



Newfoundlander

No. 623.

THURSDAY, July 4, 1839.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

SAMUEL CODNER

HAS JUST RECEIVED,
And offers for Sale,

36 CASKS (M. Cock's) ALE, in Hhds, & Half-hhds.

80 Boxes SOAP,
30 Boxes Dipped CANDLES (8's and 10's)
20 Cwt. BAR LEAD
WHITE LEAD in 28 and 56lb Kegs
Lead Colour and Black PAINTS

ALSO ON HAND,

A new Lumber Boat,

May 2.

BY

HUNTERS & Co.

Hamburg and American Pork

Butter, Flour, Bread
Oatmeal, Peas, Barley
American and Hamburg Beef
Paints of all kinds

Paint Oil, Olive Oil

6 M. Deck Plank
6 M. Hardwood do.

40 M. best Shingles
Spars from 9 to 16 inches

20 M. Scotch and Hamburg Bricks

100 Barrels No. 1 Herring;

With their usual SUPPLY of
Manufactured GOODS

(OF THE NEWEST FASHIONS)

From London, Manchester, and Glasgow, now
May 9. ready for inspection.

By the Subscriber,

Deliverable at his Farm, on the Torbay road,
30 TONS PRIME UPLAND

HAY,

PATRICK GLEESON.

April 4.

BY

JOHN CUSACK

900 BAGS BREAD, 2d and 3d quality

200 Firkins BUTTER

140 Barrels Superfine FLOUR

50 Do. OATMEAL

55 Chests Congo and Green TEAS

100 HAMS

A few Tierces Archangel BEEF

April 11.

BY

Baine, Johnston, & Co,

Ex Brig OLINDA, from Greenock,

24 Barrels PORK

7 Tierces BEEF;

IN STORE.

60 Puncheons Scotch OATS

30 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO

BREAD, FLOUR

PORK, BUTTER, MOLASSES

PITCH, TAR, &c. &c.

April 4.

BY

Wm. E. TAYLOR,

16 Ancient

Oil Paintings,

principally adapted for places of
devotion.

BY PRIVATE BARGAIN,
THE WELL-KNOWN

Mercantile Establishment,

Situated at CATALINA, and belonging to the
Estate of the late JOHN THOMSON; at present
in the occupancy of Mr. JOHN THOMSON,
Jr.—For further particulars apply to

JAMES TUBRID,

April 25.

Agent for the Estate

On Sale.

BY JOHN CUSACK,

200 Barrels Prime Mess Pork
Per THEtis from Hamburg
ALSO ON HAND,

200 Boxes Soap

50 Ditto Candles

10 Dozen English Kip

6 Ditto ditto Caliskins

5 Cwt. Ranges.

Fish taken in Payment

May 16.

The Subscriber

HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per TRUSTY from Liverpool, and offers for Sale
on the most reasonable Terms—

5 Hogsheds Pale Skiedam Geneva

14 Hampers very prime Champagne

15 Cases prime old Port and Sherry Wines,

AND OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS, Viz:

Cognac Brandy & Hollands Geneva in Hhds.

French and Guernsey Port in Pipes and Hhds.

Marsella in Hhds and Qr.-Casks

Sherry in Pipes and Qr.-Casks

Teneriffe in Hhds and Qr.-Casks

Benecarlo and Catalonia in Pipes

Westphalia Hams of prime quality.

N. B.—Any of the above Articles will be dispo-
sed of in quantities not less than one gallon or
six bottles, to accommodate purchasers.

May 30.

JOHN HOWLEY.

M. STEWART & Co.

ARE NOW LANDING

Ex Brig "Amity," from Hamburg,
AND OFFER FOR SALE,

CHEAP FOR CASH OR OIL PAYMENT,

600 Bags 1st. 2d, and 3d quality Bread

300 Barrels Superfine Flour

103 Firkins Butter

30 Barrels Pork

4000 Bricks,

And of Recent Importations,

30 Chests Souchong and Bohea Teas

100 Boxes Mould and Dipped Candles

100 Boxes Soap

60 Kegs White Lead, 56 lbs. and 28 lbs. each

Linseed Oil, Boiled and Raw

60 Bags Nails and Spikes

Bar and Bolt Iron, assorted sizes

Canvass, Cordage and Oakum

50 Hhds. Halifax Porter

20 Half hhds. XX Ale

6 Hhds. Vinegar.

May 30.

Packet Boat

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
hereby 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 super-
ior manner, copper-fastened and coppered, sails
remarkably fast, and is decidedly superior to any
Craft of her description.—The *NORA CREINA*
is sufficiently known to render it unnecessary that
any exposition as to her qualities should be gone
into.

FARES:

Cabin Passengers..... 7s. 6d.

Steerage Ditto..... 5s. 0d.

Letters (single)..... 0s. 6d.

—(double)..... 1s. 0d.

And Parcels in proportion to their size and
weight.

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

JAMES DOYLE.

Carbonear, June 25, 1839.

Athens, its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Lite-
rature, Philosophy, and Social Rise of the Athe-
nian People. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq.

AN historical work, exhibiting profound eru-
dition, and enriched with the fruits of laborious
thought, was scarcely to be expected from Mr.
Bulwer, whose productions hitherto have rarely
done more than indicate the veins of the ore of
learning, without plunging into the depths of the
mine. Here are two volumes of a publication,
however, which establishes Mr. Bulwer's claims to
higher consideration than any of his previous
efforts, which reveals the novelist and poet engaged
in the abstruser studies of the historian, and de-
veloping qualifications for his task for which no-
body ever gave him credit, and which we may at
once say, no other writer of the present day pos-
sesses, or at least has given the world reason to
believe that he possesses. The classical reader
will find in this history of the Rise and Fall of
Athens, the spring, progress, and decay of civili-
zation amongst the Greeks, described with an
eloquence such as recondite men have rarely
brought to such labours; while the lovers of a
lighter style and more imaginative subjects will
be tempted by the passionate spirit of the author into
the acquisition of more sound knowledge than
they will often find under a garb so brilliant and
seducing. As it would be impossible to point out
the characteristics of a work like this in detail,
within the brief limits of our pages, we will touch
each of the great divisions in a few lines, to shew
summarily their special merits or defects.

The collation of the historical narrative is in
the highest degree admirable; not merely for its
impartiality in its treatment of institutions, parties,
and individuals, but for the fulness of its facts and
the extent of its research. Grecian history has of
late years received large accessions from the la-
bours of German writers, who, whatever may be
their faults (and they are manifold) in other res-
pects, have contributed more largely to dispel the
ignorance in which the early ages of antiquity
were obscured, than any of the *savans* of Europe,
not even excepting those of France. Mr. Bulwer
has judiciously availed himself of their assistance,
and drawn into the elucidation of his work all the
scattered materials that had been gathered by
previous enquirers, so that this book, as far as
history is concerned, may be considered not only
the most elaborate of its kind, but the very best
that is extant in any European language. This is
high praise, but it is not inconsiderate, and it is not
stronger than the actual merits of the narrative
deserve.

The philosophy of the Athenians—including
religion and ethics—is not so felicitously treated.
It does not appear that Mr. Bulwer carried his
researches sufficiently far into remote and external
sources of knowledge to enable him to give the
necessary weight to his dissertations; he takes
too much for granted, and too much as he found it
at his hands. But the most serious objection
against this portion of the work is, that he has
evidently suffered his mind to be tintured by the
crude and speculative opinions of German com-
mentators, the most unsafe guides he could have
adopted in reference to questions of philosophical
inquiry. The advantages derived from them in
the search after facts, and the settlement of con-
jectures, are balanced by the errors and specula-
tions into which they have led him in this part of
the subject.

Upon the literature of Athens, as might have
been expected, Mr. Bulwer exhibits powers of the
highest order, and here, although many of his
opinions are open to criticism, because the data on
which they proceed is of necessity apocryphal,
the great charm of the work will be found to lie.
The analysis of Athenian tragedy, of the progress
of the drama—which certainly existed in an ir-
regular form before the time of Thespis—and of the
plays of *Æscylus* and *Sophocles* in particular, are
conceived in the most enthusiastic spirit, and dis-
cover critical abilities that give Mr. Bulwer a new
and unexpected lien on the admiration, not only of
the contemporary age, but of posterity.

The pictures of the social life of the Athenians,
which we catch at intervals through these volumes,
seems to be just and accurate. It cannot be con-
cealed that Mr. Bulwer's prepossessions are in
favour of those institutions that gave enlarged
power to the voice of the people, and that he can-
not repress the pleasure with which he records

every advance towards the recognition of popular
rights; but what historian of Greece has been
free from a bias one way or the other? or rather,
how could any writer undertake a disquisition of
this nature without being prepared by previous
principles to make the inquiry conducive to some
results favourable or unfavourable to the abstract
theories that agitated mankind quite as much be-
fore the days of Solon, as in the more experienced
ages, after all possible forms of constitutions had
been tried and exhausted? We have no hesita-
tion in pronouncing, as a deliberate judgment
upon this publication, that it is infinitely more
impartial, more strict in the distribution of ap-
plause and censure, and more scrupulous in the
assertion of opinions founded upon the state of
society, than any previous history of Greece with
which we are acquainted. It does not exhibit so
much learning as the recent history of Mr. Thirl-
wall, but it transcends it in taste, in discrimination,
in severe truth, and in deep classical feeling. The
two volumes before us bring down the history to
the administration of Pericles, and it is proposed
to conclude the whole in two volumes more. We
suspect, and need not add that we hope, Mr. Bul-
wer will discover as he proceeds, that he has mis-
calculated his materials, and that he will find it
necessary to enlarge the scope of his original
design.

ON SELF-CULTURE.

BY DR. CHANNING.

But, it is said, that any considerable education
lifts men above their work, makes them look with
disgust on their trade, as mean and low, and
makes drudgery intolerable. I reply, that a man
becomes interested in labour just in proportion as
the mind works with the hands. An enlightened
farmer, who understands agricultural chemistry,
the laws of vegetation, the structure of plants, the
properties of manures, the influences of climate,
who looks intelligently on his work and brings his
knowledge to bear on exigencies, is a much more
cheerful, as well as more dignified labourer than
the peasant whose mind is akin to the clod on
which he treads, and whose whole life is the same
dull, unthinking, unimproving toil. But this is
not all. Why is it, I ask, that we call manual
labour low, that we associate with it the idea of
meanness, and think that an intelligent person
must scorn it? The reason is, that, in most
countries, so few intelligent people have been
engaged in it. Once let cultivated men plough
and dig and follow the commonest labours, and
ploughing, digging, and trades will cease to be
mean. It is the man who determines the dignity
of the occupation, and not the occupation which
measures the dignity of the man. Physicians and
surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall
to the lot of most mechanics. I have seen a dis-
tinguished chemist covered with dust like a la-
bourer. Still these men are not degraded. Their
intelligence gave dignity to their work, and so
our labourers, once educated, will give dignity to
their toils. Let me add, that I see little difference,
in point of dignity, between the various vocations
of men. When I see a clerk spending his days in
adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller
of a bank counting money, or a merchant selling
shoes or hides, I cannot see, in these occupations,
greater respectableness than in making leather,
shoes, or furniture. I do not see in them greater
intellectual activity than several trades. A man
in the fields seems to have more chances of im-
provement in his work than a man behind a coun-
ter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a
narrow mind to imagine, as many do, that there is
a repugnance between the plain, coarse exterior of
a labourer and mental culture, especially the more
refining culture. The labourer, under his dust
and sweat, carries the grand elements of humanity,
and he may put forth his highest powers. I doubt
not, there is as genuine enthusiasm in the con-
templation of nature and in the perusal of works
of genius under a homespun garb as under finery.
We have heard of a distinguished author, who
never wrote so well as when he was full dressed
for company. But profound thought and poetical
inspiration have most generally visited men when,
from narrow circumstances or negligent habits, the
rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite
unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth
and may be thrilled with beauty in one costume
or dwelling as well as another; and he should

respect himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force had been developed.

But, it will be asked, how can the labouring classes find time for self-culture? I answer, as I have already intimated, that the earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that they who have most time at their disposal profit by it least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of an interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. The improvement made by well-disposed pupils in many of our country schools, which are open but three months in the year, and in our Sunday schools, which are kept but one or two hours in the week, show what can be brought to pass by slender means. The affections, it is said, sometimes crowd years into moments, and the intellect has something of the same power. Volumes have not only been read but written in flying journeys. I have known a man of vigorous intellect, who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, who composed a book of much original thought in steam-boats and on horseback while visiting distant customers. The succession of the seasons gives, to many of the working classes, opportunities for intellectual improvement. The winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many labourers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year, no small portion of existence, may be given by almost every one to intellectual and moral culture. Why is it that Sunday is not made a more effectual means of improvement? Undoubtedly, the seventh day is to have a religious character; but religion connects itself with all the great subjects of human thought, and leads and aids the study of all. God is in nature. God is in history. Instruction is the work of the Creator, so as to reveal its perfection in their harmony, beneficence, and grandeur: instruction in the histories of the church and the world, so as to show, in all events, his moral government, and to bring out great moral lessons in which human life abounds; instruction, in the lives of philanthropists, of saints, of men eminent for piety and virtue; all these branches of teaching enter into religion, and are appropriate to Sunday; and, through these, a vast amount of knowledge may be given to the people. Sunday ought not to remain the dull and fruitless season that it now is to multitudes. It may be clothed with a new interest and a new sanctity. It may give a new impulse to the nation's soul. I have thus shown, that time may be found for improvement; and, the fact is, that, among our most improved people, a considerable part consists of persons who pass the greatest portion of every day at the desk, in the counting-room, or in some other sphere, chained to tasks which have very little tendency to expand the mind. In the progress of society, with the increase of machinery, and with other aids which intelligence and philanthropy will multiply, we may expect that more and more time will be redeemed from manual labour for intellectual and social occupations.

(From the London Sun, May 23.)

We have received one or two letters relative to an article which appeared in our paper of the 17th instant, referring to the possibility of danger to her Majesty were she wholly surrounded by Tories. The same subject has been mentioned at Dublin by Mr. Grattan, and in several country papers. As one of our Correspondents thinks we went too far, we must remind him and the public that we "hurled" no suspicion against the honour of any human being. We quite agree with him that her Majesty would be as safe under the protection of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as under that of any men in her Majesty's dominions. Their loyalty an honour, in this sense, are unimpeached and quite unimpeachable. Our argument was, and now is, they cannot answer for their followers. Lord Roden has distinctly proved that they are neither to be led nor driven. Their own passions are completely their masters.

We called attention on the 17th to the great pains which have of late been taken by the priesthood of the Church of England to fanaticise the people, and to the virulence with which the Tory press has aided their efforts, and sought to excite in the protestants a sentiment of intense hatred of the Irish Catholics. No terms of denunciation have been thought too strong to apply to them, while their priests have been stigmatized as if they were perfect miscreants. The vile passions thus nourished by the English priesthood and the Tory press, have been specially directed against Mr O'Connell and the Ministers, and have been reflected against her Majesty, because she supports them. In truth, her bounties and donations, and the bounties and donations of her Royal Mother, to some of her Catholic subjects, have been purposely exaggerated in order to excite the dislike and hatred of bigoted Protestants. If her Majesty be the Sovereign of all her subjects, her heir is the chief of the bigoted ultra and Tory Protestant faction.

