



WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1836.

No. 98

Conception Bay, Newfoundland.—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONAR.

WILMINGTON STREET.

BAT'S CHRISTENING.

Judith Hayes complained to the Magistrate that she had been cruelly treated by Mr Bartholomew Savage, and Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mrs Ellen Regan. In proof of the beating she exhibited a black eye, a scratched nose, a swollen lip, a demolished cap, and a hair enough to stuff a good cushion. "And your Honour will see that they will not do me any more harm," she said. "I wouldn't be here both if it were not for your Honour about the like 'em." "Not," responded his Worship, "I granted his warrant for the apprehension of Mr Bartholomew Savage, Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mrs Ellen Regan. The officer returned with three witnesses, and they came prepared to tell his Honour the truth. There was Mr Thady O'Flaherty, and his sister's cousin by the name of Dennis Sullivan that married Mrs O'Flaherty's mother last year, and three little cratures; and Mr and Mrs O'Flaherty, own cousins to Mrs Ellen Regan; the two Misses Foggarty, only daughters from Ballyshannon, county Kerry; and Mr Patrick O'Callaghan, a child, whose mother desecrated the cratur marchant, and others of minor note. Mrs Judith Hayes came forward, and made three very handsome witnesses to the Bench, she made her statement *pro forma*. She told how she determined to christen her young Bat Savage decently like her children, and therefore in her own house, and her bit of a daughter present at it. She told how many gentlemen were there besides those who could not find room to sit down, on the broad of the table in the passage. She told how she had a drop of the cratur beer, and a drop of the cratur beef, and how she was pleased again and again. She told how at length the cratur was christened, and how Mrs Ellen Regan in particular, and how Mr Thady O'Flaherty volunteered the use of his legs to any lady who would go home on her own. She told how several ladies availed themselves of Thady O'Flaherty's gallantry, and how she came on the back of him as comfortably as could be; and having told all this, she came at last to the cratur. It appeared by the cratur's statement, that Mrs Ellen Regan conducted herself with such propriety, "in regard of the cratur's name," that she (Mrs Hayes) was quite scandalized at her, and left the cratur in such haste, that she forgot her cratur; that she afterwards regretted these things, and then Mrs Regan cast reflections upon her for gain; that she cast the reflection upon which Mrs Ellen Regan encouraged thereto by Mr Bartholomew Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, forward to deliver their 'sentiments,' he cut the matter short, by ordering Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mr Bartholomew Savage, and the pugnacious Mrs Ellen Regan to find bail for their appearance at Sessions.

new Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, flew at her like a bad woman as she was, and bade her up and down till she got back to her own place; Mr Bartholomew Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, aiding and assisting her therein the whole time bad luck to 'em. Mrs Margaret Brady the English wife of Mr Daniel Brady, from Portpatrick, substantiated the whole of this statement, and then Mrs Ellen Regan was called on for the defence; but unfortunately she had made so free with "the cratur," before coming into Court, that it again got the better of her discretion, and she manifested more disposition to fight than to talk. So she was ordered to stand aside, and it was as much as two stout officers could do to keep her from rushing forward to the table,—"Ler soul in arms, and eager for the fray." The second defendant, Mr Bartholomew Savage, was now called upon to speak. He was a tall old man, of saturnine aspect and the father of little Bat, whose christening led to all this mischief. "Your Worship (said he) devil a bit of truth there's in it;" and having so said, he held his peace,—taciturn even to a fault. Not so the third defendant, Mr Dennis O'Dwyer. He was a young man in a frieze jacket, with ventilators at his elbows; and he evidently considered himself as possessing the gift of the gab in a supereminent degree. "Is meself to be spaking for anent Judy Hayes, your Honour?" demanded he as soon as his friend Mr Savage had said his say. The Magistrate told him he was ready to hear his defence. "Then I shall be after telling your Honour the whole sentiments of me mind," said Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and his honour admonished him to do it in as few words as possible, he proceeded— "Fate, then, your honour, meself was the godfather to little Bat Savage' where the row was, you know; and the place was full because of it, and the women made a big noise in regard of the christening and the childer squaled— that's little Bat, and the rest o' 'em your worship, mightily; and come along out of it," says I to Dan Sullivan, because of the phillaloo your honour; "Be the powers! and I will," says Dan Sullivan to me at that same time, "and let's go up to mother Powell's," says Dan Sullivan to me again. "Gads blood!" says meself to Dan Sullivan, "so we will my jewel," says I; out of it," says I, "because of the childer's and the rest of it," says meself to Dan Sullivan with: onnly one eye on the right side of him, and ne'er a one on the other your worship, in respect of the bating he got on; and here he is standing to the fore, anent your honour, in the big coat and mighty ondacent trowsers—in respect of the knees not being mended at all; and we came—that's me and Dan Sullivan—to the corner be mother Powell's. I put me back to the post—that's the post at the corner you know, your honour—I put me back to the post, and Dan Sullivan put his back 'tother side it and "Bad luck to 'em this same night," says I— Here the Magistrate became very impatient of "the whole sentiments of Mr Dennis O'Dwyer's mind; and, notwithstanding whole troops of witnesses press-

forward to deliver their 'sentiments,' he cut the matter short, by ordering Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mr Bartholomew Savage, and the pugnacious Mrs Ellen Regan to find bail for their appearance at Sessions.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES AND WAYWARD CRITICISMS.

By H. C. Knight.

It was a magnificent tomb, and in it was a superb coffin, and in the coffin was a celebrated lady—they told me she was the beauty of the city—I looked, but could see no beauty. Human law being based upon general, not always individual equity; some men when equity is against them, cry for law, and when law is against them, cry out for equity.

Some men in conversation are as abrupt and desultory as the leaps of the water spider—now spinning round, then shooting straight on; now a halt, then a spring sidewise; anon again a stop, and again a dart backwards; no foretelling which way they will go.

Dr Johnson said the man, who could not occasionally talk nonsense. The bow must be sometimes unbent. It requires a sensible man to talk agreeable nonsense; wherefore the nonsense of a sensible man is often more edifying than the sense of an ignorant man.

If I were asked, who was next to Shakespeare in creative genius, not forgetting the sublimer Dante, Milton, and Klopstock, I should answer, John Bunyan.— If I were asked, who was the Hogarth of moral allegorical writers, I should answer John Bunyan.

If I and J, and U and V, be distinct letters, I wish all dictionary makers would give each of them a distinct place. A person would find a word in half the time. And I wish to ask, Why W in our modern type, is not shaped double U if it have more of that sound it than double V?

Pain is often the interest paid on luxury. The atritis is a disease of which many are proud, because it is patrician. A poor man cannot afford to buy the gout.

An original poet, is very high above a mere translator; one requires genius, the other judgment. The translator may be more learned, but a transmuter is not to be named with a creator. A good translator may not be able to compose, but it also true, that a good composer can always translate. Yet, to translate requires more than ordinary talents. So thought Roscommon a hundred years ago:—

"Tis true composing is the noble part, But good translation is no easy art, For though materials have long since been found, Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound: Ahd by improving what was writ before, Invention labours less, but judgment more."

If I bear an ill report of the character of a stranger, I am apt to imagine that his person is uncomely; if a good report, that his person is comely. It is the heart that beautifies the face.

port, that his person is comely. It is the heart that beautifies the face.

We are more afraid of shame than of sin. So vulgar minds hold their breaths at the thunder, which is harmless; but wink at the lightning which may be fatal.

The Pythagorans thought that the souls of poets transmigrated into grasshoppers, which sing until they starve. However this may be, I think grasshoppers the happiest people in the world, in summer; nothing to do but to dance about, and to see which can jump the farthest.

Music elevates the soul into unearthly regions; and when it ceases suddenly, the soul, after hovering a moment upon the memory, drops like a shot bird.— How often discordant to a chaste ear, is the mode of female singing at theatres. In lieu of the delicate pathos of sentiment, and feminine softness, you have jerks, and gasps, and shrieks, and masculine meretricious affection. What would Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and Beethoven say to these.

If a reputable gentleman go to address a lady of fortune, and she be disinclined to accept his overtures, yet in compliment to his partiality, and to console his disappointment, whether she ought not as she parts with him, courteously to tender him a few thousands, as a memento of her regard!

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.— Pope.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

Let a Woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature—yet, if BOLDNESS is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

A SOLDIER'S REVENGE.

The decree of the French convention that one third of the officers of the French army should be named by the government, was very ill received by the troops who saw in it a new infringement on that liberty which they had bought at the expense of so many crimes; and what rendered the measure still more disgusting, was that the officers thus named, who were generally the minions of some great man, were in most cases very unfit for the situation which favour, not merit, had procured them. It was indeed no unusual thing to see a beardless boy, one of the half monkey and half tiger class, so common in those days, put over the head of one whose numerous scars ought to have entitled him to the rank thus unjustly wrested from him.

These intruders were, however, mostly made to pay dearly for their elevation; every means, fair and foul, being used by the other officers to disgust them with their situation, and compel them to abandon it. If, as was generally the case, they were men of courage, they were soon provoked into a duel, and this usually settled the matter one way or the other; for if they had the good fortune to kill their antagonist, they were suffered to remain in peace afterwards.

It was during this epoch that Charles La Croix, a young man of good family, was named to the captaincy of a company in a regiment stationed in Provence. His appointment was peculiarly disagreeable to the officers of that regiment because they were all extremely attached to their first Lieutenant; they had joined unanimously in recommending him to the convention for the vacant company, which to say the truth, he well merited by the services he had rendered to his country; services, of which his scars afforded abundant testimonials. The officers espoused his cause with more than common eagerness, and it was determined to make mutually short work with the new intruder.

La Croix presented himself at the colonel's house, wholly unconscious of the persecution that awaited him. The colonel had need of all his prejudice against the new comer, to enable him to persist in the resolution he had formed of rejecting him very coldly; he was a noble-looking youth of two and twenty, whose handsome manly countenance was rendered extremely prepossessing by a blend of expression of frankness, bravery and benevolence. He presented himself to his colonel with a mixture of modesty and self-respect in his air, which shook for a moment the gentleman's resolution; but the entrance of the other officers, who had heard of the arrival of the new comer, and who on some pretence or other, flocked in to behold him, recalled it to his mind.

"I hope sir," said he, in an austere tone, "you will pay proper attention to the duties of your command; and that you will not attempt to introduce into my regiment the vices of Paris." "Colonel," replied the young man with an ingenuous blush, "I trust that you will have reason to be satisfied with me. I shall endeavour to follow the example of my comrades, and I hope my efforts to gain their regard will obtain for me the benefit of their advice, which I am certain I must, from my inexperience, have great need of." "Sir," replied the colonel roughly, "you would have acted more wisely, if you had acquired the experience you must be so much in want of before you took upon yourself the command of a company. It is more than indiscreet in a boy who has hardly quitted school, to put himself over the heads of brave and experienced men. Look at your first lieutenant, and judge how painful it must be to him to see himself commanded by one of your age, by a mere novice in a profession of which he is a thorough master."

"I feel all the truth of your observations," replied La Croix, in a modest but firm tone; "but do me the justice, sir, to believe that I am not here by my own choice. I would gladly have contented myself with an inferior rank, but my patron thought it beneath him to solicit anything beneath a captaincy. If, however, colonel you find my inexperience renders me unfit for the duties of my post, I shall certainly resign it."

The colonel turned his back upon him without reply.—La Croix then addressed himself to Valmont, the first Lieutenant, and begged him to present him to his brother officers. "You are old enough to introduce yourself, sir," was the answer, delivered in the most disobliging tone.—It brought a blush of anger to his face, but recollecting himself, and perceiving no friendly expression in any countenance round him, he bowed and retired.

Next day, according to the usual custom, he called upon each of the officers. They expected this visit, and they took their measures accordingly. He had the mortification to hear them tell their servants, one after the other, in a tone evidently meant for his ear, that they were not at home. They met him at the parade with insolent or averted looks; no one returned his civilities, or even answered his questions. If at the coffee-house he proposed to one of them a game of billiards, he was refused, and directly afterwards, another was accepted, without the slightest apology being made. In short, they sent him completely to Coventry; or rather, they did still more, they evinced the most determined resolution to quarrel with him if possible.

For some time La Croix endured this treatment in silence, but to judge from the expression of his countenance, not without feeling any severe mortification.

particularly when one day a stranger, who was playing billiards with Valmont at the coffee-house, asked his opinion on a doubtful point of the game, and just as he was about to give it, Valmont interrupted him by exclaiming, "I protest against that gentleman's opinion in any thing that concerns me." "And for what reason?" asked a young ensign, who thought he now saw the moment to force La Croix to fight. "Because," replied the Lieutenant scornfully, "I like him not." At these words, La Croix fixed his eyes upon Valmont with an expression of fierceness, which was immediately succeeded by a look of sorrow. He was evidently on the point of breaking out; but constraining himself by a strong effort, he quitted the coffee-house without speaking, and from that day entered it no more.

"O the poltroon!" said Valmont looking after him, "there's no provoking him to draw his sword!" "It is singularly coldly," he was a noble-looking youth of two and twenty, whose handsome manly countenance was rendered extremely prepossessing by a blend of expression of frankness, bravery and benevolence. He presented himself to his colonel with a mixture of modesty and self-respect in his air, which shook for a moment the gentleman's resolution; but the entrance of the other officers, who had heard of the arrival of the new comer, and who on some pretence or other, flocked in to behold him, recalled it to his mind.

Although the amiable manners of La Croix had failed to conciliate the minds of his comrades, they gained him the good will of all the gentry of the town, to whom his situation and the respectability of his birth and connections introduced him. Among those who had shown him particular marks of attention was General Bellegrade, a veteran officer who had known his father, and who invited him to consider his house as his own. This acquaintance was particularly agreeable to the young man. The General had an amiable wife and two charming daughters, with whom he soon domesticated himself; and they on their part were so well pleased with him, that the veteran said to him one day, with the frankness of a soldier, "we look upon you already as one of ourselves."

These words delighted La Croix, on whom the charms of Eugenie, the second daughter, had made a very strong impression. He opened his heart to the General, and had the satisfaction to hear that if he could make himself agreeable to the lady, he had nothing to fear from her parents, the consent of his own being understood.

The notice taken of La Croix, by the gentry of the town, and above all, the consideration which he enjoyed in the Bellegrade family, were a fresh cause of irritation to his enemies; he was, however, so punctual in the discharge of his duties and so much on his guard, that some weeks elapsed without their being able to draw him into a quarrel; at last an opportunity presented itself.

(See last Page.)

