

THE VICTIM.

Some years ago, a business of my friend called me to St. Petersburg. Being unwilling to go alone, I succeeded in inducing my friend Saville to accompany me. I mention him poor fellow, as he formed a very prominent feature in the little adventure I am about to relate. I will pass over the incidents of our journey, until we arrived at St. Petersburg, when, having transacted my business, I, to favour Saville's wish, determined to proceed to Jarosley, where he had relations. Instead, however, of going the direct route, we visited Kariloy, a small town on the Schecksma, a branch of the Volga, for the purpose of seeing a renowned hermit, who, we were told was an Englishman. This was inducement enough for us, circuitous as was the route we went.

Arriving late at night, we with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting lodgings, which though very mean and wretched, we at last entered. The landlord, a talkative man, told us during our repast, all the news and scandal which in a small town generally abound. Among other things, he told us that the punishment of the knout was to be performed, for there this horrid barbarity is considered quite a spectacle, to see which people flock in from all parts. The culprit was a young Jewess, remarkable for her beauty, and the crime was the murder of her father. If the punishment of the knout did not end her existence, the wheel was in readiness to complete the scene of blood.

From his account it appeared that the whole circumstance was veiled in no slight obscurity, inasmuch as the only evidence against the poor girl was, that when questioned as to where the poor girl was, she shed floods of tears and was silent. This, in Russia, was enough to seal her fate. She was accordingly condemned, and in prison when we arrived.

Being much interested for the poor girl, we determined to see her. We went, and by means of a handful of silver, we succeeded in bribing the gaoler to admit us.—The prison was very gloomy, and never did I see so lovely a creature as met our eyes.—She seemed to be scarcely twenty. Like most of her race, she was of a dark complexion, with intensely bright eyes, which even her misery could not quench. She spoke to us in French, and in piteous accents protested her innocence. Her story was soon told. Beloved by a Russian and a Protestant, her heart would not obey the stern commands of that father with whose murder she was charged. Her father reviled her, and here she stopped and burst into tears. More we could not elicit. Even the gaoler, stern as he was, seemed touched to something like pity.

Saville, hasty in everything, determined to attempt to save her. Hurrying off, he hastened to the head Sherri, or police, and in vain attempted to purchase her release.—He was referred to higher authority at St. Petersburg. Thither then, regardless of the utter impossibility of being in time, he hurried that very evening. I remained to try to console the victim. Never shall I forget the splendour of those dark swimming eyes when cast upward in fervent prayer for the success of her anticipated deliverer. The night passed heavily enough. She could not be brought to comprehend the awfulness of her hopeless situation. Yet she shuddered as she drew her slight shawl over her exquisitely moulded shoulders, so soon to be lacerated by the un pitying stroke of the lash! The gray morn, chill and comfortless came at last, and with it the fatal hour of the victim's punishment.

Though almost senseless when led out, a faint blush and one wild expression of terror flitted over her features as the rude hand of the executioner tore the upper covering from her neck and shoulders. She was tied to the scaffold, and,—but why proceed—may I cannot proceed to describe the disgusting and horrid ceremonies. It is enough to say that though no sound of agony escaped her, as the white and quivering flesh was torn from her beautiful back, yet when, nearly fifty strokes of the lash, human nature gave way, she sighed forth, "Mon pere, mon pere, vous etes trop tard," and expired! My poor friend Saville, worn out by his fruitless exertions, fell a victim to a fever then prevalent, but not before he had brought to justice her inhuman father, who was alive, and had thus sacrificed his daughter, because she refused to marry a mercenary villain of her father's choice. He had first bound her by a solemn oath not to reveal his place of concealment, and then left her, having taken care to fix suspicion on her, his only and beautiful child.

THE SAPIENT LOGUE COSSACKS.

These people are very strong and indefatigable. Their cash-voys, or general, has a room for himself, of about ten feet square; but the others live in large rooms, called kuravels, in each of which there are six or seven hundred men. Whoever pleases may go into the kuravel and lodge and eat with them without being asked, and without any remuneration. As the whole nation are a very extraordinary

people, more used to live in the field than in settled habitations, there are generally about every knave, who he in the open air, but have the liberty to come into the room when they please without any ceremony. The Saporogues are a sort of knights, who suffer no women among them; for if any one of them was found to keep a woman, he is stoned to death. They have no written law, but all causes are judged by six or seven persons they choose for that purpose; but their sentence cannot be put into execution till it be approved of by the fraternity.

