

THE CARBONEAR STAR, AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1833.

No. 21.

TO LET,

On Building Leases, for a Term of Years.

A Piece of LAND, the Property of the Subscriber, extending from the House of Mr. Joseph Parsons, on the East, to the House of Mrs. Ann Howell, on the West, and running back from the South Side of the Street, to the Subscriber's House.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 13, 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 *Newfoundlander 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.

THE PRISON-BREAKER.

It was a custom, some years ago, with a few young men, to meet together once a week at each other's houses, and to communicate their ideas in writing. The productions were always read and left at the house of the entertainer, who returned, with a cold supper, a small portion of the good that he received in the shape of imagination and wit. Every person, as I have said, communicated his ideas, but no one was bound to any particular subject. Each one was to do his best. He who could not be entertaining was permitted to be learned. "We can sleep, at all event," said one of the body, when a person of indifferent merit was proposed. In a word, one or two members of unknown talent were admitted into our party (which was to consist of a dozen), and among the rest an old gentleman in spectacles, of a somewhat saturnine aspect, from whom we expected to receive at least an Essay on Optics, but who, to our infinite surprise, presented us with the following anecdote.—(The circumstance of my being host of the evening will account for my possession of the manuscript.)

It was thus our sexagenarian began:—

"I am an old man, almost sixty. Some of my vivacity is perhaps gone; certainly all my sentimentality has vanished. My 'sallad days' are over! Instead of manufacturing bad rhymes and groaning at the moon—instead of sighing, after a villainous fashion, at every mantuamaker I meet, I set down my thoughts in level prose; I sun myself leisurely at mid-day, and I care no more for a milliner than I do for a mousetrap.—All this philosophy I have learned in the great school of old age, where one gets wisdom in return for giving up all one's enjoyments. Yet these matters may be drawbacks with some persons?—and so I am willing to be silent. If, however, there be any one who shall still desire 'a touch of my quality,' let him proceed with the following narrative. It is, I assure him, every tittle of it true:—

"About five or six-and-twenty years ago I went to reside at Charwood, a little village in the south-west part of England. Charwood is a pretty spot—a green, out-of-the-way place, with a semicircular wood crowning the high land above it, and a brisk, glittering trout stream running away at its foot. The reader must understand that I was *not* a recluse. I did not shut myself up, like the Hermit of Tong, and let my beard grow for a recompence of half-a-crown per week. I did not even retreat to this seclusion from any lofty misanthropy. I liked the world well enough—I had no cause for dislike.—My play had not been damned—my wife had not run away—I had not been kicked or caned at Newmarket or Brookes's. In short, I was very comfortable, and—a bachelor.

"And now to begin my story. It is to be owned that I commence under some disadvantages. My heroine is the last in the world that a novelist would have selected.—She had scarcely any of the ordinary qualities which allure from the eyes of ladies—maids and sempstresses such rivers of tears. She was neither romantic nor mysterious, nor fond of sighing; she had no confidante, and was not devoured by a 'secret sorrow.' I scarcely know how, with such defects, I can contrive to infuse any portion of interest into her narrative. But I have undertaken her little history, and must do the best I can. Little Sophy Ellesmere (for that was her name) was the daughter of a small landed proprietor in Charwood. She was an only child—the offspring of a selfish, wilful father, and a patient, housewife-like little woman, who, through twenty years of her ill-assorted union, endured more troubles than were ever borne by any one, except those who have suffered under that most damnable of human vices—domestic tyranny. Sophy had something of her father's wilfulness, and all her mother's kindness of heart. She was moreover, sufficiently spoiled by both—just enough to save her from the disgrace of being a common heroine. She had her full share of faults, and a few virtues. These things grow up together in Charwood like

weeds and flowers, although, in the illuminated Leadenhall MSS. they are kept carefully apart, lest human folly should be mimicked too closely, and nature be pronounced a libel.

"Our little girl was lively, good hearted, headstrong, passionate; as wild as a colt and as brave as a lion. In respect of her person, she was not perfectly beautiful; on the contrary, she was almost as brown as a gipsy, had irregular features, dark, piercing eyes, and lips like a Moresco. These defects were, it is true, redeemed by certain beauties: for with piercing eyes (whose intense expression amounted almost to the painful), a sweet smile, unblemished teeth, and a figure that would have graced a Dryad, she could not have been said to be utterly without beauty. Such as she was, the reader (the 'courtuous reader') will, I make no doubt, regard her with interest—if he can.

"When Sophy was about sixteen years of age she became an orphan. Both her parents died in the same week—the one through some fit (of apoplexy or paralysis), causes by violent passion; the other by incessant watching, by exposure and agitation, each operating upon a constitution that had been previously undermined by ill-treatment and disease. They died; and Sophy, to whose mind death had never occurred before, found herself, for the first time in her life, utterly alone.

"It is at such times that the mind destroys or matures itself. The weak one despairs and falls; but that which is strong collects its strength, and prepares to struggle with adversity, and to run a race with Fortune.—Our heroine was of the stronger order; but she had loved her mother tenderly, although the gaiety of her temperament had somewhat abated the show of those filial attentions which quieter children love to exhibit.—Now, however, that both parents were gone, her grief became for a time uncontrollable. For a time, I say; because her spirit, naturally firm and aspiring, rose up from the sickliness of useless sorrow, and put on once more a healthful aspect. In her endeavours to regain serenity she was assisted by the good counsel of a friend. This friend was a female, a foreigner, a native of Padua, 'learned Padua,' and under her auspices the little Sophy, who had originally begun with her a course of French and Italian, now took lessons in a more useful science—namely, that of practical philosophy. Madame de Mercet at first wept with her pupil, afterwards soothed her, and finally reasoned her into tranquillity. I believe, indeed, that the relation of her own little history had more effect in quieting the mind of the mourner than any argument; for she thus learned all that the fair foreigner had suffered, and her own sorrows shrunk in importance.

"Madame de Mercet was a dutiful daughter, a happy wife, and a fond mother, when she was suddenly made an orphan and motherless widow, by the Liberators of St. Antoine, at the time that they sacrificed science and art, and knowledge of all sorts, to the unreasonable Goddess of Reason. The mother of Madame de Mercet died in a revolutionary prison, and she herself, and her husband, were suspected of incivism, and invited to attend at the Place de Grève. They went, accompanied by great honours—a shining array of sabres and sans-culottes—and must have both perished amidst the execrations of regenerated France, but for one trifling circumstance. M. de Mercet had luckily been of service once to Citizen La Lanterne (formerly an *cordonnier*), and the citizen had committed great benefits on the Republic. At his intercession, a reprieve was sent when the De Mercets were at the scaffold. They were declared innocent more suddenly than they had been pronounced guilty; they were hailed and wept over; and Madame de Mercet, after having received the kiss of fraternity about eleven hundred times after hearing her name screamed out and lauded till the tympanum of her ear was almost broken, was, with her husband, escorted back to their hotel with the same honors that surrounded them in their progress. Indeed, the only difference between the going and return was, that Monsieur de Mercet left his head to grace the boards of the scaf-

fold, the reprieve having come (for him) just three minutes too late. After this, Madame took an unaccountable aversion to the good city of Paris, and her child dying soon after, (from a mixture of terror and distress) she packed up her jewels secretly, obtained by some interest, a passage to Franckfort, and thence proceeded to England, where she finally settled at the village of Charwood, and became the tutress of the little Sophy;—to whom it is now time to return.

"Six days after the death of her parents, Sophy Ellesmere (now sixteen years of age) heard the will of her father read, and found herself placed under the guardianship of Mr. Dacre, a friend and occasional visitor of her father, but with whom she had till then had but little intercourse. Mr. Dacre was the husband of a lady whose good or bad qualities need not delay us, inasmuch as she had nothing to do with the present narrative, but he was also the father of Harry Dacre, who was a person of more importance to our story. Harry Dacre it was who fell in love with our heroine.

"We do not mean to wax tedious in detailing the loves of young Dacre and Sophy Ellesmere. We shall cut the matter short, by saying simply that they fell over head-and-ears in love according to the most approved fashion. They sighed and whispered and languished, and looked unutterable things. The young man swore that he could not live without her; she vowed on her part, to be eternally his; and, indeed, the girl had a heart that was worth the winning—open, honest, and constant. The youth was sincere enough in his professions, for he was furiously in love; but his heart owned more attractions than towards the one true magnet. It was allured by a cockade and a scarlet jacket so effectually, indeed, that at the age of twenty, his father (persuaded that his son would turn out a hero) purchased a cornetcy for him, in order that he might bring down fame upon himself and family.

"Cornet Dacre very speedily shewed himself to be an 'altered man.' With a sword by his side, and I know not how many yards of gold lace on his person, he appeared to have forgotten all the whippings of his school-days, and walked as though he had won the victories both of Blenheim and Ramillies. Once, he was as 'modest as morning' towards strangers (although a Hector with his inferiors); now, he was 'whiskered like a pard,' spurred like a fighting-cock; 'full of sound and fury,' and to justify the complete quotation, he also, it must be owned, signified 'nothing!'

"It was not his fortune to remain unemployed. His country required his services. He invited him, his sabre, his gold lace, his whiskers, and other appendages, to ride forward and strike terror into the French. He yielded—not with alacrity, for some of his errors were on the side of discretion—but obediently, because he did not dare to draw back. Shame is often the spur to youthful minds. It sends forward the as yet untempered spirit by its recoil, and transmutes mere boys to heroes. It was not without its effect even on Dacre, who, backed by a thousand or two of his comrades, plunged carelessly enough in the *mêlée*, and was—taken prisoner at the first charge, conducted in due time to Verdun, and afterwards (on attempting to escape) was finally lodged in the formidable fortress of Bitché.

"To this place it was that Sophy Ellesmere was destined to go. She did not indeed know the precise spot where her lover was confined; but she knew that he was a prisoner, and resolved to attempt his rescue. It was in vain to contend or to reason. Like many resolute spirits, she had a grain or two of the vice of obstinacy mingled with her courage; and after hearing all that could be said against her enterprise, she equipped herself secretly, and, at the age of twenty, set out upon one of the most romantic expeditions that have distinguished modern adventure.

"It was a long journey for a young girl to undertake,—to go alone as far as Copenhagen, and thence through many of the States of Germany into France itself, then a hostile country. Apparently it was a need-
(See last page.)

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

From the changes proposed by Ministers, it is evident that they have no conception of the measures which are really calculated to relieve the people. For all evils they have but one remedy. "Increase the influence of the democracy." This conduct is the result of the same principle which inflamed the weavers at Lyons, when starving for want of employment, who declared they could see but one mode of stopping their misery which was by giving every man a vote. This absurd system is still obstinately persisted in, notwithstanding the signal and admitted proof of its tendency, which the Reformed Parliament has already, by the consent of all parties afforded. It may last a little longer, and overturn all the institutions of society in its course; but, like all attempts to subvert the order of nature, it must in the end, destroy itself.

The first measure of the constituent assembly of France was, to confiscate the church property; the next to extinguish all corporate rights; the third, to establish partial taxation on the opulent, under the name of "forced loans"; the last, to uproot the national religion. In the bill for the Irish church, now submitted to Parliament, are admitted the principles of ecclesiastical spoliation for the service of the state—partial taxation on a particular class—and the progressive demolition of the established religion; and a committee composed of a great majority of movement-men, is sitting on the whole corporate property of the kingdom. In a short time experience and observation will be enabled to determine the direction and force of revolutionary explosions, with as much accuracy as it has fixed the expansive force of gunpowder, or the track of a burning projectile through the air.

But on what principle ministers are now proceeding, in levelling alternate strokes at the two great parties that divide the nation, it is impossible to divine. How do they expect to maintain the helm, when in one night they level martial law at the Destructives, and on the next, church and corporate spoliation at the Conservatives? Do they intend, like the Committee of Public Safety, to place themselves boldly between the two factions, and destroy with the right hand Hebert and the Anarchists, and the left Danton and the Moderates? Have they forgotten the fate, which in a few months such conduct brought even on their iron and energetic government? Do they expect to conciliate the Revolutionists by suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, and win the confidence of the Conservatives, by delivering up the Church and the West Indies to destruction? Or do they expect to maintain themselves at the head of affairs, by declaring a monopoly of spoliation in their own favour, and letting the edge of the scymitar descend on all who attempt to imitate their example? Their conduct is inexplicable; but its tendency is apparent: it will dash themselves from the perilous heights of power, and deliver over the divided nation to a reckless faction, who will at once overwhelm it by the horrors of revolution.

STATE OF IRELAND.

From *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

"Almighty God hath reserved Ireland in her quiet state, for some secret scourge which shall by her come to England."—SEENNER.

This prophecy, now three centuries nearer the accomplishment than when delivered, falls into the error of charging Providence with evils of man's commission. The "quiet state" of the unhappy country to which the poet was the first to draw unavailing sympathy, remains to the present day with this mighty difference, that the perils of impending retribution are augmented a hundred-fold. The scourge is ready to be applied. In relation to Ireland, Britain has ever acted the part of a harsh and weak step-dame to a froward but hopeful child. She has neither had energy to subdue its will to the obedience of fear, nor yet shown kindness which might have gained her affections; and it has grown up from a childhood, rendered petulant and capricious by mismanagement, into a headstrong maturity, eager to punish early neglect, and to retaliate cruelty; and to prove, indeed, the long prepared "secret scourge" of its spoiler. As Britain has trained Ireland so she has her.

