



AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. II.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1835.

No. 60.

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

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

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

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's.
Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort, and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving 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 4, 1835.

(From the Novascotian)

THE FRENCH EMIGRANT. AND HIS DAUGHTER.

An Original Tale, read by George Young, Esq. at the Atheneum here.

FOUNDED UPON LOCAL INCIDENTS
(Concluded from our last.)

I do not linger over the two solitary years which Lobe and her father passed in this retired abode. The latter found resources in his books, in doing works of charity and of justice to his neighbours and friends. His character soon acquired a certain odour and sanctity in the settlement Lobe spent her time in the performance of her domestic duties, and in solitary musing. Her voice had lost its music, her guitar its power. Her appearance grew into a severe and reserved dignity, and she never mingled in society, unless when on Sunday, she and her father went to chapel. The parish priest LE PERE LE BLANC was an old and valuable friend. The moment they appeared, the homage of unfeigned respect was paid to them; and no stranger could have seen their approach to the people, without seeing also the reverence in which they were held.

All who are familiar with the history of Nova Scotia know the simple and engaging characteristics of the French population—the Acadians, who once peopled our western districts. If we may trust the glowing descriptions of Abbe Raynal, they exhibited the purity, the simplicity, the plenty of an Arcadian age—a society in fact bound by one broad tie of fraternal affection—early marriages, honoured age, patriarchal authority, free alike from crime, from poverty and the conflicts of evil passions. As we have no reason to doubt the fidelity of his sketches, I am willing to entertain them for the honour of human nature.

The emigration of the Sieur De Leon was nearly contemporaneous with the settlement of Halifax by the English. All have heard of the perils which our forefathers encountered and how our infant town was, in its infancy, surrounded by a pallisade, to guard against the secret and bloody assaults of the Indians. I can trace yet the line of this ancient fortification. The town of Dartmouth in 1756 was the scene of a cruel butchery.—The Indians having come down in a body from Shubenacadie favoured by the cover of night, scalped the whole body of settlers.—At those early times, no one could trust himself without the boundaries of the town, unless protected by an armed force; and it is supposed that the Indians were incited to this cold blooded warfare by the jealousy of the French. It is asserted that the government at Louisburg, in defiance of the laws of nations and of God, paid to every Indian a premium for an English scalp. The natural animosities were thus fired by local injuries; and our government, influenced by those causes and others, which I cannot illustrate here, came to the resolution, without distinguishing the innocent from the guilty, of expelling the French from the Province *en masse*. The scene at Horton was one of deep and tragic interest.

The French had refused to take the oath of allegiance, as was required by the treaty of Utrecht, and to compel them to do this act or to expel them from the Province, transports were sent to the Basin of Minas and a part of the Garrison marched to Annapolis under the command of Colonel Winslow. I refer to the history of the period for the details of this transaction—but part of the instructions issued on the occasion are worthy of record here.

As Captain Murray is well acquainted with the people and with the country, I would have you consult with him on all occasions, and particularly in relation to the means necessary for collecting the people together so as to bring them on board and if you find that fair means will not do them you must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall

escape, of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and destroying every thing that may afford the means of subsistence in this country.

About a month before this event, a ship had reached Annapolis from England, bringing letters to Lobe, both from her Aunt and from the Count Espere. An opportunity had presented itself for the first time since they had left France, to address her and her father. And certain it is the tidings they conveyed, imparted a new lustre to Lobe's eye, a new elasticity to her step, and her voice and guitar were suddenly inspired with all their former powers of rich and varied melody. I wish it were permitted to give one of these letters entire, as a specimen of the eloquence and artless pathos inspired by a pure and devoted passion. He spoke much of the anguish of their separation, of his constant vigils since—of the fond and endearing reminiscences in which he indulged—brightened as they were by that hope, without which life and love have no charms. But the conclusion brought a blush to the cheek of Lobe, even when she read it in the solitude of her chamber. He had obtained a military appointment in Canada,—he was now on the voyage, for the letters had been delayed some months on their passage, and he gave the Sieur and Lobe a pressing invitation to join him there, that the pledge he had given might be redeemed, and their union consummated. The Sieur on reading the letters, folded his daughter to his arms, kissed her forehead, and promised to accompany her.

I will not attempt to harrow the feelings of my auditory, by describing in all its features the scenes exhibited at this era—the desolation of Horton. I refer to the public dispatches which are to be found extant in the first volume of Haliburton's Nova Scotia. To the honour of the British officers and soldiery, be it told, that they first remonstrated and then wept in the performance of their duty; and to these defenceless peasants extended that generosity for which they are as much distinguished in warfare, as for indomitable courage. It is the cowardly who can be cruel and tyrannical, the free and the brave—the Briton and the soldier,—is a fearless but a noble and forgiving enemy.

Col. Monckton determined to remove the French in obedience to his instructions, with all the amenity in his power. In the morning however, in which the first shipment was to be made, a party of Indians, attaches to the camp, preceded the troops in their march to Kentville. They had been strictly charged to commit no act of violence, and to keep in rear of the line of march. By a dexterous manoeuvre they had passed the van and no sooner were they, beyond the control of the troops than they indulged in their infernal thirst for blood and plunder. In the course of the day, their belts were loaded with their trophies of scalps. The report of their advance spread through the settlement like the hollow and preceding murmur of an earthquake—creating fear, horror, and irresolution. The Sieur, to whom the intelligence was early conveyed, armed himself, and determined to proceed through the settlement and induce the people to arm *en masse*.—It occurred to him what protection would there be for Lobe? He like others, without acting upon a combined principle of energy, remained at home to await the issue of events, and defend his own household. About an hour before sunset, the party of Indians, incited like a pack of blood hounds to fury, by the carnage in which they had revelled, were seen to defile from the main road towards the cottage—brandishing their tomahawks, and loading the air with yells which rang fearfully upon the ear. The Sieur that death was inevitable. He kissed his child—breathed a prayer to God, and loading his piece, took his position at the door, determined that they should not reach his daughter,—his all that bound him to existence—unless they trampled over his lifeless body. It was fortunate for Lobe, that in the first anguish of her horror, she had fallen into a deep swoon.

It is said the lion the fiercest animal of

the forest, is tamed and awed by the full glance—the resolute steady glare of man's eye. The influence of the Sieur De St. Leon's appearance upon the savages, had something of the same effect. His tall and graceful figure—his air of resolute defiance—and the raising of his fuscus arrested them in their progress. They drew up in line, and gathering in a circle, held a parley, but they had not convened long, ere one of the boldest advanced towards the cottage. The Sieur levelled his piece, and waved him back but he advanced. The Sieur fired, and the savage fell. A cry of aroused vengeance re-echoed through the valley and the party danced round the fallen body of their comrade, brandishing their tomahawks, and uttering unholy imprecations of their wrath.—It was evident they were only wetting their courage for a new and far more deadly onset.

At the time, Lobe having recovered, she was at the door clinging to her parent, and beseeching him to seek refuge within the walls of the cottage; while the Sieur held the piece and endeavoured to compel her to retire.

'No father,—I shall not leave thee, we shall meet death together;' and with one desperate effort, she threw her arms around his form, that she might act as a protecting shield.

It was wonderful that the Indians did not avail themselves of that opportunity of advancing without danger; but at this moment the shrill note of the bugle broke gladly on the ear. It was the advance guard of the British troops, who under the command of Colonel Monckton, had followed with rapid march, the trail of the Indians, to arrest them in their progress of blood and carnage. The war note seemed to inspire the Indians with a sudden terror—~~but~~ they instantly defiled off into the neighbouring woods, and saved the Sieur and Lobe from their impending fate.

I pass again over a period of three years. One beautiful morning in the month of May, Lobe dressed in sable weeds stood by the side of a marble tombstone which yet honours the graveyard of St. Pauls. She stood there weeping and pointing out the inscription to a military stranger, who seemed to sympathize in her bursts of sorrow—it is the grave of the Sieur De St Leon. He had then occupied this last house for about a year.

Colonel Monckton was one of those men who honour even the honourable profession to which he belonged. Although the orders he had received were to compel all to embark from Horton in the transports, destined for the Southern States, or to deprive them of shelter, he did not extend these in their strict letter or severity to Lobe and her father. Struck with the grace and imposing dignity of their manners, with his intelligence—her beauty, and with the frank and affecting details of their past history, he despatched both to Halifax, and gave them a home in his house. He was himself a father and a christian; and blended the firmness of the camp with the diviner benignity which belongs to the man.

He wrote so eloquent a defence of his conduct that the Governor and Council relieved him from all censure; more, he insisted that the Sieur, now detained in Nova Scotia as a prisoner of war, should remain under his roof on patrol. I need not say that an intercourse thus commenced, strengthened into friendship. Had he been a younger man, it might have kindled towards Lobe into a softer passion. The Sieur died in his arms. To Lobe he still continued the friend the protector, the father; and when the wars in Canada were brought to a termination by the capture of Quebec, and the young Count Espere, relieved from the calls of duty there, touched at Halifax on his route to France, he stood as their parent at the altar, and blessed the union of their devoted, and pure affection.

Their descendants are now of the nobility of the Loire, and in the Grand Gallery of the Chateau Chermont—the family seat of the Count Espere—may be seen a picture

Presenting the scene we have attempted to portray—the cottage—the Sier in the embrace of Iobe—the savage band dancing round the fallen body of the warrior—painted by Iobe herself—the Countess Espere.—It affords an instructive lesson of the rewards which wait on the paths of virtue; and shows that the Providence of God follows with Divine auspices, the performance of those duties we owe to ourselves and to society. Happiness in this life, like Heaven hereafter, is often won by trial and privation; and it is sound philosophy to meet these with a spirit of gentle patience and of subduing fortitude. Happiness is in the mind and heart—let these be pure—and though circumstances may disturb for a while they cannot permanently affect our tranquillity.

FISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Mr Robinson in pursuance to notice, brought forward his motion relative to the right of British subjects to a concurrent fishery on that part of the coast of Newfoundland, commonly called the French shore. If the subject were only of a local nature, he would not presume to demand much of the attention of the House; but it involved more than local importance, or the interests of a single colony. The question arose out of a construction put upon a treaty entered into between England and France in the year 1814, and though so long a period had elapsed as twenty one years, the government had given no answer to the persons engaged in this fishery as to how the treaty was to be construed. This was very strange and he would ask the government, how long after twenty one years, were British subjects to wait before they were told whether they had a right concurrent with the French, of fishing on their coast. In 1820 he moved for a select committee to consider the subject. The answer of the government was, that a select committee was an inconvenient course of proceeding. In 1831 he again brought the matter before the House, when he was induced to withdraw it in consequence of being told that the subject was under the consideration of government. Last session, in June, he moved an humble address to his Majesty, praying that he would order the law officers of the crown to give their opinion on the treaty in question, and then he withdrew his motion, because he was told by government that they were in treaty with France on the subject; and that it would be useless to press the matter, until the pending negotiations were concluded. On the accession of his Grace, the Duke of Wellington to office, he (Mr Robinson) received, from Newfoundland a strong memorial, complaining of the long delay in giving an answer, and almost insisted that the government must say whether the memorialists had a right of fishing on that part of the coast alluded to. On the 25th of February he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, enclosing the memorial, and in the letter he stated it to be his opinion that the English had a concurrent right with the French of fishing on the coast in question; and that the government ought to tell them so, or tell them if, and why, the right was taken away. He was told soon after, by the Under Secretary for the Colonies, that the reason the Duke of Wellington had returned no answer to his communication, was that the negotiations with France were still pending. It was for these reasons, that he placed a motion on the subject on the books for that day, and which made him feel it his duty to advert once more to the matter. He protested against any further delay in adjusting this question. The French had an interest in having the settlement of the question indefinitely postponed, because while it was so, they arrogated to themselves the right of interrupting all others fishing on the coast. Unless the government could satisfy him by cogent reasons that the question could not as yet have been settled, he would persevere in his motion. Mr Potter moved that the house be counted. The House was cleared for a division, and on the return of the reporters, Mr P. Thomson was saying that the question arising out of the treaties on this subject, was now under the consideration of the law officers of the crown, and the instant their opinion was obtained, it was the intention of the government to adopt such steps, as in their judgment, would be best calculated to lead to the final adjustment of the difference existing between the two countries. The Right hon. gentleman assured the hon. member for Worcester, that all authority was opposed to the views which he entertained in reference to the question arising out of the treaty of Utrecht, and was proceeding to point out the inexpediency of sending out armed vessels to enforce a disputed right, when Mr Jervis moved that the House be again counted, and there proving to be present fewer than forty members the House adjourned.—Atlas.

