

THE
STAR,
AND
CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1834.

NO. 23.

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

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

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, Jan. 14.

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, Jan. 14, 1834.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this paper.
January 1, 1834.

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.—**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.

April 10

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.

Notices.

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between **CARBONEAR** and **PORTUGAL COVE**, as a **PACKET-BOAT**; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them 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. notice will be shortly given.
Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

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.

ALSO,

An excellent Assortment of **Ackermann's WATER COLORS**, Comprising *Carmine, Smalt, Cobalt, Chrome Yellows, Antwerp Blue, &c.*

☞ **ORIENTAL TINTING** Apparatus, also on hand.

Poetry,

Original and Select.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!
The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!
' He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.
A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.
' And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!"

SING, GONDOLIER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sing to me, Gondolier!
Sing words from Tasso's lay;
While pure, and still, and clear,
Night seems but softer day,
The gale is gently falling,
As if it paused to hear
Some strain, the past recalling;—
Sing to me, Gondolier!
Oh! ask me not to wake
Proud spirits of the brave;
Bid no high numbers break
The silence of the wave!
Gone are the noble hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here;
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier!

CASPAR HAUSER.

The state of man, when excluded from social intercourse and education, is perhaps partially exhibited in such histories as those of Peter the Wild Boy; but the subject, as a whole, is now redeemed from speculation by the history of Caspar Hauser. This history is not only of surpassing interest in itself, but, in the point of view we have stated, is of much importance, that the information it affords must always hereafter occupy that place in the history of man which conjecture has hitherto supplied. An exceedingly curious account of this remarkable being has been translated from the German of Anselm von Feuerbach, and to this we are indebted for the information which we pur-

pose to lay before our readers: referring to those who desire further information to the work itself for many interesting details which our limits will not include.

On Whit Monday, the 26th May, 1828, a citizen of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was proceeding from his house to take a walk, when, happening to look around him, he perceived at a little distance a young man in the dress of a peasant, who was standing in a very singular posture, and, like an intoxicated person, was endeavouring to move forward, without being able either to stand upright or to govern the movement of his legs. On the approach of the citizen the stranger held out to him a letter directed to a military officer living in Nuremberg. As the house of this person lay in the direction of the citizen's walk, he took the youth thither with him. When the servant opened the door, the stranger advanced with the letter in his hand, with the following words:—"Ae sechtene möcht ih wahn, wie mei Votta wahn is." The various questions of the servant,—as, what he wanted? who he was? whence he came?—he appeared not to understand, and answered only by a repetition of the same words. He seemed so much fatigued that he could scarcely be said to walk, but only to stagger; and he pointed to his feet with tears, and a countenance expressive of much pain. As he appeared to be also suffering from hunger and thirst, a small piece of meat was handed to him; but scarcely had the first morsel touched his lips when he shuddered, the muscles of his face were seized with convulsive spasms, and he spat it out with great abhorrence. He manifested the same aversion after he had tasted a few drops of a glass of beer which was brought to him. But he swallowed with greediness and satisfaction a bit of bread and a glass of pure water. In the meantime all attempts to gain any information concerning his person or his arrival were entirely fruitless. He seemed to hear without understanding, to see without perceiving, and to move his feet without knowing how to use them for the purpose of walking.—His language consisted mostly of tears, moans, and unintelligible sounds, mingled with the words which he frequently repeated,—"Reuta wahn, wie mei Votta wahn is*." He was hence soon regarded as a kind of savage; and, in expectation of the captain's return, was conducted to the stable, where he immediately stretched himself on the straw, and fell into a profound sleep. When the captain came home, several hours after, the boy was with immense difficulty awakened. He then regarded the bright colours of the officer's uniform with childish satisfaction, and began to repeat his "Reuta," &c. to which, and a few other articulate expressions, he attached, as was afterwards discovered, no particular meaning. They were only sounds which had been taught him like a parrot and which he uttered as the common expression of all his ideas, sensations, and desires.

The letter addressed to the captain afforded no distinct information concerning this singular being. It is stated that the writer

* This jargon seems to imply, "I will be a rider (a trooper) as my father was."

was a poor day-labourer with a family of ten children. The bearer had been left in his house the 7th of October, 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave it. A Christian education had been given to him, and he had been taught to read and write; and as he wished to become a trooper, and the writer found it difficult to maintain him longer, he had brought him to Nuremberg, and consigned him to the captain's protection. This letter, manifestly designed to mislead, was written in German, and concluded with this heartless expression—"If you do not keep him, you may get rid of him or let him be scrambled for." In a Latin postscript, evidently by the same hand, though the writer professes to be a poor girl, it is stated that the lad was born April 30, 1812, that he had been baptized; that the application was for his education until he became seventeen years old, and that he should then be sent to the 6th *Chevaux légers* regiment, to which his father, then dead, had belonged. Under all the circumstances, the captain thought it best to consign the stranger, and to leave the solution of the riddle, to the city police. On his arrival at the guard house, the usual official questions were put to him, to which, and all other enquiries, he gave no other reply than his usual unmeaning "Reuta," &c. He exhibited neither fear, astonishment, nor confusion; but rather showed an almost brutish dulness, which either leaves external objects entirely unnoticed, or stares at them without thought. But he was continually pointing, with tears and whimpering, to his feet, which with his awkward and childish demeanour, soon excited the compassion of all who were present; for having the appearance of a young man, his whole conduct was that of a child scarcely two or three years old. The police were divided in opinion whether to consider him as an idiot or as a kind of savage: and one or two expressed a doubt, whether under this appearance some cunning deceiver might not be concealed. Some one thought of trying whether he could write, and placed materials before him, with an intimation that he should do so. This appeared to give him pleasure, he took the pen, by no means awkwardly, between his fingers, and wrote in legible characters the name "Kasper Hauser." This circumstance strengthened the impression of his being an impostor, and he was, for the present, consigned to a tower, used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds, in the short walk to which he sank down, groaning at almost every step.

The structure of Caspar Hauser's body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, showed perfect symmetry, without any visible defect. His face was, on his first appearance at Nuremberg, very vulgar; when in a state of tranquillity, it was almost without expression; and its lower features being somewhat prominent, gave him a brutish appearance. But the alteration in his face altered in a few months almost entirely; his countenance gained expression and animation, the lower part of his face became gradually less prominent, and his earlier physiognomy could scarcely be longer recognized. His feet, which have no marks of having been ever before confined by a shoe, were

beautifully formed, and the soles were as soft as the palms of his hands. His gait was, properly speaking, not a walk, but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of the way—a painful medium between the motion of falling, and the endeavour to stand upright. The smallest impediment in his way caused him often, in his chamber, to fall flat on the floor; and for a long time after his arrival he could not go up or down stairs without assistance. He scarcely knew at all how to use his hands and fingers.—Where others applied but a few fingers, he used his whole hand in the most awkward manner imaginable.

In a very short time Caspar Hauser ceased to be regarded either as an idiot or an imposter; and the mildness, good-nature, and obedience which he exhibited, precluded the idea that he had grown up among the beasts of the forest. Yet he was so utterly destitute of words and conceptions, so unacquainted with the common objects and daily occurrences of nature; and he showed such an indifference and abhorrence to all the usual customs, conveniences, and necessities of life; and evinced such extraordinary peculiarities in his mental, moral, and physical existence, that it only remained to conjecture that he had been kept in a state of utter seclusion and imprisonment during the former portion of his existence; and now appeared a monstrous being, only beginning to live in the middle of his life, and who must always remain a man without childhood or boyhood.

Caspar then became an object of great curiosity and interest, and was visited by hundreds of persons. During the night he lay upon his straw-bed; and in the day he sat upon the floor with his legs stretched out before him. He could be persuaded to take no other food than bread and water. Even the smell of most of the common articles of food was sufficient to make him shudder, or still more disagreeably to affect him; and the least drop of wine or coffee, mixed clandestinely with his water, occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent head-ache. When he saw for the first time a lighted candle placed before him, he was delighted with the shining flame, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into it; but he quickly drew them back, crying out and weeping. Feigned cuts and thrusts were made at him with a naked sabre, in order to try what might be their effect upon him; but he remained immovable without even winking, or without appearing in the least to suspect that any harm could thus be done to him. When a looking-glass was held before him, he caught at his own reflected image, and then looked behind to find the person whom he supposed to be concealed there. Like a little child, he endeavoured to lay hold of every glittering object that he saw; and he cried when he could not reach it or was forbidden to touch it. He was in possession of only two words for the purpose of designating living creatures. Whatever appeared to him in a human form he called, without any distinction of sex or age, "bua;" and to every animal that he met with, whether quadruped or biped, dog, cat, goose or fowl, he gave the name of "ross," (horse). This word,

indeed, appeared to fill by far the greatest space in his vocabulary, which contained scarcely half a dozen words. He often repeated the words with tears, and in a plaintive, beseeching tone of voice; and whenever any trifle, a riband, a coin, or a little picture, was given to him, he cried "Ross! ross!" and expressed by his looks and motions a desire to hang all these pretty things upon a horse. This suggested to a police soldier the idea of giving him a wooden horse for a plaything. The possession of this toy seemed to effect a great alteration in Caspar. He lost his insensibility, his indifference, and his dejection, and conducted himself as if he had found an old and long-desired friend. From that time he had ample employment in decorating, caressing, feeding, and dragging his horse to and fro by his side, without changing his usual position on the floor. He never ate his bread without first holding every morsel of it to the mouth of some one of his horses,—for more were given him,—nor did he ever drink water without first dipping their mouths in it, which he afterwards carefully wiped off. When the keeper endeavoured to make him understand that his wooden horse could not eat, he thought he had sufficiently refuted him by pointing to the crumbs that stuck in their mouths. From this and many other instances it manifestly appeared that ideas of things animate or inanimate, organic or unorganized, or of what is produced by nature, or formed by art, were all strangely mingled together in the mind of this poor victim of an extraordinary cruelty.

As soon as it was discovered that Caspar Hauser was no other than a grown infant, who had yet to learn to speak, act, and observe, he was removed to that part of the prison in which the keeper and his family resided. In this situation his education began, and his first tutor was the gaoler's son, a little boy eleven years of age. He became greatly attached to Caspar; and the natural pride of superior knowledge made it a delightful task to him to teach a robust youth, so much his senior how to speak.—The burgo-master of Nuremberg, and Professor Daumer soon interested themselves in Caspar's education. To the house of the burgo-master he was taken almost daily, for the purpose of instruction, and he was finally consigned altogether to the care of the professor. This change was chiefly by the representations of the writer of the work, from which our account is taken, who visited Caspar about a month after he was first found, and who became convinced that he would either die of a nervous fever, or be visited with some attack of insanity or idiocy if some change were not made in his situation; for it was manifest that the unaccustomed impressions and the free air,—the strange and often painful mingling of various images which continually flowed in upon his senses, the effort to which his mind was incessantly stimulated by the thirst for knowledge, labouring as it were to fasten upon, devour, and absorb into itself whatever was new to him (and all things were new): all this was more than his feeble body and delicate, yet constantly excited, nerves could bear. Such was the irritability of his

frame that whatever forcibly stimulated his curiosity, attracted his attention, or which he made a strong effort to comprehend, affected him with convulsive spasms, by which his face was distorted, and his whole body affected, particularly his arm and hand.

Uncleanliness, or what he considered such, whether in himself or others, was an abomination to him.

It is highly interesting to trace the phenomena which were exhibited when the physical senses of this young man began gradually to awake from their long torpor to the perception of external objects. It was not before the lapse of several days that he began to notice the striking of the steeple clock, and the ringing of the bells. This threw him into the greatest astonishment, which at first was only expressed by his listening looks, and by the spasmodic motions of his countenance, succeeded by a stare of benumbed meditation. Some weeks afterwards a nuptial procession passed under his windows with a band of music. He suddenly stood listening, motionless as a statue; his ears and eyes seemed continually to follow the movements of the sounds as they receded more and more; and they had long ceased to be audible to others while he continued immovably fixed in a listening posture, as if unwilling to lose the least vibrations of these notes. He was once at a military parade, placed very near to the great regimental drum; and he was so powerfully affected by its first sounds as to be immediately thrown into convulsions, which rendered his instantaneous removal necessary.

Caspar was remarkable for the extreme susceptibility and acuteness of his physical senses until after the period when he had been brought to eat meat. The following observations appear to refer chiefly to the early period of his residence with Professor Daumer;—His hearing was exceedingly quick. When taking a walk in the fields, he once heard, at a comparatively great distance, the footsteps of several persons, and he could distinguish these persons from each other by their walk. Perceiving, on one occasion, that a blind man evinced greater powers of hearing than himself, he observed, that his hearing had been formerly more acute; but, since he began to eat meat, he had been unable to distinguish sounds with so much nicety as the blind man.

Nothing made his new mode of life more unpleasant to him than the sense of smelling. What to us is entirely scentless was not so to him. The most delicate and delightful odours of flowers were felt by him as insupportable stench, which painfully affected his nerves. Excepting the smell of bread, and of certain condiments used in that which he had been accustomed in his prison, all scents were more or less disagreeable to him. When he was once asked which of all other smells was most agreeable to him? he answered, "None at all." His walks and rides were thus rendered very unpleasant by leading him near to flower-gardens, tobacco-fields, and nut-trees. He could distinguish apple, pear, and plum-trees from each other at a considerable distance by the smell of their leaves. The different colouring materials used in the painting of walls and furni-

(See page 182.)

European Intelligence

(From the Liverpool Standard, April 25.)

The Queen Regent of Spain according to a decree issued in her name, has resolved to summon to her aid the cortes or parliament of the country. The rank and quality of the persons who are eligible to sit in the two houses of peers and commons are described, but no time is fixed for calling them together.

The most important fact, however, rather hesitatingly let out by the ministerial journals, relates to the intended joint interference of France and England in the affairs of Spain and Portugal. That Louis Philippe, who has a large sum of money at stake in the cause of Don Pedro, should be anxious to interpose, we can well believe. He would be happy to send some hundred thousand of his troops who have distinguished themselves in the massacres of Paris and Lyons, beyond the Pyrennees; but how is England to interfere? She has no disposable forces—she is alike destitute of troops and money. She may be a looker on; but if she consent to the invasion of the citizen king, the tyrant here, or rather Nero, of republican and constitutional liberty, she has no means of preventing him from making the best use of his conquest for his own purposes. We shall pause, therefore, before we believe that this intention on the part of England is serious.

The rebellion in Lyons has at length been subdued, and that city is what we anticipated, the Tyre of France. The private correspondent of our London namesake thus describes the *denouement*:

"The soldiers have acted with great barbarity to the women and girls found in houses in which they entered. After criminally abusing and stripping them, in many cases they stabbed them. What a scene of desolation! Lyons is ruined—and that for ever. Nothing the government can now do can give security to property. The excesses of the soldiers are the subject of general complaint. This does not surprise me, for property has been most unnecessarily destroyed to an extent quite incredible."

The same result, as regards property, would happen in Manchester and Birmingham to-morrow, if the trades' unions were to make a stand as the *mutuellistes* of Lyons did. May that result, however, be averted! although we fear that unless the government are more prompt in suppressing these illegal bodies than they have been in London, a terrible collision is much nearer at hand than is generally believed.

The King of the Belgians is following in the steps of his worthy and honourable father-in-law. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* has been ordered out of the country forthwith; and for what? Why for simply stating the truth—the truth stated and confirmed by the correspondent of the *Times*, and every other correspondent—the truth admitted and confessed by the very journals under the controul of Leopold himself.

These Belgic newspapers admit that at the riots and the plunder, by some three or four

hundred playhouse blackguards, the *élite* of Leopold's patriots, there were about 2,400 soldiers in Brussels. The correspondent of the *Herald* stated, that during the plunder Leopold looked calmly on, that the authorities did not interfere, and that the troops were not called out. Is not this a pretty convincing proof that the outrages were planned, or at least winked at, by the authorities? The truth, however, is a dangerous and transportable article in Belgium.—There is very little of it we admit, in the country; but he who deals in it is sure to be punished. The *Herald* speaks of the treatment of its correspondent as follows:—

"Among the latest acts of petty tyranny of this sort we find the promulgation of an order against the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, commanding him to leave the kingdom in 24 hours. No man, whose nearest and dearest connections are not in Belgium, or who has not positive duties to discharge there, need regret leaving a country which has the misfortune to be under such a government—a government that, being raised to power upon a revolution, dreads independence of opinion as its greatest enemy, and persecutes the freedom of the press, with all the bitterness of despotic intolerance."

The only despotic governments in Europe at the present moment are the new-made, constitutional, and liberty-professing governments of Louis Philippe and the Prince of Saxe Coburg! What a lesson to revolutionists!

THE LONDON TRADES' UNION PROCESSION.—At day-break on Monday morning all the streets leading to Copenhagen fields were crowded with the unionists, who at that time commenced their march from their several lodges to that point for the purpose of being marshalled as an escort to the deputation who were charged with the duty of presenting a petition from the members of the trades' unions, generally, to Lord Melbourne, and requesting him to lay it before the King.—About ten o'clock the number of persons supposed to be assembled at Copenhagen-house was estimated at 150,000, and at this time a car, borne on the shoulders of twelve men, was brought out. The petition was placed upon the car, and a signal rocket was fired off, when the procession commenced its march. The Rev. Dr Wade, in full canonicals, as *chaplain to the council!* walked with Mr Owen, immediately after the petition. When the petition reached the Home Office, in Whitehall, the procession, it is stated, extended from Parliament-street to the place from which it set out. The petition having been deposited in the Home Office, the procession passed over Westminster Bridge to Kennington Common, where it was formed into a quadrangle to await the return of the deputation. Here they were addressed by their *officers*, who thanked them for their excellent conduct, and exhorted them to return peaceably to their several lodges, where the answer of Lord Melbourne would be communicated to them.—The *host* then separated, and each lodge accordingly proceeded to its station. The close of the procession passed the Home

Office at half-past two o'clock—that is, nearly five hours after the commencement of the march from Copenhagen-fields.

The following is an account of what occurred when the deputation was at the Home Office:—

Five persons, accompanied by Mr Owen, were shown into Mr Philipps's room, bringing in a petition. One of them said, they wished to see Lord Melbourne. Mr Philipps said Lord Melbourne could not see them.

Mr Owen wished to enter into a discussion, upon which Mr Philipps asked him if he was one of the deputation? He replied in the negative.

Mr Philipps said that he was authorized only to receive the deputation. Mr Owen again wished to enter upon the subject of the petition, when he was interrupted by Mr Philipps, who repeated, he could only receive the deputation; upon this, Mr Owen called upon the deputation to go out with him.

After some delay the deputation returned again to Mr Philipps, but without Mr Owen. Mr Philipps then asked if they were a deputation from the meeting held this morning, at Copenhagen-fields, and if they brought it from the body assembled there, accompanied by a procession through the streets to this office. They answered in the affirmative. Mr Philipps then said, Viscount Melbourne was in the office, that he had his directions to say that his Lordship could not receive a petition presented under such circumstances, and in such a manner; that he did not disapprove of the language of it, and that, if the petition should be presented on another day, and in a becoming manner, he would receive it and lay it before the King; that Viscount Melbourne directed him to add he would always be ready to present to the King any petition respectfully worded, and delivered to him in a proper manner.

The deputation then asked if the petition was refused? Mr Philipps requested distinctly what he had before said, and desired that they would be accurate in any report they might make of what had passed. The deputation then retired, taking the petition with them, without saying anything further. None but unionists were permitted to march in the procession, this part of the mob was estimated at 40,000 persons.

In reference to the above, the *Liverpool Standard* says:—

We congratulate our readers that the revolt has not yet broken out in the city of London. The mob, it is true, are nearly masters of the place; but they have deferred, for the present, trying their strength with the military and the police. They mustered tolerably strong on Monday last, and some forty or fifty thousand of them had the gratification of marching a few miles through some of the most public streets of the metropolis. Many of the shops in the line of march were shut, the children were locked up in the nurseries, the soldiers, even to the two sentries at the Horse Guards, were withdrawn, the blue police were stowed away in unknown places, the chief secretary of state was *non est*, the magistrates were in close divan musing on portentous forebodings, and the political unions were allowed

to make their demonstrations, show the power of their illegal associations, interrupt business, and annoy and intimidate the well-disposed, without being obstructed or molested by his Majesty's government.

The object of this array of confederated blackguards—of men bound by abominable oaths which impose secrecy—the object, or rather the avowed and pretended object of the procession was to present a petition in favour of six felons convicted at Dorchester, and now on their passage to Botany Bay. The avowed object, however, we sincerely believe, is only a pretext. These men do not conceal that they desire the laws to be framed according to the recognised rules of the illegal unions. Felony ought not to be felony, if the crime should happen to jar with the maxims of the clubs. If other men conspire to rob or ruin individuals, they may be hanged, if it so please the judge and jury; but to punish the villain who binds himself by a dreadful and impious oath to conspire the ruin of his employer—to prevent the industrious artisan or labourer from procuring his bread—to compel the innocent and well-disposed to give a tithe of their wages to idle, pampered, and presuming scoundrels—to punish such a man, say the unionists, is an offence against what the beer-shop orators call the majesty of the people, and to prevent his just punishment, these unionists assemble in vast numbers, decorated with badges, bedizened in gaudy colours of silk and cotton remnants, stolen by milliners and tailors from their employers; and they thus endeavour to intimidate a vacillating and imbecile administration.

They succeeded in doing this to a certain extent, on Monday last, in London. Lord Melbourne, it is true, had the courage not to face them. He did not order the porters of the Home Office to turn Dr Wade, Mr Harmony Owen, Peter Hetherington, and the other quacks and scamps out of the lobby; but he had pluck enough to send one Phillips, who, we take it, is an attorney or some kind of underling, to tell them that Owen had no right to be present, and that the petition which they had paraded, in a sort of hog-trough, could not be received. In plain English, the delegates and their long roll of fabricated signatures were both marched out of the office, with as little ceremony as a pickpocket is bundled out of the pit of a theatre.

But was this enough? Did this rebuke at the Home Office compensate for the perilous consequences which the government hazarded in allowing forty or fifty thousand men to congregate in the metropolis? Is that a conservative executive which permits the safety of nearly two million souls to be menaced by such a mob? No murder was done we concede; no houses were fired—no devastation was committed—no persons were assailed, except those who, mingling with the patriotic multitude, were subjected to the contributions of the pickpocket. All this is true; but is this enough to justify the lax conduct of the government? There might have been hundreds killed, thousands maimed, and tens of thousands maltreated and robbed. This case, we admit, proved an exception to the general rule applicable to all mobs and great assemblages of the "in-

telligent and useful classes;" but we, nevertheless, think that the executive government has proved itself to be totally unworthy of public confidence.

What have they done? They have legalized an illegal meeting. They have allowed conspirators, notoriously bound by secret oaths, to perambulate the streets of London in immense masses. They may have had at their command a military force, to quell, if necessary, any disorder; but they have for all this, given the force of law to an assembly illegal in itself, and whose organized demonstrations were fraught with imminent danger to property and personal security.—It may not always happen that they will have such a military force in Birmingham or Manchester. If the London unionists are permitted to perambulate the streets, how can the government expect local magistrates to interpose their authority to prevent similar mobs in the provincial towns? Here is the embarrassing point of the case. The government have tolerated that which it would now be hazardous in the local authorities to prevent. If the Home Secretary allows forty thousand men to march in procession, evidently with the design of overawing the authorities, how can the more responsible magistrates of Liverpool, Oldham, or Manchester, interfere to stop similar processions and demonstrations in their respective localities?