The laborious efforts of Mr. Stanley "to make out a case" against Ireland, and the character of the measure clearly indicated before the close of the last session of Parliament, both by the Lord Chancellor of England and the Irish chief secretary, and now brought forward by the Whig government, have turned the attention of many persons to Ireland, who rarely think of that country, save, as a semi-barbarous, shocking region lying beyond seas; abounding in intriguing Jesuit priests, riotous murderous peasantry, and blundering convivial squires; whither many regiments are sent, and which Britain encourages and patronises, to the serious detriment of her own agricultural interests, by consuming its corn, cattle, and butter; whence, in war, she also kindly draws off much of the surplus population for the raw human materiel of her army and navy; and

from which she obtains hewers of wood and drawers of water at all times. Such enlightened persons are not a little indignant at the ungrateful presumption of Ireland in seeking to withdraw herself from the patronage and tender protection of Great Britain, and they might fancy her sufficiently punished by granting her wish for repeal, and cry, "Let her go in God's name," if it were not that Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Stanley assure them this would be rather inconvenient, and, besides, just what Mr. O'Connell wants; which is of itself a sufficient reason for refusal. So these persons conclude that Ireland is seized with one of her periodical paroxysms, and must, as a matter of course, be once more subjected to coercion; must see her people imprisoned, transported, gibbeted, and subjected to all the tender mercies of military law; (for how can Tory or even Whig humanity, endure the idea of a land where murder stalks abroad, &c., &c.—See any of Sir Robert Peel's late "admirable" speeches)—and then all will be quiet again. Exquisite reasoners! Nothing stands against you but common sense, backed by the experience of seven centuries! Your measure is to restore order, and bring tranquillity; but this, to ordinary apprehension, is the fruit of internal peace and contentment, and can only be obtained through the removal of every reasonable ground of dissatisfaction. Not tranquillity, then, can follow your measure, but sullen submission; reluctant, enforced obedience, which may bend the scowling eye, and compress the writhing lip, but can never reach the heart, in which it will nurse deeper rancour and more implacable and fierce resentment.

(From the *True Sun*, March 30.)

The "Dragooning and Housebreaking" Bill has been read a third time and passed, after as noisy and discordant a debate, as ever cast disgrace and ridicule upon an assembly loving to call itself deliberative. It has been passed, amidst coughing, yelping, hiccuping, and braying—amidst confusion worse confounded than ever—amidst belowlings and vociferations to which "the cry of the Blatant Beast was as a whisper." The gallery on a holiday-night, may put forth its still small voice in vain; it will not rival the discordance that gives dignity to the deliberations upon despotism in St. Stephen's. A better set of shouters never congregated together than the supporters of Ministers in the Reformed House—their own Reformed House. It almost puzzles us to guess where they sprung from, and where they got their sweet voices. We should not have imagined, that some three or four hundred—we will not say legislators—we will not say, persons of high intellectual endowments—but gentlemen, men of breeding, versed in the politer refinements of life—we should not have imagined that such a number could have been found, willing to degrade themselves, and to insult the country, by venturing on such insanecies as those that have been resorted to in support of the Ministerial cause. And these are the men, these are the bear-garden gentry, who "hate every thing as is low"—who fling dirt upon the discussions of the working-classes, and who pretend to talk with so much high-minded and intellectual contempt, of the noise and nonsense of Political Union debating. Surely after what we have seen and heard for these few weeks past, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT will not again sneer at Covent-garden deliberations—he will not again curl his lip, at the proceedings of "promiscuous assemblages in Covent-garden." At any rate a Covent-garden mob is, all things considered, and making allowance for the temptation of cabbage-stalks near at hand, every bit as well mannered and as decorous, as the Whig Parliament. It is almost wonderful that the opponents of the Bill English, as well as Irish, have not been pelted (in the absence of the cabbage-stalks), with the petitions they have presented.

This Bill then has passed the Commons—a Bill which the *Times* itself alludes to this morning, in such terms as these:—"This offensive measure, which every lover of constitutional law detests, and which every friend of the Ministers must deeply lament, as a record of Whig principles of government!"—Whig principles of government! Mark that.

It is once more in the hands of the Lords. Even at this moment the Imbeciles are scanning the features of their darling, and endeavouring to recognize it for their own.

How will they deal with it? If they pass it in its present state, so altered, so amended, so "frittered away," that it will not answer any of the objects it was designed for (so say the Tories in the Lower House)—what a sentence do they pass upon themselves! They, who huddled up the work of deliberation in a few hours, and found every word the Bill contained a drop of balm, without which the wounds of Ireland could never be healed? If, on the contrary, they refuse to assent to the alterations, and reject the Bill—but no, we will not suppose such an event. We will not insult them by supposing a consummation so devoutly to be wished. If they cannot do all the mischief they intended, they will at least not fail to do all they possibly can.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From London and Liverpool dates from the 1st to the 12th of April.)

The affairs of Turkey are in a very critical state, and the interference of the European Powers for the avowed object of restoring peace between the Sultan and his rebellious Pacha, has involved the question in greater difficulties than ever, and seems not at all unlikely to bring on a war in which other powers will be the actors, though Turkey itself will be the real prize contended for. The Sultan is embarrassed on the one hand by the ominous assistance of Russia, his crafty and grasping ally, and on the other by the arms of the Pacha of Egypt; and between the two the Turkish empire seems tottering to its fall. In despite of the remonstrances of France and England Russia keeps possession of the Bosphorus, is moving troops on the Danube, and taking up transports in the ports of the Black Sea, to convey other troops to the theatre of war. England and France, on the other hand, are sending ships of war in all haste to the Mediterranean, with a view to rescue the Sultan from the hostility of Mehemet Ali, and the friendship of the Czar. Accounts from Alexandria to the 18th ult. state that Mehemet had rejected, with indignation, the terms of composition proposed to him by England and France, viz. the cession of the pachalicks of Acre and Syria, and expressed his determination rather to "fall with glory, and perish with arms in his hands than subscribe to a disgraceful peace." It is stated that the inhabitants of Constantinople and the Turks generally would receive the Egyptians with open arms, and that they regard the Russians with inextinguishable hatred. At the date of the last accounts Ibrahim was still in Kentopia with his army, which is said to amount to 193,932 men, admirably armed, disciplined, and officered, besides a fleet of 30 vessels of war, mounting 1201 guns. In the event of hostilities the Russians would probably find him an ugly customer.

