

# THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER,  
J. N. WHITE, } Proprietors.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

VOL. 1.

KINSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1879.

NO. 7.

H. G. WEST & CO.,  
General Dealers in  
**Merchandise,**  
and Agents for  
The Liverpool and London and Globe,  
and other first class Fire Insurance Companies.

**Drs. HYATT & TULL,**  
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF  
**Medicine & Surgery.**

Office at the Dr. Brown Office. [Jan3-1yr]

**Dr. A. E. MILLER,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Holds himself in  
readiness to insert  
Artificial Teeth, Ex-  
tract, fill and clean,  
or do anything neces-  
sary to be done by  
a Dentist.  
Office at residence.  
Board furnished to parties from the country.  
[Jan3-12m]

**EVNIS & PRESSON,**  
House Builders & Upholsters,  
KINSTON, N. C.,  
Are prepared to build and repair Houses and  
make all kinds of Furniture in good style and at  
reasonable rates.  
Also Buggies and Carts built and repaired on  
short notice.  
[Jan1-12m]

**GOODS AT LOW PRICES!**  
AT  
**N. D. MYERS'.**

Now in store a good stock of  
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS,  
SHOES, HATS, &c., &c.

Also constantly receiving a fresh  
stock of

**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, and  
HOLLOW WARE,  
SOLD AT

**LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

A continuance of the liberal patronage  
heretofore bestowed upon me is  
respectfully solicited.  
[Jan1-12m] N. D. MYERS.

**A. HARVEY & CO.**  
Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS of  
**Chewing & Smoking  
TOBACCO,**  
[Jan1-12m] Kinston, N. C.

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— and —

Interior Court Clerk for Lenoir County.

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to be registered.  
Blank Deeds, Mortgages, &c.,  
furnished free on application. [Jan1-3m]

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FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,  
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Office over Pelletier's Drug Store. [Jan3-1yr]

**L. J. HILL & CO.,**  
**Boot & Shoe Makers,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

We are prepared with the best  
French Calf Skin and Louisville  
Oak Sole Leather, to make and re-  
pair Boots and Shoes to order.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
[Jan1-12m]

**J. F. Parrott,**  
Miller and Lumber Dealer,  
Kinston, N. C.,

Is now prepared to fill all orders for  
**FIRST-CLASS LUMBER**  
at the lowest CASH rates.  
Also keep on hand the celebrated  
Tuckahoe Family Flour. [Jan1-12m]

**JACKSON & LOFTIN,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and  
adjoining counties.  
Prompt and efficient attention paid all busi-  
ness entrusted to them.  
Settlements of estates of deceased persons a  
specialty.  
Office on Court House Square, formerly oc-  
cupied by Jno. F. Wooten. [Jan1-12m]

**W. J. RASBERRY,**  
**Attorney At Law,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Greene and Jones.  
Office on Court House Square. [Jan1-12m]

**J. W. HARPER,**  
**Attorney At Law,**  
Office over Post Office,  
KINSTON, N. C.

## A Twilight Revery.

BY MRS. D.—  
Though sad, 'tis sweet to sit and muse  
At twilight's pensive, stilly hour,  
Where earth is fragrant with the dews  
That fall unseen on every flower.

'Tis then my mind doth backward sweep  
O'er bright and happy days gone before,  
Which memory doth fondly, sweetly keep  
E'en sweeter brighter than of yore.

I sigh and grieve my sad estate,  
To know that I must tread life's plain,  
With no friendly smile to cheer my fate,  
Or wake my heart to joy again.

Then memory bears me back to time,  
When, like a sweetly gliding stream,  
Free from conflict this life of mine,  
Seemed one unbroken happy dream.

But when those joys forever past,  
Come rushing on my troubled mind,  
Like rainbow tints before me cast,  
They come, but leave no ray behind.

Still it is sweet, to turn again,  
And view through fancy's mirrored sky,  
Bright scenes reflected on life's plain,  
Gems of my heart, that ne'er can die.

Selected.

## MENIE'S LITTLE BARE FEET.

I.

On a cold winter day, when the bitter  
north wind made even well-fed  
and warm-clothed passers-by hurry  
along—when ladies, though clad in  
furs, looked pinched and blue in the  
face, and men, despite being buttoned  
up to the chin, felt that it was cold  
enough to render a fall of snow very  
probable—a little girl, about eight  
years old, stood with a hungry look at  
a pastrycook's window in Piccadilly.

She was scantily clad, had neither  
shoes nor stockings, and her head had  
no protection but its own natural  
covering of soft, silky hair. Her thin  
cotton frock was so short as barely to  
cover the knee, leaving the poor little  
naked limbs exposed to the cutting  
blast. Yet the child was clean and  
tidy; and an attentive feminine ob-  
server might have remarked a most  
credible darn on the faded calico  
frock, while a rent in the pinafore was  
so neatly mended as to be almost or-  
namental. With all these disadvan-  
tages of attire, she had still a noble  
bearing, this poor little one; and  
though she shivered with cold, her  
foot was firmly planted on the ground  
and her whole figure and deportment  
were indicative of something far bet-  
ter than her wretched clothing would  
have led one to expect. More than  
one benevolent individual looked at  
the child, and passed by. Mendicancy  
and vagrancy must not be encouraged,  
the heart may bleed for the needy;  
but the hand must, it is said, under  
such circumstances, refrain from giving.

A young man with a brown mustache,  
no whiskers, and his hair worn  
somewhat longer than is usual with  
men, attracted by the child's appear-  
ance, stopped, and took a deliberate  
survey of her. She was pretty, but  
her face being turned towards the  
window, was only imperfectly seen.—  
The young man's eye, however, rested  
with delight on the naked foot and  
limb, which were exquisitely moulded,  
and had not yet quite lost a certain  
childish roundness.

'Delicious little toes!' remarked the  
gentleman to himself as he advanced  
towards the child. 'Aren't you cold,  
my dear, standing here?' he asked her.  
'Yes, sir,' was the reply, as she  
turned her face to her interrogator.  
'You are looking at the bun.—  
Would you like a penny to buy one?'  
'No, thank ye, sir,' said the little  
girl, dropping her eyes.

'Why won't you take a penny from  
me? Do you mean to say you couldn't  
eat one of those nice cakes?'  
The child looked at the coin tempt-  
ingly held out to her, and with a face  
of distress hung her head, and made  
no reply.

'Are you not hungry?' asked the  
young man, stooping towards her.  
'If ye please, sir, dinna ask me.—  
Mother says I'm no to tell when I'm  
hungry.'

'But your mother means that you  
are not to tell without being asked,'  
was the reply.  
The child shook her head as if un-  
convinced by this argument.

'Mother's most awful' feared for me  
learning to beg. Beggin' next to  
stealin', an' takin' money ye dinna  
work for's next to beggin'; an' I'm  
sure aye to work a' my life for every-  
thing I put in my mouth or on my  
back.'

'Your mother is an excellent woman,'  
he said, more to himself, how-  
ever, than to the child; but she heard  
him, and looked up in his face with a  
bright smile. 'What does your father  
do for a living?' asked the young  
man, regarding with compassion the  
shivering little creature before him.

'He's dead, sir.'  
'What does your mother work at,  
then?'

ill, and no' able to do anything.'

'Oh, bless my soul!' ejaculated the  
young man in an undertone: 'this is a  
dreadful state of matters.' Then ad-  
dressing the child, 'What is your  
name, my dear?' he inquired.

'Menie Broun,' she replied.

'Broun is Scotch for Brown, I sup-  
pose, and the prettier name of the two.  
Well, then, Menie, if you must work  
for a living, I'll give you work.'

'Me, sir? will ye gie work to me?  
I'm real strong, though I'm wee; an' I  
can scrub an' wash,' said Menie, eag-  
erly.

'Poor little mite! Then come along  
with me.'

Turning out of Piccadilly into a  
street of much humbler pretensions,  
he led her to a cook-shop; but stopped  
on the threshold to say,

'Now, Menie, I am going to give  
you your dinner, and you'll work for  
it afterwards. Will that do?'

'I would rather work for it first, sir.'  
'Come along, then, and you shall  
I won't force you to deviate from the  
honourable course your mother wishes  
you to pursue. Have you any brothers  
and sisters, Menie?'

