

Printed and Published
at the Office of the
Newfoundlander, No. 556, St. John's

THE



Newfoundlander

No. 556.

THURSDAY, March 22, 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 CRUTE'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,
2 Casks choice Westphalia HAMS,
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 Fawser-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 Importations,
15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry Brandy, in pints } By the Case
5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in } or Dozen.
quarts and pints }
5 Cases Jellies,—viz., Currant, } At cost and
Strawberry, Apple, &c. } charges by the
10 Do. Pickles, Sauces, Durham } package or
Mustard, &c. } low by retail.
30 Bls. prime bottled Sherry, at 25s. per doz.
5 Qr-Casks Old Port, at £10
Beuercarlo 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

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 & Canvass.

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.

MR. CANNING.

I have never been satisfied as to the just discrimination contained in any character of Canning which has hitherto been given; yet I do not undertake to give a better—it may exceed my strength.

Canning's pre-eminence seems to me to have been chiefly as a rhetorician—there only lay his originality of force. It may be said that to give happy illustration, requires *a priori* happiness of perception, and a deep insight into the development of truth; but I do not think there will be found any new discoveries in anything that has been said or written by Canning. He electrified by the manner, rather than by the matter; by the felicity of the momentary application; by meaning, by lucky combination, by the unexpected bearing of old thoughts or similes on new topics. Thus I think that he was always ornamental, but seldom philosophic.

Of all his powers, irony and classical humour were the greatest. But the effect of this was, not to be comprehensive, but to show things in partial and exaggerated lights. I do not think that he was insincere; I believe that he commonly spoke the conviction of the moment; but such faculties as these impressed upon him temporary and shifting opinions. He conjured up, for the moment, all the gorgeous and transient hues of the rainbow.

It has been remarked, that he retained to the last all the habits, discipline and machinery of an Eton school-boy, seeking to carry away from all competitors the palm of composition.

The faculties and acquirements made him an overwhelming advocate; but he never spoke as a judge. He therefore pleased his audience, and threw them into a delirium for the moment; but seldom convinced them.

It will be said, that if these observations—which many will deem severe—are true of Canning; they are also of Burke. I do not think so. At the bottom of all Burke's gorgeous imagery, was both abstract and general truth; and, for the most part, originality and novelty into the bargain. Certainly, if I can establish this, I establish everything that is pre-excellent in human genius. An examination of Burke's writings for five-and-forty years in all humours convinces me it is no exaggeration.

Burke looked first for new truths; Canning only sought to convince himself and others of assumed truths, by the medium of language and illustration. I do not know if I make myself understood; it is, in my mind, a wide distinction; and probably I shall only confound it again by multiplying any words.

I come then to Canning's moral qualities—to his temper, feelings, and sentiments. He had one of the greatest and most necessary qualities of a statesman, when connected with intellect—DECISION! This was Pitt's forte, which carried him further than all his intellectual gifts. Decision, unprompted by an enlightened mind, is, I admit, obstinacy. But there is a sort of sagacity which comes to a right judgment at once; and then perseverance is magnanimity.

Canning, no doubt, was magnanimous in all his turn of thought; and I am told that he was amiable in all the private relations of life. Of the latter I am no judge; for I had little, if any, personal acquaintance with him. He carried himself reservedly and haughtily to strangers; tossed up his chin, and appeared not to see them. He was a tall, well made man, with an open regular countenance: but I cannot think it was elegant. He looked to me like a washed artificer in his Sunday dress.

His tones of oratory were not quite natural, they were declamatory; his attitudes were not easy; and his expressions generally smelt of the lamp. I liked his speeches better when I read them, than when I heard them. They were too long in the delivery, and too rhapsodical—they were flashes that came, and were gone. But his humour and irony were highly captivating, and indeed irresistible. He had astonishing wit, of the most classical imagery. It was with this sort of imagery that his mind was overflowing.

His father was a poet—a moral poet—of good sense; though perhaps he did not rise much above mediocrity. His mother's name has been variously reported. A lady who could scarcely be mistaken, because she was sister-in-law to the lady who married Sir Stratford Canning's father, assu-

red me that her name was Gaydickens. The Cannings are said to have emigrated to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth from Warwickshire, where the head branch still exists—catholics—whose wife I saw at Rome in 1821 (her carriage covered with noble and royal quarterings!)

Canning had a domineering and ascendant spirit. When Lord Castlereagh died, he took possession of poor Lord Liverpool and overturned him. Latterly he ruled the proud mind of Pitt; he was too much for Pitt in literature, acquirements, and brilliance. In authorship he was at the head of a little coterie of Gifford, George Ellis, and the Preres, who had got a fashionable influence, partly by their satirical powers, far beyond their merits.

I doubt if Canning was a happy man; he was too exorbitantly ambitious; and he had too proud ideas of his own exclusive superiority. He had been too much flattered as a boy for the figure he made at Eton; but this would not have caused it alone, without a temperament naturally embued with the spirit.

If Canning had addicted himself to literature and poetry, he would not have been of the school of Spencer and Milton—but of Pope! He would have been what is called a moral, not a romantic poet. He would probably have advanced and enriched more than Pope; and there was a sort of morality about him, which is not the ordinary strain of Pope. I do not think that he could have been a creator, which alone constitutes mere poetry. He could dress up the images which others had created, both splendidly and fantastically.

If Canning's character be taken with all the abatements here suggested, still it is a magnificent one. And if I am wrong—as it is given with good faith—I trust it may be useful. All indiscriminate praise is unedifying, and goes for nothing. There are lights and shades in every character. The smallest difference in the proportions of intellectual and moral ingredients, will make two dissimilar beings—even supposing the total amount of ingredients to be equal: and there is no such thing as human intellect entirely abstracted from the effects of the influence of the moral temperament.

J. F. CLAVERING.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.)

GOETHE, BURNS, BYRON, AND HOMER.

