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Blackburn & Co. of the

THE



Newfoundlander

No. 624.

THURSDAY, July 11, 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.

Hamburgh and American Pork

Butter, Flour, Bread
Oatmeal, Peas, Barley
American and Hamburgh 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 Hamburgh Bricks

100 Barrels No. 1 Herring;

With their usual SUPPLY of

Manufactured GOODS

(OF THE NEWEST FASHIONS)

From London, Manchester, and Glasgow, now

ready for inspection.

By the Subscriber,

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

HAY,

PATRICK GLEESON.

April 1.

BY

Baine, Johnston, & Co,

Ex Brig OLINDA, from Greenock,

21 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 1.

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,

Agent for the Estate

April 25.

TO BE LET,

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.

On Sale.

JOHN CUSACK,

200 Barrels Prime Mess Pork
Per TRUETT'S from Hamburgh
ALSO ON HAND,

200 Boxes Soap

50 Ditto Candles

10 Dozen English Kip

6 Ditto ditto Calfskins

5 Cwt. Ranges.

Fish taken in Payment

May 16.

The Subscriber

HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per TRUETT'S from Liverpool, and offers for Sale on the most reasonable Terms—

5 Hogsheads 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 disposed 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 Hamburgh, 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

1000 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 hds. 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 superior manner, copper-fastened and coppered, sails remarkably fast, and is decidedly superior to any Craft of her description.—The **NORA CREINA** is sufficiently known to render it unnecessary that any exposition as to her qualities should be gone into.

FARES:

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

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

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

— (double)..... 1s. 0d.

And Parcels in proportion to their size and weight.

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

JAMES DOYLE.

Carbonear, June 25, 1839.

LAING'S SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

(From Tail's Magazine.)

But the political institutions of Norway, since the establishment of its admirable Constitution in 1814, are more especially deserving of attention, as centuries in advance of its ecclesiastical scheme. The government is purely representative; nor could Bentham, in the present state of the country have objected to its elective machinery, save, perhaps, to the number of intervening steps placed between the constituency and the representative, and the absence of the ballot; which, however, in a country like Norway, where every one has a competency, and no class depends upon another, is scarcely required. Every native Norwegian, of twenty five years of age, who, as the owner or life-renter of land, has for five years paid *scat*, that is, direct taxes, or who is a burgher of any town, or who possesses there a house or land of the value of £30, is entitled to elect, and, when he reaches the age of thirty, to be elected, provided he is neither in any department of the state or court, nor on the pension-list, nor yet in the counting-house or bureau of any placeman or courtier. We cannot here detail the full process of electing, which is rather complicated; though a trifle to our endless registries, and non registries, and disqualifications for this tax and the other, unpaid. The Parliament, or Storting, is chosen every three years, and sits for three months, or till the public business be despatched; and their meeting is not by virtue of the issue of the King's writ, but of constitutional right; though, on any great national emergency, as a war, or the demise of the Crown, an extraordinary Storting may be assembled by the royal edict; but then such extraordinary Storting can only pass interim acts which remain to be ratified or set aside by the next regular Parliament. The Storthings are in every respect independent of the Executive; nor is the royal assent necessary to give effect to any Bill which has passed the chambers in three different Storthings. Thus the abolition of hereditary nobility, proposed and first passed in the Storting of 1815, and again in that of 1821, but vehemently opposed by the King in 1824, when the capital, where the Parliament was sitting, was invested by a Swedish army to overawe the legislative body, passed into law in despite of the royal opposition, by the fiat of the Storting, exercising, for the third time, its constitutional right. In the differences which have arisen in consequence of the attempted encroachments of the executive power, and the constitutional resistance of the Storting, liberal opinions have hitherto triumphed; for the Norwegian people seem wide awake to every attempted stretch of prerogative. In Norway the press is entirely free; and unbounded freedom in discussion is sanctioned by opinion and custom, every man being responsible for what he publishes to the world; though defamation, or libel on private character, must be proved false, open, and intentional, to involve punishment. In Sweden, the press is under a strict censorship, though, as in France, it maintains a constant, lively skirmishing with the Executive, and generally has the best of it. The Storting of 1836, whose sittings Mr. Laing frequently, or rather daily attended, consisted of ninety-six members. The franchise is not connected with this town or that county, but is regulated by the true principle—the number of electors in the district—and, from time to time, varies with that. When a member is elected, a substitute is elected at the same time, in case of his death or resignation. The members are paid two dollars and a-half (at most 9s. 7d.) *per diem*, while the Storting is in Session; and they are allowed a small sum for travelling expenses. They consist of all descriptions of persons. In the Storthings of 1836, one member was a rector of a school; four were parish clerks; the mercantile towns naturally send merchants, and the rural districts bolder; and the aggregate assembly appears probably very like the state Assemblies of America. Mr. Laing says the assembled members of the Norwegian Storting look like the respectable farmers or merchants one sees assembled in Edinburgh or Haddington on a market-day. They meet at nine in the morning, and maintain a much more decorous & simply dignified exterior than certain legislative bodies that we could name. The first business is to choose a speaker and secreta-

ry, and this is repeated once a-week. Other preliminary business being gone through, the Storting elects one fourth of its members to form the Upper chamber or *Lagthing*, in which the deliberative functions of the Legislative body are invested. No Bill can be first proposed in the *Lagthing* or Upper House, which can only receive measures proposed from the *Odelsting* or House of Commons, and then deliberate, oppose, reject, or send back with amendments. The *Odelsting* may impeach Ministers of State in the *Lagthing*. When a motion is to be first made and discussed, both Chambers sit together in an united House; but, as the business proceeds, they divide, and each assumes its separate special functions. But we must refer for the minute details to the work, merely quoting this sentence for the edification of the admirers of a house of hereditary noble legislators. "The composition of this House, which does its business quite as well as a house of Bishops, Dukes, and Barons, may," Mr. Laing says, "be an object of curiosity to every British Radical. It consists, in the present Storting, of eight persons in civil offices, five in clerical functions, two lawyers, and nine Bonders or peasants—in all, twenty-four. They are not elected to the *Lagthing* with any reference to profession or rank, but simply from the opinion their fellow-members of the Storting may have formed of their judgment, knowledge and fitness and deliberative functions. Of the whole ninety-six members of the Storting, forty-five have sat in one or more former Storthings; the rest are new Members."

There are no ministerial nor opposition benches in a Parliament to which the whole Government influence cannot send even one member. It is felt an inconvenience that no one Government functionary can be present to answer questions or bring forward propositions; but the Norwegians wisely submit to it. The style of speaking and debating is plain and business-like; there are no Emerson Tennents with set-speeches got by heart, no young D'Israeli's, nor flashy declaimers of higher name to spout orations, and waste the time strictly devoted to national business, in that homely little senate; but there is what seems infinitely better, even in taste, and more morally august—at least in the eyes of those who can look below the surface. "There being no demand for oratory, there is no supply; but for plain and clear statement of argument or fact, there are several members of the Storting, who are equal to that class of our public speakers"—that is, to our Humes, and Warburton's and Villierses.

It is not exactly known to whom Norway is indebted for its constitution. It was ostensibly drawn up by a committee of the National Assembly in four days, and laid before the Assembly at the time the allies chose to transfer the kingdom from Denmark to Sweden, as a bribe to the latter power to desert Napoleon; and the consideration allowed it to pass in the haste or inadvertence of the moment. This constitution was solemnly ratified by the King of Sweden and the Norwegian nation, and exists under the guarantee of the allied powers, though probably an eye sore to each of them. A free constitution, framed in quiet, and solemnly established in the midst of perfect tranquillity, and of which upwards of twenty years have now proved the strength and adaption to the people, was, it is conceived by Mr. Laing, the fair fruit of the previous state of property in the fortunate country where it arose. Property was diffused, and in the hands of the whole body of the people; and the ancient laws and institutions were conceived and administered in the very spirit of liberty. There was no rich, arrogant, and rapacious aristocracy—no domineering state-paid church to oppose the free spirit of the new constitution. It emanated as if spontaneously from the bosom of the nation. May it long remain to bless it!

A re-construction of the Cabinet must take place—fresh blood must be infused into it—and we fearlessly say that the man having the power at the present crisis to form a noble phalanx—to defend the sacred ark of liberty—to protect his Queen and country—who does not avail himself of every possible aid calculated to give the reform ministry the greatest talent, integrity and influence, acts not fairly by the nation. The weakness of the late Cabinet did not lie in the restless petulance, or instability of some eight or ten ultra-

Radical Reformers—no such thing. It originated with the questionable, unpopular and inefficient conduct of Ministers themselves; and above all, in their fatal policy to stop short in the cause of progressive reform. Let the new Cabinet be plain, honest and able—then, doubtless, will the people rally round and support it. The reconstruction of the Cabinet is to the public matter of deep importance, and will be watched with the liveliest interest, as in the character of those who are added to the old Cabinet, can alone be found an adequate guarantee of its fitness and stability. *Dunfries Times.*

(From the London Sun, May 24.)

The *Courier* of this night observes, in the course of a leading article—suggested by the late Hertford election—"The last Tory lie is, perhaps, one of the least, yet it is worthy of notice. The Hon. Mr. Cowper, who justly declared that the decision of the Hertford electors was a verdict condemnatory of the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, is therefore accused of having shown that this verdict in his favour was an iniquitous verdict, inasmuch as he himself had, only six days before, pronounced that Sir Robert Peel's conduct had been perfectly 'loyal and proper' towards her Majesty. Pure, or rather most impure invention this, and nothing more. Mr. Cowper as we stated a day or two since, admitted the loyalty and propriety of Sir Robert's motives: and in doing so, acted, as we conceive, with an excess of handsomeness and liberality. But Sir Robert's conduct, and the principle of control for which he contended, he from the first unsparingly condemned, as he does now."

The *Globe*, in a leading article on the subject of national education, says:—"The Government is bound to have regard to the great principles of religious freedom, which have been established by struggles that have left a deep trace in the history of this nation. No statesman who has studied the history of this country will do the national spirit the injustice of supposing that it will ever again submit to the yoke of intolerance. Whatever remaining imperfections may exist in our laws, intolerance has ceased from being a blot on the statute book. The institutions of our country provide an equal protection to the religious creeds and rituals of all. A Dissenter may now rise to the highest offices of the State. Hopeless and frantic, therefore, are the struggles to seize the public funds for intolerant purposes. No Government—we say it in the name of the reformed constituencies—no Government can ever again in this country apply the funds of the state to national purposes, from a participation in the benefits of which any shall be excluded by reason of their conscientious religious convictions."

The *Standard* alludes to the Queen in the following respectful terms:—"The *Morning Chronicle* to-day says, that 'devotion to the Queen is every where associated with an expression of a conviction of the necessity for further reform.'—This is not a strictly correct statement. A dissatisfaction with the constitution under which her Majesty holds her crown is, indeed universally associated with the expression of what is called devotion to the Queen; but the reciprocity affirmed by our Contemporary does not exist, for at many meetings called for the expression of a conviction of a necessity for further reform, the Queen's name has never been mentioned—her Majesty appears to have been as completely forgotten as if in the progress of reform she had been already dethroned. The *Morning Chronicle* itself has in the same number of this day given a report of one such meeting at Edinburgh. Our contemporary has indeed, in its 'devotion to the Queen,' very generously assigned the report in question to its compilation of testimonies to the 'Queen and her Ministry'—a title substituted for 'the Crisis' since the appearance of our modest thesis upon the latter phrase; but through the whole report there is not one mention of the Queen's name, or one syllable of reference to her Majesty's conduct and the allusion to 'her Ministry,' are any thing but complimentary. Thus it appears that while none profess such 'devotion to the Queen' as is now talked of but the most thorough-going revolutionists, there are many revolutionists who profess to such 'devotion.'

The *Morning Post* of this day, after abusing the entire Radical party in terms ridiculous, from their surpassing and even convulsive vehemence, as a set of men who claim to be the only sincere loyalists in the kingdom, goes on to observe that the "loyalty of the Tories is something more than a feeling, it is a principle." Our Contemporary is right. Tory loyalty is a principle, and the strongest of principles—namely, that of self-interest! They love their Sovereign as the head and front of their faction, but in no other sense. As the Queen and benefactor of her people, they turn away from her with feelings not far removed from contempt, as the daily columns of their principal organs have shown for the last fortnight and upwards.

The *Times* is quite frantic with the result of the Hertford election, and draws from it the startling inference that the Ministry have scarcely a chance of salvation left. "What," asks our Contemporary, "supports the shaken edifice? The forlorn hope—a hope against hope—of Radical adhesion at the last hour? From the bottom of our hearts

we trust it may be so, but the fiend begins to palter with our longings. The chance of a dissolution? What chance is there from a dissolution for any but Conservatives? The Queen's favour? Pshaw! There is no principle nor material of life in this Ministry. We guess Lord Melbourne thinks so." The best comment of this is our Contemporary's own expressive phrase. "Pshaw!"

