

THE CARBONEAR STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1833.

No. 28.

TO LET.

For a Term of Years as may be agreed on.

A desirable WATER-SIDE PREMISES, measuring about 63 feet East and West, situated in the central part of this Harbour, and well adapted for Building on.—For particulars, apply to

JONATHAN TAYLOR,
Or
SAMUEL C. RUMSON.

Carbonear, June 5, 1833.

NOTICES.

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 continuation 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.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

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.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the Newfoundland Office.
Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE TO AND FROM HARBOUR-GRACE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and PORTUGAL COVE the succeeding Days at Noon, Sundays excepted, wind and weather permitting.

FARES,

Cabin Passengers 10s.
Steerage Ditto 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Ditto 1s.
Parcels (not containing Letters) in proportion to their weight.

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers, will be regularly transmitted.

A. DRYSDALE,
Agent, Harbour-Grace.

PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

LORD GODERICH.

We copy the Age's Biographical sketch of, and valedictory address to his Lordship. The people of these Colonies must naturally feel an interest in any thing which concerns the Ex-Secretary.

Now that our old friend, Goose Goderich, as George IV., used to call him, is fairly anchored in that haven of rest, the Privy, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to glance a little over his Ministerial history for eight or ten years. We find him then Fred. Robinson at the Board of Trade—clever man—man of business—man of eloquence. "There's much in Fred. Robinson," said the Red Tape man of the Home to the Green Ferrit man of the Foreign.—And the Green Ferrit man of the Foreign responded to the Red Tape man of the Home, "Very much indeed."

Accordingly,—
When old Vanny thought fit from the 'Chequer to start, And plant 'mid the Peers his antique sitting part,

Fred. was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in his place. How well he managed in that office, is it not written in the History of the Panic? There was he, Prosperity, wasting the mercantile wealth of a century in the course of six months, and flourishing about the magnificent prospects of the country, when we were, as Huskisson said, within forty-eight hours, of barter. The crash came in 1826; it began at the end of 1825; and what did Fred. do? Why, he, after one Session of "badgering," ran for it! He resigned to Canning, and left that Right Honourable manufacturer of figures of rhetoric to puzzle through the figures of the Budget as well as he could. And, to do Canning justice, he confessed that he did not understand a word on the subject; but he made a speech which satisfied the illustrious assembly before whom it was delivered—which was all that Canning ever thought of. Fred. wheeled to the Lords; and, because he had done nothing but evil, and made us nothing but poor, the punsters of the day, Hook, Hood, Rogers, &c. congratulated him on his choosing to call himself *Good-rich* on the principle of *lucus a non succedo*.

In the general dispersion of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, he clung, as became him, to Canning, and for a short time held the office of Colonial Secretary where he had not much time to do harm; for, on Canning's death, greater fame awaited him. *He was made Prime Minister.*

And oh! what a Premier!

And oh! what a Premier!

And oh! what a Premier was Goody the Goose!

It was more like a farce; a humbug on the stage; a thing for Jack Reeve or Jack Liston to perform in—that Goderich Administration, than like any thing ever seriously brought before the eyes of an every day world. Poor Lord Dudley—just as mad then as he was at the day of his death, Foreign Secretary—Goderich, Prime Minister—Herries and Huskisson fighting and scheming against one another—a rogue or two, not worth naming, possessed of ability—and the rest a congregation of asses, not to be matched out of the idiot ward of Bedlam. With these troops provided, he was to meet Parliament. And what did Goody do then? Why, as before, when difficulty was to be met—*resigned*.

The Duke of Wellington kept him out of office for awhile, but on the overthrow of the Duke's cabinet, Goody, who had all his life long swore by the Tories, joined the administration of Lord Grey, truckled to Brougham, and kissed the yellow hoofs of Durham. In this ministry he sunk back again to be Colonial Secretary. Nothing was ever so disgusting in the history of public men as this flagrant conduct of Goderich—it was a perfect disgrace to the whole craft of statesmanship. He who had sat with Lord Liverpool now sitting with Lord Grey—he who had been at the head of a quasi Tory administration now taking an underling office under an ultra Whig—he who had been the friend and nursing of Canning, "who would vote against the disfranchisement of Old

Surum," plotting to bring in a bill of Jacobinical Reform in company with the very men whose machinations in favour of Reform in any shape, he had spent the best years of his life in opposing.—Faugh!—it was gross. What a dispicable figure he will cut in the history of parties!

The riot of Reform kept him from being called upon to do much, or at least to come forward as doing much in his office (he was doing a great deal of mischief unobserved), but now that Reform prevails, and the happy nation has time to look at the flagrant symptoms of an empire ready to break up on all sides, Goody was called to meet the Colonial difficulties which he had so great a hand in creating.—And how does he answer the call? Why just as usual. *He retires*. As he fled from the Exchequer, when the panic rendered it necessary that a man of abilities, or at least nerve, should occupy the place—as he fled from the Premiership, when Parliament was to be faced, so now he again flies at the first symptom of any thing requiring industry or ability; and leaves Stanley to tinker the colonies as he can.

As there are now no duties attached to the Privy Seal except stamping it every now and then on a piece of wax, Goody will, we suppose, be found quite adequate to this office; but as he is now proved to be utterly useless in finance, in general management, in the Colonial department—in every thing where he has been tried—we suppose he will soon be kicked out. Sure we are the parental feelings of the venerable family-man at the head of the Government will not permit him to continue long blind to the numerous virtues, agreeable manners, deep information, polite deportment, and gentlemanly air of the illustrious firstling of his flock. Howick is the man for Privy Seal—he has quite enough of understanding to qualify him for the office; and why should the thing be let out of the family.

If Goderich is turned out, as we hope and trust he will be, we do not see what office he can now fill—having been found wanting in almost all. But to office he will cling if he can. Sooner than depart from the atmosphere of Whitehall, and withdraw his hand from the public purse, he would take the place of Treasury Messenger. It is a pleasant thing to see how admirably fitted by intuition all these statesmen are for every office, high or low. The moment a place is vacant, a man of this clique can hop from the Exchequer to the Colonies—from the Board of Control to the Admiralty—equally excellent in all—and when we are sure that Goderich would be as amply suited for the post of Porier as of Premier.

CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SLAVER.—The tender had only two guns mounted, eighteen-pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and, taking place during the night, in calm weather, when each vessel was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gain on him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the uttermost; the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and, I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle. * * * When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself was truly heart-rending.—The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen) were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor hapless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed,

ed, and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole engagement,—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture, thirty of them had paid the debt of nature.—One hundred and seven were placed in a wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendance of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize for adjudication in the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new; until they tasted all its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh-water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was for the moment one of pleasure, but soon changed into one of grief.—*Leonard's Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa.*

Liberty is the school of understanding.—This is not enough adverted to. Every boy learns more in his hours of play than in his hours of labour. In school he lays in the materials of thinking; but in his sports he actually thinks; he whets his faculties, and he opens his eyes. The child, from the moment of his birth, is an experimental philosopher; he essays his organs and his limbs, and learns the use of his muscles. Every one who will attentively observe him, will find that this is his perpetual employment. But the whole process depends upon liberty. Put him into a mill, and his understanding will improve no more than that of the horse which turns it. I know that it is said that the lower orders of the people have nothing to do with the cultivation of the understanding; though for my part I cannot see how they would be the worse for that growth of practical intellect which should enable them to plan and provide, each one

for himself, the increase of his conveniences and competence. But be it as it is! I know that the earth is the great bridegroom of the universe, where spirits descended from heaven are committed to drudgery and hard labour.—*Goodwin's Fleetwood.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD.—The States of New York and Vermont have lately been deluged simultaneously by a destructive freshet—the loss of property has been immense.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF AMERICA.—From statistical accounts published in 1829, we learn that the congregations in the United States amounted to about 15,000, of which there were—presbyterians, 2,253; congregationalists, (in union with the foregoing) 960; methodists, about 2,500; episcopalians, 598; quakers, 1,000; Lutheran and reformed, 1,350; baptists, (mostly Calvinists) 3,723; Roman Catholics 1,000; other denominations, 1,240; total, 14,624. Recent information makes the number considerably more, of almost every denomination. The *New York Baptist Repository* states, that there are, at least, 308 associations, 6,129 churches, 4,080 ministers, and 408,846 actual members of the baptists, in the United States! From these tables we learn the astonishing increase of the professors of religion in America; a subject worthy of our most serious consideration in Great Britain. It is ascertained, that during the last thirteen years, in the state of New York alone, the congregations have been more than doubled: in 1819, they being 716; but in 1832, they were 1470!—*Christian's Penny Magazine.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.—The state of Greece, at present, is melancholy and wretched beyond the power of fancy to exaggerate. With the single exception of Napoli di Romania, the actual seat of government, every town and village on the main land—I do not speak hyperbolically—is in ruins; Athens, Corinth, Tripolizza, are almost utterly swept away. In many cities the people supply the place of their ruined habitations with temporary hovels of straw or mud, refusing to build more substantial dwellings till they have some security that their labour will not be thrown away. Others live in tents of the rudest construction, while many have no better shelter than the walnut or fig-tree. Few, if any, of the chiefs are able to support their followers; and, since the death of Capodistrias, the soldiers have had no pay, because the government has had no revenue. Pillage, therefore, is their only resource; they wrest from the miserably peasants the little they possess. The cultivation of the ground has, in consequence, ceased; and all are now reduced to the most meagre and scanty subsistence. A little bread—when they are fortunate enough to procure it—an onion, a few olives, and, occasionally, even the softer parts of the thistle, form the daily nourishment of this impoverished and exhausted people. Add to this, that the country is at the mercy of a needy and ferocious soldiery, who exercise on the unresisting peasantry, every species of outrage, license, and rapacity,—and the picture is painfully complete. I speak of nothing I have not seen. There is no temptation to exaggerate.—and the condition of Greece needs no exaggeration.

Hamburg papers, of a late date, speak of some disturbances having broken out in Podolia concurrently with those of Frankfort, and, as they contend, necessarily connected with them. Great pains appear to be taken to give importance to these outbreaks, apparently desultory and unconnected, and to prove them to be the working of a general plan of insurrection throughout the north of Germany and Poland. The Russian government affects much alarm at these demonstrations, and has made them the pretext for crowding the provinces with fresh bodies of troops, and vexing the unfortunate Poles by new and more rigorous restrictions. All was quiet at Frankfort, but the place was occupied by Austrian and Prussian troops, and under a sort of martial law. The magistrates had published a proclamation, justifying these measures, but the Diet was understood to be hatching new restraints on German liberty.

A MEDAL OF ST. PATRICK.—A small brass medal has recently been found in a field, when being ploughed up, near Glastonbury. The obverse represents a venerable half-length figure of St. Patrick, attired in a cope with a rich mitre on his head. His right hand is raised in the act of blessing—his left supports the archiepiscopal cross. The inscription is "St. Patr. Vet. Scotiae. Sev. Hiber. Ap." The reverse presents the half-length figure of an Abbot, holding a lily in her right hand, and the cross turned from her, resting on her left shoulder, with this inscription, S. Brig. V. Hiber. SS. Insvlae, Pat." St. Bridget, or Bride, died about the middle of the 6th century.

TURKEY. On the whole, it appears evident that the Ottoman empire is fast approaching the term of its existence; and the tardy and feeble efforts which have, of late, been made, are utterly inadequate to renovate a state of such advanced decrepitude.

The signs of the times are fearfully portentous, and the Sultan seems to read their meaning. His splendid new palace is built on the Asiatic shore, and, by a curious coincidence, the spot on which it is erected, is called "the Valley of the Cross." The empire is fast falling to pieces in every direction. Greece, one of its fairest portions, is already swept away—Bosnia gets up an almost annual rebellion, which, every year, becomes more difficult to quell—Albania has long been watching an opportunity to assure its independence—and now the Pacha of Egypt has openly thrown off his allegiance, and Syria is already in his hands. It cannot be for a moment doubted that his final success will be the signal for the total dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions; an event which it will be impossible to regret. A wiser and more auspicious government will, it may be hoped, succeed. The vast extent of favoured and fertile territory, which has so long been withered up under the blight of despotism, when relieved from the nightmare of oppression, will rapidly develop its rich and manifold resources: population will spring up in the race of increase with an elasticity unknown for ages; the wealth and happiness of Europe and the Levant will be augmented by a vast and varied commerce, of which no human eye can see the extent or termination; and smiling provinces, and a happy people, will succeed to that "barbarous anarchic despotism," (to quote the language of a master spirit) "beneath which the finest countries in the most genial climates in the world, are wasted by peace, more than any others have been wasted by war—where arts are unknown—where manufactures languish—where science is extinguished—where agriculture decays—where the human race itself seems to melt away, and perish under the eye of the observer."

PARIS POLICE.—According to the reports of the police of Paris for 1832, there were arrested during the year 77,543 individuals, of whom 26,653 were women; 25,702 drunkards were placed in confinement, 10,291 of them being women. The magistrates inflicted punishment upon 23,428 women, and committed 3,656 persons to take their trials before the tribunals. In 1832 there were 4,719 persons arrested more than during the preceding year.

HOUSE AND WINDOW TAX.

A strange Scene.

