



Newfoundland

559.

THURSDAY, April 12, 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.

On Sale.

PROVISIONS, &c.

Richard Howley

HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per *Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,*
AND OFFERS AT REDUCED PRICES

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

Also,

Per *ELIZA and ANN from London, and other Imports,*

- 15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry } By the Case
- Brandy, in pints } or Dozen.
- 5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in }
- 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
- Benecarlo Wine in Pipes and Qr.-casks
- 8 Hhds. Cognac Brandy (Martell's brand)
- 20 Do. Charente and Bordeaux do. } In Bond
- 5 do. Skiedam Gin }
- 100 Boxes London Mould Candles
- 5 Dozen English Calf Skins

And now opening

An extensive supply of
Nautical Goods,

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

And,

A general Assortment of Manufactures suitable for the Seal Fishery.

January 11.

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

COMPETITION AND MONOPOLY.

(From the *Shetland Journal.*)

Competition is a clever, civil, obliging fellow, ever on the alert to accommodate. He is sharp and bustling. Spare of habit,—for he does not give himself leisure to grow fat. He accosts you with a bow and a smile, and asks what he can do to serve you. He is seldom idle, either in body or mind,—is continually devising and effecting new improvements for the public benefit, well knowing that it is only by such means that he can benefit himself.

Monopoly is a stiff, pompous old gentleman, who will not put himself out of the way for any one. He is stupid and lazy. Cannot see his toes for his belly. Swaggers about with his hat cocked on one side, and his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat arm holes. He returns your salute with an air of haughty condescension, and struts away with supercilious hauteur. He is slow and apathetic in every thing he does. His brains are nearly stagnant, and the few ideas he does possess are directed to the prevention of improvement, which he calls innovation.

Competition is a man of business, depending solely on his own talents and industry to push himself forward in the world.

Monopoly is a salaried public office plodder, going through his dull routine of duty with irksomeness, anxiously watching the clock for the hour that is to release him for the day, and depending for his promotion on the interest of his friends at Court.

Competition is a candidate on his canvas. Monopoly is an M. P., reckoning his seat secure for seven years.

Competition is a dissenting minister, on the voluntary principle, full of zeal for the instruction and salvation of his flock.

Monopoly is a rich, fat rector, leaving the cure of souls to his curate, and caring little whether they go to the d—l or not, so long as they continue orthodox in the matter of tithes.

Competition makes steam packets and railways, and carries you a couple of hundred miles, over sea or land, in a few hours.

Monopoly calls these things mischievous and dangerous inventions, and laments that the good old times have passed away, when people were a fortnight in travelling from London to York, and made their wills before they set off.

Competition is a public benefactor.

Monopoly is a public robber. Competition is a Radical, and thinks that civil government was instituted for the good of the whole community.

Monopoly is a Tory, and maintains that it was invented for the benefit of a few aristocrats and place-hunters.

Competition is continually striving to push the world forward.

Monopoly is exerting all his power to keep it back, or cause it to retrograde.

Competition is a spirit of light and life, infusing intelligence and vigour into all who come within its influence.

Monopoly is an enormous incubus, prostrating our energies, and debasing our faculties.

Competition, in short, is the soul which animates and invigorates the whole social body.

Monopoly is its death, turning it into a lifeless and disgusting mass of corruption.

With all his good qualities, Competition has, however, one failing. It is strongly suspected that he would have no objection to get into Monopoly's easy chair, if he could, and if once there that he would turn out no better than the old gentleman himself; but we need not be much afraid of this, for, do what he will, he will never get there while his name is Competition.

Old Monopoly views his restless scheming neighbour with anything but cordiality. In fact, he has a great horror of his improving propensities, and not without reason, for Competition has crossed his path very frequently of late, and given him two or three confounded hard shakes. The effects of this rudeness are already visible in the old boy. It has taken a good deal of the buckram out of him. His bearing is not so pompous and stiff as it used to be. In fact he has lately become somewhat desponding and hypochondriacal, probably for want of exercise. He gets all sorts of strange fancies in his head. He sometimes, for instance,

fancies himself a bishop, with ten thousand a year, and sees Competition arm-in-arm with a fearful looking fellow called Church Reform, followed by some twenty or thirty working clergymen, and in the rear of those a whole host of rate-payers, of twenty or thirty parishes, the electors of the said working clergymen. These he sees, in his imagination, falling upon his goodly ten thousand per annum. Church Reform divides it among the parish-elected clergymen, and impudently offers him a paltry five hundred a year, if he chooses to work for it.

At another time he will fancy himself a peer of the realm, reclining on crimson velvet, in a splendid hall, admiring the wisdom and perfection of our glorious Constitution which invests him with the privilege of making laws, touching the properties, the liberties, and the lives of his fellow subjects, without any regard to his qualifications for such a function, without imposing upon him any responsibility to those for whom he legislates, but merely because he happened to be born a lord. Yes, he exclaims to himself, on such occasions—Let poor shackled royalty be subject, through its ministers, to popular controul,—let paltry commoners shrink before a clamorous constituency,—glorious peerage stands free and irresponsible. Let the ignorant presumptuous people call for the redress of their grievances,—let the Commons pass measures of reform, and let kings or queens be ready to assent to them,—peerage—invincible peerage—can stop them all, and nullify the wishes of a whole nation with impunity. But while indulging in such ruminations as these, a fearful apparition appears to his disordered imagination, called Peers Reform! It seems to address him in a voice of thunder, as follows:—Vain imbecile indulge not in such phantasies. The days of thy power are numbered. An intelligent, powerful, and united nation, will not, much longer, suffer its best interests to be sacrificed by a handful of selfish and ignorant aristocrats. Prepare to resign thy irresponsible legislative power. Thy titles keep and welcome. But in order to make laws for thy fellow-subjects, a better qualification than accident of birth will be necessary.

After such a vision as this, Old Monopoly generally appears greatly agitated, and is heard calling out loudly—Avant monster!—Dangers of organic change!—Wisdom of our ancestors!—Sacred prerogative!—and various similar incoherent expressions, at which the apparition only seems to laugh.

Occasionally he fancies himself an elder son, heir to an extensive entailed estate, when he sees the terrible apparition Reform, which constantly haunts his imagination, tearing up the old parchments, and dividing the estate equally among his younger brothers and sisters. This apparition is called Udal or Allodial Succession, and always seem to come over the water from Norway, in company with a gentleman named Laing—(See Laing's Residence in Norway.)

But the most frightful of all his apparitions is one which he calls Anti-Corn-Law-Association. This one, although slow in its motions, is of a very stern aspect. It generally appears carrying in its hand the *Times* newspaper, and pointing to the "City Articles," reads, "Comparative price of corn and flour in foreign places, with the English market;" finishing thus—"so that a man with twenty shillings could buy rather more than double the quantity of best flour at Hamburg to what he can obtain for the same money at London." Monopoly, who always fancies himself, on such occasions, a rich squire, with lots of hunters and livery servants, sees, in the rear of the apparition, immense numbers of half-starved mechanics, and in the far distance the red caps and hungry faces of 30,000 Shetlanders; also, cargoes of grain and flower arriving from foreign parts, free of duty; his rents falling; his horses selling off; and the paroxysm ends by his running about, in a distracted manner, screaming out, "The world is come to an end."