Now it might by possibility happen that some person, deeply imbued with the ultra-Protestant hatred of the Catholics, and all their protectors in the State, which has been so assiduously cultivated by our Phillpotts and McGhees, and by our

Tory Newspapers, and warmly attach to Protestantism and Toryism, might, in spite of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, think that he or she was performing a meritorious deed a great act of patriotism, or of heroic virtue, to contribute by any means to place Prince Ernest on the throne, and so ensure the ascendancy of Protestantism and Toryism in the State. That was, and still is the line of argument, the philosophic deduction, which makes us think it would by no means be safe to surround her Majesty with the bigoted supporters of the English exclusive, dishonest, corrupt, and tyrannical Church, and the partisans of prince Ernest.

Politicians never study morality but expediency, as all their laws show. This is a well established principle, and whenever their interest, or their presumed interest, commands the commission of a crime they never hesitate to commit it. If this were not so they would not execute a single human being, and, above all, they would tremble to decree death for political offences. Never tell us that the class of men who annually consign multitudes of their countrymen and countrywomen to death, merely to enrich themselves—who inflict the slow misery of starvation on many of their fellow-creatures to put a little pelf into their own pockets, would boggle at taking a single life, if they supposed that would give them the Government and patronage of this great Empire, and secure ascendancy of their Church. Never tell us that the authors of the Corn-laws would stickle at any immorality or any wickedness which would serve their purpose, or add to their wealth and power.

The Morning Chronicle still continues to urge Ministers to a prompt and brisk onward movement. We subjoin our contemporary's remarks on this head:—"On two points there is an agreement, all but universal, in the organs of Reform. The one is, the absolute necessity that the Government should be constructed on the progressive principle; and the other, that there should be some prompt and distinct indication of that fact by the adoption of a different tone from that which has of late prevailed, and the introduction of measures which, at least as first fruits of a coming harvest, shall tend to satisfy the country. We do not say this is an expression of distrust, but to point out the embarrassment and danger that must needs arise from allowing any degree of popular distrust to remain. It is impossible to suppose treachery in the pledge of support to the Queen in her resistance of Tory oppression. The pledge to the Queen is a pledge to the country also. It implies and includes the adoption of the only means by which a Liberal Government can possess strength."

The Whigs are again in the service of the Queen; her old friends are still spared to her, and still surround her in her social hours of quietude; and will the people of England support her? Will their loyal hearts and generous bosoms beat in sympathy as ours does for our young and innocent Queen? and will they, when the general election comes, which is close at hand, say as we shall, when they record their votes, "My vote is for my Queen; her youth and her innocence require the protecting aid of her subjects, and it is the duty of every loyal man to insist that she shall not be deprived of the small share of independence which is allotted to the Crown of England."—*Sherborne Journal*.

THE DUKE OF BASSANO.—The late Duke de Bassano, Count Hugues Bernard Marat, was born in 1753, at Dijon. He entered with enthusiasm into the first revolution, and was the first publisher of the *Bulletin de l'Assemblée*, and when M. Panokoue established the *Moniteur Universel*, he was appointed by him as its editor. He knew Napoleon well when he was only a lieutenant; and, becoming chief of division in the Foreign-office, was sent to England, after the 10th of August, 1792, to secure the neutrality of the British Government; but was sent back immediately with M. de Chauvelin, the French Ambassador. In 1793 he was appointed Ambassador to Naples; but being made a prisoner by the Austrians, was detained till 1795, when he was released and sent back to France with the Marquis de Semonville, in exchange for the daughter of Louis XVI. He afterwards became private Secretary to Napoleon, who frequently, it is said, joined with him in composing articles for the *Montieur*. In 1811, M. Marat was created Minister of Foreign Affairs and Duke de Bassano, and in 1812 he signed the treaties with Austria and Prussia, preparatory to the expedition against Russia. The events of 1814 sent the Duke back into private life. On the return of the Emperor he resumed his previous functions, became a Peer, and was nearly taken at the battle of Waterloo. On the second restoration he was banished from France and retired to Gratz, where he occupied himself with the education of his children. After the revolution of July, he again returned to his native country, and was again made a Peer of France. On the 10th November he was appointed Minister of the Interior and President of the Council, but his Ministry, it is well known, existed only three days. The funeral of the Duke was solemnized yesterday morning at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette. Among the numerous persons who attended the ceremony were several of the Ministers, and the diplomatic body, the Dukes De Cazes and De Broglie, and Messrs. Charles Dupin and Monnier, who were pall-bearers, together with deputations from the Peers, the Deputies, and the Institute. The Duke's body was deposited in the family vault at Pere la Chaise. During the illness of the

Duke the King and Queen sent frequently to make inquiries, and on being made acquainted with his death, ordered one of the officers of the household to go to the Duke's family and assure them of their Majesties' participation in their grief.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The Newfoundland.

St. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY), JULY 4, 1839.

By the *Apollo* from Liverpool, we have received London dates to the 24th May—from which we have made some extracts.

Parliament would re-assemble on the 27th inst., when the election of a new Speaker would again test the strength of parties.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Goulburn were to be put forward as candidates;—the former being the Ministerialist, his election may be confidently anticipated.

Lord John Russell it was supposed would go to the Lords; and Lord Morpeth is named as his successor in the Ministry.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, MONDAY, JULY 1.

Mr. Nugent, from the committee appointed to wait on his Excellency with an address requesting to be furnished with copies of the Blue Book, reported the following reply—

Gentlemen,

I have already fully explained to the House of Assembly the reason why it is necessary to provide Blue Books in Blank for the use of the Legislature.

It is my desire regularly to supply a copy of this Book to each of the deliberative branches, but great inconvenience would arise from the original being removed from the office of the Colonial Secretary. This circumstance may well have escaped the consideration of the Secretary of State in the multiplicity of his avocations; and I have not hitherto thought it requisite to trouble his Lordship on the subject since the receipt of the despatch to which allusion is made in this address.

The House then went into committee on Bill to repeal in part the Hospital Act; and the chairman reported that the committee had made certain amendments in said bill, which were read and agreed to by the House.

Mr. Kent presented a petition from William Calver and other inhabitants of St. John's, praying for a grant for the repair of the road leading from the military road at Fort Townshend to Newtown.

Mr. Nugent presented a petition from James M'Grath and others, praying for a grant for the repair of the road from the Orphan Asylum School to the road leading to Upper Long Pond.

Mr. Winsor gave notice of an address praying for accounts of expenditure of monies for Light Houses at Cape Spear, Fort Amherst and Harbor Grace.

Mr. Nugent gave notice of address for returns of Tonnage of all merchant vessels entered at St. John's and Conception Bay, for year 1838-9; and of the number and tonnage of all coasting and fishing vessels that sailed under a general coasting or fishing clearance during same time.

TUESDAY—2d.

Mr. Nugent from the committee appointed to wait on his Excellency with an address praying for certain returns, reported the following reply—

Gentlemen,

The Hospital at River-head is by grant of the Crown made over to trustees for the use of patients under Act 6, W. 4, cap. 1.

The Charity School is also held under grant made by the Crown to trustees for the purpose of affording the means of Education to the poor,—copies of these grants shall be sent down.

I have no authority under Act 3, W. 4, cap. 3, to demand the accounts mentioned in this address; but I will make known to the Secretary of the Fire Companies the wishes of the House of Assembly on the subject.

Mr. Winsor from the committee appointed to wait on his Excellency for return of Warrants issued to the Treasurer for 2 years ending 31st March last, reported the following answer:

Gentlemen,

I will direct the Treasurer to produce all warrants he has received from me since the last audit of his accounts by the House of Assembly.

It was then resolved, that an address be presented to his Excellency for accounts of expenditure of monies for Light Houses at Cape Spear, Fort Amherst and Harbor Grace, from the appointment of Commissioners, to June 30, 1839.

The address was then presented by Mr. Winsor, read and adopted.

The Hon. Mr. Secretary Crowdy laid before the House, by command of his Excellency, sundry documents and accounts, which were read and ordered to lie on the table.

