



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

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POETRY

"THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE."

Written by the Lady Flora Hastings
1838, in the Album of a Friend.

"Conquer in this!"—not unto thee
alone
The vision spake, imperial Constantine;
Nor as mere presage of an earthly throne,
Blazed in 'mid heaven the consecrated sign,
Through the unmeasured track of coming time,
The mystic cross doth with lustre glow;
And speaks through ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
To ev'ry slave of sin, and child of woe.

"Conquer in this!"—ay when the rebel heart
Clings to the idols it was wont to cherish.
And as it sees those fleeing boons to depart,
Grieveth that things so bright were formed to perish,
Arise, bereaved one and, athwart the gloom
Read in the brightness of that cheering ray—
"Mourn not, O! Christian, though so bright as bloom,
Nought that is worth a sigh shall pass away!

"Conquer in this!"—when fairest visions come
To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers:
Bidding the exile from a heavenly home
To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers;
Strong in His strength who bursts the bonds of sin,
Clasp to thy bosom, clasp the the holy cross!
Dost thou not seek a heavenly crown to win?
Hast thou not counted all besides but loss?

"Conquer in this!"—though powers of earth and hell
Were leagued to bar thee from thy heavenly way,
The cross shall ev'ry darkling shade dispel,
Chase ev'ry doubt, and re-assure dismay,
Faint not, oh! wearied one; faint not—for thee
The Lord of Riteousness and Glory bled,
And his good Spirit's influence, with thee
And pleasurable unction, is upon thee shed.

"Conquer in this!"—when by thy fever'd bed
Thou see'st the dark wing'd angel take his stand,
Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,
And bear thy spirit to the spirit's land,
Fear not—the cross sustains thee; and it's aid
In that last trial shall thy succour bring;
Go fearless through the dark, the untried shade,
For sin is banish'd and death hath no sting!

FLORA'S TOMB.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Come, roses and lilies, and all the sweet flowers
That gem the green vales, or embellish the bowers,
The young and the chaste, and the fair;
Let me gather ye now in your rich summer bloom,

Sweet emblems to strew over fair Flora's tomb,
As a tribute of sympathy there.

Let me have the young rose in its Eden-born hues,
And the chaste lily hallow'd by heaven's own dews,
From their sisters of beauty fresh riv'n;
The choicest that nature has nurtur'd be mine,
The fair virgin flowers, fit for virtue's own shrine,
As "sweets to sweet" shall be giv'n.

Exotics that thrive in the court atmosphere,
With beauty that's baneful, shall not linger near,
Nor their odour profane her repose;
For 'twas calumny's breath, like a foul wintry blight,
And the cankerworm grief, like the worm of the night,
That wither'd our beautiful rose.

Away with the 'scutcheon that emblems the great,
And the tears of a monarch that trickle too late
(Though I scarce think that monarchs can weep.)
The maiden that's pure, and the man that is brave,
Are worthy alone to strew flowers o'er the grave
Where virtue and innocence sleep.

Come, and lilies, then, 'tis but July,
Yet on fair Flora's tomb ye must whither and die,
As a tribute to innocence given;
While the winds in soft whispers shall sigh round her bed,
And the big rolling tear tender pity shall shed,
Shall fall as the dew-drop of Heaven.

MISFORTUNE AND EXILE ENNOBLED.

From the French of Madame D'Abantes.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day whilst crossing the Market place he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little waggons, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips, it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, and burst out laughing.

"What! is it you!" exclaimed she

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my good and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the waggons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whig to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if rivetted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the sixteenth, king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. It the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceiling of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife.—At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of an husband, the object of general admiration; indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793) what was the use of courtly refinement?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to ren-

der their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirable well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennuï to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France!—Whenever he was thinking of this transition (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mr. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband!—Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, viz, gardener, footman, and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countryman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learns that when he thought her given to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs.