



HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, opposite Messrs. W. Dixon & Co's

### THE TWO BROTHERS.

AN IRISH TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, Hugh uttered cries of despair, and tearing himself from a spot he dreaded to leave he mounted a horse, which he spurred to the nearest town for a physician to come and see his now apparently dying brother. The doctor a man of great skill and humanity, instantly attended the summons. But the visit was unavailing. The patient grew worse every minute. Never before had the physician witnessed such a scene of family distress. "Oh, Felix, Felix, Felix, darling," cried Hugh, in the agony of his repentance, "spake to me, spake harshly, cruelly, blackly—oh, say you won't forgive me—but no, that I couldn't bear—forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake with affection to me, for then I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh dear"—and he looked pitifully in the convulsed face of the unhappy man—"Hugh, dear, it was only an accident, for if you had thought—that it would turn out—as it has done—But no matter now—you have my forgiveness—and you desire it; for, Hugh, dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh, dear, comfort and support Alley here, and Maura, too, Hugh; be kind to them both, for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute, heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather stupor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace upon the pure bosom of his wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and amn't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me—in what arms but yours should I die? Alley think of your own Felix—oh, don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together,) wear it, for my sake next your heart; and if ever you think of doin' a wrong thing, look at it, and you'll remember that Felix, who's now in the dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you? My eyes want a last lock of you; I feel you—ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presence in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh, my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me—near me!" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed—his head fell upon her bosom—and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the bloom of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious—almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself upon her heart. Quietly and calmly she arose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance of those who wept, while they attempted to soothe her.

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother, nor were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more and frightful than death itself. From "the dark day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and

when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths, and the loneliest bye-roads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse minded have reproached him in what we trust, is his repentance with his greatest affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the maiden widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain she is pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it, even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow struck for ever. She will never smile again.

Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

### A RUSE.

[The following extract is taken from the last work of that amusing and talented author, Captain MARRYATT, R. N.]

The Pirates returned to their vessel discomfited. Those on board, who were prepared to hoist in ingots of precious metal, had to receive naught but wounded men, and many of their comrades had remained dead on the shore. The captain was melancholy and downcast. Hawkhurst was badly wounded, and obliged to be carried below as soon as he came on board. The only capture which they had made was their former associate Francisco, who, by the last words spoken by Hawkhurst as he was supported to his cabin was ordered to be put into irons. The boats were hoisted in without noise, and a general gloom prevailed. All sail was then made upon the schooner, and, when the day dawned, she was seen by the Spaniards far away to the northward.

The report was soon spread through the schooner that Francisco had been the cause of their defeat; and, although this was only a surmise, still, as they considered that, had he not recognised the vessel, the Spaniards would not have been prepared, they had grounds for what had swelled into an assertion. He became, therefore, to many of them an object of bitter enmity, and they looked forward with pleasure to his destruction which his present confinement they considered but the precursor of.

"Hist! Massa Francisco!" said a low voice near to where Francisco sat on the chest. Francisco turned round and beheld the Kroumen, his old friend.

"Ah! Pompey, are you still on board?" said Francisco.

"All! no," replied the man, shaking his head; "some die—some get away—only four Kroumen left. Massa Francisco, how you come back again? Every body tink you dead. I say no, not dead—ab charm with him—ab book."

"If that was my charm, I have it still," replied Francisco, taking the Bible out of his vest; for, strange to say, Francisco himself had a kind of superstition relative to that Bible, and had put it into his bosom previous to the attack made by the pirates.

"Dat very good, Massa Francisco; den you quite safe. Here comes Johnson—he very bad man. I go away."

In the mean time Cain had retired to his cabin with feelings scarcely to be analysed. He was in a bewilderment. Notwithstanding the wound he had received by the hand of Francisco, he would never have sanctioned Hawkhurst putting him on shore on a spot which promised nothing but a lingering and miserable death. Irritated as he had been by the young man's open defiance, he loved him, loved him much more than he was aware of himself; and when he had recovered sufficiently from his wound and had been informed where Francisco had been sent on shore, he quarrelled with Hawkhurst and reproached him bitterly and sternly, in

language which Hawkhurst never forgot or forgave. The vision of the starving lad haunted Cain, and rendered him miserable. His affection for him, now that he was, as he supposed, lost for ever, increased tenfold force; and since that period, Cain had never been seen to smile. He became more gloomy, more ferocious than before, and the men trembled when he appeared on deck.

The apparition of Francisco after so long an interval, and in such an unexpected quarter of the globe, acted, as we have before described, upon Cain. When he was taken to the boat he was still confused in his ideas; and it was not until they were nearly on board, that he perceived that this young man was indeed at his side. He could have fallen on his neck and kissed him; for Francisco had become to him a capture more prized than all the wealth of the Indies.—But one pure, good feeling was still unextinguished in the bosom of Cain; stained with every crime—with his hands so deeply imbrued in blood—at enmity with all the rest of the world—that one feeling burnt bright and clear, and was not to be quenched. It might have proved a beacon-light to steer him back to repentance and to good works.

But there were other feelings which also crowded upon the mind of the pirate-captain. He knew Francisco's firmness and decision. By some inscrutable means, which Cain considered as supernatural, Francisco had obtained knowledge and accused him of his mother's death. Would not the affection which he felt for the young man be met with hatred and defiance? He was but too sure that it would; and then his gloomy cruel disposition would reassume its influence, and he thought of revenging the attack upon his life. His astonishment at the re-appearance of Francisco was equally great and he trembled at the sight of him as if he was his accusing and condemning spirit.—Thus did he wander from one fearful fancy to another, until he at last summoned up resolution to send for him.

A morose dark man, whom Francisco had not seen when he was before in the schooner, obeyed the commands of the captain.—The captain rose and shut the door.

"I little thought to see you here, Francisco," said Cain.

"Probably not," replied Francisco, boldly; "but you have me again in your power, and may now wreak your vengeance."

"I feel none, Francisco; nor would I have suffered you to have been put on shore as you were had I known of it. Even now that our expedition has failed through your means I feel no anger towards you, although I shall have some difficulty in preserving you from the enmity of others. Indeed, Francisco, I am glad to find that you are alive, and I have bitterly mourned your loss; and Cain extended his hand.

But Francisco folded his arms and was silent.

