evil is in my own hands. Do not force me to resort to it—lest you deprive your couch of rest, and are continually haunted by the spirit of one whom you forced in her bitter agony to brave the judgment seat of God.'

Madame de Frueba started, and looked doubtingly at her excited child. Never had she heard such a threat from the quiet, patiently enduring victim of her tyranny. There was that in the deadly glance of the tear-dimmed eye, which she perfectly understood; but which she did not like. It was not for her interest to throw from her the only probable means through which she was likely once more to obtain wealth and influence. She sat down and spoke in a bland and affectionate tone:

"If you will hear reason, Marcella, listen to me. I was not your age, when your father, a gay, handsome, young cavalier of fortune, sought my love. But, mark me, daughter of De Frueba, he asked me not in wedlock."

"And you, mother! surely you did not listen to him?"

"Pshaw! wealth and power were not to be lightly cast away. I did not love de Frueba; but he made me mistress of a handsome house, dressed me splendidly, and credulously believed my professions of unalterable faith, and placed me in a position to which I could not otherwise have aspired.'

She paused, but Marcella answered not. She continued to gaze upon her mother's face with a stupid stare of frozen horror. Could she have owed existence to such a woman? The thought was agonising; but Madame de Frueba, who attributed her silence to another cause, continued.

"At length his jealously was aroused. He reproached me with infidelity; and bound to him by no firmer tie than his mere word, I told him that my actions were free—that I was my own mistress—that I would take charge of Antonio myself—he loved the child. He wept at my knees—he implored me in pity to become his wife—and, in a foolish moment I bartered my liberty for a life of toil and slavery.

"His friends refused to sanction his marriage. His father pronounced a younger brother his heir; and we came to Jamaica with a small capital, with which your father purchased the plantation above us. It was ruined by an earthquake, and the fertile land was converted into a mass of stones and sand. This little cot was all that remained; and here De Frueba died, leaving me penniless, to support his two children—Antonio and yourself. And now here I am in my declining years, dependent upon the exertions of a child, who never felt for me the love a child ought to feel for a parent. What did I gain by marriage? Would it not be better for you to shun the rock upon which I split? Enjoy the wealth that Mr. Abbot offers you, and yet retain your own liberty——"

"Mother! I cannot listen to such advice from you lips. You, who should be the protector of your daughter's honour—is it possible that you should become the tempter, and league with Satan to betray me? Nay, do not clench your fist, and look so dreadfully at me. You may murder me; but, in this instance, you cannot force me to obey you."

She would have left the room, but her mother's grasp was upon her arm.

"Repeat these words she said in a dreadful whisper—"repeat them if you dare."

"I cannot, *and will not*, marry Mr. Abbot. It is the first time I ever resisted your authority," returned Marcella, "it may be the last. But if it should cost me my life, you shall find me in this instance firm. I owe to God and to my own soul a higher duty than to obey an earthly parent to commit sin."

A heavy blow, another and another, followed; but Marcella neither moved nor shed a single tear. The dark, melting eye, before so soft and dove-like, assumed a sullen deadly stare of fixed determination: and once, a smile, a bitter, sad smile, as if in scorn of her own degraded situation, curled the beautiful lip of the persecuted girl. She was still in the grasp of her enraged mother, when her brother burst into the room.

"What is all this? mother,! mother! What are you about? Do you mean to kill the poor girl?"

"She deserves it,' said the mulatto, flinging her daughter violently from her. "She will bring disgrace and ruin upon us all."

'Why, what has she done?'

"Refused your friend Mr. Abbot! Could you belive that she could be such an obstinate fool—so blind to her own interests?"

"Humph! that is bad," said the young man; something worse than I expected. But, mother, you are not taking the right way to win her to our wishes. Leave us alone for a while. I think I can make Marcella listen to reason without having recourse to blows. Sit down, Marcella, come now, don't go to cry, and tremble like a frightened hare. I want to talk to you calmly and dispassionately."

"Spare me, dear brother, in pity, spare me! I am not equal to it now," sobbed poor Marcella. "I feel so faint—do give me a glass of water."

The next moment and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Antonio caught her in his arms.

"Confound the girl—she is in a swoon! This comes of mother's violence. She is a clever woman, but has no discretion. The idea of beating the child into compliance! I wonder who would have beat her into submission! Ha! ha! ha! the thought is really amusing. Well, I believe, if one wished to rouse into full action all the contradiction in woman's nature, to give her one blow would be the very best way to bring about what he desired. Come, Marcella, how do you do now?"

"But too well," returned the girl, rising slowly from his arms, and putting back the hair which her fall had scattered in heavy masses over her flushed face. "I wish I were dead."

"Phoo! phoo! What good would that do?—But tell me, Marcel—have you really refused Abbot?'

"Could you expect me to accept for a husband a man I could never love?"

"Nonsense! He does not expect you to love him."

"Then why does he seek me for a wife?

"Oh, that's quite a different thing. If you manage your cards well you may enjoy his wealth, and feather our nests comfortably besides."

"Brother! brother!—this from you——?

"Is it not good advice? But calmly, Marcella—I wish not to use threats or blows with you; yet circumstances exist, which will compel you to accept this man's offer,"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that we are involved in debt—that this man is our principal creditor—and that he generously offers to give up his own claims, and pay off all that we owe to others, if you will consent to become his wife. Now, there's a dear, good girl—accept this hand, and save us all from ruin."

"Have I not already sacrificed the little property I possessed, to save you Antonio, from a jail?"

"It is no use talking of what is past, Marcel; I am just as badly off as ever, without I can persuade Byanes' pretty daughter to have compassion upon me; and I have heard that the old fox has sent to England for his nephew to marry his daughter, and heir his immense property; so that all hopes in that quarter are nearly at an end. Abbot is our only chance—too good a chance to be lightly rejected. Think once, dear Marcella, before you refuse twice. I know you are a generous girl, and would do much to serve me."

"You are aright, Antonio; I have done much, and would do more, were it in my power. But this is beyond my power. If I think long over the matter, it will turn my brain. You know not what dark and desperate thoughts it calls up in my mind. I hear a voice as it were forever tempting me to escape these cruel trials and persecutions, by seeking a refuge in the grave."

"Nonsense, Marcella! What good would that do to you or us? Besides 'tis wickedness. The old adage of a 'short life and a merry one' is better than *that*."

"I am sorely beset," returned the poor girl. "My mind is all doubt and distraction. I know not what to do.'

"Marry Abbot, and enjoy the two greatest blessings which the prince of this world has in his gift—wealth and power."

"And entail upon myself certain misery and self reproach."

"Marcella, said the young man, carelessly; you are determined to reject Abbot's disinterested, and, I must add, generous proposals. Have you forgotten my friend Delores, the Havanna pirate."

"Good Heavens! what made you mention him?" exclaimed Marcella, turning very pale.

"Only, that he is just now in Jamaica, and as anxious to carry you off as ever. Take care that I do not, in order to punish your present folly, lend the bold trader my assistance in procuring a wife."

"Antonio!" said the terrified girl, to whom the name of the pirate was a sufficient bugbear; "I am ill and nervous to-day. Give me one week—one little week to think of your proposal; and I will try and brave my mind to the sacrifice. But promise not to mention the name of Mr. Abbot to me, during that period, and entreat mamma to cease from blows and menaces till the time expires."

"I promise—now kiss me, Marcella, and try to be a good girl."

"Marcella answered not. Her head fell back upon his shoulders; her eyes were closed and her lips firmly compressed; but tears, large, bright tears, flowed in quick succession down her pale cheeks, and sprinkled all his garments.

"His words are kind," she thought; "but his heart is as cold as ice. He would sacrifice my earthly and eternal happiness, to secure his own selfish gratification.

Marcella was right.

(*To be continued.*)

Written for the Loyalist.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF JOHN BULL'S NEW-LAND FARMS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Critical position of political parties at the period of Sir Wm. Coldwater's arrival. Grand scheme of "Responsible Government" first broached in Lily Vale. Unexpected honesty, and defeat of the measure, &c.

About the time that Sir Wm. Coldwater was deputed to govern Lily Vale, John Bull just became aware that his Newland Farms had been grossly misruled! A selfish mischief-loving party got hold of the old man's ears and told him that unless he gave the farms "responsible government" he would soon lose them; that the rebellion in Frog Park and Pond Harbour did *not* originate with the intention of gaining their independance, but merely for "responsible government,"—although the measure had not then been mooted!—that they wanted the same privileges enjoyed by John's servants on the Homestead, and that nothing but this was wanting to make them peaceful, and happy, and *loyal!* John shook his *head* at this sophistry (had he possessed the impetuosity of his youthful days he would have shook his *cane*,) and was ready to ask with Nicodemus, "how can these things be?" He could not conceive how a boon granted to his servants could *make* them loyal; he had always considered loyalty a feeling of the heart—love of home! affection! national pride!—and had learnt from dear-bought experience that when he had granted the demands of his servants, in order, as they said, to *make them loyal*, it had invariably increased their importunity, and given them the assurance to make fresh demands. But they knew John's weak side, and kept constantly bawling in his ears "*responsible government!* RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT!" until they fairly worried the old man to consent that they should make the trial; but such was his stolidity that he could never conceive how the chief servant could be responsible to the Overseer and responsible to the menials at the same time; neither could he understand how, if the upper servants were wholly responsible, he (John Bull) could be said to possess any control whatever over the farms. However, rather than be continually pestered with the importunities of the faction, he screwed himself up to expect the worst, and reluctantly gave his consent.

Under these auspices Sir Wm. Coldwater came to Lily Vale. And here gentle reader we must assure you that if you expect us about to censure Sir Wm. for any thing he has said or done in Lily Vale, you were never more mistaken. He, poor man, might as well have been sent to kingdom come for any thing *he* has effected for or against the prosperity of the country—in fact no Overseer could possibly have said or done less; therefore if any one is dissatisfied with the present state of things, he must hold Sir Wm. blameless. But there exists a few long-head sharpers in Lily Vale as well as elsewhere, who thought that under a new Overseer and a new *regime* they might "take a rise" out of their fellow-servants who were less wide awake. They gathered around Sir Wm. on his arrival, and began to set their scheme a-going. They soon found out that they had a cold-water man to deal with, and the greatest topers in the country all at once became so temperate that they would at any time travel a mile out of their way rather than encounter the flavour of what was as natural to them as their own mother's milk—*rum*. In fact had Father Mathew himself visited the western hemisphere he could not have effected a more *radical* reformation than did Sir Wm. Coldwater.

Having thus paved the way for an introduction, they pointed out the *happy* state of the neighbouring farms wherein responsible government had been recognised: Frog Park and Pond Harbour united stood conspicuous, and the faction exultingly pointed out the beneficial results of the new measure. "Behold!" said they, the happy effects of 'responsible government!' the party who were lately in arms against John Bull are both peaceable and satisfied since they have been admitted to enjoy a *share* in the administration of government."—(The D—l's in it if they would'nt be satisfied, when, after having been soundly whipped for rebelling, and when they must have been trembling for the consequences of their turbulent and unnatural conduct, they were proffered a *share* in the government, which share was the *miller's* share, who took the whole grist for toll, and then demanded more! and when they were appointed to rule their conquerors instead of their conquerors ruling them!—but this the faction said nothing about.) They also drew the attention of Sir Wm. to Foggy Hollow, where the *patriot*, Radical Joe, had never accepted office—because it had never been offered him!

Whether these powerful arguments convinced Sir Wm or not, he has never given us the means of ascertaining, but as *total-abstinince* and *moral* reform goes hand in hand together, *Coldwater* and *political* reform could not consistently differ, and matters were suffered to take their course. Now the two leaders of the faction who wished to introduce "responsible government' into Lily Vale, where the Hon. Simon Love-all and the "Tall One." Their motives were different although their plans were the same: Love-all had reigned lord paramount during the administration of Sir John Humbug, for the fact of his being Sir John's banker sufficiently accounts for his ascendancy over that *hero*, and the fact being known to the members of the house that the honourable gentleman had but to tighten the strings of his purse when all their banquets at the Sinking House must immediately cease, it requires no stretch of imagination to form a pretty correct idea how a man of *his* appearance, birth, education, and *eloquence*, became elevated to the speaker's chair!—But the golden age had disappeared, and the hon. gentleman was conscious that as he could ensure no more bacchanalian orgies his reign had ceased. He was therefore ready to support any change by which a new set of men would be appointed to office, trusting to chance and his own diplomatic skill, to gain an influence over the newly-appointed. The "Tall One" was actuated by different motives: he had sought popularity by every means within his power; not a party of pleasure had been set on foot in Cape Ann but he had been one of the managers: not a meeting of any description had taken place but he had appeared to delight the eager listeners with his eloquence: not a charity-sermon had been preached for years, but his had been the first hand to drop money into the box, while his other hand was employed in holding a handkerchief to his eyes to hide the sympathetic tears which did *not* flow; not a Church but he had visited by turns, and not a religious denomination but he would have joined were it possible; but the exclusiveness of their rules preventing this, he had at once become a member of the one he supposed would render him most popular: not an association of any other description but he had manœuvred to become president of, and should these various societies ever form a federal union, the "Tall One" may justly be titled the "President of the *United States!*" for popularity he pours forth his forensic harangues in the Halls of Justice, and for popularity he is wont to declaim in the Assembly, as he frequently throws a side-long glance towards the gallery to catch the approving nod of some political partizan. But the popularity the "Tall One" sought after was not so much the support of the majority of the house as the admiration of his constituents. He had no hopes of ever enjoying an office except by means of the introduction of responsible government, and was desirous so to constitute the good opinions of his countrymen as to have no dread of an election in the event of his appealing to them.

Now the *plan* hit upon by this brace of worthies, and a few associates, was to raise a cry against every public officer who happened to have a relative in office, of "Family Compact!" The "Tall One," who in his younger days had courted the muses, had somewhere read in the biography of poets that it is very rare for two men of genius or extraordinary talent to belong to one family; and acting upon this theory he declared any person who happened to have an uncle, brother, father, cousin, or nephew in an official situation, to be totally unqualified to hold office, and "Family Compact's" were held to be crying sins. He had long coveted the situation of Chief Law Officer, and if he could but introduce "responsible government," the present incumbent (whose sin lay in his having relations in public situations) would have to contest an election with him, and if the "Tall One" proved victorious he would in all probability receive the appointment. Now as the first principle of responsible government is, that every division of people should manage their own affairs, one of the measures founded on the same was *muncipal corporations*. This great *boon* which was freely offered the people, would have given them the full management of their own affairs, such as schools, bye-roads, election of petty officers, &c. the expenses of which they were to have the felicity of paying out of their own pockets! And as by the adoption of the muncipal corporation scheme the balance of the public revenue (after paying salaries, &c.) could be appropriated towards public *improvements*—repairing the Sinking House and planting the green for instance—for the proper expenditure of the same it would be necessary to have a Board of Works. This would afford an excellent opportunity for rewarding political friends for their services. But as money is the source of all power, it would be idle to introduce responsible government without giving the *responsible* advisers of the Overseer the privilege of initiating all money grants; this was therefore added, and now the giant nuisance was fully planned.

But it never occurred to the brace who concocted this choice *morceau* that the latter clause by awakening the jealousy of their *compagnons du voyage* would defeat the whole scheme; but so it proved.

The members of the House who were not in the *confidence* of the "Tall One" and the hon. Simon Love-all regarded the scheme in its true light, that of creating a powerful fact on on the farm to whom the Overseer and the people alike would have to bend the knee, and while it ostensibly made the House the supreme power, in *reality* it would deprive it of its privileges. This discovery, plain as it is, might not have been made had not the proposed alteration alarmed the members' cupidity; but, fortunately for the country, the Council claiming the initiation of all money grants was a measure the Assembly could not for a moment tolerate. They knew the maxim that "money is power," and determined not to yield a privilege they now enjoyed; and this determination led to an examination of the other parts of the scheme, when it was discovered that the people were not so *very* anxious to have the management of their own local affairs, if the whole expense had to be paid out of their own pockets; and that the Board of Works would be a powerful political engine in the hands of the Council, and over which the House would have no control—in fact it was evident that the concocters of this precious humbug intended, when they had once formed a Council to suit their views, so to entrench themselves by a distribution of patronage that satan himself could not dislodge them; and at the same time to insult common sense by the boast *that they possessed the confidence of the people!* However, notwithstanding we are perhaps more indebted to the *cupidity* than to the *honesty* of the house, we should ever be thankful for boons, without examining too strictly the motives of action; and we accord our sincere thanks to the House for scotching the monster at his first appearance.

The *clique* finding their scheme rejected by the House, easily prevailed on Sir Wm. Coldwater to appeal to the people; but the results of the election, and the proceedings of the last session must form the subjects for another chapter.

AMERICAN STATE DEBTS.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S REPLY TO GENERAL DUFF GREEN.

"SIR,—Having been unwell for some days past, I have had no opportunity of paying my respects to General Duff Green, who (whatever be his other merits) has certainly not shown himself a Washington in the defence of his country. The General demands, with a beautiful simplicity, *Whence this morbid hatred of America?* But this question, all-affecting as it is, is stolen from Pilpay's fables:—'A fox, says Pilpay, "caught by the leg in a trap, near the farmyard, uttered the most piercing cries of distress; forthwith all the birds of the farm-yard gathered round him, and seemed to delight in his misfortune; the hens chuckled, geese hissed, ducks quacked, and chanticleer with shrill cockadoodles, rent the air. "Whence" said the fox, stepping forward with infinite gravity, "*Whence this morbid hatred of the fox?* What have I done? Whom have I injured? I am overwhelmed with astonishment at these symptoms of aversion." "Oh! you old villain!" the poultry exclaimed, "where are our ducklings? where are our goslings? did not I see you running away yesterday, with my mother in your mouth? did you not eat up all my relations last week? you ought to die the worst of deaths—to be pecked into a thousand pieces." Now, whence, General Green, comes the *morbid hatred of America*, as you term it. Because her conduct has been predatory; because she has ruined so many helpless children, so many miserable women, so many aged men; because she has disturbed the order of the world, and rifled those sacred treasures which human virtue had hoarded for human misery Why is such hatred morbid? Why, is it not just, inevitable, innate? Why is it not disgraceful to want it? why, is it not honorable to feel it?

"Hate America! I have loved and honored America all my life; and in the "Edinburgh Review," and at all opportunities which my trumphery sphere has afforded, I have never ceased to praise and defend the United States; and to every American to whom I have had the good fortune to be introduced I have proffered all the hospitality in my power. But I cannot shut my eyes to enormous dishonesty; nor, remembering their former state, can I restrain myself from calling on them (though I copy Satan) to spring up from the gulph of infamy in which they are rolling, and

"'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen'

"I am astonished that the honest States of America do not draw a *Cordon Sanitaire* round their unpaying brethren, that the truly mercantile New Yorkers, and the thoroughly honest people of Massachusetts, do not, in their European visits, wear an uniform with S. S., or *Solvent States*, worked in gold letters upon the coat, and receipts in full, of all demands tambour'ed upon the waistcoats, and "our own property" figured upon the pantaloons.

"But the General seems shocked that I should say the Americans cannot go to war without money; but what do I mean by war? Not irruptions into Canada. Not the embodying of militia in Oregon; but a long tedious, maritime war, of four or five years duration. Is any man so foolish as to suppose that Rothschild has nothing to do with such wars as these; and that a bankrupt State without the power of borrowing a shilling in the world may not be crippled in such a contest? We all know that the Americans can fight. Nobody doubts their courage. I see now in my mind's eye, a whole army on the plains of Pennsylvania, in battle array, immense corps of insolvent light infantry, regiments of heavy horse debtors, battalions of repudiators, brigades of bankrupts, with *Vivre sans payer, ou mourir* on their banners, and *ære alieno* on their trumpets; all these desperate debtors would fight to the death for their country, and, probably drive into the sea their invading creditors. Of their courage, I repeat again, I have no doubt. I wish I had the same confidence in their wisdom But I believe they will become intoxicated by the flattery of unprincipled orators; and, instead of entering with us into a noble competition in making calico (the great object for which the Anglo-Saxon race appears to have been created), they will waste their happiness and their money (if they can get any) in years of silly, bloody, foolish, and accursed war, to prove to the world that Perkins is a real fine gentleman, and that the carronades of the "Washington" steamer will carry farther than those of the Britisher "Victoria" or the "Robert Peel" vessel of war.

"I am accused of applying the epithet repudiation to the States which have not repudiated. Perhaps so; but then the latter States have not paid. But what is the difference between a man who says, 'I don't owe you anything, and will not pay you,' and another who says, 'I do owe you a sum,' and who, having admitted the debt never pays it? There seems in the first to be some slight colour of right, but the second is broad, blazing, refulgent, meridian fraud.

"It may be very true that rich and educated men, in Pennsylvania, wish to pay the debt, and that the real objectors are the Dutch and German agriculturalists, who cannot be made to understand the effect of character upon clover. All this may be very true, but it is a domestic quarrel. Their Churchwardens of reputation must make a private rate of infamy for themselves—we have nothing to do with this rate, The real quarrel is the unpaid world *versus* the State of Pennsylvania.

"And now dear Jonathan, let me beg of you to follow the advice of a real friend, who will say to you what Wat Tyler had not the virtue to say, and what all speakers in the eleven recent Pennsylvania elections have cautiously abstained from saying, "Make a great effort; book up at once and pay." You have no conception of the obloquy and contempt to which you are exposing yourselves all over Europe. Bull is naturally disposed to love you; but he loves nobody who does not pay him. His imaginary paradise is some planet of punctual payment, where ready money prevails, and where debt and discount are unknown. As for me, as soon as I hear that the last farthing is paid to the last creditor, I will appear on my knees at the bar of the Pennsylvanian Senate, in the plumeopician robe of American controversy. Each conscript Jonathan shall trickle over me a few drops of tar, and help to decorate me with those penal plumes, in which the vanquished reasoner of the transatlantic world does homage to the physical superiority of its opponents. And now having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at 40 per cent. discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened Republics, but of employing money henceforth in buying up Abyssanian bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis three-and-a-half per cent. funds. "SYDNEY SMITH."

Halifax, December, 28.

Some of the Radical prints and their editors have been executing various saltatory movements since the resignation of the 3 Executive Members, in honour of their patriotism. Perhaps the following *sober* reflections may have their weight:

Public opinion has pronounced an unequivocal verdict upon the incompatibility of an Officer of the Excise holding a seat in the Assembly. It is most probable that the amalgamation of the two departments will be recommended at the next session of the Legislature—this of course would vacate the office. If this be not done there can be no doubt, that to secure as much as possible the independence of the Assembly, and the integrity of the public purse, a Bill will be introduced to make the Excise a permanent office—this would also either vacate the office if in the possession of a member of the Assembly, or vacate the seat in the Assembly. Now reasoning upon these probabilities, the sacrifice of the emoluments for a few weeks, at the expiration of which the sacrifice would have to be made per-force, does not seem to be a great act of patriotism.

The resignation of the Solicitor-General ship, with its salary of £150 per annum to a man of independent fortune like Hon. J. B. Uniacke, is no sacrifice at all. The act shows the Hon. Gentleman to be *consistent* only in *inconsistency*. His strong plea for changing the colour of his politics before, was, that he had always supported the Government. What government does he support now? Perhaps he intends that his present act shall place him in that free position in the ensuing session, which will enable him to give the government his support in every beneficial object. We hope, however that Hon. Members will bear in mind the pernicious use made of the vote of confidence, and the part which the hon. gentleman played to gain their support to that object. They must not be led into a snare for which after repentance would be unavailable.

The real sacrifice made in these resignations, is that of the Hon. James M'Nab, who leaves nothing in the shape of present salary but who might reasonably have expected some snug and permanent prospective reversion. There is no hope of this now. We dare say that Mr. M'Nab, would be willing, after his rough political experience, to compound for a quiet life in future, with the loss of all his Legislative and Executive honours—which under a troubled system of government like the present "bloom but to perish."—*Halifax Times.*

We have been requested to state for the information of the Clergy and Lay Members of the Established Church, that the Committee in London, who are exerting themselves in furtherance of THE APPOINTMENT OF A BISHOP FOR NEW BRUNSWICK, have called upon the Bishop of Nova Scotia for the returns to his pastoral letter of April 15, 1843, recommending exertions and collections for that important object, in every part of his Diocese. The want of these returns is delaying the accomplishment of the object, which the letter was intended to assist and accelerate.—*Halifax Times.*

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—H. M. S. *Frolic* arrived at Rio Janeiro, Sept. 11th, with a Slaver captured off Cape Erio, having on board 360 slaves. They had been stowed between decks, in a most dreadful condition, for 45 days previous to their delivery.—*Post.*

DONATION.—Lady Falkland contributed a handsome sum to the Fund, for the erection of the new Presbyterian school house, in Dutch Town.—*Herald.*

Communicated.

WE are informed that our esteemed Governor, Sir William Colebrooke is the father of the project for the Colonial Union of the British West India Colonies, and the division of the lands in small lots, and that Mr. Correa Da Costa has seconded His Excellency's plans, and combined with his own means, for the purpose of establishing the said project on solid basis, in order to create native produce in those Colonies, and thus make an exchange with North American produce, carried there in more than 200 vessels which are plying all the year round between the two countries. Upwards of two thousand American vessels from the States arrive every year to the British West India Colonies with American provisions, to be sold for *dollars only*, while that same quantity of provisions could be raised in the North American Provinces, and be exchanged with native British West India produce, as a return cargo here.

Mr. Da Costa has left in several of the Islands many acres of land planted with vines, tobacco, cotton, coffee, and many other tropical plants, and he now goes to England, to try if he can get at least 500 families to follow him to the West Indies, in order to cultivate the land on a large scale. But even supposing that nothing has been done as yet, we say boldly, let us adopt the project because it is good, and may benefit these Provinces too. Therefore, all the public information on this matter, and a fair discussion of the project presented by Mr. Correa Da Costa, must, we think, be very interesting to every one connected with agricultural and commercial affairs. We have selected the following extract from the *Barbados Liberal*, which will show to our readers what has been done, and what can be done:—

"From hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
Work for himself and for his children's bread,
The labourer finds—"

"Barbados Muscatel, made from the Muscat grapes of Barbados, by CORREA DA COSTA; for sale at six dollars per dozen.

"One hundred gallons of this excellent wine, made by me from the native Muscat grapes of this Island, are now ready for sale. In the last ten days, I paid to poor black people 187 dollars for grapes, at two bits per pound, which, after being converted into wine, it cost me almost half-a-dollar each bottle. While I yet live let me not live in vain. The gates that steel exclude, resistless reason shall enter.

"The object that I have in view and care about, in planting vines in the West India Colonies, is not only to seek the agricultural prosperity and independence of this country, but also to save the lives of thousands of people in Great Britain who perish every year in consequence of inflammatory disease produced by the poisoned wines of Madeira and Porto. To obtain this end is all my ambition.

"The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

Therefore I will give to my readers a new commandment of *possible* execution: "Thou shalt not drink Madeira or Porto wine, for it is a poison and kills man.' I know it better than you. Therefore, my friends, I entreat you for all that is dear to you—for your own life do not drink wine imported from Porto or from Madeira, for such deadly poison will soon carry you to the grave.

"To-day you are red,
To-morrow dead!"

"Now, will you see the light, or will you remain in darkness? Will you embrace the truth, or will you listen to stories of those avaricious attorneys of estates, who have their own interest in keeping you in ignorance, thwarting and preventing by all means, the developement of the natural faculties of these mighty colonies, that under my system of cultivation, can make the the fortunes of several millions of poor people now starving in misery in Great Britain.

"In my native country, the Island of Madeira, there are vines that produce two thousand bunches of grapes, averaging two pounds each The age to which a vine will attain in warm climates is so great as not to be known. It is supposed to surpass that of the oak. I have seen in the island of Cyprus a vine of 600 years old or upwards. In the Archipelago of Greece and in Palestine, a good sized bunch of grapes weighs 40 pounds, and the number of bunches on a vine is prodigious. The vine timber is excellent, and of durability.

"Each cask of wine of 100 gallons, pays six dollars for exportation in the Custom House of Madeira, thus leaving a beautiful revenue on the island. However, the consumption of adulterated or artificial wines is computed to be *twice the double* of genuine wine; or to say better, twice the double quantity of wine produced by the juice of grapes. People in England drink more Porto Wine in one year than the vineyards of Porto produce in three years! The New Yorkers make more Champagne in their Wine cellars in one month, than France produces in twelve years! and so forth. Myself, in the United States, have made many thousand gallons of Porto Wine with tincture of logwood, and the Americans have drank and paid for it as the genuine juice of the grapes!!!

Pale Sherry is an artificial wine. Hock and Sauterne are the only wines that cannot admit of any mixtures. The man that drinks one bottle of Madeira, actually takes into his system 22½ per cent. of poison or liquid fire, and other Wines in proportion; but the worst are those prepared with sugar of lead, arsenic and logwood, as well as the *new* rum made in Jamaica and St. Croix, prepared with oil of vitriol, pimento, and other poisonous ingredients. which is the grave-digger of hundreds of brave soldiers, and thousands of men every year in those Colonies. Why is it that females are seldom or never seized with fever, while men are dying almost every day of fever? It is because females will not drink so much poisonous beverages. My wine is 'the fruit of the vine' for the Lord's Table. The West Indians are obliged to import refined sugar and loaf sugar from England, and from the United States of America, for we have not it there from our own production; but when the Monarchs of the British Empire would have on the royal table a bottle of genuine wine, made without poisonous ingredients; or, when the Clergymen would have on the sacred Altars genuine juice of the grapes for for the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, without poisonous mixtures, they will be obliged to make use of the West India wine. In all this affair it is not necessary to use my name, or to think about me. I am that I am. Free as nature first made man, I am the only master of my judgment and my conscience. Those who don't like me, I don't like them; those who are with me, I am with them.

"Anaxarchus the Stoic philosopher, having sharply reproved Nicroceon, and being ordered by him to be beaten to death with iron mallets, said, 'strike on; thou mayest break in pieces this vessel of Anaxarchus, but Anaxarchus himself thou canst not touch.' So Socrates is reported to have cried out, when persecuted—'Amyntus and Meletus said they can kill me, but they cannot *hurt me*.' Cincinnatus was found naked ploughing in the vineyards when the Dictatorship was offered to him. While life remains, there is a hope."

CORREA DA COSTA.