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# Newfoundlander

No. 555.

THURSDAY, March 15, 1838.

Sixpence.

### Notices.

#### SAVINGS BANK.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Governors of the above valuable Institution, the following Resolution was passed—  
*That in addition to the Three per Cent. interest on the amount of deposits, a Bonus of One per Cent. for One Year be paid on all Sums that had been deposited Twelve Months previous to the close of the accounts.*  
N. W. HOYLES,  
Cashier.  
January 18.

#### FACTORY.

THE committee of the *St. John's Factory* being desirous of employing an additional number of work people, will undertake, at very low rates, the making of any quantity of Cotton, Baize, or Canvas Shirts, Flannel, or Blanketing Drawers, Stockings, Cuffs, or any other articles of needle or knitting work.  
J. JENNINGS,  
Secretary  
January 18.

N. B.—Persons willing to support the Institution are respectfully requested to send material for such work as they may require, to the superintendent, at the Factory.

#### 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 Wednesday morning at Mr. JOHN CURRIE'S and Mr. THOMAS DOYLE'S for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as the wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding across the Bay 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 good and comfortable Lodgings and every necessary that may be wanted and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage, &c.

One person or 3, to pay 15s.; above that number, 5s. each; single Letters 1s., double ditto 2s.  
January 11.

#### To be Sold or Let.

THE WHOLE, OR IN LOTS, AS FOLLOW:—  
No. 1.—A STORE, and WHARF attached thereto.  
2.—A DWELLING-HOUSE, with a COOPERAGE adjoining.  
3.—A HOUSE in two Tenements (let, but may be sold.)  
4.—A well established RETAIL SHOP with the necessary apartments.  
All further particulars made known on application to  
PATRICK KELLY.  
October 26

#### Bulley, Job & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,  
At low Prices, for Cash,

Ex Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,  
200 Bags good common BREAD  
200 Barrels Extra Superfine FLOUR  
100 Firkins Randers' BUTTER.

Also, on hand,

A Casks choice Westphalia NAMS,  
and few Cases Pink CHAMPAGNE.  
January 11.

### On Sale.

#### PROVISIONS, &c.

Richard Howley  
HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,  
AND OFFERS AT REDUCED PRICES  
200 Bls. prime new Mess Pork  
200 Do. Superfine Flour  
100 Firkins Holstein Butter  
50 Bags Cabin Biscuit  
350 Do. good common do.  
100 Coils patent Russia Cordage, (Shroud and  
Hawser-laid) from 6 thread to 4 inch  
20 Do. 2 and 3 yarn Spun yarn  
3 Bales Marline, Hambroline, & Houseline  
20 Cwt. Oakum  
20 Bls. Stockholm Tar  
25 Bales prime smoked Bacon } Recommended  
20 Kegs pickled Ox Tongues } to families as  
100 Westphalia Hams } very good  
A quantity of knit Yarn Hose and Gloves  
Deck Boots, &c. &c.

ALSO,

Per ELIZA and ANN from London, and other In  
partments,  
15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry } By the Case  
Brandy, in pints } or Dozen,  
5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in } charges by the  
quarts and pints } package or  
5 Cases Jellies,—viz., Currant, } low by retail.  
Strawberry, Apple, &c. }  
10 Do. Pickles, Sauces, Durham }  
Mustard, &c. }  
30 Bls. prime bottled Sherry, at 25s. per doz.  
5 Qr-Casks Old Port, at £10  
Fenceable Wine in Pipes and Qr-casks  
8 Hhds. Cognac Brandy (Martell's  
brand) } In Bond  
20 Do. Charente and Bordeaux do. }  
5 do. Skiedam Gin }  
100 Boxes London Mould Candles  
5 Dozen English Calf Skins

And now opening

#### An extensive supply of Nautical Goods,

Viz.—Charts, Quadrants, Telescopes, Almanacks  
Bunting, Flags, &c. &c.

And,

A general Assortment of Manufactures suitable  
for the Seal Fishery.  
January 11.

N. B.—On draught, Cognac and  
Hollands, Genuine.

BY

#### EWEN STABB,

XX ALE and PORTER, in 60 and 20 gal. casks  
50 Dozen BROWN STOUT  
60 Dozen Port. Sherry, and Madeira WINES  
100 Cases GENEVA  
Westphalia HAMS  
100 Bags BREAD  
300 Firkins BUTTER  
150 Bls. PORK  
20 Puns. Demerara MOLASSES  
BARLEY and BEANS  
Deck BOOTS, SHOES  
Hide and Butt LEATHER  
CORDAGE, TAR, &c.  
January 11

#### Cordage & Canvas.

FOR SALE BY:

#### W & H. THOMAS & Co.

10 Tons well-assorted CORDAGE, just  
imported in the *Edgcomb* from  
Liverpool.

ALSO,

300 Pieces assorted CANVASS.  
January 18.

THIERS'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLU-  
TION.—*Bentley, New Burlington-street.*—We have  
already noticed the publication of this work in  
weekly numbers. The translation is admirably  
effected, and the copious notes, containing biog-  
raphies of every remarkable character who figured  
in the tremendous convulsion detailed in the text,  
give great additional value to the work. In No.  
4, which is now before us, there is a highly-finished  
and characteristic portrait of Marat. Our prin-  
cipal motive, however, for noticing the work on the  
present occasion, is for the purpose of presenting  
our readers with M. Thiers's striking description of  
THE LAST TRIUMPHS AND DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

The law relative to emigration was about to be  
discussed. Chapelier presented it in the name of  
the committee, which, he said, participated in the  
general indignation against those Frenchmen who  
were forsaking their country; but he declared that,  
after several days' consideration, the committee  
had satisfied itself that it was impossible to make  
any law concerning emigration. It was, in reality,  
a difficult thing to do. It was necessary in the  
first place to inquire if they had a right to attach  
men to the soil. They certainly had a right to do  
so, if the welfare of the country demanded it. But  
it was requisite to make a distinction between the  
motives of travellers, which became inquisitorial.  
It was requisite to make a distinction between  
their quality as Frenchmen or foreigners, emigrants  
or mere mercantile men. Such a law then was  
extremely difficult, if not impossible. Chapelier  
added that the committee, in compliance with the  
directions of the Assembly, had, nevertheless,  
drawn up one, which he would read, if permitted,  
but which he had no hesitation in declaring viola-  
ted all principles. From all quarters issued cries  
of "Read!" "Don't read!" A great number of  
deputies asked leave to speak. Mirabeau demand-  
ed it in his turn, obtained permission, and, what is  
still more, commanded silence. He read a very  
eloquent letter, addressed some time before to  
Frederick William, in which he advocated the li-  
berty of emigration as one of the most sacred  
rights of man, who, not being attached by roots to  
the soil, ought not to be attached to it by any  
thing but by happiness. Mirabeau, perhaps to  
gratify the court, but still more from conviction,  
repelled as tyrannical every measure against the  
liberty of entering, or withdrawing from, the  
country. A bad use was no doubt made of this  
liberty at the moment; but the Assembly, confi-  
dent in its strength, had winked at so many ab-  
uses of the press committed against itself, had en-  
countered so many vain attempts, and so victori-  
ously overthrown them, that one might safely ad-  
vise it to persist in the same system. Mirabeau's  
opinion was applauded, but the members continued  
to insist on the reading of the proposed law.  
Chapelier at length read it. It suggested, in case  
of disturbances, the appointment of a commission  
of three members, which should appoint by name,  
and at pleasure, those who were to be at liberty  
to leave the kingdom. At this cutting irony, which  
denounced the impossibility of a law, murmurs  
arose. "Your murmurs have soothed me," ex-  
claimed Mirabeau; "your hearts respond to mine,  
and oppose this absurd tyranny. As for me, I hold  
myself released from every oath towards those  
who shall be infamous enough to admit of a dicta-  
torial commission." Cries were raised on the left  
side. "Yes," he repeated, "I swear—" He  
was again interrupted. "That popularity," he  
resumed in a voice of thunder, "to which I have  
aspired, and which I have enjoyed as well as  
others, is not a feeble reed: I will thrust it deep  
into the earth, and I will make it shoot up in the  
soil of justice and reason." Applauses burst forth  
from all quarters. "I swear," added the orator,  
"if a law against emigration is voted, I swear to  
disobey you." He descended from the tribune,  
after astounding the Assembly and overawing his  
enemies. The discussion nevertheless continued.  
Some were for adjournment, that they might have  
time for making a better law; others insisted that  
they should forthwith declare that none should be  
made, in order to pacify the people and put an end  
to the ferment. Murmurs, shouts, applauses suc-  
ceeded. Mirabeau asked, and seemed to require to  
be heard. "What right of dictatorship is it,"  
cried M. Goupil, "that M. de Mirabeau exercises

