



## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

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No. 59.

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### Notices

#### CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

**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 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.

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.  
April 10

### 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 expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one 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 shall 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, 10s. each.  
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be 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 Crute's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

### 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 Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, 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, HARBOR GRACE.  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace,  
May 4, 1835.

### Notices

Harbour Grace,  
Northern District of } 16th of FEBRUARY, 1835.  
Newfoundland,

THE JUSTICES in GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS, held this day at HARBOR GRACE for the said Northern District, have under the 15th Section of the Act of the 4th WILLIAM IV, Cap. 9, intituled "An Act to Regulate the Standard of Weights and Measures in this Colony, and to Provide for the Surveying of Lumber," Appointed

MRS STEPHEN JOHN DANIEL of CARBONEAR, in the said Northern District, to be INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS and MEASURES, for the Division or Districts of CARBONEAR and WESTERN BAY—In the said Northern District.

By Order

THOMAS STEVENSON,

Acting for

MATTHEW STEVENSON,  
CLERK PEACE.

AGREEABLE to the above Appointment, I hereby give

### PUBLIC NOTICE,

That I shall be in attendance at my OFFICE Three Days in each Week, namely, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of Eight in the Forenoon, until 3 P.M. ALL PERSONS having WEIGHTS and MEASURES in their Possession, are directed to bring them to be Inspected or Assayed without delay, otherwise they will be Subject to the PENALTY of the ACT, which will be put in force against them.

STEPHEN J. DANIEL,  
Inspector of Weights and Measures.  
Carbonear, July 29, 1835.

### REMOVAL

STEPHEN J. DANIEL,

BEGS Respectfully to acquaint his FRIENDS, and the PUBLIC Generally, that he has removed his

### ESTABLISHMENT,

To those eligible WATER-SIDE PREMISES, recently occupied by Messrs. PROWSE and JAUQUES, where he intends doing Business as usual.  
Carbonear, July 15, 1835.

(From the Novascotian)

### THE FRENCH EMIGRANT.

AND HIS DAUGHTER.

An Original Tale, read by George R Young, Esq. at the Athenæum here.

FOUNDED UPON LOCAL INCIDENTS.

On one of those graceful, but superb hills, which line the banks of the Loire, there stand the ruins of a Castle, formerly the seat of a distinguished Chevalier of France.—There is a sad yet imposing sublimity in the crumbling outline of its fallen battlements and towers. It is just out upon the eminence of a lofty peak, whose front is clothed with a growth of young and verdant fir—above the ruin is hid, except in some defaced pinnacles of stone, by a grove of venerable oak and sycamore; while from its portals, it commands one of those varied landscapes for which this district of France is so distinguished: the bright and sparkling sweeps of the lucid River—the vineyard—the corn-field, broken up by ranges of gentle hills whose sides and summits are variegated by belts of planting, nurtured and preserved rather for ornament than use. The old castle frowns darkly—mysteriously, upon the scene of verdure beneath and around it, and thus blends the beauty of the present with the feudal recollections of the past.

Some eighty years ago, as now, it was a ruin. The descendants of that lofty lineage,

to whom it had in former centuries belonged, had perished, until the name was only found in history or in the tales of traditional lore. It in fact had devolved as an heritage to the Crown; and, by one of those arrangements so common in the Court of Louis the Fifteenth, which has, not unappropriately, been designated as a soul destitute alike of feeling or of principle—this property passed into the possession of one of the younger sons of a neighbouring Baron. It will not be my province to speak of the race from which he sprung. It is for me to detail only the causes which led to that irreconcilable difference which prevailed at the time of that history which I am about to disclose; for fame, with all her active garrulity had painted these in a thousand aspects, and still enriches the valley which the castle overlooks with a fount of traditional recollections.

The scene of our tale is laid in the earlier part of the last century. At that era the Sieur De St. Leon occupied one of the wings of this feudal establishment; although, under his rule, it wanted all the appanage of its primitive splendour. The family Hall, filled of yore in all its niches with the statues of those Counts of the Line, who had sought distinction and honour in the perils of war or the Crusades, was now roofless; and, like fading beauty, by the tinsel of its former ornaments, its broken friezes—its defaced gildings—its falling columns—told too truly the history of its own decay. The banqueting room for a hundred retainers was cold, chill, and desolate—the stable for a hundred steeds was now occupied by a single palfrey, and the broken gates—the waterless fountains—all spoke of a hand of peace and poverty, and that the present possessor was no favoured scion of Fortune.

The Sieur De St. Leon was poor, but he was proud! His education and temperament had early departed him from the circle of his friends. Nature had gifted him with talents of a commanding order. He breathed, in fact, from the first years of manhood, with all the brilliant inspirations of genius. While his brothers were at the hunt or the hall, wasting their energies by day in the pursuit of exciting but worthless pleasures, and spending their evenings in revels and debauchery—he kept himself aloof and alone, drinking, under the guidance of his tutor, the pleasures of knowledge from the Classics, and the boundless realms of philosophy and science. True, he was nursing powers for which France afforded then no field of becoming exertion. True, he was sacrificing his own domestic peace, and dissipating the ardour of his affection, at the shrine of knowledge. His kindred began to shun him.—Coolness grew to repulsion. His own peculiar enthusiasm and warmth of temperament found no sympathy at home. He sought for them abroad. It led to an attachment—tender, burning—reciprocal; but the crimes against his lineage reached their height, and the ire of his race concentrated, when he declared his resolution to marry the object of his devotion, because she could not trace her descent from some privileged case! Pride—Pride what havoc is made by you with human happiness. Oh! how many hearts are broken with the ideal and rapid distinctions of the world! Resolute and fearless he married. His father denounced him. He left the home of his sires to enjoy his embittered honey-moon and his studies, in the ruinous castle of which we have spoken. His income confined to a moderate maternal patrimony!

For a time indeed the union of the young couple was darkened by the auspices under which it was commenced. But the purity of their love, and the strength of the Sieur's character, at length wrought out their own happier developments. The spirit of peace descended upon their household. There is no heaven upon earth like the home of the affections; and truly has that classic poet sung, who expressed in his own beautiful rythm, that it matters little for the wrath of the other Gods, if those of the Household were only propitious. The frowns of the world and the blows of adverse fortune, are but little felt, if they are cheered and mitigated by the smiles and sympathies of friends.