'No, sir.'  
'It's almost a pity,' returned he.—  
'Your mother ought to have had a  
very large family, to furnish the world  
with honest men and women.'

'But hoo could she ha' fed them,  
sir?'

'That would have been a difficult  
task, I have no doubt,' he replied.

As they thus conversed, Menie was  
led by her companion into a street of  
unpretending appearance; then stop-  
ping at the door of one of the houses,  
he knocked and was admitted; and  
the child followed him up to a bright,  
cheerful room, with two long windows,  
the lower halves of which was covered  
with green baize.

'Now come to the fire and warm  
yourself, dear, for you must be more  
dead than alive this bitter day. Stay,  
let me rub your hands for you; and as  
for those poor, little blue feet do they  
ever suffer from chilblains?'

'Whiles,' replied Menie, looking  
about the room with some degree of  
wonder, for it was filled with things  
she had never seen before, and of  
which she did not know the use. A  
half-finished picture on easel, some  
unframed pictures on the floor, a lay  
figure, a palette, some paint-brushes,  
and many other such articles, attract-  
ed her attention.

'Now, Menie, we must come to busi-  
ness,' said the young man, dropping,  
as he spoke, the well-shaped little  
band, which he rubbed into some de-  
gree of heat. 'I shall tell you what  
work I want you to do. I am a pain-  
ter, my business is to make pictures,  
and I wish to put you in a picture,  
and will require you to sit before me  
some time every day. I'll pay you so  
much an hour.'

'But that's no work,' urged Menie.  
'I couldna take money for sitting still  
and doin' nothing.'

'What an independent little article  
you are! This is work. It is a trade,  
Menie.'

'To sit still and be drawn in a pic-  
ture? That's no work. My mother  
would never believe 't.'

'But you are useful to me, my child  
—nay, necessary. It may not be  
work to sit still and be drawn, as you  
express it; but your doing so enables  
me to earn money.'

'But I'll sit as long as you like for  
nothing,' said Menie, with a radiant  
face.

'Oh, yes; that's all very well,' said  
the artist, turning away his head as if  
he were offended. 'You'll keep your  
independence, but you don't care for  
mine. You'll let me grow up a beg-  
gar. My mother told me it was wrong  
to take anything for nothing from a  
man, worse to take anything for noth-  
ing from a woman, but worst of all,  
and mean, and base, and despicable, to  
take things for nothing from little  
girls.'

Here Menie's face assumed a look  
of intelligence and droilery.

'You're making it up, I know it,'  
she said, pointing her forefinger know-  
ingly towards him, and fixing her  
eyes, which were full of fun, upon his  
face. 'It's all made up out of your  
own head, that. Your mother never  
spoke about little girls.'

'Well, Menie,' replied the young  
man, laughing, 'if I have learned the  
lesson, what matter who taught it to  
me? although mother may be used as  
a general term comprising all the  
lessons of childhood. But to return to  
the chief point. What am I to do?—  
I have set my heart on having you for  
my picture. I cannot accept your  
service for nothing. It would be the  
same as begging for me to do that.'

'I'll take money, then,' said Menie.  
'Good. I'll give you, then, three-  
pence an hour, and when the picture  
is sold ten per cent. That is, if I get  
one hundred pounds, you would get  
ten pounds; if I got fifty pounds, you

would get five pounds.

'Five pounds! Oh, what an awful  
lot o' money!'

'But the picture may not sell at all,  
Menie, or I may get very little for it.'

As he spoke the artist prepared his  
cavass, while Menie's imagination  
dwelt on the quantities of soup, tea,  
wine, eggs, roast beef, and other dainties,  
which five pounds would pur-  
chase for her sick mother.

'You shall only sit half an hour at  
present, Menie, then I'll give you  
your money, and you'll go and get  
your dinner, and come back to me.'

'But I would like to take the money  
home to my mother.'

'My child, you must eat, or you will  
not be worth painting. I want a nice  
fat little girl for my picture,—not one  
with a lean and starved look.'

Satisfied with this argument, Menie,  
hungry as she was, began to consider  
how she should spend her three-half-  
pence, when, happening to look down  
at her bare feet, she exclaimed,

'Oh, sir—'  
'My name's Hayward, Menie,' in-  
terrupted the artist.

