

PACKETS

Packet

ing now  
one such  
er accom-  
fety, com-  
s can pos-  
st, a care-  
also been  
her usual  
Harbour  
DAY, and  
and Por-

s. 6d.

s.

6d.

s.

e carefully  
n be kept  
the Pro  
Specie or  
nce.

ALE,  
UR GRACE,  
OAG,  
HN'S.

ar and

his best  
patronage  
ved, begs  
same fa-

urther no-  
e morning  
DAY, posi-  
cket Man  
ornings of  
DAY, at 9  
y sail from  
h of those

7s. 6d.  
3 6  
6

1  
will not  
LETTERS

CK

begs most  
lic, that the  
icious Boat  
he has fit-  
RONEAR  
PACKET-  
of the after  
two sleeping

The fore-  
for Gentle-  
which will  
n. He now  
this respect  
res them it  
give them

CARBONAR  
rsdays, and  
e Morning,  
Mondays,  
the Packet-  
ck on those-

6d.

6d.

1s.

their size or

ountable for

, &c., &c.  
near, and in  
Mr Patrick  
ern) and at

aTerm of

uated] on the  
bounded on  
late Captain  
subscriber's.

TAYLOR.  
Widow

for Sale at the

# THE



# STAR,

## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. III.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1837.

No. 142.

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Messrs. W. DIXON & Co's.

### THE TWO BROTHERS.

#### AN IRISH TALK.

The village of Ballydhas was situated in as sweet a valley as ever gladdened the eye and the heart of man to look upon. Contentment, peace, and prosperity, walked step by step with its happy inhabitants; and the people were marked by a pastoral simplicity of manners, such as is still to be found in some of the remote and secluded hamlets of Ireland. Within two miles of the village of Ballaghmore, the market town of the parish. It also bore the traces of peace and industry. Around it lay a rich fertile country, studded with warm homesteads, waving fields, and residences of a higher rank, at once elegant and fashionable.

Many a fair day, have we witnessed in this quiet and thriving market-town, and it is pleasant to go back in imagination to one of these hilarious festivals. About twelve o'clock the fair tide is full, when the utmost activity in solid business prevails. For an hour or two this continues. About three o'clock the tide is evidently on the ebb; business begins to slacken; and now it is that the people fall into distinct groups for the purpose of social enjoyment. If two young folk have been for some time "cortin' one another," the "bachelor," which in Ireland means a suitor, generally contrives to bring his friends and those of his sweetheart together. The very fact of these accepting the "trate," on either side, or both, is a good omen, and considered tantamount to the mutual consent of their respective connexions.

Amidst such scenes as these, at the fair of Ballaghmore, several years ago, a party of the kind now alluded to was seen to enter a public house. It was less numerous than was usual on such occasions, and consisted of a young man, a middle aged woman, and her two daughters—one grown, the other only about fifteen. Who is—ha!—it is not necessary to enquire. Alley Bawn Murray! Gentle reader, how with heart-felt respect to humble virtue and beauty! She is that widow's daughter, the pride of the parish, and the beloved of all who can appreciate goodness, affection, and filial piety. The child accompanying them is her sister, and that fine, manly, well-built, handsome youth, is even now pledged to the modest and beautiful girl. He is the son of a wealthy farmer, some time dead, and her mother is comparatively poor; but in purity, in truth, and an humble sense of religion, their hearts are each rich and each equal.

Their history is very brief and simple.—Felix O'Donnell was the son of a farmer, as we have said, sufficiently extensive and industrious to be wealthy, without possessing any of the vulgar pride which rude independence frequently engrafs upon the ignorant and narrow-hearted. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—Maura, the last named, being the eldest, and Felix, by several years the junior of his brother Hugh. Between the two brothers there was in many things a marked contrast of character, whilst in others there might be said to exist a striking similarity. Hugh was a dark browed, fiery man when opposed, though in general quiet and inoffensive. His passions blazed out with fury for a moment, and only for a moment; for no sooner had he been borne by their vehemence into the commission of an error, than he became quickly alive to the promptings of a heart naturally affectionate and kind. In money transactions he had the character of being a hard man; yet were there many in the parish who could declare that they found him liberal and considerate. The truth was, that he estimated money at more than its just value, without having absolutely given up his heart to its influence. When a young man, though in good circumstances, he looked cautiously about him, less for the best or the handsomest wife, than the largest dower. In the speculation, as far as it was pecuniary, he succeeded; but his domestic peace was overshadowed by the gloom of his own character, and not unfrequently disturbed by the violent temper of a wife who united herself to him with an indifferent heart.

His brother Felix, in all that was amiable and affectionate, strongly resembled him; but there the resemblance terminated. Felix was subject to none of his gloomy moods or violent outbursts of temper. He was manly, liberal, and cheerful—valued money at its proper estimate, and frankly declared that in the choice of a wife he would never sacrifice his happiness to acquire it.

"I have enough of my own," he would say; "and when I meet the woman that my heart chooses, whether she has fortune or not, that's the girl that I will bring to share it, if she can love me."

Felix and his sister both resided together; for after his father's death he succeeded to the inheritance that had been designed for him. Maura O'Donnell was in that state of life in which we feel it extremely difficult to determine whether a female is hopeless or not upon the subject of marriage. Her humours had begun to ferment; her temper became shrewish; still she loved Felix whose good humour constituted him an excellent butt for her irascible sallies. He was her younger brother, too, of whom she was justly proud; and she knew that Felix in spite of the pungeny of her frequent reproaches, loved her deeply as was evident by the many instances of his considerate attention in bringing her home presents of dress, and in contributing as far as lay in his power, to her comfort.

The courtship of Alley Bawn and Felix had arrived, on the fair-day of Ballaghmore, to a crisis which required decision on the part of the man. They had been sitting in the parlour, to a public-house. Their conversation, which was only such as takes place in a thousand similar instances, we do not mean to detail. It was tender and firm on the part of Felix, and affectionate between him and her. With that high pride, which is only another name for humility, she urged him to forget her, "if it was not plasht" to his friends. You know, Felix, she continued, "that I am poor an' you are rich, an' I wouldn't wish to be dragged into a family that couldn't respect me."

