



Newfoundland

No. 601.

THURSDAY, January 31, 1839.

Sixpence.

ON SALE.

AT THE STORES OF

Parker & Gleeson,

Ex AGNES, THOMAS BAKER, and MEDIUM from
Hamburgh,

1500 BAGS 1st, 2d, and 3d quality
BREAD

- 300 Bls. & Half-bls. OATMEAL & GRITTS
- 150 Do. do. do. Superfine and Fine FLOUR
- 100 Barrels PEASE
- 10 Barrels Pot BARLEY
- 5 Barrels Pearl BARLEY
- 10 Barrels Split PEASE
- 300 Firkins Prime BUTTER.

A few Barrels prime Hamburgh Beef
10,000 Bricks,

And, a few Cases Glassware.

ALSO,

30 Puns. best retailing MOLASSES.

AND IN BOND,

- 30 Hhds. Fayal Madeira Wine
- 20 Almudes London Particular
- 20 Qtr.-Casks Bronte Madeira (which can be recommended as a very superior Table Wine)

1000 Hogsheads COALS.

October 25.

John and James Kent

ARE NOW LANDING,

Per Pleiades and Duchess Gloucester
from Hamburgh,

2000 Bags fine-middling and common Bread

700 Barrels Fine and Superfine Flour

- 100 Firkins new Butter
- 40 barrels Oatmeal
- 20 Ditto Pease
- 70 Westphalia Hams

And per Fox from London,
30 Chests best Twankey,
10 Ditto Fine Congou

TEAS

Which will be Sold low for Cash or
Shore Fish in October.

PRIME UPLAND

HAY,

AT THE COTTAGE.

PATRICK MORRIS.

January 10.

TO BE LET.

On a Building Lease for 31 Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, measuring in front
383 feet, immediatly in rere of the Cot-
tage lately occupied by Judge Brenton. For par-
ticulars apply to

MICHAEL MEEHAN.

LIFE IN THE EAST.

BY M. J. QUIN, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "A STEAM VOY-
AGE DOWN THE DANUBE," &c.

ORIENTAL WIVES.

The human heart, meet it where we may, is after all a divinely-tuned instrument. There are scarcely any nations so savage, in which, for some reason or another generally recognised as sacred, that portion of our internal system does not rejoice in yielding a hospitable reception to the stranger. Throughout the East we uniformly find this reason to be traceable to the story of Abraham entertaining the three travellers, who turned out to be angels. The most roguish Bedouin, who feels no remorse of conscience in stealing all he can lay his hands upon outside his tent, yet looks upon the stranger and his equipage as inviolable, the moment they are under the protection of his roof. He has, from his childhood, been accustomed to hear of what occurred in the vale of Mambré, and he fears—or rather let us say, for that is more frequently the fact—he loves the angel in disguise.

I am much disposed to coincide in opinion with those, who derive our purest European races from the Caucasus. There is a tradition amongst the most powerful and ancient of the Circassian tribes—the Nothakaitiy—that their ancestors, lived originally beyond the seas. The tradition should probably be reversed; that numbers of their tribe, in the elder days, emigrated to regions beyond the sea, and peopled our western world; for at all events, it is unquestionable that the stream of population has descended from oriental sources. I was certainly much surprised, when I first encountered Circassian faces and figures in Constantinople, by a kind of sensation that I had often seen them before. They differ very little from the Minerva or Dian order of beauty which may be frequently observed in England, Portugal, the southern provinces of France, and the Roman states. The Circassian stature is equally tall and graceful; the eyebrows appear to have a bolder curve, and the eyes seem more resplendent; but I fancy that the veil has something to do with this, and that if an elegant Circassian woman were seen at Devonshire House, or Almack's, dressed in the English style, she would not be easily distinguished from our Pagets or our Howards.

The Circassian men are remarkably attentive to the preservation of the superiority of their females over the other Caucasian tribes in personal appearance. They (the men) never intermarry with any tribe but their own. They sell their daughters freely to any persons who will buy them at home, or they send them without hesitation to Turkey or Persia to be disposed of to the highest bidder. But they will not allow the race to be tainted at its source by any mixture of the Calmuck or Turcoman blood. Hence they have kept up their celebrity from immemorial ages for the delicate, ruddy, and fresh complexion, the oval countenance, the fine forehead, the flowing hair, and the antique statue-like figure by which their females especially bear away the palm of beauty from all the other regions of the earth.

They do not rigidly seclude their women in the harem. The females go about in their villages and fields with unrestrained freedom. It is a peculiar feature in their manners, however, that married persons seldom see each other in the course of the day. They have a feeling that the habit of constant intercourse would be effeminate, and unfavourable to the continuance of that mutual affection, which they think is preserved in stronger odour by a systematic separation during the working-hours of the day. So much is this the case, that the woman, who does not conceal herself from a stranger, will instantly hasten to her own apartment to hide from her husband, if she happen to see him returning home before the usual hour of meeting. Perhaps it is coquetry on her part, to cherish the romance of her antenuptial dreams. Nor can it be denied that those of our English firesides are generally the most prolific of delicious repose, from which the husband is detained by professional duties during the hours that intervene between the morning and evening meals. A similar custom existed amongst the Lacedaemonians; and Lycurgus, with a view to chase away all effeminacy from his community, thought fit even to enforce the practice by law.

The parity of the Circassian blood, and the European fairness of their complexion, are favoured by the climate and territory which they inhabit. The Caucasus exhibits a vast chain of mountains, the declivities of which are often extremely rugged and precipitous; but they abound in table-lands, or plateaus, which are seen as high as even four and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. These table-lands are naturally fertile; they are occupied by villages, orchards, corn-fields, and pastures highly cultivated. The villages, or rather hamlets, are generally concealed behind embankments and clusters of trees—with a view to safety from invasion. So ingeniously are their cottages shaded from the eye, that a stranger would not know that he was in an inhabited country, were it not for the flocks and herds he meets grazing, and the numbers of men and women he may see following their agricultural pursuits. These cottages are of the plainest description; they are partly excavated in the earth, partly built of mud walls, and covered with flat roofs of earth and gravel so firmly beat together, that they are completely impenetrable to rain. In the fine season they spread the carpet and raise the divan on these roofs, and there take their meals and receive their friends. There they place their grain and fruits to dry, and the ample chimney in the centre serves usually as the channel of communication between neighbours; it is, moreover, the only aperture through which the apartments below are lighted. Thus provision is made for warmth in winter, and for refreshing coolness in the heats of summer.

