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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 expence, he has fitted out, to ply between **CARBONEAR** and **PORTUGAL COVE**, as a **PACKET-BOAT**; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them very 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 **Harbour 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, **HARBOR GRACE.**
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, **ST. JOHN'S.**

Harbour Grace,
May 20, 1835.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE "DEEP."

SHE stood lone and deserted on the shore as the boat flew through the waters to the vessel which was already under weigh.—With bitter feelings I watched her on my native strand, till her form was lost in the distance. My eyes were even then rivetted to the spot: the very buildings had a charm hallowed if I may use the term, by the presence of one who had baffled with me the storms of life unwearied and affectionate.—In a short time I was alongside, and stepped on the quarter deck of the good ship **MARY** for Barbadoes: the captain gave me his accustomed welcome, and in the same breath, desired the helmsman to lay her course to sea. The confusion on board a vessel outward bound is at all times annoying, but above all, in a fresh breeze, and with a crowded cabin. The bustle of the sailors—the reeling of the novitiates, as the vessel lurches to the wave—the stowing away of boxes, packages, hat boxes, portmanteaus, &c., &c.—the half sick faces of some, and complete sickness of others—the squeaking of pigs, cackling of geese, in short, the evident uneasiness of every animal unused to sea voyages, makes so discordant a noise, and disagreeable a *melange*, that Noah's ark could be nothing to it.

Our *live lumber* (as the sailors call passengers and poultry) was numerous. A young Israelite, two old Scotch civilians, a newly married clergyman with his young and delicate wife together with a thick headed Creole, and a bigotted Catholic, formed the principal characters of the cabin. The Jew was too much occupied with prayers and sickness to attend to any other worldly concerns—even a pig-stye, with its abhorred tenant for a companion, would doubtless have been more agreeable to him at this moment, than his berth. The cunning old Scotchmen had been the voyage before, so that while their fellow passengers were as yet strange sick and new, they busied themselves in securing the corners of the cabin for their desks, or appropriating to their use, sundry convenient pegs for their hats, caps, and cloaks,—in short, to be good and true men fra' the land o' cakes, they secured all they could secure for themselves. The married couple were too ill to help each other; the lady's eyes spoke love and fear, and her husband's were as dull as a bishop's after his feed. The Creole, who had been in England for his education, was returning with all the airs and impudence he could export, and banished his nausea by admiring with all due solemnity his legs and boots. While busy scenes were acting in the cabin, and the steward was in high request supplying doses of brandy, various domestic utensils, holding the heeds,—in short, while the steward was as busy as a bee in a tar bucket, acting as wet nurse to the full grown babies there was a scene of bustle among the crew. The hoisting in of the boats which were to be launched in other climes, the unbending and stowing away of the cables and lashing of the anchors, kept all hands in active employment; while the watchful captain with his speaking trumpet, strode the quarter-deck, and tempered his canvass to the gale.

Night crept on,—our native hills became lost in the mist and spray of the angry waves. The wind began to whistle through the rigging, and reefs were set in the topsails. The ship rolled her huge mass among the surges, as the captain paced the deck, now looking anxiously at the binnacle, then at the direction of the wind; his manner appeared to me foreboding, as he said every now and then "keep her the course"—"keep her well out." As he gazed anxiously to windward, methought it was ominous of evil.

I retired to my berth with a weary heart. The hasty and unexpected farewell I had uttered in the morning weighed heavily on me. The anxious hours of my lonely wife, in a strange town, her last gaze upon me, and her last look upon our sails as we sunk in the horizon,—in short a host of feelings worked upon me, till I became heart sore.—The sighs and groans of our fellow-passengers in the dead of the night when all was

darkness, together with the dismal creaking of the vessel as she rolled heavily about, added no comfort to my fevered brain. At last a delicious state of fitful sleep came over me. I dreamed and walked in the same minute. Thoughts came and went ere my mind could fix or dwell on any. Phantoms danced before me. Deep red streams shot in long and rapid lines. Showers of light then darkness, and brilliant beams again. In this state of half unconsciousness, I was aroused by a sudden and tumultuous sound of voices on the deck. "A sail a-head—a sail a-head: port your helm—port. She nears!" "Steady there!—she'll shoot a-head." I rushed up the companion hatchway, and could just discover another athwart our course. She appeared in the misty darkness of the night as an indistinct mass upon the water. The helmsman had ported his helm to give her time to shoot across us. The gale was driving us rapidly—"shout! shout, men!" cried the captain; "the crew are asleep, and—she does not move—down with your helm!—by God! we are foul!" The next moment there was a crash of horror. Our vessel staggered with the shock, and reeled like a drunken man. Our velocity through the water was suddenly checked; a wave broke over us, and before I could regain my breath our ship was walking in her dreary course alone!