ORIENTAL BEAR HUNTING.

(From the *New Monthly Magazine.*)

"Will the *Sahib* not kill another bear?" asked the Jaggardar, with a knowing look, as the two sportsmen were about to move off. "To be sure we will," exclaimed both the young men in a breath, "if you will only find him for us." "*Kamah* can find him," replied the savage, with a con-

fident air, "follow me." The Jaggardar spoke thus assuredly, from having remarked that the dead bear was a male, and knowing that, if he followed the track backwards, there was little doubt that it would lead him to the hiding place of the female and her cubs. As good luck would have it, the trail led them in the direction of the camp, a circumstance which induced our two sportsmen to follow the rapid strides of their conductor with double alacrity. After pursuing a tortuous course, through an almost impenetrable jungle, for upwards of a mile, the trail suddenly ceased on the edge of a small muddy stream, the opposite bank of which rose to a considerable height, and was composed of huge splintered masses of rock piled upon one another in wild confusion. "We are not far from her now," said Mansfield, cocking both barrels of his rifle, and throwing it across his arm, ready to be used at a moment's notice, whilst old *Kamah* waded across the stream, and hunted about like a hound at fault, in hopes of finding a continuation of the trail amongst the bare rocks; but their hard surface afforded no vestige of foot marks even to the experienced eye of the savage. The indefatigable *Kamah* had climbed more than half way up the rocky bank, hunting with the eagerness of a terrier, and poking his nose into every crevice which afforded the slightest probability of concealing a bear, when, on turning the angle of a rock, he suddenly started back, and beckoned, with easy gestures, for Mansfield to come across. At this moment a terrific growl was heard; the Jaggardar, casting a hasty glance over his shoulder, sprang without hesitation from the dizzy height into the bed of the stream; and ere he reached the water, the infuriated bear appeared on the very ledge of rock which he had quitted, giving vent to her impotent rage in a prolonged roar, and glaring, with the malignant eye of a baffled fiend, on the intended victim who had so narrowly escaped her jaws. Quick as thought, Mansfield fired his unerring rifle, and the bear rearing up to her full height, rolled headlong down the rocky steep, falling right over poor *Kamah*, who had not yet had time to scramble out of the water. The Jaggardar had hardly uttered a yell of astonishment, when he found himself firmly clasped in the deadly embrace of the bear, and felt her hot breath blowing upon his cheek. Twisting his body round, with the agility of a wild cat, he avoided the first grasp which she made at his head, and, knowing full well that he had nothing else for it, thrust his naked arm without hesitation, between her expanded jaws, seizing the root of her tongue with the desperate grip of a man who is determined that nothing but death shall force him to quit his hold. A deadly struggle now ensued; the two combatants—each equally savage in his own way—rolling over and over, and like two incarnate fiends, in the midst of the muddy stream, now crimsoned by the blood which flowed copiously from the wounded bear. And it was well for the Jaggardar that she had been wounded, else the contest would have speedily ended. Mansfield stood for some time anxiously watching their movements, with his fore finger resting on the trigger of his rifle, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him an opportunity of firing into the bear; and more than once the weapon was raised to his shoulder, but so quick were their evolutions, that he did not dare to risk a shot. For an instant the shaggy hide of the bear appeared upon the surface, and ere it could be well distinguished, its place was supplied by the dusky figure of the savage, his teeth firmly clenched, every sinew in his wiry frame strained almost to cracking, and his blood-shot eyes starting from the sockets, in consequence of the dreadful pressure he endured. "This will never do," exclaimed Mansfield, hastily throwing down his rifle, and preparing to plunge in the water; but ere he could do so, the blade of old *Kamah's* hunting knife was seen to flash brightly in the sun, and next moment he started to his feet with a savage yell of triumph, flourishing the blood stained weapon above his head, whilst the lifeless body of the bear floated slowly down the stream; he had just withdrawn it from her heart.

BURNS.—The poetic genius of Burns, nourished on scanty learning, and inspired by nature herself, will furnish a text for the philosopher, who speculates on the influence of book-acquired learning on gifted minds of the first order. Milton, on the one hand, stands an example of the poetic bene-

fits of much learning; while Shakespeare and Burns confront and refute the assertion, that, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' That much learning is covetable by a poet, has long ceased to be my opinion. In the bare toil of acquiring it, his mind exudes much of its natural strength and sensibility; but that some learning is useful, has been illustrated by Shakespeare, whose mind—an alembic of sweets—distilled more of the essential odours of classic mythology, and more of the beautiful in classical history, than the minds of a thousand pedants could have collected. Burns, apparently still less learned than Shakespeare, never looked back to ancestral inspiration, but was himself an ancestor in poetry. I cannot give up my classical partialities, but I confess the truth of Burns's words when he derides those 'who think to climb Parnassus' hill by dint of Greek;' and his strokes of nature bring down my conception of the quantum of learning that is needful for a genuine poet, to the lowest point. I could point out in Burns's Songs, thoughts exactly similar to those of beautiful Greek epigrams, of which Burns could have never heard. Here Burns wrote Greek poetry, without having learnt the very characters. When Nature takes Genius by the hand, she always conducts her pupil to the tender and beautiful, and by a shorter road than the learned languages. The best of Burns's Poems, in my opinion, is his 'Tam o'Shanter.' It was said of the most perfect Greek sculptures, that they seemed to be rather melted than chiselled marble. In like manner, this poem always appears to me as if the poet had not written, but improvised it; as if he had never blotted a line, or clipped off a fragment of its language, but had cast it off unpremeditated from the glowing mould of his imagination.—T. Campbell in the Scenic Annual.

SLAVE TRADE—AND POOR LAWS.

(FROM BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.)

On Tuesday night (20th Feb.) Lord Brougham, with a great deal of that irregular and powerful eloquence which he possesses, brought forward his motion on the slave trade. It was upon the shoulders of this question that he originally, and most deservedly, climbed to power, and what he is now attempting, though perhaps pushed with too much indiscretion, is well worthy of the support of the benevolent and Christian population of a country like this. The slave trade itself ought to be punished as piracy by every country which carries it on—and it should be treated as a breach—not only as the common law of nations—but of the particular treaties of the countries which suffer such an abominable traffic to be engaged in by their subjects—and they should be made answerable, as communities, for such crimes committed by their people. Lord Brougham's speech was exceedingly powerful on this subject. He declared that the hopes which he had formed of the effect of emancipation, upon the character and feelings of the negroes, had been more than realised. There had been no outbursts of revengeful passion—no departure from habits of industry—no increased devotion to sensual indulgences on the part of the slaves, when they were converted into apprentices. Quite the reverse. Industry had increased—and a degree of self restraint had been manifested by the negroes, on which, not the most sanguine of their well wishers, could have ventured to calculate. But whilst the negroes had more than justified the expectations of their champions, the planters had not (Lord Brougham contended) redeemed their express and implied engagements with the British Parliament. The negroes were still, he maintained, treated in many respects with frightful injustice. But this, we think, is a gross exaggeration, with all deference to Lord Brougham. The noble and learned lord argued at great length, that the apprenticeship system ought immediately to be abolished. The establishment of that system had been agreed to, at first, from the belief that the negro was not fitted for immediate emancipation—that a transition state between slavery and freedom was absolutely necessary to ensure for him an education in liberty, and by that process, to save the fabric of West Indian society from convulsion. But the result had shown the groundlessness of these fears! Why, then, asked Lord Brougham, should not the negro be immediately emancipated? The price of his emancipation has already been fully paid:—nay, as the process of emancipation has in point of fact, inflicted no loss the planter, the planter, instead of possessing the slightest shadow of right to continue slavery under the style and title of apprenticeship, ought in equity, according to Lord Brougham, to return the money voted by Parliament, as a compensation for the loss which he professed to anticipate. Lord Glenelg, whilst he expressed his entire concurrence in the objects of Lord Brougham, stated sundry reasons why the means suggested by Lord Brougham for the attainment of these objects must be considered objectionable. In Lord Glenelg's view of the case the Duke of Wellington concurred, as, indeed, all sensible men would. Lord Brougham always overdoes a thing; he is frantic and in excess, though he means well on this question.