A public meeting was lately held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, London, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for a total repeal of the House and Window Taxes. There was a very large assemblage of persons by the time appointed for taking the chair.

It was expected that Sir F. Burdett would have presided, and that Sir J. C. Hobhouse would also have attended. However, shortly after twelve o'clock, neither of those hon. baronets having arrived, the chair was taken by Mr. Alderman Wood.

The CHAIRMAN opened the business of the meeting by stating he had no doubt, in a few minutes, their much respected representatives would be present. (Loud uproar and cries of "They are turncoats!" "They are traitors!" "We don't want them!") He implored them, if they had met for business, not to let any such feelings interfere with so important a question. (Hear, hear.) He would say that the minister had the power of giving relief without adding to the public burthens. (Loud and continued cheering.) Some of the taxes taken off he considered very proper to remove—the soap tax was one of them, but it ought to be entirely taken off. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. D. W. HARVEY, M.P., on rising to propose the first resolution, said, as a member of the House of Commons he might, by the fastidious be condemned for speaking at a meeting upon a petition which he should have to give his judgment upon; but this he disregarded. (At this moment Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., entered the room, and was received with music and the loudest applause.) The reception of the hon. member by the meeting, was, he (Mr. Harvey) would say, in perfect accordance with his feelings, and he could not but be gratified at the interruption. (Cheers.) He had to propose the first resolution at a meeting which, he must say, was most appropriately called; for if it had been called earlier, it would have been denominated a mark of impatience on the part of the people, to ask for a repeal of the obnoxious window-tax, or any other tax, until the Chancellor of the Exchequer had opened his budget, and shown, at the head of a reformed parliament, the blessings he had in store for the people of England. (Loud shouts of laughter.) It was now, he said, for the people of England to say aye or no—were they satisfied or no with the budget. (No, no, no.) The whole of the expenditure embraced in the two millions must undergo the severest scrutiny. (Cheers, during which Sir F. Burdett entered the room, and proceeded towards the hustings.) He was received with such a shout of hisses, groans, and cheers, together with a loud flourish of trumpets, that defies all description. The hon. baronet then took

the chair, which Mr. Alderman Wood vacated; immediately after which the groans and hisses were, if possible, louder, and various were the cries of "Ah, Old Glory!" "Turn him out of the chair!" "Alderman Wood, chairman!" &c. and much confusion. At length silence was obtained, and Mr. Harvey proceeded.

Mr. W. WILLIAMS seconded the resolution.

Sir F. BURDETT rose to put the resolution to the meeting, but was received with such a shout of disapprobation, mingled with a portion of applause, that it was impossible to hear his observations.

At this moment Mr. Hume entered the room, and was received with the most hearty applause, and cries of "Hume to the chair!"

Mr. O'CONNELL was received with shouts of applause. He said he came to the meeting well influenced by a single sentiment, and that was the pledge he had given, that whatever might be the wretched state of his own country, he should be always ready to use his efforts to lessen the burthens—to ameliorate the condition of Englishmen. (Cheers.) For he did not blame the people of England for the miseries inflicted upon his own unhappy country. (Cheers.) He would offer his honest advice to them—he would urge them not to confide in his Majesty's ministers. (Cheers.) He would advise them, instead of confiding in them, to mistrust them. (Hear, hear.) He asked them, do you want relief? (Cries of, "We will have it." "You will have it," said he, "aye you shall have it." (Loud cheers.) He would advise them to place no confidence in the present ministry. Could they place confidence in the reformed parliament? (Cries of "No, no.") What good had the reformed parliament done? (None, none.) He would tell them at Westminster to-night of the glorious meeting that took place there to-day—of the thousand that came together and said there was no re-action; that would be an answer to those who said the people were satisfied with reform.

Mr. HUME next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. Savage, Mr. Robinson, M.P., and Sir S. Whalley.

Sir F. BURDETT then entered into an explanation respecting some expressions attributed to him in the *Times*. He felt himself bound to attend a meeting which was convened by so large a portion of his constituents, but it was necessary that he should request that they should not be led away by their passions. ("Off, off," and hisses.) He asked not for applause or approbation. (Here the noise and uproar became so great that but very few sentences of the hon. baronet's speech were afterwards heard. The itinerant orator, Dr. Wade, jumped on the table, at one end of the platform, and bawled out, "I move that Mr. Murphy takes the chair." This proposition was met with volleys of hisses, and cries of "No!" The scene which took place upon this is impossible to be described.) The hon. baronet, we understood, amid this confusion, complained that his name had been advertised as chairman without his sanction, and he had never been consulted on the resolutions. (Here Dr. Wade addressed the meeting amid general uproar and much confusion. After making a few further observations, which were wholly inaudible, the hon. baronet left the chair amidst loud expressions of applause and disapprobation. The room presented, at that period, a scene of universal confusion.)

After Sir F. Burdett had retired, a show of hands was called for a chairman, and Sir John Key was declared to be voted in, and the business proceeded.

From the *London Times* of May 22.

GERMAN PAPERS.

VIENNA, May 10.

An English courier from London has arrived here, who is said to be the bearer of communications relative to the affairs of the East. The English government, it is said, will not indeed interfere directly in the matter, but will use its influence that the independence of the Porte may not be endangered. For the present, however, this danger seems to be past, and the Sultan to be certain of weathering the storm, for all the powers have manifested the greatest desire for his preservation, and even the French government is said to be resolved to declare itself more decidedly in favour of the Sultan. We hear that some French men-of-war have lately arrived at Smyrna, and are placed under the command of Admiral Hugon, to awe Ibrahim Pacha, and, in case of need, compel him to give way. These ships seem to have come from the Archipelago. The Porte is reported to have drawn up a memorial, in which it endeavours to show the impossibility of giving up Adana, representing this as the most unreasonable demand of Ibrahim. This memorial has been communicated to all the Foreign Ministers at Constantinople. The memorial also enumerates the reasons which induced the Sultan to accept the assistance generously offered by Russia. Mehemet is reported to have

made a declaration on his part, the very temperate language of which would almost induce us to believe that he will not prosecute his victories, but be satisfied with the concessions made by the Porte. Does he not, at the same time, make immense military preparations? It is affirmed that he is, at this moment forming a fresh corps of 20,000 regular troops to send to his son. Besides this, a great quantity of artillery and military stores of all descriptions, have been embarked at Alexandria, which seems to indicate that he has extensive projects. But a country like Egypt cannot long persevere in such efforts; in fact, much discontent is said to exist, which a long duration of the war must increase. A speedy restoration of peace would therefore be, perhaps, as desirable for the Pacha as for the Sultan.

The letters from Holland still affirm that the Cabinet of the Hague is well disposed to settle the differences with Belgium; but the last notes exchanged between Messrs. Dedel, Talleyrand, and Palmerston, appear to be contrary to this assertion.

Count Munch Bellinghausen, President of the Diet, sets out for Frankfort the day after to-morrow. On his arrival there the affairs of Germany will probably be taken into serious consideration.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that we have to announce that a preliminary treaty was signed yesterday by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Holland. By this convention the English and French embargoes will be taken off Dutch vessels in the ports of England and France, and the interruption of their navigation, on the part of the Dutch Government, will be removed. The services of the English and French united squadrons will thus likewise be dispensed with, and the intercourse between the respective parties and Holland placed on the same footing as before the French expedition in November last. The Dutch garrison of Antwerp, now prisoners in France, will, by the same arrangement, be sent home. The armistice between Holland and Belgium will be continued till the definitive settlement of a permanent separation, and till that time the navigation of the Scheldt will remain free. This convention has been agreed upon with the Dutch Plenipotentiary, and was sent off to Holland for ratification yesterday.

The Jury which sat on the Inquest held to investigate the circumstances connected with the death of CULLEY, the policeman, who was killed in a late affray with the people, have brought in a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide."

The discussion which took place on Saturday last, in the French Chamber of Deputies, relative to the French guarantee of the Greek loan, was extremely interesting. The Duke de Broglie, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, defended the measure in a speech which lasted two hours, and which is said to have produced a striking effect on his audience. Never, in any of his former addresses, did he display a more enlightened intelligence, or a more elevated cast of feeling, expressed in a more forcible or eloquent language.

The proposed loan to the kingdom of Greece, it is well known, amounts to 60,000,000 francs (or 2,400,000 sterling), of which France guarantees one third, England another, and Russia the remainder. The violent members of the Opposition, who, under the Bourbons, urged the support of the Greek cause with most zeal, have expressed a hostility to this arrangement, and call upon the French Government not to fulfil its diplomatic engagements on the subject. Their grounds of objection are various, but happily most of them seemed to admit of a satisfactory answer from the noble minister. They objected to the establishment of a monarchical form of government in Greece. He showed that the chief authors of the Greek revolution thought any other kind of government in that country a chimera, and that the martyrs of freedom had seen their salvation from anarchy only under the shade of a Christian throne. They objected to the Bavarian prince Otho, as the nominee of Russia. The minister replied, that France had first suggested the propriety of this selection, and had, with much difficulty, overcome the repugnance of the Russian Court. His triumph over other objections, equally ill-chosen, was equally striking.

The 18th report of the committee on public petitions has been printed. From it we learn that in favour of the vote by ballot there have been presented this session, 33 petitions, with 18,876 signatures; for putting an end to the profanation of the Sabbath, 931 petitions, with 235,754 signatures; against the church temporalities (Ireland) bill, 82 petitions, having 4,983 signatures—these are principally from clergymen; from Dissenters, praying further relief, 82 petitions, 15,550 signatures; for the Jewish relief bill, 43 petitions, with 43,227 signatures; against colonial slavery, 2,398 petitions, with 527,547 signatures; against the house and window tax, 90 petitions, with 57,155 signatures; for the repeal of the malt duty, 41 petitions, with 24,235 signatures; for the repeal or alteration of the beer act, 129 peti-

tions, with 13,991 signatures; against the present system of corporations, 104 petitions, having 62,369 signatures. The committee call the attention of the house to the petition of the inhabitants of Pilham, Lincoln, (against slavery), which appears to have been written, signatures included, by one person only, though it has the names of 45 persons subscribed thereto.

THE CALIPSO PACKET.—It is asserted, in Halifax, that the pilot who took out the Calypso from that place, advised Mr. Peyton to lay-to at night, as there were many ice-bergs a-head of him, but that he ridiculed the notion, and declared his intention to make all the sail he could. Two or three days after he sailed, guns were distinctly heard, and a fisherman who was out, stated that he had seen an English bark in distress, surrounded by ice, and firing guns for assistance; but the sea ran so high he could not get near her—she looked like a packet.

Owing to the ill-health of his family, which prevents his paying that attention to his parliamentary duties, which his constituents have a right to expect, Mr. D. Ricardo has come to the resolution of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, and thus vacating his seat for the borough of Stroud.

CAPTAIN PADDOCK.

The following particulars are given in the New Bedford Gazette, relative to the melancholy tragedy at Valparaiso, in which Captain Paddock was so unfortunately engaged.

It appears the Catherine had become so leaky that they were obliged to bear up for port, and reached Valparaiso on the 17th of December. On the 27th the captain considered himself unwell, he sent for a doctor and told him he had been poisoned by the consul, whom, it appears, he had not seen, as he was absent at Santiago. The doctor saw he was deranged and desired the mate to keep a strict watch over him.

The next morning, the mate sent ashore to the consul's counting-house, and informed the head clerk of the circumstances. Mr. Carnes, the clerk, went on board and invited the captain to remove on shore to his house until he became better. They took such articles as might be wanted and went to the house; after putting all things to rights they walked to the counting-house together. Mr. C. stopped to speak to some one in the street and the captain went into the counting-house, where he almost immediately drew a knife and planted it in the heart of the Spanish clerk, who sprang to the street door and fell dead without speaking. He then made up for a lad named Pedrick, who was at another desk, but he escaped by the back door. Capt. P. then sprang to the street door where he met Mr. Carnes, whom he stabbed near the heart; he then ran for the place where his boat lay, and on his way fell in with Mr. Wheelwright, who was engaged in conversation with another person, and gave him a stab in the breast bone, and three other severe cuts. A Mr. Bulge then attracted his attention, but he fortunately escaped by stepping into the house, and shutting the door, into which Capt. P. struck his knife.

The noise was heard in a watchmaker's shop opposite, and Dr. J. Le Rane, one of the most respectable citizens of Chili, went to the door to ascertain the cause. As soon as he came in sight, Capt. P. deliberately put his arm around his waist, and plunged the knife into the heart of the old man, who fell dead without a struggle. The man of the store, still ignorant of what was going on, went towards the door, where he was met by Paddock, but by turning and making into the back store, escaped with three severe cuts. By this time the labourers had gathered, and commenced pelting him with stones one of which brought him to the ground. In the act of securing him, and taking away the knife, one labourer was wounded so badly he died next day, and four more were badly cut. In his pocket were found two sharp knives, which with the bloody one, were fixed with springs to prevent their shutting, and their points were ground sharp on both sides. Le Rane was a great friend to the Americans in Chili, and has left a family of twelve children.

CARBONEAR STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1833.