The pilot boat had sunk! The crew, perhaps worn out with toil, were asleep, and had lashed the helm, leaving the boat to drift till dawn. Our vessel pressed on wards—its keel passed over the expiring crew! Our men stood horror struck—there was an awful silence—not a cry, not a shriek from the sufferers arose from the darkened billows that rolled astern;—the waves foamed in white surges over their grave, and the wild winds howled forth their sad, sad requiem.

The morning broke at last upon the world and the sun arose dull and heavy. It was in unison with our own hearts. A sad scene had passed since his last rays had beamed on our top-sails.

We buffeted our course, and at night-fall the Start Point was on the starboard bow.—A pilot-boat of Cawsand Bay advised us to make for Plymouth, as the night was threatening, and we were on a lee shore. The little bark then filled her foresail, and danced buoyantly on the waves, as if flying with joy to the shelter of her moorings. A West Indiaman of four hundred tons, compared with a trim pilot boat, is like the floundering of a huge whale, to the swift and elegant dolphin; so that the captain and passengers of the good ship **MARY** soon lost sight of the little guide, and night again came upon us, and all was looking black and dreary as before. The promontory stood forth on the horizon, dark and undefined, like a bravo wrapped in his gloomy mantle. The world was shrouding itself from us, and our little community, in compliment to the weather, looked very blue, heartily wishing themselves any where but near land with a strong southerly wind. The vessel added to their discomfort by her curvettings and jumpings, as elegant as an elephant's jig on a hot floor.

The pilot's prophecy was coming true, and the sailors anticipated what they call a dirty night. The captain resolved to make for Plymouth, but the pilot had sailed too far into the surrounding gloom. The elements now broke loose and began their frolic.—The eye of day appeared hitherto to have restrained their madness, and the wind and storm commenced, like wild schoolboys breaking forth in a boisterous clamour when their old pedagogue has turned his back.—"Crack on her to overhaul the pilot—shake a reef out if she'll bear it; and now gentlemen," continued the captain, "I will show you Plymouth."

Hopes are vain, and winds are like courtier's promises—fickle, and frequently mischievous. We were already within the bay, when her steersman exclaimed, "She falls from her course." "Keep her full," said the captain; and in a few minutes we were in a rush of eddy winds. The sails were all

aback, and it was a query in this dilemma whether we were to sink or swim.

The wind in a short time returned nearly to its former quarter of the compass, but the captain was afraid to venture for the port without a pilot's aid, and orders given, to tack, in order to clear if possible, the bay. "Stand by to go about," said the Palniurus—"Aye, aye, sir," sounded from various parts. Their rough voices from various quarters, came loud, then weak, as the wind hurried over us; inspiring a wild idea as they sounded from the darkness and the storm, like the Red Dæmon's laugh in *Der Freischutz*.

All were ready. "Helm's a lee!"—"helm's a lee!" as loudly answered the helmsman. The vessel answered the helm. "Mainsail haul!" was heard from the trumpet mouth. In the same second the block sheaves creaked as the cordage traversed—the yards moved quickly round, and the good ship was on the larboard tack.

Wind and waves drove us deeper and deeper in the bay, and we were unable to weather the point. It seemed as if a magic chord was stretched from headland to headland by some tempest god, while a sad enchantment, a destructive fascination, hovered over our native hills and shores, to tempt us to our death. It was an anxious period—the gale increased—the sea increased.

"Aloft my boys, and close keep the fore-topsail," exclaimed the captain, but the crew demurred. A panic had commenced, and the commander instantly threw his hat as a challenge to the storm, into the wave beneath us as it was passing away with its sheet of foam. "Cowardly lubbers," he cried, "if fear has not unmanned you, follow me!" and he sprang up aloft, and was out at the weather yard arm before a man could overtake him. The Jacks rallied in a moment, and all tried who could reach the cross trees first. The main yard snapped in the middle like a reed in a giant's hand, and fears were entertained for the masts. The sea became terrific—at times we were engulfed in the valley of waters, and the next minute we were hanging on the summit of the surge; the face of the bravest looked lank with despair. I had remained upon deck, nursing hope, till the bantling expired in my bosom, and I descended the companion ladder, as if I had been entering the tomb. The sun will rise, thought I, in a few short hours, and the timbers which now bind us to life, will be scattered on the wave. My widowed wife may look for my return in vain—my dying words will be breathed to the gale! I entered the fore-cabin—a lamp pendant from the beam shed a dim light upon the faces of my unfortunate companions; they had long since retreated from the deck, and I beheld them now kneeling around, in deep prayer, preparing themselves, each according to his creed, for the dreadful moment of dissolution.

In the hour of peril, the fierce hatred arising from religious prejudice is miraculously absorbed. Fear is certainly contagious like the plague; I could with difficulty resist its influence. Here the panic ruled absolute, and the hymns of one party increased the fervour of the other. In one corner of the cabin, away from christian prayers, kneeled the devout Israelite. His quick and active eye, which had often glistened at gain, now darted round the cabin with an expression of despair, as his lips were uttering that in which his mind had no share. Near him were the two Scotch Presbyterians, ejaculating psalms, and near him I beheld the Protestant clergyman, and the rigid Catholic. Here I saw men side by side, who if free, would have persecuted each other to the death, now joining their prayers to the Deity of all. Sad picture of human folly, and human frailty. The impression it made upon my mind can never be forgotten. Each after the manner of his fathers, was closing his account with the world; and it was to me as an epitome of mankind at the moment of some vast and mundane catastrophe! Cold and wet, and almost exhausted with watching, I had recourse to brandy; and poor Levi, who was inclined to try my remedy, rose from his corner, and came staggering towards me, when an unlucky

Church of the vessel threw him upon the Catholic, and in a moment, the shock being communicated to the clergyman, I saw the Jew, the Catholic, and the priest huddled into the walled corner. The noise increased the fears of the Presbyterians, and their terror was expressed by the heightened pitch of their voices. The Jew shrieked out a Hebrew ejaculation, as if all was lost. For a moment, each expected death, but as the vessel righted, hope resumed her empire.—The Jew commenced most humbly begging the *shentlemen's* pardons, but his humility recalled all the earthly feelings of the bigot and the priest. He sued for pardon at Christian hands for his unlucky accident, but it was granted in a manner which made me to pity the one, and to respect the other.

The wind changed, and before day break we had weathered the Point; the spell was broken, and the morning broke upon us clear and unclouded. We ran for Portland Roads to refit, and after a delay of a few days, we once more embarked: we made a fair start, and with as much confidence and spirits as a caravan troop, well armed, enters upon the wide desert of the East. Forgetting our past perils, we steered into the wide waters of the Atlantic.

CAPITAL OF THE MALTA OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.—Colombo is situated on the S.W. Coast, lat. 6 deg. 57 min. N. long. 8 deg. E. defended by a strong fort (built on a peninsula projecting into the ocean), measuring one mile and a quarter in circumference, having seven principal bastions of different sizes, connected by intervening curtains, and defended by three hundred pieces of cannon. The fortress is nearly insulated, two thirds of the works being almost laved by the sea, and with the exception of two very narrow and strongly guarded causeways, the remainder protected by a fresh water lake, and a broad and deep ditch, with a fine glacis.—Four strong bastions are seaward, and three face the lake and command the narrow approach from the Pettah, or native town outside the walls. The sea itself is additional strength for the fortress, for on the extensive southern side, the surf runs so high on a rocky shore that any attempt at landing troops would be attended with certain destruction, and on the west side, where the sea is smoother, the approach is completely commanded by the batteries; and a projecting rock, on which two compact batteries are placed, entirely protect the roadstead.—In fact, the fortress of Colombo, properly defended, may be deemed impregnable against any force likely to be brought against it.—*Martin's history of the British Colonies.*

