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WILMINGTON STREET.

BAT'S CHRISTENING.

Judith Hayes complained to the Magistrate that she had been cruelly treated by Mr Bartholomew Savage, and Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mrs Ellen Regan. In proof of the beating she exhibited a black eye, a scratched nose, a swollen lip, a demolished cap, and a hair enough to stuff a good cushion. "And your Honour will see that they will not do me any more harm," she said. "I wouldn't be here both if it were not for your Honour about the like 'em." "Not," responded his Worship, "I granted his warrant for the apprehension of Mr Bartholomew Savage, Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mrs Ellen Regan. The officer returned with three in custody, and they came with twenty-three witnesses, all prepared to tell his Honour the truth. There was Mr Thady O'Flaherty, and his sister's cousin by the side; Dennis Sullivan that married Thady O'Flaherty's mother last year was twelve months, and Mr and Mrs Lawrence Toole, and three little craters; and Mr and Mrs O'Dwyer, own cousins to Mrs Ellen Regan; the two Misses Foggarty, only one from Ballyshannon, county Wick; and Mr Patrick O'Callaghan, children, whose mother desecrated the pratur marchant, and others of minor note. Mrs Judith Hayes came forward, bringing three very handsome girls to the Bench, she made her point over again pro forma. She told how old Bat Savage determined to christen a young Bat Savage decently like his children, and therefore in herself and her bit of a daughter present at it. She told how many and gentlemen were there besides those who could not find room to sit down, on the broad of the table in the passage. She told how she was furnished with pickled pork and pratur beer, and a drop of the cratur of the ladies; and how the pratur, and the beef, and was plenshed again and again. She told how at length the better of most of the ladies of Mrs Ellen Regan in particular, and how Mr Thady O'Flaherty volunteered the use of his legs to any lady who couldn't go home on her own. She told how several ladies availed themselves of Thady O'Flaherty's gallantry, and how he came on the back of him as commonly as could be; and having told all this, and much more, she came at last to rest upon herself. It appeared by part of her statement, that Mrs Ellen Regan conducted herself with such propriety, "in regard of the cratur," to say the gin, that she (Mrs Hayes) was quite scandalized at her, and left the room in such haste, that she forgot her shawl; that she afterwards regretted these things, and then Mrs Regan cast reflections upon her for gain; that she cast the reflection upon which Mrs Ellen Regan encouraged thereto by Mr Bartholomew Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, forward to deliver their 'sentiments,' he cut the matter short, by ordering Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mr Bartholomew Savage, and the pugnacious Mrs Ellen Regan to find bail for their appearance at Sessions.

new Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, flew at her like a bad woman as she was, and bade her up and down till she got back to her own place; Mr Bartholomew Savage and Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, aiding and assisting her therein the whole time bad luck to 'em. Mrs Margaret Brady the English wife of Mr Daniel Brady, from Portpatrick, substantiated the whole of this statement, and then Mrs Ellen Regan was called on for the defence; but unfortunately she had made so free with "the cratur," before coming into Court, that it again got the better of her discretion, and she manifested more disposition to fight than to talk. So she was ordered to stand aside, and it was as much as two stout officers could do to keep her from rushing forward to the table,—"Ler soul in arms, and eager for the fray." The second defendant, Mr Bartholomew Savage, was now called upon to speak. He was a tall old man, of saturnine aspect and the father of little Bat, whose christening led to all this mischief. "Your Worship (said he) devil a bit of truth there's in it;" and having so said, he held his peace,—taciturn even to a fault. Not so the third defendant, Mr Dennis O'Dwyer. He was a young man in a frieze jacket, with ventilators at his elbows; and he evidently considered himself as possessing the gift of the gab in a supereminent degree. "Is meself to be spaking for anent Judy Hayes, your Honour?" demanded he as soon as his friend Mr Savage had said his say. The Magistrate told him he was ready to hear his defence. "Then I shall be after telling your Honour the whole sentiments of me mind," said Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and his honour admonished him to do it in as few words as possible, he proceeded— "Fate, then, your honour, meself was the godfather to little Bat Savage' where the row was, you know; and the place was full because of it, and the women made a big noise in regard of the christening and the drop of gin, your honour, and the childer squaled— that's little Bat, and the rest o' 'em your worship, mightily; and come along out of it," says I to Dan Sullivan, because of the phillaloo your honour; "Be the powers! and I will," says Dan Sullivan to me at that same time, "and let's go up to mother Powell's," says Dan Sullivan to me again. "Gads blood!" says meself to Dan Sullivan, "so we will my jewel," says I; out of it," says I, "because of the childer's and the rest of it," says meself to Dan Sullivan with: onnly one eye on the right side of him, and ne'er a one on the other your worship, in respect of the bating he got on; and here he is standing to the fore, anent your honour, in the big coat and mighty ondacent trowsers—in respect of the knees not being mended at all; and we came—that's me and Dan Sullivan—to the corner be mother Powell's. I put me back to the post—that's the post at the corner you know, your honour—I put me back to the post, and Dan Sullivan put his back 'tother side it and "Bad luck to 'em this same night," says I— Here the Magistrate became very impatient of "the whole sentiments of Mr Dennis O'Dwyer's mind; and, notwithstanding whole troops of witnesses present,

port, that his person is comely. It is the heart that beautifies the face. We are more afraid of shame than of sin. So vulgar minds hold their breaths at the thunder, which is harmless; but wink at the lightning which may be fatal. The Pythagorans thought that the souls of poets transmigrated into grasshoppers, which sing until they starve. However this may be, I think grasshoppers the happiest people in the world, in summer; nothing to do but to dance about, and to see which can jump the farthest. Music elevates the soul into unearthly regions; and when it ceases suddenly, the soul, after hovering a moment upon the memory, drops like a shot bird.—How often discordant to a chaste ear, is the mode of female singing at theatres. In lieu of the delicate pathos of sentiment, and feminine softness, you have jerks, and gasps, and shrieks, and masculine meretricious affection. What would Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and Beethoven say to these. If a reputable gentleman go to address a lady of fortune, and she be disinclined to accept his overtures, yet in compliment to his partiality, and to console his disappointment, whether she ought not as she parts with him, courteously to tender him a few thousands, as a memento of her regard! A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—Pope. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other. Let a Woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature—yet, if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty. A SOLDIER'S REVENGE. The decree of the French convention that one third of the officers of the French army should be named by the government, was very ill received by the troops who saw in it a new infringement on that liberty which they had bought at the expense of so many crimes; and what rendered the measure still more disgusting, was that the officers thus named, who were generally the minions of some great man, were in most cases very unfit for the situation which favour, not merit, had procured them. It was indeed no unusual thing to see a beardless boy, one of the half monkey and half tiger class, so common in those days, put over the head of one whose numerous scars ought to have entitled him to the rank thus unjustly wrested from him. These intruders were, however, mostly made to pay dearly for their elevation; every means, fair and foul, being used by the other officers to disgust them with their situation, and compel them to abandon it. If, as was generally the case, they were men of courage, they were soon provoked into a duel, and this usually settled the matter one way or the other; for if they had the good fortune to kill their antagonist, they were suffered to remain in peace afterwards. If I bear an ill report of the character of a stranger, I am apt to imagine that his person is uncomely; if a good report,

forward to deliver their 'sentiments,' he cut the matter short, by ordering Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and Mr Bartholomew Savage, and the pugnacious Mrs Ellen Regan to find bail for their appearance at Sessions. Mrs Margaret Brady the English wife of Mr Daniel Brady, from Portpatrick, substantiated the whole of this statement, and then Mrs Ellen Regan was called on for the defence; but unfortunately she had made so free with "the cratur," before coming into Court, that it again got the better of her discretion, and she manifested more disposition to fight than to talk. So she was ordered to stand aside, and it was as much as two stout officers could do to keep her from rushing forward to the table,—"Ler soul in arms, and eager for the fray." The second defendant, Mr Bartholomew Savage, was now called upon to speak. He was a tall old man, of saturnine aspect and the father of little Bat, whose christening led to all this mischief. "Your Worship (said he) devil a bit of truth there's in it;" and having so said, he held his peace,—taciturn even to a fault. Not so the third defendant, Mr Dennis O'Dwyer. He was a young man in a frieze jacket, with ventilators at his elbows; and he evidently considered himself as possessing the gift of the gab in a supereminent degree. "Is meself to be spaking for anent Judy Hayes, your Honour?" demanded he as soon as his friend Mr Savage had said his say. The Magistrate told him he was ready to hear his defence. "Then I shall be after telling your Honour the whole sentiments of me mind," said Mr Dennis O'Dwyer, and his honour admonished him to do it in as few words as possible, he proceeded— "Fate, then, your honour, meself was the godfather to little Bat Savage' where the row was, you know; and the place was full because of it, and the women made a big noise in regard of the christening and the drop of gin, your honour, and the childer squaled— that's little Bat, and the rest o' 'em your worship, mightily; and come along out of it," says I to Dan Sullivan, because of the phillaloo your honour; "Be the powers! and I will," says Dan Sullivan to me at that same time, "and let's go up to mother Powell's," says Dan Sullivan to me again. "Gads blood!" says meself to Dan Sullivan, "so we will my jewel," says I; out of it," says I, "because of the childer's and the rest of it," says meself to Dan Sullivan with: onnly one eye on the right side of him, and ne'er a one on the other your worship, in respect of the bating he got on; and here he is standing to the fore, anent your honour, in the big coat and mighty ondacent trowsers—in respect of the knees not being mended at all; and we came—that's me and Dan Sullivan—to the corner be mother Powell's. I put me back to the post—that's the post at the corner you know, your honour—I put me back to the post, and Dan Sullivan put his back 'tother side it and "Bad luck to 'em this same night," says I— Here the Magistrate became very impatient of "the whole sentiments of Mr Dennis O'Dwyer's mind; and, notwithstanding whole troops of witnesses present,

SIBYLLINE LEAVES AND WAYWARD CRITICISMS.

By H. C. Knight.

It was a magnificent tomb, and in it was a superb coffin, and in the coffin was a celebrated lady—they told me she was the beauty of the city—I locked, but could see no beauty. Human law being based upon general, not always individual equity; some men when equity is against them, cry for law, and when law is against them, cry out for equity. Some men in conversation are as abrupt and desultory as the leaps of the water spider—now spinning round, then shooting straight on; now a halt, then a spring sidewise; anon again a stop, and again a dart backwards; no foretelling which way they will go. Dr Johnson said the man, who could not occasionally talk nonsense. The bow must be sometimes unbent. It requires a sensible man to talk agreeable nonsense; wherefore the nonsense of a sensible man is often more edifying than the sense of an ignorant man. If I were asked, who was next to Shakespeare in creative genius, not forgetting the sublimer Dante, Milton, and Klopstock, I should answer, John Bunyan.— If I were asked, who was the Hogarth of moral allegorical writers, I should answer John Bunyan. If I and J, and U and V, be distinct letters, I wish all dictionary makers would give each of them a distinct place. A person would find a word in half the time. And I wish to ask, Why W in our modern type, is not shaped double U if it have more of that sound it than double V? Pain is often the interest paid on luxury. The athritis is a disease of which many are proud, because it is patrician. A poor man cannot afford to buy the gout. An original poet, is very high above a mere translator; one requires genius, the other judgment. The translator may be more learned, but a transmuted is not to be named with a creator. A good translator may not be able to compose, but it also true, that a good composer can always translate. Yet, to translate requires more than ordinary talents. So thought Roscommon a hundred years ago:—"Tis true composing is the noble part, But good translation is no easy art, For though materials have long since been found, Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound: Ahd by improving what was writ before, Invention labours less, but judgment more." If I bear an ill report of the character of a stranger, I am apt to imagine that his person is uncomely; if a good report,