When the ladies retired from the dinner-table I happened to sit next him; and he, having heard that I had lately returned from a tour in Germany, made that country and its recent literature the subject of some conversation. In the course of it, I told him, that when, on reaching the inn at Weimar, I asked the waiter, whether Goethe was then in the town, the man stared at me as if he had never heard the name before; and that on my repeating the question, adding, *Goethe der grosse dichter* (the great poet,) he shook his head doubtfully as before—until the landlady solved our difficulties, by suggesting, that perhaps the traveller might mean "the Herr Geheim-Rath (Privy Counsellor) Van Goethe." Scott seemed amused at this, and said, "I hope you will come one of those days and see me at Abbotsford; and when you reach Selkirk or Melrose, be sure you ask even the landlady for nobody but the Sheriff." He appeared particularly interested when I described Goethe as I first saw him, alighting from a carriage, crammed with wild plants and herbs which he had picked up in the course of his morning's botanizing among the hills of Jena. "I am glad," said he; "that my old master has pursuits somewhat akin to my own. I am no botanist properly speaking, and though a dweller on the banks of the Tweed, shall never be knowing about Flora's beauties; but how I should like to have a talk with him about trees!" I mentioned how much any one must be struck with the majestic beauty of Goethe's countenance—the noblest certainly by far, that I have ever yet seen—"Well," said he, "the grandest demigod I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called Jupiter Carlyle, for having sat more than once for the king of gods on men, to Gavin Hamilton—and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt, but no more a poet than his precursor. As for poets, I have seen, I believe, all the best of our own time."

and country, and, though Burns had the most glorious eyes imaginable, I never saw any of them that would come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron." A reverend gentleman present (I think, Principal Nicoll of St. Andrews) expressed his regret that he had never seen Lord Byron. "And the prints," resumed Scott, "give one no impression of him—the lustre is there, Doctor, but it is not lighted up. Byron's countenance is a thing to dream of. A certain fair lady, whose name has been too often mentioned in connexion with his, told a friend of mine, that when she first saw Byron it was in a crowded room, and she did not know who it was, but her eyes were instantly nailed, and she said to herself, *that pale face is my fate*. And, poor soul, if a godlike face and godlike powers could have made any excuse for devilry, to be sure she had one." In the course of this talk, an old friend and schoolfellow of Scott's asked him across the table, if he had any faith in the antique busts of Homer. "No, truly," he answered, smiling, "for if there had been either limners or stuccovers worth their salt in these days, the owner of such a headpiece would never have had to trail the poke. They would have alimanted the honest man decently among them for a lay figure."

SCOTT'S DEN.

He at this time occupied as his den a square small room, behind the dining parlour in Castle-street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which, at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small moveable frame, something like a dumb-writer. All the rest were in their proper niches, and whenever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front. The old bindings had been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his device of the port-cullis, and its motto *clausus tulus ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side, poetry, and the drama on another, law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby: with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottle, taper-stand, &c. in silver—the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum* that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers, sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head upon his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled.—The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadsword and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room, except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded by oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt, (so called from one of the German *Kinder-marchen*), a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor-square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood every thing he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But, at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not really fond of their company; and I venture to say Scott was never five minutes in any room be-

fore the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lipping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.

SCOTT AT BREAKFAST.

His appetite at dinner was neither keen nor nice. Breakfast was his chief meal. Before that came he had gone through the greater part of his day's work, and then set too with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Lovell—

"And laid at once a pound upon his plate."

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances. His table was always provided, in addition to the usual plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most lusty execution—a round of beef, a party, such as made Gil Blas's eyes water, or most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head, the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr. Johnston and his bear-leader. A huge brown loaf flanked his elbows, and it was placed upon a huge wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife. Often did the Clerk's coach, commonly called among themselves the *Lively*—which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them at their proper minute in Parliament Close—often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls "the sacred rage of hunger" and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporized sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand. But this robust supply would have served him in fact for the day. He never tasted anything more before dinner, and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Squire Lovell's niece from the boarding school—

"Who eat the sanguine flesh in frustans fine
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine."

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A SAILOR BOY.

In the month of October, 1811, the sloop Fame of Carron—a place on the upper part of Firth of Fourth—while on her voyage from London to Scotland, was unfortunately captured off the coast of Porthumberland, by a large French privateer. All the crew of the sloop were immediately transferred to the French vessel, as prisoners of war, with the exception of an old man and a boy, who were left on board, in company with half a dozen Frenchmen, to carry the vessel into a French port. But this, as it appeared, was easier said than done. After parting from the privateer, the sloop made the best of her way towards the coast of France, but she had not proceeded long in this direction when a heavy gale began to blow from the south-east, which drove her to the north; the wind, however, shifting to the north-east, she was now driven into the mouth of the Firth of Fourth, with the navigation of which the Frenchmen, as well as the old man belonging to the sloop, were totally unacquainted. The night, which had come on, being excessively dark as well as stormy, and all the candles and oil being either expended or thrown overboard, the compass was rendered useless, and the vessel was allowed to go before the wind. In this predicament, and with almost the certainty of destruction before them, the boy luckily recognised the Inchkeith beacon light, took possession of the helm, and carried the vessel in safety up the Firth. Knowing that there was a man-of-war lying at St. Margaret's Hope, he ran the sloop for that anchorage; and on coming alongside hailed aloud that he had six French Prisoners on board, and demanded assistance to secure them! A boat was instantly put off; but the moment the crew came on board, the little fellow, who was only 13 years of age, seized on the Frenchmen's pistols as his right of conquest, and resolutely refused to give them up. The Frenchmen, who were glad to exchange death for captivity, warmly acknowledged the skill and intrepidity of the boy in navigating the vessel, to which their own safety and that of the ship and cargo were altogether owing. A statement of the whole was duly transmitted to the Admiralty, but we regret we are unable to say whether or not the manful little fellow obtained any reward for this piece of service, or arrived at the eminence in his profession which his spirit and gallantry at so early an age seemed to prognosticate.

HYDROPHOBIA.

HARDY, in his Travels in Mexico, gives the following account of the practice of curing hydrophobia in that country: "I was at San Miguel de Horcasitas (says he) where a person afflicted with hydrophobia was tied up to a post with strong cords, and a priest was administering the last offices of religion. At the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, for that he felt a desire to bite every body he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a glass of water, mixed it well, and in the intervals between the paroxysms, she forced the mixture down his throat. The effects were exactly such as she had predicted—namely, that he would almost instantly lose all power over his bodily and mental faculties, and that a deathlike stupor would prevail, without any symptoms of animation, for twenty-four or forty-

eight hours, according to the strength of his constitution; that at the end of this period, the effects of the mixture would arouse the patient, and its violent operation, as emetic and cathartic, would last about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he would be able to get upon his legs, and would feel nothing but the debility which had been produced by the combined effects of the disease and the medicine. She mentioned also that the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell. All this literary took place at the end of about twenty-six hours, and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison thus matured in the mouth, and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which, if it be not quickly removed, communicates with the blood, and shortly destroys life.

