

Wentworth Street St. L.

THE



Newfoundland Lander

No. 557.

THURSDAY, March 29, 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, Briggs, 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.
- 400 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 Importations,

- 15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry Brandy, in pints } By the Case
- 5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in quarts and pints } or Dozen.
- 5 Cases Jellies,—viz., Currant, Strawberry, Apple, &c. } At cost and
- 10 Lb. Pickles, Sauces, Durham Mustard, &c. } charges by the
- 30 Bls. prime bottled Sherry, at 25s. per doz. } package or
- 5 Qr.-Casks Old Port, at £10 } low by retail.
- Benecarlo Wine in Pipes and Qr.-casks
- 8 Hhds. Cognac Brandy (Martell's brand)
- 20 Do. Champagne and Bordeaux do. } In Bond
- 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.

A PERE-LA-CHAISE IN LONDON.

On this frequently broached subject, a writer in the *Spectator*—one of the best-conducted newspapers in the kingdom—has the following observations:—

It would be vanity to attempt a Pere-la-Chaise in London; the myrtle blooms not there, and the cypress grows as a stranger. The genius of the people is even more opposed to it than the climate. Ours is a branch of the great European family very different from that of the French—to whom the Franks have left little but their name, and in whose veins the Celtic blood is mixed, but not tempered with Gothic and Burgundian. By whatever name they be called—Saxon, Jute, or Dane—Northmen, Norwegian, or Norman—our fathers are from northernmost Germany, and the yet remoter wilds of Scandinavia; and the genius of our countrymen, sombre and pensive, still savours of the primeval forests whence issued the founders of their lineage. Their fancy crowns not death with roses, nor strives to subdue his sternness into a smile, as is attempted, and not without success, in Pere-la-Chaise. There, not a skull, nor a bone, nor the image of one, is to be seen. Death's hollow eyes are lighted up with myrtle—they have screened his bald pate with myrtle—they have plumped out his fallen chaps and flushed them with roses—that he smiles and smiles, and knows himself not. The Teutonic imagination, on the contrary, invests him with a gloom deeper than his own, and solaces itself by adding to his terrors.

"Black he stands as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies,
And shakes a dreadful dart."

It courts him in the aisles of cathedrals, in vaults where the cheerful day is a stranger all too wanton for admission. It conjures him up in all his blackness; and to divert him of his thick clouds and dark, were to rob him of his dignity, and forfeit the pleasing horror which the contemplation of him inspires. Superstition is feeble among the Parisians, and religion still feebler. Their temperament is equal, their sensibility small, their vivacity excessive: they laugh much—a "passion hateful" to the poet as to the pietist: they are uniquely and ardently occupied with the present, they look not forward to what is to come, and make haste to forget what is past. Reverence for antiquity they have none; the organ of veneration I take to be very little, if at all, developed among them; and the anxious foresight that would penetrate the mystery even of death and the grave, is precluded by a thoughtless and reckless disposition. "Hang sorrow, care killed a cat"—such, in homely phrase, is their motto; tight, whole, and sound, they are ever ready, ever on the *qui vive*. The tear, if it spring, is chased by the laugh that hurries after; and spleen and hate, and care and forethought, are alike forgotten in the ardour of pursuit, or drowned in the uproar of merriment. Let the English attempt no pretty funeral garden in the vicinity of London. What would it be but a miserable account of dripping shrubs and moss-grown walks, edged with rank grass; rows of square slabs bearing stonecutter formulas by way of inscription, with large provision of deaths' heads and thigh-bones; and here and there a heavy sarcophagus, garnished with a coat of arms supported by blubbery cherubs; the whole reflecting neither the sentimental elegance of the French, nor the simple gravity of the English character? Were they who execute what should be the will of the British people, inspired with the sentiment of greatness which belongs to the nation, they would attempt no parody of Parisian elegancies, but accomplish something more in unison with the character, and on a scale more proportioned to the extent of the great city whose dead were to find there an adequate repository. On the east of the British metropolis, or more near east by south, rises an eminence bearing on its shoulders a plain of wide extent; the ground for the most part unenclosed, and in every respect adapted to the purpose, even to the name, which is *Blackheath*. Thence may the traveller's eye discover with a feeling not unlike dismay, more near, a forest of masts—beyond, a boundless Pandemonium of buildings, here dimly descried in the gloom, there lost and buried in the blackest night of Tartarus—the modern Babylon, unique of cities, every thing great and every thing

mean, sublime in smoke, and fog, and vastness—London! How ill, mighty queen, would a pendant like Pere-la-Chaise, pretty and sentimental, become thy swart and colossal neck! Instead thereof, let the plain above mentioned, stretched out, "if need be," in yet wider circumference, be crowned with a fitting canopy of those lugubrious trees that love our soil and climate—the Norway fir, the mountain pine, the yew-tree's "venerable shade," and every son of the forest—a grove tremendous and inviolable for ages. Here might the generations of the dead—the departed millions that once toiled from morning to night in the vast workhouse below, find a stern, but deep and inviolate repose. Why bring roses, or plant myrtles, to mock with a smile the graves of those on whom nothing ever smiled in life?—[The writer has forgot to mention that the English have no time to spare for lounging in burying-grounds—an excuse sufficient in itself for declining to establish a Pere-la-Chaise.]—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

REASONS FOR WRITING A BOOK.—The reasons given by Howitt for composing his *Book of the Seasons* is excellent: "It ought to be the leading resolve (he says) the great living and actuating desire of every man who has arrived at the maturity of his powers, of every man especially who has received the blessing of a good education, to do something which shall tend to the prosperity of his country and of his species—something beyond the mere routine of those duties which being to the life of every good-citizen, and which yet may be achieved without the neglect of those duties, or without forsaking that sphere in which Nature and Providence have cast his lot; something, however small, which shall advance, or at least aim to advance, the refinement and moral elevation of his race. This is the only mode by which we can discharge, greatly and fully, that debt of blessings which we receive from God, our parents, and the community in which we live; for mere thankfulness at heart, unseconded by deeds of beneficence and the virtuous exercise of an enlightened intellect, pays nothing, but leaves unsatisfied the highest claims of our nature; and that natural longing after the enjoyment and the diffusion of happiness which fills every healthful bosom.—Such a desire, I do not hesitate to confess, has long haunted me; has mingled itself with my cogitations, and however trivial may appear the result, has been a principal cause of my putting together this work."—"And to our naturalists (he continues) what do we not owe!—Every one of them who assists to turn the attention of our youth to subjects which must lead them out to the country, he be but the merest plodder, the merest arranger of other men's knowledge, the merest catalogue of names, does a good service; but such men as Gilbert White, Bewick, Evelyn, and others, who explore with enthusiastic and indefatigable delight every natural haunt, and cast around their labours the beaming halo of genius, attracting thousands to the objects of their admiration, must be classed amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race."

