



Newfoundlander

No. 635,

THURSDAY October 3, 1839.

Sixpence.

UNEXAMPLED MAMMOTH SCHEME.

THE following detail of a scheme of a LOTTERY to be drawn in December next, warrants us in declaring it to be unparalleled in the history of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is true, there are many blanks, but on the other hand, the extremely low charge of \$20 per Ticket—the value and number of the Capitals, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every Prize shall be drawn and sold, will, we are sure, give universal satisfaction, and especially to the Six Hundred Prize Holders.

To those disposed to adventure we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the Prizes are all sold, blanks only remain—the first buyers have the best chance. We therefore, emphatically say—delay not! but at once remit and transmit to us your orders, which shall always receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed, and application made to

SYLVESTER & Co.
156, Broadway, N. Y.

Observe the number, 156.

\$700,000! \$500,000! \$20,000!
Six Prizes of Twenty Thousand Dollars!
Two Prizes of Fifteen thousand Dollars!
Three Prizes of Ten Thousand Dollars!

GRAND REAL ESTATE AND BANK STOCK LOTTERY

OF PROPERTY SITUATED IN NEW ORLEANS. The richest and most magnificent scheme ever presented to the public in this or any other country. Tickets only Twenty Dollars.

Authorized by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Florida, and under the direction of the Commissioners acting under the same. To be drawn at Jacksonville, Florida—Schmidt and Hamilton, Managers.—Sylvester & Co., New York, sole Agents.

No combination numbers! 100,000 Tickets, from No. 1 upwards in succession.

The deeds of the property and the stock transferred in trust to the Commissioners appointed by the said act of the Legislature of Florida, for the security of the Prize Holders.

SPLENDID SCHEME!

One Prize—the Arcade, 286 feet, five inches. 4 lines on Magazine street, 101 feet, 21 inches, on Natchez street, 126 feet, 6 inches, on Gravier street—Rented at about \$37,000 per annum, valued at \$700,000

One Prize—City Hotel, 162 feet on Common street, 146 feet, six inches, on Camp street—Rented at \$25,000, valued at \$500,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, (adjoining the Arcade) No. 16, 24 feet, 7 inches, front on Natchez street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, (adjoining the Arcade) No. 18, 28 feet front on Natchez street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, (adjoining the Arcade) No. 20, 23 feet front on Natchez street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, No. 23, north east corner of Basin and Custom House street, 40 feet front on Basin, and 40 on Franklin street; by 127 feet deep in Custom House street—Rented at \$1,500, valued at \$20,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, No. 24, south west corner of the Basin and Custom House street, 32 feet, 7 inches on Franklin, 127 feet, 10 inches deep in Custom House street—Rented at 1,500, valued at \$20,000

One Prize—Dwelling House, No. 339, 24 feet, 8 inches on Royal street, by 127 feet, 11 inches deep—Rented at \$1000, valued at \$20,000

prize, 250 shares, Canal Bank Stock, \$100 each \$25,000

1 prize, 200 ditto Commercial ditto, \$100 each	\$20,000
1 Do. 150 shares Mechanics & Trade's ditto ditto	\$15,000
1 Do. 100 shares City Bank Do. do.	\$10,000
1 Do. 100 shares do. do. do. do.	\$10,000
1 Do. 100 shares do. do. do. do.	\$10,000
1 Do. 50 shares Exchange Bank do. do.	\$5,000
Do. 50 do. ditto ditto	\$5,000
1 Do. 25 do. Gas light do.	\$5,000
1 Do. 25 do. do. do.	\$5,000
1 Do. 15 do. Mech. and Trade's do.	\$1,500
Do. 15 ditto ditto	\$1,500
20 prizes, each 10 shares of the Louisiana State Bank \$100,—each prize \$1,000	\$20,000
10 prizes, each 2 shares of \$100 each—each prize \$200 of Gas Light Bank	\$2,000
200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the Bank of Louisiana,	\$20,000
200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the New Orleans Bank,	\$20,000
150 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the Union Bank of Florida,	\$15,000
Six Hundred Prizes	\$1,500,000

Tickets, \$20—No Shares.

The whole of the Tickets, with their numbers, as also those containing the Prizes, will be examined and sealed by the Commissioners appointed under the Act, previously to their being put into the wheels. One wheel will contain the whole of the numbers, the other will contain the Six Hundred Prizes, and the first 600 numbers that shall be drawn out, will be entitled to such prize as may be drawn to its number; and the fortunate holders of such prizes will have such property transferred to them immediately after the drawing, unincumbered, and without any deduction!

Editors of every Paper in the United States, in the West Indies, in Canada, and British Provinces are requested to insert the above, as a standing advertisement, until the 1st of December next, and to send their accounts to us together with a paper containing the advertisement.

SYLVESTER & Co.
156, Broadway, N. Y.

New York, May 7, 1839.

Packet Boat

TO PLAY BETWEEN PORTUGAL COVE AND CARBONEAR.

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

NATIVE LASS,

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

FARES:

Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Seerage 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,

TO BE LET,

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,

EFFECT OF THE CORN LAWS ON MANUFACTURES.

—It appears that our exports are fast changing their character, and that so successful have we been in our encouragement of foreign manufactures, that there is every prospect of their being in a short time on a level with our own. The corn laws will, ere long, become a dead letter, by the inability of our manufacturing population to pay high prices. Englishmen are at the head of large establishments in every part of the continent. According to Mr. Smith, our exports to northern Europe, by far the most populous, civilized, and wealthy portion of the globe, were less by £7,400,000 in the five years since 1832, than during the first five years after the war. In the cotton, linen, and woollen trades, we are fast becoming merely spinners, and the export of cotton yarn was merely, he said, on sufferance, [as the spinning was increasing so rapidly both in Europe and America. There is a great increase in the exportation of bar and pig iron and castings, and coal, but little increase in Birmingham, Sheffield, and Wolverhampton goods. It appears, too, that so rapid has been the progress in Germany of late, in many branches of manufacture, that we purchase from that country many articles, as scythes, bolts, coffee-mills, &c., which we formerly exported to it. The subject is of paramount importance. The landowners in a great manufacturing country, with a population prodigiously employed, need never be in alarm for encouragement to agriculture; but all the protecting laws in the world will fail to give encouragement should our manufacturers suffer; and the want of encouragement will be accompanied by an addition to the burden on land caused by the support of a large unemployed population. There will soon, we foresee, be a formidable warfare between the squirearchy and the manufacturers. The sins of past years will, if we mistake not, be severely visited on the present time.—*Morning Chronicle.*

A BRACE OF IRISH LAWYERS.—An occurrence between him (prime Serjeant Hutchinson) and Mr. Tisdall, who was Attorney-General, affords an instance of his humour. Some particular measures had been carried in favour of Government by the exertions chiefly of these two individuals. Hutchinson, who was in office at the time, accosted Tisdall in his humorous style, and said, "Now, Mr. Tisdall that we have done the service of the Government, what do you think if we were to do something for the country?" Tisdall, with his wonted gravity, replied, "Mr. Hutchinson ruined!—ruined by G—! if we attempt that, we are undone. The opposition will bear that we should take the emoluments, but if we lay claim to popularity, we are ruined for ever."—*Grattan's Memoirs.*

THE SEVENTEENTH NUMBER OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

THE GENTEEL HAIR-DRESSER.

It was not exactly a hair-dresser's; that is to say, people of a coarse and vulgar turn of mind have called it a barber's, for they not only cut and curled ladies elegantly and children carefully, but shaved gentlemen easily. Still it was a highly genteel establishment—quite first-rate in fact—and there were displayed in the window, besides other elegancies, waxen busts of a light lady and a dark gentleman which were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood. Indeed some ladies had gone so far as to assert, that the dark gentleman was actually a portrait of the spirited young proprietor, and the great similarity between their head-dresses—both wore very glossy hair with a narrow walk straight down the middle, and a profusion of flat circular curls on both sides—encouraged the idea. The better informed among the sex, however, made light of this assertion, for however willing they were (and they were very willing) to do full justice to the handsome face and figure of the proprietor, they held the countenance of the dark gentleman in the window to be an exquisite and abstract idea of masculine beauty, realised sometimes perhaps among angels and military men, but very rarely embodied to gladden the eyes of mortals.

It was to this establishment that Newman Noggs led Miss Kenwigs in safety, and the proprietor knowing that Miss Kenwigs had three sisters, each with two flaxen tails, and all good for sixpence a-piece once a month at least, promptly deserted an old gentleman who had just lathered for shaving, and handing him over to the journey-

man, (who was not very popular among the ladies, by reason of his obesity and middle age) waited on the young lady herself.

Just as this change had been effected there presented himself for shaving, a big, burly, good-humoured coal-heaver with a pipe in his mouth, who drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged.

The journeyman to whom this question was put looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing at the same time—

"You won't get shaved here, my man."

"Why not?" said the coal-heaver.

"We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor.

"Why, I see you as shaving of a baker when I was a looking through the window, last week," said the coal-heaver.

"It's necessary to draw the line some where, my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop.—You must try some other establishment, sir. We couldn't do it here."

The applicant stared, grinned at Newman Noggs, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly round the shop as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.

MR. LILLYVICK RE-APPEARS AMONG THE KENWIGSES.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs were at supper. At sight of their perjured relative Mrs. Kenwigs turned pale and faint, and Mr. Kenwigs rose majestically.

"Kenwigs," said the Collector, "shake hands."

"Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "the time has been when I was proud to shake hands with such a man as that man which now surweys me. The time has been, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "when a visit from that man has excited in me and my family's boozums sensations both nateral and awakening. But now I look upon that man with emotions totally surpassing everythink, and I ask myself where is his honour, where is his straight-forwardness, and where is his human nature?"

"Susan Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, turning humbly to his niece, "don't you say anything to me?"

"She is not equal to it, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, striking the table emphatically. "What with the nursing of a healthy baby, and the reflections upon your cruel conduct, four pints of malt liquor a day is hardly able to sustain her."

"I am glad," said the poor collector, meekly, that the baby is a healthy one. I am very glad of that."

This was touching the Kenwigses on their tenderest point; Mrs. Kenwigs instantly burst into tears, and Mr. Kenwigs evinced great emotion.

"My pleasantest feeling all the time the child was expected," said Mr. Kenwigs, mournfully, "was at thinking, 'if it's a boy, as I hope it may be for I have heard it's uncle Lillyvick say again and again he would prefer our having a boy next—if it's a boy, what will his uncle Lillyvick say—what will he like him to be called—will he be Peter, or Alexander, or Pompey, or Diorgeenes, or what will he be?' and now when I look at him—a precious, unconscious, helpless, infant, with no use in his little arms but to tear his little cap, and no use in his little legs but to kick his little self—when I see him a-lying on his mother's lap cooing and cooing, and in his innocent state almost choking himself with his little fist—when I see him such a infant as he is and think that—uncle Lillyvick, as was once a going to be so fond of him has withdrawn himself away, such a feeling of wengeance comes over me as no language can depict, and I feel as if even that holy babe was a telling me to hate him."