We beg to refer our readers to a report, in another column, of a meeting, at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, London, for an instance of the instability of popularity gained by flattery and truckling. Sir F. Burdett was once the idol of the Westminster mob—the man of the people—a prisoner for acting as their champion. Behold, now, the same Sir F. Burdett, hooted, scoffed, jeered at, and that too by the very men, who ere now idolized him as though he were another Hampden; how comes it then so great a change has passed over the minds of his former supporters? It is because he has been convicted of political duplicity. Let others take warning by

this example. Let our representatives reflect upon it; for, should either of them, to advance his own interest, at the expence of that of his constituents, act with duplicity, he will, we are convinced, meet with like treatment when he is again necessitated to meet them. Conduct of no very honorable description has been pursued, we are led to believe, by one of the members of this district; we have our eye on him, and shall not forget to notice any deviation from rectitude when occasion requires.

We have received London Papers to the 22d May. It appears that a great hue and cry has lately been raised concerning the conduct of the Whig ministry, and it is very freely prophesied that it must soon bite the dust. Occurrences in the House of Commons, however, do not appear to warrant such a conclusion; and, indeed, we think, unless the ultra-radicals—men who are reckless of consequences—do, we know not who will undertake the charge of a government which is expected to bow to the whims and fancies of a Birmingham Union. It is not yet, we presume, come to this. On Tuesday, May 21, Sir S. Whalley introduced a motion for the repeal of the assessed taxes, which was lost, by a majority in favour of ministers of 149, in a house of 397.

On Sunday evening last, Harbour Grace was again nearly destroyed by fire, happily it was extinguished after consuming three old houses, situated in the rear of Keefe's hotel.

We understand that, on Saturday night last, a great number of houses were consumed in St. John's, and that some lives were lost. We have heard various accounts concerning the damaged sustained, but as nothing authentic has yet reached us, we refrain from publishing statements that may be incorrect.

Mr. Stuart, late Attorney-General of Lower Canada, is (we understand) appointed Chief Judge of this Island.

Our Colonial Legislature resumed its sittings on Monday last.

DEPARTURE.—In the Brig John and Isaac, from Bay Roberts, for Poole, Mr. W. W. Bemister, Merchant, of this place.

MARRIED:

At Halifax, on the 14th ult. Capt. David Buchan, of the Yacht *Forté*, son of David Buchan, Esq. High-Sheriff of this Island, to Miss Corbet, of Upper Canada.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

ENTERED.

July 4.—Schooner Rambler, Fegarthly, Halifax; 26 M. lumber, 3 chests tea, 14 fisher's butter, 7 casks cordials, 6 casks mals, 3 pun. rum, 3 kegs tobacco, 25½ M. shingles, 25 hides leather, &c.

CLEARED.

July 4.—Brig St. Patrick, Hunt, London; 24,345 gal. seal oil, and 1 ton old junk.

5.—Schooner Elizabeth, Johnstone, New York; ballast.

8.—Schooner Sarah, Eriep, Liverpool; 19,926 gallons seal oil, 15 seal skins, 15 cow hides.

Schooner True Friend, McDonald, Miramichi; ballast.

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.

July 3.—Schooner Alice, Brasfield, Miramichi; 44 M. feet lumber, 15 M. shingles.

7.—Brig Sarah, Ley, Liverpool; 19 tons potatoes, 11 M. bricks, 40 tons salt, 20 tons coals, 30 lbs. flour, 40 lbs. pork, 20 lb. butter, 60 bags bread, 84 casks cordage, 10 pun. lime, 10 bales and 7 pun. shop goods, &c.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, PORT-DE-GRAVE.

BAY-ROBERTS.

CLEARED.

John and Isaac, Martin, Poole; 30,893 gallons seal oil, 10,659 seal skins, and 5 cow hides.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

June 28.—Brigantine Isabelle, Fitzgerald, Miramichi; lumber.

Brig Chance, Lowrig, Liverpool; coals and salt.

Schooner Billow, Hutchings, Gibraltar; wine, olive-oil, &c.

Brig Malvina, Hully, Pictou; coals, &c.

29.—Schooner Despatch, Purdy, Boston; rope, wine, &c.

Schooner Matchless, Boudrot, New York; pork, flour, corn, &c.

26.—Schooner Enterprise, M'Chesney, Antigonish; sundry merchandise.

July 1.—Schooner Wellington, Odell, Halifax; flour, beef, and molasses.

Brig Upland, Minto, Hamburg; bread, pork, butter, and sundries.

Brig Regatta, Owston, Dantzic; shooks and gin.

Schooner Mary Ann, McDonald, Antigonish; lumber. Schooner Harriet, Belfantine, Bras d'or Lake; lumber. Schooner Nimrod, Ross, Sydney; coals. 2.—Brig Herald, Tatem, Demerara; sugar, rum, molasses, &c. Schooner Champion, Sinclair, New York; biscuit, flour, rice, pork, &c. 3.—Schooner Commodore, Bond, Sydney; coals. Schooner William, Deagle, P. E. Island; oxen, potatoes, and shingles. 4.—Brig Annandale, Taylor, Lisbon; salt, oranges, lemons, &c. Schooner Two Brothers, Boudrot, Margaree; oxen and sheep. Schooner Clyde, Sweny, P. E. Island; board, plank, and shingles.

CLEARED.

June 28.—Schooner Babe, M'Grath, Sydney; ballast. Brig Francis, Smith, Port Wallace; ballast. Brig Kingalch, Thornton, London; oil and skins. Brig Deborah, Stark, Demerara; fish, &c. Brig Caledonia, Grieg, Greenock; oil and skins. Schooner Messenger, Pichard, P. E. Island; sundry merchandise.

29.—Brig Dewdrop, Fuller, Falmouth; oil. Schooner Ceres, Rendell, Miramichi; ballast. Brig Lady Frances, D'wes, Cork; fish. Brig Sedulous, Pearce, London; oil and skins. Schooner Annabella, O'Neill, Bristol; oil. July 1.—Brig Bee, Chalmers, Greenock; oil.

2.—Schooner Dolphin, Rendell, New York; ballast. Schooner Matchless, Boudrot, Sydney; ballast. Brig Paget, Bascoms, Barbadoes; fish, &c. Schooner John Fulton, O'Neill, New York; sundry merchandise.

Brig Concord, Matson, Miramichi; ballast. Schooner Despatch, Purdy, St. John, N. B.; inward cargo.

3.—Schooner John Henry, Foran, Halifax; fish and salmon. Schooner Fanny, Bouchezjour, Shediac; molasses and flour.

Schooner Mary, Woodley, Sydney; raisins. 4.—Barque Resolution, Murray, Quebec; ballast. Brig H. and M. Coates, Quebec; rum, &c.

ON SALE.

BY

THE SUBSCRIBER,

1 Elegant 8 Day Clock and Case
1 ditto ditto Time-Piece, without Case
1 Lady's Gold Patent Lever Watch
4 Gentlemen's Silver ditto ditto

ALSO

Herring Nets, and Long Shore Lines
25 Barrels Rosin Pitch, a very superior article, used for the preservation of shingles.
GEORGE EDWARD JAUQUES.
Carbonear, July 10, 1833.

By Private Contract,

The late Doctor DONOGAN'S interest, in the PREMISES occupied by Mr. WILLIAM HARDING, and Mrs. CULLEN, on MARSHALL'S ROOM, in this Town.—Enquire of Mrs. BEHAN.
Carbonear, July 3, 1833.

At the Office of this Paper,

A quantity of Pincock's Catechisms, viz.: History of Greece, History of Rome History of England, Chemistry Astronomy, Latin Grammar Navigation Modern History and Ancient History. Also, The Charter House Latin Grammar School Prize Books (handsomely bound) Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God, 2 vols. (photos) Sermon to Murray's English Reader Pincock's Histories of Greece, Rome, and England And sundry other School Books.
Carbonear, July 3, 1833.

NOTICES.

CARBONEAR ACADEMY.

MR. and Mrs. GILMOUR, respectfully announce to their friends and the public generally, that the above ACADEMY for a limited number of young GENTLEMEN and LADIES, will open after the Summer Vacation, on MONDAY the 15th instant. Terms may be known, on application at the School.
Carbonear, July 3, 1833.

THE SUBSCRIBER having appointed NEWMAN W. HOYLES, Esq., of St. John's, Agent for Lloyd's, in the case of the SALVAGE of the Schooner SYLPH and CARGO.—All Persons having Claims for assistance rendered to me, are requested to furnish the same to my said Attorney.
JAMES DOYLE.
Carbonear, June 26, 1833.

ON SALE.

JUST IMPORTED,

And for Sale,

BY

COLLINGS & LEGG,

100 Jars New

OLIVES.

Carbonear, June 12, 1833.

NOTICES.

BOOTS and SHOES.

BENJAMIN REES begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Carbonear, Harbour Grace, and their Vicinities, that he has taken the Shop, attached to Mr. McKee's House, where he intends carrying on

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING,

(Both Pegged and Sewed).

In all its various Branches, and, by strict attention to business, hopes to merit a share of public patronage. As none but the best Workmen will be employed, those favouring him with their custom, may depend on having their orders executed in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

PRICES:

Gentlemen's Wellington Boots @ 25s. 4 pair
Ditto Blucher or laced ditto 15s. ..
Men's Shoes 10s to 11s. ..

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots @ 10s. 4 pair
Shoes 8s. ..

And all other work in proportion.

Mending and repairing Boots and Shoe will be strictly attended to.

Carbonear, April 3, 1833.

(CIRCULAR.)

OFFICE OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AGENCY, founded in the city of New-York, in 1828, for the recovery of Claims, Investment of Funds in the Public Securities of the States of the Union, or on Mortgage of Freehold Property, and for Commission and Agency Transactions in general.

New-York, April 2, 1833.

The undersigned Director of this Agency and the authorised agent of a number of the most eminent and extensive Manufacturing Establishments of this city and its vicinity, will promptly execute all orders that may be confided thereto for any of the undermentioned objects of American manufacture or construction, viz.

Cabinet furniture and Upholstery; Fancy and Common Chairs; Piano Fortes; Church and Parlour Organs; Coaches, Carriages, Omnibuses, and Railroad Cars; Saddlery and Harness; Gold and Silver Plate and Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry; Gold Silver, and Bronze Leaf, Flint Glass, Cut and Moulded Glass, and Glassware; Printing Types Printing Presses; Printing and Writing Paper, and Printing Ink; Cotton Goods; Beaver and Patent Silk Hats; Caps and Umbrellas; Shell and Brazilian Combs, Leather, Boots and Shoes; Common and Fancy Soaps, Perfumery, &c.; Tallow and Sperm Candles; Manufactured Tobacco; Medicinal Drugs; Chemicals, Paints, &c.; Gunpowder; Shot; Agricultural Implements; Copper Stills, Boilers, and Sugar Pans, Sugar Mills, &c.; Refined Sugar; Iron Chests; Iron Castings, Hollow Ware, &c.; Fire Engines, Steam Engines, Railroad Locomotive Engines, and Machinery of all kinds; Ships, Vessels and Steamboats of every class.

All the foregoing objects will be warranted by the respective Manufacturers and Builders, and furnished at the wholesale prices specified in their Circulars, issued from this Office to the Agents and correspondents of this Establishment, and payment on delivery or shipment at the port of New-York.

All orders must be accompanied with a remittance of funds to the amount thereof, either in Specie, Bullion, Bills of Exchange, or by consignment of any merchantable products addressed to the undersigned Agent, Office of American and Foreign Agency No. 49, Wall-street, New-York.

AARON H. PALMER,
DIRECTOR.

FOR SALE at the Office of this Journal the CUSTOM-HOUSE PAPERS necessary for the Entry and Clearance of Vessels, under the New Regulations.

POETRY.

FAME.

BY W. O. WYNNE.

Say, who would court the bubble fame,
The fleeting vision of an hour?
A breathing nothing, airy name,
As passing as an April shower.
'Tis like the harp's last-dying swell,
That flung around its magic tones;
A moment on the ear it fell,
Then sunk like autumn's withering moan.

'Tis like the dread night-meteor's glare,
That leads to lure o'er trackless wild:
Delusive phantom of the air!
Thou lead'st man as the sportive child
Is led by painted flowers to roam,
Or chase the gaudy summer fly,
Till wean'd by pleasure from his home,
'Mid howling storms from friends to die!

The hero courts his flickering blaze,
Fann'd by ambition's sweeping breath;
Say, can he hear his country's praise
Entomb'd in dust, subdu'd by death?
Can fame emerge his wither'd hand—
Call back the vigour once that hur'd,
When vengeance wav'd the conquering brand,
A slave or despot from the world?

Ah, no! his warfare now is done;
Yet for his toils shall Time record
Vain trophies in the battle won—
A shatter'd shield, a broken sword.
The patriot, too, whose soul could dare
The downfall of oppression's laws,
Will proudly claim his feeble share
Of fame—a sate's loud applause.

Quench'd is the spark that oft would soar,
On freedom's pinions borne along;
Of gaping crowd and rabble's roar,
Vain idol, and the theme of song—
Now buried in the gulph of years;
No record yields his silent grave;
A broken urn alone appears,
Like wreck on ocean's boundless wave.

The poet's name shall pass away,
Forgotten be his choicest theme,
Like rosy clouds at closing day,
As shadowy as his own bright dream.
Now torn the once gay-woven wreath,
Twin'd for the crest of hero brave;
And mute the lips that once would breathe
A requiem on the poet's grave.

Man's life is but a passing dream
Of joy and sunshine, blight and care;
Joy transient as a rainbow gleam,
And dimm'd by storms of dark despair.
Who seeks renown?—who fights for fame,
That fetid fame by mortals given?
Fight in the cause that wins a name
Recorded in the lists of Heaven!

SELECTIONS.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—Achille Murat, son of the celebrated King of Naples, in his recently published *Essays, Moral and Political, on the United States of N. A.* gives an account of the changes of fortune experienced by a New England carpenter, who, like the Americans in general, had been well educated, and who, had he remained at home, would, probably have been a carpenter for life. This person left his native town, and went to one of the new counties of the West, to establish himself on the banks of one of their great rivers as a builder. Although without capital, he found no difficulty in contracting for the erection, first of private houses, and afterwards of public edifices, on credit. His workmen were paid on credit at his inn or boarding-house. In spite of these disadvantages the builder began to thrive; he bought a piece of land, built mills and manufactories upon it, and so became a miller and manufacturer. With his first cargo he went to New Orleans, and was there induced to enter on other speculations. He purchased a steam-boat for the convenience of his trade, and ultimately established himself as a merchant in that city of the union. A great speculation soon presented itself, on which he readily entered, and, in consequence of an error in his calculations, he lost all that he possessed. There was nothing to prevent him, however, from beginning the world again. Being known as a man of enterprise, he soon found an individual, or a company, who confided to him, first the direction of a timber yard, then the management of a plantation, afterwards the erection of a house, and finally, the command of a steam-vessel. In the course of these changes he was not idle. The savings of his salary he applied to the purposes of speculation, and at the end of a couple of years, was able to start once more from a higher point than that at which he had first set out on leaving his native town. He set up an inn, and undertook, in addition, to contract for the execution of works of all sorts. He made himself exceedingly popular, was elected, first an officer of militia, and in succession, a justice of the peace, a member of the state legislature, and, finally, a member of Congress. Finding himself admired as a public speaker, he resolved to cultivate his newly-discovered talent. During the interval of two sessions, he applied himself to the study of the law, and, before the last meeting of Congress, was regularly called to the bar. In the mean time, while thus applying himself

to the business of the state, his own affairs were neglected. He was, once more, reduced to poverty, and had the mortification to find that he was not re-elected to his seat in the legislature. He applied himself, however, with zeal, to the practice of his new profession, and with corresponding success; he became a director of the Bank of the United States, the governor of his native state, and ended his career as a judge in one of the Supreme Courts in Washington.

ROMANTIC LEGEND.—We copy the following legend from Lord Nugent's new work, entitled *Legends of the Library at Lilies*. It must be premised, that the youthful couple had been separated by an intrigue of an ambitious mother, which led to a mutual belief of the other's inconstancy. On the eve of the day which was now fixed for their marriage, they walked together alone, till the moon had risen high above their heads. As they were returning to the residence of Aline, Hypolite drew her towards the church, in which, when a few hours more should have elapsed, those vows were to be exchanged between them, which would unite their fates indissolubly, and for ever. They entered, and, passing up the main aisle, approached the tomb of the Belle Chanoinesse. The faint beams of the lamp, which was suspended before the high altar, fell upon the recumbent statue. Hypolite's arm was round the slender waist of his companion. 'Aline' said he, 'you must admire the calm and melancholy beauty of the Belle Chanoinesse; you must love this monument for my sake. Aline, it was but yesterday, you asked me what had soothed my spirits into patience under my affliction:—who had been my friend, my comforter? The midnight silence of this church, that steady, constant flame, shedding a glimpse, like that of memory, over the scene of the past day's busy turmoil,—the deep repose of this beauteous statue, so like that which she sought and found, the peace which this world cannot give, and never can disturb,—all these were long my comforters. Night after night I have lingered here. This has been my bed Aline,' continued he, placing his spread hand on the cold stone which formed the table for the marble figure: 'here have I rested whenever I could find rest; there was my kind, my constant friend; (he touched the forehead of the figure with his lips as he spoke,) 'here was the patient listener to the story of my woes, the silent monitor, even the bride who welcomed me, when, as I thought, I was abandoned by my living bride, by my Aline! Her hands are joined in prayer; look at them, dear love; they are closed upon the ring which I had prepared to wed you. Betrayed by you as I then believed I was, I gave to this cold bride that ring, with many a vow, that, since you were false, no living one should ever claim me as her lord. It soothed my wounded heart, my wayward fancy, to lie beside her on this monumental stone; to call it my nuptial couch! You weep, Aline! Nay, dry your tears, I am wrong to move you thus; and tears enough have already fallen on these cold stones. But we will weep no more; and to-morrow's blessed dawn, Aline, shall begin a life of smiles for both of us.' 'Why did you bring me here, dear Hypolite?' said the fair girl: 'why did you bring me here? Indeed, indeed, we have had our share of melancholy. My heart sickens at the remembrance of grief, it yearns for happiness: and this scene, with all that it recalls of your past sufferings, gives me a pang which you ought not to inflict. It is, at least, unnecessary now. Hypolite, 'tis strange, but I am jealous of that marble figure. You came to her for comfort, when you thought your Aline false. You came to her because she could not change. You found here a silent welcome, but it was changeless; and her bosom was to you less cold than that which had so lately cast you away. Oh, Hypolite! if you loved her, how must you have hated me?' 'Sweet Aline,' returned Hypolite, 'how can I chide you for such jealousy? Oh, no! It tells me of the warm, true love, that lives for me within your faithful, your wronged heart. But you also must acknowledge the motive which drew me to this spot—to La Belle Chanoinesse. It was true and ardent love for you that made me forswear all other solace than what this peaceful semblance of death could promise me. To-morrow, Aline!—to-morrow!—Hark! what noise is that? Who spoke?—Who laughed?' With a slight shudder, Aline clung to her lover, and both paused, and listened again to catch the sound. It was not repeated. 'Aline,' said Hypolite, pressing the trembling girl to his bosom, 'Aline, we will go. We have been overheard, and what we have said has appeared fit subject for merriment to some one whose heart is free from care and kindly feeling.' 'It was no laugh,' replied Aline; and she clung still closer to his breast. 'Hypolite it was no laugh! At least no merriment was there. 'Tis said, idiots will laugh when they see others weep. I could fancy such ill-fitted mirth, a sound so lacking sense and sympathy, in the wild noise we heard. I tremble still. Yes; let us hasten hence, dear Hypolite. It is a childish wish of mine; but, would that we were to meet to-morrow in any other church than this! Once already, here, have our fond hopes been crossed.—Oh! may they not again be so deceived!