Prussia is said to take a great interest with reference to the present situation of the Porte, and to be in active communication upon the subject with the Courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna.

German papers to the 4th instant contain accounts from the Polish frontiers to the 19th ult., from which it appears that the Emperor of Russia has made some concessions to the trade and agriculture of Poland, and otherwise relaxed his mode of treating that ill-gotten portion of his dominions. This unwonted clemency is said to have been wrung from him by the remonstrances of England and France; its more probable object is a desire to conciliate the Poles, whilst he pushes his designs on Turkey. These papers contain an address from the Nobles of Podolia to the Emperor, drawn up and voted on the 29th November, 1832, at Kaminiac, in which they beseech him to prevent the persecution of the national religion, the suppression of its churches, the transportation of their countrymen to the steppes of the Caucasus, the sufferings of the exiles in the mines of Siberia, and the abolition of public instruction and the Polish language. It is drawn up in the most humble, abject, and idolatrous terms, and reminds us strongly of the blasphemies addressed to some of the most impious and detestable of the Roman Emperors. One of the reasons assigned for the wish to retain the national language is, that the people may pray for their "Almighty Father, (as they call the Autocrat,) and his blessed family!!!" The grovelling slavishness of this document is sufficient to show the nature of Russian despotism in Poland.

There has been another partial change of ministry in Spain, and the liberal principles which were coming into fashion under the auspices of the Queen, seem somewhat at a discount with the weak and fickle Ferdinand. It is a thousand pities that the reports which consigned him to his fathers, some time ago, were not better founded.—The new ministry are advocates of what the French call *juste-milieu*, or, half-and-half principles, which, aiming to please all parties, generally fail to satisfy any.

We have received American papers to the 16th ult. The Tariff Bill of Mr. Clay had passed both houses of the Legislature, and received the assent of the President. After completing this measure Congress adjourned on the 2d ult. On Monday the 4th the ceremonies of the inauguration of the President and Vice-President took place in the hall of the House of Representatives. After the ceremony, the President Jackson returned to the palace, where he was, according to custom, to receive the congratulations of the American public. Suddenly, however, he became very ill, was taken to bed, and the doors were closed against the admission of large bodies of congratulating friends. The President, it seems, had been exhausted by the labours which devolved upon him during the last few days of the session.

It appears by late advices from Oporto that Sartorius, Don Pedro's naval commander, is at open war with him, and threatens

to blockade his master in Oporto, and has arrested his commissioners sent to supersede him in his command. Sartorius is on the right side, having Don Pedro's squadron in his possession as security for his good behaviour; consequently we have no doubt that Don Pedro must yield to the demands of his admiral, or lose his ships, which at present would be the upset of all his future projects.

Great exertions are said to be making by the friends of the Duchess de-Berrie, assisted by some foreign Ambassadors, to obtain from the French Government a promise that the Duchess should be forthwith set at liberty, and allowed to withdraw to her native country. The state of her health is represented as the cause of the interference of her friends, who seem to have found means of concerting with her that it should be made to appear much worse than it really is, in order to induce the Government to consent to her release. It does not at present appear, however, that their efforts will avail their purpose.

A Jamaica paper to the 15th February says:—"We are grieved to state that, in addition to the many other calamities at the present moment pressing upon the inhabitants of this ill-fated island, they have also before them the disheartening prospect of an exceedingly deficient crop. Sugar will be fully one-fourth, and coffee not less than one-third, short of last year. The coffee trees were injured in the blossom by the heavy and incessant rains of the past year, and the growth of the canes chilled and injured by the same cause. It is a singular fact that in some districts of the island there has not been two consecutive dry weeks since the end of May, 1831, previous to which there had been an unusually long period of dry weather."

THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.—A London paper (the *Standard*) gives the following, as an outline of the government plan for the settlement of the West India Question:—"A loan of twenty millions is to be negotiated upon the credit of the colonies. The legislative assemblies of those colonies which have any are to be called upon to guarantee this loan; and in the colonies which have not legislative assemblies, some agreement is to be come to with the planters for the like purpose. The loan is to pay an interest of 5 per cent.—one per cent. being reserved for the creation of a sinking fund, and the remaining sum to be payable to the subscribers. The money so raised is to be applied as follows, to the immediate emancipation of the whole negro population. The planters are to be paid an *ad valorem* price, ranging between £10 and £20 per head, for their several slaves. The slaves then, de facto, cease to be the planters' property, and become indentured labourers, as it were, of the public. They are, however, to be held in gangs upon the estates, in the cultivation of which they are now employed. They are to be made work six days of the week, the compulsory instrument is to be supplied by a numerous and efficient *white* police, acting under a subordination of magistrates communicating with the several colonial governors.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.—The following are the resolutions proposed by Lord Althorpe, in the House of Commons, on Monday night:

1. That it is the opinion of this Committee that it is expedient that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should be authorized to appoint ecclesiastical commissioners, for the purpose of carrying into effect any act that may be passed in the present session of parliament, to alter and amend the laws relating to the temporalities of the Church in Ireland; and that the said Lord Lieutenant be empowered to order and appoint such salary or other emoluments as he shall deem fit to be paid to such commissioners, not being bishops.

2. That it is the opinion of this committee, that it is expedient to make provision, for the abolition of first fruits in Ireland, and in lieu thereof to levy an annual assessment upon all bishoprics and archbishoprics and upon all benefices, dignities, and other spiritual promotions above the yearly value of £200, to be applied to the building, rebuilding, and repairing of churches and other such-like ecclesiastical purposes, and to the augmentation of small livings, and to such other purposes as may conduce to the advancement of religion, and the efficiency, permanency, and stability of the United Church of England and Ireland.

3. That it is the opinion of this Committee that vestry assessments for any of the purposes to defray which the annual assessment mentioned in the preceding resolution, may be applicable, should be abolished; and that any law, statute, or usage authorising such assessment should be repealed.

We know not what it may be in other quarters, but the farmers are perishing around us. Sheep are rotting by wholesale, cattle in this weather must become lean and altogether unprofitable; oats are reduced to a price that will not pay for labour or seed, letting alone rents and tithes; wheat is miserably, and barley ruinously low.—*Stamford News*.