The better order of Circassian habitations, however, rise considerably above the ground, and exhibit windows and verandas, and fronts plastered with a mineral clay, which gives them an air of distinction. Like many houses in the interior of Spain they have no glass frames—nothing, in fact, beyond simple square apertures, which are secured at night by wooden shutters. They have scarcely any furniture within, except a very plain divan, mats on the floor, pillows, and coverlets; but the walls of the common apartment usually display all the pride of the family, being lined with shields, armour, weapons of every kind, housings, and rich bridles. Here the ladies, who probably have been engaged in ploughing, or reaping, or making fences all the day, appear in the evening dressed out in gold brocade and silvered muslin, and all the pomp of Circassian costume.

The matron, when dressed for effect, appears in a costly silk robe, open in front, and confined at the waist by a girdle exuberant of silver, muslin trousers of variegated colours, red slippers, a turban composed of a shawl, the ends of which fall in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, completely concealing the hair, a large gossamer veil that nearly envelopes her whole person, and a prodigious variety of massive trinkets, the fashion of which presents memorials of the connexion that once subsisted between those shores and the republics of Genoa and Venice. The dress of the unmarried females scarcely differs from that of the Tartar maidens. They all, of whatever age, wear tight leather corsets, from which they are not relieved until the day of their nuptials.

The Circassian ladies, when in doors, employ themselves in embroidery, in which they excel, in spinning wool and flax, making clothes for the family, fabricating mantles from the hair of goats and camels, cushions for the saddle, housings, shoes, and even sheaths for the sword. They shine also in the dairy and culinary departments. Their *skhou*, a species of sour milk, is celebrated. They never use fresh milk, which they consider to be unwholesome; they boil it as soon as it is taken from the cow—when cool they mix it with sugar and a little of the old *skhou*; they then flavour it with a little rose water, and in a few hours afterwards it becomes thick and fit for use. This preparation preserves the milk from corruption during the hottest weather. It forms a cool and most delicious draught, and may be said to constitute the principal article in the Circassian code of diet. They eat it at breakfast with boiled millet; at noon, and in the evening, with the pilaff of rice or boiled wheat. In winter it is kept in tubs sprinkled with salt, when it forms a consistency almost like cheese. I have lived upon this species of curd for some days while voyaging on the Danube, and found it a very agreeable and salutary food.

It is from such families as those I have just described, that the harems of Turkey and Persia are

principally supplied. Their ancient customs sanction the sale of their young females, and every care is taken of their beauty in order to enhance their value. This mode of providing for them is in fact considered the most advantageous, and the most consonant to the feelings of the ladies themselves, which they can adopt. Being a remarkably proud people, and retaining the recollections of a chivalrous ancestry, they disdain to intermarry with any of the mountain tribes around them. The splendid attire, and the wealth with which Circassian women return occasionally to their native hamlets, after having lived abroad for some years, animate the ambition of the maidens who have not yet stirred from home. They listen with eagerness to the representations they hear of the luxuries to which their beauty would entitle them in distant lands, and their natural spirit of adventure and romance soon determines them as to the course which they should take the moment the opportunity presents itself. It may be asked what great difference is there between a bevy of Circassian girls embarked for Constantinople or Trebizond, with a view to change their condition, and a cabin-full of English young ladies, fresh from the boarding-school, emigrating to India for a similar purpose?

The true Circassian, however, generally prefers selling his daughter at home, if he can there find a suitable consort for her amongst her own tribe, to sending her abroad. A suit of Persian armour, or a number of choice scimitars or curiously inlaid guns, sometimes constitutes the price. Where these articles are not to be obtained, horses, cows, sheep, or the personal services of the suitor for a limited period, are taken in exchange. The price, whatever it may be, having been paid to the father, the bride, arrayed in her best costume, and completely enveloped in a white veil, flowered with silver or gold, is surrendered to a friend of the bridegroom, who conducts her to the place, generally the residence of some relative, where the wedding is to be celebrated. She is there received by the matron of the family, who escorts her to an inner apartment, attended by a sort of priestess. The latter, after walking three times round the nuptial-couch, repeating mystic words in Arabic, and placing at the head, foot, and side of it earthenware vases filled with corn, and having a lighted lamp fixed in the middle, leaves the bride alone. A fire of pine wood blazes on the floor, and it is her duty to keep this fire replenished until the arrival of her lord, by way of guarding the apartment from the entrance of any demon who might be tempted to steal her away. The bridegroom makes his appearance about midnight—and cuts open with his poinard the corset which she has hitherto been accustomed to wear. At the dawn, they depart to their future home, and enter into all the cares and enjoyments of wedded life.

The Circassian wives are reputed to be generally characterised by the most moral conduct. When an exception occurs, the husband often satisfies his honour by giving the lady a sound beating. If her irregularities be scandalous, he slits her nose and ears, and sends her home in that mutilated condition to her friends, or sells her as a slave. If he slay her seducer, as sometimes happens, he is arraigned before the tribunal of elders, and fined in an amount sufficient to compensate for the loss of the deceased according to the valuation of his friends.

Throughout Circassia women are treated with great respect. Indeed, their customs are European on this point. The sentiment of gallantry on the part of the young men towards them is generally cherished. They have their serenaders, their chosen knights and minstrels, their love-songs and romances, in which they emulate the ardour of the Troubadours. Their most common musical instruments are a two-stringed lyre, and a pipe made of silver or some other metal, or of the large cane that grows abundantly in the marshes near the Kouban. It yields a sound not unlike that of the bag-pipe.

Captain Spencer speaks very highly of the Circassian melodies in his recent interesting work upon that country. He has given some specimens of them, which I would recommend to my female readers to add to their musical stores. Like all eastern music that of Circassia is wild; indeed, to European ears, almost tuneless. It must be taken with its associations, to render it agreeable. You must have listened to it amongst the mountains that gave it birth; you must have the musicians before you,

Blackworth Street St

the groups by which they were surrounded, the scenery, the costume; you must have been touched by the sympathies which it kindled amongst those in whose presence you first heard it, before you can justly appreciate an oriental melody.

(From the London Examiner, Dec. 2)

NATIONAL PROPERTY IN IRISH TITHES.

We wish the phrase of extinction or abolition of tithes had never been used in Ireland; an expression better calculated to cover very gross delusion upon a most important subject has seldom been employed in politics. We owe it to Lord Stanley, and it deserves a place amongst the numerous services rendered by that nobleman to the Irish people.

No other word but appropriation should have been used. Tithes can no more be extinguished or abolished, than rents, or any description of an existing, substantial property. Tithes belong to the nation, and by the nation can be turned to any purpose that public opinion may select as the most eligible. The country may appropriate them as it please, but to extinguish them is impossible. The property must vest somewhere. Rightfully, or wrongfully, some party must possess it.