RUSSIAN INTREPIDITY.

In Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836, the author gives the following account of an exploit, which will illustrate a marked point in the Russian character, that of cool, and, at the same time, rash intrepidity. It beats the ascent of Pompey's pillar by the English sailors all to nothing:—

"An anecdote connected with this church, and not yet known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. It places in a conspicuous point of view that spirit of almost absurd daring which is one of the peculiarities of the national character; and in fact the incident could not, I think, by possibility, have occurred in any other country. The spire, which fades away almost into a point in the sky, is, in reality, terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which a figure stands, supporting a large cross. This object, less respected by the weather than perhaps his high character deserved, fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that it designed revisiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became seriously perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more money than all the figures of the kind were worth; and, meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the figure, was a mujik called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses (a slater, as he would be called in a country where slates are used) and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that it was not one mass of anything; that the sheets of copper were not even uniformly closed upon each other; and above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the sides of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances till his mind was made up, the mujik went to the government and offered to repair the figure, without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labour. The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine, provided with nothing more than a coil of cords, ascended the spire in the interior to the last window. Here he looked down on the concourse of people below, and up at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far away above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the ledge of the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two long stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then, digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of his stirrups with the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, stirrup by stirrup, till his starting-post was undistinguishable from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled in his embrace, till he could clasp it all round.

So far, so well. But he had now reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The figure, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and even concealed from his views by its smooth, round, and glittering expanse. Only fancy the fellow at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and graver beard, to an obstacle that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man!

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened round his waist; and so supported, he leaned gradually back till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up into his original position, to fasten the cord firmly round the globe, and, with the assistance of this auxiliary, to climb to the summit, was now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchkine stood by the side of the figure, and listened to the shout that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord, which he had now an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs."

Extracts from a Work recently published, entitled "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL, BY AN AMERICAN."

MOUNT SINAI.—Immediately after breakfast I rose to ascend the mountain. The superior conducted me through the convent, which, even more than at night, seemed like a small city, through long galleries built of stone, with iron doors, and finally through a long subterraneous passage to the outer garden, a beautiful spot in the midst of the surrounding barrenness, now blooming with almonds and oranges, lemons, dates, and apricots, and shaded by arbours of grape vines to the extreme end of the walls.—Soon after, entered a large open space, forming a valley surrounded on all sides by mountains; and on the left, high above the others, rose the lofty peak of Sinai. It is this part of the mountain which bears the sacred name of Horeb. In the centre, enclosed by a stone fence, is a tall cypress, the only tree on the mountain, planted by the monks more than a hundred years ago. Near it is a fountain called the fountain of Elias, which the prophet dug with his own hands when he lived in the mountain, before he was ordered by the Lord to Jerusalem.

TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.—On the lofty mountains overlooking this richest valley of the Nile, and protecting it from the Lybian desert, is a long range of tombs, the burial place of the ancient Egyptians; and the traveller, looking for a moment at the little Mohammedan burying-ground, turns with wonder from the little city he has left, and asks, Where is the great city which had its graves in the sides of yonder mountains? Where are the people who despised the earth as a burial-place, and made for themselves tombs in the eternal granite? The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footsteps of my little Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are but little visited by travellers; and though I afterwards saw all that were in Egypt I still consider these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered, the entrance chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it on the same range

were five or six others, of which the entrance chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed; and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running back perhaps 150 feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere so unwholesome, that it was unsafe to explore them.

FUNERAL CEREMONY IN EGYPT.—First in the strange procession came the beggars, or santons, men who are supposed to lead peculiarly pure and holy lives. Their beards were long, white, and grizzled; over their shoulders and breasts they wore a scanty covering of rags, fastened together with strings, and all with some regard to propriety. Over their shoulders were slung by ropes large jars of water, which, for charity's sweet sake, and for the love of the soul of the deceased, they carried to distribute gratis at his grave. After them came a parcel of boys, then the sheiks and two officers of the town, then the corpse, tightly wrapped from head to foot in a red sash, on a bier carried by four men: then a procession of men, and more than a hundred women in long cotton dresses, covering their heads and drawn over their faces, so as to hide all except their eyes. The tomb was square, with a round top, built of Nile mud, and whitewashed; two men were engaged in opening it, which was done simply by pulling away a few stones and scooping out the sand with their hands. In front, but a few feet from the door, sat the old mother, so old as to be hardly conscious of what was passing around her, and probably long before this buried in the same grave; near her was the widow of the deceased, dressed in silk, and sitting on the bare earth with an air of total abandonment; her hands, her breast, the top of her head and her face, plastered with thick coats of mud, and her eyes fixed upon the door of the tomb. A few stones remained to be rolled away, and the door, of rather the hole, was opened; the two men crawled in, remained a minute or two, came out, and deposited the corpse.

MOUNT SINAI.—Among all the stupendous works of nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the old scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about 60 feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, upon which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath, his favoured servant received the tables of the law. The ruins of a church and convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohanmed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchoirite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation, and prayer.

DRAM DRINKING IN LONDON.—A hundred years ago the inhabitants of the metropolis were grievously addicted to drunkenness (particularly the lower classes), as may be imagined from the fact that there were then three times as many houses open for the sale of spirituous liquors as there are now, although the town then was little more than a third of the size it is at present. The following is an account of the houses of this description in 1736:—inns, 207—taverns, 447—coffee houses, 551—ale houses, 5975—brandy shops, 8659—total 15,839. This population was about 630,000, whereas the quantity of gin consumed annually amounted to 7,000,000 gallons; on the other hand, the population in 1835 was 1,776,500, and the number of houses of this description did not exceed 5,000; from which it would appear that there were, at the former period, nine times as many spirit shops in the metropolis as there are at the present time, in proportion to the population.—*London As It Is.*

AFRICAN WEDLOCK AT SIERRA LEONE.—When a slave-ship is captured, and brought into Sierra Leone, a court, called the mixed commission, sits in judgment upon her, consisting of a commissary, commissioner of arbitration, a registrar, &c., with their clerks, and the slaves meanwhile are landed under the charge of the marshal of the court. After the ship has been declared a legal capture, her human cargo are put under the charge of the "Liberated Africans' Department." The negroes are apportioned out amongst the villages, and a government allowance of 2d per day is given till they have built huts to themselves, cleared a piece of land, and have above ground a crop of

cassada and yams; then the government alimant is withdrawn, and they are ready to take wives, and be made christians of. A new arrival, in the shape of a captured slave-ship, causes no small stir and excitement among these sable bachelors; the damsels are drawn up in a row, and the black man, having provided himself with a white frock, a pair of shoes, a beaver hat, and silk umbrella, sallies out to pick a wife; having pleased his taste, the articles enumerated are shewed upon the person or the damsel of his choice; he forthwith pays a gratulatory visit to the governor, exhibits his lady love, and the twain then set out for the church, where they are made one flesh. Should a dispute arise between two negroes, who may be similarly affected in feeling towards the same maiden, the black damsel prefers one of the two, sends the other about his business, and thus the matter is settled. However strange the fact may sound in European ears, it is not the less true, that an African prefers a sweetheart *enceinte* to those who are not similarly situated.

