GREAT-BRITAIN, &c.

SUMMARY.

The Ministerial papers announce that Lords Grey and Brougham will return from the North to London early in October. This is believed to be preparatory to an important change in the administration. Lord Grey is still anxious to retire. There is a difficulty in the way; but it is supposed that Lord Brougham will take the lead in the Ministry; that Lord Althorp has resigned the Exchequer robe, which he feels very burthensome; and that two or three members of the Cabinet will fall back to make room for new faces. If Lord Brougham consolidates his power, he will effect further changes. Some speculate upon Sir Robert Peel's taking office under him. Others think that the Right Hon. Baronet will succeed Lord William Bentinck in the Governor-Generalship of India. More unlikely things have happened.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

Miracles will never cease? So it appears from an account of the meeting of the Radicals in Leeds, on Monday last, in *The Leeds Intelligencer*, that Mr. Sadler is to be supported by the Radicals. The nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, the opponent of Reform, taken up by the Radicals! This says little for the Radicals, and, we presume will not greatly benefit Mr. Sadler.—*Chronicle.*

A most singular correspondence is carrying on between the solicitor of a noble earl and one of the government departments respecting a forged letter, purporting to come from a minister of state, and sealed with a seal having a viscount's coronet with the G below it. The act of forgery has been fixed upon an individual whose honor has hitherto been considered as spotless. The noble earl is about to publish a full statement of the whole transaction.

His Majesty's Ministers are all expected to be in town about Wednesday next, and the following day a cabinet council will be held, at which some definitive conclusion will probably be come to with regard to the assembling of Parliament.—*Globe, October 4.*

A meeting of Oporto merchants was held yesterday in the city, at which it was resolved to petition his Majesty's Government to take into consideration the extreme danger and hardships to which the British merchants resident in Oporto were exposed, and the immense loss of life and property that must follow the present hostile proceedings of Don Miguel's army. The general feeling was, that if some interference on the part of our Government be not immediately resorted to, it would be positive cruelty to the innocent resident merchants, who would be abandoned to the infuriated priests and army of Don Miguel.—*Courier, October 6.*

THE BRITISH AT OPORTO.—It has been stated that orders have been given to some of the ships of the British squadron off Oporto to pass the Bar for the protection of British subjects. We are now able to confirm this statement on official authority. The instructions were sent to Captain Brown of the Talavera several days ago.—*Sun.*

We have heard it stated on authority to which we can give implicit credence, that our gallant countryman, Sir John Milley Doyle, M. P. has accepted a high command, if not the very highest, in the army of Don Pedro. We understand he will shortly proceed to join the liberating army, where his presence will be hailed as auspicious of success. There is not a more popular or beloved man in Portugal than this brave officer.—*Dublin Morn. Reg.*

Reply of the Bishop of Durham to the Memorial of the Clergy on Church Reform.—The Bishop of Durham has replied to the clergy who memorialized him on church reform. The reply is addressed to the Rev. John Sandford, vicar of Chillingham, and his Lordship commences—"As you have taken upon yourself to be the medium of communication to me from a certain portion of my clergy in Northumberland, it becomes necessary that I should address a few lines to you on the subject." His lordship expresses his regret that any portion of his clergy should think it expedient to agitate questions and bring forward propositions during the present excitement respecting the church, far more likely to embarrass its friends and encourage its opponents, than produce any substantial benefit. He then informs them that an ecclesiastical commission is now in operation to examine the revenues and other circumstances of the church, and he says it might have been expected they would have seen the propriety of suspending their judgment till the result of such investigation was made known. He considers that no accurate knowledge of the matter can be obtained without reference to such investigation.—*Tyne Mercury.*

Nature of Tithes.—The property in tithes, so far as they belong to the church, and not to lay impropriators, is of this nature. Several centuries after the commencement of the Christian era, the clergy, following the recommendation of Saint Austin, who lived in the fourth century, preferred a claim to the tenth of the produce of the land, founded on no better right than the analogy between their vocation and that of the Levites under the Jewish law. The claim, in those days of ignorance and superstition, was partly complied with; but compliance was understood to be voluntary, the claimants indeed having no appeal but to the charity and superstition of their flocks. By degrees, compliance became general, and was enforced by the power both of the church and the state. But it is clear that such enforcement was as unjust as it was unsupported by the authority of Scripture. This enforcement, be it observed, was in favour of the Catholic clergy. At the Reformation, the same claim of a tenth was made by the Protestant clergy, enforced by the Reformed church and the government, and submitted to by the people. But can a claim, originally unfounded in Divine law or human reason, be made good to perpetuity, by the submission to it of a succession of individuals? Surely not. A claim supported by nothing but law, can be reduced to its original injustice and absurdity by a repeal of the law. The present possessors of benefices must be maintained; but no persons, after the present incumbents die out, can have more than a share of a departed right to be installed in the vacant benefices, and continue the exaction of tithes.—*Tait's Magazine.*

Cholera in London and the Vicinity.—It is extremely gratifying to us to be able to say that the epidemic influence which had existed for several months past in this Metropolis and neighbourhood, and in the course of which some very remarkable oscillations took place, may now be considered as having worn itself out. By inquiries made on Thursday and Friday last, on one side of the river from Kensington to Bethnel Green, Saint George's in the East, and Shadwell, and on the other from Lambeth to Bermondsey, it appears that scarcely any recent cases existed in the different hospitals, the greater part of the cases remaining under treatment being convalescent. Some practitioners have not indeed had a case of cholera in or out of hospital for three or four weeks past.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

DISAPPEARANCE OF CHOLERA FROM CORK.—We can at length announce with certainty the disappearance of the Cholera from Cork. Since Saturday night a cholera patient has not been received into hospital, nor even a doubtful case reported to the district inspectors.

It must be a source of the deepest gratitude to the inhabitants of Liverpool, that the afflicting visitation under which the town has been suffering for the space of four months appears at length to be taking its departure. The hospitals in Lime-street and Toxteth-Park have been closed, and the stipendary officers have resigned. At the Lime-street hospital alone, no fewer than 1,200 patients have been received, and 700 of them were rescued from the grasp of the pestilence; and the number of patients admitted into the Toxteth-Park Hospital was 111, of whom 40 were restored to health.—*Cour.*

We have had no official announcement made by the Board of Health during the past week, and we may pronounce that the disease is very nigh, if not altogether, extinct here. Clean bills of health are now issued by the Custom House, and the Hospital at the Old Victualling Office Point was abolished on Monday last.—*Plymouth Journal.*

DUMFRIES.—We have received a letter from this town, dated late on Saturday evening, from which we regret to learn that cholera prevailed to an alarming extent, and had produced great dismay among the people. Little or no business was doing, and almost all the shops were shut up. The hospital was crowded with patients, and so rapidly was the epidemic spreading, aided no doubt by the terror that pervaded all classes, that on Friday there were 68 new cases, and on Saturday 51, and 33 deaths. The Board of Health have sent to Glasgow for 4 men, and 4 women nurses.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

DISTRESS IN DUBLIN.—Never during my experience has there been such extreme commercial depression in Dublin, caused chiefly by the interruption of trade produced by the Cholera. The accounts from all parts of the Country are equally gloomy.

ELOPEMENT.—We are informed that Maurice O'Connell, Esq. M. P. for Clare, has proceeded to Scotland on a matrimonial excursion. Our correspondent states that on Saturday morning the member for Clare induced Miss Scott to leave her father's residence, at Cahircon, and proceed with him to Gretna Green. The lady is young, handsome, and an heiress.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*—[Miss Scott is the daughter of Bindon Scott, Esq. of Cahircon, county Clare; and this marriage will give Mr. O'Connell a considerable accession of influence in that county.]

The sloop Ariane has left Cherbourg for Spithead, where the British squadron is to assemble. All the other vessels are lying at anchor at Cherbourg, ready to sail at the first signal. It is said that the declaration of which the two Admirals are to be the bearers is hourly expected from London, to be considered by the French Government. The departure of the fleet is only retarded by the preliminary measures necessary to render the proceedings of the two Governments perfectly simultaneous. The King of Holland has been already informed of the necessity under which he has placed France and England to have recourse to coercive measures to ensure the execution of the treaty of the 24 Articles. He is made aware of the consequences of a continued perseverance in a line of conduct incompatible with the dignity of the Governments which have taken part in this long negociation, and in a few days he will be enabled to judge of the general disposition of Europe with regard to Belgium.

We earnestly hope that the energetic demonstrations made by France and England will suffice to accomplish the object they contemplate; but, at all events, the question must be brought to a solution. There can be no further delay. The determination provoked by the peremptory refusal of Holland has been known for the last two days at Brussels. The Belgian government has now only to gather the fruits of the moderation and patience it has displayed through the course of the negociation. It has had confidence in its allies, and they will not desert it.—*Morning Chronicle.*

It was reported yesterday at Brussels (says the *Courrier Belge,*) that King William had finally declared to the Conference that he would treat no more; that, according to his declaration of the 30th June, he abided by the 12th protocol—that is to say, the decision which separated the Belgian from the Dutch territory with respect to the internal administration. We shall wait for further information before we give entire credit to this report.

A private letter from Rome says, that the Papal Court has given orders to all the members of the family of Napoleon, who had met there in consequence of the will of Madame Letitia, to depart from that city. It is added that this measure has been adopted at the solicitation of the Envoys of the Great Powers, except that of England. The latter is said to have expressed its objection to incurring the reproach of preventing children from closing the eyes of their dying mother.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On Friday the 21st Sept. died, at Abbotsford, the greatest genius of the age. Before his departure from England his recovery appeared doubtful—after his return the case was hopeless.

Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th August, 1771, and consequently died in his 62d year. He was the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh; his mother was the daughter of David Rutherford, Esq., an able and popular practitioner of the same (the legal) profession.

