

THE
STAR,
AND
CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW SERIES. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1834. NO. 3.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland.--Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at his Office, Carbonear.

Notices.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.

STOLEN from on board the Schooner LORD McDONALD, at Carbonear, on Christmas Eve, One Iron-stocked Chain Bower ANCHOR, One TOP GALLANT SAIL, with other Articles belonging to said Vessel.

Whosoever will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the perpetrators, or the recovery of the Property, shall receive the above REWARD, on application to BAINE, JOHNSTON & Co. *St. John's*, or to PUNTON & MUNN.

Harbour Grace, Dec. 30, 1833.

NORA CREINA.



PACKET-BOAT BETWEEN CARBONEAR
AND PORTUGAL COVE.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuation of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat, to ply between *Carbonear* and *Portugal Cove*, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths, &c.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start from *Carbonear* on the Mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'Clock; and the Packet-Man will leave *St. John's* on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8 o'Clock, in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'Clock on each of those days.

TERMS AS USUAL.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the *Newfoundlander Office*.
Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this paper.
Carbonear, Jan. 1

Notice.



**DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE
TO AND FROM
HARBOUR-GRACE.**

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

FARES,

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

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

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

A. DRYSDALE,
Agent, Harbour-Grace.
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's.

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

On Sale.

JUST RECEIVED

AND

FOR SALE,

At the Office of this Paper.

A VARIETY OF

SCHOOL BOOKS, viz.:

Murray's Grammar
Guy's Orthographical Exercises
Geography
Entick's Dictionary
Carpenter's Spelling
Ruled Copy Books, &c. &c.

Carbonear, Dec. 25.

Notices.

**CARBONEAR ACADEMY,
For the Education of Young Gentlemen.**

MR. GILMOUR begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public that the above School OPENED, after the *Christmas Vacation*, on Monday the 13th of January, 1834.

Terms.

Instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, £4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ann.

Ditto, with Geography Mapping, History, Book-keeping, the higher branches of Arithmetic, &c. &c. and, if required the rudiments of Latin, £6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ann.

A Quarter's Notice is requested previously to the removal of a Pupil.

No Entrance Fee.

Carbonear, Dec. 25.

MRS. GILMOUR begs to intimate to her friends and the public that her Seminary for YOUNG LADIES, OPENED, after the *Christmas Recess*, on Monday, January 13, 1834.

Carbonear, Dec. 25, 1833.

On Sale,

At the Office of this Paper,

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

Also,

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

Boycastle's Mensuration
And sundry other School Books.
Sealing Wax India Rubber

WRITING PARCHMENT of a very superior quality, and large size

Carbonear, July 3, 1833.

Art and Science.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

[As our readers are, no doubt, desirous to be informed of the manner in which the professors of ANIMAL MAGNETISM operate on their patients, we subjoin the following description, extracted from a very clever article on the science, in a number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.]

The mode of producing somnambulism, and all other magnetic effects, are given at great length, in *L' instruction pratique sur le Magnétisme animal, par Deleuze*, as well as in his *Histoire critique*. As some of our readers may wish to try the experiment themselves, we have endeavoured to reduce these rules to as small a compass as possible.

"When any person is desirous of being magnetised, you must make him promise to obey your directions in every particular, and, above all, not to mention his intention of submitting to the operation, to any individual. When he has agreed to this, the process may be undertaken, but nobody is to be present, except the necessary witnesses, and if possible but one of these; whoever does attend, must not be allowed to interfere in the operation or its results."

"Having fixed the person in a commodious posture, you are to place yourself on a seat a little more elevated than his, and directly opposite to him, so that your knees and feet may touch. Then take his thumbs between your fingers, in such a manner, that his and your thumbs may be applied to each other; you are to remain in this position, till you feel that they have acquired an equal temperature."

We would remark, that all the authors on animal magnetism, are of opinion, that the action of this fluid is better communicated by the thumbs, than in any other manner.

"The hands are then to be placed on the shoulders, and suffered to remain there two or three minutes, and afterwards gently brought down the arms to the thumbs; this manœuvre is to be repeated three or four times. Then the two hands are to be placed over the pit of the stomach, so that the thumbs are over the solar plexus, and the fingers on the ribs. When you feel an equalization of temperature, the hands are to be gradually lowered to the knees, then carried to the head, and again brought down to the knees, or even to the feet; this process is to be continued for some time, always taking care to turn the palms of the hands outwards, whenever they are brought up; this, as well as never to magnetise from the feet to the head, is very essential."

This mode of magnetising, is called by the professors of the art, *magnétiser à grandes courans*, and should always be used at the commencement of the treatment; for, all the authorities we have consulted, agree that it is dangerous to concentrate the magnetism on any one part, particularly in nervous persons; but, after they are thus universally magnetized, you may apply an additional quantity of this fluid to the diseased part. MM. Deleuze and Puysegur also give some very important directions as to the conduct of the operator:—

"He is not," say they, "to employ any muscular force to direct the magnetic action.

All the movements are to be easy and graceful, doing it gently, but very tight, by pushing the cork in, for agitation will be apt to burst the bottles; lay the bottles on the side, to keep the air from escaping, and let them lay in that position until wanted, after turning them over once in a week, or once in a month.—*Silliman's American Journal*.

Such is the latest and most improved plan of magnetising in a general way; to detail all the particular processes to be employed in different diseases, would require a volume. There are, however, some important requisites, for both magnetiser and magnetised, which are essential to the success of the undertaking. They are, in fact, the foundation of the whole science; as, without them, magnetism is but a dead letter. These are, according to Deleuze, "an active feeling of good will, a firm belief in the power of magnetism; and an entire confidence in its employer."

After somnambulism is produced, the patient should be asked if he sleeps; if this should wake him, this state must not be attempted to be re-excited during that sitting; if, however, he answers without waking, the desired effect has been induced, and other questions may be proposed, on the nature of his disease, and the remedies to be employed in its cure; but caution must be used, in so asking the questions that no mistake can ensue.

METHOD OF PRESERVING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR.—You must use wide-necked bottles, such as are used for wine and porter. Have the bottles perfectly clean. The fruit should not be too ripe. Fill the bottles as full as they will hold, so as to admit the cork going in. Make the fruit lie compact; fit the corks to each bottle, slightly putting them in that they may be taken out the easier when scalded enough; this may be done in any thing which is convenient; put a coarse cloth of any kind at the bottom of the vessel, to prevent the bottles from cracking; fill the vessel with water, sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly covered in it; turn them a little on one side to expel the air that is contained in the bottom of the bottle; then light the fire; take care that the bottles do not touch the sides or the bottom of the vessel, for fear they should burst, and increase the heat gradually, until the thermometer rises to 160 or 170 degrees. If such an instrument cannot be procured, you must judge by the finger; the water must not be so hot as to scald; it must be kept at that sufficient degree of heat for a half hour; it should not be kept on any longer, nor a greater heat produced, than above mentioned. During the time the bottles are increasing in heat a tea-kettle of water must be ready boiled as soon as the fruit is done.—When the fruit is properly scalded, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork with the boiling water. Cork them down immediate-

ly, doing it gently, but very tight, by pushing the cork in, for agitation will be apt to burst the bottles; lay the bottles on the side, to keep the air from escaping, and let them lay in that position until wanted, after turning them over once in a week, or once in a month.—*Silliman's American Journal*.

ENORMOUS DIMENSIONS OF COMETS.—It remains to say a few words on the actual dimensions of comets. The calculation of the diameters of their heads and the lengths and breadths of their tails offers not the slightest difficulty when once the elements of their orbits are known, for by these we know their real distances from the earth at any time, and the true direction of the tail, which we see only foreshortened. Now, calculations instituted on these principles lead to the surprising facts, that comets are by far the most voluminous bodies in our system. The following are the dimensions of some of those which have been made the subjects of such inquiry:—The tail of the comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than 20000000 of leagues in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body! a decisive proof this of its being dashed forth by some active force, the origin of which, to judge from the direction of the tail, must be sought in the sun itself. Its greatest length amounted to 41000000 leagues, a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and earth. The tail of the comet of 1769 extended 16000000 leagues, and that of the great comet of 1811, 36000000. The portion of the head of this last comprised within the transparent atmospheric envelop, which separated it from the tail, was 180000 leagues in diameter. It is hardly conceivable that matter once projected to such enormous distances should ever be collected again by the feeble attraction of such a body as a comet—a consideration which accounts for the rapid progressive diminution of the tails of such as have been frequently observed.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy—Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

NEBULÆ.—The nebulæ furnish, in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture. That by far the larger share of them consists of stars there can be little doubt; and in the interminable range of system upon system, and firmament upon firmament, which we thus catch a glimpse of, the imagination is bewildered and lost. On the other hand, if it be true, as, to say the least, it seems extremely probable, that a phosphorescent or self-luminous matter also exists, disseminated through extensive regions of space, in the manner of a cloud or fog—now assuming capricious shapes, like actual clouds, drifted by the wind, and now concentrating itself like a cometic atmosphere around particular stars;—what, we naturally ask, is the nature and destination of this nebulous matter? It is absorbed by the stars in whose neighbourhood it is found, to furnish, by its condensation, the supply of light and heat; or is it progressively concentrating itself by the effect of its own gravity into masses, and so laying the foundation of new sidereal systems or insulated stars? It is easier to propound such questions than to offer any probable

reply to them. Meanwhile, appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us; and, as the double stars have yielded to this style of questioning and disclosed a series of relations of the most intelligible and interesting description, we may reasonably hope that he assiduous study of the nebulae will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.—*Ibid.*

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1834.

For Sale,

BY

PRIVATE CONTRACT,
WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION,

ALL that Piece of LAND situate on the North side of Carbonear, a short distance in the rear of the Town, about 1,100 yards from high-water-mark, comprising Two Acres, partly cultivated, held by Grant and subject to a Quit Rent to the Crown of Sixpence $\frac{1}{4}$ Acre.

Also,

ALL that Piece of FREEHOLD LAND, with DWELLING-HOUSE thereon, situate on the North side of Carbonear, and in rear of the Town, bounded on the East by a Wood path, West and North by Property belonging to Mr T. CHANCEY, and South by Property belonging to JOHN COX, in the occupancy of the said JOHN COX, at the yearly rent of Forty Shillings Currency, until the 31st day of October, 1835, at which time full possession will be given.

Further particulars may be known, on application to

GEORGE RICE,

At

Messrs GOSSE, PACK, & FRYER'S.
Carbonear, Jan. 15, 1833.

Knowing the anxiety of the public to be informed of all the particulars attendant on the Harbor Grace tragedy, we have excluded other interesting matter, (among which is the excellent address of the *new* chief judge), to enable us to copy the following from the *Newfoundlander* of Thursday last:

SUPREME COURT.—*St. John's. Jan. 3.*

Trial of Peter Downing and Patrick Malone for the Murder of Mr. Robert Crocker Bray, at Harbor Grace, in July last.

The Hon. Chief Justice BOULTON, and the Hon. Judges BRENTON and ARCHIBALD, took their seats on the bench at a quarter after 10 o'clock, and immediately afterwards the prisoners were placed in the Dock.—There were forty-eight petit Jurymen in attendance, and the prisoners were informed that if they had any objection to any of the Gentlemen, they might challenge them before they were sworn.—Downing said they were all strangers to him, but that he had no objection to any of them—he was sure they would do him justice.

BRYAN ROBINSON and GEO. H. EMERSON

Esqrs., had been assigned by the Court as Counsel for the Prisoners; and it was intimated to them that as the Gentlemen of the Jury were strangers to the Prisoners, they might challenge on their behalf, if they thought necessary,—no challenges however took place, and the following Gentlemen were sworn and took their seats in the Jury Box—they were not called upon to appoint a foreman:—Messrs. John Berrigan, Patrick Furlong, Thomas Ryall, Thomas Grace, Adam M'Larty, John Rendle, James English, Thomas Mullowney, Thomas Flahavan, Thomas Allen, Robert Murphy, Patrick Culleton.

The indictment was then read by the Clerk of the Court—the Prisoners stood charged for the murder of Mr. Bray alone, although his child and servant girl perished at the same time.

The Hon. JAMES SIMMS, Attorney-General, stated the case to the Jury in a very eloquent and impartial address.—He abstained from any observations calculated to prejudice their minds against the prisoners, but detailed the circumstances of the case in such a clear manner as to enable them to form a just estimate of the evidence he intended to adduce in its support. He entreated them to divest their minds of every thing they had heard outside the Court, of the awful charge for which the prisoners were to be tried,—but to make up their minds, as to their guilt or innocence, upon the statement of the witnesses whom he should produce.

THOMAS DANSON, Esq., sworn.—Has been for many years a Magistrate at Harbour Grace.—Knows the prisoner Downing—(Downing's written confession was here handed to the witness.) The confession was Downing's, who signed it voluntarily—there was no promise, inducement, or threat, held out to induce Downing to make the confession; the other prisoner, Malone, was present when Downing made the confession. A second confession (the document was here shown the witness) was also made and signed by Downing under the same circumstances.

Cross-examined by Mr ROBINSON.—Downing had been committed to gaol by witness on the 19th or 20th of July last—was brought up to make his confession before the Magistrates, on the 26th July, having previously signified a wish to Mr Currie, the Gaoler, to do so—when brought before the Magistrates expressed his willingness to make a confession—it had been intimated to Downing that Malone had made a confession, and on that account Downing said he would make one.

Downing's confession before the Magistrates at Harbour Grace, on the 26th July last, was then read by the Clerk of the Court, in Downing's own words, as follows:—

Confession.

"Peter Downing desires that Patrick Malone may be permitted to be present while he, the said Downing, makes to the magistrates a voluntary confession of all the circumstances concerning the death of Mr. Bray, his child, and servant maid; which he wishes to do the same as if he were going out to be hanged.

"Peter Downing saith, that about three or four days after the fire of the Harbor last year, when the greater part of it was burnt, Patrick Malone and I were in the farm belonging to Mr. Bray about breakfast or dinner—while engaged in starting stumps with crow-bars, Patrick Malone said to me, "Did you see the bag of

dollars that I carried into Mr Bray's house?" I answered, "I did not, no more than any other load we carried in;"—"well," says Patrick Malone, "Peter, there is where the treasure lies I could not lift it until Mr Bray helped it upon my shoulders; now, if we, Peter, put our minds together you and I, we will have that money." I replied, "It would be a very good thing if it could be done." Malone replied, "That it was as easy to be done as to walk up to the tilt,—it is where I lodged the bag of dollars is in Mr Bray's bed-room, and it is by where I sleeps; there is nothing between us but the wainscot, even there is a door coming in from the room where I sleeps to where Mr Bray sleeps, so I think it would be very easy to start in that door and jump into Mr Bray's bed-room, and for us to have either a mask, or to black our faces, and to have a man to come over Mr Bray and his wife, and to tell them not to stir or they would lose their lives; that the man over them should have a pistol, sword, or bayonet, the other man whether it would be Patrick Malone or I that would be over them, that it was equal which would be over them, but if they stirred he was to kill them, and that it would not be a long delay for the other to get Mr Bray's money, which when found, the man over Mr Bray was to remain until the other would have time to be nearly up to Mr Lampen's farm, and when he thought he would be nearly arrived, then he was to follow him as quick as he could." "Well, Patrick," said I, "how will it be with you in the morning, that you did not hear the noise, what excuse will you give?" Patrick Malone stopped and paused a bit, when I asked him that question—he then said, "I will give you a good excuse, that I went to go to my brother's house at Musquitto." I replied, "that it is a thing that two men could never do; that of course Mr Bray and his wife would not see their house robbed without losing their lives; that it was a scruple to take away Mr Bray or his wife's life for the lucre of his money, or any other man's. It would be a good plan, Patrick," said I, "to get two men more, and to have us all masked, or blackened all one colour, and to carry a line, and to have Mr Bray and his wife tied in their bed, so that they should not stir out of it." Patrick answered, "where would we get the two men that we could trust to?" I answered, "would not your two brothers be good comrades?" Patrick replied, "I would not, by any chance, acquaint them with it." I then said, "On what account would you not acquaint them with it?" He answered, "that he would not wish to let them know any thing about it."—"Well," I observed, "never mention it again, because it is a thing that never can be done by two men without murder, and that's a thing I never will do." No further conversation took place on the subject at that time.

In about two months after, he brought on the conversation again; he said "We were two cowards, it was as easy to have that money as it was to walk out of doors."—I answered "It would be a very good thing, but it would not be done without murder,—that I was in the latter end of my days, and did not wish for all the money in the world or ever he had to be guilty of killing him." The conversation dropped at that time. This conversation was begun again in the same way at different times after, and to the same effect as before. Some time after this, Malone informed me that he was shipped to Mr Bray. "Now," said he, "I have a fair opportunity before my time is out to have the money, so that you join me; and we will have it in a way in which we will have no man's life; I answered "I wish that we had it, if there is a hundred and a half of dollars as you mention, it would enrich us for ever." He answered "Most likely there is, and soverigns too; the winter will be long said he, and I will lay out every measure for having the money, even they are out very often at tea parties." I then said "If you can get a proper time when he would have the house to himself I will assist you." Some time after, he called at my house, and in another conversation said, he would not scruple to

kill one of their religion, and that it was by his own religion in his own country, that they would not scruple to kill a preacher, any more than a mad dog;—I replied, "That is not the way in our country, they are as charitable as any of the Catholics."—Nothing further occurred until a little before he went to the ice, when he came to me and said, "Mr Bray refused me for a box and I have not the money to pay for it." "If all fails you," you shall have my box but exert yourself to make off a box if you can." In the course of a day or two he came to me again, when he told me he could not make off a box, I remarked "Then make your mind easy, you shall have my box when you are ready to start." If said he "We don't have Mr Bray's money to night we will never have it." I then asked him "How is it we can have it?" I will tell you that" said he, "The girl sleeps in the middle room, and Mr Bray and his wife stops up for a good piece after the maid goes to bed, I have a tomahawk and large hatchet prepared abroad in the back-house, do you go and you will get your choice of either the tomahawk or the big axe, but you must face Mr Bray first, and I will have his wife down, and if you miss him I will have him down with the big axe." I then said "No, I will not, but you go to Mr Bray and his wife, and if they struggle I will have them down with the axe, but if you kill them, I will kill the maid and the child."—At this time we were between the houses of Mr Soper and Mr Bray, where we could see the girl in Mr Bray's house in the middle room quenching the candle. "Now is your time," said Malone, "to go in, or Mr Bray will have the doors soon closed." "Recollect," said I to Malone, "that before we stir out of this, you are to face Mr Bray and his wife, and kill them, and if you are not satisfied with that, never mention to me a word during your life about it." "I went down," said he, "you go and you kill one and I will kill the other," he then said, "I will not go down, don't you start this to me again during your life, it is the devil that is tempting us." We then blessed ourselves, when I wished him a good night and left him there. This summer, being engaged in Mr Bray's work, when Malone cast the first caplin, Mr Bray had such a quantity that he asked for Mr Kingwell's horse and got him, which I followed, and Patrick followed Mr Bray's. During that day, the money was the entire subject. "Now," said Patrick Malone to me, "I have matters made up with the maid, without your assistance at all." "In what manner," said I, "did you get it up with the maid?" "I promised her," said he, "that I would marry her in the fall of the year, and that I told her there was such a bag of dollars in Mr Bray's room. I led her into the secret of all, to open the kitchen door for me, then that there would be no noise, that he would go in himself and kill Mr Bray and his wife, and that they would have their bag of dollars, and sink them in the upper corner of the kitchen garden; that when he would come in, to hit him a couple of good strokes that would cut him well, and that he would do the same to her a cut or two; that they would break the door going into Mr Bray's bed-room with the axe, and break the two other doors, then—that he would crawl out and cry out a thousand murders that he was dead; that he told her then that she was to keep the bed and pretend to be in a faint; that when the people would assemble, he would tell them that it was a party of people that came and robbed the house, and that he did not know whether Mr Bray was killed or not." He (Malone) told me that this was his plan, but that he was a married man at home, and he did not know how he would manage with his brothers, when the fall came, about marrying the girl. That between this date and the night in which the murders were committed there were several conversations about the money that was in Mr Bray's house. The morning of the day on which the murders were committed, Patrick Malone went looking for Mr Bray's horse, while I was engaged in wheeling in caplin and mixing them up with earth in Mr Bray's yard, Patrick Malone arrived with the horse and Mr Bray gave him some oats for the horse, when Mr Bray told me to hurry that breakfast was nearly ready, and to get the caplin covered to prevent the smell from coming into the house. When I had them covered I told Mr Bray of it and breakfast was then laid on the table for me and Malone. When we had done breakfast he (Mr Bray) told Patrick Malone to tackle his horse, and to take Mr Soper's wheel-barrow, that was outside, and carry it to the farm, and to have me wheeling in earth and covering the caplin that was there; accordingly we went to the place where the caplin were, and filled in part of the caplin into the cart, and went up to the farm. Patrick Malone then came down for the second load, the other man and I stuck to wheeling in the earth; Patrick Malone arrived with the second load, and went for the third. The first man that I saw after this was Mr Bray, after Mr Bennett's horse. When he arrived I tossed off the load and took out the horse on the road. Patrick Malone then arrived with Mr Bray's horse; when he cast off his load the other man was at the bank. At this time Patrick Malone beckoned with his hand to me; I followed him; when the first word he told me was, that Mrs Bray had left home. "Who told you so?" said I; he answered, "it was Mr Bray." We had no further conversation until about sun-set. At this time Mr Bray told me to hurry home with Mr Bennett's horse, and to take a load of stumps home on both horses. We did so. During the time we were filling the carts, the whole conversation was about the money, and if we could not get it that night we would never have it. This conversation continued until we threw the stumps into the yard, when Mr Bray told me to go back with Mr Bennett's horse, which he was to have to-morrow. Mr Bray brought out oats, which I gave to Mr Bennett's horse; Patrick Malone gave some to Mr Bray's. Supper was then ready, which I and Malone went to. "Now," says Mr Bray, "don't you be long out, Patrick, because you must go to bed; we will not cast any more caplin where we got it these three or four days, for we have as much as we will haul to-morrow, but be at Bear's Cove very early in the morning; when the horse and cart can go for them (the caplin), put in the cart as much as you can of them." Patrick Malone and I then walked out and went into my house, when I gave my son, Michael, six-pence out of my pocket to go for a pint of rum, which he brought, of which I took a wine-glass, which was something more than Malone took, the remainder we left on the shelf, and walked together down the road, and went very handy to the gate that turned into Mr Bray's hall door. Patrick Malone then said, "We will never leave this until we have the money this night." He was stripped in the very manner he is now, only he had not the same trousers on. We remained until we saw the maid putting the candle in the middle bed-room. "Peter," said he, "I will go into the kitchen, and give you the tomahawk, and when Mr Bray hears me he will come into the kitchen; when he is talking to me, you wait in and hit him a stroke of the tomahawk and kill him, and then I will go up stairs and kill the servant-maid and the child." "'Tis the same story still with you," said I, "I never in my life will strike Mr Bray, and Patrick, in the name of God, as it has gone so far, if you don't do it yourself, do you go in there to bed, and I will go home." I then walked a few steps and turning back, told him never to bring it about during his life. I went on a few steps to my house a-head of Malone, who walked after me to stop me. "Now," said he, "if I kill Mr Bray, will you kill Samuel and the maid?" "Well," said I, "I will." "You ought to go on," said Malone, "right on a-head." We then went to the house. Malone got the tomahawk in the back house before I entered the kitchen, where I was a bit before Mr Bray came out of the parlour. Malone was jingling with the casting net, making a noise in the back house. "Peter," said Mr Bray, "what brought you down?" "Sir," said I, "trying whether you had any commands for the morning." "None," said he, "but what I told you before." He then asked Patrick what was he doing with the casting net. Malone answered that there were a few leads loose. "You had better," said Mr Bray, "bring it in until we secure it." "There is no occasion," said Malone, coming in, "I will take out the light and secure it myself." He (Malone) walked to the table where the candle was—Mr Bray, at this time, made a wheel round, when Malone struck him with the butt end of the tomahawk on the side of the head, and he fell, and as he fell, I thought he gave a slight groan. Malone then hit him a stroke with the tomahawk on the head. The maid-servant, at this time spoke some words which I did not understand, when Patrick Malone told me to take up the light, that she would get out of the window. When I went up stairs I heard him in the girl's bed-room. I did not know where to turn; he (Malone) called me to turn here, so I did. When I went in the girl was sitting up in the bed; when Malone saw light, he struck her with the tomahawk on the head, and she fell back, when he (Malone) struck her again; she made a great noise with her groans, more than Mr Bray. Samuel Bray, the child, that slept with the girl, made some noise, when Malone struck him one blow on the side of the head that lay up. Malone then ran down stairs, and I followed him with the light. Mr Bray was laying on the flat of his back, dead, with one of his shoes off. When Malone saw this, he went into the parlour, and gave me the candle that was in the parlour to take up stairs. Previous he drew all the window curtains close. He went then to Mr Bray's bed-room and closed the window curtains; he had the tomahawk all along in his hand. Malone then drew out all the drawers, excepting one that was locked; from every drawer that he opened he took papers and clothes, and laid them aside on the floor; he then began to start a lock, that was not opened, with the tomahawk. In one drawer there were several smaller drawers, two of which contained dollars, the third, shillings, sixpences and brass. Malone said, "We have not the bag here." He then made search in every part of the house, while I held the light. We then went to the room that was over the parlour, where he began to start the lock off the door. There he was until his arms, as he said, was tired. I was helping him. He then went down and brought up another axe and gave it to me, when I, with the axe, and Malone with the tomahawk, broke open the door. We then went to a large chest of drawers which was there—all the drawers in it were locked,—"here," said Malone, "we must have the bag." He then started every lock that was on it with the tomahawk. In overhauling one of the drawers, he found some money which was in a bag, and some loose money that lay beside it. Malone opened the bag, when I took up the loose money, which was dollars, and put them into the bag. Malone and I then went into the other bed-room, where Malone made an overhaul in every part of the room, beds and all. Malone then said, "the bag must be in some part of the house." I then took up the bag, and laid it down on the other money on the drawers in the room over the kitchen. Malone and I then went down to the parlour and made an overhaul in every bit of it, and still the bag was not found. Malone said "it must be that he (Mr Bray) was such a keen man, that he must have it sunk down in the ground, that if the house took fire it might not be burnt. Malone, before leaving the parlour, said, "might we not take one of the jars that have brandy or gin in them, that we might take a drop when we like?" I replied, "not a taste, Patrick, for if we took it, we might take a drop too much, and it would discover on us." Up stairs we went, and we took the bag, and put the money in with as little noise as possible. When it was in, Malone took, to the best of my knowledge, two neck-handkerchiefs out of the room over the kitchen, and tied them round the money,—he went then and took as much clothes and papers as he could grasp in his arms, and threw them at the foot of the stairs, at the hall door; he threw another bundle of clothes and papers into Mr Bray's bed, and set fire to it. He then went into the other room, in the eastern end of the house; he told me to go down and take the casting net, which was hung up. I did not see him set the clothes on fire at the foot of the stairs. I had the money when I went out to the kitchen, and the casting net. I went out into the yard, Malone soon followed me, when he went into the back yard, where he climbed over the fence. I followed him and handed him up the money and the casting net. We then ran up the hill, and then down behind the town to Bear's Cove, where, after our arrival, we hid the money in the beach, where we had the caplin—it was opposite Mr Bray's garden and Bradbury's. Malone told me now he had Bray's watch. "Heave it out," said I, "into the sea, or give it to me, and I will heave it out; you had no business with it; that is a watch that would hang you in twenty years." "No," said he, "I will have the watch in lieu of my clothes that are burnt." I answered, "do so, in the name of God, for I will have no hand in it." He then turned back and put the watch where the money was; He then loosened the casting net and hove it out to wet it, and wet his feet—I did the same. We then went up on the bank. Before we reached we heard the

bells ringing, and the people shouting. Malone observed, on hearing them, "that he was sorry it was discovered so soon, that he wished that Soper's and the other houses were all burnt in that rank. Malone ran on a-head and cried out "fire!" I followed him, until we came on the road near Donovan's where he asked one or two men, what house was it that was on fire? They answered that it was Bray's house. Malone then bawled out that his clothes were gone, and then ran as hard as he could. I then went with him up the Church hill, and turned and went to my own house, where Mr Lampen told me to go up on the top of my own house, where I remained until day-light. Some days after, Malone told me that he had hid the money in Bray's plantation; and further the said Peter Downing hath nothing to state.

During the above confession Patrick Malone was present, who declined asking any questions, by way of cross-examination, but declares that there is not ten words of truth in the whole of it; and that the above statement is false as to the murder, but that these conversations was the very words Downing himself used to say to me."

Further Confession of Downing on the 28th July.

"That some time this summer Patrick Malone, on a Sunday, came to me in my yard, in a great hurry, and told me that Mrs Bray had left him in charge of the house and child. That Mr and Mrs Bray and the maid, were at prayers, and that now was the time to get the money. He then went out and I followed him to Mr Bray's house, when he again said, "now is the time, I can start a lock, and you can put the bag into another bag, and carry it into the woods;" he (Malone) adding, "you can hit me a couple of raps with the poker, in the head;" so that he (Malone) might say that a party came in and left him dead. I told him that I would not."

The above confession being read to Malone, he declines asking Downing any questions, but declares that "Downing came in to me, in Mr Bray's house, while I was rocking the child in the kitchen with my foot. I was taking my supper on the bench, he asked me if I could bear a cut? I told him I could not, and that he should not lay his hands upon any thing. With that he ran up stairs; I then laid the cup out of my hand and then followed him up stairs,—he was after looking into master's bed-room, and the girl's, and was closing the doors. I begged of him, for God's sake, to come down, for fear the master would find him. He said he would, as soon as he had looked into the other room. He went up to the door, which he found locked. He said 'what is in the house is in that room.' I then begged him to come down, which he did. He then sat on the bench with me, while I took my supper. Downing, the time he sat there observed, 'how easy it would be to take what money there was in the house, only that I was there.' When I was done my supper, I walked out in the way, that if the mistress came in she would not like to see Downing with me. Downing then followed me into the back-yard, where we stood for a few minutes, he exclaimed, 'Oh! my, my, Patrick, how easy could it be to work.' I told him I should go into the child. He went home, stating 'that he feared if he remained, any suspicion might fall upon him.'"

The above, taken in the presence of Downing and read to him, who declines asking any questions, but declared that every word that Malone has mentioned, to be false.

Mr DANSON's examination resumed—The prisoner Malone, made two confessions before witness and other magistrates, on the 26th and 28th July last. The gaoler, Mr Currie, had informed witness that Malone had expressed a wish to make a confession. His Excellency's Proclamation had been read to him (Malone) by the gaoler. Witness had held out no inducement to him to confess, but he believes Dr Sterling had told him it might be of service to him hereafter, to make a confession.

Dr STERLING sworn—Is a magistrate at Harbor Grace, was present at the examination of Malone, on the 26th and 28th July last.—(Malone's confessions were here handed to witness.)—The confessions were taken in his presence. The gaoler had intimated to witness, on the 26th July, that Malone was disposed to confess whatever he knew respecting the murder of Mr Bray, and wished to see witness. Witness immediately went to the Court-house, and Malone said he was afraid to say any thing.—but that he would confess all, if he thought it would save his life.—witness told him that he would make no promise, or hold out any other inducement to confess, than was contained in the Governor's Proclamation, that if he were not the actual perpetrator of the murders it might be serviceable to him.

The CHIEF JUSTICE here observed that under these circumstances he could not permit Malone's confession to be received, or read, in evidence.

[We believe that the confessions of the two culprits were much of the same tenor; only that each charged the other with being the actual perpetrator of the murders; and that as to fact and manner of the murder, both were in accord, differing only as to which of the two executed the bloody deed.]

Dr. STERLING's examination resumed—No inducement had been held out to Downing, on the contrary, he was cautioned against saying any thing to commit himself, but he persisted in making a confession, and even expressed a particular wish that it should be taken down in his own words.

EDWARD PYNNE sworn.—Has resided, for the last eight years, at Harbor Grace. Knew the deceased Mr Bray—has seen the prisoners at the bar, knows that Downing lived as a servant for twelve months with the deceased, recollected giving an alarm of fire on the 11th July last, was employed that night, with two other persons, in watching property in the street near the beach, probably 200 yards distant from Mr Bray's house; it was a little after twelve o'clock when he first discovered fire; did not at first know where it was, but having run up a little, he found it proceeded from Bray's house, and immediately gave the alarm; went through the front gate, rapped loudly at the door, and called out to the inmates that the house was on fire; receiving no answer he burst open the door, and the first object that struck him was Mr Bray laying on his back on the floor; witness attempted to lift him and his head fell back; saw a small stream of blood flowing from the neck; there were, also, spots of blood on the neckcloth, which was white; there was blood, too, on the face, which appeared to be scratched; the body was lying

on the floor, between the kitchen and stairs, the feet towards the kitchen; it was nearer the stairs than the kitchen; there was something burning near the body; the house was all on fire above stairs; there was light enough below to see distinctly; is quite certain it was Mr Bray's body; thought, at the time he had been killed; it struck him the murderers might be in the house, and thinking that he himself might be in danger, he left the body, and ran out for assistance; Mr Bray wore dark coloured clothes; he saw no hat; witness did not afterwards see the body; met several people coming towards the fire, when he ran out of the house; saw some linen or cotton clothes at the foot of the stairs; they appeared to have been thrown down from above; did not go up stairs; did not see the prisoners until the time of the inquest on the bodies.

THOMAS KITCHEN sworn.—Resides at Harbor Grace; is a native of that place; is a mason there; knew the late Mr Bray very well; recollects a fire occurring at Mr Bray's house on the 11th July last; first saw the fire a little after twelve o'clock; was sitting up at the time with a sick man who lived in Church-lane near Mr Bray's; ran alone to the spot, and found the fire to proceed from Mr Bray's house; when going towards the house saw two persons, whom he did not know, coming from it, calling "fire!" they appeared to witness to cry out in a feigned voice; went into Bray's house, by the hall door, which was open; before he went in, he threw stones against the windows to awaken the family, as he did not at the time see the door open; went into the kitchen; had been in the house once before, and knew it to be the kitchen from the large fire-place; saw Mr Bray lying on his back in the kitchen; there was a candle lying on its side, which enabled him to see the body; there was light in the hall, from some linen or cotton clothes which were burning there; the fire in the hall did not reflect in the kitchen in consequence of the kitchen door being nearly closed; the body lay with the head towards the fire place, nearly upon it; a person standing at the house front-door could not have seen the body in the kitchen; when he saw the body he took up one of the hands which was quite cold, and the face was bloody; wore a neck-handkerchief, but did not observe blood on it, as there was but a glimmering light from the candle; only remained long enough to see if Mr Bray was dead; thought that Mr Bray had been murdered, and, from the appearance of the house, that all the family had been served in the same way; there was no fire in the kitchen, but the house was all on fire above; ran out of the front-door; did not go to the back-door; met George Wolfrey coming towards the house, and told him that Mr Bray's house was on fire, and that all the family had been murdered; Wolfrey looked through the kitchen window, and said he saw Mr Bray; Mr Bray had on a pair of trousers; was so frightened that he did not recollect whether he wore a coat; when he returned to the house he went to the back-door, which he found open; he was sure no one had been there before him; he did not examine the body, but left it where he found

See last page.

Poetry,
Original and Select.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

TO MY CHILD.

By the Hon. Mrs Norton.

They say thou art not fair to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine!
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage are thine:
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bostows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful?—To me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair—
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips—
The light that falls upon thy shining hair—
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek—
Must all of nature's endless beauty speak!

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to me
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee;
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night!

Yes, even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon;
I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see the smile!

Art thou not beautiful?—I hear thy voice—
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth—
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring-earth.
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitch'd mine eyes—my only dear!

Beauty is that which dazzles—-that which strikes—
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he has found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along;
Sunbeams are beautiful—-and gilded halls—
Wide terraces—-and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above;
A nook that was our childhood's resting-place—
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress;
And what it could not say was *beautiful*,
Yet gained the *dearer* term of *loveliness*.
The *loved* are *lovely*;—-so art thou to me,
Child in whose face strange eyes no beauty see!

THE MURDERER'S LAST NIGHT.

About the year 1790, at the Assizes for the county of which the town of C—r is the county town, was tried and convicted a wretch guilty of one of the most horrible murders upon record. He was a young man, probably (for he knew not his own years) of about 22 years of age. One of those wandering and unsettled creatures, who seem to be driven from place to place, they know not why. Without home, without name, without companion, without sympathy, without sense. Heartless, friendless, idealess, almost soul-less! It was on a stormy Christmas-eve, when he begged shelter in the hut of an old man, whose office it was to regulate the transit of conveyances upon the road

of a great mining establishment in the neighbourhood. The old man had received him, and shared with him his humble cheer and his humble bed; for on that night the wind blew, and the sleet drove, after a manner that would have made it a crime to have turned a stranger's dog to the door. The next day the poor old creature was found dead in his hut—his brains beaten out with an old iron implement which he had used—and his little furniture rifled and in confusion. The wretch had murdered him for the supposed hoard of a few shillings. The snow, from which he afforded his murderer shelter, had drifted in at the door, which the miscreant, when he fled, had left open, and was frozen red with the blood of his victim. But it betrayed a footstep hard frozen in the snow and blood—and the nails of the murderer's shoe were counted, even as his days were soon to be. He was taken a few days after, with a handkerchief of the old man's upon his neck. So blind is blood-guiltiness.

Up to the hour of condemnation, he remained reckless as the wind—unrepenting as the flint—venomous as the blind-worm. With that deep and horrible cunning which is so often united to unprincipled ignorance, he had almost involved in his fate another vagrant with whom he had chanced to consort, and to whom he had disposed of some of the blood-bought spoils. The circumstantial evidence was so involved and interwoven, that the jury after a long and obvious hesitation as to the latter, found both guilty; and the terrible sentence of death, within forty-eight hours, was passed upon both. The culprit bore it without much outward emotion; but when taken from the dock, his companion, infuriated by despair and grief, found means to level a violent blow at the head of his miserable and selfish betrayer, which long deprived the wretch of sense or motion, and, for some time, was thought to have anticipated the executioner. Would it had done so! But let me do my duty as I ought—let me repress the horror which one scene of this dreadful drama never fails to throw over my spirit—that I may tell my story as a man—and my confession at least be clear. When the felon awoke out of the death-like trance into which this assault had thrown him, his hardihood was gone! and he was re-conveyed to the cell, in which he was destined agonizingly to struggle out his last hideous and distorted hours, in a state of abject horror which cannot be described. He who felt nothing—knew nothing—had now his eyes opened with terrible clearness to one object—the livid phantasma of a strangling death. All the rest was convulsive despair and darkness. Thought shudders at it—but let me go on.

The worthy clergyman, whose particular duty it was to smooth and soften, and, if possible, illuminate the last dark hours of the dying wretch, was not unwilling to admit the voluntary aid of those whom religious pre-dispositions and natural commiseration excited to share with him in the work of piety.

I was an Evangelical clergyman, and in the spiritual pride of my heart, I deemed myself the instrument who was to lead him into the paths of penitence—I visited his cell, and I undertook to pass with the mur-

derer— HIS LAST NIGHT—*such* a last!—but let me compose myself.

* * * * *

It was about the hour of ten, on a gusty and somewhat raw evening of September, that I was locked up alone with the murderer. It was the evening of the Sabbath.—Some rain had fallen, and the sun had not been long set without doors; but for the last hour and a half the dungeon had been dark, and illuminated only by a single taper. The clergyman of the prison and some of my religious friends, had sat with us until the hour of locking-up, when, at the suggestion of the gaoler, they departed. I must confess, their "good night," and the sound of the heavy door, which the gaoler locked after him, when he went to accompany them to the outer-gate of the gaol, sounded heavily on my heart. I felt a sudden shrink within me, as their steps quickly ceased to be heard upon the stairs—and when the distant prison door was firmly closed, I watched the last echo. I had for a moment forgotten my companion. When I turned round, he was sitting on the side of his low pallet, towards the head of it, supporting his head by his elbow against the wall, apparently in a state of half stupor. He was motionless, excepting a sort of convulsive movement, between, sprawling and clutching of the fingers of the right hand, which was extended on his knee. His shrunk cheeks exhibited a deadly ashen paleness, with a slight tinge of yellow, the effect of confinement. His eyes were glossy and sunken, and seemed in part to have lost the power of gazing. They were turned with an unmeaning and vacant stare upon the window, where the last red streak of day was faintly visible, which they seemed vainly endeavouring to watch. The sense of my own situation now recoiled strongly upon me; and the sight of the wretch sitting stiffened in quiet agony (for it was no better), affected me with a faint sickness. I felt that an effort was necessary, and with some difficulty addressed a few cheering and consolatory phrases to the miserable creature I had undertaken to support. My words might not—but I fear my tone was too much in unison with his feelings, such as they were. His answer was a few inarticulate mutterings, between which, the spasmodic twitching of his fingers became more apparent than before. A noise at the door seemed decidedly to rouse him; and, as he turned his head with a sudden effort, I felt relieved to see the gaoler enter. He was used to such scenes; and with an air of commiseration, but in a tone which lacked none of the firmness with which he habitually spoke, he asked the unhappy man some questions of his welfare, and seemed satisfied with the head-shake and inarticulately muttered replies of the again drooping wretch, as if they were expected, and of course. Having directed the turnkey to place some wine and slight refreshments on the table, and to trim the light, he told me in a whisper, that my friends would be at the prison, with the clergyman, at the hour of six; and bidding the miserable convict and myself, after a cheering word or two, "good night," he departed—the door was closed—and the murderer and I were finally left together.

It was now past ten o'clock; and it became my solemn duty to take heed, that the last few hours of the dying sinner passed not without such comfort to his struggling soul as human help might hold out. After reading to him some passages of the gospel, the most apposite to his trying state, and some desultory and unconnected conversation—for the poor creature at times seemed to be unable, under his load of horror to keep his ideas connected further than as they dwelt upon his own nearing and unavoidable execution—I prevailed upon him to join in prayer. He at this time appeared to be either so much exhausted, or labouring under so much lassitude from fear and want of rest, that I found it necessary to take his arm and turn him upon his knees by the pallet side. The hour was an awful one. No sound was heard save an occasional ejaculation between a sigh and a smothered groan from the wretched felon. The candle burned dimly; and as I turned I saw, though I scarcely noticed it at the moment, a dim insect of the moth species, fluttering hurriedly round it, the sound of whose wings mournfully filled up the pauses of myself and my companion. When the nerves are strained to their uttermost, by such trifling circumstances as we affected. *Here* (thought I) there has been no light, at such an hour, for many years; and yet here is one whose office it seems to be to watch it! My spirit felt the necessity of some exertion; and with an energy, for which a few minutes before I had hardly dared to hope, I poured out my soul in prayer. I besought mercy upon the blood-stained creature who was groveling beside me—I asked that repentance and peace might be vouchsafed to him—and that the leave-taking of body and soul might be in quietness and peace. But he shook and shivered, and nature clung to the miserable straw of existence which yet floated upon the wide and dismal current of oblivion, and he groaned heavily, and muttered, "No, no! no!" as if the very idea of death was unbearable, even for a moment; and "to die," even to him that must, were a thing impossible, and not to be thought of or named. And as I wrestled with the adversary that had dominion over him, he buried his shrunk and convulsed features in the coverings of his miserable pallet; while his fingers twisted and writhed about, like so many scotched snakes, and his low, sick moans, made the very dungeon darker.

When I lifted him from his kneeling position, he obeyed my movement like a tired child, and again sat on the low pallet, in a state of motionless and unresisting torpor. The damp sweat stood on my own forehead, though not so cold as on his; and I poured myself out a small portion of wine, to ward off the exhaustion which I began to feel unusually strong upon me. I prevailed upon the poor wretch to swallow a little with me; and, as I broke a bit of bread, I thought, and spoke to him, of that last repast of Him who came to call sinners to repentance; and methought his eye grew lighter than it was. The sinking frame, exhausted and worn down by anxiety, confinement, and the poor allowance of a felon's gaol, drew a short respite from the cordial; and he listened to my words with something of self-collected-

ness—albeit slight tremblings might still be seen to run along his nerves at intervals; and his features collapsed, ever and anon, into that momentary vacuity of wildness which the touch of despair never fails to give. I endeavoured to improve the occasion. I exhorted him, for his soul's sake, and the relief of that which needed it too much, to make a full and unreserved confession, not only to God, who needed it not, but to man, who did. I besought him, for the good of all, and as he valued his soul's health, to detail the particulars of his crime, but *his eye fell*. The dark enemy, who takes care to leave in the heart just hope enough to keep despair alive, tongue-tied him; and he would not—even now—at the eleventh hour—give up the vain imagination, that the case of his companion might yet be confounded with his, to the escape of both—and vain it was. It had not been felt advisable, so far to make him acquainted with the truth, that this had already been sifted and decided; and I judged this to be the time. Again and again I urged confession upon him. I put it to him that this act of justice might now be done for its own sake, and for that of the cleansing from spot of his stained spirit. I told him, finally, that it could no longer prejudice him in this world, where his fate was written and sealed, for that his companion *was reprieved*. I knew not what I did. Whether the tone of my voice, untutored in such business, had raised a momentary hope, I know not—but the revulsion was dreadful. He stared with a vacant look of sudden horror—a look which those who never saw cannot conceive, and which—(the remembrance is enough)—I hope never to see again—and twisting round, rolled upon his pallet with a stifled moan, that seemed tearing him in pieces.—As he lay, moaning and writhing backwards and forwards, the convulsions of his legs, the twisting of his fingers, and the shiverings that ran through his frame were terrible.

To attempt to rouse him seemed only to increase their violence—as if the very sound of the human voice was, under his dreadful circumstances, intolerable, as renewing the sense of reality to a reason already clouding, and upon the verge of temporary delirium. He was the picture of despair. As he turned his face to one side, I saw that a few, but very few hot tears had been forced from his glassy and blood-shot eyes; and in his writhings he had scratched one cheek against his iron bedstead, the red discoloration of which contrasted sadly with the deadly pallidness of hue which his visage now showed; during his struggles, one shoe had come off, and lay unheeded on the damp stone-floor. The demon was triumphant within him; and when he groaned, the sound seemed scarcely that of a human being, so much had horror changed it. I kneeled over him—but in vain. He heard nothing—he felt nothing—he knew nothing, but that extremity of prostration, to which a moment's respite would be Dives' drop of water—and yet in such circumstances, anything but a mercy. He could not bear, for a moment, to think upon his own death—a moment's respite would only have added new strength to the agony—he might be dead; but could not—"die;"

and in the storm of my agitation and pity, I prayed to the Almighty to relieve him at once from sufferings which seemed too horrible even to be contemplated.

How long this tempest of despair continued, I do not know. All that I can recall is, that after almost losing my own recollection under the agitation of the scene, I suddenly perceived that his moans were less loud and continuous, and that I ventured to look at him, which I had not done for some space. Nature had become exhausted, and he was sinking gradually into a stupor, which seemed something between sleep and fainting.—This relief did not continue long—and as soon as I saw him begin to revive again to a sense of his situation, I made a strong effort, and, lifting him up, seated him again on the pallet, and pouring out a small quantity of wine, gave it him to drink, not without a forlorn hope that even wine might be permitted to afford him some little strength to bear what remained of his misery, and collect his ideas for his last hour. After a long pause of returning recollection, the poor creature got down a little of the cordial, and as I sat by him and supported him, I began to hope that his spirits calmed. He held the glass and sipped occasionally, and appeared in some sort to listen, and to answer to the words of consolation I felt collected enough to offer. At this moment the low and distinct sound of a clock was heard, distinctly striking one. The ear of despair is quick;—and as he heard it, he shuddered, and in spite of a strong effort to suppress his emotion, the glass had nearly fallen from his hand. A severe nervous restlessness now rapidly grew upon him, and he eagerly drank up one or two small portions of wine, with which I supplied him. His fate was now evidently brought one degree nearer to him. He kept his gaze intently and unceasingly turned to the window of the dungeon. His muttered replies were incoherent or unintelligible, and his sunken and weakened eye strained painfully on the grated window, as if he momentarily expected to see the first streak of the dawn of that morning, which to him was to be night. His nervous agitation gradually became horrible, and his motions stronger.—He seemed not to have resolution enough to rise from his seat and go to the window, and yet to have an overpowering wish or impulse to do so. The lowest sound startled him—but with this terrible irritation, his muscular power, before debilitated, seemed to revive, and his action, which was drooping and languid, became quick and angular.—I began to be seized with an undefined sense of fear and alarm. In vain I combated it; it grew upon me; and I had almost risen from my seat to try and make myself heard and obtain, if possible, assistance. The loneliness of the goal, however rendered this, even if attempted, almost desperate—the sense of duty, the dread of ridicule, came across me, and chained me to my seat by the miserable criminal, whose state was becoming every minute more dreadful and extraordinary.

Exhausted by the wearing excitement and anxiety of my situation, I had for a moment sunk into that confused absence of mind

with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily as though cumbrously laden under the paved gateway; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf: grief and fear had horrible possession—Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavoured to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man*; but the word “death” had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck: his face assumed a dark red colour, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying, and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us in a glass, and after wetting his temples held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands got down at intervals the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands, but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like, that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened, all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveyed the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and super-human, till the iron bars shook in their embedments.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor creature, and being pushed away by hands which were

now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and, while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting, I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in a state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a perfect unresistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the jail; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me: but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried, exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree—his head drooping on his breast, his eyes opening mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning air, which breathed in his face as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more. Let me hasten to conclude. I was ill for many weeks, and after recovering from a nervous fever, was ordered by my physicians into the country. This was the first blessing and relief I experienced, for the idea of society was now terrible to me. I was secluded for many months. Time, however, who ameliorates all things, at length softened and wore away the sharper parts of these impressions, but to this hour I dare not dwell upon the events of that awful night. If I dream of them, although the horrors fall far short of the appalling reality, yet for the next sun I am discomposed, and can only seek for rest from that Almighty Power, who, in his inscrutable providence, thought fit I should read a lesson so hideous, but—so salutary.—Reader, farewell.

[The excellent relater of the foregoing extraordinary narrative has now been dead for some years. In giving it to the public, I am only carrying into effect his own more than once expressed wish and intention. In attempting to do this, I have adhered as closely as possible to the strong and impressive language in which it was narrated to me. Should their be any breast to which this singular key is fitted, it will not have been given vain.—T. D.]

Shipping Intelligence.

CARBONEAR.

CLEARED.

Jan. 11.—Brig Ceres, Adey, Naples; 2500 qts. fish.

MARRIED.—On Thursday last, in this town, by the Rev. James G. Hennigar, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr John Garland, to Miss Mary Brinan.

On Friday last, by the same, Mr Joseph Palk, to Miss Ann Cook, of this town.

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it; knows the prisoners at the bar; knew they were servants to Mr Bray at the time; they used to be employed about the house and on the farm; witness remained assisting at the fire until the house was burned down; the persons whom he first met were running from the fire; thought they turned their faces from him; they passed about 3 yards from him, and were about thirty yards from the fire; did not see Edmund Pynn; did not recollect seeing either of the prisoners that night; had since thought that the persons whom he met might have been the prisoners; thought that one of them wore a canvas trousers; recollects telling Malone three days after the fire, that he met two men and that one of them, he thought was Edward Pynn, crying fire; Malone said “it was not Pynn who cried fire;” witness asked who it was? and Malone hung down his head, and made no reply; witness asked no further questions, but Malone’s manner excited his suspicion, which he communicated to a person named Keefe, at Harbor Grace; the persons whom he met were on the road passing the house; has been at Bar’s Cove.

GEORGE WOLFREY sworn.—He lived all his life-time at Harbor Grace; knew Mr Bray very well, and where he lived, having gone to school to him; recollects the fire at Mr Bray’s house, in July last, it occurred after 12 o’clock at night; was in bed when he heard the alarm; lives about 100 yards from Mr Bray’s house; on the way towards the fire he met Kitchen, between Mr Soper’s and the Church-gate, very near Mr Bray’s; Kitchen told him Mr Bray’s house was on fire, and the family were all murdered; went up to the house but did not go in; the fire was then bursting through the windows; looked in through the kitchen windows in front, and saw Mr Bray lying on the floor with his head towards the fire-place, and his feet towards the kitchen door; he knew the situation of the kitchen very well; a person standing at the kitchen door and looking in could see the body; when he looked through the window, there was light enough to see the position of the body; had been told by Kitchen to look through the window; did not observe whether there was blood on the body; the alarm he was in at the time prevented him from going in; did not see Edward Pynn; met no one but Kitchen; saw neither of the prisoners during the night; saw some clothes at the bottom of the stairs; knew that the prisoners were servants to Mr Bray; saw the prisoners on the morning after the fire, searching with others, amongst the ruins for the money which was supposed to be there.

Mr JOHN FITZGERALD sworn.—Has lived for the last 18 years at Harbor Grace, knew the late Mr Bray; recollects the late fire which occurred in his house on the 12th July last; passed the house at half-past ten o’clock on the same night; observed no particular appearance about Mr Bray’s house. (See Supplement.)