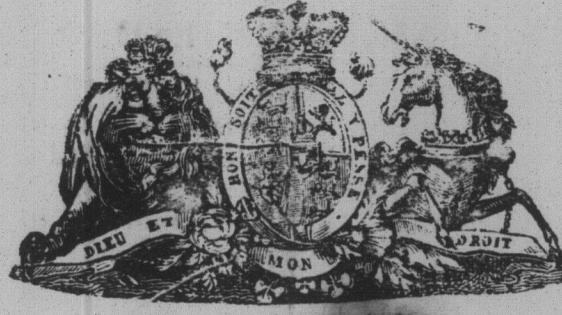


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EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

We copy the following most atrocious and unparalleled murder, committed near Coimbra, from a late number of the *Register*, as a specimen of depravity under the cloak of religion. If confirmed, it is one of the most powerful examples on record of the dreadful mischief that the want of moral education can produce in the human mind.

At a place thinly inhabited in the vicinity of Coimbra, two individuals lived, man and wife, whose only son (we shall call him Henry in our history) went abroad at an early age in search of fortune, as he could not expect to meet with it under the roof of his parents. Fifteen years had elapsed since his absence, and during this time no ship arrived from Para without bringing a letter from this excellent son, nor one single month passed but the payment of a sum he had settled upon his parents was duly remitted to them, through the Post-office, by his correspondents in Lisbon; this sum, however, was not great. Ferdinand and Isabel (we shall likewise give these names in our history to the old parents) were no longer able to work, old age paralysing their limbs; and as they were suffering from chronic illness, their wants caused them to be deeply in debt. They were sitting one night at the corner of their hut, when the sky suddenly darkened, they could see the lightning thro' the crevices of their hut, and hear the hurricane whistling so hard, that their badly constructed hut was nearly shaken to the ground. They thought in their humble corner, before a miserable light, of addressing the Almighty on so horrid a night, with a *Pater* praying for relief for those unfortunate men who were at that moment sailing on the ocean, and another for those who were travelling on that occasion, without being able to find any shelter. After performing this devotion they began to tell their beads in the rosary. Scarcely had they begun their prayers, when they imagined they heard a knock at the door, but the thunder was so very loud that they were not sure they heard right; they continued, and a double knock followed, which they could distinctly hear. Isabel rose from her seat and asked who was there without opening the door. "A strayed traveller," was the answer. "Allow me, good people, to shelter myself from this storm.—I am wet to the skin, and as cold as ice. I beg for an hour's hospitality, and I shall afterwards continue my journey." Isabel looked at Ferdinand with an eye of suspicion; but the old man gave her to understand that he wished her to open the door without delay. The rough wooden bar was removed, and on the door being opened a gentleman presented himself, begging to be allowed to enter. "We have only these two rooms on the ground floor," said the old man, "your horse must share the same accommodation." "May God reward you venerable people," said the gentleman, and walked in, tied his horse to one of the poles and the door was bolted again. The gentleman then taking off his hat and cloak, proved to be a well made, tall, handsome young man. The fuel was already light, and a good fire made to warm the traveller, and to dry his clothes, and the three sat round it; no one could have supposed such gay conversation as ensued, could be consistent with the horrors of so dreadful a night. The young gentleman gave an account of his journey, and how he left Leiria to proceed to Coimbra, where he had never been before. The old pair told him that he was not far from the city, but as it was too late in the night, if he would put up with one night's bad accommodation, and lay upon straw, it would be better for him to depart next morning. The thunder-storm did not abate, and the traveller willingly accepted their offer.—So lively he found the conversation of his venerable hosts, as to continue talking until the cock crew, when they all retired to rest. The candle continued burning; the young gentleman took off his embroidered jacket waistcoat, and a belt which he carried round his waist, and throwing himself upon a *bun-*ble of straw, he fell asleep immediately, overcome with fatigue. Isabel gazed upon him a long while in silence, but what could'

her arched eye-brows and the contracted muscles of her face mean? Who can tell? most likely some hideous thought running across the mind. She came nearer to Ferdinand, and muttered these words in a low tone, "we are poor, and very much in debt." "True," answered the old man, "we shall be forced to pay six moidores within the following three days, and we have no other resource but selling our hut." "How lucky some men are! this lad carries a belt full of gold. If we possessed so large a sum we might live in peace all the rest of our life," said the wife. "You are right," was the answer, "but it is late, go and lay down." "I am not sleepy," said she, and a profound silence followed, which the old woman interrupted, continuing thus, "do you not hear him snore? Your spade is not far off, and if—" "Hold your tongue, wretch," said Ferdinand, putting his hand to her mouth, "lay down, and go to sleep." "Very well, I shall lay down," was the answer.—She did so, and in about half an hour afterwards listened, and found both her husband and guest were fast asleep. She rose, removed the candle to the inner room, and stuck it against the wall. Again she gazed both at the belt and the traveller, and afterwards ran for the spade, and so dexterously levelled two blows on the head of the guest as to kill him without being able to speak a word, but died, uttering a groan. At this noise Ferdinand awoke, and ran full of fright to witness the horrible scene. It exhibited to the old man the youth murdered by the old woman, the straw saturated with blood, and gold money falling from the belt. To describe the agitation of the old man would be impossible, but the mischief was done, and the only remedy they had left was to hide his body. They both proceeded to a neighbouring field, buried the unfortunate victim, and returned to the hut to burn the straw, in order to do away with any object which could lead to the discovery of this horrible crime. No one saw the traveller go into the house, consequently there could be no fear of his being missed. However, after ten days having elapsed, another stranger knocked at the door of their hut, inquiring after Henry. They answered him that he was in the Brazils. The stranger replied that he had returned with him from Para a fortnight before, and parted at Leiria, where Henry would not stop a day, as he was eager to go and embrace his parents, whose dwelling he was informed was there. Ferdinand fell senseless to the ground; the stranger, suspecting that something was wrong, sent to the magistrate, who was conducted by Ferdinand to the very grave in which he had buried a SON MURDERED BY HIS OWN MOTHER!

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

DUNCAN AND HIS VICTORY.

It was on Monday, the 9th October, 1797, than an affair of business called me to Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, and about four o'clock of a most brilliant afternoon I first caught sight of the Roads. I have not forgotten, and I never shall forget the thrill with which I unexpectedly beheld a noble fleet of men of war under weigh, and sailing majestically out from their anchorage.—It was that of Admiral Duncan, who, as I afterwards learned, had received information that De Winter had left the Texel, and was going forth to contend with him for the empire of the sea. I gazed with a glow of exultation which youth only can know, and almost identified the thoughts, action, and being of the Commander. To have been that man, I would have dared death in any or in all forms. To direct the thunders of that squadron seemed to me the most inspiring, the most glorious of all conditions.

The fleet sailed on, and I gazed till darkness shut it out from my ken. The squadrons met and fought, and Duncan was victorious. He returned to Yarmouth Roads, and I hastened back to the coast to renew my novel sensations, or as I anticipated, to exalt them. O! what a change.

Covering almost identically the same tract of ocean, there lay at anchor the conque-

rors and the conquered; the first ship that met my sight, was (as I afterwards learned,) the Ardent, her masts reduced to stumps—her sides perceptibly, even from the shore, pierced with shot like a cullender. The other vessels, at near or remote intervals, all partook of the same character of destruction—motionless, except for the dull monotonous heaving of the swell—silent—mournfully inactive; the rigging hanging in disorder, the masts sticks, the decks bare. I expected triumph, without having defined, even to myself, what that triumph was to be. I found a scene of desolation that, like the "thick darkness" of the Egyptians, was felt but could not be described. It was a dull cold day; the wind moaned rather than blew. I became feebly persuaded that even victory is but vanity.

When I entered the town, all was mourning. A considerable number of seamen belonging to the port had sailed in the fleet, and in that day of slaughter not a few were killed and wounded. Nor could the spectacle of landing several hundreds of these poor fellows, with the sadly accompanying preparations for their burials or their attendance, be, without diffusing a melancholy over every face one met.

Twelve months after this happened the Battle of Nile, and it was celebrated by Admiral Duncan, and the officers of the English and Russian fleets, which then lay in Yarmouth Roads, on the 11th of October, the anniversary of Lord Duncan's engagement. The town of Yarmouth was illuminated, and the party joined together at one of the hotels. Change led me there, and the Mayor took me with him to the dinner, where it happened that, there being no other person in plain clothes in the room, I was placed at the left hand of the Admiral. He was, without exception, the finest man in his person I ever beheld, and the lines of the song written to describe the battle—

"The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be the veteran Duncan's name!"

did not exaggerate the reverential respect his noble features and majestic stature awakened in the mind. Venerable he surely was; nor can there be found a phrase that more perfectly responds to the feelings which arose in the mind from his figure, deportment, and conversation. Imagine a man upwards of six feet two inches in height (I think he was six feet four,) with limbs of proportionate frame and strength. His features were nobly beautiful, his forehead high and fair, and his hair as white as snow. His movements were all stately, but unaffected, and his manner easy, though dignified. I scarcely ever experienced so deep a sense of personal insignificance, as when presented to this magnificent specimen of human nature. I was a slim youth, though rather above the middle stature, and deficient neither in strength nor activity in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase; but when he took my hand between his, which reached to my elbow, and bent over me, I felt perfectly awed and overshadowed by the majesty of his proportions—and that if he was only a man, I could be but a much lower creature, though permitted to bear the same generic appellation.

Well, the repast proceeded much like other entertainments. There was, however, I thought, a marked difference in the heartiness (not of appetite, but of manner) which peculiarly appertained to the participants.—While all was enjoyment, there yet seemed a total abandonment of self to the general gaiety. The cloth drawn, the Admiral gave "the King" with the same heartiness. Any stranger to our national customs would have caught the spirit of attachment that seemed to rise with the name. Loyalty is a common and I fear, a cant word; but this was a true and heartfelt inspiration of all that a sailor loves and looks up in the Royal Sovereign, his master—the father and friend of his people, as well as the majestic political fiction of the wearer of the crown. They did not crink the health in ordinary phrase "with enthusiasm," but with the steady resolution they would have cheered one going into action—it was a cheer to denote the devotion

in life and in death. From that moment the joyousness of the company was up, and every man filled his glass and repeated the toast and the hurrah like one whose whole heart was cheerfully engaged, and who had no concern beyond that of the moment. One of the most delightful traits of the nature of the gallant old man was, that he took the earliest opportunity to turn towards his home and his affections. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll give you the best woman in the world; I'll give you my own wife—Lady Duncan. The roof of the room shook with the cheers, and I saw the veteran's eyes become moist with the tears of fond recollection. Helen gave "Lady Anne Hope" (the wife of the Captain of the fleet, his Vice-President,) "who," he said, "was as good a woman as Lady Duncan;" not forgetting to repeat, however, that she "was the best woman in the world." So purely natural were the thoughts and manners of this good old

seaman.

I used the opportunity his affability afforded me, to inquire some particulars of his state of feeling before and after the action.—He said he went upon deck about six o'clock having had a sound night's rest as he had ever enjoyed in the whole course of his life. The morning was brilliant with a brisk gale; and he added that he never remembered to have been exalted by so exhilarating a sensation, as the sight of the two fleets afforded him. He said, however, that the cares of his duties were too onerous to allow him to think of himself; his whole mind was absorbed in observing, and meeting the occasion by orders—all other feelings were lost in the necessity. The night after the battle he never closed his eyes—his thoughts were still tossing in the turmoil through which he had passed; but his most constant reflection was a profound thankfulness to God for the event of the engagement. All this was said in so perfectly natural a tone, and with a manner so simple, that its truth was impressed at once, together with veneration for a man who could regard thus humbly an event in which so much of human life had been sacrificed, so much of personal honour, and so much of national glory and advantage attained. So few words never filled me with such perfect esteem and respect.

When the moment arrived for the departure of Lord Duncan, the scene became so silently impressive as the former part of the evening had been tumultuously joyous.—The old man rose slowly from his seat, drew himself up to the full height, and in a few simple words announced that he must take his leave. A dead silence ensued. He turned to the Russian Admiral, and folding his vast arms around him, expressed his farewell in this solemn embrace. It was then that the voices of his companions in arms broke forth, and he was saluted with three such cheers, so hearty, so regular, so true, that they vibrated through every fibre of my frame. The sensation is even now revived as I write, though the best part of forty years have since passed to cool remembrance. The venerable man bent his head upon his breast for a moment, and seemed deeply impressed; then bowed low and majestically—tucked his triangular gold laced hat under his huge arm, and walked gravely down the room to the door amidst a silence so intense, that his measured tread sounded like minute-drops. He stopped—he turned; he again reared himself to his noble height, took his hat from under his arm, waved it over his head, gave three loud, articulate, and distinct huzzas—in return for the former salute—placed it upon his noble brow, and closed the door. It was the last time ever beheld that glorious impersonation of all that is brave, and generous, and good,—but the vision still remains with me.

DELICACY IN CONVERSATION.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking fast, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound funds and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word to speak of your prosperity before the miserables.

THE STAR, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

(From London Papers, November 10
Dec. 14.

SPAIN.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

SIEGE OF BILBOA.

AINHOA, Dec. 8, 1833.

I am enabled to send you to-day the important information that Espartero has been beaten for the third time on the 5th. In all probability each time he presents himself his misfortunes will accumulate. I am aware that the siege of Bilboa lasts much longer than was expected, and that even many stanch Carlists are becoming impatient. In my opinion it was for the ultimate good of Don Carlos that Bilboa was not taken previous to the arrival of Espartero at Portugalete. Had it then fallen we should have been told that "the weather prevented the Christians from advancing"—that Espartero was waiting for the troops sent in pursuit of Sauz," &c. Now no such excuse can be offered—the whole of the Christians army in the north, including the reserve, are in Portugalete. The Queenites have made three attempts to succour Bilboa, and each time have been compelled to retreat disgracefully with considerable loss. Should Euzia notwithstanding the presence of Espartero, succeed in getting Bilbao—and I have not the least doubt he will—the Carlists will have proved to the world that they are full of enthusiasm and valour, while the Christians are demoralized and unable to maintain their position on the north banks of the Ebro. The advantages to the Carlists will be immense, and the cause of Christina for ever lost. You will daily be inundated with reports prejudicial to the Carlists, and many articles may be written proving that the siege is receding instead of advancing. Pay no heed to all that may be said, and believe me that the Carlists are gaining by the duration of the siege—that Bilboa must fall—and that Isabella will receive her death-blow upon the banks of the Nervion.

I have received many private letters detailing the affair of the 5th; but I prefer sending you the following extract from the official reports, knowing full reliance may be placed on it:

Royal Head-quarters, Durango, Dec. 6.

"I have only time to send you an extract of a report, received from General Euzia, giving a description of the defeat of Espartero. Our brave fellows are full of enthusiasm, and our success is certain. Yesterday we made prisoner a female, the bearer of a letter from the Governor of Bilbao to Espartero. The contents are interesting. San Miguel after stating that his provisions and ammunition were nearly exhausted, assured the Commander-in-Chief that unless he is relieved within two days, he would be obliged to capitulate. I have no doubt that the instant the Governor is satisfied that Espartero was beaten yesterday he will send out a flag of truce.

"This morning we are told, but not officially, that Espartero, attacked last night, was compelled to return to Portugalete.

The following is the extract from Euzia's report:

"Yesterday morning our fire opened against the new line formed by the enemy on the right bank of the Nervion, which was principally protected by the fort of Desierta, the steam-boats, triaucraturas, and the bridge of boats.

"The combat lasted the whole day, the enemy were beaten and driven from their positions, and the villages Asua, Sondica, Lugua, Erandio, and Lejona. Their loss is most considerable, the firing of our musketry and artillery being well kept up. They were necessarily compelled to seek refuge in the heights of Ondis, where they have been harassed throughout the whole of that night. We made 40 prisoners; but a great many of the enemy were drowned in endeavouring to escape.

"Whilst Euzia was beating Espartero, the garrison of Bilbao made a sortie, with the intention of driving back our troops from the position they occupy under the walls of Bilbao, but they were vigorously repulsed with a considerable loss."

Among other reports fabricated within the last few days, none is more infamous than the defeat of Cabrera. I can state positively that Iribarren, notwithstanding that he is at the head of four battalions of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, has not dared to attack Cabrera, and that his pretended victory is nothing more than the capture of two miles followed by 12 sick soldiers. Indeed I have reason for believing that the French government has received an official communication from Pamplona of a most unsatisfactory nature, as regards the moral discipline of the Christino force in Navarre. It is said to-day, though I cannot give it to you as official, that Cabrera has actually crossed the Ebro, and that he is now in Tudela.

I have received letters from Madrid of the 3d. Nobody in the Spanish capital placed the least faith in the victory of Navarez.

Gomez had once more deceived all the Queen's Generals, and on the 29th was safe and sound at Osuna, and Narvaez at Estepe. I am most credibly informed that the object of Gomez in approaching so near to Gibraltar was, to place in security a great number of highly respectable Andalusians, compromised as adherents of Don Carlos. Gomez has succeeded, and has put the movable property of these gentlemen in perfect security.

The following are official bulletins of a sortie made by the garrison of Bilbao, on the 2d, and a petty affair near Vittoria:

FROM GENERAL SARASA TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"Excellent Sir.—At two o'clock this morning, two companies of the enemy made a sortie from fort Del Morro; one took the direction of Bazarrate, near Begonia where was stationed one of the advanced pickets, and the other, reinforced by the detachment which occupies the fortified house Del Verdel, advanced towards the bridge of Bolueta, the object of both being to get possession of these two points, and thus cut off our communication by the high road. The company which attempted the attack on Bazarrate was soon compelled to retreat, notwithstanding the inferiority of our troops; the other party persisting in the attempt to take the post of Bolueta, it was reinforced by a company from another post, and then ultimately compelled the enemy to retreat, although they were protected by a tremendous fire from their forts, musketry, and grenades, &c.

"The fire lasted until nearly two o'clock p.m. Our only loss is one man wounded; that of the enemy must be severe, for we saw them carry away many of the wounded.

God protect Your Excellency,

"JUAN MANUEL SARASA.

"Head-quarters Santo Domingo, Dec. 2
"To the Minister of War."

FORTUGAL.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

FALMOUTH, Dec. 11.—This morning His Majesty's packet Lyra, Lieutenant Griffin, arrived from Lisbon. She sailed hence on the 4th at an early hour, with the regular mails, that date being only two days subsequent to the sailing of the Calpe steamer, already arrived. Little had occurred in that brief space of time in addition to the accounts published of the Miguelite force stated to have been off the coast; nothing further had transpired, but a belief was very prevalent that Miguel had reached the headquarters of Don Carlos, via Bayonne, considerable apprehension was consequently felt until the truth could be ascertained. The Royalists were, however, in good spirits at the news. Another large force of Miguelite guerillas has shown themselves in the Minho, near Valencia. No certainty as to the result of the elections could be arrived at.—Senr. Passos cannot get in for Lisbon, but it was believed he would be returned for Oporto. From the conflicting opinions the truth was difficult to be conjectured as to the Ministry being able to command a majority in the Cortes; should it be against them, a resignation of office will be the immediate result, and no one can remotely calculate on their successors, or those individuals who will readily become the serviles of the National Guard. Generally speaking, the country abounded in confusion, and what the upshot is to be, cannot now be developed; suffice to say most parties agree on the point that affairs as they exist at present can prove but of a temporary tenure. As to Gomez's defeat by Narvaez, nothing further had been learnt at Lisbon in addition to the accounts received there by the Calpe steamer. The Lyra experienced tremendous weather on her passage home.

FIRE IN MANCHESTER—SUPPOSED INCENDIARISM.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 10.

One of the most alarming and destructive fires that has happened in this district for many years occurred at an early hour this morning, in Manchester. The premises on which the casualty occurred are the extensive cotton-spinning factory of Messrs. Faulkner and Owen, in Jersey street, Ancoats.—Mr. Faulkner has for some time been at points with his work-people, and consequently has of late been compelled to employ people who are known by the opprobrious epithet of "knobsticks," his regular hands having turned out. The turn-out, having lasted some time, Mr. Faulkner at length supplied his machinery with new hands, to the great chagrin of the old ones. Much hostile feeling has followed, and Mr. Faulkner has in many instances been compelled to come to the resolution of dispensing with galleries for the ladies, an alteration in their proposed plan which will enable them to accommodate 3,000 persons. Already, however, 2,800 applications have been entered on the books of the secretary. Several distinguished noblemen in the country have intimated their intention of joining the citizens of Glasgow in their not more magnificent than meet tribute to a man whom every right-thinking British subject must delight to honour.—*Glasgow Courier*.

ing localities, to take up their permanent abode in the factory, and Mr. Faulkner had furnished a large room of his mill for that purpose. About half-past six o'clock this morning it was discovered that the story of the mill in which the operatives resided was on fire; at the time the majority of the hands were at work, but some of the women and children were still in bed; they threw on a portion of their clothing and turned out of the building, whilst the other hands, after the immediate consternation into which they were thrown had subsided, took such measures as they could to impede the progress of the flames. When Mr. Ross, conductor of the fire-police, arrived with the town's engines, he found the whole of the upper part of the factory one volume of living fire, the root setting in add the flames spreading with the utmost rapidity. The people were hurrying—men and women nearly naked, and their children clinging to them in terror, were seen only now escaping from the fatal pile—some running in terror through the yard, and some unhappily lagging that, though themselves had escaped, they had left behind them their whole apparel, and of all this world's gear they possessed. When the engines arrived, none of the disposition to aid the firemen which ordinarily exhibits itself among the people was manifested by them. They stood entirely aloof; and if at all asked to give a helping hand, they stood either doggedly silent and inactive, or vented some unfeeling expression against Mr. Faulkner.

The flames had, by this time, completely gutted the factory down to the third story, and even a considerable portion of the walls had fallen. With the exception of a few bags of cotton, not a fragment of property was saved. Not only had Mr. Faulkner to bear up against disaster, but he had also to endure the insults and ribald sarcasms of the brutal crowd, who, stationed on the opposite bank of the canal, which runs close by his mill, hooted at him whenever he showed himself, and manifested their fiendish glee at the progress of destruction, by loudly cheering whenever a falling wall gave indication that the fire was still doing its work.

The fire had done its worst by nine o'clock in the morning, and the risk of further devastation is now past. The loss of property cannot fall short of £10,000 or £15,000, but Mr. Faulkner is fully insured.

SEN.—The perilous situation of the six absent whalers and their crews calls for the immediate notice and attention of the Government. When last seen, they were together in latitude 71° 40' N., beset in the ice, and little doubt exists with the Captains of the other ships, who saw them, that it was impossible they could get out.

The Norfolk was the best provisioned, and she only had ten months' on board, the others nine only; seven are already consumed.

If relief is to be sent to these unfortunate men, it should be instantly; a vessel might be fitted out, and it would reach the Straits by the end of December, as S. and S. E. gales blow across the Atlantic that month.—From January to March westerly gales prevail, and with dreadful violence, as the epidemic in last year experienced under Captain Ross.

The Eastern shores of Davis' Straits are not ice blocked, nor does the land ice form before the middle of January; and a vessel sailing the middle of December would, most probably, reach as far as Disco Island before she was beset. Provided with everything necessary, she would be able to afford relief during the winter—at all events, when the ice opened she would be on the spot to take advantage of it.

When last seen they were close in shore, in the land ice, and they would not have the same chance as their companions last year, who drifting with the ice, got clear. They are beset in the land, or ice attached to the shore, which is immoveable. Three hundred of the hardiest seamen Great Britain has must not perish without an attempt to save them—that attempt must, to ensure success, be immediate.—*Correspondent of the Morning Herald*.

THE GLASGOW BANQUET TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

We understand that on Wednesday, at a Meeting of the Committee of Management, Mr. David Hamilton's designs of the pavilion were submitted to the meeting and unanimously approved of. We have been informed that Sir Robert will, in all probability, during his visit, sojourn under the hospitable roof of Blytheswood House; but from private information received in town, it is understood that Lady Peel will not accompany Sir Robert to Scotland. In consequence of this the Committee are likely to come to the resolution of dispensing with galleries for the ladies, an alteration in their proposed plan which will enable them to accommodate 3,000 persons.

Already, however, 2,800 applications have been entered on the books of the secretary. Several distinguished noblemen in the country have intimated their intention of joining the citizens of Glasgow in their not more magnificent than meet tribute to a man whom every right-thinking British subject must delight to honour.—*Glasgow Courier*.

CHARLES X.—The following is an extract of a letter of the 14th inst., from Prague:

"It is said that the Duchess de Berry intends to claim her children, and it is probable that the Austrian Government will be obliged to settle, by a Solomon's judgment the difference between that Princess and the Duchess of Angouleme.—*Augsburg Gazette*.

The *German Courier* gives the following of the 14th inst., from Vienna:—"On receipt of the news of the death of Charles X., the Duchess de Berry determined to proceed immediately to Goritz, but was first obliged to wait for an authorisation to that effect. She accordingly set out for Vienna, and despatched to Goritz a Frenchman, who had been her daughter's godfather."

FUNERAL OF CHARLES X.—The Legitimist Journal *La France*, gives the following of Goritz, 16th instant:—"The obsequies of Charles X. took place on Friday.—The inhabitants displayed great grief and mourning was generally worn. The procession was followed not only by the garrison and the authorities, but by many persons of distinction. The crowd observed perfect silence, the shops were shut, and many houses were hung with black. The *cortege* proceeded to the cathedral, where high mass was performed, and afterwards went on to the Franciscan Convent, which is a short distance from the town, and where the body was deposited in a vault. The Dukes of Angoulême and Bordeux followed followed on foot. The Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, and the young Prince and Princess, and all those who are with them, are enjoying good health. The whole of the Royal Family are assembled together at the residence of the Count de Strassoldo. The town is perfectly healthy, and the cholera no more thought of, as it had completely disappeared from the environs and the whole of the north of Italy. *La France* adds that the Count de Saint Aulaire, the French Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, on hearing the news of the death of Charles X., shed tears, and returning home immediately, was the first to put on mourning."

ALGIERS.—The *Spitfire*, from Algiers, brings the important intelligence "that, a short time prior to leaving, a battle had been fought on the spot where the French first effected a landing 25 miles from Algiers between them and the Arabs; the former amounting to 3,500 men, and the latter to 10,000, Abdel Kader commanding the Algerines, and Clausel the French, when the latter were most completely beaten, and one regiment entirely routed, with a loss of five officers and between 50 and 60 men killed, besides prisoners. It was expected that the Arabs would have marched into the city on the 11th, being only eight miles distant."—The last accounts received from Algiers through France state that the attack of the Bedouin Arabs upon that place, which was made during the absence of a large portion of the garrison with the expedition to Constantine, had failed, the assailants having been repulsed. The *Paris Papers* of Saturday contain no news from Algiers.

The inhabitants of Manchester cont. in plate applying for a charter of incorporation for the several townships situated within the borough.

THE EDINBURGH DEPUTATION TO SIR R. PEEL.—The delegation which left Edinburgh on Friday evening, to convey to Sir Robert Peel the invitation to a public dinner here, returned to town yesterday afternoon from Dravon Manor. We learn that the Right Hon. Baronet, although he felt most deeply the compliment that had been paid him by forwarding a requisition from the metropolis of Scotland so numerously and respectfully signed, yet was under the necessity of declining the honour intended him (having also declined other invitations), on account of the assembling of Parliament so soon after the public dinner at Glasgow, and the little time afforded him in that short interval for other arrangements.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.—PARIS, DEC. 8.—A new project for the marriage of the Duke of Orleans is now talked of. The Princess now thought of is the eldest daughter of the Infant Don Francisco de Paula, who has remained faithful to Queen Isabella. This young Princess, who is niece on the father's side to King Ferdinand VII. and Don Carlos, and on the mother's side to Queen Christina and the Duchess of Berry, is between 15 and 16 years of age, and is said to be very beautiful.

Our private correspondent from Toulon writes as follows, under date of the 5th Dec.—"We are 1 without news relative to the expedition of Constantine. The steam boat from Algiers, which will, perhaps, arrive tomorrow, may bring the letters from Bona up to the 1st, three days later than those which have arrived by the PHARE. If the vessel that left Algiers on the 3d had gone to take the despatches from Bona in order to bring them directly to Toulon, we should have

THE STAR, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

news to the 4th. Some precise details are anxiously expected about the expedition undertaken by our troops. The accounts from Oran, received by express, reach up to the 24th Nov. The troops of the division commanded by Gen. Letarg, after months repose, which was rendered necessary for the organization of the convoy that was to provision the garrison of Tlemecen, began their march on the 23d, and, on the same night, halted at Miserghin. All the disposable troops which were able to bear the fatigues of a campaign of 15 days, from part of the expeditionary column, which presents an effective force of about 5000 men—that is to say, 5 strong battalions of infantry, 2 squadrons of the 2d African Chasseurs, 200 Chasseurs, the Spanis, and 400 or 500 Arab auxiliaries. The column is supported by 9 mountain guns and 4 field pieces. It escorts a very considerable convoy, composed of 600 camels, horses, and mules. It must, therefore, march with great precaution, so as to meet the enemy only on its return. It will, probably, be late before Abd-el-Kader is acquainted with its march, for, according to the last accounts, he was still in his new town, and Gen. Letang, having taken the direct road, will arrive at Tlemecen in 4 days. At all events our 5000 men will make a resolute stand, and although the expedition is rather a daring one, its success is certain.—The battalion of Tlemecen must impatiently look forward to the arrival of our troops, for it has been blockaded in the Mechonan territory ever since Gen. Bugeaud's return.—The Government seems to have given up the idea of sending fresh troops to Africa. The system adopted by the Ministry is opposed to any determination which might be interpreted as frank adhesion to the definitive occupation of the colony. There is no longer any question about the arrival of fresh troops, and the companies of engineers that have been here for some time have not even been ordered to set out.

We learn from Switzerland that the reconciliation with France has been celebrated by a grand dinner given by the Duke de Montebello to the Members of the Directory.—The Executive Council of Zurich has acceded to the petitions of 28 refugees for an asylum, and granted them permission to remain in the Canton for six months. One Pole had received orders to take his departure, but has since been allowed a delay of a month. Dr. Gelpke, who has been a resident in Basle-country, for some time, has just been arrested in consequence of his name being inserted in the list of those who are to be expelled, issued by the Directory. The Government of Basle-country, having remonstrated against this act of rigour, the question will be referred back to the Directory. The two political refugees, Rauschenplat and Mazzini, are still concealed in Switzerland. A reward of 400f. has been published by the Directory for their discovery.

We received last night German and Dutch Papers to recent dates, from which we make some extracts. That from the *Siebzehn-Mercy*, upon the subject of the marriage of the Princess THERESE, the Cousin of the Emperor of AUSTRIA, to the King of NAPLES, and the slight which was insinuated by the ill-natured gossips of Paris, as intended against the family and pretensions of the Duke of ORLEANS, the known but discarded suitor of the Princess, is curious, as showing with what facility an idle banter in the Journals may be turned into a serious affair of Courts. The Austrian Government, concerned, it would seem, at the circulation and credit of the rumour, now seriously disclaims any offence, and enters into explanations of its views. It assures the world that the family of Orleans is of such high respectability that it would be an honor to any Royal Family to be connected with it; that the young Prince, are themselves unexceptionable young gentlemen, having won the golden opinions of all classes during their late visit to Germany, by their discretion and modesty; That Louis Philip is not only a most agreeable but most clever person, but still that Austria, though she likes France whilst quiet, cannot help avowing a leaning towards better defined and older monarchies. At present France is respectable enough, but the future is mysterious, and not to be answered for; and who can say that the security of the throne is not at least somewhat questionable? This is certainly a curious way of offering the *amende* to the wounded pride of Louis Philip's family, by just conceding and confirming all that has been said of the reasons for rejecting the Duke of Orleans, and preferring the King of Naples. Besides, if all accounts are to be believed, Naples itself is not wholly free from some uneasiness as to the permanence of its tranquillity.

The death of Charles X. has occasioned a considerable movement amongst the legitimist party in France, which is at this moment engrossed by the opening of the will of the late King, addressed, it is said, to the Emperor of Austria, who has been named

ed testamentary executor. The opening of the will be attended with all the formalities prescribed in France under the old regime on the occasion of the demise of a Sovereign. The principal clauses of the will, though not yet opened, are already known, and it appears that Charles X. persists as obstinately as ever in refusing to confide the guardianship of the Duke de Bordeaux and his sister, Mademoiselle, to the Duchess de Berry, and as he seems to have apprehended some weakness on the part of the Duke d'Angouleme, in case he should refuse to accept the trust, it is to be confided to the Emperor of Austria. Prince Metternich has signified to the agents of the Carlist party that his Imperial Majesty's acceptance of the office will depend upon the relations which Austria may have with the Government established in France.

The river at Paris continues to rise. All the wharfs are inundated, and navigation is totally suspended. The water yesterday began to flow over the Quai de la Greve, and the flood was still increasing in the night.—*London paper, Dec 2.*

A Royal Decree, dated Nov. 18, orders an immediate inquiry to be instituted upon Rodil's conduct from the time when the action of Villarobledo took place.

The infant Lord Massey, born in 1825, is now, by the recent demise of his Noble father, the youngest Peer of the three kingdoms.

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1837.

By London papers to the 14th December, brought by the Brig *Experiment*, from Poole at Carbonear, we learn that Napoleon Louis Bonaparte the Strasburg traitor, had sailed for America in the Frigate Andromeda, having been transported from France by order of the King of the French without a trial which would have jeopardised his life.

It is with sincere regret we announce that on Thursday evening last, the Dwelling House, Shop, Wareroom and Stores of ROBERT PROWSE, Esq., of Port-de-Grave, Merchant, were entirely consumed by Fire. Nothing was saved except a puncheon of molasses and a butt of sugar. The fire originated in the Shop, and such was the rapidity of the flames, that the family only saved what clothes they had on. Shop goods Provisions and other articles of the estimated value of Two Thousand Pounds were destroyed, no part of which was insured. We hear that Mr. Prowse had seen the fire in the Counting-House completely put out an hour previous to its breaking out, which took place at about seven o'clock—that no light was left in the shop nor counting-house adjoining, and from the circumstance of the key of the shop having been stolen and a fire discovered in the wareroom two days before an investigation has been instituted by the Magistrates, the result of which we are at present unacquainted with.

Two men named Mercer belonging to Upper Island Cove, were drowned one day last week, in hauling a slide over a Pond near Spaniards Bay. The ice was too thin to bear the slide, and the men sank in twenty feet of water, their cries were heard but when assistance reached the spot nothing was to be seen but the runners of the slide—the bodies were got up and buried.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS it has been represented to the Magistrates, by several persons, although not in the shape of a legal information, that a great number of Householders in the Northern District, more particularly in the Towns of Harbour Grace and Carbonear and their vicinity, are Retailing SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS without being Licensed so to do, contrary to the Rules and Ordinances established by the Proclamation of His Excellency Governor Prescott, bearing date the 24th day of October last, and to the great detriment of those who have, in conformity with the said Proclamation, been duly licensed: And whereas it is necessary, for the due protection of such Licensed Dealers, that unlicensed Venders should be made to conform to the terms of the said Proclamation, or be punished for the breach thereof. It has, therefore, been deemed advisable to publish the following List of persons duly qualified to retail Spirituous Liquors &c. within the said District for the year ending the 30th September, 1837; and upon due information against others so vending without such License from the Magistrates, the most prompt measures will be taken to enforce obedience to the Proclamation of His Excellency the Governor, as referred to.

Given at Harbor Grace, this 7th January, 1837.

(By Order)

A. MAYNE,
Clerk of the Peace.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF LICENSED PUBLICANS FOR 1837

Francis Ash Carbonear
John Bryan do.
James Brine Harbor Grace
William Brown Carbonear
Nicholas Cullen Carbonear
John Casey do.
James Cormack do.
David Crotty do.
Michael Dooling Harbor Grace
Daniel Donovan do.
Thomas Dunford do.
William Fauning Carbonear
Roger Hanrahan Harbor Grace
William Harding Carbonear
Edward Johnston Harbor Grace
David Keefe do.
Francis Lynch do.
Francis Ronan do.

On Sale

SEALER'S AGREEMENTS
FOR SALE,

At the STAR Office.

Harbor Grace.

G. W. GILL

HAS JUST RECEIVED,
Per Lark from Liverpool,
PART OF HIS FALL SUPPLY OF

MANCHESTER
GOODS,

Which having been selected by himself, he recommends as being of the best quality.

Carbonear.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.
SEVENTEEN YEARS UNEXPIRED
LEASEHOLD,

Of those desirable MERCANTILE PREMISES, situate at CARBONEAR, and lately in the occupation of MR. WILLIAM BENNETT, consisting of a DWELLING HOUSE, SHOP, COUNTING HOUSE, FOUR STORES, a commodious WHARF, and TWO OIL VATS sufficient to contain about 8000 Seals.

For particulars, apply to

BULLEY, JOB & CO
John's, June 28, 1836.

Notices

General Quarter Sessions.

A GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS of the PEACE, for the NORTHERN DISTRICT of this Island, will be held at HARBOUR GRACE, in the said District, on THURSDAY, the TWELFTH day of JANUARY next, next ensuing, at ELEVEN O'CLOCK in the Forenoon.