Mr. Scott was educated in the High School, Edinburgh, and afterwards served his time to the profession of the law. He was, in July, 1792, called to the Scottish bar, and, through the influence of the head of the Scott family, the Duke of Buccleugh, he was nominated Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire; and, in March, 1806, obtained the place of one of the principal Clerks of Session, in Scotland.

In 1798, he married Miss Carpentier, by whom he has left four children. The eldest, now Sir Walter Scott, is Major of the 15th Hussars; a daughter, married to John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. another daughter, unmarried; and a son, Charles, a Clerk in the Foreign Office.

George the Fourth, a Monarch to whom art and science owe more than to any King that ever swayed the British sceptre, marked his approbation of Scott's transcendent merit, by bestowing upon him, in the shape of a Baronetcy, the first distinction he conferred as a Sovereign.—*John Bull.*

In person, Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well formed, strongly knit, and compactly built; his arms were long and sinewy; his looks stately and commanding, and his face, as he related an heroic story, flushed up as a crystal cup, when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brows; their colour was a bluish grey; they laughed more than his lips at a humourous story; his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out among a thousand; while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the lisp and the burr, yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, "it became him wonderful well," and gave great softness to a sorrowful story; indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters of a facetious or humourous nature, and brought out the lisp part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the least, and would fit no one's head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance. He delighted in manly exercises. In his youth he was foremost in all sports and matters of harmless mischief. His health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday, continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout galloway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure, moreover, to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand-saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marring the growth of others.—*Allan Cunningham.*

[*From Fraser's Magazine, for October.*]

We had completed our Magazine, when the melancholy news, so long expected, of the death of Sir WALTER SCOTT arrived in town. We have no opportunity, at this late period of the month, of doing any thing like justice to the memory of the great deceased, even had we the talent.

Our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press are busily employed, and, we are happy to find, without an exception honourably employed, in paying tributes to his memory. They have as yet, however, produced scarcely any thing that was not known before—indeed, it could not well be expected that they should. We have no ambition to run a race with our less encumbered friends; and we hail with unaffected admiration the kindly spirit which has been universally displayed towards the illustrious deceased. The time has gone by, indeed, when any one would be heard who would venture to offer an insult to his memory; and we shall not sully our pages by a reference to the existence of a virulent and contemptible knot, that at one period vented their petty spleen against the greatest man of our day.

Criticism on his works is now superfluous:—they have taken their enduring station in the literature of the world. If the applause of foreign nations be equivalent, as it is said, to the voice of posterity, no author who ever wrote has obtained that honour in so large a measure. His novels, his poems, have been translated into every civilised language; his heroes and heroines have become household words all over the world. The painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the musician, have sought inspiration from his pages. The names of his works, or the personages introduced into them, are impressed on the man-of-war, or the quadrille, the race-horse or the steam-boat. The number of persons who have become famous by following, in their different lines, the ideas of Sir Walter, is immense, and comprehends all classes of intellect or enterprise. The tribes of imitators, whether of his verse or prose, whom he has called into existence, are countless. Many of them are persons of great abilities and unquestioned genius. Which of them will be named in competition with the master? Not one.

He has recorded, in the beautiful sketch of autobiography which he has prefixed to the Waverley series, his fixed dislike to literary controversy. He might have added if he pleased, that this dislike proceeded at least as much from his natural kindness of disposition, as from the desire of avoiding the literary annoyances, to which he refers it. Some body has said, that if the literary republic were to elect a president, Sir Walter Scott would have been the man. As it was, his presidency was tacitly acquiesced in. A regular tribute was paid to him by the due presentation of every work that the author deemed worthy of his acceptance; personal homage as regular was offered by every literary man who aspired to fame. Abbotsford was the metropolitan seat of European literature; and a pilgrimage thither was indispensable. Never was sceptre more leniently wielded. Not only can no trace of ill nature be detected in any of Sir Walter's literary judgments, but, still further, he not only refrained from doing mischief, but he exerted himself to do service. Many are the stories which we could tell of kindness displayed, not merely by his purse but his pen—a species of assistance which authors of any thing like his eminence are in general not very ready in contributing. A more generous, honourable, and upright man never existed; and he has gone before a tribunal where all the glories of his authorship will be of small value as compared with the good actions he has performed, and the pure motives which inspired them.