A REFLECTION ON THE STRANGE THINGS OF THE WORLD.

As he paced the streets and listlessly looked on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that

some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the whole families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and important unit to swell the great amount.

From the Scotsman, August 14.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Mr. Hamilton Fitzgerald, the uncle of the late Lady Flora Hastings, has published the following letter in the Morning Post, in justification, he says, of the statement which he formerly made relative to the treatment which his niece received at Buckingham Palace.

FROM THE LADY FLORA ELIZ. HASTINGS TO HAMILTON FITZGERALD, ESQ.

"Buckingham Palace, March 8, 1839.

"My dear Uncle—Knowing what a very good-natured place Brussels is, I have not a hope that you have not already heard a story with which I am told London is ringing; but you shall at all events have from my own pen the account of the diabolical conspiracy from which it has pleased God to preserve the Duchess of Kent and myself; for that it was intended to ruin the whole concern, though I was to be the first victim, I have no more doubt than that a certain foreign lady, whose hatred to the Duchess is no secret, pulled the wires, though it has not been brought home to her yet. I told you I was ill when I came to town, having been suffering for some weeks from bilious derangement, with its agreeable accompaniments, pain in the side and swelling of the stomach. I placed myself immediately under the care of Sir James Clark, who, being physician to the Duchess as well as to the Queen, was the natural person to consult. Unfortunately he either did not pay much attention to my ailments, or did not quite understand them, for in spite of his medicines the bile did not take its departure. However, by dint of walking and porter, I gained a little strength; and, as I did so, the swelling subsided to a very remarkable degree. You may, therefore, guess my indignant surprise when about a fortnight since, Sir James Clark came to my room, and announced to me the conviction of the ladies of the Palace that I must be privately married, or at least ought to be so—a conviction into which I found him completely talked over. In answer to all his exhortations to confession, 'as the only means of saving my character,' I returned, as you may believe, an indignant but steady denial that there was anything to confess. Upon which he told me that nothing but my submitting to a medical examination would ever satisfy them and remove the stigma from my name. I found the subject had been brought under the Queen's notice, and all this had been discussed, and arranged, and denounced to me, without one word having been said to my own mistress, one suspicion hinted, or her sanction obtained for their proposing such a thing to me. From me Sir James went to the Duchess, and announced his conviction that I was in the family way, and was followed by Lady Portman (who conveyed a message from her Majesty to her mother, to say that the Queen would not permit me to appear till the examination had decided matters). Lady Portman (who with, you will grieve to hear, Lady Tavistock, are those whose names are mentioned as most active against me) took the opportunity of distinctly expressing her conviction of my guilt. My beloved mistress, who never for one moment doubted me, told me she knew me, and my principles, and my family, too well to listen to such a charge. However, the edict was given. The next day, having obtained the Duchess's very reluctant consent, for she could not bear the idea of my being exposed to such a humiliation (but I felt it right to her, and to my family and myself, that a

point blank refutation should be instantly given to the lie), I submitted myself to the most rigid examination, and I have the satisfaction of possessing a certificate signed by my accuser, Sir James Clark, and also by Sir Charles Clark, stating, as strongly as language can state it, that 'there are no grounds for believing that pregnancy does exist, or ever has existed.' I wrote to my brother, who, though suffering from influenza, came up instantly. It would be too long to attempt to detail all his proceedings, but nothing could be more manly, spirited, and judicious, than his conduct. He exacted and obtained from Lord Melbourne a distinct disavowal of his participation in the plot, and would not leave town till he had obtained an audience of the Queen, at which, while distinctly disclaiming his belief of any wish on the part of her Majesty to injure me, he very plainly, but respectfully, stated his opinion of those who had counselled her, and his resolution to find out the originator of the slander, and bring him or her to punishment. I am quite sure the Queen does not understand what they betrayed her into. She has endeavoured to show her regret by her civility to me, and expressed it handsomely with tears in her eyes.—The Duchess was perfect. A mother could not have been kinder, and she took up the insult as a personal one, directed as it was at a person attached to her service, and devoted to her.—She immediately dismissed Sir James Clark and refused to see Lady Portman, and would neither re-appear nor suffer me to re-appear at the Queen's table for many days. She has crowned her goodness by a most beautiful letter she has written to poor mama, whom the accounts, kept from her while there was a hope that matters might not become public, would reach to-day. I am told there is but one feeling, as respects me, sympathy for the insult offered to one whose very name should have been a protection to her, and that in many places the feeling is loudly expressed that a public reparation should have been offered me by the dismissal of the slanderers. This does not, however, appear to be the view of Ministers; and as, personally, I wish for no revenge on those who have insulted me, I cannot say I much regret it, though I doubt whether they are quite judicious as respects the general feeling. As respects Parliamentary majorities, they are with regard to the ladies; and poor Clark, who has been the women's tool, could hardly be sacrificed alone. The Duchess has stood by me gallantly, and I love her better than ever. She is the most generous-souled woman possible, and such a heart! This business made her very ill. It shattered me, too very much, and I am wretchedly thin; but under Doctor Chambers's good management, I am getting round, and hope soon to be well. Hastings says he has not yet done with the business, nor never will while there is anything left to sift.

"Good bye, my dear uncle; I blush to send you so revolting a detail, but I wished you to know the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and you are welcome to tell it right and left.

"Your affectionate niece,

"FLORA ELIZ. HASTINGS.

"To Hamilton Fitzgerald, Esq.,
17, Rue de Namur, Brussels."

(London Correspondence of Scotsman.)

There is little probability of Parliament 'rising' before Thursday the 22d; if so soon. Several important bills are yet only "launched" in the House of Commons; but the Lords, it is expected, will make "short work" with some of them. The ultimate fate of the Lords' amendments on the Irish Municipal Bill is doubtful. It is reported that Ministers, with the consent of the Irish Liberals, will compromise this long pending question; but I doubt the probability of any settlement this session.

The Postage Bill has passed its third reading unamended in the Lords; and will receive the Royal assent on the first commission day. In the course of three months it is intended that the new arrangements and reduction shall commence. Mr. Barrington will give his personal attention to immediate preparations for the execution of this great measure.

Speculation, you observe, is very busy on the subject of the official changes reported as about to take place. I can at present give you no certain information as to all the rumoured changes rather prematurely announced, because not definitely determined, and some of them unquestionably probable. Within the last two days the personal friends of Mr. Thompson have stated positively that the President of the Board of Trade has declined to accept the Governorship of the British North American Provinces—that his health would not allow the risk of a sea voyage and winter climate. Perhaps a peerage might remove this objection. There are certainly several changes on the tapis, which time will unfold.

The Spanish news I referred to in my last was a highly important communication between Lord John Hay and Marotto, and I have still reason to believe that sanguine hopes are entertained of an early termination of the civil war in the Peninsula.

The harvest has commenced propitiously in several of the English counties. There is, however, an opinion gaining ground, that though the wheat is full and good in the ear, it is thin on the ground, and that the yield will be scarcely an average. The weather still maintains an unsettled aspect, and the barometer is low.

From the Greenock Advertiser, Aug. 23.

Lord Brougham appears sadly afraid that the dispute between the Scottish Civil and Ecclesiastical Tribunals should be adjusted by the only body capable of doing so satisfactorily. The proposal of the Government to bring in a Bill to give effect to the principal of nonintrusion, upon which the Church has taken her stand is evidently looked upon by his Lordship as bringing in question the wisdom of his decision; and rather than this should be the case, he would perpetuate a dispute which might endanger the country. The destruction of Nineweh was in JONAH'S eye a small matter in comparison with his own prophetic character, but the city was not destroyed to please him; and Lord Brougham will find that whatever estimate he may have formed of himself as a judge, the peace of the Church and the welfare of the people of Scotland are rather too much to be sacrificed "to deck his single name."

THE TOURNAMENT.—We understand about 800 applications for tickets to the stands at the approaching Tournament, have already been made to Mr. Blair, clerk to Lord Eglington's factor, and every succeeding post is bringing increasing demands. A thousand tickets, we believe, will be issued by the Noble Earl, but if the solicitations continue in the same proportion for a day or two longer, it will require more than five thousand to meet the exigency. Although Mr. Blair is kept exceedingly busy, yet from his activity and zeal, we have little doubt that he will be able to answer all requests that are made to him for admission.

The utmost activity prevails in every department at Eglington. The interior of the Castle is undergoing a thorough renovation, and preparations are making on an extended scale for the reception of a numerous company. Two spacious pavilions are to be erected, each upwards of 250 feet long and 50 wide, one for the banquet and another for the ball. "For these splendid temporary saloons," says a London Journal, "several costly ornolu chandeliers have been designed and manufactured after the antique but admired style of Francis I. In the grand saloon of the Castle great preparations are being made to render it in every respect gorgeously elegant. In that apartment a turquoise chandelier of considerable value is to be suspended from the richly-enfretted roof." The ornamental part of the work has not yet arrived from London, but is daily expected. In addition to the combats of the knights, we understand, a display of archery and falconry is to form part of the sports. From the Irvine Toxophilite Society, twelve of the crack bowmen are to be selected for exhibiting at the butts. This Society, who handsomely offered their services on the occasion, it is now fully fixed, are to have the honor of forming a guard to the Queen of the Tournament. The lady archers of Ayrshire, with bows in their hands, are to be in immediate attendance on the Sovereign of Beauty. As a matter of etiquette, the Queen and her guards will form the van of the procession, the Noble Lord of the Manor ranking next in the cavalcade. The Irvine Society of Archers are busily engaged in completing their arrangements for the never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Their uniform, we understand, will be a-la Robin Hood, in colour and fashion. Altogether, when the *toute ensemble* is considered—the gorgeous display of ancient armour and dresses, and though last not least, the broad bonnets and plaids of "auld Scotland," giving a picturesqueness to the scene—we may justly regard the approaching Tournament as a spectacle which the imagination may conceive, but which no pen will be fully able to describe.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY), OCTOBER 3, 1839.

We had imagined that by this time the proceedings of the Legislature would have terminated, but this already protracted session seems likely to be further lengthened, since the contingency bill is yet in embryo, and the Assembly, we observe, have again introduced a Road and Loan Bill—the former was gone through by the Council in committee on Monday, and the several clauses discussed—of which some were agreed to, others, rejected *in toto*, and many reserved for further consideration. A conference was held with the Assembly on Tuesday, in which the Council requested that certain evidence might be laid before them in reference to some of the clauses in the bill which were set down for re-consideration, and the subject matter of the conference will be brought under discussion in the Assembly to-day.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

MONDAY, September 30.

Mr. Moore gave notice that on to-morrow he should move a resolution to the effect that it is highly improper for any Member of the House to carry any bill to H. M. Council without the concurrence of the majority of the House.

Pursuant to order, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, for the purpose of examining evidence on the subject matter of the bill for removing obstructions in Duckworth and Water-streets, and the Chairman reported that evidence had been taken which he handed in to the House.

The Master-in-Chancery brought down from H. M. Council a message requesting a conference on amendments made by the Assembly on the amendments of the Council, in bill to incorporate the B. I. Society.

The managers having been appointed went to the Conference, and being returned, handed in the re-

port, which was read and ordered to be taken into consideration to-morrow.—Adj.

TUESDAY, October 1.

Mr. Moore presented a petition from Wm. Tilly and others, of Old Perlican, praying for a grant for a bridge and for the roads of that place.

Mr. Brown presented a petition from Stephen O. Pack and others, of Bay Roberts, praying for a grant for the roads of that place.

Mr. Nugent from the committee appointed to wait on his Excellency with an address of the House on the subject of the remuneration to the District Surgeons, reported the following reply:—

GENTLEMEN.—Before the last Supply Bill was passed, one third of the financial year had expired. The sick poor had, during that period, been attended and supplied with medicine by the Gentleman who had long held the situation of District Surgeon. He was consequently paid the proportion of remuneration due to him for such service, and the District Surgeons newly established under the act have been each paid according to the service performed and medicine supplied by them for the remaining eight months.

The subject of the present address is demonstrative of the inconvenience of delaying the yearly financial arrangements which I pointed out to the Legislature in my Speech at the opening of the present session.

Government House,

30th Sept. 1839.

A committee was appointed to prepare and bring in a road bill.

The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Assistant Clerk of the House, and the same was read as follows:—

St. John's, Oct. 1, 1839.

SIR.—As I have been informed that an honourable member of the House of Assembly has reported that I had altered the Contingency Bill now before her Majesty's Council, by adding five pounds to the sum voted to me, and the like sum to the Reporter's vote, I most earnestly solicit of you, as Speaker of that Honourable House, to cause an enquiry forthwith to be made so as to enable me before the bar of your honourable House to wipe off a foul aspersion.

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your most obt. Servant

RICHARD HOLDEN.

Assistant Clerk of the House of Assembly.

To the hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Mr. Moore gave notice of motion for a committee of the whole on privilege, on consideration of the subject matter of the foregoing letter, and requiring the evidence of the Clerk and Assistant Clerk in reference thereto.

The communication from the Assistant Clerk was ordered to be referred to said committee.

Mr. Brown having explained that the imputation alluded to in the Assistant Clerk's letter arose entirely from misconception on his part, and that there had not been any alteration made—and the House being satisfied thereon—

Mr. Moore had leave granted to withdraw his notice of motion on the subject.

The Master-in-Chancery brought down from H. M. Council a message requesting a conference on the Contingency bill, which was acceded to; and the managers having been appointed went to the conference—and being returned, handed in their report, which was ordered to be taken into consideration on Thursday.

WEDNESDAY, 2d.

The House went into committee on roads and bridges, and the Chairman reported the following resolution—

That the sum of £5250 be appropriated for the making and repairing of roads, &c., in this Colony;—which report was adopted, and ordered to be referred to committee appointed to prepare and bring in road bill.

Ordered.—That said committee be directed to prepare and bring in a bill to authorise the Treasurer to raise by loan the sum of £5250 for the making and repairing of roads and bridges.

Ordered.—That the bill to provide for the removal of obstructions in Water Street and Duckworth Street be referred to said committee.

Mr. Dwyer gave notice of motion to rescind resolution of the House in reference to said bill.—Adj.

The subjoined details of the hurricane at Bermuda, are from a Bermuda paper of the 14th ult. Amidst such destruction of property, it seems almost miraculous that no loss of life was experienced:—

TREMENDOUS HURRICANE.

THE Almighty Disposer of events has seen fit in his wisdom to visit these Islands with one of the most tremendous hurricanes, that has ever occurred here within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and the melancholy duty has now devolved upon us of recording some account of this most awful visitation, which raged with terrific fury nearly the whole of Wednesday night, and a great part of the following day.

For more than a week past the appearances of the weather had induced a belief in the minds of the most experienced individuals, that a hurricane was about to visit us, and the conviction drawn from these appearances was greatly strengthened, by the almost deafening roar of the sea to the Southward on the night of Tuesday last. Day broke on Wednesday with no greater manifestations of a gale than had marked its predecessors—but as the night closed in there was no room to doubt of its near approach—the wind blowing from the East, changing alternately to the North-East, and increasing in force every hour.

At seven o'clock, the storm set in from the South-East, the wind becoming more violent with the change, and the rain pouring in torrents.—This lasted till about ten o'clock when there was a slight lull, seemingly for the purpose of renewing the contest with fiercer power, and which the result subsequently proved. Eleven o'clock came, and with it a renewal of the gale from the same quar-

ter; and before a hour had elapsed it had grown to a hurricane of alarming magnitude. From that period this fearful tempest raged with scarcely any intermission. Gust succeeded gust with dreadful force, each obviously more fiercely charged than the other, and the waves tossing and roaring in the most terrifying manner casting showers far over the land: indeed to such an extent has this latter been the case, that nearly every tank of water throughout the country is in a brackish state. At daybreak the hurricane relaxed somewhat in its hold in the South-East, the wind gradually changing its course till it reached the South West, when it again assumed a fierceness similar, and at times even greater, in degree to that which prevailed during the night. Towards noon the gale began to subside and ere evening had cast her shadow over the land, the fury of the storm had been entirely exhausted.

A stroll through Hamilton on Thursday, presented to the spectator a dismal scene, and in what ever direction the eye chanced to turn, it was sure to light on some the ravages committed by the late hurricane. Scarcely a house in Town, and throughout the Parish, escaped uninjured—some totally unroofed, but the majority partially so, and otherwise damaged. Verandahs torn down—signboards wrenched from their fastenings and cast hither and thither. Those beautiful trees—the Pride of India—which adorn the streets of the Town are entirely stripped of their rich foliage, and many of the noblest of them are completely uprooted, and lie prostrate.

Of the Shipping in the harbor 5 vessels rode out the gale in safety, the other 7 were driven on shore, and were all more or less injured.

A number of fine sail-boats have been sunk or wrecked, and several ships boats have been crushed to pieces.—The wharves have also received considerable injury.

To give a list of the sufferers in this direful calamity, would be to enumerate, with some few exceptions, we may say the entire population of the colony,—so devastating has been the effects of the hurricane.

Every individual, that we have met with from the different Parishes throughout the Island, are the bearers of tidings the most distressing. Houses are unroofed, and some levelled to the ground—and the destruction among the Cedar Trees has been immense. In almost every field, hundreds of these valuable trees are torn up by the roots, several of the largest, in the most sheltered situations, have been twisted off a foot or two from the ground. In several gardens, various descriptions of fish have been found, hundreds of yards from the sea—this latter fact will convey a fair idea of the appalling rage of that element.

The Breakwater at the Dock-Yard is nearly destroyed, and the Store Houses, Commissioner's House, Naval Hospital, and the other Houses on Ireland Island, have all more or less suffered. The Convict-Hulk COROMANDEL broke from her moorings in the Cumber, and the whole of her roofing was torn off.

The houses in the town of St. George's, have suffered in a similar manner with those in other parts of the country—and the wharves are severely damaged. The Royal Barracks, from their exposed situation, it was feared, would be severely damaged, but we are informed they have escaped with the most trifling injury. The fine barque *SIR COLLY CAMPBELL* was driven ashore on Hen Island, and is almost a total wreck. Nearly all the boats owned in St. George's have been driven ashore, or destroyed.

In the midst of the late deplorable, and never-to-be-forgotten scenes, it is a matter of gratification, nay, of the greatest exultation, to know that not a single life, so far as we can learn, has been lost; and should it not be the theme of deep and fervent thanksgiving to the Great Author of our being, for this providential preservation of us poor mortals! A cool, refreshing breeze now plays on our Isles—the sky is clear and blue—and the sun looks down on us as brightly, as if none of the casualties we have recorded had happened. Oh, what a scene of devastation is spread over the land!

Office of Ordnance, Aug. 15.
Royal Artillery—Lieut. Col. R. F. Cleveland, to be Col. vice Rogers, deceased; Capt. and Brevet-Major P. Faddy, to be Lieut. Col. vice Cleveland.

Died, on Monday morning last, aged 30 years, much esteemed for her exceeding amiability of temper and kindness of disposition, and regretted by all who knew her, Mary, the beloved wife of Mr. Henry Sims, of this town, teacher, leaving five children to deplore the loss of an affectionate parent.—Her funeral took place yesterday, respectably attended.

At Boston, on the 26th August, Mrs. Alice Day, formerly of this town, aged 29 years.

NOTICE.

WANTED,

By the Subscribers,

About the 20th inst., to load for a Port in the West Indies—

A VESSEL to carry 1,800 to 2,000 Quintals Fish in Casks.

WARREN & WHEATLEY.

WHO OFFER FOR SALE,

8,000 Very superior Countess Slates,
700 Pieces London Printed Room Paper.

October 3.

NOTICES

CONTRACT FOR Engineer Services.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the COMMISSARIAT OFFICE until One o'Clock, P. M., on SATURDAY, the 5th October, from any person willing to Contract for the performance of **SMITH'S WORK,**

and for the supply of such articles enumerated in the Schedule, as may be required from time to time; the Schedule with the conditions may be seen on application at the *Engineer's Office.*

The Contract to be for three years, commencing on the 7th October, 1839, but determinable at any period, after one year, on either party giving the other three months' notice in writing.

The prices to be stated in Sterling. The party whose Tender may be accepted will be required to give approved securities.

Payment will be made quarterly, in dollars at 4s. 2d. Sterling, each, by the Deputy Ordnance Storekeeper, by draft on the Military Chest.

COMMISSARIAT,
Newfoundland, 27th Sept., 1839.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the Subscriber until FRIDAY, the 11th October, at Noon,

For repairing part of Duckworth-street.

For repairing the Street and Road leading to Monday's Point.

For repairing Queen-street.

For repairing part of Gower-street.

For building Bridges on, and repairing parts of the Wigmore Gully Road.

For making part of the Road leading from the Wigmore Gully Road to the old Topsail Road.

For repairing part of the Torbay Road.

For repairing part of the Logy Bay Road.

For draining and making part of the Bay of Bull's Road.

For making and draining part of the Topsail Road.

For making part of the Outer Cove Road.

For making part of the Petty Harbour Road.

For repairing the Street leading from Fort William to Signal Hill.

For making a Drain from the front of the Wesleyan Chapel to "Bell's Shoot."

N. B.—Tenders for Roads to express the rate per perch in currency, and no Tender will be accepted without good and sufficient Surety being 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.

September 26.

Kerr, Brebner, & Co.

RESPECTFULLY intimate that they have just received a superb assortment of **PREPARED DRESSES, &c.**

And that they have on hand,

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS

IN THEIR LINE OF BUSINESS.

They will also at all times, as Vessels arrive receive the newest styles of every article in **HABERDASHERY, SILK, MERCERY, and DRAPERY.**

September 26.

For Liverpool.

THE FIRST-CLASS SCHOONER

Margaret Jane,

JOHN ROCHE, Master;

Has room for a few Tuns OIL on

Freight.—Apply to the Master on board, or to

BOWRING BROTHERS.

September 26.

For Freight or Charter,

For SPAIN or PORTUGAL.

THE SCHOONER

SWAN,



JOHN CAMERON, Master;

Will carry about 2000 Qrs. Dry Cod Fish in bulk.

AND FOR SALE,

On Board the said Vessel,

100 Tons Cadiz SALT.

Apply to

BAINES, JOHNSTON & Co.

September 5.

NOTICES.

WANTED for the ST. JOHN'S FACTORY,

50 Doz good Herring TWINE,

Apply to J. JENNINGS, Secretary.

September 19.

CARD.

DR. M'KEN

TAKES leave to acquaint the inhabitants of St. John's and its neighbourhood, that he has Removed from his late Residence opposite the Bank, to that House lately in the occupancy of Mr. FRANCIS, and immediately adjoining the new Shop of W. & H. THOMAS & Co. August 29.

Stone Commission Stores, SECURE FROM FIRE.

THE Subscriber having entered upon new Stone Premises, fitted up in a commodious and convenient manner, with the advantage of extensive Stores and Wharf attached, in the centre of the town—Notifies that he is ready to receive FOR SALE, ON COMMISSION, GOODS of every description; and he begs to assure those who may favour him with their commands, that immediately property is realized a faithful account will be rendered and payment made to the proprietors, by ROBERT PROWSE. August 15.

ON SALE

Bain, Johnston, & Co,

Ex MARGARET, from Halifax,

100 Puncheon choice Porto Rico

MOLASSES,

Fish, Oil, or Cash payment.

September 26.

Cadiz Salt (afloat).

130 Tons on board the ELIZA

BUNTING,

FOR SALE BY

Richard Howley;

ALSO,

30 Tierces No. 1 Salmon.

September 19.

N. B.—The ELIZA BUNTING will take FREIGHT for Europe or the West Indies.

BY W.M. FIRTH.

150 M. Prime Pine SHINGLE

100 Tons SCANTLING

100 M. Pine and Spruce BOARDS

60 M. LATHS

200 Bundles Trinity Bay Puncheon HOOPS

200 Fancy CHAIRS;

ALSO,

500 Hhds Sydney Coal,

In Store.

September 12.

P. GLEESON

OFFERS FOR SALE,

At his FARM on Torbay Road,

30 Tons Prime Upland

HAY.

Sept. 5.

W. & H. Thomas & Co

OFFER FOR SALE,

The Cargo of the Brig RIVAL, from Hamburg,

NOW LANDING—CONSISTING OF

1460 Bags BREAD

200 Bls. Prime Mess PORK

5000 BRICKS.

August 15.

BY Ewen & Nicholas Stabb,

Ex ROBERT RAIKES, from Hamburg,

250 Bags BREAD

200 Boxes SOAP

10 Cwt. OAKUM;

Also, August 15

10 Casks CIDER.

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

June 20

On Sale.

Now Landing,

From the Scho. "ROYAL WILLIAM" from New York,

AND FOR SALE BY

The Subscriber,

488 Barrels Superfine States Flour

50 Half Barrels ditto do.

144 Barrels Pork

150 Boxes Crackers

26 Boxes Coffee

15 Kegs Negrohead Tobacco

6 Hogsheads Indian Corn

And a few dozen Hats and Brooms

ALSO ON HAND,

100 Boxes Raisins

6 Casks Albany ALE.

July 18. J. B. BARNES.

NOW LANDING

FROM THE APOLLO,

100 Barrels Prime Irish

PORK,

25 Casks Sugar.

July 18. PATRICK MORRIS

ON REASONABLE TERMS,

4 Caplin Seines, assorted sizes

And a Few Mackerel and Herring Nets,

ALSO,

Lately Received from Hamburgh,

Cases very excellent Cherry Brandy.

BLAND & TOBIN.

June 20

BY Samuel Codner,

A Consignment of Assorted CORDAGE,

ALSO,

Bread, Flour, Pork

Pease, Oatmeal, Pearl Barley

Soap, Nails, Oakum

White Lead, Black and Bright Varnish

Black and Lead Color Paints

Boiled and Raw Linseed Oils, Turpentine

Coopers Rush, Clayboard

Herring Nets 80—60—50 and 40 Rans

And at a Reduced Price,

A few Hhds. Devonshire

ALE.

July 18.

LATELY IMPORTED,

AND FOR SALE

BY

M'BRIDE & KERR,

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

1000 Barrels Superfine Flour

400 Ditto Prime Pork

50 Half-Barrels ditto

50 Barrels prime Hamburgh 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 Hamburgh 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 Sea Potatoes

Cod 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 25 fms

HERRING NETS, LANCE BUNTS

LIME in casks, BRICKS

LUMBER, &c &c.

June 13.



POETS' CORNER.

THE LONELY HEART.

BY MISS STICKNEY.

They tell me I am happy and I try to think it true,
They say I have no cause to weep my sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread, mine is a favored lot,
My petty griefs all fantasies, would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips have smiled on
while they quaffed;
It may be so; I cannot tell what others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board, I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear, then turn and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play, the meadows in their bloom;
The black bud on the scented thorn, the murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze like voices in a dream.

The watchful eyes that never more shall gaze upon my brow,
The smiles—oh cease that melody, I cannot bear it now;
And heed not when the stranger sighs, nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart.

The following exquisite narration is taken from a Jersey paper—and though containing incidents which a writer of romance might find admirably suited for the construction of a tale of fiction, the story is true to the letter, and the circumstances are well known in the vicinity of Grouville, where, in the year 1827, were laid to repose the ashes of the interesting being whose history is told by her brother to his friend, with feelings of such unaffected regret:—

THE DEATH OF ALICE BLAND.

"Austin I am domiciled once more under your roof. I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board; and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matronised in her beauty, hails me every morning with her benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me, if you find my pen dwell too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the prolixity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless, and, perhaps, somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother; but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household hearth. Five years afterwards, my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our banner—as brave and generous hearted a youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month you saw him stricken down lifeless at my side. Green, for ever green be the Navarrese valley in which his young bones moulder! A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dyed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his stoneless grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds, and dusky as Moors, from five years exposure to a burning sun—honoured, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, Austin, with pride and joy to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations—at the very moment when we heard the shouts of thousands of our home-returning soldiers, sweeping over the blue-waved Garonne, the vision of peace departed.

Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard. We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac and Mississippi testified; and there was buried many of the bravest of our band—men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by the Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when the war ended; but for me they were as short-lived as before. While other corps sailed homewards, the vessel in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that had bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved that a creature so formed to be loved, should not be left alone to die without an effort being made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward-turned eyes, the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to embark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehension of impending evil—that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the air of France. They had been gone barely a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of consequence to transact in England; but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not re-invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Avranches, a small town in the south-western corner of Normandy was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that place run across in a French market boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan I boarded the first vessel that passed through the channel for St. Helier's; and ere the sun went down beyond the waves, we were ploughing; the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon. Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin, with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier's, I made immediate inquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several barks belonging to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs, were lingering on the quay anxious to depart, none of the Skippers would undertake to put to sea, until the wind should chop round into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely requisite, I tried to curb my impatience; and to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was in the middle of September, the harvest had been sometime reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mont Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de La Hague to Mont St. Michel. The rock strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had some reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather, I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mont Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Grouville. Groves of richly foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its walls, and wreath round its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying ground, and gazed listlessly at the head stones, that crowd it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the sauvoy of a barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow fever had smitten in our canvass

homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of our paternal hearths. I had gained some distinctions in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honours? No one, save Alice;—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad even unto death. I was roused from my morbid mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent looking matron—the other, one of those syriphid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services, and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetery, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green fumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn away from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings round her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her approaching fate "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to the vehicle, "let me be buried in this quiet spot; and my brother when he returns—" Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct, I reseated them in their car and they drove away. For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she flitted like a beautiful vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams and brought the master of a Granville boat who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance of embarking. She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence, "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image." (A dreadful storm arose, in which the vessel was nearly lost.) The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend.—She shook her head in token of dissent. "I shall suffocate there," and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven!"

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she, "but, in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put upon my deportment. What does it signify, since God wills that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? It is here"—she laid her hand upon her heart—"that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amid these turbulent waves!" "An orphan," said I, and I took her hand, and looked steadily on her face—"how deeply, how very deeply these words affect me! I too am an orphan but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister, young, fair, and desolate as yourself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side." "Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! My brother is far far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever." "Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stifling my words—"Powers of mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name." "Talbot Bland!" I clasped her to my breast, and wept, as I exclaimed, "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart."

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak,

her words died away in sighs. I saw when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How gladly would I have bartered the rank and honours that years of perilous service had won, to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away.

At the twilight, we ran under the lee of Chau-sey, and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks expressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hovel in which we had been taught to look for shelter, but my heart sank in despair. It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer, half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences.—They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet no matter how humble. Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his crew. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice alone that I would speak.

We had some sea-stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a rusk in wine, and put it on my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her; and the care of Le Curieux, and the help-burner's family, gathered round the fire of dried *fauci* which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the *Lierre Noir* of Coutances told of a Seigneur de Hambye having slain a huge Serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sisters couch, listening to her gentle breathings and watching the flight of the imperishable spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day-break, Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the chalope alone lighted the *Cabane*. All my fellow voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning, and, for a moment, went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disc above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the *Cabane*, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned my pressure, the lids of her eyes were half unclosed; but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to hers but they were cold and breathless.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died I carried her remains to St. Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I have heard her express, when I knew not the deep interest I had in existence, she was buried at Grouville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast!"

GIBRALTAR.—The value of Gibraltar to Great Britain has been questioned by a recent writer on Spain, who doubts whether it be worth preserving. "The command of the Mediterranean," he observes, "belongs to the strongest fleet." This—albeit a debatable proposition—I will not stop to dispute, since what Gibraltar claims is simply the command of the entrance to the Mediterranean, and that clearly belongs to the power which can most readily keep a force near at hand to prevent all ingress and egress. Now, Gibraltar is so situated as to enable Great Britain to do this with very small naval means; whereas it would require a fleet of any other nation to watch the straits, because that power would have also to blockade the port of Gibraltar. This any one at all acquainted with the localities, the prevailing winds, &c., will readily admit to be at times an impossibility; and on every occasion that the blockading squadron might be driven from its cruising ground, the command of the straits would again be possessed by Gibraltar, should its batteries shelter but a few gun-boats. The importance of Gibraltar will increase tenfold in the event of a steam war, as every thing will then depend upon the vicinity of the contending parties to their coal depots.—*Scott's Ronda and Granada.*