proceedings of the Society during the past year—which met the approbation of the meeting—he sincerely congratulated the Society upon the relief they had had in their power to bestow on those of their brother members who needed assistance within the last twelve months—strongly inculcated harmony and brotherly feeling amongst its Members, and, in conclusion, passed a warm eulogy on those philanthropic gentlemen, his fellow-citizens, who were now engaged in forming similar institutions, from which he felt assured, the community would ultimately derive the greatest advantages.

The ordinary business of the day having been gone through, the following Resolutions were proposed and passed unanimously:

Resolved—That the best thanks of this Society are justly due and are hereby given to His Excellency Governor PRESCOTT, for his continued patronage of this Institution.

Resolved—That the Right Rev. Dr. FLEMING, Vice Patron of this Society, deserves our best thanks and warmest acknowledgments for the many benefits he has conferred on this Society.

Resolved—That we record our best acknowledgments to RICHARD ALEXANDER TUCKER, Esq., late Chief Justice of Newfoundland, our first Vice Patron, for the many invaluable services rendered by him to our Society, which neither lapse of years nor distance of time will ever obliterate from our recollections.

The Society then proceeded to ballot for Officers, when the following were chosen:—

- Mr. THOS. MEAGHER, elected President.
- EDWARD WALSH, ditto Vice President.
- WILLIAM TOOLE, ditto 1st Assistant.
- ML. McNAMARA, ditto 2d ditto
- PATRICK KELLY, ditto 1st Treasurer.
- LAURENCE CRANE ditto 2d ditto
- JOHN COADY, ditto 3d ditto
- EDWARD DELANY, ditto Secretary.

PATRICK KELLY, President.
THOS. McNAMARA, Secretary.

The President having vacated the Chair, Mr. WILLIAM TOOLE was called thereto, and it was unanimously

Resolved—That our best thanks are due to our late President, Mr. PATRICK KELLY, for his indefatigable and unremitting exertions in promoting the stability and interests of the Society.

Resolved—That the thanks of this Society be also given to the late Vice President and the other Officers for the efficient discharge of their duties during the past twelve months.

WILLIAM TOOLE,
Chairman.

St. John's, March 9, 1837.

Public Ball.

THE ANNUAL CHARITY BALL for the benefit of the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL, will be held there on TUESDAY, the 28th inst.

STEWARDS—

Officers Benevolent Irish Society, and Committee Orphan Asylum School, Of whom admission Tickets may be had:—Ladies, 5s.; Gentlemen's, 7s. 6d.

March 9.

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. }

Amateur Theatre.

(Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Governor)

[FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.]

On TUESDAY EVENING next, WILL BE PERFORMED,

The much-admired Melo-drama of THE TWO GALLEY SLAVES;

With the laughable Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

Tickets to be had at Messrs. Perchard & Boag's. Boxes, 3s. Pit, 2s.

Doors to be opened at half past six; performance to commence at seven precisely.

March 9.

Notices.

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.

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.

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. }

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

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 Banking Cables

For Sale by

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

February 16.

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.

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 Superior 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. 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 Blanking
40 Casks gold-colored Sherry Wine, 3 doz. each
6 Qu.-rasks 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.

(Continued from second page.)

different looking personage from what she had expected to see,—being very slight and very tall—his figure having all the muscle and elasticity of youth; his face, as far as the features and outline went, might have been called handsome, but the stony rigidity, paleness, and immobility of it, had a Medusa-like effect on the beholder, and conveyed the supernatural and antithetical idea that it was impossible he ever could have been young, and equally impossible he ever could become old. In short, he looked a human statue that had been chiselled at once into an unprogressive and unagery manhood. Finding that Nina did not, or rather could not address him, he accosted her in a hollow, but very sweet and low voice—inquiring upon what she wished to consult him? When his fair visitor began to rally, she was determined to eschew all half-measures; therefore, forcing a slight laugh, she replied, "that having heard much of his skill, a strange notion had got into her head—that she should like to discover if there was any means by which she might economize her beauty—only putting it on at will; so that for every day she dispensed with it in youth, she might be able to keep it till the most advanced age, should it please her so to do?"