here?" Mirabeau, without heeding him, hurried  
to the tribune. "I have not given you permission  
to speak," said the President. "Let the Assem-  
bly decide. But the Assembly listened without  
deciding. "I beg my interrupters," said Mira-  
beau, "to remember that I have all my life com-  
bated tyranny, and that I will combat it wherever  
I find it." As he uttered these words he cast his  
eyes from the right to the left. Loud applause  
followed his words. He resumed. "I beg M.  
Goupil to recollect that he was under a mistake  
some time since in regard to a Catiline, whose dic-  
tatorship he this day attacks; I beg the Assembly  
to remark that the question of adjournment, tho'  
apparently, it presupposes that a law is to be made." Fresh  
murmurs arose on the left. "Silence! ye thirty  
voices!" exclaimed the speaker, fixing his eyes on  
the place of Barnave and the Lameths. "How-  
ever," added he, "if it is wished, I too will vote  
for the adjournment, on condition that it be de-  
creed that, from this time until the expiration of  
the adjournment, there shall be no seditious."  
Unanimous acclamations followed the concluding  
words. The adjournment was, nevertheless, car-  
ried, but by so small a majority that the result was  
disputed, and a second trial demanded. Mirabeau,  
on this occasion, was particularly striking by his  
boldness. Never, perhaps, had he more imperi-  
ously overruled the Assembly. But these were  
his last triumphs. His end approached. Present-  
iments of death mingled with his vast projects,  
and sometimes subdued his flights of fancy. His  
conscience, however, was satisfied: the public es-  
teem was joined with his own, and assured him  
that, if he had not yet done enough for the welfare  
of the state, he had at least done enough for his  
own glory. Philosophy and gaiety divided his  
last moments between them. Pale, and with his  
eyes deeply sunk in their orbits, he appeared quite  
different in the tribune. Moreover, he was subject  
to frequent and sudden fainting-fits. Excess in  
pleasure and in business, together with the excite-  
ment of the tribune, had in a short time under-  
mined his vigorous constitution. Baths containing  
a solution of sublimate, had produced that greenish  
tint which was attributed to poison. The court  
was alarmed; all parties were astonished, and,  
before his death, people inquired the cause of it.  
On his last public appearance he spoke five differ-  
ent times, left the Assembly exhausted, and never  
afterwards went abroad. The bed of death re-  
ceived him, and he left it only for the Pantheon.  
He had enjoined Cabanis not to call in any physi-  
cians: he was, nevertheless, disobeyed, and they  
found that death was approaching, and that it had  
already seized his lower extremities. His head  
was last attacked, as if nature had decreed that his  
genius should continue to shine till the very last  
moment. An immense crowd collected around his  
abode, and filled all the avenues in the deepest  
silence. The court sent messenger after mes-  
senger; the bulletins of his health were transmitted  
from mouth to mouth, and each progressive stage  
of his disorder excited fresh grief. He himself,  
surrounded by his friends, expressed some regret  
at the interruption of his labours, and some pride  
at what he had accomplished. "Support," said he  
to his servant, "support this head, the greatest in  
France." He was affected by the sympathy of the  
people; and the visit of his enemy, Barnave, who  
called upon him in the name of the Jacobins, exci-  
ted in him a soothing emotion. He bestowed  
some more thoughts on public affairs. The As-  
sembly was about to direct its attention to the  
right of making wills. He sent for M. de Talley-  
rand, and put into his hands a speech which he had  
just written. "It will be curious," said he, "to  
hear a man speaking against wills who is no more,  
and who has just made his own." The court had,  
in fact, requested him to do so, promising to pay  
all the legacies. Extending his views over Eu-  
rope, and foreseeing the plans of England, "That  
Pitt," said he, "is the Minister of preparations;  
he governs with threats: I would give him some  
trouble if I should live." The priest of his parish  
came to offer his attendance, which he politely de-  
clined, saying with a smile, that he should gladly  
have accepted it, if he had not in his house his  
ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Autun. He  
desired the windows to be opened. "My friend,"  
said he to Cabanis, "I shall die to-day. All that  
can now be done is to envelope oneself in per-  
fumes, to crown oneself with flowers, to surround

oneself with music, that one may sink quietly into everlasting sleep." Acute pains from time to time interrupted these calm and dignified observations. "You have promised," said he to his friends, "to spare me needless suffering." So saying, he earnestly begged for opium. As it was refused, he demanded it with his accustomed violence. To quiet him, they resorted to deception, and handed him a cup which they said contained opium. He took it with composure, swallowed the draught which he believed to be mortal, and appeared satisfied. In a moment afterwards he expired. This was on the 20th of April, 1791. The tidings soon reached the court, the city, and the Assembly. All parties had hope in him, and all, excepting the envious, were filled with grief. The Assembly suspended its proceedings; a general mourning was ordered, and a magnificent funeral prepared. A certain number of Deputies was asked for. "We will all go!" they exclaimed. The church of St. Genevieve was converted into a Pantheon, with this inscription, which at the moment that I record these facts, no longer exists:—"To great men the grateful country."