THE COLONIAL FISHERIES.

We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the debate in the House of Commons upon the question of the Newfoundland Fisheries, which will be found in another page. Mr Robinson, the

mover of the resolution, is the leading partner of the House of Robinson, Brooking, Garland and Co. of London; and has distinguished himself in Parliament for many years by his zealous and persevering exertions in behalf of the British North American colonies. In all questions in which their rights have been involved, he has placed himself in front of the contest, and has alike exposed himself to the rebuke of adversaries, as to whatever extent of labour their effectual defence required. He earned the reputation in London of being one of the most diligent members of the Committee appointed by the House of commons, during the supremacy of Lord Althorp, to enquire into the condition of the shipping interests, with a view to the equalization of the timber duties; and was mainly instrumental in defeating the intended policy which would have proved so ruinous to the trade of these colonies. The motion, although confined in the present instance, to the dominion of the French over the Fisheries on the western coasts of Newfoundland, is clearly intended to arouse the attention of the Ministry and nation to the question of the colonial Fisheries in its widest aspects, and conduct to a bold and fearless attack upon the terms of the last convention with America, by which not only our Banks, but the produce of our shore fisheries have been laid open by law! to American enterprize and speculation. The question, however, will now be discussed in Parliament with the effect it merits, until the Legislatures of the colonies have awakened from their apathy, and pressed "their sense of violated right upon the notice of the Ministry, with a force of eloquence, which if it does not command obedience, will at least secure attention and respect. Many attribute, in a prime degree, the disastrous state of our commercial affairs to the influence of foreign competition, both in supply of articles of consumption, and in withdrawing the produce of our native industry from their legitimate channels—the decrease of the revenue, to the system of smuggling it has a tendency to patronize; and while these evils weigh upon us with a pressure which leads to a universal conviction—and the public suffer and yet are silent—the more thinking must feel gratified in knowing that there is one intelligent and active member, trained to commercial pursuits, and familiar with colonial interests, who is ever ready to lend his advocacy in the great councils of the nation, to defend our rights and interests whenever in danger or directly assailed.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

We the undersigned, having heard that it is the intention to "take down without delay the walls of this chapel, with a view to safety," and being assured of its stability, and feeling strongly as we do, its value as one of the most important and interesting of our national monuments, not only on account of its intrinsic and unique beauty as a work of art, but also on account of the many glorious and sacred recollections with which it is identified: its having re-echoed the eloquence of a Pitt, a Fox, a Burke, a Sheridan and a Chatham; its having swayed in the most eventful period of our history, the destinies of Europe; its having been in its high and palmy state the admiration of the most enlightened foreigners—witness Erasmus, and many others! its having been founded by the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, and having been the temple in which his Queen, Philippa, and their gallant son, the Black Prince, offered up their thanksgivings for their triumphs over the enemies of their country; for these and other considerations, as artists and as Englishmen, we solemnly register this our public protest against the intended removal, as an unnecessary destruction of one of the noblest specimens of the arts and historical monuments of England. (Signed)

- Wm. Etty, R.A.
- G. Gwilt, F.S.A., Union street, Southwark.
- G. Smith, Mercers'-hall.
- Edward J'Anson, Lawrence Poutney-lane.
- Joseph Gwilt, 20, Abingdon-street, Westminster.
- L. N. Cottingham, F.S.A., Waterloo-road.
- Jas. Savage, Essex-street, Strand.
- C. Stanfield, R.A.
- H. Perronet Briggs, R.A.
- Richard Evans.
- Daniel MacClise.
- S. A. Hart.
- G. Belton Moore.

We have often wished that there should be some specific period of the Session set apart and consecrated to Irish affairs. Let the Irish members take a liberal allowance—say four months out of the six. We know the innate modesty of that amiable race, and we hope they would not expect more. But have the thing once established, in some proportion, and give the remainder to England, Wales, Scotland, the West Indies, Canada, the North American colonies, Ceylon, Australia, Hindostan, the Ionian Islands, Malta, Gibraltar, and so forth. The concerns of these places may appear very insignificant to Mr Shiel, or Mr Finn, or Mr Ruthven, when compared with any of the

grand questions of process serving, or driving widow Mullooley's pig, or compelling by ordinary courses of law, Jerry Flannagan or Molly Mulcahey to pay fifteen shillings to landlord or parson. These glorious subjects are no doubt of pre-eminent value to the community in general, and the world in particular; but we submit, that nevertheless, other portions of the empire have some claim on public attention. There is not a night passes, that an Irish question does not preclude the possibility of carrying on other business; and the most amusing part of the thing is, that all the while the Tail keeps howling, that nothing is ever said about poor Ireland!—Age.

THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

(From the Malta Gaz. June 3.)

By His Majesty's brig Columbine, Commander Henderson, from the Orontes, we have received some account of the Euphrates Expedition and its first proceedings.—Colonel Chesney and the whole of the officers and men were quite well on the 3rd of May: they were encamped on a spot near the mouth of the river, to which they had given the name of Amelia Island.