We leave Lord Wilton to ask, (he is an interested person,) and Lord Grey to answer, the question in their places in Parliament.—The anomalous proceeding is so glaring, that we are utterly unable to account for the conduct of Ministers, except in the supposition, which we can hardly entertain, that they were, in some way or other, mixed up with the business, and had a private understanding with the leaders of the unions. Do the simple members of the unions, who work and pay three or more shillings a week to support the orators and other scoundrels who preside over them—scoundrels in every sense of the word, who tax and oppress them—who rob them in the name of liberty—who make them pay for the unhallowed, illegal, and unbinding oaths they administer—who talk like the schoolmaster and act like the swindler—do these simple persons understand what we mean? Perhaps not.—They may have confidence in the men who would to-morrow sell and betray them.—They may think the rogues honest. They may imagine the interview with Mr Philipps was an *unpremeditated* farce. They may be advised, and may even believe, that the letters which passed between the parties were the only letters and communications sent and received. We tell these simple, misled and deluded people once for all, and we trust our words will sink deep in their memories—we tell them—

THEY ARE DECEIVED!

We who write this know these people of the government offices well, and we perceive indications which convince us that there is a compromise—some base juggle somewhere—some blood-money given and received.

Trust these people!—trust the leaders of the mob! No; we borrow the indignant

language of Coriolanus, the Roman gentleman, but the victim of a Roman mob, and exclaim—

-----"Hang ye! Trust ye?"

With every minute you do change a mind;

And call him noble that was now your hate."

It is, perhaps, fortunate that such men as Wade and others are at the head of the unions—fortunate for the country, but unfortunate for the poor men who are their dupes. With such a treacherous government as the present, ready to make all the sacrifices for the sake of place—ready to barter a peerage for a dozen votes in favour of a Whig candidate—ready to make the new electors of Scotland the victims of their love of office—ready to give a triumph to the base and vile, in order to accomplish some venal job—with such a government we say it is impossible to treat upon legitimate grounds of policy, or take their professions in any cause without a liberal discount.

Why were the police of London, as well as the military, smuggled away like contraband goods on this occasion? Why was London delivered over to pickpockets? If in ordinary times any religious enthusiast attempts to preach in a corner, or in any of the recesses of Tottenham Court Road, he is sure to be seized by the police on the ground that he is collecting a crowd and impeding the thoroughfare. If three or four loose females are found in conversation in any street they are instantly ordered off. If a vender of caricatures entices a crowd about his shop window in Cheapside, he is prosecuted for a nuisance. If two fishwomen talk in a loud tone, and half a dozen listeners collect about them, they are shouldered to the station-house. Why is this done? The pretext is to prevent molestation and hindrances on the streets. But what are all these interruptions put together to the nuisance, interruption, loss, dread, annoyance, and in other respects serious detriment of the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants. If forty thousand men, evidently the dupes of their leaders, led to market as hogs or sheep are, *to be sold*, are permitted to walk in procession, and to invite all the idle to gaze, and all the curious to suspend their labour, what use is there for a police at all? The people of London pay dearly for this official and unconstitutional police; and in proof that it is a body equally inefficient, and unconstitutional, it is not allowed to act when its services are most required. It is good only for bad purposes; it is withdrawn and made contemptible when its power should be brought into action. The people of London are taxed to support their police, and the poor-rates are swelled to cover its cost; in addition to this the nation at large is most unjustly called upon to contribute to its maintenance. In whatever point of view we place it, the police system of the metropolis is objectionable. The people of Liverpool, Manchester, and the nation generally, are called upon to support the police of London, and that police is so managed that it dare not show itself when the mobs of sworn men threaten the government and the monarchy.

ture, and in the dyeing of cloths,—the pigments with which he coloured his pictures,—the ink or pencil with which he wrote,—all things about him,—produced effects upon his sense of smell which were disagreeable or painful to him. The opening of a bottle of champagne was sure to drive him from the table, or make him sick.—What we call unpleasant smells were perceived by him with much less aversion than many of our perfumes. The smell of fresh meat was to him the most horrible of all smells.

As to his sight, there existed in respect to him no twilight, no night no darkness. This was first noticed by remarking that at night, he stepped everywhere with the greatest confidence, and that in dark places he always refused a light when it was offered him. In twilight he even saw much better than in broad day-light. Thus, after sunset, he once read the number of a house at the distance of a hundred and eighty paces, which in day-light he would not have been able to distinguish so far off. Towards the close of twilight, he once pointed out to his instructor a gnat on a very distant spider's web. It has been proved by, experiments carefully made, that in a perfectly dark night he could distinguish different dark colours, such as blue and green, from each other. M. von Feuerbach relates that, recollecting the well-known account given by Cheselden of a young man who had become blind but a few days after he was born, and was restored to sight by a successful operation, he felt desirous of instituting a comparison between his perceptions and those of Caspar. In one of his visits to the tower he accordingly directed him to look out of the window, which afforded the prospect of a beautiful landscape in all the glory of summer. He obeyed; but he immediately drew back with visible horror, exclaiming, "Ugly! ugly!" and then pointing to the wall of his chamber, he said, "There are not ugly." To the question "Why it was ugly? no other reply was made but, "Ugly! ugly!" M. von Feuerbach however, preserved this incident in his memory; and on a future occasion, when Caspar's mind had much advanced in cultivation, he took occasion to recall the circumstance to his recollection. He replied, "Indeed, what I then saw was very ugly; for when I looked at the window it always appeared to me as if a window-shutter had been placed close before my eyes, upon which a wall-painter had spattered the contents of his different brushes, filled with white, blue, green, yellow, and red paint, all mingled together. Single things, as I now see things, I could not at that time recognize and distinguish from each other. This was shocking to look at; and besides, it made me feel anxious and uneasy, because it appeared to me as if my window had been closed up with this party-coloured shutter in order to prevent me from looking out into the open air. That what I then saw were fields, hills, and houses; that many things which at that time appeared to me much larger, were in fact much smaller, while many other things that appeared smaller, were, in reality, larger than other things,—are facts of which I was afterwards convince-

ed by the experience gained during my walks. At length I no longer saw anything of the shutter." To other questions he replied, that in the beginning he could not distinguish between what was really round or triangular, and what was only painted as round or triangular. The men and horses represented on sheets of paper appeared to him precisely as the men and horses that were carved on wood;—but he said that in the packing and unpacking of his things, he had soon felt a difference; and that afterwards it had seldom happened to him to mistake the one for the other.

Of his astonishing memory, which was as quick as it was tenacious, Caspar gave the most striking proofs: but its strength declined afterwards precisely in the proportion that it was enriched, and as the labor of his understanding was increased.

"His obedience to all those persons who had acquired paternal authority over him was unconditional and boundless. That the burgomaster or professor had said so, was to him a reason for doing or omitting to do anything, which was final, and totally exclusive of all further questions and considerations. Yet, in his opinion, this submission to the authority of others referred only to what he was to do or not to do, and it had no connexion whatever with his knowing, believing, and judging. Before he could acknowledge anything to be certain and true, it was necessary that he should be convinced; and, indeed, that he should be convinced, either by the intuition of his senses, or by some reasoning so adapted to his powers of comprehension, and to the scanty acquisitions of his almost vacant mind, as to appear to him to be striking. Whenever it was impossible to reach his understanding by any of these ways, he did not, indeed, contradict the assertion made, but he would leave the matter undecided, until, as he used to say, he had learned more. When he was told, among other things, of the impending winter, and that the roofs of the houses and the streets of the city would then be all white,—as white as the walls of his chamber,—he said that this would be very pretty, but plainly insinuated that he should not believe it until he had seen it. The next winter, when the first snow fell, he expressed great joy that the streets, the roofs, and the trees were now so well painted; and he went quickly down into the yard to fetch some of the white paint; but he soon ran to his preceptor with all his fingers stretched out, crying and bawling out 'that the white paint had bit his hand.'

As the powers of Caspar's mind opened, he became less interested by the playthings, by which he had been at first so entirely absorbed. Even his love for horses was transferred from the wooden representative to the living animal, and in an amazingly short time he became a most accomplished and fearless horseman. His connection with Professor Daumer, and his intercourse with others, soon led him to feel his own deficiencies. It was very affecting to hear his often-repeated lamentation, that there so many things known to the people of the world, which he had yet to learn. But he did not despair; the curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, and the inflexible perseverance with

which he fixed his attention to anything he was determined to learn or comprehend, were truly wonderful.

It is painful, but not surprising, to learn that under the new perceptions of his senses and intellect, and the processes they were undergoing, his feelings were far from pleasurable. He longed to go back "to the man with whom he had always been." At home, (in his hole,) he said, he had never suffered so much from head-ache, and had never been so much teased, as since he was in the world. Nevertheless, he was willing to remain at Nuremberg until he had learned what the burgomasier and the professor knew; but then he must be taken home, and he would show the man what he had learned in the meantime. When surprise was expressed that he should wish to return to that abominably bad man, he replied, with mild indignation. "Man not bad—man me no bad done." Against "the man with whom he had always been," Caspar never showed the least anger, and was never willing to hear that he ought to be punished, until the following beautiful and affecting incident occurred in the gradual development of his mental life.

"It was in the month of August, 1826, when on a fine summer evening, his instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the difference of their respective colours. 'That' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful sight I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? who lights them? who puts them out?' When he was told, that like the sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again who placed them there above; that they may always continue to give light? at length standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling into a chair, and asked, why that wicked man had always kept him locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. He (Caspar) had never done any harm. He then broke out into a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed; and said, that 'the man with whom he had always been' might now also be locked up for a few days, that he might learn to know, how hard it was to be treated so.

We may remark that Cicero quotes Aristotle as affirming, and repeats the affirmation himself, that a person brought, like Caspar, at an advanced period of life to the first view of the skies and external world, would not fail to consider all he saw as the work of an intelligent mind, even though he had never heard of a God. We see this remarkably proved in the case of the poor boy whose history we are detailing.

As Caspar Hauser increased in knowledge,

and in the experiences and sensations of life, his general appearance and mode of existence, became like those of other men. He learned to eat all meats except pork; but all fermented liquors, and even tea and coffee, were still abominable to him. His perceptions gradually became much less rapid and tenacious. "Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remained; and he retained nothing extraordinary but his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition."— Yet, while in understanding a man, but in knowledge a child,—and in many things more ignorant than a child,—his language and demeanour could not but often exhibit him as a mingled compound of a child, youth, and man, without its being easy to determine to which portion of life this combination of them all properly belonged. He was himself oppressively conscious of his peculiar situation, and the consciousness gave a shade of melancholy and dejection to his character and countenance. He would lament that he was already so old, and was still obliged to learn what children knew long ago. He would say "I wish I had never come out of my cage. He who put me there should have left me there; then I should never have known and felt the want of anything; and I should never have experienced the misery of never having been a child, and of having come so late into the world."

He was able to give little information concerning the previous portion of his existence, and that confirmed the conclusions at which the people of Nuremberg had arrived.— There was no doubt that he had always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes called a cage) where the light never entered, and a sound was never heard. In this place it appears that he never, even in his sleep, lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat, waking and sleeping, with his legs extended before him, and his back supported in an erect posture. Some peculiar property of his place of rest, or some particular contrivance, appears to have made it necessary that he should always remain in this position. An unusual formation of the knee seems to have resulted from it, so that, when Caspar sat down with the leg and thigh extended horizontally on the floor the back formed a right angle with the flexure of the thigh and the knee-joint lay extended so close to the floor, that not the smallest hollow was perceptible in the ham, between which and the floor a common playing card could scarcely be thrust. In this dungeon, whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf, and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes the water had a bad taste, probably from the infusion of opium; for whenever this was the case he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep; and when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut; from which and other circumstances, it appears that Caspar met with a degree of careful attention, during the period of his incarceration. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink, who also never spoke to him, except to utter the "Beuta wahn," &c. which Caspar so un-

meaningly repeated in Nuremberg. In this hole he had two wooden horses and several ribands; with these horses he had always amused himself as long as he remained awake; and his only occupation was to make them run by his side, and to fix or tie the ribands about them in different positions. Thus one day had passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and once only excepted he had felt the sensation of pain. It is also remarkable that he never had dreams until after he went to live with Professor Daumer, when he regarded them as real appearances.

How long he had continued to live in this situation, he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. He had no recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place. The man with whom he had always been never did him any harm but once, when he struck him a severe blow with a stick or piece of wood, because he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise. Soon after this circumstance, the man came and placed a small table over his feet, and spread some paper upon it; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backward and forward on the paper, with a lead-pencil which he had stuck between his fingers. Caspar was exceedingly pleased with the black figures which appeared on the white paper; and, when the man was gone, was never tired of drawing these figures repeatedly on the paper. Another time the man came to the place where he lay, lifted him up, and endeavoured to teach him first how to stand, and then to walk.— Finally, the man came one day, and taking him on his back, carried him out of the prison. It appears that he fainted on being brought into the light of day and the fresh air. He noticed none of the objects around him during the journey. He was only conscious that the man who had been leading him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand and then vanished; after which a citizen observed him, and took him to the guard-room.

It seems, from this account, that Caspar had at length become a dangerous burden to those who kept him secretly confined. He had grown restless; his powers of life were more vivid;—he sometimes made a noise, and it was necessary to keep him quiet by means of severe chastisement. But they did not get rid of him in some other manner? why they did not destroy him? why he had not been put out of the world as a child?—these are questions which still remain without solution. It seems to have been expected that he would have been lost, as a vagabond or an idiot, in some public institution at Nuremberg; or, if any attention was paid to the recommendation he brought with him, as a soldier in some regiment. But none of these events took place. The unknown foundling met with humane consideration, and became the object of universal public attention. The journals were filled with accounts of this mysterious young man, and with conjectures respecting him;—the development of his mind was every spoken of,—marvellous things were related to the public

of his progress; and it was related that Caspar Hauser was employed in writing a history of his life. At this period, and probably with the view of preventing the execution of this intention, an attempt was made, on the 17th October, 1829, to assassinate him in the house of Professor Daumer. He escaped with an inconsiderable wound on his forehead but which, from the excited state of his nervous system, occasioned him much suffering and prolonged indisposition.

At a subsequent period Earl Stanhope adopted the charge of Caspar, and had him removed to Anspach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster, with whom he also resided. It was intended that he should be brought to this country, in which he would have been tolerably safe from the dread of assassination. The fear, in which he long lived after the first attempt upon his life, seems, indeed, to have considerably subsided after he had remained several years at Anspach without molestation.— But his secret enemy had not lost sight of him. As he was leaving the Tribunals on the morning of December 14th, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him under the pretence of having an important communication to make. Caspar excused himself, as he was then going to dine, but promised to meet the stranger in the afternoon in the palace garden. The meeting took place: the stranger drew some papers from underneath his cloak, and, while Hauser was about to examine them, stabbed him twice near the heart with a dagger that he had kept concealed. The wounds were not immediately fatal. Caspar was able to return home, but could only utter in broken syllables, "Palace-garden—purse—Unz—monument." The tutor to whose care he had been committed despatched the soldiers of the police to Uzen's monument, in the palace-garden, where they found a small purse of violet silk, containing a scrap of paper, on which was written, in a disguised hand, "Hauser can tell you well enough why I appear here, and who I am. To save Hauser the trouble, I will tell you myself whence I come; I come from—from—the Bavarian frontier,—on the river —. I will also give you the name, M. L. O." According to Caspar's description, the man was the same who made the previous attempt upon his life at Nuremberg. The unfortunate Caspar Hauser died on the night of December 17th, in consequence of the wounds he had received; and no clue to the mystery of his life and death has yet been obtained, although a reward of 5000 florins has been offered by Lord Stanhope for the discovery of the assassin. The funeral of Caspar Hauser took place on the 26th of December, and was attended by crowds of persons, all moved by the deepest sympathy; for the poor youth was greatly beloved. His preceptor, Dr Fuhrmann, pronounced an oration over his grave, in the course of which he alluded to the last words of the victim, who, on being asked if he forgave his enemies, replied, "I have prayed to God to forgive all whom I have known; for myself personally I have nothing to forgive, as no one ever did me wrong."

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1834.

In our previous columns will be found extracts from English dates to the 25th April, kindly handed to us by a mercantile friend. Our extracts are important as shewing the combustible state of, we may say, the whole of Europe. The Mutuellistes in France have tried their force against the government, and have been defeated; and Lyons, the manufactory of that country, is now almost as a sacked city. The Trades' Unions, (or, as the STANDARD calls them, the English Mutuellistes,) although they have not yet proceeded to blows, the imposing array they exhibited on the occasion of presenting their petition, as related above, shew that a match is only wanting to produce in England a glorious equalization of property, in accordance with the wishes of the Utilitarians and the Utopia-seeking followers of the notorious Robert Owen.

Don Carlos and his niece are fighting for Spain, in which unhappy country war is likely to continue its devastations; Miguel and Pedro are quarrelling for Portugal; the Russian Eagle has his claw open, ready to pounce on poor defenceless Turkey; the Dutch King is still sighing for his lost dominion, and will, doubtless, seize on it when England and France are no longer in a condition to prevent him; Switzerland is in frequent insurrection; Germany is like a pent-up wild beast, wanting but an opportunity to throw off the iron rod of its despotic governors; and Austria and Prussia are trembling with the expectation that when Nicholas has disposed of Turkey, he may, perchance, cast a longing look on their fair states.—America too, the *peace-loving, calculating, guesser*, America, may perhaps have a bout with France, who has refused to discharge her demand of 10,000,000 francs, for damages inflicted by that country on her shipping.—The people of the earth are certainly a *happy family!* Ireland too, poor, unhappy Ireland! has still its poverty and its coercion bill to weep over. Before concluding, however, we must tell our readers that the Editor of the STANDARD, from which our extracts are made, is as rank a Tory as ever called Pitt a God and Grey a tyrant, and hates the Whigs, Louis Philip, and Leopold, as heartily as he loves Charles X., Nicholas, the beloved Miguel, and the few other despots of Europe; we advise them therefore to consider his remarks as a *teetle over-coloured*.

The House of Assembly is, we understand, to be prorogued this day.

The Representatives' Bill, passed the Council without amendment.

The consideration of the Local Courts' Bill, is put off until next session, when it will take precedence of all other Bills.

The following gentlemen are appointed a committee, to distribute the seed potatoes, and bread, voted by the Assembly:

The Revd. Messrs. Dalton and Hennigar, Messrs. Buckingham, Staab, Molloy, Tenlon, and Walsh, M.D. The sum granted, is, £71 8s. for Potatoes; and £89 0 9d. for Bread and Molasses.