Zamoiski heard her patiently to the end, and then with an ejaculation between a groan and a pshaw, walked to a table and began turning over a huge folio of Kepler's "Mysterium Cosmographicum;" and consumed some minutes in studying its fanciful analogies between the orbits of the planets, and the regular solids of geometry. He next inquired the day and hour of her birth; which having ascertained, he drew forth some tablets, upon which he began making sundry calculations.

"Humph!—The Sun lies well, being in a sextile position with Mars, and Saturn is Lord of the Seventh House. So far the native is lucky—humpf! but, as Peletarius observes touching the cutting of the equator in two, 'Who can possibly see a living likeness in a mirror which is put out of shape so many ways?' This strange fancy leaves the zodiac without signs.—*Minimeque convenit, zodiaco sous polos esse inutiles in eo negotio quod zodiaco maxime proprium est.*"

"Lady," said he, closing the volumes before him, "in the natural course of things your beauty would have lasted well to your fifty-first year, which I take it is as long as any reasonable woman could or should desire. And it seemeth unto me a strange and foolish fancy to wish to prolong it beyond!"

"You do not quite understand me," said Nina. "It is not that I wish to continue handsome at so advanced an age, so much as, by saving my beauty in Siberia or any other desert, I might be able to display a double portion at Paris, London, or any place where civilized human beings congregate, just as persons, by retrenching for a few years, are enabled to make a doubly magnificent expenditure at the end of them."

"I fully comprehend your meaning, Lady; still I think it a folly, and one that you will repent of."

"Be it folly or be it not, is it one that you can gratify?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I should think so," replied Zamoiski, with a sort of pitying contempt for her sceptical query.

"Well then, pray use no further delay, as I must be at home before another hour."

Without further parley the man of mystery turned to a shelf, and taking down a small crucible, threw into it several powders; he then dropped into them different elixirs, which he carefully blent together till a light-blue flame began slowly and flickeringly to issue from the crucible. "I warn you," said he "that it will be rather a painful operation—for, in order to concentrate your beauty into a sort of essence, or rather ether, I shall be obliged to disembarrass you for a few seconds of all your gravity, for which reason, before you lean your head over this crucible, I will attach little plummets of lead to your hands and feet. Now, bend your head down, and inhale the vapour out of the crucible."

Nina did as he desired; but the more of the vapour she inhaled the more her gravity deserted her, till she became so buoyant and light that even the plummets could scarcely keep her on the earth.

"Good heavens!" cried she, raising her head out of the crucible for a moment, "if in order to preserve my beauty I cannot retain my gravity, what on earth will become of me when I get to Paris and London, where I shall meet with so many ridiculous people?"

"Patience!" said the Necromancer. "You must expect to feel as nothing for a few minutes while I am taking away all your beauty in order to concentrate it."

"Well, then," said Nina, "even by your own showing, beauty is the only thing that gives a person any weight in this naughty world, and yet you tell me that I shall repent my prudence in trying to preserve it?"

"I tell you this," replied Zamoiski, "and time will convince you of it. But silence for a few seconds, and then I will release you!"

The young Countess did as she was desired, and was not a little delighted when her companion pronounced the spell complete, and that she was now at liberty to raise her head.

"Pray," said she eagerly, "let me see how I look?" Zamoiski handed her a small mirror. She uttered a faint shriek when she beheld her plain and haggard looking face—her features were precisely the same, but the colour, the expression, the "life of life," had left them. She had the appearance of extreme ill-health; and the most imaginative person could not have discovered the slightest vestige of beauty in her so lately exquisitely lovely face.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "how frightful I look! I do not think I shall gain much by my bargain; for before I can get accustomed to so hideous a phantom, I shall, in self-defence, be compelled to be as extravagant as ever, and wear my beauty every day. So pray now have the charity to show me how I am to repossess myself of it?"

Zamoiski then took out of a drawer a small tube, and

a little golden flacon, in the form of a split eagle. On the head of one eagle was a stopper of a little sapphire crown, on that of the other a small diamond one; then placing one end of the tube in the crucible, he applied the other alternately to the aperture in the two eagle's heads. After doing this till the flame in the crucible had totally expired, he turned to Nina, and presented to her the little flacon, saying—

"When you wish to appear as beautiful as you by nature are, you have only to take out the sapphire crown on this eagle's head, and by smelling once to the flask you will instantly become so. But should you wish to be more beautiful than even Nature chose you should, then you may smell it twice, and the effect will be produced—and you may increase it to four times when you want to be very superlatively lovely. On the other hand, when you wish to put by all your attractions, you have only to pursue precisely the same course with the diamond-crested eagle."

Nina, with the mirror still in her hand, eagerly seized the magic gift, and lost no time in proving its effect in restoring her beauty, which it instantly did upon a single trial.

"Oh dear, how delighted I am to see myself again!" she laughingly exclaimed; "and by contrast I really do look exceedingly well; but I should like to see if I cannot look still better?" So saying she impatiently applied the sapphire crested bird three successive times to her nose—and then quite forgetting the presence of the worker of all these wonders—she launched out into ecstasies at her own super-human beauty. At length a trial of the diamond crest reduced her to reason, and turning to the still marble-looking figure before her—

"A thousand, thousand thanks!"

Zamoiski interrupted her by coldly saying— "There is no need of half that number, Lady; and I foresee, though you cannot, that the time will come when you will have lost all your gratitude, nay, and even wish me to take back my gift. I will bestow another upon you—take this ring!" he continued, placing on her finger one in the form of a mermaid, with emerald hair, diamond eyes, and an opal studded tail; "and when ever you grow tired with the strange boon you have asked, you have only to hang this ring over the neck of the diamond-crested eagle, and I will come to you from the farthest parts of the earth and dissolve the spell!"

Nina departed all gratitude, assuring him that "she was convinced she should never give him such unwarrantable trouble as to come so far on her account;" and then putting on just as much beauty (and no more) than she had entered Zamoiski's abode with, she ran nimbly down the steep old-broken turret steps that she had so falteringly ascended some two hours before.

Poor Catherine was half-dead with cold, fear, and curiosity, which latter her fair mistress had not the slightest idea of satisfying by any true statement of what had taken place between her and the renowned Zamoiski; she therefore confined her communications to telling her that he had assured her the journey to Siberia upon the whole would turn out very prosperous, but that her health would suffer much in the onset.

"Bless me, Madam," said the incredulous Catherine, as pettishly as she dared, "is that all? Why he kept you such a time that I thought he had undertaken to escort you to Siberia himself!"

The month soon rolled away that preceded Count Dalgarooki's journey to Siberia. The day before their departure Nina determined to try the effect of a little ugliness upon her lover; for, as she most justly argued, hitherto he had had no merit in loving one so beautiful, and above all so admired. Accordingly, the morning they were to set out, he came at an early hour to wish her good-bye; and put her into her carriage. She was sitting alone on the sofa when he entered, with her handkerchief to her eyes—for her courage began to fail her at the idea of putting his love to such a test—he advanced, took her hand that hung listlessly by her side, and covered it with kisses, without her making the slightest attempt to withdraw it.

"Nina!—dear, dearest Nina! will you not give me one look? When in another hour you will be torn from me for so long, so interminable a time as three miserable—miserable months!"

Slowly Nina turned towards him—and still more slowly she withdrew her handkerchief from before her eyes.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Prince, throwing himself at her feet, and clasping her knees; "how ill!—how altered you look! You are not fit to take this dreadful journey!—Dearest, dearest Nina! you must not think of it, unless you want to kill me on the spot!"

"And do you really love me enough," asked Nina, with a faint smile, "to be so very miserable at the idea of my being ill?"

"Do I love you enough? Oh! Nina, do you doubt it?"

