



Newfoundland

No. 604.

THURSDAY, February 21, 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, 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, situated 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.
Stowage 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 very 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,

Es AGNES, THOMAS BAKER, and MEDIUM from
Hamburgh,

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

- 300 Bbls. & Half-bbls. OATMEAL & GRITTS
- 150 Do. do. do. Superfine and Fine FLOUR
- 100 Barrels PEASE
- 10 Barrels Pot BARLEY
- 5 Barrels Peal 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 Punns. best re-tailing MOLASSES.

AND IN BOND,

- 30 Hhls. Fayal Madeira Wine
- 20 Almudes London Particular
- 20 Qrs.-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 *Pleiades* and *Duchess Gloucester*
from Hamburgh,

- 2000 Bags fine-middling and common Brand
- 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,
- 20 Chests best Swankey,
- 10 Ditto Fine Congou

TEAS

Which will be Sold here 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, immediately in rear of the Cottage lately occupied by Judge Brenton. For particulars apply to

MICHAEL MEEHAN.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. 3 vols. Bentley.

The extraordinary popularity of this tale has already, it is probable, placed it beyond the influence of present praise or censure—and we are much in error if, in accordance even with such popularity, the lasting award of posterity is not awaiting it also. We think it the greatest work of fiction in its class that has appeared since the days of Fielding.

The closing scenes of the third volume, now published for the first time, realize a series of pictures in the tragedy of common life transcending anything of the sort with which we are acquainted throughout the entire range of fiction. Its greatest masters have, in our opinion, fallen far short of this. Nothing is exaggerated—nothing is overcharged—but by an agency of means at once the most natural and the most profound, the terrible is carried to the very verge of the sublime.

Cui bono? many will ask. Is any advantage to be derived from the delineation of scenes which represent humanity in its most debased and disgusting forms? The question has often been asked, and will always be repeated by those who confound the subjects of vulgar life with the treatment of the vulgar artist; but he who seeks an unanswerable refutation to what it implies will find it in *Oliver Twist*. If he has wondered, during the earlier progress of the work, to what just or useful end the author had set before him every imaginable incident from what might be called the Comedy of Crime,—he will find it in the emotion inspired by these later scenes, these fearful delineations of its Terror and its Retribution. Few writers have achieved a nobler moral than that which is embodied here—not simply the scorn of vice but the "pity of it" too—and none with so little of distortion in the means, or of compromise at the end. Vice loses nothing of its grossness, and virtue nothing of her triumph. The bad are not allowed to whine or blubber themselves all at once into the privileges of the good—nor is an extreme docility to vice made the aptest opening for a virtuous repentance—nor, on the other hand, do the crimes which have had their origin in accident, suffice to extinguish the virtues of the naturally good. Everything in short is as we see it in life, and the retribution or repentance—the one too late, the other perhaps even too terrible—what we see there also. Finely the old poet has said, and this book proves—

Our acts our angels are, for good or ill,
Our constant shadows that attend us still.

It is our purpose next week to enter into a critical examination of the entire novel which is thus completed—meanwhile it is our only wish to present to the reader some most striking extracts from those closing scenes to which we have been making allusion.

To understand the following it is merely necessary to say that the ruffian Sikes has heard from the Jew of what he supposes to be the betrayal of the gang by his mistress Nancy—

Sikes made no reply, but, pulling open the door of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

Without one pause, or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He

had roused her from her sleep, for she had raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill!" said the girl with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it into the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in a low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill—" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear,—"I—I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done."

"You know, you she devil!" returned the robber suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up—only this one night for you. You shall have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!"

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club, and struck her down.

This is a dreadful scene, but there is one to follow to which it is as nothing—the after-thoughts and flight of the murderer—

Of all bad deeds that under cover of the darkness had been committed within wide London's bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst. Of all the horrors that rose with an ill-scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

(See last Page.)

(From the Correspondent of the Dublin Morning Register.)

THE MURDER OF LORD NORBURY.

KILBEGGAN, SATURDAY NIGHT.—After the most persevering inquiries here and in Tullamore, as well as on the spot where this nobleman was assassinated, I have been unable to ascertain what was even the alleged cause for the perpetration of this awfully mysterious murder. I have heard rumours so numerous and so contradictory that I would not feel myself justified in setting them forth, more particularly where they might go to cast imputations unstained by a shadow of evidence. Amongst those rumours is one so horribly revolting and unnatural that I cannot suffer myself even to think of it.

