

THE CARBONEAR STAR,

AND

CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1833.

No. 45.

ON SALE.

SLADE, ELSON & Co.

Offer For Sale,

ON REASONABLE TERMS,

90 M. BOARD and PLANK
37 SPRUCE SPARS 8 to 16 Inch

Just Received per the Brig Carbonear, from St. Andrew's.

Carbonear, Sept. 25, 1833.

SLADE, ELSON & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED,

By the Brig Julia, from Poole,

300 Barrels Danzic FLOUR
800 Bags Danzic BREAD.

Which they will dispose of on reasonable Terms, for CASH, OIL, or MERCHANTABLE SHORE FISH.

Carbonear, August 21, 1833.

NOTICES.

RICHARD MAHON,

Tailor and Clothier,

BEGS leave most respectfully to intimate to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business, in the House lately occupied by Mr. DAVID COXSON; and having received his Certificate from the London Board of Fashions, he trusts, by care and assiduity in the above professions, to merit a share of public patronage. From his arrangements lately made in London, the Gentlemen of Carbonear and its Vicinity, can be supplied with the newest and most improved fashions on very moderate terms.

R. M. has, also, on hand a Fashionable assortment of CLOTHS

CONSISTING OF

BLACK, BLUE, BROWN, and OLIVE Broad Cloths,

TOGETHER WITH

A neat Assortment of Kerseymer and Fancy WAISTCOATING.

Carbonear, July 31, 1833.

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 continuation of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat, to ply between Carbonear and Portugal Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths, &c.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start from Carbonear on the Mornings 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 8 o'Clock, in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'Clock on each of those days.

TERMS AS USUAL.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the Newfoundland Office.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

NOTICES.



DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE TO AND FROM HARBOUR-GRACE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and PORTUGAL COVE the succeeding Days at Noon, Sundays excepted, wind and weather permitting.

FARES,

Cabin Passengers	10s.
Steerage Ditto	5s.
Single Letters	6d.
Double Ditto	1s.
Parcels (not containing Letters) in proportion to their weight.	

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers, will be regularly transmitted.

A. DRYSDALE,

Agent, Harbour-Grace.

PERCHARD & BOAG,

Agents, St. John's

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

THE GREAT AGITATOR.

A RECENT PORTRAIT.

It was on a calm autumn evening that I had returned from a walk to the splendid seat of Lord —, in the county of W—, I had sat down at the inn of the little village where I was sojourning, and had placed myself in the window, to while away an hour in observing the "passing events" of the place. The market was over; the people had gradually passed to their homes; the busy hum of the day was fast dying away; and a few straggling groups, scattered here and there through the long wide street of the town—the only one it boasted—were almost the only persons who arrested my eye. The sun was sinking, and threw his lingering beams into the neat but ill-furnished apartment where I was sitting. To avoid the glare of his beams, I changed my position, and this gave me a more uninterrupted view of the long street above referred to, which threw its termination into the green fields of the country. Casting my eyes in this direction, I beheld a chariot and four coming towards me, enveloped in a complete cloud of dust, and the panting horses of which were urged on with tremendous rapidity. Struck with the unexpected arrival of such a vehicle in that place, I leaned out of the window to observe its destination, and beheld it still rolling hurriedly along, and sweeping round the angle of the street towards the inn with an increased violence. If my reader has been much used to travelling, he will be aware that the moment a postillion comes in sight of an inn, he is sure to call forth the mettle of his horses—perhaps to show off the blood of his cattle. This was the case at present, and a quick gallop brought the vehicle in thundering noise to the door, where, Shenstone says, is to be found "the warmest welcome." The animals were sharply checked, the door was flung open, and the occupier threw himself hurriedly out.

"Bring out four horses instantly," was the command he uttered in the loud voice of haste and authority.

The inmate of the carriage was about five feet eleven and a half inches high, and wore

a portly, stout, hale, and agreeable appearance. His shoulders were broad, and his legs stoutly built, and, as he at that moment stood, one arm in his side-pocket, the other thrust into a waistcoat, which was almost completely unbuttoned from the heat of the day, he would have made a good figure for the rapid but fine-finishing pencil of Harlow. His head was covered with a light fur cap, which, partly thrown back, displayed that breadth of forehead which I have never yet seen absent from real talent. His eyes appeared to me, at that instant, to be between a light blue and a gray colour. His face was pale and sallow, as if the turmoil of business, the shade of care, or the study of midnight had chased away the glow of health and youth. Around his mouth played a cast of sarcasm, which, to a quick eye, at once betrayed satire; and it appeared as if the lips could be easily resolved into the "risus sardonius." His head was somewhat larger than that which a modern doctrine denominates the "medium size;" and it was well supported by a stout and well-founded pedestal, which was based on a breast, full, round, prominent, and capacious. The eye was shaded by a brow which I thought would be more congenial to sunshine than storm; and the nose was neither Grecian nor Roman, but was large enough to readily admit him into the chosen band of that "immortal rebel,"* who chose his body-guard with capacious lungs and noses, as affording greater capability of undergoing toil and hardship. Altogether, he appeared to possess strong physical powers.

He was dressed in an olive-brown surtout, black trousers, and black waistcoat. His cravat was carelessly tied, and the knot almost undone, from the heat of the day; and as he stood with his hand across his bosom, and his eyes bent on the ground, he was the very picture of a "public character," hurrying away on some important matter which required all of personal exertion and mental energy. Often as I have seen him since, I have never beheld him in so striking or pictorial an attitude.

"Quick with the horses!" was his hurried ejaculation as he recovered himself from his reverie, and flung himself into his carriage. The whip was cracked, and away went the chariot with the same cloud of dust, and the same tremendous pace.

I did not see him pay any money. He did not enter the inn. He called for no refreshment, nor did he utter a word to any person around him. He seemed to be obeyed by instinct; and while I marked the chariot thundering along the street, which had all its then spectators turned on the cloud-enveloped vehicle, my curiosity was intensely excited, and I instantly descended to learn the name of the extraordinary stranger. Most *mal-a-propos*, however, were my inquiries.—Unfortunately the landlord was out; the waiter could not tell me his name; and the "ostler knew nothing whatsoever of him, except that he was in the most uncommon hurry." A short time, however, satisfied my curiosity.

The next day brought me to the capital of the county where I was then on a visit. It was the assize time. Very fond of oratory, I went to the Court-house to hear the forensic eloquence of the "Home Circuit." I had scarcely seated myself, when the same grayish eye, broad forehead, portly figure, and strong tone of voice, arrested my attention. He was just on the moment of addressing the jury, and I anxiously waited to hear the speech of a man who had already so strongly interested me. After looking at the judge steadily for a moment, he began his speech exactly in the following pronunciation: "My Lurrd—Gentlemen of the jury."

"Who speaks?" instantly demanded I.

"Counsellor O'Connell," was the reply.

"Why he only arrived last night?"

"Lats last night, and has had scarcely a moment to con over his brief. But listen."

I at once fixed my attention. As I do not write short-hand, I cannot give the detail of

* Cromwell—thus called by Lord Byron.

his speech; but his delivery I can criticise and can here write down.