In the House of Commons, on the same night, Mr. Fielden brought forward a motion for the total repeal of the New Poor Law Act, which was justly scouted in a very full house; and, after much discussion and bluster, the motion was negatived by 309 to 17! To such a most contemptible end and exposure has all the clamour out of doors brought the enemies of the new act, which we ven-

rily believe, with a few exceptions, to be one of the wisest and most beneficial statutes which has ever been passed within the last 200 years—a statute eminently conducive to the morality, prosperity, and improved condition of the poor themselves, and absolutely necessary to prevent the total absorption of property of all kinds by the idle and indigent. Revert to the old system of poor laws!—who but an idiot could ever dream of such a thing? The present opposition to the New Poor Law Act is, in fact, the work only of half a dozen editors of daily and weekly newspapers, and about a dozen or two radical leaders in the manufacturing districts. These are its clamorous and ridiculous opponents, who make it a mere tool of faction and popular delusion. Amongst the rate-payers—those who contribute to the poor-rates—there is not one man in a hundred opposed to it. It has had the test of one of the severest winters ever known, and has been found to answer in the agricultural districts, where the pressure from a bad season has been especially felt. It has succeeded in Nottingham, Derby, and Norwich, and in many other large manufacturing towns, and will, we hope, be gradually introduced into all. What is the system of administering relief to which the opponents objected? The system of relief established by the act of 1834 is in nowise a departure from the ancient principle adopted in this country. Were the enemies of this bill aware that the act of the 43d of Elizabeth still remained in force, and that the whole object of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 was to enforce the due and proper application of the principles established by that act of Elizabeth. The system followed under the present law was not greatly different from that which had formerly existed in well administered parishes. The system of confining relief to the work-houses was in operation before 1834 in many large manufacturing towns. With respect to the work-house system which was so much a subject of complaint, it prevailed in almost all great towns long before the passing of the New Poor Law Act. It prevailed in Marylebone and St. Pancras, in London, in almost all the large manufacturing districts of Lancashire, and in Leeds, and Birmingham. It was the same, for the most part, as the to separation wife and husband, and children. Man and wife were not united in one workhouse out of a hundred. This objection, therefore, if good at all, ought to have been made years before the new act was ever thought of. For in almost every case which occurred in large workhouses, the husband, the wife, and children (if a whole family sought the asylum of the workhouse), were separated from each other. Undoubtedly, a man was refused the liberty of going in and out of a workhouse at his pleasure; he being maintained at the expense of the industrious part of the community; it was necessary that he should not have relief in such a manner as would interfere with their welfare. It was perfectly optional to him to remain or not; relief was tendered to him on certain terms, and the acceptance of it depended on himself. It was made an objection that, although in a large number of unions in the south of England the expenditure had, by means of the operation of the new law, been reduced 42 per cent. Yet, notwithstanding, the expenditure was still greater than it was at Oldham. No doubt of that Mr. Fielden; but it only proved that from the long habits of pauperism which had prevailed in the south of England we had not been able, even with the means provided by the act of 1834, yet to adopt as perfect a system as existed in some parts of the north; that we had not in four years corrected all the evils which arose from a long course of mal-administration. Instead of being an objection to the measure we think that this was one of the strongest arguments in its favour. The act is not to be condemned, even though some particular cases of abuse might be found to prevail, unless the tendency of the measure was to create those abuses. It was impossible for any vigilance on the part of the authorities to prevent all abuse; but the question was, whether, under the new or the old system, these offences occurred more frequently. What were the symptoms of any great or wide-spread dissatisfaction at the present period of unexampled pressure. Was there anything approaching the state of things which existed in 1830, when the labouring population had the full benefit of the old law—a state of actual open insurrection, approaching almost to the capital itself—outrages of the most frightful description throughout the west and the south of the kingdom—nightly fires and universal alarm amongst all the owners of agricultural property? The state of things was now most fortunately different, and in our opinion that difference is mainly attributable to the very act condemned. The effect of the old system was, that the moment a labourer was known to become possessed of a small sum of money, he refused labour until it was expended. It had been proved that in the parish of Royston several labourers, having become entitled to small legacies left them by a relative, were refused labour, and thus thrown into a state of compulsory and involuntary idleness, and left to spend their money at the beer-shop, instead of placing it in a savings-bank as a provision for their future years. We could cite many other cases of a similar nature. Another complaint is, that the present law made no distinction between the honest man and the greatest vagabond in England. It did make a distinction—it secured to the honest man the legitimate reward of his honesty and industry, and left to the dishonest man and the vagabond the penalties which Providence, and the eternal laws of society, impose upon his conduct. The distinction made by the law to which the op-

ponents of the act wished to revert was, that the honest man was punished for his honesty, and the vagabond received the greatest indulgence and the greatest favour. Under that law the labouring poor were reduced to such a state of degradation, that more than half the able-bodied labourers were employed in the most useless, and purposely disagreeable tasks—such as digging holes and then filling them up again, or carrying stones to one spot, and then carrying them back again. Nay, we could refer to a list of items entered in parish books of payments made to men—not for labour, but for standing in the pound so many days, at so much per day. This was the system which the friends of the poor wished to re-establish. But this was not all, for it was by no means uncommon under the old law for the honest English labourer, who was guilty of no crime but poverty, to have his labour put up to auction to the highest bidder, without his consent, and without any option. Thus the labouring population had been in a worse state of unmitigated slavery than that which at present prevailed in the West Indies, for there the negroes had the hope of speedy relief, whereas the labourer, at the time to which he referred, had no hope to animate him, and no inducement to labour but the dread of punishment. After the satisfactory experience of four years is the country to revert to the old system, which was consuming every species of property, paralysing industry, and degrading & demoralising the poor themselves? The act of 1834 is doubtless a strong one, but it was called for by the intensity of the evil,—and it has greatly, and is hourly mitigating it. The poor were not now left at the mercy of irresponsible overseers and tumultuous vestries, with an uncertain appeal for justice, but are under the charge of authorities appointed by the persons interested in the payment of the rates, above whom were the commissioners and assistant commission, who were proied to be ready to afford prompt redress for any neglect of the destitute poor. How often under the old law had we seen the sick and the dying buffeted about from parish to parish, each evading the duty of maintaining the suffering individual? In consequence of the disputes about settlement, paupers almost in the agonies of death—women on the point of being delivered, and suffering the pains of childbirth—were lundled about from workhouse to workhouse; the greatest cruelties and the most dreadful oppression were practised. To all this an end was put by the present law. Relief was promptly afforded where it was really necessary. The sick, the dying, women, and children, obtained relief more efficiently than under the old system. Relief was certainly not administered to the able-bodied, as before; to good and bad indiscriminately; but in return for that the really honest and industrious were enabled to maintain themselves by their own industry in comfort, and even in some instances to raise themselves to situations in life far superior to their original condition.

