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Newfoundland

No. 603.

THURSDAY, February 14, 1839.

Sixpence.

Notices.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

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.
St. Cerage Ditto 5s. 0d.
Letters (single)..... 6s. 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-Greys.

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-Greys, 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.

ON SALE.

AT THE STORES OF

Parker & Gleeson,

Et AGNES, THOMAS BAKER, and MEDIUM from Hamburg,

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 Hamburg Beef
10,000 Ericks,

And, a few Cases Glassware.

ALSO,

30 Puns. best retailing MOLASSES.

AND IN BOND,

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

1000 Hogsheads COALS.
October 25.

John and James Kent

ARE NOW LANDING,

Per *Mercedes* and *Duchess Gloucester* from Hamburg,

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

7000 Large Bricks.

And per *Fox* from London,

30 Chests best Twaakey,

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 3-3-4, immediately in rear of the Cottage lately occupied by Judge Brenton. For particulars apply to

MICHAEL MEEHAN.

LAW.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

THE QUEEN V. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M. P.—The defendant in this case having suffered judgment to go by default, the Attorney-General hoped that, in courtesy to that gentleman, who was now on the floor of the Court, awaiting its judgment, that it would take precedence of any other case.—Lord Denman inquired if Mr. D'Israeli was prepared with any affidavits? Upon the Attorney-General replying in the negative, a statement on the part of Mr. Austin who it will be remembered was the subject of the libel published by defendant in the *Morning Post*, was put in and read, and the object of which was to repudiate the imputations of the alleged libel.—Lord Denman inquired if Mr. D'Israeli was prepared with an affidavit.—Upon that gentleman replying in the negative,—the Attorney-General then said it became his painful duty to address their Lordships; he regretted to see a gentleman of Mr. D'Israeli's eminence standing on the floor of their Lordships' Court, but he had no alternative, in justice to his friend Mr. Austin, but to repudiate the charges that were made upon him.—The Attorney-General then went into a long detail of the transactions out of which the libellous matter originated, and contended that throughout the entire transaction the conduct of Mr. Austin was perfectly warrantable. Had a proper apology been made, and in proper season, Mr. Austin would not have pressed the matter to the present issue; but the contumacy of the hon. gentleman in withholding that up to the present hour forced the present painful alternative upon him.—Mr. D'Israeli then addressed the Court, and defended at much length the transactions which induced him to write the offensive letters in question.—In conclusion he said—"He had injured a gentleman who was unknown to him; he had outraged his feelings and treated him with injustice, but he hoped not with injury. He regretted what he had done. He not only felt regret, but great mortification, for what he had done. He was sorry he should have injured the feelings of any man who had not attempted to injure him. He was sorry that, through misconception, he should have said anything that could for a moment have annoyed the mind of a gentleman of the highest honour and integrity. He should himself be satisfied with that expression of deep regret and mortification." The hon. Gentleman then proceeded in the following terms, not without considerable bombast in tone, and not without much justice in feeling and spirit—"But, my Lords, from the manner in which this declaration is couched, from several expressions that have fallen at various times during these proceedings, from the *animus* which has characterized them within and without these walls. I cannot help fearing that I am brought here by one of those fictions of law of which I have read, and that it is not so much for an offence against the law as for an offence against lawyers that I am now awaiting judgment. My Lords, under those circumstances, I shall appeal with confidence to the bench for protection. I am sure, my Lords, you will never allow me to be formally arraigned for one offence, and virtually punished for another. My Lords, I am not desirous of vindicating the expressions used in that letter in reference to the profession, any more than the expressions used in reference to the individual. My Lords I thought the profession had attacked me, and I wished to show them that there might be a bolt in their escutcheon. I have no hesitation in saying that my opinion of the bar of England in my cooler moments cannot be very different from that of any man of sense and study. I must, of course, recognize it as a very important portion of the social commonwealth—one, indeed of the lustiest ribs of the body politic; I know my Lords, to arrive at eminence in that profession requires, if not the highest, many of the higher qualities of our nature; that to gain any station there needs great industry, great learning, and great acuteness. I cannot forget that from the bar of England have sprung many of our most illustrious statesmen, past and present; and all must feel, my Lords that to that bar we owe those administrators of justice, to whose unimpassioned wisdom we appeal with the confidence which I do now. But, my Lords, I have ever believed, I believe at this moment, I see no libel in the expression of that belief, no