GROWTH OF VEGETABLES—Farmers and Gardeners, may preserve the purity of their seeds as well as the flavour of their fruits, by attending to a few rules, such as the following:

- Never plant Gourds near your Squashes, or you will make them bitter.
- Never plant Squashes with your Pumpkins, or you will make them watery, hard, skinned and tasteless.
- Never plant different kinds of seed cabbage near one another or you will have a mixture.
- Never plant seed Cabbage near seed Turnips, or both will be spoiled.
- Never plant good red beet near white seed beet, or you will have neither red nor white.
- Never plant different kinds of seed radishes near one another.

As a general rule never plant near one another any vegetables that resemble each other in many respects.

(From the Greenock Intelligencer, March 23.)

ing the disgusting and barbarous way of flogging in the army. There is, indeed, a recommendation added that corporal punishment should be restored to as seldom as possible; but we are convinced that the country will be satisfied with nothing short of the total abolition of a system of torture which is revolting to the feelings of every good man and can only be regarded as a relic of the barbarous practices of rude and unenlightened times. We have perused the report with attention, and we have found nothing in it to convince us of the alleged impracticability of disposing with the use of the lash without impairing the discipline of the army. The commissioners contend that our regiments being raised not by conscription, but by voluntary enlistment, are generally composed of recruits taken from the lowest, most ignorant and dissolute portion of the population, and that the officers require to be invested with the power of inflicting corporal punishment on such men, as these are of too gross a nature to be influenced by higher motives, than the fear of bodily pain. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to think so meanly of a British soldier, as to believe that, like the dog of the horse, he can only be made to do his duty by the application of the lash; and we have not the smallest doubt that, were a proper system adopted, the discipline of the army might be as effectually maintained as at present, without the aid of a mode of punishment so cruel and so degrading as that of flogging.

SPAIN.—The following are extracts from the *Memorial des Pyrenees* of the 8th inst. :—

"We have before us a *bando* published by Cabrera on the subject of the execution of his aged mother, who was shot by the direction of General Noguera, on the express order of Mina. We abstain from repeating the imprecations of rage and vengeance uttered by this chief in his decree, but it will be seen by the following articles that he is unwilling to remain behind hand in atrocity, and that the civil war assumes a character of barbarity unknown even among the savage tribes of Africa:—

Article 2.—In consequence of the present declaration, all individuals who shall be made prisoners shall be shot.

Art. 3.—The following persons shall be immediately shot by way of reprisals for the assassination of my innocent mother, viz. the wife of Colonel Don Manuel Fonilleras, Commander of Jhélva, the Senoras Cita Toss, Mariana Guardia, Francisca Urquesa, and thirty others, who shall undergo the same punishment, for the explanation of the death of the most worthy and the best of mothers.

Art. 4.—I will, henceforth continue to avenge in the same manner the death of each victim, upon the families of the chiefs who commit similar acts.

The Pope has addressed a long allocution to the secret consistory held on the 1st Feb. He complains bitterly of the suppression of the Spanish monasteries, and says "with grief and reluctance, that the cries and complaints of the apostolic voice have availed nothing." His Holiness declares all the late proceedings of the Spanish Government, with regard to ecclesiastical affairs, null and void.

RUSSIA.—Letters to Berlin, from St Petersburg, state that Lord Durham is much liked in the Russian capital, and continues to enjoy the regard of the Emperor, which renders the situation of an Ambassador at that Court very easy.—Her Majesty, the Empress of Russia, is indisposed, having it is said, had a miscarriage. She news has greatly afflicted the Royal Family. However, according to the latest accounts, her Majesty was recovering, and it was hoped that no bad consequences would ensue. The Emperor has granted large sums for the families of the persons who perished in the fire at the Theatre.

FRANCE.—The Paris Papers say that Marshal Clausel is expected at Paris in the early part of next month, to defend the budget for Algiers. The French Government proposes it is said, to form a summer camp at Rocroy. Count Marbot with the Marquis Maison, son of the Minister of War, is expected at that place, to select a position for 24,000 men

and 300 porses. Whether the Minister be daunted or not, by position which is said to be or their plan, of postponing the q the Five per Cents, till next y not know, but they are now sai with less confidence on the su expectations are again excited reduction of the interest will this year.—The Chamber o was engaged on Friday in d project for a supplementary Polish and Italian refugees and £20,000 in addition to t previously voted, was majority.

We are happy to see Ireland improving. T appointed to enquire ir of the poor in that cou in favour of a system is intended either to ment for the able bod country, or to assist i the Colonies, where the ed and will be rewarded. subject naturally induces us to rev very patriotic scheme which progress for cultivating the w of Ireland, some account of v be found in our advertising c There are, it is calculated, five of acres of such lands capable reclaimed, in which case profi ployment would be given to thousands. The Society whi undertaken this most impo cial work, contains s names among the Irish a affording the best guar be given for the success of In order that their means dedered more extensively usef ety do not promise to purch obtain long leases of the un soil, which of course they will cheap rate, and thus have li except for labour. Even drit progress of the work, a period w to the pernicious practice of s existing farms; and I ultima the new land comes into culti pressure of the demand will ably relaxed, and rack rent to.

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11,

From the Newfoundland Pat

PROROGATION OF LEGISLATURE DISMISSAL OF HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

Yesterday afternoon, o'clock, His Excellency Governor, attended as usual down to the Court-house appearance, he was v cheered by the multitude at the gate until he had p to the Council Chamber having taken his seat throne, and having comm attendance of the Com Excellency read the fo

SPEECH

Mr President, and H of the Council,

Mr Speaker and Gentle House of Assembly,

I am happy that the Pu vice enables me to relie from the duties of a protra sion.

Mr Speaker, and Gentle House of Assembly,

I thank you for the which shall be duly and cally administered. As I ready informed you that under circumstances of ex gency, I shall not again the present House of A I embrace this occasion d sing my best wishes for y and happiness. Whethe

ture to private life or are again returned as Representatives, you will naturally look back with pride and pleasure to having been members of the first Legislative Assembly of this colony. Your appropriation of funds for the encouragement of education and for facilitating our internal communication, especially entitles you to general gratitude, and merits the warmest approbation.

Mr President, and Hon. Gentlemen of the Council,
Mr Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

It is with much regret that I find myself compelled to support the processes of Justice at Saint Mary's by the presence of a Military Force, about to be dispatched and to be stationed there until its services shall no longer be required. I hope that the inhabitants of that place may have awakened from their delusion, and that they will not again attempt to oppose themselves to the Law. As I am myself strictly responsible for my conduct, and should be brought to a severe account for any act of injustice or oppression practised towards the humblest individual, so likewise am I bound to prevent others from judging in their own cause. Prosecution is not to be confounded with persecution, nor is accusation synonymous with conviction. It cannot be too generally inculcated here, that in every case, let the station, profession, or faith of the accused be what it may, his innocence can be ascertained, or his guilt established only by a judicial enquiry. You will, I feel confident, promote the knowledge of this simple but important truth, and exert yourselves in your respective districts to allay angry and sectarian feelings where such may exist, and to excite and cherish harmony and concord.

His Excellency then retired.

THE SEAL FISHERY.—Many of the vessels engaged in this profitable but hazardous branch of the trade have arrived from the ice, and though several of them are well and profitably fished, the average would not appear to hold out the prospect of a prolific season. The weather is reported to have been tempestuous, and the ice large and open—giving the hardy and adventurous sealers enough to do, in many cases, to keep clear of immense bergs which surrounded them in every direction. What is termed *field ice* was rarely to be met with.—*Patriot*, May 3.

The Court of General Quarter Sessions opened on Tuesday, the 26th ult.—*Ibid.*

His Honour JUDGE BRENTON, opened the Northern Circuit Court at the Court House, in this town, on Monday last, pursuant to His Excellency's Proclamation.—*Mercury*, May 6.

TRINITY, 20th April, 1836.

List of Vessels returned from the Ice, with the number of Seals landed up to this date:—

J. B. Garland & Co.	
April 11.—Eclipse	3115
" 22.—Friends	124
" " Beaver	526
" 25.—Jane	2000
Slade & Kelson.	
April 14.—Faith	611
" 16.—Thomas and Sarah	702
" 21.—Seal	30
" 22.—Success	594

25—Anna 867
Total for nine Vessels 9005
The ECLIPSE is on her second trip and there are several other Vessels out.—*Ibid.*

On the 20th April, 1836, at 4 o'clock P.M., Captain William Edie, of the Brig *Mermaid*, of this Port, on his passage hither from Lisbon, when in lat. 40 44, and long. 32 57, was called by the watch to come on deck, as the vessel appeared to be in shoal water. On looking over the side, the water had the appearance of a muddy river, but in a few minutes the vessel passed again into clear water.—Captain Edie immediately went to the mast head, and could plainly discern a space of muddy water stretching to the S. W., and N. E., about 3½ miles, and to the N. W., and S. E., about half a mile, which he supposed to be a shoal.—*COMMUNICATED.—Public Ledger*, May 6

ARRIVED.—On Saturday last, H.M. Ship *RAINBOW*, Captain Bennett, from Bermuda. We understand she is to remain on this Station during the summer, for the protection of our Fisheries on the Western Coast.—*Newfoundlander*, May 5.

ARRIVALS.—From St. John's, on Saturday last, Robert Pack, Esq., M.C.P., and JAMES POWER, Esq., M.C.P.

DIED

On Friday, the 29th ultimo, ANN, wife of Mr FRANCIS DRAKE, of this town, aged 32 years.

On Friday, the 6th instant, after a short but severe illness, subsequent to her *accouchement*, aged, 35 years, MARY, wife of Mr THOMAS NEWELL, merchant of this town. Having spent the latter twelve years of her life, in the privacy of retired domestic happiness, and having been too deeply interested in the culture and welfare of her children, to care much for the pleasurable intercourse with the world, which by many persons is thought to be enjoyment; she was known but to few; but those that knew her, could not help loving and esteeming her. She has left a husband, three sons, and a daughter, to mourn the loss of a virtuous wife—an affectionate mother—and a pious sincere Christian.—Her remains were interred yesterday, at St. James's Church, attended by a large and respectable concourse of inhabitants.

At St. John's, on the 30th ult., aged 61 years, Miss MARY KING.

SHIP NEWS

CARBONEAR.

April 20.—Brig Providence, Heater, Liverpool, 10 tons coals, 94 tons salt.

ST JOHN'S.

April 27.—Brig Selina, Rendell, Hamburg, pork, butter, flour, bread and sundries.

Brig Cleopatra, Stewart, Greenock, candles, coal & sundries.
29.—Brig Mermaid, Elie, Lisbon salt & sundries.

Barque Montreville, Mardon, Liverpool, coal, tea, butter, tar and sundry merchandize.

30.—Elligible, Kelly, New-York, tobacco apples, cigars, ar, lemons, staves, & sundries.

Schooner Lady, Bond, Sydney, coal.
May 2.—Brig Terra Nova, Calder Greenock, potatoes, & sundries.

Schooner Mary, Belfontaine, Nova Scotia, rum, shingles, &c.
3.—Brig Eliza, Stoye, Bristol, salt, pork & sundries.

Schooner Alexander, Keating, Guysborough, oats, sheep, cattle, butter & sundries.

May 5.—Brig Norval Carmichael, Liverpool, soap, tea, & sundries.

VESSELS LOADING.
April 27.—Brigantine Devonshire, Williams, Barbadoes.

Schooner Union, Curren, Portugal.
29.—Schooner Hero, M Grath, Sydney.

702 30.—Brig Selina, Rendell, Spain.
30 Brig Swallow, M Kean, Brazil.
594 Brig Mary, Laird, Brazil.

May 3.—Schooner Ben, Forest, Boston.
4.—Schooner Vestel, Clume, Portugal.
Brig Caroline, Perrott, Brazil.
May 5.—Schooner Mary, Belfontaine, Nova Scotia.
Schooner Ocean, Aatery, Nova Scotia.

April 29.—Brig Dingwell, Price, Sydney, ballast.
Brig Paget, Petty, Barbadoes, fish and flour.

30.—Brig Salima, Hayes, Portugal, fish.
Schooner Ranger, Dillard, Pigueira, fish.

May 3.—Schooner Hero, M Grath, Sydney, ballast.
Brig Mary, Laird, Pernambuco, fish.

Brigantine Adonia, Harris, Sydney, ballast.
Brig Swallow, M Kean, Brazil, fish.

May 4.—Schooner Rapid, Hurst, Bermuda, fish.
Brig Selina, Rendell, Valencia.

On Sale

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION

TUESDAY

NEXT, AT 11 O'CLOCK IN THE THE FORENOON AT THE SUBSCRIBER'S AUCTION MART

Belonging to the Insolvent Estate of Mr ROBERT AYLES.

The **FEE SIMPLE** of a **PLANTATION**, containing **34 ACRES** adjoining the Farm of Robert Pack, Esq.

A FISHING ROOM at Chateaux, Labrador.

For Particulars apply to Mr ROBERT AYLES, Carbonear, or to Mr GEORGE HIPPLEY, Harbour Grace.

HENRY HEARDER, AUCTIONEER.
Carbonear, May 11, 1836.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

PROVISIONS

AND **SHOP GOODS** By T. NEWELL

LOW FOR CASH,

BY **THOMAS RIDLEY & Co.**

200 Barrels Superfine States' FLOUR, Copenhagen and Hamburg BREAD, FLOUR, OATMEAL and BUTTER

1 7/8 Inch Chain Cable (proved) Chain Topsail Sheets and Ties Sheathing Iron and Stemplates Sheet Iron and Copper

Bar and Bolt Iron Hawsers, Warps and other Cordaeg Oakum, Spun yarn and Marline B.B. & S.S.G. Shot

Nails all sizes Cabin Stoves and Cambouses Hawse and Deck Pipes Pitch, Tar & Turpentine

40 Boxes Soap Candles Mould and Dipt No. and Flat Canvas, Sail Twine Tobacco, Leaf & Negrohead

Mens SHOES of Superior quality in small packages

With a general assortment of HARDWARE and other MANUFACTURED GOODS &c. &c.

Harbour Grace, Jan. 27, 1836

THE following is a List of LETTERS remaining in the POST-OFFICE, which will not be forwarded without the POSTAGE:—

Edmund Gooley } care of Patrick Welsh } St. John's.

John Brown, } care of John Gidden } care of Patrick Welsh } St. John's.

Wm. Green, } care of Mr } John Adams, Brig Liberty, } Chancey } and } Leynard Butler, } Dennis Fitzgerald, } Timothy Morey, } S. SOLOMON, P.M.

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.

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.

Ladies & Gentlemen 7s. 6d
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6
Single Letters 6
Double do. 1 0

And PACKAGES in proportion.
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET, BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will be 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 very gratification possible.

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

TERMS.
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d
Double, Do. 1s.
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 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 & ROAG, Agents, St. John's.

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years,

A Piece of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on East by the House of the late Captain STABB, and on the West by the Subscriber's Land.

MARY TAYLOR, Witness.

Carbonear, Feb. 24, 1836.

POETRY

MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplication

Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore,
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;

As wild his thoughts, and gay his wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris rang his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood
There had the glad earth drunk the blood

On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame and smoke
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;

They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang his proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;

Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmy, as to a night's repose
Like flowers at set of sun.
Come to the bridal chamber, Death;
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time her firstborn's breath,
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;

And thou art terrible—the tear
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sound like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of a brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world seeking Genesee,
When [the land wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtur'd in her glory's time,
Rest there—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
A torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long lov'd, and for a season gone;
For thee the poet's lyre is wreathed;
Her marble wrought, her music breath'd
For thee she rings her birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace, couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,
One of the few immortal names,
That were not born to die.

(Continued from the Second Page.)

A squadron of hussars, with whom the regiment had for some time before been in garrison at the frontiers, came to share their quarters in Provesce. The officers of La Croix's regiment invited the others to a dinner at the mess. La Croix was one of the company; and the cavalry officers, who were not blinded by prejudice, were delighted at his frank and social manners. The applause given to his lively sallies, and the laughter which his bon mots excited, provoked some of the most inveterate of his enemies to turn him into ridicule. But he replied with so much good humoured drollery and turned the laugh against them in a manner at once so clever and so free from asperity that they could find no fair pretence to insult him. The officers of hussars shook him heartily by the hand, and shewed so much admiration of his conduct, that Valmont's anger was inflamed to the highest pitch. "What St. Maur!" cried he abruptly, addressing one who seemed the most delighted with La Croix "you, who have gained your epaulettes at the point of the sword, you who have so many honourable wounds as testimonials of your services, can you suffer yourself to be dazzled by the frosty nothings of a man who owes his promotion to favor alone?"

"How!" cried St. Maur, briskly drawing back his chair, which was close to that of La Croix, "is it possible you belong to a class which all brave men detest?"

"Yes, captain; it is unfortunately true that my commission is neither the meed of my services nor the fruit of the suffrages of my companions. God knows how often I have regretted that it should be so, and how impatiently I wait for an opportunity of proving to my comrades, that I am not unworthy to march with them under the banners of my country."

"That's very well for the future," said St. Maur coldly, "for the future, but it is nothing to the purpose at present.—Valmont has insulted you, and there is but one way in which you can answer him. 'What!' added he more warmly, seeing that La Croix remained silent, "would you prove yourself insensible to the honor of a Frenchman?" "He is a coward," cries the lieutenant.

Without noticing this speech, La Croix said to St. Maur, "I should indeed prove myself insensible to honour were I to commit a base action; but I defy the world to prove me guilty of one."

"What, you do not think it base to suffer yourself to be called a coward?" "No!—for if abuse dishonoured a man, whose name would be unstained? The most illustrious patriots, the greatest heroes might then be dishonoured by the folly of a drunkard, or the infamous language of a blackguard."

"Ah! pshaw! all this sort of abstract reasoning does very well in the discussions of philosophers, or the writings of moralists; but we learn a different lesson in the school of honour. In a word, our creed is insult leaves a stain which can only be effaced by the blood of the insult. Such has always been the custom of the army, and he who enters it must conform to its usages."

"I beg your pardon, this custom is not so ancient as you suppose: the Greeks and Romans—"

"What the devil have we to do with them? The customs of France are the only customs that Frenchmen ought to follow. But what need of all this prating about such a trifle? It is clear enough that you must fight your antagonist, or he apologize to you."

"I apologize?" cried Valmont, interrupting him, "never."

"Very well, then, M. La Croix, you must fight or quit the regiment."

"I hope to settle the affair without doing either one or the other, by bringing back my comrade to sentiments more just to me, and more honourable to himself."

He turned to the door: but Valmont called to him in an impetuous tone, "before you go sir, I expect that you will name the hour and place where you will meet me to-morrow to decide our difference."

"M. Valmont, I know you to be a brave, and I would willingly think you an honourable man; take then, I request of you, three days to reflect of this subject; to ask yourself coolly and dispassionately, how far this thirst for the blood of a man who never injured you is consistent with true honour. I hope at the end of that time to find you in a more just way of thinking, and that you will assist me to convince these gentlemen, that it is not necessary to shed blood because a word has been dropped inconsiderately."

"At these words, cries of indignation resounded from all present, and La Croix left the room, while they were swearing that he should fight or else quit the regiment."

The slights with which they had before treated him, were nothing to the insolent contempt they showed for him during the three following days, and the patience with which he supported it appeared in their eyes a meanness that nothing could justify. The General had been immediately informed of what had passed, and full of the prejudices of the military profession, he remonstrated with him in the strongest terms upon his conduct, and ended by forbidding him his house till he had wiped out the stain upon his honour. Eugenie was forbidden to see or write to him; but for the first and only time the gentle girl disobeyed the will of her parent, by conveying a line to La Croix expressive of her approbation of his conduct, and of her hope that heaven would give him strength of mind to persevere in it. His heart swelled with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain, as he read this letter—

"Yes, dearest Eugenie," cried he, "you and you alone understand me, and in your approbation of my conduct I could find a balm for the unjust scorn with which I am treated; but alas! how long shall I be able to preserve that approbation so precious to my heart."

When the three days were expired, he entered the coffee house at the moment that all the officers were assembled. M. Valmont, said he, addressing his antagonist, "I hope that I now find you in a disposition to appreciate more justly the motives of my conduct. I am satisfied that in your heart you acquit me of cowardice; but I frankly avow that a duel inspires me with horror, and never will I willingly raise my hand but against the enemies of my country. I do not ask you for any apology: I am willing to bury the past in oblivion; accept my hand, and let us be friends?" "I shall never be friends with a man who acts like a poltroon." "Then I must fight?" "To be sure you must," cried all the officers at once—"Very well then, let our differences be decided to-morrow morning at six o'clock, in presence of three officers of our corps, and three of the hussars. As the party challenged, I ought to have the choice of weapons; but I waive it.—If I am to name them, I say swords."

La Croix smiled with peculiar expression in his countenance, and retired without making any observation. "So then," cried St. Maur, "we have at last provoked this pretty gentleman to run the chance of being let blood." "I think," cried another of the officers, "it is doubtful after all." "No," cried Valmont, "whatever strange notions the fellow has got in his head, I really believe he is no coward. The tone of his voice, the firmness of his look, assure me of his courage; and I should have been almost sorry to have used him as I have done, if I did not consider that he had as good a chance as myself for his life. 'Provided,' cried one of the officers drily, "he is as good a swordsman." Valmont reddened, but made no reply.

The following morning, the lieutenant and the other officers were on the ground exactly at the appointed time; where in less than two minutes they were joined by La Croix, who took a letter from his pocket, and presented it to St. Maur, requesting that if he fell, it might be given to General Belegarde. The combat then began; Valmont was an excellent swordsman, but he soon found that he had to do with his master; at first he fought with great temper, but soon abandoning himself to the fury of his resentment, he made the most desperate passes, and left himself so open to his adversary, that La Croix might have repeatedly taken his life, but it was evident that he acted merely on the defensive, and avoided even wounding him.

"Let us have done with this child's play," said the enraged Valmont, at last, "you knew what you were about when you agreed to fight with swords; but if you are not dead to every sentiment of true honour, give me a fair chance and let us take pistols."

La Croix looked at him with horror. "O my God!" cried he, "how much more barbarous is man under the influence of his blind rage, than the most savage of animals! you still thirst for my blood. Well then, unjust man satisfy yourself if you can."

Pistols were produced; they tossed up for the first fire—the chance fell to Valmont—he fired and missed. La Croix turned round, and taking direct aim at a tree thirty paces distant, lodged a bullet in it breast high. A cry of mingled astonishment and admiration burst forth from all the officers. "Death," cried Valmont, this is not to be borne! I will not receive my life at your hands—I insist on your firing."

"Be satisfied, M. Valmont; you have gained one point; you have succeeded in bringing me into the field, heaven knows, sorely against my will; but I entered it with the firm determination not to raise my hand against your life; insult me as you please, you shall not provoke me to break my resolution."

Overcome by these words, Valmont stammered out "I am to blame." "But I am more so," cried La Croix, interrupting him, "I ought not to have suffered any provocation to draw me into an action so contrary to my principles.—Thus you have lowered me in mine own eyes, and I am determined to have my revenge, that I swear to you, that from this moment I shall not cease to seek your friendship till I compel you to grant it to me."

"It is yours already," said the subdued Valmont; "Yes, La Croix, the promise of your friendship is the only thing that could reconcile me to myself; that could give me courage to avow the injustice, the barbarity of my conduct to you—conduct, which I now publicly declare to have been unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier, and for which I sincerely ask your pardon."

It was granted with a hearty shake of the hand. The other officers flocked round La Croix, eager to solicit his friendship, and to prevail on him to be present at an entertainment which they determined to give to his honour. He would have declined this public acknowledgment of his superior conduct, but they were too pressing to be refused; he agreed to accept it, and they all returned to the parade together.

The subsequent conduct of Valmont proved that he was not unworthy of the generous forgiveness he had received. He published everywhere the particulars of his reconce, and gave to his antagonist all the merit which was justly his due. The old General was delighted; he declared that the nuptials of his daughter and La Croix, should be celebrated the moment the consent of his father was obtained. "Ah," cried Eugenie, extending her hand to La Croix, "Heaven be praised that thou art safe! I will not reproach thee, but yet—" "But yet I should have done better not to have met him: is not that what my Eugenie meant to say?" "Yes."—"Foolish girl!" said the General frowning. "No," said La Croix, "she is right. I have but half acquitted myself to my conscience; it is only in refusing a challenge altogether, that a man can prove himself possessed of true courage."

Mr Mark Wiggins, at Haycocks Harbor, killed a few days since, a hog, only 20 months and a week old, weighing 529 lb