Castle Durrrow, or Durrrow Abbey, as it is more frequently called, is situate a little way from the main road, about half-way between Tullamore and Kilbeggan. It was the property of the Stepany family, who became embarrassed, and from whom Lord Norbury, the father of the murdered nobleman, purchased it. From the moment the late possessor got it into his hands he commenced buildings and improvements upon the largest scale of any nobleman in Ireland. The old abbey castle was thrown down, and the erection of one of the most splendid and extensive mansions in Ireland commenced. At this building and in the improvement of the demesne from two to three hundred persons of all ages were employed. His tenants in the neighbourhood generally paid their rent by horse-hire, quarrying stones, planting and draining the demesne; so that many of them were very comfortable and well off. His lordship's character was that of a simple but eccentric man, and no man could be better liked by the people about him.—The poor labourers and tradesmen, whom I saw this day with tears in their eyes bemoaning the sad event, were unanimous in declaring that a Durrrow man never could be found to have the heart to injure his lordship, much less to murder him, for that would be murdering the whole country. It is true that his lordship had dispossessed some families, and had notices to quit served upon others, and that he made a proposal to some to remain as caretakers in their own houses, for which they were to get some nominal payment; but it is equally true that he never put a man out until he was provided with a house elsewhere, and in some instances his lordship built houses for them in other places, still continuing to give them employment. I have heard it stated here that he had a very unpopular agent named Garvery, by whom he was principally directed, and that a great number of ejectments were served upon the estates in Tipperary. Another report is, that he had notices served on all his tenants that he should be paid the tithes rent-charge by them, and a countryman with whom I was speaking to-day told me that he heard his lordship say that he would rather have the tithes than the rent, and that even if he were to make allowances otherwise, he would cause the tithes to be paid; but my informant observed, that it would be a good thing to pay a man who was giving them bread, and a good way to pay it, and that the person whom they were formerly obliged to pay without deriving any benefit from him, was never molested. His lordship was about sixty years of age, and had a large family. Three of his daughters were married—one to Mr. Vandeleur, another to the Honorable Mr. Parsons, and the third to a Mr. Stewart, whose name appears in the evidence. He had four daughters young and unmarried, the youngest not being more than eight or ten; he had two sons living, one Lord Glanline, who had not been on terms of intimacy with his father for the last few years—the other son, I believe, is not yet of age. There were workmen employed to lay making a vault under the little church of Durrrow, which is within a few perches of the Castle, where his lordship's remains will be interred on Tuesday morning. The body is at present laid out in state in one of the wings of the new castle and is the first inhabitant that ever slept in it! The church where the remains are to be deposited is built upon the site of one of the oldest religious houses in Ireland.—There is a large stone cross facing the door of it, upon which is engraved many mysterious emblematical figures, which show that it was erected in the early days of Christianity. I mention this old church-yard because I have heard it stated that his lordship excited some ill will amongst those who brought their friends to be interred there, from having the gates shut against them on some few occasions. There are, however, a new chapel and a church-yard founded upon the other side of the road; and although, as I have stated, the gate was some times shut against persons going to the old church-yard to inter their friends the privilege was still granted, for on the very day the murder was committed there was a funeral there.

I sent you a drawing, taken this day on the spot, which marks the principal places referred to in the evidence; and by glancing at it you will see the position the unfortunate nobleman was in when he was shot. When the shot was fired he was eighty perches from the castle; his steward was a few paces behind him, and the church-yard, where the funeral was at the time, was on the direct line between where he was murdered and the castle, and quite within call of the spot. The assassin had to run through an open field for 44 Irish perches before he came to the stile at the end of the wood leading to the Clara road. It will also be perceived, on a reference to the drawing, that had the alarm been given to the persons in the church-yard, they could have made a short cut across to

the path by which the assassin fled, and that it would be completely out of his power to have got through the hedge that divided the field from the plantation. To say the least of it, there never was such a want of presence of mind known as the steward manifested that day, for he even passed the country people by who were coming out of the church-yard without giving the alarm. A countryman said to me to-day that there were upwards of fifty young men at the funeral, who had the alarm been given, would run the villain down; in fact, they would lose their lives or take him.

(From the Dublin Evening Post, Jan. 8.)

DEATH OF LORD NORBURY.