Were O'Connell addressing a mixed assembly where the lower order predominated, I scarcely know any one who would have such a power of wielding the passions. He has a knack of speaking to a mob, which I have never heard exceeded. His manner has at times the rhodomontade of Hunt; but he was infinitely superior, of course, to this well-known democrat in choice of language and power of expression. The same remark may apply, were I to draw any comparison between him and another well-known mob-speaker, Cobbett. Were he opposed to these two persons in any assembly of the people, he would infallibly prove himself the victor. A balcony outside a high window, and a large mob beneath him, is the very spot for O'Connell. There he would be best seen, and his powers and person best observed; but were he in the House of Commons, I do not think I am incorrect when I say, that he would make little impression on the House, supposing he were heard with every prepossession in his favour. His action wants grace and suavity—qualities so eminently fascinating in an elegant and classical speaker, but which, perhaps, are overlooked in an "orator of the people." The motions of his body are often sharp and angular. His arms swing about ungracefully; and at times the right-hand plays slovenly with his watch-chain.

Though I shall not, perhaps, find many to agree with me, yet I am free to confess that he does not appear to me to possess that very rare gift—*genuine* satire. He wants the cultivated grace of language, which his compeer, Shiel, possesses, and the brilliancy of metaphor. None is there else, however, peer or commoner, who can compete with him in the Catholic Association. His language is often coarse, and seldom elegant.—Strong, fierce, and perhaps bold, it often is; but vituperation and personality make up too much of the material. His voice is sometimes harsh and dissonant; and I could wish more of that round, full, mellow tone, which is essential to a good delivery, and which so captivates the ear. "The voice is the key which unlocks the heart," says Madame Roland. I believe it. Let the reader listen to the fine round voice of Lord Chief Justice Bushe, and then let him hear the sometimes grating tones of O'Connell, and he will soon perceive the difference. The voice of the latter much reminds me of the harsh thinness of Mr. J. D. Latouche's (whose conversational tone, by the by, is far beyond his oratorical one); and yet the coolness and the acuteness which the latter gentleman possesses in an argument, would be no bad substitute for the headlong impetuosity and violent sarcasm in which O'Connell sometimes indulges.

As he cannot clothe his language in the same elegance as Shiel, he consequently cannot give the same insinuation to his discourses. In this respect, his contemporary has greatly the advantage. Shiel gives us the poetry of eloquence—O'Connell gives us the prose. The attempts of the latter at wit are clumsy, while the former can bring both that and metaphor to his aid, and he often uses them with much effect. O'Connell, however, can attempt humour with effect, and he has a peculiar tact in suiting this humour to the Irish people. I have not often seen a good exordium from O'Connell—an integral portion of a discourse which is extremely difficult to make; and I think his perorations want grace, point, and force, and that which the Italians would denominate "expressivo."

I shall follow him still farther.

The next place I heard O'Connell was at the Council-chamber, in Dublin Castle, where he was employed to argue a case before the then Viceroy, Marquis Wellesley.—His speech, voice, action, eye (for nothing in oratory escapes me), are as clearly before me at present, as they were on that day; and if this should catch his eye, I would call it to his memory by saying it was one of the best speeches he ever made. One day, while lounging in the latter place, I saw him rapidly fling aside the green curtain at the

doorway; and as he dashed down the benches to the front of the bar, methought he would have almost strode over the thick file of lawyers, attorneys' clerks, witnesses, &c. who chanced to be in his way.

In walking through the streets he pushes along in the same careless democratic manner; and his stout tall figure enables him to shoulder aside the crowds that might oppose his hurried march. He seems not to recollect that the slow pace is the pace of the gentleman; on he goes, business and emancipation borne mightily on his broad shoulders; and stops not nor stays, till he gets to the Four Courts; from the Four Courts, he is then off to the Association-rooms—from the Association to the Four Courts back again—from the Courts to attend some popular assembly, or keep an appointment—from the assembly to his house to dine—then a hearty dinner and a temperate glass—business, parchments, briefs, attorneys' clerks, and "unfledged lawyers" afterwards—retiring early to bed—and then, next day, behold him going through the same endless, important, and weighty routine of business again.

The setting up for Clare was the most daring, and the boldest step which this man ever took, or ever will take. Were he to live a century, he could do nothing which would show so much of daring and intrepid talent. He has been blamed for it; but the power, and the ambition, and the boldness which he has evinced, makes me admire where I am otherwise obliged to condemn. It was one of those steps that (to use the words of Voltaire) "vulgar men would term rash, but great men would call bold." Let me distinguish it from his mission to England. This last was a foolish step, but the first was an intrepid one. Men of talent forsook him in the last, but they supported and abided by him in the first. In short, the whole of Ireland was thrown into astonishment.

[The above sketch was written before O'Connell became a member of the House of Commons. How ill judged some of the writers remarks are, a full development in that house, of O'Connell's powers of oratory, has clearly demonstrated.]

CARBONAR STAR.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1833.

It is with unspeakable satisfaction we lay before our readers the address from the Inhabitants of Harbor Grace; as also those from the Inhabitants and Fishermen and Shoremen's Society, of St. John's to the late Chief Judge of this Island, previously to his departure for the United States, as well as his answers to them. These addresses are but just tributes to the virtues and abilities of a man whose conduct in his official capacities of Judge and President, with one exception, merits the lasting gratitude of the country. His one error has been severely visited—his unfortunate (if we may so express ourselves) vote on the Revenue Bill, excited the indignation of all ranks of people; and when he departed from our shores to vindicate his conduct, as a punishment for the injury he had inflicted on society, no voice cheered him—"none cried God bless him!" This is a serious, and will, no doubt, operate as a salutary, lesson to those who may incline to act in opposition to public opinion. Here we have a man whose conduct in every respect, but one, was estimable. Yet were all his good qualities forgotten in the indignation felt for one fault. We trust the lesson will not be thrown away. The fault is now forgotten, and public feeling has resumed its channel. The need of praise and gratitude, which is due to the virtuous, has been dealt out lavishly, but deservedly, to the individual who has now left our shores for ever. Mr. Tucker richly merited the encomiums which the public have poured upon him in their addresses; and callous, indeed, must be the feelings of those, who are not touched with sorrow for the departure from amongst us of so excellent a man. So pleasing is the task of extolling the just and good, that we reluctantly quit it, not, however, without wishing the subject of our eulogium and his family a safe and speedy passage to their place of destination.

The Address of the Mechanics' Society of St. John's is omitted for want of room.

LONDON, SEPT. 23.

We (Sun) quote the following from a second edition of the FALMOUTH PACKET, received this morning;

CAPITULATION OF MARSHAL BOURMONT.

We have just learned that the Echo brought intelligence that, on the 11th inst. Marshal Bourmont sent in 15 articles of capitulation, which Don Pedro at once rejected, stating that he would promise nothing more than that Don Miguel's life should be spared. Upon this Lord William Russell was applied to, and on his representations and advice to Don Pedro, it is believed that articles of capitulation were signed, as the Echo was immediately sent to England with despatches for his Majesty's Government. As the Echo left the Tagus flags were flying and other testimonies of public rejoicing were manifest. Should this news prove correct, of which we have no doubt, the arrival

of Donna Maria in Lisbon will consummate the peace of Portugal.

ADDRESS

Of the Inhabitants of HARBOR GRACE to R. A. TUCKER, Esq.

To Richard Alexander Tucker, Esq. late Chief Justice of the Island of Newfoundland.

Sir,—It is with feelings of more than ordinary regret, that we, the under-signed Inhabitants of the town of Harbor Grace, have learned your determination of shortly leaving, for ever, the land which has so long been honoured with your residence—so long the scene of your laborious duties—so highly benefited by your unremitting exertions, and by the parental solicitude displayed for the welfare of its Inhabitants!

At a time, Sir, when the political relations of Newfoundland have begun to assume a more important aspect; and when the internal government of her communities have acquired a new and more complex character; the loss of an individual, so eminently gifted—so thoroughly acquainted with her various interests—cannot fail of being generally felt and deeply deplored. But, while we lament that any circumstance should have arisen to induce your present determination to leave these shores, we cannot but admire the firmness and magnanimity displayed by you, in the sacrifice of your personal interests, in opposing a measure which you conscientiously believed to be inimical to the prosperity of the country.

To the Inhabitants of Harbor Grace, in particular, you must, Sir, ever remain an object of admiration and esteem. The ashes of their town were yet unquenched, when, regardless of personal comfort, and at the risk of life, you promptly visited the scene of calamity; and, both as an individual, and the representative of His Majesty, most generously and liberally administered to their sufferings; evincing a sympathetic nobleness of mind, alike worthy of the man, and of the most exalted of all characters—the Christian.

In conclusion, Sir, permit us to assure you that, both in public and in private life, you have furnished an example, to be admired and imitated by all good men; and which cannot fail to produce those consolatory reflections, which are the certain fruits of unblemished integrity.

That the Omnipotent Disposer of events may grant you future prosperity and unalloyed happiness, are the fervent prayers of, Sir,

With profound respect,
Your most obt. Servants,
Signed by 288 Inhabitants.

Harbor Grace, 26th Oct. 1833.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg leave to offer, through you, my best and warmest thanks to the numerous Inhabitants of Harbor Grace, who have been pleased to present me with this gratifying address, on the eve of a separation which, there is reason to believe, will be final from most, and, perhaps, all of them.

Connected as I more immediately am with St. John's by a long residence in it, and by the many endearing ties, which that connection gave rise to, I have ever accustomed myself to remember that the appointment I held in this Island imposed on me the most sacred obligations towards the inhabitants of every part of it; and I have accordingly endeavoured, to the utmost extent of my ability and power, to advance the interests, and to promote the happiness of all of them. —But towards HARBOR GRACE, in particular, my feelings have been most powerfully excited by that sympathy for their sufferings, which constitutes one of the strongest links in that chain by which man is bound to his fellow-man. In my efforts, therefore, to relieve their distress, I followed the natural impulses of my heart, as well as the dictates of duty; and in the grateful sense they have before expressed of my services, and now so kindly repeat, at a moment when it is impossible that their sincerity can be doubted, I have been more than rewarded for the little good I have been able to do them.

The assurances I have received of their affectionate attachment to me, together with the belief, I fondly cherish I possess in no common degree, the respect and esteem of nearly the whole population of Newfoundland, have, indeed, proved a healing balm to a spirit which has, sometimes, been deeply wounded by recent events. Supported thus by the approbation of those who have had the best means of knowing my character, and of estimating the motives by which my public conduct has been uniformly guided; and confiding implicitly in the protection of Heaven, I enjoy tranquillity and peace of mind, under circumstances which, without those resources, would fill me with anxiety and solicitude. That the same steady confidence in the mercy and goodness of the Benevolent Ruler of the Universe, by which I have been comforted and sustained under every trial, may be felt by each Inhabitant of Harbor Grace, is the first wish I can offer for them, since it is that alone which can enable us to bear, in this life, all the various ills that "flesh is heir to;" and can, at the

same time, effectually arm us against the "sting of death." In other words, the great source of our consolation here, and the only sure foundation of our hopes hereafter.

R. A. TUCKER.

To Dr. Carson, and to J. Dunscomb and J. Sinclair, Esqrs.
St. John's, 30th Oct. 1833.

ADDRESSES TO RICHARD ALEXANDER TUCKER, ESQ.

From the Inhabitants of St. John's.

To RICHARD ALEXANDER TUCKER, Esq.

Sir,—We, the Inhabitants of St. John's, and its vicinity, cannot contemplate your approaching departure without being agitated by those feelings which will always excite a grateful community, when they behold talent that delighted, worth that they appreciated, and virtue that they loved, about to be alienated from them. The series of years you have been amongst us, filling the most exalted stations, has only tended to make more manifest the varied excellencies of your character, whether we view that character, in the exercise of the highest executive duties;—discharging the sacred functions of a Judge, or heightening the endearments of social life by your suavity of manners and polished conversation;—all these dignified and amiable traits now rush upon our minds, and feelings of sorrow overpower the grateful language of panegyric.

This expression of feeling, Sir, cannot be the exaggerated language of tasteless adulation: No—for since you came amongst us you have entirely identified yourself with the interests of the country.—Not satisfied with your laborious professional duties, you, by your exertions, have laid the foundation of the judicial history of Newfoundland—reducing into shape the chaos of former legal proceedings, and thereby in some degree securing that great desideratum in Courts of Justice—uniformity of decision;—and in your communications with the parent government, when advocating the interest of the people of Newfoundland, you flung aside the coldness of official forms, and argued their cause with the warmth and devotedness of a friend.

These recollections, Sir, are fresh in our memories, and at this moment press on us with double force. We know the manifestation of them must be gratifying to you; but you have a higher and more lasting cause for gratulation—the fidelity with which you discharged the various trusts committed to your care.—May this consideration brighten the horizon of your future prospects; and when, in another land, amidst the endearments of an adopted home, and surrounded by a virtuous family, when the refreshing recollection of your character in Newfoundland shoots across your mind, may the thought brighten your brow, and add a new charm to the calm and flowing serenity of your life.

(For and on behalf of the Meeting.)
J. BINGLEY GARLAND,
Chairman.

REPLY.

At the close of an official life, commenced under the most painfully distressing apprehensions, that my natural talents, and professional attainments, were not equal to the satisfactory discharge of the arduous and important duties of a situation, which the influence of my friends alone induced me to accept, in direct opposition to my own inclination and wishes, it cannot fail to be most soothing and gratifying to my feelings, to receive from such a numerous and respectable body, as the inhabitants of St. John's and its vicinity, that flattering testimony of their approbation and esteem, which this address so forcibly conveys.

Ascribing, as I certainly do, the far greater portion of the praise you are pleased to bestow on my conduct to your liberality in estimating the motives which have governed it, I do not hesitate to claim for myself every degree of merit to which the best and purest intentions can entitle me.

When my objections to take the appointment of Chief Judge of this Colony—founded exclusively upon a diffidence in the sufficiency of my qualifications for it—were, at length, silenced by the advice of my friends, and, in particular, by that of Mr. Forbes, I determined to try how far industry, zeal, independence, and integrity, could compensate for the absence of the more brilliant advantages of acute perception, persuasive eloquence, and sound learning, in all of which I know myself to be very deficient; and to retire from the Bench, whenever I should have the smallest ground to suspect, that I did not fill it with some credit to myself—with satisfaction to His Majesty's Government,—and with reasonable benefit to the suitors of the Court.

Entering upon office with these sentiments and resolutions, I can now truly affirm, that in the performance of my judicial functions, there was not a thought entertained, a word uttered, or a thing done, by me, which will not, I trust, be approved of by Him who is alone capable of "seeing the motive with the act;" and in retiring from office, after having spent the best years—the very noon-tide of my life, in your service, without de-

ceiving any addition of fortune from it—I hope I have given a convincing proof, that I have been always ready to prefer your interests to my own.

I have, indeed, ever taught myself to consider Public Offices as created, not for the aggrandizement of individuals—but for the good of society; and to believe, that the great end and design of all legitimate Government is, not to enrich and elevate a few persons, but to extend protection, and diffuse happiness, amongst the greatest possible number of them.

By this principle, as by a Polar Star, I have been invariably guided through the whole course of my proceedings, both as Judge and Acting Governor; and the first wish, that the most affectionate regard for you, and every member of this community, can suggest is, that to superior ability and power, my successor may unite as strong a desire to promote your welfare as I have ever felt—a stronger it is, I am convinced, impossible for him to feel.

In thanking you once more for this gratifying Address, I beg leave to assure you, that wherever I may go, or whatever the colour of my future life may be, whether brightened by the cheerful sunbeams of prosperity, or darkened by the black clouds of adversity, I shall carry with me a feeling of sincere attachment to you all; and that no distance of space or time, can sever the ties which indissolubly bind my heart to Newfoundland.

R. A. TUCKER.

St. John's, 28th October, 1833.

From the Fishermen and Shoremen's Society of St. John's.

To RICHARD ALEXANDER TUCKER, Esq. Vice-Patron of the Association of Fishermen and Shoremen, &c. &c. &c.

RESPECTED SIR,—The Members of the Association of Fishermen and Shoremen would be unmindful of their duty to themselves, as well as of the justice they owe to you, Sir, were they to permit you to leave these shores without a public expression of their humble, but heartfelt, gratitude for the eminent and lasting services they have received at your hands.

We bear in fond and grateful recollection that, when our institution was in its infancy, you, Sir, were foremost in offering your invaluable patronage and support; and it has ever since continued an object of your solicitude and care. We are, therefore, sure you will now be rejoiced to learn of the progressive and steady advancement of the Society, in wealth, respectability and numbers.

We cannot, however, Sir, on a painfully interesting occasion like the present, when about to bid you farewell—probably for ever!—be selfish enough to confine your great worth within the limited circle of our institution. No, Sir—for, from whatever point we view your public or private character, we find every thing to excite our veneration and respect.

The anxious desire manifested by you to promote, on every occasion, while administering the government of this Island, the happiness and comfort of our families—the ready disposition you have ever evinced to alleviate the distresses and to protect the interests of the poor—the paternal solicitude which prompted you, when we were threatened with a devastating scourge, to shed a lustre on our humble dwellings, by your respected presence, inspiring by your precept, cheering by your example,—your exemplary conduct in hastening, at great personal risk, at a period of great calamity in a neighbouring town, to comfort our destitute brethren, to soothe them in their afflictions;—these, Sir, are the Heaven-born acts which have endeared you to us, collectively and individually, and which will ever remain deeply engraven on our hearts. Your upright conduct, your unbending integrity, while presiding on the Judgment Bench—your sincere wish to guard the rights and to uphold the moral character of the poor Fishermen and Shoremen of Newfoundland—the lessons of virtue, wisdom, and morality, which you there inculcated, have won for you what kings or princes can neither bestow or take away—the gratitude and affection of a whole people.

Of your private virtues, Sir, it would not become us to speak—they are far beyond our feeble eulogium; but they carry with them their own reward.

Having reason to fear our separation will be a final one, we the more deeply regret the loss that we, in common with the inhabitants of this Island, will sustain, by the departure from amongst us of so great and good a friend, so invaluable a benefactor; and, in giving utterance to these feelings, we feel confident we speak the united sentiments of the humble, but influential, class of the community to which we belong.

Of this, Sir, you may, however, rest assured, that, in whatever land your future lot may be cast, the blessings of the Fishermen and Shoremen of Newfoundland will accompany you—their prayers will ever ascend to the throne of Heaven for your every happiness.

Signed by the Committee of Relief.

[The Reply to the above is unavoidably omitted till next week.]

The mean temperature of the month of October was 47.25. the highest degree observed was 66, noon of the 4th, and the lowest 29, on the night of the 1st.

MARRIED.—On Thursday last, at the Wesleyan Chapel, in this town, by the Rev. James G. Hennigar, Mr. John Gilanay, to Ann Parsons, of Otterbery.

ARRIVALS.—At Harbour Grace, from Liverpool, (via St. John's,) Mr. Thomas Marks. ---In the *Elizabeth*, from Liverpool, B. Henderson, Esq., Mr. Wm. Henderson, and P. Brown, Esq., M. C. P.

DEPARTURES.—In the *Kingaloch*, for New-York, R. A. Tucker, Esq., Mrs. Tucker, and family.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Oct. 29.---Brig St. Patrick, Hunt, Hamburg; 200 firkins butter, 40 bis. pork, 10 bis. beef, 40 bis. flour, 30 bis. oatmeal, 20 bis. peas, 750 bags bread, 2 casks shoes, 8000 bricks, 18 coils cordage, 12 cwt. oakum and spunyarn.
30.---Brig Elizabeth, Evill, Liverpool; 50 tons coals, 160 bis. flour, 60 bags bread, 2000 bricks, 20 boxes soap, 20 boxes candles, 12 crates 5 puns. earthenware, 22 bales woollens, cottons, and haberdashery, 20 boxes window-glass, 30 boxes soap, 3 bags of coffee, 4 tierces of rice, 30 fir. butter, and sundry merchandise.
November 2.---Brig Hit or Miss, Roberts, Mirinichi; 49,781 feet board and plank, and 12M. shingles, 10 spars.

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.
Brig Gem, McKenzie, Liverpool; 25 tons of coals, 1 hhd. leaf tobacco, 206 boxes soap, 11 bis. 28 kegs painters' colours and materials, 16 bis. pitch, 16 bis. coal tar, 20 kegs gunpowder, 34 boxes candles, 1 hhd. leaf sugar, 23 hampers cheese, 14 pun. 4 crates earthenware, 67 bis. 20 lb. bis. pork, 30 firkins butter, 4 crates bottled beer, 30 bis. flour, 2 pieces geneva, 3 tierces rice, 4 hhd. brandy, and sundry merchandise.
31.---Schooner Wellington, Odell, Halifax; 145 bis. flour, 48 bis. corn meal, 10 bis. rosin, 376 bushels potatoes, 6 M shingles.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, PORT-DE-GRAVE.