Some singular facts are connected with the winter which is passing over our heads. The merry note of the lark was heard in March; nor has there been any cold of moment in the North of Russia. At St. Petersburg, the thermometer never stood so low as 18½ but for a single day, and the whole season has hitherto proved unusually mild. The centre of Europe has experienced but little cold weather, and still less snow; even in Prussia scarce a flake has been seen. The South exhibits a signal contrast; and the midland of Asia seems to have been the rallying point of the cold, [in the Eastern world]. Turkey in Europe, too, has been afflicted with its worst extremities; at Odessa it has prevailed without intermission; and the *Ottoman Monitor* tells us that its severity in Turkey in Asia has been such as to have greatly contributed to the suspension of military operations. In Persia, and the southern provinces of the Russian empire, it is said to have been altogether unprecedented in its virulence. Such a thing as winter is known by name only in Teflis and Eriven, where the roses bloom in the month of January; but this year the cold has been of an intenser character than what is ever felt even in the north of Europe.

KING OTHO.—During the voyage of the Madagascar frigate from Trieste to Napoli, having on board King Otho and suite, the Secretary of the young king fell overboard, and would have been drowned, but for the promptness of a seaman named George White, a native of Portsmouth (Eng.), who jumped into the water and held him up until the ship was brought up, and a boat sent to pick them up. The young king was highly pleased with the seaman's gallantry, and taking a gold watch from his neck, gave it to the man as an earnest of his favour, and promised to write to the King of Bavaria, his father, to settle a pension for life on him.

INDIA AND CHINA TRADE.

The following are understood to be the principal features of the plan entertained by Government in respect to this important question:

The China monopoly to cease.
The East India Company to retain their political functions.

The Company's assets, commercial and territorial, with all their possessions and rights, to be assigned to the Crown, on behalf of the territorial government of India.

An annuity of 630,000*l.* to be granted to the proprietors, to be paid in England by half-yearly instalments, and to be charged upon the territorial revenues of India exclusively, and to form part of the territorial debt of that country, not to be redeemable before the 30th of April, 18—, and then, at the option of Parliament, by the payment of 100*l.* for every 5*l.* of annuity.

Such part of the commercial assets as is convertible into money to be so converted, and the proceeds with the cash balance of the commercial department, as exhibited in the account of stock by computation for the 30th April, 1834, appropriated to the discharge of an amount of the present territorial debt equal to a capital producing 630,000*l.* a year.

The territorial revenue of India to be chargeable with all expenses incurred on account of that country at home and abroad.

The new annuitants to retain the character of a joint stock company.

The qualification of the proprietors and the right of voting to remain as at present.

The number of directors to be —; one-fourth to go out by rotation every year, but to be immediately re-eligible.

The patronage to remain vested in the directors.

The military patronage to be exercised as at present.

The civil servants to be educated at Hailybury.

The details of the arrangement to be settled hereafter; but, perhaps, something of the following nature might answer:—

The students at the college to be considered only as competitors for writerships.

Their number to be so regulated that there may be always more candidates than appointments.

Each student to remain at the college no longer than — years.

Vacancies for civil appointments in India to be filled from the college, on public examination, by the students approved the most able.

The directors to fill up the vacancies at the college each year; each director to nominate in succession.

The plans and arrangements respecting the course and subjects of study to be formed by the board and the professors.

The 47th section of the 53d Geo. III., cap. 155, to remain, but made applicable to removal as well as appointment, and to professors as well as to principals.

The governor-general in council to report annually, on his responsibility, the number of writers and cadets and assistant-surgeons required for the service of the next year.

The Board of Controll to have the power of reducing, but not of augmenting, that number.

Every British subject to have the right of going out to the seats of government of the

three Presidencies of India without license; but his right of visiting the interior, or of residing there, and of acquiring and holding property, to be subject to the restraints and regulations which the local government may impose.

The powers of the Court, and its relations with the India Board, to remain as at present, except as modified in the following summary:—

The Court, on the Board's final and conclusive order, are to send the despatch by the first ship that goes after such order.

In the event of the Court refusing to prepare a despatch, or to send a despatch as altered by the Board, the Board to have the power of sending it themselves.

Appointment of governors subject, as now, to the approbation of the King; but the Board to have a veto on the recal.

The same with regard to commanders of the forces.

The Board to have the same power with regard to pensions or salaries below 200*l.* a year, and to gratuities below 600*l.* that they have now, with respect to salaries, pensions, or gratuities above those amounts.

Home expenditure and establishment to be under the controul of the Board.

Ireland.

Those who thought that the mere passing of the Coercion Bill would be sufficient to restore tranquillity in Ireland from the dread which it would inspire in the minds of evil-doers,—and that it would only be necessary to hang it up like a rod in pickle,—turn out to be mistaken in their calculations. The bill has already been called into operation. The *Dublin Gazette* of Saturday last, contains a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, which, after stating the title and objects of the Coercion Bill, proceeds as follows:—

"Now we, the Lord Lieutenant, do, by this our proclamation, in pursuance and execution of the said act, and by and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland, declare the county of Kilkenny, the county of the city of Kilkenny, the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to be in such a state of disturbance and insubordination as to require the application of the provisions of the said act.

"And we do, by this our proclamation, warn the inhabitants of the said county of Kilkenny, the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to abstain from all seditious and other unlawful assemblages, processions, confederacies, meetings, and associations, and to be and remain in their respective habitations at all hours between sunset and sun-rise, from and after Wednesday, the 10th day of April instant; of which all justices of the peace of the said county, and county of a city, constables, peace-officers, and others whom it may concern, are to take notice.

"Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, this 6th day of April, 1833.

"ROSSE, "JOHN DOHERTY,
"W. M. MAHON, "F. BLACKBURNE,
"W. SAURIN, "R. H. VIVIAN,
"JOHN RADCLIFFE.

"God save the King."
It is stated that the Volunteers' Society, the Trades' Union, and the Conservative Society are to be immediately suppressed under the powers given in the Bill.

CARBONEAR STAR.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1833.

On Monday last the members of the Fishermen and Shoremen's Society, of this town, met at the R. C. Chapel, to inspect the affairs of the Society, and to admit new members. R. Pack, Esq. M.C.P. presided. During the meeting a resolution was passed to the effect that the Rules of the Society should be printed, and distributed amongst the members, who, by disseminating them, may induce other persons to enroll themselves in a Society of such utility. On inspecting the Accounts of the Treasurers, it appeared that the sum of £241, was in their hands belonging to the Society. After the Meeting the members walked in procession, preceded by music and banners, from the R. C. Chapel to Harbour-Rock Hill and back, they then returned to their respective homes.

We feel happy in observing the flourishing state of the funds of the above-named Society, and consider it a convincing proof of the correctness of the arguments, advanced by us, in a former number, relative to Benefit Societies, when properly conducted and supported by men of influence and respectability. Such is the case with the Fishermen and Shoremen's Society: Instead of holding its meetings at a public-house and having irresponsible men for its treasurers, its members meet in a place of worship (no other commodious place being available); two gentlemen of influence are its treasurers and support it by their countenance, thus giving the society the advantages that are only necessary to ensure prosperity.

