

THE
STAR,

AND

CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 1. NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1834.

NO. 4.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland.--Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at his Office, Carbonear.

For Sale,

BY
PRIVATE CONTRACT,
WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION,

ALL that Piece of LAND situate on the North side of Carbonear, a short distance in the rear of the Town, about 1,100 yards from high-water-mark, comprising Two Acres, partly cultivated, held by Grant and subject to a Quit Rent to the Crown of Sixpence 4 Acre.

Also,

ALL that Piece of FREEHOLD LAND, with DWELLING-HOUSE thereon, situate on the North side of Carbonear, and in rear of the Town, bounded on the East by a Wood path, West and North by Property belonging to Mr T. CHANCEY, and South by Property belonging to JOHN COX, in the occupancy of the said JOHN COX, at the yearly rent of Forty Shillings Currency, until the 31st day of October, 1835, at which time full possession will be given.

Further particulars may be known, on application to

GEORGE RICE,

At

Messrs GOSSE, PACK, & FRYER'S.
Carbonear, Jan. 15, 1833.

FOR SALE at the Office of this Journal the CUSTOM-HOUSE PAPERS necessary for the ENTRY and CLEARANCE of Vessels under the New Regulations.
Carbonear, Jan. 1.

AT THIS OFFICE,
SEALING AGREEMENTS.
Carbonear, Dec. 18, 1833.

Notices.

MRS. GILMOUR begs to intimate to her friends and the public that her Seminary for YOUNG LADIES, OPENED after the Christmas Recess, on Monday, January 13, 1834.

Carbonear, Dec. 25, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this paper
Carbonear, Jan. 1

Notices.

CARBONEAR ACADEMY,

For the Education of Young Gentlemen.

MR. GILMOUR begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public that the above School OPENED, after the Christmas Vacation, on Monday the 13th of January, 1834.

Terms.

Instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, £4 4 ann.
Ditto, with Geography Mapping, History, Book-keeping, the higher branches of Arithmetic, &c. &c. and, if required the rudiments of Latin, £6 4 ann.

A Quarter's Notice is requested previously to the removal of a Pupil.

4 No Entrance Fee.

Carbonear, Dec. 25.

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.

Notice.



**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.

On Sale.

JUST RECEIVED

AND

FOR SALE,

At the Office of this Paper,

A VARIETY OF

SCHOOL BOOKS, viz.:

Murray's Grammar
Guy's Orthographical Exercises
Geography
Entick's Dictionary
Carpenter's Spelling
Ruled Copy Books, &c. &c.

Carbonear, Dec. 25.

[That last week's Supplement may not interfere with the regularity of the file of the STAR, we insert its contents in this number.]

Trial of Downing and Malone, continued from our last.

at the time, except a light in Mr Bray's bedroom; when he went home all was quiet; was alarmed by the fire soon after 12 o'clock.

Dr STERLING's examination, resumed.—Has resided at Harbor Grace for many years; recollects Mr Bray's house being destroyed by fire in July last; was present when search was made for the bodies amongst the ruins; there were three bodies found, amongst them was the body of Mr. Bray; the body was discovered about day-light, after the rubbish of the chimney which had fallen upon it had been cleared away; the head was lying near the curve stone of the hearth; was sure it was the body of Mr Bray; did not examine the body particularly at the time, not having any suspicion of foul play, but upon a subsequent examination discovered a deep cut or wound in the neck about two inches long and into the bone, it appeared to have been inflicted by an angular instrument; the wound was about an inch above the articulation of the head with the neck; was quite sure, for reasons which witness assigned, that the wound was inflicted before death; it was such a wound as might be inflicted by a tomahawk; it appeared to have been given by a descending blow; all the vessels in the neck were divided and produced a great flow of blood; the quantity of blood that had run under the body was so great as to resist the action of the fire on the coat from the neck to the loins; there was also a breach of the skull over the right eye; could not tell whether the breach had been caused before or after death as the fire had acted on the front of the head; the cut in the back of the head was quite sufficient to cause death; the quantity of blood flowing from such a cut would prevent the person who received it from rising, and death would be caused probably in 15 or 20 minutes; the body was discovered on its back; the legs and arms were much burnt; the trunk was preserved by the rubbish of the chimney.—Bear's Cove is about a mile and a quarter from Mr Bray's house; when witness arrived at the fire the house was nearly consumed. (A watch, a small bag containing money, two neckhandkerchiefs, and a striped shirt were here produced on the table of the Court.)

Dr STERLING—Was present at the finding of a bag of money, a watch, and two neckhandkerchiefs, said to be the property of the late Mr. Bray—(the watch was here shewn to witness)—the watch was taken up by witness out of the ground at a spot about one mile distant from Mr Bray's house; Malone accompanied the party in the search for it, and pointed out the spot where it was deposited; Mr Danson, Mr Fitzgerald, Mr Currie, and witness, with others were present; it appeared impossible for any one but the person who deposited the watch in the spot, to find it; it was a matter of astonishment to the party how Malone himself found it out—the bag of money (shewn to witness) was taken out of the ground near

Mr. Bray's farm in his (witness) presence,—it was wrapped up in two neckhandkerchiefs,—the blood on one of the neckhandkerchiefs was on it when found,—the bag of money was buried about eighteen inches under ground, more than two miles from where the watch was found, was covered with sod to resemble the adjoining ground. Malone put his foot on the spot and said "here it is." The striped shirt was taken from Downing's house,—the money in the bag consisted of silver and copper coin. Malone stated, when on the spot, in reply to a question from witness that it was the watch taken from Mr Bray's house, he also said that the bag of money was the same taken from Mr Bray's house.