"Are you then so unforgiving?" said the captain; "you know that I tell the truth."

"I believe that you state the truth, captain Cain, for you are too bold to lie; and, as far as I am concerned, you have all the forgiveness you may wish: but I cannot take that hand—nor are our accounts still settled."

"What would you more? Cannot we be friends again? I do not ask you to remain on board. You are free to go where you please. Come, Francisco, take my hand, and let us forget what is passed."

"The hand that is imbrued with my mother's blood, perhaps!" exclaimed Francisco.—"Never!"

"Not so, by G—!" exclaimed Cain.—"No, no; not quite so bad as that. In my mood I struck your mother. I grant it. I did not intend to injure her, but I did, and she died. I will not lie—that is the fact; and it is also the fact that I wept over her, Francisco, for I loved her as I do you. (It was a hasty bitter blow that," continued Cain, soliloquizing, with his hand to his forehead, and unconscious of Francisco's presence at the moment. "It made me what I am, for it made me reckless.) Francisco," said Cain, raising his head, "I was bad, but I was no pirate when your mother lived.—

There is a curse upon me; that which I love most I treat the worst. Of all the world I loved your mother most; yet did she from me receive most injury, and at last I caused her death. Next to your mother, whose memory I at once revere and love, and tremble when I think of—and each night does she appear to me—I have loved you Francisco; for you, like her, have an angel's feelings; yet I have treated you as ill. You threatened me, and you were right. Had you been wrong, I had not cared; but you were right, and it maddened me; your appeals by day—your mother's in my dreams."

Francisco's heart was softened; if not repentance, there was at least contrition. "Indeed I pity you," replied Francisco.

"You must do more, Francisco; you must be friends with me," said Cain extending his hand.

"I cannot take that hand—it is too deeply dyed in blood," replied Francisco.

"Well, well, so would have said your mother. But hear me, Francisco," said Cain, lowering his voice to a whisper, lest he should be overheard—"I am tired of this life—perhaps sorry for what I have done—I wish to leave it—have wealth in plenty concealed where others know it not. Tell me, Francisco, shall we both quit this vessel, and live together happily without doing wrong? You shall share all, Francisco. Say now, does that please you?"

"Yes; it pleases me to hear that you will abandon your lawless life, Captain Cain; but share your wealth I cannot for how has it been gained?"

"I cannot be returned, Francisco; I will do good with it. I will indeed, Francisco. I will—repent;" and again the hand was extended.

"Francisco hesitated.

"I do—so help me God! I do repent. Francisco, taking the still extended hand,

"May God forgive you, too!"

"Amen!" responded the pirate, solemnly covering his face up with his hands.

In this position he remained some minutes, Francisco watching him in silence. At last the face was uncovered, and to the surprise of Francisco, a tear was on the cheek of Cain, and his eyes suffused with moisture. Francisco no longer waited for the hand to be extended; he walked up to the captain, and taking him by the hand pressed it warmly.

"God bless you, boy! God bless you," said Cain; but leave me now."

Francisco returned on deck with a light and grateful heart. His countenance at once told those who were near him that he was not condemned; and many who dared not take notice of, now saluted him. The man who had taken him out of irons looked round—he was a creature of Hawkurst and he knew not how to act. Francisco observed him, and with a wave of his hand, ordered him to go below. That Francisco was again in authority was instantly perceived; and the first proof of it was, that the new second mate reported to him that there was a sail on the weather bow.

Francisco took the glass to examine her. It was a large schooner under all sail. Not wishing that any one should enter the cabin but himself, he went down to the cabin door and knocked before he entered and reported the vessel.

"Thank you Francisco; you must take Hawkurst's duty for the present—it shall not be for long; and fear not that I shall make another capture. I swear to you I will not Francisco. But this schooner, I know very well what she is: she has been looking after us some time; and a week ago Francisco, I was anxious to meet her, that I might shed more blood. Now I will do all I can to avoid her, and escape. I can do no more, Francisco. I must not be taken."

"There I cannot blame you. To avoid her will be easy I should think; the Avenger outsails everything."

"Except, I believe, the Enterprize, which is a sister vessel. By heavens! it's a fair match," continued Cain, his feelings of combativeness returning for a moment; "and

[SEE LAST PAGE.]

(From the London Standard, July 11.)

SPAIN.

ESPELETA, JULY 5.

The following is an official bulletin of a petty skirmish on the heights of Saint Sebastian:—

FROM GENERAL BARTOLOME GIUBELALDE TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"Excellent Sir,—Don Pedro Jose Iturriza aware that the enemy intended attacking our positions in front of St. Sebastian, placed himself on the lines at half-past three o'clock p. m. The firing shortly afterwards commenced, and lasted two hours. The enemy lost a good many men, and did not advance a single step. Our loss was one killed, and eight wounded.

"James Jnan, belonging to the English legion, deserted, and joined our ranks, with arms and baggage.

"Agreeably to the orders of his Majesty, I have taken possession of the command of the Provinces, with all the formalities and ordinances prescribed.

"God protect your Excellency.

"BARTOLOME GIUBELALDE.

"Head-quarters, Hernani, June 27, 1836.

"To the Minister at War."  
Don Carlos on the second was at Villafraanca.

Seven o'clock, p. m.

I have this instant seen a letter from General Joaquin Montenegro, dated "Walls of Vittoria, July 2, night." He states that that morning the garrisons of Penacerrada and Trevino, in number 1500, have rendered at discretion. The whole of his artillery was before Vittoria, and he had great hopes of taking that city, should Cordova not come to its relief. It is but right to state I have not received this news officially.

Cordova on the 3d was still at Pampluna, intriguing against the return of Mina as one of the deputies for that place.

MADRID, JULY 2.

A dispatch has been received from the Viceroy of Navarre, General the Baron de Meer, in which he states that the Carlists, on the 24th ult., made an attack upon Larasoana, at the same time that he advanced from Pampluna in the same direction.—When the Carlist General observed the viceroy's movements, he placed considerable forces on the sides and summit of the hill of Zurian, from which the Queen's commander says that he was able to dislodge them, notwithstanding the difficult nature of the position, and the efforts which they made to maintain it. By the viceroy's own statement, it appears that 16 officers, and 200 privates of his forces were put *hors de combat*. The same authority states the loss of the Carlists to have been much more considerable.

