

SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI:
TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1831.

The Courier left Dorchester at half-past 8 A. M. Friday, and arrived at Richibucto at 10 o'clock, M. on Saturday. The Courier left Richibucto Saturday at half past 10 A. M. and arrived here at P. M.

We are requested by the Foreman of the Grand Jury, at the present General Sessions, of the Peace held in this County, to insert the following Communication.

It has long been felt as a public grievance in this County, that the Inhabitants generally, are excluded from all knowledge of or controul over its public expenditure. This is more particularly felt at the present juncture, as it appears, that a Bill is now in progress through the Legislature, to empower the Justices to assess the Inhabitants of Northumberland, in a large sum, for the purpose of paying off the County debt, a measure of which the Public have only been apprized through the medium of the Journals of the House of Assembly.

In consequence thereof, the present Grand Jury have unanimously resolved, on preparing a Petition to be laid before the Legislature the next Session, praying that an act may pass, investing Grand Juries, (who they admit are the only legitimate representatives of the people in the County Sessions,) with full power to call for, audit, report, examine, and order, or refuse the payment of all accounts, as the justice or injustice of the different claimants shall justify.

They moreover shall pray the Legislature, to extend to all Grand Juries throughout this Province the privileges enjoyed by similar bodies in Nova Scotia.

They hope this hint will be a sufficient stimulus to the Grand Juries of the other different Counties, it will awaken them to a due sense of the importance of such privileges; and of the necessity of the most hearty co-operation in order to obtain them.

In this communication the Grand Jury disavow the most explicit terms, the remotest intention of any reflection on the Magistracy of this County. They only complain of a grievance which they shall endeavour to redress.

Court House, Newcastle, 19th March, 1831

The American papers furnish European dates the 3rd ult: we give below a summary of their contents. A great deal has appeared in the London papers upon the subject of the Boundary question, but reports of the different Editors are so contradictory that we are led to imagine that the decision of the Royal Arbitrator was not publicly known. The February Mail, which is hourly expected at Halifax will no doubt furnish us with a correct report of the decision on this highly interesting subject. The following paragraph we copy from the Spectator, for the purpose of shewing how lightly our Cockney friends think of the matter.

THE CANADIAN BOUNDARY LINE.—Sir Howard Douglas, who arrived in town on Sunday, brought with him the decision of the King of Holland, on this long-disputed question. The royal arbiter was limited to the 20th of the present month, but he gave his judgment on the 10th. We do not know the precise terms, and cannot, therefore, speak of them. We suspect our contemporaries are in the same predicament; yet they do speak very confidently. The Herald says the decision is in favour of the Americans, and that by it a "monstrous cantle" of wood and iron will be cut off from the British possessions. The County Chronicle, on the contrary, says that it is all in favour of John and against Jonathan. The one says that the English, the other says the Yankees will be dissatisfied. We say both will; but if they submit, and we believe they will, we Londoners need not break our hearts about it. The simple of the ground in dispute is, after all, not worth a farthing an-acre.

seives, as Bruce read aloud some story of chivalry, romance or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon, with the delightful tones of the Shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-telling group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those hundred tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our rambles in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Bessy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Bessy Bell too readily mistook his kind assidues for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself: she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been borne to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Bessy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Bessy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sate for a picture of Aurora. Every thing about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." Mary Gray was in many things the reverse of this; although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles, the other subdued passion, deep feeling and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side: and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a nobler resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sate in a quiet melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Bessy Bell, as her "softer soul in wo dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Bessy Bell. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved

her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and kneeling, implored heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting valuables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger, but, with an heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned, and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterwards: in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate; Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has enclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain; they are full of nature and simple pathos.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were two bonny lasses;
They biddit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

They wouldna lie in Methven kirk,
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun.

ANTIQUITY.—An ancient British stone battle-axe or calt has recently been found by Mr. Thomas Pitt, of Huddersfield, on the south of the Mount, and above the Melitmers, near the Pike Law, one of the highest points in the beautiful and romantic districts called Holmfurth, near Huddersfield. It measures more than seven inches in length and about three inches in breadth the broadest part. Its weight is two pounds ten ounces. In shape it nearly resembles the common axe used at the present day; the cutting edge is wedge shaped, and about three inches broad on the face; the other end is rounded, and about five and a half in circumference.

It is not legal to sentence a Spanish Nobleman to punishment for life; therefore the Supreme Court of Malaga have ordered a young Noble convicted of murder, to work in the galleys for one hundred years and a day!