



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

Notices

In the NORTHERN CIRCUIT COURT, Harbour Grace, MAY and JUNE Term, 7th Wm., 4th

IN THE MATTER OF SIMON LEVI... WHEREAS the said SIMON LEVI was, on the First Day of JUNE Inst. in due form of Law DECLARED Insolvent by this aid COURT of Our Lord the King; And Whereas ROBERT PACK, Esquire, and WILLIAM W. BEMISTER, Esquire, of Carbonear aforesaid, Merchants and Creditors, of the said INSOLVENT, have, by the major part in Value of the Creditors of the said INSOLVENT, been in due form chosen and appointed TRUSTEES of the ESTATE of the said INSOLVENT;

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

THAT the said ROBERT PACK, and WILLIAM W. BEMISTER, as such TRUSTEES, are duly authorised, under such Orders as the said NORTHERN CIRCUIT COURT shall from time to time deem proper to make therein, to Discover, Collect, and Realise the DEBTS and EFFECTS of the said INSOLVENT; And all Persons Indebted to the said INSOLVENT, or having in their Possession any GOODS or EFFECTS belonging to him, are hereby Required to Pay and Deliver the same forthwith to the said TRUSTEES.

By the Court. JOHN STARK, CHIEF CLERK & REGISTRAR.

WE Hereby appoint Mr SIMON LEVI, Agent for the said Estate. ROBERT PACK, Trustees to the W. W. BEMISTER. said Estate.

THE Subscriber would notify the Inhabitants of CARBONEAR and its Vicinity generally, that he has accommodations in his SCHOOL for several additional PUPILS. He also would inform them that he has commenced the erection of a School-Room for the FEMALE part of his young friends, which will be ready for their reception after the Midsummer Vacation: in both which Schools the instruction will comprise all the branches of a useful and respectable Education.

As proof of his capability, all he asks is a fair trial.

J. B. PETERS.

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 harbouring or employing the said DESERTER, as they will be Prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the Law.

JAMES COUGHLAN, Bryant's Cove,

ALL Persons who may have Claims against the Estate of the late JAMES HOWELL, of Carbonear, Planter, Deceased, are requested to present the same to the Subscribers for liquidation on or before the 25th Instant. And all Persons indebted to the said Estate, are informed to make immediate settlement.

MARY HOWELL, Administratrix. W. W. BEMISTER, Administrator Carbonear, May 17, 1837.

HAY SEED, and a variety of GARDEN SEEDS

On Sale, by

W. DIXON, CO. Harbor Grace, May 17, 1837.

POST-OFFICE

THE following is a List of the LETTERS remaining in the POST-OFFICE at St. John's, which will not be forwarded until the POSTAGE IS PAID.

CARBONEAR.

Captain Tewkesberry, rig Mary Barry. John Barfoot Edwards, to be forwarded to Mr Ayles. John Snook, with Mr. Richard H. Taylor Captain William Hutchings, on board brigantine Elizabeth. Mr William Cillings, 3 papers. Mr Thomas Gamble. Stephen Halfpenny, Ochre pit Cove. Mr John McCarthy. Martin Fleming, do. care of John Kelly, Carbonear.

HARBOUR GRACE.

Joseph Soper, Esq. Mr Witing, T. Ridley, and James Bayley, Esquires, Commissioners of the Island Light House. M Thomas Bartlett, Bears Cove. Mr John Sullivan.

S. SOLOMAN,

POSTMASTER.

St. John's, June 29, 1837.

On Sale

BY

THORNE, HOOPER, & CO

BREAD, 1st, 2d, & 3d Quality. FLOUR. PORK. PEAS. BUTTER.

SALT and COALS, Afloat.

ROBEA. Sotching. HYSON. TEAS. in qr. chests & boxes.

With a GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF BRITISH MANUFACTURED SHOP and STORE GOODS.

ALSO

ON CONSIGNMENT

320 Bags fine Bran. 60 Do. Pollard. 100 Do. Bread. 80 Firkins Butter, of superior quality made up for the Bristol Market. Harbor Grace, June 14, 1837.

BY

THOMAS RIDLEY & Co JUST IMPORTED

By the BRIG Johns, from Hamburg,

700 Bags Bread, No. 1, 2 & 3. 250 Barrels Superfine Flour. 150 Barrels Prime Pork. 200 Firkins Butter. 10 Barrels Peas. 68 Coils Cordage, Marline & Housing

By the NATIVE, from Liverpool,

A LARGE SUPPLY OF MANUFACTURED GOODS,

Bar and Bolt Iron Nails, Grapnels. Tinware &c., Pitch, Tar. Paints, Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine Soap, Candles, Loaf Sugar. Mast Hoops, Oakum. And 40 Coils "Harris's" Patent Rope

By the FISHER, from Liverpool, Salt, Coals, Nails, &c. &c. Harbor Grace, May 31, 1837.

(From the Dumfries Magazine.)

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH RURAL COURTSHIP.

But warily tent when ye come to court me. And come-na unless the back yett be a-jie; Sine up the back-stile, and let nobody see, And come as ye werna comin' to me.—Burns.

(continued from our last.)

"It can only be me that they wish to molest," replied Robert with an encouraging smile; "and," added he, rising and casting his plaid over the left shoulder, and knotting it beneath his right arm, "if I can only get to the bent, they'll be fester than any person I have yet seen, if they catch me."

