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A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FLOWER GATHERING.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is huddled to them, is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart smitten—(not heart broken—the broken heart always believes)—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous, lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others are along proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth the uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the morition, and be prepared; and turning to the child he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled the earth upon the coffin, some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him from the lonely tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying ground and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead and wondering what strange disease would smother off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn. I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and

would left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I knew it."

"How do you know it my dear?"

"The Minister said that as true as the grass would grow up, & the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in the burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes here," said he with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over the grave?

"But William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise."—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken.—The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"You shall go to her but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon, I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven are profitless and vain.

IMMENSE MILITARY WORKS.—Among the most stupendous military defences recorded in history, where the lines of fortification erected by Wellington: in 1810 for the defence of Lisbon. They extended fifty miles, had on them one hundred and fifty forts, or three to a mile; where flanked with abatis and breastworks, with six hundred pieces of ordnance, and defended by seventy thousand men. In all the detail to make them secure they were perfect, and formed a barrier which proved impregnable to the French, who were harassed by

hunger, while communication with the sea kept Wellington's army supplied with provisions and ammunition. The history of antiquity, and even the marches of the conquerors who fed millions to devastate the world, furnish nothing to compare with this.—Such immense works, performed on an emergency by armies, illustrate the manner in which the great works of antiquity were built—the canals and reservoirs, pyramids and roads which remain to the present day, the monuments of the tyranny of rulers, when the life of the peasant was counted as nothing before the will of the despot. It is said of the present Bey of Egypt that he perpetuates the custom of the Pharaohs, by compelling the Egyptians to labour on public works, without any more regard to the rights of the individual than if he possessed none.

The history of the world, perhaps, presents no spectacle so splendid and enviable as that of the Duke of Wellington. After a career of unexampled success as a warrior, and having conquered in a hundred battles, and procured a durable and permanent peace for his country, the Duke might have closed his career under the shade of laurels unequalled in modern or ancient times. But not so. The Duke only retires from the field of Waterloo to become as a statesman no less eminent than a warrior.—With a singleness of mind, a correctness of judgment and a total absence of all personal or party motives, never does he rise in Parliament but to enlighten every subject which he handles, and to rivet the attention and gratitude of his country. And why may we not, and will not posterity ask, is such a man shut out from the councils of his Sovereign, while the affairs of the country are entrusted to persons of whom it is a sufficient condemnation to say that they are in all respects the very reverse of the Duke of Wellington?

NEW ISLANDS.—A Valparaiso letter of the 26th of February, given by the *Journal du Havre*, contains the following report from the captain of a Chilean brig, of the rising of a volcanic island, or rather group of island, to the west of Valparaiso:—"On the morning of the 12th we felt several shocks of an earthquake. A dead calm prevailed at the time, and lasted through the day, the atmosphere being extremely close and hot. Towards evening a breeze got up, and we were able to move two leagues. At seven, we saw rising above the surface of the sea a rock, which, after attaining a certain height divided into two parts, one inclining horizontally towards the north, the other seeming to be partly crushed by the shock, and becoming less elevated, but broader at the base. The two rocks, after being thus severed, continued to rise higher, and at the same time two other islets appeared near the first. The group ranged from south to north within a space of about nine miles, and about 60 leagues west of Valparaiso. In the night we observed flames similar to those of small volcanic eruptions issuing from the crests of this new archipelago. The next day we were enabled to judge of the height of these new-formed mountains, and calculated the highest to be 400 feet above the surface. Two other ships have also seen this group, and a French corvette on this station was sailed to examine it, and to land some men on the islets, if possible."

MACKENZIE'S DEFENCE.

We should like to see a full report of Mr. Patriot Mackenzie's speech, on his trial at Canandaigua. The papers that reported the trial all spoke of it as very irregular and sometimes incoherent, but not wanting in ability. Mackenzie,

with all his faults, is a man of some talent, but chiefly remarkable for his untiring industry and perseverance, whether in a good cause or a bad one. He complains bitterly of his imprisonment, and we can easily imagine that to a man of his energetic character and habits, the inactivity of a prison must be cruelly irksome. We can even feel some degree of "sympathy" for him hateful as that word has become, remembering that he is old, and poor, and suffering under grievous disappointments. But his misfortunes are all of his own procuring; and although we may pity him in his fallen estate, we cannot wish that he had escaped the laws which he had so grossly violated.—*N Y Com Ad.*

The Buffalo Commercial gives an outline of his defence, one portion of which displays no little ingenuity at the expense of certain "democratic organs" in this republic, standing high in favor with the party and the government. He might have added the name of one greater than any of them; but perhaps, he had forgotten the existence of General Jackson.

The following is an extract from the sketch in the Buffalo paper:—

He also alluded to the law under which he was indicted, and expressed his opinion that it had become a dead letter by *non user*. In support of this singular position alluding to the laxity with which the laws had been administered, especially in the case of Texas; to revolutionize which, he said, companies of men had been raised in the U. States, and boldly marched through the country, armed and equipped, and no one so much as to ask, Why do ye so? Thus, he contended, was sufficient to mislead a poor foreigner like him, who had been but twenty-four hours in the country, at the time when the alleged offences were committed, for which he was now arraigned. He also alleged that men, "learned in the law," at Buffalo and elsewhere more active than he was, and how could it be expected, when learned lawyers and mayors officiated thus conducted, that he should have ever dreamed that there was a musty law upon the statute book to bring him before a court of justice, and put him in danger of a state prison and a felon's fare, for doing for his countrymen, what our forefathers had done for us.

He also quoted largely from the Democratic Review, a publication which he termed a "government work," and which he said was praised in the Globe, another government paper, and endorsed by the Albany Argus, another government paper, and which the counsel for the United States and

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