THE LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.—The borax lagoons of Tuscany are entitled to a detailed description. They are unique in Europe, if not in the world; and their produce is become an article of equal importance to Great Britain as an import and to Tuscany as an export. They are spread over a surface of about 30 miles, and exhibit from the distance columns of vapour, more or less, according to the season of the year and state of the weather, which rise in large volumes among the recesses of the mountains.—As you approach the lagoons, the earth seems to pour out boiling water as if from volcanoes of various sizes, in a variety of soil, but principally of chalk and sand. The heat in the immediate adjacency is intolerable, and you are drenched by the vapour which impregnates the atmosphere with a strong and somewhat sulphurous smell. The whole scene is one of terrible violence and confusion—the noisy outbreak of the boiling element—the rugged and agitated surface—the volumes of vapour—the impregnated atmosphere—the rush of waters—among bleak and solitary mountains.—The ground, which burns and shakes beneath your feet, is covered with beautiful crystallizations of sulphur and other minerals. Its character beneath the surface at Mount Cerbole is that of a black man streaked with chalk, giving it, at a short distance, the appearance of variegated marble. Formerly the place was regarded by the peasants as the entrance of hell, a superstition derived no doubt from very ancient times; for the principal of the lagoons and the neighbouring volcano still bear the name of Monte Cerboli (*Mons Cerberi*). The peasantry never passed by the spot without terror, counting their beads, and praying for the protection of the virgin.—*Bovering's Statistics of Tuscany.*

PILGRIMS OF MECCA.—The caravan of pilgrims was about to start for Mecca. It consisted of more than 30,000 pilgrims, who had come from the shores of the Caspian, the extremities of Persia, and the confines of Africa; and having assembled, according to usage for hundreds of years, at Cairo as a central point, the whole mass was getting in motion for a pilgrimage of fifty days, through dreary sands to the tomb of the prophet. Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult and confusion, the strifes and battles of these pilgrim travellers. If I had met them in the desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain, 30,000 people, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries, men, women and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert.—The object of universal interest was the great box containing the presents and decorations for the tomb of the prophet. The camel which bears this sacred burden is adorned with banners and rich housings, is watched and attended with pious care, and when his journey is ended, no meaner load can touch his back; he has filled the measure of a camel's glory, and lives and dies respected by all good Mussulmans.

LORD KENTONS CLOTHES.—Erskine would declare that he remembered the great coat of this modern Lord Mornington for at least a dozen years. He did not exaggerate its claims to antiquity. When I last saw the learned lord he had been chief justice 14 years, and his coat seemed coeval with his appointment to office. It must have been originally black; but time had mellowed it down to the appearance of a sober green, which was what Erskine meant by his allusion to its colour. I have seen him sit at Guildhall, in the month of July, in a pair of black leather breeches, and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every article of his dress. To these unfortunate shoes Dr. Dibdin bears a similar testimony. "Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and suitably made, and of the best materials. A number of witnesses were called. One of them a first rate character in the gentle craft, being closely questioned, returned contra-

dictory answers, when the chief justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day, 'Were the shoes anything like these?' 'No, my lord, (replied the evidence) they were a good deal better and more genteeler.' The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the chief justice heartily joined." But we should not have his dress complete were we to omit the black velvet smalls worn for many years, and threadbare by constant friction, which he used to rub with most painful assiduity when catechising or browbeating a witness. For the whole man was in polish about a par with Sir Fletcher Norton, who, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."—*Law Magazine.*

FISHING FOR SWORD FISH AT MESSINA.

A more attractive sport, however, is the fishing for the pesce-spada, which begins about the middle of April, and continues to the middle of September. From the commencement of this fishery till the end of June, it is carried on upon the shore of Calabria; and from this latter period till the middle of September, on that of Sicily. The reason is, that from April till June, the sword fish—either for the sake of food, or from some other unascertained cause—entering by the Faro, keeps along the shore of the Calabria without approaching that of Sicily; while, from the end of June to the middle of September, it takes the opposite side. The sword-fish weighs generally from one to two hundred pounds. The formidable weapon to which it owes its name varies from three to four feet in length, projecting from the end of the upper jaw, and terminating in a point. The pesce-spada is taken either with the *palimadura*, a kind of net with very close meshes, or with the harpoon. In the latter case the fishermen make use of a boat called *luntre*, from the Latin word *linter*, a vessel about eighteen feet in length by seven or eight in width—the prow being wider than the stern, in order to give the harpooner more room. The boat is furnished with a mast, called *gariere* or *frigate*, about eighteen feet in length, on the round top of which is placed one of the crew, whose business it is to desecr the fish and watch its motions. The mast, near the bottom, is crossed right angles by a yard called *la croce* to the extremities of which the oars are attached by means of loops, to enable the rowers to turn the boat with the greater ease and celerity. The harpoon, which is about twelve feet long, is made fast to a rope something more than half an inch in diameter and two hundred yards in length. While the fish coast along the Calabrian shore, two men are placed on the rock or cliffs to give notice of their approach. A similar practice is adopted on the Sicilian side; but there, as the shore is less precipitous, two vessels are moored near it, at the distance of a stone's throw from each other, and on the masts of these the men are stationed. On the approach of a fish, which is said to be indicated by a change of colour in the water, the signal is given by the men stationed at the mast-head, or on the cliffs, as the case may be, and the foremost *luntre* then bears down upon it in the direction pointed out, till the spy on the round top of the *luntre* itself has also descried it. The vessel is then steered to one side or the other according to his direction, while the harpooner stands ready at the prow, anxiously watching an opportunity to hurl his weapon, which he does with almost unerring aim; taking care at the same time to let the fish have room enough to run. The men now row with all their might, following the track of the wounded fish, till at length, exhausted with the loss of blood, he rises to the surface of the water, and is easily dragged into the boat. It must not be supposed however, that this sport is altogether without danger; for sometimes the pesce-spada, when of large size, has been known to turn upon his pursuers, to pierce the side of the boat with his weapon, and even to upset it.—*Evans' Italy and Sicily.*

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 29, 1838.

