



## AND Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1840.

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### LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

My lord, I will marry no one but Terence Templeton.

And I swear Laura—

Papa, I won't listen, and the speaker's hands covered both ears.

A penniless beggar, resumed his lordship.

My own lover, returned the young lady.

A mere parvenu!

Nobility of the soul.

Does not know his own father.

It's of no avail: marry him I will.

You'll repent it.

That may be, papa; but at least, I shall repent following my own will, and not of any one else.

I'll cut you off with a shilling.

I'll live upon love.

Live upon nonsense.

Ah, papa, you never were in love!

Thus the conversation ended, and in this unsatisfactory way did such conversation usually end.

Lady Laura was a beauty, self-willed, fashionable, and withal so romantic.

She had given her heart—alas, she had scarcely any thing else to give—to the above named Terence Templeton, and only waited the first opportunity to finish, with giving her hand, and to laugh at the consequences.

She had met him at a fancy ball. There, the unexceptionable style of his dress and address, the whiteness of his hand, the paleness of his face, and the blackness of his eyes—for he looked melancholy and gentleman-like soon effected an interest in her sympathizing bosom: nor was the young gentleman himself backward in discovering it.

A few more interviews, a few private meetings, and they were as deeply and devotedly in love as any two could manage to be in short a period.

Lady Laura was a fine specimen of her class, not too fashionable to be generous and loving; yet she was so unaccustomed to the world and its rude contrast, that she dreamed not of the miseries accompanying poverty—a name hitherto, only associated in her mind with romance—and she fancied that love in a cottage would be all the world to her.

Time, the great revealer, will show in a short period. She left her father's house; too generous to take with her even her jewelry. She went almost penniless to a penniless husband.

Ah, Terence, this is happiness, said Lady Laura, as they sat down to a frugal meal one week after marriage, in a pleasant part of the suburbs of London.

How charming is the breath borne from the hay fields, wafted into our little room—but dear Laura, I cannot forget that this is very different to your father's residence.

It is better dear love—it is better, is it not our home! and is not the future for us? and shall we not be together? and have we now but one hope, one trust, and our home? Think of that, one home weep for joy to think of it.

I could almost weep too, weep that I have no better home to offer you; but we will not think of that.

No only think how pleasant it will be on a winter's evening: you shall write novels and poems for the magazines, and I will bring my table to the fire, and sit opposite to you, and then when you are tired of writing, we will talk over all our prospects, and you shall read to me, and I shall think nothing half so clever, as what you write; and then you shall.

Kiss you, dearest.

Nonsense—there—you've put it all out of my head; but shall we not be happy?

I hope, and believe it my pretty enthusiast.

Thus the summer evenings, the long pleasant walks by the side of the river,

the stroll by moonlight—ah! we will not give over these pleasures because we are married.

It may be, Laura, that your father will forgive your union with a beggar.

Yes, and then you will be so rich, and shall have horses and carriages, and ride out together every day, and I shall be so proud of my handsome husband.

Besides, dearest, you are your father's only child, he has no son, and if he should not marry again—and if—why then—then. He smiled, and whispered something which brought a charming blush to the cheek of the listener.

Thus it was that those two young dreamers, hitherto unscathed by the world talked of the strange and uncertain future! for they were young and happy, and theirs was not the weird spirit which gives a black and threatening aspect to the language of the future.

Five years had passed over the brows of our characters, and had brought the sad alteration which went ever does.—The room in which lady Laura now sat, was littered with the commonest sort of children's toys; luxury was not even aimed at in the furniture, which was indeed barely sufficient for comfort. By the fire side was lady Laura, with one child of two years by her side, and a fine boy of about four years was playing about the room, while in her arms was an infant of but a few months old, but so sad, so wretched was the alteration in that watchers countenance that it required time and circumstances to convince the beholder of her identity. The rounded limb, the rich cheek, and the full lip were departed; and though there was the small hand, the same high and aristocratic brow, they were the sole relics of the departed beauty, for over the whole was spread an uneasy, restless, and we are sorry to use the term a shrewish expression, from which the beholder involuntarily recoiled, when thinking of the grace and beauty of the *deceased* Lady Laura. Nor was that index an untrue one. Filled in his endeavours at reconciliation with his noble father-in-law, unable to procure any situation adapted to him, Terence Templeton and his unfortunate wife were compelled to subsist upon a pittance of a hundred a year, left to Lady Laura by a godfather, together with occasional trifles obtained by contributions to the miscellanies of the day, but which were of so uncertain a description, as scarcely to be worth mentioning; and thus she, who for twenty years had her every want anticipated, and who had literally sat in the lap of luxury, was now compelled to calculate every shilling before she spent it, and with the utmost frugality, sometimes failed in her efforts to procure a sufficient meal.

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Terence Templeton entered. Without taking any notice of his wife he sat himself gloomily in a chair while with a strangely anxious gaze, she watched his movements, at last she spoke but in a gloomy tone.

Well Laura, all is of no avail—our last hopes are frustrated, and our surgeon's bill must be left for chance to pay.

But it must be paid; he has sent this morning to say so.

It must be paid—oh? Must? Well, it's a good sounding word—but—it is so—true, we must pay it—one way or another.

But how?

Oh! the law provides for that—purse or person—aye twenty five pounds in hard cash, or the gaol, and harder fare; and the speaker laughed bitterly.

Pray don't laugh so; you had better try to get the money.

Why, that's true too; but how—how—without friends, without connections?

Oh! I beg pardon, there is your lordly father; but penniless, hopeless, a very beggar, tell me how this is to be done?

and his hand fell on the small table, with an energy that awoke the little sleeper on

his mother's breast to tears.

I'm sure, was the response, you had no occasion to make so much noise; it has waked the poor child, and you don't like to hear it cry.

Laura, solemnly said the wretched man, God knows my own privations are the least of my sufferings, it is the thought of these children and of this misery, that harasses me; and you too Laura, you are not what you were.

I am not, indeed was the bitter response, as the speaker glanced at the oar walls.

Do not, for God's sake, add to the differences which are already, alas! too frequent between us. In our early youth we looked upon each other, and we loved. There was no interest to guide us; we trusted to our own exertions, and they have failed us. Do not now reproach me with having taken you from your father's luxuriant home—that blow I could not bear; at least let us remember, Laura, if penniless, neither we nor these dear children are friendless while there is a God that watches over his creatures.

On the table is an official looking letter sealed with black, and on the countenance of those who are there gazing, is a mixture of joy and of sorrow, a blending of the sunshine with the shades of life.

The destroyed had seized upon the stern and unforgetting father, and at an hour which he knew not of, he had yielded up his spirit to it Giver. To the family of Terence Templeton this unexpected event had brought plenty and gladness; and as the wife gazed upon her husband, in that chamber which had witnessed so much of sorrow and of strife, and in earlier, times of joy, she lamented, bitterly within her spirit which had prompted unkind words and unkind thoughts, and could not, nor would she if she could, have restrained her gushing tears. A fitting offering at the shrine of peace. And in the mind of him whom she had sorrowed, seemed some such thoughts brooding, for passing his arm gently, yet kindly round her, he drew her sweet form to him and whispered, The hour, dear Laura, of our trial has happily passed; nor let us now remember the days and weeks wherein we had no pleasure in them.

Many were the tears that poor lady shed as she replied. Dearest, I can never repay you for your kindness and forbearance, yet now let me say, while I feel your kind heart beating against mine that if you had known how often I had wept at the pain, my intemperance had caused you, you would pardon me.

Do not speak of it—we both have much need of forgiveness; kiss me Laura, and for the future let us only remember the past as a beacon whereby we may avoid the rocks of the future.

*Halifax Temperance Society.*—This Society had an interesting meeting last evening at 7. p. m. at the old Baptist Chapel—so called—seventeen new members took the pledge, including 10 non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the different corps in this garrison. The meeting was addressed successively by the President Beamish Murdoch, Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Twining, Garrison Chaplain, Mr. Brown, the Rev. Mr. Knowlan, and by several others. The prospects of the cause at this place appear to be steadily growing better.—*Times.*

An accident of a most horrid nature occurred at the Blenkinsop lime kilns on Tuesday last. A quantity of lime had been drawn from one of the kilns, and some additional limestone placed upon the

top. The fresh supply had met with some obstruction, and did not go gently down, so that a vacuum was formed between the burning material and that which had been recently put on. A young man of the name of Twiddle soon afterwards went to empty another cart load of stones upon the top; but as the stones did not fall freely from the cart he stepped upon the kiln to get them out; when, horrible to relate, the top part gave way, and he sunk into the burning furnace below? The workmen engaged at an adjoining pit heard the rush of stones and saw the flames burst upwards, and ran towards the place, but the dreadful doom of the sufferer was sealed, and his skull, which was got out some time afterwards, was the sole vestige obtained of the unfortunate youth.—*Carlisle Journal.*

Lieutenant Colonel Lyster of the Grenadier Guards, died at Montreal on the morning of the 20th ult. He arrived the day previous in command of the Battalion of Grenadiers, and rode at its head from the wharf to the Citadel, where he dismissed the parade, and retired to his lodgings, and the next morning was a corpse.

*The Kingston Fire.*—The estimated loss by the late fire at Kingston, Upper Canada, is now put down at 400,000, dollars, of which about 50,000 dollars was insured. The loss in the article of flour is stated at 60,000, dollars, which falls chiefly on the merchants of Montreal and Quebec. The Ottawa Forwarding Company were great sufferers. The iron chest belonging to them has been secured; when opened the specie was melted into a solid mass of coin, all the bank bills, notes of hand &c. and many valuable papers were destroyed.

The Governor of Upper Canada has offered a reward of 1000 dollars for discovering the Vendor who blew up the monument of Genl. Brock.

### BISHOP ENGLIS.

In glancing over English journals for some time past, we have frequently observed notices of the attendance of his Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, at public meetings, in various parts of England, and his zealous endeavours to obtain the sympathy of his audience in behalf of his diocese have been highly successful. Parochial societies have been formed throughout England for extending the Established Church in the British Colonies. At a meeting held at Melton Mowbray about the 1st ult. sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, in an eloquent speech, took an expansive view of the British Colonial territories, and the comparative desultory state that general deficiency of ministers, church accommodation, the means of grace, and schools for children. In the Canadas, he said, there were wanting not less than 120 clergymen, and he himself had openings and calls for 100 more.

*The Vengeance of King John.*—King John had demanded the eldest son of William de Braose, Lord of Bramber, in Sussex, as a page to wait on Queen Isabella, meaning him in reality as a hostage for his father's allegiance. When the King's message was delivered at Bramber by a courier who bore the ominous name of Mauduc, the imprudent Lady de Braose declared in his hearing, that she would not surrender her children to a king who had murdered his own nephew. The words of the unfortunate mother were duly reported by the malicious messenger. The Lady de Braose re-

ted of her rashness when it was too late, and strive in vain to propitiate Queen Isabella by rich gifts. Among other offerings, she sent the Queen a present of a herd of four hundred cows and one beautiful bull. This peerless herd was as white as milk, all but the ears, which were red.

This strange present to Isabella did not avert the deadly wrath of King John; for he seized the unfortunate family at Meath in Ireland, whither they had fled for safety. The Lord of Bramber, his wife, and children, were conveyed to the old castle of Windsor, and enclosed in a strong room, where they were deliberately starved to death—father, mother, and five innocent little ones, who suffered in our England the fate of Count Ugolino and his family; an atrocity compared with which the dark stain of Arthur's murder fades to the hue of a venial crime.

Col. James M. Burray, has, as agent for the North American Trust & Banking Co., negotiated, at Paris, a further amount of \$25,000 dollars of Indiana State Stock at a very satisfactory rate (92 including exchange). Several of the first Bankers in Paris are directing their attention to American securities, and a confident opinion is entertained that their sale upon the Parisian Bourse will hereafter be constant.

The rupture with England and Sicily has widened.

The Russian army in Khiva was destroyed.

The Turco Egyptian question remains in statu quo.

The public announcement of the marriage between the Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Inverness was soon to be made.

The tide of emigration has commenced to flow to the western and eastern worlds. These are at present in the London and St. Katherine Docks no fewer than fourteen vessels bound for Sydney, and four for Hobart Town.

There is a civil war in Switzerland.

The locomotives on the Great Western Railway run at the rate of fifty six miles an hour.

The Marquis of Camden and the Duke of Buccleugh, two fine first class East Indiamen, have been lost near the Philippine Islands.

The Reform Club House took fire, and was nearly destroyed.

The Bristol Mail caught fire from sparks on the Great Western Railway, and destroyed baggage worth 5,000 dols.

Great activity exists in all the English dock yards.

Major General Sir James Campbell, Sir Richard Spencer and Dowager Lady Henniker are dead.

The Grippe is very prevalent in Paris, and fatal; so is the Influenza in England.

It is rumoured that Lord Abinger will retire, and Lord Brougham will succeed him.

Mr. Turton is to be Advocate General at Calcutta.

The veteran warrior, the Duke of Wellington, is now more adored by all than ever, and wherever he

goes he meets the hearty cheers of his countrymen.

The Marquis of Westminster has presented to Prince Albert a magnificent brilliant black charger.

Singular Event. Lieut. Col. Radeciff, who seconded the Count Leon, in his late duel with Prince Louis Napoleon, has, we regret to learn, since been afflicted with an alienation of intellect.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Hannay and Dietrichsen's almanack, for 1839 contains the following statement from which it will be seen, that there are only five grand children of George the Third in existence, although he had fifteen sons and daughters. George the Third and Queen Charlotte (says the Almanack) were the parents of fifteen children, nine sons and six daughters; in the following order of birth, viz:

	Birth.	Died
1 George Prince of Wales (George IV)	1762	1830
2 Frederick, Duke of York	1763	1827
3 William, Duke of Clarence (Wm. IV.)	1765	1837
4 Charlotte, Pr. Royal (Queen of Wirtemberg)	1766	1828
5 Edward, Duke of Kent	1767	1820
6 Augustus Sophia	1768	
7 Elizabeth, Princess of Hesse-Homburgh	1770	
8 Ernest, Duke of Cumberland	1771	
9 Augustus, Duke of Sussex	1773	
10 Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge	1774	
11 Mary, Duchess of Gloucester	1776	
12 Sophia	1777	
13 Octavius	1779	1783
14 Alfred	1780	1782
15 Amelia	1783	1810

From the above it will be seen, that the five eldest and three youngest offspring of George the Third are dead.—again of the survivors it may be remarked, that three are unmarried and two are widows without issue; leaving only the Duke of Cumberland with one child, and the Duke of Cambridge with three children. Thus, there are at this time, only five grand-children of George the Third living, viz:

Aged now 19, Queen Victoria
19, Prince George of Cumberland,
19, Prince George of Cambridge,
15, Princess Augusta Caroline of Cambridge,
4, Mary Alelaide of Cambridge.

The seven surviving children of George the Third, according to the seniority of birth are;

Aged now, 69, Princess Augusta Sophia.
68, Princess, Elizabeth (of Hesse-Homburgh.)
67, Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover.)
65, Duke of Sussex,
64, Duke of Cambridge,
61, Princess Mary (Duchess of Gloucester.)
60, Princess Sophia.

The large English War Steamer Locust, was to be launched at Woolwich Dock Yard some time this month, and the line of battle ship Trafalgar of 420 guns, early in July.

Letters from Greece represent the Russian influence to be as great as ever, and that country seems to be torn by contending factions.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 13.

We understand that His Excellency the Lieut. Governor has received Her Majesty's most Gracious permission to accept the increase of his official income, which the Legislature of New Brunswick has so liberally voted. And we further understand that Her Majesty has been very graciously pleased to accept the resignation of Mr. A. E. Botsford's seat in the executive Council.

The latest recounts from Toronto state that his excellency Sir George Arthur had been suffering several days from severe illness.

Oswego, June 25. Lett has just been tried for Arson in setting fire to the Great Britain. The Jury were out but a very few minutes, and found him guilty.—Judge Grady sentenced him in a very just and severe style. He goes to the State Prison for seven years, the limit of the law. The excitement about Canada has almost wholly subsided, and the general feeling against Lett is very strong.

The Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1840.

The prospects of the fishery are certainly of an encouraging nature; it is highly probable that in this Bay at least, there will be an average catch. We are sorry to say that the crops are not equally promising, scarcely a shower of rain having fallen for the last month: the garden is very much affected by the intense heat, and many of our best upland meadows appear sickly and scorched. The swarms of insects to which this unusual state of the atmosphere has given rise are truly astonishing; the fish-fly (*Staphylinus Villosus*), an intolerable pest, is at this moment literally scouring the street in crowds. What must have been the sufferings of Egypt at the time of her plagues! It would be no harm if Newfoundland, under existing circumstances, would look well to her ways and be wise.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—After a very heavy shower of rain which fell about a month since in the neighbourhood of Trinity, a curious substance resembling Sulphur in some of its properties, was gathered (as we are credibly informed) not only from the trees, but from the surface of the water on which it appeared in considerable quantities. Further understand that portions of it have been forwarded to the Chymists at St. John's for analysis, the result of which we now look for with intense interest: and we hope for the honor of the capital that we may not be disappointed.

The woods in one part of the country or another have been on fire ever since the beginning of May; the quantity of valuable timber, thus destroyed must be immense. In most instances we fear these conflagrations have originated from downright carelessness, if not from something worse. On Sunday morning last the woods near Musquitto were set on fire, and were it not for the exertions of the Fire Companies, and of the gentlemen of this town, who promptly repaired to the spot, an extensive destruction of property must have ensued.

THE WOLVES AGAIN!!!—It appears from a recent No. of the Public Ledger, that a couple of these "ferocious brutes" (seemingly young ones) have paid a visit (whether professionally or not we can't say) to the country residence of G. H. EMERSON, Esq., Barrister, St. John's; but finding after a brief examination of the premises that the law was

against them, they thought it advisable to withdraw; any thing therein contained to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding. It were well indeed if some old men would follow the example of these young wolves.