Accounts have been received of the arrival in London of the late Chief Judge, and the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming.

We are happy to announce that the Mary, Clarke, of this place, (one of the vessels for whose safety great fears were entertained) is arrived at Halifax, with 900 seals on board.

On Sunday night last, the Schooner SYLPH, from Liverpool, bound to this place, with a cargo of Provisions, Shop Goods, &c., consigned to Messrs. T.

CHANCEY & Co. when within four miles of the port, struck a piece of Ice, and immediately began to fill with water. She sunk so rapidly that the Master and crew with difficulty saved themselves and the letters. They landed here on Monday morning. A small part of the hull of the Vessel remaining above water, and being perceived by the Master of the NORA CREINA Packet-Boat, and the wind favourable, he was induced to take her in tow and after considerable perseverance with assistance from the Shore, took her into Musquitto, where she now is.

It will be observed in another column that the Coercion Bill is already in force.

By late advices from England we are informed that a new arrangement has been made in the Ministry. Lord Goderich, it appears, has accepted the Privy Seal, Mr. Stanley, the office of Colonial Secretary, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse, that of Secretary for Ireland.

Arrived at Harbour-Grace, in the St. Patrick, from Waterford, Mr. R. Anderson.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

ENTERED.
May 20.—Brig St. Patrick, Hunt, Waterford; passengers.
21.—Brig Nile, -----, Liverpool.

CARBONEAR.

ENTERED.
May 21.—Brig Transit, Donnelly, Liverpool; 17 tons coals, 253 tons salt, 200 bbls. flour, 100 bbls. pork, 2 bbls. vinegar, 30 bbls. tar, 2 bbls. varnish, 38 kegs paint, 57 boxes soap, 1 box starch, 7 tons potatoes, 13 doz. dry mats.
Schooner Fox, Kelley, Halifax; 15 puns. molasses, 10 puns, rum, 20 bbls. pork, 20 bbls. beef, 220 bbls. flour, 27 bbls. bread, 10 bales tobacco, 134 pun. shooks, &c.
CLEARED.

May 17.—Schooner Lavinia, Hardy, Halifax; 1700 qts. cod-fish.
18.—Brig Convivial, Hampton, Spain, Portugal or Italy; 2800 qts. cod-fish.

BRIGUS.

May 14.—Brig Ianthe, Brown, Liverpool; 254 bags bread, 100 bbls. pork, 50 firkins butter, 14 tons potatoes, 200 bbls. flour, 25 tons coals, 20 boxes raisins, & sundries.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.
May 10.—Brigantine John and William, Ellis, Dartmouth; potatoes, coals, &c.
Brig Minerva, Manger, Jersey; potatoes, bread, flour, cider, &c.
Schooner Fly, Cook, Halifax; porter, ale, sugar, tea, &c.
13.—American Schooner Rapier, Hurden, New-York; pork, rice, flour, &c.
Brig Madeira, Ross, Greenock; oatmeal, potatoes, coals, &c.
15.—Brig Amaranth, Card, New-York; pork, flour, beef, &c.

CLEARED.
May 9.—Brig Lima, Mardon, Liverpool; fish, oil, blubber, &c.
Brig Eliza, Larkin, Pictou; ballast.
Schooner Diligence, Haley, Sydney, ballast.
Schooner Isabella, Fitzgerald, P. E. Island; merchandise, &c.
12.—Schooner Sir C. Hamilton, Blake, Cadiz; ballast.
Schooner Annabella, O'Neil, Miramichi; ballast.
Schooner Ceres, Rendle, Sydney; iron, and ballast.
Brigantine Goose, Jones, Vienna; fish.
Brig Ebenezer, Gaudin, Cadiz; fish.
Brig Twig, Huelin, Archange; ballast.
Brigantine St. Patrick, Burrige, Portugal; fish.
Schooner Joseph, Murphy, Bay Verte; ballast.
14.—Schooner Augusta Ann, Darrell, Barbadoes; fish, flour, pork, &c.
Brig Salus, Wilson, Restagouche; rum, molasses.

FOR SALE

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
THIS DAY,

(WEDNESDAY,) At 11 o'Clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

MICHAEL HOWLEY,

20 Barrels Prime New-York Pork,
(City Inspection)

25 Firkins Irish Butter
15 Barrels Prime Beef
60 Boxes and half-boxes Soap
10 Barrels Pitch
10 Barrels Tar.

Carbonear, May 22, 1833.

TO LET,

THE SITE, whereon lately stood the Shop and Dwelling-house belonging to the Estate of Mr. H. W. Danson, on which is a BRICK-BUILT FIRE and FROST-PROOF CELLAR.

The above is situate near the centre of Harbour-Grace.

Apply to
JOHN MCCARTHY.
Carbonear, May 22, 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER

THE
Brigantine MINERVA,
Burden, $\text{\$}$ register, 90 Tons.

S. STROUD, Master.

Apply to the Master on board, or, to
W. W. BEMISTER, and Co.
Carbonear, May 8, 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.

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 @ 25*s.* $\text{\$}$ pair
Ditto Blucher or laced ditto 15*s.* ...
Men's Shoes 10*s.* to 11*s.* ...

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots @ 10*s.* $\text{\$}$ pair
Shoes 8*s.* ...
And all other work in proportion.

$\text{\$}$ Mending and repairing Boots and Shoes will be strictly attended to.

Carbonear, April 3, 1833.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

BY THE ABOVE,

FOUR Journeymen Shoe-makers

To whom liberal Wages will be given.—None need apply but *good Workmen.*
April 17, 1833.

For Sale at the Office of this Paper.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

SEALERS.

A SERMON,

BY THE

Rev. W. BULLOCK,

Protestant Episcopal Missionary, Trinity.

PRICE 6*d.* EACH COPY.

(Carbonear, April 10, 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; Chymicals, 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.

POETRY.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

Weep not for him that dieth—
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast:
But weep for him that pineth
On a fair land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it fieth
Is a world of misery:
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain:
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years:
But weep for him that weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,
Weep for the dead no more!

Continued from first page.

less circuit; but at that time all the ports of the Continent were shut against us, and Denmark alone remained neutral. To Denmark therefore, it was necessary to go. I do not mean to detain the reader with the thousand difficulties that beset our heroine in passing from Denmark through Holstein, by Hamburg, Bremen, Minden, (onced with slaughter, although then

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow.) Cassel, Franckfort, Heidelberg, (ten times renowned for its tun of Rhenish,) until she set foot in the pretty States of Baden. It is sufficient to say that she arrived there, and found, without much difficulty, the house of Mr. Villeneuve, who had married the sister of her friend De Mercet, and who, with his wife, received her with distinguished kindness. M. Villeneuve lived at Baden in great retirement; free from all suspicion, however, the names of himself and family having been erased from the list of emigrants, and some portion of his property restored; but not without anxiety concerning his son Henri, whose imagination had taken fire at the splendid exploits of Napoleon, and who himself had rushed into the French ranks, and had already risen to the dignity of serjeant. 'He is not far from us,' said Madame Villeneuve, 'which comforts me, although he complains bitterly of being appointed to guard the English prisoners, which he calls a degrading service.' It may be easily supposed that our heroine's curiosity was stimulated by this piece of news. She restrained her curiosity, however, and made the necessary inquiry with apparent indifference. 'And your son, Madame? He is at —?' 'He is at present at the fortress of Bitche,' replied Madame Villeneuve, 'where refractory prisoners are sent. The principal depot is, as you know, at Verdun, which is farther from us.'

'Sophia treasured up the information thus acquired, and resolved to take Bitche by stratagem or storm. She continued for a day or two asking what the lawyers call "leading questions;" but at last the natural candour of her spirit rejected this system of policy. "I cannot go on thus, my kind friends," said she; "I cannot, and I ought not to go on thus. I am deceiving you, and it is fit that all should be plain between us. I am journeying to Verdun—to Bitche—to wherever else it is likely that a friend of mine (a young English officer) is detained. He is imprisoned, he is unhappy. I will find him—I will travel all France but I will find and rescue him,—and here the simpleton burst into a passion of tears. M. Villeneuve looked somewhat serious at this piece of information. He did not wish, to say truth, to implicate himself and his family in an adventure which seemed to exceed rashness itself. He had been an exile once, and stripped of all his patrimony, and he had no desire—with a son to succeed him—to put himself and his estates in jeopardy again. He was under something like a tacit promise, too, to a friend who had promised to answer for his good conduct; and under the influence of all these things, he strenuously dissuaded our heroine from proceeding farther on her travels. His persuasions, however, were vain. The sole hope of many months was not to be thus abandoned; and, therefore, after the delay of a few more days, which were occupied partly in obtaining a passport, and in purchasing a variety of small wares and trinkets, (in order to enable her to traverse the country in the character of an itinerant trader,) she bade adieu to her kind hosts, and set off, by the public conveyance, to Kehl.

"It was almost dusk when Sophy Ellemere trod, for the first time, upon the bridge of boats over which the traveller enters

Strasbourg. Strasbourg, famous for its snuff, its bells, and its cathedral, had, however, but few charms for our heroine. She accordingly, after having answered the challenge of the sentinel, (who patted her cheek, and let down the wiry muscles of his face into a smile,) and delivered her passport, which authorized Sophie Mercet to travel through various places, enumerating among others, Bitche and Verdun, took up her abode at a humble place of entertainment, and dreamed of success till morning.

"With the first blush of a September sun she quitted Strasbourg, bade adieu to the beautiful Rhine, and after travelling for a couple of days, arrived on the second evening upon the high land which overlooks the fortress and town of Bitche.

"The town of Bitche is situate in the department of the Moselle, about forty English miles (as the crow flies) from Strasbourg. It is commanded by its gloomy fortress, a place famous for its strength, as well as remarkable for having been the prison of many Englishmen who had endeavoured to escape from the confinement of Verdun.—This fortress, which is half buried in a dark looking wood, and which, with its drawbridges and other securities, presents any thing but a pleasant aspect, seemed to the poor way-worn Sophy the haven where her weary voyage was at last to end. She was, it must be owned, a little staggered by the stern appearance of the place; and it occurred to her that a fortress, which had opposed successfully twenty thousand Prussian soldiers, would scarcely yield to the attack of a single maiden. But she considered too, that things that had resisted a *coup de main*, had at last been undermined by gold, or had yielded to the persevering efforts of human ingenuity. Above all, the desire of success rose up and flushed her cheek, till bars, and bolts, and chains, and drawbridges and strong holds, gave way one after the other before that unquenchable, irresistible spirit of *Hope*, which burns without dying in the youthful heart.

"In this state of mind she proceeded till she found herself on the banks of the small lake which lies on one side of the fortress, and in which the bastions and turrets glass themselves, and seem to pore over their own stern and imposing aspects with all the vanity of unquestionable power. The lake—I do not know its name—forms, I believe, the source of the little river La Blise; which, falling into the Sarre, soon after swells the current of the Moselle, and thus finally mingles with the famous rapids of the Rhine.—On this lake Sophy found various persons casting their nets, (fish forming an article of commerce with some of the inhabitants of Bitche), whilst others, chiefly females, were waiting on its banks. The evening was closing, and our heroine was without a lodging. She scrutinized, therefore, the countenances of several of the women near her; and at last, fixing her eyes on a broad, open, sunny-faced dame, who stood grinning at the approach of a boat which contained (apparently) her husband, she mentioned her forlorn situation. 'I have no home,' said she; 'I am wandering—I know not where—after one whom I love.'—'Ciel!' exclaimed the other; 'no home? no home? You must come with us. You shall come with us. You are welcome. You shall have a dish of perch for your supper—and we have a bed too, which is yours. Come along, come along! Here is our Bernard as impatient as ever, although he has got his net full of fish.' Bernard the fisherman landed, and after some good-natured peevish exclamations on the inattention of his wife, he broke out into a loud laugh, kissed both her cheeks, and confirmed the welcome which his wife had previously given, with an alacrity, and even grace, that would have done honor to a court.

"Our heroine accompanied the old couple home, and found that their hospitality did not content itself with words. The best of their homely fare was offered—was pressed upon her. She was invited to stay a week—a month—a year: why need she ever leave them? There was enough for all.—They had no children, and needle-work found many purchasers in the neighbourhood of the town of Bitche. Sophy listened to all they said with a patient smile, but her heart wandered away after the imprisoned soldier whom she had travelled so many leagues to enfranchise. It was her cue, however, to stay at present at the home of the fisherman; and she did not think it right indeed to give an ungracious and sudden refusal to the proffers of the good-natured couple. She would stay a short time with them. She would consider. She could not remain at Bitche for ever—but she would rest her unquiet spirit a little, and would wait for a smile from Providence. And accordingly she remained with them during several days, ripening in favour with both, and obtaining, from time to time, amidst the desultory conversations which occurred between Bernard and his neighbours, some little insight into the rules and secrets of the fortress. Neither did she neglect other means of obtaining information. She would take her little basket of wares, and go her rounds amongst the tradesmen and cottagers of the town, and sometimes ventured into the cabarets and other places where the sol-

diers were allowed to resort, when not upon actual duty.