The author of the *Mémoires d'un Pair de France* positively asserts that Mirabeau was poisoned. He says, that in 1793, Robespierre, at a moment when he was off his guard, ventured to boast of the share which he had taken in that crime. "Two parties," he adds, "were then labouring to accomplish the ruin of the King; a third wished it without declaring itself: all of them were concerned to see that Louis XVI. inclined to a cordial reconciliation with the constitution, and all dreaded the sound advice which Mirabeau had it in his power to give him. It was well known that this man was the only person capable of directing affairs in such a manner as to keep the factious within the limits which they hoped to pass. As his popularity was uncertain, it was thought better to despatch him; but as no assassin was to be found, it was necessary to have recourse to poison. Mirat furnished the receipt for it; it was prepared under his superintendence, and he answered for its effect. How to administer it was the next question. At length it was resolved to choose the opportunity of a dinner, at which the poisonous ingredients should be introduced into the bread, or wine, or certain dishes of which Mirabeau was known to be fond. Robespierre and Petion undertook to see to the execution of this atrocious scheme, and were assisted by Fabre d'Églantine and two or three other subordinate Orléanists. Mirabeau had no suspicion of this perfidy; but its effects were manifested immediately after a party of pleasure, at which he had indulged in great intemperance. He was soon aware that he was poisoned, and told his intimate friends so, and especially Cabanis, to whom he said, "You seek the cause of my death in my physical excesses; you will find it rather in the hatred borne me by those who wish for the overthrow of France, or those who are afraid of my ascendancy over the minds of the King and Queen." It was impossible to drive it out of his head that his death was not natural, but great pains were taken to prevent this opinion getting abroad."

MISCELLANEOUS.

**CAUSES OF INTemperance AND THEIR REMEDY.**—Let us become a more cheerful, and we shall become a more temperate people. To increase our susceptibility of innocent pleasure, and to remove many of the sufferings which tempt to evil habits, it would be well if physical as well as moral education were to receive greater attention. There is a puny, half-healthy, half-diseased state of the body, too common among us, which, by producing melancholy and restlessness, and by weakening the energy of the will, is a strong incitement to the use of hurtful stimulants. Many a case of intemperance has had its origin in bodily infirmity. Physical vigour is not only valuable for its own sake, but it favours temperance, by opening the mind to cheerful impressions, and by removing those indescribable feelings of sinking, disquiet, depression, which experience alone can enable you to understand. I have pleaded for mental culture; but nothing is gained by sacrificing the body to the mind. Let not intellectual education be sought at the expense of health. Our whole nature must be cared for. We must become a more cheerful, animated people; and for this end we must propose, in our systems of education, the invigoration of both body and mind.—*Channing.*

**EFFECTS OF EXCITEMENT.**—Our times are distinguished by what is called a love of excitement; in other words, by a love of strong stimulants. To be stimulated, excited, is the universal want. The calmness, sobriety, industry of our fathers, have been succeeded by a feverish restlessness. The books that are read are not the great, standard, immortal works of genius, which require calm thought, and inspire deep feeling; but ephemeral works, which are run through with a railroad rapidity, and which give a pleasure not unlike that produced by exhilarating draughts. Business is become a race, and is hurried on by the excitement of great risks, and the hope of great profits. Even religion partakes the general restlessness. In some places, extravagant measures, which storm the nervous system, and drive the more sensitive to the borders of insanity, are resorted to for its promotion. Everywhere people go to church to be excited rather than improved. This thirst for stimulants cannot be shut up in certain spheres. It spreads through and characterizes the community. It pervades those classes who, unhappily, can

afford themselves but one strong stimulus—intoxicating liquor; and among these, the spirit of the age breaks out in intemperance.—*Channing on Intemperance.*

**AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.**—They use the word "handsome" much more extensively than we do: saying that Webster made a handsome speech in the senate: that a lady talks handsomely (eloquently): that a book sells handsomely. A gentleman asked me on the Catskill mountain, whether I thought the sun handsomer there than at New York. When they speak of a fine woman, they refer to mental or moral, not at all to physical superiority. After leaving the men's wards of the prison at Nashville, Tennessee, I asked the warden whether he would not let me see the women. "We have no ladies here at present, madam. We have never had but two ladies here, who were convicted for stealing a steak; but, as it appeared that they were deserted by their husbands, and in want, they were pardoned."—A lecturer discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus:—"Who were lested at the cross? Ladies. Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies." A few other ludicrous expressions took me by surprise occasionally. A gentleman in the west, who had been discussing monarchy and republicanism in a somewhat original way, asked me if I would swap my king for his? We were often told that it was a "dreadful fine day;" and a girl at a hotel pronounced my trumpet to be "terribly handy." In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonizing pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. "How do you find yourself?" inquired the friend. "Why I'm powerful weak; but cruel easy."—*Miss Martineau.*

**TASTE, MANNERS, AND CHARACTER OF JEFFERSON.**—His tastes were those which commonly distinguish a lively sensibility. He delighted in music, painting, and sculpture, and was an enthusiast in architecture. Though temperate in the pleasures of the table, he had a high relish for them; and his discriminating palate soon learnt to appreciate the merits of French cookery. It was this supposed disloyalty of taste that Patrick Henry meant to reprove, when he said, "he had no notion of a man's abjuring his native victuals." In early life he was fond of dress, but in his latter years his appearance was rather plain than showy. He was always scrupulously attentive to cleanliness. His favourite exercise was riding, and his only game chess. He had once been a good performer on the violin. In person he was above six feet high, thin, and erect. His complexion was light, his eyes blue, his nose long, pointed, and slightly turned up. His hair, of which he had lost none, had been red, became gray, faintly tinged with its original hue. For some years before his death his hearing was somewhat impaired, but he retained his sight, as well as his teeth, to the last.—His manners were frank, mild, and courteous; occasionally when he was particularly desirous of pleasing, graceful, and irresistibly engaging. His conversation was always cheerful, sometimes light and facetious, but seldom either impassioned or witty. From the profound respect with which he was usually listened to, he was occasionally abrupt and positive: but in thus speaking, as it were, *ex cathedra*, he was never betrayed into haughtiness or ill-humour.—As a practical statesman he was prompt, prudent, and judicious; in general cautious and politic, but occasionally bold, where boldness was wise. \* \* \* No one better understood the management of a popular assembly than he did that of the House of Representatives. He was diligent, punctual, and exact in all matters of business; never evading, neglecting, nor delaying his public duties, great or small; and he was so methodical, that, at all times in his life, he could in a few minutes lay his hands on any paper he possessed. Knowing how general and sensitive was personal vanity, he was careful never to offend it. At his public dinners, if he had forgotten the name of any member present, he would, on a signal to his secretary, withdraw to an adjoining apartment for the purpose of ascertaining it.—*Tucker's Life of Jefferson.*

**HACKNEY COACHES OF PARIS.**—There are at present employed in Paris 1775 cabriolets de remise, 980 fiacres, 758 cabriolets de place, and 400 omnibuses, making 3913 public carriages. Each gaining upon an average 15 francs per diem, gives a total of 58,695 francs per diem, and 21,423,685 francs per annum.

**FIRES IN LONDON AND PARIS.**—From an elaborate statement published by Mr. Baddely, it appears that during the last year there were in London 564 fires, 126 alarms from chimneys; total 690. The fires in Paris during the same period amounted to 191, alarms from chimneys 1852; total 1,543. The number of lives lost was, by a singular coincidence, 14, both in London and Paris.