The evil of the phrase "extinction," consists in the advantage it affords the Irish landlords into whose pockets this property, would of necessity go, if it were to cease to form the income of the clergy, without being secured and appropriated by the state for the uses of education, or some other public purpose. Extinction of tithes means an appropriation clause for the benefit of the landlords. Now, it appears to us that the appropriation of one farthing to national objects would be better than the appropriation of the entire treasure to parties who have no more right to it than to the tithes of Italy or Spain.

This is a most important consideration at the present moment, when we find Mr. O'Connell incessantly dwelling upon the deduction of 25 per cent, allowed the Irish landlords by the last Tithe Act, and representing that deduction as so much done towards the the accomplishment of the great ultimate object.

Now, we maintain that this deduction is no step whatever—not an inch or the tenth of an inch of real advancement towards the nationalization of 25 per cent, as already extinguished, and he seems to contemplate a similar extinction of the residue. If such an attempt be made, there are many Reformers who would be disposed to take the part of the parsons against the landlords. The right to the property exists in neither, but we do not see why the present usurpers should be dispossessed until we are prepared to vest the estate in its rightful proprietors—the people.

Mr. O'Connell said at Limerick—
"We got rid of one-fourth of the entire last session: we will shortly be at the other three-fourths. If we had strength to knock off the one-fourth, we will see whether we have not strength to knock off the three-fourths."

Here Mr. O'Connell, after being mainly instrumental in defeating the sound principle of appropriation, makes a boast of establishing the most unsound principle of "extinction." He boasts, too, with extreme absurdity, of the "strength" exerted in this achievement; forgetting, or presuming it forgotten by his hearers, that the Tories were as active extinguishers, up to a certain point, as the Whigs, and that Sir Henry Hardinge had girt up his loins in 1834 for the performance of this very exploit, on which Mr. O'Connell now rests his claims for a place amongst the great Reformers of the world. No true friend of Mr. O'Connell's will inscribe the history of the late Tithe Act upon the monument which will commemorate and justly reward his many great services to his country.

This deduction of 25 per cent, is a real confiscation or spoliation of so much of the national property in tithes. The Tories who resisted the principle of appropriation when it was proposed to allocate the deduction to the use of the people, had no scruple whatsoever in sanctioning the very worst kind of appropriation—an appropriation of 25 per cent of national property to the private uses of the aristocracy. This 25 per cent is so much lost to Ireland for ever. To find so great a popular leader as Mr. O'Connell extolling himself for his part in such a proceeding is "passing strange;" but, when we reflect that this same Mr. O'Connell was the moving cause of the abandonment of the true course of policy upon the question of tithes, it is impossible to avoid classing the learned gentleman, in this instance, amongst those who are said to "glory in their shame."

We observe that the new Poor Law is the ground upon which the claim of the Irish landlords to the tithes, is about to be insisted on. Hear Mr. O'Connell at the Corn Exchange:—"The 75 per cent. of a rent-charge must be abolished, or appropriated to public purposes. We are now going to have another burthen laid upon our shoulders in the shape of poor-rates, and I say it is not just to lay upon us a new tax unless they give us the means of paying it, by removing the rent charge, or unless they appropriate it to its part payment."

So that the Irish Church is to be pulled down merely to enable the Irish landlords to pay the poor-rate! This is a connection between the Tithe and the Poor Law questions which was never started until now. Would it not be infinitely better to have transferred the tithes to the use of the poor at once? To hand over the tithes to the landlords, to be by them handed over to the

collectors of the poor-rate, seems a clumsy and seedlessly complicated process. But the Irish landlords have no right whatsoever to the indemnity which Mr. O'Connell claims for them. They might as reasonably demand an acquittal from taxes as an acquittal from tithes. There is, indeed, one most desirable measure, the operation of which would tend materially to ease the burthen imposed upon the Irish landed interest, by the new Poor Law; we mean the commencement of a great system of public works such as those so powerfully recommended by the railway commissioners. We have no objection to ease the landlords, when by so doing we can serve the mass of the people also; but we have every objection to swell the rent-rolls of the aristocratic classes with a fund belonging to the nation, and so urgently required as well as so naturally applicable, to the purposes of public instruction.

We find, even in the public advertisement put forth by the Trustees of the O'Connell Annuity, or Tribute, the 25 per cent deduction alluded to as if it were an instalment of the debt of justice due to the nation. "The extinction of the tithe—enormity—the late legislative reduction in the amount of which furnishes, even from the Tories, an indisputable admission of its injustice—remains yet to be consummated." This can only mean that, to a certain extent, the desired object has been effected, and that Parliament has only to go on extinguishing after this fashion to fulfil the great end upon which the Reformers of the Irish Church have fixed their hearts. For ourselves, therefore, we say distinctly that we are not reformers of a school that is prepared to take such an extinction as a measure of redress and justice. We repeat, that the bare principle of Lord Morpeth's Bills of 1835, 6, and 7, is worth immeasurably more than the largest practical abolition, operating as a transfer into the purses of the landlords. We claim the property for the people. It belongs to the nation, and cannot be taken from the nation, or diverted to the uses of any set of individuals, without flat robbery. The Appropriation Principle was one of restitution; the Extinction principle would take from the Clergy to give to another body equally disintituled to the property.

A hundred times have we exposed the absurdity of stigmatising the principle of appropriation as spoliatory and dishonest. That of extinction, or transfer to the landlords, however, we distinctly brand as a double fraud. As it is a robbery of the State, it is a robbery of the Church also, for we can have no right to strip the Church of its possessions, unless we mean to restore them to their rightful proprietors, the people. The Parsons hold by right of usurpation, and it is perfectly just to dispossess them to reinstate the lawful owners; but to dispossess the parsons in order to set up new usurpers in the landed interest, is to rifle the Church first, and despoil the nation afterwards. The Appropriation Principle is the case of an honest man who overtakes the thief who has taken my watch, and, having recovered the property, replaces in my hands. The Extinction Principle is that of a thief who plunders a thief; a larceny on a larceny;—what imports it to me whether my watch be in Filch's fob or Twitcher's? What imports it to the people of Ireland whether the national funds support a sinecure clergy, or go with equal violation of public right into the coffers of the landlords?

The protestant Clergy of Ireland appear to us to have a good title as against the parties who have already possessed themselves of a fourth of the tithes, and for whom Mr. O'Connell seems to claim the three remaining fourths of that description of public property. We are for leaving the parsons in possession until the time be come for reinstating the nation. The Appropriation clause contained the germ of the honest and true policy; the deduction, or bonus to the landlords, is a barren provision, capable of no expansion in the line of public utility or justice.

DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

With a feeling of sorrow which thousands will in some measure share, though few can perfectly estimate its depth or sacredness, we this day announce the death of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of Geo. Maclean, Esq., Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She died suddenly on the 15th of October last, soon after her arrival on that fatal shore, which is the grave of so many valuable lives, but of none more valuable than hers. The feeling with which we record this mournful intelligence will be respected, when we state that only yesterday morning we received from Mrs. Maclean a most interesting and affecting letter, which sets forth at once with the animating assertion, "I am very well, and very happy."—The only regret," she proceeds to say, "the only regret (the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate) is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured." She says that her residence at the castle of Cape Coast is "like living in the Arabian Nights—looking out upon palm and cocoa nut trees." And she then enters into a light-hearted and pleasant review of her housekeeping troubles, teaching yams and plantains—and a not less interesting account of her literary labours and prospects—intimating that the ship which brought the letter we quote, brought also, the first volume of a novel, and the manuscript of another work to be published periodically. To the last her friendly gossip is full of life, cheerfulness, and hope.—*Dublin Courier.*

The deplorable event which we have recently recorded—the premature death of Mrs. Maclean, at Cape Coast Castle—will give a melancholy interest to the following verses, which we extract from the pages of the *New Monthly*:

THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends,
Who I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Though lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave
Thy radiant place unknown:
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it a lone.

Farewell!—ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!

L. E. L.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Chambers were opened on Monday by the King in person. The following is a copy of the royal speech:

"MESSIEURS PEERS AND DEPUTIES.

"In the interval since last session the prosperity of France has increased: the repose which it enjoys has been strengthened.

"It is gratifying for me, once more in the midst of you, to have to claim your aid merely in ameliorating a state of things already favourable.

"My relations with foreign powers are as satisfactory as ever: France occupies the rank which belongs to her in the esteem of her allies and of the world.

"The conferences on the affairs of Belgium and Holland have been resumed in London. I do not doubt that they will have a speedy and pacific issue, affording fresh guarantees to the independence of Belgium, and the repose of Europe.

"In Italy the Austrian troops have quitted the Roman states. Agreeable to the convention with the holy See, our troops have evacuated Ancona. Military occupation has ceased in those states, the independence of which interests France in the highest degree.

"Spain still continues a prey to the same troubles, the same misfortunes. We continue to execute with our allies all the clauses of the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance. The Government of the Queen Regent has never ceased to receive from us, not merely those succours which treaties obliges us to, but moreover all the support that the interest of France allows.

"I hope that our differences with Mexico and the Argentine Republic draw to a close. Additional forces which have recently left our ports, are at this moment at Vera Cruz, and are about to obtain from the Mexican Government that justice and protection so long claimed by our commerce.

"In Africa, the perseverance of our sacrifices finds its recompense. The picture which will be placed before your eyes will prove that your con-

fidence in the views of Government has not been deceived. Peace has not been interrupted this year. Our position becomes stronger and better every day. Operations directed with cleverness and prudence, in the provinces of Constantine and Algiers, have obtained that extension of territory for our establishments, which had become indispensable for their security and prosperity. The natives everywhere respect the authority of France, and proffer obedience without hesitation to a regular and equitable administration. The creation of the Bishopric of Algiers is a new guarantee of the stability of our possession.

"The state of our finances is more and more prosperous. The progressive and constant increase of the public revenue attests the happy development of national wealth, and of the well-being enjoyed by all classes of the population. Some interests may suffer, and these demand the attention of Government. Dispositions relative to the situation of our colonies and the wants of our navigation will be presented to you at the very commencement of your labours.

"Projects of law, intended to complete the wishes expressed in the charter, to perfect our legislation, and introduce improvement in the different branches of administration, will also occupy your attention.

"My heart is still moved by the testimonies of attachment sent from all parts of France on the happy event which fulfilled my hopes. The birth of the Count of Paris is the greatest consolation that Heaven could afford me. My grandson shall be educated, as his father has been, in respect for our institutions, and in that devotion to France of which my entire family shall never cease to offer the example. I have desired that a solemn circumstance should assemble you around his cradle, and that religion should bless in the midst of you this infant, who belongs exclusively to the country.

"The flourishing state of the country on which I have already congratulated you, has been owing to that constant support which the Chambers have afforded me, and to the perfect accord between the great powers of State. Let us not forget that there lies our force. May this accord become more complete and more unalterable every day. May the play of our institutions, at once regular and free, prove to the world that constitutional monarchy may unite with the benefits of liberty that stability which is the force of kingdoms."

BUENOS AYRES.

Intelligence has come to hand from Buenos Ayres to the latter end of September. The blockade continued in the same state, but it was much feared that a few hours would occasion a very material change, for an officer from the French squadron had landed with dispatches from General Rosas, and unless a satisfactory answer was returned within twelve hours immediate hostile proceedings were threatened. Letters from persons who are generally the best informed declare that General Rosas would not accede to the propositions, and that a war was certain.

PORTUGAL.

By advices from Portugal of the 7th instant, we learn that the interior of that country continues in a sad state of social disorganization and distraction. Under the guise of Miguelites, bands of armed ruffians continue to plunder the villages in every direction.

THE CANADAS.—We had nothing from Canada yesterday, the intense severity of the weather having put a stop to all intercourse and internal navigation. For the present, the insurrection is over; but the disposition of the prisoners, at Montreal, is the next point. A general feeling of sympathy for their fates is developing itself all over the republic. In Oswego, a public meeting has been held, and a mission is sent to the Canadian Government to intercede in their behalf. Our Government will also be called upon to exercise their good offices; but what can they do? We can tell them. Mr. Van Buren's proclamation is very good so far; but has he not authority under the laws, to deliver up M'Kenzie and Co. the agitators, who have led the young men astray now held in Canada? If there be any possibility of delivering up the cowards to the British authorities. If Canada, or England, or any other country wants a new form of government, let them organize it themselves. As a neutral nation, it is not our business to meddle with them.—*New York Herald, Nov. 26.*

We feel great pleasure in stating that our respected fellow townsman, Mr. Michael M'Grath, has contracted for the supplying of Lime, blocked Lime Stone and Granite, to the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, for the Catholic Church of St. John's Newfoundland.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

Cork, January, 10.

Every thing in the corn line, bread, &c., is steadily advancing in price, though the ports have been now open for a month, for the importation of foreign grain; and in Hambro' and the other ports from which Newfoundland has now long been supplied, prices are almost prohibitory.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) JANUARY 31, 1839

The arrival of the Kingaloch yesterday, from Cork, after the remarkably fine passage of 13 days, has furnished us with Cork dates of the 16th inst.—we have not received any London papers of as late a date as might have come by this conveyance, but we believe there is nothing of a novel character in politics—in which, however, no change of any importance could have been looked for previously to the assembling of Parliament.

A tremendous hurricane was experienced on the English and Irish coasts on the 7th inst., the accounts of its ravages furnished from all quarters are truly appalling, much loss of life and property having been sustained in various parts of the countries.