BRIGUS.

ENTERED.
Oct. 20.---Brig Comet, Cole, Hamburg; 200 bis. flour, 100 firkins butter, 50 bis. peas, 50 bis. oatmeal, 25 sacks oats, 10½ cwt. oakum, 48 hams, 3 cases cheese, 10 hides sole leather, 2 bales sail cloth, 1 case glassware, 611 bags bread, 8000 bricks, 2 pipes gin.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.
Oct. 21.---Schooner Mary, Petitpas, Halifax; flour, molasses.
Schooner Jolly Tar, Vigneau, Antigonish; cattle, sheep, &c.
Schooner William, Cameron, Halifax; flour, bread, pork, tar.
Schooner Loyal William, Lampied, Jersey; potatoes, bricks, &c.
Schooner Scipio, Graham, Bridgeport; coal.
Schooner Annabella, O'Neill, Bridgeport; coal.
Schooner Madeira, Ross, Greenock and Hamburg; bread, coal, &c.
Schooner Joseph, Terrio, Bay Vert; board, billets, sheep.
23.---Schooner Eliza, Brien, Boston; flour, pork, rice, bread, &c.
Schooner James, Richards, P. E. Island; scantling, sheep, coal.
Schooner Oneas, M'Donald, Miramichi; shingles, lumber.
Brig Mary, Matterface, Hamburg; flour, bread, butter, oatmeal, &c.

CLEARED.

Oct. 22.---Brig Leander, M'Ausland, Cork; oil, fish.
Schooner Charles King, Dollivar, St. John N. B.; fish.
Schooner Thistle, Clark, Halifax; fish.
23.---Schooner Reliance, Gosbee, Halifax; fish.
Schooner Willing Lass, Watt, Halifax;
Brig Paget, Petty, Barbadoes; fish, herrings.
24.---Brig Caroline, Hellyer, Gibraltar; fish.
Schooner Mary, Pottle, Halifax; fish.
Schooner Lottery, Bell, Demerara; fish.
Schooner Scipio, Graham, Sydney; fish.
Brig Hannah, Underhill, Gibraltar; fish.
25.---Spanish Brig Piedad, D'Arzuza, Bilbao; fish.
Brigantine Palmetto, George, Grenada; fish.
Brig Louisa Maria, Gamble, Naples; fish.
Schooner Jolly Tar, Vigneau, Arichat; ballast.
Schooner Augusta Ann, Darrell, Barbadoes; fish, salmon.

NOTICES.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

BEGS to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that he has now open and ready for inspection at his

NEW SHOP,

(Near Mr. GAMBLE'S)
AN ASSORTMENT OF USEFUL AND FASHIONABLE GOODS, Which he will dispose of on Very REASONABLE TERMS.
S. PROWSE, JR.
Carbonear, November, 6, 1833.

FOR SALE at the Office of this Journal the CUSTOM-HOUSE PAPERS necessary for the ENTRY and CLEARANCE of Vessels, under the New Regulations.

SALE by AUCTION. ON THURSDAY,

The 13th November, AND FOLLOWING DAYS, (In Lots to suit Purchasers), A QUANTITY OF MANUFACTURED GOODS, Remains of the Estate of the late W. S. SCOTT, viz.---

- 18 Pieces superfine Blue (broad and narrow) Cloths
- 6 Pieces ditto Brown ditto
- 2 Pieces ditto Black ditto
- 1 Piece ditto Oxford Grey ditto
- 3 Pieces Olive, Drab, and Blue Flushing
- 1 Piece real Padding
- 6 Pieces Blanketing
- 8 Pieces Dark Fustian
- 12 Pieces fancy Waistcoating
- 6 Pieces Dowlas
- 10 Pieces Cotton Tick
- 50 Pieces Printed Cotton
- 6 Pieces Cambric Muslin
- 30 Coloured Counterpanes
- 10 doz. White and Black Wadding
- 10 Grey Fur Tippets, 4 Boas
- 10 Grey and Black Beaver Bonnets
- 14 Men's Beaver Hats
- 4 Pieces White Cotton
- 4 Blue and Black Cloth Cloaks
- 2 Pieces Swiss Dress
- 6 Dozen Men's Leather Gloves
- 12 Calf-skins
- 2 Boxes 8 by 10 and 2 ditto 7 by 9 Glass
- 28 Decanters
- 3 Dozen Tea Waiters
- 1 M. Juniper Plank
- 1 Metal Stove with Funnelling complete
- 1 Brass Lamp, Three Lights, with Glasses complete
- 1 Glass Chandelier, Three Lights
- 1 SILVER WATCH, warranted to keep good time

WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF Men's Ready Made Cloths, And a variety of other Articles too numerous for insertion.

ALSO, An Excellent Black HORSE,

Gentle in Saddle or Harness. THOMAS GAMBLE, Executor. Carbonear, Nov. 6, 1833.

ON SALE.

THOMAS BIDLEY & CO. Offer for Sale, At very Low Prices, FOR FISH PAYMENT,

THE CARGO OF THE BRIG EXETER, Just arrived from Hamburg, viz.

- 1,350 Bags Biscuit, 1st, 2d, and 3d quality
- 29 Barrels Peas
- 20 Barrels Oatmeal
- 92 Coils Cordage
- 12 Coils Spunyarn
- 83 Bundles Oakum
- 15,000 Bricks.

Harbour Grace, Nov. 6, 1833.

BY COLLINGS & LEGG,

THE CARGO OF The the Schooner WELLINGTON, from HALIFAX,

- CONSISTING OF
- 100 Barrels Superfine Flour
- 50 Barrels Middlings D.tto
- 50 Barrels Rye Ditto
- 50 Barrels Indian Meal
- 10 Barrels Beef
- 10 Barrels Pork
- 20 Firkins Butter
- 50 M. Shingles.

Carbonear, Nov. 6, 1833.

NOTICE.

PUT on Shore from the Brig Wilberforce, from Liverpool, and now in the Store of Messrs. T. CHANCEY and Co.,

One Bundle Tar Brushes Large Paper Parcel (Both of which are without Mark.)

Any Person who can substantiate a claim to the above, may receive them by applying to Messrs. T. CHANCEY and Co., and paying Expenses. Carbonear, Nov. 1, 1833.

NOTICES.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS TO THE Four Quarters of the World.

EUROPE.—Gibraltar, Malta, Zante, Alexandria.
ASIA.—Ceylon and Continental India.
AFRICA.—SIERRA LEONE, RIVER GAMBIA, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, CAFFRARIA, AND THE BOSQUHANA COUNTRY.
AMERICA.—The West Indies, Bermuda, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada, and Newfoundland.
AUSTRALIA.—New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and the Friendly Islands.

The Public are respectfully informed that the ANNIVERSARY of the Carbonear Branch Society, In aid of the above MISSIONS will be held at the WESLEYAN CHAPEL, TO-MORROW EVENING, THURSDAY, Nov. 7. CHAIR TO BE TAKEN At Half-past SIX o'clock. Carbonear, November 6, 1833.

DESERTED from the service of the Subscriber, contrary to express agreement, MICHAEL MARA, a native of Ireland, about 40 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, dark complexion. Said MARA shipped to serve as fiddler and shoemaker, from the 17th inst. until the 1st of March next.

Whoever harbours or employs said MICHAEL MARA, will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.

LIKewise, deserted from the Subscriber, MATHEW GUINAN, a native of Ireland, about 26 years of age, of rather light complexion, 5 feet 6 inches in height, who shipped for SIX MONTHS, from the 16th inst.

Whoever harbours or employs said MATHEW GUINAN, will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.

BENJAMIN REES.

Carbonear, Novmber 1, 1833.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of JAMES GOULD, of Cloyne, County of Cork, Ireland, but late of Carbonear, Conception Bay, are requested to furnish their Accounts, duly attested to the Subscriber; and all Persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby desired to make immediate payment.

her CATHERINE x GOULD. mark. Adm'r.

Carbonear, October 30, 1833.

Prize Medals.

IT is hereby announced that the Natural History Society of Montreal has resolved to offer Four MEDALS for the best ESSAYS presented during the present year:—

Three Subjects have been chosen and a Medal is offered—

- 1st. For the best Essay on the Fish and Fluviatile Shells of Canada.
- 2d. For the best Essay on the Climate of Canada.
- 3d. For the best Essay on the Minerals of Canada.

4th. A fourth Medal is offered for the best Essay on any other subject connected with Natural History.

The conditions are— 1st. The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th of February, 1834.

2. The Essays may be in French or English.

3d. The names and residences of the authors must be concealed; to ensure which, each Essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied by a sealed note superscribed with the same motto, and containing the name and residence of the Author. This note shall only be opened in the case of the Essay being declared worthy of a Prize, otherwise, it shall be destroyed.

4th. The successful Essays shall remain the property of the Society.

5th. The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays are to be addressed to A. F. HOLMES, M. D. Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR, Recording Secretary.

Montreal, July 11, 1833.

The Editors of all public papers in the British Provinces, will confer a favour on the Society by giving an insertion to the above, or by noticing it in the editorial columns of their journals.

SALE by AUCTION.

The Trustees of the Insolvent Estate of Mr. CHARLES COZENS, Will offer for SALE, ON MONDAY, THE 25TH NOV. AT BRIGUS,

THE FOLLOWING VERY VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, Particulars of which will be published in Handbills, previous to the Day of Sale; viz.---

- LOT 1.—A commodious FARM-YARD adjoining the Insolvent's Dwelling-house, containing a large stone Barn, Stabling, Cart-house, Piggery, &c., &c., with one half the Meadow adjoining.
- 2.—The Western part, or about half the MEADOW adjoining the Farm-Yard, and one half the POND therein.
- 3.—A Piece of GROUND and DWELLING-HOUSE, lately occupied by Mr. HAVES.
- 4.—MOUNT DORSET FARM, consisting of 80 Acres of rich and highly cultivated Land, with extensive Erections thereon. (This Farm will be offered in one, two, or three Lots, as may hereafter be determined.)
- 5.—A PIECE of GROUND, South of Mount Dorset, and adjoining the road to Cochrane Dale.
- 6.—The SOUTH or MOUNT PLEASANT FARM, consisting of 60 Acres of excellent Land, chiefly under cultivation, with several valuable Erections.
- 7.—That celebrated Farm, COCHRANE DALE, comprising the Good's Farm of about 250 Acres of Tillage, Meadow, and Woodland, with many valuable buildings thereon.
- 8.—JUNIPER STUMP FARM, consisting of about 150 Acres of excellent Land, about 20 of which are under cultivation.
- 9.—SHEPPARD'S FARM, on the Cupid's Road, comprising about 20 Acres of cultivated Land, Dwelling and Out-houses.
- 10.—The valuable and commodious PREMISES at CUPID'S.
- 11.—The convenient PREMISES at KILLIGREWS, with Tillage and Meadow Land thereto attached.
- 12.—The Water-side PREMISES, Two Oil Vats, Iron Boiler, large Flake, Wharf, and rage of Building Ground.
- 13.—The Insolvent's Interest in the HOUSE at present occupied by Mr. JAMES ENGLISH, —Garden, Stage, and Flake.
- 14.—That excellent DWELLING-HOUSE with SHOP, GARDEN, and OUT-HOUSES, formerly occupied by the Insolvent.

ALSO,

To foreclose MORTGAGES thereon, several FISHING ROOMS and DWELLING-HOUSES, situated in Brigus and its vicinity.

4 HORSES, 4 HEIFERS SHEEP and LAMBS Carts, Ploughs, Sleigh, and Canadian Waggon. Farm Utensils; also, a large quantity of Hay, Straw, Potatoes, &c. The HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

THE

Cutter ALERT,

21 Tons.

For further Particulars apply to W. J. HERVEY, Trustees to the C. F. BENNETT, Insolvent Estate of C. COZENS, St. John's; Or, to Wm. SWEETLAND, Agent, Brigus. St. John's, Oct. 16.

FOR SALE

BILLS OF EXCHANGE

ON LIVERPOOL, payable in LONDON, at 60 Days Sight, in suitable Sets.—Apply to

THOMAS CHANCEY & Co.

Carbonear, October 9, 1833.

At the Office of this Paper, A quantity of Pinnock's Catechisms, viz.: History of Greece, History of Rome, History of England, Chemistry, Astronomy, Latin Grammar, Navigation, Modern History and Ancient History.

Also,

The Charter House Latin Grammar School Prize Books (handsomely bound) Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God, 2 vols. (plates) Sequel to Murray's English Reader Pinnock's Histories of Greece, Rome, and England

Bonycastle's Mensuration And sundry other School Books. Sealing Wax India Rubber WRITING PARCHMENT of a very superior quality, and large size Carbonear, July 3, 1833.

SELINGENSTADT.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Have you ever been in Germany? If not, I would recommend you to lose no time in visiting a very peculiar, and (to me at least) a very interesting country. Pass from Dover to Calais—from Calais to Paris, where you may honestly devote a few weeks to the examination of that place which the ambition of Napoleon would have elevated into "the miniature metropolis of the universe"—from Paris to Strasburgh, where you cannot help visiting the cathedral, the finest Gothic building in Europe, the most symmetrical in its beautiful harmony of proportion, the most graceful and elegant, because the most pure and simple in its architecture—from Strasburgh to Baden—from Baden to Heidelberg, whose famous tun is still extant, but without a single drop of Rhenish in its capacious bulk—and from Heidelberg to Frankfort on the Maine.

This is a long route; and you may dread that the object of this paper is to give you an itinerary. You will find yourself mistaken—the object has been to place you in the scene of a story, which (if I do not mar it in the telling) possesses some interest.

Frankfort lies on the right bank of the river Maine. As you intend visiting it, I shall not forestall your pleasure by an attempt at description. I hate your guide books, which tell you how this was built, and how that was burned—pointing out the beauties which you had much rather discover with your own eyes. For my own part, I hate visiting any place of which I have read high flown descriptions. You have nothing to see, all is anticipated. You leave the place with a hearty curse at the minute details of the guide-book, and repent having lost your time, temper, and cash in a pursuit which is so profitless and tame. Take my advice, and follow my example—if you are about taking a tour, do not read any travels beforehand. See with your own eyes, not to the descriptions of others.

You may rest at Frankfort for a few days. Perhaps you will examine the cathedral, with its beautiful and unfinished tower—or see the Römer, within whose walls the German emperors were elected and crowned. The senate of Frankfort now hold their sittings in the election chamber. Look at their copy of the far famed golden bull. If so, unless you happen to arrive in the bustle of Michaelmas fair, (second only to that of Leipzig) you will have seen all that Frankfort has to boast of, and can leave it with little regret, to accompany me up the Maine, to the village of Selingensstadt, ("the Abode of Bliss,") about a dozen miles from Frankfort.

This village is delightfully situated, close by the bank of the river. It has a large forest in its rear, an outskirt of the Spessart,—a fine open champaign, on the opposite bank, before it. High above the petty houses which compose this little place, stands the "Red Tower,"—an edifice well known to the lovers of romance.

The best house in the village is the auberge, over which, some years ago, a host presided, whose capacious size and rotund figure involuntarily reminded one of the Great Tun of Heidelberg. The Herr Von Cöthen was a genuine German. His merchant seldom left his lips—except when the wine cup (an hereditary goblet of massy silver, won at a drinking bout by one of his ancestors) was raised to them. The man seemed but to live for the purpose of smoking, sleeping, and drinking. Not that he ever was known to be what is called "disguised in liquor,"—he protested that such a quantity of clay as himself required moisture, and unquestionably he took good care to moisten it. It was my fortune to know him for the space of three months, and I can safely say that, with one exception, I never knew him venture on any deviation from his trinity of practices, the aforementioned drinking, smoking, and sleeping. The Herr Von Cöthen had a great dislike to the labour of conversation. His "puff" went for a signal of assent. Was he angry, a quick succession of short puffs told of his wrath—was he pleased, the tobacco smoke gracefully curled round his head in a halo.

The exception to his taciturnity took place in this wise. We had spent a pleasant day in what was the Spessart forest, and were returning home, when the Red Tower met our view. We were weary, and threw ourselves on a mossy bank, beneath the shadow of a mighty tree, where, in a few moments, both of us fell asleep. I was awakened by the voice of my companion. I kept silence while the Herr Von Cöthen broke into an unexpected burst of eloquence, and dilated loudly and long on the delights of the feudal days, when the lord had power of life and death within his territorial limits. He spoke well, for a German host, and the novelty of his speaking was yet more. If a hidden "gift of tongue" had bodily fallen before me, I could not have been more astonished than I felt at the outpourings of my companion's spirit. True, there was not a very lucid order in his conversation, but this could easily be pardoned in one to whom language had almost fallen into disuse. Von Cöthen lay on the ground at listless length, while telling a tale somewhat to the following effect.

Some centuries ago there was an Emperor Nero, (no relative of him of Rome) who came, after the manner of the times, to celebrate his Christmas holidays at Frankfort. He was devotedly fond of the chase, and held nearly an equal affection for his daughter, a maiden over whom some seventeen summers had lightly flown. She was, indeed, if there be truth in legendary report, a very delightful, and innocent creature. But her charms were even less than the rare purity of her mind—the soft and gentle character of her feelings. Born in a cottage, she would have cheered the poor man's lot—brought up amid the magnificence of an imperial court, she won at once the envy of one sex, and the earnest admiration of the other. Such beauty of person and goodness of heart could not remain unknown; and (being an only child) many of the princes of the empire put in their claim for her hand. But the lady's heart was pre-engaged; and she paid little attention to the compliments of her many royal wooers.

Clorinda, thus was she called, had set her affections upon one far beneath herself in rank. Like

"The king's daughter of Hongarie,"

who

"Loved a squire a low degree,"

the daughter of the Emperor Nero had given her heart's first love to a young man, one of her father's huntsmen.

It is impossible to say how the secret was discovered, but certain it is that the princess was placed in close confinement, and her lover would have been summarily and severely dealt with, but he had taken flight, and pursuit was useless, no one knowing in what direction he had fled. To do the young man justice, he had anticipated the discovery of a secret dear to him as his life, and taken steps accordingly. Deep in the hidden haunts of the Spessart, he had found a cave—probably the former residence of some religious ascetic—and he had made the best provision in his power for that decisive step which, love whispered, the princess would not refuse to take—for his sake and her own. While she, in tears, sat in the solitude of her chamber, her Ludolf was busy in making preparations for her rescue.

Whenever princesses fall in love with their father's huntsmen, it is usual for royalty to be utterly appalled. Accordingly, the Emperor was in a most magnificent passion, and not only gave strict orders that the princess should be confined to her own chamber, but actually went, and, with his own royal hands, affixed an extra bolt to the door. It was a pity, after so much goaler-like care, that his imperial majesty should have forgotten that the window was unfastened, and not more than six feet from the ground!

The next morning, however, he made the discovery—just a few hours too late. The bird had flown, and the poor old Emperor pined after her so bitterly, that no unmarried lady of the court but would have been right glad to console him, had he offered her his hand. But, much to the disappointment of their kind and philanthropic intentions, his majesty did not see how he could atone for the loss of a daughter by taking a wife.

The princess and her Ludolf (who had assisted her out of her confinement) lived as happily "beneath the green wood" as if there had never been such things as courts or princes,—emperors or principalities.—They loved one another, earnestly and well, and (but this was long ago!) had no wish for a return to the crowds of society. Even if they had, there would be no safety in attempting it, for how could either hope for forgiveness?

So they lived like wedded folks in the golden age, each being all to the other.—Sometimes, no doubt, the princess would cast a grateful thought to the old man, her father; but, by degrees, there was less of compunction in the memory,—and the society of two beautiful children soon chased away the deeper contemplations which the heart, even in the midst of happiness, would sometimes indulge in. Meanwhile, the loss of his daughter fell heavily on the Emperor. She was the sole living thing to whom his hopes had long been linked, and all the father and the man was shaken by the uncertainty of her fate, and her absence from those places over which her smiles threw a radiance, beautiful as the last tints of dying day upon the snow-crowned hills. The old man said little, but his grief was deep. Pride would not permit him to yield to open lamentations, but in secret he shed many a tear. His household gods were shivered by his hearth, and, like Rachel mourning for her children, he would not be comforted.

He quitted Frankfort, and many years elapsed before he again saw the place with which were linked so many and such sad memories. He had laid aside his usual sports—the huntsman's spear had rarely been held by him since that day on which he lost a daughter; and it was with some surprise the court heard him announce that he would hold a hunting match on the morrow.