The House then resolved itself into a committee on the bill to regulate the empanelling of Juries, and the chairman reported progress, and asked leave to sit again.

WEDNESDAY—3d.

On motion of Mr. Moore, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the consideration of a bill to repeal in part an act for the relief sick and disabled seamen, fishermen and other persons, and the chairman reported that the committee had made some amendments in the said bill, which were then read and agreed to by the House.

The bill as amended was then read a third time and passed, and ordered to be sent to the Council for concurrence.

The following documents have been laid before the House of Assembly, by his Excellency the Governor.

Extract from Instructions given by the Naval Commander-in-Chief, to the Captain of her Majesty's Ship *Cleopatra*, relative to the means of protecting the Fisheries to the Westward, from the infringements of the French.—Dated 3d June, 1839.

"I have to desire, that in your first interview with his Excellency the Governor of Newfoundland, you intimate to him how preferable I conceive it would be, if the men required to remain at fixed stations as armed Boat's Crews to prevent infringements of French fishing vessels, were wholly hired and appointed by the Island Government; leaving our Ship's with their entire complements, to render their full and efficient countenance and co-operation towards the future effectual security of the coast in question, from exterior molestation or interference of any kind."

Copy of a Circular Despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, relative to Steam Communication between England and British North America.

[Circular.] Downing Street, 10th May 1839.

Sir,—With reference to my predecessors circular despatch of the 24th Oct. last, I have the honour to transmit herewith for your information, an extract of a letter from the Secretary, to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, stating the arrangements which have been made by their Lordship's, for establishing Steam Communication between Great Britain and British North America.

I have the honor to be, &c. (Signed,) NORMANBY.

Captain Prescott, R. N., C. B.,

Extract of Treasury Letter, dated 24th April 1839.

"With reference to your letter of the 3d inst. and its enclosure from Sir John Harvey, urging the importance of establishing a steam communication between this country and British North America at the earliest possible moment, and to the correspondence which has previously taken place on the subject of steam communication with Halifax; I have in command from the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, to request you will state to the Marquis of Normanby that my Lords have not failed to use their earnest efforts to carry the views expressed in their former communications into effect.

In furtherance of this object the Lords of the Admiralty in communication with this board advertised for tenders, but no offer was made on conditions which answered the advertisement or which my Lords considered it would be satisfactory to accept.

Subsequently however, my Lords have been able to conclude an arrangement by which a communication by steam twice every month will be effected, and they have every reason to believe this arrangement will be carried into effect in June 1840.

With reference to this point, my Lords herewith transmit copy of a letter dated 12th instant, from the Board of Admiralty, which will furnish Lord Normanby with the detailed information.

Their Lordships would further add, that they have directed a considerable reduction to be made in the Packet rate of Postage on letters from and to the British Colonies in North America, which has already come into operation.

(Copy.) Admiralty, 12th April, 1839.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 27th February last, respecting the conveyance of the Mails in Steam Vessels by contract, between this Country and the North American Colonies, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you for the information of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, that my Lords have concluded an agreement with Mr. Cunard for the conveyance of the Mails &c. twice in each Calendar Month, between Liverpool and Halifax, (Novascotia,) and between the latter place and Boston, (United States,) and also between Pictou, New Brunswick and Quebec, as long as the St. Lawrence is open, for the sum sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury, viz., £55,000, in Vessels of not less than 300 horse power for the transatlantic passage, and not less than 150 horse power for the other passages. The service to commence 1st June 1840, or sooner if possible.

I am &c. (Signed,) JOHN BARROW.

F. Baring, Esq.

Arrivals.—In the *APOLLO* from Liverpool; Miss Thomson.—In the *LADY LOUISA* from Plymouth, Mrs. Robert Carter, Miss Carter, Miss Mary Hoyles.

LIME.

ROCHE and SLAKED, delivered in quantities, at the shortest notice by

NICHOLAS-CROKE.

Orders from Outports punctually attended to. June 27. 7w.

Shipping Intelligence



Custom-House
Port of St. John's

ENTERED.

June 13.—Schooner Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney—6 M. lumber, 68 M. shingles.
14.—Schooner Packet, Graham, Antigonish—28 head cattle.
Brig Beaver, Andrews, Sydney—120 tons coal, 2 horses.
Schooner Jolly Tar, Vigneaux, P. E. Island—300 bls potatoes, 20 M shingles, and sundries.
Schooner Victoria, Doane, Boston—500 bls flour.
Schooner Portree, Beaton, Halifax—500 bls flour, 71 puns. molasses, 55 M. shingles.
Schr Ben, Forest, Boston—50 bags bread, 100 barrels flour, 15 puns. molasses, 8 do. rum, 50 bags rice, and sundry notions.
Schooner Hiram, Doane, Halifax—60 puns rum, 220 cwt sugar.
15.—Schr. Susan, Burke, Bridgeport—30 tons coal.
American Schr Attention, Plummer, Boston—700 bls flour, 100 boxes chocolate.
Schooner Ellen, Kielly, Margaree—50 head cattle, 40 sheep.
Schr Annandale, Irving, P. E. Island—55 M lumber, 50 M shingles.
Brig Flora, Shaddock, Lisbon—180 tons salt.
17.—Brig Alpha, Farrell, Sydney—84 tons coal.
Schooner George, Jones, P. E. Island—15 M. lumber 100 M. shingles, 50 bls potatoes, 40 tons timber and sundries.
Brig Coquette, Bolan, Figueira—50 tons salt.
Brig Ardgowan, Martin, Cadiz—340 tons salt.
19.—Schooner Ranger, Pitts, Halifax—12 puns molasses, and sundries
20.—Brig Bolton, Brodie, Cadiz—450 tons salt.
21.—Schr Reindeer, Walker, Halifax—800 bls flour.
Schr Courier, LeVash, Nova Scotia—28 M board and plank.
22.—Schr Pearl, Hall, Halifax—60 puns rum, 50 M. shingles.
Paget, Brophy, St. Vincent—100 puns rum.
Brig Alexander, Reed, Cadiz—197 tons salt.
Schooner Endeavour, Mutch, Nova Scotia—26 head cattle, and sundries.
Brig Trafalgar, Dillon, Cadiz—250 tons salt.
Brig Belfast, Nemes, Cuba—205 hhd sugar.
Schooner Ellen, Burke, Sydney, C. B.—40 tons coal.
24.—Schooner Ann, Dingwell, P. E. Island—1000 bls potatoes, 12 head cattle, 15 bls pork, and sundries.
Schooner Margaret & Jane, Whealan, Sydney, C. B.—35 tons coal.
Schooner Two Brothers, Chassony, Cape Breton—34 head cattle, 30 sheep, and sundries.
26.—Brig Margaret, Mitehinson, Cadiz—350 tons salt.
27.—Schooner Dove, Mermaid, Boston—330 bls flour 50 bls pork, 60 puns molasses, 50 star 20 tierces rice
Sloop Prickle, Campbell, Halifax; 40 puns molasses 40 M shingles 30 boxes chocolate.
Schr Royal Miner, Babin, Pictou; 52 hhd. porter & Spanish Schooner Catalina, Arague, Havana, 113 puns molasses.
28.—Schr Henrietta, Williams, Halifax; 6 puns rum.
Schr Hope, O'Neill, Halifax; 39 puns molasses 26 M shingles
29.—Brig Amanda, Poland, Lisbon; 170 tons salt 200 cabbages
Schooner Christiana, Lawson, Viana, 90 tons salt
July 1.—Schooner Eliza, Mullins, Halifax—50 bls pork 40 puns molasses 450 cwt sugar...Schooner Reliance, Chapman, Sydney; 85 tons coal...Schr Brothers, Turnbull, P. E. Island; 18 M lumber...Schooner Abeona, Lutes, P. E. Island; 25 M lumber, 6 M shingles...Schr Mary, Townsend, Boston; 15 bags bread 369 bls flour 49 bls pork 10 puns molasses 35 cwt sugar 100 boxes raisins &c...Schr Lady Harvey, Wilson, Plymouth; sundry merchandise...Brig John Stuart, LeBuff, Viana, 110 tons salt
2.—Brig Apollo, Butler, Liverpool; 100 bls pork 190 tons salt and sundry merchandise...Schr Nimrod, Barron, Sydney; 20 chalds coal...Schr Sarah, Larkin, P. E. Island; 18 M feet lumber 47 M shingles & sundries...Brig Sir Charles Hamilton, Pictou; 79 pieces freestone...Schr Clondalin, Collins, Miramichi—44 M lumber 44 M shingles...Spanish Brig El Segundo Vigelante, Jose O'Heyne, Havana; ballast
3.—Schr Priscilla, Sutherland, P. E. Island; 20 M. lumber and sundries...Schr Assistance, Chesson, Cape Breton; 35 head cattle 40 sheep 19 firkins butter...Schr Ranger, Carroll, Sydney; 98 chalds coal

LOADING

June 27.—Schr Hero, Cooney, Demerara
29.—Belfast, Nemes, West Indies
July 1.—Schr Jane, Norman, Greenock
3.—Schr Portree, Beaton, Halifax

CLEARED

June 14.—American Schooner Pandora, Knight, Sydney; ballast...Schr Isabella, Mengher, London; 69 tons seal oil 10 M seal skins...Schr Victory, Fitzgerald, Waterford; 1700 qtls fish 4 tons cod oil...Schr Gentleman, Babin, Sydney; 43 bls herrings...Schr Harriet Elizabeth, Butler, Halifax and Boston; 1200 qtls fish 4600 seal skins...Brig Edgcombe, Stoyles, Liverpool; 93 tons seal and cod oil, blubber and dregs, 5300 seal skins 51 ox hides...Schr Wave, Sanderson, P. E. Island; 20 bls herring and sundries
15.—Schr President, O'Dell, Halifax; 1200 qtls fish...Schr Dispatch, Clunn, Halifax; 8 tons seal oil, 200 bls herrings 26 bls flour 35 skins tobacco...Schooner Collector, Phelan, Halifax; 32 tons seal oil 150 bls herrings
20.—Schr Margaret Jane, Roche, Liverpool; 70 tons seal and cod oil 42 puns molasses...Schr Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney; 70 bls flour 12 tons salt
21.—Brig Jabez, Tuzo, Jamaica; 1200 qtls fish...Schr Intrepid, Elder, St. John, (N. B.); 240 qtls fish 12 tons seal oil...Schr Annandale, Irving, P. E. Island; sundry merchandise...Schr Nine Sons, Price, Halifax; 1200 qtls fish 40 tons seal oil
22.—Schr Hiram, Doane, Halifax; 1100 qtls fish...Schr Jubilee, Percey, Halifax; 368 bls herring...Schr Victoria, Doane, Halifax; 1009 qtls fish...Schr Margaret, Muggab, Sydney; sundry merchandise...Brig Terry, Hodgson, Quebec; ballast...Brig Trusty Morris, Cork; 4000 qtls fish 40 bls herring, &c

24.—Schr Hibernia, Mutch, P. E. Island; 70 hhd seal and sundries...Schr Endeavour, McDonald, Nova Scotia; 13 bls pork...Brig Malvina, Geran, Liverpool; 16,000 galls cod and seal oil...Brig Beaver, Reddy, Sydney; ballast...Brig Mary & Dorothea, Pevery, Quebec; ballast
25.—Brig Kingaloch, Stanton, London; 20,000 galls seal oil 7000 seal skins, and sundries...Brig Alpha, Farrell, Azores; 400 qtls fish
26.—Schr Susan, Burke, Sydney; ballast...Schr Jolly Tar, Vigneau, P. E. Island; 3 hhd 4 qr. caska wine 50 bls flour 140 bls herring
27.—Brig Palmetto, Pearman, Grenada; 800 qtls fish 300 pieces cedar...Schr Courier, Le Vache, Cape Breton; ballast
29.—Schr Three Brothers, Chessong, Cape Breton; 47 bls flour and sundries...Brig Thomas Tyson, Wylie, Quebec; ballast
July 1.—Brig Blandford, Hutchings, Sydney; ballast...Schr St Patrick, Brine, Halifax; 1100 qtls fish
2.—Brig Paget, Brophy, Barbadoes; 740 qtls fish 100 bls herrings 100 bls pork 120 bls beef 50 bls flour
3.—Schr Lotus, Leymon, Pictou; ballast...Brigantine Reindeer, Walker, Jamaica; 1360 qtls fish 60 M. shingles...Schr Devon, Dench, Sydney; 13 barrels herring.

Sales by Auction.

THIS DAY

(Thursday,) At 11 o'Clock,

AT THE STORES OF

JOHN NICHOLS,

50 Barrels Prime American Pork

50 Qr.-Chests first quality Souchong Tea
2 Hhd. Pale Sherry Wine
3 Half qr.-casks Brown do. do.
Linseed Oil, boiled } In lots to suit Pur-
Ditto do, raw } chasers.
PAINTS—White 28 lb Kegs
Lead Color, 14 lb do.
Ditto ditto 28 lb do.
Black, 28 lb do.
Green, 14 lb do.

Spirits Turpentine, in 1 & 2 Gallon Jars
Black Varnish
Bar Lead.

RICHARD LANGLEY
Auctioneer.

July 4.

ON SATURDAY

The Sixth day of July next,
At 11 o'clock,

ON THE PREMISES

ALL that lot of LAND and WATERSIDE PREMISES, in fee simple, lying in the Town of HARBOUR GRACE, commonly called "Keen's plantation" and now occupied by Mr. THOMAS FOLEY, at the yearly rent of £20. This is also a very desirable Property, being situate in the centre of the Town of Harbour Grace, having an advantageous Waterside, and in every way well calculated for a fine Mercantile Establishment. There are now on the Property an excellent Dwelling House, together with a Wharf and many other valuable erections.

For further particulars—application to be made to the Subscribers.

GEORGE H. EMERSON, Esq.

and CHARLES SIMMS, Esq.

St. John's, 17th June, 1839.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the Subscriber until TUESDAY, the 9th July at Noon,

For repairing part of the Torbay Road.

ALSO.

TENDERS will be received until FRIDAY the 19th July, at Noon.

For making a road from Upper Long Pond Bridge to meet the Road leading by Rennie's Mill.

For Repairing the Road from St. John's to Quidi Vidi, along the South side of the Pond.

For making a road leading from the Wigmore's Gully Road to the Old Topsail Road.

For making part of a road from James Dunn's Gate, at Monday's Pond, to George's Pond.

For repairing part of the Topsail Road commencing at Mr. Palk's, River Head.

For making part of the Topsail Road commencing at the 7th mile post.

For Repairing Cochrane Street.

N. B.—Tenders to express the rate per perch, and no tender will be accepted without good and sufficient surety be given for the fulfilment of the contract.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the office of

JAMES DOUGLAS,
Chairman of the Board of
Road Commissioners.

July 4

Wanted to Charter.

A VESSEL that will carry about 1500 to 2000 Qtls. of Fish in Casks to the West Indies.
W. & H. THOMAS & Co.
July 4.

ON SALE.

Ewen & Nicholas Stabb,
Pork in Barrels and Half-barrels

Butter, Beef, Bread, Pease
FLOUR, States and Hamburg
HAMS, English and Westphalia
Loaf Sugar
Congo and Bohem Teas
Barley and Oats
Cod and Caplin Seines, Bank Lines
Herring Nets, 40, 50, 60, and 80 Rams
CORDAGE, 1 inch to 5 inches
Oakum, Spun yarn
1" Banking Cable 7 1/2 inch
English made BOOTS & SHOES
Butt and Shoulder Leather
Stockholm Tar
Soap, Tinware
PAINTS, Green, Red, Yellow, Lead Color &c.,
White and Red Lead
Marble Chimney Pieces
1 Fish Screw.