We had prepared an article on this disastrous subject—or rather on the infamous comment of the *Mail*—which we must postpone. We content ourselves with referring to a report of the inquest—and with the following extract of a letter from a correspondent in Tullamore, which does him much honour, and reflects great credit on the memory of a worthy and kind-hearted Nobleman:

The miscreant who assassinated Lord Norbury has not yet been discovered. The feeling which pervades all classes of the community is that of unqualified abhorrence of the deed. His lordship, as a resident proprietor, was much beloved by his tenantry; his heart was naturally benevolent; his charity extensive. Durrrow was his favourite residence, and he was rearing, amid the ancient and hallowed precincts of this monastic foundation, a mansion of the most magnificent description. The weekly outlay in wages alone exceeded £200, which expenditure was diffusing comfort and happiness among the labouring poor. The works are now suspended, and all the workmen discharged. As for the politics of Lord Norbury they were perfectly unobtrusive; neither were his religious feelings soured with sectarian acrimony. The parish priest was a welcome visitor at his house, and under his roof the minister of the people met in brotherly love the minister of the Established Church. It is to be lamented that one bad man should have the power to have done so much mischief, by cutting off in the midst of his days, a harmless and good-hearted nobleman. Every exertion is being made to discover the perpetrator of this revolting outrage. The Government proclamation offering £500 reward, is posted up in every direction, and the police have already taken up a number of persons upon suspicion. On Thursday next a meeting of the magistrates will take place in the court-house at Tullamore. With the exception, however, of this crime the country is in a state of enviable tranquillity.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) February 21, 1833.

We copy in our paper of to-day an account of the assassination of Lord Norbury, which foul crime was perpetrated on the 1st of January last. The murder was effected by the firing of a gun intentionally directed for his Lordship's person, while walking in the grounds of his estate, as will be seen by the detailed account of particulars now published;—they form a painful exposure of human depravity, which not only in its moral effects, but in the temporal injury occasioned by such outrages, must have an influence in the last degree prejudicial to the prosperity of the country. Ireland has unfortunately been often the scene of outrage and crime—which will form dark spots on the pages of her History—but they have, in the majority of instances, been the deeds of exasperated revenge, provoked by the flagrant maladministration of the laws, and the wantonness and despotism of the landlords, who were accustomed to act the part of task-masters, instead of extending to those over whom they had been placed by circumstances, that protective influence which would have become to themselves a Tower of Strength and Security. We are not the apologists of such crimes—nor do we for a moment admit that any provocation would render them justifiable—but when men are ground down by oppression, and their bad passions called into full play by the tyranny of those who should be their protectors, the excesses of which they are then guilty certainly should call for the fullest meed of extenuation.

But the days characterised by such a system are happily passing away.—The landed owners becoming possessed with the enlightenment of the times, see how opposed to their true interest must be that policy which is not promotive of the welfare of those over whom their influence extends. Lord Norbury seems to have kept this principle in view—his murder appears to have been wholly unprovoked, and must therefore be viewed in all its naked deformity the act of some bloodthirsty villain, whom we trust may soon be brought to answer before a tribunal of justice.

This melancholy affair has of course been eagerly seized upon by the opponents of the present Ministry, and upon it has been raised a host of arguments tending to throw odium upon them and their policy in reference to Irish affairs. We confess ourselves wholly at a loss to discover the justice or correctness of such argument; true that, since the appointment of the present Representative of Majesty in that Country, every species of stigma has been cast by those in opposition upon his almost every act—the Irish policy being the point on which Ministers had hitherto been most assailable; but unfortunately principle is deemed a very unnecessary ingredient in the composition of politics, and statements are generally put forth not for the advocacy of truth and justice, but with a view to the promotion of schemes of party and personal interests. This being an admitted fact, how little of credence should attach to opinions coming from such sources, when the advancement of public good seems an object, if not to be lost sight of in toto, to be regarded at least as of minor importance. But there are other

circumstances connected with the affairs of Ireland which would go still farther to the suppression of truth on the part of the dominant section. Ireland had long been suffering under the misgovernment of her Viceroy,—they were men having no sympathies with the country—undertaking its government on account of the power with which it invested them—and too often losing sight of the high dignity and purposes of their calling, the power they possessed was applied to the most perverted and unwarrantable purposes. The weight of their influence was generally lent to the fortification of the views of a faction with which the Country was long afflicted, and whose intolerant practices have ever been her bane;—the anti-practices of the Orange bands were seldom drawn under the cognizance of the Government, while the most condign punishment awaited the delinquencies of the people properly so called.—but all this is matter of history. Such a system of Government called loudly for reformation, and to the accomplishment of this great object has Lord Norbury ably directed his time and attention. Keeping in view that high and noble precept, that "rights and advantages were sent for all," he endeavoured to destroy the exclusive and baneful system before existing, and to square his administration by this indisputable maxim. No wonder then that an outcry has been raised by the party and their adherents, on whom all earthly benefits had before been exclusively conferred,—they saw in prospect the demolition of that barrier which had long preserved to them the possession of all emolument and enjoyment,—they were not likely to permit this without a struggle—it was but natural that they should raise their voices to avert such change, and that the execution of all who held that theirs was a prescriptive right to walk on the necks of the *cauaille*, should be called down on the head of him by whom the project was conceived of thus wantonly invading what they deemed their inalienable privileges and rights.