"Alley, dear," replied Felix, "I know that both Hugh and Maura love me in their hearts; and although they make a show of anger in the beginnin', yet they'll soon soften, and will love you as they do me."

"Well Felix," replied Alley, "my mother and you are present; if by my mother says I ought—" "I do, darling," said her mother, "that is, I can't feel any particular objection to it. Yet somehow my mind is troubled. I know that what he says is what will happen; but, for all that—oh, Felix, aroon, there's something over me about this same match—I don't know, I'm willin' en' I'm not willin'."

They rose to depart; and as both families lived the beautiful village of Ballydhas, which we have already described to the reader, of course their walk home was such as lovers could wish. The arrangements for their marriage were on that night concluded and the mother, after some feebly expressed misgivings, at which Felix and Alley laughed heartily, was induced to consent that on the third Sunday following they should be joined in wedlock. Had Felix been disposed to conceal his marriage from Hugh and Maura, at least until the eve of its occurrence, the publishing of their banns in the chapel would of course have disclosed it.—When his sister heard that the arrangements were completed, she poured forth a torrent of abuse against what she considered the folly and simplicity of a mere boy, who allowed himself to be caught in the snares of an artful girl, with nothing but a handsome face to recommend her. Felix received all this with good humour, and replied only in a strain of jocularly to everything she said.

Hugh, on the other hand, contented himself with a single observation. "Felix," said he, "I won't see you throw yourself away upon a girl that is no fit match for you. If you can't take care of yourself I will. Once for all, I tell you that *this marriage must not take place.*"

As he uttered the words, his dark brows were bent, and his eyes flashed with a gleam of that ungovernable passion for which he

was so remarkable. Felix, at all times peaceful, and always willing to acknowledge his elder brother's natural right to exercise a due degree of authority over him, felt that this was stretching it too far. Still he made no reply, nor indeed did Hugh allow him time to retort, had he been so disposed.—They separated without more words, each resolved to accomplish his avowed purpose.

The opposition of Hugh and Maura to his marriage, only strengthened Felix's resolution to make his beloved and misrepresented Alley Bawn the rightful mistress of his hearth, as she already was of his affections. At length the happy Sunday morning arrived, and never did a more glorious Sun light up the beautiful valley of Ballydhas, than that which shed down its radiance from heaven upon their union. Felix's heart was full of that eger and trembling delight, which, where there is pure and disinterested love, always marks our emotions upon that blessed epoch in human life.—Maura, contrary to her wont, was unusually silent during the whole morning; but Felix could perceive that she watched all his motions with the eye of a lynx. When the hour of going to chapel approached, he deemed it time to dress, and, for that purpose, went to a large oaken tallboy that stood in the kitchen, in order to get out his clothes. It was locked, however, and his sister told him at once, that the key, which was in her possession, should not pass into his hands that day. "No," she continued, "nor the key that you put on the door."

During the altercation which ensued, Hugh entered. "What's all this?" he enquired; "what racket's this?" "Oh, he wants the key to deck himself up for marrying that pet of his." "Felix," said his enraged brother, "I'm over you in place of your father, and I tell you that I'll put a stop to this day's work. Be my sowl, it's a horsewhip I ought to take to you, and lash all thoughts of marriage out of you; if you marry this portionless, good-for-nothing hussey—" Felix's eyes flashed. He manfully repelled the right of his brother to interfere. It was in vain. After several unsuccessful remonstrances, and even supplications very humbly expressed, a fierce struggle ensued between the brothers, which was only terminated by the interference of the two servant-men, who, with some difficulty, forced the elder out of the house, and brought him across the fields towards his own home. Maura then gave up the key, and the youthful bridegroom was soon dressed and prepared to meet his "man," and a few friends whom he had invited, at the chapel. His mind, however, was disturbed and his heart sank at this ill-omened commencement of his wedding day.

Let us follow him on his way. He had not gone far when he saw his brother walking towards him through the fields, his arms folded, and his eyes almost hidden by his heavy brows; sullen ferocity was in his looks, and his voice, for he addressed him, was hollow with suppressed rage. "So," said he, "you will ruin yourself! Go back home, Felix." "For God's sake, Hugh, let me alone, let me pass." "You will go?" said the other. "I will Hugh." "Then may bad luck go with you, if you do. I order you to stay at home, I say." "Mind your own business, Hugh, and I'll mind mine," was the reply given him.

Felix walked on by making a small circuit out of the direct path, for he was anxious not only to proceed quickly, as his time was limited, but, above all things, to avoid a collision with his brother. The characteristic fury of the latter shot out in a burst that resembled momentary madness as much as rage. "Is that my answer?" he shouted in the hoarse, quivering accents of passion and, with the rapid energy of the dark impulse which guided him, he snatched up a stone from a ditch, and flung it at his brother, whose back was towards him. Felix fell forward in an instant, but betrayed, after his fall, no symptoms of motion; the stillness of apparent death was in every limb.—Hugh, after the blow had been given, stood rooted to the earth, and looked as if the de-

mon that possessed him had fled on the moment the fearful act had been committed.—His now bloodless lips quivered, his frame became relaxed, and the wild tremor of horrible apprehension shook him from limb to limb. Immediately a fearful cry was heard far over the fields, and the words, "Oh! yeah, yeah, Felix, my brother, agra, can't you spake to me?" struck upon the heart of Maura and the servant-men, with a feeling of dismay, deep and deadly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, "Oh! my boy, my boy!—Felix, Felix, what has happened you?" Again the agonized cry of the brother was loud and frantic. "Oh! yeah, yeah, Felix, are you dead?—brother, agra, can't you spake to me?"

With rapid steps they rushed to the spot; but ah! what a scene was there to blast their sight and sear the brain of his sister, and indeed of all who could look upon it. The young bridegroom smote down when his foot was on the very threshold of happiness, and by the hand of a brother.