The *Morning Herald* contains a temperate and well reasoned article on the subject of duelling, in the course of which our Contemporary justly remarks:—"Every appeal to force for the redress of individual wrong, or the vindication of what is called personal honour, implies contumacy and contempt, not only for the laws of the land, but for the principles of Christian morality."

The *Morning Chronicle*, commenting on the prospects of Reform, says—"It would be unreasonable, certainly to expect that at this advanced period of the Session, Ministers should be able to re-constitute the Cabinet, and carry through Parliament measures calculated to satisfy the just expectations of Reformers. Neither is the country so impatient as to be unable to remain passive until Parliament re-assembles on the subject of their expectations. But as little time as possible should be lost after Parliament has met, before Ministers remove the anxiety of Reformers as to the nature and extent of the reforms which it is their intention to propose. That much anxiety exists on the subject is as certain as it is that it would be hazardous to trifle with it"

The *Morning Advertiser* refers again to the two candidates for the Speakership in the following terms:—"It is one of the remarkable instances of the madness which has seized the Tory party that they have selected Mr. Goulburn for their Speaker. He has been so long distanced in moderation by the more time-serving and shrewd of his Tory co-adjutors, that one wonders they should have put him forward in the presence of the country as one whom they would delight to honour. And on the score of peculiar qualifications, if the gossip of his friends be true, it seems that nobody pretends to assign him any. We are rejoiced to find that among the Liberals there is but one feeling entertained in regard to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, whose merits are put in strong relief by the candidate selected to be his opponent; and that his success is as much desired on account of his personal recommendations, as of those official qualifications which we pointed out some days ago."

The *Courier* of last night comments as follows on Mr. Goulburn's claims to the Speakership of the House of Commons:—"Without being rash or over sanguine, we may confidently anticipate that the Reformers will be found firmly and sincerely united in favour of a triumphant assertion of the superior claims of Mr. Shaw Lefevre—regarded not merely with reference to his opinions as a Reformer, but to his particular qualifications for the Chair. In every sense his advantages over Mr. Goulburn are indisputable; and no Reformer in the House can possibly expose himself to a charge of inconsistency by supporting that gentleman's election. Not so, however, with the Opposition and their candidate. Of the supporters of Mr. Goulburn many are foredoomed to the reproach of the grossest inconsistency, and to the endurance of the most exquisite ridicule. His very proposers, or their leaders and setters-on have distinctly admitted that they do not consider him to be, of all their party, the best qualified member for their Chair, or else that they were guilty of disrespect to the House by intending to propose somebody less qualified than they deem him to be; for he was to be a Cabinet ally of Sir Robert Peel."

The *Globe* observes in the course of a leading article, advocating the Ministerial scheme of national education:—"We believe many conscientious Churchmen are anxious that the great evils arising from the imperfection and deficiency of the means of education should be remedied without infringing the rights of conscience in their dissenting brethren. We can conceive that among such may be some who, while they agree in thinking the objects proposed by the Government plan in all respects desirable, may find difficulties respecting some of the details. We know of no better employment such gentlemen can undertake than to supply a plan which shall not be found liable to more grave objections; and, until such a plan is discovered, to unite with us in the cordial support of the plan proposed by the Committee of the Privy Council."

The *Standard* indulges in the following inflated and preposterous panegyric on Sir Robert Peel—that very statesman whom, not many years since, our Contemporary was foud of sneering at:—"We have a very high estimate of Sir Robert Peel—of his various and profound learning—of his splendid genius—of his unspotted personal integrity, his unequalled temper, at once so calm and so firm—of his exemplary private life, and of his heroic devotion to the service of his country. We believe him to be the man vouchsafed to redeem and to save the British empire in its extremity; such is our estimate, and such we are persuaded is at this moment the public estimate of Sir R. Peel."

BERLIN, May 13.—We hear that the Court expects a visit this summer from the Emperor of Russia, who will go to the baths of Ems. It is probable that a new *fete* of the Imperial family of Russia may then be celebrated in the beautiful country of the Taunus. The Imperial Prince Alexander is said to have fixed his choice on a youthful daughter of a Prince in the South of Germany, already connected by marriage with a Royal family in Southern Germany, and with that of Prussia.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

(From the Inverness Courier.)

We have been favored with the following private letter, addressed by Mr. Thomas Simpson, one of the leaders of the expedition for the discovery of the North West passage, to a friend in this neighbourhood. Our distinguished young countryman writes in high spirits, and with that enthusiasm and devotion to his cause, without which no great enterprise was ever accomplished:

"Fort Confidence, 19th Dec. 1838.

"Our old enemy the ice has stepped cruelly in between us and the fulfilment of our hopes. I had a party of five men and two Indians on foot, and set out from this place on the 7th June. We successfully crossed the height of land in our boats a portion of our undertaking long deemed particularly difficult and doubtful. But my repeated and fatiguing journeys of last winter had so thoroughly explored every route, that we were quite prepared for each obstacle that occurred. On the 30th we reached the coppermine, and found it still fast! It gave way a few days afterwards, and we descended all its terrific rapids, then swollen to their utmost height, along with the driving ice; grand, but perilous running, I assure you. Often had we to pull for life and death, to avoid the suction of the precipitous cliffs, along whose base the waters raged with overwhelming fury. The descent of Escape Rapid was the finest thing of the kind I had ever witnessed. Below, the breakers made a clean breach over our little vessels; while above we were involved in a cloud of spray that dashed from an overhanging rock a hundred and fifty feet in height, and formed a magnificent rainbow around us in the bright sunshine. It was a gorgeous shower-bath, however, that few would relish. On the 1st July we encamped at the Northern Sea, which still glistened with ice as firm and impenetrable as adamant.—It kept us imprisoned in the mouth of the Coppermine till the 17th; and our subsequent approach to Franklin's Point Turnagain (which was attained on the 9th of August) was one incessant struggle with the same relentless foe, in which our poor boats got several planks more than half cut through. At Point Turnagain they were finally arrested and remained beset for 22 days; so different was the season of 1838 from that of 1824, when Franklin found a perfectly clear sea on the 16th of August. The mild weather we experienced in July, though very agreeable at the time, was, in fact, our bane; the gales which then would have cleared the ocean for us, reserved themselves till the following month and brought down the ice from far and near upon the very part of the coast where we were so unfortunately confined. It was during ten days of that tedious interval (from the 20th to the 29th August), that I performed the pedestrian journey to the eastward; its results are the tracing of 100 miles of the coast, the saving of thirty miles further, the discovery of an extensive snow covered land to the north (distant about thirty miles from the main), which I have had the honor of naming "Victoria Land," besides many Islands, and of an open sea to the eastward. At my furthest point we erected a lofty stone pillar, with a letter for the information of "whoever might find it." The march altogether was a most fatiguing one, and the weather on our return to the boats very inclement. Five days carried us to the "Bloody Fall" of Hearne as it is called; five more up the Coppermine to our boat deposit; and in a third space of five days we crossed the mountains on foot to this place, where we found every thing in good order on the 14th inst. Some dried venison was stored up during our absence. We have now two dozen of nets set in the lake, and want no longer stares us in the face, as it did for several months after our arrival here last year. Luxuries we have none, our only beverage being an infusion of the arctic sea plant (a rather bitter but wholesome herb), without sugar.

