

During his illness Julia watched his couch and administered the medicines which I proscribed with her own hands, and what must have been his feeling when he gazed upon his fair attendant, her blue eye beaming with joy ineffable at his restoration to health, when he received her gifts of flowers and saw the beauties of her mind reflected beneath the pure tide of her conversation.

"Robert Waring, (such was the name of the shipwrecked man,) to a person remarkably true, added an amazing knowledge of human nature, and a persuasion of manner which few could resist, he represented himself as a man of fortune and respectability travelling for his pleasure, and from his bearing and education none doubted the statement.

"He paid Julia great attention. He was her companion in the mountain rambles, and assisted her labors in the garden, in the evening he would sing for her, and charm the family with his conversation for he spoke our language fluently, so that he in a short time became a great favourite with the old people, and he awakened the heart of Julia from that dream of contentment in which it had before indulged. She loved him—deeply and devotedly loved him. As the time drew near when he intended to depart, my poor girl began to suffer in health, the gay elasticity of disposition which characterized her, was gone, and she became languid and sorrowful. She acknowledged to me, as her confessor, the cause which I before suspected, and as her tranquility was a matter of the deepest interest, I opened the affair to Camara, and obtained his consent to her union with Waring.—I joined their hands.

"I observed with pleasure, the happiness of this couple, and five months of uninterrupted joy passed, when a letter came to W. requiring his presence in England on some important business. His story was so plausible, that when he consulted me, I advised him not to delay, and again softened the old people into compliance, for in four months he was to return. So he, with his lovely wife, left us one morning for Barrico, where he embarked for England.

"Time, which produces such changes in all human affairs, was not idle at this place. From the day Julia departed, every thing moved on badly with Camara; the plantation was neglected—the gardens went to decay, and he pined in health.—Month after month rolled on, but no letter came: a year passed but still there was no tidings; and in that house, so long consecrated to happiness, the voice of lamentation might be heard. In vain did I try to console them; in vain did I point out to them the necessity of resignation to the will of Heaven. I could not in any way soften the dark desolation of that wretched family.

"One evening, in the latter part of the year, there happened to be a heavy breeze of wind, and the sea was exceedingly agitated, when a small sloop was seen off the Point where the English brig had been wrecked more than a year before. I watched her from this mountain, for above an hour, when just at sunset, she, with great difficulty, weathered the reef, and got safely into the Bay.

"I then walked slowly home, and after reading a short time, retired to rest. The lamp was scarcely extinguished, when I heard some person knock, at the door. I listened, and heard loud sobs. I got up, and hastily turned the key, and found a female form stretched across the threshold—she had fainted; her clothes were loose and her hair hung wildly about her neck. I lifted her up, and with the dim light which the stars gave, beheld Julia Camara! Woe, woe, was written on her pale face. I placed her in a couch got a light, and after bathing her temples for some time, she slowly recovered, and looked unconsciously around, when her eye at last settled upon me, tears streamed down her cheeks, as she recognized and pressed my hand in feverish agony.—"I Am at home then, Father—I have lived to see those hills once more—I shall die amongst them, that is a comfort." "My daughter," said I, "you are weary now, so rest a little; I will leave you to compose yourself, but do not weep my poor child." "No, No, Father, if you regard for me is not entirely extinguished, leave me not, for I am ruined and wretched. O! I have a tale to tell, that will freeze your heart; listen, listen, for I have not long to live." Her manner was so energetic, that remonstrance would have been vain, and as my object was to soothe the violent agitation under which she labored, I drew my chair beside her bed, and soon collected the following melancholy particulars:—

"After a voyage of five weeks she arrived in London. The noise, the crowd, and the splendour of that capital almost bewildered her; every thing was so new to her that she had been accustomed to from infancy, that at first, wonder, mingled with delight, took possession of her heart. The Parks, the Theatres, the Opera. O! how the music enchanted her; and if dreams of her parents and home did not occasionally intrude across her memory, she would have been perfectly

happy, 'tis true Waring acknowledged that he had practised an imposition for the purpose of getting away from Cuba, for she found out that he had few friends, and no property.

"Her dazzling beauty brought admiration from every eye, and she drank deep draughts of pleasure, with the enthusiasm of a novice. Her husband's character showed itself now more clearly; he was addicted to gambling and dissipation of every kind; night after night she was led about from one scene of riot to another. At these parties she met some very lovely females, as gay and apparently as innocent as herself. One of Waring's friends was so marked in his attentions to her, as to cause her considerable uneasiness, for she found that all her efforts to shake him off were unavailing; wherever she went, he always contrived to be her escort, and as his object soon became so apparent as deeply to offend her, she after many struggles, mentioned the circumstance to her husband, who, instead of taking measures to prevent this man's visits, was angry with her; and from that hour his manner became altered; he at last treated her with great cruelty and insult. He even told her that she was not his wife—that the Sacrament of the Catholic Church did not bind them in that country, indeed he never treated her as such, and her ignorance of the customs of English Society alone, prevented her from discovering the description of females to which she had been introduced.

"One Summer's evening, assuming more gentleness than usual, Waring asked her to walk with him in Hyde Park, near which, they resided; though he had caused her many tears, yet she still loved him, and did not refuse; little dreaming of the villainy that was about to be practised on her, she took his arm; Waring spoke of her parents with kindness, even with regard. When they came to the gate which opens into Oxford Street, (you see, Sir, I am acquainted with the localities,) they found a carriage standing near the place; Waring led her to the door, which he opened, and told her to get in; it was put there by his orders he said, to take her a short way into the country—that he would follow her very soon.—So affectionate was his manner, and so blinded had she become, that without a thought of deceit, she complied, and was carried along with amazing rapidity for more than two hours, when the coach stopped at a cottage in a remote part of the road; it was quite dark when she entered the house. An elderly woman, of rather a forbidding aspect, received her, and conducted her into a parlour neatly furnished, where she was almost immediately joined by that man who had before caused her such disquiet. Then, for the first time, she felt that she had been betrayed and abandoned. Oh! the immeasurable misery of her feelings, at that moment, she found herself insulted by this man, to whom she had been sold. He was under the influence of wine, and would have pressed her in his arms, but she at once gained her self-possession. She rose from her seat, and her manner became so majestic and commanding, that the coward heart of the seducer became prostrate beneath her rebuke, and with a determination with which there was no attempt to contend, she opened the door, and quitted this house of infamy. She walked all night by the silent road, and with the waking morning, entered the city. She was now, without friends or money, in a strange country, and but imperfectly acquainted with the language. The threshold of that villain, who with perfidy unparalleled, had blighted her happiness and destroyed her peace, she could never enter. The early lessons of virtue were so indelibly fixed upon her heart, that no human blandishments could blot them out; so she sold a ring of some value which she wore; exchanged her clothes for those of a more humble character, and sought shelter in an obscure lodging house, where, fortunately for her, the people were honest; and while that sickness of the heart which followed this event, kept her entirely in her room, they watched kindly over her, till she recovered. You, Sir, can imagine the situation of this poor girl, reduced suddenly to sorrow and want. The small sum of money she possessed, soon disappeared; and she, whose life heretofore was one scene of indulgence and love, could not now procure the most humble necessities of life.

"At this period her forlorn situation attracted the sympathy of a good Samaritan in the shape of a lady, who was so much pleased with her sweetness and beauty, and so struck with her artless tale, that she took her into her family and would have kept her there, but the heart of Julia was settled on one object, that of returning home; and the lady who possessed those pure feelings which indeed constitute the beauty of holiness, forwarded her wishes and procured her a passage to the Havana, and having raised a subscription among the charitable friends, Julia was provided with every comfort for her voyage.

"The sloop which I saw so violently assailed by the elements that night, brought her home.

"The rest is soon told," said the good old priest.

"Worn by long suffering, grief, and the agitation of meeting with her friends, a severe fever came on my gentle child. Calmness and submission to the Most High, who doth afflict, but never forsakes those; who sincerely believe in Him, brightened over her pale but beautiful countenance like sunset on a flower, and the exercises of religion supported her through every bodily trial. Her parents and myself watched over her unceasingly. In twelve days she died, and the green mould in the corner of the garden marks the spot where she rests."

NOTE.—The Padre —, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing narrative is a native of Ireland, but was educated at Salamanca, and became attached to the Spanish Church. A very short time since he was removed from the obscurity of his rural parish, and he at this moment holds a high ecclesiastical situation in the Island of Cuba, where he is distinguished by that diffusiveness of charity and benevolence which endeared him to his little flock, and is so calculated to add dignity to human nature wherever it is found.

## COLONIAL.

[From the Montreal Vindicator.]

*The Civil Secretary's letter to the Hon. L. J. Papineau, in his quality of Major of Militia.*

Castle of St. Lewis, }  
Quebec, 12th Aug. 1837. }

SIR,—The attention of the Governor-in-Chief having lately been called to a report contained in the *Vindicator* newspaper of the 16th May last, of the proceedings of a meeting held on the previous day at St. Laurent, in which you are stated to have taken an active part, and where Resolutions were passed, some of which distinctly recommend a violation of the Laws, I am directed by his Excellency to call upon you as one holding a commission in the Militia, to state whether you were present at that Meeting, and concurred in the Resolutions there passed; and if so, I am to enquire whether you have any explanation to offer in this matter.

I have the honor to be, Sir,  
Your most Obedt. Humble Servant,  
S. WALCOTT,  
Civil Secretary.

The Hon. L. J. PAPINEAU,  
Major 3d Batt. Montreal Militia, Montreal,

*The Hon. L. J. Papineau's reply to the above.*  
Montreal, 14th August, 1837,

SIR.—The pretension of the Governor to interrogate me respecting my conduct at St. Laurent on the 15th May last, is an impertinence which I repel with contempt and silence.

I however take the pen merely to tell the Governor that it is false that any of the Resolutions adopted at the meeting of the County of Montreal, held at St. Laurent on the 15th May last, recommend a violation of the laws, as in his ignorance he may believe, or as he, at least, asserts.

Your Obedt. Servant,  
L. J. PAPINEAU.  
SAMUEL WALCOTT, }  
Civil Sec. }

## WEST INDIES.

DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE AND FIRE AT ST. THOMAS.—St. Thomas and St. John's, P. R. were visited by a hurricane and earthquake on the 2d Augt. which destroyed nearly all the houses in both places. besides doing great damage to the shipping.

To add to the horrors of the night, at about 12, a fire broke out, in some stores belonging to Mr Stubbs. It destroyed two dwelling houses.

FIRE AND HURRICANE IN BARBADOES.—On Tuesday the 25th July, a dreadful fire broke out in bridgetown, Barbadoes, which destroyed a number of buildings and great amount of property, but was happily subdued by the great exertions of the military and the people.