Five years had lessened his endurance of fatigue; and it was with some pleasure that, at the close of the day, when the ardour of the chase had separated him from his suite, he found himself beside a rustic hut, at the

door of which, two lovely children were playing. To dismount from his wearied steed, to enter the cottage, and to request refreshment, was but the work of a moment; and instant preparations were made for his repast.

The Emperor had fallen upon the residence of his long lost and still loved daughter. Ludolf was a successful deer-stealer; and the fruits of the earth furnished them with abundant food. Besides, Ludolf had learned that the Emperor had quitted Frankfort soon after the loss of the princess, and felt little hesitation in visiting the market there, to exchange deer and other skins for necessaries—sometimes even for a few of the luxuries to which his Clorinda had been accustomed, which she had left for him. Frugal in their habits, in their desires, they had lived happily—without a wish for change.

The graceful girl had budded into the maturity of womanhood, and, farther changed by her rustic attire, the Emperor did not know his child. She knew him at a single glance, and there came quick throbbing, glad memories of the past, wild hopes of the future.—The sole repast which their situation permitted, on the instant, was some venison, poached by Ludolf in the Emperor's own forest.

What limit is there to woman's wit? Clorinda prepared the repast with her own hands, serving up a dish which she remembered to have been a favourite with her father—of which, too, he had never eaten except when it was prepared by his daughter's hands. Scarcely had he tasted the food ere the tears fell, fast and bitterly, for her whose memory neither time or anger could destroy; and he eagerly enquired from whom his young hostess had learned to prepare that dish.

The princess and her husband fell at the old man's feet: the Emperor was still a father; his kind heart remembered only that his daughter was before him: all was forgotten and forgiven; he named the place Selingensstadt, or the Abode of Bliss (in double commemoration of his daughter and his dinner); he carried the happy family with him to his palace: eat his favourite meal as often as he wished, to his dying day; gave his daughter the Red Tower as a marriage gift; the lovers built a church where their but had stood, and when they died were buried within its walls.

Such were the particulars which the Herr Von Cöthen communicated to me. The next day I made some enquiries respecting the story, which seemed obscure in some parts, and the old man sternly denied having uttered a syllable on the subject, appealing to his well-known taciturnity as evidence that he was no story teller. He admitted, however, that I had picked up the popular legend, but still denied having told me. After much trouble I was obliged to be satisfied with the explanation, although it did not give me a very high opinion of the veracity of my host. Some six months afterwards, as I was looking at Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, in the Dresden Gallery, I met with Augustus Saalfeld, whom I had known at Göttingen. We spent the day together, and I told, *inter alia*, the mistake into which Von Cöthen had fallen respecting the narration of the above tale. Saalfeld smiled, and dissipated my wonder by informing me that the worthy host of the Abode of Bliss was notorious as a somnambulist—being the best story teller within twenty leagues of Frankfort—in his sleep!

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A Lucchese peasant being one day out shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found; and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad; and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying with the door open, to let in the last air that he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bedside, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he at least was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of cold water, and, thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family.

The statement is made in a memoir by Professor Barbantini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease, so strongly dependent on the imagination, might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.—*London Weekly Review*.

SULPHUR A SECURITY AGAINST MEASLES.—The following account of the effects of sulphur, in affording security against the infection of measles, has been lately published by the Medical Society of Tours:—"In a family of four children, two took the flowers of sulphur night and morning, and were entirely preserved from the contagious influence

of the disease, although they continued to live in the same atmosphere, and were allowed to communicate freely with the other children who had the disease. Two of five adults, who lived in the same house, contracted measles; one had before had the disease! They had employed no precautionary means. In another family, one child had measles; three other children were not separated from the other patient; they took, night and morning, sulphur mixed in sugar, and escaped the disease. The dose of the sulphur should be from two to six or eight grains, according to the age. In another case, an infant took the sulphur as soon as the disease had clearly manifested itself in his brother. In eight days, however, the measles appeared, but the malady ran so favourable a course, that it was probable the preservative effects of the remedy had some influence. Four other children were treated in a similar manner; they were designedly exposed to the contagion, but entirely escaped." Sulphur, being an aperient and sudorific, given at the time of sickening, and continued during the progress of measles, is very likely to render the disease mild, and to protect the lungs against the serious mischief which, in scrofulous subjects, frequently takes place during measles and hooping-cough, and to prevent secondary fever.—*Gazette of Health*.

WELLINGTON, ANGLESEA, AND HILL.—Whoever has seen the Duke of Wellington ride through the park, has seen him exactly as he looks in the hour of battle; for his manner and appearance change in nothing whatever. Even the intense attention he pays to the scenes of war, differs little from the attention he pays to any matter of consequence that comes before him in ordinary life, as the natural energy of his character always gives an appearance of intensesness to his attention, whenever it is seriously called for. The Marquis of Anglesea is far more animated; and were Bayard to rise from the dead, in order to confer a crown for gallant soldiery, it would probably be placed on the brows of the intrepid Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Hill is composed, and never on any occasion, loses that amenity and kindness of manner that gained for him the appellation of the "soldier's friend"—as proud a title, perhaps, as any acquired during the war; for it was granted by the soldiers themselves. Whether, on his lordship's retirement from the Horse-guards, the officers who have only service and merit to recommend them, will add to it the title of the "officer's friend," is a different question. That this has yet to be deserved; and whoever shall really deserve it, will deserve well of his country, and prove himself the soldier's best friend.

A SIMILE.—Men are like the chameleon; they take a new colouring from the objects they are among; the reptile itself never alters in shape or substance.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A man of wit and humour, who sets the table in a roar, is often, after a time, very fatiguing. There are seasons when lilarity disgusts; sorrow is sacred—and he who is unacquainted with it has not a human heart. The comic smile that peeps in a wrong place, is a poisonous demoralization. It gratifies our spleen to laugh when we ought to be indignant, because ridicule implies a feeling of superiority over the object ridiculed, whereas indignation gives consequence to that which causes it. But all this is too often a self-delusion.—*Frazier's Magazine*.

POETRY.

UNA'S WEDLING DAY.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

Hark! the chime of merry bells;
See! the ways with flowers bestrewn—
Every peal and garland tells
Of weeping eyes and sad farewells,
For the bride is gone!
Gone!—to us no coming day
Shall her gentle smile restore—
What availeth white array,
Floating veil or chaplet gay?
She is ours no more!

She was fair, and soft, and kind;
Care in vain her sweetness tried;
O! of all she leaves behind,
None have such a heart resigned,
Should mischance betide.
We're a proud and silent race,
But with all her love imbore;
Now, her bright and beaming face
In her father's dwelling place
Shines, alas! no more!

He is young, and fond, and bold,
Who hath taken her hence to-day;
Nought by proud ambition told,
Nought of flattery, nought of gold,
Lured our bird away;
With her soldier at her side,
What's to her the ocean's roar,
Foreign climes, and skies untried?
Joy attend the happy bride,
Ours—no more! no more!

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