July 4.

FOR SALE

By Private Contract.

A FARM containing 33 ACRES, (9 under cultivation,) situated on the Torbay Road, 2 1/2 miles from Town; a new and well-built DWELLING stands upon this property, and it will be found a most eligible Investment.

The STOCK, consisting of PLOUGHS, HARROWS, CARTS &c., may be had on advantageous terms, as well as a good serviceable HORSE.

The Property is held under lease from Government for ever, at an annual rent of 9d per acre.

For particulars, apply to
JOHN QUINN,
Church Hill.

July 4.

£400 Exchange in Liverpool, for Sale by ROBERT ALSOP & Co.

July 4.

LATELY IMPORTED,
AND FOR SALE

Codner & Jennings,

SUPERIOR Old Port Wine in Pipes, Hogsheads and other Packages
Sherry Wine in Qr.-Casks
Porter and Ale in Tierces and Hogsheads
Cordage of all sizes
Canvas
Seines, Nets
Lines and Twines
Mould and Dip'd Candles
Soap
Pitch, Tar, Lime
Leatherwares
And other Articles.

May 30.

Matthew Stewart & Co.

The Cargo of the Schooner "ROYAL MINER" from Pictou:

40 Hhd. Porter
60 Puncheon Shooks
50 Barrels Potatoes
15 M. Ash Billets
6 M. 3 inch Plank
10 Firkins Cumberland Butter
60 Grinding Stones
5 Barrels Pork.

June 27

ON REASONABLE TERMS,

4 Caplin Seines, assorted sizes
And a Few Mackerel and Herring Nets,

Lately Received from Hamburg,

6 Cases very excellent Cherry Brandy.

June 20.

(SALT AFLOAT)

200 Tons Cadiz SALT

For Sale by
W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

June 20.

10 Tuns Pale Seal OIL

On Sale by
CODNER & JENNINGS.

June 20.

PLANS, &c.

THE inhabitants of the Island are respectfully informed that the Subscriber will furnish PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, &c., and inspect Public and Private Buildings.

Address—Mr. MICHAEL McGRATH, Architect, at Mr. John Dillon's, Queen-st., St. John's.

N. B.—An APPRENTICE wanted.

June 27.

On Sale.

HUNTERS & Co.

The Cargoes of the Schooners ANNANDALE and GEORGE, from Prince Edward Island,

CONSISTING OF

80 M. Pine and Spruce BOARDS
100 M. Pine SHINGLES
20 SPARS, from 9 @ 16 inch
3 M. Beach BILLETS
5 M. Hardwood PLANK
20 Tons SCANTLING
100 Bushels POTATOES;

AND, THE SCHOONER

GEORGE,

Burthen 83 Tons per Register; launched in May last, and faithfully built.

June 20.

LATELY IMPORTED,
AND FOR SALE

M'BRIDE & KERR,

2000 BAGS Bread, 1st, 2d, and 3d quality

1000 Barrels Superfine Flour
400 Ditto Prime Pork
50 Half-Barrels ditto
90 Barrels prime Hamburg Beef
500 Firkins Butter
33 Kegs ditto

Round Pease in Barrels and Half-barrels
Split do. in Half-barrels and Kegs
Barley in Barrels, Half-barrels and Kegs
25 Barrels Hamburg Oatmeal
A few Barrels Scotch ditto
British Sugar in Barrels at 30s. per cwt.
Superior Red Wine at £4 10s. per qr.-cask
Ditto Sherry ditto, at £5 5s. per ditto
Scotch Porter, at 40 and 45s. per Cask
A few Casks superior Scotch Ale, at £4 10s.
Whiting in Hhds. and Barrels
Rice in Bags
Coals at 7s. 6d. per hogshead
100 Barrels Seed Potatoes
Cod and Caplin Seines
Herring Nets
Lance Bunts

A FEW CASES SUPERIOR
CHAMPAGNE,

ON HAND, AND FOR SALE,

About 2700 Old Harp Seal Skins
About 700 Bedlamer do.
About 25 Tuns Seal Oil
About 300 qtls. Small Merchantable Shore Fish.
June 6.

LATELY RECEIVED ON CONSIGNMENT

AND WILL BE SOLD,
On very reasonable terms,

Codner and Jennings,

A large quantity of
BRITISH CORDAGE

Of a variety of sizes;

Bridport CANVASS,

No. 1 @ 8.

ALSO,
COD SEINES, 70 @ 50, 73 @ 50
15 CAPLIN ditto, 30 to 60 fathoms, 20 to 26 feet
HERRING NETS, LANCE BUNTS
JME in casks, BRICKS
UMBER; &c &c.

June 13.

NOW LANDING

AT THE WHARF OF

PARKER & GLEESON

The Cargo of the Schr. SHANNON, just arrived from Bridgeport, loaded with Round Coals.

ALSO SELLING AT THEIR STORES,

600 Bags 2d Quality Bread
40 Bls. Rye Flour, cheap, 28s. per bl.
50 Firkins Butter, 50 Bls. Oatmeal
50 Barrels Peas
150 Tierces Davis and Strangman's Porter
30 Casks Wine (in Bond)
And sundry other articles.

June 13.

TO BE LET,

For a Term, from the 20th October.

THE DWELLING-HOUSE and SHOP, with a YARD & OUT-HOUSES attached, in WATER-STREET, at present in the occupancy of Mr. WHITE. The House is eligibly situated and in good repair.—Possession can be had immediately if required.

G. & R. CLAPP.

For such a Term of Years as may be agreed on from the first day of December next—

ALL those ELIGIBLE PREMISES now in the occupation of Messrs. CODNER & JENNINGS; consisting of DWELLING-HOUSE, STORES, WHARFS, &c. &c.

For particulars application may be made to Mr. WM. RICHARDS, jun., at St. John's, or in England to Mr. S. W. PRIDEAUX, Solicitor, Dartmouth, May 22.

MY LOVE WITH MATILDA.

Matilda was one of many daughters, and her father was my private tutor. When I was first introduced to the family, on accidentally calling at his house, I admired them all equally, mother and all, for Louisa was not present. The daughters were all handsome girls, and I remember walking home with the impression that, were I a Mussulman, I should lose no time in proposing to the whole of them.

It is almost strange then, with this feeling of a general lover, which is but another name for no lover at all (for real love cannot be general) that I should, the next time I called, find myself wholly absorbed in the contemplation of one being.

"This is my other daughter, Sir, whom I believe you have not seen."

No, but, having seen her, I saw no other till I lost her. When mine eyes first lit upon her she was arranging some trifle on the mantelpiece, but when she turned suddenly round to greet me, I felt the blood rush up into my cheeks, I breathed shortly and quickly like a dog when it first pauses after a long swift race in the heat of summer; a deafness came over my ears to all that was said, a film came over my eyes that shut out or mystified all impressions save that her beautiful presence made. "Here, here, indeed," called out my heart within me, "here is thy haven, thy centre, thy magnet; this is she ordained for thee, the loves thou hast known for others are episodes in thy sensations' history. I feel, I know from this moment thou art hers, wholly, only hers, till the corruption of death shall moulder thee. What need ere I thus solemnly devote myself to her, (for I did so) what need to pause and marvel whether she be kind, virtuous, and intellectual as she is beautiful?—None, for she is all these, her form and presence are redolent of all these; it is the consciousness, the conviction of their existence that hath won me, not mere beauty—no, no, but the beauty which is created by the existence of her kindness, her virtue, and her intellect."

