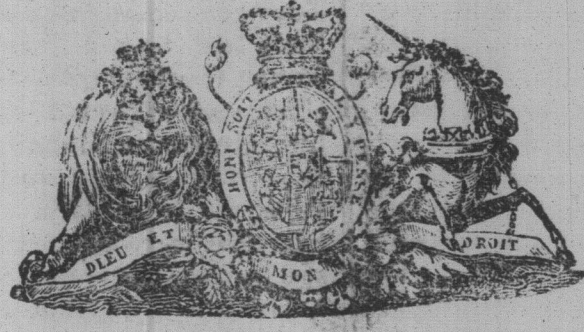


# THE



# STAR,

## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1835.

Vol. I.—No. XXX.

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### 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 expense, 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 every 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 Mondays 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 fine fast-sailing Cutter the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at Nine o'clock every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—this vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for passengers; All Packages and letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d., double ditto 1s., and Parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG,

Agents, St. JOHN'S.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,

Agent, HARBOR GRACE.

April 30.

BLANKS of every description for SALE at the Office of this Paper.  
Carbonear, 1834.

### THE SECRET, OR THE STUDENT AND HIS WIFE.

"Ah no! no! Fredriga, never! never will I tell you that!" cried the bridegroom Reichter to his young, beautiful, and devoted wife. "Shew me then Arnulph, at least," replied the lady, "and so shall I learn to credit your strange assertion."

"No, no! dearest, never; and if you value my love, nay, my very life, press me not to reveal that terrible secret, my possession of which, I find I have been blamable even to name to the sweetest of the curious sex." And the fond husband smiled as he twined around his fingers a long, glossy lock of his bride's bright hair; then gently drawing her arm within his own—"Come," said he, "let us walk, the evening is delicious; nay, lay not aside your guitar, for pleasant in this odour-drooping hour will be one of your songs beneath the plane-tree."

Fredriga arose, and arm in arm, the happy creatures quitted the saloon wherein they had been sitting in meditative mood; now gazing from a sash window door upon the garden of the chateau, all radiant as it was in summer foliage, and in the lustre of a red cloudless, and golden sunset; now adoring the God of nature upon a view of the beauties lavished around them; and now discoursing upon the arcana of that nature and of art; a subject altogether most congenial to the disposition of Fredriga, who was surely the veriest *curieuse* of her sex; indeed, mysterious topics were those upon which she peculiarly delighted to dwell, and she would frequently urge Reichter to such conversations, well aware that as a student of philosophy at the University of Jena, he had become an adept in the occult sciences.—During their discourse he had unwarily observed—"for instance, Fredriga, I could, if I pleased, instantly animate yonder statue!"—"How?" asked the inquisitive fair one, with a look of unequivocal astonishment, and a feeling of somewhat excusable fear.—"Ay, there it is," replied Reichter, with an expression of archness in his countenance which seemed to intimate—but I don't intend to let you know any of my secrets."—"I could do it, believe me, Fredriga, if I choose; so subservient to mind, to immortal mind have I rendered the powers of nature as the uninitiated term those mysterious influences which they do not understand; nor durst I breathe even to you Fredriga, their prop name."

"Oh, but do, do tell me dearest Arnulph, returned his wife in the most winning tone imaginable, and with one of those bright eloquent looks whose translation we willingly resign to such as are conversant in the voiceless language; "do tell me the means you would employ to animate a statue."—Her husband's answer was the very speech with which our narrative commences. "Sing dearest," cried Reichter as he seated himself beside Fredriga under the leafy spreading branches of the plane tree: "this is the hour above all others in which methinks music delicious music penetrates the spirit. The calm, the holy, the tender the odorous evening hours; the hour in which, if ever the angelic essences most assuredly visit man, and we seem to behold and to feel their beatific ministering, in the all but super-natural beauty of earth. Sing dearest."

"I certainly shall not sing," replied the lady, "to oblige a good-for-nothing, teasing creature, who knows that he can gratify me, and who will not."

"I give you my word and honour, Fredriga—"

"Psha! a man's word and honour; what woman, not quite a fool, ever took it?"

"Why, my love, at all events you did, when you married me."

"True, I forgot that I condemned myself," replied Fredriga, laughing; Reichter also laughed, and very pleasant, pleasanter even than sweet music in the twilight hour, was the mirth of the fair young couple, for it was that of perfect affection and unbounded confidence. "Nevertheless do, do comply with my request, most dear Arnulph;" and laying her delicate arm lightly across his shoulders, she looked bewitchingly into his face; "only just for one moment consider

what a treat to a woman is the unravelment of a secret."

"Once again then, Fredriga," replied her husband with exceeding earnestness of tone and manner, "I not only, by all that is sacred, conjure you not to tempt me to such a disclosure, but absolutely prohibit you from so doing."

"May I ask why?"

"Ay, that's another question; one reason is this: (and even now you are proving its equity) were I to reveal the means whereby I could perform my Promethean miracle, you would doubt the truth of my assertion, and oblige me at length to put it to the test by actually performing that, of which the consequences would be in the highest degree dreadful."

"Oh, no! no, indeed, I would not."

"But indeed you would; permit me to say, my dear, that I am better acquainted with your disposition than you are yourself."

"No, you vain creature; not in this respect, I am certain. Come, you shall see how well I will behave. Won't you tell me now?"

"Decidedly not."

"I know what I'll do if you don't."

"And I know what you'll do if you force my secret from me," rejoined Reichter, in a mournfully tender tone, and turning his face from Fredriga he rested it thoughtfully upon the hand of that arm which was supported by the garden chair.

"Nay, mine own Prometheus," pursued the affectionate inquisitor, "speak not, look not, so sadly; I am prepared in your beloved society for any, for everything; for electric lightnings, galvanic discharges; nay, for the apparition of hosts of demons themselves; you have spoken to me of kings, dukes, earls, marquesses, and knights; of Ageres, of Arnon, of Marbas, and of Baal; let them come, I am not afraid; you have fixed mercury, discovered the sublime alkahest; the blacker than the black of Apollonius Tyaneus; the powder of projection; and nearly, nearly the *elixer vite*; comply then with my simplest request—I desire to see your marble Endymion, yon languid minion of the moon raise his drooping eyelids and his beautiful sinking form; shake from his pale, pure brow the overclustering curls; display a mind in his placid, angelic face, and light his moveless lips in blessed smiles. Or, if this certainly may not be, tell me at least, dearest Arnulph, the means you would adopt to effect such a miracle."