And yet we do not think that the literary career which he ran, and the example he set, will stand as nought before the final seat, where all are to be tried. Of him well may be it said, that he never wrote a line which dying he would wish to blot—never in all his multifarious writings inculcated a sentiment incompatible with religion and morality. Some authors of distinguished genius have so far misused the talent bestowed upon them, that the works which they have left behind, while they delight the imagination or sharpen the intellect, tend directly or indirectly to the pollution of the mind and the jeopardy of the soul. Not only has this blot—this sin which makes a man a sinner in his grave—been avoided by Sir Walter Scott, but the whole stream and tendency of his works is to recommend in the most heart-moving or spirit stirring-forms, all that is calculated to exalt our species, all that can make us worthy or honourable denizens of this world, and elevate us to a fitness for that higher life which we may expect in the other. This is no light praise. Such an example has worked its good effects. It has been of infinitely more value than more direct exhortations to the practice of virtuous or religious actions. The professed Divine or moralist passes unheeded by the light-minded, the gay, and the young. His books are not read, or, if read, the precepts which they teach run the risk of being disregarded. But he whose works must be in every hand—who is acknowledged as the guide and the pattern of the intellectual taste of the whole nation—holds to the lips a honied chalice which may convey medicaments, that in their unadulterated state might be rejected as unpalatable. To the honour of Sir Walter Scott, and to what is far more than any consideration of worldly honour, the welfare of his own soul, he has written as if he had been

"For ever in the great taskmaster's eye;"

and, awed or controlled by his example, the ribald or licentious writer checked his propensities, in deference to the spirit inspired into the public mind by Sir Walter, or hid his wares from sight, or offered them only in marts which were the haunts of the avowedly shameless, the outcasts of society. The greater literature of our country has long felt the influence of Milton—literature of all classes has been purified by Scott.

We shall not, we hope, be accused of being actuated merely by party motives, when we extend the praise which we have bestowed on the morals to the politics inculcated by Sir Walter. All those who love their native land must be more or less Tory in soul. We mean that they must more or less love these institutions under which, if not by which, the country grew great and prosperous. Reverence for the high names of England, proud recollections of glorious actions done, of imminent perils bravely weathered, honourable feelings towards institutions certainly intended to exalt or civilise our countrymen, and which generally have worked their purpose,—these should form part and parcel of us all. Far, far from the bosom of an English gentleman or English yeoman should be that rancorous feeling sometimes displayed, which prompts people to destroy what our ancestors established, purely for the sake of destruction. The whigs may be more perspicacious in detecting abuses than the Tories; but, on account of those abuses, they ought not to look with distate or disaffection on their native land. It may be right to keep a sharp eye on the defects of our country, but it is not the mark of an expanded or a generous vision to be able to see nothing else. Sir Walter's Toryism was not of the factious kind which thinks of nothing but party. It was of that patriotic, that truly patriotic nature, that wishes every thing in our country to be the best, and that desires England to stand first among nations, happy at home and honoured abroad. A nobler historian of civil wars never existed. Due justice is done to the cavalier and the Cameronian, to the partisan of the house of Hanover or the house of Stuart. Their good qualities are placed in the strongest light—defence or palliation is never wanting for their errors. Or if we consider Toryism as the cause of aristocracy, we there, too, find Sir Walter generous and just. The prince or noble is allowed the respect and homage due to his place and lineage; but where exists the writer who has so sublimely and so pathetically chronicled and hallowed the virtues of the humblest?

His Toryism was without faction; but faction assailed him in the end of his days. He was insulted by a debauched rabble in those very places which he had rendered immortal, because he refused to surrender *his* judgment on political matters to *theirs*. We wish not to disparage any one, but still we must be permitted to think that a time may come when the name of Sir Walter Scott will command as much respect as that of Lord John Russell. As to his adherence to Toryism, nothing could be more disinterested. He had received no favours—absolutely none—from the Tories. His place of Clerk of Session was conferred on him by Fox; and we rather think that his politics on some occasions were made a plea by the tape-tying crew who had riggled themselves into office under our colours, for insult and impertinence, neglect or ingratitude. But he defended the constitution of his country; and for that, in "Caledonia stern and wild," in his "own romantic town," in sight of "fair Melrose," he was hooted and bawled down as one actuated by the meanest of natures, by people whose country he had made classical, and whose more tangible interests he had, beyond any other man in the world, most materially served.

We believe that he felt this affront. It is now no matter. He lies in the land every corner of which his genius has lit up as with a torch, and his countrymen are pouring condolences over his tomb. They will bury him with sounding honours, and all the pomp of funeral; and, that being done, his creditors will come to spoil his children of what he has left behind. Loud will be the lament of Scotland,—equally loud the demand for his goods. The very bankers,—the men whom he, by his admirable letters in 1826, saved from the utter destitution, penury, and ruin, impending over them at the hands of Lord Goderich and the economists,—will calculate to a farthing what may be their share of his chattels. Will Scotland do any thing to avert this disgrace, as disgrace it will be? And we, who know Scotland well, answer—No.