On the 27th of last month the reserve under the orders of General Tello was attacked in the vicinity of Villarayo by five battalions of the Carlist infantry, and 300 cavalry. The engagement lasted from six o'clock a. m. until five p. m., at which hour the Queen's cavalry charged the Carlists, by whom they were repulsed with great loss; in consequence of which General Tello was forced to retreat, and with considerable difficulty reached Espinosa. General Espartero with 10 battalions of infantry, and a large body of cavalry, had left Vittoria in search of the Carlist force; and the captain-general of Castile had assembled the troops under his command for the same purpose.

The preceding is extracted from the *Madrid Gazette* of this day, but letters have been received from Pampluna, by which it is known that the loss on the Queen's side in the engagement between the Viceroy of Navarre and the Carlists, was double to what he states, and that the Carlist forces behaved on this occasion with the most extraordinary valour. As for General Tello's affair, it has been a most sad one indeed. The Carlist commander is a person named Arroyo, a *mesonero*, or keeper of a public house at Medina del Pomar, and without the slightest pretension to military knowledge, but possessed of amazing activity and the most daring courage—the essential qualities for the warfare in which he is engaged. The victory was in every respect complete, and the loss on the side of the Queen's forces has been immense. What renders this victory most interesting is the circumstance that the Carlists were not superior in number to the Queen's troops, and yet they all but annihilated them. It would be difficult to convey to you an idea of the sensation which this action has produced here. They speak of trying Tello for his great carelessness, and want of military skill upon this occasion; but if the government were to chastise the Queen's General for faults of this nature, her Majesty's forces would be in a very short time without commanders. The army list of Spain is positively filled with General's names, and yet there is scarcely a single one possessed of sufficient knowledge to command a brigade, much less a division.

The letters received this post from Valencia are filled with accounts of the rapid increase of the Carlist forces. There is scarcely a village in the interior that has not been plundered by the Carlists; and so

dispirited are the partisans of the Queen, that not a shadow of resistance is made any where against Cabrera, Quilez, or his followers. Colonel Iriarte succeeded in forcing Quilez to retreat from the vicinity of Benicarlo; but, in pursuing the Carlist commander, he was taken in flank by Cabrera, who, with an activity truly astonishing, had advanced to his comrades' succour. The attack made by Cabrera was in every respect successful; for upwards of 250 of Iriarte's column perished in the action, and nearly 500 were made prisoners.

The most profound sensation has been caused here in consequence of the news received from Navarre and Valencia which I have just related, and every one is filled with apprehensions of still greater disasters.—When the partisans of Don Carlos are vanquished in Navarre and the neighbouring provinces, there will be still hot work for the Queen's troops in Catalonia, Valencia and Lower Arragon.

THE LATE THUNDER STORM.

The provincial papers received this morning, contain melancholy accounts of the effects of the late storms.

In Dumfries, a carter, named Richardson, was conveying wood from Conheath to Glencairn, when himself and his horse were in instant struck dead by the electric shock.—Another carter, who accompanied Richardson, was thrown to the ground, and remained stupified for several minutes. A man riding upon a horse on the Annan road had his horse killed beneath him, and his hat damaged. Over a wide district of country the most serious damage has been inflicted—cattle killed, and the soil extensively washed off potatoe and turnip land. On the farm of Ernespie near Castle Douglas, three cattle were killed; on Blackburne two bullocks met a similar fate, and at Corbicton the subtle element was fatal to three sheep. Around Castle Douglas the rain was mixed with hailstones of unusual magnitude, and many windows were broken. In the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan the soil has been washed off whole fields, with the potatoe and turnip seed and carried away.

In the city of Salisbury, hailstones fell varying from two to five inches and a half in circumference, which have destroyed the crops, and broken innumerable windows exposed to the raging element. The crops destroyed on Mr Stanford's farm, at Whaddon exceed £2,000, those on Mr Rumfold's, at Grimstead, £4,000; those of Mr Maton, of New Court Farm, to nearly £1,500; Trafalgar House (Earl Nelson's) had 802 squares glass broken; Mr Tamlyn's crops at Witherington were nearly all destroyed, amounting to £1500; nearly the whole of the rooks were killed in Barford park; almost the whole of the wheat, barley, and oats growing near Alderbury have been destroyed.—During the progress of the storm, 26 out of a fold of 500 sheep, belonging to Mrs Barnett, of Broad Chalke, were killed by the lightning, and Henry Hetley, Esq., of Bulbridge House, Wilton, lost a valuable horse from the same cause. The crops of Mr Phillips, a small farmer, at Whaddon have been entirely destroyed. Mr Adkinson's farm at Charlton, near Downton, sustained damage to the amount of £200. At Winterslow, the wheat and other corn has been cut to pieces, and the glass of the windows of the cottages almost wholly destroyed. At Charlton, the crops were wholly destroyed, and the cottage windows broken. At Downton the water was four feet in depth. Mrs Shuckburgh's window panes were demolished, the Rev. Archdeacon Clark's green house windows destroyed, and the leaden window dashed to pieces. On some farms not only the ears of corn, but the straw is destroyed, so that even for manure it will not be worth cutting.

In Lancaster hailstones fell five inches and a half in circumference; the glass, wherever exposed, has suffered severely. At Cloughton Hall, Mr Brockhole's residence, nearly 8000 squares of glass have been destroyed—the clusters of grapes rent from the branches—the vines all more or less injured beside which the garden and the field have greatly suffered. One poor farmer in the neighbourhood of Garstang, named Fisher, has lost the whole of his little crop of wheat the ears being all cut off. The unfortunate man's beans have likewise materially suffered. A tree at Mr Dunn's residence, Ryelands, was struck, and stripped of some of some of its bark, and an ash in Holker park was scathed.

At Poulton not merely hailstones fell, but absolute masses of ice rattled down with a noise which, for a time completely silenced the thunder. Some of the masses measured from five to six inches in circumference, and were from one ounce to an ounce and a half in weight. The damage done is great. A. Eidsorth, Esq., of Poulton Hall, having 400 squares of glass broken in his hot-house.—The house occupied by J. Birkbeck, Esq., on the Terrace, has 41 squares literally driven in, and every house in the village has suffered more or less. The gardens also have suffered severely, the onions and potatoes in many places having the tops cut completely off. The grain, however, appears not to have sustained much injury.

