

The Star



AND Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

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LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

My lord, I will marry no one but Terence Templeton.

And I swear Laura—

Papa, I won't listen, and the speaker's hands covered both ears.

A penniless beggar, resumed his lordship.

My own lover, returned the young lady.

A mere parvenu!

Nobility of the soul.

Does not know his own father.

It's of no avail: marry him I will.

You'll repent it.

That may be, papa; but at least, I shall repent following my own will, and not of any one else.

I'll cut you off with a shilling.

I'll live upon love.

Live upon nonsense.

Ah, papa, you never were in love!

Thus the conversation ended, and in this unsatisfactory way did such conversation usually end.

Lady Laura was a beauty, self-willed, fashionable, and withal so romantic.

She had given her heart—alas, she had scarcely any thing else to give—to the above named Terence Templeton, and only waited the first opportunity to finish, with giving her hand, and to laugh at the consequences.

She had met him at a fancy ball. There, the unexceptionable style of his dress and address, the whiteness of his hand, the paleness of his face, and the blackness of his eyes—for he looked melancholy and gentleman-like soon effected an interest in her sympathizing bosom: nor was the young gentleman himself backward in discovering it.

A few more interviews, a few private meetings, and they were as deeply and devotedly in love as any two could manage to be in short a period.

Lady Laura was a fine specimen of her class, not too fashionable to be generous and loving; yet she was so unaccustomed to the world and its rude contrast, that she dreamed not of the miseries accompanying poverty—a name hitherto, only associated in her mind with romance—and she fancied that love in a cottage would be all the world to her.

Time, the great revealer, will show in a short period. She left her father's house; too generous to take with her even her jewelry. She went almost penniless to a penniless husband.

Ah, Terence, this is happiness, said Lady Laura, as they sat down to a frugal meal one week after marriage, in a pleasant part of the suburbs of London.

How charming is the breath borne from the hay fields, wafted into our little room—but dear Laura, I cannot forget that this is very different to your father's residence.

It is better dear love—it is better, is it not our home! and is not the future for us? and shall we not be together? and have we now but one hope, one trust, and our home? Think of that, one home weep for joy to think of it.

I could almost weep too, weep that I have no better home to offer you; but we will not think of that.

No only think how pleasant it will be on a winter's evening: you shall write novels and poems for the magazines, and I will bring my table to the fire, and sit opposite to you, and then when you are tired of writing, we will talk over all our prospects, and you shall read to me, and I shall think nothing half so clever, as what you write; and then you shall.

Kiss you, dearest.

Nonsense—there—you've put it all out of my head; but shall we not be happy?

I hope, and believe it my pretty enthusiast.

Thus the summer evenings, the long pleasant walks by the side of the river,

the stroll by moonlight—ah! we will not give over these pleasures because we are married.

It may be, Laura, that your father will forgive your union with a beggar.

Yes, and then you will be so rich, and shall have horses and carriages, and ride out together every day, and I shall be so proud of my handsome husband.

Besides, dearest, you are your father's only child, he has no son, and if he should not marry again—and if—why then—then. He smiled, and whispered something which brought a charming blush to the cheek of the listener.

Thus it was that those two young dreamers, hitherto unscathed by the world talked of the strange and uncertain future! for they were young and happy, and theirs was not the weird spirit which gives a black and threatening aspect to the language of the future.

Five years had passed over the brows of our characters, and had brought the sad alteration which went ever does.—The room in which lady Laura now sat, was littered with the commonest sort of children's toys; luxury was not even aimed at in the furniture, which was indeed barely sufficient for comfort.

By the fire side was lady Laura, with one child of two years by her side, and a fine boy of about four years was playing about the room, while in her arms was an infant of but a few months old, but so sad, so wretched was the alteration in that watchers countenance that it required time and circumstances to convince the beholder of her identity.

The rounded limb, the rich cheek, and the full lip were departed; and though there was the small hand, the same high and aristocratic brow, they were the sole relics of the departed beauty, for over the whole was spread an uneasy, restless, and we are sorry to use the term a shrewish expression, from which the beholder involuntarily recoiled, when thinking of the grace and beauty of the *deceased* Lady Laura.

Nor was that index an untrue one. Filled in his endeavours at reconciliation with his noble father-in-law, unable to procure any situation adapted to him, Terence Templeton and his unfortunate wife were compelled to subsist upon a pittance of a hundred a year, left to Lady Laura by a godfather, together with occasional trifles obtained by contributions to the miscellanies of the day, but which were of so uncertain a description, as scarcely to be worth mentioning; and thus she, who for twenty years had her every want anticipated, and who had literally sat in the lap of luxury, was now compelled to calculate every shilling before she spent it, and with the utmost frugality, sometimes failed in her efforts to procure a sufficient meal.

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Terence Templeton entered. Without taking any notice of his wife he sat himself gloomily in a chair while with a strangely anxious gaze, she watched his movements, at last she spoke but in a gloomy tone.

Well Laura, all is of no avail—our last hopes are frustrated, and our surgeon's bill must be left for chance to pay.

But it must be paid; he has sent this morning to say so.

It must be paid—oh? Must? Well, it's a good sounding word—but it is so—true, we must pay it—one way or another.

But how?

Oh! the law provides for that—purse or person—aye twenty five pounds in hard cash, or the gaol, and harder fare; and the speaker laughed bitterly.

Pray don't laugh so; you had better try to get the money.

Why, that's true too; but how—how—without friends, without connections? Oh! I beg pardon, there is your lordly father; but penniless, hopeless, a very beggar, tell me how this is to be done? and his hand fell on the small table, with an energy that awoke the little sleeper on

his mother's breast to tears.

I'm sure, was the response, you had no occasion to make so much noise; it has waked the poor child, and you don't like to hear it cry.

Laura, solemnly said the wretched man, God knows my own privations are the least of my sufferings, it is the thought of these children and of this misery, that harasses me; and you too Laura, you are not what you were.

I am not, indeed was the bitter response, as the speaker glanced at the oar walls.

Do not, for God's sake, add to the differences which are already, alas! too frequent between us. In our early youth we looked upon each other, and we loved. There was no interest to guide us; we trusted to our own exertions, and they have failed us. Do not now reproach me with having taken you from your father's luxuriant home—that blow I could not bear; at least let us remember, Laura, if penniless, neither we nor these dear children are friendless while there is a God that watches over his creatures.

On the table is an official looking letter sealed with black, and on the countenance of those who are there gazing, is a mixture of joy and of sorrow, a blending of the sunshine with the shades of life.

The destroyed had seized upon the stern and unforgetting father, and at an hour which he knew not of, he had yielded up his spirit to it Giver. To the family of Terence Templeton this unexpected event had brought plenty and gladness; and as the wife gazed upon her husband, in that chamber which had witnessed so much of sorrow and of strife, and in earlier, times of joy, she lamented, bitterly within her spirit which had prompted unkind words and unkind thoughts, and could not, nor would she if she could, have restrained her gushing tears. A fitting offering at the shrine of peace. And in the mind of him whom she had sorrowed, seemed some such thoughts brooding, for passing his arm gently, yet kindly round her, he drew her sweet form to him and whispered, The hour, dear Laura, of our trial has happily passed; nor let us now remember the days and weeks wherein we had no pleasure in them.

Many were the tears that poor lady shed as she replied. Dearest, I can never repay you for your kindness and forbearance, yet now let me say, while I feel your kind heart beating against mine that if you had known how often I had wept at the pain, my intemperance had caused you, you would pardon me.

Do not speak of it—we both have much need of forgiveness; kiss me Laura, and for the future let us only remember the past as a beacon whereby we may avoid the rocks of the future.

Halifax Temperance Society.—This Society had an interesting meeting last evening at 7 p. m. at the old Baptist Chapel—so called—seventeen new members took the pledge, including 10 non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the different corps in this garrison. The meeting was addressed successively by the President Beamish Murdoch, Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Twining, Garrison Chaplain, Mr. Brown, the Rev. Mr. Knowlan, and by several others. The prospects of the cause at this place appear to be steadily growing better.—*Times.*

An accident of a most horrid nature occurred at the Blenkinsop lime kilns on Tuesday last. A quantity of lime had been drawn from one of the kilns, and some additional limestone placed upon the

top. The fresh supply had met with some obstruction, and did not go gently down, so that a vacuum was formed between the burning material and that which had been recently put on. A young man of the name of Twiddle soon afterwards went to empty another cart load of stones upon the top; but as the stones did not fall freely from the cart he stepped upon the kiln to get them out; when, horrible to relate, the top part gave way, and he sunk into the burning furnace below? The workmen engaged at an adjoining pit heard the rush of stones and saw the flames burst upwards, and ran towards the place, but the dreadful doom of the sufferer was sealed, and his skull, which was got out some time afterwards, was the sole vestige obtained of the unfortunate youth.—*Carlisle Journal.*

Lieutenant Colonel Lyster of the Grenadier Guards, died at Montreal on the morning of the 20th ult. He arrived the day previous in command of the Battalion of Grenadiers, and rode at its head from the wharf to the Citadel, where he dismissed the parade, and retired to his lodgings, and the next morning was a corpse.

The Kingston Fire.—The estimated loss by the late fire at Kingston, Upper Canada, is now put down at 400,000, dollars of which about 50,000 dollars was insured. The loss in the article of flour is stated at 60,000, dollars, which falls chiefly on the merchants of Montreal and Quebec. The Ottawa Forwarding Company were great sufferers. The iron chest belonging to them has been secured; when opened the specie was melted into a solid mass of coin, all the bank bills, notes of hand &c. and many valuable papers were destroyed.

The Governor of Upper Canada has offered a reward of 1000 dollars for discovering the Vendor who blew up the monument of Genl. Brock.

BISHOP ENGLIS.

In glancing over English journals for some time past, we have frequently observed notices of the attendance of his Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, at public meetings, in various parts of England, and his zealous endeavours to obtain the sympathy of his audience in behalf of his diocese have been highly successful. Parochial societies have been formed throughout England for extending the Established Church in the British Colonies. At a meeting held at Melton Mowbray about the 1st ult. sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, in an eloquent speech, took an expansive view of the British Colonial territories, and the comparative desultory state that general deficiency of ministers, church accommodation, the means of grace, and schools for children. In the Canadas, he said, there were wanting not less than 120 clergymen, and he himself had openings and calls for 100 more.

The Vengeance of King John.—King John had demanded the eldest son of William de Braose, Lord of Bramber, in Sussex, as a page to wait on Queen Isabella, meaning him in reality as a hostage for his father's allegiance. When the King's message was delivered at Bramber by a courier who bore the ominous name of Mauduc, the imprudent Lady de Braose declared in his hearing, that she would not surrender her children to a king who had murdered his own nephew. The words of the unfortunate mother were duly reported by the malicious messenger. The Lady de Braose re-