The little coquette was so moved at the reality of his devotion, and at this proof that it was herself—and not her beauty that he loved—that she was on the point of betraying to him her secret in order to remove all his fears for her health; but prudence whispered her that he had not been sufficiently tormented, as for a celebrated beauty to look ill once was no great trial to a lover's constancy; she therefore contented herself with assuring him that she was by no means ill, and only felt a little exhausted from want of sleep. Then, in order to set his heart at rest, she applied once to the sapphire crested eagle of the little flacon, and said—

"You see I am better already; such a skilful physician is kindness!"

"Your colour has certainly returned, and you look like yourself again; but still, dearest, I cannot bear the thought of this horrid journey,—though Ladislas has promised to write me constant accounts of you till we meet in Paris!"

As all lovers' partings and meetings are exactly the same, and are proverbially stupid—save to the parties concerned—the reader may be spared the rest of the sighs, tears, vows and protestations, that took place on this occasion. Nor indeed would the above short sample have been introduced on him but for Rochefoucauld's assertion—"Qu'il y toujours quelque chose dans les malheurs des autres qui ne, nous déplaissent pas."

The day after the Dalgarookis left St. Petersburg, Prince Kieseroff quitted it for Paris. Frequent were the letters he got from Count Ladislas, but they contained such dreadful accounts of his sister's ill looks and altered appearance, that while the Prince's vanity was flattered at thinking he was the cause of them, his affection was wounded, and himself made uneasy and wretched; but three months even for a lover do not last for ever—at length they expired! and in two

months more he would see his adored—his beautiful Nina at Paris!

At length the happy morning arrived, when his valet awoke him at a most unusually early hour (for even lovers, the most devoted, must sleep sometimes) to put into his hands a billet from Ladislas Dalgarooki, dated "Hotel de Bristol Place, Vendôme!" and telling him they had all arrived late the night before. Early as the Prince presented himself at the Place Vendôme, still earlier had Herbault and Madame Minette been with Nina; and, independent of her lover, she could not pay the cap of the former, or the *peignoir* of the latter, so had a compliment as to wear her Siberian face with them; so that the enamoured Prince had the delight and triumph of finding her more beautiful than ever. That day they were all to dine *en petite comité*, at the Princess de B——'s. Nina had no idea of wasting her beauty on Blues and Bores, and, therefore, only put on half her natural attractions. Silly girl, she was wrong; for, though dull in themselves, the saloons of the Princess were the dark mint that gave the stamp of currency to all the beauty and talent of Paris; consequently, one *Proneur* pronounced himself greatly disappointed with the new Russian beauty, while another boldly averred that he had had letters that had told him she was greatly changed within the last few months. All this was wormwood to Prince Kieseroff, who indignantly replied, that seeing a person just off a long and fatiguing journey, was not a fair way to judge of their appearance. That day week there was to be a great ball at the—Embassy. Madame D'A—— had not been idle in boasting of Nina's wonderful beauty; but in the meanwhile a strong party of Parisian disaffecteds had arisen, from the fates of the oracles of the Hotel de B—— having gone forth to depreciate this Rothschild of loveliness. When the night of nights arrived, Nina did not fail to make four applications to the sapphire-crested eagle; and whatever might have been the expectations of her lover, herself and Madame D'A——, they were more than realized. Never, never, in the annals of *débuts* was such a sensation produced! The Dukes D'O—— and R—— became precipitately in love with her, and were above the meanness of concealment; so from being the greatest possible friends they became the greatest possible enemies. Nina did not encourage, but was equally far from discouraging either of them. But things had not come to a crisis—till one night at a court mob, the Duc de R——, with whom she had danced two quadrilles, asked her to dance a mazurka. She declined, saying she was engaged.

"A qui?" inquired the Duc.

"A un Russe," answered Nina, hesitatingly. The mazurka began, and the Duc O'D—— came to claim his partner. No sooner was it over that the rivalled R—— accosted her with a quivering lip, and eye of fire, saying—

"Je croyais que c'était avec un Russe que Madame La Comtesse devoit danser?"

"Eh bien oui," replied Nina, laughing. "C'était une Russe de guerre."

"Madame est trop flatteuse," said the Duc, bowing profoundly, and immediately after he strode haughtily away.