The following is the method of cure:—The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others. Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water, for about five minutes. When this has been done, add of pulverized savadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient, (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms.) The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible (or placed near the fire) and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillised him after a short interval, no more is to be given; but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly cure him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution) at the expiration of which time he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue until the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured. There is an Indian living in Tubutama, who is known to have an antidote to the poison injected into the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, &c.; and it is therefore superior to the savadilla, which will only cure the disease when it has been formed. Two thousand dollars have been offered to him to disclose the secret, but he has constantly refused to accede to the terms. His charge is ten dollars for each patient, and he makes a comfortable livelihood by the practice. I made diligent inquiries while I remained in Sonora whether there were any instances known of the Indian's antidote having failed, but I could hear of no one case where it had been unsuccessful.

CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

It is not many months since a bottle was picked up on the coast Lancashire, which, from its contents, threw some light on the important scientific subject of ocean currents. On examination the bottle was found to contain a paper, on which the following lines were written:—

"Thrown overboard from the packet-ship South America, by the passengers, March 1833, in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Cod, lat 40. 30. long. 61. 0. west. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the nearest newspaper to which it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, and oblige the passengers, as well as confer a benefit on science."

"It cannot but be regarded as a singular circumstance (says the Editor of the *Liverdool Times*), that this bottle, thrown into the Gulf Stream, off the United States of America, should have floated to within a few miles of the port in Europe from which the South America sailed, supposing her to have been on her outward voyage, or to which she was sailing, supposing her to have been bound for Liverpool. A gale from the north, or a slight temporary change in the current, would have brought it into the Mersey, to the captain of the South America, who saw it launched off Cape Cod.

The object of the passengers who committed this bottle to the waves, namely, the determination of the course taken by the currents of the ocean, is one of great interest to science, and much importance to navigation; and it is satisfactory, as a confirmation of the most judicious of the existing theories on this subject, to find that the bottle thrown overboard by the passengers of the South America, has arrived at the part of the world, which, according to the opinions of Humboldt and others, it was most likely to reach. The theory so ably laid down by that distinguished traveller, respecting the currents of the North Atlantic, and founded both on his own observations and those of numerous voyagers, is pretty well known; but as some of our readers may not be acquainted with it, we shall state it very briefly, for the purpose of showing the causes by which the bottle thrown into the sea, on the coast of Massachusetts, and washed on shore at Southport, must have been impelled.

In that part of the Atlantic which lies between Senegal, on the African coast, and the Caribbean Sea, of America, the trade winds, incessantly blowing across the atlantic, give to its waters a current which flows constantly from east to west, at the rate of nine or ten miles in twenty-four hours; that is, with about one-fourth of the velocity of

the principal rivers of Europe. So steady and constant is this current, that, in the year 1770, a small vessel, laden with corn, and bound from the Island of Lancerote to Santa Cruz, in Tenerife, having been driven to sea when none of the crew was on board, crossed the Atlantic, and reached Laguayra, near Caraccas, on the north coast of South America, where it was driven on shore. Supposing it not to have been detained by contrary winds, it would have performed the voyage in about thirteen months. The waters of the current, entering the Gulf of Mexico between False Cape and Cape Antonio, follow the bendings of the Mexican coast to the mouth of the Mississippi, pass to the southern extremity of Florida, and there throw themselves with great velocity into the narrow gulf of that name. The stream was there observed by Humboldt to flow northward, with a velocity of eighty miles in twenty-four hours; but as it advances into the open sea, it becomes broader and less rapid. Its course may, however, be distinctly traced by the high temperature, the intense saltness, and the deep indigo colour of its waters; as well as by the heat of the atmosphere, and the shoals of tropical sea-weed which cover its surface. To the east of the port of Boston, in 41 25 of latitude, and 67 of longitude (that is, within a short distance of the point where the bottle picked up at Southport was thrown overboard), the Gulf Stream being here eighty leagues broad, takes an easterly direction, and divides into two streams, one crossing the Atlantic to the E. S. E. passing the Azores, the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, the Canary Isles, and reaching the African coast between Capes Cantin and Bajador; the other, changing its course near the bank of Bonnet Flamond, runs from the south to the north-east, and reaches the western coasts of the British Isles. By the former of these currents, the bodies of the natives of the new world, and the gigantic bamboos seen by Columbus on the coasts of the Azores, which convinced him of the existence of a new world, and inspired him with the design of discovering it, were brought from the tropical regions of America to the Western Isles; by the latter, fruits of American tropical plants, barrels of French wine, the remains of cargoes wrecked in the West Indies, and in one case the wreck of an English vessel, the *Tilbury*, burnt near Jamaica, have been washed on shore on the coast of Scotland. On these coasts, also, various kinds of tortoises are sometimes found, that inhabit the water of the Antilles; and in 1662 and 4, American savages of the Esquimaux race, having been driven to sea in a storm, reached the Orkney Islands in safety, after crossing the Atlantic. By this stream, the bottle thrown into the sea near Boston must have been brought to the coast of Lancashire; and its course thus furnishes another proof of the correctness of Humboldt's theory, of this current's movements."

THE DUELLIST.

A Foreigner who has lately written a work upon England, mentions that Englishmen are cowards—they do not fight duels, but content themselves occasionally with boxing. The writer is very ill acquainted with the people of this country who could pen such nonsense as this. If duelling be not practised amongst us, it is because Englishmen—we speak of the middle classes—have more good sense than resort to such idiotic and murderous means of settling disputes. Besides, there is respect for the law, not to speak of moral and religious obligation. The man who either sends or accepts a challenge to fight with weapons calculated to produce death, must in the eye of sober reason be presumed to act from villainous or exceedingly foolish considerations; although not less unworthy is the conduct which can lead to so fatal a kind of strife. True courage has in most respects nothing to do with fighting. Any ruffian can fight. The evil passions are able to prompt men to face death from the worst of motives. True courage is associated with a strong perception of right and wrong, and will exert itself only in a good cause. The man who risks his life to save that of another, or to rescue his country from an imminent danger, exhibits this description of courage in its best light. Fortunately, by the spread of intelligence and the increased power of law and magisterial authority, the practice of duelling is well nigh banished from Great Britain, and has taken up its abode in those continental countries where common sense yet exerts but feeble influence, and where the law does not consider the duellist as a murderer by intent. At Paris, duels have ever been common, the great arena for such encounters being the Bois de Boulogne, a woody park beyond the barriers on the west. Here many an unfortunate wretch has fallen a victim to erroneous principles of honour. The following relation of one of these brutal encounters, in which an Englishman of rank was engaged, is given in a novel recently published, under the title of the "Unfortunate Man."

"Villeneuve, a most notable villain, was one day surprised by young Talbot whilst instilling his venom of deception into the ear of his sister. The words which passed were few. Suspicions and anonymous letters had already awakened the vigilance of the brother, and had prepared him to wreak ample vengeance on the shoulders of Villeneuve. The blow could not be excused; a meeting took place, and the usual barrier-duel was proposed. To this the young Englishman most positively dissented. He had heard that day after day, and morning after morning, his adversary was to be seen popping at fifty paces at little plaster-of-Paris figures; about the size of a thimble, and that, thanks to his patience, his practice, and his own pistols, the aim was unerring. The "Tir au

THE NEWFOUNDLANDER

Pistol," now a very general resort of all young Frenchmen, in order to prepare them to commit murder, was likewise the resort of Villeneuve. He was a proficient—a cool, dead shot; cool from the knowledge of his own powers, and that coolness always gives courage when challenged. He smiled as much as to say "it is immaterial to me;" and the next morning he was with his second at the appointed spot. "I will not," said young Talbot, "consent to be shot like a chicken at a stake. I know I have no chance that way of obtaining redress for the injury my family have received. I know that my death is certain, even at fifty paces, and I am resolved to have a chance for my life; so just tell that French officer that the only way I will consent to fight is to have one pistol loaded and the other not, to draw for first choice, and then to stand within a pace of each other; and may heaven direct the choice of him whose cause is the most just!" It is strange, that even before battles men pray to be assisted by a beneficent benevolent Creator in the work of destruction, as if the mingled hosts dealing out death and destruction, the rude charge of cavalry or the shock of infantry, could be pleasant to the eyes of Him who made us, who gave us life, and has taught us how to live! To return thanks after the battle is another thing: we may safely return thanks that we have been spared to repent of our murders: but there is something quite revolting to Christianity, in the belief that the Supreme Being mingles in the contest, or that the results can be gratifying to an all-merciful God. Villeneuve did not make the slightest objection to the proposition of Talbot's second, although several of his own countrymen, who had come on the pleasant excursion to witness the fight, strongly and vainly endeavoured to persuade their friend to leave his life to a better chance. The preparation did not take long. The pistols, both being of course exactly alike, were loaded by the seconds, and enveloped in a large silk handkerchief. The first choice fell to the lot of Villeneuve, who, placing his hand on the weapons, endeavoured to choose the heaviest; but he who is to stand such a dreadful hazard as the one proposed, must be more than a man in courage, if in such a moment he is cool enough to discriminate between weights to which a single small bullet gives the preponderance. He fixed upon the one he thought the heaviest, and the other was given to Talbot. They took their respective grounds, and so close that the muzzle of each man's pistol touched his adversary. Talbot expressed himself as ready to die as to commit the murder, but there was no alternative: he himself had proposed the mode of fighting; and the ungenerous precaution taken by his adversary gave him a little more of the murderous intention than his otherwise truly English feeling could have permitted. Men face some dreadful sights, but few have seen the parallel to this; neither is it to be thought by my readers as the mere effusion of an imaginary brain. The duel in question actually took place, and if the names were changed, every particular would be true. Dreadful must it have been for the friends of each; the certain knowledge that one must fall—the excitement, the agitation, the hope, the expectation, almost placed the bystanders in as great an apprehension as the principals. When both were placed on the ground, the seconds of each advanced, and took a last farewell. Talbot shook his friend's hand with an earnest trepidation: he merely whispered a few words, and, with a faint smile and fainter accent, said "Good bye." Villeneuve appeared as unconcerned as if he were a casual spectator: he spoke quick and rapidly; nodded to one or two of the company, more as a recognition, than as a parting; and had taken leave of his second before Talbot had ended his low whisper. The words given were merely "Are you ready?" then, "Fire!" Both pistols went off on the second, and both men fell. Villeneuve only turned upon his side, and almost instantaneously died. Talbot was lifted immediately; the closeness of the pistol at the discharge had knocked him down, and his face was a little injured by the powder; but his worst feeling was that of disgust, when he saw his enemy dead at his feet. The whirl of the brain left him reasonless for some moments, and he fixed his excited eyes upon the corpse: he was hurried from the spot in a dreadful state, and many months elapsed before he was perfectly restored to health, or even reason. There lay Villeneuve, the sworn foe to all Englishmen, having met the fate of almost all professed duellists. He died with a smile of contempt upon his countenance. One of his companions threw his cloak over the corpse; many looked on in silence. There was not a word spoken; the stillness of death had extended itself to the spectators, who one by one retired with cautious footsteps, as if fearing to awaken the slumbers of him who had gone to his long account, and who had left behind him a memory so tarnished that friendship would gladly forget it, and had made the enmity he bore to our countrymen a kind of entailed curse upon his survivors."

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 22, 1838.

St. Patrick's Day having fallen on Saturday, the celebration of that Festival was postponed until Tuesday last, when a number of the Sons of Old Ireland and their Guests (in all about 130) commemorated the anniversary of their titular Saint by dining together at the Orphan Asylum School. L. O'Brien, Esq., presided, assisted by P. Doyle, Esq., M. C. P., as Vice President.

Soon after six o'clock, the company sat down to an excellent dinner, served in good style; and after the removal of the cloth the following toasts were given from the chair, and drunk with appropriate honours:—

The immortal memory of the pious St. Patrick.—*Patrick's Day.*

The Queen.—*God save the Queen.*
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.—*Britons strike home.*

Old Ireland as she ought to be,
Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea.—*Erile of Erin.*

Lord Melbourne and Her Majesty's Ministers.—*Merrily every bosom boundeth.*

His Excellency Earl Mulgrave, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Governor of all parties and the partisan of none.—*Cushlamachree.*

The Army and Navy. May they long continue to enjoy in peace the laurels they have won in glorious war.—*Rule Britannia.*

His Excellency the Governor of the Island.—*Home sweet home.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Fleming and his Clergy. May his return to the land of his adoption be speedy and successful.—*The Coolin.*

Acting Chief Justice Brenton and the Supreme Court of Newfoundland.—*Balance a straw.*

The Protestant and Dissenting Clergy of the Island.—*Leave points of belief.*

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P. May he live to enjoy the full noon of freedom bursting on his native land.—*When he who adores thee.*

The abolition of tithes in Ireland.—*Oh haste and leave this sacred Isle.*

The Hon. the Speaker and the House of Assembly.—*By the hope within us springing.*

Thomas Moore, Esq., the bard of Erin, the poet of all circles and the idol of his own.—*Dear Harp of my Country in darkness I found thee.*

Patrick Morris, Esq., and the Delegates of the House of Assembly.—*Where's the slave so loudly.*

Charles Simms, Esq., Geo. H. Emerson, Esq., and the independent members of the bar.—*When neighbour and neighbour fall out.*

The liberty of the Press, the great shield of the liberties of the people.—*Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke.*

The trade, fisheries, and agriculture of Newfoundland.—*Banks of Newfoundland.*

The Sons of St. George.—*Hearts of oak.*

The Sons of St. Andrew.—*Scott's wha har.*

The fair daughters of Terra Nova.—*Dear creatures we can't do without.*

Our worthy Guests.—*Welcome here again.*

Our absent Friends.—*Here's to them that's awa.*

The wind having been favourable on Tuesday last for the sailing of the Sealing fleet, the whole of the vessels proceeded on their voyage in the course of that evening, and the morning following; and should the present favourable appearances continue, a satisfactory result from this interesting fishery may very fairly be anticipated.—We publish a full statement of the number of vessels &c. forming the outfit for the present season, together with an account of the outfits from this port for the preceding eight years.

Vessels' Names, and Masters.	Tonnage.	Men.
<i>Supplied by Newman & Co.</i>		
Swan, E. Chafe	95	31
Duck, T. Shipton	107	31
Drake, J. A. Francis	107	31
Goose, C. Grills	106	31
Prosperity, D. Mealy	109	29
Avalon, T. Mealey	84	22
Henry & Mary Ann, J. Chafe	99	30
Feronia, P. Kavanagh	84	21
Oderin, T. Lee	82	26
Metis Packet, J. Gushus	76	21
Margaret, H. Ryan	61	20
Brothers, H. Charles	61	22
Susanna Ford, T. Hughes	54	16
Hope, P. Walsh	51	15
<i>R Alsop & Co.</i>		
Catharine Ann, J. Warner	115	36
Christiana, T. Burke	110	31
Lady of the Lake, J. Power	89	30
Catharine Power, M. Power	105	27
Tryon, E. Ryan	85	27
Four Brothers, C. Colbert	79	18
Trial, (a) M. Brien	76	24
<i>Rennie, Stuart & Co.</i>		
John Stuart, P. Feehan	95	31
Malvina, L. Geron	86	31
St. Patrick, T. Casey	94	27
Juno, J. Pike	94	25
Nimrod, J. Barron	93	31
Active, W. Shea	72	22
Loyalty, J. Lynch	60	20
Brothers, J. Glody	57	26
<i>W. Warren, Junr.</i>		
Ann, J. Geran	73	26
<i>C. F. Bennett & Co.</i>		
Jane, W. W. Boig,	57	20
<i>Codner & Jennings.</i>		
Waterlily, J. Winsor	100	34
Mary Jane, E. Prior	77	26
Rainbow, W. Walsh	77	26
Catherine, R. French	65	30
Charlotte, F. Geary	67	19
Dan. O'Connell, (b) M. Howlitt	75	23

Tonnage.	Men.
<i>John Bulley.</i>	
Joseph, P. James	60 20
<i>L. Macassey.</i>	
Lady Young, P. Houlihan	78 26
<i>Bulley, Bulley & Co.</i>	
Eliza, S. Frech	105 30
Margaret Helen, R. Bambury	92 29
Dove, J. Roche	91 28
Antelope, T. Ebsary	93 25
Ann, T. Barrington	76 23
<i>J. Nichols.</i>	
Privilege, N. Power	66 21
<i>E. Stabb.</i>	
Sarah, G. Pippy	63 22
Active, S. Angel	58 17
<i>Daniel Fowler.</i>	
Sarah, C. Harris	85 30
Hope, W. Macassey	67 28
<i>M' Bride & Kerr.</i>	
Charlotte, H. J. Furneaux	99 37
Ranger, J. Cahill	94 30
Speculation, W. Barn	84 24
Diana, R. Quidihy	72 20
Nancy, G. Hudson	56 16
Kitty, W. Pilly	53 18
<i>Richard Howley.</i>	
Eliza Bunting, E. Purcell	117 35
<i>Perchard & Boag.</i>	
Mary Ann, G. Hartery	131 35
Margaret Ann, J. Hearn	139 36
Agenoria, H. Davis	128 32
<i>Peter Brennan.</i>	
Catherine, P. Brennan	75 21
<i>Baine, Johnston & Co.</i>	
Shavor, T. Allen	132 33
Eliza, W. Mullins	121 29
Harriet Elizabeth, T. Butler	114 30
Mary Jane, P. Mackay	108 32
John Fulton, J. O'Neil	94 23
Billow, P. Breenock	90 30
Argyle, M. Cosgrove	86 24
Revenge, C. Dutton	71 24
Perseverance, J. Pendergast	70 24
Frial, J. Holly	74 26
Jane & Mary, J. Coady	59 18
Lady Ann, (c) J. Crawley	40 29
Lord Nelson, J. Woods	37 15
<i>R. Triningham & Co.</i>	
Clondolin, E. Pike	77 20
<i>J. & W. Stewart.</i>	
Scipio, J. Walsh	114 32
<i>Thomas Quin.</i>	
Annabella, R. Power	70 20
<i>Patrick Jordan.</i>	
St. Patrick, J. Martin	94 24
<i>W. & H. Thomas & Co.</i>	
Mary, J. Houlihan	91 23
Chailes, W. Knight	79 22
<i>Bulley, Job & Co.</i>	
Perseverance, J. Kenna	80 25
Revenge, J. Ennis	60 17
Dirk Hattarick, J. Casey	103 34
<i>J. B. Barnes.</i>	
Royal William, W. Kent	80 32
<i>Huntlers & Co.</i>	
Britannia, M. Cummins	104 34
Sarah, J. Cary	80 24
United Brothers, D. Brien	130 28
Superb, S. Gordon	124 30
John & Horatio, D. Dwyer	96 30
Hero, J. Cooney	90 34
Daniel O'Connell, M. Burke	81 28
Sarah Isabel, W. Dwyer	63 17
Abrona, T. Williams	66 21
Theresa, J. Axtell	57 18
<i>Thomas Blake.</i>	
United Brothers, P. Lynch	113 29
<i>Bland & Tobin.</i>	
Despatch, P. Manning	77 24
<i>J. & J. Kent.</i>	
Victory, J. Fitzgerald	105 30
<i>L. O'Brien.</i>	
Kingaloch, W. Stantou	110 34
Isabella, R. Maher	94 33
<i>Nicholas Gill.</i>	
Friends, T. Phoran	63 19
<i>James Leacy.</i>	
Orion, H. Ryan	63 18
<i>John Brine.</i>	
Sir C. Hamilton, P. Blake	78 29
<i>Parker & Gleeson.</i>	
Alpha, E. Morey	105 30
<i>John Wyatt.</i>	
Nine Sons, J. Price	102 31
<i>George Carew.</i>	
Mary, G. Carew	74 24
Alligator, G. White	52 15
<i>A. Howard & Co.</i>	
Phoenix, B. Haggaty	89 26
Actual, J. Mace	63 20
<i>Mudge & Co.</i>	
Dart, D. M'Grath	90 23
Hunter, B. M'Grath	52 16
<i>Mary Woodley.</i>	
Hope, J. Walsh	76 22
<i>Vessels Tons Men</i>	
	110 9300 2826

(a) At Bay Bulls.
(b) At Petty Harbour.
(c) At Holyrood.
The Vessels marked thus* are of the new admeasurement.

Outfit for the Seal Fishery at this port, in the undermentioned years:

Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
1830 ... 92 ...	6198 ...	1985
1831 ... 118 ...	8046 ...	2578
1832 ... 153 ...	11,462 ...	3294
1833 ... 106 ...	8665 ...	2564
1834 ... 125 ...	11,029 ...	2910
1835 ... 126 ...	11,167 ...	2912
1836 ... 126 ...	11,425 ...	2955
1837 ... 121 ...	10,648 ...	2940

By a messenger overland from PLACENTIA, arrived yesterday, we learn that the Brig *Hebe*, SEAGER, from HAMBRO' to Carbonar, put into St. Mary's on the 13th instant.—In going into the harbor she ran on a rock, and it was found necessary to discharge part of her cargo (500 bags bread) before she could be extricated from her situation—but no material injury has been sustained.—We have been informed that the Master reports having seen large numbers of seals, when in the ice off Cape Race.

Died, on the night of Sunday last, aged 76 years, Mr. Timothy Phillips, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.—His funeral will take place to-morrow, from his late residence near the Episcopal Church, when his friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

Suddenly, at Carbonar, on Thursday evening last, Mr. WILLIAM HOWELL, (of the firm of W. W. Bemister & Co. merchants of that town), aged 63 years. His memory will be long cherished with that degree of veneration and regret which his many virtues so justly merited.—*Harbor Grace Star.*

Notices.

AMATEUR THEATRE

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

(For the Benefit of the Poor.)

On Wednesday Evening

The 28th Inst.,

WILL BE PERFORMED,

The new and much-admired Operatic-Drama of "The Forest Oracle, or the Bridge of Tresino;"

AFTER WHICH,

The truly laughable Farce of "P. S. Come to Dinner."

Extracted from Boz.

Doors to be opened at 1/2 past 6; Performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.—Tickets to be had at Messrs. PERCHARD & BOAG'S—Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s. March 22.

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 CASES 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.



Poets' Corner.

THE DOVE.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove; for then would I flee away and be at rest." PSALM, IV. 6.

Tell me to what far land of rest,
What sacred spot for ever blest?
What woodland wild, or glen remote,
Or cave where Echo holds her court;
To what green sunny isle, or grove,
Speed'st thou thy flight, seraphic Dove?

Thrice favoured thou! for thee no gloom
The future spreads, presaging doom;
Nor struggling with the rising tear,
Does saddest Memory appear,
And give to thy distracted gaze
The mirror dimm'd of happier days!

Would that were mine thy wings, oh, Dove!
For, then, how could I soar above
This cheerless desert, rude and wild,
Where never yet the blossom smiled;
But in its hour of opening bloom
Fate mark'd, and bore it to the tomb.

Had I thy wings, thou wanderer free
O'er mountain top and pathless sea;
Had I thy wings, far would I soar
Where ne'er was heard the billows' roar;
Where all was beautiful and bright,
One sabbath of serene delight.

Had I thy wings, oh, ere yon sun
Began his morrow's course to run;
Nay, ere in regal splendours drest
Again he sought the crimson west,
Far would I urge my upward flight,
Nor pause till gained heaven's glorious height.

Oh, Dove, seraphic Dove! might I,
Might I, like thee, through ether fly;
A final farewell bid to all
That holds my wearied heart in thrall,
Then would I flee,—for ever blest,—
Would flee away, and be at rest.

PROSE SKETCHES.

BY A POET.

FERNEY—VOLTAIRE.—To visit Geneva, (that overgrown and unequal city,) without going to Ferney would be analogous to going to Rome without deigning a glance at St. Peter's; and it is another unit to the sum of human contradictions that the same *empressment* is manifested to see the greatest church in the world, as the chamber of him who was its greatest enemy; nay, for a time, in France, at least, to behold its overthrow. And even now, how the mind of Voltaire is operating—not on empires—but on individuals; not on France only, but everywhere. He says truly, in the epitaph over the empty sepulchre in his bedroom, "Mon esprit est partout." I must dwell a little on this most extraordinary being, for he is one of many ages. I do not hesitate to affirm that Voltaire is comparatively unknown in England, excepting perhaps as the historian of Charles XII. and Peter the Great, and *Candide*. His name, indeed, is handed down from father to son in the contradictory sense of something to be respected, and also to be avoided; to be considered as a great man, but to be never read. Nay, I have observed that some who justly rank high as literary characters, are only partially acquainted with his protean works; but these (I mention not names) have acknowledged how much of *style* and of thought they have acquired from him; and what a leap their minds had made from those hints, merely, with which he seems delighted to excite the attention of his readers. As to his style—it is, to a proverb, unapproachable: what playful, yet attic wit—what boundless fancy and powers of association—what elegant, yet cutting irony—and what profound touches of thought, escape from him, as it were, accidentally, so little effort does there appear! And yet how he irradiates, and throws a grace and a charm over every subject which he touches! "From grave to gay, from lively to severe:" and all this, aided by a language whose peculiar and delicate facilities he so well understood. Other illustrious men are great in one path—Voltaire exceeded in all. Never did Lord Byron use a happier epithet than when he called him "The Proteus of men's talents:" for my own part, whether I read the historian, the critic, the dramatic, or the didactic poet, I find everywhere the master; everywhere a facility of thought and of style, and a *Cresus-like* flow of expression, which charms, rarely convinces, but often astonishes me. His style has the art of awakening dormant powers of thinking, which required such excitement to rouse them; and this, I think, is the highest merit which can be accorded to a writer. After a long study of his various works, I confess that it was his philosophical essays which most pleased me. With what a clearness of reasoning (*clearness* is the great trait of Voltaire, as it must be of every mas-

ter-writer)—he attacks the fantasies—the sublime fantasies of Leibnitz! With what apparent ease he exposes and unravels the sophisms of Bayle, and proves so admirably, both against him and Mirabeau, the existence of a God, using even the weapons of both to overthrow them; and while he condemns Spinoza, how generously he assesses the morale of the man, and the disinterestedness of his faith! Let me not be considered enthusiastic: I am not writing "first impressions" now; but those which have been long confirmed. No writer who has ever existed has proved the limited nature of man, that he should be humble and ignorant, more forcibly than Voltaire. But he has too sarcastically proved it; he proves too acutely, and too like Mephistopheles, the weakness of humanity, and laughs at it in all its nakedness: he seems to enjoy showing "what a poor forked thing man is;" and it is the *spirit* with which he does this (not the *truth* of it) which repels. It is this fault which cannot be forgiven; how should it be? for why endeavour to sink the little dignity of human nature, which man, or men rather, from their first creation, have been so painfully endeavouring to establish and assert? Of his particular religious tenets, I say nothing: they are to be pitied; they can only shake those whose weak and unsettled minds are to be shaken; I only wish to infer, that the day will arrive when the more general and metropolitan powers of his gigantic mind will be better understood. For myself, I, with many others, confess, that of all writers, ancient and modern, none have more excited me to think than the ever-restless, the ever-questioning, and the ever-probing philosopher of Ferney. My thoughts, no doubt, have taken a totally different direction to that which he would have approved, but, as from poisons (allowing them the point of being so) are extracted our finest remedies, so did my mind, from his hints, and thoughts, and questionings, take a leap, which, without their stimulants, it would have not perhaps achieved.

Touching his religious sentiments—I will yield revealed religion to him who shall show me one better adapted to check, yet to animate mankind; and, as to the immortality of man, if I were certain it were indeed nothing more than "grand pent-etre," I think I should instantly follow the example of Empedocles; for, great God! what would this life be!—this life of trial, of grief, of disappointment, which makes the very happiest among us sigh, (feeling every day how short is pleasure!) if there were nothing beyond it—no fixed anchor—nothing *tangible*, but invisible moments, and scenes and human beings, for ever—ever changing! But enough here. To return to the subject. Who would not be rather the benefactor, than the scoffer of humanity? who would not rather strengthen man in hope, than stand on the bank, and muse on, or mock his weakness in sinking? In every act for the good of our fellow-creatures, behold the *true*, the *real* religious ceremony! Who would not rather be a Washington than a Voltaire? Yet both men were equally required. Yes—both were necessary agents. The one to prove to a great nation the blessings of independence; the other, to fearfully prove to them the curse of the Revolution. Voltaire's genius was the torch which, lighted, showed its nature in volcanic devastation; that of Washington was the serene, unshaken star, which gathered the scattered fold under one shepherd: each to his own nation became the embodied principles, the heroes of good and evil: both have fulfilled their opposed and mysterious destinies—

— "requiescat in pace!"

What a change has arrived!—how the empire of politics and religion which he shook to its foundations, has been again restored, and again left to heresy, perhaps to fall again, and all within the brief space of some fifty and odd years! And this "great agitator" is at rest, as if he had never been; and his opinions are only dwelt on by the few, and reprobated by the many on hearsay, without even an examination allowed him. Alas! what is fame, that has so short a duration, when compared with the infinite opening before, and left behind us! and which may be so easily darkened and obscured by the ever-shifting and the ever-varying opinions of men! But this is talking folly: he outstripped his age, in it he succeeded, and in it he triumphed; and he knew, as well as we, that he could not live for ever. He is past, and his generation—all are gone! and if man should judge, (which is as presumptuous as it is absurd,) what a fearful account has Voltaire to answer for! What an engine was he; what a mine was his deep mind, which, left behind him, exploded, and made a scoffed-at creed, and an overthrow empire, his fearful monuments!

New modes of thought and of feeling rise with, and are, in fact, a part of every new age. Some mighty spirits overstep their century—with what result?—their language and their very turns of thought become as obsolete, or out of fashion; they are talked of while the living are read, who, borrowing from their masters, accommodate their thought to their time. The old Titans at length disappear, and their successors follow them with unequal steps; and such is the nature, and the reward, and the duration of earthly fame, for which so much of earthly happiness is vainly sacrificed or frittered away! What consummate folly is it, then, for man to stand and to moralize above the ruins of cities, and the graves of men and empires! Let him check the idle complacency of his thoughts, and moralize on himself, remembering that he is a nameless ruin, still more unstable: that he is the very shadow of a shade: for how brief a moment he will live, even in the memory of his friends! The very hearts or (memories and feelings) of

those we love, how intangible are they!—how every impression made of affection is each moment fading away from them!—(for such is our nature's infirmity)—and requiring each hour to be renewed, or they are blotted out for ever!

I wrote down these reflections just before I went to Ferney—in the evening, hoping to find the coast clear, in which I was fortunate. At a short distance from the village, the carriage stopped at an iron gateway, through which, along a short avenue of trees, I saw the house built by the philosopher. I was in a melancholy frame of mind, and I indulged it. I paused a moment on the steps, and I thought of the time when kings were his correspondents, and when princes, and the first blood from all parts of Europe, crowded to this point, as to a focus—where each day he held his levee. I conjured up the equipages, and the state of the daily arrivals, and the departures of men, who, illustrious in themselves, confessed his supremacy in seeking him. I pictured before me, until, in fact, I saw the tall, thin, old man, with his shrewd, searching, sharp, sarcastic features, advancing, with his long ivory-tipped staff in hand, in his full dress, in his velvet coat, richly flowered waistcoat, and bright coloured silk stockings, from the glass folding doors, bowing out the departing, and welcoming the coming guest. At last I awoke to the grass-grown court, and to the silent and respectable old gardener who waited there to "marshal me the way that I was going." The salon of entrance must have been very elegant: for the well carved chairs were covered with Geneva velvet, and the tapestry of the walls was of satin richly wrought—but all was faded. His bed-room interested me the most: I saw the glass in which he often looked: the plain oaken bedstead, and the discoloured tapestry hanging over it; and half way down, the portrait of his favourite Le Kain; that of Frederick the Great, a fierce, fresh, suspicious looking face, on the right side; and himself, in his forty-fourth year, on the left. Behind the bed hung a portrait of Catherine of Russia, wrought in needle-work by herself, (would that she always so employed herself,) and underneath was written—

Presenté à Monsieur Voltaire par l'Auteur

I saw portraits of Milton, and of Newton—also likenesses of the luxurious Helvétius, of the platonist Leibnitz, of the acute D'Alembert; all, in short, of the great men of his day, and most of whose voices had echoed in that chamber, and most of whom had once filled, when full of life and animation, those now faded and vacant chairs! I turned from it all into his favourite garden walk—a long verdant alley, carefully screened from the mountains. From the platform one can see the whole Canton of Geneva, being the least of the twenty-two which form the Switzerland. "When I shake my wig," said Voltaire, "I cover the whole of the republic with dust!" It was here the venerable old man, whose father was valet to Voltaire, and whom he well remembered when he was fourteen years of age, began to interest me by his intelligent conversation. He had seen, and he described to me perfectly, the character of many of the savans who had visited "Monseigneur," as he always called Voltaire; and, in a manner, which convinced me he was not deceiving me. Some of his recollections and anecdotes (for the old man grew more communicative as he saw I was interested) were really amusing. I must record one or two of them: they have, at least, the charm of novelty, and, I think, of truth also: they are trifles indeed, but who is he who said so elegantly and so justly, that "Trifles are *not* trifles when they please?" He knew women well?