Who can resist the melody of a voice, every tone of which is modulated by purest affection? The soft but thrilling beam of a love lighted-eye? The mute but impassioned eloquence of manner? Nay, the very heaving of a gentle, balmy breath, and every nameless blandishment of a lovely, loved, and loving pleader, heard and seen and felt—felt even to mebration in the rich odorous and stilly summer twilight? He who could resist so, maddening a combination of dangerous delights, must be master of a harder heart than that possessed by the student Reichter. He was enamoured—enchanted—infatuated—his brain whirled, his whole frame trembled, a deadly faintness seized him, his bosom heaved convulsively between strange delight and terror, his very heart was sick, and throbbled almost audibly, and catching Fredriga in his arms, he hastily and fervently kissed her glowing cheek, exclaiming in a hurried tone—"I can deny nothing—it is insanity—death—but by your hands to die is sweet, most sweet. Know then that to animate yonder statue, I must transfuse into it the *principle of life*, transferred immediately from myself. You have my secret."

"But I know better," replied his wife, after she had recovered from the involuntary astonishment into which so extraordinary a communication had naturally thrown her—"that is not true I'm certain, dearest Arnulph; you do but jest with my feminine ignorance, and amuse me with asserting an impossibility in order to prevent my searching out the real fact; for even women know that what you mention, the *principle of life*, has as yet eluded the penetration of the most profound philosophers, who are also divided

in their opinions as to whether its nature is corporeal or spiritual; consequently whether it is destructible or indestructible; whether it dies with the body or whether upon the dissolution of that it still exists elsewhere and under another modification; whether it pervades the whole frame or resides peculiarly in any given part, and if so—"

"Upon my word, Fredriga," exclaimed Reichter, hoping that a banter might succeed in changing a subject now become to him one of the most fearful interest—"upon my word, Fredriga, I shall, I believe, have shortly to invest you with my academicals, and despatch you to give lectures in mysticism at one of our universities."

"That is not the point, Arnulph; I see your aim, and am resolved that unto it you shall not attain; therefore, explain to me, dearest, how you could detach from yourself and transfer to another, a principle of whose very nature—"

"Oh, good gracious! it is then as I anticipated—you are incredulous, and must see in order to believe."

"To be sure I must, and why not? I know that you are only attempting to impose upon my credulity and ignorance; had you told me any thing less marvellous, Arnulph, I should most likely have been satisfied."

"Oh, no, no, no! you would not, Fredriga," exclaimed the unfortunate young man with an energy inspired by passion and despair; "and are you indeed so—so—so—I will not, I cannot call you cruel, for you mean not to be so, as to wish to have an occult demonstration of that, which may be attended with fatal consequences to myself?"

Reichter was pale as death, he was suffused with a cold perspiration, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he leant against the trunk of the plane tree for support. Fredriga observed his emotion and was for a short space of time silent and abashed, beginning really to imagine that her husband might have told her the truth. Curiosity, however, unfortunately overcame with irresistible force every principle of duty and attachment towards him for whom really she had an excessive but not a generous affection. Had she been told that she loved *self* better than her husband, her anger and astonishment would have been excessive; nevertheless her own gratification was commonly sought by her, as in this instance, without regard to the inconvenience or pain, accruing from such conduct towards her "other self." After a while, therefore, the inquisitive and pertinacious Fredriga returned to the attack, entreating even with tears to be indulged with a view of the phenomenon mentioned by Reichter, averring that shortly, if he persisted in not complying with her request, inextinguishable curiosity would undermine her constitution, and bring her to the grave.

"Alas!" sighed the miserable student, "thither then, too surely, seems one of us destined to go; and if so, better I than you, my dearest I forgive you. Heaven knows how I have in times past suffered from a devouring passion; that, Fredriga, was love, yours is curiosity, and in some bosoms this reigns as paramount as the other; take the blessing of God, and my own, and when I am dead remember me; but do not reproach yourself for my murder."

"How can you talk in such a manner, my dear Arnulph. Even taking it for granted that you are able to perform what you have named, and by the most unaccountable means, will you not also possess the power of restoring the vital spark to that body, from whence an act of your own intelligence originally detached it?"

"I do not know—I cannot say—my own uncertainty on this subject renders me thus unwilling to hazard so dangerous an experiment."

"Nay, then, if you do not know, I can tell you; it stands to reason that it must be so."

"Well, Fredriga, there is no arguing with a lady who will not be convinced; I have said all that I can say, and if you still persist in your desire, you must take the consequences of its gratification, be they what they may; seat yourself opposite Endymion—play, sing, do any thing rather than speak



to me—and watch the statue." Fredrigo still under the influence of an infatuation most cruel and unaccountable, did exactly as Reichter, who placed himself (standing) beside her, desired and fixing her eyes upon one of the most beautiful productions of the chisel, she sang in a low, sweet tone, according well with the hour and scene, the following stanzas:—

Wake! palest minion of the moon,  
Thy lady asks for thee:  
Night odours of delicious June  
From flow'ret breathe and tree!

Wake from thy dreamless slumber—wake!  
Thy charmed eyes unclose!  
'Tis only for the dead to taste  
Such rapturous repose!

Thou livest! Beautiful but pale  
And drooping sleeper! rise,  
To life to consciousness; and hail  
The moonlit earth and skies!

Eodymion! thy lady love  
Doth kiss a breast and brow,  
More fair she deems, than ought above  
More pure than ought below!

"Hah!" exclaimed Fredrigo, breaking off her song, then dropping the guitar, she fell across she reeked not what, in a long, long fainting fit; for, with emotions of unutterable terror, she had at length beheld the statue smile mournfully, and partially raising its languidly recumbent form, made a visible effort to approach her. In this state and situation she was found by her servants, and only recovered her senses by the means they employed to restore her, to see that the moon at its full was rolling high in the heavens, pouring a flood of pale cold brilliancy over all things; that Eodymion the enchanted statue still retained his place and accustomed position, like an effigy upon the tomb of finest youth; and that she had fallen over the effigiate Reichter who was now as cold and lifeless as that sculpture; for the unfortuniate victim of indiscreet, speech, presumptuous science, and unfeeling curiosity, had been dead some hours.

**MATHIAS THE PROPHET.**—(From the *Albany (American) Journal*.)—This notorious individual, whose proper name is Robert Mathies, was arrested in this city on Monday afternoon, upon the authority of an advertisement issued by Mr. Benj. H. Folger of the city of New York. The expressed charge against him was that he left New York having in his possession a large amount of Mr. Folger's property; but he has been guilty it is asserted of many other malpractices, some of them of the blackest character, and worthy of the most severe punishment. Mathies commenced his career of fanaticism some two or three years since in this city, when he proclaimed himself "the Prophet of the God of the Jews," and asserted divine power. He shortly afterwards went to New York, where he continued to proclaim his doctrines, but with little success at first. He soon, however, secured the favour among a few others of less consequence of three of the most wealthy and respected merchants of Pearl street Messrs. Pierson, Mills, and Forger. These gentlemen received his confidence, and believed him to be all he declared himself. Their treasures were thrown open to the impostor, and he lavished them upon himself most profusely. He purchased the most costly wardrobe. His robes of office were richly trimmed with gold and silver. He wore a sword of the finest workmanship, and his gold watch and establishment equalled that of the most costly. The homage of these gentlemen was complete; and the fact that three intelligent citizens of New York were thus deluded, will form one of the darkest pages in the whole chapter of modern fanaticism; but the chain with which they were bound is broken. Death liberated Mr. Pierson; he died in West Chester county, at his country seat near Sing Sing and the event was clothed in mystery. A short time previous to his death—and while in health, as we understand—Mathies prevailed upon Mr. Pierson to assign to him his whole estate. He was shortly after taken sick, and although his friends who were with him insisted upon calling medical aid, they were deterred by Mathies, who told them that he "had power of life and death, and Mr. Pierson would not die." But he did die, and a subsequent examination of the body by three able physicians resulted in the conviction that he had been poisoned, and certificates to this effect were drawn up and signed by these physicians, and are now in New York. Who poisoned Mr. Pierson, is to be determined by a proper tribunal. Mr. Mills under the strange delusion, became a lunatic. His friends removed him to the country, and from the society of Mathies, and his reason soon returned. He is now convinced of his error, and has abandoned the delusion. The mysterious death of Mr. Pierson and the accompanying circumstances shook the confidence of Mr. Folger and his family, and they resolved to abandon Mathies and his principles. After his return to New York they announced their determination to the "Prophet," who then declared that if they did, "stickness, and perhaps, death, would follow." This threat was not sufficient to overawe their resolution, and a day

was fixed upon when Mathies should leave the house. Upon the morning of that day, Mathies partook of but very little breakfast, and scarcely tasted the coffee, saying as an excuse that he was not well. Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Folger, his wife, and family, were taken violently sick. Mr. Folger did not suspect the cause of the sickness, until after the villain had left the city, when upon examination he learned that the black woman who had done the cooking for the family had also abstained from the use of any coffee upon that morning; and from other circumstances he became convinced that the woman was bribed by Mathies to poison the family. From some cause the effort was not successful. To none of the family did it prove fatal; although all of them have not recovered from its effects. This transaction induced Mr. Folger to procure his arrest, for which purpose he despatched the notice before mentioned. Mathies did not expect this suddenly to be stopped in his career, and expressed a good deal of surprise when arrested. He had in his possession two large trunks, which he acknowledged contained articles that did belong to Mr. Folger, but which he said Mr. Folger gave him when he left New York. Among the articles were sundry rich dresses, about 500 dollars in gold, a gold watch worth about 150 dollars, a sword of great value, and a rod with which, he said he was going to measure "the bounds of his paradise, the gates thereof and the walls thereof." He was taken to New-York.

**THE MISTAKE;  
OR, SIXES AND SEVENS.**

It is a point which has often been advanced and contested by the learned, that the world grows worse as it grows older; arguments have been advanced, and treatise written, in support of Horace's opinion.

The supporters of this idea rest their sentence upon various grounds; they mention the frequency of crim. con. cases, the increase of the poor-rate, the licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*.

There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness, and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! We observed, in a former paper, that the tradesmen have removed their signs; it is equally true that the gentlemen have removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill-replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by this departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Our poor friend, Mr. Nichol Loaming, has treated us with a long and eloquent dissertation upon this system of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "experto crede" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to the town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his first duty to wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two mornings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsome than he expected to find it; and on the table were the *MORNING CHRONICLE* and the *EDINBURGH REVIEW*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell?

The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir William Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir William Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment."

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl of sixteen or seventeen. Upon looking up, Nichol perceived the gentleman he had been addressing rather embarrassed; and "hoped that he had not said anything which would give offence."—"Not in the least," replied the stranger, "I am more amused by an account of the foibles of Sir William Morley than any one else can be; and of this I will immediately convince you. Sir William Knowell resides at No. Six,—you have stepped by mistake into No. Seven.

—Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to lady Morley—who is rather weak in the head, and to say the truth, under confinement;—to Miss Ellen Morley, a professed coquette, who went off to Gretna last week with a half-pay Officer;—finally," (with a low bow) "to Sir William Morley himself, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard by inclination—who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

**LUCIEN BUNAPARTE'S RECENT TOAST.**—At the late dinner of the Literary Society, given at Freemason's Hall, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bunaparte) after returning thanks to the company present for the honour conferred on him in drinking his health proposed the following toast, remarkable as emanating from the brother of Napoleon, but the constant and zealous advocate of republican principles, for the homage it renders to the excellence of British institutions. It was given in French and translated runs thus:—

"To the political principles, sacred treasure of the British constitution; to the inviolability of the private dwelling, to the independence of the jury, to the freedom of the press, and to the imprescribable right of association! May these precious liberties, gentlemen, continue to constitute your happiness! but may they also cease to be foreign to France, who for forty years has been fighting to obtain them! May the intellectual progress of political reform which agitates Europe, be directed every where, as it is with you by religious sentiments, and an inviolable respect for property! and may all nations become as free as the hospitable people of Old England!"

**FRENCH IDEA OF FEMALE DECEPTION.**—There are very few women who have not been, once in their lives, exposed to an interrogatory, precise, short, and cutting; one of those questions made without commiseration by their husbands, the dread alone of which causes a cold shivering fit, and the first word of which, strikes the heart like the point of a poinard. From thence the axiom *Every woman lies*:—an officious lie, a venal lie, a sublime lie, a horrible lie; but obliged to lie. This obligation then once admitted, is not essential to lie skillfully? The women therefore in France are admirable liars; our manners teach them deceit so well! In short woman is such an ingeniously impatient, so pretty, so graceful, so true in lying, she avows so well its utility to avoid in social life the shocks which domestic happiness would not assist, that it is as necessary as the cotton in which they place their pearls. Lying therefore, becomes the foundation of their language, and truth is nothing more than an exception; they tell it as they are virtuous, from caprice or speculation; according to their dispositions or tempers, some women laugh in lying others weep or become serious; some are angry. After having begun in life by feigning insensibility for the homage which delighted them the most, they often end by lying to themselves. Who has not admired their appearance of superiority, when they trembled for the mysterious treasures of their loves? Who has not studied their ease their facility, their freedom of understanding, under the great embarrassments of life? Then with them nothing is horrowed; deceit flies as snow falls from the skies! With what art too, do they discover truth in others,—with what cunning do they employ the right logic regarding the point in discussion, which always acquires for

them some secret of the heart from a man, open enough to proceed with them in interrogation. To question a woman is it not to give ourselves up to her? Will she not always learn what we wish to hide from her? and in conversing with us, will she not conceal whatever she chooses to keep secret? And yet some men pretend to cope with the women of Paris; with women who can put themselves above the stabs of a poinard, by saying, you are very inquisitive; what does it matter to you? Why do you wish to know it? Ah! you are jealous! and if I did not choose to answer you? In short with a woman who possesses a hundred thousand different ways of saying No, and innumerable variations for saying Yes.—*Balsac's Scenes of Parisian Life.*

**MEN MAIMED AND DISFIGURED.**—Hercules is not the only male spinner, for we saw many of the men of Egypt spinning wool with a distaff; and most of them maimed and disfigured. Some without the right eye, others with no teeth on the right side, and others again without the fore finger of the right hand. These mutilations were most common among the younger men, and we were for some time puzzled to find out the cause. At last we ascertained that it was to prevent their serving in the Pasha's army. The eyeless men could not take aim, the toothless bite a cartridge, or the fingerless draw a trigger. But Mahomet Ali is a shrewd philosopher at hitting upon revenge, and as he has discovered the men so mutilated can wear a fetter and pull an oar, he now makes a point of sending many of them to the galleys.

**TROPICAL VEGETATION.**—It is in the torrid latitude that Nature displays all her magnificence. There the species of tribes, which in other climates are herbaceous, become shrubs and the shrubs trees. Ferns rise into trunks equal to those of pines in the Northern regions of Europe; balsams, gums, and resins, exude from the bark; aromatic fruits and flowers abound; and the savage, as he roams the woods, satisfies his hunger with the spontaneous offerings of the soil. Here also are all the climates of the globe, and almost all the productions united; for, while the plains are covered with the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics, the lofty mountains display the forms that occur in the colder regions, and the places intermediate in elevation all the graduated transition from these to the warmest parallels.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

**FRENCH WOMEN.**—In truth, although women complain how ill they are loved by men, they do not admire those whose soul is half feminine. All their superiority consists in making men believe that they are inferior to them in love; thus they willingly quit a lover when he is sufficiently experienced to rob them of the fears with which they would invest themselves; those delicious torments of jealousy, those troubles of hope deceived, those vain trials, in fine, all the parade of their females miseries; they abhor all Sir Charles Grandersons. What can be more contrary to their nature than a tranquil and perfect love? They wish for emotions, and happiness without storms is no longer happiness for them. The feminine minds powerful enough to feel eternal love constitute angelic exceptions, and are among women what splendid geniuses are among men.—Great passions are rare as master-pieces.—Without this love, there are only arrangements, passing visitations as contemptible as all little feelings.—*Balsac's Scenes of Parisian Life.*

**HOW TEA IS MADE IN CASHMERE.**—Tea comes to Cashmere in caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; this is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste.—All this produces a turbid, reddish liquor of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable to others; I am of the latter opinion. In Kanaver it is made in another way; after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goat's flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea.—*Jacquemont's Travels in India.*

**THE FEMALES OF CASHMERE.**—Know that I have never seen any were such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks, those one sees in the streets and fields, since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and am never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty are sold at eight years of age, and are carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred franks, most commonly fifty or sixty.—*Ibid.*

We hear of a great number of bankruptcies at St Petersburg, Hamburg, and Berlin. Two houses in the latter city have failed for a million of dollars.



THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1835.

If there be no power within this country to abrogate all or any of the Provisions of the Royal Charter, what is meant by this passage, contained in the Governor's speech at the opening of the General Assembly?

"Another object of moment is the improvement of the Judicature, and this for various reasons, becomes daily of greater importance." Or, what is the meaning of the following? "An act was passed in the last session of the Imperial Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by which it is declared and enacted that a certain other act made and passed in the fifth year of the reign of his late Majesty George the Fourth intitled "an act for the better administration of Justice in Newfoundland, and for other purposes, shall be continued in force until the same shall be repealed, altered or amended, by any Act of Assembly, which may for that purpose be made by his Majesty, with the advice and consent of an House or Houses of General Assembly, which his Majesty may at any time see fit to convoke within the said Colony of Newfoundland."

We would suppose, that the "Royal Charter," contemplated the frequent absence from the Supreme Court, of two of the Judges during the sittings of the Circuit court; and that the Supreme court, if constituted only with three Judges, could not possibly, by the terms of the Charter, be open "every hour in the day, and every day in the week, and every week in the year." The Charter constituting the Supreme Court, must in many respects be similar to the Charter of a corporation, aggregate, 1st. in having perpetual succession. This is the very end of its incorporation. 2d. In having a common seal. For, a corporation, being an invisible body, cannot manifest its intentions by any personal act, or oral discourse; it therefore acts and speaks only by its common seal. In aggregate corporations also, the act of the major part, is esteemed the act of the whole.

We should conceive, that when two of the Judges of the Supreme Court were absent from St. John's one on the Northern, and the other on the Southern Circuit, that the chief Judge sitting in chambers, and having the custody of the common seal, could legally, and effectually exercise all the power of the Supreme Court, in the granting probate of wills, and letters of administration.

The following passage, taken from the Royal Charter, appears to us to favour our opinion, that the three Judges were necessary only; because the Charter intended, that they should, at particular periods exercise their functions severally and separately, in the Circuit Courts, as well as in Chambers during the interval that would occur, between the different sessions of the Supreme Court.

"And the said sheriff, by himself or his lawful deputies, is hereby authorized to execute the writs, summonses, rules, orders, warrants, commands and process of the said Supreme court, and the said circuit courts, and make return of the same, together with the manner of the execution thereof, to the said supreme court, and circuit courts respectively to receive and detain in prison all such persons as shall be committed to the custody of such sheriff by the Supreme court and circuit courts respectively, or by the chief Judge, or assistant Judges, or either of them."

John Taylor Coleridge in his notes on Blackstone, says; "by the 37 Ge. 3, c. 18, the chief baron, and in his absence from sickness or other unavoidable cause, any puisne baron specially appointed by warrant, is authorized to hear and determine alone all causes and matters pending in the exchequer, as a court of equity; his decrees, orders, and acts, are decrees, &c., of the court, and subject to alteration only by appeal to the Lords. Under this act a great proportion of the equity business of the court is now done by the chief baron, and probably some advantage is gained to the public by the despatch which this division of the court is calculated to produce."

Now here is a court which is supposed to receive its charter from one of the Anglo Norman Kings. It is held in the exchequer chamber before the Lord Treasurer, the chancellor of the exchequer, the chief baron and three puisne ones; and yet the chief baron alone or one of the puisne barons specially appointed, may hear and determine all causes, &c. What would Lord Coke say to this; would he say that the meaning of the charter ought to be construed according to the law when the charter was made, and according to ancient allowance? "Miseria est servitus ubi jus est vagum aut incognitum."

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

The court of Sessions was opened at Harbour Grace, with all due formality, according to notice, on Thursday the 15th inst. Six magistrates sat on the bench. The Grand Jury, (of whom the foreman, and thirteen others were gentlemen belonging to Carbonear) were duly sworn; lawyer and client, plaintiff, defendant, and witness, from every part of this extensive and populous District were there, snow storms, and want of roads were no impediments to the administration of justice. Those who had given bail, hoped that their responsibility for the appearance of their good friends was nearly ended; but an unfortunate and unexpected circumstance doomed them all to experience disappointment.

The legal gentleman who had undertaken drawing up the indictments and the conducting of the Crown prosecutions, refused to proceed unless he were paid more for the use of his legal knowledge, than the usual fee paid to the clerk of the peace. The lawyer's bill then, was the only bill submitted to the consideration of the Grand Jury, and a letter from his Excellency the Governor, stating that the duty of crown officer ought to be performed by the clerk of the peace, and that if the clerk of the peace could not perform the duty he should pay the person employed for that purpose was handed to the Jury, after an appropriate address had been given to them by the acting chairman. The Jury retired ignored the "bill," and stated to the court that they did not think the subject one of which they ought to have cognizance.

The court was then adjourned, to the 11th of February next.

"Nihil quod est inconueniens est licitum."

We agree with his Excellency the Governor's speech, in as far as that the Road Bill requires a more concentrated superintendance for the carrying of it into useful and extensive operation. There should, in every populous place at least, be one of the Surveyors appointed as a general Superintendent over the other surveyors; he should be a person of some intelligence, and some judgment for directing the operations of the workmen, should be paid a yearly sum out of the fines and forfeitures; and would then

have a direct interest in carrying the law into operation.

That the improvement of the Judicature is necessary, is in some measure proved by the present state of the Supreme Court, and the inefficiency of the Circuit and Sessions Courts. The fees in the Sessions are regulated by a scale furnished during the time of Governor DUCKWORTH, added to which is a duty of one shilling per mile, for the travelling expences of process, which, where the Court is distant, is almost a denial of Justice.

We have been, and still are of opinion that the issuing of the "Treasury Notes," were far from contributing to the "establishment of a sound and wholesome system of finance," and we hope that the Representatives of the people will not again resort to such an "expedient."

We hope the time may not be far distant, when "the united endeavours of the different branches of the Legislature, will realize our fondest expectations." That a steady, economical, liberal, and judicious management of the affairs of the Colony may produce such a system of finance as shall warrant the application of a fund to the purposes of education, and thereby raise our long neglected native youth, to their proper sphere of usefulness; and to the councils of their country. The practice at the bar is become a monopoly, we hope the lawyer's corporation, will be a dignified, and respectable, and talented one.

(From the Royal Gazette, Jan. 13.)

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

His Excellency the Governor proceeded yesterday to the Court-House to open the Session of the Legislature, which ceremony had been unavoidably postponed from Thursday last in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. His Excellency arrived at the Council Chamber about two o'clock, and being seated on the Throne, the Usher of the Black Rod was directed to command the attendance of the House of Assembly. Mr. Speaker and the Members having accordingly appeared at the Bar, His Excellency delivered the following Speech:—

Honourable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen,—

I have assembled you at this early period to enable you to devote sufficient time to the public business, without injury to your private pursuits.

Our situation is, happily, one of tranquillity; and therefore your deliberations, unoccupied by matters of a temporary nature, may be directed to such as shall conduce to the permanent advantage of the Colony.

The Road Bill, passed in your second Session of the last parliamentary year, though excellent in principle and in much of its detail, nevertheless seems in some degree to fail in its intention, from want of a more efficient and concentrated superintendance. You will determine whether any alteration can be beneficially made in that particular.

Another object of moment is the improvement of the Judicature; and this, for various reasons, becomes daily of greater importance.

It will behove you, also, to consider what enactments may be requisite in consequence of the Fishery Act having expired.

Under more prosperous financial circumstances, I should have been induced to draw your attention to the support of general education, which, is highly essential to the best interests of society, well merits your protection; especially as it might be fostered here in a spirit of perfect liberality, unfettered by invidious distinctions of any description.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Assembly,—

My predecessor, when closing the last Session, expressed a hope that he should be able to defray the public charges without having recourse to the issue of Treasury Notes, until he could meet you again in this place; but I found the remaining funds totally inadequate to the existing claims, and was consequently compelled, almost immediately after assuming the Government, to avail myself of that resource. You will, I am confident, feel, with me, that the sooner these notes can be called in the better, and that no subject so imperiously requires your present application as the establishment of a sound and wholesome system of finance.

