



### Notices

#### CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

##### NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths, &c.

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

Terms as usual.  
April 10

##### THE ST. PATRICK

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

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

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

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

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

Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

##### St. John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE 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 Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, 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.

### AFFECTING STORY.

Generous souls  
Are still most subject to credulity.

Albion.

"Will you take a drop sir?—Do take a drop!" said a middle aged female very decently attired, accosted me in the street one evening last week. "A drop of what I enquired; of laudanum to be sure," was the reply, and in a moment that indicated an affection of the mind—a degree of insanity, but of the most inoffensive character. I passed on a few paces, thinking she might be one of those unhappy beings, who devoid of reason, but perfectly harmless, wander through our streets both by day and night, the butt of the unfeeling, though as I have sometimes seen, the pity even of children. Another female instantly addressed me with "sir, that girl has drank a phial of laudanum—do go after her—she bought it at the druggists on the corner." The girl was still but a few steps off and the drug-store still nearer at hand—so I hurried into the latter, and learned that an ounce of laudanum had been sold a few minutes before to a female whose dress corresponded with hers above referred to. Assistance was procured and in a minute more we had overtaken her. She was sitting on the cold marble steps in the damp air of an unwholesome evening resting her head upon her hand.—We accosted her hastily—but her perceptions were yet sufficiently distinct to enable her to know that our abrupt manner of addressing her, was or would have been under other circumstances, rude and insulting—for her language and deportment had undergone a total change. She was taciturn and angry, refused to answer any questions, and bade us all begone, in language too, and with a vehemence that soon gathered a mob of gaping passengers around us. After much persuasion, she confessed to having drank the liquid, the bottle she had thrown into the street. We raised her gently on her feet, and with the druggist on one side, and myself on the other, conducted her with rapid steps to the hospital. We entered its charitable doors—doors that are ever open to the sick, the helpless, or those on whom the anguish of any sudden calamity has fallen—and the efforts of its skillful surgeons were immediately directed to our unhappy patient. The stomach pump was brought, and most successfully applied. The deadly liquid flowed in a clear stream from the stomach through this astonishing medical and mechanical ingenuity. The last drop was brought away—the stomach was washed out and thoroughly cleansed, and the patient declared free from danger.

The history of this unhappy female possessed a deeper interest than the common run of such unfortunates. She was born and reared, but not educated, in a village near Philadelphia, in the humble capacity of a domestic, but in the family of a most worthy and estimable man. When at a very tender age she became the dupe of an individual belonging to the household, who finally made her the only repatriation in his power, by making her his wife. Yet the tale of scandal and detraction went abroad, and busy defamation was laboriously employed in charging to her master's account the sin of bribing the husband into a marriage with her, that his own iniquity might be effectually concealed. The tale was propagated by a rich and generous neighbour; and the character of the slandered master being sorely libelled, a suit was brought by him to wipe away the infamous allegation. It came before a jury in Philadelphia court, and Matilda, the unhappy subject of this article was brought in as a leading witness. Her testimony alone convinced the jury that the libel was most base and unfounded—they returned a verdict of ten thousand dollars damages, which the generous but injured plaintiff instantly relinquished, declaring his sole wish was gratified by putting to flight the injurious tale. The husband of Matilda was industrious and worthy, and while he lived supported her in comfortable circumstances. But death came suddenly upon him, and no support remained to his

widow and family of young children, except an occasional remittance of a hundred dollars, received at certain periods from Matilda's brother a wealthy planter in Barbadoes. Her want of friends and education prevented her making known to him her destitute situation; and from being forced to change her place of abode every few months, his remittances often failed to reach her. In the midst of her distresses, however, the goodness of a heart opened in a remarkable degree to the sufferings of others, was not lost or deadened. Her humble calling of a domestic afforded small resources for the relief of others, after the wants of three young children were provided for; yet what little surplus did remain, she has been known to give with honest pleasure to the wants of others more depressed and suffering than herself.

A disposition so remarkable for disinterested generosity, was not suffered always to go unrewarded. Hearing that an aged couple in the neighbourhood to whom she was entirely unknown, were lying ill, deserted and avoided by their friends, for relations they had not—Matilda, scorning the superstitious dread which kept others from their gloomy and unfrequented abode, went to them became their nurse, and without any prospect or hope of reward, watched beside them until death relieved them of their sufferings. Her situation while attending on them, is described as awful and solemn beyond description. They were wealthy, and their whole thoughts, even in their dying struggle, centered in their money, which lay within an iron chest. The chest was placed between their beds, so that each could touch it as they lay, even when the agonies of death were on them, and sight and speech had faded as the last terrible convulsion approached, they reached out their thin ragged arms to feel for the chest, unwilling to the last to give its contents up! Yet in all these dreadful midnight scenes Matilda stood by, and though horror-struck and terrified ministered to their numerous necessities. Both died within a few hours of each other, but before the closing scene, they gave to her, in the presence of a witness, a large sum of money, in compensation for her unremitting watchfulness. A host of claimants came in to divide their property, and Matilda returned to her accustomed avocations.

This large accession to her comforts—this (to her fortune) soon got wind among her circle of acquaintance, and as it spread rumour magnified it into many thousands. An artful foreigner, attracted by the story, laid siege to her hand, and finally married her. He was soon discovered to be lazy and dissipated, every way utterly worthless. Poor Matilda's little fortune was soon sunk by this base but too successful adventurer, and to increase her troubles, other children claimed her thoughts and earnings. In this posture of affairs, while her husband had become the mere drunkard and vagabond, her brother in Barbadoes died. His property was large, and he died unmarried and intestate, the whole of it devolved to her sister and herself. But being poor, ignorant, and destitute of friends to interest themselves in her behalf, the effects were seized upon by the legal harpies of the place, and out of an estate valued at a hundred thousand dollars, only a single thousand reached Matilda and her sister! Yet even this last hope became the prey of her most worthless husband. To complete her ruin—for until now she had borne up against her many troubles with even more than even a mother's firmness, she received a letter from the previous wife of her husband, then living in Ireland but abandoned by him who had imposed himself so shamelessly on poor Matilda! This letter was couched in language truly affecting. It stated, and without reproaching her to whom it was addressed, that the writer was the first wife, that she was the mother of several helpless children whom her husband had abandoned leaving them in the utmost distress. She concluded by deploring the imposition he had practised upon her, as it was of a piece with his treatment to the mother of his first born children.

This terrific information came with stunning consequences to the heart of Matilda. The wretch whom she had married was not only an impostor but a robber. He had stripped her of every dollar she possessed, and made her infinitely more miserable than all her complicated sorrows had ever done before. Yet even now, perfidious, degraded, and utterly unworthy as she was, her natural kindness of disposition was still felt by him. Sickness came upon the spoiler and a miserable hovel in the outskirts of the city sheltered him. In that desolate and lonely abode the much injured Matilda penetrated, and found him every necessary which his weak condition needed. She restored him to his health—and then it was that the strings of her swollen heart gave way and cracked asunder. Despair took possession of her soul. The "slow, unmoving finger" of scorn was pointed at her, and her shattered spirit was unable to withstand the false, but foul imputations, cast upon her character, which humble as was her condition, still continued dear to her. The tempter overcame the wounded soul, and the common refuge of the sorrow-smitten, the bottle, was turned to for oblivion of her griefs. In this career, however, she lived but a few months. Her lucid intervals drove her to adopt a deadly remedy—such was her condition—such had been her determination, when I providentially encountered her as above related. Horror, now, has taken hold upon her mind, and still true to her original character, a deep repentance is the final result of what she considers a merciful interposition of an ever-watchful Providence.

"Who came from heaven to calm the tempest-tossed,  
To seek the wanderer, and to save the lost."

#### EXTRACT FROM MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

VISIT TO LAWRIE TODD.—My father has received a most comical note from one —, a Scotch gardener, florist, and seedsman; the original by the by of Galt's Lawrie Todd—and original enough he must be. The note expresses a great desire that my father and myself will call upon him, for that he wishes very much to look at us—that the hours of the theatre are too late for him, and that besides he wishes to see us as ourselves and not as kings and princesses. I have entreated my father to go; this man must be worth knowing; I shall certainly keep his note.

When they were gone, walked out with my father to —'s. They day was gray, cold and damp—a real November day, such as we know them. We held the good man's note, and steered our course by it, and in process of time entered a garden, passed through a deep green house, and arrived in an immense and most singularly arranged seed shop, with galleries running round it, and the voices of a hundred canaries resounding through it. I don't know why, but reminded me of a palace in the Arabian Nights. "Is Mr — within?" shouted forth my father, seeing no one in the strange looking abode—"Yes he is," was replied from somewhere by somebody. We looked about, and presently with his little grey bullet head, and shrewd piercing eyes just appearing above the counter, we detected the master of the house. My father stepped up to him with an air like the Duke of —, and returning his curiously folded note to him, said "I presume I am addressing Mr. —; this sir," drawing me forward is Miss Fanny Kemble." The little man snatched off his spectacles, rushed round the counter, rubbed his enormous hand on his blue apron, and held it out to us with a most hearty welcome. He looked at us for some time, and then exclaimed, "Ha! ye're her father? Well ye'll have married pretty early—ye look very young; I should not have been so much surprised if ye had called her ye're wife!" I laughed, and my father smiled at his compliment, which was recommended by a broad Scotch twang which always sounds sweetly in my ears.—The little man, whose appearance is that of a dwarf in some fairy tale, then went on to tell us how Galt had written a book all

about him; how it was almost word for word his own story; how he had come to this country in early life, with three half pence in his pocket, and a nail and hammer in his hand for all worldly subsistence; how he had earned his bread by making nails which was his business in Scotland; how one day passing by some flowers exposed for sale he had touched a geranium leaf by accident, and charmed by its fragrance, bought it having never seen one before; how with fifteen dollars in his pocket he had commenced the business of florist and gardener; and how he had refused as many thousand dollars for his present prosperous concern: how when he first came to New York, the place opposite his garden, where now stands a handsome modern dwelling house, was the site of a shed where he did his first bit of work, how after six and twenty years' absence from Scotland, he returned home; how he came to his father's house—"Twas on a bright morning in August—the eighth of August just it was—when I went through the door, I knew all the old passages so well: I opened the parlour door, and there according to the good old Scottish custom the family were going to prayers before breakfast.—There was the old bible on the table, and old clock ticking in the corner of the room; there was my father in his old arm chair; just where I had left him six and twenty years gone by.—The very shovel and tongs by the fire were the same: I knew them all. I just sat down, and cried as sweetly as ever a man did in his life.

These were, as nearly as I can recollect, his words: and oh! what a story! his manner too, was indescribably vivid and graphic. My father's eyes filled with tears.—He stretched out his hand, and grasped and shook the Scotchman's hand repeatedly without speaking; I never saw him more excited. I never was more struck myself, with the wonderful strangeness of this bewildered life. He shewed us the foot of a rude rustic looking table.—"That" he said was cut from out the hawthorn hedge that grows by my father's house; and this showing us a wooden bowl is what I take my *parrich* in!" I asked him if he never meant to leave this country and return to bonny Scotland.—He said no—never: he might return, but he never meant to settle any where but here. "For," added he, "I have grown what I am in it madam; and 'tis a fine country for the poor." He had been an early martyr to his political opinions; and when only nineteen years of age, had been imprisoned in Edinburgh for advocating the cause of that very reform for which the people are at this moment crying jubilee over in England. He seemed to rejoice in this country, as in the wide common land of political freedom, unbounded by the limits of long established prejudice, unbroken by the deep trenches which divide class from class in the cultivated soil of the old world. I could have listened to this strange oracle for a day; but in the midst of this discourse he was summoned to dinner—and presenting his son to us, who presented a nosegay to me, let us to wander about his singular domain. His father, by the bye, is still alive, and residing within six miles of Edinburgh, a man of ninety years and upwards.

**FRIGHTFUL AFFAIR.**

The annexed frightful paragraphs are copied from the Louisiana Advertiser of the 11th instant. The facts detailed are circumstantial, and seem to carry an aspect of truth with them which probably will be confirmed by subsequent accounts.

"We have just learned the particulars of the horrible affair reported by one of the steam boats yesterday. It appears that some persons had kept a gaming house in Vicksburg for some time and as usual in similar establishments, had their pimps and their decoys employed, inveighing inexperienced young men into the lion's den, where they were invariably fleeced of all they possessed and frequently ill-treated by the conductors. The inhabitants, determined to abate the nuisance, had held several meetings, and given notice repeatedly to the offenders to quit the city by a certain time, or suffer the consequences of an outraged community. The day at length arrived when the committee waited on them, and told them that their passage was paid for on board a steam boat and quit they must! They positively refused—the committee retired to deliberate and again returned, but the house was closed, and whilst endeavouring to gain admittance, several shots were fired from the windows, one of which struck Dr. Bodley, the chairman of the committee, and caused his immediate death. Another gentleman of respectability was severely wounded, and the rest of the bullets passed through the hats of the other members of the committee.