**HEALTH OF MUSICIANS.**—An article from "Curtis on the preservation of health" having appeared in a late number, stating that performers on stringed instruments lived to a greater age than those who played wind instruments, a correspondent draws our attention to the late John Park, an oboe-player who lived to be 82; his brother William Park, also an oboe-player, is still among us

and must have seen three score years and ten. Mr. Marriotti, the celebrated trambone player, is now in his 85th year, and has not left off puffing yet. We also have, "walking about in rude health," Mackintosh the bassoon-player, than whom no man has exercised his bellows more; and he is upwards of 70. Hyde the trumpet-player is still alive, and very aged. Erskin, the northern oboe-player, is 80 (or thereabouts), yet he took the oboe-primo part, at the Yorkshire Amateur Concerts last year, excellently well. So it appears that it is not a little puff that will blow the wind instrument birds off their perch.—*Musical World.*

**HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.**—In the New Calebar and Bonny Rivers, which have a common embouchure, there are generally from six to ten slave vessels waiting for their cargoes. A British cruiser arrives upon the station, and, after reconnoitring the port, stands out apparently to sea, but in reality remains off the port, standing off shore during the night, and in during the day, until the entrance to the port is seen from the mast-head, when she immediately tacks to avoid being seen by the slaver. By this plan every facility is given to the shipment of the slaves, and the chances of the capture of the slaver may be easily calculated from the premium of insurance, which, allowing four per cent. to cover the sea risk and underwriter's profit, leaves eight and a half per cent. or one vessel out of twelve for the risk of capture. The chase and the capture are but additional proofs of the cruelty of the present system. The slaver is described from the mast-head, and the cruiser makes all sail in chase. If she is near the port she has left, she tries to regain it, pitching the slaves overboard in their letters to escape condemnation: if not, she stands out to sea, trusting to superior sailing to escape. If this fails her, one more chance remains;—to commit her cargo to the deep, and brave the scrutiny. That this is often done is on record. La Jeune Estelle, being chased by a British Cruiser, enclosed twelve negroes in casks, and threw them overboard. In 1831, the Black Joke and Fair Rosamund fell in with the Hercules and Regule, two slave vessels, off the Bonny River: on perceiving the cruisers, they attempted to regain the port, and pitched overboard upwards of five hundred human beings chained together before they were captured;—from the abundance of sharks in the river their track was literally a blood stained one. The slaver not only does this, but glories in it; the first words uttered by the captain of the Maria I. belle, seized by Lieut. Ross, were, "that if he had seen the man-of-war in chase an hour sooner, he would have thrown every slave in his vessel overboard, as he was fully insured."—*Laird's Africa.*

**A FRENCHMAN'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.**—Adieu, then, England adieu; I take leave of your beautiful meadows and well cultivated fields, of your magnificent trees, your gardens, your parks, your perfumed hedges, your charming villages, your smooth and highly valued roads, winding so gracefully and picturesquely, as if in search of every beautiful site. Adieu! this is my summer farewell! But adieu also to the dim light of the winter day! Adieu to fogs, damps, and sadness! Adieu also to the reign of aristocracy, to lords, right honourables, &c. Adieu to the finished but cold politeness, to the sumptuous assemblies, where luxury and magnificence shine unrivalled, but where ease and pleasure make way for etiquette. Good-by to you, also, plain John Bull, with whom I have not had much acquaintance, but still sufficient to convince me that your good and solid qualities more than counterbalance your defects! Adieu; continue to keep your healthy, full, round face, although your nose be rather red; keep also your sturdy habits, your long pipe, and the dear pot of beer! You form one of the happiest portions of the English community! And now, adieu to the whole English nation! Adieu to their industry, energy, and constant activity, exercised without noise, bustle, or loss of time and words. Adieu to their humanity to animals, and their generosity in their never combatting with a fallen foe. Adieu to their regularity in performing their religious duties, to their modesty and decency of conduct in private and public, which, in itself, places them above every other people. Here, at least, the observer may follow them with the eye every where, into their towns, villages, into every place which they inhabit, without ever feeling that disgust which, in so many other countries, almost obliterates the admiration and interest that would be otherwise felt.—*Count Melford's Impressions of England.*

**VASTNESS OF LONDON.**—There is a certain hostelry, inn, pothouse, tavern, or hotel—for we are not certain which is its proper designation—about a mile beyond Westminster-bridge, called the Elephant and Castle, at which 1500 coaches and other vehicles pull up every day. There is one brewery in London to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one halfpenny a pot makes a difference of £40,000 a year.

**JEFFERSON AT SEVENTY-FIVE.**—My repugnance for the writing-table becomes daily and hourly more deadly and insurmountable. In place of this has come on a canine appetite for reading; and I indulge it, because I see in it a relief against the *tedium senectutis*—a lamp to lighten my path through the dreary wilderness of time before me, whose bourn I see not. Losing daily all interest in the things around us, something else is necessary

to fill the void. With me it is reading, which occupies the mind, without the labour of producing ideas from my own stock.—*Jefferson's Life.*

**INGENIOUS APPLICATION OF MEDICINE TO ROGUERY.**—A Dr. Farnham of Batavia, in this state, has been convicted of using "mandragora, or some more potent drug," to take from his patient the sense of consciousness, and, during the interregnum of mind, rifling the pockets of his victim to the tune of three hundred dollars.—*New York Paper.*

**A WARM JOB.**—The *Baltimore Sun* has this advertisement:—"Wanted three steady men to carry the Sun."

**THE LOVE OF FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.**—Why does not every body (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower. It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing if you would raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and such being the case, and living as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it? We perceive, in imagination, the scent of these good natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good natured they are, in that respect, above almost all the other plants, and fitted for the hospitalities of your rooms. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it; something analogous to clothing and comfort.—*Leigh Hunt.*

**PICTURE OF TIME.**—Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of lightning, at once exists and then expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the great discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger: and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest current. It gives wings to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a carb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend to truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and, by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise; bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have but little to hope from his friends.

*The Harmony of Phrenology with Scripture.* By William Scott, Esq.: Edinburgh, Fraser and Co. London, Smith, Elder and Co.

Most of our readers, we presume, have heard of Mr. Geo. Combe, of Edinburgh, and of the system of Phrenology, published by him under the title of "the Constitution of Man." In this work Mr. Combe has displayed great acuteness of intellect, and a wonderful talent for observation. But the system developed in it, if true, would go to establish principles of the most dangerous tendency. Mr. Combe maintains the ample sufficiency of man's natural faculties to direct him in the path of duty, and consequently denies the necessity of a divine revelation; and he maintains the infinite improbability of mankind by a due observance of natural laws, and by consequence impugns the necessity of a divine atonement. His system therefore strikes at the foundations of the Christian faith, and tends to the establishment of doctrines totally at variance with the sublime truths of the Gospel. From the baneful effects of this system, little danger was, for a long time, to be apprehended, because Mr. Combe's book was in the hands of but a few. Lately, however, a Mr. Henderson, of Edinburgh, bequeathed a sum of money for the republication of it in a cheap form. A new and cheap edition of it has accordingly been published, with the alluring title of the "People's Edition." Since then many thousand copies have been sold, chiefly among the operative classes of our manufacturing towns. It has, moreover been translated into some foreign languages, and has been widely circulated in America.