want of taste, under the circumstances of the case in expressing it even here, that there is in the principles on which the practice of that bar is based a taint of arrogance, I will not say audacity, but of that reckless spirit, which is the necessary consequence of the possession and the exercise of irresponsible power. My Lords, I am told, and have been told often in the course of these proceedings, that I have mistaken the nature of the connexion that subsists between the counsel and the client, and of the consequent privileges that accrue from it. It may be so, but I have at least adopted that opinion, after some literary, if not legal, research. The question is one indeed of great delicacy and difficulty; it has been mooted on various occasions, at various intervals, during our late annals; it has been discussed by very learned lawyers, it has been illustrated by very profound antiquaries, legal and constitutional, has been made subject matter for philosophic moralists, and even touched by the pleasantries of poignant wits. I confess that I myself have imbibed an opinion, that it is the duty of a counsel to his client to assist him by all possible means, just or unjust, and even to commit, if necessary, a crime for his assistance or extrication. My Lords, this may be an outrageous opinion; but, my Lords, it is not my own." Mr. D'Israeli on this read an opinion of Lord Brougham's, and then with a few apologetic words said he waited their Lordships' judgment. The Attorney-General rose and said, that if such a concession as that just made, had been made before the application, their Lordships never would have been troubled with it. If their Lordships were now of opinion that the ample apology Mr. D'Israeli had made ought to be satisfactory, Mr. Austin was satisfied.—Lord Denman: Then I understand you to say, that in consequence of the satisfactory terms of that apology, you do not feel called upon to pray for judgment on the defendant, provided we think we can with any degree of propriety pass over his offence unpunished?—The Attorney-General having replied in the affirmative, Lord Denman: Then, that prayer for judgment having been withdrawn, it is infinitely more to the satisfaction of the Court that the matter should rest on reparation and apology than that the law should be put in force against the person who has now made them. We must take them to be most ample and satisfactory after the application now made, and this matter will be considered at an end. Mr. D'Israeli then withdrew.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT GRANT.—An account of a meeting held in the Town-hall of Bombay, on the 28th of July, for the purpose of considering the most suitable means of honouring the memory of the late Sir Robert Grant, has been published in the papers. The meeting was more numerous and respectfully attended, we are told, than any other of a similar kind ever held in that place. Sir Robert Grant's whole soul seems to have been devoted to the great object of benefiting in every possible way the people over whom he was placed. In opening the business of the meeting, the Lord Bishop, who filled the chair, stated that "With respect to the manner in which we will hand down his memory to posterity, it seems most appropriate to do this by some measure which shall continue to bestow benefits upon the people under his government. It was his aim to introduce to the natives of India the benefits of British discovery and science, for the enlightening of the mind or the relief of the body; and if we fix upon something which shall continue to hand down to the native people those blessings, we shall best exhibit the character and desires of him whose loss we now deplore." Not a class, not a trade even, seems to have been overlooked by him in his exertions for improvement. The speakers seemed inexhaustible in dwelling on the numerous works he promoted, the institutions he founded or encouraged, the abuses he removed, the facilities he afforded for the prosecution of various branches of industry. India owes much to Charles Grant, the father of Sir Robert, who had greatly at heart the welfare of the many millions under the government of the East India Company, and who fortunately possessed influence to give effect to his views; and the example of the father has evidently inspired the son.

(From the London Examiner, Dec. 16.)

LORD DURHAM.

At the period of Lord Durham's return from Petersburg in 1837, the ultra section of the Radicals, whose monomania is the desire to overthrow the existing Ministry *coute qu'il coute*, claimed him for their own, and confidently counted on accomplishing their favourite object under his leadership. "Choose we Laertes for our king," was the cry. It cost us small trouble to show the utter groundlessness of those expectations. We had only to refer to the career of Lord Durham, to his principles and views as explained by himself, and acted on, to prove that he was not the man to put himself at the head of any violent party, or to lead himself to any plan of operations introducing divisions in the Liberal ranks through which the Tories might march into power.

We told the ultra section that their hopes of Lord Durham for a leader belied the whole tenor of his political life. We reminded them that in the years 1817, '18, and '19, he had boldly denounced the opinions of the then anarchical Radicals, and that he had told them, as he would now tell a like misguided section of the popular party, that "the men with Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments on their banners, and liberty in their mouths, have done more injury to the common cause than could be effected by the united powers of corruption and despotism—that they proposed a mode of life which would never be natural even amongst savages, and that they desired to bring about a state of things which, beginning with anarchy, would end in the sternest despotism."

We showed the extent to which Lord Durham carried his opinions, and the mode in which he proposed to advance them in the ripeness of the public judgment; and for the information of those who were for breaking up the Ministry, because it was opposed to the Ballot, before a majority of the Ballot were returned to the House of Commons, or returnable upon an appeal to the country, we quoted Lord Durham's resolution, declared in a speech long antecedent to the letter to Mr Bowly, that he would not long quarrel with Reformers of any shade about objects to which a gradual but certain conversion might be expected by the effect of experience and the growing light of reason. Much patience for the errors of friends, no compromise with enemies, was the substance of Lord Durham's rule of conduct as explained by himself.

Upon the general election consequent on the demise of the Crown, Lord Durham, in his letter to Mr. Bowly,* repeated in terms necessarily general the opinions he had fully and clearly explained in his antecedent speeches. Thereupon the ultra section, who had built their hopes upon his leadership, turned angrily upon him, and charged him with desertion of his principles. They were exceeding wrath that the true Lord Durham did not correspond with the Lord Durham created in their fancy to suit their crazy schemes of policy. So, a worthy herald painter, in the decline of life, being seized with the desire to see in the flesh the quadrupeds he had spent his days in painting, paid a visit to a menagerie, and, in answer to his eager inquiries for the lions, when the noble beasts were shown to him he flew into a violent passion, charged the keeper with cheating the public, and insisted that the lions were no lions, for, said he, "I have been painting lions all my life, and should know pretty well what they are like; and this creature, which you call a lion, is not in the least degree like the lion I have painted."

Lord Durham is not in the least degree like the lion rampant which the Tory Radicals have painted, but is the fault with his political conformation or with their limning?

For the last two years his painters have abused him, vilified him, scoffed at him, because he did not agree with their designs of him—because he was not all paw and claw, and always in the attitude of striking. But he comes home from Canada dissatisfied with the conduct of the Ministry upon the occasion of the tory attack on his ordinances, and all is changed. Again the ultras paint him as their lion rampant, and Sir William Molesworth, officiating as showman, goes about crying, "Now you shall see what you shall see." Again these gentlemen will be disappointed. Again the true lion will falsify their monstrous designs.

Merely by keeping Lord Durham's past career, his declared principles and rules of conduct, in view, we have before correctly anticipated his line of action; and we now confidently predict that Lord Durham, while doing all that is necessary to the justification of his own conduct, will do nothing calculated to make a division and a breach in the liberal ranks. Whatever may be his feelings towards Ministers, we are thoroughly convinced that he will neither lead nor encourage, or sanction, any attempt to overthrow them, and so let the Tories mount the breach upon the ruins of the Liberal party. We are sure that Lord Durham will never put himself at the head of a thoughtless splenetic section; and if they choose to follow him it will be with an understanding of the ends which

* There was nothing in this much misrepresented letter which had not before been repeatedly expressed and explained by Lord Durham; but people omitted to observe that in writing it Lord Durham must have had in view the correction of a misrepresentation of his views by the ultras; and his anxiety to show that he did not entertain the extreme democratic opinions erroneously attributed to him was construed to indicate a leaning to opinions as little his own the opposite way. It should have been remembered that in straightening anything that has been warped it may be bent the contrary way.

he has in view, and the ends which he has not in view, and of the means which he proposes for the attainment of his objects. For no one knows better than Lord Durham what the consequences would be of turning the arms of the Radicals against the Whig Administration. In such an event, in all the towns of Great Britain the Whigs would be against the Radicals, and the Radicals would desert the Whigs, and between the dissension of the two the Tories would quietly possess themselves of a majority. We should then see the number for the Ballot in Parliament reduced probably one-half by the wisecracks whose ostensible design was the promotion of that question.