We may be said to have reached a crisis; but a crisis in which we are cheered by many encouraging considerations connected with the Fishery, Agricultural produce, and general state of Trade. I trust that the difficulties in your way will only operate as incentives to exertion, and that you will fix the Revenue on a scale proportioned to all such demands as shall consist with a strict but rational economy.

I have directed an estimate for the ensuing financial year, and various other documents, to be prepared for your information; and you may rest assured that I shall always be anxious to prevent unnecessary expenditure, and to enforce every due provision for that purpose.

Honourable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen,—

This being the first time of my addressing you, I gladly embrace the opportunity of expressing the great satisfaction I feel in having been appointed to administer the Government of this Island at a time when its independent Legislature is fully established. The prosperity of Newfoundland is the wish nearest to my heart; and my most ardent desire is, that by your united endeavours you may realize the fondest expectations of those who petitioned for the present constitution, and fulfil the paternal hopes of the beneficent Monarch who granted the boon.

Be convinced of my cordial concurrence on every occasion, and of my constant readiness to promote all public measures, and to listen to all private suggestions which shall have for their object the well-being of this community.

The Assembly having withdrawn, the Governor retired from the House.

The Speaker then addressed the House, and said he had obtained a copy of His Excellency's gracious Speech, which was read, and he thereupon moved that a committee, consisting of the Attorney General, Mr. Spearman, and Mr. Thomas, do prepare an Address in answer thereto.

Adjourned to Wednesday.

ABERDEEN, Nov. 15.—The Ariadne, of Liverpool, bound to Newfoundland, was driven on shore in Dantzic Bay, during a gale about the 10th Oct., and remained on the strand until the 17th, with the water above her hold beams.

The Barque Manlies, of Belfast, from Quebec, bound to Greenock, with a cargo of square timber, flour, potash, &c., ran on shore on the night of the 9th December, in Golden Bay, near Cape St. Mary's and became a total wreck, with the loss of the Captain, eight of the crew, and four passengers. The remainder of the crew (eleven in number including the Mate) were all severely bruised and frostbitten before they succeeded in reaching the shore, but were afterwards conveyed to Placentia.—Newfoundland.

Notices

Notice to Creditors.

SUCH Creditors as have proved their Claims on the Estate of GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES, of Carbonear, Merchant, Insolvent, may receive THREE SHILLINGS Currency, in the Pound, on the amount of their respective demands, on application to

JOHN ELSON, Trustees to said JAMES LOW Estate, By his Attorney JAMES HIPPLISLEY.

Carbonear, Jan. 21, 1835.

KELLYGREWS PACKET.

JAMES HODGE OF KELLYGREWS,

BEGS most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has a most safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of PASSENGERS, and which he intends running the Winter, as long as the weather will permit, between KELLYGREWS, and BRIGUS and PORT-DE-GRAVE.—The owner of the PACKET will call every TUESDAY morning at Messrs. BENNETT, MORGAN & Co's. for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has good and comfortable LODGINGS, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage.

One Person, or Four, to pay Twenty Shillings Passage, and above that number Five Shillings each.

Not accountable for Cash, or any other valuable Property put on board.

Letters will be received at Bennett, Morgan & Co's. at St John's.

January 14, 1835.

BLANKS of every description for SALE at the Office of this Paper. Carbonear, 1834.



POETRY.

VEGETATIVE VERSES.

BY A FELLOW OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Sabine, father of the fetes,  
Chief of Chiswick, rural seer,  
Deep in daisies and in dates,  
Prince of herbs and breakfasts hear!  
Hark the note of sad distress—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Ruin seizes every root;  
Buried berries daily rot,  
You and I may go and shoot—  
For the dropping shrubs will not.  
We are in a pretty mess—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Once we sat with *otium cum*  
*Dignitate* in our view;  
Now we are not worth a plum—  
Turnham-Green is turning blue.  
Science is a game at chess—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Horticulture hath its bumps;  
Currants are a current joke;  
Spades are now no longer trumps;  
Crocuses have made us croak;  
Mustard's gone, and so is cress—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Stocks are selling off too cheap;  
We and heartsease soon must part;  
O'er a lettuce let us weep;  
Artichokes have choked the heart.  
Chiswick's quite a wilderness—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
See misfortune's chilling airs  
Sweep our bark from off the beach;  
Sorrow's ever come in pears;  
Peaches will our plans impeach;  
Cats-heads kitten less and less—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Gravel walks with marble slabs,  
Tombstones, we shall shortly show;  
Since, though in an age of cabs,  
Cabbages are not the go.  
Botany has ceased to bless—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Oaks have proved a hoax at last;  
Young men see the elder die;  
Leaves, not sloe-leaves, perish fast;  
We for cypress press a sigh;  
Posies pose us to excess—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Meddlars, though on trees we've none,  
Now about our funds inquire;  
Sun-flow'rs die without a son;  
Hyacinths will grow no higher.  
These are facts we can't suppress—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Unless 'tis to see afar  
How the other gardens do;  
How the winds at Windsor are,  
How they mind their pens at Kew.  
How we managed few can guess—  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Oh! the rainy, rural rout,  
When, half-starved amidst the shower  
Dandy lions walked about  
Seeking what they might devour.  
Painted ladies, blue bells press  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
Thyme is fled, and o'er the scene  
Cots and chimneys will be found;  
Beans are things that once have been;  
Groundsoll gone, we'll sell the ground.  
What is Robins's address?  
Who would be an F. H. S.?  
All is alter'd—not a bough  
(Save the gardener's) marks the spot;  
O'er the cow-slips slips a cow—  
Winds may blow there, flowers will not.  
Fashion, Honor, and Success,  
Once were meant by F. H. S.?  
But another tale they tell  
Since we fell so deep in debt—  
All our celery to sell,  
All our lettuces to let.  
Folly, Habbub, Sorrow—yes,  
These are meant by F. H. S.!

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE;

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

A TALE.