The George Canning was towed by the Columbine almost the whole way from Malta to the bay of the Orontes, where the expedition anchored on the 3rd of April. On the 6th the landing of the packages and stores was commenced. Nearly two-thirds of the equipments were landed during the first week. The only accident that happened was the temporary loss of a cask, containing the valves and other parts of the steam engines, which by the breaking of the slings sunk to the bottom; but it was soon recovered by part of the apparatus of the diving bell.

The attention of the officers of the expedition was then directed to other objects; to Captain Estcourt was allotted the repair of the road to the Euphrates; to Lieutenant Murphy and a party, the survey of the bay of the Issus; to Lieutenant Cleaveland the landing of the stores and the preparation of the caravans; whilst Colonel Chesney, and Lieutenant Lynch, of the Indian Navy, (who had been waiting and preparing for the expedition some time in Syria) were employed in soliciting aid from the authorities of the country, and making arrangements with the Arabs near Bir on the Euphrates, whither Lieutenant Lynch proceeded to receive the first section of light materials, which would have arrived there about the 17th, if it had been possible at once to procure camels.

During the second week the weather was so boisterous as to retard the landing a good deal, and the gig of the Columbine was upset on the bar with Captain Henderson and four men in her, who were all happily saved by a boat which immediately pushed off from the George Canning. By the 21st every thing was disembarked except a few coals.

Colonel Chesney had now to contend with difficulties which were quite unexpected.—The party left England in the fullest persuasion that the promises which had been made to the British Government of support and co-operation on the part of the supreme authorities would be fulfilled. A firman had been issued by the Sublime Porte authorizing the navigation of the Euphrates, nor would so expensive a preparation have been made for the shores of Syria without the concurrence also of his Highness the Pasha of Egypt; but none of the people could be induced, even by high pecuniary offers, to afford either their labour or the means of transport. It was clear therefore that no orders had been given on the subject, and Colonel Chesney consequently paid a visit to Ibrahim Pasha, who was just arrived at Tripoli from Egypt; but neither did he feel himself empowered to use his influence, until further instructions should be received from Mehemet Ali. When the Columbine left the coast of Syria, Colonel Chesney was endeavouring to purchase a sufficient number of bullocks to transport the first division of materials to the River Euphrates, where it was expected he might arrive about the 9th of May. Notwithstanding therefore his first disappointments, the next letters from Colonel Chesney may announce that the steamers are afloat near Bir, where the people are anxious for the arrival of the expedition, and ready to give it assistance.

LATEST ACCOUNT.

The following is an extract from a letter received in Liverpool, from one of the officers of the Euphrates Expedition: Amelia Island, mouth of the Orontes, May 23, 1835.

We left Malta on the 21st March, accompanied by H. M. B. Columbine, sent out by the Admiral, to assist us in landing our cargo. We arrived off the river Orontes on the 3d of April, and on the 28th the George Canning was cleared, and every thing landed on the banks of the river, without the loss of a single article, with the exception of two or three bars of spare iron. We have since put the Trigis (the small iron steamer) together. We commenced laying her down on the 6th and had her ready for launching on the 21st, being only thirteen clear working days. Her draught of water when she

was launched, with the greatest part of her engines on board, is 6½ inches on an even keel. Our object in putting her together here is to enable us to carry the materials of the large boat, heavy weights, &c. up the Orontes, as far as Antioch, by which means we shall avoid a range of mountains that we should otherwise have had to contend with in land carriage, after which we shall take her to pieces, and transport her to the Euphrates.

The Pacha arrived here on the 20th in the Nile steamer, but landed about two miles distant, and went to Antioch without coming near us.

(From the Morning Herald, July 15.)

We received last night, by express, the Paris papers of Monday, together with letters from several of our foreign Correspondents.

The telegraphic announcement that the English battalion landed at Saint Sebastian on Friday last, which we published yesterday, was followed on Sunday evening by another of that day's date from Bayonne, stating that the detachment was received with the utmost joy by the garrison and population of that town. The despatch adds as an *on-dit*, that Moreno had positively succeeded Zumalacareguy in the command-in-chief of the Carlist army, and that Eraso had been appointed to the command of Navarro.

There is a good deal of other matter respecting the Basque provinces in the papers before us, but not one line to show that two armies, consisting respectively of 25,000 or 30,000 men, now so long in presence of each other, have any intention of carrying on the war in good earnest. To bring down his enemy with that which our pugnacious friend Acres terms "a long shot" appears to be the favourite principle of both belligerents. The English battalion and the foreign legion may, however, change the system, and produce one effect at least, that of compelling the parties actually to cross swords, and accelerate the *deuouement*. A letter from Bordeaux, dated the 8th instant, throws an air of ridicule over the "gallant assaults" and the "chivalrous defence" of which Bilbao was recently the theatre. The besieged lost from the incessant 20 days' fire of the besiegers 20 men killed! After "bowing in" the relief under La Hera, the Carlists politely withdrew unannoyed by their complaisant opponents. The same letter (published in the Memorial Bordelais) asserts that rivalry continued to divide the superior officers of the Carlist army, but the telegraphic despatch of Sunday will, if correct, prove that that source of discord no longer existed. We should not like to contend, however, that the return of a spirit of jealousy is not possible, for private letters received in Paris stated that General Moreno, not being a Basque, would never be popular with the army. On the other hand, it does not appear that any General-in-chief has yet taken the command of the Queen's forces, for we have only newspaper assertion for the acceptance of that post by Sarsfield. Our private letter from Zugaramurdi, dated the 8th instant, goes to confirm the statement we published yesterday of the excesses committed in Bilbao by the troops of La Hera. Our Correspondent encloses us an article, dated "Head-quarters of Don Carlos, at Murguia, 6th July," from which it appears that "on the 5th the King, at the head of 5,000 men, marched in the direction of Orduna, with the intention of attacking the rebels, but the heavy rain which fell, accompanied by a dense fog, enabled the Christinos to escape into the mountains."