"Stay," said Agnes, clinging to his arm; "they may cause a stone, or perhaps a shot, to overtake you, if their feet fail them in the chase. And who knows but they may be ready at the door to seize you, the moment it is opened?"

"But then your father and mother will be awakened; and I would rather run the greatest risk without, than be taken by them within."

"I have many a bye corner where I can hide you till all danger is past. Do stay, I beseech you!"

"No, no. The consequences to you might be worse than you are aware of, and I will never seek my own safety at the hazard of your. I will make my escape in spite of them."

Agnes had no time to reply, for the noise which the fellows were now making without, had already caused a stir in the bed chamber of her father and mother. "What's a' this din about?" had been twice demanded in a half-sleeping tone, by Mr. Hawthorn, and Mrs. Hawthorn was heard to be out of bed, and rummaging about in search of a candle.

Robert pressed the hand of his Agnes in silence, and snatching his thick hazel staff, proceeded to the door, which he quietly and quickly opened, and was out upon the hill-side in an instant. The three spies, who expected no such thing, and who were congregated around the window at a short distance from the door, stood for a moment gazing upon one another in astonishment, before they recovered presence of mind to start in pursuit. "He's out! he's out!" was their first exclamation; when away they darted after him, each casting over his shoulder the end of his plaid, and holding his cudgel horizontally by the middle in his right hand. A low hill, with a gentle acclivity, lay before the house of Hawthorn, over which was the path that Robert every night trod to visit his daughter! and in this direction he now led out his pursuers in his way homewards.—He had gained about twenty paces on first starting, and it was evident, as he ascended the hill, that he was capable of still increasing the distance.

With what joy did Agnes behold him, as she stood trembling in the threshold of the door, stretching away like a deer before his pursuers, and setting their cries and menaces at defiance! The house looked towards the south; the moon had about an hour previous risen opposite to where Agnes was standing, and by her pale cloudless light, the anxious maiden was enabled to mark, with considerable precision, the motions and progress of her lover, and of those who followed him. But as they neared the summit of the hill which formed her horizon, the figures of the whole became more indistinct, and their distances less discernible. The hill was level for a short breadth on the top; and as Robert, from the moment of his first setting foot upon the edge of the table-land, appeared at a distance to be standing, while passing over it, Agnes beheld with inexpressible anguish the forms of his three toes emerging in the weather-gleam, and apparently approaching him, until at last the whole group melted away like apparitions beyond the horizon.

"He's caught! he's murdered!" was her fixed exclamation, as she sprang from the door, and ran with unconscious speed towards the summit of the hill. Her parents were by this time a-foot, with two shepherds and a female servant, who rushed out also on hearing the wild cry of Agnes, whom they fancied to have been in bed. But their surprise, and the bewilderment of mind which people on being suddenly roused from profound slumber, prevented them from perceiving the course which the hapless girl had taken, until distance rendered her invisible. Then a sad and unavailing search through and around the premises, was all they could resolve upon.

Agnes, in the mean time, had run, or rather flown, to the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which lay a deep linn, with a burn leaping along its rocky bottom, at a depth of many fathoms from the edge of the precipices that on either side overhung it. The water was murmuring solemnly through the stillness of the night; the low breeze was sighing plaintively among the hazels and rowan-trees, that waved like spectres beneath the moon-beams over the hideous chasm which their foliage partly concealed; and as, on reaching the summit, no mortal was visible to the eye of Agnes, the impressiveness of the scene hushed at once the tumult of her feelings, and awakened her to a sense of her lonely situation. Her limbs, which but a little before seemed possessed of more than human swiftness, now felt the palsy effects of their late efforts, and her spirit, subdued by apprehension for her lover's fate, and by the awe which crept upon her mind in the midst of her solitude, completely annihilated her energy. She fainted and sunk upon the hill side, where nearly half an hour passed over her before recollection returned.

"I will search for him in the linn," were the first words she uttered to herself, as she rose from the spot on which she had fallen, and proceeded feebly to execute her purpose. "Surely," said she in half audible voice, while descending to the bottom of the chasm by a steep and difficult path which she chanced to discover—"surely nothing unearthly will harm me in this awful place, since spirits know the errand on which I am come!"

"Nor nothing human either, my dear girl!" said a person at her side, in a low voice, who rose up from a crouching position, and caught her in his arms. Agnes shrieked, but the voice was inaudible; for the unknown, anticipating such a result, had thrown a fold of his plaid over her mouth. "For the love of heaven, my angel, be silent!" said the stranger whispering in her ear, and folding her in a still closer embrace; "do you not know your Robert? I thought my whispering had been more familiar to you. But how, in the name of wonder, have you come here?" This was a question which Agnes was in no capacity to answer; for this discovery had so wrought upon her feelings, that for a long time she lay utterly speechless upon his breast, at length she recovered so far as to be able to articulate, "I came to seek you. Oh, let us leave this and return home; I am dying with fatigue and terror."

"We will, shortly, but we are watched at present; and how you got in here unnoticed, is perfectly miraculous. Do you perceive the point of that rock opposite, which almost overhangs us here on this side of the burn?" "I do," was the reply. "Well," continued Robert, "one of the fellows is perched there, to trace me, if possible, within the linn, for they saw me entering it, and seem to be perfectly aware that I am at no great distance. The other two are stationed above us on this side; and unless we can find some way of getting out either above or below the place where you entered, we must assuredly be taken. We are safe enough so long as we remain here, how-

ever, for they know what advantage I have over them should they attempt to descend. This pool, at our feet should receive the whole three, were they to approach me."

Agnes was convinced of their danger; but from having got in unmolested, she was opinion that to get out in the same way was equally possible, and she therefore urged her lover to the undertaking. "I look upon my own danger as of no consequence," was Robert's reply to this entreaty; "indeed, until you appeared, I regarded the whole affair as a matter of amusement. But now, with my dear Agnes under my protection, the case is altered. I cannot think of placing you in danger, where the odds is so much against me."

"They will not harm a woman," returned she; and neither shall they you, if prayers and tears have any avail, should we happen to be caught."

"Before you attempt prayers or shed tears for me," said Robert proudly, "I shall be past the power of hearing them. Come! for you are in so faint and agitated a state, that there is much danger in remaining here, as in facing the mean fellows who have shown so much enmity towards me."

With his arms round her waist to support her, he now left his hiding place, and with some difficulty reached the brow of the linn. "Ho, watch there!" cried the spy from the opposite side, "I see him; he's beside you." A moment's time was not to be lost. Robert placed the fainting Agnes on the ground, and springing forward upon the two fellows as they started from their lair, he with one push precipitated them both over the precipice into the deep pool below.

A loud angry exclamation was heard from their companion across the linn, while the loud plunge of the happiest wights half drowned his voice; "you have killed them! Their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should also be," replied Robert, in a half-merry and half-angry tone. Then snatching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far recovered as to know what had passed, he made for the top of the hill with all speed. When there, a cry or two brought the whole of Mr. Hawthorn's distressed family around him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the house, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly avowed his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The parent were unable to reprove the romantic pair, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter; and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something to each of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking, "Weel, weel, bairns, young folk maun hae their daffin' out; an' if ye like ane anither as ye say, dinna keep your meeting ony larger secret, to be rinnin' ye'rsel' into piskies o' this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more, Robert had only to remain by his own fire-side when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.

MUSIC.

The following Prize Poem, written by the Rev. J. H. CLINCH, we extract from the *Boston Pearl and Galaxy*:-

I.
In the beginning, God sent forth His word,
And vast creation to its centre rose;
Suns rolled resplendent to their stations
—stirred
To life and motion as from death's repose:
And in the floods of glory they disclosed,
Came countless worlds to bask;—
whilst from on high
Burst Hallelujahs from the harps of those
Who wake in heaven undying melody;
Suns, stars and worlds newborn shouting
a glad reply.

II.
And guided thither by the Almighty hand,
Earth found her place amid that mighty throng;
She paused a moment on her airy stand,
Then rushed in gladness on her course
along,
And joined her voice to that triumphant song
Which never since has pause or failure known,
And though in angel's hearing deep and strong,
Man's grosser sense perceiveth not its tone;—
Tis music of the mind, it can be felt alone.

III.
Such was thy birth, sweet music,
and albeit
By man unheard, thy noble notes remain,
—

Yet with faint echoes of thy breathings sweet,
He thrills delighted if his soul re'ain
One chord to vibrate with thy witching strain;—
For earth is full of thy inferior tones,—
All nature's voice is music, and a lane
Is built for thee where'er a billow moans,
Where'er a plain extends or mountain rears its cones.

IV.
'Tis morn.—O'er earth with dewy spangles bright
Comes beauty's voiceless music to the eye:
Nor is the ear less ravished than the sight;
For, from a thousand founts of melody
Deep gushing tones arise—and faint—and die—
Whilst others spring to occupy their place
In soft and sweet succession, like the sky
Changing its hues at sunset, or the race
Of fires which dance in Heaven, and veil
with light its face.

V.
'Tis Summer noon;—but in the forest glades
Sleeps twilight in the coolness round her cast,
And music floats above her, as the heads
Of pine and poplar bend beneath the blast,
And the oak waves his many branches vast
In cadence to the measure.—Who could bring
Attention to that anthem rolling past,
Nor own how stirring are the tones which spring
When meet the forest's boughs, and the free breeze's wing?

VI.
Eye sits in Summer glory on the earth;
The wind is still, but fitful whispers play
Along the waving verdure;—notes of mirth
By distance softened faintly float away
From fields where rustics hold their holiday,
And, mingling with near hum of insect wing,
The feathered songster's evening roundelay,
The bubbling stream, and faint bell's solemn swing,
Form an harmonious song—soft, sweet and ravishing.

VII.
Music upon the mountains.—Hark! the dash
Where foaming cataracts sublimely speak
In deep, though rich accordance with the crash
Of thunder's echoes, tossed from peak to peak,
Broken and lost in distance; until weak
And faint its last low murmur meets the ear,
And mingles with the crackling, rending creak
Of some tall tree by lightning blasted near,
Waking a glorious song to nature's lover dear.

VIII.
And the dark fissures of the mountains own
A voice of music, when their echoes swell
In deep responses to the willing tone
Poured by the tempest through the dreary dell;
And cliff, and chasm, and pass, and rocky cell,
Roused by the torrent's bawling, or the force
Of loosened rock or avalanche, may tell
That nature's wildest haunts have been the source
Of music grand, though stern and eloquent, but hoarse.

IX.
And is the desert voiceless?—Hath indeed
The sand no tones to bid the spirit leap?—
List to the footfall of the Arab's steed—
The chirp of locust—and, from ruined heap
Where cities in their desolation sleep,
The jackall's cry—the lone bat's whizzing flight—
The tiger's growl—the lion's muttering deep—
And the loud rushing of untimely night,
When 'neath the dark simoon the sandy columns fight.