To no such sin of fratricide and suicide will Lord Durham lend himself. Whatever fault there is in his system of policy is rather on the side of waiting the ripening of opinion than on that of forcing it; and until he sees his way to the support of a majority favourable to the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and the Extension of the Suffrage, he will not, we are sure, be any party to attempt to overthrow the Ministry, for it is the duty of a statesman not to destroy a Government unless he is prepared to substitute a better.

Vindication, not vengeance, will be Lord Durham's object, and in all that he does he will have a wary regard to the great interests of his country and the promotion of the good work to which he has devoted the energies of his life. It will be for him to place a bright example on a new page of history, and to show the patriot's superiority to the personal resentments. Lord Durham will not follow the vulgar example of Lord Brougham (the Lord Grizzle who turns rebel because he can no longer play the courtier) and take revenge for lights at the expense of the country. Lord Durham dispossessed of authority, is not dispossessed of the purposes for which authority is prized by the nobler order of minds, and as a volunteer he will exert himself for the public benefit in the great field of reform, and especially, as a love of labour, for the interests of that colony from the Government of which he has been abruptly torn by faction.

In pursuing this course he will disappoint the hopes and incur the foul abuse certainly of the Tories and perhaps of the Tory Radicals, but he will obtain the honour of all the wise and just, and furnish a noble example too much wanting in our political history.

PERSECUTION OF THE WIDOW WOOLFREY.

Mr. Breeks's attorney, having, as it seems, the charge of the Reverend Gentleman's morality and conscience, as well as of his law proceedings, has put forth a six-and-eightpenny defence of his reverend client's conduct. The substance of it is that Mr. Breeks protested against the inscription on the tombstone and prohibited it, and commenced proceedings, with the approval of the Bishop of Winchester, when the tombstone was set up notwithstanding his expressed disapproval. The attorney asks, with wonderful self-complacency, in what step of these proceedings there was any persecution. Precisely in the step of taking the proceedings, we reply.

The brother of the widow states that the Reverend Gentleman, though he took objection to the inscription, took the fee for the tombstone, for in fees there is never any heterodoxy; and, further, that he asked an additional fee, but was not so happy as to get it. We are also told by the same authority that there had been a political feud between the deceased John Woolfrey and the curate.

If Mary Woolfrey has set her heart on getting a prayer for the dead into the church-yard, we advise her to set up a tombstone with the inscription—"Pray for the feelings of the Rev. J. Breeks. It is a pleasant thought to pray for the dead."

And here, by the way, we should like to know whether it is apprehended practically that any degree of intreaty would induce any one to pray for J. Woolfrey, as his widow requests. Folks are not so ready to pray upon demand, at sight as it were, upon the order of a stone, a lithograph draft as it were, without consideration.

But, waving the practical part of the question, there seems to be abundant authority for praying for the dead, apostolical and episcopal, and amongst the latter, the Bishop of Chester in his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte. An eminent authority of another sort is mentioned by an intelligent correspondent.

The Church has taken the Church-yard against Mary Woolfrey rather rashly, and the widow will prove too strong for it.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR.—I perfectly approve of your observations on the case of ecclesiastical oppression in the Isle of Wight, where a poor widow of the name of Mary Woolfrey has drawn upon herself the vengeance of the Ecclesiastical Court, for inscribing on the tomb of her departed husband a quotation from one of those books of the Old Testament, which our articles admit that "the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners, though it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine."

The opinion of our great moralist, Johnson, a sound Tory, and ultra High Churchman, appears to have been the same as this poor widow's. The following passage occurs in his life, by Boswell, vol. 1st, page 154—

"That he (Dr. Johnson), in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and

pious Christians in all ages, supposed that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions. In his prayers and meditations is the following passage: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to thy fatherly goodness THE SOUL OF MY DEPARTED WIFE; beseeching thee to grant her whatever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.'

Again, in another part of the same life; the following dialogue occurs. The whole extract would be too long for your columns, but I send you the pith of it. Verily the good Doctor would astonish the Tory High Church party of the present day—

"Boswell *loquitur*; I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.—Johnson: Why, no, Sir, if he has no objection, you can have none.—Boswell: So, Sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion.—Johnson: No more, Sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.—Boswell: You are joking.—Johnson: No, Sir, I really think so: nay, Sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish—I proceeded: What do you think, sir, of purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics?—Johnson: Why, Sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and that therefore God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering; you see, Sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.—Boswell: But then, Sir, their masses for the dead?—Johnson: Why, Sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for THEM as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life.—Boswell: The idolatry of the mass?—Johnson: Sir, there is no idolatry in the mass; they believe God to be there and they worship him.—Boswell: The worship of saints?—Johnson: Sir, they do not worship saints they invoke them; they only ask their prayers.—Boswell: Confession?—Johnson: Why I don't know but that is a good thing; the scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another;' and the priests confess as well as the laity."

And in the same fashion did he reply to all the other common objections against the Roman Catholic Church. Now, Mr. Editor, after reading all this, I think we must allow that the poor widow is sinning in very good company, and may cite the precedent of the great moralist as her justification on the present occasion.