The Kingaloch reports the Amity at Cork, which vessel left this port on the 29th ult., and accounts of her arrival are thus furnished in 32 days after her departure—there is no parallel for this in the annals of Newfoundland trade, and when the lateness of the season is taken into account it will be regarded as a truly astonishing occurrence.

We regret to learn by the advices received by the Avalon from Oporto, that the prospects of a repeal of the new duty on fish, which seemed some time since to exist, are for the present at least not likely to be realized.

We notice with much pleasure the promotion of Lieut. Rice, of the Veteran Companies, to the rank of Captain *unattached*.—Mr. Rice's advancement will be regarded with sincere satisfaction in this community where he is so well known, which affords sufficient testimony of the estimation in which his character is held.

War Office, Jan. 4.

Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies—Ensign Timothy Crowe, from the 55th, to be Ensign, vice Thompson, whose appointment has not taken place; Quartermaster-Serjeant John Fletcher, from the 59th, to be Ensign, vice Nicholls, promoted in the 58th.

SHIP NEWS, &c., BY KINGALOCH.

Arrivals at Bristol—Sarah, L'Avengueur, Hope Isabella.

At Cork—Emma, Mary Jane, (and resailed for Liverpool,) Adelaide, Olinda, (and resailed for Greenock,) Amanda, (and resailed for London,) Amity.

Torquay, Jan. 2—Put back, the Devon, with loss of masts, having been as far as long 49.

At Liverpool—Mary Ann, and Martha. A: Teignmouth—Nancy.

The Ocean, Misin, from Cadiz, bound to Newfoundland, at Kinsale, and the St. John's, Piercey, to Newfoundland, from Greenock, has returned to that port.

Poole, Dec. 27.—The Active, Lisby, for Newfoundland, bore up from long. 39—and the Superb, Baxter, from Cadiz to Newfoundland, having been as far as long. 51, and have both arrived here, having sustained considerable damage.

The Apollo, Ford, from Leghorn, at Cork, Jan. 10. Nelson Packet, from Malaga to Hambro', at Poole. The Coquette, and Mary, left Cork in company with the Kingaloch, on the 17th inst., and the Aquaforte would sail in about 10 days.

The Inconstant frigate sailed from Cork for Halifax on the 16th January.

DIED, on Friday evening last, after a lingering and painful illness, brone with christian fortitude and resignation, Mary, wife of Mr. Wm. B. Dryer, shopkeeper of this town, aged 30 years.

On Sunday morning last, aged 1 year and 3 months, Amelia Jane, second daughter of the Rev. William Faulkner, Wesleyan Missionary.

On Monday evening last, after a short but painful illness, Mr. William Saunders, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, aged 75 years.—His funeral will take place from the residence of his nephew, Mr. John Saunders, in Duckworth street, opposite the old Central School, on Friday next at half-past 3 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

On Tuesday last the 22 inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore for many years, with Christian fortitude and pious resignation, Jemima, wife of Mr. Robert Andrews of this town—she was a native of Kenton, Devon. Her remains were respectfully attended to the grave on Thursday last.

For CORK,

THE BRIG HOPE,
Richard Cooper, Master;
as room for Goods on Freight, and excellent accommodations for Passengers.—Apply to
G. & R. CLAPP.
The above vessel having half her Cargo engaged, will be despatched without delay.
January 24.

SALES BY AUCTION.

POSTPONED SALE.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday.) At 12 o'Clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

Messrs. Bulley, Job, & Co.

25 Barrels Muscovado Sugar } Being to close
20 " fine Russet Apples } Sales, will be sold
12 Hhds Halifax Porter } without reserve.
1 Hhd Leaf Tobacco }

Also,
15 Puncheons choice Molasses
12 Kegs Manufactured Tobacco
6 Quarter Casks Figueira Port Wine.

THE SCHOONER
REVENGE,
66 Tons, O. M. with her Sealing
Gear.

January 31.

R. LANGLEY, Auc.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday.) At 12 O'clock,

BY

James Clift,

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES,

Being the remainder of J. R. M. Cooke, Esq's.

FURNITURE, &c.

VIZ:

- 1 Piano Forte and Stool
- 1 Sett Mahogany Dining Tables
- 12 Mahogany Drawing Room Chairs
- 2 Sofas
- Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding
- Chests Drawers, Dressing Glasses
- Carpets and Hearth Rugs
- And sundry other Articles.

Also,

- 2 Handsome Oval Tables
- 1 Pembroke do.
- 2 Handsome Sofas
- Bedsteads
- 1 Very handsome Dessert Sett
- 1 Portable Writing Desk, &c. &c. &c.

January 31.

For Charter.

To any port in the Mediterranean,
The fine coppered British built
BRIG
MARY,

S. GUNTON, master, Burthen 170 Tons.—Apply to
LAWRENCE O'BRIEN.

January 3.

NOTICES.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the St. John's Reading Room and Library, will be held in the Reading Room on TUESDAY the 5th Proximo, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

W. B. DRYER,
Secretary.

January 24.

DR. CARSON begs to inform Speculators in Grist Mills, Breweries, Distilleries, &c. &c., that there are several convenient spots at either side of the river running through his lands of Billies for such Establishments, not more than a mile from the flourishing town of St. John's, to the centre of which there is an excellent road. The command of water is powerful, plenty of superior building stone convenient, and a contract may be made for an adequate supply of PEAT COAL, on moderate terms.

Billies, January 1.

THE Partnership subsisting between the undersigned, since the First day of January 1837, under the Firm of JAMES FERGUS & Co. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, JAMES FERGUS having withdrawn. All debts due to and by the above late firm will be received and paid by THOMAS GLEN and EUGENIUS HARVEY, who will continue the Business on the same Premises, under the firm of GLEN & HARVEY.

JAMES FERGUS,
THOMAS GLEN,
EUGENIUS HARVEY.

(Signed)

Witnesses,
KENNETH MCLEA,
WALTER GRIEVE.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
17th December, 1838.

NOTICES.

Government Contracts.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until one o'clock on Tuesday the 12th February, 1839, from any person willing to contract for either of the following services, for the term of one year, beginning on the 1st April, 1839, and ending on the 31st March, 1840.

The conditions of these contracts may be seen daily at the Commissariat office.

The tender for each service must be accompanied by the signatures of two respectable persons (subject as usual to approval) engaging to become bound with the party tendering in the penal sum of £100 sterling, for the due and faithful performance of his contract.

BAKING BREAD

(From Government Flour.)

The number of pounds of bread proposed to be given for each 100lb. of flour, issued from the Commissariat Magazines, to be specified in words at length.

CARTAGE

(For the Public Departments.)

The tender should state the price in sterling—in words at length—at 50 pence per dollar, for a whole or half day's hire of each

Horse, Harness, and Driver, or for Each Box Cart, or Truck, with one Horse, Harness, and Driver, or for Each Box Cart, or Truck, with two Horses, Harness, and one Driver.

