

# The Weekly Observer

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Weekly Almanack.

JAN.—1840.	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	SEA.
29 WEDNESDAY	7 22 5	3 54	7 18
30 THURSDAY	7 21 5	6 4 58	8 22
31 FRIDAY	7 20 5	7 5 45	9 18
1 SATURDAY	7 19 5	8 6 28	10 4
2 SUNDAY	7 18 5	9 7 30	10 44
3 MONDAY	7 17 5	11 11	11 22
4 TUESDAY	7 15 5	13 13	6 39 11 30

New Moon 3d, 9h. 20m. morning.

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Discount Days: Tuesday and Friday.  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

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More, perhaps, we need not say—but submit our labors to the candid judgment of the public.

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THE PUBLISHER OF THE NEW-YORK ADVOCATE respectfully informs the Christian public, that he has made arrangements for publishing, every week in the above paper, (to commence with the first number in January, 1840.) ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places and objects mentioned in the Old and New Testaments; also, Views of the principal Missionary Establishments throughout the world—prepared by the first artists in the United States, after original sketches taken on the spot, by Laboure, Forbin, Morier, Le Bruyn, Stephens, Buckingham, Ker Porter, McFarlane, and others. These Engravings will cost from \$20 to \$50 each, and will always be accompanied with suitable articles illustrative of the same, prepared by the most able and competent authors. The ADVOCATE is published every Saturday, at No. 122 Nassau-street, New York City. Terms \$2 50 per annum, in ADVANCE. Persons acting as Agents, and Post masters, are allowed fifty cents commission for every subscriber they obtain, and from whom we receive a year's subscription—they remitting two dollars for each subscriber, with the name and post office address.

The paper is established on a permanent basis—being sustained by an association with a Capital Stock of \$10,000.

All letters must come free of postage, or they will be taken from the office. Remittances may be made at our risk, through the Postmasters, who are authorized to enclose and remit payments for periodicals, free of expense.

ROBERT SEARS, PUBLISHER.

**THE NEW WORLD.**  
A WEEKLY MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER,  
Devoted to Domestic and Foreign Intelligence,  
Literature and the Arts.

UNDER the comprehensive title of 'THE NEW WORLD,' will be published, every Saturday, in the city of New York, the largest, cheapest, and most elegant Newspaper in the world. It will give the news of the day, maintaining a strict neutrality upon political and sectional topics. The great aim of the editors will be to furnish to subscribers the earliest and most important intelligence—and for the attainment of this desirable object, the publication will be delayed until the news by the principal mails is received.

Care will be taken to preserve our columns free from objectionable matter, so that the sheet may be fearlessly admitted into families without offering offence to good taste or good morals. In making selections, we may boldly say, that we possess advantages unequalled by any other Journal in the United States. The best and most recent newspapers, magazines, and books from London, will be diligently searched, and all that is attractive in their contents promptly presented to our readers.

The paper is wholly unadorned by the noisome metropolitan police reports, which render some of our city journals so objectionable.

The 'New World' will be under the editorial direction of Park Benjamin and Rufus W. Griswold, the originators and lead conductors of the 'Brother Jonathan' newspaper. Their aim will be, to render the 'New World' an improvement upon that successful journal as much in the spirit, variety and value of its contents, as it is unquestionably in size and in the elegance of its typography. Ample assistance has been secured, and measures have been taken to render our correspondence from all parts of the country as interesting as practicable. It will be much gratified that the subscribers can add that the orders, which they have received during the first week of the existence of the 'New World,' have been so numerous as to establish it upon a sure basis—Since New York has rendered the head quarters of transatlantic intelligence by steam communication with Europe, it is considered that the editorial department of a comprehensive and elevated character, unclouded by impurities and immoralities, which disgrace many of our papers, cannot fail to meet with a circulation co-extensive with the Union.

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All Letters relating to the editorial department of the 'New World,' to be addressed to Benjamin & Griswold, who intended for the publisher, to J. WINCHESTER, No. 23, Ann-street, New York.

**CHEAP NEWSPAPER.**  
The Weekly Dispatch, an elegantly printed quarto of eight pages, containing all the current news of the week, and a large amount of selected and original miscellany, is published every Saturday at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, New York, mailed to country subscribers at 2 dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Any person procuring five subscribers, and remitting ten dollars, in a note of a solvent bank, shall receive a sixth copy gratis. Address H. HASTINGS WELLS, Dispatch Office, New York City.