The towns people immediately assembled, broke open the house, seized five men, the only inmates, dragged them to the public square and hanged them INSTANTLY!!—They posted sentries, and gave notice that any person who approached them for twenty four hours would be served likewise. All the money, which was a large amount, was piled upon a table before the suspended bo-

dies, and the committee paid it away to all who could prove they had lost money at the house. About twelve or fifteen persons in connexion with the house started in this city in haste to avoid a similar fate. These are the particulars as we have heard them—we shall make no comments upon so dreadful an occurrence, hoping the account has been exaggerated.

Since the above was in type we have heard that Dr Bodley was murdered in the gaming house, after having won a considerable sum of money at the table, which was the original cause of this execution of summary justice or Lynch law as it is called. The persons executed were Mr North, who kept a tavern, Dutch Bill, his bar keeper, Mr Samuel Smith, Mr Cullum, and Mr McCall."—*Bermudian, Aug. 15.*

**DREADFUL STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSION AT GREENOCK.**

(From the Glasgow Courier, July 25.)

Just as we were going to press last night, the following outline of a most distressing steam-boat accident, which occurred at Greenock between six and seven o'clock in the evening came to hand. From the shortness of time, our correspondent was unable to collect many particulars; but every thing additional which may transpire will be given on Tuesday:

"GREENOCK, CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY, Friday evening half-past seven.

"In the greatest excitement I hasten to inform you of one of the most dreadful accidents that ever occurred here, and which happened just twenty minutes ago, in the blowing up of the Earl Grey steamer with a dreadful loss of life—to an amount that I cannot at present attempt to indicate. The accident happened while she was lying at the quay, on her way from Rothessy to Glasgow and it is said the steam was forced up to prepare for a race with the Clarence, when the whole roof of the boiler, the funnel cabin and deck were blown up in the air, and the beams planks and fragments scattered over the quay and into the river. A great many people who were standing on the quay were blown into the air, and fell down dreadfully injured. I cannot attempt to tell the loss of life, and the extent and number of wounded. The whole quay is crowded with people carrying away the dead and dying, and all is horror and mourning. I have seen several of the dead, but I know none of them. The Earl Grey has been towed away from the quay a most frightful spectacle."

Further Particulars July 28.

The spectators on the quay suffered severely. When the top flew off the boiler, the steam and water, coils of rope, fragments of iron and timber, large pieces of coal &c., were blown on the quay, and fell fifty and sixty yards away from the vessel. A number of the people were knocked down and instantly covered with boiling water, or severely hurt by the falling missiles. Two young men belonging to Greenock, of the names of M'Kellar (sons of Captain M'Kellar Samsou steamer,) and Mr M'Nee (stepson of Mr William Wyse, Grocer,) were dreadfully scalded. All the sufferers were either taken on board of the steamers lying at the quay, or to houses adjoining, and medical aid was sent for and vehicles to carry the wounded to the infirmary. Although the explosion was great, and heard all over the town, still nothing was known of the accident by the inhabitants generally until the unfortunate sufferers were carried on the shoulders of men, or in noddies to the infirmary. Dr. Bruce, the only medical gentleman who visited the spot, rendered every assistance in his power. Many of the ladies who were passengers and escaped unhurt, but who had friends and relations on board, and whose fate was uncertain, were in a delirium and were removed to the inns and hotels.

A coil of rope, and a large quantity of other things alighted on the roof of the warehouse, about fifty or sixty yards from the Earl Grey, and the iron grating which covered the coal hole was carried a greater distance and fell within a few yards of the west corner of the custom-house; fortunately no person was in its way, else death would have been the consequence.

LETTER FROM PAISLEY.—I find that Mr Caldwell and Barclay (not Rarkland as reported in our last) were in the Earl Grey at the time of the accident.—Mr Barclay is slightly scalded in the face but Mr James Caldwell has not been any way injured.

Saturday the Sheriff ordered the valves and other small parts of the boiler ashore, for the purpose of assisting the judicial investigation going on. It is reported that the weights were allowed to remain on the whole time (said to be ten minutes) that she lay at the quay, for the purpose of accumulating steam, and thus causing the catastrophe. Great blame, doubtless is attributed somewhere.

St. SEBASTIAN, July 11.—Yesterday the Royal Tar steamer appeared in the offing, and soon anchored in these roads. It is im-

possible to describe the enthusiasm of this city and neighbourhood. Nearly the whole population assembled in the batteries and on the castle hill, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering the brave Englishmen who had embraced with so much ardour and enthusiasm the cause of our Queen. As soon as the vessel had arrived in the bay and commenced disembarking the troops, the air resounded with the *vivas* of the people responded to by the *hurrahs* of the English, mingled with the report of the cannon firing a salute from the Castle, and the ringing of the church bells. The Governor, accompanied by all the civil and military authorities of the city, and followed by the bands belonging to the regiments of St Fernando and the Urbanos, advanced to meet Brigadier Chichester and Major Kirby on their landing. At this moment a new explosion of *vivas* in honour of the British officers took place.—The Spanish bands struck up the national air of *God save the King*. The magistracy were desirous of doing all possible honour to the English, and among other contrivances, actually designed the performance of a comedy; but it unluckily fell out that there was too great a dearth of theatrical talent for such a performance. This however, was but trifling drawback on the general joy, for every house in the city was illuminated, and even the poorest of the inhabitants vied with the richest in their testimony of good will towards the British troops. The band of the Urbanos serenaded the officers who conducted the expedition, till midnight; and in the centre of the city the music was still kept up to a later hour. Thus terminated a day consecrated to the public manifestation of the feelings of gratitude entertained by a true and loyal Spaniards towards the noble generous and brave English nation.

SCARCITY OF SEAMEN.—Of late, considerable difficulty has been experienced at this port in procuring crews for the shipping when ready for sea, and the wages have consequently risen to upwards of double the usual monthly pay; £10 currency (40 dollars) are now asked for the *rau* to Britain by very indifferent seamen, and unless a supply is soon obtained from the neighboring ports, we should not be much surprised to find double that sum demanded within a month. This scarcity of sailors arises from the great number of new ships that are annually fitted out at this port, without crews being previously procured for them elsewhere, by their owners—whose interest, we think it would be, to provide against being subject to similar exorbitant exactions in future.—*St. John New Brunswick Courier.*

TEA.—The first arrival of Tea at this Port direct from China, on private merchants accounts, took place last Wednesday. The cargo consists of between 4000 to 5000 chests, and will no doubt be sold at a reduction on the East India Company's prices. One good effect to arise from these importations will be that the inducement to smuggle the article from the States will be entirely done away, and money will not go from the Province to enrich illicit traders. As it is we cannot help saying—even though in this instance the profits of sale will go to the Mother country—that we would rather see such a speculation filling the coffers of Provincial merchants.—*Halifax Times.*

It is current that the sum required by loan for the West India compensation, will be twelve millions, and that a Three per Cent. Stock will be created.

No one can deny that the proceedings of the present parliament are more disorderly, and (if we might say so without the fear of the Sergeant-at-Arms) more ungentlemanly than those of any preceding House of Commons.

Sir Wilmot Harton has given the post of first Adagar to the native chief who first gave information of the conspiracy against the British authorities in Kandy.

General Mina has published a contradiction of the charges of cruelty alleged against him in the late debates in the House of Commons.

MR. GURNEY'S CASE.—We have good authority for stating, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has refused the consent of the Crown to the grant of £16,000 proposed by a Committee of the House of Commons, to be given to Mr. Gurney as the alleged inventor of steam-carriages on common roads. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's conduct in this affair does him great credit.

FAMINE.—At the late siege of Oporto, cats and dogs were eagerly sought after; apes' flesh brought a high price; fowls were sold at 30s. a piece, and the ex-emperor himself was pressed for a dinner. The loss of life was immense, 16,000 civilians and 7,000 soldiers having perished.

(From the Limerick Star & Evening Post, July 28.)

Political disputes seem again to be waxing stormy in Paris, and on Wednesday the National Guards, on duty at the Bourse, fought with one another, and behaved so outrageously that it was necessary to substitute a detachment of the line for them.

In the Spanish warfare both sides have now determined upon giving no quarter, and a death's head will be interwoven in several of the new regimental standards now forming.

A proclamation of Cordova, to his troops, informs them that 25,000 foreigners are already in the Queen's service, and that 100,000 more will follow if required.

Sir C. Vaughan, the accredited minister from St. James's to the United States, has been recalled, in consequence of the omission on the part of the United States to send to the British Court a representative of equal rank.

The Salisbury of 50 guns has been appropriated as barracks for the men raised at Portsmouth for the service of the Queen of Spain.

A young woman lately died in a Paris hospital from what was supposed to be an inexplicable cause, but when her body was opened no less than 617 cherry-stones were found accumulated in her intestines, in which they were confined by cancerous contraction.

EMIGRATION.—The following statement of emigrants arrived in the port of Quebec during the present and the last three years, to the 15th June inclusive in each year, is copied from the returns of the chief agent for settlers. The comparative statement of ships and tonnage, to the same period, is taken from the register of arrivals:—

Emigrants.	No. ships.	Ton.
1832 28,016	455	108,450
1833 6,623	359	92,758
1834 14,137	400	92,758
1835 3,985	365	111,821

Many of the vessels which have arrived during the present year are of a larger class than generally frequent this port.

ALGIERS.—A letter from Algiers of the 11th instant announces that an action had been fought between the French troops and Abdel Kader, in which the latter has had four hundred men killed.

There is a screw dock in New York, at which a ship weighing 300 tons can be raised a height of two feet in thirty minutes by the power of only fifty men applied to the crews.

NOVEL LAUNCH.—There was, last week, conveyed upon a carriage from the manufactory of Tod & M'Gregor, engineers, to one of the cranes at the Broomielaw, a small iron steamer, having all her machinery and equipments complete, and her steam up.—She was at once lowered into the river, and immediately proceeded on a trial trip. This handsome little vessel is of ten horse power and has been constructed for river navigation, to which she appears admirably adapted, her draught of water being about twenty inches. She is named the Plata, and is, we understand, to be carried on the deck of a sailing vessel, her whole weight being under ten tons.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Lieut. G. C. Stovin, late in the command of the Algerine brig, will be tried by Court-martial on Tuesday, on board ship Victory, on a charge of repeated drunkenness. Lieut. Stovin, on his passage to the Cape, was displaced in command and put under arrest by Mr. Cardew, the mate, and third in seniority in the vessel, who assumed the command, and carried her into the Cape. This novel proceeding in the British Navy created so much difficulty in the East Indies, that Sir John Gore took every person out of her, and brought them to England.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

The King of the French has placed at the disposition of the Academie Francaise, the sum of 2,000 francs (£80) to be divided amongst the descendants of the great Corneille.

It is reported that Lord William Bentick late Governor-General of India, will succeed Lord Hill at the Horse-Guards.

The German papers received this day, bring advices from Rome to the 9th July. Don Miguel is again at Porto de Grazio, and intends to remain there as long as the *Aria Cattiva* will allow. On the recent appearance of a Portuguese man-of-war, the country people, under the direction of their Lord, took up arms, in order to defend Don Miguel in case a landing should be attempted, for which conduct Don Miguel has conferred on the owner of the estate, whose name is Meugacii, the post of his Chamberlain.—The man-of-war here alluded to, has not yet left the coast.

"A telegraphic despatch, dated 21st inst., announces that Don Carlos retired on the 17th to Arbeiza, where he was joined by Eraso, and the rest of the Carlist army.—Among a great number of their wounded, brought by them to Estella and Irache, were several officers, including Villa Real and Sagastibelza. To sum up, their loss has been considerable. The prisoners taken from them have been brought to Pampeluna, where the greater part of the army of the Queen arrived on the 19th.

The MONITEUR publishes an authentic account of the recent defeat of the French ar-

my in Africa. There were two engagements between the French troops and the Arabs. In that of the 26th June, the number of the French killed was 52, with 89 wounded; in the engagement of the 30th of the same month, the killed amounted to 262, and 308 wounded.

The ECLAIREUR gives letters from Algiers of the 10th and 11th, which state, that the cholera had broken out on board the Triton, a ship of the line, which, with two other fine ships of war, arrived on the 7th, either to take on board the foreign legion, or to form part of the squadron which is to cruise on the coast of Spain.

TREASURY CHAMBER.

The following from Lord Melbourne and Mr. Spring Rice, was posted at the Stock Exchange:—"I beg to inform you, and to request you will make it known in the usual manner, that on Wednesday next, at 11 o'clock, I shall be ready to see any gentlemen may be desirous of contracting for a Loan under the provisions of an Act passed in the 3d and 4th year of his present Majesty for the abolition of slavery.

"We shall then inform the parties the amount which will be required, the time and manner of the biddings, and hope it will be convenient to you, or one of you to meet those gentlemen here at the appointed time. Consols for Account, 90.

SMYRNA.—The plague is rapidly subsiding; since the 10th of June no new case has appeared. Advices from Acre announce that Ibrahim Pacha will at no price suffer the English expedition to the Euphrates to be prosecuted. The British Consul is stated to have declared that England would find means of accomplishing her views.

(From the Waterford Chronicle, Aug. 6.)

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

Paris continues in a state of fearful alarm. The King has addressed a letter to the Chamber of Deputies, of which the following is an extract:—

"You say with truth, that this day is a day for me of eternal sorrow. Yes, I have seen perish by my side an illustrious Marshal and brave Frenchmen, whose loss would be less afflicting had they not fallen by the hand of other Frenchmen."

The King has addressed the following letter to Marshal Lobau:—

"My Dear Marshal

"I am anxious through you to express to the National Guards, to the Troops of the Line, and to the population of Paris, assembled on my passage, how greatly was I affected at the sentiments expressed on every side of this terrible event. Those sentiments are the most certain guarantee of the future prosperity of France, and they are the only consolation I can receive for the pain which the calamity of yesterday has inflicted upon my heart. Be my interpreter, my dear Marshal, and make known to all that expressions are wanting to convey the feelings which I experience, but while life exists in me, fit shall be consecrated to ensure the country's prosperity, and the maintenance of the laws, &c.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

(FROM THE MESSENGER OF YESTERDAY.)

The following is a list of the killed and wounded as far as they could be procured: Marshal Mortier, killed.

Lieu. Colonel Rieussec of the 8th legion, killed.

M. Prudhomme, serjeant 1st battalion, same regiment, killed.

M. Ricard, grenadier, same battalion, killed.

M. Leger, mathematician, same battalion, killed.

A Lieu.-Col. in the army, killed.

Two private citizens and a woman, killed.

Captain Marion, National Guard, wounded.

M. Goret, wounded in the jaw.

Vidal, a young man, similarly wounded.

Rose Alizon, a domestic servant dangerously wounded.

Madame Lederne, wounded in the head and left arm.

Madame Lederne, her sister-in-law, wounded in the leg.

Leclerc, aged thirteen, leg broken in several places.

Clarisse Brienn, severely wounded.

Most of those persons are so much hurt, that there is little hope of their recovery.

M. Roger, National Guard, a ball in the cheek.

M. Erancois, slightly wounded.

General Colbet, dangerously wounded in the head.

General Hemes, Aid-de-Camp to the King nose shot off.

General Pelet, slightly wounded in the nape of the neck.

There are besides, six persons killed and nine wounded, respecting whom we could not ascertain particulars.

CONFIRMATION OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—The Princess Victoria was confirmed

on Friday morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The King the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Sophia, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimer were present at the ceremony, which was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the bishop of London Dean of the chapel.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—This lady, so distinguished in the literary world, is at present in the most alarming state, at her residence, Storey's-place, Westminster, from an attack of brain fever. Her situation excites great apprehension in the minds of her family and friends.

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1835.

By the arrival of the Brig JULIA, Stanworth, in 28 days from Waterford, we have been favoured with Irish papers to the 6th August, but they do not contain any political news of any importance; they are principally taken up with Parliamentary debates on Irish Church affairs; which are not likely to be satisfactorily settled until the party who are supporting the present Ministry unfold more of their real intentions and more of their ulterior views. A private correspondent of the "LIMERICK STAR" says, "The Court intrigue against the administration seems to be completely frustrated for the present. They tell me that the King, within the last week, has been more cordial in his manner to his Ministers, than he had previously condescended to be. This is attributed to a hint from the DUKE and Sir ROBERT PEEL to allow popular apprehensions to subside, as, while these are kept alive, there can be no change by which the Tories could be benefitted. At all events, this view looks the more like the truth, as the Royal department has been coincidental with a numerous meeting of the Tory party at Apsley-House." We do not know what the private correspondent of the "LIMERICK STAR" may mean by "popular apprehensions," but we feel disposed to think that an increase of popular apprehension would do much for the removal of the present Ministry, and for the defeating of the present loyal and constitutional Ministerial party in the House of Commons.

We have much pleasure in referring to an official notification, in this day's GAZETTE, (Sept. 1) of the appointment of A. HOGSETT, Esq. to the responsible office of High Sheriff of this Island—a situation so long and honorably filled by Captain BUCHAN, R. N., who has resigned the same, and is about to take his departure for England. From Mr. Hogsett's intimate acquaintance with the duties of the office, and his efficient discharge of the same whilst Acting Sheriff, we are confident that the appointment will give general satisfaction.

SHIP NEWS

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.  
Sept. 2.—Brig Liberty, Tullock, Hamburg, 1194 bags bread, 200 fks. butter, 320 bls. flour, 100 bls. pork, 2 hds. geneva, 9000 bricks, 12 tons coal.  
7.—Brig Julia, Stanworth, Waterford, 62 bls. pork, 23 fks. butter.

CLEARED.  
September 2.—Brig Ceres, Adey, a market in Italy, 3200 qtls. fish (to load at Labrador).

5.—Brig Hope, Shaddock, Liverpool, 96 tons seal oil, 21 tuns cod oil, 2½ tuns blubber, 10 bls. caplin.

September 7.—Brig Sophia, McNaughton, Liverpool, 19,079 gals. seal oil, 3459 gals. cod oil, 296 gals. seal dregs, 28 gals. blubber, 3180 seal skins, 15 cow & calf hides, 385 qtls. fish.

8.—Brig Julia, Stanworth, St. Mary's (to load fish).

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.  
Aug. 27.—Schooner Newfoundland, M'Donald, Shediac, lumber.  
Nelson Packet, Noseworthy, Quebec, flour, wine.

Mary Jane, Follett, Viana, salt.  
Rising Sun, Landry, Arichat, cattle.  
Elizabeth, English, Sydney, lumber.  
Spanish Brig San Antonio, alias Beloz, Saranaga, Havanah, ballast.

Rover, Ingham, Demerara, rum, sugar, molasses.

28.—Schooner Reward, Oosse, Figueira, salt.  
Ploughboy, Yeo, P. E. Island, flour, beef, sheep.

Ocean, Hartery, Buctush, lumber.  
Brig Ann Johnston, Corbin, Copenhagen, pork, flour.

Spencer, Wyan, Evans, Hamburg, pork, bread, butter.

31.—Gipsey, Sinclair, Copenhagen, bread, flour, pork.

Samuel, Shapley, Liverpool, soap, butter, wheat, pork.

Sharp, Mewbarn, Hamburg, butter, flour, pork, bread.

Carteretja, Warren, Cadiz, salt.

Admiral Lake, Rodd, Hamburg, flour, pork, bread, bricks.

Schooner Argyle, Mc'Donald, P. E. Island, cattle.

Brig Norval, Carmichael, Demerara, sugar, molasses, rum.

Sept. 1.—Barque Waterville, Mardon, Liverpool, pork, 5,249 bush. wheat.

Brig Elizabeth, Evil, Hamburg, bread, butter, flour.

Apollo, Wilson, Miramichi, lumber.

CLEARED.  
Aug. 25.—Schooner Mary, Mermaid, Arichat, salt.

24.—Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney, ballast.

Devonshire, William, Barbadoes, herrings, cod fish.

Powells, Muggah, Sydney, sundries.

Elizabeth, Higgs, Montreal, molasses, rum, sugar.

Angelique, Muggah, Sydney, sundries.

Antelope, Griffiths, Liverpool, lathwood.

27.—Industry, Johnston, New-York, seal skins.

Nancy, Fougere, Arichat, ballast.

Brig Amity, Stephens, Sydney, ballast.

31.—Rising Sun, Landry, Arichat, sundry merchandise.

Sept. 1.—Ploughboy, Yeo, P. E. Island, sundries.

Brig Highlander, Munden, Liverpool, seal oil.

2.—Schooner Elizabeth, English, Sydney, ballast.

On Sale

THE SUBSCRIBER,  
NEWCASTLE COAL  
(Prime quality)

Bread, Flour, Pork, Butter  
Molasses, Sugar, Tea  
Coffee, Chocolate  
Oatmeal, Bran  
Wine, Gin, Vinegar, Leaf Tobacco  
Soap, Candles  
Hatchets, Spades, Shovels  
Earthenware, Glassware  
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes  
And a General Assortment of other necessary and useful

MANUFACTURED GOODS,

For which Cash, Fish, Oil, Salmon, Mackerel, and Herring will be taken in Payment.

T. NEWELL.  
Carbonear, Sep. 9, 1835.

NOW LANDING,

Per Sir J. T. DUCKWORTH from Grenada

A CHOICE CARGO OF

RUM and MOLASSES

AND,

Per NATIVE from Quebec,

Superfine FLOUR  
Brazil and Salmon Barrel STAVES  
SOLE LEATHER  
4 Casks SEAL SKIN CAPS  
BUTTER in Firkins and Half-firkins &c  
JOHN DUNSCOMBE & Co.  
St. John's, August 1, 1835.

BY

THOMAS RIDLEY & Co.

Low, for Cash, Fish or Oil,

THE CARGO OF

The Brigantine DUNCAN & MARGARET,  
Just Arrived from HAMBURG,

300 Firkins Prime New Butter  
35 Barrels Prime Pork  
100 Barrels Superfine Flour  
20 Barrels Oatmeal  
624 Bags Bread No. 1, 2 & 3  
3000 Bricks.  
Harbour Gracé, Aug. 19, 1835.

Notices

Genteel Board and Lodgings.

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

AND THE COUNTRY at large, that he has ready for the Press,

A SACRED DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

SUBJECTS:

The Rebellion and Expulsion of the SATANIC HOST from HEAVEN,

AND

The Creation and Apostasy of MAN,  
Containing about 20 pages, foolscap octavo: Price, One Shilling.

THE above little Work has been inspected and approved of, by Gentlemen of undoubted judgment, candour and talent; and he therefore solicits such a share of Patronage and support, as will enable him to submit his Performance to the decision of the PUBLIC.

For Recommendation, the Author would introduce the following quotation, as a fair specimen of the whole:—

Behold yon cloud of vital consciousness,  
Whose beings' essence was their Maker's praise,  
Thus sunk and ruined by their faithless chief,  
By him, Son of the Morning once, and first  
In love and duty's willing sacrifice;  
'Till not contented with their glorious state,  
And grasping at the sovereignty supreme,  
They listen'd to their subtle Counsellor,  
And from exalted Gods to hellish fiends  
Sunk: and torment vast as former pleasure reap,  
Their unspanned being now their bitterest curse.  
Yet while rebellion's wages each receives,  
Their chief with ampler vigour to endure  
Shall on himself feel all his followers' fell;  
And on his countenance shall be impressed  
His characters, Destruction, Shame and Sin,  
His brow shall wear the diadem of Death,  
His rule and sceptre shall be over Hell,  
And millions by his cunning thither led,  
Their pregnant curses lighting on his head,  
Shall stamp his gnawing agony complete.

ACT II, SCENE 1st.

This quotation, is part of the Curse denounced by the DEITY upon LUCIFER, after his Expulsion from Heaven.

\*\* Subscriptions will be thankfully received at the Offices of the STAR at Carbonear, of the MERCURY at Harbour Grace, of the TIMES, and by Mr. M'IVER at St. John's:—Also by Mr. M. RYAN at Brigus, and Mr. VANDERHOFF at Western Bay.

Carbonear, August 26, 1835.

FOOLSCAP PAPER  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
Cheap for CASH.  
Carbonear.

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

POETRY

THE DIAMOND.—A TALE OF BENARES.

"Towards sunset I found myself approaching the beautiful rose gardens of Ghuzepoor; and I passed the night in a pagoda on the banks of the Ganges, where lamps were burning before some monstrous divinity. A low melancholy chaunt that seemed to rise from the bed of the river, awakened me. I looked out from behind the colossal idol to ascertain from whence it proceeded. A dying Brahman was laid upon a bed of cusa grass, near the river's brink; and as life gradually ebbed away, they sprinkled him with the holy water of the Ganges, and chanted the sacred verses of the Bedas. He expired with a deep groan, and they covered the body with flowers and perfumes; then lighted a funeral pile singing as they performed these last offices.

I waited till these sacrifices were over, when a group of pilgrims came to perform their abutions in the sacred stream. I dared not venture from my hiding place, fearful lest my miner's frock and tattered garments might excite suspicion.

Suddenly one of the pilgrims advanced into the water with a heavy weight hanging from each shoulder. As might have been expected he speedily began to sink. No one assisted him, and, rising his head once above the water, he gave a loud cry of exultation, and disappeared. The other pilgrims, apparently by no means astonished at this voluntary immolation, retired, singing the praises of their gods.

I now ventured out of the temple, and perceiving the cloak of the pilgrim lying upon the grass, hastily enveloped myself in it; I found in the pouch of the dress several pieces of coin, and appropriated them without hesitation. Thus disguised, I walked boldly forward, returning the salute of the passing traveller. Towards noon, I hailed a boat which was passing down the river, with wind and current in its favour.

The day was brilliant, the breeze was fresh, the river was bright with the silken streamers of the little boats that covered it, the peasants on the banks were clad in their holiday garbs, in honour of the great Hindoo festival of Rama and Soeta, which was that day celebrated. I had formed no plans for the future, but I enjoyed my existence with rapture as the boat glided swiftly on her way, while my fellow pilgrims were earnestly engaged in their devotions.

At length the city of Benares appeared in sight, with its lofty domes and minarets, its carved temples and gilded shrines, gleaming in the sun. When I found myself in the

midst of the moving multitudes which thronged the street of Benares, my eyes grew dazzled and my head grew dizzy with the noise, and the variety of sights and sounds, animate and inanimate; the gardens, pagodas, tanks, and richly carved temples; the houses adorned with verandahs. But I must hasten through my story, for see the sun shows but a tip of crimson above the waters of the Ganges.

In the evening I repaired to a bazaar to dispose of my diamond. The jeweller to whom I offered it, looked at it admiringly, as he examined it I trembled each moment lest some suspicion should fall upon me; but the pilgrims who visit Benares are frequently wealthy, and my statement that I had purchased it from a Golcondah merchant was unquestioned; the bargain was quickly struck, and I became master of what appeared to me a boundless fortune.

My first care was to order a splendid suit of clothes—my next, to repair to the caravansary, and order a supper fit for the Emperor Akbar. In a few days I purchased a handsome house, with fine gardens, an Arab horse, a gorgeous palanquin. I hired servants and train-bearers; and when I rode forth, transformed as by the wand of a magician, I felt that I had reached the goal of my wishes. I was, however, ashamed of my ignorance, and applied myself to study secretly and diligently. I listened attentively to the discourses of the learned Brahmins, as they publicly taught under the trees; and by my respect towards them, and, above all, by my liberality, soon silenced the wonder and enquiry which my sudden appearance had at first excited.

I entered into partnership with a wealthy merchant. He had an only daughter, beautiful as the day; and though years had passed since then, and age has sprinkled thy raven tresses with snow, yet art thou, my Zillah, lovely in my eyes as on the happy day when first I wooed and won thee.

And now would I indeed have been happy, could I have forgotten the means by which that happiness was acquired; but there it was for ever pursuing me; the one black drop in the cup of prosperity, weighed down my spirit like an incubus.

One day a merchant from Pannah came to visit me. I started like a convicted criminal as my eyes fell upon him, for I at once recognised the features of the monster of the caravan from which I had fled! But when I had considered how many years must have changed my appearance, and how unlikely my guest was to suspect the wealthiest merchant in Benares to be the poor tattered lad who drove his camels, I gradually became reassured.

All at once, in the course of conversation, he began to descant upon the exceeding splendour of the diamond which adorned the Rajah's turban, adding, that its marvellous brilliancy had induced him to make inquiries respecting it; that he understood it had been purchased from a jeweller of the city, and that he intended to visit the bazaar on the following day.

As he spoke my mind misgave me, and it is probable that my confusion was visible on my countenance, for it struck me that my visitor looked suspiciously at me. How the discovery was made, I know not; but the next day reports were afloat concerning me; my story was made public; and as I was quietly walking in the garden, with my wife and children, one of the servants came breathlessly to tell me that I was suspected of robbery, and that the officers of justice would presently be at my house.

I passed over my hurried explanations to my wife, her kindness and sympathy, her despair and my own. With her assistance I concealed myself in the innermost recess of a pagoda; and when night came I assumed the disguise of a pilgrim, as I had once before done, mounted the fleetest of my horses, and fled along the banks of the river, in the direction of Chunar.

In the morning I dismounted, took off my horse's saddle and bridle and allowed him to go loose; hired a boat, and soon after arrived at Chunar. In the neighbourhood of that city there is an extensive wood. Thither I bent my steps, and concealed myself in its most impenetrable recesses. I shuddered as I recollected the last night I had spent in a similar manner; when just as I was preparing to seek the protection and shelter of one of the loftiest trees, a low groan attracted my attention.

Judge of my surprise when, by the light of the moon, which streamed through the dark foliage, I perceived the merchant of Pannah lying on the ground wounded and apparently dying. The grass was slippery with his blood. It oozed from a deep gash in his side. He was speechless, and the sight of his sufferings checked the fury which was raging in my heart against him.

I knelt down to examine his wounds, when a party of horsemen rode up, surrounded, and took me prisoner. The next day, branded as a robber and a murderer, I found myself lodged in the state prison of Chunar. So rapidly had past events succeeded one another, that I had scarcely found time to reflect on the horrors of my situation. Now, in the solitude of my dungeon, I thought of my wife and children, of my ruined character, of the public execution that awaited me;

and burying my face in my hands, I gave way to an agony of grief.

Suddenly a deep low voice sounded through the gloom. 'Weep not,' it said; 'Tears are for women and children. Men wear swords.' I turned hastily round to view the speaker, and by the faint moonbeams which struggled through the prison window, I perceived a figure of gigantic height, and of noble and commanding air. He had a swarthy complexion, eyes black and piercing, and hair dark as night. He wore a purple and gold turban, with a white heron's plume, a dress of embroidered muslin, a crimson girdle, and a short dagger. Never have I seen a more striking figure, or a more dauntless expression of countenance.

'Rouse up, my friend,' said he, 'fate has thrown us together! I was asleep in yonder corner when your groans awakened me. Tell me what accident has brought you hither, and I shall then be able to judge whether we can be of service to one another.—In me you behold the rebel chief, who for years has held the invaders at bay, and for whose apprehension ten thousand rupees were offered by government. They have me at last in their toils; but shall they keep me there? No! neither stone walls nor grated windows shall hold me.'

A ray of hope shone upon me as I listened to this man, and without hesitation related all that had befallen me. When I came to the murder of the merchant he smiled—'Cheer up, my fellow prisoner,' said he, 'It is now my duty to aid you, as it was before my inclination. That murder was performed by my emissaries; and here is his silver-mounted hookah, to evince the truth of what I state. You start with joy. It is true, my evidence can clear you of that crime, and it shall. I am condemned to death, and a crime, more or less, is nothing in the catalogue of my offences. Yet, consider for a moment. Your reputation is gone. If not a murderer, you are a robber; and the government in its tender mercies will send you back to the mines, with the simple addition of chains. Now listen: this very night all is prepared for my escape. My trusty emissaries, in disguise, have stupefied our jailor with opium. You shall accompany me,—and judge of our forest life.'

I hesitated, but not long. At midnight we effected our escape, passed through the sleeping guardians of the prison, and fled.—I would willingly omit the remainder of my history. I found myself the companion of a lawless band of robbers, to whom every scene of bloodshed and act of plunder were familiar.

One night, when I had assisted in robbing a caravan, (do not shrink from me, my father, for long years of penitence have passed since then) we were feasting in our strong hold, and singing snatches of rude songs, when, as a goblet of wine was raised to my head, I pledged the health of our leader, a low knock at the gate caused every man to start to his feet, and lay his hand on his dagger's hilt.

'Unbar the gate,' said a soft voice; 'it is a woman.' They cautiously undrew the bolts; and never shall I forget my emotion, when my wife entered, carrying our infant in her arms. She seemed like an angel amongst evil spirits, so pure, so bright, so graceful was her aspect. She fixed her tender and mournful gaze upon me, and advancing close to me, without casting a glance at my companions, 'Rusnaid,' said she, 'what do you here?'

The rude men seemed spell-bound, and remained standing and gazing upon her.—'Zillah,' said I, 'this is no place for you.—'No place for me where my husband is?' she interrupted. 'My feet are weary and bleeding, and my garments are torn with the brambles and wild briar, yet I have not faltered. Where you go there will I go also. Where you live there shall I live. And when you die, then shall I also yield up my spirit. But oh! Rusnaid, shall your wife inhabit a robber's den? At these words the men murmured fiercely, but the chief motioned them to silence, and with a proud courtesy, handed Zillah to a bench.

I now explained to her all that had occurred to me, and the situation in which I stood. My wife listened attentively, and then exclaimed in a fearless voice,—'Rusnaid, return with me, and stand the chance of the law. Thanks be to Ramah, I press an unpolluted hand.'

'Return and betray us!' cried the men; 'never, by the soul of the prophet! We would not betray you,' said Zillah, 'but your haunts are more than suspected, else how could I have discovered them?'

'Zillah,' said I, in going with you I return to death, for never will I betray the name of —.' 'It shall not, indeed be so,' cried the chief, who had stood mournfully regarding us. 'I shall give myself up to justice, for I am weary of this vicious and unhappy life—so take your wife, go and be happy.'

The sound of the trampling of horses' feet caused the chief to pause abruptly. He climbed up to the casement, and perceived a detachment of soldiers advancing towards the ruin. The chief officer of the detachment rode forward, as if to survey its position. The Mussulman called for his pistols, and a ball whizzed close to the head of the officer. He was startled but not hurt.

'A parley,' cried the chief from the casement. 'I will yield myself up but on certain conditions.' 'Name them,' said the officer. 'First, liberty and free pardon for my men; without me they will disperse.—' 'Granted,' said the officer; 'our orders are to seize you; our commission goes no further.' 'Protection for my prisoners, a Hindoo, his wife and child. Moreover, attention to my solemn declaration that he is guiltless of the murder of a merchant, whereof he is falsely accused.'

'Most falsely!' said a voice in the crowd, 'since I am here willing to befriend Rusnaid, and to make him amends for the evils into which I have brought him.'

'That point being settled, said the chief, I pray you, my friends walk out, and I shall follow you when I have made my last arrangements.'

The men obeyed in silence, and each as he passed his leader, grasped his hand and bade him farewell. When it came to my turn, he took leave of me in a cheerful voice; but as my wife passed him, he pressed her hand to his lips, and a tear fell upon it.

We waited for him to come from the fortress, when suddenly a bright light arose; and the chief stood at the window, waving his hand to us from amongst the flames. It was impossible to save him; he had thrown a lighted match into a chest of gunpowder. The explosion was terrible. We turned away with sad hearts.

The merchant kept his word, and procured my pardon from the Maharajah. I never again entered Benares. We purchased this small dwelling, and for fifteen years have subsisted by the labour of our hands.

The Hindoo ceased to speak. They rose silently and re-entered their lowly dwelling. The next morning the missionary blessed them, and departed on his way.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

Alexander Alexander appeared to answer the complaint of James Bagnall, a venerable dealer in swine's flesh.

Commissioner.—What is your demand against Alexander?

Bagnall.—Why, your vorship sees as how I makes pork out of pigs, and as I was going to market t'other morning to buy one of them ere hanimals, I borrowed a sack of Mr Alexander, to fetch the porker home in, and left half a crown in pledge for it. When the chap was done for I brought the bag to him; and I never seen the color of my coin since.

Mrs Alexander pleaded with all the energy of a half-crown lawyer, that she herself paid the money in question to the complainant.

Commissioner.—Perhaps he forgot this.—Was he sober at the time?

Mrs Alexander.—He was after the market, and looked a little refreshed or so.

Bagnall.—There's an insinuation! Bless your vorships, I never luses none at all whatsomdever; there's no one more respected in the pig-market these forty years than Jem Bagnall.

Commissioner.—Will you swear you did not get the money?

Bagnall.—Not a doubt of it your vorship.

Mrs. Alexander.—If you do you ought to be ashamed to look a pig straight in the face as long as you live.

The complainant was, however, sworn, and an order made accordingly.

SIAMESE TWINS.

Visitor.—Are you endowed with separate, or influenced by the same mind.

Twins.—our habits of thinking are very similar, but we undoubtedly possess distinct minds.

Visitor.—I was led to suppose, from your striking similarity of thought, taste, and inclination, that your minds were identical.

2nd Visitor.—(Who had been somewhat rude before.) "That is not likely! They have got two bodies, and if there is but one mind, one of the bodies must be without a mind."

Twins.—(bowing to the last Visitor.) Such a thing is not impossible, Sir. In our travels we have occasionally seen BODIES WITHOUT MINDS.

AN OFFICIAL 'MALAPROP.'—In the year 1788, just previous to the French war, the Mayor of Dublin was in a coffee-house, when a gentleman was reading in a newspaper, among other items of news, that the French had "taken Umbrage." The worthy wise man of Gotha, who believed that 'UMBRAGE' was some fortified town, when he went home consulted his Gazetteer, and failing in his search, asked one of his friends where 'Umbrage' was situated. The story got abroad, and the caricaturists immediately took advantage of it. A droll picture appeared,—'CASTLE UMBRAGE,' situated on an eminence and the Mayor, with the Police, and the posse comitatus marching in procession to invest it! The story, as is the case with all good stories, lived on the Mayor till the hour of his death.

A French lady of rank lately died of hydrophobia, in consequence of allowing a favourite lap dog to lick a pimple she had on her face.