After killing himself to pay off debts which, as the world knows, were not of his contracting; after making the most unparalleled exertions, not one of which he need have made; after sacrificing property which he never need have created, or, having created, need not have parted with,—the author of *Waverly* dies so deeply in debt, that the junior branches of his family are left wholly unprovided for by him. Were there any honour in Scotland, the ravening cry of his creditors, who have already been paid five times as much as they could have expected, if their debtor had acted on the principles of trade which they recognise for their own guidance, would be stopped by a general subscription. The country only owes it to him. Scotland should take upon itself the payment of the debts of Scott. Were they a million of money in amount, he has been of pecuniary value to his native land far greater than that sum. The quantity of capital which he has caused to be expended in the country,—the sums drawn from the influx of strangers which he has now permanently brought to it,—the honour and notice which he has acquired for all its affairs, and the consequent advantage,—would be valued at a low price if estimated at many millions. We say nothing of the literary renown and the romantic celebrity he has cast over Scotland.—But Scotland owes him a great *pecuniary* debt, and Scotland will pay it by suffering Abbotsford to be stripped by the sheriff.

The nation—not the province, however, should do something. No one will deny that he is entitled to the barren honours of sepulture in Westminster Abbey. Grateful Scotland is too proud to part with his body: it would be considered an affront, to take away his bones, when dead, by that nation which would not give a farthing to administer to his comforts when living. As he must not, therefore, lie in the Abbey, are we too poor to testify our national respect by a grant? We put it to Lord Althorp;—we are sure the hint will be enough. Never was there grant which conferred more honour on a nation than this tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott would confer on us.

We had no intention, when we began, of writing on pecuniary matters, but, as we have done so, we do not regret it. Useless, indeed, it is to compose empty eulogies on him who has filled the world with admiration, or to bestow the honours of puny criticism on works engraved on every heart. A great light has been extinguished—a great glory lost to Israel. He has descended to that tomb which is the lot of all, and we "ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A meeting of the friends and admirers of Sir Walter Scott, who reside in the vicinity of Abbotsford, was held on Saturday last, when it was agreed to erect a monument to his memory on some conspicuous spot near Abbotsford.

It is a remarkable coincidence, and worthy of observation, that in Sir Walter Scott's prospectus to the last edition of the *Waverley* novels, he stated that "the work will be comprised in forty volumes, commencing with *Waverley* and closing with *Woodstock.*" The 40th volume, which contains the conclusion of *Woodstock*, was published this month. This month the great novelist died!—*Scotsman.*

COMMUNICATION.

[For the Courier.]

MR. EDITOR,

I have often noticed with astonishment, that, while the errors of men are the continual theme of public conversation, their amiable qualities are passed over in envious silence, or misrepresented with such malevolent adroitness, as to make them appear *almost* vicious; scarcely any man is extolled for his virtues, but thousands are censured for vice. These remarks are elicited by the many absurd and whimsical conjectures which I have heard about the particular application of the characters whom I represented in my last communication. Each wise blockhead has some peculiar reason for knowing for whom the portraits were intended; but as no two of these ingenious gentlemen can agree in their opinions, I find that the pictures have *some* resemblance to almost every public officer in New-Brunswick. So, Mr. Editor, you will confess, that, if I do not succeed in sketching correct likenesses of individuals, I have at least learned to draw with tolerable exactness, the general outline of a cool and deliberate villain, because the conjectures alluded to, are invariably founded upon some vicious trait in the conduct of the person who is supposed to be the original of the picture—thus Pandarus is said to be intended for Mr. —, as he is enjoying the deserved reward of his unwearied exertions to procure the total extinction of a certain branch of *the* Revenue; and because he is believed to possess a secret *influence* in a quarter, where any such bias would be not only improper, but highly criminal. Simia is given to Mr. ——; "for," say they, "he is the only public person in the Province, who, being wholly destitute of either ability or merit, or even common integrity, was elevated by accident, and supported by intrigue;" but Janus has yet found no owner, because he is the copy of innumerable originals, who are all by equally devious measures, seeking to obtain a share of the public plunder; but, Sir, I beg leave to assure the inquisitive fools, who are thus speculating upon the meaning of "Ap Shenkin's Ghost," that I had none of these gentlemen in view. When I sketched the portraits, they were drawn at random, and sent abroad to the world to find owners, which, indeed, appears to have been no difficult task; and as the wise men of our New-Brunswick Gotham, have so readily discovered the originals of the former sketches, I leave them to exhibit new proofs of their acuteness, in ascertaining for whom the following are intended.

Candidus was evidently designed to occupy an exalted station. His disposition is kind and benevolent; his conduct is upright, and his integrity is acknowledged by all to whom he is known. Nature had bestowed upon him rare talents, which art had cultivated to the highest state of perfection. Thus was he fully qualified for any office; and he was placed in one where his abilities were eminently serviceable to the public,—but slander was busy with her envenomed tooth: his reputation was traduced by a person to whom he had been a bounteous benefactor. His conduct was misrepresented; every action was assigned to false motives; his honor was impeached—even his integrity was suspected, and he was thrown friendless and unprotected on the wide world, a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth.—But Providence would not suffer him to remain in a state of utter destitution, and he now, after a rapid succession of misfortunes, enjoys comparative affluence in a public office in New-Brunswick. Yet Candidus, even in his most desolate and cheerless moments, felt in his bosom that "sweet calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy," which depends alone on the consciousness of his own rectitude, while his oppressors, with every source of luxurious enjoyment open to them, secretly shuddered at the contemplation of their own villainy, and trembled lest accident should tear off the veil which concealed their vices:

Benevolus is an ornament to the exalted profession of which he is a member: but the most laboured description would fail to form an accurate representation of this illustrious person—possessed of great natural abilities, and of the most estimable qualities that adorn the *man*. He is yet humble and unassuming. "In wit a man, simplicity a child, he seems unconscious of the admiration which he creates, and appears scarcely to know that he is elevated above the meanest of his species: Yet Benevolus is entitled to claim the meed of praise from men, not only for the exercise of the passive, but also the active virtues, for Benevolus in reality is a man of violent passions which he has almost wholly subdued, and (strange as it may appear) while he sustains the character of a miser, he is continually employed in acts of secret charity. He refuses to assist the unblushing and indolent beggar; but privately lavishes his wealth in the support of industrious poverty; and in gladdening the heart of "the houseless child of want." Who would not desire to emulate Benevolus?

As a contrast to these two characters, let us take a glance at

GNATHO—who is ever prepared to take advantage of his brother's misfortunes to enrich himself; his face is ever radiant with smiles, his greetings are hearty, but affected; his farewell is mournful, but sincere. Gnatho is always ready, with extended hand, to welcome a friend, but his hospitality is like the web of a spider—designed only to decoy the unwary stranger to destruction. He will introduce the discussion of political questions, in order to betray the confidence which you may repose in him, and he will censure public men and public measures, and, if you concur in his sentiments, he waits but for opportunity to give intelligence to the powers that be, of your disaffection: thus he strives to commend himself to the people by his urbanity and benevolence, and to persons in office, by his unremitting attention to the interests of Government.

Morosus is at the same instant haughty and servile, cruel and obsequious—a tyrant and a slave; thus it ever fares with those who are suddenly raised from among the very dregs of their species to an equality with persons among whom they once scarce dared to be seen even as menials; but Morosus is as far removed from censure as from praise: we cannot lash a mere animated puppet, who is only thrust forward to amuse the public with ridiculous grimaces, and prevent them from watching the hand that guides the wires by which the automaton is moved: and applause would be ill bestowed upon one who cannot distinguish between good and evil, but chooses as he is directed by his *masters*.

Servilius is the most perfect example of sycophancy, which our Province can exhibit; his very attitude is indication of humble supplication—the everlasting tremor, lest an unwary glance, or an unguarded motion, should offend his patrons: the timid whisper which scarcely dares be heard—the averted eye that waits the command of his superiors to be raised—the ready assent, which is ever in waiting for a question from the man at whose feet Servilius is already crawling in the dust:—cowardly, treacherous and false, Servilius, lives but to be despised, and will be remembered only to be detested.

Ignotus is widely different from the two last characters. He affects humility; but the veil is so thin, that it fails to cover his natural disposition. He assumes the air of wisdom, and descants upon abstruse subjects, but his learning is the extremest folly—his observations are irrelevant; his illustrations are imperfect—and his most profound disquisitions are gross plagiarisms. Ignotus is continually involved in difficulty by his arrogance: he is contradicted in his every assertion, but he is blessed with such a happy insensibility to disgrace and shame, that he has never been known to blush at his own ignorance, though it was manifested to the view of assembled multitudes. Ignotus is ever foremost to express his opinion on the discussion of a public question, and enjoys the sad pleasure of hearing that opinion made a standing jest, and himself a mark for universal ridicule. But, with all his faults and imperfections, Ignotus has been thrust into a most lucrative office, the duties of which he is incompetent to perform. He has been loaded with a responsibility which he cannot sustain; and he is exalted to honors, which only render him more contemptible.

I shall occasionally furnish you, Mr. Editor, with a few of the most remarkable portraits that I can obtain, and leave to the wiseacres of "Fredericton," the pleasant task of searching for the person whom they represent. At the same time permit me to assure them that I am actuated by no private malice—no personal feeling. If I paint the vicious as they are, they may easily retire beyond the reach of my pen, by renouncing their vices; for I shall ever delight as much in rendering the just tribute of admiration to the good man, as in exhibiting the errors, and censuring the crimes, of the villain; and let no man consider himself secure from the lash of satire by his elevation in society. On the contrary, as the vices of the great are *most* pernicious by the influence of their example, so it is but proper that they should receive a double portion of punishment.

I am your humble servant,
THE GHOST OF AP SHENKIN.

The Courier.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1832.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Director next week - - *Hon. W. Black*
DISCOUNT DAY,........THURSDAY.
Hours of business, from 10 to 3.
☞ BILLS for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier before three o'clock on TUESDAY.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Committee for November:
JOHN WARD, Jun. President.
STEPHEN WIGGINS, CHARLES HAZEN,
WILLIAM JARVIS, THOMAS BARLOW.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Fire Insurance Company.
Committee for November:
CHARLES SIMONDS, Esq. President.
J. M. WILMOT, JOHN BOYD, DANIEL ANSLEY.

THE Office of this Company, is open for business every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 A. M. till noon.—Answers to all applications for Insurance, will be given at noon on the day following that on which they are made.
☞ *All communications by Mail must be post paid.*
By order.
D. JORDAN, *Secretary.*
St. John, September 3, 1831.

The arrival, on Tuesday evening, of the English October Mail, has put us in possession of London dates to the 6th of the month. Although the intelligence from Europe is thus placed nearly three weeks in advance of our previous advices, the papers are still comparatively barren of any important political news.

The settlement of the differences between Holland and Belgium, still give cause for occasional warlike reports. France and England having taken up the cause of Belgium in good earnest, Holland may yet see the necessity of complying with the stipulated terms, rather than risk a war against such fearful odds.

In Portugal, little has been effected by Don Pedro towards the accomplishment of his mission. The subjoined letter, which we take from the London *Courier* of the 6th October, gives a detailed account of the operations of the contending armies on the 29th September, when Don Miguel's forces were repulsed in an attack on Oporto:

On board the Confiance, from Oporto,
at Sea, October 1.

As I know your own Correspondent at Oporto had not the opportunity of giving you as full an account as he could have wished, of the attack made on that city by Don Miguel's army, on the 29th ultimo, I shall endeavour now, as far as I can, to give every particular I was able to gather, in addition to those which passed under my own observation, as I was on the batteries behind the lines nearly all day—first, on one, where Count Villa Flor and his staff were, and afterwards on another, with Don Pedro and his staff: so that I had the benefit of information brought from all points through the aids-de-camp. It was generally expected by Don Pedro's army that an attack would be made by Don Miguel's on the 29th—that being St. Miguel's day, and they having always shown a preference to fight on saint's and holy days. During the two previous days there had been almost a complete cessation of the usual petty assaults and firing of shot and shells against the town, but sundry movements of troops in the enemy's lines showed plainly that a grand attack was in preparation, and in this no one was disappointed. The night of the 28th was dark and lowering, and towards day-break the rain poured down in torrents. Don Pedro's troops were all prepared; the enemy, as they have always done hitherto, concentrated their forces on the line of intrenchment occupied by the French and British battalions. Soon after day-break they attacked the former in great force, and were enabled, through the treachery of the proprietor of a vineyard near the position, (a professed friend of the besieged,) to gain a great advantage; as he, through a private entrance into his field, admitted about 500 men, who came upon the French troops so suddenly, while they were engaged in defending another position, that, for a short time, they had to retreat a little, until reinforced by some Portuguese, when they returned, and drove the enemy before them in the most gallant way, and I was told that in that field there were found nearly 70 bodies of the enemy's forces. About this time the attack was commenced on the British battalion. From the nature of their position it was impossible to discover the immense force which was about to pour on them, and before they were aware of it, about 5,000 or 6,000 of the Miguelite infantry, aided by two pieces of artillery and 1 howitzer, obliged them to retreat some distance, until they came to a square in front of their own barrack, surrounded by walls. Here there was a deadly contest, in which the British officers suffered severely; their men were forced to retreat behind the walls next the town. One great cause of this, was their want of ammunition, which unluckily did not reach them for about a quarter of an hour. After that, being reinforced by three companies of the 10th Cacadores, led on by three privates, (two of them sons—and one a cousin of Count Ficulia,) as the commanding officer was *hors de combat*, who took each the command of a company, they, together about 600 strong, beat back the enemy so rapidly that they took the two guns and the howitzer, with a number of prisoners, and latterly forced them to retreat beyond their former position. At this part of the lines there was firing kept up till about three o'clock, both parties chiefly behind walls. The attack during the morning became general at nearly every point, although from the Villa Nova side only, with shot and shells from the batteries above, which did little or no damage; and it was met by equal returns from the batteries in Oporto; but to the left of the British and French position Don Pedro's troops met the attack most gallantly, assisted as they were most powerfully by the shot and shells from the batteries in their rear; one gun, a 12 pounder, and a howitzer, were brought up by the enemy on an opposite height, but I never saw more inefficient firing, as hardly one shot or grenade came near the lines or batteries; while the shells and balls from Don Pedro's batteries must have made great havoc, from the admirable manner in which I saw them fall on every point where any body of men were to be seen. You may judge of the execution likely to have been done, when I tell you that the battery of Congredados alone fired off during the day 129 18 pound and 100 9 pound round shot, with 20 18 pound grape-shot, and 26 13 inch shells. Towards 4 o'clock, the enemy began to retreat, in consequence of a very heavy fire being commenced on them from all the flanking guns which could be brought to bear on them, and the whole firing soon after entirely ceased. The losses on both sides it was impossible to tell when I left the city, but from all the estimates that I could hear made of the enemy's, it could not be less than from 1500 to 2000 killed and wounded, round numbers, with about 200 prisoners.—The loss on Don Pedro's side was estimated at about 300 or 400, chiefly in wounded; the greatest loss was among the officers, and the greatest proportion of them from among the French and British battalions; being personally acquainted with the latter, I can mention most names, and am sorry to have to say that Colonel Burrell, Lieutenants Louper and Burton, were killed on the spot, while nobly defending their posts. Major Shaw, Captain Chinnock, Lieuts. Mitchell, Walsh, and Woolridge were wounded, the first only slightly, as he returned to the intrenchments, and remained there until evening, Col Hodges was slightly wounded in the arm; Col St Leger, of the French battalion, was seriously wounded in the arm—the other officers names I cannot recollect. From all I could see and learn until my departure on Sunday morning, the whole affair must be considered as a most signal defeat of the previously projected plans of the Miguelite army, and every one in the city felt convinced they would have serious and melancholy recollections of the 29th September. From being on the same tower with the Emperor during a part of the day, I cannot omit speaking of the coolness and decision with which he viewed the whole battle, and gave his orders—at the same time one could see the anxiety which he naturally must have felt at such a deadly contest between his countrymen, favourable as it was throughout for his daughter's cause. When I left on Sunday morning at seven o'clock, all was quiet. We spoke with Admiral Sartorius about 6 miles off Oporto; he had then all his fleet collected, with the two steam-vessels, *City of Edinburgh* and *London Merchant*, the latter just returned from a successful landing of troops at Aveiro, which fort they took, and left dismantled. The Admiral was to start soon after we left to meet and attack Don Miguel's fleet, which was off Vigo, on Saturday. I omitted to mention that the Constitutional brig *Twenty-third of July* took on the 21st ult. a 26 gun frigate from Goa, steering for Lisbon, which had on board about £30,000 of treasure. She had sprung aleak, and was sent to Gibraltar, consequently only 20,000 dollars were taken out by the brig before parting. The crew, 250 men, were sent prisoners into Oporto on Sunday morning. In concluding, I must say, for the satisfaction of all friends of the cause, that the prospects are in every respect most favourable,—and I speak from all I have been viewing the last three weeks that I have been daily gathering information throughout the lines round Oporto.