Payment will be made, as usual, quarterly, in Dollars at 4s. 2d. Army sterling each, equal to 5s. Halifax Currency.

COMMISSARIAT,
Newfoundland, 10th January, 1839 }

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 Sums, not exceeding Fifty Pounds, that had been deposited Twelve Months previous to the close of the Accounts.

N. W. HOYLES,
Cashier.

January 10.

OF SALE.

New Provisions.

JUST ARRIVED
Per Brig Kingaloch, from Cork in 13 days,
AND FOR SAUE AT THE STORES OF
Lawrence O'Brien,

- 50 Barrels prime Irish PORK
- 20 Half do. do. do.
- 60 Firkins first quality Irish BUTTER
- 100 Barrels BACON CUTTINGS
- 102 Do. PIGS HEADS.

January 31.

COALS! COALS!

NOW LANDING
AT THE WHARF OF
BULLEY, JOB & Co.

Ex Brig CICELY,
150 Tons best Liverpool
Coals,

(Cheap from the Vessel's side).
January 24.—2.

COALS.

T. & J. Brocklebank
OFFER FOR SALE,
70 Tons round well-screen d
COALS,

Just received per Barque MANCHESTER from Liverpool. If taken from alongside the Vessel immediately will be sold cheap.
January 17.

BY
Baine, Johnston & Co.

Ex Brig ANN JOHNSTON from Leghorn :—
500 Barrels Superfine Flour
1200 Bags fine Biscuit
330 Half do. do. do.

January 3.

OF SALE.

WESTMORELAND, FROM TRIESTE.

Thos. & J. Brocklebank

OFFER FOR SALE,
The Cargo of the WESTMORELAND, viz :—
1000 Barrels superfine Flour
1065 Bags fine Cabin Biscuit
60 Boxes Candles, dips, 8's & 10's
January 17.

Provisions.

JUST RECEIVED

Per Brig MARY and PORCIA from Hamburg,
And for Sale at the Stores of
Lawrence O'Brien,

Bread, 1st 2d and 3d quality
Pork, Butter, Flour
Oatmeal, Gritts

Also,
25,000 Brick which will be sold reasonable from the above Vessels.

January 3.

A FEW HUNDRED POUNDS
Exchange on London

For Sale by
LAWRENCE O'BRIEN
January 3.

PROVISIONS.

THOS. & J. BROCKLEBANK
OFFER FOR SALE,

The Cargo of the ARIEL from Hamburg,
Viz :—
500 Barrels superfine Silesian Flour
warranted of superior quality
789 Bags Biscuit, 1st & 2d quality
100 Barrels prime Mess Pork.
January 3.

BY
EWEN STABB,

100 Sacks prime Hamburg Barley & Oats.
50 Firkins do. do. Butter
100 Barrels Oatmeal & Pease
12 Do. English Hams 1 cwt, in each
Superfine Flour
Souchong Tea
4000 Lbs. Butt & Shoulder Leather
Deck Boots, Shoes
Tar, Tinware
Paints, Red Lead, Blue &c. &c.
January 3.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Offers for Sale
THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES,

PRINCIPALLY IN BOND,

And in Barter, for either Large Shore Cullage
Fish, Cod Oil, or Blubber, at Market Prices,
or Cash in June next.—Credit, over £50
to approved Purchasers,

- 300 Very prime Westphalia Hams
- 50 Dozen Champagne, pink and pale
- 45 Ditto old brown Sherry Wine, in barrels and cases of 3 dozen each
- 20 Pipes-French and Spanish Red Wines
- 14 Hhds. ditto ditto
- 12 Pipes Marsella and Teneriffe Wines
- 14 Qr.-Casks ditto
- 20 Hhds. Cognac Brandy
- 2 Qr.-casks ditto
- 2 Hhds. Hollands Geneva.

N. B.—Purchasers wishing to let any part of the above articles lie over in bond until next Spring, can do so, at their risk, free of Warehouse Rent.

JOHN HOWLEY.

Dec. 27.

BY
M'BRIDE & KERR,

Per Cora and Olinda from Copenhagen,
3400 B BAGS Bread, No. 1, 2, & 3
1600 Barrels Superfine Flour
50 Half-barrels Ditto Ditto
300 Firkins Butter
50 Barrels prime Beef
40 Ditto ditto Pork.

Per Avalon, from DEMERARA,
64 Puncheons very prime Molasses ;
Per Jane, from NEW YORK,
100 Barrels prime Pork.

Also,
60 Casks fresh Porter.
November 15.



Poets' Corner.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

BY THE LATE ROBERT NICOLL.

Man of the bold, brave heart!
God gifted thee with stemless will to dare
And to achieve. Men ne'er successful were
Who, with thy great endeavour, joined a pure,
High, holy heart like thine, that could endure
Hatred and scorn, and toil that would have crushed
A weak, despairing spirit with the dust.
And now!
Time tells thy name unto eternity!—
A noble man revealed,
Thy soul of light unsealed,
Thy life a battle-field,
Where fearless manhood set a race from bondage free!
Man of the dauntless soul!
Great in resistless goodness as was He
Who came like summer forth of Gallilee!
Who saves one living thing is ever blessed;
Good actions soothe, like angel songs, his rest;
And good men worship round the hero's grave,
Who lived and died one land of earth to save.
But thou!
Found a whole race of God-created men
Slaves, bound and scourged, and vile with every stain—
And now!
They tell what one soul-strengthened man can do!
That race is fetterless
Thou pitiedst in distress;
Thee, saviour, they bless,
Great, Christ-like, pure and holy, good and true!
Man of the stainless life!
True hearts adore thy faithful Earnestness,
Thy Hope, and 'midst all trials ne'er grew less
Thy thoughtful Love, that hatred never quenched,
And Perseverance;—power that would have wrenched
Aught good thy heart desired from Fortune's hand.
Chance, Fate and Change, determined men command
But thou!
Hadst nobler aims than those the foolish prize:
Loved mightier deeds than little men devise!
And now!
Giver of Freedom! who shall stand with thee?
Greater than throned kings,
Time o'er thy memory
Glorious imaginings—
A countless race arise and say, He made us free.

LONDON SKETCHES.

TIGRIS MAJOR AND TIGRIS MINOR.

"Two tigers met on Afric's shore;
The first tiger thought the second a bore."
Varrior. *Bombastes Furioso.*

My friend Joe Green would be the greatest bore on earth, if there existed no such person as Colonel Clump; or rather Colonel Clump would retain undisputed possession of the same bad eminence, were not people to be found who assign the palm to Joseph Green. It is a choice of evils. Joe is a fine gentleman; Clump, a coarse. Joe is a sipper of green tea, who sports a broken-down hack in Hyde Park; stares every woman in the pit tier at the opera, out of countenance every Saturday night; and lounges on the wait for chance tickets at the Zoological Gardens every Sunday afternoon. He is as true to all the exhibitions as the check-takers; and wherever well-dressed women most do congregate, there the over-dressed person of Green becomes a fixture. Dividing his leisure between London and Brighton, his face is grown familiar to the sauntering world as the sign of the Bull and Mouth, or any other vulgar generality. Yet Joe affects a conscious simper, in the notion that, because the eyes of five duchesses a-day fall unwittingly upon his trivial unmeaning countenance, he is thereby enshrined in the odour of fashionable sanctity!

Colonel Clump on the contrary, has a soul above duchesses, and fancies himself a knowing blade. Dividing his year between Cheltenham and town, Clump eats his ice at Farrance's, his dinner at the Bedford or the Blue Posts, and "looks in at Glid-don's." Clump is apt to play the bully at half-price with the box-openers, and is great at Vaux-hall on the opening and concluding nights. He is, in short, a noisy vulgar beast, with either a cigar or an oath perpetually in his mouth.

It is easy to perceive that these two are varieties of the same species. Yet, though alike partaking of tiger nature, a sort of natural antipathy exists between the two. Whenever they meet where it is possible to tip each other the cold shoulder, Clump whistles, as if for want of thought, while Green hums an air from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and both pass by unrecognizing. Each is in the secret of the other's small means and large pretensions. Clump knows that poor Joseph labours under a caoutchouc wig; Joseph is aware that the

Colonel sports a dicky. There is no mutual esteem between the two tigers.

It was my hard fate to make the acquaintance of both at the same moment; no matter whether in a steamboat, on a railroad, or in a balloon. A common danger a common panic, (one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin,) brought about a momentary familiarity which clings to me like the filthy stain to the hand of Lady Macbeth! To whatever extremely public place I betake myself, either Green is sure to be beforehand with me, or Clump to be in waiting, with his, "How are you, my dear fellow?" ere I have time to look about me. Beulah Spa, Tyrolese Minstrels, Madame Tussaud's Gallery, or any one of the ten theatres now open in the metropolis, exhibits to my loathing gaze the unwelcome features of either tigris major or tigris minor; and the first sentence uttered by the one, is sure to reflect bitterly upon the other.

The other night in the lobby at the opera, I found my arm familiarly laid hold of by Joe Green; and, as the hand that rested upon it exhibited a large turquoise ring outside the glove, and was adorned by a plaited ruffe, I looked round involuntarily, to make sure that the malicious eye of some dear familiar friend was not taking note of my degradation.

"How are you my dear fellow?" cried the tiger in his usual impertinent phrase. "Amazingly full opera—prodigiously hot—Lablache in tremendous force. The first time I've met you here this season! and, 'pon my soul, you're out of luck."

"In what way?—Lablache, as you allow, is in tremendous force, and Grisé in the finest voice. I came to hear them, and see the new ballet."

"But you did not reckon upon all you were likely to see—that fellow Clump is here to-night!"

"I hope he is well, and has got a good stall," said I, striving to bow my way off. "There is room enough in the house for all of us."

"Don't flatter yourself of getting rid of him, my dear fellow," cried Joe, seizing my button. "Clump is the very man to lay hold of you the moment he sees you; and I can tell you it is no easy matter to shake him off. Clump has not the slightest consideration for the feelings of others. He has no idea of the annoyance a man about town may experience from such a person hanging upon him in public. One night, if you'll believe, he attacked me in the saloon at the Colosseum, put his arm in mine, and walked me about, without the smallest apology. What was the consequence?"

The moment I was released, a hundred fellows came up to me, with Brummel's question to Alvanley—'Who is your fat friend?' What could I say? I vow to you—it was too bad!"

"What was too bad?"

"To place one in such a predicament. It is not every one that cares to own he has an acquaintance in the Poyaisian Green Hussars, or the British Legion, or Horse Marines, or whatever it may be in which Clump calls himself colonel."

"He calls himself a half-pay captain in our army, I believe," said I. "But I really know little or nothing about him. I made his acquaintance, Mr. Green, if you remember, at the same period as your own."

"To be sure you did; and very sorry I was for you at the time. I have often said since to my friend lady Phynn, and my friends Lady Fitzwiggon and her daughters, how truly I felt for a gentlemanly fellow like yourself being so horribly bored. For, between ourselves, that colonel Clump is the most abominably pushing person! Lady Phynn declares that he left his card upon her for no earthly reason but because he dined in the next tent to her at Beulah."

"Clump was aware, perhaps, that his friend, Joe Green was a favourite, and thought it a sufficient passport to her Ladyship's good opinion," said I with a significant smile.

"Very likely. But it does not exactly suit me to have a person of Colonel Clump's description Joe-Greening me. What would Dashwood and Fitzroy think, if they were to hear him take such a liberty?—One Sunday, too, he actually came and joined me as I was looking at the Giraffes with Lady Fitzwiggon and her girls; and because little Bessy (who, I admit, is a bit of a hoyden) happened to smile at some of his vulgarities, the fellow takes off his hat to the Fitzwiggons whenever he meets them."

"A compliment to yourself through your friends," said I, endeavouring to slip away; and, having at length succeeded in extricating myself from the paws of the tiger, I was hastening up to my sister's box, to escape a renewal of my martyrdom, when a hasty slap on the back informed me that I was overtaken by Col. Clump.

"How are you, my fine fellow?" cried he, in a tone that proved him, like Lablache, to be in tremendous voice. "Escaping from that horrid fellow, Joe Green,—eh? By heaven, 'tis enough to make one forswear the Opera!"

"What is enough?"

"The certainty of having that nauseous animal fasten upon one. The moment that he finds out that a man is tolerably well up in society, like you and I, Joe Green sticks to him like a burr. Now, really though, as times go, no one can answer for not having a disagreeable acquaintance or so, there is no occasion to wear them like a feather in one's cap—eh? I don't suppose myself more fortunate than others. Thanks to clubs, watering places, and my cousin Sir Phelim's standing for a county, I am occasionally compelled to touch my hat to an odd-looking fellow, more or less. But I do it in a quiet way. I don't feel myself required to pull up and hail them before the windows of the United Service Club."

"You are a member, then?" said I somewhat surprised.

"Not exactly. But I am acquainted with an infinite number of fellows who are; and I've been up these two months for the Junior."

"With the chance of being blackballed ten years hence," thought I; but I held my peace on so gunpowder a subject.