Perhaps some beneficial amendments may be introduced into the law, but to repeal the law itself would be an act of madness—of political suicide.

MURDER ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

(From the Liverpool Album, Jan. 29.)

On Monday and Tuesday last Charles Cain, late commander of the barque Kingston, underwent an examination on a charge of having murdered his steward, Louis Handsford, on the 20th of May last, in the river at New Calabar, on the coast of Guinea. The vessel arrived at this port from her voyage on new year's day. The prisoner quitted her as she was entering the river, and escaped on shore near the Rock Point. On Saturday last, however, one of his former crew saw him going on board the Kingston. The man immediately gave him into the custody of a police-officer, on the capital charge of having murdered the steward of the vessel which he commanded. Captain Cain is a young man, of short stature, and rather prepossessing appearance. He is about twenty-eight years of age, and was neatly and fashionably attired.

The witnesses called were John Ash, who was cook on board the Kingston, Edward James, the cooper, and several seamen and others. They deposed, that the Kingston sailed from Liverpool on the 2d of March last, having a crew of twenty-one persons, including officers and boys, and arrived at Calabar, on the coast of Guinea, on the 18th of April. The steward, Louis Handsford, was a man of colour. On the 20th of May, when the vessel was lying at her moorings in Calabar river, about ten miles from the sea, the steward, in compliance with some orders which he had received from the captain, pumped some rum out of a puncheon which was on the larboard side of the deck. He went afterwards below to look for some lead and tacks to nail over the bung-hole. Some time after this the men heard a scuffling in the cabin; some of the Kroomen, who were about the ship, were called down, and the steward was by them carried to the deck. The captain followed in a few minutes, and gave orders to the blacks to flog the unfortunate man, at the same time abusing him with the most violent language, and accusing him of having struck him in his cabin. The captain had a cat in his hand, with the handle of which he struck the steward on the head, and he fell to the deck. He then kicked him violently in different parts of his body, calling upon the mate to bring ropes, that the blacks might flog him. The blacks, to the number of seventeen or eighteen, according to one of the witnesses, were furnished with lengths of the leadline and cats, with which they flogged the steward in the most unmerciful manner; the

capt. continually exhorting them to 'pay him well, and to "kill him." The unfortunate man cried out for mercy, but the captain replied by kicking him on the head and face, and, after a short time, ordered his shirt and singlet to be taken off, when the flogging was renewed with more violence than ever. The first witnesses deposed, that this treatment was persevered in for more than three quarters of an hour, and that the poor man died under the operation. The pieces of line used were stated to be three feet in length, and about the thickness of a man's finger. One of the blacks, a Calabar man, who, it was said, disliked the steward, flogged him about the face and eyes. He cried, "Oh, save my eyes!" but the captain replied, "D—n him, kill him!" To the continued cries of the unfortunate fellow for mercy, the captain replied in like manner. When he was dying, or already dead, the captain ordered the carpenter to put him in irons. Next morning, the mens said, he presented a most horrible spectacle. His flesh was a complete mass of blood and jelly, puffed and swollen all over. The head and neck were swollen, the face cut, and the eyes beaten into the head.

Mr. Curry and Mr. Statham, solicitors, attended for the prisoner, and cross-examined the witnesses. It appeared, that the depositions of the men as to the occurrence were taken on the coast before Captains Dawson and Hemmingway. The facts were much the same, but all the men stated, that they were afraid of speaking the whole truth, as they conceived their lives would be in danger.

On the second day of examination, one of the apprentices on board the Kingston, George Lees, was produced as a witness on behalf of the captain. This youth, who is between seventeen and eighteen years of age, gave his testimony in a very straightforward manner. He described the occurrence in the cabin. It appeared, that the steward drank some rum from a decanter which stood upon a sideboard. When the captain taxed him with this he denied it; upon which the captain struck him some blows over the shoulders with a cat-o'-ninetails. The steward, exasperated at being struck, said he was a hard-working man, and would not be so imposed upon. He rushed at the captain, and threw him down with his head against the knob of the door; falling on the top of him. The captain articulated the syllable "kroo," from which the boy Lees, supposing that he wanted the Krooboy, called them down. They pulled the steward from the captain and took him on deck. The boy's version of the treatment which the man received on deck differed but little from the accounts of the men. If anything, it rather made the captain's cruelty more manifest. He, however, said, that the flogging, did not last more than a quarter of an hour altogether. It ceased once, but the steward was unable to get up from the ill usage which he had received. The captain then made the men set too again, and they flogged him till he died.

The prisoner, by the advice of his solicitors, declined saying anything in his defence. He was committed to take his trial at the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court for murder.

Mr. Curry applied to have the prisoner liberated on bail, but Mr. H. refused to comply with this request.

On Friday the prisoner was sent to London

CURIOUS SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE'S CORRESPONDENT.)

The affairs of Canada have been almost forgotten during the last five days in consequence of the excitement which has been produced by the alarming and extraordinary proceedings that have taken place in Congress; proceedings that, at one time, seemed to threaten a separation of political interests between the northern and southern states. In consequence of the agitation of the slave question, as regards slavery in the district of Columbia, by Mr. Slade, of Vermont, the southern members, with Mr. Wise of Virginia, and Mr. Legare of South Carolina, became much excited; and, finding that it was impossible to arrest the course of Mr. Slade, Mr. Wise called upon the southern delegation to leave the hall! and he quitted Congress in Company with twenty-five others. But I will give you the particulars in the eloquent language of my friend Mr. S. extracts from whose letters I have so frequently quoted in my correspondence.

Mr. Slade took the floor, and submitted a motion for referring a petition for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery in the district of Columbia to a select committee. In a few moments, he opened the whole subject of slavery; attacked it at all points, and commenced referring to the Bible and the writings of the Apostles to prove its iniquity. A firebrand, as you may suppose, was cast into the house at the very outset. Mr. Legare, of South Carolina, took the floor, (by leave of Mr. Slade,) and implored that gentleman to withhold his remarks for one night at least, that he might have an opportunity to reflect on the consequences of his action. Mr. Legare indulged a copious flood of remarks, mild, warm, yet persuasive in themselves, and calculated in an eminent degree to reach the hearts of all. In the name of Almighty God, in the name of our common country, in the united name of justice and mercy, in the name of all that is pure above and rational below, by all that was sacred and holy, by all that was dear to man or worthy the adoration of angels, he begged, he implored; conjured the gentleman from Vermont to abandon the speech he had commenced, and thus suffer peace to be restored to their beloved country.

"Such a burst of passion, such a storm of eloquence never before escaped the lips of mortal man. St. Augustine at Rome, St. Paul in the pulpit, Brutus before the people, or Mark Anthony in the market-place of the city of the Cæsars, in their proudest days, never appeared so imposing and attractive as did Mr. Legare on this occasion, and the eloquence of the man will never be erased from memory." All had no effect on Mr. Slade, and he proceeded to discuss the subject of slavery.

Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, begged him to desist, as a man and a lover of his country; but all was of no avail. Mr. Slade was calm and collected, refused to yield, and continued his remarks, adding, at each sentence, additional food for excitement. Mr. Wise of Virginia, now interposed; he was cool and deliberate, but it was evident that he struggled to repress the tornado that convulsed him. He also was unsuccessful. Mr. Slade was firm. He had a duty to discharge, he said, to his God, his country, and his constituents; and whilst life and breath lasted, he would not yield. At length, Mr. Wise rose, calm and dispassionate, and yet his wild and piercing eye, and pallid countenance, indicated a fury of passion. He said, as the gentleman from Vermont would not forego his designs, and as the house had no remedy, he had to propose, that the delegation from Virginia should withdraw from Congress. Agreed, agreed! responded fifty voices: and the delegation from Virginia quitted their seats. The delegation from Georgia and other states followed their example; and Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, rose, and invited the whole southern delegation to meet in the room of the committee of claims, to adopt such steps as the exigencies of the case may demand, and to consider the propriety of dissolving the Union." Thus, the 20th December, all was confusion, excitement, and alarm in Washington.

On the following night, the southern members were in session until past twelve o'clock; and, after a consultation of some hours, it was agreed, that the principles of a report introduced two sessions back by Mr. Pinckney, with resolutions that accompanied that report, should be agreed upon as the terms of their return to Congress. The next morning, therefore, the subjoined resolution was presented by Mr. Patton, of Virginia.

"That all petitions and resolutions, praying for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, and all memorials or resolutions in relation to slavery in the different states, should be laid upon the table, without reading, without reference, without printing, and without discussion!"

After some discussion, this resolution was carried, 135 to 60.

Thus, the south has been conciliated; and, to all appearance, the subject of slavery has been set at rest within the walls of the capital. But at what price has this truce been purchased? Why, by the sacrifice, *pro tanto*, of the sacred right of petition, one of the noblest bulwarks of republican freedom.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) April 12, 1838.

No arrival from Great Britain having occurred since our last, we have no information further than what we then acknowledged receipt of:—our selections to-day on British affairs are consequently taken from the papers of which last week's arrival put us in possession.

The Schooner *MARINER*, 47 days from Halifax, arrived yesterday; the papers by her contain nothing new, as may be inferred from the length of her passage. The master, however, reports having seen at *Canso*—where he put in, and was detained some time by contrary wind—a Halifax paper of March 12, containing intelligence of a recent outbreak in Upper Canada headed by M'Kenzie, who is said to have succeeded in obtaining the assistance of 1000 men from the United States who were then under arms, and ready to afford their aid in promotion of his views. We do not know what degree of credence should attach to this information, but from the circumstantial manner in which it is reported by the Master of the *MARINER* we think it will be found to have at least some foundation in fact.

Several Vessels have arrived from the Ice during the last few days, having made successful voyages. The appearance of these vessels, and the accounts they bring with reference to the Seal Fishery, generally, have tended to remove many gloomy anticipations, which had previously existed on this subject, and which so many seemingly unfavourable circumstances had contributed to create.

Died, on the 13th December last, at the Glebe, House, Granard, Ireland, aged 75, the Rev. CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, only son of the late Judge Robinson, and father of Bryan Robinson, Esq., barrister-at-law in the Courts of this Island.

NOTICE.

Government Contract.

THE Assistant Commissary General will receive Sealed Tenders until One o'clock on Saturday the 26th May, 1838, for

700 Chaldrons of best Sydney COALS,

from the Mines at Cape Breton, deliverable in July, August, and September next, agreeably to certain conditions exhibited at this office.

The Contractor will be exempted from paying the import duty.

The price Sterling per Chaldron of 36 bushels imperial measure to be stated in words at length, and in figures.

Each Tender to be accompanied by a letter signed by two responsible persons (such as may be approved of by the Senior Commissariat Officer) engaging to become bound with the party tendering in the penal sum of £300 Sterling, for the due fulfilment of the contract.

Payment will be made monthly, in British Silver, or—at the option of the Senior Commissariat Officer—in Treasury Bills at 30 days' sight, at the fixed rate of £100 for every £101 10s. due on the contract.

COMMISSARIAT, Newfoundland, }
St. John's, 10th April, 1838. }

Notices.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ST. JOHN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, Established 26th March, 1838.

WE, the undersigned, having observed, with deep regret, the many and great evils that exist in this town, in consequence of INTEMPERANCE, do hereby propose the formation of a TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—hoping, that, by the blessing of God attending its operations, much good may result, not only to many individuals and families, but to the community generally; and with a view to the accomplishment of our object, we pledge ourselves strictly to adhere to the following Rules and Regulations:—

- 1.—This Society shall be denominated "THE ST. JOHN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY."
- 2.—A meeting of the Society shall be held on the 1st Thursday evening in every month, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving new members, and for devising the best means to promote the objects in view.
- 3.—That a Committee of twelve be chosen annually at the monthly meeting in March, by ballot, who from amongst themselves shall choose a Chairman, Treasurer, and Secretary, and conduct the general business of the Society.
- 4.—No member will be allowed to use ardent spirits, or to traffic in it.
- 5.—Wine and malt liquors are not altogether prohibited; yet the habitual use of either, subjects a member to exclusion from the Society.
- 6.—Any person desiring to become a member, shall be recommended by one of the Society, and shall be chosen or rejected by ballot—three black balls being considered as a negative to his admission.
- 7.—Every meeting is to be commenced and concluded with prayer.

(By order of the Committee)
WM. GREEN, Sec'y.

DANCING SCHOOL.

NICHOLAS HARRISON

RESPECTFULLY informs the LADIES and GENTLEMEN of St. John's that he will open the above School, at Mrs. BOHAN'S, (opposite the premises of Messrs. Rennie, Stuart & Co.) on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS; and at Mr. FURLONG'S, (adjoining the Theatre) on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS.—Hours of attendance, from 3 to 6 p. m.—N. H. will confine himself to

Waltzing and Minuets,

and will satisfy any Lady or Gentleman desirous of proving his abilities (in the above line) at either of the above rooms, on any evening required.

N. B.—The Steps will be taught in figures in German and French fashion.

Weekly Tickets at 5s. each, to be had at Mrs. BOHAN'S, and Mr. FURLONG'S.—To commence on MONDAY evening next.

N. H. will attend at any private house if desired. St. John's, 12th April, 1838.

Orphan Asylum School.