The next morning the news arrived from the Bois de Boulogne that the Duc de R—— had been mortally wounded in a duel by the Duc O'D——. Added to the reproaches of her own conscience, Nina had to endure those of her irritated lover, and on many accounts Paris was becoming disagreeable to her; for instead of the unbounded admiration of her beauty which she had expected, she found it was undervalued from being pronounced so *journalière*, while her wit, which she had never pretended to, was extolled to the skies! The men called her a heartless coquette—the women declared they could not discover that exceeding beauty in her—for they had often met her at the *Soirées* of some of the dowagers in the Faubourg St. Germain, and she had looked downright ugly (these were no doubt on the evenings when she was *Hume*-ing her good looks.) Still she was much talked of; and who is there can be so, without being much abused?

Poor Nina! she soon found out that mediocrity is the grand secret of the world's toleration—nay, more, of its applause; especially in a woman it is the title of the Ephesian Diana, claiming the worship of all men—it is the *Αστυλας* on the old Greek coins, ensuring its possessor against the attacks of the two otherwise belligerent powers—Envy and Contempt; only being kind with it, and one may exclaim, with the *wise* King James, in his heavy armour, "Now, nobody can hurt me, and I can hurt nobody!"

Her father, who in his life had never said "No" to any request of hers, yielded without delay to her proposal of leaving Paris for London. Prince Kieseroff liked the English, and therefore Nina felt predisposed to do the same; besides, London was a truly enlightened place, as there were journals which were exclusively devoted to recording the goings and comings, and the sayings and doings, of great people, and which seemed to be instituted for the express purpose of praising the beauty of some ladies, and saying nothing about that of others; besides, there was a generosity and a gratitude about the English that no other nation could lay claim to, for, if a woman were a beauty at fifteen, she was still called the beautiful Mrs. this, or the beautiful Lady that, at fifty. The first night Nina appeared at Almack's she was arrayed in all the quadrupled loveliness of the sapphire crest; still, no reputation for beauty having gone before her, she was scarcely noticed, for the English, in a ball-room, vastly resemble themselves in the Vatican, never being able to discover beauties till they are pointed out to them, by some one whose word is law in such matters. So Nina, to her great surprise, heard much of the lovely Lady Emily ——, and the beautiful Miss B——, and half a score more; but nought heard she of herself; the sort of reputation that had gone before her was of a nature to do anything but good in English society—it was a *renommée* for great cleverness and wit. Now, what Englishman is there who does not shudder at every clever word that issues from a woman's mouth, however ruby her lips, however pearly her teeth? Still would he fancy them like the dragon's teeth, about to turn into armed men and destroy him should she be guilty of blotting with one word of sense the chartered folly of her sex.

Long and wearisome was the time Nina passed in London without even hearing she was thought pretty; and had it not been for the involuntary admiration she excited as she drove along the streets, she might have fancied she had made a mistake, and applied to the diamond crested eagle instead of the sapphire one; and she was almost beginning to wish herself back in Siberia, when one night she went to a fête at —— House, armed *cap-à-pie* with all her beauty. The host, who for the first time beheld what he conceived to be (and what really was) the most beautiful person that could be imagined. He communicated his opinion to his guests, and she had not been an hour in the room before she perceived persons actually getting upon chairs and benches to see her; and the words "Lovely!" "Angelic!" "Divine!" "Perfect!" met her ear on all sides, and people who had seen her a hundred times before looking quite as well, seemed now for the first time to have found their eyes to see her beauty, and their tongues to proclaim it.

The next day every paper and party rang with the praises of the beautiful, the charming, the amiable, the fascinating young Countess Nina Dalgarooki! Artists begged hard for pictures and busts—musicians, that they might be allowed to dedicate songs and quadrilles to her—poets wrote sonnets to her and upon her—and Lord Johns and Lord Harrys requested that they might only be permitted to hope!—and, oh! climax of English renown, the winner of the St. Leger was actually rechristened after her! Lady J—— made tableaux for her, and old Lady C—— gained a whole season's reprieve from desertion; and the D—— by getting her to one of her Miss and muffin parties. As for Prince Kieseroff, he was in the seventh heaven, Nina, his beautiful Nina, "the admired of all admirers," had promised to marry him at the end of the season.