If any theft is committed among them, and the robber is taken, he is immediately hung up by the ribs. In case a murderer is discovered, they dig a pit, and lay the murdered person on the murderer, and bury them both together. They profess the Greek religion; and when they were under the protection of the Turks, the patriarch of Constantinople furnished them with priests; but since these two years that they are under the protection of the czarina, their priests are sent them by the Archbishop of Kiev.—They have only one church, which is served by an abbot and a few priests, who are not permitted to meddle with any worldly matters further than to intercede for delinquents and to see them do public penance in the church, in case they commit any slight fault. The Saporogues admit into their fraternity all persons of whatever nation they are, if they embrace the Greek religion, and are willing to undergo seven years probation before they are admitted knights. If any of their fraternity run away, they make no inquiry after them, but look upon such as unworthy of their society. Their riches consists in cattle, particularly in horses; some of them have above a hundred; and there is hardly one of these Cossacks but has ten or twenty. They have a great many thousand horses, that run altogether in the open fields. It is hardly ever heard that one is stolen, for such thefts are unpardonable among these people. They sow no corn.—In time of war they plunder all the provisions they can from their enemies; and in times of peace they barter horses and fish for all sorts of necessaries. They catch vast quantities of fish, particularly in the river Dnieper. In their studs they have Turkish and Circassian stallions. Their arms, that consist in rifle guns and sabres, they make themselves. Nobody is admitted a knight of this society who is not very strong and well made; but any one may be admitted as Cholopps, who are their servants, and some of them have two or three. They never care to mention how many knights there are in their fraternity; and when asked they say they cannot tell, because their number exceeds 20,000 men. It is certain the greatest part of these people are Cossacks, who have deserted from the Ukraine; but the Cholopps, or servants, are mostly Poles. The Saporogues are divided into thirty great rooms, or kuravels, each of which has its particular commander or attaman, who, nevertheless, are obliged to obey the general or cashevoy. Every knight has the liberty to vote when they choose a general; and in case he does not behave well, they turn him out of his employment and choose another, as it happened some years ago to the present cashevoy, who was turned out, and another elected, who is since dead, and the present was re-chosen. When a Saporogue knight dies, he may leave his horses and what he has to whom he will; but, generally, the church gets the most, which is given to maintain the priest.—*Von Raumer's Contributions to Modern History.*

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—The following dialogue took place in a corporation school where the pupils are taught to believe in accordance with the portion of Scripture allotted to each occasionally to read:—

Mr Wrath Bone.—Pray, Sir, what is your belief?
Pupil.—Please, Sir, I believe in notnin'.
Mr Wrath Bone.—Yea, but you do! I'll wollop you, sir; you believe in the Holy Catholic Church.
Pupil.—No, sir; please sir, the lad as believes that's got the measles at home, and I've got his seat.—*Liv. Mail.*

APPROPRIATE.—The following curious coincidences and mistakes in punctuation, appear in a catalogue of books lately published:—*Essay on Stupidity*—laid in calf. Hints on the original State of Man—very old. The conscience of lawyers—a farce. Hints to carpenters—in boards. Transactions of the Bank—gold edged. History of the giants—large paper.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.—"What studies do you intend to pursue?" said an erudite pedagogue one day, as Johnny Raw entered his school-room. "Why, I shall study read, I suppose, wouldn't ye?" "Yes, but you will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?" "It's a pity if I ain't, when I've ciphered clean thro' *Adoption*." "Adoption! what rule is that?" "Why, it's the double rule of two; you know twice two is four, and according to adoption, twice four is two." "You may take your seat sir," said the master. "You may take your'n too," said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

SOMETHING NEW.—The *Dedham Patriot* mentions the application of paper, in that town as a mode of veneering furniture. The imitation in the case referred to was of rose-wood, and resembled the genuine article so closely as to be easily mistaken for it. Indeed it is asserted that it requires the eye of an experienced workman to tell the difference, so beautifully are the shades blended and the colours mingled. It is supposed that this mode of veneering will be brought into general use, on account of its cheapness and stability. A common table of pine wood may be made to resemble rose wood in a degree which the most skillful painter cannot equal, at a cost of but one dollar and fifty cents.