AT the Monthly Meeting of the Committee of the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL, it was unanimously

Resolved—That the thanks of this committee be given to the undermentioned gentlemen for their generous subscriptions to the funds of the School.

JAMES HOGAN, Chairman.	
Rt. Rev. Dr. Fleming.....	5 0 0
Messrs. Newman & Co.....	2 2 0
— James Fergus & Co.....	2 0 0
Mr. Samuel Codner.....	1 0 0
Messrs. Robert Alsop & Co.....	1 10 0
— Rennie, Stuart & Co.....	2 0 0
Mr. James Stuart, Sen.....	2 0 0
— Wm. Warren, Jun.....	0 10 0
Messrs. Codner & Jennings.....	1 0 0
Mr. Daniel Fowler.....	1 1 0
Messrs. Matthew Stuart & Co.....	1 0 0
— M'Bride & Kerr.....	2 0 0
Mr. Samuel Mudge.....	0 5 0
Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co.....	2 10 0
— T. M'Murdo & Co.....	0 10 0
Mr. Wm. Firth.....	0 10 0
Messrs. Perchard & Boag.....	1 0 0
Mr. Garland Gaden.....	0 10 0
Messrs. Jas. Stewart & Co.....	2 0 0
— W. & H. Thomas & Co.....	3 3 0
Mr. John Ryan.....	1 0 0
Messrs. G. & R. Clapp.....	1 0 0
— Hunters & Co.....	2 2 0
Hon. J. B. Bland.....	1 0 0
Mr. Andrew Milroy.....	0 10 0
— James Brien.....	2 0 0
— John Ellis.....	0 10 0
— Robert Brine.....	0 5 0
Messrs. T. & J. Brocklebank.....	1 1 0
Mr. Charles Simms.....	1 0 0
— R. R. Wakeham.....	1 0 0
A friend to Education.....	2 0 0

£44 91 0

NOTICES.

AMATEUR THEATRE

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

(For the Benefit of the Poor.)

On FRIDAY Evening,

The 20th Inst.,

WILL BE PERFORMED,

The interesting Melo-Drama of

"The Blind Boy;"

AFTER WHICH,

The laughable Farce of

"A Day after the Fair."

Doors to be opened at ½ past 6; Performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.—Tickets to be had at Messrs. PERCHARD & BOAG'S—Boxes 3s. Pit, 2s.

April 12.

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.

EDMUND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious boat, which at a considerable expense, he has fitted out that splendid Packet-boat

ST. PATRICK,

to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal Cove*, having two cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies) with two sleeping berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of the respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them general satisfaction.

The ST. PATRICK will leave *Carbonear* for the Cove, on *Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday*, mornings at 9 o'clock, and the Cove at 12 o'clock on *Monday, Wednesday and Friday*; the Packet man will leave St. John's at 8 o'clock on these mornings.

TERMS

After Cabin Passengers.....7s. 6d.
Fore Cabin Ditto.....5s. 0d.
Single Letters.....0s. 6d.
Double Ditto.....1s. 0d.

Parcels in proportion to their size or weight The owner will not be accountable for any money put on board.

N. B.—Letters for St. John's, &c. received at Mr. Edmund Phelan's, *Carbonear*, and in St. John's for *Carbonear*, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kielty's, (*Newfoundland Tavern*.) and at Mr. John Crutes.

Carbonear, April 12, 1838.

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

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.

NOTICES.

To Architects.

TENDERS for the ERECTION of a COLONIAL BUILDING in this town will be received on or before the 1st day of July 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.

BY

BAINE, JOHNSTON & Co.

Ex HARMONY from New-York,

200 Barrels Prime BEEF.

EDGECOMB from Liverpool,

100 Firkins Prime BUTTER,

79 Barrels Prime BEEF.

MARY JANE from Demerara,

79 Puncheons MOLASSES.

JOHN FULTON from Boston,

79 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO,

700 CABBAGES.

February 8.

BY

WESTON HUNT,

Ex METEOR from Hamburgh,

150 Firkins first quality Rander's

BUTTER

100 Bls. prime mess PORK.

Which will be so d Cheap.

January 18.

Cordage & Canvass.

FOR SALE BY

W & H. THOMAS & Co.

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

ALSO,

300 Pieces Assorted CANVASS.

Bulley, Job & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,

At low Prices, for Cash,

Ex Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburgh,

200 Bags good common BREAD

200 Barrels Extra Superfine FLOUR

100 Firkins Rander's BUTTER.

Also, on hand,

2 Casks choice Westphalia HAMS,

And few Cases Pink CHAMPAGNE.

January 11.

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 Punns Demerara MOLASSES

BARLEY and BEANS

Deck BOOTS, SHOES

Hide and Butt LEATHER

CORDAGE, TAR, &c.



Poets' Corner.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright.
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city, with its bustling walk,
Its splendour, wealth, and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower,
The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.
And, oh! where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

ON BAILEY'S EVE AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Our beautiful mother sat by a clear fountain
That brightly reflected her image therein,
The rose of the vale and the snow of the mountain
Harmoniously blended upon her smooth skin.
While down her fair back her lovely hair fell flowing,
And there our mother sat in perfect beauty glowing.

By chance she looked into the glittering water
And saw a young and graceful form so fair—
The image of nature's first, most beautiful daughter,
Pictur'd in all her sweetness there,
That, delighted at seeing her charms thus pourtray'd,
For some hours at the mirror she willingly staid.

The sculptor has given us the story just told
In a manner which genius alone could conceive;
And though his production be seemingly cold,
Yet, that it lives not, 'tis hard to believe,—
So ably does he woman's witching form pourtray
He leads, enchantingly the sober sense astray.

Bailey, thy Eve shall live when thou art not
Among the transient dwellers of our sphere,
And, tho' I envy much thy glorious lot,
Yet more thy sculptur'd works I do revere.
Long may thy name flourish; e'en to future ages
May it be handed down in Time's undying pages!

Literature.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

BY BULWER.

[From the above work, recently published, we select the following extracts. The hero, Maltravers, a young man of rank and wealth, gifted with talents of a high order, a thorough aristocrat, proud to a degree,—that pride which, while it invests the possessor with a haughty bearing, forms a barrier between him and the committal of any act of meanness or dishonour,—is the accepted suitor of Florence Lascelles, an heiress, talented, beautiful, and accomplished, and the period of their union is fast approaching. It is represented to Florence by assumed friends, actuated by motives the most base and unworthy, that Maltravers seeks her alliance with a view to the promotion of his own selfish ends, and that he is totally uninfluenced by those feelings which he professes to entertain. Their interview subsequent to this disclosure is thus described:—]

As Maltravers threw himself from his horse, he looked up at the window and kissed his hand at Lady Florence, who stood there watching his arrival, with feelings, indeed, far different from those he anticipated. He entered the room lightly and gayly.

Florence stirred not to welcome him. He approached and took her hand; she withdrew it with a shudder.

"Are you not well, Florence?"
"I am well, for I have recovered."
"What do you mean—why do you turn from me?"

Lady Florence fixed her eyes on him, eyes that literally blazed—her lip quivered with scorn.

"Mr. Maltravers, at length I know you. I understand the feelings with which you have sought a union between us. Oh God! why, why was I thus cursed with riches—why made a thing of barter, and merchandise, and avarice, and low ambition? Take my wealth, take it, Mr. Maltravers, since that is what you prize. Heaven knows, I can cast it willingly away; but leave the wretch whom you long deceived, and who now, wretch though she be, renounces and despises you."

"Lady Florence, do I hear aright? Who has accused me to you?"

"None, sir, none—I would have believed none. Let it suffice that I am convinced that our union can be happy to neither; question me no further

—all intercourse between us is for ever over!"

"Pause," said Maltravers, with cold and grave solemnity—"another word, and the gulf will become impassable. Pause."

"Do not," exclaimed the unhappy lady, stung by what she considered the assurance of a hardened hypocrisy—"do not affect this haughty superiority, it dupes me no longer. I was your slave while I loved you—the tie is broken. I am free, and I hate and scorn you. Mercenary and sordid as you are, your baseness of spirit revives the differences of our rank. Henceforth, Mr. Maltravers, I am Lady Florence Lascelles; and by that title alone will you know me—begone, sir!"

As she spoke, with passion distorting every feature of her face, all her beauty vanished away from the eyes of the proud Maltravers, as if by witchcraft; the angel seemed transformed into the fury, and cold, bitter, and withering was the eye which he fixed upon that working and agonized countenance.

"Mark me, Lady Florence Lascelles," said he, very calmly, "you have now said what you can never recall. Were you my wife, the mother of my children; were these the first words of insult that after long and devoted years of wedded life you had ever uttered, such words would suffice to annihilate all love, and all remembrance but of themselves. Were you to discover that you had wronged me, and to crawl upon your knees to pray my pardon, I would not grant it. Neither in man nor woman did Ernest Maltravers ever forget or forgive a sentence which accused him of dishonour. I bid you farewell forever; and with my last words I condemn you to the darkest of all dooms—the remorse that comes too late!"

Slowly he moved away; and, as the door closed upon that towering and haughty form, Florence already felt that his curse was working to its fulfilment. She rushed to the window; she caught one last glimpse of him as his horse bore him rapidly away. Ah! when shall they meet again?

After some time Florence is made acquainted with the treachery of which she has been the victim, and in the plenitude of those feelings which, in a woman of refined sensibilities, such a denouement is calculated to awaken, she addresses the following letter to Maltravers:—

"For three days and three sleepless nights I have debated with myself whether or not I ought to address you. Oh, Ernest, were I what I was, in health, in pride, I might fear that, generous as you are, you would misconstrue my appeal; but that is now impossible. Our union never can take place, and my hopes bound themselves to one sweet and melancholy hope—that you will remove from my last hours the cold and dark shadow of your resentment. We have both been cruelly deceived and betrayed. Three days ago I discovered the perfidy that has been practised against us. And then, ah, then, with all the weak human anguish of discovering it too late (*your curse is fulfilled, Ernest!*), I had at least one moment of proud, of exquisite rapture. Ernest Maltravers, the hero of my dreams, the god of my worship, stood pure and lofty as of old—a thing it was not unworthy to love, to mourn, to die for. A letter in your handwriting had been shown me, garbled and altered, as it seems; but I detected not the imposture; it was yourself—yourself alone, brought in false and horrible witness against yourself! And could you think that any other evidence—the words, the oaths of others, would have convicted you in my eyes? There you wronged me. But I deserved it; I had bound myself to secrecy; the seal is taken from my lips in order to be set upon my tomb. Ernest, beloved Ernest—beloved till the last breath is extinct—till the last throbb of this heart is stilled!—write me one word of comfort and of pardon. You will believe what I have imperfectly written, for you ever trusted my faith, if you have blamed my faults. I am now comparatively happy: a word from you will make me blessed. And fate has, perhaps, been more merciful to both than, in our shortsighted and querulous human vision, we might, perhaps, believe; for, now that the frame is brought low, and, in the solitude of my chamber, I can duly and humbly commune with mine own heart, I see the aspect of those faults which I once mistook for virtues, and feel that, had we been united, I, loving you ever, might not have constituted your happiness, and so have known the misery of losing your affections. May He who formed you for glorious and yet all unaccomplished purposes strengthen you when these eyes can no longer sparkle at your triumphs or weep at your lightest sorrow. You will go on in your broad and luminous career. A few years, and my remembrance will have left but the vestige of a dream behind: but—but—I can write no more. God bless you!"

As may be imagined, Maltravers peruses this letter with feelings in which indifference has no place; he resolves to see Florence, and this determination, once established, is not slow in being acted upon. Their meeting is described in the following forcible and touching passages:—

As she thus sat and mused, a sound of carriage-wheels in the street below slightly shook the room—it ceased—the carriage stopped at the door. Florence looked up. "No, no, it cannot be," she muttered; yet while she spoke a faint flush passed over her sunken and faded cheek, and the bosom heaved beneath the robe, "a world too wide for its shrunk" proportions. There was a silence, which to her seemed interminable, and she turned away with a deep sigh and a chill sinking of the heart.

At this time her woman entered with a meaning and hurried look.

"I beg your pardon, my lady; but—"

"But what?"

"Mr. Maltravers has called and asked for your ladyship; so, my lady, Mr. Burton sent for me, and I said my lady is too unwell to see any one; but Mr. Maltravers would not be denied, and he is waiting in my lord's library, and insisted on my coming up and nouncing him, my lady."

Now Mrs. Shinfield's words were not euphonistic nor her voice mellifluous, but never had eloquence seemed to Florence so effective. All youth, love, beauty, rushed back upon her at once, brightening her eyes, her cheek, and filling up ruin with sudden and deceitful light.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "let Mr. Maltravers come up."

"Come up, my lady? Bless me! let me just range your hair; your ladyship is really in such dish-a-bill."

"Best as it is, Shinfield; he will excuse all. Go."

Mrs. Shinfield shrugged her shoulders, and departed. A few moments more—a step on the stairs, the creaking of the door—and Maltravers and Florence were again alone. He stood motionless on the threshold. She had involuntarily risen, and so they stood opposite to each other, and the lamp fell full upon her face. Oh, Heaven! when did that sight cease to haunt the heart of Maltravers! When shall that altered aspect not pass as a ghost before his eyes! there it is, faithful and reproachful, alike in solitudes and in crowds; it is seen in the glare of noon; it passes dim and wan at night, beneath the stars and the earth; it looked into his heart, and left its likeness there for ever and for ever! Those cheeks, once so beautifully rounded, now sunken into lines and hollows; the livid darkness beneath the eyes; the whitened lip; the sharp, anxious, worn expression, which had replaced that glorious and beaming regard, from which all the life of genius, all the sweet pride of womanhood had glowed forth, and in which not only the intellect, but the eternity of the soul seemed visibly wrought!

There he stood aghast and appalled. At length a low groan burst from his lips; he rushed forward, sank on his knees beside her, and, clasping both her hands, sobbed aloud as he covered them with kisses. All the iron of his strong nature was broken down, and his emotions, long silenced, and now uncontrollable and resistless, were something terrible to behold!

