



AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. II.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1835.

No. 54.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

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 continuance 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.

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.

April 10

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET, BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them very gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the COVE, *Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays*, at 9 o'clock in the Morning and the COVE at 12 o'clock, on *Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, the Packet Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS

After Cabin Passengers, 10s. each.
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Crute's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort, and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers7s. 6d.
Servants & Children5s.
Single Letters6d.
Double Do.1s.
And Packages in proportion.

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace,
May 4, 1835.

THE TWINS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The Kirk of Auchindown stands, with its burial grounds on a little green hill, surrounded by an irregular and straggling village, or rather about a hundred hamlets clustering round it, with their fields and gardens. A few of these gardens come close up to the church yard wall, and in spring time many of the fruit trees hang rich and beautiful over the adjacent graves. The voices and laughter of the children at play on the green before the parish school, or their composed murmur when at their various lessons together in the room, may be distinctly heard over all the burial ground—so may the song of the maidens going to the well;—while all around the singing of the birds is thick and hurried; and a small rivulet, as if brought there to be an emblem of passing time, glides away beneath the mossy wall, murmuring continually a dream like tune, around the silent dwellings of the dead.

In the quiet of the evening, after the Elder's funeral, my venerable friend and father took me with him into the churchyard. We walked to the eastern corner, where as we approached, I saw a monument standing almost by itself, and even at that distance appeared to be of a somewhat different character from any other over all the burying ground. And now we stood close to and before it.

It was a low monument, of the purest white marble, simple, but perfectly elegant and graceful withal, and upon its unadorned slab lay the sculptured images of two children asleep in each other's arms. All round it was a small piece of greenest ground, without the protection of any rail, but obviously belonging to the monument. It shone, without offending them, among the simpler or ruder burial grounds round about it, and although the costliness of the materials, the affecting beauty of the design, and the delicacy of its execution, all showed that there slept the offspring neither of poor or low in life, yet so meekly and sadly did it lift up its unstained little walls, and so well did its unusual elegance meet and blend with the character of the common tombs, that no heart could see it without sympathy, and without owning that it was a pathetic ornament of a place, filled with the ruder memorials of the very humblest dead.

"There lie two of the sweetest children," said the old man, "that ever delighted a mother's soul—two English boys—scions of a noble stem. They were of a decayed family of high lineage; and had they died in their own country a hundred years ago, they would have been let down into a vault with all the pomp of religion. Methinks fair flowers they are now sleeping as meekly here.

"Six years ago I was an old man, and wished to have silence and stillness in my house, that my communion with Him before whom I expected every day to be called might be undisturbed. Accordingly my Manse, that used to ring with boyish glee, was now quiet: when a lady elegant, graceful, beautiful, young, and a widow, came to my dwelling, and her soft, sweet, silver voice told me that she was from England—she was the relict of an officer slain in war, and having heard a dear friend of her husband's who had lived in my house, speak of his happy and innocent time here, she earnestly requested me to receive beneath my roof her two sons. She herself lived with the bed-ridden mother of her dear husband; and anxious for the growing minds of her boys, she sought to commit them a short time to my care. They and their mother soon won an old man's heart, and I could say nothing in opposition to her request but that I was upwards of three score and ten years.—But I am living still and that is their monument."

We sat down at these works, on the sloping headstone of a grave, just opposite to this little beautiful structure, and without entreaty, and as if to bring back upon his heart the delight of old tender remembrance,

es, the venerable man continued fervently thus to speak.

"The lady left them with me in the Manse—surely the two most beautiful and engaging creatures that ever died in youth. They were twins. Like were they to each other, as two plumaged doves of one colour, or two flowers with the same blossoms and the same leaves. They were dressed alike, and whatever they wore, in they did they seem more especially beautiful. Their hair was the same, a bright auburn, their voices were as one—so that the twins were inseparable in my love, whether I beheld them, or my dim eyes were closed. From the first hour they were left alone with me, and without their mother, in the Manse, did I begin to love them, nor were they slow in returning an old man's affections. They stole up to my side, and submitted their smooth glossy, leaning heads to my withered and trembling hand, nor for a while could I tell, as the sweet beings came gliding gladsomely near me, which was Edward and which was Henry; and often did they in loving playfulness try to deceive my loving heart. But they could not defraud each other of their tenderness, for whatever the one received, that was ready to be bestowed upon the other.—To love the one more than the other, was impossible.

"Sweet creatures! It was not long before I learned to distinguish them. That which seemed to me at first so perfectly the same soon unfolded itself out into many delicate varieties, and then I wondered how I ever could have mistaken them for one another. Different shadows played upon their hair, that of the one being silky and smooth, and of the other slightly curled at the edges, and clustering thickly when he flung his locks back in playfulness of joy.—His eyes, though of a hazel hue like that of his brother, were considerably lighter, and a smile seemed native there: while those of the other seemed almost dark, and fitter for the mist of tears.—Dimples marked the cheeks of the one, but those of the other were paler and smooth.—Their voices too, when I listened to them, and knew their character, had a faint fluctuating difference of inflection and tone—like the same instrument blown with a somewhat stronger or weaker breath. Their very laugh grew to be different unto my ear—that of the one freer and more frequent, that of the other mild in its utmost glee. And they had not been many days in the Manse, before I knew in a moment, dim as my eyes had long been, the soft, timid, stealing step of Edward, from the dancing and fearless motion of Henry Howard."

Here the old man paused, not, as it seemed, from any fatigue in speaking so long, but as if to indulge more profoundly in his remembrance of the children whom he had so tenderly loved. He fixed his dim eyes on their sculptured images with as fond an expression as if they had been alive, and had laid down there to sleep—and when, without looking on me whom he felt to have been listening with quiet attention, he again began to speak, it was partly to tell the tale of these fair sleepers, and partly to give vent to his loving grief.

All strangers, even many who thought they knew them well, were pleasantly perplexed with the faces and figures of the bright English twins. The poor beggars, as they went their rounds, blest them, without knowing whether it was Edward or Henry that had bestowed his alms. The mother of the cottage children with whom they played, confused their images in her loving heart, as she named them in her prayers.—When only one were present, it gave a start of strange delight to those who did not know the twins, to see another creature, so beautifully the same, coming gliding in upon them, and join his brother in a share of their suddenly bestowed affection.

"They soon came to love, with all their hearts the place wherein they had their new habitation. Not even in their own merry England had their young eyes ever seen brighter green fields, trees more umbrageous, or, perhaps, even rural gardens more flowery and blossoming, than those of this Scottish

village. They had lived, indeed, mostly in a town; and in the midst of the freshness and balminess of the country, they became happier and more gleesome, it was said by many, even more beautiful. The affectionate creatures did not forget their mother.—Alternately did they write to her every week, and every week did one or the other receive from her a letter, in which the sweetest maternal feelings were traced in small delicate lines that bespoke the hand of an accomplished lady. Their education had not been neglected: and they learnt every thing they were taught, with a surprising quickness and docility, alike amiable and intelligent. Morning and evening, too, did they kneel down with clasped hands, these lovely twins even at my feet, and resting on my knees; and melodiously did they murmur together the hymns which their mother had taught them, and passages selected from the Scriptures, many of which are in the affecting, beautiful, and sublime ritual of the English Church. And always, the last thing they did, before going to sleep in each other's arms, was to look at their mother's picture, and to kiss it with fond kisses, and many an endearing name."

Just then two birds alighted softly on the white marble monument, and began to trim their plumes. They were doves from the nest in the belfry of the spire, from which a low, deep, plaintive murmuring was heard to come, deepening the profound silence of the burial-ground. The two bright birds walked about for a few minutes round the images of the children, or stood quietly at their feet: and then, clapping their wings, flew up and disappeared. The incident, though at any other time, common and uninteresting, had a strange effect upon my heart now; and seemed dimly emblematic of the innocence and beauty of the inhabitants of that tomb, and of the flight of their sinless souls to heaven.

"One evening in early autumn, [they had been with me from the middle of May]—Edward, the elder complained on going to bed, of a soar throat, and I proposed that his brother should sleep in another bed. I saw them myself, accordingly, in separate places of repose. But on going, about an hour afterwards, into their room, there I found them locked, as usual, in each other's arms—face to face—and their innocent breath mingling from lips that nearly touched. I could not find heart to separate them, nor could I have done so without awaking Edward. His cheeks were red and flushed, and his sleep broken and full of starts.—Early in the morning I was at their bed-side. Henry was lying apart from his brother, looking at him with a tearful face, and his little arm laid so as to touch his bosom.—Edward was unable to rise, his throat was painful, his pulse high, and his heart sick. Before evening he became slightly delirious, and his illness was evidently a fever of a dangerous and malignant kind. He was I told you, a bold and gladsome child, when not at his tasks dancing and singing every hour; but the fever quickly subdued his spirit, the shivering fits made him weep and wail, and rueful indeed, was the change which a single night and day had brought forth.

"His brother seemed to be afraid more than children usually are of sickness, which they were always slow to link with the thought of death. But he told me weeping, that his eldest brother had died of a fever, and that his mother was always alarmed about that disease. 'Did I think,' said he, with wild eyes and a palpitating heart that Edward was going to die?' I looked at the affectionate child, and taking him to my bosom, I felt that his own blood was beating but too quickly, and that fatal had been that night's sleeping embrace in his brother's bosom. The fever had tainted his sweet veins also; and I had soon to lay him shivering on his bed. In another day he too was delirious, and too plainly chasing his brother into the grave.

"Never is the purest hours of their healthful happiness had their innocent nature seemed to me more beautiful than now in their delirium. As it increased, all vague fears of dying left their souls, and they kept

talking as if to each other, of every thing here or in England that was pleasant or interesting. Now and then they murmured the names of the persons of whom I had not formerly heard them speak—friends who had been kind to them before I had known of their existence, and servants in their mother's or their father's household. Of their mother they spoke to themselves, though necessarily kept apart, almost in the very same words, excepting a visit from her at the Manse, and then putting out their little hands to embrace her. All their innocent plays were acted over and over again on the bed of death. They were looking into the nests of the little singing birds, which they never injured, in the hedge-rows and the woods. And the last intelligible words that I heard Edward utter were these: "Let us go, brother, to the church-yard, and lie down on the daisies among the little green mounds."

"They both died within an hour of each other. I lifted up Henry, when I saw he was dead, and laid him down beside his brother. There lay the twins, and had their mother at that hour come into the room, she would have thought that her children were in a calm and refreshing sleep!"

My eyes were fixed upon the sculptured images of the dead—lying side by side, with their faces up to heaven, their little hands folded as in prayer upon their bosoms, and their eyelids closed. The old man drew a sigh almost like a sob, and wept,—they had been intrusted to his care; they had come smiling from another land; for one summer they were happy—and then disappeared like the other fading flowers, from the earth. I wished that the old man would cease his touching narrative—both for his sake and my own. So I arose, and walked up quite close to the monument, inspecting the spirit of its design, and marking the finish of its execution. But he called me to him, and requesting me to resume my seat behind him on the grave stone, he thus continued:

"I had written to their mother in England that her children were in extreme danger, but it was not possible that she could arrive in time to see them die, not even to see them buried. Decay was fast preying upon them, and the beauty of death was beginning to disappear. So we could not wait the arrival of their mother, and their grave was made. Even the old gray-headed wept, for in this case of mortality there was something to break in upon ordinary, the tenor of his thoughts, known existed there. There was sadness indeed over all the parish for the fair English twins, who had come to live in the Manse after all the other boys had left it, and who, as they were the last, so were they the loveliest of all my flock. The very sound or accent of and to stir up in his heart feelings that he could not have their southern voices, so pretty and engaging to our ears, in the simplicity of childhood, had won many a heart, and touched, too, the imagination of many with a new delight; and therefore, on the morning when they were buried, it may be said there was here a fast day of grief."

"The dead children were English—in England had all their ancestors been born; and I knew, from the little I had seen of the mother, that though she had brought her mind to confide her children to the care of a Scottish minister in their tender infancy, she was attached truly and deeply to the ordinances of her own church. I felt that it would be accordant with her feelings, and that afterwards she would have satisfaction in the thought that they should be buried according to the form of the English funeral service. I communicated this wish to an Episcopalian clergyman in the city, and he came to my house. He arranged the funeral as far as possible in the circumstances, according to that service; and although, no doubt, there was a feeling of curiosity mingled in many minds with the tenderness and awe which that touching and solemn ceremonial awakened, yet it was witnessed, not only without any feelings of repugnance or scorn, but I may in truth say, with a rational sympathy, and with all the devout emotions embodied in language so scriptural and true to nature."

"The bier was carried slowly upon men's shoulders towards the church-yard gate. I myself walked at their little heads. Some of the neighbouring gentry, my own domestics, a few neighbours, and some of the school children formed the procession. The latter walking before the coffin, continued singing a funeral psalm all the way till we reached the church-yard gate. It was a gentle autumnal day, and now and then a withered leaf came rustling across the path of the weeping choristers. To us to whom that dirge-like strain was new, all seemed like a pensive, and mournful and holy dream."

"The clergyman met the bier at the gate, and preceded it into the Kirk. It was then laid down—and while all knelt—I keeping my place at the heads of the sweet boys—he read beautifully, affectionately, and solemnly, a portion of the funeral service. The children had been beloved and admired while alive, as the English twins, and so had they always been called; and that feeling, of their having belonged, as it were, to another country, not only justified but made pathetic to all now assembled upon their knees,

the ritual employed by that church to which they, and their parents, and all their ancestors had belonged. A sighing and sobbing too, was heard over the silence of my Kirk, when the clergyman repeated these words, 'As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as asleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass.'

"In the morning it is green and growth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered."

While the old man was thus describing their burial, the clock in the steeple struck, and he paused a moment at the solemn sound. Soon as it had slowly told the hour of advancing, he arose from the grave stone, as if his mind sought a relief from the weight of tenderness, in a change of body position. We stood together facing the little monument and his narrative was soon brought to a close.

"We were all now collected together round the grave. The silence of yesterday at the Elder's funeral, was it not felt by you to be agreeable to all our natural feelings? So were the words which were now spoken over these children. The whole ceremony was different, but it touched the very same feelings in our hearts. It lent an expression, to what, in that other case, was willing to be silent. There was a sweet, and a sad, and a mournful consistency in the ritual of death, from the moment we receded from the door of the Manse, accompanied by the music of that dirge sung by the clear tremulous voices of the young and innocent, till we entered the Kirk with the coffin to the sound of the priest's chanted verses from Job and St. John, during the time when we knelt round the dead children in the House of God, also during the procession thence to the grave side, still attended with chanting, or reciting or responding voices; and finally, at the moment of dropping a piece of earth upon the coffin, (it was from his own hand,) while the priest said, 'We commit their bodies to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Next day their mother arrived at the Manse. She knew before she came, that her children were dead and buried. It is true that she wept; and at the first sight of their grave, for they both lay in one coffin; her grief was passionate and bitter. But that fit soon passed away. Her tears were tears of pity for them, but as for herself, she hoped that she was soon to see them in heaven. Her face pale, yet flushed—her eyes hollow, yet bright, and a general languor and lassitude over her whole frame, all told that she was in the first stage of a consumption.—This she knew and was happy. But other duties called her back to England for the short remainder of her life. She herself drew the design of that monument with her own hand, and left it with me when she went away. I soon heard of her death.—Husband lies buried near Grenada, in Spain; she lies in the chancel of the cathedral of Salisbury, in England; and there sleep her twins in the little burial ground of Auchindown, a Scottish parish."

The following beautiful farewell address was found in the repositories of the Rev. James Kidd, D. D. Minister of the Gilcomston Church, who died on the 24th of December, 1834.

Aberdeen, 3d October, 1834.

I feel myself advancing fast to the grave, and upon a back look of past life, I can say in truth, that God hath been very merciful to me, and I now leave my testimony to his providential care of me, from my infancy hitherto. He has given my heart's desire to me in my standing in Society, and I bless and praise him for all, and am willing to lay down my professorship and my ministry, when he may please to call me to do so.

I now bid adieu to the Universe, and to all things beneath the sun. Farewell ye Sun, Moon, and Stars which have guided my wanderings in this valley of tears,—to you I acknowledge much assistance in all my attainments.

Farewell thou atmosphere, with thy clouds and thy rains, and thy dews,—thy hail and snow and different breezes, which contributed so much to my life and comfort.

Farewell ye earth and Sea, which have borne me from place to place, where Providence has ordered my lot, and with your productions have supported my bodily wants so often and so long.

Ye summers and winters, adieu! Farewell my native country and every place where I have had my abode. Adieu, Aberdeen! May peace and prosperity for ever be in you,—to all your inhabitants I bid farewell.

Farewell Marischal College and University, in which I had the honour of a chair so long,—may Learning and true Religion flourish in you till the latest posterity! Adieu ye members of the Senatus Academicus,—may ye enjoy many years of health, peace and prosperity.

Farewell all ye who studied under my care,—may you be useful faithful and successful ministers of the Gospel.

Farewell Chapel of Ease. May peace be within thy walls,—for my friend and brethren's sake, peace be in thee I say.

Adieu, ye eldership,—ye heads of Families,—ye young. May the Lord in tender mercy bless all I have baptized, and all I have admitted to the Lord's Table for the first time. I follow all with my most earnest prayers as long as I live.

Farewell ye little children and in general all around, whom I have so often met in kindness, and saluted with my best wishes for your good. May all good be your portion in this world and the next.

My own children—I commit you to God in life and in death. May he fulfil to you the promise. Psal. xxvii, ver. 10. With mixed distress I leave you under the care of him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his Glory with exceeding joy—Farewell.

I bid adieu to my library, and to my Bible, which has been my companion from my earliest days. I leave the volume, but I carry with me as the ground of my sure hope, the contents found in Psal. lxxxviii ver. 23—28; John vi, ver. 3; Psal cxxxviii, ver 7 and 8; and Psalm xxxiii. These I take before God as my dying support and comfort.

Farewell Time!—Welcome Eternity!—Farewell Earth!—Welcome Heaven!—Amen, and Amen.

PETER JONES, THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY CHIEF.—Some time since, a box of useful articles was sent from Bath, by a few benevolent ladies, for the Indian females on the River Credit Mission, in Upper Canada, where their chief, Kakewaquonaby, or, as he is better known in this country, Peter Jones, is labouring, in the capacity of a Christian Missionary. From a letter, dated the 19th of November last, just received from this pious individual acknowledging the present, we make the following extracts:—

"I do assure you that such tokens of good will and kind feelings towards the Chippewa Indians always warm their hearts with love and gratitude to their English friends; and I am happy to say, that the more the Indians witness their disinterested benevolence, the more they are led to believe and accept the Gospel of peace; and in proportion as they love and admire that religion which actuates their unknown friends beyond the great waters in acts of kindness, in the same proportion does the Spirit of Christ subdue the savage heart, and prepare it to love and serve the Christian's God. Sometimes when I think of the good Missionary meetings I attended in your great country, the zeal and spirit with which those meetings are conducted, and my dear English wife (a thorough Missionary) by my side, I feel like an Englishman. Mrs. Jones requests me to say, that the neatly made shirt will be a beautiful pattern for the Indian children at this village, who, she hopes will very soon be able to make up the other, which she shall with pleasure forward to you as a specimen of their work, that you and the other ladies may see that the Indian females can be taught to take short stitches like the English girls.—The good word of the Great Spirit is extending among the Chippewas along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and other parts in the west; and many of them have been converted from the foolish and destructive ways of heathenism, to the service of the true and living God. The Lord is principally carrying on this work through the means of native preachers; but the English Missionaries are wanted, to organize them into societies, and to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly. Since my return to my native country, I have, besides preaching to my Indian brethren, translated the Book of Genesis, part of St. Luke's Gospel, and a few of the Psalms. I am now translating portions of the Methodist Discipline which is much wanted among our Societies."—*Farley's Bristol Journal*.

Extract of a Letter from Truro, dated 21st May, 1835.

Since I wrote you last, I have received additional letters from Chaleur Bay correspondents, which report up to the 11th instant, continued ice, snow, and consequent misery. On the 6th, an Indian is reported to have crossed the Bay on the ice, and found it perfectly safe, about twelve or fifteen miles from the head of it, where it is I should think not much less than twenty miles wide; and on the 11th, at Bathurst, the snow is said to have been still three feet deep—the cattle of the French people are stated to be 'dying by wholesale'—the French people themselves, next to famishing; and, in short, things are said to be so bad, that they could not be worse. A great deal of timber has been manufactured during the winter, and if the season prove favourable to bring it to market, it is expected that the port of Bathurst alone, may load a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail. My friend, Mr. Flemming, at New Mills, states that the allowance of his oxen since the 18th February—has not exceeded four pounds of hay each, per day, and that they are in the best order of any cattle in the neighbourhood.—In connection with the trouble attendant upon feeding their cattle, in the dearth of hay, he mentions a most melancholy occurrence which took place in his immediate vicinity, a few days before he wrote. Mr. Robert

Reid, an intimate acquaintance of mine, having prepared a feed for his cows, went with his wife in the evening, to give it to them, leaving their only child, about twelve months old, asleep in the cradle in the house alone—while waiting till the dishes in which the *mess* was conveyed to the cows should be emptied, a fire broke out in the house, and before they could reach it, though immediately at hand, the flames had made such progress, that all effort to rescue the child, proved unavailing. The father rushed into the midst of the fire, and was himself severely burnt, and but for the exertion of a neighbour who happened providentially to be with them at the time, he too would probably have fallen a prey to the devouring element. The agonizing shrieks of the almost frantic mother brought more assistance, but the work of destruction was too far advanced to permit either child, house or furniture to be saved from its influence—and nothing of all soon remained but a heap of smoking ruins. Mr. R. was recovering from the effects of the burning which he had experienced."

A letter from the Rev. Alexander Blaikie, dated Cincinnati, Ohio, April 14, mentions that the winter in that country has been unusually severe. Mr. B says—"we had the Mercury down 13 degrees below zero here in February. It stood at zero, in Augusta, Georgia, and at Charleston, South Carolina. We have had some ice here this morning, though the peach trees are beginning to blossom."

GREAT FAILURE IN SCOTLAND.—The circumstance of the principal partners in an old established firm in Paisley, which did business to a considerable extent throughout the three kingdoms, having absconded leaving heavy debts behind them, has created a great sensation in this city and in other places with which they were connected. The debts owing by the firm in question, by rumour are estimated variously at from £50,000 to £80,000 sterling, and a great number of manufacturers and others, who were in the habit of supplying them with goods, have lost their all by this abrupt stoppage,—others have already been reduced to bankruptcy. Several of the banking companies are likewise serious losers by the transaction. A correspondent writes us that the members of the firm who have absconded, went from Manchester by the railway, and left when half way to Liverpool, taking a heavy box supposed to contain sovereigns along with them, and that in about two hours afterwards, they embarked at Liverpool for New York. Mr. Miller, the active messenger at arms, belonging to this city has been dispatched to New York after them at the high engagement of £150 independent of his expenses, and a commission on what property he may recover.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

It was currently reported in Westminster Hall, yesterday, that Sir John Campbell either has been, or immediately will be, appointed Lord High Chancellor, and his office of Attorney General will be given to Mr Sergeant Wilde.

CANADA.—Sir G. Grey in reply to a question from Mr Hume, stated that it was the intention of the Government to give immediate consideration to the affairs of Canada; that they had deemed it necessary to advise the recall of Lord Aylmer, and proposed to invest two or three commissioners with powers to carry on simultaneous inquiries into the state of these provinces. Lord Amherst had been invited to preside over this commission, but had declined. A successor was to be appointed without delay.

Large quantities of wheat have been shipped from Liverpool to the South of Spain, where a scarcity amounting to almost a famine at present exists.

A company had been projected in London for the purpose of promoting the herring and other fisheries in the Shetland Isles.—The capital is to be £100,000 branched out into £50 shares.

CHINA.—Canton papers to the 7th January have been received. They contain the announcement of an edict just promulgated, by his celestial Majesty the Emperor prohibiting the importation of opium into any part of his dominions. They further state that the Chinese Government sought reparation from the British superintendent, at Canton for the injury sustained by the cannonading of Wampoa by the English vessels, immediately previous to the death of Lord Napier. This question is settled by arbitration but the result has not yet transpired.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The following is an extract from a Cape of Good Hope paper of the 12th March:—

By the latest intelligence from the frontiers, we learn that all the military operations between the Fish river and the Koussamma have been successful, and that the country between these two streams called the neutral territory has been completely cleared.—Our loss during the operations, has been 12 killed, and 17 wounded.

Arrived Tuesday, 16th inst. Troop ship Athol, Captain Carlisle, Dublin 42 days—6 days from St. John's Newfoundland, with detachments for the Rifles, 34th and 83 regiments, and two companies of the Royal Artillery.—*Halifax Journal*, June 22.

CANADA.—Lord Amherst is gazetted as High Commissioner for the redress of grievances in Lower Canada, and will also be Governor-General. Lord Aylmer goes home. The *HALIFAX JOURNAL* says—"It is rumoured that Lord Amherst is to have the assistance of the Lieutenant Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Upper Canada, in executing the important Commission with which he has been charged by His Majesty, and it is expected they will proceed to Quebec as soon as his Lordship's arrival at his destination is announced.—This circumstance shows additional anxiety on the part of Government to conciliate all parties in Lower Canada. Colonel Brough, of the Royal Artillery, Commandant in this Garrison, will, we understand, administer the Government of Nova Scotia during the absence of his Excellency Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, according to instructions received from the Colonial Office."

BARBADOES.—The Governor of this Colony and the Assembly are at issue about the passage of a Rural Police Bill. The House has resolved that His Excellency, in requiring that the Police force necessary to control the apprenticed labourers, should be under the absolute and unfettered authority of the Executive, asks that which is 'unconstitutional and unwarrantable,' and further, that His Excellency's Message is an unconstitutional attempt to overawe the House into submission to His Excellency's wish, and a great infringement on the privileges of this House.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 6.

FROM JAMAICA.—By the John, W. Crates, we have received Jamaica papers to May 15th. There had been a farther arrival of European Emigrants, to labour on the plantations. The Despatch, of May 9th says,— "The weather has been reasonable in most of the Leeward parishes, and rain fell abundantly in Manchester, Vere, &c. The prospect of a Coffee crop are said to be very cheering. The crops in Vere are forward, and we feel much pleasure in stating, on good authority, that the people work well and cheerfully."

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1835.

There have been very little codfish caught in the neighbourhood of *Carbonear*, for the last two or three weeks, although an abundance of them can be seen on the fishing ledges. The caplin have been, and continue to be, very abundant, so much so, that during the last week, the usual large quantities of them have been landed on the beach, for other purposes than the fisheries. On the South side of this Bay, from the *Cape* up to *Bell Isle*, the fish have for the last fortnight been pretty abundant, and all of the fishermen whose boats were large enough to cross to the south side of the Bay, have succeeded in getting a good beginning to their summer's voyage.

We have before observed, that nothing is more contemptible, than Laws not carried into operation. Whether the caplin manure Bill be for the weal or woe of the Country, its only operation at present, is, to give a monopoly of the caplin, to all those who set the Law at defiance, and to deprive those who regard the Laws and obey them, of any present benefit that may arise from the use of caplin for agricultural purposes.

If our Colonial Parliament do not in its wisdom, find means for the establishment of an efficient police, and Constabulary force in every part of the Island, where large masses of the population are settled, its acts will become mere waste paper, a dead letter in the Statute Book; and obedience to the Laws, be confined to those who made them.

(From the Public Ledger, July 3)

A term of the Central Circuit Court was opened yesterday, pursuant to Proclamation when the Hon. Judge BENTON delivered the following charge to the Grand Jury:—

Mr Foreman, and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury:—

This Court has been appointed, and you have been assembled here this day, principally for the purpose of investigating some cases of larceny, which there was not time to dispose of during the sitting of the last Central Circuit Court, and for delivering the gaol of those fresh offenders whose crimes come within the cognizance of this Court;

there not being, I am happy to say, any offences of a more serious or capital nature in the calendar, calling for the appointment of a Supreme Court.

It is, however, much to be regretted, that notwithstanding the vigorous administration of the laws during the last 18 months, and the exemplary punishments which have followed upon the violation of them, so much crime should still remain amongst us; and that during the short period which has elapsed since the Central Circuit Court closed, new offenders should have contributed to render its re-assembling necessary.

This shows that our community is still infested by a few desperate characters, from whom it must be effectually weeded before we can hope to enjoy that security to person and property, and that freedom from outrage and violence which a due and firm administration of the laws cannot fail to produce. If any proof were wanting that such characters do exist among us, you will not gentlemen, be at a loss to discover it in that case of atrocity and barbarity hitherto unparalleled in the annals of this country by the attack lately made upon one of our respectable fellow citizens on the road from *Carbonear* to *Harbour Grace*—that in the broad face of day, upon a public and frequented high road, so daring and wanton an outrage could have been committed, and that its perpetrators should have hitherto escaped detection, will scarcely be credited in any other part of his Majesty's dominions, and would a few months ago have exceeded our belief. Surely there cannot be one among any class or denomination of persons in this Island who feels sincerely interested in its welfare, that must not be solicitous to see this foul stain upon the moral character of its population wiped away by the conviction and punishment of the actors in this guilty transaction.

As this is a case, which from its heinous nature, can never gentlemen, become the subject of your deliberations, I have adverted to it mainly for the purpose of expressing the abhorrence which I feel, and which I am sure must be equally felt by you all, at this daring violation of the law, and in the hope that your best exertions will be made, and all your influence used in common with those of every good subject, for bringing the bold transgressors of it to justice.

The discontinuance of the Quarantine Establishment—a measure which I have no doubt has taken place after due consideration of the subject—having deprived us of that protection from the introduction of the dreaded disease of Cholera which it has been thought necessary hitherto to afford to us, it becomes more particularly incumbent upon all, to endeavour, both by their precept and example to inculcate and promote those habits of temperance and cleanliness which, under the blessing of divine Providence, have proved in other countries the best security against this direful scourge, and which have so materially contributed to lessen its fatal effects. I cannot, therefore, too strongly urge upon you, Gentlemen, as well as on all who hear me, the indispensable duty of preventing the accumulation of any offensive matter, either in your establishments, or in the streets; and of discouraging among all classes of our population, that intemperance, to which the lower orders of it are unfortunately but too prone, that we may not have ourselves to reproach—should that disease be permitted by infinite wisdom, to make its appearance—with having been instrumental through our own negligence to so dreadful a visitation.

There is no particular feature, gentlemen in any of the cases to which your attention will be called by the indictments which the Attorney General is prepared to lay before you to require any direction from me as to the discharge of this part of your public duty; and as you are too well acquainted from your long experience as Grand Jurymen, and from the repeated charges addressed to you from this seat, with the general nature of those duties which devolve upon you as the Grand Inquest of the Central district, I shall no longer detain you than to assure you of my ready co-operation with you in every object you may have in view for promoting and preserving the peace and good order of this community.

The Colonial Yacht *MARIA*, having on board his Excellency the Governor and suite sailed yesterday for the northward. We understand that his Excellency will visit *Trinity* and *Conception Bays*, previously to his return.—*Ibid.*

DEPARTURE.—From *Harbour Grace*, in the Brig *Emily* for *Bristol*, Mr *George Thorne*, merchant of that town.

Married
On Tuesday, the 30th of June, by the Rev F. H. Carrington, John Richard Maguire Cooke, Esq., of H.M. Customs, to Anna Brown, fourth daughter of Newman Wright Hoyles, Esq., Colonial Treasurer of this Island.

Died
On Sunday last, John, only child of Mr. Stephen J. Daniel, aged 9 months.

SHIP NEWS.

HARBOUR GRACE.

ENTERED.

June 22.—Schooner *Reform*, Leader, *Hamburgh*, 80 bls. pork, 40 bls. flour, 90 fks. butter, 305 bags bread, 51 coils cordage, 1 bl. oatmeal, 7 bls. pitch, 2 bls. beef, 4000 bricks, 1 box glassware.
30.—Schooner *Fair Trader*, Gardner, *Liverpool*, N. S., 16,000 ft. board & plank, 50 bds. leather.

CLEARED.

June 29.—Brig *Emily*, Coombs, *Bristol*, 72 tuns, 79 gals. seal oil, 1612 gals. cod oil, 631 seal skins, 16 hides, laden at *Harbour Grace*, 28 tuns, 2½ bds. seal oil, 1064 seal skins, laden at *Carbonear*.
Schooner *Reform*, Leader, *Figueira*, ballast.

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.

July 5.—Brig *Success*, Hunter, *Copenhagen*, 100 bls. pork, 500 bls. flour, 600 bags bread, 19 bls. peas, for *Harbour Grace*, 400 bls. flour, 100 bls. pork, 623 bags bread, 100 fks. butter.

CLEARED.

June 29.—Brig *Perseverance*, Ford, *St. Andrews*, ballast.

ST. JOHNS.

ENTERED.

June 25.—Ship *Danlop*, Shaw, *Liverpool*, salt, coals.

26.—Brig *Helen*, Wilkie, *Cadiz*, salt.
Schooner *Mary Jane*, Follett, *Cadiz*, salt.
Brig *Sophia*, McNaughton, *New York*, General cargo.

Brig *Bell*, Campbell, *Liverpool*, salt, butter and sundries.

Schooner *Improvement*, Wingood, *Trinidad* sugar, molasses.

Bachelor, *Caldwell*, *Quebec*, flour.
Royal *William*, Davies, *New-York*, apples, flour, coffee.

Minerva, *Caldwell*, *Quebec*, butter, flour, beef, pork.

Visitor, *Smale*, *Hamburgh*, gin, butter, bread.

Avon, *Edmonds*, *Bridgeport*, coal.
Brig *Lady of the Lake*, Bullen, *Miramichi*, lumber.

Maguasha, *Russell*, —, lumber.
Piscator, *Petherbridge*, *Sydney*, coal.
Schooner *Assurance*, Chesson, *Margaree*, cattle.

30.—Young *Peggy*, Pellet, *Jersey*, flour, bread.

Margaret *Helen*, *Bambury*, *Cadiz*, salt.
Barge *Sophia*, *Blake*, *London*, government stores and troops.

CLEARED.

June 25.—Schooner *Bee*, *Chalmers*, *Canada*, ballast.

27.—John *Fulton*, *O Neal*, *Boston*, seal skins.

Collector, *Phelan*, *Bridgeport*, ballast.
Rosabel, *Steer*, *Oporto*, fish.

29.—Resolution, *Swan*, *Barbadoes*, fish.
Elizabeth, *Chapman*, *Bay Verte*, ballast.

Notices

TO JOURNEYMEN TAILORS.

WANTED, TWO good WORKMEN in the above line, who will meet with constant employment, and liberal Wages, by applying to
WILLIAM JACKMAN.
Carbonear, July 1, 1835.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing in this Town, under the Firm of
HEARDER & GOSSE,
is this day DISSOLVED by Mutual Consent.

ALL DEBTS owing to and from the said Concern, will be RECEIVED and PAID by the undersigned HENRY HEARDER.
Witness our hands this Thirty First day of May, 1835.

HENRY HEARDER,
WILLIAM GOSSE.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE which cannot be forwarded without the Postage.

Mrs. *Margaret Cahill*, (care of *Jas. Veary*)
Catherine Connors, (care of *E. Pike*)
Dennis Fitzgerald, (care of *John Fewton*)
John Day, *South Side*
Wm. Connor, *South Side*
Edward Welsh, *Cooper*
Philip Smith, (care of *Wm. Rogers*)
Mrs. Jane Morea
Daniel M'Carthy
Wm. Harding, *Cooper*
George Osard, *Cooper*.

S. SOLOMON,

St. John's, May 25, 1835.

Notices

HARBOUR GRACE, } 8th MAY, 1835.
NORTHERN DISTRICT.

In General Sessions.

IN pursuance of a Colonial Act passed the 31st day of May, 1833, in the Third Year of the Reign of His present Majesty, King William the Fourth, authorising the Justices in Sessions to make Rules and Regulations respecting Entire HORSES going at large or astray, DOGS and GOATS, being at large, without being properly Logged and Yoked.

Ordered that throughout *CONCEPTION BAY*, in the said Northern District, No ENTIRE HORSES shall be allowed to go at large.

No DOGS shall go at large without a Log twelve inches long, and three inches square, or without Collars round their necks, with the Owners names thereon.

No GOATS shall go at large without Yokes, the bar of which, to be two feet and an half long.

All Constables residing in the said District are required and strictly enjoined to carry the said Orders and Regulations into effect as the Law directs. And all Persons concerned are desired to govern themselves accordingly.

By Order,

MATTHEW STEVENSON,
Clerk Peace

Gentle Board and Lodgings.

MRS CATHERINE MARA (Widow of the late Mr. THOMAS MARA) begs permission to acquaint her Out Harbour Friends, she is prepared to accommodate GENTLEMEN or LADIES, from any of the Out Ports, coming to *St. John's*, with comfortable BOARD AND LODGING, at her House near the *Old London Tavern*—where every attention will be paid them, and on the most reasonable terms.

St. John's, May 1, 1835.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND FOR SALE,

At any of the residences of the METHODIST MISSIONARIES, or at the STAR Office,
PRICE, NINE PENCE EACH.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

A SERMON

From the 2nd Tim., 4th chap. 7th & 8th vs

Preached in the WESLEYAN CHAPEL, at *Port-de-Grace*, on the 15th Feb., and at *Bay Roberts*, on the 22d Feb. 1835.

BY THE

REV. G. ELLIDGE,
Wesleyan Methodist Missionary,

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. GEORGE VEY,
Formerly of *Port-de-Grace*.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven."
Young's Night Thoughts

Carbonear, July 8, 1835.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the Office of this Paper.
Carbonear.

TO BE LET
ON A BUILDING LEASE,

For such a Term of Years as may be agreed on,

WATER-SIDE, well calculated for Shipping of every description. With a Plot of LAND, bounded by the Widow ANN TAYLOR's on the South-side.

For further particulars, apply to
JONATHAN TAYLOR, Sen.
Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

DESERIBED

FROM the Service of the Subscriber, on FRIDAY, the 12th Instant,

ISAAC LONG

a Native of *BONAVISTA BAY*, about five feet ten inches high, sandy complexion; wore when Deserited the Service, a Blue Whitney Jacket and Trowsers, new Hat, and fine Shoes.

WILLIAM GORDON.

Musquitto, June 13, 1835.

FOOLSCAP PAPER
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Cheap for CASH.

Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

POETRY

THE FAMILY SEPULCHRE.

FROM THE DREAM AND OTHER POEMS BY
MRS. G. L. CONYNGHAM.

Close by a grave three mourners prayed,
When day was almost done;
And on a tombstone newly laid,
Beside the departing sun.

One wore a recent widow's dress,
Her face was pale and fair,
And very sad;—but there was less
Of grief than patience there.

Two youths were kneeling by her side,
In early boyhood's flush;
And through their veins, in life's first pride,
The pure blood seemed to rush.

Her arms were reverently crossed
Upon each stripling breast:
The father they had lately lost,
Was in that place of rest.

Their prayer was ended: as they rose,
The widow joined their hands;
"My sons," she said, "Let this world's
woes,
Draw closer friendship's bonds.

We three have prayed upon the grave
For us and curs designed;
It holdeth one so true and brave,
His like is not behind.

I feel I have not long to stay
Before I too shall be
Reposing here;—then come and pray,
My children over me."

Years passed away, and in that time,
The brothers were estranged;
And mutual doubt and conscious crime
Each clouded spirit changed.

Two old men in a burying place,
Kneelt by a moss clad stone;
One in his hands concealed his face,
And thought himself alone:

But wistfully the other gazed;—
Hoped,—dreaded,—hoped again!
The downcast eyes at length were raised,
They knew each other then.

Those aged men had both returned
From countries far away,
Because their softened souls had yearned
Upon that grave to pray.

They prayed,—and thought of her who
slept
The sepulchre within;
And heart to heart the brothers wept
O'er years of pride and sin.

Together in that tomb they lie,
And mingle dust with dust:
They lived too long in enmity;—
They died in love and trust.

FAITHFUL LOVE.

A BALLAD.

Young Edward owned a generous flame,
From sordid impulse pure,
But rigid hearts forbade his claim,
Since the brave youth was poor!

"Go gain thee wealth," the parents cried,
"Where toil and danger lies,
With poverty love ne'er will hide,
But from the window flies.

One parting kiss, and that was all,
One sigh, and all was done,
He went at love and glory's call,
And fame and fortune won!

Returned with pride the prize to win,
He sighed at Time's sad doom,
For now his once prized locks were thin;
His love had lost her bloom!

Affection shed the silent tear
For charms that now seemed o'er,
Till cherub hope—Love's friend sincere,
Told of the Kalydor!

The Maccassar of power could speak
By thousands own'd ere now;
And soon the roses graced her cheek,
And glossy locks his brow.

MILITARY REFORMS IN TURKEY.

At a small wooden building, near the water's edge, where we stopped to take pipes and coffee, we witnessed a scene which, to veterans like ourselves in the New York militia, was extremely diverting. Two soldiers were stationed on guard on this spot, and as their duty was not particularly burdensome, they were quickly kicking their heels over the bank, and endeavouring to inveigle some small fish (smaris) about the size of our kill-fish, out of the water. They could not,

however, be accused of deserting their post for their muskets were stuck in the grass some two or three hundred yards off, doing duty for their masters. As the reports are very general that discontent exists among the soldiers, we requested our guide to sound these amateur fishermen on the subject.—They acknowledged that they were dissatisfied but not on account of their pay, which they considered handsome enough—whenever they were so lucky to obtain it. But what they did grumble at, was to be compelled to mount guard with no other provision than their ration of bread, and they were then endeavouring to supply the deficiency by fishing. Their tour of duty, however, they said would expire in a few days, and upon their return to barracks they would be perfectly happy, for they would then receive their full ration of bread and meat. These soldiers must have been luxurious dogs, to complain about the want of meat, for the labouring class, whose toil would seem to require a very substantial fare, are satisfied with one meal a day, consisting of a small loaf of bread, and a piece of water-melon, or a few black and bitter olives. Upon examining the muskets of the soldiers, which they permitted us to do freely, we found them to be of Turkish manufacture. There was little to criticize, except that the stock of one musket was broken directly across, and held together by the extemporary aid of a piece of rope, while the other was perfect in every respect except that it wanted a trigger. Neither had flints, but as the country is now in a state of profound peace, these would be quite superfluous. One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome under the new army regulations, was to conquer the aversion of the soldiery to mounting guard. Nothing appeared to them more ridiculous than to be compelled to walk backwards and forwards with a gun on their shoulders just like the restless Franks; and what to them appeared to be the climax of absurdity was, to keep up the same farce every night. In the good old times of the Janisaries, such puerilities as mounting guard, was never dreamed of. Indeed guards could then have been of no earthly use, for all the plunderings and murders were monopolized by those cut throats themselves. The dress of the modern Turkish soldier has partaken of the general change which has occurred within the last ten years; and whatever it may have lost in the picturesque effect, it has certainly gained in effectiveness for military duty. Instead of loose slipshod slippers, he now wears stout serviceable shoes, securely fastened by leather shoe-strings. The huge balloon chaskeers which impeded his every movement, having given place to woollen trowsers, still rather ample about the nether man, but not so large as to prevent him from making a rapid charge on the enemy or from running away. The glittering and flowing jubbe and bayneesh, are well exchanged for a smart tight bodied blue jacket, closely hooked in front, and allowing perfect freedom to the limbs; while the turban infinitely varied in shape and colour, often ragged, and frequently dirty, suggesting the idea of walking toadstools, has for ever disappeared. In its place the soldier sports a tidy red cap, with a blue tassel gracefully depending from its crown. With the exception of the cap, and the still lingering amplitude of the trowsers, the Turkish soldiers could scarcely be distinguished from the regulars of any European nation. The topagees, or artillery, wear a cylindrical military cap, and it was the wish of the Sultan to have furnished it with a small rim in front, to protect the eye from the glare of the sun. This daring innovation was opposed, and successfully too, by the ulemah, that learned corps from whence emanate all the law, physic, and religion of the country. It was argued that no true Mussulman could perform his devotions without touching his forehead to the ground, and the proposed leathern projection would render this impracticable. As no one happened to hit upon the idea that the cap might be turned round while at prayers, the sultan was compelled to give up the point, as he had previously done when it was attempted to induce the ulemah themselves to abandon the turban. They replied that they were not boys, nor would they wear boys' caps, and accordingly stuck manfully to the turbans, in despite of the supposed absolute power of the Padir shah. Such anecdotes, would lead one to believe that the sultan was far from being a perfect despot, whose word is law, and who takes no other council than his own caprice. The learned Ali Bey, himself a Mussulman, and of course better acquainted with the interior affairs of this government, wrote in the following manner twenty five years ago, during the reign of Mustapha the predecessor of the present sultan:—"There is no greater slave in the world, than the grand seignor. His steps, his movements, his words, throughout the whole of the year, and in all the events of his life, are measured and determined by the code of the court. He can do neither more nor less than is prescribed for him. Reduced to the condition of an automaton, his actions are determined like the result of mechanical impulse, by the code, the divan, and the janisaries." Circumstances, have however, entirely changed since that period. The

sultan now on the throne, has displayed a resolution and energy of character totally different from the timid and irresolute policy pursued by his predecessors. The janisaries have been exterminated. The code, the divan, and the ulemah, still remain; but the latter occupy, as if ominous of their future destiny, the ancient palace of the janisaries, and except upon unimportant points, the sultan has made them understand that he is not to be trifled with. The divan has likewise undergone some modifications, and under the name of Council of state, assists in determining and arranging the affairs of the empire.

How to get Rich.—If the following excellent rules, were generally observed, we should have less complaints of "hard times."

Never be in bed at six in the morning, or out it at ten at night. The early riser is always in time with his business, while the sluggish runs after it all the day, and never can overtake it.

Mind your own business; if you have not enough endeavour to get more, and do not intermeddle with that of other people.

Out of every dollar you get, save one half, if you can—certainly one third.

If you hope for independence, keep out of debt. The honour, the reputation, and the liberty of the debtor lie at the mercy of his creditor.

Be just before you are generous; never waste, nor go in debt to make entertainments. "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them."

Plenty is but a degree short of profusion. Decent frugality is the best method to attain the confidence of wise men.

Credit is often a dangerous temptation, and the means of destroying itself. Like health, it is only to be preserved by prudence and moderation.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—It is not scholarship alone, says Dr. Chalmers, but scholarship impregnated with religion, that tells on the great mass of society. We have no faith in the efficacy of mechanics institutes, or even of primary or elementary schools, for building up a virtuous and well-conditioned people, so long as they stand dissevered from the lessons of christian piety.—There is a charm ascribed to the scholastic system of Scotland: and the sanguine imagination is, that by importing its machinery into England and Ireland, it will work the same marvellous transformation there on the character of their people, that was experienced among ourselves. But it is forgotten, that a warm and earnest christianity was the animating spirit of all our peculiar institutions, for generations after they were framed; and that wanting this, they can no more perform the function of moralizing the people, than skeletons can perform the functions or put forth the faculties of living men. The scholastic is incorporated with the ecclesiastical system of Scotland; and that, not for the purpose of intolerance and seclusion, but for the purpose of sanctifying education and plying the boyhood of our land with the lessons of the bible. Scholarship of more letters might, to a certain extent, have diffused intelligence amongst the people; but it is mainly to the presence of religious ingredients, that the moral greatness of our peasantry is owing.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—There has lately returned to Paris, a Lieutenant of the French army, who was taken prisoner in the disastrous campaign undertaken by Napoleon against Russia. He was sent into Siberia, and during twenty years of his captivity never found an opportunity of making any communication of his existence to his family, who believed him to be dead. Consequently, on presenting himself, his father and mother both rejected him as an impostor, for in addition to the changes effected by time and suffering, he had several scars on his face, which was still further disfigured by a false nose made of metal. A peculiar mark on the left arm, however, being recognized by the mother, fully identified him, and secured him acknowledgment and the reinvestment of his property, the possession of which had been delivered over to his relations upon the presumption of his death. His wife during his absence, had taken to herself another husband, and has pertinaciously refused to return to his arms. This circumstance will, it is said, afford occupation for the tribunals.

A SHARK, WITH A YOUNG CHILD IN ITS BELLY.—Some fishermen, in drawing up their net, opposite the Burra Bazar Ghaut found, to their utter astonishment, a shark, about four cubits long and three-quarters broad, which they brought to the Police-office, and exposed in the compound, in the hope of being rewarded. A constable, on perceiving the shark's belly in a state of protuberance, ripped it open, and a female infant was seen entire, with the exception of the eyes, nose, and mouth, which appeared to have been eaten.—*Calcutta pap.*

THE RHINOCEROS.—One of these extremely rare animals has arrived in England from Calcutta, and is to be deposited in the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

PRISONS.—They manage these places better in America; our country magistrates will perhaps be surprised at the following facts:—At Auburn the earnings of the convicts for the last year amount to 41,833 dollars, and the expenses for the general support of the prison to 38,305, leaving a profit to the state of 3,528! At Maine, the earnings were 20,000 dollars, the expenses 18,700, leaving a profit of 3,700.

The largest guns ever fired are the Turkish cannon at the Dardanelles, the diameter of one of which is two feet three inches, and a stone shot from which struck the Windsor Castle, of 98 guns, and cut her mainmast almost in two, and nearly knocked her two decks into one. Our young Midshipmen used to crawl into these guns on their hands and knees. A gun almost as large, was found at Algiers. But the largest shot of any sort ever fired by Europeans, was that from the new mortar used by the French at Antwerp. This shell was two feet in diameter, and weighed, when empty 916 lbs.—It contained 99 lbs of powder, and its total weight was consequently 1,015 lbs. The mortar from which it was discharged weighed 3,700 lbs. and the gunpowder to load it was 30 lbs. This is really prodigious. We must add, that at the Dardanelles one of the great Turkish shot struck the bows of that magnificent first rate ship the Royal George, and wonderful to relate that one shot alone nearly sunk her. According to Baron de Tot, the weight of the Turkish shot was 1,100 lbs. and the charge of gunpowder 330 lbs.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—The most extraordinary example of the meaning of proper names that can be deduced from any book either ancient or modern, is the following which is to be found in the fifth chapter of Genesis:—"The names of the ten antediluvian patriarchs from Adam to Noah inclusive, are there given; and when these ten names are literally translated, and placed in the order in which they occur, form altogether the following very remarkable sentence in English:—"Man, appointed, miserable, lamenting, the God of glory shall descend to instruct, his death sends to the afflicted, consolation!"

THE EARTH'S DIURNAL MOTION.—If a line were carried round and round the globe it would require to be the length of 24,855 miles; hence this is the actual space which any given point on the earth's surface travels over in the course of twenty four hours, a rate exceeding somewhat 1,000 miles in the hour. This velocity, with which every person moves continually, is greater by 140 times, than that with which a cannon ball issues from the mouth of a cannon; and yet we do not perceive it because the earth, the air, and every thing around is carried with us.

A HINT FOR BRIDES.—A few days since a couple went to Thames church to be married. The ceremony went on very well until the words "with this ring I thee wed," when the bride essayed for the last time to take her glove off her maiden hand. Whether it was heat, agitation, or nervousness, the leather clung to her hand and would not part company. The bride blushed and pulled, but in vain. The bridegroom laughed outright; so did father, so did mother, so did the bride's maids, so did all the spectators except the clergyman, and he (the Rev. Mr Lee,) exclaimed, "I do not come here to be laughed at," and shutting his book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married, and the glove—half off! We add for the satisfaction of sympathisers that the bride went to church the next day with her hand uncovered, and the nuptial knot was then tied "as tight as a glove."

Doctor Bushby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, Sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect."—"And my expression, Sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

Once on a time it happened that a poor wight married a shrew, who led him a piteous life; she fell ill, the doctor was called in, and the anxious, affectionate husband inquired of him how his dear spouse was.—Galien shook his head, and told him to prepare for the worst "What," said he, "is she likely to get over it?"

A celebrated writer has the following pertinent remarks upon love:—"As hope and love are born together, so they can only die together." Uncommon pains, therefore, in curing love, to extinguish every spark of hope in a lover. This advice is given with singular good sense and humanity, by Dr Gregory, in his legacy to his daughters, upon the subject of courtship and marriage.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—There are now forty seven ministers of the Presbyterian Church in the Canadian provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland—fifteen years ago there were but four.