But we have wandered from the question how far a charge of misgovernment can apply on account of the recent lamentable event? Until it can be shown that occurrences of this kind have been more frequent—that crime and disorder have increased—and that impunity has attended on the perpetration of these offences—the charge is unsustainable. We confidently entertain the converse of such opinion, and point to the improvement and comparative tranquillity which have been brought about under the new *regime*, notwithstanding the antagonistic opinions which are so frequently paraded forth. "One Swallow makes no summer"—Lord Norbury's death is much to be deplored, but this incident by no means involves a charge of crime against the people generally, nor of culpability on the part of the Executive. If any want of vigilance in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the late act should be shown by the Executive, such laxity would be in the highest degree censurable,—but this we by no means anticipate:—the enormity of the crime calls loudly for the exercise of energetic measures with a view to discovery, and that they will not be wanting, we have good earnest in the promptitude and vigour with which Lord Normanby has hitherto carried on the government.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Mr. Robert Roberts Wakeham Lilly to be acting Chief Clerk and Registrar of the Supreme Court, and Acting Clerk of the Central Circuit Court, during the absence, on leave, of Edward M. Archibald, Esq.

His Excellency has also been pleased to appoint Mr. William Lilly to be acting Tide Surveyor at the Port of St. John's, during the absence, on leave, of Mr. John R. M. Cooke; and Mr. Daniel P. Maret, to be acting Clerk to the Board of Control (*vice* Lilly).—Gazette.

The Elizabeth & Ann, for Liverpool, and Hope, for Cork, are now ready for sea; and the Margaret Elizabeth, for the latter port, will sail, we believe, about the 1st prox.

The Coquette, from Cork for this port, arrived at Ferryland on the 14th inst., after a passage of 28 days. DEPARTURES.—In the Isabella Ellen, for London, Mr. J. R. M. Cooke, Mr. Hatchings;—by the Mary Anne, for Lisbon, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson; Mr. Archibald.

St. John's, Feb. 20, 1833

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

SIR.—An extract from an English Periodical, concerning the nature of Dispensaries in Great Britain,—especially in reference to the recent establishment of some on a self-supporting principle, termed Provident Dispensaries,—having appeared in the *Times* newspaper, I shall be glad of the opportunity to compare the nature of the Institution about to be established in St. John's, with that of the new Institutions in England, through the medium of your columns.

After deprecating the system of unlimited charities, the writer of the article alluded to says:—"What is desirable is, that while the really necessitous are provided for by public charity, some plan should be adopted whereby medical attendance should be given, at such a rate as can be afforded, to the large class who are liable to be vitiated by the existing system, (that of unlimited charity)—those, namely, who, though unable perhaps to give regular fees, are yet able to make some species of remuneration to their medical attendant. Such a plan is already realised in operation in several English towns, particularly, we are informed, in Derby and Coventry. It partakes of the nature of mutual Insurance Life Societies, but does not at the same time exclude the beneficence of the wealthy. The Institutions on this principle are styled Provident Dispensaries they are limited strictly to the class who are unable to fee Medical Attendants in the ordinary way but who are yet anxious to keep themselves in all respects, above the condition of Paupers."

Thus does it appear, that the principle of self-support is recognised in England as the best for charitable Institutions, now better denominated, Institutions for the Independent Poor; and although this principle cannot always suffice alone, nor be applied to every species of charity—it undoubtedly is the best calculated for Dispensaries—and in this country, where the great majority of

the labouring classes can afford to pay small sums for medical advice, but not the 'regular fees,' one that presents itself obviously as the best. It does not in the least degree interfere with the desire of the Wealthy to extend the hand of benevolence; it, on the contrary, enables this to be done in an efficient and ready manner; by subscribing to the St. John's Dispensary, the right is obtained, of sending every unfortunate for relief without a moments delay, by the subscriber merely writing his name on a scrap of paper—and of affording medical assistance at the residences of the "penniless and miserable" according to the number of visits, at 1s. 6d. each, that the amount subscribed will permit—so that to applicants at the Dispensary, sent in the above manner, there is no limit; and a great benevolent power is placed at the disposal of the Honorary Subscribers.