Yours truly,
A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

TRIUMPH OF WIDOW WOOLFREY OVER MR BREEKS.—Sir Herbert Jenner delivered his judgment in the case of Mary Woolfrey and the tombstone in Carisbrook churchyard, whereon were engraved, at her instigation, the words—"Pray for the soul of Richard Woolfrey—it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." The object of the suit was to have Mary Woolfrey admonished and carefully corrected in her manners and excesses, for having caused this inscription, contrary, as it was alleged to the articles of the Church of England, to be so set up in Carisbrook churchyard. Now, the twenty-second article of the Church is against purgatory and the invocation of saints. The Judge said that if the inscription was of the character attributed to it in the citation, namely, contrary to the articles of the Church, no person could have a right to erect such a tombstone, for it impugned the doctrines of the Church of England. But it was not the opinion of the learned Judge that the article against purgatory was an article against praying for the dead. The point, he said, upon which the whole question turned was, whether the prayer for the dead was so connected with the Romish doctrine of purgatory as to be essentially and necessarily included in it. It might be true, and no doubt it was so, that the doctrine of purgatory included the practice of prayer for the dead, but it did not follow that the prayer for the dead was consistent only with the rites of the Romish Church. The Learned Judge cited various authorities to show that prayers for the dead had no necessary connexion with the doctrine of purgatory, and that they could not have any such necessary connexion, because the practice of prayers for the dead existed long antecedent to the establishment of the doctrine of purgatory.—The history given by Sir Herbert Jenner of the variations in the service of the English Church with respect to praying for the dead was very curious. It appears that, in consequence of the advantage attempted to be taken by the Romanists of the retaining of this custom by Reformers, it was deemed advisable to discourage it, as having a tendency to promote superstition. The Church of England, therefore, did not encourage, but rather discouraged prayers for the dead, and had expunged them from the Liturgy, as being useless, but not as being unlawful. It is now, therefore, to be understood that praying for the dead is not a violation of any of the canons or articles of the Church; and as the greatest ornaments of that Church, Taylor and Barrow, for instance, have followed the practice, as having been nearly coeval with Christianity itself, it may be supposed that hereafter there will be persons disposed to tread in the footsteps of

these shining lights.—With regard to the offence of having erected the tombstone without the consent of the incumbent, the Learned Judge said the question did not arise upon the face of the citation. It was certainly a punishable offence, but not being brought formally before the Court, could not be adjudicated upon.—Finally the suit was dismissed, with costs against the promoter of it.—The Court was crowded, and the greatest delight was shown at the result. Sir Herbert Jenner's argument was very able.

LORD DURHAM AND THE FRENCH PRESS.—The *Journal des Debats* of Tuesday last has an able article on the subject of Lord Durham's resignation. After a succinct statement of the state of Canada previous to his appointment, our French contemporary proceeds to describe the effects which followed his arrival in the colony. The tribute of the *Journal des Debats* to the use made by Lord Durham of the extensive powers committed to him is most deserved, and its censure of the means resorted to at home for thwarting him is characterised by impartiality:—"While, far from his home, Lord Durham was exerting himself to prevent the dismemberment of the British empire, implacable enemies were endeavouring in his country to thwart him, without giving themselves the least concern whether or not their triumph would be a national calamity. The Governor-General had prescribed certain arrangements relative to the residence of the prisoners in the Bermudas, as much with a view to tranquillize them with regard to their lot, as to prevent their return to Canada. A prodigious respect for legality all at once was felt by his adversaries. Had not Lord Durham exceeded the limits of his powers? Singular scruples with regard to a magistrate sent, with the most unlimited powers, to a country in which the constitution was already suspended, in which all the representative institutions had been suppressed, in which the law of *habeas corpus* no longer was in force, in a country, in short, wholly governed by martial law! In vesting Lord Durham with the dictatorship, was it not that he might provide according to the best of his judgment for all the circumstances which might arise at two thousand leagues from the mother country? Had he lost sight of the spirit, whatever might be the case with regard to the strict letter of his powers? Had he exceeded the object of his mission? If he had kept within the limits of his written instructions, ought he not to have been loudly supported? And if he had gone beyond them in an accessory point, but for a useful result, ought not what he had done to have been ratified and legalised? But the spirit of party is little disposed to act so honourably. The object was to wound the English Ministry in one of their agents; and this miserable dispute about words was excited against Lord Durham. In their turn the Administration committed a fault: they did not defend their representative. However, they are now paying the penalty of that weakness, for their conduct has involved them in more serious embarrassments than the parliamentary struggles which they wished to escape. But Lord Durham, attacked by his enemies, abandoned by his friends, saw his acts condemned in Parliament without having been defended." The *Journal des Debats* then proceeds to justify the resignation, as due to his own self-respect.—*Examiner*.

CORN LAWS.—The stranger who looks upon the fertile prairies of Illinois and Indiana, and the rich alluvial of Ohio, feels the iniquity of the English Corn Laws as strongly as in the allies of Sheffield and Manchester. The inhuman perverseness of taxing food is there evident in all its enormity. The world ought never to hear of a want of food—no one of the inhabitants of its civilized portions ought ever to be without the means of obtaining his fill, while the mighty Western Valley smiles in its fertility. If the Aristocracy of England, for whom those laws were made, and by whom they are sustained, could be transported to travel, in open wagons, the boundless prairies and the shores of the great rivers which would bring down the produce, they would groan to see from what their petty, selfish interest had shut out the thousands of half-starved labourers at home. If they could not be convinced of the very plain truth, of how their own fortunes would be benefited by allowing the supply and demand of food to take their natural course, they would for the moment, wish their rent rolls at the bottom of the sea, rather than that they should stand between the crowd of labourers and the supply of food which God has offered them. The landlords of England do not go and see the great Western Valley, but happily some of the labourers do. Far off as that valley is those labourers will make themselves heard from thence by those who have driven them there, and will teach the brethren whom they have left behind where the blame of their hunger lies. Every British settler who ploughs a furrow in the prairie helps to plough up the foundation of the British Corn Laws.—*Miss Martineau—Society in America*.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LADY JOHN RUSSELL.—The mortal remains of this lamented and distinguished lady were deposited on Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, in the family vault of the Duke of Bedford in Chenies church, Bucks. The mournful cavalcade assembled at the Green Man at Rickmansworth, whence it moved forward in the following order:—First, The Duke of Bedford's Buckinghamshire tenantry, on horseback. Second, Fourteen horsemen outriders. Third,