"Do not, do not weep so," murmured Lady Florence, frightened by his vehemence; "I am sadly changed, but the fault is mine. Ernest, it is mine; best, kindest, gentlest, how could I have been so mad; and you forgive me? I am yours again, a little while yours. Ah, do not grieve while I am so blessed!"

As she spoke her tears—tears from a source how different from that whence broke the scorching and intolerable agony of his own—fell soft upon his bended head and the hands that still convulsively strained hers. Maltravers looked wildly up into her countenance, and shuddered as he saw her attempt to smile. He rose abruptly, threw himself into a chair, and covered his face. He was seeking by a violent effort to master himself, and it was only by the heaving of his chest, and now and then a gasp as for breath, that he betrayed the stormy struggle within.

Florence gazed at him a moment in bitter, in almost selfish penitence. "And this was the man who seemed to me so callous to the softer sympathies—this was the heart I trampled upon—this the nature I distrusted!" She came near him, trembling and with feeble steps; she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and the fondness of love came over her, and she wound her arms around him.

"It is our fate—it is my fate," said Maltravers at last, awaking as from a hideous dream, and in a hollow but calm voice—"we are the things of destiny, and the wheel has crushed us. It is an awful state of being this human life! What is wisdom—virtue—faith to men—piety to Heaven—all the nurture we bestow on ourselves—all our desire to win a loftier sphere, when we are thus the tools of the merest chance—the victims of the pettiest villainy, and our very existence, our very senses almost, at the mercy of every traitor and every fool!"

There was something in Ernest's voice, as well as in his reflections, which appeared so unnaturally calm and deep that it startled Florence with a fear more acute than his previous violence had done. He rose, and muttering to himself, walked to and fro, as if insensible of her presence—in fact he was so. At length he stopped short, and, fixing his eyes upon Lady Florence, said, in a whispered and thrilling tone—

"Now, then, the name of our undoer!"

"No, Ernest, no—never, unless you promise me to forego the purpose which I read in your eyes. He has confessed—he is penitent—I have forgiven him—you will do so too!"

"His name!" repeated Maltravers, and his face, before very flushed, was unnaturally pale.

"Forgive him—promise me."

"His name, I say—woman, his name!" and Maltravers stamped on the floor with fury.

"Is this kind? you terrify me—you will kill me," faltered out Florence, and she sunk on the sofa exhausted; her nerves, now so weakened, were perfectly unstrung by his vehemence, and she wrung her hands and wept piteously.

"You will not tell me his name," said Maltravers, still in a loud unaltered tone. "Be it so. I will ask no more. I can discover it myself. God the Avenger will reveal it."

At that thought he grew more composed; and,

as Florence wept on, the unnatural concentration and fierceness of his mind again gave way, and, seating himself beside her, he uttered all that could soothe, and comfort, and console. And Florence was soon soothed! And there, while over their heads the grim skeleton was holding the funeral pall, they again exchanged their vows, and again, with feelings fonder than of old, spoke of love.

DREAMS.—"The philosophy of dreams," observed Mr. St. Lawrence, "is one of the most puzzling in natural or ethical philosophy, and was one of the desiderata which Lord Bacon left as a legacy for posterity to unravel. For the most part they are what you have called them, 'airy nothings.' The reason is, that for one instance of coincidence of events with a dream, there are millions of fancies which cannot be recollected. A subject too, which the reader has brooded over all day, may be, and frequently is, pursued even in sleep. Favourite sounds are repeated, favourite passages in authors; and even difficulties in composition which have baffled waking endeavours, as I have heard scholars say, have been suddenly set right in a dream. Of course, a particular conduct, long revolved, when awake, may also seem to be recommended in sleep, and the event too may sometimes coincide with the fancy, so that the dream may appear prophetic."—*Illustrations of Human Life.*

A HIMALAYAN LANDSCAPE.—The skies of England, though not without their charms, and producing occasionally some fine effects, do not afford the slightest notion of this mountain hemisphere, with its extraordinary variety of colours, its green and scarlet evenings, and noon-day skies of melon purple, edged at the horizon with a hazy straw-colour. It is impossible, in fact, to travel through the Himalaya, without perpetually recurring to the rich and changeful hues of its skies; every day some hitherto unnoticed state of the atmosphere producing some new effect, and calling forth the admiration of the most insensible beholder. This is particularly the case at dawn; for, while the lower world is immersed in the deepest shade, the splintered points of the highest range, which first catch the golden ray, assume a luminous appearance, flaming like crimson lamps across the heavens,—for as yet they seem not to belong to earth, all below being involved in impenetrable gloom. As the daylight advances, the whole of the chain flushes with a deeper dye; the grand forms of the nearer mountains emerge; and night slowly withdrawing her obscuring veil, a new enchantment decks the scene. The effects of the light and shadow are not less beautiful than astonishing, defining distant objects with a degree of sharpness and accuracy which is almost inconceivable; and until the sun is high up in the heavens, the lower ranges of the mountains appear to be of the deepest purple hue, while others, tipped with gold, start out from their dark background in bold and splendid relief. A new and sublime variety is afforded when a storm is gathering at the base of the snowy chasm; and dark rolling volumes of clouds, spreading themselves over the face of nature, give an awful character to the scene. —*White's Views in India.*

SHERIDAN AND FOX.—I have been told that when Sheridan was first introduced to Mr. Fox, what cemented an immediate intimacy between them was the following circumstance. Mr. Sheridan had been the night before to the House of Commons, and being asked what his impression was, said he had been principally struck with the difference of manner between Mr. Fox and Lord Stormont. The latter began by declaring in a slow, solemn, nasal tone, that "when he considered the enormity and unconstitutional tendency of the measure just proposed, he was hurried away in a torrent of passion and a whirlwind of impetuosity," pausing between every word and syllable; while the first said, (speaking with the rapidity of lightning, and with breathless impatience,) that "such was the magnitude, such the importance, such the vital interests of this question, that he could not help imploring, he could not help adjuring the House to come to it with the utmost calmness, the utmost coolness, the utmost deliberation." This trait of discrimination instantly won Mr. Fox's heart.—*Hazlitt.*

MOORE'S POETRY.—I do not like dead things, not even roses. If Moore's national melodies themselves are without vitality, and if the author of such things can conquer time, what writer need fear oblivion? I cannot help feeling, when I read his "Loves of the Angels," that if it had been fashionable in his time for men to wear false hair and ribbons, he would have placed on the heads of his celestial dandies, periwigs of the most approved twizzle, and on each wing a shoulder-knot of the best-bred pink and blue. I grant his inimitable instinct of versification; but the noblest poetry under heaven, in the prose of the Bible, laughs to scorn the rhymester's skill; and I contend that the versifying and the poetic power are frequently found in inverse ratios to each other. The perusal of Moore's compositions, in prose and verse alike, is to me a humiliating task, like that of a full-grown man-child listlessly seeking in a box filled with moss for pretty insects not worth finding.—How unlike him are earnest, conscientious Cooper, and fervid, intense, passion-souled, all-hearted Burns!—*Ebenezer Elliot in Tai's Magazine.*

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