When Voltaire settled finally at Ferney, being compelled to leave the house of his physician Tronchin, in the Genevese suburbs, in consequence of becoming obnoxious to the city from his writings, the general neighbourhood, with few exceptions paid their respects to him. Among these exceptions was Gibbon, who settled also in Lausanne, had already acquired, by the publication of his first volume, the highest rank in the literary world. Voltaire was soon made aware of this defection, and he, who spared neither friend or foe, when his Mephistophelian humour seized him, in a moment of spleen, drew an admirable caricature of Gibbon, in which the personal obesity of the historian was magnified to absurdity. The usual good-natured friends were not wanting to give it circulation; naturally, it soon found its way to Gibbon. When the extreme personal vanity, and *recherché* attention of the historian to his toilet is remembered, one might conceive the high annoyance which this caused him. In extreme irritation he set out to see Tronchin, and bitterly inveighing against the insult, insisted on an interview with Voltaire. In vain the physician represented it as a mere *jeu d'esprit*; that perhaps even the memory of it was past. Gibbon was resolved, and went to Ferney alone. Voltaire, apprized of his visit, determined to avoid him; but deputed his niece, Mademoiselle St Denis, to show him every hospitality. Gibbon staid there two days in the expectation of Voltaire's appearance; and then observing the marked coldness of the hostess, and deputed with *ennui*, he withdrew; but, still resolving to gain his point, he slept at Geneva, and next morning at day-break, arrived at Ferney. Advancing to Voltaire's alley, he met the boy (my narrator) with a favorite pony of the philosopher's. Gibbon stated his extreme wish to meet him; and giving the lad money, prevailed on him to chase the pony up and down the alley, the noise of which, as he had foreseen, immediately brought out Voltaire, into the alley, face to face with Gibbon, who eyeing him from head to foot, with a grave irony, exclaimed:—

"At length, I too have seen the strange beast, who is not to be looked at by common eyes, but who takes on himself to ridicule the defects of others—and what do I find in him? Truly, a more awkward monster than myself."

The philosopher, irritated by the cool irony of Gibbon's manner, retorted, "And what I see in you is, that you are a Don Quixote, with this difference—he took an inn for a castle, you have taken my castle for an inn."

"Be it so," replied Gibbon; "but you liken yourself to the host, for one eats you, and drinks you, but one must not see you."

On saying which, and gravely saluting him, he was quitting the avenue, when Voltaire suddenly sent to demand twelve sous from him for having seen the monster. "Most willingly," said Gibbon, searching his pockets, "here they are; and here are twelve more for the next exhibition, for I am determined to have another sight of him!" This "retort courteous" was so exactly after Voltaire's own heart—half-salt, half-sugar—that he instantly advanced with his open hand, which, it may be easily imagined, was as frankly received; and from that hour the rivals were friends.

It was in that same alley that he was heard to give the brutal retort to Lord Lyttleton, in the heat of some religious disputation. "Proud and melancholy Englishmen! you cut off the heads of your kings and the tails of your horses with the same knife!"

Voltaire may be said to have been as perfect in good works as he was imperfect in faith, and Ferney was the theatre wherein they appeared; he absolutely re-created it; he gave it a public fountain, a clock manufactory, and one of earthenware; and finally, he enfranchised it. The inhabitants painted on the curtain of their theatre, "lucet et didit," and justly. He built the church also, now purposely left to decay by the Jesuits, with the motto, "Deo erexit Voltaire." Had that good poet, Cowper, read anything of his philosophical works, or had he, in fact, known anything of what he was saying, he would have blotted out the line which speaks of him as he "Who built a church, yet laughed his God to scorn." He would have known that natural religion never had a more zealous champion, nor revealed faith a greater enemy than the poignant sage of Ferney; no doubt, foreseeing something of this accusation, Voltaire built the church as a testimony of his sincerity. The motto is just in the style we would expect from a French author; the greater simplicity assumed for the greater effect. His house, during his life, was the asylum of all the unfortunate and persecuted of the day; and his purse was ever open. I could mention a host of well-known names indebted to both. Let not then all his good qualities be "written in water," and his evil ones in brass. Let us pity his irascibility, and, while we condemn, trace up the causes which led to his utter want of faith; and while his inveterate prejudices, which were the real cause, and which can only be pitied, are placed in the back-ground, let us remember him as the great opposer of Bayle and Spinoza; as the elegant and vivacious historian; and as the poet, whose dramatic works, and *Henriade*, are still the delight of every reader, and which will be the heirs of ages.

All knew his final intention, and his return to Paris—and his being crowned in the public theatre while all stood up, and hailed him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. On returning thence he prophesied his coming end, which occurred, I think, three days afterwards.

The irritability of men of genius is a proverb.—"Genus irritabile vatum." What a contradiction that man appears to be, who, in this hour, shall pour forth ennobling sentiments, and in the next, give full way to the most debasing prejudices and passions. The contradiction, I think, is apparent only. He who is in the habit of constantly exciting his nerves by mental effort—the most exciting of all efforts—must lie more open, more nakedly alive to all *personal* impressions, which others, in a more animal and healthy state, either feel, not, or despise. The one embodies trifles, and brooding over, magnifies them, and so irritates his already too excited temperament: the other regards them as shadows, for they are seto him; how easy then to account for the morbid excitement of the one, and for the indifference or apathy of the other! Thus, the man of genius, after having been a slave to a thousand unworthy prejudices, shall sit down and dictate the most ennobling sentiments for others who, perhaps, fully act up to that which he so weakly fails in. The truth is, his imagination is warmed by their recital, but not his heart; he is writing from memory or compounding from imagination, or from judgment, and he is excited on by vanity, or by the love of fame; he feels through his fancy, but not personally. Attack, or wound, however lightly, his personal feelings—as lightly as if with Ithuriel's spear—and the man awakes, his artificial character is forgotten, and then, both by his words and actions, he proves how unfit he is to be thrown on the rough edges of the world, until he can accommodate himself more to the ordinary routine and the accidents of life. The natural and excessive irritability of Voltaire suggested these reflections to me during my return from Ferney.