

John Ryan, Proprietor

Dea. North St. John's



Newfoundlander

No. 505.

THURSDAY March 30, 1837.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

TEAS.

LATELY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY **B. BOWRING & SON,** Hyson, Twankay and Congo TEA, — ALSO — 150 Boxes Soap, 20 Barrels Currants— Feb. 2.

BY **JOHN RYAN,**

LOAF SUGAR, Currants, B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder, Cognac, Brandy in hds., 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 SI. OP GOODS, suitable for the Seal Fishery. January 19.

New Provisions, &c.

RICHARD HOWLEY,

IS NOW LANDING

The Cargo of the COLUMBIAN PACKET, from Hamburg,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE

At reduced Prices—Viz:

200 BARRELS Prime Mess Pork
200 Firkins new Butter (Holstein) for family use

- 300 Barrels Superfine Flour
- 50 Do. Extra do. for Pastry
- 100 Do. fresh Oatmeal
- 175 Bags superfine Cabin Biscuit
- 75 Do. fine do. do.
- 1000 Do. Good Common do.
- 50 Coils assorted Cordage
- 600 Pair Yarn Hose
- 50 Pair Deck Boots

A few Kegs Tongues, Pickled Rounds Beef and Smoked ditto.

Also,

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

- 3 Pipes and 20 hds. Cognac Brandy, (Martell's brand) warranted of the very best quality
- 40 Hds. 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.

THE LANDLORD OF ROYSTON.

A TALE BY WM. GODWIN, JUN.

About the year 1668, the George and Dragon, at Royston, was kept by a person of the name of Stephen Burrough; and from Northalerton to London there was not an inn that afforded better fare or more comfortable accommodation, and many an honourable member from the northern counties as he proceeded to London to attend his parliamentary duties, or on his return home after a short session, took up his quarters for the night at the George. In those days, when country gentlemen resided for the greater part of the year upon their own estates, it was no unusual thing for a member of the House of Commons to set out for London on horseback, attended by a couple of servants, who carried their master's wardrobe in their saddlebags. Stephen Burrough, the landlord, was about fifty years of age, easy in his circumstances—for the George was a money-making house—and generally esteemed by all who knew him as an honest, well-meaning man. He was not forward and bustling, like many landlords, but, on the contrary, was rather of a reserved disposition, and withal somewhat religiously inclined; indeed his love of gain—for Stephen had always an eye to the increase of his worldly goods—was not unfrequently so powerfully combated by his devotional leaning as to tempt him to give up his calling. But in the end, the force of habit and real pleasure he felt in seeing his wealth increase, always proved too much for the admonishments of piety; the publican prevailed over the saint, and Stephen Burrough continued in his old business.

The domestic economy of the house was under the superintendence of his sister Martha, a widow, a few years older than her brother, who prided herself in the excellence of her cooking and the cleanliness of the house, from the garret—attics were not then known—to the cellar.—The excellent brawn of her own preparation was an admirable shoeing-horn to draw on another of wine; the fame of her pigeon-pies at Midsummer, and her pork-pies at Martinmas, was widely spread over all the county, and was only rivalled by the high character of her spiced canary, in the preparation of which she was often heard to declare that she "would not turn her back on ever a woman in Christendom." It was indeed when under the influence of this seducing liquor that Mr. Praisegod Barebones, in one of his visits—for he always called to see Stephen Burrough, when in the neighbourhood of Royston—forgetting the sanctity of his character, essayed, for the vain wager of another quart of Martha's "clear-the-wit"—for so her spiced canary, was christened by Dr. Charlton, the mathematical professor at Cambridge—to leap over the watering-trough at the door, and broke his thigh-bone in the attempt; an accident which caused great sorrow to the serious and devout, while to the profane and unregenerated it was regarded as an excellent joke; as if the fall, and crack, of so precious a vessel were a fitting subject for their indecent mirth. The George was, indeed, a house well frequented by men of all persuasions. Many a straight-haired puritan called there, who said a half-hour's grace before he touched his drink, though he sometimes sat till he forgot to return thanks; and there many a ruffling gallant and swaggering cavalier, prime judges of liquor and lovers of good measure, clanked the wine-stoup till both coin and credit were out, while they trolled the merry catches of Etherege and Sedley, or chanted the praises of sack;

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa solis and damnable hum;
But we will crack
In praise of sack
'Gainst omnia quod exiit in un.

Stephen Burrough was a bachelor; and as he had never, even in his younger days, shown any great attachment to the fair sex, though many a spruce widow and blushing maiden had set their caps at him, both at church and at market, it was a subject of great surprise to his neighbours, and mortification to his friends, when he took unto himself a young wife. Catharine Austin lived with her widowed mother at a village about four miles from Royston. Her father, who had been a subaltern officer in the royalist army, lost his life at the battle of Worces-

ter, leaving his wife and infant daughter wholly unprovided for, as he had been an extravagant careless man; and their only dependence was on an annuity which was settled on them by one of the Compton family, the colonel of the regiment of horse to which Quartermaster Austin had belonged, and whose life the latter had been instrumental in saving on the day in which he lost his own. Catharine Austin was a very pretty girl, though the rival beauties of Royston and its neighbourhood were of opinion that her complexion was too dark, because it did not equal the milk and rose purity of their own. Her finely-arched eyebrows lent additional expression to her sparkling black eyes; the healthy glow of youth mantled in her cheeks, and her form was such as Albano delighted to paint. Her contour presented no corners, and there was not the trace of a care to be seen on her lovely brow. She was of a frank and cheerful temper, and not unconscious of her charms, which she was rather fond of displaying to the best advantage by her dress; a disposition for which her good easy mother not unfrequently reproved her, but failed to correct. Catharine was not without suitors, but none of them were so fortunate as to engage her affection; possibly because no one had addressed her who appeared likely to maintain her in the manner she wished; for, though poor, she had her full allowance of pride. She had not been educated to milk cows, churn, butter, and make cheese, acquirements in those days indispensable in the wife of a small farmer, a class to which the most of her suitors belonged.

Her first acquaintance with Stephen Burrough was purely accidental; no kind "mutual friend" introduced them to each other in the belief that they would make "a happy couple;" no such person had previously whispered to Stephen that Catharine was beautiful, nor to Catharine that Stephen was rich. Her mother was expecting from London, by the Cambridge waggon, a parcel, which was to be left at the George, at Royston, where Catharine at the appointed time proceeded to inquire after it. It was a fine afternoon about the middle of June, and Stephen Burrough, who had been out in the morning to view the progress of some hay-makers whom he had employed, was sitting in his snug little room behind the bar, enjoying himself with a pipe of the best Virginia and a pint of claret, when Catherine called to inquire for the parcel. Perhaps, owing to the influence of the delightful summer weather, the exercise he had taken in the hay-field, and the effect of two or three glasses of wine, Stephen's spirits were that afternoon more than usually exhilarated. He was struck with the appearance of the blooming Catherine; he thought he had never before seen a young woman so good-looking, and so good-tempered; and for the first time in his life, a thought crossed his mind of giving a mistress to the George.—"For Dame Mary Austin, Hartfoss, near Royston," said he, reading the direction on the parcel; "but you are not Dame Mary Austin, my pretty girl?" "No, sir," replied Catherine, "I am her daughter."