'Oh, Mr. Hayward, I had a pair o'  
red stockings an' boots wi' brass rings,  
an' they're at the pawn-broker's. If I  
had them, wouldn't they be bonnie in  
the picture?'

'So far as that is concerned, I could  
put in the red stockings and boots  
with brass rings, although you did not  
wear them,' was the reply.

'But it wouldna be true, it would  
be makin' folk believe I have what I  
havena.'

'What a truthful little thing you  
are! I have a great respect for the  
mother, Menie, who has trained you  
so well. Will you take me to see her?'

The child bashfully bent her eyes  
on the carpet, and was silent.

'You don't seem to care about tak-  
ing me?' said the artist.

'We're sae poor, an' mother thinks  
shame,' she returned.

'Pardon me, Menie, I was an un-  
gentlemanly fellow to push you into a  
corner in this way; but you must go  
now, and get your dinner.'

And he put three-halfpence into the  
child's hand, saying, 'Do you know  
what to buy?'

'Yes; baked potatoes an' butter,'  
she replied, promptly.

'That's right. Get something hot,  
and come back to me when you have  
dined.'

So Menie ran off, quickly purchas-  
ed, and ate her potatoes with a keen  
appetite, and soon returned to her  
post.

'Would you draw up your petticoat  
a little bit, Menie, to give me just the  
least thing in the world more of the  
leg?' asked Mr. Hayward. But the  
child turned away her head with an  
offended expression.

'A very little higher would be suffi-  
cient. Allow me, my child, to show  
you how much, or rather, how little,'  
said the artist, rising and advancing  
towards her.

'No,' cried she, with starting tears;  
'I think shame.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Hayward, re-  
turning to his seat and smiling at her  
curious Scotch idiom, 'I yield to you  
on this point also; but it would have  
been a prettier picture with a little  
more of the leg, and would have sold  
more quickly and brought a larger  
price.'

Menie thought of her sick mother,  
who required wine and nourishing  
food, and of the ten per cent. she was  
to get, and putting down her hand  
drew up her petticoat just a hair's  
breadth; but the artist did not im-  
mediately observe her action.

'Mr. Hayward, I'm pulling 't up,'  
she remarked shyly, while her face be-  
came very red. There was no more  
of the limb seen than there had been  
before, but the conflict between mod-  
esty and filial affection was so touch-  
ingly expressed in the face and atti-  
tude that it struck the artist that this  
in itself would make a good picture.

'You are a dear obliging little soul.  
Just hold it as you are doing,' he said,  
'and unless I am a stupid fellow, it  
cannot fail to be a nice picture.'

When the sitting was over for the  
day, Menie ran joyfully home to tell  
her sick parent all that had occurred,  
although knowing her mother's rigid  
principles, she was afraid she might  
have some difficulty in convincing her  
that the money she held in her hand  
was honestly earned.

Mrs. Brown's dwelling was poorly  
furnished, but very clean and orderly.  
There was no fire in the grate, and the  
sick woman, whose weakness was less  
attributable to disease than to insuffi-  
cient nourishment, shivered under the  
scanty bed-clothes which covered her.

'Oh, mother,' cried Menie, the mo-  
ment she entered the room, 'I hae  
earned sixpence the day; but the gen-  
tleman would make me spen' three-  
ha'pence on my dinner, and so I have  
only that back,' and she opened her  
hand and displayed her precious cop-

pers as she spoke. Then in reply to  
her mother's questioning look, Menie  
related in what manner she had ob-  
tained the money. Mrs. Brown, how-  
ever, was incredulous.

'What use could a common little  
lassie like you be to the gentleman?'  
she demanded. 'It's all a pretence,  
Menie. He saw you were poor, and  
wanted to give you money, and made  
this excuse. A dirty, barefooted,  
beggarly-looking wean like you! It's  
likely he couldna get far better for  
his picture?'

Menie looked disappointed; she was  
afraid her mother would not accept  
the fourpence-halfpenny, and al-  
though she believed herself to be a  
mean-looking child, she could not for-  
get the earnestness of Mr. Hayward's  
manner, and was convinced, strange  
though it seemed to her, that he had  
a sincere wish to have her for his pic-  
ture.