A second letter, dated 3rd instant, has reached us from our Madrid Correspondent, from which we have only time to make the following extract:—

"Since writing the above I learn that the real object of the coming of the messenger from Bilbao was to present a petition from the Corporation of that place to the Queen, respecting the true position of the siege, stating their determination to defend themselves to the last, at the same time pointing out that no attempt to relieve them had been made by Valdez, with other Commanders, and requesting that immediate orders might be given to march to their support."

We regret to observe that great devastations have been caused by floods in the kingdom of Grenada. Several persons had lost their lives. The Cure Merino continued to plunder Old Castile, miraculously evading the Christino troops sent in search of him.

The AUGSBURG GAZETTE, under date Rome, June 30, states that the Pope, who had been pressed by the French Government to recognise Donna Maria, as Queen of Portugal, had demanded that the Bishops "unfrocked" by her Majesty be restored to their sees, and that the suppression of the convents be discontinued, ere he acquiesced in the prayer of that faithful and obedient son of the church, King Louis Phillip.

The King of Prussia had arrived at Toplitz.

Charles X., although still suffering from gout, had previously left that city, on his return to Prague.

The domestic news published in the Paris

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papers is connected principally with the *proces-monstre*. Eleven Peers are stated to have voted against the disjunction of the Lyonsese from the co-accused of the plot of April: in other words, to have opposed the Ministerial project, and will probably follow the example of Count Mole, and retire. The most interesting fact stated by the Journals is the escape of several of the State prisoners from the prison of St. Pelagie, on Sunday night last. Some particulars of this extraordinary event, and the news received, and reports of the day, will be found in the annexed extract from our Private Correspondence. We lament to observe that the CHOLERA was raging with extreme violence at Toulon.

THE SPANISH EXPEDITION.—The 7th Regiment of Irish Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, and the other regiment raising in Ireland, will, it is expected, sail for Spain this day week. In the course of 15 days it is expected that about six or seven thousand of the British will be afloat. Colonel Kinloch's 200 lancers are to proceed to-morrow, under the command of Lieutenant Miller, to Kingston-on-Thames where a depot will be formed for the present. The second regiment of infantry is to be under the command of Major Ellice; Major Sloane is to command the third. The sixth regiment, raising in Scotland, will be commanded by Major Beatson, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper.

SPANISH AUXILIARY FORCE.—We understand Major Beatson has arrived in Edinburgh, for the purpose of raising a regiment for the Queen of Spain, to be called the 6th, or Scotch Regiment, and to be composed entirely of Scotchmen. From the number of enterprising young men in Scotland, we have no doubt this opportunity of seeing service will be eagerly embraced. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment is to be Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper, at present on full-pay of 23rd Fusiliers, a distinguished officer, well known in the army. Major Beatson is of a Fifeshire family, son of the Rob. Beatson, Esq., of Kilrie and Rossend castle. Graham Hunter, Esq., son of General Hunter, of Broughty Ferry, is one of the Captains of this Scotch Regiment.—*Scotsman*.

We have neither time nor space to offer more than a passing notice or the discussion that took place in the House of Lords, last night, on Lord Radnor's motion for the second reading of the 39 Articles Bill, which was rejected by a large majority. The debate which took place on this occasion will be read with deep interest, especially at the present time, when every question affecting the claims of the Dissenters is seized with avidity by the champions upon either side.—There are many, however, even amongst those who are for conceding as much as can be conceded to the Dissenters, without compromising the safety of the Establishment, who would not wish to see that done by a side wind, which, if done at all, ought to be done in a direct straightforward manner.—It is obvious that the regulation for subscribing the 39 Articles, be it right or wrong is a security for the Protestant character of the Universities, and cannot be considered abstractedly from that question. The vote of the House of Lords has determined that, for this Session at least, the Universities shall retain their Protestant character.—*Ibid.*

It will be seen from what passed in both Houses of Parliament, last night, that there is some chance of saving the remains of that fine specimen of ancient architecture, St. Stephen's Chapel, and all its proud and interesting associations, from destruction.—Lord Duncannon is in a puzzle. Standing between the cross-fire of opposite opinions from different architects, he has experienced the inconvenience of looking at both sides of a question. Happily, however, his Lordship seems resolved to prosecute inquiry to the full extent, an operation which can scarcely fail to convince him and the country that the only danger which threatens the remains of St. Stephen's is the danger of misjudgment, or of interested calculation.—*Ibid.*

OLDHAM ELECTION.—The nomination for Oldham took place yesterday (Friday).—There are three candidates.—Mr. John Cobbett and Mr. Feargus O'Connor on the radical interest; and Mr. J. F. Lees, a resident of Oldham, on the "liberal conservative" interest. All three candidates addressed the electors, and the show of hands was declared to be in favour of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, although he and Mr. John Cobbett were about equal in number. There is no doubt of Mr. Cobbett's return.

The Ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, vacant by the death of the Earl of Courtown, has been conferred on the Earl of Cork.

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY.—Yesterday week, a duel took place near Dublin, between Mr. Haire, the Chief Commissioner for inquiring into the Dublin election, and Mr. Murphy, one of the legal agents employed by Messrs. O'Connell and Ruthven to conduct their case. This unparalleled combat between a Judge and a Law Agent arose out of an observation made by Mr. Commissioner Haire

in court, to the effect that Mr. Murphy had deceived him. On this Mr. Murphy taking fire, sent the commissioner a challenge, which he appears to have accepted without hesitation. They met on the ground, when the police alarmed them and they fled.—They met again in the course of the same day, when, after firing twice ineffectually.—Mr. Haire's second removed him from the ground. Mr. Murphy keeping his position, and his second declaring that he was not satisfied. Thus the affair terminated.

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1835.