The work before us is intended as an antidote to the poison thus so widely diffused. Its author is himself a Phrenologist, and has published a work entitled "Observations on Phrenology." He has besides filled the office of President of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. He is thus well acquainted with the subject in debate, and a fit antagonist for Mr. Combe. Indeed he has proved himself more than a match for him, in our opinion, both in extent of information, and in acuteness of reasoning; and he has exposed the fallacies which lie at the foundation of the system attempted to be built up in the "Constitution of Man," in a manner well calculated to carry conviction to the mind of every unprejudiced inquirer. We consider Mr. Scott to have rendered more efficient service in the cause of Christianity, in bringing down the strong holds of infidelity than any author of the day, and we think that some one of the Societies for propagating Christian Knowledge could not better apply a portion of its funds than in publishing a cheap edition of his work to be widely distributed among those whose minds are in danger of being corrupted by the subtle poison of his opponent. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and Christians should not be behind in combatting their infidel adversaries even with their own weapons.

LONDON SYSTEMS.

(From "The Italian Exile," by Count Pecchio.)

Some people are quite thunderstruck at the silence which prevails among the inhabitants of London. But how could one million four hundred thousand persons live together without silence? The torrent of men, women, and children, carts, carriages, and horses, from the Strand to the Exchange, is so strong, that it is said that in winter there are two degrees of Fahrenheit difference between the atmosphere of this long line of street, and that of the West End. I have not ascertained the truth of this; but from the many avenues there are to the Strand, it is very likely to be correct. From Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange is an encyclopaedia of the world. An apparent anarchy prevails, but without confusion or disorder. The rules which the poet Gay lays down in his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," for walking with safety along this tract of about three miles, appear to me unnecessary. The habit of traversing this whirlpool renders the passage easy to every one, without disputes, without accidents, without punctilio, as if there were no obstacle whatever. I suppose it is the same at Pekin. The silence there of the passengers is the consequence of the multiplicity of business. I do not say it by way of epigram, but if Naples should ever have a population of a million and a half, it would be necessary for even Neapolitan windpipes to put themselves under some restraint! It is only in Spain that silence is the companion of idleness.

In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awaking, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and, by little and little goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the 'Change hour. It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange: at half past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches, and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

Among an industrious nation, incessantly occupied, panting for riches, man, or physical force, is a valuable commodity. Man is dear, and it is therefore expected to be very economical of him. It is not as in the countries of indolence, where the man and the earth alike have little or no value. A Turkish effendi, or gentleman, always walks about with a train of useless servants at his heels. In the same manner a Polish nobleman, or a grandee of Spain, consumes a great quantity of men, who are otherwise unproductive. I was told that the Duke of Medini Celi has in his pay four hundred servants, and that he goes to the Prado in a carriage worse than a Parisian fiacre. It was the same in England when there was a foreign-commerce, and no home manufactures. Not knowing in what way to consume their surplus revenues, the old English landowner used to maintain a hundred, and in some cases, even a thousand followers. At the present day, the greatest houses have not more than ten or twelve servants; and, setting aside the wealthy, who are always an exception in every nation, and taking the greatest number, it cannot be denied that in England, and especially in London, there is a very great saving, both of time and servants. But how can this be reconciled with the loudly vaunted comfort of the English? Thus: the milk, the bread, the butter, the beer, the fish, the meat, the newspaper, the letters—all are brought to the house every day, at the same hour, without fail, by the shopkeepers and the postman. It is well known that all the street doors are kept shut, as is the custom in Florence and the other cities of Tuscany. In order that the neighbourhood should not be disturbed, it has become an understood thing for all tradespeople to give a single rap on the knocker, or a single pull at the bell, which communicates with the underground kitchen, where the servants are; while the postman distinguishes his visit by precisely two knocks. There is another conventional sign for visits, which consists in a rapid succession of knocks, the more loud and noisy according to the real or assumed consequence or fashion of the visitor.

This custom requires punctuality in servants, and an unfading attendance at their posts. The price of everything is fixed, so that there is no room for haggling dispute, or gossip. All this going and coming of buyers and sellers is noiseless. Many bakers ride about London in vehicles so rapid, elastic, and elegant, that the Italian dandy would not disdain to appear in one of them at the Corso. The butchers may be frequently met with, conveying the meat to their distant customers, mounted on fiery steeds, and going along at full gallop. A system like this requires inviolable order and a scrupulous division of time. For this reason there are clocks and watches everywhere—on every steeple, and sometimes on all the four sides of a steeple; in the pocket of every one; in the kitchen of the lowest journeyman. This is a nation working to the stroke of the clock, like an orchestra playing to the "time" of the leader, or a regiment marching to the sound of the drum. Nothing can be more ingenious than the various ways in which the English contrive to make the division of time. In some machines, for example, at every certain number of strokes, the machine rings a bell to inform the workmen of the fact. The tread-mill introduced for a punishment and an employment in the houses of correction, also

rings a bell every time it makes a certain number of revolutions. In the wool carding manufactory at Manchester there is a species of clock to ascertain if the watchman, whose duty it is to guard against fire, has kept awake all the night. If, every quarter of an hour, he omits to pull a rope which hangs from the wall outside, the clock with-in notes down and reveals his negligence in the morning.

One shopman, therefore, in London, supplies the place of forty or fifty servants: the shops may be distant, and remotely situated, without any inconvenience. The shopkeepers themselves do not remain idle, and, instead of men, in some places lads or children are employed. The newspapers are circulated from house to house at a penny an hour; the carrier is a boy of ten or twelve years old, active as a sprite, exact as time, who brings them and takes them away.

By this system, the servants remain at home, with nothing to divert them from their occupations. The servant maids, especially, very seldom go out during all the week, until the arrival of Sunday sets them at liberty for three or four hours. It follows also, that an English family has no need of keeping any great store of provisions in the house, there is in consequence less occupation of room, and less occasion for capital, less care, less waste, less smell, and less wear and tear.

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 15, 1838.

The sailing of the Sealing fleet is still retarded by the continuance of Easterly winds which have prevailed during the past week; the vessels are now in the channel, and ready to avail of the first favorable time that may offer for their departure. We trust that a change in the weather may speedily occur, it being so desirable that the prosecution of this fishery should be entered upon with the least possible delay.

We have been requested to give insertion to the following exquisitely touching lines, by a friend who suggested their suitability with reference to the recent death of Mr. JAMES BOAG. We readily accede to the request, sympathising, as we do, in the general regret which the premature demise of an individual so esteemed had occasioned in this community:—

Farewell to the Dead.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Come near!—ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow.  
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,  
In still and solemn trust:  
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed  
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!  
What shall the beauty from amongst us gone  
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,  
Clad in its heath and race?  
Dim grows the sadness on man's heart impressed—  
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well;  
For tears befit earth's partings.—Yesterday  
Sung was upon the lips of this pale clay,  
And sunshine seemed to dwell  
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed—  
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye  
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth!  
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,  
The beings born to die?  
But not where earth has power may love be blessed—  
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart  
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?  
The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,  
The lovely must depart!  
Is he not gone, our highest and our best?—  
Come near! and bear the early-called to rest.

Look on him! is he laid  
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?  
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;  
Yet that, even that, must fade!  
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest—  
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased  
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place  
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,  
At the gay bridal feast!  
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast—  
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they  
Whose spirit's light has quenched!—for him the past  
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast  
His birthright's hope away!  
All is not here of our beloved and blessed—  
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

(From the Harbor Grace Star, March 7.)

INQUEST.—On Friday last an inquisition was taken before John Stark, Esq., Coroner, and a respectable Jury at Carbonear, on view of the body of John Moxley a Planter. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased arose from his bed as usual on Ash Wednesday the 28th ulto,—that a little before seven o'clock a case of razors was seen in his Jacket pocket, and in little more than half an hour afterwards groans were heard in his own cellar situated about fifty feet from his home; an alarm was given and persons proceeded to examine the cellar, in the pound of which the body of the deceased was discovered apparently quite dead, with his throat cut by a razor, exhibiting a wound of about three inches in length and from two to three inches in depth—the razor was found under

where the body lay covered by a great quantity of blood.—The body was carried into the house, and the Doctors attended and dressed the wound, although no signs of life then remained. Shortly after a little tea was poured into his mouth, when unexpectedly to all the pulse began to beat, and by ten o'clock in the forenoon he so far recovered as to know all the persons round him and to speak and converse as usual, in a perfectly sensible and coherent manner. In the presence of many persons he clearly admitted that he himself had committed the dreadful act, and upon being asked why he did so, replied that the cares and afflictions of the world were the cause, and added that he prayed God would forgive him, but that he was afraid He never would forgive him. He lingered till about eight o'clock on the same evening, and died from internal hemorrhage consequent upon the wound. It was also clearly proved that the deceased was a sensible and intelligent man, read a good deal, and never in any way evinced the slightest symptoms of insanity; under these circumstances, painful as it was, the Jury after being locked up for nearly an hour, returned unanimously a verdict of (Felo de se) Wilful Murder of himself; soon after the verdict had been recorded, and the Inquisition sealed, application was made by the widow and relatives, for the customary Warrant for the interment of the body, upon which the Coroner's Warrant was issued according to law and addressed to the Constables of Carbonear to have the body buried privately in the Church yard between the hours of nine and twelve at night, which we have reason to believe has been fully complied with.—The deceased has left a widow and eight children to lament the untimely end of a kind husband and indulgent parent—the whole family have excited the liveliest feelings of commiseration on their behalf.

Notices.

St. Patrick's Dinner.

IRISHMEN and their DESCENDANTS intending to celebrate the FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK, by dining together on the 20th inst. at the Orphan Asylum School, will please have their names, with those of their respective Guests, left with the Secretary on as early a day as possible.

March 1. JOHN O'MARA, Secretary.

Commercial Room, 23rd February 1838.

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.

The Hon. William Thomas was called to the Chair.

It was then Resolved,—That a committee to consist of nine 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. W. Thomas, Hon. J. Sinclair, Messrs. Walter Grieve, Bulley, Richards, Alsop, M'Bride, John Lash, Warren.

The Meeting then adjourned. Wm. THOMAS, Chairman.

Committee Room, 24th February, 1838.

THE Committee met This Day and balloted for a Chairman and Treasurer, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:—

Hon. W. THOMAS, Chairman; J. E. BULLEY, Esq., Treasurer.

The following Rules and Regulations were then adopted:—

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ICE COMMITTEE.

1st.—That a Channel shall be cut in the Ice, not less than 100 feet wide, as near as convenient to the most prominent Wharves.

2nd.—That the Channel shall be kept open at such time and in such manner as the Committee may direct.

3rd.—That no person shall prior to the departure of the last Sealer from this Port be permitted to cut any other Channel in the Ice than that laid out by the committee, without their express permission in writing, under a penalty of FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

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, Stg.

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, Stg.

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, Stg. 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, Stg. for every 100 Tons, Register Tonnage of such Vessel or Vessels.

Wm. THOMAS, Chairman.

Notices.

TENDERS will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners, until MONDAY, the 23d April next, from Persons desirous of contracting for the Undermentioned Works, agreeably to Plans and Specifications now exhibiting at his Office.

For rebuilding the "Waterford Bridge," of stone. For erecting a Stone Bridge in Duckworth-Street, opposite "Beck's Cove."

For building a Safety Wall in Duckworth-Street, on the property of WILLIAM NEWMAN, Esq., opposite "M'Bride's Cove."

JAMES DOUGLAS, Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners for the District of St. John's.

February 8.

TO BE LET,

For a Term of Years.

THAT DWELLING HOUSE and YARD &c., conveniently situate in King's Place, and adjoining the House occupied by the undersigned.—For further particulars apply to

CHARLES SIMMS.

March 8.

On Sale

BY

THOMAS CASEY,

IN THE HOUSE LATELY OCCUPIED BY MR. JOHN MITCHELL, Near the Custom House,

130 CASKS First Quality HOLSTEIN BUTTER,

Which can be recommended for Family use.

March 15.

COALS for the Sealers.

R. Brine & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE

COALS

From under cover, of a description suitable for Sealing Vessels; and which, at the shortest notice, would be delivered alongside if so required.

March 1.

BY

G. & R. Clapp,

CORDAGE of all descriptions from 1 to 5 inch

Twines of all sorts, Paints, Oils, Nails, Handspikes, English COALS, Deals, Seasoned Lumber, Shingles, Soap, Candles, BRANDY, Wines, Ale, Tea, Molasses, Sugar in Hhds. and Barrels, Men's and Boys' Deck Boots and Shoes, And a quantity of Cotton Shirts and Flushing Clothing.

February 15.

BY

BAINÉ, JOHNSTON & Co.

Ex HARMONY from New-York,

200 Barrels Prime BEEF.

EDGEComb from Liverpool,

100 Firkins Prime BUTTER,

79 Barrels Prime BEEF.

MARY JANE from Demerara,

79 Puncheons MOLASSES.

JOHN FULTON from Boston,

79 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO,

700 CABBAGES.

February 8.

BY

WESTON HUNT,

Ex METEOR from Hamburg,

150 Firkins first quality Rander's

BUTTER

100 Bls. prime mess PORK.

Which will be so d Cheap.

January 18.

W. & L. THOMAS & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE,

1000 Quintals Shore Merchantable

COD FISH.

January 18.



Poets' Corner.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Buttercups and daisies,—  
Oh, the pretty flowers!  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.  
While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and daisies  
Spring up here and there.  
  
Ere the snow drop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opes its paly gold;  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
Buttercups are bright;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass,  
Peeps the daisy white,  
  
Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door:  
Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold;  
Fearing not, and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold,  
  
What to them is weather?  
What are stormy showers?  
Buttercups and daisies  
Are these human flowers!  
He who gave them hardship  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.  
  
Welcome yellow buttercups,  
Welcome daisies white,  
Ye are in my spirit  
Vision'd a delight!  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
Of sunny hours to tell—  
Speaking to our hearts of Him  
Who doeth all things well.

THE LATE WILLIAM COBBETT AND MR. SCARLETT, NOW LORD ABINGER.

I believe on no occasion did Mr. Scarlett ever give such scope to his powers of inflicting torture, as on one in which poor old Cobbett fell into his clutches. This was thirteen or fourteen years ago. Cobbett had, for seven or eight months before, been heaping, in almost every successive "Register," his own unrivalled abuse on Mr. Scarlett. What the character of that abuse was may be at once understood when I mention, that in vituperating Mr. Scarlett, Cobbett even surpassed himself. This abuse of Mr. Scarlett was always poured out in the shape of a letter addressed to Mr. S. himself; and in order that he and the reader might be prepared for what was to follow, the letters invariably began with "Base Lawyer Scarlett," instead of with the usual term "Sir." Mr. Scarlett smarted most sensibly under the castigations which Cobbett thus administered to him, week after week, and therefore very naturally took the opportunity of retaliating when poor Cobbett was brought into a Court of Law. The ground of action against Cobbett was an alleged libel on a then attorney, whose name I forbear to mention because he is still living. Against old Cobbett were arrayed Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Scarlett—a formidable trio, certainly, for a poor unprofessional man like Cobbett to have pitted against him. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman were severe enough in denouncing the alleged libel and its author; but still Cobbett did not fancy he saw in them any effort to gratify individual vindictiveness. With Mr. Scarlett, he thought the case was different. He supposed that with him it was altogether a personal affair, and that what he exclusively aimed at was the gratification of private revenge. Cobbett, however, determined that before he quitted the Court, he would return the blows which had been so liberally dealt out to him by Mr. Scarlett. The latter concluded his speech in words to the following effect:—"Gentlemen of the Jury it is impossible for me to estimate the amount of injury which this malignant and systematic libeller (pointing to Cobbett) has inflicted on my client; and no damages however great, can afford him compensation for the injury thus done him. Gentleman, my client is at present an attorney; but had the intention of preparing himself for the bar; and being a young man of great talents, there was no distinction in the profession to which he might not have reasonably expected to attain. Nay, gentlemen, I will say, that even the Woolstack itself was an elevation to which he would have been justified in aspiring. But, gentlemen, the virulent calumnies which this notorious trader in libels has heaped upon him, has blasted all his fair prospects, and well nigh broken his heart. It is, therefore, for you gentlemen to mark your abhorrence of the atrocious conduct

of this person, by giving a corresponding amount of damages." Cobbett rose immediately on Mr. Scarlett's resuming his seat, and putting both hands beneath the ample tails of his coat, and eyeing the Jury with a bland and humorous expression of countenance, said—"Gentlemen, you are men of the world, and must laugh in your own minds at all the flummery you have just heard. You know, Gentlemen, such stuff about injury to character, and blasting one's prospects, and destroying one's peace, is to be heard in this Court every hour in the day. "The lawyer,"—pronouncing the word in a way which gives it a very emphatic and a very unpleasant meaning,—"the lawyer who has been villifying me for the last hour and a half, would do the same, Gentlemen, in either of your cases if hired for the purpose. You know, Gentlemen that like the girls who walk the street, these persons (pointing to Messrs. Brougham, Denman and Scarlett) will prosecute themselves to any dirty work for which they may be engaged. They are always, Gentlemen, at the service of the highest bidder. The great crime, it seems, Gentlemen, which I have committed, is that of having crushed a lawyer in the egg." Here Mr. Cobbett turned about his ponderous body, pointed to Mr. Scarlett, and looked at him at the same time with an expression of unutterable scorn. The allusion was at once felt, both by the Court and Jury, in all its force, as applicable to the castigations Cobbett had so often given Mr. Scarlett, and it told with amazing effect. I doubt if Mr. Scarlett ever smarted so severely, either before or since, in the whole course of his professional career. Brougham and Denman looked at each other as if struck with the singular felicity of the hit. Cobbett proceeded for a couple of hours, raking up and pouring out afresh, on the head of Mr. Scarlett, all the abuse which he had heaped on him in his "Registers;" so that the Learned Gentleman, to use a legal phrase "took nothing by his motion."

THE VALUE OF A STAGE-COACH ACQUAINTANCE.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, as a barrister occasionally performed some generous actions. I may give one instance out of many which are well known to the profession. Several years ago, while on his way to the Chelmsford assizes, he met with an intelligent and pleasant fellow-passenger on the coach. Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, who was, on such occasions, very fond of what he used to call a little agreeable chat with any agreeable person he chanced to meet, soon drew his travelling companion into a lively conversation with him. Having always had a sprinkling of Yankee curiosity, though never venturing to put such point-blank American questions to any one, as—"Are you married?" "Are you going to be married?" "How much money are you worth?" "Have you got any poor relations dependent on you?" "Have you any children?" "Was your wife a widow or a virgin when you married her?" "How much money do you usually spend a-year?"—Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, though never, I repeat, having enough of the Jonathan effrontery to put such questions as these to any fellow-passenger he chanced to encounter in his travels, generally contrived to worm out, by a process imperceptible to the party himself, whatever he wished to learn regarding him. On the occasion to which I allude, Mr. Vaughan was not long in ascertaining from his companion that he also was going to the Chelmsford assizes, which were to be held on the following day. "As a jurymen, no doubt?" said Mr. Vaughan, on learning the fact itself. "No Sir, not as a Jurymen," said the other.  
"O, as a witness, I should have said!" "Not as a witness either, I wish it were as pleasant as that."  
"O, I see how it is, you are the prosecutor in some case which is painful to your feelings. However, such things will happen; there is no help for them." "You are still wrong in your conjecture, Sir; I am going to pay away money for a relative who has a case at the assizes."  
"Ah, that's it! very unpleasant certainly, to pay money," observed the learned Serjeant. "It is, indeed, for those who have little to spare," observed the other.  
"Well, I hope its not to any very serious amount?" "Why, the magnitude of the sum, you know, depends on the resources of the party who have to make the payment."  
"Very true; certainly, very true," said Mr. Serjeant Vaughan. "The sum is 1500, which to one with my limited means, is a very large sum indeed."  
"O, but, perhaps, you expect to be repaid in some way or other again?" "That is very uncertain; it depends entirely on whether my relative, who has just taken a public-house there succeed in business or not."  
"Well, it certainly is a hard case," observed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, with a serious and emphatic air. "Aye, you would say so, if you only knew it all."  
"Indeed! are there any peculiar circumstances in the case?" "There are indeed," answered the other, with something between a sigh and a groan.  
"Is the matter a secret?" inquired Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, his curiosity being now wound up to no ordinary pitch. "Not in the least," said the other. "I'll tell you the whole affair, if you don't think it tiresome," he added.  
"I am all anxiety to hear it," said the Learned Gentleman. "Well, then," said the other, "about six weeks since, a respectable corn-dealer in London when on his way to Chelmsford, met, on the coach, with two persons, who were perfect stran-

gers to him. The strangers soon entered into conversation with him, and having learned the object of his visit to Chelmsford, said that they also were going there on a precisely similar errand, namely to make some purchases of corn. After some further conversation together, it was suggested by one of the parties that it would be much better for all three, if they could come to an understanding together, as to what amount of purchases they should make, and under what particular circumstances those purchases should be made,—for if they went into the market 'slap dash,' and without any understanding together, the result would be that in so small a place as Chelmsford they would raise the prices; whereas, by operating slowly and in concert, that would be avoided. The second party pretended to approve highly of the suggestion, and proposed, in order to show that neither had the start of each other, that they should all deposit the amount of money in the hands of the respectable landlord of the principal inn, taking care that they did so in the presence of witnesses, and that special instructions should be given to the landlord not to give up a farthing to either, until all three returned together to receive the whole; adding that if he did he would be held responsible. The London merchant, knowing the landlord of the inn to be a man of undoubted respectability, at once assented to the proposal, and each of the three parties accordingly placed in his hands, under the circumstances stated, 250l. making 750l. in all."

"Well," observed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, "well, you certainly do interest me in your singular story. And what was the result?" "Why this—that scarcely had the three parties left the inn a minute, when one of the two strangers came running back, and said, they had all come to the conclusion, that it would be better to make their purchase as early in the day as possible, and that consequently the other two had desired him to return and get the money."

"And the landlord gave him the whole sum at once?" interposed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan. "He did, indeed; unfortunately for himself and me," answered the other.

"And what followed?" inquired the learned gentleman, eagerly. "Why the other stranger, and the London merchant, returned in about an hour after, and demanded their money."

"When the landlord, of course, told them he had given it to the other?" He did."

"On which, I suppose, they bring an action against the landlord?" "Precisely so: and seeing that defence were useless, inasmuch as he delivered up the money to one when his instructions were peremptory not to deliver it until all three were present,—my friend is to allow the action to go undisturbed. The money must be paid to the sharper—for both strangers, as the event has proved, were sharpers—and also to the London merchant."

"And you really have made up your mind to pay it?" "O certainly because there is no help for it."

"I am a barrister; I am Serjeant Vaughan; and I will defend the case for the poor landlord gratuitously." The other rewarded him a thousand thanks for his intended kindness; but expressed his apprehensions that all efforts at defence would be perfectly useless. "We shall see said the serjeant, significantly, "we shall see;—you and your friend the landlord will call on me this evening at eight o'clock, to arrange for the defence to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the case was duly called in Court. The poor innkeeper, acting on the advice of Mr. Vaughan, but not perceiving in what way he could be benefited by it, defended the case. Every thing proceeded so favourably for the prosecution for some time, that though every person in Court deeply sympathised with the unfortunate landlord, they saw no possibility of any other result than a verdict against him. Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, when the case for the prosecution was closed, rose and said—"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the evidence adduced. You have seen it proved by unexceptionable witnesses, that the defendant received the most positive instructions from all three, not to deliver up the money, or any part of it, to either of the parties except in the presence of all. Gentlemen, my client has got the money in his possession, and is ready to give it when all the three parties come to demand it. Let the absent party be brought to his house, in company with the other two, and every one will have his money returned to him." The defence was equally ingenious and complete. The Jury looked as amazed at each other, as if some new world had burst on their astonished gaze; so did all the spectators in Court. The verdict was of course for the defendant. It is unnecessary to add, that the party who had absconded with the money never returned, and that consequently the poor landlord had never to pay a farthing of the amount.—*The Bench and the Bar, by the author of "Rand and Recollections of the Lords and Commons."*

CHEERFULNESS.—No man of matured mind, sensible of the slight tenure by which he retains life from one moment to another, and of the consequences which its termination involves, can, in fact, ever be truly cheerful, unless he be at the same time conscious that to the best of his power he has endeavoured to win the protection of the Omnipotent. That is a cheerfulness which requires no excitement from wine or music, which declines no entertainment in itself innocent, and which looks always upon the fair earth and the heavens above it, with a glow of rapture altogether

unknown to the fanatic, who is led to suppose that religion cannot exist without gloom. We think if we make the people rest from all bodily movement on Sunday, except compelling them to fill the churches; if we close against them all other places of resort, unless it be the gin-shops, that we shall make them moral and consequently happy. We are egregiously wrong. I grant we may make them hypocrites or drunkards. We certainly are the only nation in the world, which in town and country looks sad on the Sabbath day. If we think we are a more virtuous and moral people than the Austrians we are still further in error; and I believe there is far more intoxication and more iniquity committed within the closed doors of London on one Sunday, day and night together, than during the whole year in Vienna.—*Dublin Review.*

BEAU NASH.—Though convivial in his youth, yet, for the greatest portion of his life, Nash was rigidly abstemious in his habits. He loved plain dishes, seldom remained long at table, and usually contented himself with two glasses of wine. But he liked to see his friends enjoy themselves, and would encourage them in these elegant and emphatic terms:—"Eat, gentlemen—eat and drink, in God's name; spare, and the devil choke you!" His favourite meal was supper; and, so food was of potatoes, which he called the English pineapple, that he used to eat them, like fruit, after dinner. He was also remarkable for his love of early rising, being seldom in bed after four in summer, and five in winter. His generosity and benevolence were unbounded. He gave away enormous sums in charity, and founded an hospital at Bath, the expenses of which for a time almost beggared him. Though he had a great respect for rank, yet he discouraged any thing like aristocratic assumption, and whenever he heard a young lord boasting of his family, never failed to put him down with a sneer. In this respect, he resembled the late John Kemble, of whom it is recorded, that when dining with the Dukes of Hamilton and Gordon, who were boasting somewhat ostentatiously of the antiquity of their blood, he lost all patience, and put an abrupt stop to their egotism by exclaiming, "D—n both your bloods; pass the bottle!" Owing to his frequent intercourse with small poets, Nash fancied that he was a judge of the art. A volume of Pope, who was his favourite writer, generally lay on his table, though we question much whether he ever got beyond the "Rape of the Lock." He was never married, though he once made proposals to a young lady, whose parents favoured his suit, for he was then at the summit of his celebrity. She, however, declined his addresses; but, apprehensive of her father's indignation, went to Nash, and candidly told him that her affections were fixed upon another. He immediately sent for his rival; gave him the lady with his own hand; and reconciled her parents to the match by settling on her a fortune equal to that which they proposed to give her. Unfortunately, however, his generosity was thrown away; for soon after her marriage she ran away with her footman, and her husband died of grief.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

MATTHEWS.—A club existed about the time of poor Bannister's death, the name of which I have forgotten, (having only been admitted as a visitor,) but of which Matthews and H. Johnston were members. At the early part of their introduction to the society, a stranger one night demanded admittance; he was uninvited, and H. Johnston left the room for the purpose of kicking the intruder down stairs. A tremendous altercation ensued, and presently Harry and the stranger burst open the door, and the latter fairly fought his way into the middle of the room,—the company were justly indignant, and the more so when the fellow in a rich brogue declared, "We were broths of boys; that he'd never leave us; and we should all live and die together." The veteran chairman (with ill-suppressed emotion) peremptorily desired the gentleman to withdraw. "Indeed I won't," said the Hibernian; "haven't I come to enjoy myself among you, and sure we'll have a night out!" There is a point beyond which patience ceases to be a virtue; so thought the president, who left his chair, and seizing the delinquent by the collar, attempted to eject him; long did they struggle, loudly did they swear. "You have no right here, and out you shall go." "I won't—I won't—I've as much right here as any of you;" and dexterously flinging off his whig and spectacles, Charles Matthews stood forth, their lately elected member. This assumption was the more extraordinary, as his audience were all actors or persons connected with the theatres, and were all alike deceived, except H. Johnston, who, of course, was a partner in the plot. (Riley, in his "Itinerant," tells a story of Matthews imitating an intimate acquaintance of Downton's so admirably, as to deceive that excellent comedian, and urge him, by his expressions to an act of violence.)—*Records of a Stage Veteran.*

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