X.
Music upon the waters! still and pale
Sleep earth and sea:—the full orb'd moon on high,
Showering her silver shafts o'er hill and vale,
Walks like a queen along the shaded sky.—

XI.
Far off upon the waveless ocean lie
Ships dimly seen, and light skiff's flapping sail,
Then faintly sounds the sailor's cheering cry—
The boatman's dripping oar—the pilot's hail—
And far along the sand the ripples whispered tale.

XII.
Music upon the ocean!—Hath he not
A voice to thrill—to quell—to elevate
The spirit, and to elevate the thought?
Let them reply who o'er the desolate
And wide expanse—the very sport of fate,
Have urged a trackless journey, and have felt
The heavings of his billows—and the weight
Of his awakened anger—and have knelt
When breakers clasped their barque in one unbroken belt.

XIII.
Yes! Ocean sends to Heaven a ceaseless hymn,
Gentle at times as childhood's whispered word,
And soft and gushing as when evening dim
Awakes the warbling of her own sweet bird:—
But when by storms and Wintry tempests stirred,
He shakes with rage, and tosses in his pride
His foamy mane, like steed to madness spurred:
The rush and tumult of his billows wide
Lift up a song as deep, as mighty as his tide.

There is not in all nature's ample bound
A spot without its voice—nor voice nor tone
Without its music—nor that music's sound;
Even in its simplest breathings faintly thrown,
Which, to a heart less callous than the stone,
Speaks not in sweetness, deeply, thrillingly,
Waking fresh founts of feeling.—Hast thou known
Reader, of this wild lay, its witchery?
Then is a treasure thine which gold can never buy.

On the evening of the 4th instant his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge left Hanover for Wisbaden, before his departure he ordered the following address to be published:—

"At the moment of separation, I cannot leave this country without addressing to its beloved inhabitant's a word of adieu. In my early youth I often resided in this native land of my forefathers, and many delightful recollections are connected with that long by-gone period. I have now lived near 20 years amongst you; and, placed by the honored confidence of the King, my deceased brother, at the head of the government of this kingdom, I reflect with gratitude on the able assistance which the Royal ministry and all the authorities have offered me, and the zeal with which they have sustained and promoted my wishes and efforts for the welfare of his Majesty's subjects. From the inhabitants of this country and this city I have received numerous proofs of the most cordial confidence and the sincerest love and attachment. The grateful recollection of those proofs will be always dear to me, and no time, no distance, can ever obliterate them from my heart. Painful to me is the separation from this city, where my children first beheld the light of heaven, where I have spent so many happy hours, and where I have maintained friendly relations with so many whom I love and esteem. But, however far I may be removed, I shall ever feel a lively interest in the happiness of this country. May the Almighty give to the government of his present Majesty, my illustrious and beloved brother, and blessed reign.—May the country advance in prosperity; may the protecting hand of Providence guard it from all misfortunes; and may complete domestic happiness and household prosperity be enjoyed by all its inhabitants. In this, the inmost wish of my heart, my consort and my children most earnestly participate. They, too, love this country and this city; they, too, separate from them with feelings of the deepest emotion; and never will they forget the numerous proofs of love and attachment which they have obtained.—And now, dearly beloved people of this kingdom, I bid you all an affectionate adieu, and leave you in the hope that you also will hereafter think with affection of me.

ADOLPHUS
"Hanover, July 4, 1837."

(From the Liverpool Mail, August 1.)

Ireland, we believe, will do its duty in the present crisis. The elections, in that disorganised part of the empire were to have commenced yesterday, and the intelligence relative to them is eminently cheering. The Protestants of Ireland are "up and stirring," and they are aided by many, very many Roman Catholics, who have the good sense to prefer toleration under a protestant monarchy, to revolution under an infidel republic. We augur, from all we can learn, that the O'Connell "tail" will lose some of its joints within the next fortnight. The odious and detestable miscreant feels that such will be the case, for he has found it necessary to make an electioneering tour into the South. The mendicant is himself one of the candidates for Dublin, (in company with an absentee Socinian named Hutton,) and, so certain is he of defeat in the metropolis of Ireland, that he is also a candidate for Kilkenny, where, as priestly and mob-intimidation are in the ascendant—he will probably be unopposed.

In the north of Ireland there is the strongest resolve not to allow any popish candidate a triumph. It was this part of the empire which, in the revolution of 1688, most steadily held out against the utmost force which James the Second employed against them.—At that time the watchword of the gallant 'prentice boys of Derry was, "NO SURRENDER," and in 1837 the protestants of the north will not tamely submit to the popish dictation of the Derryname beggar. A king could not force them to prove traitors to the constitution and the church, and a mendicant certainly shall not. In the north of Ireland, then, we expect that the protestants will do their duty. In the provinces the battle may be with less of hope, but not with less of ardour. We calculate that the present election will give the Conservtives a gain of TEN members in Ireland.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WHIGS.

Who declared that the reign of Patronage was at an end by the reform bill, and afterwards increased and abused patronage more than all their predecessors? The whigs.

Who gave five millions of British money to the despot of Russia to enable him to oppress the unfortunate Poles? The whigs.

Who voted away twenty millions of our money to the slave-owners of the West Indies for doing that which reason, religion, and humanity, alike rendered it imperative on them to do? The whigs.

Who pledged themselves to retrenchment and economy, and afterwards deluged the country with travelling commissions to starving whig lawyers, at a cost to the nation of two hundred thousand pounds a-year? The whigs.

Who banished the poor Dorchester labourers to Botnay Bay? The whigs.

Who introduced the inhuman poor-law bill into England, whereby the measure of sustenance is reduced to the starving point—husbands separated from their wives, and parents from their children, all for the crime of poverty? The whigs.

Who promised to govern Ireland with mercy, and afterwards brought forward the cruel coercion bill? The whigs.

Who renounced O'Connell, in

the King's speech and cringed to him in servile manner the whigs.

Who promised to the people of Scotland the ministers, and after instance, set their face? The whigs.

Who increased the my in the time of men beyond what Wellington had the whigs.

Who allowed the be trampled upon of the Black Sea, wanted courage to explanation or the whigs.

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Mail, August 1.)

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Who promised to give the people of Scotland the choice of their ministers, and afterward, in every instance, set their wishes at defiance? The whigs.

Who increased the standing army in the time of peace 20,000 men beyond what the Duke of Wellington had left it? The whigs.

Who allowed the British flag to be trampled upon, on the shores of the Black Sea, and afterwards wanted courage to demand either explanation or redress? The whigs.

Who refused to send out ships to relieve the ice-bound whalers? The whigs.

Who wished to enact the punishment of death against all who should not disperse within an hour after the riot act was read? The whigs.

Who have been the most greedy, unscrupulous hunters after, and most determined maintainers of, themselves and their retainers in place and power? The whigs.

Who have promised to do every thing, but performed nothing—have bungled legislation, and shown an utter ignorance of, and incapacity for, carrying on the public business? The whigs.

Since popular elections were first held in England, or, we ought to say, since their proceedings were first recorded, and accurate measures thereby taken of the state of public opinion, it is very certain that no struggle has ever been maintained which made manifest so extensive, deep, and decisive a condemnation of the existing government by all the more respectable classes of society as that which is now in progress.—*Times.*

LIVERPOOL ELECTION, Official Return.

Sandon ... 4786 | Ewart ... 4381
Creswell ... 4652 | Elphinston 4266

Naples, July 18.—It is reported that the Viceroy has been murdered at Palermo, and that numerous bands of robbers are masters of the city. On the 16th, 17th, and 18th, many ships full of troops were sent from Naples to Palermo. The king was inclined to embark with them, but was kept back by the urgent entreaties of his ministers. The first troops that landed near Palermo met with resistance; a little skirmish ensued.

Is it no triumph to observe that throughout the country, as far as the elections have yet gone, the Conservative candidates, where they have been defeated, have polled above one-third more than at any preceding election since the Reform Bill—that in many instances the declared majorities have not exceeded 2 or 3; in most 6; in all they will probably be upset upon petition?

Is there no triumph—no re-action here, we ask? no demonstration of that Conservative strength which will be matured by the next registration? In the metropolitan boroughs we have gained one, *Attwood* for Greenwich; and we may add thereto, *Palmer* for London.

From the official returns up to Saturday morning we claim
A Conservative Gain
Of Five against Ministers.
Radicals have been replaced by

33 Conservatives.

Conservatives have been replaced by 23 Radicals.

Leaving a clear gain of *Five*; making in a division a difference against Ministers of *Ten*.

The Borough elections are now almost all over; and the Counties are yet to come.

In England the triumph of the Conservatives, we say, will be complete.

The Dominican Convent of Boula (Ireland) has been reduced to a heap of ruins. On Monday week, about one, volumes of smoke were seen to issue from the kitchen chimney. Some workmen employed on the premises used every possible exertion to extinguish the flames, but the thatch roof having once taken fire, the whole was soon in one blaze, and every attempt to arrest the progress of the fire was unavailing. The property was, however, saved.

Four companies of the Royal Regiment have been ordered from Athlone to Castlebar, to remain there during the election.

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, August 30, 1837.

Since our last No. we have received London dates to the 5th inst.

Revolution has at length burst out in Portugal! The partizans of the Charter of Don Pedro have succeeded, in the northern provinces, in persuading some regiments near Braga to proclaim the Constitution of Don Pedro. This intelligence threw the Ministers into consternation; at Lisbon, no troops could be prevailed upon to leave the capital; and the Governor of Oporto was telegraphed to proceed to the place of insurrection.

From the Royal Gazette Extraordinary, August 24.

Government-House, 24th August, 1837.

HIS Excellency the GOVERNOR having received a Despatch from the Right Honorable Lord GLENELG, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, announcing the lamented intelligence that His late Most Gracious Majesty expired at his Castle at Windsor on the morning of the 20th of June last, at twelve minutes past two o'clock, to the great affliction of the Royal Family and of all classes of His Majesty's Subjects; and his Lordship having also transmitted to his Excellency an order of the Privy Council directing that Her Majesty's Accession should be proclaimed in this Colony, the Garrison was accordingly drawn out in front of the Government-House, and the Governor, the Council, and the principal Authorities, with numbers of the other Inhabitants, being assembled, the following Proclamation was read by the Sheriff under Royal Salutes, accompanied by the most enthusiastic cheers of the Troops and assembled population.

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy Our late Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and all other His late Majesty's Dominions, is solely and rightfully come to The High and Mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria, saving the rights of any Issue of His late Majesty King William the Fourth, which may be born of His late Majesty's Consort:

We, the Governor, the Council, and other Principal Authorities, with numbers of the Inhabitants, being here assembled, therefore do now hereby, with one full voice and consent of tongue and heart, Publish and Proclaim that the High and Mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the Death of Our late Sovereign, of happy and glorious memory, become our only lawful and

rightful Liege Lady Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid, Supreme Lady of the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies,—To whom, saving as aforesaid, We do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to Reign over us.

VICTORIA, R.

Additional Instructions to Our Trusty and well-beloved the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or Officer administering the Government of Our Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies. Given at Our Court at St. James's the Twenty-second day of June, 1837, in the First Year of Our Reign.

WHEREAS We have been pleased by Our Order in Council of the Twenty-First Instant (a copy whereof is hereunto annexed) to declare Our Royal Will and Pleasure that, in all the Prayers, Liturgies, and Collects for the Queen, instead of the word "King" the word "Queen," instead of the word "William" the word "Victoria," instead of the words "Our Sovereign Lord" the words "Our Sovereign Lady" be inserted; and that in all the Prayers, Liturgies, and Collects, so altered, such change of the Pronouns He, Him, and His, be made, as will be by those alterations rendered necessary; and that in all the Prayers, Liturgies, and Collects for the Royal Family the words "Adelaide the Queen Dowager" be substituted for the words "Our Gracious Queen Adelaide." Our Will and pleasure therefore is that, in all the Prayers, Liturgies and Collects for the Queen, to be used within Our Island of Newfoundland, and its Dependencies, under your Government, instead of the word "King" the word "Queen," instead of the word "William" the word "Victoria," instead of the words "Our Sovereign Lord," the words "Our Sovereign Lady" be inserted; and that in all the Prayers, Liturgies and Collects so altered, such change of the Pronouns He, Him, and His, be made, as will be by those alterations rendered necessary; and that in all the Prayers, Liturgies, and Collects, for the Royal Family, the words "Adelaide the Queen Dowager" be substituted for the words "Our Gracious Queen Adelaide." And for the better observance hereof in Our said Island it is our further Will and pleasure that you cause the same to be forthwith published in the several Parish Churches and other Places of Divine Worship within the said Island and its Dependencies, and that you take care that obedience be paid thereto accordingly.

GOVERNMENT-HOUSE, St. John's, 24th August, 1837.

IT is expected that all Persons upon the present occasion of the Death of His late Majesty, of blessed and glorious memory, do put themselves into decent Mourning, to terminate on the 14th of September.

Died

On Thursday last, after a very short illness, much and deservedly lamented and regretted, Mr. James Hippisley, a native of Bristol, (Eng.) aged 40 years. Mr. Hippisley conducted the mercantile business of William Danson, Esq., in this town, for many years, and was universally esteemed as a gentleman of integrity and uprightness.—His funeral took place on Sunday last, attended by a large concourse of persons.

SHIP NEWS

Port of Harbour Grace.

ENTERED.
Aug. 21.—Brig Intripid, Hunt, Figueira, 100 tons salt.

Port of St. John's.

ENTERED.
Aug. 16.—Mary, M'Neal, Novascotia, cattle, butter.
Charles, Hutchings, Sydney, staves.
Euphemia, Corbin, Copenhagen, flour.
18.—Douglstown, M'Kenzie, Greenock, ale, merchandise.
Iceni, Steele, Dantzic, pork, flour.
Devon, Dench, Cork, pork.
21.—Elizabeth, Siddell, Dantzic, bread, flour, pork.
Catherine & Susan, Purdy, Dantzic, pork bread, peas.
Adeona, Patten, Bermuda, rum, molasses.

22.—Britannia, Follett, Figueira, salt.
Hebe, Thompson, Liverpool, coal.
Oberon, Grindall, Liverpool, flour, tea, beef, soap.

CLEARED.

Aug. 16.—Phoenix, Mortimer, Oporto, fish.
Alexander, Keating, Nova Scotia, salt.
17.—Isabella, Fitzgerald, Miramichi, flour.
Mary Ann, Tucker, Cork, fish.
21.—Mary, M'Neil, Nova Scotia, salt.

On Sale

G. P. JILLARD

HAS RECENTLY IMPORTED,
From Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol,

AND OFFERS FOR SALE,

On reasonable terms,

White, Blue, and Brown Serges
Flannel, Union Baize
Calico, Shirting, Check
Stout Cotton Duck, Double warp ditto
Cambrie, Mull, Jaconet, Book, Crossbar
and Coloured MUSLINS
White and Coloured Net, Quilling ditto
Lace, Edging and Tatting in great variety
Printed Cottons, Rich CHINTZ
Coloured Morino, Plain Stuffs
Ribbons and Persians
Gentlemen's Fancy Cravats and Stiffeners
Men's, Women's and Children's Silk,
Kid, and Leather GLOVES
Ditto ditto Worsted and Cotton Hose
Twist, Sewing Silk, Sewing Cotton, Tape,
and all sorts of

HABERDASHERY

Imperial, Braid, Dress, and Side Combs
Pocket Combs, Ivory small tooth ditto
Violin & Violinello Bows & Bow-hair
Ditto and ditto Strings, 1, 2, 3, 4
Umbrellas, Pins and Needles
Elastic Knitting Pins
Gilt, and Silver-end Thimbles
Slates, and Slate Pencils
Table Knives and Forks
Steeles and Carvers
Penknives, Scissors, Razors
Awnblades, Shoe Knives, Nippers
Cinder Sifters, Chamber Buckets
Mops, Brushes, Pattens
SCYTHES, Grass Hooks
Wire Rat and Mouse Traps
Irish and English Spades, Rakes
Wood Screws, Brads, Door-springs,
Files of all sorts, Shoe Rasps
Imperial Weights from 4lbs. down
Ditto Pewter Measures
Britannia-metal Teapots, Coffee Biggins
Plated and Britannia-metal Tea & Table
Spoons, Ladles, Sugar Tongs
Caddy and Salt Spoons
Cases Mathematical Instruments
Pocket Compasses
Superfine Kerby Hooks
Buttons of all descriptions
Beads, Smelling Bottles
London VINEGAR in cask and bottles
PATENT MEDICINES
Castor Oil, Epsom Salts
Pocket Pistols and Ducking Guns with
Percussion Locks and Caps
Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes
Ladies' Ditto Ditto
Children's Ditto Ditto

WATCHES, Watch Guards
WEDDING and Fancy RINGS

TOGETHER WITH

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
JEWELLERY

Harbor Grace,
July 19, 1837.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Are Landing

Ex the Brig AMITY, Captain
Dunn, from LIVERPOOL,

86 Tons Salt
30 Tons Best Orrel Coal
100 Barrels Hamburg Fine Flour
75 Ditto extra Superfine Ditto
60 Ditto Prime Pork
50 Boxes, 46 Half-boxes, and 160
Qr.-boxes Muscatel Raisins
Rod, Casement, Round and Sheathing
Iron
Nails, and Crow Bars, all sizes
1 Best Liverpool Back Iron
An assortment of Coopers Tools (war-
ranted superior)
Best London White Lead
Colord Paints
Linsed Oil, Spirits Turpentine
Ochre, Chalk, Whiting,
Pitch, Tar, &c. &c.

Which will be Sold VERY LOW for Cash
or PRODUCE.

THOMAS RIDLEY & Co.

Harbor Grace,
July 19, 1837.

POETRY

THE TRANCE OF DANIEL.

Tu non inventa reperta es—OVID.
[Apropos, talking of O'Connell, the following singular circumstance was told me by a friend. Of course I cannot vouch for its truth, but here it is. It appears that some time ago the 'Great Leviathan' had an alarming attack of illness, of what nature my informant was not aware, but it was most sudden. It was surmised that Providence, in its mercy, had liberated the 'Liberator,' for he remained in a death-like trance for two days. His medical attendants were upon the point of pronouncing him defunct, when, lo! up started the Member for all Ireland, and, in a strain of utterance the most incoherent and incomprehensible, muttered forth sounds that seemed indicative of some great internal emotion."—Letter from Dublin.]

The Spirit sat at the golden gate
That leads to the world above;
He sighed, alas! for many a day
Had passed since a soul had come that way,
That worthy of bliss to prove.

He sighed—and a tear such as spirits shed
Fell from his star-like eye;
And he thought—"Mankind are a gracious set,
For the more they learn the worse they get,
And thus they live and die!"

But soft! from the shade of the mortal world
A freed soul hither speeds,
By his smiling eye and placid mood,
He seems to think that his cause is good,
And bright the reward for his deeds.

"Soul of a mortal!" the spirit cried,
As that form stood at the gate,
"Thy name, and the state of thy mortal man!"
"A Radical Chief, and my name was 'Dan,'
"A mighty man of late!"

"From the holy priest a pass I've got,
From sin I am duly shriven;
I belonged to the church that can never err,
Whose holy faith is without one slur;
And I'm come to my place in heaven!"

Thought the spirit "the last time I heard that name,
'Twas breathed by a sorrowful shade,
That was wrung from its earthly home through thee,
By the pangs of famine and agony,
Which thy hand and voice had made.

"A Radical Chief!" and the spirit smiled,
It was not a smile to cheer;
"Thou'rt the first of that graceless godless race,
Who ever had the frontless face
To ask admission here!"

A dark Fiend sat at the gloomy gate
Of that world of fire and flame,
Fann'd aye by the breath of Eternity,
And fed with the souls of Mortality,
Their torments still the same.

Unbar'd, and back the portals swung,
And crowds were entering there,
Oward whir'd by the withering breath
That breathed from the mouth of a fiend call'd Death,
They rush'd in wild despair.

Quoth the Fiend at the gate, "so many of late
Have arrived from the upper world,
That our gates have been open day and night.
Ho, ho! but it is a goodly sight
To see them hither hurld!"

"Since the Whigs have govern'd in Britain isle,
What souls from her shores here are driven?
Her sons are so struck with their knavish tricks,
Their wavering Whiggish politics,
That they have not a thought for Heaven!"

On came a soul of bulky shape,
He stood at the entrance gate;
He entered at once, for the way was clear.
Thought he, "They are mighty civil here,
They do not make one wait."

As onward he roamed thro' fields of flame
Loud voices rent the air,
And he said to himself as he went,

"Surely Satan is holding a Parliament,
By the din of the devils there."

He came to a dome of lofty mould—
He entered at the gate;
The blaze of a thousand fires shone
From the beams of an ever-burning throne,
Where Satan sat in state.

"Ho, friend," cried the Fiend, "approach, and tell
Thy claims to my right-hand place."
The devils around left off their rout,
And they welcomed him in with a fiend-like shout,
And grin'd with a ghastly grace.

"Mighty prince of the powers that be,
Behold the soul of a man,
Who never felt himself in the mood
To do one atom of any thing good
Since his mortal course began.

"I have sown the seed of discontent
In spite of all the worldly rules;
I have dazzled men's minds and bothered
Their brains,
And picked their pockets for my pains;
The poor deluded fools!"

"Ha, ha! by the powers, 'twas passing fair,
Their homage and hope to see;
I held their very souls in thrall.
I was no fool, or their beck and call
Had made a king of me."

"But say," said the Spirit, "what good thou hast done
In that world where thy power was great?
Thy fair deeds recount, perchance there may be
Some glorious good thy soul to free,
And uncloze yon golden gate."

"Oh! every morning and every night,
Myself like a priest would pray,
And strictly I kept the fast of the Lent,
And every Sunday to chapel I went,
And every holyday.

"And oft my sins I did confess,
And a good example set,
And all I did was for virtue's sake,
No earthly reward I crave or take,
My soul was above all that.

"And thus have I lived, and thus have I died,
My sins are all effaced;
Now open your portal of Paradise,
That my soul may feast her longing eyes,
And the living waters taste."

But the guardian Spirit with a voice as deep
And clear as a trumpet tone,
Nor fast, nor prayer, nor priest, nor shrine
Availeth aught to that soul of thine,
Thy good deeds are unknown.

"'Tis not for the face of a hasty prayer,
Forgotten as soon as said,
Nor fast, nor worship at glittering shrine,
With a crouching form and a face divine,
That man alone was made.

"All this may be done by the veriest wretch,
That the day e'er smiled upon,
With a brow of heaven, but a heart of hell,
Whose life of curse and of crime could tell
Of many a dark deed done.

"Thy sins are all forgiven! thou fool!
Away with thy soul of pride;
Can man to man each crime remit,
Unsanctioned by sentence of Holy Writ,
And grace with the Godhead divine?"

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"And their hope,—ha, ha! their hope was this,
That men should be so blind,
That I, who rich by their means had grown,
Should study their state instead of my own,
What fools are the mass of mankind!"

"But I pursed their money and promised them fair,
And when good was to be done,
I strove with all my soul and might
To prove that wrong which I knew to be right,
And to reason I yielded none.

"For I knew full well their wishes gained
And their cause of complaint set free,

"Adieu to their idol, their homage, their hope,
No further need with their foes to cope,
No further pay for me.

"In private life I was deem'd a saint,
My course was fair to view;
"Och! often I've smiled within my heart,
To think I was acting so good a part,
And that fools should think me true.

"I went to confession once a month
And absolution got;
And when I had cleared off all the old score
I went on—just the same as before,
Contented with my lot."

He ceased; and through that deep divan
Rang laughter, wild and free,
And the chief Fiend cried, with a voice of mirth,
"Thou had'st better return again to earth,
Thou art too bad for me!"

As back to the world that soul was borne
He dwelt on his sad mischance,
He came to the Abbey of D—y—e,
Where his mortal body had lifeless lain,
And he rose from his death-like trance.

A Surgeon aboard a ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard anything of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned in his Medicine chest."

It is related, that before the particulars of the engagement between Monsieur Confians and Admiral Hawke were generally known at Paris, a sea-officer, relating the event to the King of France, was interrupted by his Majesty's saying, "But did Hake strike?" "Yes, sire," answered the officer, "he struck such a blow as your Majesty's navy will not recover these three years."

One evening, a captain of a trading vessel, passing through St. John-street, "hall-seas over," popped his head into a tailor's workshop, exclaiming, "What's o'clock, my hearty?" The knight of the shears, who was a bit of a wag, lifting up his sleeve-board, and giving the fellow a good whack on his nob, bawled out, "It has just struck ONE!" The son of Neptune, thinking it might have been a repeater, quietly walked off.

An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a sailor who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

When Lord Nelson was before the bay in Corsica, he was astonished to find what General Dundas could have seen to have made a retreat necessary, and remarked that a thousand men could certainly take Bastia, "For," said he, "with five hundred, and my ship Agamemnon, I would attempt it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, almost invincible: they really mind shot no more than peas."

Lord Nelson.—His Lordship, shortly after the memorable battle of Copenhagen, had occasion to write to his wine merchant, to whom he facetiously apologised for not answering his letter before "as he had been engaged!"

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.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters 6d.
Double do.

AND PACKAGES in proportion.
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and P.A. KAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1835.

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 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 be 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 abin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d
Double, Do. 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., &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, 1835.

TO BE LET

On 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, Widom.
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.

THE AN

Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE, C

In the NORTH COURT, Harb and JUNE Term

IN THE MATTER OF ST LATE OF CARBONEAR NORTHERN DISTRICT INSOLVENT.

WHEREAS the was, on the Inst. in due form of L by this said COURT of O Whereas ROBERT WILLIAM W. BE Carbonear aforesaid, tors, of the said B the major part in of the said INSOLV chosen and appointed ESTATE of the

N O

THAT the said ROBERT WILLIAM W. BEMIST TEES, are duly Orders as the sa Court shall from to make thereon, to Realise the DEB the said INSOLV indebted to the said ing in their Possess FEETS belonging with to the said T

WE

HEREBY a ROBERT PAC W. W. BEMIST

THE Subscrib titants of emly generally, ens in his SCHO PUPILS. He at he has commence Room for the F friends, which w tion after the both which Scho prise all the br spect ble Educa As proof of is a fair trial.

FROM

the on the last, MICH

an APPRENTI Court), about black hair, full a Native of St. all Persons from the said DESI sequed to the

Bryant's Co

ALL Pers against HOWELL, o ed, are request Subscribers for 25th Instant. the said Estate diate settleme MARY W. W. Carbonear,

HAY SE

SEEED Harbor Grace