The following Terms of the Supreme and Circuit Courts have just been appointed:

Supreme Court, from Nov. 27 to Dec. 21.

Central Circuit Court, Oct. 21 to Nov. 18.

Northern Circuit Court, at Twillingate, Sept. 15 to Sept. 25.

At Bonavista, Sept. 30 to Oct. 10.

At Trinity, Oct. 13 to Oct. 23.

At Harbor Grace, Oct. 26 to Nov. 21.

In an American paper of the 8th inst. received by the *Tattler*, from Boston, it is stated that some serious disturbances had occurred at Jamaica. The following are some of the leading particulars:—*Gaz.*, July 21.

It seems that a number of Africans, who had been rescued from a captured slave, were placed with a planter as indentured apprentices—but were removed by some colored men, acting under the advice and assistance of Mr. Ward, a Baptist Clergyman, and some others. Constables were despatched to take them back, but were opposed by Mr. Ward and his friends who told the negroes not to go—that they were free men. A company of troops was then sent against them—a fight ensued, the troops were repulsed, and the commander and 19 of his men wounded. After this an overwhelming force was sent from Kingston; another engagement took place, and the Africans and their friends were overcome, about 100 of them being killed and wounded, and the leaders taken prisoners.—Many of the Baptist preachers had been arrested, and ordered to leave the Island.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR]

SIR,  
I observed some time ago in one of your numbers an Editorial picture of the Town of Harbor Grace, in which you certainly gave us a florid if not a flaming description of your commercial prosperity—your buildings, societies, institutions, companies, combinations and what not, all of which was undoubtedly very gratifying to such as feel any interest for the welfare and improvement of your ancient town. But Sir, will you allow me in the midst of all this pardonable vaunting to ask you one little simple question? Don't be alarmed Mr. Editor, I am going neither to test your learning nor your philosophy; my question is extremely simple as I have just intimated, and requires no "pomp of words" in its solution. It is this:—Have you or have you not among all your public and private edifices a MAGAZINE for the safe-keeping of GUNPOWDER? If you have, then it's all well, if not, where, Mr. Editor, do the Harbor Gracians deposit that dangerous article? I ask the Merchants, where? the Planters, where? the Fire Companies, where? "THE AUTHORITIES, WHERE? Is there no Act of the Colonial Legislature relating to such matters? If so, pray what are its provisions? Is it the duty of the Fire Companies to see and examine? Oh, no! Of the Magistrates? Oh, no! they must do nothing till the Powder is pointed out! till information is laid!! Indeed!! Then what is become of your "beautiful town" should a fire break forth

and disturb the slumbers of your official gentry?

The weather is very dry Mr. Editor and very windy; have a care lest your engines, as in 1832, be of small service to you; 25 kegs of Powder in one house, 15 in another, 10 in another &c. &c. would not only blow a lighted rafter a long way, but deter a stout heart from rendering much assistance!

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
CARBONARIUS.

Conception Bay,  
July, 1840.

[Although we feel bound to give insertion to the above letter, yet one cannot help remarking that the writer might have handled his subject in a manner less objectionable to the parties concerned.—E. D. STAR.]

MEMBER returned to serve in the present General Assembly of this Island—  
District of St. John's,

LAWRENCE O'BRIEN, of St. John's, Esq.; in the room of PATRICK MORRIS, Esq., now a Member of Her Majesty's Council.

JAMES CROWDY,  
Secretary.  
Secretary's Office.  
30th June, 1840.

HIS Excellency the GOVERNOR has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

The Right Reverend ABBEY, Lord Bishop of Newfoundland, to be a Member of the Board of Education for the District of St. John's.

**Died,**

At Carbonear, on Saturday evening last, after a short illness, in the 40th year of his age, deeply and deservedly lamented, THOMAS CHANCEY, Esq., J. P., for many years at the head of an extensive mercantile establishment in that town, which he conducted on principles alike honorable to himself and beneficial to the community. The deceased, at all times, maintained the character of a liberal undesigning man; he was free and inartificial in his deportment, and unaffectedly averse to ostentation and display: he was no grinder of the poor, but the reverse; and if he has failed to leave behind him those "heaps of treasure" which many others in the same given time and with similar opportunities have contrived to amass, the cause (to his honor be it spoken) is not to be attributed to his head, but to his heart. His funeral, which took place yesterday at 3 o'clock, was attended by a large concourse of all ranks and persuasions, who were anxious to pay their last token of respect to one whom while living they so highly esteemed.