We were under misapprehension when, on Thursday last, we announced the arrival of the *Hebe*, Seager, at St. Mary's. It has since been ascertained to be the *Triumvirate*, Green, from Poole, after a boisterous passage of 67 days.—Papers down to the 6th January have been received by this vessel, but we are not in possession of any; and the extracts in our present number on the subject of British affairs, are taken from the *Public Ledger* of Tuesday last.

There was an arrival from the Ice on Monday last—the Schooner LARK, of Pinchard's Island, with 1000 Seals—but no information has been received by which an opinion may be formed of the probable issue of the Seal Fishery.

Our readers are already aware that a duty has recently been imposed by the Portuguese Government, in addition to that which had previously existed, on Fish imported into that country,—a measure whose operation is so calculated to be productive of ruinous consequences to the Trade of Newfoundland, that it has excited the liveliest alarm on the part of those most immediately interested in the prosperity and welfare of this country. We are glad to observe that the attention of those resident at the other side of the water, connected with the Newfoundland Trade, has for some time been bestowed on this subject, and that they have not failed in exerting their best interests with a view to drawing the attention of the British Government to the matter, in the hope that they

might see the propriety of remonstrating with Portugal, or of adopting measures to neutralise the evil consequences that must assuredly result to the Trade of Newfoundland from the operation of the new tariff.—The representations of the British North American Merchants have not met with that attention to which the importance of the subject—involving as it does the interests of old and valuable possessions of Britain—would seem to us to entitle it; but we are pleased to see that the matter will not be lost sight of by those who have hitherto been active in urging its claims on public attention. A meeting was held in London early in December, composed of Merchants interested in the Trade of this Country, when it was deemed advisable that an Association should be formed having for its objects “to watch all proceedings in the British dominions and in foreign countries which may either directly or indirectly affect the Newfoundland Trade and Fisheries—to make representations to Government for the redress of any grievances—and to promote every object tending to the prosperity of all persons engaged in the Trade and Fisheries”—and a Code of Rules and Regulations was adopted for the guidance of the Association, in the carrying out of those principles on which it has been established.

Without stopping to inquire into the probable benefits which such a Society may be expected to yield, we do think that it is the only means available to the persons concerned, by which the interests of this Country may be at all efficiently promoted. Presentments from an organised body of men acting in concert, must compel a greater share of attention—and would unquestionably obtain it—than would be accorded to similar representations coming from individuals, unaccompanied by their support which union affords; and we shall indulge a hope that the operations of the Society may secure to this Country some part at least of the benefits which its promoters anticipate, and which they will doubtless labour to obtain.

ARMY.—Troops ordered to Canada forthwith:—
 One Regiment of Cavalry augmented to... 450
 93rd Highlanders, augmented strength... 600
 Brigade of Guards, say... 2000
 65th Regiment from West Indies... 600
 23rd Fusiliers and 71st Light Infantry augmented to... 1200
 Augmentations of 100 rank and file to all Regiments in Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, namely: 1st Royals, 15th, 24th, 34th, 43rd, 65th, 83rd and 85th }
 Total 5750

The 11th and 7th Regiments, ordered home from the Mediterranean, are to land at Gibraltar, there to await instructions, in case their services should also be required in Canada.

The *Incumbent* (31 guns) Capt. Daniel Pring, has proceeded to Cork, and on her arrival there will take on board 250 rank and file of the 93rd Highlanders; the remainder of the Regiment will follow as other vessels arrive. Two Companies of Artillery are also, it is said, under orders for the same destination.

Eight hundred of the Grenadier Guards, and the same number of the Coldstreams, received orders yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Canada, it is supposed, in the course of the week.

Major-General Sir William M'Bean, (an officer of good experience who served in Canada during the last war) received orders from the Horse Guards to proceed forthwith to Cork, to hold himself in readiness by the 3rd January to sail for Halifax. Sir William, we have learned, is to be second in command to Sir John Colborne in Lower Canada.

It is said Sir F. Stovin is to go out as Adjutant-General. The Hon. Col. Greig accompanies his regiment, the 71st, to Canada. An Order has issued from the Horse Guards cancelling the leave of all officers whose regiments are serving in Canada—they are to proceed, without delay, via New York, to join their respective corps.

Active preparations are, we are assured, making in every quarter to strengthen our Military force in Upper and Lower Canada. Lord Saltoun will command the Brigade of Guards. The first Battalion of the Rifle Brigade is ordered to be in readiness to embark for Canada. Major-General Sir George Arthur had left town to embark at Falmouth for his government of Upper Canada. The *Hastings* (74) is ordered to embark Troops for Canada. Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald (late Brigadier-General in Spain) is appointed Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Canada. Captains de Rottenburg and Head, with a number of half-pay officers of various ranks, have received orders to embark immediately for Canada, for the purpose of assisting in the organization of the Militia.

Orders have been received at Woolwich for Four Companies of Artillery, and one Company of the Rocket Troop, to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Canada; great activity among the military is observable at Woolwich garrison.—*Morning Herald, 2d January.*

THE GREAT FIRE AT DAVIS'S-WHARF, TOOLEY-STREET.

(From the Morning Herald, Dec. 30)

By noon yesterday the wide ruins caused by the desolating fire of the preceding day were sufficiently cooled to admit of being safely traversed in almost every part. The new floating engines, which alone throw three tons per minute, besides numerous land engines had been kept incessantly at work, and had produced an effect which most that viewed the fiery appearance of the flames on the preceding afternoon had supposed would require several days.

The scene was a truly melancholy one. Throughout a space of about three acres, which 48 hours previously was covered with buildings for the most part of great solidity, and filled with miscellaneous stores of valuable merchandise, nothing was to be found but the broken-down remains of the inner walls, and the angular clumps of the wharf dwelling, bounded on the east by the lofty granaries belonging to the lower wharf, and to the west by the dwellings in Potter's-fields. Beneath were strewn the burnt staves of thousands of casks, fragments of wool, of canvass, a quantity of seal skins, iron work of tram carriages, cog wheels, hoops, broken cranes, huge weighing beams, and numberless half hundred weights, mixed with the ruins of the buildings, while the hollows were filled with pools of water, covered with a thin skimming of oil. On the wharf were lying piles of flagstones, half calcined by the intense heat to which they had been exposed.

The space around this scene of destruction is crowded with ware-houses filled with oils, turpentine and a large variety of resinous substances; and great as has been the losses sustained, it is to be regretted a matter of surprise, and also of consolation, that with a fire so fed with inflammable materials, they were not far greater. Had the wind blown strongly, or had the outbreak of the fire occurred in the dead of the night, the destruction must have been far more awfully destructive.

