

holder, and a visit on board realizes to its fullest extent, the conception of "a wooden world."

Through the politeness of Captain Kean, our "nautical" reporter had yesterday an opportunity of inspecting "The President" throughout. He was accompanied by Mr. French, the intelligent carpenter of the ship, who was employed in building, and who could consequently appreciate the pains and expenditure bestowed in the construction of the ship, and the peculiar improvements and advantages introduced.

Before noticing the interior of the vessel, we may state that her appearance on the water is magnificent, not only from her bulk, but from her fine proportions and her rigging. She is painted in man-of-war style, with gun ports, and is handsomely rigged as a three-masted schooner, with a foremast, foretopmast, and topgallantmast, approximating to those of a ship. Her bow is fine, and at the extremity of her head-rails will be placed, when completed, as a figure-head, a bust of Washington, the hero of American independence. Her stern is projective; beautifully formed to turn off a heavy sea; ornamented aloft with the arms of England and America, quartered in an heraldic shield, supported by "the Lion of England," and "the Eagle of America." The paddle-boxes of "The President" are comparatively very slightly raised above her bulwarks; and her general appearance is, when her side is viewed, that of a first-class frigate of extraordinary size, her light rigging giving her at the same time a most rakish and mischievous appearance.

We now supply from the most authentic source the several dimensions and capacity of this great steam Leviathan:—

	Ft. In.
Length over all, from taffrail to figure head.....	273 0
Beam within the paddle-boxes....	41 0
Breadth from outside of paddle-boxes.....	72 4
Depth of hold.....	30 0
Height between the main and spar deck.....	8 6
Height between lower and main deck (both flush).....	7 8
Tonnage (supposed),	2500.

Those who are versed in maritime affairs will readily conceive from these dimensions that "The President" is in reality "a wooden world." She is, indeed, more—she is a world not only of wood but of iron, copper, and other materials, constituting the *ne plus ultra* of strength in naval architecture.

The "President" was built at Limehouse, London, by Messrs. Carling and Carter, the latter gentleman superintending her construction throughout. Between decks and in her holds she presents a perfect picture of strength; and we cannot more highly compliment our metropolitan friends and contemporaries in Transatlantic Steam Navigation, than by stating that they seem in materials, in fastenings, and in putting together, to have taken a leaf out of the book of our townsmen Messrs. Wilson and Co., whose vessels both in point of strength and sailing have hitherto borne the bell.

Every available modern improvement has been taken advantage of in the construction of "The President." In addition to a remarkably strong frame, solid to the bilge, she is diagonally fastened fore and aft with iron and wood, in a manner that would seem to defy the rudest assaults of the ocean wave. We have not time to enter into details. Suffice it to say, that the materials of "The President" throughout are of the best quality, and that the utmost science, in a scientific age, has been exerted to work them up to the best advantage.

The engines for this vessel will, we learn, be of about 600 horse power. They are already built, by our townsmen Messrs. Fawcett and Co., and present a splendid specimen of the ingenuity and enterprise of the age. These we shall take an early opportunity of noticing.

"The President" will present peculiar advantages for passengers. Her spar-deck will afford a long and delightful promenade in fine weather, and during rain or storms a dry and sheltered walk may be enjoyed below.

The cabins are not yet fitted up. The principal or stern saloon will be eighty-seven feet in length; its breadth (including the small state-rooms on each side) forty-one feet.

No expense has been spared to render "The President" a crack ship. In strength of materials and fidelity of workmanship she is fully equal to any of her Majesty's ships of war; and she is fitted up with all the modern improvements in pumps, tanks, &c. She is also divided into sections, so that the springing of a leak (should such take place) would be attended with comparatively trifling danger. It is calculated that "The President" will carry 1000 tons of goods beyond her compliment of coals, luggage,

and materials for a trans-Atlantic voyage. Her steering tackle is of a novel and improved construction; and such was required; for, from her length and size, she may be deemed a floating island.

We have heard it stated (but we cannot vouch for the authenticity of the report), that the "President" will, when equipped, be placed under the command of Captain Fayrer, late of the "Liverpool," and that Captain Kean, who does not profess to have the same experience in ocean steam navigation, will act as second Captain. We shall be much gratified to find one or other, or rather both of these gentlemen are appointed to the "President." That charge is sufficient in its magnitude and anxiety to occupy the full attention of two chief and first-rate officers. Captain Kean is an experienced and, (the highest compliment we can pay) an "able seaman." He is, moreover, a gentleman of pleasing manners and deportment. We can scarcely say more of Captain Fayrer; but we cannot avoid reminding our readers that his long services at sea, in the British navy (mementos of which he bears in honorable wounds) and in our mercantile marine, and, above all, his peculiar experience in ocean steam navigation, have, together with his urbanity of manners, rendered him a favorite on both sides the Atlantic; and that his accession to the command of "The President" will be hailed with pleasure by all who interest themselves in the friendly intercourse between this country and the United States of America.—*Liverpool Standard*, Feb. 28.

REV. MR. MATHEW OF CORK.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

(From the Argus.)

It is truly astonishing to read of the "Temperance revolution" now going on in Ireland, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Mathew, a Roman Catholic clergyman in Cork. So successful has this clergyman been in correcting vice and drunkenness, that already nearly one hundred and fifty thousand persons have enrolled themselves in the Society, and have taken "the pledge" of a total abstinence from the use of spirituous or malt liquors, numbers of these amongst the most depraved and abandoned in the country. The Rev. Gentleman has been in Waterford, on the special invitation of the authorities, and a similar scene is being enacted to that in Limerick, the military being in requisition to protect the people from themselves, such is the desire to return to the habits of peaceful sobriety, from which too many of our Irish brethren had departed. What makes the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Mathew the more disinterested is, that his brother and brother-in-law are distillers in different establishments.—He is likely to make the tour of Ireland. And yet the class of men to which this Reverend Gentleman belongs, is that which the unworthy O'Sullivans, M'Ghees, Greggs, Stowe's, and M'neiles, labour so hard to abuse. It is a fact, that enhances the value of the Rev. Mr. Mathew's exertions, that his principal assistant in the good work in which he is engaged, is an equally worthy and disinterested being, a Mr. R. Dowden, a sturdy Presbyterian, and whose modesty is such, that, though heart and soul in the cause, he declines to participate in the honor of this true reformation, though pressed upon him by his reverend and zealously attached friend.

At Waterford thousands have crowded from all parts of the country to hear the Temperance Apostle as Mr. Mathew is termed, and the most surprising enthusiasm everywhere prevailed; and so great was the excitement, and so dreadful the pressure, that it was found necessary to call in the troops to preserve order. From Wexford,

thousands arrived by the steam-boats, and Mr. Mathew was kept addressing immense crowds from morning till night.

It is believed by excellent calculators, who had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings from the commencement, that one hundred thousand persons have been received in Waterford. At 5 o'clock, Father Mathew left Waterford to proceed to other parts of the country.

The words of the pledge are:—"I promise, with the divine assistance, as long as I will continue a MEMBER of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and to discourage, by advice and example, drunkenness in others." Nothing can be plainer than these words. They leave it optional with a member to resign the moment he pleases. All incumbent upon him is to observe inviolate the words of the pledge during the period he belongs to the Society. We have the inexpressible pleasure of stating that 39 of the city police force took the pledge. Among the number were many Protestants. Several of the Catholic clergy—the best—the most exemplary and devoted of that venerable body, became disciples of Father Mathew.

It is a fact that almost every village in the country has already got up a sign-post of "Cork Temperance Coffee" over the door-way, and the sheeban houses are fast disappearing.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

Corh, Dec. 13.—No less than sixteen spirit-dealers took the benefit of the insolvent act in this city, who imputed their insolvency to the spread of temperance principles.—*Cork Standard*.

The Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1840.

We are requested to state that the EXPRESS Packet will sail this morning at 9 o'clock, for Portugal Cove.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.]

Eloquar an Sileam?
"Interest doth whisper to me 'hold thy peace'; but Duty, with the voice of ten thousand thunders crieth 'Speak forth.'"

SIR,—Every real and undesigned advocate for the prosperity of Ireland must be filled with wonder and gratitude at the moral revolution which has been lately brought about in that "land of our fathers," through the efficient instrumentality of the Reverend Mr. MATHEW. Never, perhaps, since the auspicious visitation of the pious St. Patrick, has Erin experienced so incalculable a blessing—a blessing compared with which, the Emancipation, with all its benefits, sinks into insignificance; and the abolition of tithes, were it effected tomorrow, would be as nothing.

If ever there was a country on the face of the Earth, which has been ruined and destroyed by the baneful—the pestiferous influence of intemperance, that country is Ireland; if ever there was a brave, a noble, and an intellectual people degraded in the scale of beings by the effects of habitual intoxication, that people is the Irish, and it is a matter of the most profound astonishment, that with all the ingenuity and talent which have been exhausted in the discovery of the actual causes of their social misery, this most fruitful one of Intemperance should have been disregarded so long. But though late, it has at length been discovered; and that too, not by a Pitt, a Plunket or a Grattan, but by an unobtrusive and a devoted Clergyman of the Catholic Church. Mr. Editor this is no time for bigotry or party zeal: I believe you to be a *Churchman*, and, from what I have seen of your periodical—a *Conservative*; but sure I am that notwithstanding this difference of Creed, whether political or religious, you will not shut your columns against the deserved eulogy of the "TEMPERANCE APOSTLE."

Would to Heaven, Sir, that a portion of this good man's spirit were wafted to Newfoundland! Would, that the streets of Harbor Grace were at this moment resounding with the language of the PLEDGE! What would be the feelings of many a wife—of many a mother—of many a child, if, at this moment, the words:—"I promise, with the divine assistance to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and to discourage, by advice and example DRUNKENNESS in others"—were sounding in their ears!

But it may be asked, "Do we need a portion of that good man's spirit?" Alas! Mr. Editor here is my answer: read this extract from the official Report of the late St. Patrick's festival, as published in the *MANUARY* of Friday last, and then say whether we need it or need it not? "The toasts were closed and

as the MOUNTAIN DEW began to fall the Boys ENJOYED IT HEARTILY. They bore the WETTING"—that is, the sin of drunkenness—"with the HAPPIEST FEELING; and became fully resolved that in HONOR OF OLD IRELAND they would not go home TILL MORNING to which resolution they most FAITHFULLY ADHERED."

Here Father Mathew is a picture for you!—Here ye Catholics of Ireland is a picture for you!—Here ye venerable Priests of Erin's Altars who not only preach Temperance but PRACTICE it, here is a picture for you! Will ye credit it? Will ye think it true? Will ye believe at the very instant when perhaps the PLEDGE was ascending to Heaven from the lips of thousands—when the arms of Ireland's multitudes were lifted in confirmation of the sincerity of their vows—when the tearful eyes of the Apostolic MATHEW were raised in gratitude to his Maker for the signs of the times; and his heart expanding with the hope that in whatever clime or country an Irishman was to be found, there would the cause of Temperance triumph,—at such a time, when the very angels rejoiced—will it be credited that in this Island there were those who, boasting of the name of Irishmen, and glorying in the appellation of Catholic, could, in defiance of every principle of consistency, of honor, and of fidelity, pollute the venerated name of KILBERIA'S SAINT! It is monstrous—it is awful—it is incredible—What! "Honor Old Ireland" by getting drunk! Honor the name of St. Patrick by trampling on the laws of that Great Being for whom he led a life of self denial, of devotion, and toil! Is St. Patrick another name for Bacchus? Was the Saviour indeed that which he was slanderously represented to be,—a gluttonous man, a friend of wine bibbers and sinners?

But what shall I say to the Guests—what shall I say to the Protestants "who mingled in the throng;" to those who style themselves the votaries of reason—the professors of a purer Creed, the advocates for *Biblical instruction*? You pride yourselves in protesting against what you call the "errors of Popery"; go now and protest against the errors of your lives. You insist that Schools without Bibles would breed up a race of monsters and not men; what share had the precepts of that blessed volume in your own education? You talk loudly of schisms, and splits, and dissensions in your Church. Does your conduct tend to "keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace"? No, "you will not enter the kingdom of Heaven yourselves, and those that would enter you endeavour to hinder."

Now, Mr. Editor, tell me whether or not Father Mathew is needed? Now tell me whether a portion of his spirit would injure Newfoundland? No, so far from *injuring*—it would tend more to raise it from its embarrassments than seven years of Egyptian plenty. It would banish the *prafigate*—*invigorate industry*—RE-BUILD DILAPIDATED ALTARS—ERECT CATHEDRALS and establish within the bosom of every individual that honest spirit of independence without which we are not MEN but SYCOPHANTS.

I am,
Mr. Editor,
Very respectfully your Obedient Servant,
A SON OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

Her Majesty's Government have confirmed, we understand, the appointment of the Rev. C. BLACKMAN to the Chaplaincy of this Garrison.—*Times*, April 1.

Proclamation.

IN obedience to a PRECEPT of the Worshipful the MAGISTRATES, bearing date the 24th instant, and to me directed,

I hereby give Public Notice

That a GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS of the Peace, will be holden at the Court House, in HARBOR GRACE, on

THURSDAY,

The Ninth day of April, now next ensuing, at the hour of Eleven in the forenoon, of the same day; and the Keeper of Her Majesty's Gaol, the High Constable, and all other Constables and Bailiffs within this District, are commanded that they be then there to do and fulfil those things which by reason of their Offices shall be to be done.

Given under my Hand, at Harbor Grace, in the Northern District of Newfoundland, this Twenty-seventh day of March, in the Reign of Our Lord 1840.

B. G. GARRETT,
High-Sheriff