One day, after a very late ball, Nina, who had made a Park entertainment with Lady ——, was so overcome with fatigue that she fell asleep on the sofa; at the end of two hours the groom of the chambers awoke her, by announcing that Lady —— had called for her. She started up, and wrang for her bonnet. While she was waiting for it, she recollected that she had had no beauty on when she went to sleep, and put her hand into her bosom to search for her flacon, but, lo! it was gone; the little Venetian chain to which it was always attached was not to be found either. She looked everywhere—searched the sofa, the cushions, everything—but in vain! She was in despair, and sent down word she was too unwell to go out that that morning; but her friend was not so easily put off, and, coming up, insisted that the air was the thing above all others that would do her good. Poor Nina, persuaded much against her will, at length accompanied her. To her great astonishment she had just as great a bevy of prancing steeds round the carriage as usual, and quite as many, if not more, compliments on her beauty than ever; the next day, too, the "Morning Post" announced "that the young Countess Dalgarooki had graced the Park yesterday, looking more lovely than ever, and was as usual the cynosure of wondering eyes."

"Why the people must be mad, or blind," said Nina, as she impatiently pushed the paper from her. Week after week passed away without the flacon being found; ball after ball; Nina begged hard to stay away from them, but her father insisted that every one had been so civil, she absolutely must go. At length, on the plea of ill-health (which her looks too well confirmed) she got a reprieve; still, nothing was talked of but her great, her exceeding beauty; and the papers, while they deplored her bad health, expressed endless wonder that it had not in the least impaired her extreme loveliness!—while every really beautiful and blooming girl that came out was reproached for their presumption, if they dared but in the slightest degree to dress their hair like the beautiful Russian.

Meanwhile, Nina herself became seriously unhappy. "Poor dear, dear Kieseroff," said she, "what a reward for all his devotion and generosity, to marry such a fright—and all through my own foolish vanity, too! How he would despise me if he knew it!—but he shall know it—for I will not add deceit to my other faults, especially towards him. Zamoiski was right. I do indeed repent my foolish compact; and, alas! by losing the flacon it is not in my power to avail myself of his promise to take back his gift."

In the midst of this reverie, Prince Kieseroff was announced. Nina, who had been crying, did not wish to add to the distress her haggard looks always occasioned him, by letting him see any traces of grief, withdrew into the adjoining room. When Nina returned, the Prince had not long to plead to be made acquainted with her source of disquietude. "Ah! Kieseroff, I have long wished—long intended—but long dreaded to tell you all; but the fear that you would despise me, and the conviction that I could not marry you has prevented me."

"Good Heavens, Nina, what do you, what can you mean? For God's sake explain yourself!" exclaimed her agitated lover, who now looked as death-like as herself.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from the panic his manner infected her with, in a trembling voice, and with downcast eye, she acquainted him with the whole transaction between her and Zamoiski. "Is that all!" cried the Prince, sarcastically; "I breathe again; it was indeed foolish—nay, worse, mine own love, it was avaricious and covetous in the extreme of you who possessed such matchless beauty to want more; and I have a great mind, in order to punish you, to leave you just as you are; but as that would be punishing myself too, I will even be generous, and give you back your flacon, which I found one day after you had gone out, on the floor, by this very sofa, and have kept it ever since."

Nina joyfully seized it, and instantly placed the mermaid ring round the diamond-crested eagle's neck. She had no sooner done so than a servant entered, and presenting her with a card, said—

"The person who gave me this would speak with your ladyship."

Nina looked at the name on the card, which was no other than Paul Zamoiski.

"Show him in instantly," said the young Countess. On entering, he bowed slightly to the Prince, and then turning to Nina, said—

"Lady, I am come to take back the gift that I foresaw you would so soon be weary of, and I hope it has at least had the good effect of convincing you that 'Whatever is best'—and that there is one thing which gives a woman a greater weight in the world than even beauty—reputation!"

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