I found that I was right; I knew I should. Not only in form complexion, feature, and the minutiae of physical beauty was she more perfect than aught I had before known or conceived, but she realized in her disposition the idea of a spirit of benignity. Without effort, thought of it, or perhaps even knowledge of it, she was in demeanour sentiment, and in every act scrupulously faultless, while her converse was redolent, not ostentatiously, of the lore of libraries, cemented and tempered by the pervading influence of her own intellect. How shall I better describe my vivid impression of this her excellence, than by recording that whenever any book or piece of writing has delighted me, whether its character were philosophical, inventive, or lightsome, I have, as the highest commendation I could award it, set it down as worthy of having emanated from the mind of Matilda? Thus her converse alone impressed me, for she scarcely ever wrote.

It soon became unto me a positive and palpable physical pain, to be out of the presence of Matilda; a sickness and fainting of the spirit, a distraction that unnerved, and utterly incapacitated me. Impressed with the idea which was no groundless one, that this angel, this goddess, was interested in me, and was fonder of my society than any other man in the circle of her acquaintance, I became so constant a visitor at my tutor's house, that it was impossible for him, or any other of the family, to remain blind to my love and my intentions. I began to think there must be a superintending providence, especially employed on the forwarding of my individual happiness, for I soon found the whole family smiled favourably on my attachment; and very soon, by a particularly remarkable series of coincidences, it so fell out that whenever I called, which was every day, some business or other was sure, first to call one, and then another away, till mother, father, and daughters, were all either out of the house or the drawing room, in which Matilda and myself were sitting.

Day by day the certainty more glowed within me that till now I had never loved. Eternal God! Thou fount of beatific sensations! how holy, how entertaining is the feeling of utter devotion to one object, and when that object is of Thy most splendid and beautiful works, 'tis piety to thee to hallow and adore it! The thought of Matilda was my food of life, there was nothing in or about me but her. She almost served me for sleep, for I lay night after night, supine, like a horizontal crucifix, with unclosing eyes and unfailling sensations; for sensation was full of the living thought of Matilda.

Scarcely could I eat, nor could I force the wish to eat. I felt too cherished for the prolonged operations, and paused over the untasted food, and fed upon the thought of Matilda. Oh how flappy I was; I palpably tasted a new life. I seemed to tread on air; words or thoughts were as vain to speak the intensity of my happiness, as of my love; I grew content to enjoy the feeling without racking myself for words or thoughts to express it, and one day alone in mine ecstasy I uttered,—

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brag of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars who can count their work;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth

with an emphasis and feeling, that, had I been a lady enacting Juliet, (to whom the words pertain) would have made an audience deafen itself with its applause.

At last I felt that she loved me, and I grew a hero, a god! 'Twas well I did, for the consciousness of my inferiority would have driven me to self disgust, haply self destruction. Yes, it

was well, that I felt raised above my former self, for delightful was the feeling that I was worthy of one I so adored. It was her love that made me proud, for she who never erred had found me worthy of her love; and soon my passion made me assume a character so exalted that it raised me at last to the standard that inspired it. It was not till I knew she loved, that this dignity of feeling possessed me. For long I felt that I could be but a worm unworthy of notice in my Matilda's path. I had often felt that would she but suffer me to lie on the earth before her, and place her foot upon my breast, I should be happier. For long it was with the utmost difficulty, when I met her that I retained my upright position; my knees seemed suddenly unnerved, and attracted earthward, for I felt that my place was at her feet. So little indeed would I at first contemplate my happiness that I felt I should be exquisitely satisfied with the possession of her left off slippers, anything most mean and worthless that she had touched, and I felt as much happiness in contemplating relics of her, a flower, or any trifle that had been hers, as as her own self; for on them, at least, I dared gaze ardently. My desk is full of these inscribed and dated treasures which, for of late this feeling is partly reborn, I reserve to kiss and talk to, and to weep upon.

Having obtained permission of my own parents, who contemplated the match with satisfaction, I soon spoke to Matilda's father and mother, and obtained their full consent to propose myself to Matilda as her husband. Of her consent I was certain, and expected therefore to receive it as a mere matter of course form; yet on the day I obtained it, the idea so intensely flashed upon me that now my earthly bliss was certain and could know no further shade of obstacle, that, as I returned from her house, I gave way in spite of me to the utter wildness of happy gaiety; I laughed at the gravest looking people, bounded, not walked, waltzed old ladies out of my way who were going too slow, and feeling certain that I must actually dance home to the sound of a pair of castanets which chanced to be in my pocket, (I had been at a fancy ball as Figaro the night before), I at last, for very shame, called a hackney coach and bundled into it, kicking about the opposite cushions all the way home.

And now the very dreaminess of bliss possessed me. From the moment that I had my right to kiss Matilda's hand and place mine arm round her waist I became almost stultified with the measureless excess of my beatitude. I felt incapable of desultory talking, and so I think did she, for we sat daily for many hours together in a silence which each felt was holy. At home I felt yet more dizzy at the contemplations of my present state and prospects. I could do nought whatever. Though I had cherished plans of ambition, all forms and impressions past now appeared worthless to me. I was an unappreciated reader, an unwearyed writer; but now I would look with vacant eye on the book before me, till smiling at such mockery of reading, I would close it up and think of love. Even the desultory columns of the newspapers grew dim as I perused them, and the rustling of the huge page sheet, as it fell from my unconsciously relaxed grasp on the carpet, would rouse, not change the current of my thoughts. I took interest in nothing, not even in those pursuits, those objects, those persons, or those topics which had till now most delighted me. I felt that the food for contemplations, whereon I lived, was in all sufficient. When alone, to sit or stand, or lie with clasped hands and fixed eyes, and let the world go on, in the conviction, that, could I so remain, the world would be tired before me, was dear delight; and while in her angelic company 'I days for hours, and hours for moments told,' I felt more benignly blest, for not even the thought that I was wasting time, could counterpoise my gratifications; no, nor even exist, for can it be losing time to be enjoying happiness? can it be wasting life to be revelling in its most refined enjoyments? No, when our joys are neither vicious in their origin, nature, or tendency, to be happy is indeed to live. True I did nought, scarce said aught, but it was bliss, and if idleness, it was the idleness of heaven. Would speaking, writing, reading have more refined my mind? No, all those were base to that refinement of soul which grew of mine adoration.

A day for our marriage was at length fixed, and three weeks alone were to intervene before that day. Now again the contemplation of a definite joy—the prospect of an actual certainty—a fixed day for a settled event, roused me into the lightheartedness of enjoyment. It was by incessant and gigantic efforts alone that I kept myself from doing a thousand extravagant things. Full of the grateful thought that my blessed angel was about to give herself entirely to me, how humble a convert did I feel to the whole of what I had before deemed the most absurd love-stories! I now felt what was meant, and more too, by dying for a beloved one, or enduring any misery in her cause.—I felt that I could have blest a torturing death if dealt me by the hand of Matilda, or suffered for her sake.

A timely accident alone, I really believe, kept me from growing delirious with joy. A friend had induced me to join him in a fencing bout, and awkwardly enough, while absorbed and abstracted by the thought of Matilda, I lost my balance in a retreat, and tumbling over a chair which was behind me, was anon so tightly embraced about the loins by two of its legs between which I fell, that I could not raise myself from the floor, or walk or stand when raised. A consequent series of bandages and embrocations and what not, rather called me down from my Olympus to a real world

and more definite sensations; but yet I smiled and blessed the accident, for I was convinced, as I have said that corporeal sufferings checked that mental ecstasy which was verging upon madness.

My doctor thus addressed me. "My good sir, if you think of marrying this day fortnight, it will be necessary for you to pass the intervening time somewhere where you can bathe daily. Go to the Isle of Wight." I wrote to Matilda, for the doctor would not let me walk or ride till I set off to report this speech and ask what I should do.—To leave her, and to delay the marriage were equally distracting prospects to me. The beneficent angel answered that she would go with me to the Isle of Wight, and that she induced her mother to accompany her. We set off in two days and were soon at Ryde. As the Island was full of company, we fled this bustling place, and retired to the delightful solitudes at the south of the Island. By daily availing myself of the one bathing machine which Shanklin boasts, I soon found myself rapidly recovering, and in about a week was able to take a walk with Matilda. The beauty of the evening urged me to attempt this feat.—the sea was darkly green, almost to blackness, while the foam of the breakers with which it was everywhere covered was a light rose colour.—This phenomenon of course implied some 'skyeey influences,' and a fisherman told us it was "going for to unskimmors!" He was a true prophet.—The sky soon grew inky and ominous, and the waves began to swell to a perfectly monstrous size. Beautiful was the sight as we contemplated it, three or four hundred feet above the turmoil, from the cliffs along the edge of which we were slowly walking towards Sandown. The wind blew fiercely towards the sea, horizontalizing the grass and the corn, and ever and anon pelting us with twigs which it had torn from the trees at a little distance. The waters below us now came plunging and bursting so close to the base of the cliffs that we were obliged to guess at the grandeur of the sight by the grandeur of the sound.

"Let us go closer to the edge," said Matilda.—"We must look over and see them rushing up the cliffs."

"We shall scarcely see that," I answered, "without standing at the extreme edge; and I am told, that the cliffs just at this part of the coast so much overhang the strand, that portions of them are always falling; sometimes three or four feet of the edge at a time; and sometimes even in large masses."

"Well, then, we will see what can be seen at four or five feet from the brink."

We advanced and just as we had gained the intended distance, a tremendous gust of wind, tearing onwards, took us full behind, and catching our clothes, drove us, in one second within a foot of the extremest edge. We started back to save ourselves from being blown over; but at that moment, a portion of the cliff, which had long needed a less cause to detach, it fell rushing down; immediately there was support beneath our heels alone; and we desperately flung our bodies back, in the last hope of falling backward on the cliff.—But our equilibrium was too surely, too fatally gone; and in less than two seconds, from the time the gust had thrust us forward, we were swiftly falling among the rocks and waves! in the moment that I saw our fate, I seized Matilda tightly in my arms, and energetically endeavoured, in our descent to twist myself beneath her, so that falling upon my body might haply save her; but in the moment of our fall, for it took no more, I was conscious that I had either failed of accomplishing my design, or that we had turned completely round, I knew not which, but she was beneath me as we fell together, crash upon the large flat rocks formed of previous fallen portions, which reached about half way up the cliff!

I have little more to tell. Opening my eyes in a dusky twilight, I found myself where I had fallen, and remembered my fall; the sea was calm and noiseless. I suddenly remembered that it was not I alone who had fallen. I strove to rise, but could not. I turned my face on one side; she was lying close to me; she was not lacerated or distorted that I could see; her face was turned from me. I raised my arm to touch her, for I could not call; it sunk with horrid pain at my side. I raised it once more, and saw that my hand was covered with blood! I forced my head up till I saw my legs; my trousers, which were white, were soaked with blood on the side nearest Matilda. I was lying in a pool of blood! was it mine or hers? ere I could ascertain, the agony this slight movement had caused me, made me faint away!

Closed bed-curtains grew upon my sight next time I recovered it. I groaned, and an old woman opened the curtains. I whispered, "Tell me all," and soon learnt, that her son, a fisherman, had discovered us, and brought us, with the help of others, to her cottage, on two doors detached for the purpose; that a surgeon had been from Newport, and pronounced that I had fractured an arm and a leg; they were properly dressed, and I was to be kept entirely quiet, and would recover; that the lady's case, he feared, was hopeless; she had fractured her skull, and nearly all her ribs were broken.

I started up, and suddenly found my voice.—"Where is she? Let me see her!"
"Oh my God! be quiet," screamed the woman. "She lies in this room, too, sir."
"Alive! Alive! Alive!"
"Oh sir! she has been quite dead for four hours."
"Let me see her! Let me see her!"

"For God Almighty's sake, sir keep quiet; you will kill yourself if you stir. He will! Reuben! Reuben! help! help!"

I had just desperately raised myself, when a sturdy sailor appeared, he was the same we had met. His presence rather availed than prevented me, for seizing him round the neck with my right arm which was uninjured, I forced with a mighty effort out of the bed, and half supporting myself by this means and half supported by him, gazed madly about. The first objects I saw were my bandaged and encased arm and leg which turned me soul-sick—the next—so close to me that I had not at first seen it the body of Matilda covered with a patchwork quilt with a towel over her face I snatched off—there was still enough in that horrid sight to damn me with identity—they were her features—but her jaw had fallen—her eyes were shut—her hair almost all cut off, the rest clogged with blood and hanging about—her forehead was all blood—her—her—No! let me end—I was maddening fast. I uttered one loud long shriek of horror—all became whirl, and deafening sound, and darkness—I broke from the sailor's arms—reeled—fell—& falling hoped it was death—

But I still live, and thus I explain this seeming wonder. When next I could use my faculties the whole history of my acquaintance with Matilda appeared to me, as it also had while it lasted, to have passed in a bound beyond reality.

My happiness was still dizzy and dreamy, not substantial, or to be analysed or dwelt upon, but at the risk of sanity. My holy devotion, the concentration of my soul and thoughts to that one object, Matilda, had made me a being wholly new, and when that influence vanished, dying with her, I was but my former self again. It had been a beautiful—a wondrous—an earthly dream—and now I was broad awake again. Even so viewed I the frightful horrors of her death—my agony, that was to kill or spare me, had expended itself in the concentration of that moment when I swooned by her corpse and saw her no more. No, I saw her no more. What I had seen affected me but as something I had read, or witnessed in a play. The mere circumstance of my now being alive and not mad nor wretched (at any rate not for that cause) proves that the reminiscence is to me no more vivid or frightful than though the reminiscence of a description, or of a witnessed fiction. If, closing my eyes upon the people and things of this world, I could force myself into intense retrospection of my love and loss of Matilda, I might bear away the veily medium through which I contemplate them now; but I cannot make that effort, nay though I have often shivers, I cannot, and why should I strive more! In that quarter my perceptions seemed darkened and deadened, save when the accidental sight of any of Matilda's relatives lights that darkness and deadness but with a scintillation! We never speak, for her mother visited me once ere I left the cottage, and having only almost convinced her that falling over the cliff was in no wise attributable to my inattention, foolishness, weakness, or awkwardness, we agreed that it would be better for the mental peace of both parties if I visited that family no more.

BONAPARTE.

Our conversation fell, as is always the case, upon Bonaparte (says M. de Lamartine, in describing an interview he had with Lady Hester Stanhope, in her singular retreat amidst the wild and dreary solitudes of Mount Lebanon.) "I imagined" said I to her, "that your enthusiasm for the man would raise a barrier between us."—"My enthusiasm," answered Lady Hester, "consisted in sorrowing over and pitying his misfortunes."—"Such, also, was my feeling towards him," I rejoined; "we are again agreed."

I could not account to myself, that a religious and moral woman should extol the power of mere force, divested of religion, morals and liberty. Bonaparte was, no doubt, a great restorer of the social edifice, but too indifferent to the quality of the materials which he applied to the building; he moulded his statue with dirt and selfishness, instead of gifting it with divine and moral attributes—with virtue and liberty!

A TRIFLING LAPsus.—Few men have been more deservedly esteemed in their day and generation than the Reverend William Lawrence Brown, D. D. He was principal of the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and professor of Divinity in that University. He was also senior Clergyman of the west Church, and his lectures were characterised by acute reasoning and manly eloquence.—On one occasion however, he marred the effect of an excellent sermon by an unlucky error. He had chosen for his text, "And unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" and after delighting the congregation by his mode of treating the subject he concluded with the following extraordinary peroration: "My dear brethren, I cannot quit this subject in more emphatic language than that of my text, 'And unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,' which may God of his infinite mercy GRANT! Amen!" His hearers were lost in astonishment, while the unconscious principal calmly shut the sacred volume, wiped his spectacles, and blew his nose.