'Mother, I'm sure he does want me,'  
she said; 'he looked real sorry when I  
said I wouldna take money for sittin'  
doin' nothing, an' I'm to go every  
day an' get ten per cent. when the pic-  
ture's sold. Do you know what ten  
per cent. is, mother?'

'Yes,' said the woman, favourably  
impressed with this business-like ar-  
rangement. 'I canna understan'  
though, she added, 'why the gen-  
tleman wanted a poor lassie like you.'

Mrs. Brown considered it her duty  
to repress all tendency to vanity in  
her little daughter's mind; but Menie  
was not disposed to be vain; and never  
gave a thought to her own appear-  
ance.

'May I spend the money, then, moth-  
er?' she asked eagerly.

'Weel, weel then,' was the reluc-  
tant concession. Afraid that even  
this half-hearted permission might be  
withdrawn, the child hurried out, and  
returned with a cup of tea, a twopenny  
loaf a pennyworth of butter, and a  
halfpenny candle. Then as she made  
some bread and butter for her moth-  
er, shivering in the while, for the bleak  
wind blew in at the ill-fitting case-  
ment, and beneath the door, and up  
through the seams of the flooring, Menie  
thought of all the nice things she  
could buy when the picture was sold.

'We'll get coals, mother, and have  
such a roaring fire, and I'll buy a round  
of beef, and soup, and I'll buy steak  
an' make beef-tea for ye, an' then  
you'll get well, I'm sure,' said Menie.

'If it's all true ye say, an' if the pic-  
ture was sold, I would be very glad  
to hae bit o' money beside me to be  
ready for my burial,' returned Mrs.  
Brown reflectively.

Menie's face fell. She knew that  
to have no money ready for her fun-  
eral expenses occasioned her mother  
much regret, yet the thought that,  
when the picture was sold, her share  
in the proceeds might be devoted to a  
purpose so doleful, deprived her of all  
the pleasant anticipation in which she  
had a moment before revelled.

From this time Menie began to take  
an interest in art. She stopped at all  
the print-sellers' shops to examine the  
pictures, and was surprised to find  
that a scarcity of clothing in the fig-  
ures which composed a picture was by  
no means an uncommon occurrence,  
and that even grown women had 'sat  
to be drawn,' as she expressed it, de-  
void not only of shoes and stockings,  
but sometimes even of more necessary  
habiliments. She also found that  
poverty was quite as frequently delin-  
eated as wealth, and discovered that,  
although in real life she decidedly  
preferred the gaily clothed to the  
meanly attired, it was not so in picto-  
rial representation. Here the ragged  
boy, who had broken his jug and spilt  
his milk, interested her exceedingly,  
and there the beggar woman with the  
baby in her arms formed an irresista-  
ble attraction.

Menie's visits to the artist were very  
pleasant to her, for it was no small  
delight to the half-starved child to sit  
in a warm room during a given time  
every day, to feel a carpet under her  
feet, and be able to hold her hands  
stiff with cold to the kindly blaze.

As time passed on Menie obtained  
some other occupation. Mrs. Smith,  
the landlady, got a little baby, and, as  
she feared Mrs. Brown was too poor to  
be able to pay the rent, it occurred to  
her that it would be a good plan to  
make Menie nurse and errand girl,  
letting her work stand in place of the  
rent.

In this way the child became a pa-  
tient little drudge, receiving many a  
cross word and hasty slap, but bearing  
submissively all this ill treatment and  
privation. Thus the miserable winter,  
the dreariness of which was only re-  
lieved by visits to the artist and hope  
in the picture, passed by. Spring  
came, but Mrs. Brown, weakened by  
long months of misery and want, grew  
worse, and the terrible fear possessed  
the child that her mother might die.  
Cold, hunger, and rough usage seemed  
nothing in comparison to the bereave-

ment she dreaded.