JOHN CURRIE, sworn.—Is Gaoler at Harbor Grace,—the watch, bag of money, and two neckhandkerchiefs produced, were the same found at the spots pointed out by Malone in presence of witness and others,—the articles were in the custody of witness ever since.

Mrs SARAH BRAY, widow of Mr. Bray, was next called. She was supported into Court by two gentlemen, appearing to be in a very weakly state, and evinced symptoms of the deepest distress. Her appearance excited the greatest sympathy from all in a very crowded Court, except the two unhappy prisoners, who were equally unmoved on this occasion, as well as through the whole of the trial.

Is the widow of the late Mr Robert Crocker Bray of Harbor Grace; knew the watch produced to be that of her late husband; he had the watch in his possession, on the morning of the day on which the fire occurred; witness had left home on that morning; when witness left home Mr Bray had money in dollars and small silver coin in the house; the bag shewn to witness was hers; it was made by herself; it had been left in a sitting-room up stairs; one of the handkerchiefs she believes was her husband's; the other handkerchief (stained with blood) she was positive belonged to him; at the time of the great fire in Harbor Grace, in 1832, her husband had a considerable sum of money in the house; during that fire, Malone carried the money from the house to a field in the rear, for safety; after the fire, the money was brought back into the house; there were between £30 and £40 in the house, when she left it on the morning of the 11th July; Malone slept in the house; both the prisoners were servants to her husband; Downing occasionally eat his meals in the house; but generally at the farm; he was usually employed in husbandry and general house work; they were both employed, when she left home, in procuring caplin, and spreading it on the farm.

Cross-examined by Mr ROBINSON,—Malone was shipped by the year; Downing was constantly employed, during the fortnight preceding the fire, by the day; he eat his meals in the house, but did not sleep there; up to the Christmas of the previous year, he had been a shipped man, by the year.

PATRICK TOOLE, sworn.—Lives at Harbor Grace, was shipped to Mr Bray from October, 1832, to October 1833; knows the prisoners at the bar; Malone was his fellow

servant, witness lived at Mr Bray's farm at the time of the fire in his house, and did not hear of it until the morning after it occurred; about a week before the fire, Downing was sent to the farm to help him about the work; Downing said to witness, if he knew any one who had a bag of dollars, it would be a good deed to take it from him; Downing did not say, it would be no harm to kill any one who had money; at the time of the conversation with Malone witness was engaged in trenching potatoes; that was the only remark Downing made; he had no other conversation with Downing about money.

JOHN QUIGLEY, sworn.—Lives at Harbor Grace, lived with the late Mr Bray in the year 1832; worked at the farm, and about the house; remembers the fire at Harbor Grace in August, 1832; the prisoners worked with witness at the farm, in the summer of that year; Downing at one time said to him that Mr Bray had some money, and it would be no harm to take it, that he thought he was a rich man; he said this in a laughing way, but said no more; did not recollect whether this conversation took place before or after the fire; witness some time after asked Malone if he thought Downing would do it, and Malone said he did not think he would; no other conversation took place; neither Downing or Malone had ever spoken to witness about robbing Mr Bray; witness slept with Downing at the farm, he also slept with Malone at the house; did not like sleeping with Downing, because he always kept a hatchet by the bed-side.

JOHN STARK, Esq., sworn.—Has lived in Harbor Grace for the last eight years; knows the prisoners at the bar; was in Harbor Grace in July last, when Mr Bray's house was burned; he heard the fire-bell at midnight, got out of bed, and threw down the window; there were two persons passing his house at the time crying "fire," he immediately dressed himself, ran out, and overtook the two persons on the road, and passed them about 150 yards from his house; witness was running at the time, they were walking slowly and calling out "fire," he knew Downing, and believed the other to be Malone; one of them had a cast-net on his shoulders; witness spoke to Downing and told him to give the alarm at Mr Danson's house; witness lives $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Mr Bray's, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from Bear's Cove; Mr Bray's house was in flames when he arrived there; saw Malone afterwards at work at the fire; could not tell from his house, what house was on fire, nor did either of the prisoners tell him; from the noise made by the trowsers of one of the prisoners witness thought it had been wet.

MICHAEL DOWNING (a boy about 12 or 13 years of age, son of the Prisoner) sworn.—Previous to his examination he was asked several questions by the Chief Justice, on the nature of an oath &c., and his answers being satisfactory, he was allowed to proceed;—Lives at Harbor Grace; remembers the night Mr Bray's house was burnt Malone was at his father's house previous to the fire, thinks it was about 10 o'clock; received sixpence from Malone to buy a pint of rum which he brought to his father's, when they drank the rum they went out to

gether; his mother asked them if they were not going to bed; they said they were going to cast caplin; heard no other conversation.

The case for the prosecution closed.

The prisoners being called on for their defence, Mr ROBINSON, on their behalf, took some legal exceptions to parts of the evidence, which were however, overruled by the Court. Downing said he had no witnesses to bring forward, but that there was no evidence to convict him of the crime for which he stood charged but of which he was innocent. He denied the confession which had been read as his—if he had made such a confession he did not know what he was saying or doing at the time.—Malone made no observation.

The Chief Justice then proceeded to address the Jury. He particularly explained the nature of the crime of which the prisoners stood charged in the indictment; he then went through the whole of the evidence in detail, making his comments upon such part as bore most strongly on the case. After a minute recapitulation of the evidence, his Lordship observed, in conclusion, that the Jury should disregard all that part of Downing's confession which related to Malone—that though the confession was good evidence against himself, it could not be regarded in the same point of view as affecting Malone. The evidence, otherwise, he could not help remarking was very slight against Malone; it was, however, for the Jury to determine as to the guilt or innocence of either or both.

The Jury then retired, and, after an absence of an hour, returned to Court with a verdict of "GUILTY," against both the Prisoners.

The Chief Judge, after having earnestly admonished the Prisoners, proceeded to pass the awful sentence of the law, upon each of them, separately—"that you be taken to the place from whence you came, and thence, on Monday next to the place of execution; and that you be there hung by the neck, until you be dead—that your body be dissected and anatomized,—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

We have before remarked, that the Prisoners during the whole of the trial manifested no emotion whatever—they appeared to regard the proceedings with indifference—during the address of the Chief Justice, previous to passing sentence, Downing repeatedly interrupted him with exclamations of his innocence and the injustice of the verdict.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

When Lord Durham determined on the step of prosecuting one of his many traducers, he must have prepared himself for much obloquy; because the same busy spirit which, ever since the extent of his services to the country in the cause of reform became known, has never ceased persecuting him with malicious inventions, would naturally resent the endeavour to arrest its activity, and thence exert itself to misrepresent his motives. In truth the Conservative journals, in full chorus, are now calling out that they are persecuted because they are about

to be denied the privilege of retailing all manner of falsehoods against his lordship.

A great deal of ingenuity has been employed in perplexing a very simple question. We are not aware that the most strenuous of the advocates of the liberty of the press ever maintained that that liberty should be extended to the transactions of private life. It is quite impossible that any good could ever result from such an unlimited liberty. The public cannot possibly enter into all the circumstances which determine the actions of men in private life; and being without the means of arriving at any sound conclusion, they ought to abstain from all interference, leaving every man to the tribunal of his own conscience, and that of his relations and friends, who can best appreciate his motives, and who best know whether he ought to retain or forfeit their attachment. Whenever the practice of tolerating inroads into private life has prevailed, the consequences have been any thing rather than beneficial. The time is not very remote when London swarmed with a set of miscreants, who regularly levied contributions on the public under the name of "making ink."—They would pitch on an individual in easy circumstances, embarked in business, to whom it was of importance to stand well with the public—they would institute inquiries into his habits in the neighbourhood—his hours of leaving home, the places he frequented, &c., and having thus obtained a few materials to serve as a groundwork for their fabrications, they would send a prospect of an intended communication to the public, with an intimation that if a certain sum were not forthcoming, it should appear. There were few men who had the courage to set these miscreants at defiance. A man who long lived by his industry in this nefarious work, and who contrived in consequence to have always a well stocked cellar at the expense of the wine merchants and others whom he intimidated, took his departure not many years ago, for another world. One shopkeeper in Holborn, who had suffered much from this sort of persecution, at length took courage to face his enemy, and had him brought to justice, when a chapter in the literary history of this metropolis was opened—one which, for the honour of human nature, it were as well to close for ever. In fact, the same want of principle and the same wants which now impel men to levy money by threatening others with accusing them with infamous vices, impelled them then to make the press the instrument of their vile purposes.

No man will say for one moment that such a system should be tolerated. But such a system must be tolerated if a license shall be allowed to drag private life before the tribunal of the public.

One exception must occur to every one; namely,—when the public conduct of a man is supposed to be biased by his private relations. Thus, for instance, no one would have thought of prying into the private life of the late Duke of York, had not a belief become general in the army that an individual had acquired an influence over his Royal Highness which was used to the detriment of the public service. In like manner, when ladies with no intelligible title to

the public money but the possession of distinguished beauty, are found to be pensioned highly, it is natural that the public should seek to discover the channel through which the public money was obtained, and should be uncharitable enough to connect the distribution of the public money with private favours. Men in office are in so far differently circumstanced from other men, from the manner in which their public life may be influenced by their private, that a little more vigilance may be tolerated respecting them. If, for instance, a Cabinet Minister were seen to gamble notoriously on the Stock Exchange—if a treasurer were to be found to play deep at Crockford's—if a judge were to be found receiving rich presents—all these are things which it is not unimportant that the public should know, and the rule of private life could not be strictly applied to them.

But even here some regard ought to be had to truth. Because a judge ought to have pure hands, it does not follow that he is to be accused of bribery with impunity.—Because a judge ought to be a man of sober, virtuous life, it does not follow that he may be accused with impunity of being addicted to degrading vices. "Lord Brougham (says the *Standard*)—we write it with grief and shame, that spirit and genius should so sink—Lord Brougham, the Edinburgh Reviewer, and contributor to the *Times*, it is said, has commenced a prosecution against the conductors of the *John Bull*, for the heinous offence of charging his lordship with delicate health and lethargic habits."—Our contemporary knows very well that, day after day, his lordship has been charged with weaknesses which would utterly disqualify him as a Judge, and Speaker of the House of Peers. These charges have been so distinctly made, with such an air of circumstance, and so often repeated, that other journals have at length stated the result broadly and unequivocally to the world; and there is not, we believe, a conductor of a journal, from the *Land's End* to the *Murray Frith* (the *ultima Thule* of journalism), who from constantly reading these charges, would not (if he had no access to private sources of information) set down in his own mind at least, his lordship as a man not fit to be trusted with the management of his own affairs, to say nothing of those of the public. Will any man, under these circumstances, say that his lordship's efficiency as a servant of the public is not greatly impaired by the circulation of such a calumny? Was Lord Eldon ever charged with a similar vice? He was often the subject of many a joke on account of his attachment to money; but we are not sure that his lordship, being a north countryman, deemed such an imputation any reproach. He would have felt uneasy under a charge of receiving bribes; but no man ever hinted that his attachment to money led him to wish to obtain it by receiving bribes. The failings of his lordship were a fair subject of animadversion—his dislike, for instance, of deciding causes on principle, and love of escaping from principle into the speculations of the case—his procrastination even after he had evidently made up his mind as to his decision—all these infirmities were fair subjects for ani-

madversion. But Lord Brougham is not dealt with as the Whigs and opposition writers dealt with Lord Eldon. The journal which now fabricates charges against Lord Brougham, injurious to his reputation as a judge and a minister, has, be it remarked, ever since it was established, followed his lordship into the domestic circle. What is a public man under such circumstances to do? Many things may be said of a man which he cannot notice without exposing himself to the imputation of excessive irritability; and though every man may not like to be the subject of a joke, yet in such a case prudence prescribes patience. If, for instance, Mr Cobbett chooses to say that the editor of this journal is a gaunt suspicious looking fellow, a frequenter of public houses, a boon companion of Messrs. Rushton and Parkes—were he to produce a certificate of his inches, and weight, and habits, and to challenge Cobbett to a fight, or a day's work at digging, the public would only think him as deficient in sense as Cobbett was in good manners and a regard for truth. But if he were a judge, and were to be charged with vices notoriously disqualifying a man for discharging his functions as he ought, or with bribery, he would not in such a case sit down tamely under the imputation.

When Lord Lyndhurst was charged with having received money from a certain distinguished lawyer, and having thence been improperly influenced, his lordship had recourse to a court of law; and we are not aware, that he was ever blamed for so doing. People laughed at the *Atlas* for having allowed his lordship an opportunity of vindicating himself at its expense, but it was never doubted that his lordship could do less than prosecute.

When the Duke of Wellington prosecuted the *Morning Journal* it was justly thought that he was not in the same predicament—that though the language was intemperate, yet the charges having reference entirely to the public actions of his grace, any mode of vindicating himself would have been better than prosecution. The distinction was obvious, though, for not being able to make it, Sir J. Scarlett fell, never to rise again as a public man.

And now with regard to Lord Durham.—He was a public man; but it is now some time since he returned to private life. Why should his lordship more than any other private individual be compelled to submit to all manner of imputations, thrown evidently for the purpose of holding him up as a selfish tyrannical man, and thereby lowering his character with his countrymen? These imputations are the fruit of invention regularly tested; and forbearance under them would only serve to stimulate malice by the prospect of impunity. The *Standard*, in oppugning the determination of his lordship, affords the best justification of it, because he shows that even he, familiar as he is with the loose manner in which charges are frequently made, at once acquiesces in the truth of the charges against Lord D. "We have read," (he says) "of a *discreditable* dispute about a right of way, which, while the high road remains, the proverbial type of publicity cannot be considered a private

dispute." Why a *discreditable* dispute? Are all disputes about right of way *discreditable*? Or are they only *discreditable* when entertained without cause? But his lordship conceives that in vindicating the right of the public to a way along the sea beach, so far from acting discreditably he is acting the part which peculiarly becomes a rich man. If his lordship succeed in establishing the right of the public to way along the beach, and prove that his opponent has endeavoured to wrong the public, then the act, so far from being discreditable, is highly honourable to his lordship. The man who would term such an act discreditable, would be equally ready to term the act of robbing the public creditable. Even if Lord Durham fail, yet the assisting his poorer neighbours to have the point tried is a noble act.

Well, but his lordship is charged with allowing himself to order the removal of a village, because its inhabitants were wanting in the respect he thought due to himself. And is it nothing to be held up to the community as an overbearing tyrant, utterly regardless of the welfare of a whole village, because some part of its population acted disrespectfully towards him? There is no charge from which a man of well constituted mind would be more disposed to shrink than that of his having indulged in such a wanton abuse of power. There may be English noblemen and gentlemen so callous, so cased in selfishness, that they would feel only uneasy under a charge of having on any occasion sympathised with their fellow creatures. But Lord Durham does not appear to be ambitious of the reputation of living in the hatred of his countrymen. He does not, probably, wish to trust to fortified castles and guards of Yeomanry Cavalry.

What is a man, who sees he is the aim of all manner of invectives calculated to lower him in general estimation, to do? He must have little penetration indeed if he cannot discover the source of all this calumny; and he must be equally devoid of penetration if he do not see that instruments for circulating the calumny may always be had so long as a portion of the press is peculiarly devoted to the reception of such abuses.

And here it may be well to remark, when speaking of the licentiousness of the press, that the distinction between Radical papers and Conservative papers is this—the Radical papers are often intemperate, and mix up abuse with argument; but the abuse injures rather than forwards their cause, and no man cares much for the abuse, as it is so indiscriminate. Cobbett, for instance, abuses by wholesale; but it is the abuse of a drayman, who thinks he is most effective when he is most copious in vituperative epithets, and the louder he raises his voice.—Cobbett does not trouble himself with raking into private life—he does not even take the trouble of ascertaining what could easily be known. But the Conservative journals, like the Conservative circles, deal almost exclusively in defamation. They seldom (our contemporary the *Standard*, perhaps, excepted) reason—that would be vulgar; but they affect to abound in anecdotes—they sneer—they tell falsehoods, or improve on them. The Radical papers coarsely abuse to-day the idol of yesterday—a single devia-

tion from the course they advocate is sufficient to make the idol of yesterday a monster in their eyes to-day. But the Conservative journals would be ashamed to have it for one moment supposed that they conceived there was in the whole world one human being who was not actuated by base and selfish motives; and they wish to have it thought that they conceive the people are not to be reasoned with but humbugged; and that he is the greatest politician who is the best at deceiving them.

The *Nuremburgh Correspondent* gives the following as to territorial arrangements agreed upon at Munchen Gratz, but at the same time declares that they resemble the fabulous:—"Russia, Austria, and Prussia, came to an agreement that Poland should be again erected into an independent kingdom, and that the sceptre should be conferred upon the Duke of Saxe Weimar. Prussia is to receive as an indemnity the Duchy of Saxe Weimar, and Russia and Austria, Moldavia and Wallachia. But in order that by this incorporation Weimar may not become a mere provincial town, some person of ingenuity has conceived the following arrangement: After Russia and Austria shall have been indemnified, all Poland will pass under the dominion of Prussia, and a Prussian Prince will be placed on the throne of Poland. Prussia will then cede to Weimar her Thuringian provinces, and the Grand Duke, assuming the title of King of Thuringia, will establish his residence at Weimar. Thus the kingdom of Thuringia, destroyed in 534, would be revived after an extinction of 13 centuries.

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1834.

On Sale,

A FEW
HORSE COLLARS,
FOR SALE,

By the Subscribers,

T. CHANCEY & Co.

Carbonear, Jan. 22, 1834.

In the hurry of business, we have, for these last few weeks, neglected to mention the establishment of a COMMERCIAL SOCIETY in this town. It had often been to us a source of surprise and regret, that a society, such as the one now formed, did not exist here, long since, so much was it needed to represent the large trade which is carried on, in this place. A trade that supplies constant employment for not less than 10,000 tons of shipping, demanded the existence of such an establishment; and we doubt not but that the advantages of it will soon be felt by the commercial body, as well as by the whole community. *Ex passant*, it may not be out of place to mention the existence of another society, established here, about three years since, that bids fair to become very useful. The unpretending name it has been known by, is that of "*Debating Society*," which very insufficiently explains its

character, or the ends which it has in view. It has struggled on, up to this time, through difficulties and impediments, which the calls of business threw in its way, and, therefore, assumed no definite character; it is now however, established on a plan, that will ensure to its members advantages, which cannot fail to be of lasting benefit, not only to themselves, but, also, to the community in which they live. The people most easily governed are those that are most intellectual, and nothing can so well conduce to make them so, as societies having for their first object mutual instruction.—Such a society is the Carbonar Debating Society. We trust, it is only the embryo of an institution of far higher pretensions. It may be thought that so unpretending a body scarcely claims the notice of a journalist, but we beg to differ from those who may think in this way, and give it, as our opinion, that any institution, let it be never so narrowed in its operations, which has the improvement of the understanding and the inculcation of morality for its objects, cannot be so insignificant as to be passed over in silence by those whose duty it is to foster and encourage it. As the society is now permanently established we shall, from time to time, notice its progress. A museum connected with it is about to be formed; and when, by the addition of members, the funds of the society are sufficiently increased, scientific apparatus will be procured;—the want of these, necessarily contract the usefulness of the society, and throws a damp upon the ardor of those who are desirous of becoming practically acquainted with science. In time, however, the institution will overcome this difficulty, as well as others, which at present retard its progress.

We neglected to mention, in our last, that Mandeville and Spring, for the murder of Mr Snow, at Port-de-grave, were executed on Monday sennight. Spring is to be gibbeted at the town where the murder was committed. The wife of the murdered man who was the instigator of the bloody deed, was ordered for execution at the same period, but having pleaded pregnant, the sentence was not to be carried into effect until after her delivery. We have since heard, but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the information, that she was executed on Wednesday last, the above plea having been discovered unfounded.

Downey, we understand, is to be gibbeted on the Reef, in the rear of Harbor Grace.

Ann Morrissy, for the murder of her illegitimate child, at Trinity, was acquitted on that charge, but found guilty of concealing the birth.

R. Pack, and J. Power, Esqrs., M.C.P.'s for this District, left this place yesterday, for St. John's, by land. — Martin, Esq., M.C.P. for St. Mary's, who has been staying here some time, leaves this to-day for the same place.

We copy the following letter from the LEDGER, of the 10th inst.

Secretary's Office, 28th Dec., 1833.

SIR,—An Address from you to the people

of your flock was late last night transmitted to His Excellency the Governor, in which it is stated, that "*His Excellency, after expressing in the strongest terms of disapprobation his sense of the conduct of those who wantonly prostitute the press to base and abusive purposes, assured me that the introduction of the Military was an act in which he had no participation whatever.—I cannot express my heartfelt acknowledgments for this signal mark of His Excellency's kindness and condescension in communicating this information.*" &c. &c. As you appear to have entirely misconceived the nature of some of His Excellency's observations to you which might very unintentionally have arisen in the course of a rather long interview, His Excellency feels it no less a duty to you than to himself, that so much of what passed upon the occasion as bears upon the foregoing statement should be placed in its proper light; and as I was present during the interview, His Excellency has directed me to give you the substance, if not the words, of what passed relative to it.

His Excellency acquainted you that it was with deep regret that for some time political dissensions had taken place in the community, and still more so that attempts were, he understood, most mischievously made to mix His Excellency's name up with them—that His Excellency, not only from his rank and station, would be unjustifiable in taking part in any shape in public questions, but that they were matters in which he had not the remotest interest or concern—that he was here to administer justice, as far as depended upon him, with an even hand, regardless of all parties or party distinctions—that it was always with regret that he resorted to abusive language was resorted to in print or otherwise by either party in the defence of any cause however good—that His Excellency seldom read a paper, and never permitted any person to bring him *ex parte* statements of any differences that might exist in the town. He deeply lamented to hear that the public journals had vilified the Bishop and his Priesthood, as such conduct could not advance a good cause, and must complete the defeat of a bad one—and His Excellency felt persuaded that if the law was resorted to, every justice would be done the aggrieved party; but that, at the same time, His Excellency was bound to say no abuse could justify individuals in taking the law into their own hands—and that every citizen had a right to its protection from violence and outrage;—that with respect to your complaint of the Military having been unnecessarily called out, His Excellency remarked, that it was evident that of himself he could not judge of the necessity or otherwise of that measure—that upon the morning of Christmas Day an application had been made to him by an individual who stated that his house was not safe from violence except a military force was sent to protect it—that His Excellency disclaimed the power of interfering on such an application, and referred him to the Civil Magistrates; but that when they represented to His Excellency that the laws could no longer be enforced with the means at their disposal,

and that disastrous consequences might ensue, it became his bounden duty to afford that assistance which was called for, under a very grave responsibility should he deny it, and the loss of property or the lives of His Majesty's subjects result from his refusal;—but if the community generally thought the military were wantonly or unnecessarily resorted to, and a representation were made to that effect, such inquiry, could be instituted as might place that subject in its proper point of view—that it was easy to discuss the merits of a proceeding after it had passed, and that it not seldom happened that those who, in the time of alarm, were the first to keep back and shrink from danger, became the most declamatory after the danger was past—that in cases where tumult was to be apprehended, it was the greater mercy not to attempt to put it down (after exhortation had failed) by an inadequate force which generally had the effect to encourage aggression and lead to conflict and bloodshed, but that when the force was overwhelming, the mischievous, seeing no hope of success, dispersed without the necessity of resorting to coercion—and that His Excellency was glad to learn that the conduct of the military had been most exemplary, although more than once assailed by missiles. His Excellency further stated, that those who were inclined to object to the military being called out, ought to weigh the matter before they decided on it—that after all consequences could only be surmised, not positively foreseen—and that if, in the first instance, the community decided that military interference was unnecessary, and their wishes remembered on some future emergency, perhaps they might, when too late, find their property destroyed, and their lives in danger, and have nothing left but the consciousness that it was their own act and deed. His Excellency then repeated that he was to deal out even-handed justice to all men indifferently, and that if any person or persons had complaint to prefer against any of the Executive Officers, His Excellency was ready and willing to give them the fullest consideration.

The foregoing is I believe the exact substance of what passed upon the particular points of your address referred to, and you will probably consider it proper to give this statement equal publicity with that given to the address.

I have, &c.

(Signed)

JAMES CROWDY,

Secretary.

The Right Rev. Dr. FLEMING.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

CLEARED.

January 11---Brig Dee, Rees, Lisbon; 2150 qtls. fish.
17---Brig Alarm, Wills, Liver; oil and blubber.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

December 28---Schooner Catherine, Tucker, Dartmouth; potatoes, cordage, &c. Brig Kingaloch, Thornton, New-York; flour, pork, &c.

30---Brig Hope, Jennings, Atlanta; bread, butter, and sundries.

Poetry,
Original and Select.

HOME.

(FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

O, Home! thou art in every place,
O'er all the boundless earth—
The centre of eternal space,
Where'er thou hast thy birth.

They say, "a thousand miles from Home,"
As from the dearest thing
That links our souls, the more we roam,
The more to it we cling.

What though ten thousand miles we run,
And add ten thousand! more,
There is a Home—'tis like the sun
That travels still before.

Though not for us—though all be strange,
Yet fondest hearts there be,
In all the world's unmeasured range,
No home elsewhere can see.

O'er peopled realms, or deserts vast,
There still One Voice was heard—
'Tis Home—Home there her lot hath cast,
Of man, or beast, or bird.

Within the forest's deepest shade,
Ten thousand depths around—
Home for each living thing is made
That creepeth on the ground.

Where life hath neither bed nor lair,
In silence and in gloom,
Home finds the lonely floweret there,
The worm within the tomb.

Home, Home---it is eternal love---
His presence and His praise---
O'er all, around, below, above,
Creation's boundless ways---

E'en in the poor defiled heart,
The present home of sin,
God said, Let wickedness depart,
And We will dwell therein.

Blest Spirit, thou that Home prepare,
Do thou make clean, secure,
Lest Love should seek his dwelling there,
His Home, nor find it pure.

Thou, when this earthly home shall fall,
As built on erring sands---
Me to that heavenly mansion call,
Prepared, not made with hands.

That Home of love, and joy, and peace,
No sorrow in the breast---
From troubling, where the wicked cease,
And were the wicked rest.

A CATASTROPHE: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION FROM GIN-DRINKING.—It was at the age of two years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years

she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed, her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water-drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that "Gin wasn't good for little boys." But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowd of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, he passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the juniper tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate. One fine summer's evening we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney-bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf-house early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco* and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog-kennel abaft, which had been once tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard and in all probability had been converted into Epping suesages, at 1s. 4d. Some time after his decease I had taken possession of his apartment, and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I had washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable, to see if all was right, and then, having nothing more to do, I lay down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy 11 years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted.—I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of

something burning. The bricks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, brushed over the sides of the lighter and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed a fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupified at his sudden disappearance, and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance. A strong empyreumatic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that was impossible—it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps and called "Mother" but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulkhead, with a glass before it was still alight, and I could see plainly in every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains of my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother" I remained for more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed, I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous pitchy cinder—I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity; it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours. As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that very dreadful and peculiar manner, which does sometimes, although rarely, occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is but too authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*—an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire, and the other by water, at one and the same time.

SATURN'S RINGS.—The rings of Saturn must present a magnificent spectacle from those regions of the planet which lie above their enlightened sides as vast arches span-

ning the sky from horizon to horizon, and holding an invariable situation among the stars. On the other hand, in the regions beneath the dark side, a solar eclipse of fifteen years in duration, under their shadow, must afford (to our ideas) an inhospitable asylum to animated beings ill compensated by the faint light of the satellites. But we should do no wrong to judge of the fitness or unfitness of their condition from what we see around us, when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance.

MR. BUNCH.

CHAPTER I.

There dwelt some century ago in the village of Storflot, in the county of Derbyshire a singular personage yclept Zachariah Bunch. A lovely and delightful spot was Storflot, situated on a gentle slope at one end of an extensive valley, which seemed the only cultured spot amid scenes of wildness and desolation. About it frowned many a towering peak on which ruin seemed to sit enthroned, and for miles round no habitation, save the solitary hut of a miner, gave evidence of the vicinity of man. Intercourse even with populous places was then a matter of tardiness and difficulty; and to the secluded valley the news of what was passing in the great world came but seldom.—sometimes a solitary pedlar opened his pack in the long straggling street of cottages, and disposed of his wares and his budget of wonders at one and the same time.

It may appear strange to an Englishman of the present day, when intelligence of every kind ramifies so rapidly through every pulse of society, to hear of such utter seclusion existing in this isle only a century ago; but true it is, that the inhabitants of Storflot and its vale regarded the surrounding mountains as a barrier which it would require more than common enterprise to pass. Contented with the produce of their farms and fields, which were bought off the land by the more speculative inhabitants of the plains beyond the dusky summits which seemed to set limits to their enterprise, they "pursued the noiseless tenor of their way" remote from those busy scenes of inter-communication, which, though it fills up the cup of life with more bubbling excitement, seems to produce less solid and substantial happiness. As is usual in isolated communities, where education and business do not prompt to thoughts of seriousness, the minds of the peasantry were strongly tainted with superstition. This was not a little strengthened by the wild tales of the miners of the neighbouring district,—men whose very calling leads them to indulge in tales of wonder. With these rifiers of the earth's treasure intercourse was frequent, for the highly cultivated vale of Storflot supplied them with many little articles of luxury which could not be procured elsewhere for miles round.

One of the most important personages in the village of Storflot was Mr Bunch. His ostensible occupation was that of barber and hair-cutter, though to this humble call-

ing he added those of "Chirurgion, Dentist, and Phlebotomist," as duly set forth on the sign which surmounted the door of his dwelling. To all these occupations he had been duly brought up by his father. Ignatius Bunch who had learned them from his father Zaridisha, who also remembered his grandfather to have followed the same professions, so that the successor might well be called the hereditary barber, chirurgion, dentist, and phlebotomist of the village.—In truth, the family had scraped all the rough beards, mended the broken shins, drawn the unsound teeth, and let forth at befitting periods all the bad blood of the gaffers and dames of the valley for generations past. His shop displayed the garniture befitting his business. From the door protruded an immense pole, while the window was decorated with a blowsy-faced, figure-head of a female decked with a profusion of glossy-curved hair, which was the admiration of half the nymphs of the village. At the back were arranged on a black board a portentous array of yellow teeth, some of which, from their size, might have impressed a spectator of the present day with the opinion, that half the jackasses of the neighbourhood had suffered from the tooth-ach. A few horn combs, a large pewter shaving-dish, and a globe of coloured water, completed this portion of the adornment. The inside was no less heterogenous in the nature of its furniture. Over the chimney "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" a smoked-dried skull, the terror of every little urchin who dared to peep within the door, and no small annoyance to the leading rustics, who came to have their chins cleared of the weekly stubble. Many were the remonstrances which Mr Bunch met with on the subject of this awful-looking relic, but, as his honoured father and grandfather had bequeathed it as a sort of heirloom, he would by no means suffer it to be disturbed. The rest of his stock seemed to consist of pill-boxes, three or four jars, a goodly number of gallipots, a few razors, and sissors neatly arrayed on each side the chimney, and the usual indispensables of sud-basins and towels.

Mr Bunch was a little decrepit old man, with a hunchback, no body, and very long legs, so that his appearance was not a little grotesque, insomuch that the children, as he stalked slowly and with solemn and important visage through the streets, used to peep at him from a corner at an awful distance, and vociferate the nickname which they had bestowed upon him of "Old Daddy Bunch," when, fearful of the consequences of offending so terrible a personage, whom they regarded as nearly akin to the author of evil, they all scampered off as fast as their little legs could carry them. Among the superstitious inhabitants of Storflot, there was no more devout worshipper of the marvellous than Mr Bunch. Perhaps there is no sort of ghost or fairy lore more popular, for obvious reasons, than that which makes these imaginary beings the agents for bringing to light hidden treasure. The stories of their influence universally take this turn in all districts where metallic substances are known or supposed to exist beneath the surface of the land. From his very infancy the imagination of Zachariah had been warmed by

bars of gold, and lumps of silver ore, and other precious commodities, which some kind fairy or goblin had made known to a poor, unfortunate wight like himself, who had since shone in court with lords and ladies gallant and mighty. The conviction, that he should grow suddenly rich by some means which were still, old as he was, more undefined than an incubus in his brain, had become by long cherishing a thing of as absolute certainty to him as death itself; the thought of the latter, however, seldom obtruded itself, while the former was almost the sole occupant of his waking and sleeping fancy. His dreams, and he was a great observer of dreams,—he used even to lie upon his back to cause him to dream,—his dreams were carefully noted, and pondered upon by every known system of interpretation. The slightest occurrence of an unusual nature served for a foundation upon which to build a series of omens which conjured up thousands of aerial fabrics, alas! less substantial than the subtle element, but, even when they had vanished, the poor architect would scarcely believe in their invisibility.

Mr Bunch had never entered into the holy state of matrimony; nevertheless, he was not quite alone in his mansion. His dwelling was graced by the presence of a creature so fair that she was

"The wonder of the neighbouring swains."

She was the orphan child of an only sister, who, having been taken as attendant by the lady of the domain, had won the heart of a poor scholar, who died soon after. The girl returned to her native village, where she died in giving birth to a female infant, which she bequeathed to the care of her brother. Zachariah had reared her with the most tender solicitude, and he was never so proud as when he heard he, beauty the theme of admiration. He was proud of calling her his niece Bessy, and of prophesying she would one day be a lady, and ride in a gilded coach and six. She was, in truth, a lovely, sweet-tempered and highly intelligent creature. It was marvellous to know with what facility she culled out such scraps of information as could be obtained from her uncle's scanty store. The latter, as his niece grew in years and beauty, was particularly jealous of the young swains of the neighbourhood, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration. Cherishing, as he did, such fantastic and golden dreams of wealth to flow from some supernatural source, he looked upon their devoirs as a species of presumption. Many, indeed, were the offers which she had from the most wealthy of the farmer's sons both through her uncle and, more slyly, to herself; but she saved her eccentric relative any trouble on the subject, by at once rejecting every overture. To be sure, scandal, for there was scandal in the secluded village of Storflot, did whisper that Bessy was not so wholly indifferent to every body. There was a sort of rumour, vague and without detail, that she had been seen at twilight talking with a tall stranger on the hill side, and that she had once been observed from a distance as she parted with a handsomely-dressed male creature at the fountain where the nymphs of the village were accustomed

to draw water; but, as these matters never reached the ears of her uncle, they soon died away, especially as she was, notwithstanding her reserve, an universal favourite with every body.

We have mentioned, that Mr Bunch was very particular in noticing and endeavouring to find out the signification of his dreams.—One night he had one of a nature most to impress his imagination. He dreamed that he was sitting in his shop busily employed in whetting his razors, when a being, whom he at once recognised for the goblin whom the peasants denominated “the gray man of the mountain,” entered and commanded him to follow. He obeyed, and accompanied his mysterious conductor over brake and fell to a great distance, till they came to a moss-clad and sterile mountain, which rose to a considerable height. Here the spirit took up a handful of the earth, and pointed out to him certain particles of shining, light-coloured metal, which, to the eyes of Mr Bunch, seemed pure silver. This done, they proceeded towards the summit. At length they arrived at a spot where lay two spades and other implements for digging.—The goblin took up a spade, and pointed to Mr Bunch to do the same, and they both fell to work. They had not proceeded far when they began to turn up huge masses of ore, which glistened in the faint light, and Mr Bunch began to imagine, that his long-cherished ideas of wealth were about to be realized. The spirit suddenly ceased from working, and, slapping Mr Bunch on the back, pointed out the road homewards, at the same time looking at the treasure before him with a knowing wink. Mr Bunch hesitated to leave so much wealth behind him; he, therefore, essayed to pick up one of the huge lumps of silver, as he imagined it was, that he might carry it home; but the goblin perceiving his intention, gave him a kick, which sent him rolling down the side of the mountain, head over heels, to the very bottom. When he had recovered himself, he felt a little indignant at such uncourteous treatment. He rose up with the intention of remonstrating, but he saw the spirit dilated to a gigantic size standing on the very pinnacle of the mountain, and motioning for him to proceed homewards. This mandate he thought it most prudent to obey; for, thought he, one who can give such a kick as that which I now feel tingling at my breech is not a fit personage to be treated with disrespect. He resolved, however, to return at some future day, when the goblin might be asleep, or in a better temper, and help himself to as much wealth as he wanted. With this prudent resolve he turned himself homeward, carefully noting every landmark that might enable him to retrace his steps.

When he awoke, he was surprised to find that the sun was already high in the heavens, and that his niece was up and bustling about. He hastily arose and dressed himself, pondering all the time upon his strange dream. Bessy's care for her uncle's comfort was on that morning expended in vain, for he scarcely glanced at the good things which she had so carefully provided; and great was her surprise when he bade her look well to the shop, and keep herself within doors, for that he was going out, and should probably be absent a great portion of the day. The truth is,

that he imagined he could find his way to the very spot which he had dreamt of, and was fully impressed with the conviction, that he should discover a mine of wealth. Just as he was about to issue forth, the latch of the door was lifted, and a stranger entered.—Mr Bunch intended to give an abrupt reply and brush past; but, when he saw the commanding presence of the individual, he respectfully laid aside his hat, and stood in the attitude of awaiting his orders.

EXPLOIT OF THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.—

This mad but intrepid woman resolved to enter Nantes on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars. In consequence of this decision, on the very next market day, which I believe was on the 16th of June last, the Duchess, at six o'clock in the morning, set out from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Chateau Thebaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Ménars as a farmer.—They had five leagues to travel on foot. After journeying half an hour, the thick nasled shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet; still she attempted to walk, but judged that, if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she would be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted. A moment after, she perceived, as she remarked the peasant girls who passed, that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were like to betray her; she therefore went to the roadside, took some dark-coloured earth, and rubbed her legs with it. She had still four leagues to travel before they reached the place of her destination. The sight it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman, who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Tuilleries—who rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body guards resplendent with gold and silver—who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches—who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and on her return to her palace, reached her bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions of Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet; this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the powder of the action of Vieillevigne, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl, going to seek an asylum, from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garments of a peasant, walking barefooted upon the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered; it was her companions: for they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth. At length, Nantes appeared in sight, and madame put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pymil, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded

by an officer formerly in the guard, and whom she recognised as having often seen on duty at her palace. Opposite to the Bouffai, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round: the person guilty of this familiarity turned out to be an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit upon the ground and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head. “My good girls,” she said addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, “help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple.” Madame immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion, to take the other, and the load was quickly placed upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when madame seized her by the arm and said, “Stop mother, where's my apple?” The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, saw a placard headed by these three words in very large letters: “STATE OF SIEGE” This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied that the placard concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined. At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected, and where she took off her clothes which were covered with dirt. They are now preserved there as relics. She soon after proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This apartment was a sort of garret on the third floor, and the place of concealment a recess within an angle closed by a chimney. An iron plate formed the entrance, which was opened by a spring.—*Dernooncourt's the Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.*

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