The hearse, drawn by four black horses, with three pages on each side. Fourth, Four mourning coaches. In the first were Lord John Russell, for whom the carriage called at the residence of Lord Wriothlesley Russell, the rector, and Charles and Thomas Lister, Esqrs., brothers of the deceased lady; the second contained the Marquis of Tavistock and his sons, Lord Russell and Lord Edward Russell; the third contained the Marquis of Abercorn, the Hon. Charles A. Gore, private secretary of Lord John Russell, and William Russell, Esq., nephew to the Duke of Bedford; in the fourth were his lordship's domestics; and then followed a numerous train of private carriages. The service was read by the Hon. and Rev. Lowther Barrington, the curate, during the performance of which the noble widower was deeply affected. After the conclusion of the mournful ceremony Lord John Russell, the Marquis of Abercorn, and the other mourners returned to the rectory house, where their carriages called to convey them to their respective residences, Lord John returning to Cashibury Park. The inscription on the coffin stated her ladyship to have been born in 1807.

THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

In a letter to the Times, Admiral Napier shows that the Tories have to answer for the greatest share of error in the administration of naval affairs, and that the Whigs may claim the merit of some improvements neglected by their predecessors.

"It is not just, Sir, to throw the whole blame on Lord Minto. You ought to go further back. During the long administration of Lord Melville the only wise thing his board ever did was cutting down several bad 74's into good frigates. Not one step worth mentioning was taken for the encouragement of seamen to enter the navy, or towards a permanent system of manning it without having recourse to impressment.

"Sir James Graham at once got rid of the Navy Board and their system, and began building real good ships, which Lord Minto has followed up; but it is not in ships alone that our safety depends it is on officers and men; and unless we increase our force and adopt a permanent system of manning our fleet, we shall neither have one or the other.

"Three-and-twenty years ago I recommended the registration of seamen, in a pamphlet I addressed to Lord Melville which was only put in force the other day. It has already done some good; but it does not go far enough, and the present Admiralty do not seem disposed to carry it further. In fact, Sir, Boards of Admiralty go by coach, when all the world are going by railroad.

"I quite agree with you, Sir, and the Journal des Debats, that Algiers is a naval question, and will be settled sooner or later by fleets; but it was under the Administration of the Duke of Wellington that Algiers was occupied by the French; and I trust the present Government will take care that they do not play the same game with Mexico. The Eastern question began in the Administration of the Duke of Wellington; he allowed the Russians to cross the Balkan, and the present Ministers allowed a Russian fleet to be called in to the assistance of the Sultan. One seems to me to be as much to blame as the other.

"The observation of the Duke of Wellington about the state of the navy is most true; but his Grace ought to remember that Sir Robert Peel reduced it 1,000 men, and the present Administration have increased it 5,000.

"The aspect of affairs I admit are changed. We are threatened with war in India; are not quite at our ease in Canada; France blockades Buenos Ayres and Mexico; and Russia is ready to pounce on Turkey.

"The season is now too far advanced to have any alarm from the Russian fleet in the Baltic; but I do think, if Government do not manage to have at least ten sail of the line ready for sea in England next spring, they do not deserve to be intrusted with the affairs of the country.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 14, 1839.

The extreme severity of the weather which has for the past ten days been experienced, has caused the accumulation of vast quantities of ice by which the coast seems now to be completely surrounded; we fear it will occasion much detention to the vessels from Britain and elsewhere, which are now expected. The same may apply, though in a much less degree, to the vessels now about to leave the port, but we trust they may be fortunate enough to have a clear run off the coast, and thereby to escape the annoyances to which a detention in the ice would render them so much exposed.

The Mary Anne, for Lisbon, and Isabella Ellen for London, will sail to-day, weather permitting. The Hope, for Cork, to-morrow, and the Elizabeth Ann, for Liverpool on Saturday next.

FACTORY.—We understand that the Committee of Management for this Institution, have decided on making an appeal to the Public for subscriptions in aid of its Funds, to enable them to give more extensive employment to the industrious Poor of this District, thereby averting much of that poverty and distress which generally exist during the months which are now approaching. We are satisfied that the condition of the Poor never called more loudly for the assistance of the community

than at the present moment, and we therefore wish that success to this undertaking which it unquestionably deserves, and which its praiseworthy object seems so calculated to ensure to it.

Subscriptions for the Factory will be received at the Office of this Paper, or by the Treasurer, Mr. Thomas, or Secretary, Mr. Jennings.

Tuesday's GAZETTE contains a Proclamation from His Excellency the Governor, to the effect that the Legislature stands farther prorogued from Monday the 18th March, to Friday, the 17th May, then to meet for the despatch of business.

Shipping Intelligence.



Custom-House Port of St. John's.

ENTERED.

January 30.—Avalon, Ritchie, Oporto—105 tons salt, 6 cwt. onions.
31.—Kingaloch, Stanton, Cork—89 bls. pork, 60 firkins butter, 100 bls. bacon cuttings, 17 puns. pigs' heads.

CLEARED.

February 4.—Avalon, Ritchie, Naples—3450 qtls. fish.—Cicely, Norman, Pernambuco—2950 qtls. fish.

SALE BY AUCTION.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday.) At 11 O'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

BLAND & TOBIN,

50 Firkins Butter
30 Barrels Superfine Flour
8 Qr.-Casks White Wine
2 Hhds. Sugar
30 Packages Brazil Tobacco
50 Westphalia Hams
A few Hhds. and Qr.-Casks Porter and Ale.
February 14.

NOTICES.

Benevolent Irish Society.

THE Thirty-third Anniversary Meeting of the BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY, will be held at the Ophan Asylum School on MONDAY next, at Ten o'clock. By order

WILLIAM POWER,
Secretary.

February 13.

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.

St. John's, February 2, 1839.

AT a Meeting of the Committee appointed by the Members of the late Association of Fishermen and Shoremen to dispense the Provisions purchased with that portion of the Funds of that institution which was set apart for such purpose, in the appropriation of the monies remaining at the time of the dissolution of the Association in June last—it was

Resolved—That the acknowledgments of the Members are due, and are hereby respectfully tendered to the Hon. W. Thomas, for the many and important benefits conferred by him on their late Association, but more particularly for his benevolent conduct on a recent occasion in furnishing Bread for distribution to the Poor at a rate so much less than it could have been otherwise obtained for, thereby enabling the Members to afford relief in a much greater degree than under other circumstances they would have had the means of dispensing.

By order of the Committee,
THOMAS ALLEN,
Chairman

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

J. JENNINGS, Secretary.

ON SALE.

BY THE SUBSCRIBER.

12 FIRKINS Prime Cumberland Butter
20 Baskets Onions
16 Boxes Lemons
10 Baskets Almonds and Walnuts
250 Bushels Oats, in 16 Bushel Casks
90 Bags Family Biscuit
21 Kegs Gunpowder
50 Pair Deck Boots

Also, to realize first cost

30 Table and Piano Oil Covers
6 Dozen Sparkling Champagne
6 Ditto Sherry Wine
1 Hoghead Brandy
1 Qr.-Cask Red Wine.

W. E. TAYLOR.

February 14.

AT THE STORES OF

JOHN NICHOLS,

200 Barrels CORN MEAL
100 Firkins BUTTER
100 Qr.-Chests Souchong TEA
40 Puncheons MOLASSES
500 Hhds. Sydney COALS
100 M. Pine and Spruce BOARD.

February 7.

Gw.

THE Subscriber will either Sell out, or Let, from the 1st day of MAY next, his FARM at River-Head, on the road leading to Springfield, and adjoining Judge Desbarre's, consisting of about 25 Acres, mostly under Meadow.

Apply to

JOHN HOWLEY.

February 7.

New Provisions.

JUST ARRIVED

Per Brig Kingaloch, from Cork in 13 days, AND FOR SALE AT THE STORES OF

Lawrence O'Brien,

50 Barrels prime Irish PORK
20 Half do. do.
60 Firkins first quality Irish BUTTER
100 Barrels BACON CUTTINGS
102 Do. PIGS HEADS.
January 31.

COALS.

T. & J. Brocklebank

OFFER FOR SALE,

70 Tons round well-screend 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.

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

N. W. HOYLES,
Cashier.

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.

ON 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 Brigs 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 & Putter
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 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 Potk.

ALSO,

60 Casks fresh Porter.

November 15



Poets' Corner.

ODE TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER.

(From Heath's Book of Beauty.)

"Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?"

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay:
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell in the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough!

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly, nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth love depart;
We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the heart.

"Ah! nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

ON THE INCONVENIENCES OF A GOOD APPETITE.

I enjoy a bad state of health. Caviil not at the phrase, gentle reader, for though mis-applied and erroneous in a thousand instances, it is the phrase and the only one expressive of my condition. Not that I am an invalid, who find my sole delight in the mysteries of the Pharmacopœia,—

"Whose face is pallid, and whose pulse is slow;" not I indeed, for I enjoy a vigorous constitution and an appetite of liberal elasticity. But this last, which bilious and dyspeptic thousands would regard as a blessing, has been to me a curse, and made me bankrupt alike in present happiness and future hopes.

But to my story:—I am the son of a tolerably wealthy farmer in —shire; a farmer of the old school, who, priding himself on his hospitality, delights to see his table groan with provision, and scores of good-humoured faces around it cheered by his cheer. I am the youngest of thirteen children; each of whom is distinguished for concentrating within himself some remarkable resemblance to their common parent. My eldest brother has his father's nose to a nicety. My sister Louisa has his full and pleasant blue eyes. I resemble him in nothing but his remarkably good appetite. But then I am the thirteenth child, and alas! thirteen is an unlucky number.

I cut my teeth at a very early age; and during my first years manifested so astonishing a power of using them, that I have since sometimes suspected that economical considerations were mixed up with the anxiety evinced by my parents that I should at the age of eight years be placed under the fostering care of Mr. Whippington; who was deemed the most learned pundit and pedagogue in the whole county, and in whose establishment, owing to the extraordinary combination which he had made of "comfort and economy," young gentlemen were taken in and done for, all for the small charge of forty guineas per year.

To Diagram House I accordingly was despatched one fine spring morning—the pangs of separation from the home of my childhood being sweetened by the present of a plum-cake of the most ample dimensions.

The first year I passed very quietly at Whippington's. The boys certainly said I had "a pretty twist;" and some, who were more skilled in the classics than in politeness, nicknamed me "Tempus," because I was, as they said, "Edax rerum." But after being thrashed by three who were bigger, and thrashing four who were less than myself, I contrived for a while to pass my days in tolerable happiness.

But time passed on, with it my years increased, and so did my appetite. Whippington was bored

by my board, for, as he said punningly, "I ate a great deal;" and determined to dislodge me, having first ascertained by a long series of calculations, for he was a profound mathematician, that after deducting from the sum he received on my account the prime cost of the food which I consumed, there remained, per quarter, the magnificent sum of two shillings and sevenpence three farthings for lodger and learning.

To get rid of me without giving offence to my parents required some management; but Whippington succeeded admirably, and I believe my father took me home under a vague impression that Whippington parted from me because I was a second Crichton, instead of a modern Maximilian.

"Has Jonathan any talents?" said my father in a tone which sufficiently intimated his hopes of a favourable answer.

"Wonderful, Sir, wonderful—in his way."