Fifty-three years ago a fire far more dreadful than the present occurred on the same spot, which was then, as now, known as Davis's-wharf. Rose, a veteran fireman, formerly foreman of the Phoenix, and who recently has retired on a pension from the superintendence of the western district of the fire establishment, on account of advanced age, states that at the time referred to the wharf was used almost solely for the landing and warehousing of the costly productions imported by the East India Company, and when the fire occurred was filled with produce. Every thing upon the wharf, and within the warehouses annexed, was destroyed. The damage was estimated at £300,000. Among the merchandise destroyed were the entire cargoes of three East Indianmen that had shortly before been landed.

The quantity of oil which floated into the Thames during Thursday was enormously great, and a number of rivermen were busy all day scooping it, with all kinds of vessels, off the surface of the water, and load their boats with it. Some of the old crazy boats brought into use on the occasion, were so overloaded that they swamped, and a fresh struggle ensued among other boatmen to get possession of the escaped treasure. A ready sale is understood to have been obtained for the oil thus saved, at a rate of 1s per gallon and, as some men, of repeated boat-loads, the profit must have been very great. One fisherman is said to have secured about 70 pail-fuls. Towards the afterpart of the day the extraordinary gains made by this unusual salvage attracted the notice of parties interested in the property, and several men who were known to have stores of the saved oil were called upon to give them up, and, on refusing, were placed in custody on a criminal charge.

Yesterday the men were brought before Messrs. Broderip and Thisselton, at the Thames Police-office, but no person appearing to claim a distinct property in the escaped oil, the men were discharged. Mr. Broderip at the time expressing a decided opinion that the men were doing good rather than harm by clearing the surface of the Thames of such impurities. Of three vessels at first reported as totally destroyed by the fire, the hulls of two, after undergoing repairs, at low water were made sufficiently light to float with the rising tide. They are, however, miserable looking wrecks. The mainmast of the *Victoria* stands, but is charred all over, and totters at the slightest breeze. In both vessels all the upper works are destroyed. The *Dream* was, just before flood yesterday afternoon, taken in charge by a towing steamer and carried up the river. The *Victoria* still lies against the wharf. Both are mere logs on the water, and will most probably be broken up. The *Victoria* was a nearly new Brig. The *Salby* is completely scuttled. Whether there were any insurances on the *Salby* or *Dream* has not transpired, but the *Victoria* is found to be insured in the Phoenix.

Among the merchants or brokers who had deposits of oils and turpentine in the destroyed ware-houses, were ascertained in the course of yesterday to be the following:—Messrs. Hodgson, Brothers and Co., 3, Crane's-wharf; Mr. Richard Wilson, broker, George-yard, Lombard-Street; Messrs. Buck & Co., 30 St. Mary-at-hill; Messrs. Bradford & Co., Poultry; Mr. R. Browne, broker, 75, Broad-street; Messrs. W. & S. Jones, L. ad-nhall-buildings; Mr. J. Doughton, Bartholemew-close; Mr. S. Cleasby, broker, Broad-street; Mr. Deal, Jeffery-square—this property is insured in the Royal Exchange.

As the wharves and warehouses were principally for general deposits of naval stores, it is probable many other persons will be found to be sufferers, of whom it is to be feared too many are uninsured.

[This fire took place on the 28th Dec.—Estimated loss £100,000.]—ED. LEG.

Vessels cleared for the Seal Fishery at the Custom House, Brigus, and sailing from the undermentioned ports, March, 1838.

Vessels.	Masters	Whence	Tons	Men
William, Edward Snow	Bay Roberts	Bay Roberts	73	26
Newfoundlander, Isaac Merser	Ditto	Ditto	92	27
Dolphin, George Davis	Ditto	Ditto	86	35
Samuel, William Giles	Ditto	Ditto	110	33
Ann, William Davis	Ditto	Ditto	94	29
Nonpareil, Edward Russell	Ditto	Ditto	124	33
Montezuma, Stephen Russell	Ditto	Ditto	91	27
Margaret, Henry Cave	Ditto	Ditto	104	26
Nightingale, James Delany	Ditto	Ditto	91	28
Henrietta, Edward Williams	Ditto	Ditto	75	22
Despatch, James Goozeney	Ditto	Ditto	101	26
Caroline, Elijah Merser	Ditto	Ditto	70	25
Active, Henry Andrews	Port-de-Grave	Port-de-Grave	62	19
Elizabeth Ann, Robert Andrews	Ditto	Ditto	87	26
Maria, Wm. H. Andrews	Ditto	Ditto	91	27
Mary, William Andrews	Ditto	Ditto	87	24
Good Intent, John Dawe	Ditto	Ditto	66	20
Glenfalloch, Isaac Dawe	Ditto	Ditto	101	25
Favorite, William Richards	Ditto	Ditto	69	23
Isaac & Elizabeth, John Richards	Ditto	Ditto	105	25
Lady Ann, William Richards	Ditto	Ditto	115	29
Swift, John Batten	Ditto	Ditto	94	24
Young Harp, Philip Corban	Ditto	Ditto	97	28
Ringwood, William Taylor	Ditto	Ditto	103	34
John & William, Michael Keefe	Ditto	Ditto	71	25
Ranger, Charles Mugford	Ditto	Ditto	77	85
Saint John's, Esau Percy	Brigus	Brigus	107	30
Ann, Stephen Roberts	Ditto	Ditto	90	26
Jane Elizabeth, Nathl. Munden	Ditto	Ditto	115	34
Emily, Richard Walsh	Ditto	Ditto	112	33
Elizabeth & Maria, Edw. Kennedy	Ditto	Ditto	87	25
Water Witch, James Wilcocks	Ditto	Ditto	92	27
Trine Blue, William Whelan	Ditto	Ditto	85	33
Alexander, Caleb Whelan	Ditto	Ditto	90	23
Dolphin, Henry Whelan	Ditto	Ditto	56	15
John Alexander, Joseph Bartlett	Ditto	Ditto	96	24
Union, Nathaniel Norman	Ditto	Ditto	77	30
Jane, Jonathan Percy	Ditto	Ditto	120	36
Nymph, James Norman	Ditto	Ditto	88	28
Jubilee, John Wilcocks	Ditto	Ditto	90	22
Highlander, Azariah Munden	Ditto	Ditto	102	34
lanthe, George Brown	Ditto	Ditto	117	32
Meg Merrilies, Daniel Bryan	Ditto	Ditto	69	23
Comet, Moses Percy	Ditto	Ditto	104	35
Five Brothers, William Antle	Ditto	Ditto	98	27
George, William Walker	Ditto	Ditto	72	22
John, Abraham Bartlett	Ditto	Ditto	85	24
Agenoria, Thomas Delaney	Ditto	Ditto	82	26
Terra Nova, Stephen Percy	Ditto	Ditto	101	32
Dandy, William Spracklin	Ditto	Ditto	70	18
William & Robert, Wm. Munden	Ditto	Ditto	94	30
Jane, John Norman	Ditto	Ditto	100	33
Four Brothers, Reuben Munden	Ditto	Ditto	101	29
Hebe, William Rabbitts	Ditto	Ditto	85	30
Arabian, Nathan Percy	Ditto	Ditto	104	28
Hit or Miss, Thomas Roberts	Ditto	Ditto	93	32
John & Maria, William Burke	Ditto	Ditto	74	29
Bickley, William Norman	Ditto	Ditto	94	24
Margaret, Edmund Shehan	Ditto	Ditto	90	23
Rover, Thomas Spracklin	Ditto	Ditto	57	16
Dove, Thomas Snow	Cupids	Cupids	70	20
Victory, James Ring	Ditto	Ditto	69	18
Sir Thos. Cochrane, W. Spracklin	Ditto	Ditto	52	22
Venus, William Ledroe	Ditto	Ditto	71	20
Squirrel, William H. Ledroe	Ditto	Ditto	63	18
Nimrod, Abraham Ledroe	Ditto	Ditto	96	25
Margaret Effen, John Norman	Ditto	Ditto	98	25
Success, James Ledroe	Ditto	Ditto	55	15
Nelson, William Smith	Ditto	Ditto	69	20
Liberty, Simon Spracklin	Ditto	Ditto	63	22
Isabella, John Whelan	Ditto	Ditto	76	30
Amphion, William Wells	Ditto	Ditto	132	33
Just'n, Thomas Peyton	Ditto	Ditto	66	26
Orion, Henry Sheppard	Ditto	Ditto	68	24
Mary, George Wells	Ditto	Ditto	101	27
Elizabeth, John Nosworthy	Ditto	Ditto	74	20
Sally, Michael Keating	Chapel Cove	Chapel Cove	81	21
L'Avengueur, George Gushue	Bacon Cove	Bacon Cove	82	21
Three Brothers, Patrick Burke	Colliers	Colliers	81	21
Nimrod, William Cole	Ditto	Ditto	97	27
Tyro, Charles Saunders	Ditto	Ditto	73	20