The subscription in England is a "penny a week for every adult of a family, and a half-penny for every dependent child." The subscription in St. John's, according to the prospectus, is, unmarried persons annually 5s., families 10s., visits 1s. 6d. each, until amounting to 10s., after which gratis. Thus in no case can a family pay, here, more than 20s. a-year, and the insurance, as it were, is effected for 10s.; whereas in England, to average a family as at St. John's at 3 adults and five young children, besides the parents, the annual subscription reaches 32s. 6d.; shewing a comparative inferior use of expense very favorable to the proposed institution in this place.

[It is remarked, that much more good is done at nearly one-fifth the expense on the principle of self-support, than has been done by public charity;—and if this principle were extended in Newfoundland, generally, to the formation of Societies for the relief of the poor, literally starving around us in winter, by a weekly distribution of provisions, 1. for one, not a little acquainted with the wants of the poor, think that misery and pauperism would become comparatively rare indeed.]

In this town the idea of establishing a self-supporting Dispensary naturally arose out of the custom of annual medical insurance; and it is fortunate that the nature of the Institution accords with the most approved mode of benefitting the poor, morally and physically, in Britain, the good Samaritan of the present day to the whole world.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obt. humble servant,
HENRY HUNT STABB,
M. D.

Died.—On Thursday morning last, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Henry Dobie, a native of Liverpool, England, aged 28 years. He was esteemed by all who knew him; and by Messrs. Bland & Tobin, in whose office he has filled a confidential situation for many years, his loss is sincerely regretted.

Benevolent Irish Society.

ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL,
18th February, 1833.

THE Thirty-third Anniversary Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society was held this day. The President, Mr. Lawrence O'Brien, took the Chair.

In accordance with the usual routine, the meeting unanimously adopted the suggested votes of thanks to the contributors to the institution, as also the reports of the officers of the Society, Committee of the Orphan Asylum School, and Committee of Charity, for the past year.

The sum of one hundred and eighty pounds was unanimously voted for the present quarter, to be disbursed by the Committee of Charity in provisions to the poor.

The business of the day having been disposed of, the ballot for officers for the ensuing year commenced, when the following gentlemen were appointed—

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| Lawrence O'Brien | Re-elected President. |
| Patrick Doyle | Re-elected Vice President. |
| John Kent | Re-elected 1st Assistant. |
| Thomas Beck | Re-elected 2d Assistant. |
| James Hogan | Re-elected Chairman O. A. S. |
| Patrick L. Power | Re-elected Treasurer. |
| William Power | Re-elected Secretary. |
| Patrick Muldowney | Re-elected Chairman Com. Char. |
| John O'Mara | Re-elected Chairman Review & [Correspondence] |
| Walter Dillon | Re-elected Secy. Orph. As. Sch. |

Immediately after these appointments a discussion arose on the propriety of celebrating the Festival of St. Patrick by a Dinner, when, in consequence of the very great distress at present prevalent, it was the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the Society should not celebrate that Festival by dining together on that day.

The following Resolutions were then unanimously adopted:—

Resolved.—That the thanks of the Society be given to his Excellency Governor Prescott, for his patronage and support of the institution.

Resolved.—That the best thanks of the Society are due and hereby given to the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, for his continued support to the Society.

Resolved.—That the thanks of the Society be conveyed to our worthy Vice Patron, John J. M'Braire, Esq., of Tweedhill, Berwick, for his liberal and continued support of this Institution.

Resolved.—That the President be instructed to communicate to Thomas Meagher, Esq., of Watford, the deep regret experienced both individually and collectively by the members of this Society on hearing of the death of his worthy father, who, when in this country, assisted in calling the Insti-

stitution into existence, fostered and supported it by his money and his patronage, and continued that countenance and support, though residing in another country, up to the period of his lamented demise, which support is still continued by his successors.

Resolved—That the thanks of the Society be given to her Majesty's Attorney-General for his liberal annual donation.

Resolved—That the thanks of the Society be given to Messrs. Robinson, Brooking, Garland & Co., our agents in London, for their many liberal contributions and gratuitous agency to the Society.

Resolved—That the thanks of the Society are given to James Stuart, Esq., of Greenock, for his annual donation to the Institution.

Resolved—That the thanks of the Society are due to the merchants and other respectable individuals of the town who so generously contribute to our Society and the Orphan Asylum School.

Resolved—That the thanks of the Society are due to the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John's for the support and patronage they afforded to the last Charity Balls, in aid of the funds of the Orphan Asylum School.

Resolved—That the Chairman and Committee of Charity are deserving our sincere thanks for their indefatigable exertions in dispensing the charities of the Society.

Resolved—That the Chairman and Committee of the Orphan Asylum School are entitled to our best thanks for their very efficient management of that Establishment.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

Benevolent Irish Society.

IN accordance with a constitutional rule of our Society, the officers of the Benevolent Irish Society now beg leave to lay before their brother members their report of the principal occurrences which took place in the Society during the past year.

They first beg leave to call to the recollection of the members that they are now holding the Thirty-third Anniversary Meeting of this Institution, a consideration that cannot fail to call forth a feeling of gratitude to the Almighty disposer of human events for having permitted this Institution to continue for a third of a century its humble efforts in the cause of charity, in relieving the destitute, the aged and infirm, and imparting gratuitous education to about 350 children, without distinction of country or creed (agreeably to the constitution of the Society.)

The lengthened period of the existence of the Institution is the best evidence of the soundness of its principles, and its elastic powers of accommodating itself to the circumstances of society, and to the peculiar wants of the times, manifests the wisdom of the framers of its constitution.

They now beg leave to present the several accounts as audited—

Sum expended by Committee of Charity 148 16 5

“ “ by Committee O. A. S. 133 13 9

leaving in the hands of the Treasurer a balance of £13 3 6, together with collection of this day £38, and the amount of interest due on the fund of money in London, agreeably to the account current last received from the agents of the Society, Messrs. Robinson, Brooking, & Garland, London, amounts to £121 sterling, which amount is at the disposal of the Society for the ensuing quarter.

They regret to state to the Society that more alarming distress never existed than at the present moment, and beg therefore to recommend most earnestly to the society a vote of all their available funds for the relief of the poor during this quarter.

The non-payment of their regular dues on the part of many members of the Society who have absented themselves without any assignable cause, is to the officers a source of serious regret, but they hope that on due reflection these gentlemen will see the unreasonableness of withholding their contribution from the poor and the orphan, when they are satisfied that the funds of the institution are rigidly applied for the purposes of charity and philanthropy.

The arrival on our shores in this autumn of the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, afforded to the Society the rare opportunity of paying the tribute of homage and respect to that distinguished Prelate—the Society met in procession, received his Lordship on his landing, attended him to the Episcopal Residence, and presented him with a congratulatory address, expressive of their delight on his Lordship's return to the country of his adoption.

They would particularly call the attention of the Society to the report of the chairman of the Orphan Asylum School, the indefatigable industry of that officer and his committee have given the School a character the effect of which has very much tended to increase its utility.

The exertions of the chairman of charity and his committee have been also highly commendable.

The late James M. Braire, Esq. one of the first founders of the Society, made an annual bequest of £10; and four respected members of his family, though absent from the country, still continue annual subscribers. Such support and high sanction like this, and conveyed in so substantial a manner, must be highly gratifying.

Their last duty being now discharged, the officers take leave of the Society, and throw themselves again into the ranks of its members.—They are cognizant of their inability to sustain the eminence to which the indulgence of the Society had raised them, having only an ardent zeal and honest integrity to supply the place of talent.

They now with feelings of gratitude for the support and countenance they have received from their brother members, resign their important charge.

LAWRENCE O'BRIEN, President.
WILLIAM POWER, Secretary.

REPORT

OF COMMITTEE OF O. A. SCHOOL.

THE Committee of the Orphan Asylum School in presenting this Report of their management of that institution for the last twelve months, to the Benevolent Irish Society, have great pleasure in stating, that the School continues disseminating the inestimable benefits of Education to 380 boys.

The Committee feel confident in asserting, from the proficiency exhibited at the semi-annual examinations, that a laudable emulation exists among the boys, the effect of which has been developed in the number of premiums awarded, for having distinguished themselves in Algebra, Geometry, Navigation, Mensuration, use of Globes, Book-keeping, English Grammar, &c.

The Committee having been governed in their proceedings by the New Rules, take this opportunity of expressing their unqualified approval of them, and would earnestly recommend to their successors the particular observance of those Rules. The semi-annual examinations, and the regular attendance of the visiting members, this Committee are satisfied tend considerably towards the promotion of the objects of the Society, in rendering this School as effective as possible in the great work of Education.

The Committee seeing the necessity of procuring funds to meet the usual expenses of the establishment, raised by public subscription the sum of £51 9s., a considerable portion of which has been graciously contributed by the Mercantile Gentlemen of the Town, with their usual munificence, and the committee are happy to be able to state that all claims on the Establishment up to this date have been liquidated, with the exception of 19s., as will be seen on reference to the account current.

The term of office of this Committee having now ceased, they respectfully tender their thanks to the Officers and Members of the Benevolent Irish Society for the confidence reposed in them, and they trust that the Society will continue its countenance and support to the Orphan Asylum School, where children of every denomination can obtain a gratuitous Education without distinction of creed or sect.

On behalf of the Committee,
JAMES HOGAN, Chairman.
St. John's, 18th February, 1839.

REPORT

OF THE COMMITTEE OF CHARITY TO THE BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1839.

THE Committee of Charity being aware that the avocations of many of the Members of the Society prevent their attendance at the quarterly meetings, deem it their duty this day to submit to the Society, for the information of all its Members, an account of their transactions for the past year; notwithstanding that they have submitted their accounts at each quarterly meeting.

The Society will learn with pleasure that Three hundred and sixty widows, aged and infirm men, and families, were relieved by your Committee in February, March and April last, by means of their magnificent vote of £120 in February, and a further sum of £4 17s. 2d. at the May meeting, the Chairman having exceeded the original vote in that sum. Of this money they vested in provisions, by the advice of the Society, £110 19s. 7d., it being considered the most beneficial way for the poor; the residue of £13 17s. 7d. was distributed in cash, principally to the aged and infirm of both sexes.

From May, up to the present time, your committee confined their relief principally to the latter class of the poor, of whom they have on their list from 30 to 50, as will appear by the Chairman's Book.

The second quarter they expended £6 7s. 6d., the third £7, and the last quarter £10 11s. 9d., exceeding the vote by £3 11s. 9d. in consequence of the great poverty that existed, and they regret to say, still exists to an alarming extent.

Your Committee cannot close this report without impressing on the mind of every Member of the Society, that never was there a time, since the formation of the Institution, that its benevolence was more loudly called than on the present occasion, nor a season when its sacred motto "He that giveth to the Poor lendeth to the Lord" should be more deeply engraven on our hearts than on this day, and acted upon as a sacred injunction to the fullest extent of our means, when we know that hundreds of our fellow creatures are at this moment anxiously waiting the result of this day's meeting, to learn the extent of our vote for their relief.

That it may be liberal and equal to the expectations of the poor who are depending on us, so as to enable our successors to relieve them with a bountiful hand, is the ardent wish of those whom you have entrusted with that costly office which they now resign with a grateful sense of the obligation they owe the Society for the trust they have in them reposed.

On behalf of the Committee,
P. MULLOWNEY, Chairman.

NOTICES.

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.

(Signed,) JAMES FERGUS,
THOMAS GLEN,
EUGENIUS HARVEY.
Witnesses,
KENNETH MCLEA,
WALTER GRIEVE.
St. John's, Newfoundland,
17th December, 1838.

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

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.

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 Raine, Johnston & Co.

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

January 3.

ON SALE.

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. do.
60 Firkins first quality Irish BUTTER
100 Barrels BACON CUTTINGS
102 Do. PIGS HEADS.
January 31.

Provisions.

JUST RECEIVED
Per Brigs MARY and POICIA from Hamburg
And for Sale at the Stores of
Lawrence O'Brien,
Bread, 1st 2d and 3d quality
Pork, Butter, Flour
Oatmeal, Grits
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 ABRIEL 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 Olanda 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 Avon, from DEMARA,
41 Puncheons very prime Molasses;
Per Jane, from NEW YORK,
100 Barrels prime Pork.
ALSO,
60 Casks fresh Portoc.
November 15.

(Concluded from first Page.)

ant light !
He had not moved : he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand ; and with terror added to hate he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it : but it was worse to fancy the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upwards as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more but *such* flesh, and *such* blood !

He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was human hair upon the end which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was, but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. How those stains were dispersed about the room ! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

All this time he had never once turned his back upon the corpse, no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved backwards towards the door, dragging the dog with him, lest he should carry out new evidences of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. He knew that, God, how the sun poured down upon the very spot !

The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

He went through Islington; strode up the hill at Highgate on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go; struck off to the right again almost as soon as he began to descend it, and taking the footpath across the fields, skirted Caen Wood, and so came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge and slept.

Soon he was up again, and away,—not far into the country, but back towards London by the high road—then back again—then over another part of the same ground as he had already traversed—then wandering up and down in fields and lying on ditches' brinks to rest, and starting up to make for some other spot and do the same, and ramble on again.

Where could he go to, that was near and not too public, to get some meat and drink? Hendon. That was a good place, not far off, and out of most people's way. Thither he directed his steps,—running sometimes, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, loitering at a snail's pace, or stopping altogether and idly breaking the hedges with his stick. But when he got there, all the people he met—the very children at the doors—seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase bit or drop, though he had tasted no food for many hours; and once more he lingered on the Heath, uncertain where to go.

He wandered over miles and miles of ground and still came back to the old place; morning and noon had passed, and the day was on the wane, and still he rambled to and fro, and up and down, and round and round, and still lingered about the same spot. At last he got away, and shaped his course for Hatfield.