An Inquest was held at *Job's Cove* on Thursday last, the 13th Instant, before JOHN STARK, Esq., J.P. Coroner, on the body of a female infant, that had been discovered buried under the floor of the shed or outhouse belonging to the dwelling house of a woman named MARY WHELAN, who, it appears, had a short time before, in her own cellar and alone, given birth to the unfortunate child. WILLIAM STERLING, Esq., J.P. Surgeon, as far as the decomposed state of it would admit, examined the body, from which examination it would appear, that the child had been born alive, and that it had in all probability come to its death in consequence of certain bruises it had received about the head. The Jury, of which Mr TURNER of *Job's Cove* was Foreman, after a patient investigation of the circumstances, which protracted their sittings until near eleven o'clock at night, pronounced a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against the mother of the infant, MARY WHELAN, who has in consequence been brought up and lodged in the gaol at *Harbour Grace*.

It is to be hoped that the crime of infanticide, so revolting to humanity, and so much in its nature below brutality, has not yet been of frequent occurrence in this country. If it were, it is to be feared, that in many of the remote settlements of the Island, in which there are no resident Magistrates, the crime would in all probability, pass by with impunity, as it would in the case of this unfortunate woman at *Job's Cove*, if it had not been for the active and judicious conduct of RICHARD RANKIN, Esq., J.P. of *Island Cove*, who it appears had heard some suspicious rumours respecting this woman; had followed up the examination of the circumstances, until the body of the child was discovered; had the woman apprehended, and brought her, in the first instance, to *Harbour Grace*.

But the Government of this country, can not expect, that such disagreeable, toilsome expensive and onerous duties, will at all times be performed by Magistrates, whose commissions were considered to be conferred more as honorary distinctions, than for subjecting the receivers of them, to all the duties of stipendiary Magistrates; such duties, as will in all probability, be performed by certain honorary Justices of the Peace who figure in the annals of the Anti-?—"Constitutional Society."

The latest advices communicate the pleasing intelligence of a Parliamentary grant of £9,600 having passed for the service of this Colony.—*Public Ledger, Aug. 14.*

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint ALFRED MAYNE of *Harbour Grace*, Esquire, to be Clerk of the Peace, in the District of Conception Bay.—*Royal Gazette, Aug. 11.*

His Excellency the Governor, has been pleased to issue a Commission under the Great Seal, appointing

JAMES BAYLY, }
JOHN STARK, } Esquires,
and
THOS. RIDLEY, }

of *Harbour Grace*, to be three of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the Northern District of this Island.—*Ibid.*

Arrived at St. JOHN'S, on Wednesday evening last, in the Brig *Lester*, from COLE, the Lady and Family of His Excellency the Governor.

Died

At Bear's Cove, near Harbour Grace, on Sunday evening, the 9th Instant, much lamented and regretted, Mr William Parsons, Planter, aged 63 years.

SHIP NEWS

CARBONEAR.

August 14.—Brig William the Fourth, Clear

Sydney, 75 chaldron coal, lumber, 20 geese, 5 lambs.
15.—Schooner Ethiopian, Bennett, Liverpool, 10 tons coal, 64 tons salt.
CLEARED.

August 17.—Brig Lark, Power, Nova Scotia, or New Brunswick ballast.

On Sale

BY
THOMAS RIDLEY & Co.

Low, for Cash, Fish or Oil,
THE CARGO OF

The Brigantine DUNCAN & MARGARET,
Just Arrived from HAMBURGH,

300 Firkins Prime New Butter
35 Barrels Prime Pork
100 Barrels Superfine Flour
20 Barrels Oatmeal
624 Bags Bread No. 1, 2 & 3
3000 Bricks.
Harbour Grace, Aug. 17, 1835.

NOW LANDING,

Per Sir J. T. DUCKWORTH from Grenada

A CHOICE CARGO OF

RUM and MOLASSES

AND,

Per NATIVE from Quebec,

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

BY

THE SUBSCRIBERS,

On Consignment,

A few Hogsheads & half-Hogsheads

Prime HALIFAX

ALE and PORTER,

Low for CASH or SALMON,

ALSO,

A few barrels OATMEAL,
GLASSWARE in Casks,
And EARTHENWARE in Crates.

AND

An Assortment of

MANUFACTURED GOODS,

Low Prices for Cash, Fish, Oil,
or Salmon.

G. W. GILL & Co.

Carbonear, July 29, 1835.

Notices

I WILL NOT be accountable for any DEBTS contracted by the Crew of the Brig HARTON, under my command.

WILLIAM A. ANDREWS.

Carbonear, Aug. 17, 1835.

TO BE LET

ON A BUILDING LEASE,

For such a Term of Years as may be agreed on,

WATER-SIDE, well calculated for Shipping of every description. With a Plot of LAND, bounded by the Widow ANN TAYLOR's on the South-side.

For further particulars, apply to

JONATHAN TAYLOR, Sen.

Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

DESERTED

FROM the Service of the Subscriber, on FRIDAY, the 12th Instant,
ISAAC LONG

a Native of BONAVISTA BAY, about five feet ten inches high, sandy complexion; wore when Deserted the Service, a Blue Whittney Jacket and Trowsers, new Hat, and fine Shoes.

WILLIAM GORDON.

Musquitto, June 13, 1835.

FOOLSCAP PAPER

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE
Cheap for CASH.

Carbonear.

Aug: 12, 1835.

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

Notices

PROCLAMATION.

NORTHERN DISTRICT }
TO WIT. }

BY AUTHORITY of a Precept from the Worshipful the MAGISTRATES of this District, bearing date the Sixth day AUGUST, 1835, and to me directed. I hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE that a GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS of the PEACE, will be holden at the COURT-HOUSE, in *HARBOR GRACE*, on FRIDAY the 21st day of August, instant, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; and the Keeper of His Majesty's Gaol, the High Constable, and all other Constables and Bailiffs within this District, are commanded that they be then there to do and fulfil those things which by reason of their Office, shall be to be done.

Given at *HARBOR GRACE*, this 7th day of August, 1835.

D. BUCHAN,
H.-Sheriff

HARBOR GRACE, } 8th MAY, 1835.
NORTHERN DISTRICT. }

In General Sessions.

IN pursuance of a Colonial Act passed the 31st day of May, 1833, in the Third Year of the Reign of His present Majesty, King William the Fourth, authorising the Justices in Sessions to make Rules and Regulations respecting Entire HORSES going at large or astray, DOGS and GOATS, being at large, without being properly Logged and Yoked.

Ordered that throughout CONCEPTION BAY, in the said Northern District, No ENTIRE HORSES shall be allowed to go at large.

No DOGS shall go at large without a Log twelve inches long, and three inches square, or without Collars round their necks, with the Owners names thereon.

No GOATS shall go at large without Yokes, the bar of which, to be two feet and an half long.

All Constables residing in the said District are required and strictly enjoined to carry the said Orders and Regulations into effect as the Law directs. And all Persons concerned are desired to govern themselves accordingly.

By Order,

MATTHEW STEVENSON,
Clerk Peace.

Gentle Board and Lodgings.

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

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND FOR SALE,

At any of the residences of the METHODIST MISSIONARIES, or at the STAR Office,

PRICE, NINE PENCE EACH.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

A SERMON

From the 2nd Tim., 4th chap. 7th & 8th vs

Preached in the WESLEYAN CHAPEL, at *Port-de-Grace*, on the 15th Feb., and at *Bay Roberts*, on the 22d Feb. 1835.

BY THE

REV. G. ELLIDGE,

Wesleyan Methodist Missionary,

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. GEORGE VEY,

Formerly of Port-de-Grace.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate Is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven."

Young's Night Thought

Carbonear, July 8, 1835.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE which cannot be forwarded without the Postage.

Mrs. Margaret Cahill, (care of Jas. Veary)
Catherine Connors, (care of E. Pike)
Dennis Fitzgerald, (care of John Fewton)
John Day, South Side
Wm. Connor, South Side
Edward Welsh, Cooper
Philip Smith, (care of Wm. Rogers)
Mrs. Jane Morea
Daniel M'Carthy
Wm. Harding, Cooper
George Osard, Cooper.

S. SOLOMON.

St. John's May 25, 1835.

POETRY

ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPSIES' CHARLES LEE,

Who died in a tent near Lewes, August 16 1832, aged 74. He was buried in Saint Ann's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.

HURRAH!—hurrah!—pile up the mould;
The Sun will gild its sod:—
The Sun,—for threescore years and ten
The Gipsy's idol God!—
O'er field and fen,—by waste and wild,
He watch'd its glories rise,
To worship at that gorgeous shrine
The spirit of the skies.

No brick built building cag'd him in;
No lordly roof of stone:—
High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven
In star-bright splendour shone!
The rustling leaves still murmur'd there:
The rambling woodbine flower
Its twilight breath, exhal'd to cheer
The outcast's desert bower!

To him the forest's pathless depths
Their moistest caves reveal'd;
To him, fair nature's hand bequeath'd
Her fruits of food and field:—
The flower,—the root,—the beast,—the bird
All living things design'd
To feed the craving or delight
The gaze of human kind!

The pencil'd wood flower, fair and frail,—
The squirrel's cunning nest,—
The granite throne, with lichen's wild,
In brodered vesture drest:—
Sweet violets bedded in their leaves,
The first soft pledge of Spring:—
Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand
Shed on the Gipsy King!—

The snow drop glistening in the wood,
The crowfoot on the lee,
Their gold and silver coin poured forth
To store his treasury;
The springing moss by fairies spread,
His velvet footcloth made;
His canopy shot up amid
The lime tree's emerald shade.

Buck,—phessant,—hare,—some lordly park
Still yielded to his foast;
And firing for his winter warmth,
And forage for his beast.
Happier than herald blazoned kings,
The monarch of the moor:—
He levied taxes from the rich,—
They wring them from the poor!

With glow-worm lamp, and incense cull'd
Fresh from the bean fields breath;
And matin lark,—and vesper thrush,
And honey-boarded heath:—
A throne beneath the forest boughs,
Fann'd by the wild bird's wing;
Of all the potentates on earth,
Hail to the GIPSY KING!

THOU WERT THE RAINBOW OF MY DREAMS

Thou wert the rainbow of my dreams,
To whom the eyes of hope might turn,
And bid her sacred flame arise
Like incense from the festal urn;
But as the thunder clouds conspire
To wreck the lovely summer sky,
So Death destroyed the liquid fire
Which shone so brightly in thine eye!

The cypress weeps upon thy tomb:
But when the stars unfold their leaves
Amid their bow'rs of purple gloom,
More fervently my spirit grieves;
And as the rainbow sheds its light
In fairy hues upon the sea,
So this cold world appears more bright
When pensive Memory thinks of thee!

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following facts occurred in the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria:—

A gentleman, possessed of a very lovely wife, was seized with a violent attachment for the Cordeliers, who had a convent in the neighbourhood of his house. He shared their vigils, fasts and prayers, in all which he was encouraged by one of the Order, whom he had chosen as Father Confessor to himself and his wife. This reverend personage enjoyed a renown for wisdom and piety, which was nowise confirmed by his personal appearance, his figure being voluptuous, and his sparkling eyes hypocritically sanctimonious before men, were bold and eloquent to the female children of that holy mother, "the Church."