"Yet, if you'll believe me," resumed Clump, still harping on his tiger, "that horrid person, Mr. Green, seized my hand last winter, as I was coming out of the St. James's Bazaar, arm in arm with Sir Murtough M'Flainagan; and Sir Murtough was so disgusted that he immediately shuffled off. Now, as Sir Murtough sailed the next day for Paramatta (where he is appointed Lieutenant Governor,) I may never have it in my power to explain to him how very slight is my acquaintance with Mister Green."

"Poor Joe!" was my involuntary ejaculation, with an involuntary smile.

"My dear fellow, beware how you 'Joe' such a tiger as that, in such a place as this!" cried Clump. "People who don't know you as well as I do, may overhear, and fancy you one of his intimates."

"It would be a very far-fetched fancy," said I, coldly, "as no one is better aware than yourself. I had the honour, Colonel Clump, to make Joe Green's acquaintance at the same time, and in the same accidental way, as your own."

Indeed, you had; and, by heavens, I know how to pity you! At present, my dear fellow, you little guess to what extremities such an acquaintance may lead. I've no doubt you saw in the papers," he continued, lowering his voice, "an account of my little *frac cas* at Boulogne, last summer. A vastly disagreeable piece of business, to have one's name in that way before the public, especially for a man who has views of distinguishing himself in his profession. I was at that moment on the very point of starting for Barcelona; but, after so unpleasant an affair, I thought it better to defer joining Don Carlos, till the story blew over."

"'Tis an ill-wind," thought I, "that blows no one good. Don Carlos is a luckier dog than he deserves."

"But by heavens, sir, the remote cause of the whole business, was neither more nor less than my bowing acquaintance with Joe Green! When I found myself compelled to make an appeal, on the score of character, to two distinguished members of the wretched squad which Boulogne sur Mer presumes to call a club, they had the impudence to answer, that 'the only harm they knew of me was, being two good natures in the choice of my acquaintance.' That this *inendo* pointed at Joe Green, I could not for a moment doubt. Yet, after all, the fellow will go on shaking hands with me, as if I had no fear of the caricature shops before my eyes! But come along! I caught a glimpse of him just now, sidling up the staircase. He's looking for us! Rely upon it, he wants to fasten upon us for the rest of the evening."

For "come along," I chose to read "go," and scudded along in an opposite direction. But the following day, on the race-course at Epsom, I heard myself hailed by name in a stentorian voice, and, on looking round, perceived the Colonel perched on a barouche box, side by side with an individual whose whiskers were still more bushy, and his mustachioes still more lengthy, than his own. All the colours of the rainbow and a few intervening tints, were included between the fancy waistcoats and neckerchiefs of the two. A cursory view of the case determined me to pass and make no sign.

"Ha! my dear fellow!" cried a voice, which convinced me that, having escaped Scylla, I had rushed upon Charybdis—and Joe Green immediately appeared in view. "I saw you scudding along to keep clear of the tiger squadron! That awful barouche full of Clumps! Poor Lady Fitzwiggon gave a guinea to a stray coachman, for the loan of a pair of horses to get on the hill with, when she found, after her posties were taken off that she was close to Colonel Clump; while poor dear lady Phynn is actually remaining behind in town, because he gave her to understand that he should be here! Really, such fellows are a public nuisance."

Before the end of the day's sport, Clump took occasion to creep up to me, and observe—"Do you know, I could scarcely tell what to make of you this morning, when I saw you fighting shy of my cousin's, Sir Phelim's party. But a moment afterwards, I spied out Joe Green standing near us, and understood in a jiffy your motive for being off—a word to the wise."

My anxieties, however, on account of the feuds of the Tigers, are happily at an end. I am now (I write it between sorrow and gladness) released from their rival officiousness. Tigris major and Tigris minor are as safe as their tailors can make them, and Whitecross street and Banco Regis keep them. Clump's sole bargain on finding himself tapped on the shoulder, was a prayer that he might be spared the Queen's Bench, whither Joe Green had been translated the previous day; Joe Green, on travelling to the Surrey side, having been heard to ejaculate—"Thank heaven, I shall at least be spared, in the Bench, the affront of associating with that horrid fellow, Clump! It really requires more nerve than I am master of, to be seen in company with such a tiger!"

Notices.

NEWFOUNDLANDER.

CENTRAL DISTRICT,
St. John's, to wit.

BY virtue of an order of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for this District, in Sessions assembled, I the High Constable, am thereby required to collect a rate or assessment of Ten Shillings Currency in the Hundred Pounds, on the value of all Houses, Lands, and Tenements in this District—to be applied to the purposes of remunerating parties who have sustained damage under the operations of the Acts 4th Wm. 4. Cap. 4, and 5th Wm. 4. Cap. 5, commonly called the Road Acts.

Notice is therefore hereby given, to all Landlords and Tenants possessing any interest in the Houses, Lands, and Tenements, situate in the said District, forthwith to pay to me, the said High Constable, the said rate of Ten Shillings in the Hundred Pounds on the value of their respective interests.

Given under my hand, the 24th day of September, 1838.

J. FINLAY, High Constable.

Packet Boats

TO PLY BETWEEN PORTUGAL COVE AND CARBONEAR.

The Subscriber begs to inform his Friends and the Public, that having now completed the new Packet

NATIVE LASS,

in a style hitherto unknown in this Country—being fitted up with comfortable Cabin, Sleeping Berths, &c.—he has commenced plying between Portugal Cove and Carbonear.—The *NORA CREINA* will also continue to ply as heretofore, and he will thereby be enabled to arrange so that one of the above Packets will leave Carbonear and Portugal Cove every morning while the navigation remains open.—The *NATIVE LASS* is built in a superior manner, copper-fastened and coppered, sails remarkably fast, and is decidedly superior to any Craft of her description.—The *NORA CREINA* is sufficiently known to render it unnecessary that any exposition as to her qualities should be gone into.

FARES:

Cabin Passengers..... 7s. 6d.
Steerage Ditto..... 5s. 0d.
Letters (single)..... 0s. 6d.
—— (double)..... 1s. 0d.

And Parcels in proportion to their size and weight.

The Subscriber will be responsible for any parcel, &c., that may be given in charge to him.

JAMES DOYLE.

Carbonear, September 25, 1838.

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. THOS. 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 their being no possibility of proceeding by water, the letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state also that he has good and comfortable lodgings and every necessary that may be wanted on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage—

One person or three to pay 15s., above that number 5s. each. Single Letters 1s., double do. 2s., and packages in proportion.

Not accountable for Cash or any other valuable Property put on board.

January 10.

ALL Persons having claims for assistance rendered in saving the Schooner *Hope* on the 25th November last, are hereby requested to send in their accounts to

M. STEWART & Co.

December 20.

ALL Persons having claims against the FACTORY are requested to leave their Accounts with the SUPERINTENDENT, at the Establishment.

J. JENNINGS, Secretary.

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