"My hopes of final success, instead of being depressed are elevated by the check this year received, and the knowledge thus painfully acquired. The existence of an open sea to the eastward is no more doubtful, and should the main shore be again encircled by ice in August, the southern coast of the great northern land before alluded to, will afford an earlier passage into that eastern sea. Besides, I now regard September as the best month of the year for arctic navigation, and from the mouth of the Coppermine to this place is merely a hop, step, and a jump; an eight days journey on foot. I traversed that ground over and over last winter, and again this autumn. By the way, that is the country for princely hunting; not a day but I had several chases after the rein-deer. A full grown buck, with his towering antlers is a noble animal; in fact I now despise all meaner game. I have three tamed white wolves, too, of my own taking.

The House went into Committee on bill to incorporate Benevolent Irish Society, and the Chairman reported that they had made some amendments in the same—which on being read were agreed to by the House.

The bill was then ordered to be read a third time on Thursday.

Mr. Nugent presented a petition from Denis Hanlan and others, praying for a further grant for road from Pouch Cove to Westward Point.

A bill to prevent fraud in sale of certain articles imported into the Colony was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Wednesday.

Mr. Godfrey gave notice of a motion on the propriety of having a survey made of the road between Salmon Cove and Holyrood direct; and the line between the same places by way of Harbor Main and Chapel's Cove.

TUESDAY, 9th.

Mr. Speaker laid before the House (received from Colonial Secretary) Returns of accounts of the several Fire Companies for 1834, '5, '6, '7, & '8, and of the Companies' valuation of lands and tenements in St. John's.

The Master-in-Chancery brought down from the Council a message requesting conference on the subject of the expenses of the late Delegation to H. M. Government—which request was acceded to by the House.

Mr. Brown reported from Committee appointed to manage the conference, as follows:—

Her Majesty's Council have sought this Conference with the House of Assembly, on the subject matter of their message of the 28th ultimo, for the purpose of acquainting the said House that in the statement which accompanied their message of the above date, there is an error against the Colony of thirty one pounds sterling. The House of Assembly having charged four hundred and fifty pounds currency as equal to four hundred and twenty-one pounds sterling, instead of three hundred and ninety pounds.

Her Majesty's Council also observe in the said statement, the sum of fifteen pounds fifteen shillings and nine pence charged for interest, without any rate or defined period being specified, to enable the Council to judge of the correctness or otherwise of that item charged against the Colony.

Her Majesty's Council therefore request that the House of Assembly will furnish them with an amended statement of the disbursement of the sum of five hundred pounds, granted under the Act 2d Victoria, 1st cap., and also with a copy of the report made by the Delegates to the said House.

JAMES SIMMS,

Senior Member Presiding.

Council Chamber,
9th July, 1839.

Mr. Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Colonial Secretary, enclosing a second petition from John Fleming praying for admission into the Hospital.

A Committee was then appointed, in pursuance of Mr. Godfrey's motion of yesterday, for the purpose of enquiring into the propriety of having a survey of the line of road between Salmon Cove and Holyrood.

On motion of Mr. Nugent, an address was passed to His Excellency the Governor, praying for returns of the number, tonnage, and number of the crews of all vessels (other than coasting or fishing vessels) entering the ports of St. John's and Conception Bay during the year ending 30th June, 1839; and also for returns of the number and tonnage of coasting and fishing vessels, having general coasting and fishing clearances from said ports during same period.

The House then went into committee on bill to prevent fraud in the sale of certain articles imported into the colony; and the committee having reported the bill with amendments, the same were agreed to by the House.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.

The House went into committee on a bill to regulate the empannelling of Juries.

Mr. Butler reported from committee that they had gone through said bill, and had made some amendments therein; and the same having been read throughout a first and second time, on the question put thereon, were agreed to by the House.

We observe that the Solicitor General has introduced a motion into the House of Assembly in reference to the establishment of a Steam Vessel between Nova Scotia and this place, for the purpose of securing for this country a participation in the anticipated benefits to the Colonies from the establishment of Steam Navigation between Nova Scotia and the Mother Country. We should hope that the matter may not be lost sight of, as now that a definitive arrangement has been agreed upon as far as the other Colonies are concerned, it becomes indispensable that Newfoundland should endeavour to place herself as nearly as possible upon an equal footing with her neighbours in this respect. We cannot for a moment deem it necessary to refer to the advantages which may reasonably be expected to be consequent upon the introduction of Steam into this country; it is suf-

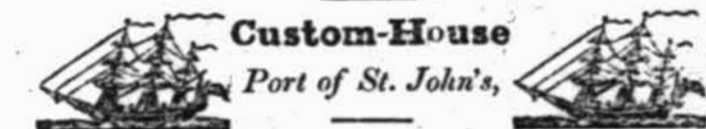
gent to point attention to other parts of the world, and there to note the vast impetus to husbandry and to manufactures, and the important increase of trade, wherever this mighty agency has been brought into operation. The circumstances of this as contrasted with the countries where all those advantageous results have been experienced, disclose, to be sure, many important dissimilarities, which teach us that they cannot be regarded as a criterion by which to form an estimate of what we have a right to expect; but increased facilities of communication, which are so efficiently promoted by Steam, must tend to the improvement of trade in every country—and even this general view points to certain beneficial results.

We feel persuaded that this suggestion cannot be regarded otherwise than with satisfaction by the community, for on such a subject the most perfect concurrence of sentiment must prevail. We believe it is proposed to offer a bonus of 1500*l.* a year, for 5 or 10 years, for a Steamer of about Eighty horse power to ply between Halifax and this port once a fortnight, leaving the former place immediately on the arrival there of every steamer from England. As the passages between Halifax and here would not generally occupy more than six days, the vessel might during the remaining seven or eight days be well employed by the Proprietors in towing vessels in and out of this port, or in such other way as might be deemed most attractive.—It seems to offer a most desirable investment, and we are sure that a sufficient number of enterprising individuals will be found in this community willing and ready to accede to the contemplated proposal. The subject is one of much vital importance, and we trust it may not be neglected.

We have been requested by a Correspondent to call the attention of the Committee of the Factory to the subject of a BALL, which he thinks might now be attended with benefit to the Establishment and amusement to the Public. We fully concur in the propriety of the suggestion, and, for many reasons, think this decidedly the most suitable time for such an affair.—It is, at any rate, worthy the consideration of the Committee.

ARRIVAL.—In the *Velocity*, from Poole, Mr. Colborne.
DEPARTURE.—In the *Jane*, for Greenock, Mr. John Boyd.

Shipping Intelligence



Custom-House
Port of St. John's.

ENTERED.
July 4.—Eliza, Walsh, Sydney—64 chalds coal.
Edward, Chapman, New Brunswick—30 M. board
40 M. shingles.
Metis Packet, Martin, Nova Scotia—28 oxen, 30
sheep.
8.—Velocity, Whiteway, Poole; general cargo.

LOADING
9.—Hebe, Duncan, London.
10.—Sarah, Larkin, Halifax
Ann, Dingwell, Miramichi.

CLEARED
July 4.—Hero, Cooney, Berbice—800 qtls. fish,
300 bls herring.
9.—Abeona, Lutes, Sydney—ballast.
10.—Nimrod, Barrao, Sydney—sundries.
Assistance, Chesson, Margaree—109 lhd. salt,
100 bls. flour, and sundry merchandise.

Sales by Auction.

THIS DAY
(Thursday) At 11 o'Clock,
AT THE STORES OF
T. HOGAN.

- 4 Pipes } Red WINE
- 7 Qr.-casks } White WINE
- 20 Hogsheads } White WINE
- 4 Ditto } VINEGAR
- 80 Boxes } RAISINS
- 20 Drums } FIGS.

July 11.

WILLIAM HADDON,
Architect and Builder.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that as he intends to remove to his Cottage on the Barrens, he will Sell

BY PUBLIC AUCTION
THIS DAY
(Thursday,) At 12 o'Clock,

All that comfortable and convenient DWELLING-HOUSE he at present occupies, pleasantly situate near the Church, comprising a Parlor, Kitchen, Sitting-Room, four Bed-rooms, Store-room, Cellar, Stabling, and a well of Water in the Yard—together with the Building adjoining, a part of which is let to Mr. JOSEPH BACON for a School-Room, at the annual rent of £17. Immediate possession will be given. Further particulars may be known by applying on the Premises, or to

PERCHARD & BOAG.

11th July.

Sales by Auction.

TO-MORROW,
(Friday,) At 11 o'Clock,
ON THE WHARF OF

Messrs. C. F. Bennett & Co.
150 Barrels American Fresh Superfine FLOUR
50 Firkins Hamburg BUTTER
ALSO,
About 80 Tons Lime Stone
On Board the Spanish Brig *VIGILANTE.*
R. L. LANGLEY,
Auctioneer.

July 11.

TO-MORROW,
(Friday,) At One o'Clock,
In the Commercial Room,

6 Dozen Champagne, (in quarts and pints)
5 Dozen Very Prime Claret
10 Dozen Madeira Wine
10 Dozen Vidonia Ditto.
JAMES CLIFT,
Auctioneer.

July 11.

NOTICES.

THE ASSISTANT COMMISSARY GENERAL will receive Sealed TENDERS, until one o'Clock P. M., on MONDAY, the 5th August, proximo, for the Supply of

Seven Hundred and Fifty Barrels
Superfine FLOUR,

Either of Copenhagen, Hamburg, or American growth.

To be deposited in the Queen's Stores at Forts *William*, or *Townshend*, at the expense of the Contractor; there to be subject to approval by the customary Board of Military Officers, and warranted to keep good eight months after survey.

The import duty will be remitted to the Contractor.

The first delivery of 150 barrels, to be made by the 1st September; the second, 450, by the 1st December, 1839; and the remaining 150 barrels early in May 1840.

Each Tender to be accompanied by a letter from two responsible persons (to be approved by the Senior Commissariat Officer) engaging to become bound with the party tendering in the penal sum of £400 sterling for the faithful performance of his Contract.

The price sterling per Barrel of 196 lbs. net weight, to be stated in words at length.

Payment will be made after each delivery, in British silver money, or, at the option of the senior Commissariat Officer, in Bills on her Majesty's Treasury, at the rate of £100 for every £101 10s. sterling due.

COMMISSARIAT,
St. John's, 5th July, 1839.

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.

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 M'GRATH, Architect, at Mr. John Dillon's, Queen-st., St. John's.
N. B.—An APPRENTICE wanted.

June 27.

On Sale.

CHOICE OLD WINES.

A Few Hogsheads and Qr.-casks of L. A. G. OLD LONDON PARTICULAR, and a few Qr.-casks of Rich Old MALMSEY, SERIAL, and TINTO, the remains of the ELIZA's Cargo from Madeira last year;

ALSO,
Some pipes, Hogsheads and Qr.-casks of **Pico London Particular,**
A DELICIOUS TABLE WINE,
For Sale, at Reduced Prices, by

J. DUNSCOMB & Co.
July 11.

BY
The Subscribers,
Nineteen Hogsheads Muscovado

SUGAR,
BOWRING BROTHERS.

July 11.

On Sale.

BY
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 Bohea Teas
Barley and Oats
Cod and Caplin Seines, Bank Lines
Herring Nets, 40, 50, 60, and 80 Rans
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 9*l.* per acre.

For particulars, apply to

JOHN QUINN,
Church Hill.

July 4.

LATELY IMPORTED,
AND FOR SALE

BY
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.

BY
Matthew Stewart & Co.

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

- 40 Hhds. 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,
ALSO,
Lately Received from Hamburg,
6 Cases very excellent Cherry Brandy.
BLAND & TOBIN.

June 20.

(SALT AFLOAT)

200 Tons Cadiz SALT

For Sale by
W. & H. THOMAS & Co.
June 20.

BY
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.

On Sale.

LATELY IMPORTED,
AND FOR SALE

BY
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. 6*d.* per hoghead
100 Barrels Seed Potatoes
Cpd and Caplin Seines
Herring Nets
Lance Bunts

A FEW CASES SUPERIOR CHAMPAGNE,

ALSO,
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,

BY
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
IME in casks, BRICKS
UMBER, &c &c.

June 13.

10 Tuns Pale Seal OIL

On Sale by
CODNER & JENNINGS.
June 20.

COALS,

Provisions and Porter.
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.

LIME.

ROCHE and SLAKED, deliverable in quantities, at the shortest Notice by
NICHOLAS CROKE.
Orders from Outports punctually attended to.
June 27. 7w.

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.

ON BUILDING LEASES,
ALL that Piece or Parcel of GROUND belonging to the late JOHN THOMPSON Esq., extending from the Premises of Mr. JAMES MURRAY, Baker, to Apple Tree Well.—For particulars apply to

JAMES TUBRID,
Cooper.

April 18.

POETRY.

HOPE.

(From Fraser's Magazine, for April.)

Hope is a citizen of life; she sits
Not open throne, but in the human breast.
Yet brings not peace, but a most sweet unrest.
— An undulating pleasure,
A gentle loved tranquillity.
That falls and rises like the waves of the sea,
Most musical, and yet by fits
Mingling sharp discord with the soothing measure.
She is a queen, with subjects of her own,—
The charities of life, affections kind,
The innocent pleasures, and the peaceful mind.
— With an unworthy aim,
Doing, like sovereign, all she can
To soothe the restless soul of thankless man,
Who rails with most rebellious tone,
Forgetting who she is, and whence she came.
From the celestial sphere she drew her birth;
Faith nursed her, and the lips of God alone
Breathed o'er her, from his unrevealed throne.
She left her glorious home,
— And multitudinous bliss,
And love divine, and quick-winged ecstasies;
Forth like timorous Spring to Earth,
Timid she went with, erring man to roam.
Thus is she a bright messenger of Heaven,
The spirit of all felicity, the breath
Of tranquil Faith, and conqueror of Death—
The universal Pan
Of holier hours and purer feelings,
The parent of far loftier revelations,
The heart's evangelist, and given
Even from the very Spirit of God to man.
O ever sought and much abused bliss,
Immortal exile, oft with weary wing,
Combating anguish and despair, that bring
Ingratitude, fierce foe,
That striketh with blind rage at thee,
And rails the false and feeble deity.
With how much love, despite of this,
O dost not thou towards him still overflow!
Thou ever bringest rare anealing blessings,
And delicate Fantasies, eye-inwove
With the half-enslaved mysteries of Love;
— And ever art thou true
With oar from a far land brought,
Yet shrouded by the yearning soul's dull thought,
That woeth much the feminine carriages,
As flowers the sun, which is their light and life.
Fine, fairy spirit of the anxious bosom,
Weaving thy spells of witchery around us,
When the earth's discords hatefully surround us,
Be thou still like a prayer,
Which is its own divinity.
Going to whence we came, and still must be:
Be as the perfume in the an'ranth's blossom,
Which is God's flower, and, like us, is His care.

THE ENAMORED PAINTER.

About the time of the celebrated Pacification of Ghent, two gentlemen of the Imperial army were parting upon the steps of an inn in the High-street at Bruges. The younger of these, as he mounted his steed, gaily exclaimed to his companion,
"A soldier's farewell, friend Antonio, and faithful days to you, until our next meeting in fair Italy."
"Amen, Polidore, and soon may that meeting be—I am n'g' sick of such wars."
"Then leave in peace these hard-handed Netherlanders, whom I shrewdly suspect to be in the right, notwithstanding their stubborn visages, and latitudinarian *culottic*—make your bow to His Highness of Parma, and ride with me—I have a choice adventure toward."
"Polidore! Polidore! is all your experience—are all my counsels then unheeded?"
"Pythée trace to that eternal theme! In one word, will you be my companion,—yes or no?"
"You know that I cannot go at present—but what mad enterprise are you now bent upon?"
"So you go not with me?—*adieu* then!—as to my schemes, you shall hear of them when next we meet—in the mean time be not over-curious—and ere long I will convince you that one light-hearted day is better than a whole year of frowns, were they those of Wisdom herself—Heaven rest you merry!" So saying, he spurred his horse, and was soon out of sight.
Not long after this time there was an unusual stir in the drowsy city of Modena. All the idlers, and they formed nearly seven-eighths of the population, were busily canvassing the probable merits of a young painter, who had recently arrived. No one seemed to know whence the Signor da Torre came; but all agreed that he must be a great artist, as he had taken a *studio* in the widest street in the city—and it was surprising to observe how suddenly all classes were smitten with the desire of figuring upon his canvass. The signor's dwelling was soon thronged with visitors. Burgers and magistrates, three captains of *condottieri*, two marquises, and twenty-three ladies of condition, had offered themselves to his pencil; and all, strange to say, received the same answer. The Signor was highly flattered—quite proud of such liberal patronage—but was at present unable to undertake any new subjects, being already devoted to one of considerable importance, (presumed sacred, from the mystery with which it was concealed.) All this created much observation;—the middle-aged beauties, whom he had declined to portray, said that he had bold eyes, and looked like a heretic—the girls peeped at him from behind their fans, and pronounced him to be a well-made youth, with a brow and bearing like a nobleman.
Would my readers believe, that this was no other than our friend Polidore, lately leader of the galora hope at the siege of Eyden?—A gay,