Hugh, in the meantime, had turned up Felix from the prone posture in which he lay, with a hope—a frenzied, a desperate hope—of ascertaining whether or not life was extinct. In this position the stricken boy was lying, his brother, like a maniac, standing over him, when Maura and the servants arrived. One glance, a shudder, then a long ghastly gaze at Hugh, and she sank down beside the insensible victim of his fury. "What," said Hugh, wildly, "Oh! Felix, Felix! you are bappy, you are happy, agra, brother; but for me, oh, for me, my hour of mercy is past an' gone.—I can never look to heaven more! How can I live?" he muttered furiously to himself; how can I live? and I don't die. My brain's turbin'. I needn't pray to God to curse the hand that struck you dead, Felix dear, for I feel this minute that his curse is on me."

Felix was borne in, but no arm would Hugh suffer to encircle him but his own.—Poor Maura recovered, and although in a state of absolute distraction, yet had she presence of mind to remember that they ought to use every means in their power to restore the boy to life, if it were possible.—Water was got, with which his face was sprinkled; in a little time he breathed, opened his eyes, looked mournfully about him, and asked what had happened him. Never was pardon to the malefactor, for the firm tread of land to the shipwrecked mariner, so welcome as the dawn of returning life in Felix, was to his brother. The moment he saw the poor youth's eyes fixed upon him, and heard his voice, he threw himself on his knees at the bed-side, clasped him in his arms, and with an impetuous tide of sensations, in which were blended joy, grief, burning affection, and remorse, he kissed his lips, strained him to his bosom, and wept with such agony, that poor Felix was compelled to console him.

"Oh! Felix, Felix!" exclaimed Hugh, "what was it I did to you, or how could the enemy of man tempt me to—to—Oh Felix, agra, say you're not hurted, Felix, dear—say only that you'll be as well as ever an' I take take God an' every one present to witness, that, from this minute till the day of my death, a harsh word 'ill never cross my lips to you. Don't you know, Felix, in spite of my dark temper's puttin' me in a passion with you sometimes, that I always loved you?"

"Yes, you did, Hugh," replied Felix, "you did, an' I still knew you did. I didn't often contradict you, because I knew, too, that the passion would soon go off you, and that you'd be kind to me again." After uttering these words, the suffering Felix gradually recovered, but it was only at intervals that he was free from pain or clear in his faculties. His partial recovery, however, such as it was, gratified both Hugh and Maura, and each strove to assure him of their hearty concurrence in his marriage with his dearly beloved Alley, and hastened to make preparations for entertaining the company which might be expected to be present at the marriage feast.

Gathering strength sufficient, as he thought to support him, the stricken Felix now rose to depart. When ready to set out, he again put his hand to his head. "It comes on me here," said he, "for about a minute or so—this confusion—I think I'll tie a handkerchief about my head. It'll be an easy thing for me to make some excuse, or I can take it off at the chapel." This was immediately acquiesced in; but at Hugh's suggestion a car was prepared, a horse yoked in a few minutes, and Felix, accompanied and supported by his brother and sister, set out for mass. On arriving at the green, he felt that his short journey had not been beneficial to him; on the contrary, he was worse, and very properly declined to go into the heated atmosphere of the chapel. A message by his sister, soon brought the blushing, trembling, serious, yet happy-looking girl to his side. Her neat white dress, put on with that natural taste which is generally accompanied by a clear sense of moral propriety and her plain cottage bonnet, bought for the occasion, showed that she came prepared not beyond, but to the utmost reach of her humble means. And this she did more for Felix's sake than her own, for she resolved that her appearance, should not, if possible, jar upon the feelings of one who she knew in marrying her had sacrificed prospects of wealth and worldly happiness for her sake. At sight of her, Felix smiled, but it was observed that his face, which had a moment before been pale, was instantly flushed, and his eye unusually bright. When he had kissed her, she replied to the friendly greetings of his brother and Maura, with a modest comely dignity well suited to her situation and circumstances. Then turning to the elected husband of her heart, she said, "Why, thin, Felix, but it's little credit you do me this happy morning, coming with your nightcap on, as if you weren't well;" but as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and the colour from his cheek, her heart sank, and "pallid as death's dedicated bride," with her soft blue eyes bent upon his changing colour and bandaged head she exclaimed, "God be merciful to us! Felix, dear, you are ill—you are hurted! Felix, Felix, darling, what ails you? What is wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, jewel," he replied; "don't darling—it won't signify—my foot slipped after lavin' you last night on my way home, and my head came against a stone—it's only a little sore outside. I'll be very well as soon as the priest puts your heart and mine together—never to be parted—long, long, an' airnestly have I wished an' prayed for this happy day. I sn't your mother here, jewel, an' my own little Ellen?"

When the ceremony was concluded, those who attended it of course returned to Felix's house to partake of the wedding dinner. He indeed seemed to be gifted with new life; his eyes sparkled, and the deep carnine of his cheek was dazzling to look upon. Courtesy, and the usages prevalent on such occasions, compelled him to drink more than his state of health was just then capable of bearing; he did not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation. Still the noise of many tongues, the sounds of laughter, and the din of mirth, joined to the consciousness that his happiness was now complete, affected him with the feverish contagion of the moment. He talked hurriedly and loud, and seemed to feel as if the accomplishment of his cherished hopes was too much for his heart to bear.

In the midst of all this jollity, a change which none observed came over him. His laugh became less frequent than his shudder or his sigh, and taking Alley aside, he begged she would walk with him to the beach. "The say-breeze," said he, "and a sate upon the rocks—upon your own thymie bank, where we've often sat happily, Alley, dear, will bring me to myself soon. I'm tir'd, asthore machree, of all this noise and confusion. Come away, darling, we'll be happier with one another, than with all these people about us."

His young bride accompanied them, and as they went, her happy heart beating under that arm to whose support she had now a right, her love the while, calm, and secure in its own deep purity, she saw before them, in bright perspective, many, many years of domestic affection and peace.

There they sat in the mellow sunset until the soft twilight had gradually melted away the lengthened shadows of the rocks about them. Their hands were locked in each other, their hearts burned within them, and a tenderness which can be felt only by souls equally pure and innocent, touched their delighted converse into something that might be deemed beautiful and holy. Long before the hour of their return, Felix had felt much worse than during any preceding part of the day. The vivid and affectionate hopes of future happiness expressed by Alley, added to his concern, and increased his tenderness towards her, especially when he contrasted his own physical sensations with the unsuspecting character of her opinion concerning his illness and the cause that produced it. "Tis true, he disguised all this as long as he could; but at length, notwithstanding his firmness, he was forced to acknowledge that pain overcame him. With

the burning chill of fever bubbling through his veins—shivering yet scorching—he complained of the shooting pain in his head, and a strange confusion of mind which the poor girl, from some of his incoherent expressions, had attributed to his excess of affection. With words of comfort she soothed him; her arm now returned the support she had received from his; she led him home languid and half delirious, whilst she herself felt stunned as well by the violence as the unaccountable nature of his illness. On reaching home, they found that the noise of convivial extravagance; but the moment he staggered in, supported only by the faithful arm of his wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit suddenly hushed their interperance, and awed them into a conviction that such an illness upon the marriage day must be as serious as it was uncommon. Felix was put to bed in pain and danger; but Alley smoothed his pillow, bound his head, and sat patient, and devoted and wife-like by his side. During all that woeful night of sorrow she watched the feverish start, the wild glare of the half-opened eye; the momentarily conscious glance, and the miserable gathering together of the convulsed limbs, hoping that each pang would diminish in agony, and that the morning might bring ease and comfort.

We feel utterly incapable of describing, during the progress of this heavy night, the scorching and fiery anguish of his brother Hugh, or the distracted and wailing sorrow of poor Maura. The unexpected and delightful revulsion of feeling produced upon both, especially on the former, by his temporary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them from bearing his relapse with anything like fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty man, and the stupid but pungent grief of his sister, appeared but as the symptoms of weak minds and strong passions when contrasted with the deep but patient affliction of his innocent and uncomplaining wife. She wasted no words in sorrow; for during this hopeless night, self, happiness, affection, hope were all forgotten in the absorbing efforts at his recovery. Never, indeed, did the miseries and calamities of life draw from the fruitful source of a wife's attached and affectionate heart, a nobler specimen of that pure and disinterested devotion which characterizes woman, than was exhibited by the stricken-hearted Alley Bawn.

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, Hugh uttered cries of despair, and, tearing himself from a spot he dreaded to leave, he mounted a horse, which he spurred to the nearest town for a physician to come and see his now apparently dying brother. The doctor, a man of great skill and humanity, instantly attended the summons. But the visit was unavailing. The patient grew worse every minute. Never before had the physician witnessed such a scene of family distress. "Oh, Felix, Felix, Felix, darling," cried Hugh, in the agony of his repentance, "spake to me, spake harshly, cruelly, blackly—oh, say you won't forgive me—but no, that I couldn't bear—forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake wid affection to me, for then, I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance, wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh dear"—and he looked piteously in the convulsed face of the unhappy man—"Hugh, dear, it was only an accident, for if you had—thought—that it would turn out—as it has done—But no matter now—you have my forgiveness—and you desire it for Hugh, dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh, dear, comfort and support Alley here, and Maura too, Hugh; be kind to them both for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather torpor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace, upon the pure bosom of his wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and amn't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me—in what arms but yours should I die? Alley, think of your own Felix—oh, don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together), wear it for my sake, next your heart; an' if ever you think of doin' a wrong thing, look at it, an' you'll remember that Felix, who's now in dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you? My eyes want a last look of you; I feel you—ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presence in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh, my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me—near me!" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed—his

head fell upon her bosom—and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the pride of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious—almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself upon her heart. Quietly and calmly she arose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look, the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance of those who wept, while they attempted to sooth her.

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother, nor were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more wild and frightful than death itself. From "the dark day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths and the loneliest bye-roads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse minded have reproached him, in what, we trust, is his repentance, with his greatest affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the maiden widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain is she pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow struck for ever. She will never smile again. Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE LIVERPOOL DOCK DUES.

We mentioned some weeks ago that a great reduction was about to be made in the dock dues of this port, and we have now the pleasure of stating that this reduction will take place almost immediately and that, when effected, it will render Liverpool one of the most eligible ports in the empire in this respect as it has been in others. The reductions which are to be made will we believe be pretty nearly as follows:

1st—The Dock Dues on produce brought coastwise are to be entirely removed. The remission applies to all produce from the different ports of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man. Amongst the articles affected by it are iron, copper, slate, agricultural produce of all kinds, (including the immense importations of corn and cattle from Ireland) hair, potter's clay, salmon, and other fish, together with a vast variety of other articles, many of them of vast importance to the trade of the port and comfort of the inhabitants. The effect of this remission will also be to free the port of Liverpool from all apprehensions of rival from Runcern and other ports in the river Mersey, in case of a future application to parliament, the dues of which they particularly complained being thus repealed, and Liverpool being thus placed on as good a footing as they would have been, even if they had obtained the exemption which they claimed, and almost obtained, last session.

2d—The dues on produce, from all parts of the world, are to be reduced one third.—This, of course, applies to cotton, sugar, coffee, wool, dry wares, silk, oil, fruit, and to every article not brought coastwise.

3d—The Dock-dues on all ships entering the port, are to be reduced one fourth; and

4th—The dues on several articles which now pay a disproportionately high rate of duty are at once to be reduced. They are as follows:—East India cottons, silks, jute, oranges, lemons, nuts, and a few other articles.

The total remission of dues will amount to upwards of £60,000 per annum.

**China Deficient in Timber.**—China, like every other country which is densely inhabited, is deficient in the supply of timber and dyewoods.—The neighbouring countries, therefore, which are in a rude state, furnish it, in the same manner that America and the north of Europe supply England, France, and Holland; and if capital were abundant, and freights low, they would export a much larger amount. The supply of wood and other rude produce from the surrounding countries, is a branch

of trade into which we think it not improbable that the British merchant will sooner or later enter. The timber furnished at present consists chiefly of fancy-woods; as sandal wood, from Malabar, the Sandwichee and Feejee Islands; that of the first is nearly three times as valuable as those of the two last, being of greater size, and containing more essential oil. The English and Americans, in 1834, imported of this commodity about 300 tons, worth 50,000 Spanish dollars. Rosewood comes from Siam, and ebony from several of the Malayan Islands, but the best as well as the largest quantity of late years has been sent from the Mauritius, while the inferior kind is brought from Ceylon. The woods or barks for dyeing, consist chiefly of sapan-wood from Siam, and the barks of several species of Rhizophora, or mangrove, from the Malayan Islands. Under this head may be mentioned rattans and canes, of which the importations, both by native and European vessels, chiefly from Borneo, Sumatra, and the Malayan Peninsula, are very large for such a commodity. We perceive that of the former, the weight imported by British ships in 1830, was equal to 35,000 cwt. valued at about £18,000.

**Lumber Business.**—A correspondent of the Springfield Journal, at Bangor, says, that the town of Orono, 12 miles from Bangor up the Penobscot, is one of the most thriving places in the eastern country. It contained in 1830 but 1072 inhabitants. By a census just completed, it now numbers 3634. It derives its importance from the lumber manufacture, which perhaps is not equalled in extent in an equal space in the world. There are now in operation night and day, within a few miles of Bangor, principally within the limits of Orono, more than two hundred mill saws for boards, and a proportionate number for laths, shingles, and clapboards, manufacturing considerably more than 1,500,000 feet of lumber daily.

Newspapers, says the Northampton Courier are the only marketable commodity which has not advanced in price this season. The labour of men is worth more, the fruits of the earth are higher, and eggs are smaller, yet newspapers are increased in dimensions without the price having been raised a penny.

A Company called the Cincinnati Invincibles lately left New Orleans for Texas, under command of Capt. G. F. Laurence. They are represented as a powerful body of men.

**The American Home Missionary Society** have, during last year, employed 753 Missionaries in twenty-five different States and Territories, and in the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, besides seventeen Pastors and Evangelists in France; making the whole number of Missionaries supported or aided by the Society 770. Of these in the United States 575 are settled as Pastors, or are employed as stated supplies in single congregations; 182 extend their labours to two or three congregations; and, 46, including Agents, are employed in larger fields. It is calculated that the amount of Ministerial labour performed under the Commissions of this Society, the past year, is equal to 543 years of one individual.

The receipts of the Society last year amounted to 101,565 dollars, and the disbursements 92,108 dollars.

Balthasar Denner was the son of

most minutely laborious of the tribe of painters; he exhibited the head of an old woman in which the grain of the skin, the hair, the down, and the glassy humour of the eyes, were represented with the most exact minuteness; 'but,' says Pilkington 'it gained him most applause than custom, for a man could not execute many works who employed so much time upon the finishing of one.' He also painted the portraits of himself, his wife, and children, with such circumstantial detail that the pores of the skin were visible.

There are cultivated at present, in the gardens of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn, 6000 ornamental plants.

**VALUABLE RECIPE.**—Mr A Bronson of Meadville, Pa, says, from fifteen years experience, he finds that an Indian meal poultice, covered over with young hyson tea, softened with hot water, and laid over burns and frozen flesh as hot as can be borne, will remove the pain in five minutes; that if blisters have not arisen before, they will not after it is put on, and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

**BRUTAL MURDER NEAR LIVERPOOL.**

A murder, attended by circumstances of singular atrocity, was committed last week at the village of Sutton, in the parish of Prescott, eight miles distant from Liverpool. The murdered man was named Patrick Davenay. He had come over from Ireland, potatoe digging. The circumstances attending his death are detailed in the evidence taken at the coroner's inquest, held at the Bull Inn, Sutton, on Thursday last, before James Hayes, Esq., Coroner, and a respectable Jury.

Thomas Murray, of Clonsharret, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, deposed that he knew the deceased very well; he lived in the same village as witness. They left Ireland together on Wednesday, the 3rd instant, and came to Sutton, where they were engaged to dig potatoes for Mr. James Welsby. On Tuesday last, between four and five in the afternoon, the deceased and witness left Welsby's together; they went out for the purpose of buying some bread at a shop at Marshall's Cross. As they went along witness saw three men standing on the bridge which passes over the Liverpool and Manchester railway; one of them had a crutch, and the others had each sticks.—Witness never saw either of them before.—When witness and deceased left the shop, after making their purchase, they went the same way back towards Welsby's, and did not attempt to cross the bridge. The three men were still standing on the bridge.—Witness and deceased went down the lane leading in an opposite direction. Some children playing in the lane called out "Paddy, Paddy, make haste, or will get a thrashing." Witness looked back, and saw the three men following; one of them ran past the others, and witness ran forward a little; he then stopped to see what had become of the deceased. Witness observed that the man who had outrun the others coming close to the deceased, and he called for the deceased to run, but just at that moment witness saw the same man take his stick, which had a horn tip upon it, in both his hands, and strike the deceased on the left side of his head. The deceased immediately fell down. He called out that he was murdered, and the man struck him a violent blow with the stick across the small of his back. The man then ran after witness, and the other two men followed him. Witness made his escape from them. The other two men were between 30 and 40 yards behind the man when he struck the deceased. Witness would know that man again. The stick now produced is the stick with which the deceased was struck. In two or three minutes after the man had gone away the deceased came up to witness. He held his hands up to his head, and said that his head was broken. Witness got hold of him and helped him to Welsby's house, which was about a mile from the place where the attack was made. The deceased, on getting to Welsby's was put into a hayloft. Witness laid him on some straw, and covered him over with some sacks. In a short time deceased became quite raving, and called upon different members of his family. Blood issued from his mouth, and he motioned witness to squeeze his head, which was done. The deceased after that became insensible, and died about three o'clock in the morning, having lived about ten hours after the attack. Witness did not send for a doctor, thinking that it would be time enough to get one in the morning.

Henry Hawksey, of Hutton, deposed that he was a chair maker. On Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, he saw Joseph Monks, of Rainhill, a labourer employed on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, running after two Irishmen. He had a stick tipped with horn in his hand. Witness heard some children call out "he's coming," and saw the Irishmen turn the corner of the

lane as Monks overtook them. He afterwards heard a heavy blow struck and somebody called out, but witness did not hear what was said. On going up to the place where he heard the blow struck he found Monks standing there. He had still got the stick in his hand. Witness remonstrated with him, and asked how he would like to be abused in that manner if he (Monks) were two or three hundred miles from home; adding, that if the poor man did not look after him, he (witness) would see Mr. Hughes, the magistrate, himself. Monks replied, "I don't care for you or Mr. Hughes." He then left witness. Witness saw two other men, named Seaden and Rigby, but they were not near the deceased when the blow was struck.

Esther Lamb, of Sutton, deposed that she was in the tenth year of her age. On Tuesday she was at play in Chester-lane, near Hawksey's sawpit, when she saw two Irishmen pass. They were walking quietly along immediately afterwards she saw Joseph Monks running after them, with a stick that had a horn tip. He overtook them soon after they passed witness, and instantly, without saying a word, struck one of the Irishmen a blow with the stick on the side of the head. The Irishman fell down into the gutter. He screamed "Murder," on which Monks struck him again on the back. Monks called to him to get up, and he did. He ran towards John Webster's yard, and Monks followed him to the gate. He soon returned in the direction of Marshall's Cross, calling out as he passed witness, "I'll have no Irish in this country." He then went away. Seaden and Rigby came up after wards. Witness then proceeded to confirm the testimony of the first witness.

Mr. William Gartin, surgeon, of St. Helen's, deposed that he had examined the body of the deceased. He observed marks of discoloration and swelling a little above and behind the left ear, as if from a blow or bruise. On cutting through the mark described, witness found blood effused on the surface of the scalp, and under the temporal muscle. Witness found the squamous portion of the temporal bone of the skull fractured for about two inches and a half in length. These appearances lay immediately under the external mark of violence. On removing the skull cap he found at least an ounce and a half of extravasated blood upon the dura mater. The fracture crossed an artery in the dura mater, which lay in the groove of the skull, and from that witness believed the blood had effused. The extravasation of blood was quite sufficient to cause death, and must have been occasioned by external violence.

The Jury returned a verdict of "Willful Murder" against Joseph Monks, and the Coroner issued a warrant for his apprehension.

**THE STAR.**

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1837.

The following vessels have cleared at the Custom-House, to proceed to the Seal-Fishery, most of which sailed yesterday.

Vessels.	Masters' names.	Tons.	Men.
Austen Whelan,		55	18
Seal, T. Robbins		57	17
Calypso, D. Power		80	30
Rasselas, L. Keef		106	29
Relief, J. Murphy		106	29
Trefoil, M. Pike		87	28
John & William, J. Hutchings		51	19
Orestes, I. Gosse		78	18
Elizabeth, M. Keating		71	21
Malvina, T. Whelan		100	29
Earl Grey, J. Donnelly		113	29
St. Patrick, S. Johnson		94	26
Lady Ann, E. Pike		108	26
Lord McDonald, C. Newell		82	26
Jane & Mary, W. Parsons		88	23
Thomas & Hugh, R. Parsons		75	19
Kate, M. Keef		60	25
Lavinia, J. Herald		69	20
Ann, M. Hudson		99	32
William, M. Connors		57	21
Nancy, W. Davis		75	23
Sarah, W. Ryan		119	29
Isabella & Margaret, J. Hearn		93	28
Friends, H. Davis		73	23
Hibernia, W. Curtes		66	25
Fanny, T. Glavin		88	23
Surprise, R. Taylor		61	17
Mary Francis, D. Dwyer		90	29
Success, F. Shepherd		42	17
Brothers, G. Parsons		51	16
Wm. & Mary, J. Coony		71	20
Nancy, C. Hamilton		94	29
Brothers, J. Bradbury		89	29
Jane, J. Archer		81	24
John, J. Crocker		64	16
Sylvanus, H. Webber		70	21
James, J. Hamilton		93	26
Wellington, C. Gushew		61	21
Eunice, E. Pike		83	21
Louisa & Frederick, J. Stevenson		132	32
Dart, J. Parsons		77	23
Eliza, A. Thomy		71	23
Experiment, G. Sheppard		34	12
William, D. Green		123	30
Antipid, P. Hunt		111	31

Total 349 1053

**KILLIGREWS PACKET.**

JAMES HODGE,  
Of Killigrews,

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he has a most safe and commodious FOUR SAIL BOAT, capable of conveying a number of PASSENGERS, and which he intends running the WINTER as long as the weather will permit, between Killigrews, and Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at the Houses of Mr. John Crute and Mr. Patrick Killy, for Letters, Packages, &c., and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as the wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land, by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has a Horse and Sleigh, which he will have every TUESDAY morning in St. John's, for the purpose of conveying Passengers to Killigrews and from Killigrews to St. John's—he intends carrying a Saddle every trip in case the path should not be answerable for the Sleigh to return. He has also good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

**Terms of Passage, &c.—**

One Person, or Three, 15s.—Passages across the Bay, above that number, 5s. each.—Passages in the Sleigh 7s. 6d. each, Saddle Horse 10s.—Luggage, &c. carried on the most reasonable terms.

Killigrews,  
Feb. 1, 1837.

**MR. WELSBY'S PACKET.**

Robert and John Hinds  
Of Middle Bight.

BEG most respectfully to inform their Friends and the Public, that they have a safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, which they intend running the WINTER, as long as the weather will permit, between MIDDLE BIGHT, and BRIGUS, and PORT-DE-GRAVE.—One of the Owners, of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at Messrs. Donchard & Boag's for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of their being no possibility of proceeding by Water, the Letters will be forwarded by Land, by a careful Person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

They beg to state, also, that they have good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on reasonable terms.

**Terms.**

Passengers . . . 5s. each  
Single Letters 1s.  
Double do. . . 2s.

Packages in proportion.  
Not accountable for Cash or any other valuable property put on board.  
Letters will be received at Messrs. PARCHARD & BOAG'S.

Feb., 1, 1837.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS**

Offer on accommodating terms

BREAD, F. & S. F. Hamburg  
FLOUR, S. F.  
OATMEAL and RICE  
BUTTER, Cork 2nd cheap  
A few Barrels Prime BEEF  
RUM and MOLASSES  
SOAP and CANDLES  
LOAF SUGAR by the cwt.  
10 Barrels very Superior Moist ditto  
10 Bags Jamaica COFFEE  
TEAS of all kinds in assorted sized packages  
CURRANTS, reasonably by the cwt.  
WINES Port, Madeira, Teneriffe, & Red  
Cognac BRANDY  
STARCH and BLUE very low in small packages  
TAR and OAKUM  
Negrohead TOBACCO 100lb kegs  
TOBACCO PIPES  
100 Pair Mens Superior DECK BOOTS  
BLANKETINGS  
Tremble Milled SWANSKIN, and a  
General Supply suitable for the Seal Fishery

WILLIAM DIXON & Co.

Harbour Grace,  
February 1, 1837.

**Blanks**

of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace,  
Feb. 22, 1837.

On Sale

FOR SALE

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

The Fee-Simple of

ALL that FARM and PLANTATION situate in MUSQUITTO VALLEY, on the East side of the Road between HARBOUR GRACE and CARBONEAR, known by the name of GODERICH DALE FARM, containing 140 Acres of LAND; together with the COTTAGE, BARN, and other improvements thereon, as they now stand; held under Grant from the Crown; and the Purchaser is to be subject to whatsoever Rents, past, present, and future, may be demanded by the Crown.

The said FARM was formally the Property of JOSIAH PARKIN, Esq. It is conveniently situated for carting Manure to it, from Musquitto Beach.

For further particulars, apply to

HENRY CORBIN WATTS,  
Barrister at Law.

Carbonear,  
January 18, 1837.

To be LET or SOLD.

FOUR DWELLING-HOUSES, STORE and WHARF, all in good repair and situated in a central part of the Town, with a space of GROUND to the Westward of the STORE, well situated for a Dwelling-House, or other Buildings, with a large space of back GROUND, for the use, and term of between Fifty and Sixty years. Balance of Rent 47 10s. a year.

For further particulars, apply to

THOMAS MARTIN.

Harbour Grace,  
January 18, 1837.

**G. W. GILL**

HAS JUST RECEIVED,

Per Lark from Liverpool,  
PART OF HIS FALL SUPPLY OF  
MANCHESTER  
GOODS,

which has been selected by himself recommends as being of the best quality.

Carbonear.

**DESERTED**

FROM the service of the Subscriber, on the 15th day of NOVEMBER last,

MICHAEL COADY,

an APPRENTICE, (b and by the Supreme Court), about Five feet Seven inches high, black hair, full eyes and pimply in the face, a Native of St. John's. This is to caution all Persons from harboring or employing the said DESERTER, as they will be Prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the Law.

JAMES COUGHLAN.

Bryant's Cove,  
Feb. 22, 1837.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.

SEVENTEEN YEARS UNEXPIRED

TILE  
NEAR  
MR.  
of a  
UNT-  
com-  
VATS

For particulars, apply to  
BULLLEY, JOB & Co.  
John's, June 28, 1836.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, ST. JOHN'S Which will not be forwarded until the POSTAGE is paid.

HARBOR GRACE.  
Thomas Foley—care Patrick Morris, Esq., St. John's.  
John Carley—care Thos. Foley, Harbour Grace.  
From John Jewel, seaman on board H.M.S. Takevara, To James Jewell at Mr. Soper's Harbour Grace.  
Mr. Joseph Woods.  
Thomas Murphy—care of Wm. Bailie.  
Thos. Hyde, Bay-de-Verds—care of C. F. Bennett, St. John's.  
Patrick Strapp, Harbour Main—care Pat. Welsh, St. John's.  
Thos. O'Hara.  
Miss Ann Maria Ford, Cubits.  
CARBONEAR  
W. Bennett, junr.—care Gossey, Pack, and Fryer.  
Thos. Lock—care John White, South side.  
Wm. Bemister, merchant.  
Joseph Peters, a paper.  
S. SOLOMAN P. M.  
St. John's, Nov. 22, 1836.

POETRY

THE SPELL BROKEN.

O, yes, thou art, though changed, the same,  
I read it in that auburn hair,  
Those speaking eyes, that thrilling frame,—  
Which breathes of heaven's divinest air:  
But yet there is a shade of gloom,  
Which to my spirit seems to say,  
That care and grief have marr'd thy doom,  
Since girlhood's bright unclouded day.

Fair creature! gazing thus on thee,  
The sunshine of the past returns;  
And, o'er what never more can be,  
My time-taught spirit hangs and burns.  
Thou wert a bud of beauty then,  
A star-gem in a cloudless sky,  
A glory idolized by men,—  
And who thy votary more than I?

How fleeteth time away! twelve years,  
With shades of grief, and gleams of joy  
Have come and gone in smiles and tears,  
Since thou wert girl, and I was boy;  
Since, unreserved, how oft with thee,  
'Twas through wood and wild to range,  
And art thou silent! can it be  
That, like our looks, the heart can change?

When within mine thy fingers thrill'd,  
Although 'twas but a moment brief,  
My heart dilating swell'd, and fill'd  
My bosom with a gush of grief;  
That pressure was a spell,— that touch  
The treasures of the past unfurl'd;  
Showing at once, how time so much  
Had changed thee—me—and all the world!

Oh, there is not an earthly woe  
So bitter, as to see the form,  
Once overbright with beauty's glow,  
Bow'd down beneath misfortune's storm!  
To mark the once clear, cloudless eye,  
That swam as in the depths of bliss  
Subdued to darkness, and the dye  
Of such a dull grey world as this.

Would I had known not this!—thou wast  
An image to my musing mind,  
Amid the sunshine of the past,  
In glory and delight enshrined;—  
But now the spell is broken;—now  
I see that thou like all canst fade,  
That grief can overcloud thy brow,  
And care thy cheek's pure beauty shade!

Yes! thou canst change like all beside;  
And I have lived to look on thee,  
All radiant once in youthful pride,  
Chill'd by forlorn adversity;  
And though, like July skies, of yore  
Glowed thy serene, unblemish'd fame,  
I've sigh'd to hear black envy pour  
Her venom on thy favourite name!

Flower of life's desert! art thou sad?  
Nought purer breathless beneath the sun  
Than thee, in thy sweet meekness clad:—  
What couldst thou ere have said or done,  
That gloom should leave the thoughts of  
rest,  
Should dim the bright eyes, cloud the  
brow,

Or hang a burden on the breast  
Of aught so beautiful as thou?  
Or is it, that, from wandering come,  
From travels of the land and main,  
It was thy hope to greet at home,  
The faces of old friends again?  
Alas! if such thy cause of woe,—  
For ever quench'd their jocund mirth;  
The old have died, and sleep below,  
The young are scatter'd o'er the earth.

"In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare (where some of my family still resided) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that when his head is concealed, he fancies no one can see his tail (there are many wise-creatures, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking.) On the present occasion the body of this fish was visible.

"Oh Ned dear!" said one of the mowers, "look at that big fellow there; isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear!"  
"May be," said Ned, "we could be after piking the lad with the handle of the scythe."

"True for you!" said Dennis; "the spike of your handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it."  
"Ay, will I," returned the other; "I'll

give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how."

"The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the blade of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis; "there now—there! rise your fist: now you have the boy!—now Ned—success!"

"Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling.— But whether the "boy" was spiked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebrae in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders; and his head came tumbling into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive how it could drop off so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by one of his own ears, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

"The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's by one of the miller's men.

"Who does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears at any rate."

"A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself (which process was effected by whiskey), recited the whole adventure. They tied up his head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined.

The following traditional anecdote of Cromwell is from the relation of an old man, who had heard it repeated many times in his youth by ancient members of his family.— During the times of the commonwealth, there befel a scarcity of corn, in consequence of a short harvest. Though it was known that the preceding years had produced plentiful crops, yet the farmers of those days like forestaliers and comptrollers of the markets in latter times, artificially increased the scarcity by withholding their grain from the public till a famine seemed to threaten the metropolis. On a market day (I was told by my narrator,) at Uxbridge, a stout, ruddy, respectable, gentlemanly man, dressed like a substantial country yeoman, purchased nearly all the supply of grain in the market. The farmers supposing him to be employed by some merchant, or probably by government, were well pleased with him, and invited him to dine at one of the inns in their company, which invitation he accepted.— After dinner whilst regaling themselves over their tankards, &c. he told them he had a large commission for corn, and was disposed to give a good price. He likewise offered a premium to him who brought the greatest quantity for sale. Accordingly on the next market day, Uxbridge had never displayed a larger supply of corn. Then too, appeared our substantial yeoman with several attendants, and bags of gold. He purchased and paid for nearly all the grain that was brought. The competition among the farmers for the prize had emptied many a groaning granary, and the lucky farmer who had brought the greatest quantity was called for by the gentlemanly purchaser to receive at his hands the promised douceur. Exultingly he received and pocketed the money; but as he was turning away from his liberal customer, he was asked by that gentleman to return him two pence, which the farmer did accordingly. The gentleman with a commanding air and a severe tone thus addressed him:—Dost thou know what thy two pence is for? He answered no. Well then, I'll tell thee: I consider thou art the biggest rogue in this market. This two pence is to purchase a cord to hang thee withal. Corporal Stubbs, (addressing one of his pretended servants) there lives a cord twister over the way; with this two pence buy thee a rope, and hang this fellow upon the sign post of this very house, as a warning to all such accursed Achanes; for surely, as saith the Scriptures, "Cursed is he that withholdeth bread from the poor." The immediate execution of the farmer took place, for it was Cromwell who commanded it; and Uxbridge market for the future was well and regularly supplied with grain.

The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. The nearer the stones the sweeter the grass. These trifling sayings are said to have originated with Dr Stevens and his servant Sambo, in this way. The Doctor thought the vegetable diet, chiefly, was more conducive to Sambo's health, or rather perhaps to the Doctor's purse, than too much meat, as

it would clear his ebony skin of eruptions, and make it shine well without oil. Now Sambo was fond of good living, grumbled at this treatment, and finally, one day, his patience being entirely exhausted at having nothing but bones to pick, remonstrated most violently with his master. The Doctor endeavoured to appease Sambo by telling him that too much meat would make him unhealthy, and that the meat he eat was the sweetest, for every body knew that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. Sambo thought a good deal of this, and was determined to try the effect on his master's horse when a convenient opportunity offered. A few days after this, the Doctor told Sambo to take the horse and tie him in the field where the sweetest grass was to be found, for in a couple of days he was going to Berwick to preach. Saturday afternoon came; the horse was ordered to the door for the intended journey; he made his appearance, but the Doctor scarcely knew the beast, he was so lank, so weak, so wo-begone. What ails this horse, Sambo? Did you put him in the field as I told you? asked the doctor. Yes, massa, said Sambo. Where did you place him? show me instantly. Sambo marshalled the way to a large ledge of rocks, and shewed his master where he had tethered him. You scoundrel, said his master, how dared you to place him here? Why, massa, said Sambo, (scratching his head, grinning, and significantly turning up the white of his eye,) you tell a me tudder day de nearer de bone de sweeter de meat, as I pose de nearer de stone de sweeter de grass. But you black dog, here you could not get a mouthful of grass. Berry true massa, said Sambo, I pose massa no forgot tudder day Sambo had all bone and no meat; so I guess what good for Sambo, must be good for ole horse. This had the desired effect, and ever after Sambo had more meat than bones, and only a reasonable share of potatoes.

Of all Napoleon's relations, his brother Lucien proved himself the most determined opposer of his views and plans. One day, while they were disputing warmly on some subject, Lucien drew out his watch, and dashing it violently on the ground addressed to his brother these remarkable words:—"You will destroy yourself as I have destroyed this watch; and the time will come when your family and friends will not know where to shelter their heads."

Laconics—Great men of ancient and modern times, such as Cæsar, Suwarow, Nelson, &c., have been celebrated for the laconic style in which they have narrated great events: but history does not record any similar efforts of females:—It was reserved for the present memorable year to supply the defect, which has been done by the discovery of the following letter, which was opened by some inquisitive culprit in the bar room of a tavern in Ohio. Its chirography corresponded with its orthography:—

"Deere Kuzzin—Gif my luff to ant Betsy. We are awl well thank God! Ant Caddogan has hang'd hernself very affekshinatly

ures, Mika Parkins." A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too bare-faced."

He who never courts solitary reflection, knows none of the pleasures of an intellectual being.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

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

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

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

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S,  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA  
Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

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

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.  
Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
Double do. .... 1

And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

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

TERMS.  
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single 6d  
Double, Do. 1s.  
Packets in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on EAST by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace.