

we recorded the verdict of the inquest, and the week after, when we gave some farther particulars, our information was all collected from what Thomas Easby, the husband of the deceased woman and father of the deceased children, stated on oath, before the Coroner. Little did we then think that an affair shrouded in mysteries, which the knowledge of man could not penetrate, would ever come to light. But how inscrutable are the ways of an all-searching God from whose omniscient eye there is no hiding place—who will not suffer the guilty to escape, but “will render to every one according to his works.” What neither human wisdom could foresee, nor human prudence accomplish, has been brought about by the mysterious agency of an overruling Providence. Easby’s youngest son, a child of four years old, was spared.

This child and his father were the only survivors of the family. Since the death of the mother, a respectable neighbouring family took charge of him, and much to their credit, were nursing him with care and attention. In his innocent and thoughtless prattle, he would often relate the manner in which his father killed mother, his sister and his three brothers. He would often talk over to himself when no one appeared to be listening—point to the spade—tell how his father struck his mother with such an instrument, show how he flung coals among them to burn them. He also states, that when the father made an attack on the little ones, the oldest boy (who we suppose was about ten years old) cried out, “O father! don’t kill the children,” or words to that effect.

The story was whispered around the neighbourhood for some days. Many were incredulous, not supposing that a monster in human shape would be found with a heart so callous as to perpetrate this infernal deed. Our very active Coroner, Mr. Matheson, hearing the report, determined, without farther hesitation or delay, to make all possible scrutiny. Accompanied by two Magistrates and a medical Gentleman, he proceeded to the hut, where Easby has resided alone, since the interment of his family. After inspecting the hut, perceiving no injury done to it, and hearing some additional testimony, being fully satisfied, that all could not have occurred, as stated by Easby before the inquest, they thought fit to commit him for farther examination. On the following day, (Tuesday last,) all the five bodies were disinterred and carried to the court house where they were minutely examined by all the medical men of the town, in presence of a numerous assembly, whom the alarm had collected; and O! revolting to humanity! O! shocking to relate! such barbarous and brutal marks of violence were on the bodies of all, as brought full conviction to the minds of the medical gentlemen, that they were all murdered. The woman’s head was cut in five different parts, and the hinder part of the skull was all broken to mortar. The bodies of the four children bore similar marks of inhuman treatment. The skulls were fractured and various wounds inflicted on the fleshy parts.

Thomas Easby was brought from the cell to view the bodies of his family; and while the feelings of all around were agitated at the dreadful scene, he alone betrayed few symptoms of emotion or concern. On being requested to handle the fractured skulls, he did so, but with apparent reluctance. When asked how he could account for such and such wounds, his reply still was, he did not know.

The following particulars are related by a son of Mr. Tullis, a decent and industrious farmer, who lives close by Easby’s Shanty. This young man hearing a noise, and observing a great blaze in Easby’s dwelling, ran towards it. On approaching the door he was hailed by Easby, crying “who comes there.” On making himself known and offering his service to assist in extinguishing the fire, and also to remain in case of further danger, Easby told him to go home, that he had mastered the fire himself, and that no danger could possibly arise as he meant to sit up till morning. Towards morning he saw light in the shanty again, and running to it found Easby sitting by the fire, who told him that all his family were burned to death, except the youngest child. Tullis then heard a groan in the cellar, and observing so Easby that they were not all dead yet, he was answered, that they had been all dead some hours. Now had they been burned by accident, and had he been anxious for the preservation of their lives, as long as the most faint gleam of hope beamed on his mind he would have made some exertions to save them. It appears, however, that he made none.

Since writing the foregoing, Easby has made a full confession of his guilt to Mr. J. Balderson of Drummond, and Mr. J. Young, the Gaoler. He says he killed them all with a huge club, and afterwards the straw in the shanty caught fire which scorched the bodies. (It is supposed how-

ever, that this is not so, but that he burned the straw on them for the purpose of disguising the murder.)—That he had no motives under the heavens for doing it, that he had it in his mind for a month before he committed the deed, and that the Devil spurred him on so that he could not avoid it. Unfortunate man! We will not say any thing to harrow up feelings which must be already goaded to the quick. A few months, and he must appear before a tribunal of his fellow mortals to satisfy the justice of his country, and finally before a JUDGE to whom the secrets of every heart, and the motives of every action are known, who will award him his portion with unerring certainty. From man he can expect no mercy, but we cannot set limits to the mercy of Omnipotence, neither is it our part to draw aside the veil which conceals futurity from the human ken.—*Perth U. C. En. February 7.*

From the New Montreal Gazette, Feb. 12.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIVES.

[From the Carmarthen Journal.]

The fine ship *La Jeune Emma*, of Cherbourg, a French West Indian, of about 400 tons burden, bound to Havre de Grace, from Martinique, with a cargo of colonial produce, consisting principally of sugar and rum, struck on the Cefn Sidan Sands, at the entrance of Carmarthen-bar, and soon became a total wreck. It appears, from the statement of the survivors, that the captain had mistaken the Landy Lights for those on the French coast, off Ushan:—an error which led to the melancholy catastrophe it is become our painful duty to record. In consequence of the hazy state of the weather for several days previous to his making land, the captain was unable to take a single observation, and his reckoning became necessarily uncertain—he vessel also, during the whole of this time having encountered severe gales, and in the course of the passage shipped some heavy seas. The *Emma*, it seems, came over Carmarthen-bar late on Friday night, and had reached the inner buoy, when she struck upon the Cefn, and a scene of consternation and horror ensued which baffles every attempt at description—the whole of the crew and passengers, who were below, rushed upon deck, over which the sea broke frightfully, and before daylight appeared, 13 souls had been swept away by the continued breaking of the sea, and met a watery grave. The passengers were Colonel Coquelin, of the French marines, and his daughter, an interesting young lady, niece to Josephine, *ci devant* Empress of France, and consort of Bonaparte, and their two servants, and we regret to add that all perished. Four of the crew, by clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck succeeded in reaching the shore alive, but in a state of dreadful exhaustion. When dawn appeared, the vessel was descried still holding together, by Theophilus Thomas, a tenant of the Rev. E. Picton, who, with a degree of humanity that does credit to him, swam his horse to the wreck, and rescued one of the crew who had sought refuge on the bowsprit, a situation from which every successive billow threatened to dash him. Shortly after, Mr. Joshua Griffiths, son of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, vicar of Ishmael’s, observed another of the crew, a lad, in the rigging, and at the imminent risk of his life hastened to the wreck, and brought him ashore; but was so benumbed with cold, and prostrated with fatigue, that little or no signs of animation appeared. Mr. Griffiths, however, carried him to the vicarage, a distance about two miles, on his back, and by the judicious application of restoratives, effectually succeeded in recalling him to life, and a sense of his forlorn and destitute condition. Six only were saved from a crew of nineteen—the rest fell a prey to the waves.—About 300 gallons of rum was the only portion of the cargo that was saved—part of the materials of the vessel was also secured. A bag of letters, containing despatches from the authorities at Martinique to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, was picked up and forwarded to its destination. Lieutenant-Colonel Coquelin, aged 45; Mademoiselle Adeline Coquelin; Monsieur Chatelot de Chailion, the captain; and five of the crew, were picked up on Sunday morning, and were interred in Pembrey Church, by Mr. Rogers, overseer of Pembrey, under the direction of the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Evans, in the most respectable and becoming manner. The Colonel and his interesting daughter, only twelve years of age, were buried in the same grave. The respectful feelings evinced by the young ladies of Pembrey on this melancholy occasion does them credit, for when the vicar had named the time for the interment of these unfortunate strangers, fourteen young women, attired in deep mourning, attended the remains of Mademoiselle

Colequin to “the house appointed for all the living” as pall bearers.

INSULT TO THE GOVERNOR.

From the Gore Gazette.

We never took up our pen under the influence of stronger feelings of indignation and disgust than we now do, for the purpose of recording one of the most flagrant enormities that ever disgraced a civilized community.

During the night of Thursday last some monsters—the very dregs of society, they must have been—suspended an effigy from a tree, we believe in the Town of Hamilton, to which effigy a label was attached, having upon it, in well written characters, the following words:—

RETRIBUTION.

FRANCIS COLLINS AVENGED!

Executed at Hamilton, on Thursday the 29th January, 1829., Sir John Colborne, K. C. B.

His body is left for dissection, by the negroes of the place.

SO PERISH ALL UPHOLDERS OF “BRITISH FEELING.”

N. B.—Sir Perigrine Maitland having absconded, poor Sir John had to suffer.

Now, independent of the treasonable spirit which must have dictated such an act as this—there is a coarse savageness of expression in the language employed, which could have emanated from no mind, but one of the most diabolical cast. In every country—in every individual of every country—whatever political feuds may exist therein—which has the least pretensions to civilization, there is a respect for the person of the sovereign, or of the supreme executive authority, which protects him from insults of this kind. But to the violation of this principle in the present instance, a breach of the common rights of hospitality, which generous minds extend to strangers of every degree, is superadded. Sir John Colborne is comparatively a stranger in the Province. He has taken no part in the political bickerings which agitate the country—and so far as he has yet gone, his every act evinces a sincere desire to act impartially and correctly.

It is gratifying to perceive, however, that the flagrant outrage has excited universal horror and indignation....an offer of One Hundred Pounds reward for the detection of the offenders, is already made....as will be seen by the advertisement....and we doubt not, that as soon as the circumstance shall be generally known, a much stronger and more universal expression of the public voice will be evinced.

One thing is abundantly obvious....there is a daring and traitorous spirit abroad; it is confined to a few, we know, but these few are unprincipled and desperate. Let those who doubt our assertion after what we have already described, listen to the following facts, every word of which we are prepared to prove.

A gang is now organizing for the purpose of liberating Francis Collins from York jail, by force; if the Governor does not liberate him, upon the expected second application of the House for that purpose. The head of the gang is to take down “fifty resolute fellows” from this district, who are to meet a similar number from other districts. The plot has been discovered by a highly respectable person, who is ready to testify the facts—and we repeat that we are prepared to prove them, and to communicate the names of the parties; and we believe that information has already been given in the proper quarter.—In the interim, however, we may inform the public that the leader of the gang was an active agent for certain “independent” members during the recent election. We have not time now, but in our next we will demonstrate to what circumstances this daring spirit is attributable, and by whom it has been fostered.

The following advertisement is inserted in the same paper.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas a most flagrant and treasonable outrage was perpetrated at Hamilton, on the night of Thursday last, apparently with the intention of insulting and bringing into contempt, the King’s Representative. In order, if possible, that the authors of so vile and detestable an outrage may be brought to condign punishment, we the undersigned hereby offer the sums respectively set against our names, to any person—except the actual perpetrators—who shall give such information as may lead to the conviction of the offenders.

[The names will be published next week; the amount, however, already much exceeds the above sum. One Gentleman has subscribed £25.]