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The liberty of the press is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. The whigs have long laid exclusive claim to the privilege of vindicating that noble sentiment—and how often on festal anniversaries and commemorations have wide walls and lofty roofs re-echoed the cheers that drowned the closing peroration of some speech worthy of a modern Cicero or Demosthenes, "his arm extending like immortal Jove, when guilt brings down the thunder!" We Tories—slaves, forsooth, as we are, as well as tyrants—dared not suffer such a sentiment to escape our lips; nay, we denied it access to our hearts, that would have been all too narrow for its reception; and sought to fortify our usurped power over opinion, by imposing fetters on its greatest instrument, which if left free, would have dashed us to the ground, and destroyed our empire for ever. Such has long been the language made use of against us by our enemies; sometimes perhaps not altogether without truth—but generally with entire and conscious falsehood. The conservatives are not now at least seeking to shackle the press; they are not showing any symptoms of fear or hatred of that magnificent engine: they are neither themselves abusing, nor wishing others to abuse it.

But all liberty is not liberty of the press. There must first be liberty of thought, which is impossible in hearts tyrannized over by the passions. Perfect liberty of life may well be in a land, where that which alone is called by foolish people, the liberty of the press is unknown, for there may be thousands of the best books there, and there they may be daily perused by the people: while in countries where it is known and thought to flourish, the worst kind of ignorance may be prevalent—that half glimmer and half gloom through which nothing is seen distinctly, and all objects seem either increased far beyond, or diminished far below their real magnitude—so that men's minds have no true and steadfast knowledge and keep perpetually on a sea of troubles. So moved, the national will lose all its power and all its grandeur; and its disturbed and uncertain movements, obeying no moral and intellectual laws, cannot be for good.

But to seek to controul it by external force—by menace or infliction—is a vain thought at all times and in all places—especially so, now and here—for knowledge henceforth must be the stability of the state

Some protecting enactments there must be against popular fury; but the war of words is like the war of waves and winds, that will soon destroy ill constructed and injudiciously placed embankments, but waste their wildness along even, low and level shores, with "gentle places, bosoms, nooks, and bays," provided by gracious nature, while science and art assist her working for peace and build up defences that the tides themselves obey, mounds that time strengthens as their feet beat back the ocean's foamy surge.

True liberty is by nature calm. She is not at all times like loud throated war. Agitate! Agitate! Agitate! that may be indeed a good war cry—but society cannot be in a sure state when all men are *battling*—even as they may think, for the right—for that is not the temper of intellect—which while it can ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, knows that its best region, is a region of peace. Worst of all when intellect comes to enjoy the tumult and turmoil which it has itself created, and lives rather to be a destroyer and a puller down, than a guardian and a builder up; when it scorns its natural and happy office of restoration and renovation, and keeps open the wounds it has torn open, rather than deal gently with them and with a hand of healing.

The conduct of any government that punishes people for the publication of political opinions, can be justified or condemned but on a right understanding of the danger of the times—and of the share which that government may have had in creating it. The Tory governments, that prosecuted what they thought sedition or treason at the commencement of the revolutionary war, believed that the existence of the monarchy was threatened; whether right or wrong in the measures they pursued to quell the danger, they were sincere; nor are they accused by any but a few stray idiots, of having purposely caused the danger, and instigated to crime the wretches whom they sought afterwards to punish. They were not revolutionists turning round on revolutionists, and dooming their followers to imprisonment, expiration, or death. The whigs in those days were all for the liberty of the press; and every man who suffered by the law for his political sins, whether they were in words or in acts, was a "great patriot hero,—ill-requited chief,—for the truth a martyr. With many of the sentiments of the few noble and high minded men of that party, we never were, nor are we now, unable or unwilling to sympathise; we abhor the suppression by mere power of the law, even of the pernicious exercise of evil thought; and would far rather wither wickedness by the lightnings launched against it by intellect—the prime minister of patriotism,—than confine it by the lock and key of the jailer, or cut it down by the axe, or strangle it by the cord of the executioner.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The sword of Justice is raised on high, It reflects the light on the darkest deeds; The wretched criminal sees it nigh, Onwards through doubt and darkness speeds.