"Does he get on with his grammar?"

"With his *Latin* grammar prodigiously."

"Can he decline a verb, Sir?"

"Decline, Sir! he'll decline any thing in the school-room—but nothing at the dinner table,"—the last part was given *sotto voce*, but reached my conscious ears.

"Has he a thirst for knowledge, Sir?"

"Thirst, Sir!—that he has,—and such an appetite!"

Here terminated the colloquy.—My father was delighted, so was Whippington, and so was I.

I was now destined to pass some years at home—leading a sort of half idle life, rambling over the grounds to get an appetite, and returning to the homestead to allay it; until my father considered that as my style of living was somewhat expensive, it was but right I should do something towards earning it. Accordingly I was one morning summoned into the back parlour to hold a parley with my Pa on the subject of my future prospects. Well do I remember the commencement of that very serious conversation.

"Sir," said my Sire, blowing his nose, wiping his spectacles, and adjusting his pigtail,— "Sir, I have been thinking,—"

Now as the old gentleman was by no means addicted to that practice, I felt certain a storm was brewing.

"Sir," said he again, "I have been thinking." I acknowledged by a bow my belief of his having performed that act of abstraction, and he then proceeded to say that I was blest with good health and appetite (that last word cost us both a sigh, for he had of late frequently hinted at his discovery of the real cause of Whippington's resignation of me), and ought to earn my bread.

I must work hard, thought I, to do that.

"Have you thought of a profession, Jonathan?—I shook my head parenthetically.) Mr. Prateapace hinted to me the other day that if I should like to place you in a situation under government he could procure me one for you in the Customs."

"Sir, all must depend upon the emolument," was my reply; for a place under government I did not imagine to be quite suited to a man of extensive appetite and incommensurate means.

"Sixty pounds a year to begin with," said my father.

"It won't find me in bread," said I. "Besides, I don't like Mr. Prateapace, and I would not accept a favour from a man who advocates annual parliaments."

"Hoity toity! what are your objections to annual parliaments?"

"Sir, all ideas of short commons are repulsive to me."

The joke had its effect. My father shifted his tack, talked of Nelson, and proposed the navy. I objected. As I did not volunteer to enter the service, I was pressed—to state the ground of my refusal.

"I should disgrace myself."

"Sir!" said my father in a voice of thunder, "would you flinch in the battle?"

"No, Sir, I don't think I should. At least not till I had got a belly-full. But if the ship at any time ran short of provisions and the crew were put under stoppages, I should be the first to flinch from my duty and give up—"

"Your post, Sir?"

"No, Sir, give up the ghost, Sir."

My father found himself at sea, and made signals that I should choose a profession for myself.

"I should prefer the law, Sir."

"La, Sir," said my Sire.

"Yes, Sir, the law, because the study is so pleasant and one has only to eat one's terms." He objected that the lawyer who had only eaten one's terms never got much to eat afterwards. This I denied, inasmuch as I had heard that in all great cases the clients *fed* the lawyers handsomely.

"Pish," said my father; "if you can't talk seriously, we had better not talk at all. But go to the law and to the devil if you like."

"Just as you please, Sir: they say they are much the same thing."

To the law, however, I turned; but had not been many weeks in town when my maternal uncle, and godfather by proxy, General Jonathan Blueskin, arrived from India with mines of wealth, scores of servants, a liver the worse for wear, and to borrow an expressive phrase, "a strong tea complexion, black and green mixed."

An introductory letter from my father (enclosed in one in which were conveyed special directions how this eastern Plutus was to be worshipped) placed me on his visiting list. I was next promoted to his dinner list; and I hoped by my delicate attentions to secure a place in his will. His will was, therefore, my law, and at length I had so far ingratiated myself into his favour, by a diligent

study of the Asiatic Journal and East India Register, as to be looked upon as the future depository of his immense wealth; nay, more, to be acknowledged as such by himself.

But alas! how fleeting are our hopes. How many slips there are betwixt the cup and the lip, betwixt the plate and the palate. My uncle kept a table where a prince might dine. His was the best of cooks. He imported for his own use the choicest delicacies, and I who am like Wolsey, "a man of an unbounded stomach," was for a short time a happy man.

But a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, my uncle gradually cooled towards me. I was no longer "dear Jonathan, dear godson." Towards me,

"Yamen's visage grew blanker and blanker."

until at last I was very politely forbidden his house. I bribed a tea-pot-coloured domestic to acquaint me with the reason of this cruel treatment, and found that my bilious uncle and dyspeptic godfather, General Jonathan Blueskin, had disinherited me "cause the dog ate with an appetite!"—curse on my greedy maw!

The shock was so great that although for a week afterwards I ate scarcely any suppers or luncheon, made but indifferent breakfasts, and at dinner never tasted a mouthful of meat, nothing in fact but fish, soup, poultry, and pudding, I was seized with a fit of indigestion, and compelled to take a trip into the country to recruit my spirits and appetite.

This country excursion forms an important chapter in my life, for it contains my only love affair. Before I left my father's, Ellen Meadows and I had, to use a country phrase, "made faces at one another." She was the object of my first love, and returned my passion. Her father was wealthy, and wished a richer son-in-law than I then could ever hope to be. While in the sunshine of my uncle's favour I had however written to Ellen—my glowing epistle was answered affectionately. Her father then saw that my passion was disinterested, and therefore sanctioned my addresses. When, therefore, I was discarded by my uncle, it was to Ellen that I flew for consolation.

It was night when I arrived at old Meadow's. Supper was laid when I entered, and I confess that I felt disappointed, that it did not present me with the means of making my evening meal as hearty as my welcome. In short I made the unpleasant discovery that I was about to form an alliance with a family who were very moderate eaters.

But if provisions were scant, good will was abundant. I received great kindnesses, but somewhat attenuated meals. Ellen was all love, while I "was all for love, and a little for my stomach."

To use a homely phrase, my visit was spoiled by my receiving all kisses and no bread and cheese. In the latter respect it commenced inauspiciously. Alas! it ended no less so.

One evening, one fatal evening, Ellen and I started for our usual stroll. The weather was most enticing, and, seduced by its beauty and lost in sweet converse and amicable discussions upon our future arrangements, we unconsciously strayed farther from home than we intended, and it was only the rapidly approaching twilight which called our attention from the sweet subject of our thoughts. To remedy our error we determined upon returning home by a more direct, but less familiar path. The consequence was, we missed our way, and did not reach the house without great difficulty, and then not until the supper tray had been removed, and the family had become alarmed at our absence.

Our arrival, however, quieted all fears, and we had to pay the penalty of our carelessness by being made the butts at which the whole family aimed their jokes. Ellen was disconcerted by these sportive missiles of the brain, and declined supper. As I was in love (although sentiment of any kind always sharpens my appetite), I felt bound to follow the line of conduct marked out for me by my innamorata, and therefore, although as hungry as a hunter, I pleaded fatigue, and said, "No supper, thankee." It was the first time I ever did so, and depend upon it, it shall be the last. Well does the poet exclaim, "Sine Baccho et Cerere frigit Venus," and well did he understand his author who translated this splendid passage—"Without bread and cheese and celery Venus isn't worth a fig."

At length the hour for retiring had arrived. I withdrew to my chamber, jumped desperately into bed, but not, alas! to rest. Fatigue bade me sleep—I dozed and dreamed, and my dreams reflected my waking thoughts and wishes:—
"Hogsheds of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beaves and bacon swine!
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard." floated before me in ideal banquets, which I was prevented from participating in, by awakening at the very moment when a well-filled plate was placed before me.

The gnawing sensation at my stomach at length got so annoying that I determined the cravings of nature should be satisfied; and that hunger, which it is said can break through stone walls, should break through the stone walls of etiquette and propriety, and that I would find out the larder and satisfy my desire for food. This resolution once made, I panted for the pantry, and cautiously and stealthily did I wend my way thither, guided by the light of a bright harvest moon.

I reached it in safety, and was already in anticipation revelling in its savoury stores when the loud bark of Jowler, the house dog, startled me, and I determined to effect a speedy retreat.

This resolution was confirmed by the approach of my canine enemy, the growing loudness of

whose bark showed too clearly his increasing appropinquity. I fled—but in my hurry mistook my room, burst into that of the cook-maid, who had sprung from her bed at the summons of the trusy mastiff, and was received by her with astonishment and open arms, and retained by her, in the supposition that I was a felon, until Jowler flew to her assistance, and fixing his fangs in the calf of my left leg, held me fast in this most embarrassing situation, as a spectacle to the whole family, who speedily drew nigh to the scene of confusion,—

"Some armed with rapiers and with rush-lights some."

All my protestations and those of the ministering Priestess of the Cuisine could not disabuse the minds of the spectators from the idea of intrigue. Old Meadows accused me of baseness—Fanny upbraided me with perfidy and libertinism—the cook was ordered off at day-break—and I beat my retreat by the six o'clock London coach, and sought consolation for my misfortune in my conscious innocence and a most super-excellent breakfast.

I now determined to renounce all ideas of matrimony, and to be contented with bachelor fare for the rest of my life. To procure this in its most agreeable shape, I resolved to enter the club, of which several of my acquaintances were members. But here again my evil destiny pursued me.

All the forms of proposing and seconding me prescribed by the regulations of the club had been duly observed; when, by way of ensuring my election, I gave a dinner party to some of the most influential members, a day or two preceding the one which was to decide the question of my admission or rejection.

The dinner was of the best,—admirable in quality—abundant in quantity. I begged my guests to do it justice, and I myself set them the example. They enjoyed themselves, and so did I—I never made a heartier dinner in my life.

Judge then, gentle reader, of my horror and disgust at finding, on the day of election, that these very friends had in consequence of this display of my gastronomic powers *black-balled me!* and this too, as they themselves avowed, for no other reason in the world than that the club could not afford to dine a man with *my appetite for the regulation price of two and three-pence!*

THE MIND.—I was just now ruminating upon what a free and roving thing the human mind is. I ordinarily see, that men in things proposed to them, more willingly study to find out the reason than the truth; they slip over presuppositions, but are curious in examining consequences. They leave the things and fly to the causes. Pleasant praters! They commonly begin thus: "How is such a thing done?" Whereas they should say, "Is such a thing done?"—*Montaigne.*

AN ECLIPSE POSTPONED.—The promised eclipse of the sun, on the 12th August, 1654, caused such a consternation among the people, that a country curate on the Continent, not being able to confess all his parishioners, who were preparing, as they thought, for the last hour of the world, told them from the pulpit that the eclipse was put off for a fortnight!—*Boyle.*

TRUTH.—Politicians and churchmen (says Boyle) usually take up the maxim, "that there are truths which it is not only needless that the people should know, but of which it is even expedient to believe the contrary"—a maxim, however, of which Boyle himself did not approve.

HUNGRY PASTORS.—Montaigne says, that "a well regulated belly is a great part of liberty;" but this is not a kind of liberty for which (as it is generally supposed) the church has not unfrequently struggled. When General Monk was in motion with his army in support of the Restoration, "he took up his quarters at Coldstream. The place was so destitute that he was obliged to stay his hunger by falling to his good cheer, which was chewing his tobacco (which he used to commend so much). The chaplains, however, were not to be so easily consoled; and they both give a quaint and amusing account of their expedition in quest of a dinner, with which they at last fell in at the Earl of Hume's; though at their return they found the General still fasting devoutly."—*Monk, an Historical Study, by M. Guizot.*

IGNORANCE.—"This ignorance" (a total want of all knowledge of the Supreme Being)—"is from the life; nor is such ignorance, accompanied by what almost seems an instinctive or intuitive notion of right or wrong, very uncommon, as our police reports can testify."—*Bulwer.*