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?"  
said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart,  
as they sat in the door of her father's cot-  
tage one fine Autumn evening:—"Do you  
hear that, mither, Andrew'll no believe i'  
the Bogle?"  
"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed An-  
drew, a slender and delicate youth of about  
two-and-twenty,—"a bonny time I wad hae

o't gin I were to heed every auld wife's clat-  
ter."

The words "auld wife" had a manifest  
effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence.  
Her mother immediately opened a battery  
upon the young man's prejudices, narrating  
how that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock  
at night, a certain apparition was wont to  
appear, in the form of a maiden above the  
usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat.  
Sundry other particulars were mentioned,  
but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll  
rue that dearly will he rue!" said Effie as  
he departed.

Many days, however passed away, and  
Effie was evidently disappointed to find that  
the scepticism of her lover gathered strength.  
Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes  
and jests, the true believers, and to call  
upon them for the reasons of their faith.—  
Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfill-  
ed. Andrew was passing over the moor,  
while the clock struck ten; for it was his  
usual practice to walk at that hour, in order  
to mock the fears of his future bride. He  
was just winding round the thicket which  
opened to him a view of the cottage where  
Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step be-  
hind him, and in an instant his feet were  
tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the  
turf. Upon looking up, he beheld a tall  
muscular man standing over him, who in no  
courteous manner desired to see the con-  
tents of his pocket. "De'il be on ye!" ex-  
claimed the young forester, "I hae but ae  
coin i' the world." "That coin maun I to  
hae," said the assailant. "Faith! I see show  
ye play for't then," said Andrew, and sprung  
upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best endgel-  
player for twenty miles round, so that in  
brief space he cooled the ardour of his an-  
tagonist, and dealt such visitations upon  
his skull as might have made a much firmer  
head ache for a fortnight. The man step-  
ped back, and pausing in his assault, raised  
his hand to his forehead, and buried it  
among his dark locks. It returned covered  
with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown!"  
he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scath-  
less;" and flinging down his cudgel, he flew  
on his young foe, and grasping his body be-  
fore he was aware of the attack, whirled  
him to the earth with an appalling impetus.  
"The Lord hae mercy on me," said An-  
drew. "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe  
was preparing to put the finishing stroke to  
his victory: Suddenly something stirred in  
the bushes, and the conqueror turning away  
from his victim cried out, "the bogle! the  
bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew  
ventured to look up. He saw the figure  
which had been described to him approach-  
ing; it came nearer and nearer; its face was  
very pale, and its step was not heard on the  
grass. At last it stood by his side, and look-  
ed down upon him. Andrew buried his  
face in his cloak: presently the apparition  
spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth  
seemed to chatter with cold.—

"This is a cauld an' an' eerie night to be  
sae late on Anneslie Muir!" and immedi-  
ately it glided away. Andrew lay a few mi-  
nutes in a trance; and then arising from his  
cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of  
his mistress. His hair stood on end, and  
the vapours of the night sunk chill upon  
his brow as he lifted up the latch, and  
flung himself upon an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman.—  
"Way ye are mair than enough to frighten  
a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic  
a flaunt and a fling, barsconced, and the red  
bluid spatter'd a' o'er your new leather jer-  
kin! shame on you Andrew! in what mis-  
hanter hast thou broken that fule's head o'  
thine?"

"Peace, mither!" said the young man,  
taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle!"  
The old lady had a long line of reproaches,  
drawn up in order of march, between her  
lips; but the mention of the bogle was the  
signal for disbanding them. A thousand  
questions poured in, in rapid succession.—  
"How old was she? How was she dress-  
ed? Who was she like? What did she  
say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven  
feet high!"

"Oh Andrew!" cried Effie.  
"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said  
Effie.

"True, on my bible oath! and then her  
beard!"

"A beard! Andrew," shrieked Effie, "a  
woman with a beard! For shame Andrew!"

"Nay, I'll swear it upon my soul's salva-  
tion! She had seen sixty winters and mair  
afor e'er she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best new gown," said the  
maiden, "that sixteen would be nearer the  
mark."

"But wha was she like Andrew?" said  
the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet  
that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or  
that auld witch that your maister hanged for  
stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"

"Are you sure she was na like ME, An-  
drew?" said Effie, looking archly in his  
face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she

was like to naeboddy that I ken, unless it be  
auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was  
blamed for a' the mischief or misfortunes  
o' the kintra roun', and was drowned at  
last for having sense above the lave."

"And how was she dressed Andrew?"  
"In that horrible three cornered hat,  
which may I be blinded if ever I seek to  
look upon again! an' in a long blue  
apron."

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling  
her own green apron round her thumb.  
"How you like to tease anc!" said the  
lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter in-  
to his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured  
under a great depression of spirits, and ne-  
ver lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na tauld us what she said,  
lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air  
of deeper mystery as each question was put  
and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she  
said this or that! hand your tongue, and  
get me some comfort; for to speak truth I  
am very cauld."

"Weel mayst thou be sae," said Effie,  
"for indeed" she continued in a feigned  
voice, "it was a cauld an' eerie night to  
be so late on Anneslie Muir."

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to  
pass over his mind. He looked up at the  
damsel, and perceived for the first time,  
that her large blue eyes were laughing at  
him from under the shade of a huge three-  
cornered hat. The next moment he hung  
over her in an ecstasy of gratitude and  
smothered with his kisses the ridicule  
which she forced upon him as the penalty of  
his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"

"As ugly as sin!"

"My darling lassie!"

"And a beard!"

"Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er  
far!"

"And Sixty winters!"

"Sixteen springs! Effie! dear delightful  
springs!"

"And Elspeth the cobbler's wife? oh, An-  
drew, Andrew, I never can forgive you for the  
cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, An-  
drew! is there nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie! for your sake I'll be-  
lieve in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion  
of a long and vehement fit of risibility,  
"that is in a' that wear three cornered  
Hats."

BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

With regard to spirits it has surely a  
right, even upon the severest grounds of  
reason to rest upon the same privileges of  
possibility, and of a modest and wise igno-  
rance to the contrary, as any other parts of  
a loving and even a knowing faith; for the  
more we know of existence, the more we  
discover of the endless and thronging  
forms of it,—of the crowds in earth, air  
and water; and are we, with our confessed-  
ly limited faculties, and our daily discove-  
ries of things wonderful, to assume that  
there are no modes of being, but such as are  
cognisable to our five senses? Had we pos-  
sessed but two or three senses, we know very  
well there are thousands of things round  
about us of which we could have formed no  
conception; and does not common modesty  
as well as the possibilities of infinitude, de-  
mand of us that we should suppose that  
there are senses besides our own, and, that  
with the help of but one more, we might be-  
come aware of phenomena at present unma-  
nifested to human eyes? Locke has given  
celebrity to a story of a blind man, who on  
being asked what he thought of the colour  
of red said he conceived that it must be like  
the sound of a trumpet. A counterpart of  
this story has been found, (we know not  
with what truth,) in that of a deaf man, who  
is to have likened the sound of a trumpet to  
the colour of red. Dr Blacklock, who was  
blind from his infancy and who wrote very  
good heart and *impart* verses, in which he  
talked of light and colours with all the con-  
fidence of a repetition-exercise (a striking  
lesson to us verse-makers!) being requested  
one day the state what he thought of some-  
thing visible,—of the sun for instance,—said  
with modest hesitation, that he conceived it  
must resemble "a pleasing friendship!"  
we quote from memory; but this was his  
simile. We may thus judge what we miss  
by the small amount of our own complete  
senses. We have been sometimes tempted  
to think, seeing what a beautiful world this  
is, and how little we make of it, that human  
beings are not the chief inhabitants of the  
planet, but that there are others of a nob-  
ler sort, who see and enjoy all its loveli-  
ness and who regard us with the same curi-  
osity with which we look upon bees or beav-  
ers. But a consideration of the divine qua-  
lities of love and imagination and hope (as  
well as some other reflections more serious)  
restores us to confidence in ourselves, and  
we resume our task of endeavouring to equal-  
ize enjoyment with the abundance afforded  
us. When we look upon the stars at night-  
time, shining and sparkling like so many  
happy eyes, conscious of their joy, we can-  
not help fancying that they are so many hea-  
vens which have realized, or are in the pro-

gress of realizing the perfections of which  
they are capable; and that our own planet  
(a star in the heavens to them) is one of the  
same golden brotherhood of hope and possi-  
bility, destined to be retained as a heaven-  
ly if its inhabitants answer to the incitements  
of the great Experimenter or to be done  
away with for a new experiment if they fail.  
For endeavour and failure, in the particular,  
are manifestly a part of the universal sys-  
tem; and considering the large scale on  
which Providence acts, and the mixture of  
evil through which good advances, deluges  
are to be accounted for on principles of the  
most natural reason, moral as well as physi-  
cal, and an awful belief thus becomes recon-  
cileable to the commonest deductions of  
utility.

ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.—In the days of  
Tiberias Cæsar, a young raven that had  
been hatched in a nest upon the temple of  
Castor and Pollux took his first flight into  
a shoemaker's shop just opposite. The mas-  
ter of the booth was well pleased to receive  
the guest, especially as it had come from so  
sacred a place and took great care of it. In  
a short time the visitor began to speak, and  
every morning flew to the top of the rostra,  
where turning to the open forum, he saluted  
the emperor, and after him Germanicus and  
Drusus, the young Princes each by his name  
and after them the people that passed by.—  
This he continued to do for many years, till  
another shoemaker, either envying his neigh-  
bour the possession of so rare a prize, or en-  
raged at the bird for muting on his shoes,  
killed him. At this rash proceeding the  
people were so indignant, that they drove  
the ungenerous mechanic out of the street,  
and afterwards murdered him. The body  
of the raven was solemnly interred in a field  
two miles from the city, to which it was  
carried by two blacks, with musicians play-  
ing before, and a great crowd following. In  
such esteem says Pliny did the people of  
Rome hold this wit and aptness to learn in  
a bird, that they thought it a sufficient cause  
for ordering a sumptuous funeral, and even  
for putting a man to death, in that very ci-  
ty where many brave and noble persons  
have died without having their obsequies so-  
lemnized, and which afforded not one indi-  
vidual to revenge the undeserved death of  
the renowned Scipio Emilianus, after he  
had conquered both Carthage and Numantia.

NATURAL LOVELINESS.—"Is nature ordi-  
narily so unattractive?" asked the Greek.—  
"To be dissipated—yes." "An austere  
reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure de-  
lights in contrasts; it is from dissipation  
that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from so-  
litude dissipation." So think the young  
philosophers of the garden," replied the  
Egyptian; "they mistake lassitude for me-  
ditation, and imagine that because they are  
sated with others, they know the delight of  
loveliness. But not in such jaded bosoms  
can nature awaken that enthusiasm which  
alone can draw from her chaste reserve all  
her unspeakable beauty; she demands from  
you not the exhaustion of passion but all  
that fervour from which you seek in adoring  
her a release. When young Athenian, the  
moon revealed herself in visions of light to  
Endymion, it was after a day passed, not  
amongst the feverish haunts of men, but on  
the still mountains and in the solitary valleys  
of the hunter."

A reverend and worthy divine, preparing  
his juvenile parishoners for confirmation,  
asked a boy in language above his under-  
standing, if he knew who his Ghostly en-  
emy was? "Ees, (answered Numphs) Tam  
Saunders, for he's always leathering o'  
me."

A report was once circulated in London,  
during the absence of Garrick, that he was  
dead. The next day however, the report  
was contradicted, accompanied by the fol-  
lowing lines.

"Garrick is dead—so prattles Fame,  
The bard replies it cannot be;  
Nature and Garrick are the same,  
Both form'd for Immortality."

Mr Curran was once asked what an Irish  
gentleman just arrived in England could  
mean by perpetually putting out his tongue.  
"I suppose," replied the wit, "he is trying  
to catch the English accent."

The Greeks had an idea that Bacchus  
was the father, and Venus the mother of the  
Gout.

A Merchant being asked what he thought  
of the numerous Companies forming at pre-  
sent, replied that they resembled cold baths  
which if any one wishes to derive any ben-  
efit from them, they must be quick in and  
very quick out.

An English lady of high fashion, at Bou-  
logne lately separated from her husband,  
has changed her religion, being resolved as  
she says, to avoid his company in this world  
and the next!

A noble Duke, we have great pleasure in  
stating, has tied himself against card play-  
ing. "For 15 years," said his Grace, "I  
have seen the sun rise whenever it has been  
visible."