At Tatham, fruit, potatoes, and all other garden vegetables, have suffered beyond description, and oats, which were in a growing healthy thriving state, belonging to sundry farmers in the township of Botton, are now in a battered, broken down condition, truly distressing to behold. Brooks and rivulets were swollen so excessively, that many fields adjoining were inundated.

The house of Mr Robert Jackson, shoemaker, of the town of Burton-in-Kendal, was struck by the electric fluid, which passed through an east window, the house and passage, where two young women were sitting, and out of a back room window to the north, forming as it were a right angle. In a bed room, the window was broken to the north, and a chest of drawers split down at one end. The family were all in the house at the time, and we are happy to say, received no injury, although a strong smell of sulphur was smelt, and the window shutters where the lightning entered and went out, were altered in colour. At Whittington, about five miles to the east, a ball was thrown off the roof of the parish church, and a pew shattered to pieces within; and in a field not far distant from the church, the lightning split a tree. At Silverdale, about two miles to the west, two sheep were killed. At Plumtree-bank, about five miles to the north west, another tree was split, and at Gatebeck about six miles to the north-east, a cow, the property of Mr Robert Jackson, farmer, was killed.

THE REVENUE.

(From the Oxford Herald.)

The Revenue for the year ending on the 5th inst., has been most productive, exceeding that of the preceding year, by two millions; and the year thus improved upon, was itself an improving year.

These are extremely gratifying indications; but if we are wise, we shall make advantage of them far beyond the present gratification. We know many will say that the present increase of revenue has been caused by an extraordinary outlay of money in railroads and other similar speculations—and this is true, at least as far as the outlay—but what then?—has not the money been laid out at home?—and where it has been laid out so as to produce an effect upon the revenue, (for mere stock-jobbing does not produce this effect), has it not been laid out at home, upon works of permanent duration and utility; and laid out by men who look to increase their own wealth; and as the interests of the state, the wealth of the state by the expenditure? Why, then, are we not rather to expect a rapidly progressive increase of revenue than a check or a diminution, from the consideration that this year's gain has, in part perhaps, arisen from the deposit as it were of the seed of future wealth. Why may we not look for an increase of a million or two next year, an equal increase in the year following, and so forward?

It seldom happens, in the case of individuals, that the timid or desponding man realises a great fortune. The founders of families are usually men of foresight—men who forecast the most profitable investment of their gains, as well as making provision against the consequences of possible losses. Now the rule of a just economy in this respect is plainly common to collective bodies and to individuals: but, have we, as a community ever observed the rule either way? Perhaps it would be difficult to find any better remedy than a loan, in the case of a temporary deficit, and a kind Providence has protected us from that; but have we ever forecasted the proper disposal of a surplus?—Never since the unlimited sinking fund has been given up; and the consequence has been, that all reduced taxes have been yielded to the loudest clamourers, excited by the prospect of immediate gain; and, therefore, all relief from taxation, since the war, has been granted in the wrong place.

Speaking in round numbers, between 40 and 50 millions of annual taxes have been reduced, and the most grievous taxes affecting agriculture, with a great part of the assessed taxes—the two heads of taxation that ought to have been first expunged—still remain to depress the energies, and embitter the spirit of the very best classes of the people. Now, what we want is, that our countrymen take a sanguine—which later as well as remote experience proves to be a just—view of the financial prospects of the country; that they expect a surplus at the end of every year; and that farmers and householders bestir themselves in time to enter a caveat against its misapplication—to stop the mouths of mere brawlers. Had they taken this course firmly and steadily, fifteen years ago, there would be now neither malt tax nor assessed taxes; no, not at any time for the last 12 years.

THE BRITISH LEGION IN SPAIN.

It is well known that several officers serving under General Evans, have expressed a desire to leave Spain, at the expiration of one twelvemonth, they considering, by the conditions of service, they have then a right to withdraw. General Evans, however,

thinks differently, except such officers can produce a specific agreement to that effect, General Evans has issued the following general order upon this subject:—

"Head-quarters, San Sebastian, July 4, 1836

"Five officers of the 4th, and two of the 3d regiment have represented to the Lieutenant Governor that having served in the legion one year, they consider that by the conditions of service they have a right to retire with a gratuity after that period, if they should prefer it two years, and that they are now desirous of availing themselves of that supposed right, the Lieutenant General has at all times been desirous of doing justice to all as far as his judgment enabled him to do so, and even of consulting individual interests, by permitting, for the general good of the service, occasional resignations in cases of sickness, wounds, or other individual grounds. But no power, whatever has been granted to him to decide on a question of this comprehensive nature, at least in point of principle, if not practically. There are two parties to every contract. The government of her Catholic Majesty is the other party in this instance; and as a matter of simple justice, it is quite evident that the government should therefore be appealed to for their opinion upon the subject; and this appeal the Lieutenant General will not fail to make. In the mean time, if any one should be so ill advised as to assume to himself the right of interpreting those conditions, without producing a specific agreement in writing, or proof of a verbal agreement, that he was to serve only one year instead of two, and shall attempt to act on that opinion the Lieutenant General will feel himself bound, from the responsibility of his present position in command, to treat the same as a military offence of the most serious character.

"If he did not so act he would obviously himself be liable to be brought to a court-martial, and would deserve the utmost penalty of military law. Still, however, the Lieutenant General has to repeat, that if any one can show the slightest proof of having engaged for one year instead of two, he will undertake, however great the responsibility may be, to allow to such officer the benefit of such agreement of limited service, without awaiting the orders of government.

"But though truly desirous at all times to meet the wishes of every individual under his command, as far as his duty has permitted, the Lieutenant General cannot help expressing his regret that any British soldier, should, without any special ground of grievance, find himself so peculiarly situated, as to think of quitting his brother soldiers while so immediately before, and almost in contact with the enemy. And the Lieutenant General feels this more strongly at the present moment as he has, at this instant even, received accounts from the government of such a satisfactory nature as assure him there never was a period of the existence of the legion in which its prospects were brighter."

THE LATE TRIAL.

(From the Dublin Packet.)

So far as the lady and her ill-used husband and their children are concerned, we have said our say. Would that we could pour balm into their wounds, and heal their afflicted souls. But who can paint the hard-hearted wretch who has been the cause of their woes? Yet he lives in a palace, sleeps upon the softest down, and, like a smiling, gay, bold-faced villain, laughs to scorn the opinion of the Christian world. Reader, read the following sketch, and then say what wouldst thou take to exchange positions with Lord MELBOURNE, whose advocate upon the late trial has been convicted by the unrefuted testimony of Lord WYNDHAM of having uttered a gross falsehood for the purpose of deceiving the Court and Jury?—

(From the Sunday Times.)

LORD MELBOURNE AND MRS. NORTON.—Mrs. Norton has left her brother's seat, Frampton, in Dorsetshire. He married the only daughter of the late Sir Colquhoun Grant, who was reconciled to the match a short time before his death, and left to Mr. Sheridan and his wife the bulk of his fortune—amounting to some thousands annually, with the seat in Dorset. The late deplorable event, we regret to learn, has preyed deeply on the mind and health of the unfortunate lady. The *exposé* and details of the trial were kept from her, we understand, as much as possible; but the whole could not be concealed, and violent hysteric fits succeeded, during which she called wildly upon her husband and her children. To the former she is said to have written, both before and subsequent to the trial, declaring, in the most solemn manner, the falsehood of the charges made against her—alluding, with touching tenderness, to their early love and subsequent affection, and avowing her unabated attachment and fidelity to him to the last hour when she left his roof! She reproaches herself, it is added, and acknowledges her error, however late, for suffering the continued visits that provoked so much calumny; but implores him, by his regard for his honor—his love for their children—anc, in mercy and feeling to herself, to disabuse his mind of the foul impressions, cre-

ated by interested menials—and, if he will not see her, at least to write, and give some distant hopes of forgiveness and reconciliation.

"Then write, oh write to me all, that I may join  
Tears to thy tears, and echo sighs to thine;  
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away,  
And is my Abelard less kind than they?  
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,  
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;  
No happier task these faded eyes pursue,  
To read and weep is all they now can do."

A letter from her to the noble defendant is also mentioned, in which she reproaches him, it is said, most bitterly, for his protracted visits, and their melancholy disastrous results! She paints the misery and ruin entailed upon her, while he has passed the ordeal unscathed! Separated from her husband—bereft of her children—blasted before the world—and dependent, even for a home and shelter, upon the affection of her brother—she contrasts his years and experience with her youth, and asks what atonement can he possibly make her? This letter, written in a paroxysm of despair, is said to be full of mourning recollections of lost domestic happiness and peace, with the fondest affection for her husband and children.—What his answer has been, we do not know—but there is no human heart such an appeal must not penetrate. Alas, when he remembers what she once was, and what now she is, his feelings may be rent, almost in the same language as Burke's eloquent and affecting reminiscence of the fated Marie Antoinette. He might say—

"It is now somewhat more than five years since first I saw her—happy in her husband's affection and confidence, and the devotion of numerous friends. She was then radiant in youth and beauty. I saw her decorating, and cheering, the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and happiness, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart I must have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, that when she added titles of admiration to those of distant respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom—little did I dream, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor. I thought a hundred swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult—but the age of chivalry is gone."  
Such was Burk's impassioned lament over the fallen Queen of France. It may be deemed overstrained in the present instance, but the subject of our present regrets was, and is, a lovely and an accomplished woman.—Her fate is a hard one—for indiscretion, and, perhaps, some personal vanity, seem to have been her utmost failings; and through the villainy of a crew of wretches, she is visited with the worst consequences of actual guilt. It has been truly said, that indiscretion often draws down more suffering and ruin than positive vice. *Laertes* tells his sister *Ophe-*

lia—  
"The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon."  
Her husband's praise is the only flattery a married woman should listen to. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* The first step is the most perilous, and too often leads to an abyss no woman would tempt if placed at once before her. In the present case, a jury, of twelve intelligent and respectable men, have pronounced the wretched accusers of Mrs. Norton unworthy of belief, and recorded a verdict of innocence. We shall be anxious to see the final result of this decision—for it is impossible, when we remember the obligations and station of both parties, that things can remain as they are.

CROYDON CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

On Friday the members of the Croydon Conservative Association dined together at the Greyhound Inn, Croydon. The chair was taken by Mr. R. D. Warrington; he was supported by Capt. Alsager, M. P., Sir E. Sugden, and upwards of 120 of the influential electors of Surrey.

After the removal of the cloth, the toasts of "Church and King," "the Queen," "Princess Victoria and Royal Family," "the Army and Navy," "the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Clergy of the Established Churches of England, Ireland and Scotland," were given from the chair, and drunk with due honors.

Sir E. Sugden then proposed "The Duke of Wellington and the House of Lords."—He was sure the toast would meet the approbation of the company.—(Cheers.) That approbation was most expressive; it shewed that the bare mention of the Duke of Wellington's name in connection with the House of Lords, was sufficient, and that no eulogy was necessary to impress upon every body the meritorious services of that great man, the Hero of Waterloo, and God bless him. He would observe of those who were not

Conservatives, that with all their opposition to the Peers not one of them, when the dignity of the Peerage had been offered to them, refused to accept it. (Cheers, mixed with laughter.) If the House of Lords were abolished they would have an uncontrolled House of Commons. He would sooner quit the country than submit to the tyranny of one House without the check of the other.—He would deny himself to be a Conservative did he not know that the Conservatives were those who protected the true liberties of the country, who upheld the institutions by which real liberty was engendered and sustained. It was the preservation of the great institutions of King, Lords, and Commons, that secured the universal liberty of the great body of the inhabitants of the whole realm.

Mr. N. Smith proposed "The health of Capt. Alsager, M. P.," and congratulated the Conservatives of Surrey in having such a representative. (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.)  
Captain Alsager said he had "volunteered on board the good ship the Constitution—(cheers)—he had seen that there were plenty of hands on board to work her, and he had found a very good fellow, one Robert Peel, at the helm. He had peeped into the binnacle, and he had found he was steering by the compass of the Church. He had made sure that all was right.—(Cheers.) As long as two planks of the vessel of the Constitution kept together he for one would stick by them; should they go, he cared not how soon he went with them.—(Great applause.)

Mr. Paynter in proposing "The health of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative Members of the House of Commons," pronounced an eloquent panegyric on the public character of the Hon. Baronet, and eulogised his abilities. (The toast was drunk amid tremendous cheering.)

Mr. T. G. Knapp proposed "The health of Sir Edward Sugden," which was drunk with the most vehement demonstrations of applause.

Sir E. Sugden shortly returned thanks. The healths of the "Chairman" and "Count Krazinskei" followed.

These Gentlemen having returned thanks, the Chairman quitted the chair, and a great portion of the company retired.

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1836.

We have been handed the following extract of a letter received by a mercantile gentleman of this town, dated LISBON, 21st July, 1836.

"The Royal Treasury was destroyed by Fire a few days since, discovered to be by accident, but it does not occasion much inconvenience, all the books and papers of importance having been preserved from the flames. We are looking forward with some anxiety to the assembling of the Cortes on the 20th of next month, as to the measures that will be adopted in reference to the new Tariff."

(From the Royal Gazette, Aug. 16.)

BY AUTHORITY.

MAJOR ROBERT LAW, (Commanding the Royal Veteran Companies,) having by the absence of Lieutenant Colonel SALL, succeeded to the Command of His Majesty's Troops in this Island, was this day sworn a Member of His Majesty's Council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.  
Secretary's Office, }  
15th August, 1836. }

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR has been pleased to make the following Appointments, vacant by the decease of Mr ROBERT BROWN:—  
To be a Commissioner of LIGHT-HOUSES at St. John's,  
JOHN SINCLAIR, Esquire.  
To be a Commissioner of PILOTS at the said Port,  
THOMAS WILLIAMS, Esquire.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR has also been pleased to appoint Mr THOMAS WRIGHT to be Clerk of the peace at *Ferryland*.  
Secretary's Office, }  
15th August, 1836. }

Married

At St Pancras church, London, James Black, Esq., merchant, Glasgow, second son of the late Rev. Dr. Black, of Dunfermline, to Janet, only daughter of Mr Henry Bisset of St John's and niece of Robert Dobie, Esq. R.N., of Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square.

SHIP NEWS.

Custom House, Port of Harbor Grace.  
ENTERED.  
August 17.—Brig Emily, Turner, Bristol, 70 tons salt, 50 tons coal, & sundries.

Notices  
**TO BE SOLD**  
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,  
ON THURSDAY,  
THE 1st. SEPTEMBER NEXT,  
AT HARBOUR GRACE  
At Noon,

A LOT OF BEACH, Situate at POINT OF BEACH, and lying between that Lot sold to Messrs. William and James Pitts, and the Market Place,—about 24 feet wide from North to South, and from the Road West to the Water.

Deputy Surveyor's Office, }  
Conception Bay, }  
August 3, 1836. }

**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.  
St. John's, }  
June 23, 1836. }

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THE CREDITORS of the Estate of ROBERT AYLES, Merchant, Carbonear, Insolvent, are informed that in pursuance of an Order of the Northern Circuit Court, a Dividend of NINE PENCE in the Pound will be paid to such Creditors who have proved their Claims on the said Insolvent Estate, upon application to

J. FITZGERALD }  
JAMES HIPPLISLEY } Trustees  
Harbour Grace,  
July 13, 1836.

**WANTED**  
TO CHARTER  
A Good British Built

**VESSEL,**  
To load about 3,000 Quintals Fish.  
Apply to  
T. RIDLEY & CO.  
Harbour Grace,  
August 17, 1836.

**TENDERS**  
FOR  
ROADS AND BRIDGES  
FROM CARBONEAR TO HEARTS CONTENT.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Office of Messrs. THOMAS CHANCEY & Co. Carbonear, and by ROBERT OLLERHEAD, Esq., at Hearts Content, addressed "To the Commissioners for the Road from CARBONEAR to HEARTS CONTENT," until TUESDAY the 30th of AUGUST (inst.) at NOON, from Persons willing to Contract for the performance of the undermentioned WORK  
*Viz.*

To OPEN a NEW ROAD from CARBONEAR to HEARTS CONTENT, commencing at the Woods; the Trees to be cut down; taken out by the Roots, and removed to the width of Twenty Feet. State the number of Miles to be Contracted for, and the rate per Mile.

WOODEN BRIDGES to be thrown across the Rivers and Brooks between CARBONEAR and HEARTS CONTENT, and on the New line of Road; high enough to clear the water in ordinary floods; to be Ten Feet wide, with Stone Piers firmly and substantially built on the Banks. State the name (if any) of the River or Brook, and the rate for each Bridge. A plan and specification to accompany the Tender.

One DRAIN of Two Feet wide and Two Feet deep to be cut on each side of the Road across the Marshes and Morasses. State the rate per Mile.

The WORK to be completed to the satisfaction of the COMMISSIONERS, by the end of NOVEMBER next.

THOS. CHANCEY  
THOS. NEWELL  
R. OLLERHEAD.  
Commissioners for a Road from Carbonear to Hearts Content.  
Carbonear, 10th August 1836.

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 & ROAG,  
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 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 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
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 expense, 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 shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR or 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., 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 Cruet's.  
Carbonear,  
June 4, 1836.

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

A CF of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the East by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the West by the Subscriber's Land.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for SALE at this Office.  
Harbour Grace,

POETRY

SONGS BY L. E. L.

I.

I loved her! and her azure eyes  
Hunted me from sweet sunrise  
To the dewy evening's close,  
Dyeing rosier the rose.  
Yet I said 'tis best to be  
Free—and I again was free.

But I changed—and auburn hair  
Seemed to float upon the air;  
Till I thought the orange-flower  
Breathed of nothing but her bower.  
Yet I said 'tis best to be  
Free—and I again was free.

Next I loved a moorish maid,  
And her cheeks of moonlit shade,  
Pale and languid, left my sleep  
Not a shade but her's to keep,  
Yet I said 'tis best to be  
Free—and I again was free.

But there came a lovelier one:  
She undid all they had done:  
I loved—I love her—ah, how well!  
Language has no power to tell.  
Now the wonder is to me,  
How I ever lived while free!

II.

A mouth that is itself a rose,  
And scatters roses too;  
An eye that borrows from the sky  
Its sunshine and its blue.

A laugh, an echo from the song  
The lark at morning sings;  
A voice—but that has sadder tones,  
And tells of tenderer things:

Auburn is her long dark hair  
With a golden shine:  
Must I tell you more to know  
This true love of mine?

I might say she is so kind,  
Faithful, fond—but no!  
My sweet maiden's hidden heart  
None but I may know.

III.

I send back thy letters:  
Ah! would I could send  
The memory that fetters  
The dreams that must end.

I send back thy tresses,  
Thy long raven hair;  
Could I send thy caresses,  
They too should be there.

But keep thou each token  
I lavished on thee;  
Ring and chain are unbroken,  
Thou false one to me:

That my rival—how bitter  
That word to my heart!  
May read in their glitter  
How faithless thou art.

IV.

As steals the dew along the flower,  
So stole thy smile on me;  
I cannot tell the day, nor hour  
I first loved thee!

But now in every scene and clime,  
In change of grief or glee,  
I only measure from the time  
I first loved thee!

I only think—when fast and fair  
My good ship cuts the sea—  
I leave the lovely Island where  
I first loved thee!

The wide world has only one spot  
Where I would wish to be;  
Where all the rest of life forgot,  
I first loved thee!

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

It will look like a craven to refuse the fight; but fear not, Francisco; I have promised you, and I shall keep my word." Cain went on deck, and surveyed the vessel through the glass. "Yes, it must be her," said he aloud, so as to be heard by the pirates; she has been sent out by the Admiral on purpose, full of the best men. What a pity we are so short-handed!" "There's enough of us, sir," observed the boatswain. "Yes," replied Cain, "if there was anything but hard blows to be got; but that is all, and I cannot spare more men. Ready, about!" continued he, walking aft. The Enterprise, for she was the vessel in pursuit, was then about five miles distant,

steering for the Avenger, who was on a wind. This brought the Enterprise well on the weather quarter of the Avenger, who now made all sail. The pirates who had had quite enough of fighting, and were not stimulated by the presence of Hawkhurst, or the wishes of their Captain, now showed as much anxiety to avoid, as they usually did to seek a combat.

At the first trial of sailing between the two schooners there was no perceptible difference for half an hour they continued on a wind, and when Edward Templemore (Commander of *H.M. Schooner Enterprise*.) examined his sextant a second time, he could not perceive that he gained upon the Avenger one cable's length.

"We will keep away half a point," said Edward to his second in command. "We can afford that, and still hold the weather gauge."

The Enterprise was kept away, and increased in speed; they neared the Avenger more than quarter of a mile.

"They are nearing us," observed Francisco; "we must keep away a point."

Away went the Avenger, and would have recovered her distance, but the Enterprise was again steered more off the wind.

Thus did they continue altering their course until the studding sails below and aloft were set by both, and the position of the schooners was changed: the Enterprise being now on the starboard, instead of the larboard quarter of the Avenger. The relative distance between the two schooners was, however, nearly the same, that is, about three miles and a half from each other; and there was every prospect of a long and weary chase on the part of the Enterprise, who again kept away a point to near the Avenger. Both vessels were now running to the eastward.

It was about an hour before dark that another sail hove in sight, right ahead of the Avenger, and was clearly made out to be a frigate. The pirates were alarmed at this unfortunate circumstance, as there was little doubt but that she would prove a British cruiser; and if not, they had equally reason to expect that she would assist in their capture. She had evidently perceived the two schooners, and had made all sail, tacking every quarter of an hour so as to keep her relative position. The Enterprise who had also made out the frigate, to attract her attention, although not within range of the Avenger, commenced firing with her long gun.

"This is rather awkward," observed Cain. "It will be dark in less than an hour," observed Francisco, "and that is our only chance."

Cain reflected a minute. "Get the long gun ready my lads! We will return her fire, Francisco, and hoist American colours; that will puzzle the frigate at all events, and the night may do the rest."

The long gun of the Avenger was ready. "I would not fire the long gun," observed Francisco; "it will show our force, and will give no reason for our attempt to escape. Now, if we were to fire our broadside guns, the difference of report between them and the one of large calibre fired by the other schooner, would induce them to think that we are an American vessel."

"Very true," replied Cain; "and as America is at peace with all the world, that our antagonist is a pirate. Hold fast the long gun there! and unship the starboard ports. See that the ensign blows out clear."

The Avenger commenced firing an occasional gun from her broadside, the reports of which were hardly heard on board of the frigate; while the long gun of the Enterprise reverberated along the water, and its loud resonance was swept by the wind to the frigate to leeward.

Such was the state of affairs when the sun sunk in the wave, and darkness obscured the vessels from each other's sight, except with the assistance of the night telescopes.

"What do you propose to do, captain Cain?" said Francisco.

"I have made up my mind to do a bold thing. I will run down to the frigate, as if for shelter; tell him that the other vessel is a pirate, and claim his protection. Leave me to escape afterwards; the moon will not rise till nearly one o'clock."

"That will be a bold *ruse* indeed: but suppose you are once under her broadside, and she suspects you?"

"Then I will show her my heels. I should care nothing for her and her broadside if the schooner was not there."

"In an hour after dark the avenger was close to the frigate, having steered directly for her. She shortened sail gradually, as if she had few hands on board; and keeping his men out of sight, Cain ran under the stern of the frigate."

"Schooner Ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"Eliza of Baltimore, from Carthegena," replied Cain, rounding to under the lee of the man of war, and then continuing: "that vessel in chase is a pirate. Shall I send a boat on board?"

"No; keep company with us."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Cain.

"Hands, about ship!" now resounded with the boatswain's whistles on board of the

frigate, and in a minute they were on the other tack. The Avenger also tacked and kept close under the frigate's counter.

In the meantime Edward Templemore and those on board of the Enterprise, who by the course steered had gradually neared them, perceiving the motions of the other two vessels, were quite puzzled. At first they thought they had made a mistake, and that it was not the pirate vessel; at another, they surmised that the crew had mutinied and surrendered to the frigate. Edward hauled his wind, and steered directly for them, to ascertain what the real facts were.

The captain of the frigate had never lost sight of either vessel, was equally astonished at the boldness of the supposed pirate.

"Surely the rascal does not intend to board us," said he to the first lieutenant.

"There is no saying, sir; you know what a character he has: and some say there are three hundred men on board, which is equal to our ship's company."

"Or, perhaps, sir, he will pass to windward of us, and give us a broadside, and be off in the wind's eye again."

"At all events we will have a broadside ready for him," replied the captain. "Clear away the starboard guns, and take out the topmasts. Pipe starboard watch to quarters."

The Enterprise closed with the frigate to windward, intending to run round her stern and bring to on the same tack.

"He does not shorten sail yet, sir," said the first lieutenant, as the schooner appeared skimming along about a cable's length on the weather bow.

"And she is full of men, sir," said the master, looking at her through the night-glass.

"Fire a gun at her," said the captain.

Bang! The smoke cleared away, and the schooner's fore topsail, which she was in the act of clewing up, lay over the side. The shot had struck the foremast of the Enterprise, and cut in two below the cat-harpings. The Enterprise was, for the time, completely disabled.

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"His Majesty's Schooner Enterprise."

"Send a boat on board, immediately."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Turn the hands up! Shorten sail!"

The top-gallants and courses of the frigate were taken in, and the mainsail hove to the mast.

"Signalman, whereabouts is the other schooner now?"

"The schooner, sir? On the quarter," replied the signalman, who, with every body else on board was so anxious about the Enterprise, that they had neglected to watch the motions of the supposed American. The man had replied at random, and he jumped upon the signal chests abaft to look for her. But she was not to be seen. Cain, who had watched all that passed between the other two vessels; and had been prepared to slip off at a moment's warning, so soon as the gun was fired at the other schooner, had worn round and made all sail on a wind.

The night glass discovered her half a mile astern; and the *ruse* was immediately perceived. The frigate filled, and made sail leaving Edward to return on board—for there was no time to stop for the boat-tacked, and gave chase. But the Avenger was soon in the wind's-eye of her, and at daylight was no longer to be seen.

In the meantime Edward Templemore had followed the frigate as soon as he could set sail on his vessel, indignant at his treatment and vowing that he would demand a court-martial. About noon the frigate rejoined him, when matters were fully explained. Annoyed as they all felt at not having captured the pirate, it was unanimously agreed that by his audacity and coolness he deserved to escape. It was found that the mast of the Enterprise could be fished and scarfed, so as to enable her to continue her cruise. The carpenters of the frigate were sent on board; and in two days the injury was repaired, and Edward Templemore once more went in pursuit of the Avenger.

AN UNREASONABLE CUSTOMER.—Mr. of Turnham green, complained bitterly a few days since to an itinerant poissarde, who occasionally supplies him with fish, that a lobster which he had purchased of her the day before was "not quite fresh." "Well, Mister," answered the lady, "and whose fault's that I wonders? I've cried him by your house every day for a fortnight; you might have bought him before if you're so very pertikler." Thus saying, she shouldered or rather headed her basket, and walked off, warbling sotto voce, "And it's all round my hat."

Thales said, that life and death were all one.—One that was present asked him, "why do you not die then?" Thales said again, "because they are all one."

FROM THE DIARY OF A BLASE.—"Passed the field of Waterloo—understood that the Marquis of Anglesea was there the day before, to pay a visit to the CEMETRY of his LEG. It must have been a family meeting, as all the MEMBERS were present."

A SPLENDID SCHEME.—The following are among the list of prizes proposed in a splendid lottery scheme in Tennessee:—One brick house, and one steam-boat, a negro girl, and a sorrel mare, a bay colt and a yellow girl. The bay colt is valued at 2000 dols., and a yellow girl at 1100 dols.

A GENTLEMAN MIXING IN SOCIETY.—"Who is that gentleman who has just ordered his seventh tumbler of punch? He seems to be a member of every club in London." "I believe he is, but I forget his name—he is evidently a person who mixes a good deal in society."

A volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my Lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my LAST FOLLY."

A man was once travelling in Ireland, when he found lying asleep in the road, another who had by his side what he supposed was a mail bag. He awoke the sleeping mercury, and said to him 'you're a pretty fellow to carry the mail.' 'Oh, said the other, 'I don't carry the mail—I'm an Express."

TOLERABLY TOUGH.—A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder in open ground upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds and stand upon the top erect. Another who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he had arrived at the top, he pulled the ladder up after him.

A clever female French writer says, women should not sit beside a man they wish to conquer but OPPOSITE him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile," is her expression.

STRANGE KIND OF ECONOMY.—No matter for the title of that Scotch Lord, whom the Prince Regent used to mention was such a peace-maker that he would hardly speak of the "deil," behind his back. On one occasion an absentee was mentioned, to whom the Prince applied a very brief and emphatic title, continuing, "Even Lord —, there, cannot deny that the man lives upon LIES. Come, my Lord, is he not a LIAR?" "Indeed, your Royal Highness," answered this lover of harmony, "I'll not go so far as to say THAT; but I'm free to admit that the gentleman is a great ECONOMIST OF TRUTH." George the Fourth often quoted this phrase with much zest; originality of expression was never unappreciated by him.

BEST RECEIPTS FOR COOKS. (tried).—To MAKE A MATCH.—Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can—let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner-table; put in a good quantity of wine, and while he is soaking stick in a word or two about Miss: this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the girls take him out into the drawing room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea—then set them at the piano until the lady sings—when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner table, and they will be ready for marriage great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

CARICATURE FANCIES.—Natural Cascades.—Scene, a steamboat in a gale off Point Judith.—Mr Snooks—"My dear, you'll feel better as soon as we reach the pint." Mrs. S.—"Oh! Oh! I've reached a quart already, and only feel the worse!"—Boy, with a bell, "Them passengers what's done bringing up their breakfasts, will please to walk down to dinner!"—Another Boy, "All passengers that have not discharged their fare, will please to step into the captain's office."

In the battle scene of Pocahontas, the Indian Play, now in performance at the Theatre, Washington, a number of Potawatomy Chiefs were among the spectators, and suddenly and simultaneously raised a most astounding warhoop.

The papers say that Prince Schwartzenberg lately fired at and killed his wife, on finding her engaged in an animated conversation with an Englishman at Naples. We understand that all the English now swear "they'll be shot" if they say a civil thing to a German Princess.

Serjeant R—, having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day," "Inoculated, brother?" "I thought you had it in the natural way."

Why is an Alderman like a trumpet?—Because he arn't nothing without a good blow-out.