(By Order.)

A. MAYNE,
Clerk of the Peace.

Harbour Grace,
Dec. 28, 1836.

PROCLAMATION.

Northern District, To H.M.

BY Authority of a PRECEPT now the Worshipful the MAGISTRATES of this District, bearing date the Twenty-seventh day of December, 1836, and to the direction of,

I hereby give Public Notice

That a GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS of the PEACE, will be held in this TOWN on THURSDAY, the Twelfth day of JANUARY next, at Eleven O'CLOCK in the Forenoon; and the Keeper of His Majesty's Gaol, the High Constable and all other Constables and Bailiffs within this District, are commanded that they be then there, to do and fulfill those things, which by reason of their Offices shall oe to be done.

Given at Harbour Grace, this 27th day of December, 1836.

B. G. GARRETT,
High-Sheriff.

EDUCATION

SCHOOL

F. WILLS,

TAKES this opportunity of informing the PUBLIC generally, that his SCHOOL Will be open on

MONDAY, the 2nd of JANUARY

At the house lately occupied by Mr CLOW. That he will watch studiously over the moral, as well as the intellectual improvement of Children and Adults committed to his care—thereby affording the parent that satisfaction naturally expected from a Teacher—an the Pupil advantages, comfort, and other facilities not to be expected in other Schools.

Mr WILLS trusts his long time as a TEACHER, will be sufficient to meet a share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

N.B.—Also for young Girls there will be taught Knitting, Marking, Sewing, &c.

Hours of attendance from half-past Nine, until Three o'clock.—Night School attendance from 6 o'clock until 9 o'clock.

Persons who have any Writings to do, will please to call after School hours.

TERMS made known on application at the School house.

Harbour Grace, Dec. 21, 1836

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, ST. JOHN'S
Which will not be forwarded until the POSTAGE is paid.

HARBOR GRACE.

Thomas Foley—care Patrick Morris, Esq., St John's.
John Cartey—care Thos. Foley, Harbour Grace.

From John Jewel, seaman on board H.M.S. Talevara, To James Jewell at Mr Soper's Harbour Grace.

Mr Joseph Woods.

Thomas Murphy—care of Wm. Baillie.
Thos Hyde, Bay-de-Vards—care of C. F. Bennett, St. John's.

Patrick Strapp, Harbour Main—care Pat. Welsh, St. John's.

Thos. O'Hara.

Miss Anne Maria Ford, Cubits.

CARBONEAR.

W. Bennett, junr.—care Gosse, Pack, and Fryer.

Thos. Lock—care John White, South side.

Wm. Bemister, merchant.

Joseph Peters, a paper.

S. SOLOMAN P. M.

St. John's, Nov. 23, 1836.

I will not be accountable for any DEBTS contracted by the crew of the Brig COLUMBIA under my command.

ROBERT BING.

Harbour Grace,

December 16, 1836.

THE STAR, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

Poetry

A MILD SUMMER EVENING.

Methinks it were no pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the west:
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea,
An ocean of tranquillity,
These clouds are living things—
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey,
Us weary children or a day,
Life's tedious nothing o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn, and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene

Are the interminable plains—
One fix'd eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

But still pursued by human fear—
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, Oh Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!

I WOULD I WERE AWAY.

HOME.

I love to hear, at mournful eve,
The Ploughman's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
Where the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darksome homeward lane
Where all is hushed and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And, leaving all behind so dear,
Approach our pleasant home.

While every lowly lattic shines
Along the village street,
Where, round the blazing evening fire,
The cheerful household meet.

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own—
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on,—
And think upon the dreary way,
And travel'st alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still, repeated from each tongue—
How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat,
With heartfelt social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth.

THE KING VS. BIBY.

The defendant was charged upon an indictment preferred by several tradesmen of St. Giles's, for a nuisance, in keeping and maintaining an exhibition in that parish. The case excited roars of laughter.

The young man charged was placed at the bar, and arraigned as William Biby.

Mr. Price, his Counsel, said that was not his name.

Chairman—Is that the person? What is his name? Does he refuse to plead?

Defendant—My name is James Selwyn.

Chairman—I must take the plea of the defendant before me. What is the charge?

Mr. Prendergast (for the prosecution) That he has set up and maintained a certain show, exhibited for money, at the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, on the 11th June, 1836.

The defendant pleaded Not Guilty.

Mr. J. Sanders deposed that he was a linen draper, carrying on business at no. 43, High street, St. Giles's. The defendant kept a house no. 28 in that street. He kept a penny show shop or exhibition, open usually to 11 o'clock, and on Saturday night later. There were large canvas pictures or paintings outside. One was a representation of the House of Lords on fire, and another lamb with eight legs (laughter).

Mr. Adolphus And Lord Melbourne running out of the House (loud laughter).

Chairman What has the lamb to do with the House of Lords? (increased laughter).

Mr. Prendergast As much as a cork has to do with the bottle.

Witness There was also a picture of the 'United Females,' nursed by the Mother (laughter), 'the Wife of the Female Husband,' and a Child with a head as big as a peck bushel (roars of laughter).

The Chairman remarked that that did not prove an indecent exhibition.

Witness The pictures were often changed; they were gaily painted, and very attractive; so much so, that the foot pavement was blocked up, and hundreds of passengers had to walk in the road. The noise was made by a powerful organ, a mouth organ, or Pan's pipes, and by a "talented individual" who was sometimes employed to whistle; and so great was his power, that he could be heard as far as Oxford-street (laughter).

Mr. Price—We have Lord Coke's authority that a man may whistle.

Witness resided opposite the exhibition, but he was unable to use his front rooms, his business declined, and customers complained of the nuisance. Last year witness was compelled to take a distant lodging, at an expense of £30 for his wife, who was nervous, and who was much affected by the musical noise (laughter). Witness could not cast up his accounts, the noise so distracted him. The nuisance was injurious to his business, and caused repeated obstructions in the street.

Cross-examined by Mr. Price—I live at the west end of St. Giles's and have been there 21 years. St. Giles's is more noisy now than it was then; it has still been more noisy since the Reform Bill passed (loud laughter). There were no penny shows in the High street 21 years ago; if 5s. was charged at the exhibition, he should have considered it a nuisance. The foot pavement was 12 feet wide—the carriage-road 35.—The coloured paintings extend to the second floor Application had been made to the police, and they cleared the mobs for a time. The neighbours then found it was necessary to institute the indictment. Omnibuses passed and made noise, but they in some measure drowned the unpleasant noise of the organ and the whistler. There is a great deal of "screeching" and squalling in St. Giles's; the lowest rabble, pickpockets, and ragamuffins sometimes were at the exhibition. Had seen Noblemen there. The organ does not drown the omnibus noise. I prefer the latter. The mouth organ and the shrill whistling is above all other noises (laughter). Several ladies complained that they could not come to my shop for the nuisance.

Mr. George Bridge, cork cutter, of No. 29, High street, confirmed the last witness, and added that there was a man in a red and laced coat, who had most extraordinary lungs (laughter). His voice could be heard as far as the Pantheon, in Oxford street (loud laughter). He spoke comparatively. Mr. Price—You speak, I think superlatively.

Mr. Prendergast—No; hyperbolically.

The Chairman—He speaks positively, and that is more confirmatory.

Witness—The noise is horrible, shrill, harsh, and grating.

Mr. Price—Have you read "Dante's Jerusalem," and his description of the grating and clanging of the gates of hell?

Witness—No; and I have never been there.

Mr. John Payne, church clock-maker, of 39, High-street, said the noise was most tremendous, and so annoying that in his abstract calculations he was obliged to stuff his ears with cotton (laughter). It was continuous; the whistler was so shrill and discordant that it was heard above all other noises; the omnibus noise was delightful to it (much laughter). Witness had been compelled to run out of his shop (roars of laughter). It was true, though. The man who roared out had a PAIR of lungs stronger than leather. The pictures were indecent; in his opinion they had a dangerous tendency.

Other tradesmen deposed to the same fact; one adding, that among other nuisances there was fire king.

Chairman—He sets fire to the House of Lords, I suppose?

Mr. Price addressed the Jury, contending the indictment was not sustained.

A baker residing in the High street, and two ex-policemen, stated that they did not consider the exhibition a nuisance, and that it was well conducted. The music was very pleasant.

Mr. Prendergast—And the whistling and roaring of leather lungs.

Davis, a Policeman, admitted mobs frequently assembled on the pavement.

Mr. Prendergast replied.

The Chairman summed up, and the Jury pronounced a verdict Guilty.

Mr. Prendergast said the prosecutors had no wish that the Connt should punish the defendant if he would give up the house and remove the nuisance.

The Chairman said the defendant must enter into his own recognizances, and two securities, to appear to receive judgement when called upon; if the nuisance was removed there was an end of the matter.

COURAGE AND MAGNANIMITY.—A fight took place in one of our streets on Saturday last between an old man and a young one. The elder, from appearance, must have been over 70—he, of course got a sound drubbing from his junior antagonist, who strutted about like a game cock, after the victory, and sneering at the black eye and claret nose of the "old hero."

"Is it possible, sir?" said a gentleman addressing the young victor, "that you whipped an old man like that!"

"Whipped him?" exclaimed the young fellow, "I'm only nineteen—and can whip a man as OLD AGAIN as him at any time!"

Hollo, mister, I guess you have had your load weighed, haint you? bawled out a boy near our shop, a few days since, as a man was removing a deck load of rocks from a load of hay. The best evidence, perhaps of the man's honesty—was that he got in a violent passion.

CURIOS WAGER.—In a lost year's number of Blackwood's Magazine it is stated, that for a wager, an individual stood upon Westminster Bridge from morning till night, with a box full of real golden sovereigns exposed for sale, at a penny a piece, and did not sell ten during the whole day, and these few were bought as counterfeits. Suspicion is ever ready to mar good fortune, and whispers in the ear of every passer by, "all is not gold that glitters." Hence, a golden sovereign taken for a Birmingham button.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The National Gazette contains a long account from the Southern Medical Journal, of a remarkable discovery made by Signor Segato, of Italy. The discovery consists in the art of petrifying or converting into stone the various parts of the human system. It has even been carried so far as to be applied to the blood.—An American lady wrote to her friends some time since, that having undergone the operation of the lancet, she had sent a bowl of the fluid to Segato to have it petrified, and would forward it to her friends to cut into rings. The account in the Medical Journal is transmitted by the Hon. Richard Wide of Georgia, and appears to be entitled to credit.

The law of England is famed for its "glorious uncertainty"—that is, for leaving sundry loop-holes through which rogues may escape. Until a short time since, if a woman's name were Anne Hays, and she were indicted as Ann, (minus final e) she was, forthwith, entitled to a verdict of "acquital;" ay, though before trial, she had confessed her guilt. At Cambridge assizes last week two fellows tried for sheep stealing were acquitted, by direction of the judge, because the animals were hoggerels (2 years old ewes) not mentioned in the Statute! This may be law, but is it justice?

TWINS.—A brother Editor says he has been presented with a cabbage as big as his head.—Boston Post.

STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN FRAME.—At the late anniversary of the opening of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, some amazing feats of strength were exhibited by two Frenchmen. One of them successfully resisted the united efforts of two horses to drag him from a platform on which he was lying; and the other, while suspended by his feet from a cross-beam, raised into the air a horse of ordinary size.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were Moore, Strange, and Wright; said the last, "there is but one rascal in the company, and that is Strange!" "Yes," answered Strange, "there is one Moore!" "Aye," said Moore, "that's Wright." There is at the back of Old London Bridge on this side, a street called "Labour in Vain Hill" not from the height, but from a stone on which are engraved two figures washing a Blackamoor.

CHEAP ENOUGH!—One of the Courts in New York has fixed the fine for kissing a lady against her consent at two dollars.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

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

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers	7s. 6d.
Servants & Children	5s.
Single Letters	6d.
Double Do.....	1s.
and Packages in proportion.	

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

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE,
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's.
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

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.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning 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 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen	7s. 6d
Other Persons, from 5s. to	3 6d
Single Letters	6d
Double do.....	1 0
And Packages in proportion.	

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.

Carbonear, June 1836.

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 cabin 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 will 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	7s. 6d.
Fore 'ditto, ditto	5s.
Letters, Single	6d
Double, Do.....	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., &c., received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c., at Mr. Patrick Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruet's.

Carbonear,

June 4, 1836.

TO BE LEASED
On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the EAST by the House of the late Captain STABB, and on the est by the Subscribers.

MARY TAYLOR.

Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

B LANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.
Harbor Grace.</p