"I was thinking that you were too young for a widow, and almost wishing that you were not a wife. But you must be tired with your walk this warm day; sit down and take a glass of wine," said Stephen, laying down his pipe, and producing from a closet a long-necked bottle, and a small silver cup most beautifully chased. "You shall taste a kind of wine that I give only to great favourites, and you shall drink it out of the queen's cup too. This wine and this cup were taken with the late king's baggage at Naseby. The cup was once queen Henrietta's, you see her cipher is engraved on it. I have many pretty silver things in the closet there.—I only wish I could find a good mistress for them."

Catharine smiled as she raised the cup to her lip, expressing a hope that he might be fortunate in his inquiry, and happy in his choice. "You need not be long in finding a mistress for the George," said she, as her eye glanced towards the closet, where a number of silver goblets, salvers, and other articles of plate were displayed.

"That may be true," answered Stephen, "but then the difficulty is to find one to my mind. I have no thought of marrying an old woman; and then the young ones will hardly look at a man in his prime, however well to do in the world, who might keep his wife like a lady; but all are for mere lads, with scarce a cloak to their backs, or a groat in their pockets, very likely. Now if I could

persuade a good-tempered, pretty girl, like yourself, to have me, I would not mind marrying her to-morrow, and she should wear such a string of pearls on her wedding day, as a duchess might be proud of. There! what think you of these pretty things?" said he, producing a small box, containing a pearl necklace and other female ornaments, from the closet. "These were formerly Lady Weston's, and were pledged to me by her husband, the late Sir Ralph, who was killed at Marston Moor. They are all that I have had for two hundred pounds, hard money, besides interest."

"You are jesting," said Catherine, as she admired the splendid trinkets; "and I must now think of returning home, for my mother has been long expecting this parcel."

Stephen now recollected that he had something to say to his haymakers—though he had not previously thought of going out again that afternoon—and as Catherine's road lay past his field, he offered her his company as far as he went. She accepted his offer; and so much was Stephen pleased with her, that within a week, he called upon old Dame Austin, and proposed himself as a suitor to her daughter. It is needless to relate the manner in which a wealthy man of fifty wins a poor, and rather vain girl of nineteen; it can be much better conceived by any reader between those ages than it can be expressed by words; let it be enough to say, that he proved so persuasive a wooer, that in six weeks, Catherine Austin became mistress of the George.

This sudden and unlooked for match caused no small surprise to all who knew the parties; and many persons uncharitably declared Stephen to be a doting old fool, that had been deluded into marriage by an artful girl, who in reality, cared nothing for him, but who had married him chiefly for the sake of what he possessed, and to have an opportunity of displaying her beauty and her finery to the gallants that frequented the George. Whatever might be the motives that influenced Catharine, her husband who loved her to distraction, had for three years no substantial reason to complain of her conduct; though her gaiety and love of dress, and the attentions which were paid her by some of his younger customers, made him uneasy and caused him to wish that either his wife were a little less admired, himself not quite so old.

The frequent visits of Charles H. to Newmarket, caused Royston, on such occasions, to be favored with the company of many of the courtiers, and their attendants. A young man of the name of Richard Wilton, secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, was accustomed, at these visits, always to lodge at the George; and, amongst all who frequented the house, whether serious or gay, there was not one whom the young hostess received with a heartier welcome, or was more glad to see. He was always gallantly attired; was of an agreeable person and manly figure; and not a nobleman in his majesty's train rode his horse with more grace. He could sing, and accompany himself on the viol-de-gamba, like a professor; and, altogether, his manners and accomplishments were such as were likely to make an impression on the heart of Catharine, to whose charms he was far from being insensible. His visits, latterly, had been more frequent than usual, for he sometimes called when the court was not at Newmarket; but as he always, on such occasions, professed to be on some business of the Duke's, and made no lengthened stay, his calling excited no remark. When he came, he seldom failed to bring some trifling present for Catharine, such as a pair of scented French gloves, or a piece of Flanders lace; while he propitiated the favor of Martha, who still continued to preside over the culinary department, by praising her cookery, which he declared was not excelled at the table of his master, and by occasionally bringing her a box of rare spices, or a bottle of citron-water. Whatever might be the real cause of his more frequent visits to Royston, Catharine was not displeased with them. She was always glad when she heard of his arrival, and was sorry when he went away. She had insensibly become attached to him without ever imagining that her regard was daily ripening into love.

One afternoon, on the first of May, Richard Wilton arrived at Royston. In those times when "Merry England" was no misnomer, this day was observed as one especially devoted to festivity and mirth; and the evening was always celebrated by

(See last Page.)

BANQUET TO SIR ROBERT PEEL AT GLASGOW.

Sir Robert Peel having visited Glasgow for the purpose of being installed as Lord Rector of the University, on the 13th instant, the conservatives of that place determined on inviting the hon. Baronet to a splendid banquet.

The dinner took place in a pavilion erected for the purpose, on the east side of Buchanan-street, and the following description from the *Glasgow Herald* will afford some idea of the plan upon which it has been arranged:—"Last night we had the pleasure of seeing this magnificent Hall lighted up, the tables being covered and partly victualled for 3,435 persons. We think it may be said with safety, that never before, in this country, has there been such a Hall, except perhaps that of Westminster Abbey, at the Coronation of the late King. As a temporary building however, got up in the course of two or three weeks, it is without a parallel in Great Britain—whether we consider it in its dimensions, its classical devices, its elegant and well-proportioned parts, the splendour with which it is illuminated, or its commodiousness for the purpose intended. The quantity of cloth stuff used by these eminent upholsterers, the Messrs. James Whyte and Son, in covering the roof, the tables, seats, &c., is about eight thousand yards of all descriptions; and the gas lustres (two of them are exceedingly beautiful), contain upwards of three thousand burners. The gallery, from which by far the finest view of the Hall is got, is supported by fourteen imitation of sienna-marble columns, with Corinthian capitals—the roof being upheld by ten columns of a similar description, thirty-two feet in height. The decorative painting has been executed in a very superior manner by Messrs. Michael Bogle and Co., the great west end being divided into three departments of massive Egyptian pillars, painted in relief. In the centre compartment, behind the Bench where Sir Robert Peel and the most distinguished part of the company are to sit, is an immense rock, on which is founded the British Constitution in a pyramidal form, a little timeworn from the blasts it has stood, and on which the words "British Constitution" are emblazoned in gold letters. On the top of this pyramid is seen the base of an obelisk, bearing the inscription of "King" also in gilded letters. In the right compartment is another pyramid, founded also on a rock, on which is the word "Lords" in emblazoned gold letters. The left compartment contains a similar pyramid, with "Commons." The whole, from its great magnitude, has a very grand and imposing effect. The front of the gallery is painted in panels of crimson and stone-colour styles, which, with the columns in imitation of marble, give the area a chaste and light appearance. The front of the bench is panelled in crimson and yellow mouldings, that stand out in bold relief against the sombre column of the rock behind.

After the usual loyal toasts, "The Army, Navy, &c.," had been drunk, the Chairman, H. Monteith, Esq., proposed the health of Sir Robert Peel, which may be supposed was received with great applause, as the sole object of the meeting was to honour the leader of the party.

SIR ROBERT PEEL in returning thanks dwelt on the choice the students had made in electing him in preference to a Scotsman, and said that he had always felt an interest in that part of the kingdom, and expressed an earnest wish that the circumstances of Scotland, as regards religion, would long enable her to enjoy the proud privilege of having a system of education founded on the laws, and in connexion with the establishment. He then proceeded—Come then let us devote ourselves not merely to the purposes of festivity—let us improve the present opportunity to the public advantage. Let us see if we are agreed as to the dangers to which the Constitution is exposed; then let us see, if we can join heart and hand in support of the resolution you have adopted. Gentlemen, I have been informed that there are many persons here present who entertain a different opinion from myself with respect to the reform of the House of Commons. I sincerely hope this is the case. You may safely think that I am no here going to offend any by reviving battles that have been concluded. If we can agree as to present dangers, and unite in principle, I shall not revive dissensions that are past, for we might as well in the face of an enemy fight over again the battles of Bannockburn or the field of Flodden. I want not to taunt any with reaction or conversion; but if you adhere to the principles which they professed in 1830, this is the place in which they should make their appearance. You consented to the Reform Bill, to which you were expressly invited to assent to, in the speech which was delivered by your Sovereign, on condition that you should, in doing so, acknowledge the principles upon which the Constitution was founded. I see the necessity of widening the foundation on which the defence of the British Constitution and religious establishment must rest—all I ask of you is, to adhere to the principles upon which the Reform Bill was advocated; and if you do, then you will combine with me firmly for the defence of the Constitution of the country. Now if these were your principles—if you supported earnestly and conscientiously Reform in the House of Commons, because you believed that you were resisting an encroachment which had been made upon the very representation of your country—if you thought that Reform was in conformity with the acknowledged principles of the Constitution—if you believed with Lord Grey that by making the Reform larger and more extensive you would discountenance other extravagant

propositions endangering the Constitution, I not only say you may be here without hearing from me one word that could pain your feelings, but I say upon you, and not upon me, is it incumbent to vindicate your rights and not mine—the stigma of being inconsistent with the safety of the British Constitution. I have endeavoured to extract what was good—and mitigate as much evil as I could. But, I say, if you adhere to your principles, you ought not to leave to me and to those who act with me, the defence of the Reform Bill. The time I am entitled to trespass upon you is short. Let us come to the main point. I do not wish to conciliate your confidence or support by wearing false colours. I mean to support the national establishments which connect Protestantism with the State in these three countries. But I declare that in my opinions, more weak arguments than those by which the Voluntary System is supported, were never presented to the consideration of men interested in the progress of a great nation. I do feel, and I trust you feel the same, that it is right that the State should pay that homage to Christianity which is implied in a religious establishment. Is it possible that any person could be deluded by the analogies addressed by those who say that the supply of religion will always be equal to the demand? Is it not perfectly clear that the demand for religious instruction may not only not be in the direct ratio of its necessity, but absolutely in an inverse ratio? Will those who stand most in need of religious instruction be the first, and not the last to make religious efforts.—I say that the minister who is to speak with authority—who is to rebuke indifference and try to conciliate towards religion—who is to be the censor over vice—that that man ought not to depend upon the precarious bounty of those whom he is to counsel, to admonish, and instruct. Then, again, I vow to you that I mean to support, in its full integrity, the authority of the House of Lords—as an essential, indispensable condition of the continued existence of the mixed form of Government under which we live, as tantamount to the maintenance of the British Constitution. I mean to consider every plausible proposition that may be made not directly assailing that integrity, but covertly to undermine it. I mean to consider them not upon their abstract merits, but the ultimate tendency they may have to undermine the House of Lords, and destroy the British Constitution. I say 'tis time—the time is come for us to stand forward in the exercise of our privileges, for I have read speeches, lately, which have been delivered by those whose special duty it is to defend the Constitution in all its integrity; I have read speeches, however, delivered by them of such a nature, as makes me unwilling to trust its defence to their exertions. I have read the speeches of great legal authorities, and I find that they have not yet made up their minds to the reform of the House of Lords. I am sorry for it; they say they fear that it is coming, but they have not yet seen the plan of the operation. What miserable trifling. Why, do you believe you can uproot the oak of the forest, which has seen a thousand generations? Do you believe you can uproot the noble productions from which the hatchments and the achievements of a thousand illustrious names are suspended? The House of Peers, it is said, are not responsible. I have heard this before. I replied that certainly the Peers were not responsible in the sense of which the House of Commons is responsible, but that I did think that in their responsibility to God, to their own consciences, and to enlightened public opinion, that the people had a guarantee for the faithful performance of their duty. If that be the fatal objection to the House of Lords, that they are not responsible to the whole mass of the people, let me ask is there no other body invested with privileges who are in the same sense irresponsible also? The House of Commons is responsible clearly to their constituents—the Ministry is responsible in a different sense from the House of Peers—but let me ask, to whom is the constituent body responsible? But then it is said that the House of Lords has shown a spirit of variance with the spirit of the people, and that it has obstructed the march of social improvement. I challenge them to the proof. I ask you calmly to review the changes that have been made in our social system within a period of seven or ten years preceding. So rapid has been the advance, that we are hardly conscious of the changes that have actually taken place. The hon. Baronet here enumerated the bills passed in the period alluded to, and proceeded—Now, if within the period of seven or eight years, changes have been made by constitutional means, with the consent of the House of Lords, to the extent I have mentioned, will you tell me how it can be said that the progress of improvement has been suppressed? The House of Lords have, in some of these cases, advanced before public opinion—in others, they felt a strong, and at first indispensable objection; in others, they have amended the measure to sanction the measure for the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church on the ground that the object was not one of detail, but principle; they were afraid if they sanctioned the principle that a principle would be introduced that would be fatal to the existence of the establishment. Can you doubt, if the Lords had consented to the introduction of that principle, that the avowal now made of the intention to require the destruction of the establishment as unjust—can you believe the House of Lords would have done its duty if they had adopted it? Why when the measure was brought forward its chief supporter declared that it was a heavy blow, and a subject of great discouragement; and if the Lords found