Some stray gleams of comedy are here introduced, which dart fearfully across the gloom. They occur in an inn at Hatfield where the murderer had sought refreshment, and which he leaves at last when the "refreshment" has simply rendered him more capable of the agonies he had still to undergo—

With the same perversity of feeling and irresolution that had fastened upon him, despite himself, all day, the murderer, finding that he was not followed, and that they most probably considered him some drunken sullen fellow, turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognised the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office. He almost knew what was to come, but he crossed over and listened.

He hears the passengers of the mail discuss in a variety of ways the murder of the morning—

Sikes remained standing in the street, apparently unmoved by what he had just heard, and agitated by no stronger feeling than a doubt where to go. At length he went back again, and took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Albans.

He went on doggedly, but as he left the town behind him, and plunged further and further into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some

fearful thing; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly feeling following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped, it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too, that would have been a relief, but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne upon one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

At times he turned with desperate determination resolved to beat this phantom off, thought it should look him dead; but the hair rose from his head, and his blood stood still; for it had turned with him and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He leant his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect and still—a living grave-stone with its epitaph in blood.

Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

There was a shed in a field he passed that offered shelter for the night. Before the door were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within, and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He could not walk on till daylight came again, and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

For now a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that from which he had escaped. Those widely-staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see than think upon, appeared in the midst of the darkness; light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in its place, and its eyes where as he saw them when he stole away. He got up and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed and slunk down once more. The eyes were there before he had lain himself along.

And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger, and springing to his feet rushed into the open air.

A terrible fire has broken out in the neighbourhood, and the most active and zealous of all who exert themselves to extinguish it, is this murderer Sikes. In his mad exertions amidst the dangers of the scene he forgets for the time himself and his crime, but the excitement over, the dreadful consciousness of both returns, and as he steals stealthily away he hears the firemen on the engines talking of the London murder—

He hurried off and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy, sleep. He wandered on again, irresolute and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night. Suddenly he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

"There's somebody to speak to there, at all events," he thought. "A good hiding-place too. They'll never expect to nab me there after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and forcing blunt from Fagin get abroad to France! Damme, I'll risk it."

He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and entering it at dusk by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

The dog, though,—if any descriptions of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on looking about for a pond; picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making—and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary—skulked a little further in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

"Do you hear me call 'come here?'" cried Sikes whistling.

The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

"Come back," said the robber, stamping on the ground. The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Here Sikes made a running noise and called him

again. The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned and scoured away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and he resumed his journey.

Other extracts in conclusion of this finely wrought picture, but too intimately connected with the management of the details of the story for our present purpose, we reserve till next week.

The Jew—even Sikes's master in crime—is arraigned as an accessory and accomplice—and in the following extract, which lays bare with astonishing power the very texture of his withered soul, is represented at the bar of the Old Bailey—

The court was paved from floor to roof with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space; from the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—the Jew. Before him and behind, above, below, on the right and on the left—he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament all bright with beaming eyes.

He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel in mute appeal that he would even then urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him as though he listened still.

A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself, and looking round, he saw that the jurymen had turned together to consider of their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face; some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes, and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury in impatient wonder how they could delay, but in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with him, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

They only sought permission to retire. He looked wistfully into their faces, one by one, when they passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he should not have seen it.

He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point and made another with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

In the same way when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now came back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it, and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

Not that all this time his mind was for an instant free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold, and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it—and then went on to think again.

At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The jury returned and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath—Guilty.

The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed deep loud groans that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made, but it was twice re-

peated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and so dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive, the sentence fearful to hear, but he stood like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hand upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant and obeyed.

The reader follows him to the condemned cell, and sees him there—alone. Then watchers enter, and the mortal agonies of the wretch are depicted thus—

Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear the Church-clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep hollow sound—Death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off—day, there was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. One time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night; he had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hopes of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him, and they, for their parts made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin hurried too and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible at last in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and so the two kept watch together.

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shown with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven. Another struck the voice of the hour before had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven—

Those dreadful walls of Newgate which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but too often and too long from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him then.

We conclude for the present, as we began, by saying that we know nothing in fiction so powerful as these scenes. The terrors of the heart and the soul are painted here, and what are all else to these. Romance writers have created fine effects by the howling of wind and the shaking of old tapestry and visions of skeletons and of blood-rusted daggers—but what is all that to the fate of this Jew, doomed through many a winter night to come, over many a chimney corner, to have his guilt again rehearsed, and to have again exhibited to the shuddering interest of thousands of readers, the terrible consequence of such guilt in the naked agonies of such remorse?—*Examiner.*

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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