The Rev. J. ENGLAND, W. M., preached a powerful Sermon on the occasion at the Wesleyan Chapel in the above named town, where the obsequies were performed.

**Ship News.**

Port of Harbor Grace.

ENTERED

July 15.—Caroline, Coombs, London, 200 empty casks, 1 bale & 1 truss merchandise 1 package hams, 10 bags biscuit, &c.

CLEARED

July 14.—Atalanta, Clark, 72 tons seal oil 6000 seal skins.

July 15.—British Queen, Mann, Liverpool, 23,148 gallons seal oil, 3,510 seal skins, 4 bls caplin.  
Ann, Tardrew, London, 69½ tons seal oil, 600 seal skins.  
Martha, Cooman, Quebec, ballast.

Port of St. John's.

ENTERED

July 2.—Vestal, Bridle, Cape Breton, coal  
4.—Monkwearmouth, Bourne, New-York, provisions.  
7.—Three Brothers, Chesson, Cape Breton, butter, oxen and sheep.

CLEARED

July 1.—Eliza, Murphy, Greenock, oil and seal skins.  
2.—Wilberforce, Goldsworthy, Quebec, ballast.  
3.—Eliots, Gascoign, Quebec, ballast.  
Cygnet, O Neil, Sydney, flour and her-ring.  
American Brig Norfolk, Matthews, Sydney, ballast.  
American Schooner Kentucky, Hutch, Sydney, ballast.

**On Sale.**

Ex-MARTHA from CADIZ,

300 TONS  
**SALT,**

By  
THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbor Grace,  
June 24, 1840.

BY THE

**Subscriber,**

ex-HOPE from BRISTOL,

Best Bristol Yellow Soap  
Men's & Women's Hose

Buckskins

Flannels

Serges

Very superior Blankets

A capital Assortment of

Earthenware

Iron Tined Tea Kettles

Ditto Saucepans

Tin Tea Pots

Tin Pans

Nails, Spades, Shovels

Knives and Forks

Penknives, &c. &c.

GEO. HIPPISELY.

Harbor Grace,  
May 27, 1840.

**For Portugal Cove**

The fine first-class Packet Boat

**NATIVE LASS,**

James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened. The following days of sailing have been determined on:—from CARBONEAR, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9 o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and built of the best materials, and with such improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and commanded by a man of character and experienced. The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and safety is already well established. She is constructed on the safest principle of being divided into separate compartments by water tight bulk-head, and which has given such security and confidence to the public. Her cabins are superior to any in the Island.

Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on board for the accommodation of passengers

FARES:—

First Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Second Ditto	5s. 6d.
Single Letters	0s. 6d.
Double Ditto	1s. 0d.

N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself responsible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to him.

Carbonear.

**G. P. Dillard,**

HAS JUST RECEIVED,

ex Ann from Bristol, Dash from Liverpool, Active from Dartmouth, and other Vessels,

AND OFFERS FOR SALE

AT HIS USUAL LOW PRICES,

The undermentioned Articles,

Ladies' Cloth Top'd BOOTS  
Children's Morocco ditto, and SHOES  
Men's, Women's, and Children's Strong and Fine SHOES  
Sole LEATHER, HEMP  
AWL BLADES, BRISTLES  
HOSIERY  
FLANNELS, SERGES  
Fashionable Printed MUSLINS  
MUSLIN DE LAINE  
Colored MERINOES  
COTTONS  
CALICOES  
SHIRTINGS  
FUSTIANS  
UMBRELLAS  
RIBBONS and HABERDASHERY of all kinds  
COMBS of every sort and description  
Sweeping, Scrubbing, White-wash and other BRUSHES  
CHOCOLATE  
COFFEE  
RAISINS, CURRANTS, SPICES  
SUGAR, Loaf and Moist  
TEAS  
SOAP and CANDLES  
SNUFF  
Negrohead TOBACCO  
An assortment of GENUINE DRUGS  
SPADES, SHOVELS  
Patent SYTHES  
GRASS HOOKS  
Iron Tined TEA KETTLES  
SAUCEPANS  
FOUNTAINS  
Silvered formed BREAD BASKETS  
TEA TRAYS  
Brass and Japaned CANDLESTICKS  
Brass Drawer and other KNOBS  
Italian IRONS  
BOX and HEATERS  
Cinder SHOVELS  
FIRE IRONS  
Brass COCKS  
Iron Rimed and Stock LOCKS  
COFFIN FURNITURE  
Fancy SNUFF BOXES  
STEEL PENS

AND A SPLENDID  
Assortment

OF

**Jewellery**

AND

BRITISH PLATE

ARTICLES,

Consisting of

Gold BROACHES, handsomely Set  
Gold FINGER RINGS  
Gold BREAD PINS  
Gold EAR RINGS  
Gold EAR DROPS  
Gold BRACELETS  
Gold WATCH KEYS and SEALS  
German Silver Four-pronged FORKS  
Ditto ditto Desert Ditto  
Ditto ditto Table and Tea SPOONS  
Ditto ditto WATCH GUARDS  
Ditto ditto PENCIL CASES  
Silver Patent Lever and other

WATCHES.

Harbor Grace,  
May 27, 1840.



PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency HENRY PRESCOTT, Esquire, Companion of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the

(L.S.)  
H. PRESCOTT,

Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies, &c.

WHEREAS on FRIDAY the 15th of this instant May, a most atrocious and diabolical outrage was committed by Four Men, at present unknown to the Person of

Mr. HERMAN LOTT,

of St. John's, who was then on his way from Carbonear to Harbor Grace in this Island. And whereas it is no less especially necessary to the ends of Justice than essential to the protection and safety of the lives of all Her Majesty's subjects, that the perpetrators of this daring outrage should be detected and brought to punishment; I do therefore call upon all Her Majesty's faithful subjects to aid and assist Her Majesty's officers in discovering and apprehending the Persons concerned in perpetrating the aforesaid crime; and for the speedy detection of whom I do hereby offer a Reward of

**£300 Stg.**

to any Person or Persons (except the Person or Persons who actually committed the said outrage,) who shall give such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the Offenders.—And I do also promise a FREE PARDON to the Person or Persons who (being an accomplice or accomplices, but not the actual perpetrators of the said crime) shall give such information as aforesaid.

Given under my hand and seal at the Government House at St. John's in the aforesaid Island, the 18th day of May, in the Third year of Her Majesty's Reign, and in the Year of Our Lord, 1840.

By His Excellency's Command,  
JAMES CROWDY, Sec'y.

**New Goods.**

JUST RECEIVED,

EX-ANN, FROM BRISTOL

An Extensive Assortment of

MANUFACTURED

DRY GOODS,

50 Tons SALT  
10 Tons Best COALS.

And, ex-VETO, from New York,

160 Barrels Flour  
45 Barrels American New Pork  
5 Barrels Prime New Beef  
Spirits Turpentine  
Bright Varnish, Tar, &c.

Offering at Low Rates for Cash

BY  
THORNE, HOOPER & Co.  
Harbor Grace,  
April 29, 1840.

**On Sale.**

FOR SALE

BY

**Hidley, Harrison & Co.**

25 Puns. High Proof

**RUM,**

Of fine flavor,

JUST IMPORTED

By the Atalanta from  
Liverpool.

Harbor Grace,  
June 10, 1840.

POETRY

THE COMMON LOT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Once in the flight of ages past  
There lived a man:—and who was he?  
—Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:  
His name is perished from the earth,  
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!  
—Oh! when hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs were o'er;  
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends,—his friends are now no  
more;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the  
grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;  
O she was fair, but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and  
main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory  
threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this,—there lived a man!

ATTESTING A RECRUIT.

On Monday, a *bouchel*, fresh from the spade, was brought before the sitting Magistrate at the Police Office, Cork, to be attested to serve in the East India Company's Service, when the following colloquy ensued between him and the Magistrate:

*Bench.* Are you willing to serve in Her Majesty's East India Company's Service?

*Recruit.* I am, Sir.

*Bench.* Now you are going to swear, and repeat what I say to you?

*Recruit.* Repeat what you say, sir.

*Bench.* Repeat after me.

*Recruit.* Repeat after me, sir.

*Bench.* Ah, you stupid fellow.

*Recruit.* Ah, you stupid fellow, sir (laughter).

*Bench.* Be silent and listen to me.

*Recruit.* Be silent and listen to me, sir.

*Bench.* Mind your oath.

*Recruit.* Mind your oath, sir.

*Bench.* Oh dear, oh dear, will you listen to me.

*Recruit.* Oh dear, oh dear, will you listen to me, sir (loud laughter).

*Bench.* Did you ever see such a fellow.

*Recruit.* Did you ever see such a fellow, sir (moderate laughter).

*Bench.* Listen to me and be quiet.

*Recruit.* Listen to me, and be quiet, sir.

*Bench.* Take him out of that, I have no patience with him.

*Recruit.* Take him out of that, I have no patience with him, sir (roars of laughter).

The recruit was here removed by a policeman, who, after drilling him for some time, reproduced him to his worship, and having properly gone through the formalities he was eventually sworn in. *Cork Constitution.*

NOVEL MODE OF APPLYING LEECHES.

During the mania for Leeches which prevailed some years ago in France, a country Doctor in Brittany had ordered some to be applied to one of his patients suffering from a sore throat. On calling to see the effect of his remedy, the first person he met, on entering the house, was the peasant's wife. 'Well, my good woman,' said the Doctor, 'how is your husband to-day? better, no doubt?' 'Oh, yes, surely!' answered the woman 'he is as well as ever, and gone to the field.' 'I thought so,' continued Monsieur le Docteur, 'the leeches have cured him! Wonderful effect they have! you got the leeches of course?' 'Oh yes, Monsieur le Docteur, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all.' 'Take them all!' cried our friend, 'why, how did you apply them?' 'Oh, I managed nicely,' said the wife, looking quite contented with herself; 'for variety's sake, I boiled one half and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough,' continued she, seeing some horror in the Doctor's countenance; 'for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well.'—'Umph!' said the Doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, 'if they have cured him that is sufficient; but they would have been better applied externally.' The woman replied she would do so next time; and, no doubt, if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

A street whistler begged a passer-by for charity, in a heavy shower of rain. Why, hang it, my good fellow, said the latter, can't you be content. Haven't you had enough already to wet your whistle with?

A gentleman bachelor, getting tired of making propositions to the ladies, observes almost in despair: "My age has given the girls a spite at me, I think. I've been turned off nine times by the jadies, five young girls; three widows, and one old maid, until I begin to think 'tis time to take a hint."

*Speaking Grammar.* 'Well, Miss,' said a knight of the birchen rod, 'can you decline a kiss?'—'Yes, sir,' said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, 'I can, but I hate to, most plaguily.'

Perhaps they had better do it now. In old times, when editors were short of matter for their papers, they used to fill them up with a chapter or two from the Bible.

*Futurity* is a curtain of mercy. Happy it is that we cannot lift it, and that those who see best can but draw up a corner of the veil, to glean a few of the nearest and most simple truths.

*The Shortest Way to Murder Character.* 'Protest great friendship for the man—tell how much you love him; proclaim how many excellent traits he possesses; and then with a very sanctified look, and most impressive sigh express your fear, yes, your fear, that all is not as it should be! Whisper suspicion, and let conjecture with giant strength work out the ruin!' He who understands human nature in its deeper working of damnable cruelty, and selfish artifice, says a certain shrewd writer, will mark the man who stabs another under the cloak of pretended affection. The pretence has a lie, adds he on the face of it. True affection would never, never, whisper a suspicion, save into the ear of the one he beloved, and whom that suspicious concerned. Never trust that man who comes to you whining over his regard for another, while his tongue is a drawn sword to wound and kill: meet him promptly with a charge of his hypocrisy, and he will shrink with meanness before you.

*A Difference.* The difference between a clever man and a fool is, that the one does foolish things, and the other says them.

*Hallo there!* Young man! we mean that one clad in broadcloth and ruffles, who has just emerged from the bar room, having swallowed his dram of brandy and water, and who now appears with a Spanish segar in his mouth, and is mounted on a swift trotting horse—hallo there, young man! you are on the high road to ruin, and will soon trot into disgrace. Rein back, dismount, lay off your broadcloth, cast away your segar, adjure the cup, procure some mechanical or agricultural tools, and go hard to work like an honest and useful man. In this way you may regain a waning reputation, and place yourself in easy and respectable circumstances in due time.

*An apt Scholar.* 'What studies do you intend to pursue?' said an erudite pedagogue one day, when a Johnny Raw entered his school-room. 'Why, I shall study reading, I s'pose, wouldn't ye?' 'Yes, but you will not want to read all the time. Are you acquainted with figures?' 'It's a pity if I am't when I've ciphered clean thro' adoption.' 'Adoption? what rule is that?' said the master. 'Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four, and, according to adoption, twice four is two.' 'You may take your seat, sir,' said the master. 'And you may take your'n too,' said the pupil, 'for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.'

NOTICES

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

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

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

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

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1839

NORA CREINA  
Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

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

TERMS.  
Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.  
Single Letters.  
Double do.  
And Packages in proportion  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1838.

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 PACKETS BOAT: having two cabins, (part of the after-cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will the trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them 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 7s. 6d  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single 6d  
Double, Do. 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size & weight.  
The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kilty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear,  
June 4, 1838.

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

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded off East by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at the Office of this Paper.