thoughtless fellow, and poor, though of noble birth, this was not the first metamorphose in his life of vicissitude and adventure. In passing through Modena, to join the Imperial army in the Low Countries, he had seen a face, the image of which had ever since haunted him, and upon the first suspension of warfare, he determined to behold the fair vision once more. On his return to Modena, he discovered her, after some search, to be an orphan of rank, who lived in seclusion during the absence of an only brother.—A second glimpse of this lovely creature increased his romantic desire to approach her; but all his efforts had terminated in disappointment. At length he learned that the Lady Isidora was a great admirer of painting. His resolution—though a strange one, was instantly formed; he immediately hired a *studio*, and caused it to be rumoured about that a great artist had arrived; saving his conscience by the fact of having formerly studied under Parmigiana, with no contemptible success! After nearly exhausting his slender purse in the secret purchase of pictures and other artist-like *creature*—he committed his fate to the genius of female curiosity: and awaited the operation of his scheme. Long did he wait—in vain, to the great detriment of his purse and his patience;—while the number of his unwelcome visitors almost induced him to convert the frolic into a means of replenishing the former. But at last, one sunny morning, a fair *diletante* visited his dwelling, and all his plans were adjourned *sine die*. How he indulged the Lady Isidora to sit to him for her portrait, has never been clearly discovered;—his argument however, if he used any, seemed to have succeeded, and the work was begun.
At length the fact transpired, that Signor da Torre was painting some lady of distinction; and those whom he had refused were as loud in their indignation, as they were eager to learn who the lady might be. It is difficult to say why the fair Isidora cared not to let the world know that she was suffering her beauties to be portrayed on canvas—certain, however, it is, that she appeared unwilling to enlighten the public mind as to the fact; and that, although the work proceeded very slowly, she did not evince any extraordinary impatience for its completion.
Our painter, in the mean-while, seemed in a fair way to be convinced of the folly of *playing artist*. It was evident that the pursuit was injurious to his health; for long before the portrait was half finished, he became pale, irritable, and moody. It was clear that confinement, and the smell of colours, disagreed with his idiosyncrasy, and that his fondness for his assumed profession was rapidly waning. The work at last grew near to its conclusion, just as his powers of endurance were nearly exhausted; as may be gathered from the following soliloquy, uttered on the morning of the last sitting. During its delivery he paced to and fro in his chamber, with lips pale as those of a criminal before execution, and a brow as dark as thunder-clouds; while his eyes shot forth such glances as almost terrified poor Julio, who was awaiting his orders, in the capacity of pupil, lacquais, steward, and groom of the chambers. We omit the expletives, wherewith it was garnished; having a special regard to the morality of the rising generation.
"So!—I have reaped a precious harvest for my pains.—A dear friend, forsooth, whose arrival she sighs for—Unfeeling girl! she might have spared me the recital of her fond anxieties—If I meet this minion, may the furies—yet why? the fault is mine—I might have earlier seen the madness of cherishing such delusion—And this is my reward for prospects abandoned, and difficulties embraced for the recompense for the entire devotion of my soul to the exercise of my talents, the unwearied attempt to please this proud beauty!—I will think of it no longer—the folly has already cost me too dear—Julio," addressing the boy, "how many crowns are in the *exchequer*?"
"Five master, and three small coins."
"St. Antony! it is indeed time to break off.—Haste thee to the Piazza, and enquire—yet stay.—I shall need thy attendance at home—I will set forth myself anon. Wait in the antichamber and should any one seek me, say that I cannot be seen—that I am grievously sick."
"And if the Lady?"—"Silence!" exclaimed the impatient artist, stamping with his foot, "dost thou presume to prate to me?—I will see no one—Begone!"
Alas! for resolutions—prudent ones, most especially!—They are like the vannts of cowards at the beginning of a fray—Pillars of snow, as perambulations they are pretending—Bubbles, which the mind is ever sedulously blowing, and which the slightest breath of circumstance scatters to the winds. But most of all, for endurance, commend us to those doughty resplves wherof *woman* is the subject. Produce one which can resist a smile—a soft word—or even a sigh, from the loved one, and we will, in return, impart the long-sought-for secret of the *Chrysopeisis*. But to the illustration. The boy had hardly left the room, before the door gave warning of an arrival; and our framer of resolutions heard him reply, as he had been ordered, to a soft inquiry for the Signor da Torre. The voice was known to him but too well: he started up—his firmness was fast evaporating—and on the repetition of the word "Sick! How long?" in the same gentle tone, it fairly exhaled! He rushed down stairs—angrily chid Julio for his stupidity, (Heaven bless the mark!) and apologizing in an awkward manner for the *mistake*, ushered in the fair querist, followed by an aged attendant. We must not too harshly accuse our friend Polidore of weakness,—for verily it would have required the

concentrated acerbity of a full dozen of cynics, to refuse admission to so sweet and self-willed a visitant as the young Lady Isidora.
There was a slight embarrassment in her reception of Polidore's confused and stammering attempts at explanation; and her respiration was somewhat quicker than ordinary. The latter circumstance may probably be accounted for by the length of the painter's staircase. After a pause to recover breath, she said in a slightly tremulous voice—"I believe, Signor, that your boy was right in wishing to send me away—you do not appear well—I had better excuse your confining yourself to the painting room to day."
"You are kind, Lady Isidora," replied Polidore, "but I am not more sick or sad than has been my wont of late. We will proceed to the studio, if it please you—the portrait is nearly finished, and I would fain complete it before my departure."
"You leave Modena, then?" the lady hastily inquired:
"To-morrow, Lady, if possible; this life suits me not—I have paid," he said, looking earnestly at Isidora, "rather too dear for my painting."
She coloured slightly, and said, as if to change the subject, "See! I have brought a rose for you to copy—you must use all your skill, for it is my favourite flower, and my friend" (oh woman, woman! why could she not say *brother*?)—my friend will like the picture better for seeing it there."
"He is a happy man, Lady Isidora, whom you think worthy of such a possession!"
"It may be so," she replied, with her usual archness,— "at all events, I shall expect he will prize it for my sake." This grated most unpleasantly on Polidore's ear—it was the most natural speech in the world, and yet he felt cruelly galled by the significant manner in which it was uttered. He bit his lips—looked as dignified as possible, and gently led the fair offender into the studio.
Now, considering that Polidore was, after all, merely a pseudo-artist, the arrangement of his painting-room was highly creditable to his state and *savoir faire*. It was well provided with all appliances of the art, grotesque, mechanical, and elegant. There were busts of all sorts some with staring Medusa eyes, such as glare upon us in fever-dreams; casts of hands, feet, and noses, together with two or three unexceptionable skulls.—On the floor, as if by accident, lay Da Vinci's celebrated treatise;—a very business-like box of colours stood ready for use while, from a sort of recess, one of those monstrous images, technically called a *lay figure*, spread abroad its mis-shapen arms like the personification of some Ogre of a nursery table. The room was decorated with flowers, and some imposing paintings (copies) reclined at intervals against the walls; upon a cabinet in one corner stood a beautifully carved group, representing the well-known subject of Cupid bestriding the lion; at the feet of which, by a judicious arrangement, lay a copy of amatory verses the offspring of Polidore's muse. But of all the ornaments of the chamber, the most attractive was the nearly finished portrait of Isidora, which laughed and blushed from the easel like the genius of spring come down to hold carnival in the midst of this strange assemblage of objects. As Polidore gazed upon his performance, whilst the beautiful original was removing her hat, and mantle, the face seemed to smile upon him with an air of cruel mockery.—He thought on the disappointment of his romantic hopes, sighed and applied himself despondingly to his task.
Sad work, indeed, did he make of it;—but who could have done better in his place? Directly before him sat Isidora in a most bewitchingly graceful attitude; her little satin-covered feet crossed over each other, and her round white arm and delicate hand, peeping from the folds of her silken sleeve, betrayed their exquisite proportions, while employed in raising to her lips the flower, not half so red or fragrant as they. Her blue eyes were more pensive than usual, and a slight languor rested on her features. She had never looked so beautiful before; and Polidore soon became unable to paint for gazing.—All his consciousness of the folly of his hopes,—his doubts and his determinations—all his late half-angry, half-jealous feeling, melted away in one headlong torrent of admiration. For some time the lady endured in silence this formidable battery of glances;—at length it became too animated, and she exclaimed with an offended air, "I fear, Signor, that the work will hardly be finished to-day, if you proceed so tardily with your pencil."
Polidore started—"I crave pardon," he said,—"I had forgotten myself, and was dreaming that I was in Heaven!"
Isidora blushed deeply, and almost unconsciously taking from the cabinet the copy of verses, she, rather unwisely, began to read them. They were addressed in no very equivocal manner, to herself,—and contained more than the usual proportion of melting and profound expressions of attachment. As this was their only merit, we shall be excused from transcribing them. The author, however, who naturally thought them pithy and moving, watched their effect with the utmost anxiety. The lady changed colour repeatedly during their perusal:—then, hastily laying them down, began very assiduously to pull in pieces the poor rose, which she had entreated the painter to copy with so much care. Leaf after leaf did she tear off and cast on the floor, while, under Polidore's impassioned glances, the eloquent blood wandered over her face and bosom like the reflection of April clouds upon the water. This could not last long—the affair was evidently approaching what the doctors call a

crisis. Our artist tried to recover himself; applied his pencil, with an unsteady hand, to the lips of the portrait,—and turned to contemplate their delicious originals. They were quivering—and the soft breath was hurrying from between them in rapid murmurs. Isidora's eyes met his—they sunk in an instant,—but one such look is fatal. Polidore threw down brush and palette, and overturning a harmless stool in the haste of his amatory progress knelt incontinently at the lady's feet.
"Isidora!—nay—do not turn from me in disdain—I must, for the first and only time, declare how fondly—how madly I love you. That it is in vain, I know but too well,—the bitterness of this thought is surely punishment enough for my temerity.—You know not yet its full extent—I have loved you ever since a random chance allowed me to behold you for an instant:—it was to see you once more, to hear your voice—to breathe the same air with you, that I have assumed this disguise, though a soldier and a gentleman!—I have suffered for my folly—do not overwhelm me with your scorn—say at least, sweet Isidora, that you pardon me!"
She turned her head timidly round: she was very pale, and her eyes were streaming with tears, but a smile of ineffable sweetness trembled on her lips.—In another instant (my readers must remember that the scene is laid in Italy) Polidore held her in his arms.
"Pullo minora canemus, i. e. we will return to the anti-chamber, where the boy Julio was seated with Isidora's venerable nurse Teresa. Their conversation was ere long interrupted by a loud knocking at the gate, which was followed by the entrance of a grave-looking cavalier—the same, by the bye, whom we have already seen at Bruges.) He inquired for the Signor da Torre, and he said that he would abide his leisure. After waiting however for a few minutes, he gave strong signs of impatience; and broke forth into a *sostenuto* strain of dissatisfaction, as he paced to and fro in the apartment. "Why in the name of all saints," he muttered to himself, "did Polidore address me to this painter?—some new folly of his, I warrant,—and yet I would fain hear news from him after so long a separation."—Then, after a pause, during which his anger seemed to have gathered strength, he resumed—How long am I to dance attendance upon this tardy painter?—I must back, ere long, to see if Isidora be returned. Vexatious! to find her from home and gone, no one can inform me where."—(Here he was interrupted by the ancient dame, who after gazing upon him for some minutes in a state of uneasy suspicion, at length started up, exclaiming—"Santa Maria! it is our noble Count come back from the wars!"
"What, Teresa," said the count opening his eyes very wide,— "is that your worthy self?—truly I am glad to see one well-known face upon my return—but what seek ye here—and where is your lady, my sister?"
"Ah! how glad she will be! she is in the next chamber,—sitting!"
"Per Giove! and I have been so near her all this time!"—He rushed into the studio, where he was unpleasantly surprised by the sight of his sister, reclining on the arm of the painter, who had his back towards the door. On perceiving her brother she uttered a faint scream, and disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, tremblingly advanced to meet him. "How is this, Isidora?"—said the count, sternly "it was not thus that I expected to meet you on my return home—but of that anon.—As for this"—The painter had turned furiously round, and fronted the unwelcome intruder—a mutual exclamation of surprise and pleasure, burst from their lips—Polidore! "My dear friend Antonio! you have come in a happy moment!"
Isidora covered with blushes, hid her face in her brother's bosom. The latter after a pause exclaimed, "Polidore, you have not used me well; why keep this secret from me?"—and his brow grew dark again.
Do not blame me too hastily—I have only now learned that you were the brother of this angel.—I had prepared a surprise for you in directing you to the painter da Torre,—but how could I speak to you of my love, when I despaired of its success until this moment?—And now I throw myself upon your friendship—I have been a sad fool—but I will promise the most undeviating wisdom for the future."
The Count shook his head, with the serio-comic air of one, who is at some loss to decide whether he shall assume the furious or the clement, but who leans to the latter. There was a pause—a struggle—but Polidore's star predominated, and his friend spoke at last.
"Well,—you have left me very kindly no voice in the matter—I see that any counsel or interference of mine would be useless.—What says Isidora?"
She looked up in Antonio's face with a most bewitching air of entreaty, and whispered, "My dear brother!"
As they left the house together, the Count was heard to say, "You shall finish the portrait for me at your leisure, Signor da Torre: in the mean time we shall be glad of your society, only, I pray you, no more masquerading!"