Cadiz, April 26. 1834. The latest news from Portugal is very favourable; 26.—Brig Helicon, Crawford, Halifax; molasses. excepting Figueira all her ports are open and it is ex-

pected political affairs will be soon settled; the government of Spain has acknowledged Donna Maria da Gloria Queen of that kingdom.

The average temperature for the month of May was, 44.14. highest observed point 57, at noon on the 10th, lowest 32, on the morning of the 1st.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday last, by the Rev. J. Pickavant, Wesleyan Missionary, Maria Ann, eldest daughter of Mr W. W. Bemister, Merchant of this town, to the Rev. Richard Shepherd, Wesleyan Missionary. The happy couple will shortly leave this for New Brunswick, to a station in which country the Rev. gentleman has been appointed.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

ENTERED.

May 28.—Brig Stamper, Scurr, Liverpool; 9760 bushels salt, 30 tons coals, 20 puns. lime, 1 hhd. shoes, 2 cases hats, 1 bale worsted stuffs, 1 bale worsted hosiery, 1 cask linseed oil, 13 kegs paints, 1 bale tanned leather, 37 anchors and grapnels, 29 bags nails, 7 crates earthenware, 5 bags pepper, 40 boxes soap, &c. &c.

CLEARED.

May 27.—Brig Sally, Ditchburn, Bay Chaleur; ballast. 29.—Brig Ann, Pynn, Bucktush, N.B.; ballast.

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.

May 22.—Brig Grace, Tinnian, Liverpool; 15 tons coals, 100 bags bread, 60 boxes soap, 14 boxes candles 78 coils cordage, 2 bales canvas, 6 bales fishing tackle, 40 bds. oakum, 7 bales, 2 cases, 1 truss haberdashery, 2 puns, 1 case, 2 hampers hardware, 2 bls. split peas, 2 bls. vinegar, 63 bls. pork, 8 hds. lime, 10 bls. pitch, 115 firkins butter, stationery, &c. &c.

June 2.—Brig Harmony, Owen, Liverpool; 288 tons salt, 20 tons coal, 12 doz. hats.

Brig Grace, Thompson, Liverpool; 20 tons coals, 210 tons salt, 9 doz. mats.

Brig Elizabeth, Winder, Liverpool; 205 tons salt, 15 tons coals.

Brig Nancy, Wilson, 15 tons coals, 105 tons salt, 100 bls. pork, and a quantity brown ware.

CLEARED.

May 27.—Brig Providence, Taylor, Sydney; ballast. 29.—Brig Cornelia, Tuff, Liverpool; 11,063 galls. seal oil, 10,000 seal skins, 21 ox hides.

PORT-DE-GRAVE.

ENTERED.

May 17.—Brig Cambrian, Roper, Liverpool; 15 tons coals, 9280 bushels salt.

BRIGUS.

ENTERED.

May 13.—Brig Ianthe, Brown, Liverpool; 50 bls. pork, 110 firkins butter, 35 boxes soap, 10 boxes candles, 70 tons salt, 22 tons coal, 52 coils cordage, 5 bales, 2 cases woollens, 3 crates earthenware, 5 cases, 2 bales leather, 12 boxes window glass, 2 bales canvas, 39 kegs paints, 8 cases hardware, 3 tons iron.

CLEARED.

May 16.—Brig Ianthe Brown, Portugal; 2,200 qtls. cod fish.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

May 20.—Schooner William & Mary, Hayden, P. E. Island; cattle, sheep, oats.

21.—Schooner Ruth, Calhoon, St. Andrews; potatoes, bread.

Brig Charles Forbes, Beverigs, Greenock; potatoes, lime, &c.

Barque Sophia, Blake, London; troops.

26.—Brig Helicon, Crawford, Halifax; molasses. Adriana, Pitt, Grenada; rum, molasses, sugar.

CLEARED.

May 20.—American Brig Emblem, Moore, Sydney; ballast.

Schooner Liberty, Mudge, Sydney; ballast.

Barque Orion, Minn, Quebec; ballast.

Schooner Avon, Carnish, Sydney;

Brig Lima, Mardon, Oporto; fish.

21.—Success, Hunter, Quebec; ballast.

Notices

The Scheme of Mutual Insurance at this place, will insure from 12 o'clock at noon on the 5th day of June until 12 o'clock at night on the last day of November, of the present year, Vessels belonging to Conception Bay, employed in the fishing and coasting Trade of this Island and its dependencies; and on foreign voyages as far South on the coast of America as New-York inclusive, including also the Gulf and River St. Lawrence to Quebec inclusive, with all the Harbours and Islands included within the before-named limits; but not further east than the Great Bank of Newfoundland, unless driven there by stress of weather.—Vessels which leave this country for the United States of America, or leave the States for this Country, after the tenth day of November, will not be considered as belonging to the Scheme; and if lost, will not be paid for by the Society.

Vessels admitted into the scheme after the last day of June, will be rated for their proportion of losses from the date of their respective certificates of survey; but no vessel will be admitted after the 10th day of October. Payment of all losses to be made by the 10th day of December.

T. NEWELL,
Secretary.
Carbonear, June 3, 1834.

DESERTED from the Service of the Subscribers, on the 26th ult., a Man named JAMES CLARK, said to be a native of *Ilminster, Somersetshire*, and aged 27 or 28 years; he is about 5 feet 4 inches high, dark hair and complexion, slightly marked with the small pox, and is by trade a *Mason or Bricklayer*.

Whoever harbours or conceals the said Deserter will be dealt with as the Law directs.

SLADE, ELSON, & Co.
Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

HEARDER & GOSSE

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

From Liverpool, an Assortment of
MANCHESTER GOODS,
Which they will Sell at very low prices for Cash payment.

Carbonear, May 28, 1834.

For BRISTOL

To Sail, the latter part of JUNE,

THE
Brigantine ELIZABETH.

She has room for a few TONS of FREIGHT, and PASSENGERS.

Apply to SIMON LEVI & Co.
Carbonear, May 28, 1834.