In preceding columns, we have inserted several extracts relative to the lamented death of SIR WALTER SCOTT—the greatest literary genius of the age.—whose name will be handed down to posterity by admiring thousands long after his mortal frame shall have mouldered into dust; but as his eminent talents are almost universally known and admired, and as the subject has already engaged the pens of some of the master spirits of our day, it might be considered presumptuous in *us* to attempt any thing like a panegyric to his memory; and we will only add our regret, that the hand of death has forever arrested a pen whose effusions have been the theme of praise in every quarter of the globe.

CAPTAIN ROSS.—*Arctic Land Expedition.*—It will be gratifying to the public to learn that an expedition to the shores of the Polar Seas, for the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining the fate of Captain John Ross, and Commander James Clark Ross, R. N., who, with a crew of nineteen men, sailed about three years ago, on a voyage of discovery to the Arctic Regions, is at last finally determined upon, to proceed, without delay, under the command of Captain Back, by way of Canada, so as early in the spring to move towards the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, who take a warm interest in the success of the enterprise. It is intended that Captain Back, without deviating from the main object of his mission, shall avail himself of every opportunity that may occur, to enrich the scientific world, and that before his return he will have explored those unknown regions between Point Turnagain, where Captain Franklin finished his journey, and the furthermost point to the west reached by Captain Parry, and thus wind up the main object of those two expeditions.

Government have agreed to contribute £2000 towards the expense, upon three conditions, two of which (that Captain Back should command the expedition, and that the Hudson's Bay Company should furnish the supplies and canoes, free of charge,) are already complied with; and the third (that of raising £3000 amongst the friends of Captain Ross,) there is little doubt will be speedily accomplished.

Instructions were forwarded by the Hudson Bay company's ships, which sailed from England in June last, to the respective factors in their territory, to prepare and forward the necessary stores and provisions to the different stations through which the intended expedition might be expected to pass, and also to provide canoes and other conveniences for its use.

It is stated to be the opinion of the projectors of the undertaking, (from a detailed report of whose proceedings we have abridged this account,) that a confident hope may still reasonably be entertained of the safety of the Captains Ross and their adventurous companions; and that, although very probably exposed to great hardships and dangers, still, that the beneficial effect of this expedition may in all likelihood afford the means of granting them timely relief. This expectation appears to be strongly encouraged from the circumstance that they did not calculate on being able to return to England sooner than three years from the time they sailed which is now but little more than expired. They were amply supplied with provisions and stores for three years, and if they reached the wreck of the Fury, which was the first object they had in view, there they would find supplies which would last for a considerably longer period, independent of what they might expect to derive from reindeer, musk oxen, and various other sorts of fresh provisions, supposed to be found in those regions; it being a well known fact that the crews of two vessels (the Albany and Discovery) existed for nearly three years on Marble Island, solely on whale blubber, seal fish, and train oil, occasionally supplied by the native Esquimaux.