their arms would be paralyzed if they lent themselves to strike the blow, do you think they were to blame in doing what they did? If there are any of you here who have doubts as to the advantage of the form of Government under which you live, as compared with the form of Government of other countries, I would earnestly advise you before you permit that doubt to be confirmed or acted upon, to read the testimony you have of the condition of other countries. I would also advise you maturely to consider whether you can have that form of government you see established in other countries. I will take the case of the most successful establishment of a democratic government, the United States of America. Do you believe that the condition of the United States is better than our own? I ask you to consult any private individual who has travelled in America—I do not ask you to refer to Englishmen who have travelled there, for they may probably be prejudiced—but to take opinion of any well-educated, intelligent native of the United States, who is a man of refined feeling and of information, and ask him what he thinks of the condition of society in the old country; and if his advice be taken, I would not ask him to advocate the abandonment of republicanism for our form of government—he will, I am sure, tell you the truth, and will strongly dissuade you from the experiment of improving the constitution, if it is meant to introduce into it a more democratic principle. I don't ask you to rest your defence and affection for the British Constitution on these points, but I ask you to examine the rhetoric and argument upon which the Reform of the House of Lords is urged. It is said that their privileges are hereditary. Why, for the functions they are called upon to discharge they should be so, because it gives them a character of stability which they would not possess if subservient to the influence of popular feelings. Unless, therefore, you prefer a democracy to the present mixed form of Government under which you live, the hereditary Peerage cannot be done away with. You might as well say that the majestic breakwater, whose foundations are as stable as the lofty mountain, could possess its present utility while it floated on the surface of that element of control, as that the House of Lords, as at present constituted, should be abolished. And when I hear as an argument against an hereditary Peerage such reasons as that men are not hereditary tailors, or hereditary carpenters, and therefore there should be no hereditary Peers—when, for such argument as this we are called upon to abolish the House of Lords, how long, I would ask, will the argument of an hereditary monarchy prevail? But since this was written, all these reforms have taken place. If, from the changes that have taken place there has been a corresponding improvement, ought it not to be a reason for us to pause before we carry on innovations on the organic principle? What answer is there to this argument? None. The improvement in public morals depend on the civil and religious instructions which distil them, and let us take Lord J. Russell's advice, and determine to cling closer to our native land. Now, Gentlemen, I have made a long encroachment. I have never desponded when fighting your battles. I never have desponded. I knew that the time would come when the old, the ancient part of England and Scotland would rally round their institutions. If I did not despond then, have I not a right to feel confidence in returning shortly to take part in defending those institutions. The vibrations that accompany changes are now beginning to settle quietly—the influence, the disturbing influence of foreign events, is gradually lessening—the dazzling illusions of golden days are beginning to permit us to see. The convictions—the feelings—the affections of the people are gravitating towards the old customs in which their betters were reared. The same respect for property, the same attachment for long established institutions. Yes, from these walls a spirit shall go forth that shall survive when this edifice shall be an unsubstantial pageant; it shall survive, uniting, as in remembrance of this night, and spreading its influence in every part of the kingdom, cheering the desponding, encouraging the timid; it shall go forth exulting in, but not abusing its strength; it shall go forth in remembrance, that in the days of prosperity we did not forget the vows we made, and the pledge which we gave in the time of our despondency; it shall go forth uniting us all in our disposition to redress grievances, our disposition to improve, and resolution to amend, depending on that spirit which is the chief defence of nations—it shall go forth and prove that our ancient institutions shall survive. By them the proud King of Britain shall stand—he shall stand doubly proud of his kindred and coeval Peers, protecting the rich from spoliation, and the poor from oppression. No tawdry emblem of revolution shall ever flaunt over the ruins of our ancient institutions. That "flag which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" shall still float over them, and that faith of our old national establishment—that faith shall survive with those establishments. Those establishments which we all love, are sworn to protect, and to which the national honour is wedded, as an essential part of our great national compact, shall survive, in the diffusion of sound knowledge; and tried as we may be in the storms of adversity, we shall come out of the trial rooted deeper in the convictions, in the feelings, and in the affections of a Protestant people.—[The Right Hon. Bart. sat down amidst most enthusiastic applause, which lasted some time.]

LONDON—JAN. 21.

We hear that letters are in town from General Evans, dated St. Sebastian, 10th instant. He writes in high spirits; and the moment the weather permits he will commence operations.

The following telegraphic despatch has been received:—"Bayonne, Jan. 14, 4 p. m.—M. Erro has given in his resignation. The Bishop of Leon is appointed President of the Council and Minister of Justice. The other Ministers are chosen from the Pretender's Under-Secretaries of State." Thus all is wrong with the Carlists at head-quarters. The resignation of M. Erro will accelerate the downfall, by ruining the credit of the Pretender. To make the matter still worse, the Paris police seized 5,000 swords on Sunday last, destined for the service of Don Carlos. The Prince himself is in a state of despondency. His followers see that he has no chance of obtaining a Crown—so they are all bent upon shifting for themselves.

Within the last three days 24 new arrests of persons implicated in political conspiracies have taken place in Paris.

The Paris Journals contain little news from Spain, but a vigorous exertion will be made to put down the Carlists. One Paris Journal indicates the line of operations on which Espartero is to commence. "The accounts we receive to-day inform us that Espartero is going to direct his operations forward to the French frontier, in order to cut off all the communications of the Carlists on that side, and to deprive them of the resources which they draw from it. The army of Navarre is charged with this operation."

Our letter conveying a report of the trial going on at Strasburg, speaks of an incident that has occurred, viz.—the intercepting of a letter addressed to Colonel Vaudrey, bidding him not to despair, for another Munier will be found to avenge all wrongs on the King.—*Letter in the Chronicle.*

Letters from Poland mention the activity with which the Russian Government in that country urges the completion of several new fortresses. Hopeless slavery seems to be the lot of the Poles for long years to come.

SANTA ANA RELEASED.—From the *New Orleans Bee* of the 12th inst.—The schooner *Texas* arrived here after 12 o'clock last night, having left Brassos five days ago. She brings positive information that Santa Ana was set at liberty by President Houston on the 20th of November last, and that he had set out for Natchitoches, on his way to Washington city. Colonel Nunes, nephew of Santa Ana, is one of the passengers in this vessel.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION IN WASHINGTON.—The large public buildings in the central part of city, which has for many years been occupied by the General Post Office, and Patent Office, and the City Post Office, with an important part of the contents of those buildings, including the contents of the two latter, have been destroyed by fire. The Patent office was the great repository for models of machine, the whole of which we regret to state have been destroyed.

THE LATE EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURE RESPECTING THE EXISTENCE OF A SPANISH INQUISTION IN LONDON.—From an examination which took place on Wednesday, before Sir Frederick Roe, at Bow-street, it appears that the whole of this mysterious transaction is untrue.

On Monday last, the Members of the Birmingham Reform Association mustered in great numbers at the forty-six different convivial meetings. The principal dinner took place at Mr. Creswell's Room, in the Old-square, where about 130 gentlemen were present.

A woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment in Philadelphia, lately, to move 1620 times in a minute. Think of that and weep.

THE INFLUENZA.—This epidemic still continues without abatement, and appears to have spread to all parts of the kingdom. In the metropolis its virulence as to create serious inconvenience, both in the public offices and among the mercantile men. Many of the oldest and most respectable parishioners of Chelsea, Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Kew, and other villages on the Surrey side of the river have fallen victims to the virulent effects of this dire disorder. On the Middlesex side of the Thames, especially in Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham-green, and Fulham, the disease has also prevailed, and the consequences have been equally fatal to the adult population. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the typhus fever and small-pox have been prevalent in many of the before mentioned places, and have carried off a number of both old and young persons. The latter disease has been particularly fatal among infants. On Monday no less than sixteen funerals took place in the Churchyard of St. Luke, nine out of which came from the workhouse. On Tuesday morning at the usual hour, a vast number of persons were in attendance at the Board-room, in which the petty sessions are held, to make complaints, prefer charges, &c., before the Bench. The several parties were informed that there would be no court, as the clerk to the justices and the vestry clerk were both confined to their beds.

It is generally understood that a Brevet will be announced in the Indian army similar in extent to that which has just taken place in the King's service.

The Conservative Club-house, though so recently erected, is still under repair; and though the works have been going on for the last six months, doubts are entertained whether it will be in a state to receive the members by the meeting of parliament.

The widow of Mina has been created a Countess, with a pension amounting to the pay of a Spanish Lieut.-General.

MADAME IRVINE.—This lady fell on Friday night from the tight rope to the stage, at Covent-Garden theatre, and was severely hurt. Her right arm was broken and her face sadly bruised, but no doubt is entertained of her recovery.

Lord Brougham has withdrawn his name from the new University.—*Medical Gazette.*

Lord Milton is to fill the vacancy in the representation of Malton, caused by the death of Mr. J. C. Ramsden.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The Duke of Montrose is to be interred in the family vault in the old Catholic chapel, Aber-Ruthven, near Auchterarder.

We are sorry to announce that Dr. Butler, the recently created Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, is so unwell as to cause the apprehensions of his family and friends.

There is a vacancy in the representation of the county of Bucks, one of the three members, Sir J. B. Praed, having just died.

SIR F. PONSONBY.—That gallant soldier, Major-General Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, died suddenly at Merwell-green, near Basingstoke, on Thursday night. He was second son of the Earl of Besborough, and brother of Viscount Duncannon, and in his 54th year. It is but a few months since he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 1st Dragoons.