One morning the gentleman set forth on a journey, to visit one of his estates at some distance, leaving his wife at home with two female servants. Suddenly the Confessor appeared, with his arms devoutly crossed,

and his eyes gleaming with unhallowed fire. "Your husband," said he to the fair member of his flock, "will soon return?"—"Truly not," answered the lady, "I know not indeed when he will return, as the place to which he is gone is half a day's journey hence." "Good," rejoined the monk, and abruptly departed. He descended into the court, whither the chambermaid followed him, and said, "Father, the lady, my mistress, sends me to ask what it is that displeases you?" "Daughter," answered his reverence, "come and see some beautifully illuminated pictures and a portrait of our holy patron!" The maid, accustomed to these monkish curiosities, followed him into a nook, where he without a word, drew a poinard from his sleeve, and laid her dead at his feet. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when a farmer arrived, bearing the rent due to the master of the family. "Brother," said the monk to him, "my lord is busy in the stable, shall I conduct you to him?" The farmer whistling a tune, followed the reverend father into the stable, and there received two poinard thrusts in the body. In the meantime the lady displeas'd at not having received an answer to her message, sent the second maid to enquire why the other lay'd. The assassin perceived her approach, assumed a joyous air, and killed the unsuspecting girl. These three murders left the course open to his infamous project. He accordingly repaired to the lady's chamber, who trembled on seeing his distorted visage and blood besprinkled robe. To her question, "Father, what is that?" The monster answered, "Make no noise, particularly as there are none to hear you. Behold! and lest you be treated in like manner perform my bidding." Saying which, he led her to the window, and showed her the bleeding bodies of her victims! "By my holy patroness I pray thee kill me not," exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands in supplication. "Assuredly not, my pretty one," was the reply. "I reserve for you a better fate—for to possess you, I have done all that you see, and would have done worse. You must now dress in the habit of our Order, and proceed to the monastery, in consideration of which my fair friend, I will secure the absolution of all your sins past, present, and to come. Here is the cord, robe, cowl, and sandals—nothing is wanting." The unhappy lady obeyed, saying—"Wretch! God is my witness that I yield only to the most iniquitous force." She spoke no more, but weeping, complied with the commands of the friar, who cut off her curls with the edge of his poinard; and having arrayed her in the outward signs of his Order, set out with her for the convent. They had proceeded only a few steps, when they saw the gentleman returning towards them. "My love," said the Cordelier, "is not that your husband who approaches?—look not upon him, neither speak a word, if you wish not to join your maidens, and your farmer." "How now father, are you returning from the collection at this hour?"—"No," replied the monk, "but I have just been confessing your lady, who will communicate to-morrow." "Tis well," said the gentleman, and went on his way. His valet however, not recognizing the young Cordelier, as the acolyte whom he had before seen in attendance on the monk, and remarking the delicate feminine figure and imploring looks of the disguised lady, rode after his master and said, "Sir, I know not if it be truth, or a temptation of the devil, but the little Cordelier, is the lady my mistress." "Fool," said the gentleman, "but go and see." The valet hastened his horse towards the monk, who suspecting his object, stopped, as wishing to speak to him; but on his approach, struck him from his horse and cut his throat. The gentleman seeing his servant fall, thought it accident, and hastened to his assistance, and was also unhorsed by the Cordelier. But being a powerful man he grappled with the monk, and well nigh strangled him. The lady, seeing her persecutor disarmed, held him by the cowl, while her husband menaced him with the dagger. The monster prayed for mercy and confessed his crimes; but the peasantry having been alarmed by his cries, assembled and bore him off in chains, and proceedings were instituted against him. Whether in penitence or in malice does not appear, but the cowed villian declared himself to be equalled in guilt by his brethren, and that numbers of victims of abduction were to be found at his convent. Messengers were accordingly dispatched, the unfortunate ladies liberated, and the monks burnt with their convent, in perpetual memory of so horrid a crime.

(From the Novascotian.)

EMIGRATION.

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPARD.]

I know of nothing in the world so distressing, as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry, taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made

tears burst every now and then for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think of nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together, and amusing themselves with trifles, and I wondered if those dear innocents in after life, would remember anything at all of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew they had no home but where their parents were; no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attended to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of their parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance.—These looks can never be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that after a few years of the toil and weariness, collateral with old age, they were going to lay their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Every day the desire to emigrate increases both in amount and intensity; in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces are all going away, and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest that though I must die as I lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not yet begun. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship Helen Douglas, for the British Settlements of America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two eldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Anslie, was there distributing some little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he, and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:

"Now Aidge my man, ye're to behave yourself, and not be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' paplin' ower thae manly cheeks; for though you an' Jamie would hae been my riches, my strength and shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore be good lads, and mind the thing that's good. Read your bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year or the next again, you will be able to join your mother and the bairns an' me, and we'll a' work thegither to ane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang father," said Adam "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken well how you are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at hame.—But if there's siller to be made in Scotland, in an honest way, Jamie and me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he only made matters the worse. "Hout Jamie, dinna greet that gait man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leavin' ye is takin' the pith out o' my heart. But it's out o' my power to tak' ye just now; for as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. Cut ye're young an' healthy, an' stout, and gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But since frien's are partit, an' o' the half the globe between them, there's but a small chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gaen wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, and leev'd an' deev'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide the next day; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglas, as far as the point of Cumberland, I attended the next day on the quay, where a great number of persons were assembled to take a last farewell of their friends.—There were four boats lying ready to take

the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking your farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday, "why the poor fellows hae na left themselves a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother an' me; how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination, but if any more is required, I am authorized to pay that likewise."

"An wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms and encouraged my heart and rendered me an independent man—at once, tell me wha is the kind good man—was it Mr. Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr. Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff o' Scotland sir," said Haliday, "until I ken who has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and mornin'; no, I winna leave the shores till I ken who my benefactor is. Can I gan away without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as well tell me at ance."

"Then since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him! fell, I think, from every tongue that was present.—The mother of the young men was first at the pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this.—There never was sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye shall hae your money good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller," exclaimed both the lads.

"Na na, Aidge Haladay say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar, "d'ye ken man, I had sundry vera strong reasons for this: in the first place I saw that you could not do without the lads: an' mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eiry to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters—I'll call ca' for my siller Aidge, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never any reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every turned on him with admiration.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disc rose higher and higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and the dew-drop, but glanced with double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, thus addressed its neighbour—"How darest thou appear thus solitary and lustreless? The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that was just then wantoning near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wing the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven."

A nobleman observing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant with an oath, to send it to purgatory. "If," said the servant, "I were to send it to heaven, it would be more out of your way."

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you said the other, then I wish you would come and undo me."

If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of hating somebody.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good economist?—Because he makes both ends meet.

A wag speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind they go away in transports."