APHORISMS, &c.—Every speculatist is insensibly a disciple of Procrustes. There is nothing that people are more mortified to spend in vain than their scorn. Are not the great happiest when most free from the *incumbrances* of greatness? Is there, then, any happiness in greatness? The man who can hear the voice of distress, and not fly to the aid of the sufferer, is unfit for civilized society. A man should never think of himself, when the public good is upon his tips. A hint to many professed patriots.

BABIES.—Noisy lactiverous animalculæ, much desiderated by those who never had any.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSENCE OF MIND.—Many anecdotes of singular abstraction, well authenticated, are going their rounds; but we have the first news of the most wonderful case which has ever occurred. Mr —, a lawyer in Slate-street, was enjoying his cigar one afternoon last week, when a tailor's lad entered the office and presented his master's bill. Mr — glanced at the amount, and mechanically put his hand in his pocket, drew his wallet, and cashed it!—*Boston Pearl.*

POETRY

ENGLAND'S HOPE; OR, WITH PEEL FOR OUR PILOT.
COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

In the strength of your might, from each mountain and valley,
Arise, fellow Britons, the foe is at hand;
Around the old Standard of Britain we'll rally,
And triumph or die with our dear father-land!
Let the lion of England no longer crouch under—
Let him break from the slumbers of faction's foul chain.
If he rise in his strength, his voice speak in thunder,
The sun of old England will shine out again.
For our altars, our laws, be we firm and united,
And the words of our prophet we'll never forget,—
The patriot has said, "If our faith be once blighted,
The sun of Great Britain for ever is set."
Shall Anarchy, rough-shod and rampant ride o'er us?
No! we'll tear from Destruction the mask of Reform!
We will stand for our rights, like our fathers before us,
And, with PEEL for our pilot, we shall weather the storm.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS.

Who were the Christian fathers?
For conscience' freedom slain?
Whose blood has stained the mountains,
Of Piedmont and the plain:
By zeal of bigots slaughter'd,
No more is heard that prayer;
Remorseless persecution
Has done its vengeance there,
Where lived the Christian fathers?
That meek and lowly band,
To serve their martyr'd chieftain,
Forsook their native land;
To persecution's rages,
They left their own domain;
And wandered on the mountains,
Mid hunger, thirst, and pain.
What did the Christian fathers?
They labour'd for their king,
Who vanquish'd nature's monster,
And took away its sting;
Fair Paradise implanting
On earth's benighted shore,
To fade no more or wither,
But spread its surface o'er.
Who were the Christian fathers?
Protector in their grief?
The mighty King of nature,
'Twas he was their relief,
And on his word depending,
They did the world condemn:
Their master was almighty,
And he could rescue them.
How died the Christian fathers?
They live not now on earth,
But left our mortal region,
Mid shocking pains and death:
They sung their heavenly triumph,
While limb from limb was riven;
And passed the fiery torture,
To their unsorrowing heaven.
Where are the Christian fathers?
They are no more oppress'd,
But live in life immortal,
Are spirits, and at rest,
Enshrin'd in fadeless glory,
They fear no tempting snare;
Despair, nor sin, nor sorrow,
Can enter where they are.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbour Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving *Harbour Grace* on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and *Portugal Cove* on the following days.

FARES.
Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.
and Packages in proportion.

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE.
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's,
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave *St. John's* on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen 7s.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters 6d.
Double do.
And PACKAGES in proportion.
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1835.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The ST. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR, for the COVE, *Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays*, at 9 o'Clock in the Morning, and the COVE at 12 o'Clock, on *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, the Packet-Man leaving *St. John's* at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d.
Double, Do. 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear, June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on East by the House of the late Captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's,

MARY TAYOR.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.