No. of Vessels 1838, 81; Men, 2099; Tonnage, 7105
 1837, 85; 1973; 7245
 The Vessels marked thus * are of the new tonnage.

SALE BY AUCTION,

THIS DAY
 At 12 o'Clock,
 AT THE STORE OF
 James Brine,

A Quantity of empty RUM PUNCHEONS
 PIPES, HHDS. TIERCES and QUARTERS
 CASKS.

March 29.

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 under-
 signed.—For further particulars apply to

CHARLES SIMDS.

March 8.

Notices.

To Architects.

TENDERS for the ERECTION of a COLONIAL BUILDING in this town will be received on or before the 1st day of June next, at the Office of the Colonial Secretary. Plans and Specifications of the proposed building may be inspected, and all particulars obtained, by applying to

FREDERICK ELLIOT,
 Clerk to the Commissioners

St. John's, Newfoundland, 1st March, 1838.

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.

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
 BAIN, 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 CAGS 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. & M. THOMAS & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE,

1000 Quintals Shore Merchantable COD FISH.

January 18.

BY
 G. & R. Clapp,

CORDAGE of all descriptions from 1 to 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.



Doct's Corner.

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

By CHARLES SWAIN—From the Literary Gazette.

Where the golden hand of morn
Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
Guides her flock along the mountain;—
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
She invests the world with beauty;
Simple grace, and manners sweet,
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;
New delights, too deep for earth;
Gentle griefs, too sweet for sadness,
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revealings
Mind, that spring with joyous thought!
Heart that glows with heavenly feelings!

Surely, 'tis some angel strayed,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars, like drops of pearl,
Glimmer o'er the singing water;
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the Shepherd's daughter!

ST. SYMPHORIEN DE LAY.

By SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER

Evening was approaching as my friend and I stopped to change horses at Roanne, in order to prosecute our journey to Lyons. We were most unaccountably detained for an unusual length of time, and it required all the politeness of a very civil postmaster to keep us in anything like tolerable humour. At length we found ourselves en route, and we proceeded at a rattling pace along a chaussée, running for a considerable way across the plain, until the road finally turned into a small but romantic valley. I may with truth affirm that this lovely spot had the merit of presenting us with the first scenery we had yet met with in France which had any pretensions to be designated by the term romantic. The bottom was narrow, and sequestered, and sweet, and peaceful, like the simple Highland glen. A clear and lively stream foamed and sparkled through it; and beautiful rocks of porphyry arose here and there from its margin, in bold and picturesque masses. Nature, persecuted, beclipped, and befriended as she is throughout the whole length and breadth of this most artificial kingdom, might well have been glad to avail herself of such a retirement to snatch a few moments of repose.

As we proceeded, we began to ascend the mountains, and our road became very steep. The evening was delightful, and we got out of the carriage to walk up the long hill. I have a natural inclination to gain good-will, if I possibly can do so, from all mankind, whatever may be their rank or condition. As I trust I shall never condescend to purchase it from the great by meanness or subserviency, so neither shall I submit to gather it from the small by unworthy means. But if I can work mine easy way with my fellow human beings, by the mere expenditure of a few honest civilities, I hope I may do so without the risk of incurring any great degree of blame. Our postillion was a fine handsome young fellow, and the good-humoured smile which played over a very lively and ingenuous countenance, seemed to court converse. His hair was plaited and powdered in an excessive degree—his queue was magnificent—and every part of his dress was so supereminently spruce, that I could not help that nature had given him a more than ordinary share of that vanity which is said by us grumbling matter-of-fact sons of Britain to be so much the characteristic of his countrymen. I won his heart in the lighting of the tinder that ignited my own cigar, and that with which I presented him.

"Why, friend, you are by much the smartest of all the many smart postillions who have driven us any where between Paris and Roanne," said I, as we went puffing up the hill together.

"Ah, Monsieur!" replied he, with a graceful bow, that at once acknowledged the compliment and admitted the fact. "Methinks it was well worth submitting to some little delay at the poste," continued I, "since it was to produce to us the satisfaction of being driven by one who, I protest, is the very pink of all postillions."

"Ah, Monsieur is too good," replied François, with another inclination of his body and slide of his right foot, which, considering the hill we were climbing, displayed an inconceivable knowledge of the art *faire la reverence*. "But," continued he, "I hope Messieurs les voyageurs will not for one moment believe that I could have dared to have detained them without strong reasons for doing so." "Doubtless," said I. "But what were your reasons, if I may venture to inquire into them?" "I have two," replied François, with a mysterious air; "each in itself so powerful, that

Monsieur cannot fail to admit them to be irresistible." "Out with them, then!" said I.

"Since Monsieur is pleased to listen to me, then," said François, "I shall presume to tell him that my first reason is, that this is a *jour de fête* (festival) at St. Symphorien de Lay, whither I have at this moment the honour of conveying the carriage of les deux Messieurs Anglais, with three of the best horses in the universe, and Monsieur will at once himself perceive the importance of my taking sufficient time to enable me to make such a toilette as should not dishonour him or his equipage on so important an occasion.

"Your first reason is so strong, and so well put, Monsieur François," said I, smiling, "that it seems to me that a second were almost unnecessary." "But Monsieur will find that my second reason, when he comes to know it, is yet more powerful," replied he, with a certain polite air of wag-gery. "Ha, ha!" said I, "come away with it, then, if you please."

"With the gracious permission of Monsieur, I shall defer producing it for the present," replied he, with another exquisite bow; "and if Messieurs will now do me the honour to condescend so far as to replace themselves in the carriage, I shall be able to master the rest of this slope without giving them any further personal fatigue."

"So be it!" exclaimed I, shaking my head and laughing, and seating ourselves in the carriage; and François having put up the steps, and shut the door, all further conversation was put a stop to by the incessant crick-cracking of his whip.

From the top of the hill we enjoyed a most extensive prospect. Below us lay the deep and narrow valley we had left, and farther off the broad plain of the Loire stretching away beyond Roanne, and finely bounded by those mountains, over which the rising sun had seen us journeying in the morning. The glorious orb was now declining towards the horizon, and we enjoyed the contemplation of the magnificence of nature glowing beneath the full brilliancy shed over it by his parting rays. The face of the country more immediately around us was very singular. Our road towards St. Symphorien de Lay ran along the ridge, which disclosed to us all those great amphitheatric hollows and round intervening hills, of which its varied surface was so strangely composed. It was sweet to look down into these depths, which every where exhibited the most industrious cultivation, and where modest but comfortable dwellings were scattered about in every retiring nook. There was nothing, it is true, which could be called strikingly grand, or pre-eminently beautiful, or even individually interesting, in the features either of nature or of art which presented themselves to our eyes. It was, after all, little else but a succession of scenes of mere cultivation. But all nature was calm, and a peaceful air of rural simplicity and innocency seemed to blend itself with the drooping shades of evening, as they descended from heaven upon these humble roofs; and this alone was sufficient to spread a charm over them, which nothing else could equal. Our minds busied themselves in penetrating within their thresholds, and in holding imaginary converse with their inmates; and thus a thousand agreeable associations were awakened within us—so that we drove on towards St. Symphorien de Lay, in that pleased and pliable temper of mind which naturally disposes us to harmonise most fully with the feelings of our fellow-mortals, whether they be those of pleasure or of pain.

We entered the little bourg, and our heartstrings were instantly touched by sounds of mirth and revelry. We found its inhabitants indulging in all the exuberance of rustic joy. A narrow, crooked, and awkward street, brought us into a confined market-place, the breadth of which was so small, and the projection of the roofs so great, that a large canvass awning had been, with very great care, drawn entirely across it, so as to cover it completely from the sky. A band of musicians, by no means despicable in performance, were seated on the upper steps of the outer stair of a sort of town-house, which formed an admirable orchestra. The whole presented the appearance of a vast ballroom, which was well crowded with peasants of both sexes, and we regretted that the passage of the carriage should unavoidably break through the phalanx of dancers. Our postilion, however, who seemed to be familiarly recognised by individuals from various parts of this gay assemblage, cracked his whip with increased activity, as he dashed fearlessly in among them, scattering them in dismay to right and left; and, amidst the pride of his professional triumph, he threw about very arch looks, that seemed to say, "Messieurs, if I do mar your sport at present, depend upon it I shall do my best to mend it by and by;" and having, with great seeming impatience, at last extricated himself from the crowd, he drove us like fury down the street to our inn.

This was the festival of St. Symphorien, the patron of this little town. Determined to enjoy as much as circumstances would permit, of a scene which promised to be so hilarious, we hurried over our hasty meal, and sallied forth to witness the amusement that was going on. The vicinity of our inn was very dark and silent, chiefly because it was at a considerable distance from the market-place, then the great centre of attraction. As we advanced up the street, however, bright lights began at intervals to glare across the way, in broad and brilliant masses, from the interior of some of the houses on either hand. By these we were enabled to work our passage from one to another, by a navigation somewhat resembling that of a ship beating up some narrow channel, by tacking from light to light. By degrees, the buzz of human voices became louder and louder, as we moved on-

wards; the blazing lights became more universal, and the whole town appeared alive. Every window was wide open, giving free admission to the genial air without. Every cabaret, every little albergo that we looked into, was filled with thick-set groups of the most joyous faces of both sexes, surrounding plentiful tables, where large flasks of wine crowned every feast. Wilkie might have here found fifty subjects for first-rate pictures, without moving more than as many yards. What strong and expressive countenances!—how eagerly were the heads thrust forward and the necks strained, each in the vain attempt to be individually heard!—what a confused Babel of voices!—what a profuse expenditure of lungs!—what volubility of utterance, altogether thrown away where all were talkers and none were listeners!—what shouting,—what stentorian chanting!—and what peals of laughter! But amidst all their revelry we could nowhere discover anything like inebriety, or its yet more disagreeable offspring, riot and quarrel; all of which are but too frequently found to the natural attendants on similar scenes of jollification in our own country.

As we approached the little market place, the sounds of merriment increased. We now found that chandeliers, curiously constructed of wood and pasteboard had been suspended by ropes from the lofty canvass roof, and these having been fitted with a great number of candles, the place was now light as day. What a mingled sound of busy voices! Here, on seats along the walls, sat the old men and matrons, stretching their lantern jaws and black muzzles from ear to ear in one universal grin of delight, and jabbering to one another in ecstasy, as they gazed on the gambols of their progeny, and recalled the merry days when they were themselves young. There stood the maidens scattered about in smart parties, trimly dressed in their gayest attire, and having their wooden sabots exchanged for shoes of a lighter material and fashion. The youths were clad in cotton jackets of variously gaudy hues, of which, however, a light blue was the most prevalent colour. Their hair was trimmed and powdered with the greatest nicety. These rustic cavaliers were moving about in fluctuating and promiscuous throngs; gliding among the little knots of beauties, and darting their slightly remarks to this well-known face, or to that, and exciting blushes, or poutings, or smart repartee, according to the disposition or temper of her upon whom they might fall. We remarked one lovely, fresh, and blooming brunette, on whose pensive countenance these random arrows of gallantry produced no change. Unheeding all around her, she stood apart, leaning against a projecting buttress; and her dark eyes seemed to rove eagerly and anxiously through the crowd, as if in search of some object interesting to herself alone.

The band, which had retired for refreshment, now returned, and the music struck up. Inspired by its lively strains, the beaux approached the belles with their cocked hats in their hands, and with a succession of bows, any one of which might have been sufficient to have carried the day in a competition for the situation of a dancing-master to an English boarding-school, each addressed his lady with the most profound respect, and humbly soliciting the extreme honour of Mademoiselle's hand, each led his courtseying partner forth. In an instant the centre of the place was converted into one vast vortex of waltzes and quadrilles; in the midst of which we very soon descried our lively postillion, spinning it and footing it away with an air that betrayed the fullest consciousness of his own superior grace and agility. We could read another emotion in his eyes, too, for they were rivetted on the dark sparklers of her with whom he danced. She was the fresh and blooming brunette, whose well-turned form we had already remarked leaning against the buttress. How different was the expression which now animated her beautiful features, as she gave herself up with perfect rapture to that delirium of joy in which she was whirled by the vigorous arm of her partner! Her soul seemed to exhale itself, as it were, from the lattices of her long dark eyelashes. It was easy to guess how matters stood between them; and we watched them with a peculiar degree of interest, as they reappeared from time to time amidst the circling eddies of the dance, where the pairs were revoluting round and round, with all the regularity of the orbs in some great planetarium. It did not then happen, indeed, that some errant body, more clumsy and ponderous than the rest, leaving his own orbit, came like an awful comet to jostle the lesser planets from their spheres. But even such an occurrence as this occasioned no derangement of that composed and well-regulated air of politeness which reigned every where among them. A bow of apology was made and graciously received, and then matters went on as before. That decorous ceremonial which befits a ball-room prevailed every where throughout, whilst it was enlivened by a full infusion of that joyous bounding of the heart which naturally takes place in the lightsome bosom of rural innocence, when indulging in virtuous recreation. What a contrast, though I, between this unalloyed scene of pure enjoyment, and that brutal debasement of human nature, which I grieve to say, we so often see exhibited in the drunkenness, riot, obscenity, and debauchery of an English fair!

By way of a little variety, we left this great central ballroom, and wandered into other parts of the bourg. We found music and dancing every where. In one place we discovered a genteel party of well-dressed young ladies and gentlemen, in the well-furnished apartment of a handsome house, with the windows thrown open, dancing quadrilles to music played to them in the street, altogether

regardless of the passengers that stopped to admire them. All ranks and conditions were doing their best to testify their respect for the saint under whose protection they lived; and if music and dancing were gratifying to him, he must have been that night supremely blest.

On our return to the market-place, we found the indefatigable feet of the dancers there still in active motion. We stood for some time gazing on them with intense pleasure, and conversing now and then familiarly with the elder peasants of both sexes. One old farmer politely made room for us on the bench where he sat, and we accepted his courtesy more from complaisance than from fatigue. As I sat talking to him, his eyes suddenly shot past me, to some more distant object. I turned mine to see what or who it was that had so strongly attracted them, when I beheld the beautiful brunette leaning on the arm of François, and altogether absorbed in the interest of the soft things which he appeared to be pouring into her ear.

"Ha, Monsieur," said I to the old man, "I see that though age has shed some of its frosts on your head, you still have an eye capable of estimating beauty. She is very lovely."

"She is the daughter of a poor widow," replied the farmer somewhat gruffly; "and she is no match for my son François. When I am gone, he will have a small patrimony, and he ought to marry better."

A little further converse with him informed me that the old man had been misled by the old mercenary principle, and that he wished to make out his son's happiness by means which could never have accomplished it. He had some plan of tying him to some rustic heiress whom he could not abide. I proceeded instantly to attack his better feelings and his good sense; and ere we parted, we had come to a somewhat better understanding. Meanwhile, amidst the keenness of our discussion, the subjects of it had vanished. I would fain have spoken once more to François, but I looked every where for him in vain.

Having torn ourselves away from this gladdening and refreshing scene of rustic happiness, we with some difficulty found our way home through the darksome street that led to our inn. Just as we entered within the field of light that streamed from the threshold, François appeared like an apparition before us from the shadow of the neighbouring wall.

"Will Messieurs les Anglais condescend," said he, with a bow and an air altogether indescribable, as he led his blushing partner forth to present her to us—"Will Messieurs les Anglais do me the honour to condescend to permit me to make them acquainted with this my second reason of which I took the liberty to speak to them. Marie, do me the favour to ask the forgiveness of these gentlemen for the detention which I occasioned them this afternoon at Roanne, for you know that it was the desire I felt of appearing quite *comme il faut* in your bright eyes, which was the cause of my fault."

"This new apology of yours is infinitely the most powerful of the two, François," said I; "it is irresistible! She is your betrothed, doubtless! If so, as you certainly are the pink of all the knights of the double-peaked saddle and boots, so, methinks, you are now also the happiest of all postillions." "Alas, Monsieur!" said François, with a sigh, "the fates have conspired against us. My cruel father opposes our union, and Marie will not consent to be mine without his approbation."

"Allons!" cried I; "let us talk over this matter in the house here!" and entering the little inn, I opened the door of the room which had been appropriated to us, where, to the great surprise of the lovers, I forthwith introduced them into the presence of the old farmer. I need hardly say that he was by this time fully prepared to make the young couple happy, and the astonishment and delight of both may be easily imagined. "In a few days," said François, "we shall be married; and if Messieurs les Anglais would but condescend to be present at our nuptials, Marie and I would indeed be the happiest and most highly honoured couple in France."

Our plans were, unfortunately, not such as to admit of our yielding to a request which would have been productive of so much gratification to us; but being satisfied that, so far as the happiness of the couple was concerned, it would be sufficiently pre-eminently, not only as might regard the mere kingdom of France, but every other country of Europe also, we thought that they might well enough dispense with the loss of all the honour which our presence could have bestowed on it. Yet were we by no means insensible to the warm expressions of gratitude which these worthy people showered upon us. Our good wishes, uttered over a hearty parting wine cup, and a small present which we made to the bride, to assist in the provision of her *trousseau*, were received with heartfelt joy and gratitude, and with many fervent benedictions from the party; and when they took their leave, I could perceive tears glistening in the dark eyes of Marie.

Never shall I forget the rustic festival of the little mountain bourg of St. Symphorien de Lay.

Printed and Published every Thursday-morning, by WILLIAM RICHARD SHEA, for the Proprietors, at their Printing Office, in the rear of Mr. Firth's Hotel, Duckworth Street.—Terms—Twenty one Shillings per annum.