Moderate in their habits—refined in their pleasures, of intellectual tastes and confiding tempers, their intercourse sweetened and brightened by the appliances of love, life passed noiselessly away; and their married life had numbered some years ere the even tenor of its course had been broken. But they had not been idly nor uselessly spent. The Sieur, in the skilful management of his vineyards and fields were regarded as the benefactor of the District—his lady was equally esteemed for her charities, and guardianship of the village school. He had employed his leisure in cultivating into higher excellence those transcendent powers with which he was gifted, and she in acquiring a greater proficiency in those accomplishments which are the peculiar ornaments of her sex. They were blessed by one only daughter, their Iobe.

It is justly said, however, that all here below is vanity and variability. This scene of felicity had its end. The Lady De St. Leon was attacked by an epidemic which invaded the district of the Loire. She lingered in her bed for some weeks. The Sieur spent his time in alternate groans and prayers at her bed-side. But the dispensation of Heaven was fore-doomed, and she slept—SLEPT IN DEATH. I shall not attempt to describe the burning and quenchless anguish which scathed his heart, when he looked for the last time upon the rigid but still divinely composed and intellectual features of his departed love. From the moment of her death till the morning of her funeral, he trod the chamber in which the body lay, without nourishment or without sleep, apparently without emotion. His sunken eye and hollow cheek told of the struggle within. No pride, no imperative necessity of circumstances, hid it from the view of the world. He maintained the same cold—abstract—melancholy firmness, till the procession reached the Chapel; but when the coffin sunk to its tomb the manhood could sustain the conflict no longer. He snatched his Iobe—a child with golden ringlets, then at his side—to his breast, and relieved his throbbing heart by one burst of long and uncontrolled passion. The grave often buries, not only the dead, but the hopes of the living.

We pass over another eventful period of twelve years. During that time De St. Leon had served in the Camp and Senate; and Iobe had blossomed into the beauty and grace of maidenhood. His early study of the classics had filled him with all their ardour for liberty. In some discussions he had ventured upon a style of popular eloquence offensive to the ruling powers.—He was proscribed by the Court—a hint was conveyed to him that he would soon travel from the Bastille to the scaffold, or at least to banishment and disgrace. He left Paris, in disguise, for his castle on the Loire, to prepare his Iobe for flight; for he had formed the resolution of seeking refuge among his countrymen who had found a home in the New World—in 'LA BELLE ACADIE'—as it is called by the writers of our early history—our own pretty and fruitful Province. Young as it is, it has not been without its martyrs for principle, its battle fields and tales of romance. Fiction may invent her wonders, but she can never surpass in pathos and interest, the realities of truth.

It will not be expected that the fruits of such an union as we have described, could be aught than perfect. Iobe had grown up under the joint care of Sieur and the sister of her mother—the lady Abbess of a neighbouring convent. As is eloquently said by Pratt of one of his heroines, "she was not pure only, but purity itself." Gifted with genius, enthusiasm and fixedness of purpose, far above her years, she had made rapid advances in those branches of learning, and the arts, to which her attention had been devoted. She sung with exquisite skill, touched her guitar with a cunning which the Goddess of Music could not have surpassed—painted with a devotion which the scenery of her country inspired, and added to these accomplishments a depth of reading and piety, which gave them at once utility and ornament. Oh! how the pride of her father's

heart swelled as he watched the opening graces of her mind and person—how the parting kiss was wont to linger on her lips, and the meeting embrace and mutual tears to lengthen their raptures into hours. At this sudden return he found her in the garden of the castle, watering her favourite beds of flowers. He saw her at a distance; his admiration rose higher than it was wont. Tall, graceful, arrayed in the silken dress which clung to the beautiful outline of her form—a flowing robe—and with her tracery of ringlets, stealing from beneath the rustic and picturesque bonnet, peculiar to the Loire he felt as if he had never seen aught so lovely. He spoke, "Iobe," "my dear Iobe," her countenance turned to him, the delicate cheek deepened into a more rosy blush, the lofty and alabaster brow reddened into emotion.—the dark black eye flashed and glowed with a more brilliant lustre—is it wonderful that as she rushed, fell, clung in delight to his knees, that the father should have wept over his child. Moore has said that the tear of repentance brought from earth opened the gate of Paradise to the Peri—could any offering be more grateful to Heaven than that tear which Douglas wept over his daughter Ellen, and thus described by Scott:

"Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than Heaven,  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear;  
A tear so limpid and so meek  
It would not stain an Angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious father's shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

Their communion was short. He came there a fugitive, and there was brief time for delay. He opened as quietly as his nature permitted, the object of his visit—his intention to fly—to emigrate—Iobe listened in silence. He paused—still she replied not. The flush of joy had left her cheek, it became wan, colourless, cold. "Iobe, do you wish to remain here—shall I go alone?"

Her affections were touched—she laid her cheek upon her father's breast, and wept—wept passionately. In the volume of life her pages of misery had opened. Need we relate that source of her grief—she loved—loved purely—fondly—devotedly—a fitting object; but when duty and affection were placed in competition—she felt to which the sacrifice, bitter though it might be, was to be made. She did not hesitate the course she was bound to pursue. Their departure was arranged for the third morning following. The young count Espere was then absent at Rouen. It was said that a peasant, who lived in the neighbourhood of the castle, was dispatched with some secret mission to that city—but certain it is he did not return until the Sieur and Iobe had embarked for some hours upon the Loire. Iobe sat mute and motionless, watching the road which ran along the side of the River. She wept—but tears at such a time were natural. The sound of a horse's hoof was heard upon the strand—a young and gallant Knight held the foaming bit, and urged his steed to his utmost speed. It was the count Espere. A cry was uttered by Iobe, the rider waved his hand, but a sudden breeze and a bend of the river wafted the boat along. She and her lover were now separated. The secret of her grief was disclosed.

We pass over the voyage to Acadia, their arrival at Annapolis, and their subsequent location in one of those beautiful nooks which are formed by the windings of the Cornwallis River below Kentville. Here the Sieur De St. Leon during the first summer of his residence, erected one of those neat cottages built in the French style of which there are yet remaining only one or two eloquent memorials. Few persons, in riding through this District of our Province can believe how rich it is in the associations of history, however, I trust, will yet be found to trace up its records, and to give them currency by the eloquence of his pen. To the French we are indebted for many of the extensive marshes we now possess, they prepared our resting places in the wilderness, and their expulsion, in its spirit and mode, is one of those national transgressions for which we may yet have to answer. The system of moral retributions, in this world so finely developed by Smith in his "Theory of moral Sentiment," is the result I believe, of Divine Philosophy, and sober truth.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANOTHER DISTURBANCE AT PARA.

We are indebted to a friend, says the *Stem Gazette*, for the use of the following letter from Para, dated

PARA, June 6.

We regret to state, that this city was the scene of further disturbances on the 12th ult., on which day the combined expeditions from Maranhao and Camata, endeavoured to take possession of the town, put down the present authorities, and give possession to the newly elected Vice President; but the affair was so badly conducted as to cause the total defeat of a party who landed to storm the place. Consequently, Vinagre was triumphant, putting to death 80 to 100

of his opponents, and wounding over 100. Of his own party, about 50 were killed, and as many wounded.

The vessels commenced firing on the Town at 10 o'clock, A.M. and continued until half past four, doing very considerable damage to property. They afterwards dropped down, under a flag of truce, to Santo Antonio Bay, where they still remain waiting the arrival of a new President who left Rio on the 15th of April, with an expedition consisting of two frigates and two sloops, commanded by Commodore Taylor. We understand that those vessels are bringing down about 800 troops, which will cause a re-action in favour of the Central Government.

Camata being the present seat of government, no canoes are permitted to come to the city from the interior, and within a few days past, the cattle canoes have been stopt, so that provisions will soon get up.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

We were visited this morning by one of the most violent thunder storms ever witnessed in Philadelphia. It commenced about half an hour after midnight, and continued until near three o'clock, during the whole of which time except a short period, when there was a temporary suspension, it thundered and lightened almost without any intermission, with a degree of violence scarcely ever known in our latitude. The rain fell in torrents, and probably a greater body of water has never been before seen in some of our streets. It gives us great pain to record that in the part of the city near which our office is located, extensive damage has been sustained, and that the losses that have occurred to many worthy individuals and families of moderate means, have been very great. It seems that at the time of the storm it was high tide, which prevented, as it is supposed, the discharge of the water from the mouth of the common sewer, at the foot of Dock street. The consequence was that the sewer became filled, and the whole of Dock street, which is more than a hundred feet wide, presented one sheet of water from house to house, extending all the way from near Front street, where the ground is elevated, up to the Exchange near Third Street. Scarcely a cellar escaped inundation. Some of them were filled up to the ceiling, and in the case of Dock Ward Hotel, situated on the North side of Dock street, at the corner above Second street, not only was the cellar filled, but the water was a foot deep in the bar room. The street called little Dock street, as far as its junction with Second street suffered in the same manner.

The scene exhibited this morning in the designated neighbourhood was truly distressing. Sugars and other groceries, hardware casks of liquor with their bungs out, cotton yarns, and a variety of other articles were totally destroyed, or greatly injured. A baker whose oven was in the cellar, had it entirely destroyed, and several persons have lost from a hundred to a thousand dollars. But this is not all. The length of time it will take the cellars to dry, and the injury sustained by the foundation of the buildings, must be taken into account as part of the damage.

We have not heard how far the storm extended into the country, but we fear that injury must have been sustained by the wheat crop, and by mill dams.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

The Mayor of New York has been induced by the recent riots in that city, to issue an ordinance for the strict observance of the regulations in reference to the Sabbath.—They forbid all frequenting of tipping houses on that day, and all pastimes or labour which may interfere with the devotional occupations of others; and prohibit the keepers of taverns, ale houses, or groceries, or any other person authorized to retail strong spirituous liquors, from selling them except to lodgers in the taverns, or persons travelling in cases allowed by law.—*Ibid.*

ARREST OF AN ENGLISH MAGISTRATE.

On the 10th of May last, a publication appeared in the London Weekly Dispatch, stating that a Mr Robert Orris, a magistrate of Norfolk, England, and chairman of the Walsingham quarter sessions, had committed forgeries to the amount of £25,000 sterling; had defrauded T. W. Cole of £1000, and another neighbour of £3000, and leaving 12 motherless children, had absconded, and gone to America. In consequence, a Bow street police officer, named Henry Miller, shipped for this country, and arriving here with instructions to have Orris arrested he applied to Mr Bixley, a lawyer, for advice how best to proceed to effect his purpose, when Orris should arrive. On Friday Orris and his son, who had been out travelling arrived in town, and took lodgings at Tammany hall; and a writ having been issued, from the Supreme Court at the suit of Cole for his arrest, in a civil suit, with a view to get him into custody, preliminary to customary proceedings, Huntington, police officer, was deputed to find out and arrest him.—this he succeeded in doing, late at night,

and the Walsingham magistrate slept in the prison. After his arrest, the Bow street officer went with some others to the lodgings of Orris, and breaking open his trunks, without law or right, found in that of his son upwards of 1000 dollars, which he took and had it secured. In the morning, application was made by Orris to the British consul, and it having been ascertained, that he could not be held on the civil proceedings, he was discharged; and being taken to the Police office, an affidavit was made out by the Bow street officer, Miller, against him; but it was decided, that as no part of the money he was accused of having obtained by the forgery, was found upon him, and the evidence of his guilt not being presented before the Police Court in such a form as to justify his detention, he was discharged from custody, to range the country at pleasure.—*New York Daily Advertiser*.

EMIGRATION.

We have received copies of the latest parliamentary papers on emigration to the new Australian Colonies, and proceed to communicate to the public a short abstract of their contents. It seems that in this southern colony there is a great demand for healthy and industrious female country servants. With a view to aid the advancement of the colonists, Government has for some years back, granted pecuniary aid to such female emigrants of respectability as might wish a change of soil and climate. Increasing experience has enabled Government to ameliorate the system chiefly in the two following ways:—

1.—Previous to the year 1835, four ships were annually sent out containing on an average 200 young women, to each of whom a Government bounty was allowed of £12 Promissory notes were then received from the emigrants for any extra sum they might require, who were expected to pay at their earliest convenience the accommodation they had enjoyed. To this entailing upon themselves of an obligation, it appears from experience that the emigrants have an invincible objection, and hence the Committee have introduced into this part of the system the very great improvement of extending the bounty so far as to enable the females to proceed to their destination, without the necessity of applying for any loan at all.

2.—The next improvement introduced is limiting the maximum number of the females who may hereafter emigrate in one ship, to 150. They will then have more roomy accommodation in the vessel. Their number will not press inconveniently on the demand for servants and other female employments at the moment of their arrival, and in various points of view this arrangement will conduce to the comfort and welfare of this distant and infant community. Thus, for instance, instead of four ships annually, his Majesty's Government will be able, and accordingly they intend to send out five yearly—three from England, one from Scotland, and one from Ireland. The first for Sydney on the 30th of April; the second for Hobart Town on the 9th July; the third for the same port on 1st October, and the remaining two to Sydney—one from Scotland on the 10th August, and the other from Ireland on October 28th.

THE LATE ELOPEMENT.—Sir C. Grant appears to have felt the elopement of his daughter to Gretna-Green with Mr. Sheridan as a sore affliction. In a letter to Lord Seymour, he says, "If I have found it hard, very hard, my Lord, to bear up against those afflictions which the will of Heaven has visited me with, till but only one of all I had to bless my home was left to me, it is, I find, beyond humanity to endure that this last solace of my life, for whom alone I wished to live, should be torn from me by a train of artifice disgraceful as it is cruel." The principal parties charged as aiders and abettors in the affair, are the sisters of Mr. Sheridan and their husbands, Lord Seymour and the Hon. G. C. Norton, a metropolitan Police Magistrate. To the latter gentleman, Sir C. Grant wrote a letter, the conclusion of which runs thus:—"I will not hazard the world's reproach by asking of you that satisfaction which, I am told, you might officially decline, but I take upon myself to tell you that your behaviour has been disgraceful to you as a magistrate and a gentleman, and you have so identified yourself with this nefarious proceeding, as to make you unworthy of either title."—To this Mr. Norton replied—"I am given to understand that what you characterise as a plot contrived and settled by the married couple themselves, and by no other person in one quarter of an hour. Upon my honour as a gentleman, I was not present at the elopement, and knew not of it until many hours after it had taken place."—Sir C. Grant rejoined—"I will not justify the terms contained in my letter to you, but leave the case with all the facts connected with it for the judgment of the world."—Lord Seymour, it seems, was acquainted with the transaction an hour before the lovers started for Hymen's altar, and nothing would satisfy the enraged father but a meeting, that he might have the satisfaction of exchanging shots with his Lordship. Lord Seymour would have made some explanation

but Sir C. Grant refused to listen, and a meeting of the parties took place on Friday afternoon in a field near Hamstead, without injury to either, neither shot taken effect

ALGIERS.—A letter from Algiers to the 14th inst., has the following:—"We have been in a state of alarm some time past.—The Bedouins have attacked us on every side. The troops were without the city, but happily the Arabs were brought to their senses by musket shots. We are very uneasy about the fate of the Colony—every body believes we shall abandon Algiers, so that commerce is at an end. Provisions are very dear, because the Bedouins bring nothing to market, and we have no arrivals by sea, on account of the loss of commerce.—The Government clerks alone can live with tolerable comfort. The workmen are very wretched, and we begin to see the poor holding out their hands for alms in the street.—This affecting spectacle must give the natives a bad opinion of the French nation."

STEAM NAVIGATION.—The Chamber of Deputies, in France, has voted about £250,000 for the purpose of establishing a steam communication in the Mediterranean, for the carriage of passengers, letters, &c., between France and the Levant. In the course of the debate, the celebrated M. Grago called upon the Minister of Finance to engage that all the steam engines should be made in France, where they could be manufactured as quickly and almost as cheap as in England. He also strongly recommends engines of high pressure, which occupied less room, and gave a more powerful impulse than those of low pressure. He declared that he knew an engine of high pressure manufactured in England, that made 25 miles an hour, and worked with such force, that the smoke from the flue killed a crow on the wing! The Minister replied that the government was anxious to encourage French manufactures, but the interests of the Treasury could not be sacrificed to that of private individuals. If we can obtain engines as quickly and as cheap in France as abroad, we are bound undoubtedly to buy them in France. If we get them from abroad, it is our intention to make them pay the duty of 33 per cent. A motion to render it compulsory on the Minister to employ French engines alone, was lost without a division.

It is announced in a Paris paper of the 26th, that a treaty of marriage has been concluded between the Princes Clementina, the third daughter of the Citizen King, and the Prince of Syracuse. It is believed by some persons that the state reason for this marriage is a project to aggrandise the family of Louis Philip at the expense of the Kingdom of Naples, by placing his son-in-law and daughter upon an independent throne in Sicily.

King Otho, of Greece, attains his majority on this day, the first of June.

King Otho, of Greece, it seems to be crowned on the 21st of June, in the open air, the capital of his exceedingly unsettled kingdom not containing a building of sufficient grandeur and extent for that imposing ceremony.

Sir Howard Douglas arrived at Corfu, by way of Ancona, on the 28th April, and immediately assumed the office of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

The Wesleyan Methodists occupy seven stations in France, on which are employed ten missionaries, assisted by about twenty local preachers and subordinate agents.—Seven schools also have been established.

The Edinburgh Pitt Club, on the 20th ult. unanimously resolved to appropriate £2000 to establish in the University of Edinburgh an annual prize for the most deserving of the students attending the Divinity Hall, to be known as the Pitt prize.

There are rumours prevalent in the Law Courts, that the lucrative office, which Mr. Courtney, now Earl of Devon, held in the House of Peers, will be subjected to revision and probably to a diminution of its emoluments, before it is filled up.

Saturday Lord Granville delivered at the Tuileries his credentials as British Ambassador.

Col. Loubers, of the French National Guard, formerly an Agent de Change, has come over to this country to apply to the Turf Club to exclude from its members an English gentleman who has flown from his engagements on the Continent to the amount of £11,000.

The Duchess of Kent has appointed Col. Hill, of the Horse Guards, one of her Equerries.

THE LATE ELOPEMENT. We can state upon the highest authority, that proceedings in the Court of Chancery will be instantly commenced against Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, calling upon him to make a fitting settlement upon his bride, or to bow to the alternative of all her property being settled strictly upon herself and her children. Although the lady is not a ward of Chancery, the jurisdiction of the Court extends to the care of minors. It must not be forgotten that the heiress is not of age; under these circumstances Mr. Sheridan will be deprived of a life

interest in the £40,000; and in the case of the death of his lady, he will not enjoy even a single sou of the inheritance. The proceedings are said to be instituted by Sir Colquhoun himself, and some curious particulars respecting the history of this famous fortune are expected to transpire in this important discussion.

Lord Eldon held office as Lord Chancellor 24 years and 329 days, his pension is £4000 a year, which he has been receiving since April, 1827; the pensions of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham are each £5000 a year. There are two Irish ex-Chancellors receiving each a pension of £4000 a year Irish currency—namely, Lord Manners and Sir E. Sugden; the former held office 20½ years, the latter 1 quarter and 24 days.

Major-General Sir James Barns, commanding the forces at Bombay, has returned home, his term of service having expired.—His successor is Major-General Sir John Fitzgerald.

**CHOLERA IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—An arrival at Baltimore from Rio Grande furnishes the startling intelligence, that one tenth of the population died, during the months of March and April of the cholera.

**COMMERCIAL.**—An order of His Majesty in Council, is published in the last Royal Gazette; after reciting an Act passed in the 3d and 4th year of His Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act to regulate the Trade of the British possessions abroad" it is among other things, enacted, that the privileges granted to Foreign ships shall be limited to the ships, of those Countries which having Colonial possessions, shall grant the like privileges, of trading with those possessions to British ships, or which not having Colonial possessions, shall place the commerce and navigation of Great Britain and its possessions abroad upon the footing of the most favoured nations; and it having been made to appear, to the satisfaction of His Majesty in Council, that the conditions have been fulfilled by the Government of Denmark, it is declared that DANISH SHIPS may import into any of the British possessions, from the country to which they belong, Goods, the produce of that country, and may export Goods from such possessions to any Foreign country whatever.—*Halifax Journal, July 13.*

A gate operator in London, made in the recent fall of the Spanish bonds, the clear sum of £500,000 sterling, or 2,400,000 dollars, and all without investment of a penny.

**MONTREAL, June 22.**—On Friday afternoon, and during the whole of Saturday, a severe gale wrought considerable damage to the numerous rafts at the bottom of the current—no less than twelve or thirteen having been unmoored and scattered.

**QUEBEC, June 24.**  
**LATE GALE.**—We are sorry to learn that the value of timber set adrift by the late gale is correctly estimated at above £30,000.—One person alone has lost three rafts valued at about £4000; and the expense of collection is often equal to the value of the timber got.

The damage suffered by the one hundred and fifty ships in port, by chaffing and having parts carried off, loss of boats, anchors, &c., is also very considerable.

Two of the unfortunate men who were miraculously saved from the Brig *Jessie* of Belfast, after being eleven days at sea in an open boat, were yesterday admitted into the Marine Hospital. Their situation is beyond description: the sailor Alexander Stuart has nearly lost both his feet and hands; and the emigrant, Samuel M'Artney, whose wife and two children perished from cold and hunger in the boat, is also in a deplorable state. It appears that out of twenty one, only ten survived; and their sole nourishment during that time was a dog and about 28lbs of soaked biscuit, which they sparingly divided daily among each other. Unfortunately many who lost their lives had drunk large quantities of salt water.

The Ythan, Davidson, arrived here yesterday, brought up the master, mate, and the remainder of the crew, (seven in number) saved from the *Jessie*.

**JUNE 29.**  
The vessel alluded to in the Prince Edward Island Register, cannot be the *William Money*. Letters from the wreck of the 10th inst., says she was still in her old berth, and a schooner arrived here on the 23d inst, saw her in the same position on the 16th inst. It may be the Elizabeth (the other tea ship,) which it is unfortunately too true, has not been heard of as formerly reported.

The weather has been very unsettled during the last few days and we have had heavy falls of rain. Yesterday, and last night a couple of loud thunder storms occurred.—In dry situations, the crops look well, but in low and wet spots they are rather stunted, and have suffered also either from the gale or from light frosts at the close of the preceding or the beginning of last week. The late gale has injured the fruit considerably, and such was its violence, that in exposed situations, it tore away the forest leaves, which in some places nearly covered the ground, like the leaf in autumn. Some early hay will be mowed during the

ensuing week. The prices of all agricultural produce, except meat, are exceedingly low, and a source of general complaint.

**CHOLERA IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The *Wheeling Gazette*, of the 24th says:—"We regret to state that our western papers and steamboat passengers, speak of this disease having appeared at various points upon the western waters. At Madison, it is said to have burst with desolating fury, causing them to flee in every direction." The Cincinnati papers speak of the ravages of the cholera in Madison, as truly appalling.—*Wheeling is healthy.* The cholera still prevails at Cincinnati. It also continues fatally violent at Maysville.

We learn with great pleasure from the different parts of the Province, that the crop of Grass, Potatoes and Grain, present a most promising appearance.—*Halifax Journal, July 20.*

**THE STAR**

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1835.

It appears that O'Connell attended at the obsequies of Cobbett, with an intention of delivering a funeral oration over the body; but that the friends of the deceased very properly showed too much respect for the consecrated ground that contained the ashes of their forefathers, to allow Dan the Liberator to turn it into a political arena. Dan however showed his respect for the religious ceremony of the Church by putting on his travelling cap in the midst of the funeral rites. Much as Cobbett has been abused and derided as the "bone grubber," and "political weathercock;" posterity will judge of him, as having been a more useful man to society than the agitator. Many of Cobbett's literary productions will be read with interest, and studied for their practical utility, when the frothy and noisy pratory, the association, combination, agitation, and even the "rint" of the political and religious gladiator shall have been forgotten.

We expect that our Island will derive a great deal of benefit from the transitory sojourn of the Nobles who have lately visited its shores. The Marquis of Waterford and Lord Beresford will be able to inform their countrymen that Bears are not to be easily procured in Trinity Bay; and that the natives "Red Indians" are now seldom seen in the neighbourhood of St. John's, the capital of the Island. There is, even amongst otherwise well informed people in the mother country, a deplorable want of information with respect to this country. Its commercial importance is only known to those who are directly or indirectly engaged in trading to it; its interior has never been explored by the eye of science, so as to give any thing like a correct notion of its agricultural capabilities; or its hidden mineral resources.—Its coasts are indented with the finest harbours in the world; its fisheries are a source of unbounded wealth; it may contain rich mines of coal and iron; and otherwise have all the capabilities of a powerful and flourishing country. But all these things must first be known, so as to tempt men of capital and enterprise to visit its shores, and develop its resources. These cursory remarks have led us to an object that we had in view when we made them; it was to notice a work entitled "A CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND," from the pen of a Native, who has talent enough for working up the scanty materials within his reach; into a little volume that will be found to contain nearly all the information that time and neglect have left recorded of the History of this Country. The work will be eminently useful as a school-book; for however learned our Native youth may be in the lore of Greece and Rome, they can be but ignorant if they know nothing at all of the History of their native country. We feel assured that its own merits will prove to be a sufficient recommendation.

We are happy to remark that the Ven. Archdeacon Wix—for whose safety, serious apprehensions were a short time ago felt by his friends—returned to town on Tuesday evening, from St. George's Bay, accompanied by Mr Stokes, in excellent health and spirits.

**King's College, Windsor, June 30th, 1835.**  
At a convocation held this day, the Rev. George McCawley, M.A., Professor of Hebrew, and mathematical Lecturer at King's College, Fredericton, was admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.—*Halifax Journal, July 20.*

**Died**

At Ferryland, on the 20th ultimo, after a long and severe illness, aged 33 years, Har-

riett-Maria, wife of A. H. Carter, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late Colonel Skinner Royal Artillery.

**SHIP NEWS**

**CARBONEAR.**

ENTERED.  
August 7.—Brig Lark, Power, Bristol, coal, ironmongery & sundries.

CLEARED.  
July 28.—Brigantine Samuel, Header, Poole, 20,889 galls. seal oil, 5,062 seal skins, 3000 staves, 3 boxes & 13 bls. caplin, 12 cwt. old junk.

**Notices**

**PROCLAMATION.**

NORTHERN DISTRICT }  
TO WIT.

BY AUTHORITY of a Precept from the Worshipful the MAGISTRATES of this District, bearing date the Sixth day AUGUST, 1835, and to me directed.

I hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE that a GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS of the PEACE, will be holden at the COURT-HOUSE, in HARBOUR GRACE, on FRIDAY the 21st day of August, instant, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; and the Keeper of His Majesty's Gaol, the High Constable, and all other Constables and Bailiffs within this District, are commanded that they be then there to do and fulfil those things which by reason of their Office, shall be to be done.

Given at HARBOUR GRACE, this 7th day of August, 1835.

D. BUCHAN,  
H.-Sheriff

THE COMMISSIONERS for the Establishment of a

**LIGHT HOUSE**

**HARBOUR GRACE ISLAND,**

will receive Specifications and TENDERS for the Erection of the said LIGHT HOUSE, to be constructed of WOOD, of which plans and further particulars may be had on application to

WM. JAS. HENDERSON,  
SECRETARY

Harbour Grace, July 21, 1835.

**LIST OF LETTERS**

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE which cannot be forwarded without the Postage.

Mrs. Margaret Cahill, (care of Jas. Veary)  
Catherine Connors, (care of E. Pike)  
Dennis Fitzgerald, (care of John Fewton)  
John Day, South Side  
Wm. Connor, South Side  
Edward Welsh, Cooper  
Philip Smith, (care of Wm. Rogers)  
Mrs. Jane Morea  
Daniel M'Carthy  
Wm. Harding, Cooper  
George Osard, Cooper.

S. SOLOMON.

St. John's May 25, 1835.

**On Sale**

**NOW LANDING,**

Per Sir J. T. DUCKWORTH from Grenada

**A CHOICE CARGO OF**

**RUM and MOLASSES**

AND,

Per NATIVE from Quebec,

Superfine FLOUR  
Brazil and Salmon Barrel STAVES  
SOLE LEATHER  
4 Casks SEAL SKIN CAPS  
BUTTER in Firkins and Half-firkins &c.  
JOHN DUNSCOMBE & Co.  
St. John's, August 1, 1835.

**BY**

**THE SUBSCRIBERS,**

On Consignment,

A few Hogsheads & half-Hogsheads

**Prime HALIFAX**

**ALE and PORTER,**

Low for CASH or SALMON,

ALSO,

A few barrels OATMEAL,  
GLASSWARE in Casks,  
And EARTHENWARE in Crates.

AND

An Assortment of

**MANUFACTURED GOODS,**

Low Prices for Cash, Fish, Oil,  
or Salmon.

G. W. GILL & Co.

Carbonear, July 29, 1835.

**Notices**

HARBOUR GRACE, } 8th MAY, 1835.  
NORTHERN DISTRICT.

**In General Sessions.**

IN pursuance of a Colonial Act passed the 31st day of May, 1833, in the Third Year of the Reign of His present Majesty, King William the Fourth, authorising the Justices in Sessions to make Rules and Regulations respecting Entire HORSES going at large or astray, DOGS and GOATS, being at large, without being properly Logged and Yoked.

Ordered that throughout CONCEPTION BAY, in the said Northern District, No ENTIRE HORSES shall be allowed to go at large.

No DOGS shall go at large without a Log twelve inches long, and three inches square, or without Collars round their necks, with the Owners names thereon.

No GOATS shall go at large without Yokes, the bar of which, to be two feet and an half long.

All Constables residing in the said District are required and strictly enjoined to carry the said Orders and Regulations into effect as the Law directs. And all Persons concerned are desired to govern themselves accordingly.

By Order,

MATTHEW STEVENSON,

Clerk Peace.

**Genteel Board and Lodgings.**

MRS CATHERINE MARA (Widow of the late Mr. THOMAS MARA) begs permission to acquaint her Out Harbour Friends, she is prepared to accommodate GENTLEMEN or LADIES, from any of the Out Ports, coming to St. John's, with comfortable BOARD AND LODGING, at her House near the Old London Tavern—where every attention will be paid them, and on the most reasonable terms.

St. John's, May 1, 1835.

**JUST PUBLISHED,**

**AND FOR SALE,**

At any of the residences of the METHODIST MISSIONARIES, or at the Star Office,

PRICE, NINE PENCE EACH.

**THE DYING CHRISTIAN.**

**A SERMON**

From the 1st Tim., 4th chap. 7th & 8th vs

Preached in the WESLEYAN CHAPEL, at Port-de-Grave, on the 15th Feb., and at Bay Roberts, on the 22d Feb. 1835.

BY THE

REV. G. ELLIDGE,

Wesleyan Methodist Missionary,

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. GEORGE VEY,

Formerly of Port-de-Grave.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven."  
*Young's Night Thought*

Carbonear, July 8, 1835.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Carbonear.

**TO BE LET**

ON A BUILDING LEASE,

For such a Term of Years as may be agreed on,

WATER-SIDE, well calculated for Shipping of every description. With a Plot of LAND, bounded by the Widow ANN TAYLOR's on the South-side.

For further particulars, apply to

JONATHAN TAYLOR, Senr.

Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

**DESERTED**

FROM the Service of the Subscriber, on FRIDAY, the 12th Instant,

**ISAAC LONG**

a Native of BONAVISTA BAY, about five feet ten inches high, sandy complexion; wore when Deserted the Service, a Blue Whitney Jacket and Trowsers, new Hat, and fine Shoes.

WILLIAM GORDON.

Musquitto, June 13, 1835.

**FOOLSCAP PAPER**

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE:

Cheap for CASH.

Carbonear.

A CONSULTATION,  
OR DOCTORS IN HIGH LIFE.

"I trust I have the the honour of seeing your Ladyship well this morning, and that Lord Casserole has passed a tolerable night?" minces the fashionable apothecary, spruce Mr Camomile, gliding with well practised and noiseless steps over the muffled carpet of Lady Casserole's drawing room in Carlton terrace; casting a significant glance towards the golden pendule on the chimney-piece, to mark that consciousness of being within five-eighths of a second of the minute of his appointment, which he could not presume to express in words.

"A tolerable night?" cries Lady Casserole with indignation. "Brown assures me that he did not sleep a wink!—Since that last prescription of Sir Jacob's, he has in fact been going on progressively from bad to worse,—restless, nervous, without appetite, and without ease."

Camomile knit his brows into sympathy, and shook his head, as if it had contained one of his own draughts.

"In short, unless Sir Jacob Gemini, and Sir Richard Colchicum, can hit upon something new, for him this morning, I must begin to think of calling in farther advice."

"Your Ladyship doubtless cannot be too assiduous," insinuates the gentle Camomile, well aware that every change of men necessitating a change of measures, is for the advantage of his annual account—that a sudden transition from Belladonna and leeches, to quinine and pitch plasters, will be at least a couple of guineas in favour of his bill.

"There is a Dr Smith, of whom my friend the Duchess, has been telling me wonders."

"A—Dr—Smith?" hesitates the fashionable apothecary.

"Dr Hamilton Smith."

"Oh! Dr Hamilton Smith!—Exactly!—A highly respectable man,—lives in George-Street, Hanover Square, and drives a pair of handsome bays,—with a theory of his own upon digestion. He has written a pamphlet or two.—A most highly respectable practitioner."

"Dr Smith attends Lord Lansden's family, and the Lambtons, and Grevilles; in short, he is very highly spoken of. Supposing we call him in?"

"Why, really,—but here is Sir Richard Colchicum's carriage!" ejaculates the apothecary, brightening. "Most punctual man Sir Richard Colchicum! just as the clock is striking! No one with whom I like better to attend, than Sir Richard! Good morning Sir Richard, good morning."

"Good morning. Your Ladyship's most obedient. What news to-day of my patient?"

"Nothing can be worse! Lord Casserole neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps," replies her Ladyship drily.

"Pulse low,—appetite failing," appendixes Camomile.

"Quite right. Just as we expected," cries Sir Richard; "the effect of the last change of medicines. His Lordship is going on as well as possible. We don't want him to eat,—we don't want him to drink,—we don't want him to sleep. We only want him to recover."

"But when I tell you Sir Richard,"—  
"Tell me nothing Madam; tell me nothing. Sir Jacob will be here in a minute; (just struck two by St. James's) and then with your leave, we will visit our patient."

"But it is necessary you should know Sir Richard,"—

"All that is necessary for me to know Madam, I can inquire of Lord Casserole's own man. Brown is always on the spot; and—Very strange that Sir Jacob don't make his appearance."

"I know Sir Jacob has just now a very arduous attendance on Lady Jemima Lullaby," insinuates Camomile. "She has several sick children; and will scarcely let our friend escape out of her nursery."

"Then he shouldn't make appointments in other people's drawing rooms. I must be in Regent's Park by half after two."

"Then do you really think, Sir Richard, that I need not undergo no immediate uneasiness on Lord Casserole's account? I should be sorry you know, that people had reason to talk of my being seen every night at balls, or the opera, if there was any immediate danger."

"Go where you like ma'm. What good could you do by staying at home? Lord Casserole appears to be accustomed to the services of his own man."

"And Brown is such a kind attentive creature."

"I would as soon have Brown sit up with his Lordship, as sit up with myself," cries Camomile emphatically.

"Dammed strange that Sir Jacob can't keep his time!" cries Sir Richard, dragging out something resembling a watch, by something resembling a drag chain. "I must be off in ten minutes."

"I saw by this morning's papers that the Duke of Lancaster is suffering from a slight catarrh; and Sir Jacob is probably detained at Lancashire House," interposes the benignant Camomile.

"Then with your leave Mr Camomile, we will proceed at once to Lord Casserole's

room, for my time is precious," growls Colchicum.

"Certainly—certainly Sir Richard. And whatever instructions you may think proper to leave, I shall be most happy to stay and report to Sir Jacob. Ha! I think I hear a carriage."

"It has stopped next door, at the General's! Sir Jacob is always so late!" cries Lady Casserole peevishly. "Really these consultations days make me quite nervous!"

"Ah! there he is at last!" ejaculates Camomile. "I know his footman's knock."

"If my fellow were to make half as much noise, I would knock him down," says Colchicum. "My rule is when you see straw in the street, ring."

"An excellent regulation."

"Can't conceive how it can take a man all this time to make his way up one pair of stairs! I must be off in five minutes."

"My dear Sir, we must make allowances! Our friend Jacob is not quite so young as he was," insinuates Camomile with a knowing smile.

"Sir Jacob Gemini!" announces the solemn butler, while a gorgeous footman throws open the door; and in glides, with serpent-like sinuosity, the most courtly of modern leeches.

"Ten thousand, thousand pardons, my dear Lady Casserole! I must throw myself upon your Ladyship's forbearance, though I have been actually forced to tear away a button in escaping from the Duke of Lancashire, in order to keep my appointment here. Your Ladyship knows his Grace's little foible. Quite impossible to get off, when once he fastens himself upon you! Sir Richard your kindness will I am sure, excuse me. Camomile, my good fellow, how are we going up stairs? How does poor dear Lord Casserole find himself since I had last the pleasure of meeting you here?"

"Why, I fear, not quite so well."

"Ah! just what I was anticipating with Lady Jemima Lullaby; who I do assure you my dear Lady Casserole, takes the warmest in his Lordship's melancholy position. Not a day passes that she does not say to me, 'My dear Sir Jacob, what is your opinion of poor dear Lord Casserole? Do you think him likely to go off suddenly or not?'"

"Lord Casserole eats very little indeed, and scarcely sleeps at all, observes the disconsolate lady."

"Exactly the condition of our poor friend, the Dowager Lady Bronchia," says Sir Jacob, in a confidential aside to Camomile; turning round to Lady Casserole to add, "her Ladyship has swallowed only half a Naples biscuit soaked in punch jelly, since Sunday morning; and her *dame de compagnie*, Miss Twaddle, assured me last night, that they had not been able to get the old lady to sleep, although she had read through to her twice over the whole last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Poor soul!"

"Supposing we go up to Lord Casserole;—I must be off in a minute," growls Sir Richard Colchicum.

"With all my heart! Lady Casserole will perhaps, do us the honour to accompany us. If any thing could tend to animate the spirits of our poor patient, it would doubtless be a visit from her Ladyship! Must I show you the way Sir Richard? Camomile my good fellow, pray precede us that we may not break in unannounced. Ha! little Eido—good dog,—down Fido, down sir! The handsomest spaniel in London;—a King Charles of course. Lady Casserole pray allow me to congratulate you, *en passant* on this little bit of Dresden. Quite a *bijou*! Rittener's I presume? Charming staircase! The Carlton Terrace house boasts the easiest staircase in town—and such a view! Sir Richard have you ever noticed the Surry hills from that window? Camomile may we come in?"

"Well Mr Brown, how is Lord Casserole to day?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Bad as he can be Sir; has not opened his lips these fourteen hours."

"Will your Lordship give me leave to feel your pulse?" says Sir Jacob, extending his own hand with amenity, and taking out a Bregnet watch at the same moment with the other.

"The Doctor is asking you my Lord, to put out your arm," whispers Brown to the sick man.

"Ugh! ugh! ough! ough! ough!"

"My Lord don't seem to have much sense of what is going on," rejoins Mr Brown much affected.

"Never mind; don't disturb him," says Sir Richard.

"Is your Lordship aware of any change of symptoms?" mildly expostulates Sir Jacob, speaking in the patient's ear.

"Ough! ough! ugh! ugh!" gasps the sufferer.

"Ah! I see exactly. His Lordship's articulation is bad; but his skin is much more moist, and his complexion brighter. He is going on better than he anticipated."

"Going on!—going off!—murmurs poor Brown, as the scientific phalanx at length followed Lady Casserole out of the sick man's chamber. "Thank God, I shall never be great or rich enough to be cured with the best attendance of the first physicians."

"You will find paper and a standish, Sir

Jacob, on the writing table in the back drawing room," says Lady Casserole, in a tone of plaintive sentimentality, after having escorted down stairs the three gentlemen in black. "I am sure poor Lord Casserole's case will receive every attention at your hands."

"My dear Madam, you must not allow yourself to despond," whispers Sir Jacob in her Ladyship's ear, as he bows her out of the room; pressing her hand at the door, to enable her to deposit in his own a two guinea fee, in its wrapper of silver paper,— "Rely upon giving his Lordship's state our most deliberate investigation."

And out sailed Lady Casserole; and the door closed gently after her,—and lo! the consultation commenced.

"I have not seen you this age my dear Colchicum!" cries Sir Jacob, in an altered voice. "What have you been about?"

"Spending Easter at my place in Buckinghamshire."

"And what did you with his Royal Highness?"

"Persuaded him he was well and did not want me."

"And with Lord Flamborough?"

"Died last week."

"And the rest of your patients?"

"Made them over to Camomile here; who gave me plenty to do on my return. Eh! Camomile? Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"And how are the birds this season?"

"Most abundant. That week's hard rain in the month of March, did considerable harm in the low lying land; but my preserves are in capital order."

"Would you like the shooting over the Duke of Lancashire's farms? I am sure he would give you the deputation. Shalt I ask him?"

"Thank you."

"Anything doing in the House last night?"

"Nothing particular,—only the leather tax. Sir Semi Colon made a tolerable speech."

"That man is getting on. I am confidentially assured that the King thinks very well of him."

"The King—thinks!"

"By the way, you see Lord Grey every day. What is his story about Sir Robert? Is he to get his peerage?"

"Not if they can get him without it."

"They say his wife has been interfering.—Women,—always women."

"Always women!—So Lady Sanctify is gone off at last."

"Lady Sanctify! with whom? One of her pet saints of the Lock Chapel?"

"By no means,—a cornet in the tenth!—a ad of eighteen!"

"I must not forget to tell that to Lady Rollick. It will do her more good than all my prescriptions. Do you dine at the club to-morrow?"

"No. I can't stand Willis's wine. I dine with a turtle party at Bleaden's."

"Nothing like Bleaden's lime punch Sir Jacob, eh?"

"Ay, ay, when one has no patients but Dowagers to see after dinner my dear Camomile."

"Or when one is sure of one's dear Camomile to supply one's place, eh, Gemini?"

"For my part the last time I dined at the Club"—

"I trust gentlemen, I find your opinion tolerably favourable?" sighs Lady Casserole gently opening the drawing room door, and advancing towards the gloomy group beside the fire-place.

ful necessity of effacing another name from their list of Consultations.

AN ALARMING SIGHT.—Last Friday week a farmer from the neighbourhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope now exhibiting in our town. The variety of curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalculæ professed to be contained in a drop of water came to be shown off; these seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others; she sat patiently however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose with great trepidation and cried to her husband, "For gude-sake come awa' John."—"Sit still, woman," said John, "and see the show." "See the show! gude keep us a' man, what will come o' us if thae awfu' like brutes would break out o' the water."

THE DUKE—A MAN OF NOTE.—I perceive (said Lord A. the other day at Athenoum) the Times states, that the Earl of Mornington, the Duke of Wellington's father, was a Doctor of music in the University of Dublin." "True (replied Croker) but not half such a man of note as his illustrious son."

At a late meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Valpeau exhibited a man who possesses the very singular power of making himself two inches taller or shorter at will. Standing erect, he can elongate the spine, and contract it again, by moving the sacrum, which plays like a wedge between the bones of the pelvis. He is at present 40 years of age, and had a carriage pass over his body when a child, to the injury received at which time the power of executing this curious manœuvre may be attributed.

It is said that water actually costs per gallon in Paris, than the Wine with which the French Navy is supplied at Toulouse.

POETRY

SONG.

Meet me love where streamlets stray,  
To the green leaves singing,  
And the star light dews betray  
Where each flower is springing.

When the partridge on the hill  
To his mate is calling,  
Where, in sparkling spray, the rill  
O'er the cliff is falling,  
Meet me love, &c.

When the distant abbey bell  
Down the breeze is dying,  
When the shadows o'er the dell  
From the hills are flying,  
Meet me love, &c.

When the drowsy beetles fit  
Through the stilly even  
When the stars, like gems are set,  
O'er the brow of heaven,  
Meet me love, &c.

When each gentle drooping flower  
Veils its snowy bosom,  
When the streaming perfumes pour  
From the hawthorn blossom,  
Meet me love, &c.

Down the sheltered woodland walk,  
When the dew drops clearest  
Bend each rose bud on his stalk  
Then, oh then my dearest,  
Meet me love, &c.

Meet me where the streamlets stray,  
To the green leaves singing,  
And the starlight dews betray  
Where each flower is springing.

SONG—"STAR OF HER DESTINY."  
OLD IRISH AIR, "GAI AN' A MOING."

Star of her destiny,  
Cloudless be thy orb of beauty;  
Brightest of thy Galaxy,  
Be thy guardian ray.

Have her in thy watchful keeping,  
Guard her waking, guard her sleeping;  
If you'er observe her weeping,  
Kiss the tears away.

From the ills of life protect her,  
Ne'er desert her, ne'er neglect her!  
If you see misery,  
Chase the thief away.

Oh! may she happy be,  
Blest with health, and wealth in plenty;  
Tho' joy should ne'er on me  
Shed one shining ray.

Oft may fairy finger pleasure,  
Oft may music's varied measure,  
Yield to her their choicest treasure,  
When I'm far away.

Days of rapture, without number,  
Blissful nights of balmy slumber,  
Oh may they ever be,  
Her's, where'er I stray.