SIR JAMES ESDAILE'S BANK.—We have authority to contradict the report that Sir James Esdaile and Co. have finally suspended their payments. The suspension was temporary, but effectual assistance received since from their friends enables them to meet every demand upon them.—*Globe.*

The liberal electors of Leeds have unanimously resolved to support Mr. Baines and Sir William Molesworth at the next elections—thus confirming the decision of the delegates.

Mr. Ward, the member for St. Alban's, is to be brought forward as a fit person to represent Newcastle, at the first election that may occur.

MORTALITY AMONGST THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.—17 pensioners were buried on Friday last, and in one ward 31 now lie dead.—*Shipping Gazette.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE.—The Committee appointed to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a public testimonial of the eminent services of the Duke of Wellington to the citizens of London, is to assemble on the second Thursday in February, for the purpose of determining upon the sort of statue it would be advisable to raise, and the most eligible site. It is generally supposed that the statue will be equestrian, and report is quite busy in fixing it in different parts of the City. The sum already subscribed towards the object is between £7,000 to £8,000.

THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.—The private fortune of the illustrious Consort of his Majesty King Leopold, independently of her father, is upwards of £30,000 per annum; and the King of the French having given her £20,000 per annum more, the Queen's income is £50,000 a year private fortune.

The following is the Quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from Oct. 18, 1836, to Jan. 10, 1837, inclusive:—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation	£17,422,000	Securities	£30,365,000
Deposits...	14,354,000	Bullion...	4,281,000
	£31,767,000		£34,652,000

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A Correspondent of the *Courier* at St. Sebastian, having got hold of an intercepted from Mr. E. B. Stephens, correspondent of the *Post*, to Mr. Mitchell, correspondent of the *Herald*, wherein the former describes his escape from the rout at Bilbao, sent it to London, and it appeared in the *Courier* on Friday night, and in the *Chronicle* on Saturday morning; in this letter the Carlist Mr. Stephens acknowledges that his friends received a severe defeat, but that he is safe, as well as Lord Ranelagh, Butts and Son, and Humphrey Bell. He says that the "game is up," and the Carlist army a complete debacle. He also mentions that poor Lord Ranelagh's wardrobe had got into the hands of General Evans—his dressing-case full of choice perfumery, two of Truefit's best wigs, &c. Stephens himself is minus his surlout, umbrella, two bottles of Scotch whisky, and 200 dollars; so he means "to cut his stick." The intelligence of the relief of Bilbao had been received with the utmost enthusiasm at Madrid, and a vote of thanks to the liberators of that city, and to the Spanish and British force, and to all those, whether Spaniards or English, who took a part in the memorable engagements of the 24th and 25th ult. The city of Bilbao is authorized by the same decree to add to its title of "very noble and very loyal" that of "unconquered." Gen. Espartero is raised to the rank of Grandee of Spain, with the title of Count of Luchana: and decorations are conferred on the defenders of Bilbao and on all the officers and soldiers of the liberating army. The conduct of the English force is highly praised in all the accounts of the operation before Bilbao published by the Madrid journals. There was an intrigue on foot among the Court party for ejecting M. Mendizabel from the financial department. The Queen had sent for M. Ferrer, who positively refused to accept that office; consequently the scheme may be said to have so far failed.

The news from Spain this week is scanty. The victorious troops of Espartero are reposing in Bilbao. The defeated and disheartened forces of Carlos have been delivered over to the tender mercies of the ruffian Moreno, who is to be the real Commander-in-Chief, Villareal having resigned, though the Infante, Don Sebastian, is nominally at

the head of the army. This appointment of Moreno has afforded an excuse for the Irish Lord Ranelagh to quit the Carlist camp. We shall have no more letters in the *Times* from "Basque." The readers of that journal may be consoled for the loss of his communications, by the reflection that they grossly misled all who put their trust in them as to the power and prospects of the party the writer has deserted in its distress.—*Spectator.*

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 30, 1837.

The prevalence of winds from N. and N. E. since our last has kept the coast completely ice bound, and is, besides, we regret to add—though accompanied with unusually mild, open weather—generally considered prejudicial to the Seal Fishery. There was every appearance, however, last evening of a favorable change and we are yet far from despairing of a successful result.

The Brig *CAROLINE*, from Hamburg, (last from Dartmouth) and the Brig *ELIZABETH*, from Cadiz, both bound for this port, were driven by the ice on Thursday last, into Pouch Cove, where they let go their anchors, and brought up close to the rocks. When their perilous situation was reported, several of the pilots, and other sea-faring men were despatched from this to render them assistance, and, aided by a favourable change of wind on Sunday, they succeeded in getting them off a little from the shore, but with the loss of their rudders. On Monday, however, it came on to blow very heavily, and both vessels were riding, bows under, with two anchors ahead, when the greater number of the crews abandoned them. On Tuesday, as there appeared to be no prospect of saving them, the Captains and remaining hands left, and had great difficulty in reaching the shore in safety. About 7 o'clock, the *ELIZABETH* parted her anchors, and drove on shore on Shoe Cove Island, where she has, in all probability, gone to pieces. The *CAROLINE*, by the last information, still held on at anchor, at some distance from the shore, abandoned, her stern shattered, and no hope of saving her. She had on board a valuable cargo of provisions, the loss of which in the present state of the market will be much felt. The Brig *MARY*, from Cadiz, also for this port, was in company with the above unfortunate vessels about a week ago, but having weathered Cape St. Francis, she succeeded in reaching Carbonear, with some damage.

(Promotions, from the London Gazette, Jan. 13.)

UNATTACHED.—Lieut. J. A. Wieburg from the *Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies*, to be CAPTAIN, without purchase.

Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies.—Lieut. J. Hunt, from the half-pay of the 60th Regiment to be LIEUTENANT, vice J. A. Wieburg, promoted.

Sales by Auction.

THIS DAY,

(Thursday) At 11 o'clock,

AT THE STORES OF

The Subscriber,

THE UNDERMENTIONED GOODS,

- 24 Dozen Chocolate ground discharged Border Hankerchiefs
- 1 1/2 Dozen Shawls
- 8 Dress Coats (Superfine Cloth)
- 1 Frook Coat
- 2 Dozen Leather Hats
- 6 Ditto Cotton Braces
- 6 Ditto Pocket Knives
- 9 Ditto Pen Knives
- 1 Pair Dog Irons
- 12 Cards Cloak Clasps, Purse Mounts, Reticule Snaps, Waist Buckles, Pocket Books, Superior Razors, Pen Knives, and Pocket ditto
- Britannia-metal Tea Pots, Coffee Pot
- Ink Stands
- Clothes and Hair Brushes, &c. &c.
- ALSO,
- About 6 Dozen PORT WINE
- 5 Bags COFFEE
- 2 Bags ARROWROOT.

RICHARD LANGLEY.

March 30.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

Monier Hutchings,

- 10 Bls. Best Russet Apples } In good order,
 - 10 Do. do. New Town Pippins } having been recently picked.
 - 10 Hhds. Leaf Tobacco
 - 50 Bales ditto ditto, (100 lbs. each)
 - 60 Cwt. excellent Moist Sugar } In lots of 35 or
 - 10 Cwt. Superior Coffee } 112 lbs.
 - 10 Dozen Cabbages
 - 20 Gallons Hickery Nuts
 - 90 lbs. Best Manufactured Snuff
 - 100 Handsome Plates
 - 4 Dozen Chairs
 - 2 Tables
 - 4 Bedsteads
 - 4 Dozen Men's Glazed Hats
 - 8 Dozen Blue and White Guernsey Frocks
 - 4 Dozen (each) Men's, Women's & Boys' Shoes
- With a variety of other articles.
- March 30.

Notices.

Charity Ball.

A PUBLIC BALL will be held at the FAC-TORY, on TUESDAY, the 11th April, for the Benefit of the Poor.

LADIES PATRONESSES:

Mrs. BOULTON
— LAW
Miss KEATING.

STEWARDS:

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| Hon. Major LAW | Mr. C. F. BENNETT |
| — W. THOMAS | Dr. KIRLEY |
| — J. SINCLAIR | Capt. BONIFANT, R. N. |
| — J. B. BLAND | Mr. E. MOORE |
| Mr. ARCHIBALD | — J. SHEA |
| — T. BENNETT | — W. GRIEVE |
| — J. GRIEVE | — ROBINSON |
| — JENNINGS | — STABB. |

Refreshments as usual.
Dancing to commence at half-past 8 o'clock.
Tickets—Ladies 5s.; Gentlemen's 10s., to be had of the Stewards.
March 30.

JUVENILE BALL.

THE ANNUAL JUVENILE BALL for the benefit of the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL, will be held there

On TUESDAY EVENING next,

STEWARDS—

Officers Benevolent Irish Society, and Committee Orphan Asylum School,

Of whom admission Tickets may be had:—Ladies, 3s. 6d.; Gentlemen's, 5s.

Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock.
March 30.

BANK

OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Committee appointed to digest a plan for the establishment of a Joint Stock Bank in this Town, respectfully offer to the consideration of the public (previously to its being submitted to a general meeting) the following

Prospectus.

That the Bank be entitled "*Bank of Newfoundland*"—the operations of which to be confined to this Colony.

That the Capital shall be £100,000, in Shares of £10 each.

The paid up Capital to be 25 per Cent.
That the Company shall be considered as formed when one half of the Shares are subscribed for, and the deed of settlement executed.

That as soon as the required number of Shares have been subscribed for, a meeting of the Shareholders shall be held to elect a Board of Directors, to consist of Nine Shareholders possessing not less than One hundred Shares each.

That only one partner in a firm be a Director at the same time; and any Director ceasing to hold the requisite number of Shares, or becoming a Director in another Banking Company in this Island shall be disqualified from office.

That at all general meetings of the Shareholders a Shareholder shall have One vote for every Ten Shares up to One hundred, Two votes for the next Fifty Shares, and One vote for ever additional Fifty Shares. Shareholders to vote in person, or when absent from the Country, or not residing within the District of St. John's, by their accredited Agent.

That at the expiration of twelve months after the commencement of business, a general meeting of the Shareholders shall be called by the Directors, when the accounts of the year shall be exhibited, and a dividend declared.

That if there be any shares remaining unsold three months after the opening of the Bank, such shares to be held by the Company, and disposed of for its benefit, at such premiums as the Directors may decide upon.

That Six of the Directors shall at the end of each year go out of office, and the same number chosen—the retiring Members being eligible to be re-elected.

The affairs of the Bank to be under the control of the Directors—four of whom shall be a quorum.

The Manager to be appointed by the Shareholders, and the Salary to be fixed by the Directors.

The Accountant and other Clerks to be appointed by the Directors.

Should it appear at any time that one-third of the paid up Capital be lost, the Company shall be thereby dissolved.

The deed of settlement to be prepared and contain the necessary provisions for the security of the Shareholders and effectual management of the Company

That the Directors and all Officers and Clerks of the Company, sign a pledge of secrecy as to all transactions of the Company with their Customers, and the state of the accounts with individuals.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
22nd March, 1837.

Amateur Theatre.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Governor

[FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.]

On TO-MORROW EVENING,

WILL BE REPRESENTED,

The laughable Piece of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

AFTER WHICH,

That celebrated and much-admired Melo-drama of

The Miller and his Men.

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 30.

To be Let.

For one Year, or a term as may be agreed on, and possession given on the 1st May next—

THAT Excellent DWELLING-HOUSE on the South Side of Duckworth-Street, at the corner of the cross street near the School of the Newfoundland Society, containing a Shop, Parlour, and several Bed-Rooms. The House is in good repair and well situated for business.—For further particulars apply at the House to

REBECCA PICCOT.

March 30.

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.

THE Subscriber offers to let, from the 1st day of May 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.

January 19.

JOHN HOWLEY.

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.

On Sale

By the Subscriber,

At his Farm on the Torbay Road, From 20 to 25 Tons Prime Upland

HAY,

ALL HOUSED.

March 23.

P. GLEESON.

LAND For Sale.

100 ACRES on the NORTH side of Windsor Lake, bounded on the South by the Portugal Cove Road; and, 100 Acres on the SOUTH side of Windsor Lake, and bounded on the North by said Lake.

For Further Particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. BLAND & TOBIN.

March 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.

Cordage.

20 Tons Assorted CORDAGE,

Viz—

- Hawser-Laid from 1 to 6 inch
- Shroud-Laid from 6 thread Ratline to 6 inch
- Housetine, Hambroline, Marline, & Spunyarn
- 1 and 1 1/2 inch White Rope
- 3 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.



Poets Corner

DEATH IN MASQUERADE.

BY THE HON. ROBERT TALBOT.

Time was, in the ball room, old chronicles say,
When in propria persona Death figured away.
Still the pencil of Holbein exhibits him so,
As among lords and ladies he points the light toe.

Then all shrunk for a partner so ghastly and grim,
And no dame was ambitious of waltzing with him;
But, now that he trips it in gay masquerade,
What nymph of his skeleton hand is afraid?

Behold, when disguised as a cook he is seen,
How your epicure sniffs at his savory tureen!
Now, changed to a vintner, observe his nose shine,
As he mingles the poison he sells us for wine!

A milliner next, with a robe a la Grec,
That displays, oh, ye Gods! something more than the neck;
He waits on the fair; but its gossamer folds
Are a flimsy defence against fevers and colds.

He lurks in the garland that crowns the young bride;
With Hymen he frisks, like a lamb, at his side;
While he chuckles to think of the scourge that's to come,
Which must drive the meek spouse to a premature tomb!

Of a wanton he apes the voluptuous air,
As in quest of his Leman he hunts the parterre;
And, when he succeeds in his pestilent chase,
His victim he blights, as he smiles in his face!

Now a sharper; see there, how he handles the dice!
Rattle, rattle, the pigeon is plucked in a trice!
To the wretch, when despair has bewildered his soul,
He offers the choice of the pistol or bowl!

On the wings of a bat he at midnight is found,
The lamp of a student to flutter around;
There he conjures from darkness the glittering train,
Of goblins that haunt Hypochondria's brain!

Your pretenders to verse, mark, how, each in his turn,
He bespatters with gall, from his critical urn;
Yet all but pretenders may set him at nought,
For the trophies of genius he never can blot?

At the couch of disease a grave doctor is he,
Who looks at the patient, but thinks of the fee;
Then, grasping his pen on a sudden, makes shift,
With a scrap of quaint Latin to send him adrift!

The man who is wise will ne'er struggle and strain,
To escape from the mask, whom to fly were in vain,
May we all, then, be ready to answer his call,
The moment we're summoned to dance at his ball!

[Heath's Book of Beauty.]

(Continued from first Page.)

a dance at the George, the only day in the year on which Stephen Burrough allowed of this vain amusement, as he considered it, in his house. Catharine's eyes sparkled with joy as she hastened to the door to receive Wilton, for her husband happened to be confined to his apartment from an attack of rheumatism, and Martha was engaged in decorating the great room with flowers and branches of thorn for the dance in the evening. "I am so glad to see you here to-day," said she, as she accompanied him to his favourite room, the little oak parlour looking into the garden; we have a dance in the evening, and I expect we shall have your company. Stephen, who, indeed, never dances, is confined with the rheumatism; and if you will only join the Mayers, I will be your partner."

"I have come expressly down from London to ask you to be my partner," replied Wilton. "I could wish that this May-day night, if we are to be partners, might last for ever. Since you came here, Catharine, I never can bear to leave the George, and am never easy till I return again. But as you are glad to see me, you cannot refuse giving me May-day welcome," said he, folding her in his arms, and giving her a kiss more fervent than even holiday custom would warrant.

"For Heaven's sake, have done, Wilton, and do not talk so! You really grow worse every time you come. Recollect who I am."

"Ah, that I do but too often; you are Stephen Burrough's wife; and were you but mine, a humble cottage would be to me a palace of pleasure, and I should not envy king Charles his crown."

"You are now repeating some of your master's lessons," rejoined Catharine; "we shall see at night if you can walk a galliard, or lead down a country-dance, as well as you sing a madrigal and talk court compliments; but I hear sister Martha, who has heard of your arrival, coming with her cake and cordial. I shall see you at the dance."

Though Wilton's moral principles were so far corrupted by the example of what he saw occurring daily in the society in which the duke his master chiefly lived, as to permit him to attempt to seduce another's wife from her duty and her home; yet his feelings were not so far debased as to allow him to entertain the thought of withdrawing from her husband, and then abandoning to the world's scorn, a woman whose guilt was her affection towards himself. His regard for Catharine was too warm and too sincere to allow of his harbouring such an intention; and he endeavoured to silence the "still small voice" of conscience that whispered him he was doing wrong, by firmly re-

solving to marry her should he be able to prevail on her to leave her home. From the moment he perceived that the too incautious Catharine felt interested about him; that her eye brightened when he came, and that it was dimmed occasionally by something like a tear when he was to depart, his passion for her increased. He became unsettled and unhappy except when he was at Royston; and being unable longer to contend with his feelings, he had now come down to declare his intentions, and carry her off with him; and in the event of her not consenting, firmly resolved to expose her to no further trial, and never see her again.

From the time of Catharine becoming acquainted with Wilton, a change had gradually taken place in her feelings, and she began to be dissatisfied with her husband and her home without exactly knowing why. Wilton's engaging manners and flattering attentions had won upon her unguarded heart; and she already loved him before she was aware of the danger of her situation. Her marriage with Stephen had not on her part been one of affection; and when she compared him with Wilton, the young and engaging Wilton, who had often, half in earnest, half in jest, declared his regret that he had not known her before she became Mrs. Burrough, she bitterly lamented that she was a wife. Stephen had of late noticed an alteration in her manner, and having once or twice perceived her sitting alone and in tears, he gave her to understand—although he doted on her like a child, and the very thought was agonizing to him—that he suspected her altered demeanour to proceed from the secret preference she gave to another. These suspicions, as may easily be conceived, did not tend to rekindle the slumbering embers of duty, nor to reconcile Catharine to her situation.

In the evening, when she came dressed in her gayest attire to invite Wilton to the dance which was about to commence, she found him thoughtfully pacing up and down the room.

"And am I not to have you for a partner then, Wilton?" said she, half smiling. "I did not think that you would have required so much asking."

"That depends upon yourself, Catharine. But if a partner now, a partner for ever. Let me at once declare the truth—you know I love you:—I have come here for the very purpose of endeavouring to prevail on you to leave Royston with me, and this very night, or to bid you farewell for ever. If you refuse me, you will never again be annoyed either by my presence or by my proposal. I can no longer bear to be as I am.—It is needless attempting to reason with me. Be mine. Fly with me; you leave no child to weep for you; to-morrow you shall be my wife. I shall leave the duke's service, and we can retire to some place where no one knows us, and live only for each other. Drive me not to despair by your refusal."

In language such as this did Wilton urge his suit upon the inconsiderate Catharine, who was already too much prepossessed in his favour to reject it as she ought. She had already taken the first step from the path of duty in listening to his previous flattering addresses, and she now had no longer the firmness to hold back. The principles of prudence and virtue generally afford but a feeble resistance to the current of human passions when previous addresses have been unguardedly listened to, and an attachment has been already formed. The voice of reason and of duty is unheard in the tumult, and the half-compelled, half-assenting victim is hurried away with the stream. After attempting in vain to combat his proposal, and overcome by his prayers, his entreaties, and his professions, she sank into his arms; and as she hid her face in his bosom, consented to abandon for him home, husband, and good name, and be his only for ever.

It was now agreed that Wilton should not join the merry Mayers; and he excused himself to the kind old Martha, who also came to invite him, on the plea of fatigue from a long ride, and the necessity he was under of forwarding some communications to the duke, which would unavoidably occupy him during the whole of the evening. When the dance was over, in which Catharine did not join, and all the household had retired to bed, she stripped off the ornaments she had worn during the evening—her husband's present on her wedding-day—and returned them to the little box in the closet where she had first seen them, leaving a letter on the table directed to Stephen, whose confinement to his room favoured Wilton's design. Drawing on a hood, and wrapping herself in a riding-cloak, she softly opened a back door which led into the garden, at the gate of which she found Wilton waiting for her, with his horse ready saddled. With a beating heart, and trembling in every limb, she mounted behind him, and, in a flood of bitter tears, bade a long adieu to a house in which she once fancied she could be happy. They soon reached Ware, where a servant that Wilton had left was waiting with a fresh horse, on which the fugitives continued their flight, arriving in London almost as soon as they were missed from the inn. In the course of a few days he was privately married to her in his mother's maiden name, thus thinking to palliate his conduct by an act which the laws of his country considered an aggravation of the offence, and declared highly penal on the part of her to whom he thus sought to make reparation. He at the same time made a full declaration to Buckingham of what he had done, stating his intention of leaving his grace's service, and retiring to a distant part of the country.

Buckingham's own principles and practice, he being at that period a frequent visitor to

"Chiefton's proud alcove,

The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love," made him look lightly on what he considered merely as a venial offence; nay, within the pale of Char-

les's profligate court, Wilton's conduct was more likely to be applauded than condemned. As he had a great regard for Wilton, he offered him the situation of steward on one of his northern estates, which then happened to be vacant, declaring his readiness to keep the appointment secret in order to favour Wilton's views. This offer, which corresponded so perfectly with his design, Wilton immediately accepted; and when he pretended to retire to Holland, he proceeded under his assumed name with Catharine to his new place of abode.

We must now return to the George at Royston. On the morning after Catharine's elopement, when Stephen Burrough awoke, he was rather surprised at not finding her in the room, nor any trace of her having been there during the night; he therefore concluded, that not liking to disturb him, she had slept in the apartment of his sister Martha. His wish to be satisfied on this point, however, made him forget his rheumatism; and he hastened down stairs, where he found Martha exclaiming against Catharine's negligence in leaving the keys in the closet. On learning that she had not seen Catharine since the breaking up of the dance, about eleven hours before—for our ancestors kept better hours than their descendants—he staggered to a chair; and before Martha had time to express her amazement, the ostler entered with a melancholy face, to say that some one had taken away Mr. Wilton's horse from the stable, together with his mistress's best pillion. Martha immediately hurried up stairs to see if Wilton was in his chamber; and as Stephen gazed wistfully round the room, not daring to trust his apprehensions, his eye was caught by the letter lying on the table, which had been left by his wife. He hastily opened it, and found that it contained her wedding-ring, and these brief words: "Forgive me, and forget me," sign with the initials of her maiden name, "C. A." The dreadful truth that his wife, his beloved, his cherished Catharine, had forsaken him, now flashed upon his mind; and uttering a piercing cry, such as a man only utters in his agony when the mind sinks under its torture, he fell senseless upon the floor. A surgeon was instantly sent for, by whom he was bled; and after the lapse of a few hours he partially recovered, but his mind had received so severe a shock that he imperfectly remembered what had happened to him. He inquired anxiously for Catharine; asked why she did not come to see him, and blamed her for neglecting him when he was so unwell; and then, as a bewildered recollection of her elopement with Wilton crossed his mind, he would burst into a fit of childish crying, or vow vengeance against the spoiler who had robbed him of his only lamb; who had defrauded him of the wife of his bosom, the being whom of all others he doted on and loved, almost as a father loves the child of his old age. For several weeks did the unfortunate man remain in this state, till at length the violence of his grief subsided, and reason resumed her sway. He now ceased to talk of Catharine, and expressly desired that her name might never be mentioned in his presence; and as he was always much affected when he entered the little room where he first saw her, and where he first became acquainted with his loss, he gave up the inn and retired to a private house, where his kind sister Martha nursed him in his affliction, and poured balm into his wounds.

After his retirement from business, Stephen Burrough's religious sentiments became deepened and confirmed. He became a frequent attendant at prayer-meetings and preachings, which were then held by a class of itinerant ministers of the word, professing a sort of motley faith, compounded of the doctrines of Calvin and the new light of George Fox. They classed themselves under the comprehensive term of "Independents," which embraced every crackbrained visionary who happened to mistake the glimmering through the flaw in his own upper works for a ray of divine truth. They acknowledged no human authority in church government, and considered themselves called to the ministry by the direct operation of the Spirit. The discipline of the pump and the horse-pond, which was sometimes administered to those enthusiasts by the mob, they called the persecution of the saints; and the magistrate by whom they were silenced was another Diocletian. By attending such teachers, Stephen Burrough became at length actuated by the impulse of religious enthusiasm. He considered the misfortune that had befallen him as an especial dispensation, to wean him from the things of the flesh, to which he now acknowledged he had been too much attached; that being chastened by affliction, he was now fitted for the ministry, to which he fancied he had received a "call." Inspired with these sentiments, he was in the habit of leaving his home, and travelling through various parts of the kingdom, picking up, as the phrase ran, "fallen fruit from the tree of faith," and endeavouring to save stray sheep that had wandered from the fold of grace, and exposed themselves to the jaws of that ravening wolf, the devil.

During his travels he had formed an acquaintance with a well-meaning enthusiast like himself, though rather more tainted with Quakerism, one Ezekiel Barker, who resided in the woods of Yorkshire, between Kirby-Moorside and Helmsley. Upwards of six years had elapsed since Stephen's wife had left him, without his ever having heard of or inquired after her, when he happened to pay a visit to his above-named pious friend. In the evening his host related, as an instance of the uncertainty of human life, and as an awful warning to all persons addicted to the profane sport of fox-hunting, an accident which had occurred in the neighbourhood only the day before. A person who acted as steward to a nobleman possessing an

estate in that part of the country, had been thrown from his horse in a fox-chase, and pitching with his head against a large stone, had received so much injury as to die before he could be conveyed home. This intelligence having been suddenly and indiscreetly communicated to his wife, who was near her confinement, had brought on premature labour; and the child was dead, and the mother not expected to survive. Ezekiel Barker was in the midst of his reflections on this melancholy event, when a servant arrived from the house of mourning to request him to come and pray with her mistress, as she was dying, and the clergyman of the parish was from home. Taking Stephen with him, as one who might assist him on this solemn occasion, he followed the servant to the house; and as they entered the sick woman's chamber, they met the nurse leading out two weeping children, who had been brought in to receive the last kiss of their dying mother. As the curtain of the bed was drawn on the side next the door, they did not immediately on their entrance see the unfortunate woman, who, in broken accents, was lamenting the forlorn condition of her children. "What will become of them, without father or mother, or even a relation who will look upon them! Heaven is punishing their parents, and on the children too will be visited the parents' sins! Spare them! spare them, Heaven! and let our punishment suffice! Could I but in this awful moment see him whom I injured, could I but know that he forgives me, I could die more content. Stephen Burrough! couldst thou only know what Catharine endures—couldst thou but see her now, thou mightst pity and forgive her!"

Astonished at the mention of his own name, the sound of which recalled to his memory a long unheard, though now altered voice, Stephen under the impulse of the moment, drew aside the curtain and beheld his own wife, his once fondly cherished Catharine. "He does see thee!" he exclaimed, taking her hand, "and forgives thee, as he hopes for Heaven's mercy himself." This sudden appearance of Stephen, as if a spirit had been evoked by her prayer, was too much for the exhausted strength of the dying woman to endure; it was as a gust of wind, that brightens for an instant, and then extinguishes the flickering light of an exhausted lamp. She looked at him for a few seconds, like one of bewildered mind, who gazes on vacancy and fancies he perceives an object. A faint smile of hope then passed over her features; she drew his hand towards her breast and attempted to speak, but a short convulsive throes choked her utterance.—The struggle was over;—her head fell back upon the pillow, and this world closed on her for ever. She was buried in the same grave with Wilton, and so wonderfully and mysteriously complicated is the web of human life, that he, whom they had so deeply injured, attended their funeral and wept over their grave.

Stephen Burrough remained but a few days after the funeral with his friend, and then returned to his own home, which he never again left, to wander about the country as a preacher. A few months afterwards he was found dead in his room, having been seized with apoplexy—to which he had been much exposed since his illness—as he knelt in prayer, at the side of his bed. In the little pocket-bible, which he always carried about with him, and never allowed to be out of his possession, were found the few words which Catharine had written to him, when she eloped with Wilton. They were pasted in beside the record of his marriage, and underneath was written in his own hand the day of her death, 13th December 1677; together with the words, "Forgiven, but never to be forgotten. 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'"—STEPHEN OLIVER.

BOSTON, FEB. 11.

WAR MESSAGE AGAINST MEXICO.—The President on Tuesday sent to the two Houses of Congress a Message, in which he states that the injuries complained of against the Mexican Government have been neither redressed nor acknowledged, and that these injuries are of a character to justify immediate war. He thinks however, that, considering the embarrassed condition of that Country, it would be wise to give Mexico "one more opportunity to atone for the past." He therefore makes the following recommendation:—

"To avoid all misconception on the part of Mexico, as well as to protect our own national character from reproach, this opportunity should be given, with the avowed design and full preparation to take immediate satisfaction, if it should not be obtained on a repetition of the demand for it. To this end, I recommend that an act be passed, authorizing reprisals, and of the use of the naval force of the United States by the Executive, against Mexico, to enforce them, in the event of a refusal by the Mexican Government to come to an amicable adjustment of the matters in controversy between us, upon another demand thereof made from on board one of our vessels of war on the Coasts of Mexico. The documents herewith transmitted, with others sent to the House of Representatives heretofore, will enable Congress to judge of the propriety of the course pursued, and to decide on the necessity of that now recommended."

We trust that Congress will have the wisdom to adopt no such measure as is here recommended. It would be most disgraceful to this Country to become parties in a war with Mexico, in her present situation, for the causes alleged.

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