At length, to Menie's great joy, the  
picture was finished, and Mr. Hay-  
ward came to tell her it was hung up  
in the Academy for exhibition. It  
was the first time the young man had  
seen Mrs. Brown, and as he looked  
round the room, and turned his eyes  
on the wan face of the sick woman,  
the thought of what this mother and  
child must suffer from sheer want  
made his heart ache. For their sakes  
as well as for his own, he earnestly  
desired the sale of his picture. After  
a few remarks to Mrs. Brown, he said,  
'I suppose you would have liked to  
see the picture?'

'No, sir.'

'No! why not?'

'The wean wasna in a state to get  
herself drawn. Wi' a torn pinafore,  
maybe, an' a dirty face, an' no shoes  
an' stockings, it—'

'Excuse me, Mrs. Brown,' inter-  
rupted Mr. Hayward, 'the pinafore  
was not torn, and the child's face was  
not dirty, and, if it had been, I  
couldn't have painted it. There is  
nothing so difficult to paint as dirt.'

'It's a good thing,' returned the wo-  
man; 'but there's none o' us sir, likes  
to be taken at our worst. When my  
poor wee lassie's shoes an' stockings oot  
o' the way, an' her best frock no jist  
at hand, to think that she was to be  
painted in a picture that'll last for  
years!'

'I admit it does seem a little unfair,  
as you put it,' returned Mr. Hayward;  
'but you overlook the fact that your  
girl is remarkably pretty, and grace-  
ful in figure. If I have done her any-  
thing like justice, she must be univer-  
sally admired.'

But Mrs. Brown had no vanity—  
not even maternal vanity—and the  
artist's words did not afford her the  
pleasure he had hoped. Presently  
Menie herself entered, and Mr. Hay-  
ward, feeling that he did not succeed  
in making his visit agreeable to Mrs.  
Brown, invited the child to accom-  
pany him to the Academy to see the  
picture. Menie was delighted, not  
that she had any desire to see the pic-  
ture, but because she was curious to  
know what sort of place the Academy  
was.

'You will allow her to go?' asked the  
young man, appealing to the mother.

'Oh, I suppose there's nothing to  
hinder her, though she's a  
bonnylike sight to be goin' through  
the street wi' a gentleman,' was the  
dry and sarcastic reply.

Menie put on a bright smile and  
declared herself ready to go.

It was a lovely April day, and a  
gentle breeze wafted the light fleecy  
clouds across the blue sky. The trees  
in the park they passed were lovely  
with the tender green of spring, the  
birds sang in the branches, and the  
streets were gay with the flowers of  
the season. The richly dressed little  
girls, with their new spring hats and  
frocks, were very interesting to Menie.  
In her estimation rich children, as she  
termed them, were all beautiful and  
good, and she regarded with the liveli-  
est admiration many over-dressed  
little people who were not in any re-  
spect worthy of comparison with her-  
self.

When she entered the Academy her  
face was radiant with joy.

'Oh, this is just the kind o' place I  
like!' she exclaimed; and, manifesting  
no curiosity regarding the picture of  
which she formed the subject, she  
loitered in each room to examine and  
admire every work of art in turn.

Mr. Hayward patiently waited, and  
encouraged her to express her opinion  
on the pictures; but when he led her  
to his own, she scarcely glanced at it,  
turning round at once to look at some-  
thing else. As her eye lighted on a  
Cupid, she averted her face, with a  
strong expression of disapproval, which  
afforded her companion considerable  
amusement.

'You don't like that picture, I see,  
Menie,' said Mr. Hayward, laughing.  
'He might ha' thought shame to be  
drawn that way,' was the reply.—  
Then, after a pause, 'He has had ev-  
ery one o' his clothes at the pawnbro-  
ker's.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Getting up paragraphs is like get-  
ting up in the morning when you would  
rather lie still than not.

—Matthew T. Brennan, a well known  
New York politician, is dead. He had  
filled several important municipal of-  
fices.

—A special to the Macon Telegraph  
says a fire in Tallahassee, Fla., destroy-  
ed the Episcopal Church, rectory and  
school house. Loss \$8,000.

A Portsmouth, N. H., dispatch states  
that the break in the direct cable, which  
occurred on the 4th inst., has been lo-  
cated in water from twenty to twenty-  
five fathom deep, about six miles from  
Torbay. Arrangements are progress-  
ing to make the repair.