And now, the morning came. The church was crowded with smiling faces, and the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar, to receive the blessing to which every bosom was eager to respond. It was a sultry September morning, and the gay assembly drew no sad presage from the gathering darkness of the atmosphere, which seemed to portend a stormy day. The distant thunder growled, and sheets of faint summer lightning flickered at interval against the purple canopy which gradually deepened along the sky. The priest was proceeding to pronounce the final benediction, and the hands of the betrothed were already joined together, when a sudden and tremendous shock of an earthquake rocked the whole edifice to its foundations. The words broke off. The congregation were panic-struck; many sunk on the pavement with fear; some rushed to the doors to escape the threatening peril; but few had time to issue forth, before a second shock came, and then a third, to which the high altar, and that part on which it stood, bowed and sunk with a tremendous crash. The loud shrieks of hundreds were heard, mingled with the roar of the crumbling edifice; a stifling cloud of dust arose, and, when it cleared away, nearly a one-third portion of the church lay in a mighty and confused mass of ruins. All those who had been near the altar had, at the first alarm, taken refuge in that part which still stood. As the trembling crowds assembled in the streets, all were found safe and unhurt—all but one. The bridegroom was missing! In vain did his name pass from mouth to mouth. All search was vain. Vain were the hopes that he might yet be found alive, among the lighter upper fragments of the chancel wall. He was seen no more till several days after, when the workmen, who, since that fatal morning, had incessantly laboured to effect a passage to where the altar had stood, found the pavement broken into the vaults, over part of which the monument of the Belle Chanoinesse had been built, and which now, together with the statue, was in fragments. The body of the poor young man was discovered, uncrushed and unwounded. It appeared as though he had died from suffocation under one of the low arches of a stone grave, which had not fallen in. His body was stretched out tranquilly in death; and near it lay a small skeleton, which had been buried there, probably centuries before. A plain gold ring, of modern workmanship, was on his bony hand."

SLAVES.—The manner of purchasing slaves is thus described in the plain and unaffected narrative of a German merchant:—"The girls were introduced to me one after another. A Circassian maiden, eighteen years old, was the first who presented herself; she was well dressed, and her face was covered with a veil. She advanced towards me, bowed down, and kissed my hand. By order of her master she walked backwards and forwards to show her shape and the easiness of her gait and carriage. When she took off her veil, she displayed a bust of the most attractive beauty; she rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin, to prove she had not used art to heighten her complexion, and she opened her inviting lips to show a set of teeth of pearly whiteness. I was permitted to feel her pulse, that I might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. The price of this beautiful girl was four thousand piastres.—*Murray's Byron*."

CURIOUS EXPEDIENT.—It is related of the late eccentric and witty Lord Norbury, that once, when he was presiding in one of the Irish Criminal Courts, the Registrar complained to him that witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his Lordship, "if the rascals read the book it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your gospel in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.—A watchmaker, of the name of Buschmann, living at Eisenberg, not far from Attenburg in Saxony, has contrived a piece of machinery, which, without the assistance of steam, has been found strong enough to move a heavily laden wagon, placed in a fresh-ploughed field, with the greatest ease, although sixteen horses could not stir it. The machine may be easily handled, and the vehicle moved by it most safely managed. The inventor has been offered 200,000 dollars for the secret; but as he had obtained patents from all the principal German governments, he has refused all offers.

THE DREAM FULFILLED.—The following strange story is related in "Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi" (just published):—"A prelate of our church, much admired for his fine understanding, talents, and political liberality, was one day proceeding to take an airing with his wife in her carriage. Just at their setting out, their eldest son, a highly educated and promising young man, rode up, and desired to be of the party inside.

This the bishop peremptorily refused to allow, directing his son, by all means to remain on horseback, and ride at the side of the carriage. The youth for a moment remonstrated, but his father insisted and was cheerfully obeyed. The bishop's lady then begged his lordship to tell her why he so resolutely adhered to his determination of not admitting his son to a seat with them; adding, that in a matter of such indifference he might have yielded. But the father replied that he had not acted without a reason; for that he had been tormented by a dream the night before, when he imagined that he saw his son suddenly thrown from his horse and killed; and that through fear of thinking himself superstitious for the rest of his days, he had persevered in refusing his son's request. The bishop had scarcely spoken the words, when the horse, on which his much-loved son was riding, threw the young man to the ground, and he was killed on the spot.

IMPORTANCE OF FEMALE CULTIVATION.—How shall a woman without judgment know how to set about such an important work? How shall she teach a child morality, if she herself possess no moral knowledge? How shall she give the political bias which leans to high and lofty self-sacrificing deeds, if she have no political knowledge to guide her? Scoff not, ye heretics, at political knowledge in women! Think first how they are commonly swayed by political feelings of mere party! Watch an election, and behold the power of woman exerted for mischievous or absurd purposes, on account of their ignorance, and then think how much good their influence might accomplish were they rightly instructed. They might be made to further the progress of good by their influence, as readily as the progress of evil. Let that consideration strike ye dumb, and check your unhallowed mockery.—*Junius Redivivus*.

NEW ORLEANS SOCIETY.—This city, M. Murat says, presents a complete contrast to all the other cities of the Union. Here, there is no education or intelligence, and, of course, no conversation, learned, literary, or intellectual. There are, he says, but three booksellers in a town containing 60,000 inhabitants, and their stores are filled with the trash and the refuse of French literature. But if they do not talk, they eat, dance, make love, and play. *Les bals de quartier-ones*, he describes as quite peculiar to New Orleans, the free colour being admitted to have the honour of dancing with their lords, the whites, while men of the shade are rigorously excluded. It is a most extraordinary spectacle to see several hundred young women, all extremely handsome, and every variety of tint, from that of *cafe a creme*, to the most delicate *blonde*, assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of New Orleans, to exhibit the vernal graces to the fashionable society of that dissipated and voluptuous city. The gaming-houses of New Orleans are also numerous, and have become the ruin of many of the young men of Kentucky, who go to spend their carnival in this Babylon of the West.

ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S INFANCY.—At the age of two years, it seems, he was placed under the charge of a nurse-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country, for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and rickety state. "My ailments, however," he went on to relate, "were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some love craze or other, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moors, and, having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat." "Well, sir," said I, astounded at the cool manner in which he described the process, "what deterred her?" "I believe," replied he, "that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on."—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Third Series*.

THE GRATEFUL BEGGAR.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied the officer; "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of —; and when you ran away, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."—*Treatise on Happiness*.

Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected that Miravaux gave the fellow a piece of silver.—*Ibid*.

FREAKS OF ROYALTY.—James I., in a capricious mood, threatened the Lord Mayor with removing the seat of royalty, the meetings of Parliament, &c., from the capital.—"Your Majesty, at least," replied the mayor, "will be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames."—*Mirror*.

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