"It was on one of these occasions that she came suddenly on a group of French soldiers, who stood chattering together at the door of a small inn, about half musket-shot distance from the fortress. One of the heroes had just completed his harangue as our little Quixote arrived. He was a good-humoured looking fellow, and bore marks of service upon him. A gash across the nose, a medal, and the ornaments of a non-commissioned officer, showed that he had made one sturdy step up the hill of fortune.—'Well, well, Monsieur from Picardy,' replied one of his companions, 'we shall see, we shall see. It is your turn to mount guard to-night.' Sophy listened to these words attentively. Madame de Mercet was a native of Picardy, and she had taught her one or two of her native airs. Her presence of mind instantly suggested that these might be of use. She began, and threw all her powers into a song and succeeded. Our Picardian was captivated in a moment. He stood by her as she sang, and tapped his fingers on his arm in accordance with the tune. Tears stood in his eyes, (for a Frenchman is soon moved by these little national reminiscences,) and our heroine might have risen speedily in his confidence and favour.

"But it was desirable to preserve her trading character, and she accordingly repressed her curiosity till a better moment should arrive. She turned to his companions and accosted them, 'Messieurs,' said she, curtsying, 'will you not lay out a trifle with a poor girl? Gentlemen soldiers,' continued she, 'will you not give me a sous piece for charity?'

"'Bah!' said one, 'we have enough to do with our money. Give, too! *Sacre!* what are eight sous a day to give with?' He smoked on with a frown that was rigidly philosophical.

"'Come hither,' said the Corporal, whose name was Jouvett. 'Come hither, my little girl, and tell me what you want, and where you are going?'

"'I am going to see my—my lover, Sir,' was the reply.

"'Ho, ho, ho!' This was too much for the gravity of the republican heroes; even the smoker could not contain a smile; but the Picardian viewed her with increased interest.

"'Soh!' said he, 'and where is your lover, Marie? is not your name Marie, my child?'

"'I am called Sophie, Sir,' answered our heroine, 'and I am going to Verdun, and afterwards to Tours. My friend is a soldier, —poor fellow!'

"'Poor fellow!' said the smoker, turning round; 'Do you call a man poor fellow who fights under the First Consul? You are a fool.'

"'A fond one, at all events,' replied he of Picard, 'and that is enough for me.—Come along, my Demoiselle; I must call at the house of Bernard the Fisherman—walk by me—I am old enough to save you from scandal. Let us walk together to Bernards, and you shall tell me your story by the way.'

"But let us hasten with our tale, or we shall become (if we have not already become) tedious. Our heroine used her time effectually in opening a correspondence with Dacre, who she discovered was in the prisons of Bitche, and in planning, in concert with him, his escape. She made acquaintance with the soldiers, many of whom bought of her some trifle as tokens of their good will, some purchasing cigars, others little buckles and pins, and ornaments, or casts and prints of the First Consul and his coadjutors, besides various other matters wherein she dealt. Some of these men admired her face, and some her songs, and all her cheerful willing nature. Many, as I have said, laid out money with her; but I must except one hero. M. Blaise, who, as it chanced, was a Picardian, like our friend Jouvett, but otherwise was his opposite in all things—saving only in his love of songs.

It is impossible to say how many times our little patient girl sang, for this rogue's pleasure, various airs of Picardy. She sang, and was encored, and sang again, till the musketeer was moved into mighty commendations; but still he would not part with his coin. One night, however, his desire for pleasure overcame this engrossing love for money.

"'If you will bring me a skin of wine to the north rampart to-night,' said he, '(I shall be on guard there, and will fasten it to a cord, which I will throw across the moat.) I will lay out a double franc piece with you, Mademoiselle. Come! you shall bring it, and sing me a Picardy air.'

"Sophy, who was by this time prepared to take advantage of any occasion, however sudden, of forwarding her lover's escape, gradually assented.

"But your Governor will not allow wine at night?' said she, inquiringly.

"'N'importe,' returned the valiant Blaise, 'we will drink his health notwithstanding.'

"No more objections were made by our heroine, who immediately proceeded to the house of a woman who did work for the fortress, and through whom she contrived to apprise Dacre that the time had arrived for attempting his liberation. To purchase a

skin of wine, and dissolve in it some opium which she had stored up from time to time was all the preparation that Sophy required. Ropes and such things had been previously purchased, and the route of escape arranged.

"It was hard upon midnight when our heroine, trembling for the first time from head to foot, arrived by the side of the moat, where it circles the north rampart. The skies were almost obscured by vast masses of cloud, and the wailing winds, as they came over the gloomy forest, dashed occasionally a few drops of rain in her face. It was a night fit for such an adventure, and Blaise was there ready (though he knew it not) to forward it. The signal agreed on was a Picardy song; for the soldier's love of music more than rivalled his love of wine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SELECTIONS.

A BOY'S LETTER.—The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Hood's Comic Annual* for 1832. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter writer would call "his friend in town."

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on Cordroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two 'prentices George and Will are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is taken home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun to go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't fook it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away.—Remember you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests.—Do come, Bob, and I'll shew you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musquet of him without his knowing of it; but be sure nay how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off."

A HINT TO LEGACY HUNTERS.—By stat. 20 G. II. c. 26, if any person who has a legacy left him by a will, is a witness to that will, such legacy is null and void. Hence, it is not uncommon for a testator, if he has reason to suppose that any person has expectations from him after his decease, which he (the testator) has neither expressed nor entertained an intention of realizing, to call in that very individual with a request to become one of his subscribing witnesses; which request, whether the expectant comply or not, serves to convey what is termed a *broad hint* to him of the futility of his hopes.—*Powell's Advice to Testators.*

CHINA.—The present Emperor of China, who employs his leisure hours in literary pursuits, is now superintending the printing of a familiar, or conversational dictionary, in the Chinese language, which it is calculated will extend to the enormous number of 168 thousand volumes; 2,708 persons are constantly employed in editing this work. An old Chinese Encyclopedia is extant, consisting of 6,000 volumes, of which 68 alone are devoted to music.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH ADMIRAL.—King Alfred was the first English king who established a naval force; and as he went out with his first fleet himself, he may, without impropriety, be considered the first English admiral. He invited into his navy not Frieslanders alone, who were probably at the time his allies, but adventurers of whatever nation, who were willing to forsake a piratical course of life.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.—Naval History of England.*

James Smith was asked, the other day, if Waterloo Bridge was a losing concern or not. "Go over it, and you'll be *toll'd*, was the reply.

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