But who can escape the eye of him, Whose Omniscience scans the thoughts of man; Or who can bury his deadly sin, Beneath the veil of a human plan.

A thousand links of unerring light Connect their rays to dissolve the doubt; Converge in a focus brilliant and bright, Dart on the Cailiff and point him out.

The secret thoughts of ten thousand men, Give birth to rumours that float on the gale; But the truth is told in some secret glen, And nature re-echoes the horrible tale.

PERU.

The Valparaiso papers state that after the revolt of the garrison of Callao, tranquillity was restored at Lima, but we have been favoured with the following letter from that city, which is probably of a later date, and from which it appears that new disturbances had since taken place:—

LIMA, March 5, 1835.

We regret to inform you that we are again in a state of revolution. On the 24th ult., General Salaverry who commanded the garrison of Callao instigated the troops to declare against the government at Lima, and on the following day took possession of the city, declaring himself supreme chief of the Republic. The acting President with about 200 troops under command of General Nicock, retired a few hours before, towards Pasco. The measures adopted by Salaverry are very arbitrary. Large sums have been raised by forced loans—and delinquents are imprisoned until their quotas are paid.—Many of the citizens are secreted, and many fled from the city. We have never seen more alarm caused by any of the numerous revolutions to which we have been exposed. Men and cattle are daily impressed into the service of the new government, and business is entirely suspended: many of the stores being closed—until it be known what assistance may be afforded to Salaverry by the troops in the interior, we can form no opi-

on of the result of his movements; but it seems to be generally supposed that he will soon have to retire again to the castle of Callao. In the mean time we shall recommend to our friends at Valparaiso, to send us no vessels or goods until further notice. Since the revolution we have not sold, nor have we heard of the sale of a single package of dry goods. Plain cottons have been of very dull sale. English German and French goods are very abundant. Quicksilver is declining—and was our intercourse open with the interior, it would not sell at 70 dollars—now there are no offers for it. We know of no article that would not sell were we in a quiet state. In the present situation of the country, sales cannot be made any place. Several vessels are re loading the goods which had been landed and others leaving without landing a package.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN SIR ROBERT PEEL AND LORD STANLEY.

(From a Correspondent of the London Times.)

I believe the friends of the constitution and of good government may congratulate themselves on the alliance of the two most powerful and influential men in the country. The report is current, and in my opinion well-founded, that Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley have joined their forces, before which the ill-assorted occupants of the government seats must be scattered like chaff before the wind. It needs no ghost to tell us now that the seeds of dissolution are in the cabinet. Lord Brougham might have spared his cutting remark, which is now going the round of the clubs—"That this is the first cabinet in his knowledge ever collected without including at least one man of some talent. Their hours are numbered; and so conscious of this are they, that I verily believe there is not a Lord of the Treasury hardy enough to order his official dress.—You have, of course, heard that there is "a hitch" respecting Lord Brougham, and of his novel request to have an interview with the Cabinet, which was most respectfully declined, and one of the members, by no means the least in official rank, being deputed to wait upon him. The bill separating the political and judicial functions of the Chancellor is already in draught and in a sufficient state of forwardness to excite the most angry discussions as to the re-appointment of his eccentric lordship, who, by the recent arrangement respecting the Speakership, is apparently shelved for the present. Poor Lord Melbourne! he has discovered that it is almost as difficult to protect himself from his enemies as from his friends. The frank and amiable Viscount is sharp-sighted enough to see the signs of the times, and that he is already the object of the political pity of his opponents—a point which I take to be very near zero in the ministerial thermometer.—As you observe, in your admirable article to-day, his position is false, and the sooner he abandons it the better for the country and his own personal reputation.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

The conduct of the Chief Justice of Bermuda in bringing before his Court and subsequently emancipating a number of slaves found on board of an American brig, lying in the port of Hamilton, is exciting much keen discussion in the States. One part of the press maintains that he was perfectly justified in acting as he did, and another that he committed a highly culpable breach of the law of nations.

The circumstances connected with the liberation of the slaves have been already inserted in this paper; and we need not repeat them as they are probably fresh in the recollection of our readers.

An intelligent American Editor, after noticing the circumstances, complains in bitter terms of the violation afforded to the law of nations, and the insult to his country by the "Chief Justice of a petty English islet."—He overlooks altogether that the trade in which the brig *Enterprise* was engaged, has, for many years past, been accounted piracy by Great Britain, that a number of her ships of war are incessantly on the look out for *slavers*, no matter under what flag they sail—when captured, the crews are severely punished, their vessels confiscated, and the unfortunate captives found on board immediately freed. Besides this, it ought to have been borne in mind, that in consequence of the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire, no one can now be held in bondage against his inclination by any person whatever. If, for instance, a jolly Charlestonian crosses the *St. Lawrence* at Niagara, attended by a retinue of niggers to minister to his wants, it is very unlikely that he will succeed in taking any of them back again, and though he pities the ignorance of the "Britishers," in permitting a set of black fellows whom he has repeatedly welched with his own hand, to enjoy equal privileges, and grumbles with his loss of "help," he knows too well that there is no recourse. He never dreams of complaining of an infraction having been made of the law of nations, or of magnifying the refusal to aid him in re-

covering his property into an insult offered to the States.

We conceive that the Chief Justice of Bermuda acted strictly according to law, and that both he, the Attorney-General, and the Benevolent Society, who obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, are deserving of the thanks, not only of their fellow-citizens, but of every friend of humanity throughout the whole world.

An Act to regulate the Streets of the Town of Carbonear.

[8th May, 1835.]

WHEREAS in order to guard against the destructive ravages so frequently committed by Fire in this Island of Newfoundland, it is deemed expedient, for the preservation of the Town of Carbonear, in the said Island, to regulate the width of the Streets thereof, and to make provision for the opening of Fire Breaks in the said Town.

Be it therefore enacted, by the Governor, Council and Assembly of Newfoundland, in Parliament assembled, that the Main Street of Carbonear, extending round the Harbour thereof, from the House of John Buckingham, Esquire, on the South Side, and round the Western side of a certain Pond on the West end of the said Harbour, and thence Eastward to Crocker's Cove Beach, shall not be less than Fifty Feet in width in every part thereof, and shall be made to conform to such line, and plan, and metes, and bounds, as shall be fixed, settled or laid down, concerning the same, by such Commissioners and Appraisers as shall, under and by virtue of this Act, be hereafter for that purpose appointed: and that all and every Houses, Stores, Buildings and erections whatsoever, which shall at any time or times hereafter be erected or built in the said Street, whether the same be erected on any vacant spot of Ground or upon the site of any former Building, shall be made to conform to the width of the said Street as the same is hereby established and directed.—Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend to require the removal of any House or Store which hath been built or erected previously to the passing of this Act, and provided likewise that the Water-Side or Road shall remain undisturbed.

2nd.—And be it further enacted, that for the making and regulating of Fire Breaks in the said Town of Carbonear, as well as for laying down the line and plan of the said Main Street of Carbonear, and for remunerating Persons who may sustain loss of Land or Property, by reason of the formation of the said Fire Break, it shall and may be lawful for any Justice of the Peace, on the requisition or application in writing of Twelve or more Householdors of the said Town, to convene, after Six Days' public notice thereof, at the last, a public meeting of the Householdors of the said Town, and of the Proprietors of Houses and Lands therein, or their lawful Agents or Attorneys, to assemble at such time and place as the said Justice of Peace may for such purpose publicly notify and appoint, and then and there to choose Eight Persons, Four of whom are to be chosen by the Proprietors, or the majority of the Proprietors, of such portions of Ground as may be necessary for the purposes of making and widening the said Fire Breaks and Main Street, or either of them, and the remaining four by the Proprietors of Houses, Tenements and Ground situate at Carbonear, within two hundred and fifty yards distance from the waters of the harbour thereof, and the Householdors or Tenants residing within the said limits, or the majority of them the said Proprietors and Householdors who shall be present at the said intended meeting,—and which Eight Persons so chosen and elected at the said intended meeting shall have power to elect a Ninth Person as Umpire; and such Nine Persons shall thereupon, after being duly sworn in such behalf before a Justice of Peace, be Commissioners of Roads, and Appraisers, for the purpose of this Act; and such Commissioners and Appraisers, or a majority of them, are hereby authorised to mark out and make or form Three Cross Streets or open Spaces, to serve as Fire Breaks; and such Cross Streets shall be at least sixty feet wide, and shall intersect the said Main Street as nearly as may be at right angles, and shall extend from the Sea Two Hundred and Fifty Yards thence towards the interior of the Country; and the said Commissioners and Appraisers, or a majority of them, are hereby authorised to take and appropriate all such Ground as may be required to form the said Fire Breaks, and also to grant to the Owner or Owners of the Ground so to be taken and appropriated, such reasonable compensation for the same as they shall deem proper, under the terms and limitations herein prescribed; and in case of the death, absence or resignation of any of such Commissioners and Appraisers, it shall and may be lawful for the Governor or Acting Governor for the time being, by and with the advice of His Majesty's Council, to nominate and appoint a Commissioner or Appraiser, or Commissioners and Appraisers, in his or their stead, who shall have the like power and authority conferred

POETRY

TO A YOUNG LADY,

We parted as the worldly part,
Nor soft nor tender word was spoken
In future times to cheer my heart,
We parted, and my heart was broken.
left thee without one good bye,
No look exchanged, no hand was shaken
There was no tear, there was no sigh,
We parted,—I was then forsaken.
Yet e'en though sever'd will I bless thee,
Sweetness and smiles be ever thine,
A heart thou lovest may caress thee,
But never one which lov'd like mine.
'Tis meet that such a lovely flower
As thou art, should be tended well,—
Would that my bosom were a bower,
In sun or shade for thee to dwell.
Thou wert my soul, my life, my all,—
'Tis past, I cannot love again;
Affection's sweetness now would pall,
Since I have lov'd thee girl in vain.
I thought—forgive the thought—that thou
For me a kindly feeling bore;
Alas! that dream is over now,
Alas! that it should e'er be o'er.
Our lot is cast asunder; thine
In pleasant places; but for me,
Stern passions, wild excess and wine,
Shall rule my darker destiny.
With thee perchance, to lead, to guide
Me in life's wayward wandering,
I might have lived, I might have died,
A wiser and a nobler thing.
But I blame not thee,—I never can,
Against thee dearest ever rail,
Though fairer hopes ne'er felt by man,
Were blighted by an artful tale
Yet even though this brain may burst,
I'll hide its workings though regret
May wring me with the hope I nurs'd,
Down with them,—do they linger yet?
Long years will pass and o'er my brow
Time's furrowing hand will coldly fall,
But chance nor change will grieve me now,
Thou lov'st me not,—they're idle all.
Long years will pass, thou wilt forget;
When I will have forgotten thee?
When death's pale seal is on my set,
And time and tide have ceased to be.
My race of love on earth is run,
Would that my pulse had ceased to beat!
Farewell, tho' proud but lovely one;
Farewell, we never more shall meet.

GOLD.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And love is heaven, and heaven is love."
Gold rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And love is gold, and gold is love:—
So might the poet sing, if now
He glanced upon this scene below,
And saw the mighty idol shrined
Sovereign and lord of human kind!
Nor worshipped more on India's strand
Than in the far fam'd Britain's land.
God of this world's idolatry!
Whose temple fills the earth and sea,
Not mine the wish to arraign thy state
Where peers and princes humbly wait;
Honour and pomp before thee stand,
Pleasures await at thy right hand,
Beauty illumines thy wide halls,
And Fame upon its threshold falls,
And if the wearied here can see
A home of rest—so let it be.
Since folly makes thy charm its joy
Trample not on the baby toy!
But shall immortal Genius stoop
With thee his stary crest to coop?
Shall Mind her priceless stores unfold
Neath the controul of base born gold?
Question it not! behold they stand
A fallen, but yet a glorious band!
Philosophy with musing eye,—
Science with all her train is nigh,
There Music votes e'en discord's sweet
If golden wires the strains repeat;
There Eloquence her charms displays,
As prompted by wealth's sounding praise.
Poesy too, ethereal bright,
Hast thou too left thy fields of light,
And pure Parnassian streams to lave
Thine hands in such polluted wave?
Since thus thou fling'st Fame's laurels
down,
And bart'rest that fair gem Renown,
I give thee back the chain entwined
Around my youth's bewildered mind,—
I give thee back the scentless flowers
Gathered with thee in Fancy's bowers.

Thus do I break thy charmless spell,
Once, and for ever—fare thee well!

THE LOST ONE.

(FROM AUDUBON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.)

A "Live-oaker" employed on the St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin situated on the banks of that stream, and with his ass on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp, in which he had several times before plied the trade of felling and squaring the giant trees that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is best for this kind of labour, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods too, present so little variety, that every tree seems the counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so high that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while: and a well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The live-oaker had been jogging onwards for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the "hummock" which he desired to reach.—To his alarm when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognize a single object around him.

Young healthy and active, he imagined that he had walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed and the sun headed his course: he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides round him, not a living being crossed his path, all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom he might hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he at first thinks he recognizes, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more than may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the live-oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects delighted in its departure, now filling the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above the harsh croaking voice of the heron, announced that full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze as it swept among the columnar steps of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas, no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the lost one wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety awaited the return of daylight.

You may imagine the length of that cold dull moonless night. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although indeed he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a trick to guide him, and yet as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went continued to walk the faster. But in vain were all his hopes: that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his house, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading itself over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and had it not been for

the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass which grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. I knew my situation said he to me, I was fully aware unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabitable woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips, and blood shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although now and then bears and deers started within a few yards and even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollection of what had happened. God, he continued, must have taken pity on me one day, for as I ran wildly through those drearful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight, and although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I had despatched all but the shell. Oh sir how much I thanked God for whose kindness had put the tortoise in my way. I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, and thought of my poor wife and children and again and again, thanked my God for my life, and now I felt distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my lost home.

The Lost One remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which the repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadow. Still the dreariness of the woods, was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a raccoon squatted in the grass. Raising his axe he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say,—for although in the possession of his faculties, and in broad day light, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days one after another passed,—nay even weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage trees, then on fogs and snakes. All that fell in his way, was welcome and savoury. Yet he became daily more emaciated until at length he could scarcely crawl.—Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ears. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now joy shall break to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes saw him too for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood boldly advances the little boat propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raises his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause and look around. Another but feebler scream, and they observe him.—It comes,—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it, were written, in the cabin of the once lost live-oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more fa-

miliar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you or I may ever elicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt, such sympathy would be a rich recompence for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found, was thirty eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to four hundred. He must, therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker could have supported him for so long a time.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.
Paris Academy of Sciences.

M. Buisson writes to claim at his small treatise on hydrophobia, addressed to the Academy so far back as 1823, and signed with a single initial. The case referred to in that treatise, was his own; the particulars and mode of cure adopted were as follows:—

He had been called to visit a woman who for three days was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constriction of the throat inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbours said she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties she was bled, and died a few hours afterwards, as was expected.

M. Buisson who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva, that adhered with a little water.

The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one still greater in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies gave him a painful sensation: his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height; he experienced he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat.

These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended from thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms he judged himself affected with the hydrophobia and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42 deg. (107 deg. 39 m. Fah.) when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint.—He left the bathing room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time he says he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves, and in no case has he failed, except in that of one child seven years old who died in the bath.

The mode of treatment he recommends, is that the person bit, should take a certain number of vapour baths (commonly called Russian) and should induce every night, a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels, and covering himself with a feather bed; the perspiration is favoured by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla.

He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:

A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing night and day, saying, that he wished to die gaily.—He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula; and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves and foxes which never perspire.

A PIOUS WISH.—Archbishop Laud was a man of very short stature. Charles I and the Archbishop were one day sat down to dinner, when it was agreed that Archer the King's jester should say grace for them, which he did in this fashion: "Great praise be given to God, but LITTLE LAUD to the devil!"

In one of the principal streets in Reading appears this notice: "Tabel bear, soald bear!"