**The Garland.**  
THE GREAT AND GOOD.

A blast went through the forest,  
And a kindly oak was bowed,  
Whose root was by the forest stream,  
Whose crest amid the cloud;  
And though above the billow proud  
With hundred arms it swept,  
The sweet blue violet undismayed,  
Beneath its shadow slept.

It seemed a guardian spirit,  
As to its ample breast  
It bade each little timid bird  
Come near and build a nest;  
And their chirping young it sheltered  
With its meek and gentle eye,  
As though it talked not with the cloud  
Whose thunders rent the sky.

I said the tempest smote him low;  
And its ancient head lie low;  
But through still gather where it stood,  
And eyes with tears overflow;  
And there comes a voice of warning  
From mountain, hill, and plain,  
The like of this, our noble tree,  
When shall we see again?

**Miscellaneous.**  
**DUTY AND HUMANITY.**  
AN ANECDOTE OF MURAT.

At the period when Italy was under the subjugation of France, an insurrection broke out in one of the regiments garrisoned at Leghorn. The affair wore a very serious aspect, and when he heard of this, the Emperor appeared extremely irritated, and he determined to make a severe example, and Murat was fixed upon to punish the sedition of the regiment. The commands of Napoleon were strict and terrible—he ordered that there should be no court martial, but immediate execution.

Murat arrived at Leghorn, and assembled the regiment on the public parade; he announced to them that he had received orders from the Emperor to punish severely, and that he would act up to the letter of his instructions. The energy of his address, and his determined gestures, and the terror of his name, quickly subdued the rebellious troops; the soldiers threw themselves at his feet, humbled and submissive, and the prince was moved; though, determined to obey his orders, he contrived to conceal his emotion. Still wearing a loud voice—"One out of every ten shall be shot!"

The consternation was great, as may be imagined; and the regiment, imprisoned in the barracks, sent several deputations to the austere general to implore his mercy—officers and privates all agreed to perish in the first battle under the eye of the Emperor. Murat was for a long time inflexible, but after a while he appeared to be overcome by their submissive entreaties—still the crime was heavy, and his orders so positive, that he determined to select three soldiers from the most mutinous to pay with their lives for the misdemeanor of the whole regiment. The three victims were soon selected, thrown into a dungeon, and their execution ordered on the day following. The regiment still remained under arrest.

Towards midnight Murat caused the three prisoners to be brought to him privately, and a jailer on whose fidelity he could depend, executed his will.

"You are to be shot to-morrow," said Murat sternly; "prepare yourselves for death, and fall like brave men, so that your crimes may be forgotten. I will take upon myself to forward your last farewell to your parents—though they do not deserve to own such children as you. Have you thought of your mothers? answer me." The sobs of the soldiers stifled their utterance. "Unfortunate women! they would have felt proud and happy, had you fallen by the arm of the Austrian; but to die thus! Miserable wretches!—go, I will send you a Priest to yield you the consolation of religion. Think of your God and your country, and from this moment consider yourselves no longer beings of this world."

The soldiers threw themselves at the feet of the inflexible officer, not to ask their lives, but his forgiveness before death, and as they were about leaving him, he ordered them back.

"Stay," exclaimed he, "if I should grant your lives, would you wish to die?"  
"Nay—we wish to die," replied one of the soldiers, "we have deserved death—let it come—it will be just."  
"But if it is my wish that you should not die," replied Murat, "why should you prefer death, when I desire that you should live? Never, but in battle have I split blood—I have never given the word to fire, but on the enemy—I ought not to do so against you who are my companions in arms—my countrymen, though you be guilty."

The soldiers could not withhold their tears, and what himself gave way to his human feelings.

"Listen to me," continued he in a mild voice, "you have deeply erred, but I am glad to find that you have so much firmness; for you will answer my purpose well. I grant you your lives; you must however be dead to all the world, above all to your regiment. To-morrow at dark, you will be conducted through the gate of Pisa, to the ramparts; you will receive the fire of a platoon of infantry, at twenty paces, and you will, in appearance, fall dead on the spot. At this moment, the last file of your regiment, changing its quarters, will pass on the road. The obscurity of twilight will favor us. A man whose fidelity I shall purchase, will place you on a cart, and bear you to the cemetery; there will find sailor's clothes, and a thousand francs will be given to each of you. You will remain two or three days in confinement at an inn, which will be pointed out to you, and at the end of that time, you will be put on board an American vessel bound for New Orleans. There you will live as become honest men—honest, do you understand? You are to be conducted on board as soon as the wind is favorable. Be prudent, and do all that I have told you, without omission. Go—I will take care of your families."

The soldiers bathed the feet of the General with tears, and several times assured him that he should have no cause of complaint.

Every thing passed off as Murat had arranged. The severe, yet just punishment was witnessed by the whole regiment; there was no blood spilt, and the Emperor, fortunately deceived, complimented Murat for having sacrificed the lives of but three to the exigencies of discipline—he was ignorant of the generous scheme that Murat had invented—it was for a long time a secret known only to that humane officer and a few his confidants, who never divulged it until after his death.

"It seems," remarked the stranger in pure French, "that my good fortune has led me to seek shelter with the people of my country."  
"I doubt not you are French, sir," said the old lady.  
"Yes, madam,—and a true Frenchman. I may say that I have even some relations in this parlor."  
"My son is in the garden—I will call him, for I am sure he will be glad to see you."  
"Your son is French, also, I presume?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the lady, with a slight degree of hesitation, "he has been established here for a long time, and—thank God! he does not repent it. This farm belongs to him—we live honorably, and are indeed happy."  
At this moment the master of the house entered the room.

"This gentleman," continued the mother, "has done us the honor to make our house a shelter from the storm of all sorts; he is one of our countrymen—a Frenchman."  
The farmer made a military salute, and stammered out a few words—the figure of the stranger struck him, and he was so embarrassed that he was at a loss for words to express himself. At length he summoned courage to speak—  
"Sir," said he, "you may think my question rude, perhaps, but I am compelled to ask your name; your figure."  
"My friend," replied the stranger, "it is the only one I cannot answer—I might as well deceive you by giving a false name—but I would rather keep the real one secret, for a person bearing my name should not know how to lie. Now that I have refused you my name, may I be so bold as to ask yours?"

"The farmer smiled—but did not answer."  
"It seems that you, also, are obliged to conceal your name," said the hunter.  
"The name that I go by in this country is not mine, and it surely would not gratify you to know my real one. I am known here as Claude Gerard."  
"At least, sir," said the old lady, "you must not suppose that my son has any cause to blush at his name; in France—he has reasons—there!"

"He is like myself," interrupted the stranger, "I tell my name to none but such as desire to hear it, and I thank you worthy of this favor. I am Achille Trollope, the son of the King of Naples."  
Claude Gerard and his mother fell to the ground, as if thunderstruck. The Prince, then a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, did not comprehend this excess of emotion. As soon as Claude could speak, he pointed out, on the parlor wall the portrait of the King of Naples, entwined with sprigs of green laurel.  
"There is your great father," said he to the Prince, "he is the master of this farm, it is him that I owe all. Once I was condemned to death, and he saved my life."  
"On the field of honor?" asked Achille Trollope.  
"No, on the field of dishonor. I had forgotten myself—I had incurred the punishment of death. I was conducted to the gate of Pisa with two of my companions, as guilty as myself, we were fired on and fell—it was all arranged by Murat. With his money I came to America; my two companions died two years ago in New York. As for myself, I yet live to bless the name of your father. I have worked hard in order that I might live in ease. My mother, who had learnt the news of my death, received some years after, a letter from her son inviting her to America. The poor woman who had lamented me gone forever, could hardly bear the shock of beholding me again. Now, if the son of my royal benefactor desires my fortune, my arm, my life—all are at his service."

**THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY TROLLOPE.**  
This gallant officer (whose distressing suicide it was our painful duty lately to record,) was descended from an ancient and distinguished baronet's family in Lincolnshire. He was made a post-captain on the fourth of June, 1781. In July, 1796, when in command of the Glaton, of 54 guns, he sailed from Portsmouth, on a cruise to the North-Sea fleet off the Texel. He discovered on the 15th, near Helvoet, a French squadron, consisting of six large frigates, a brig, and a cutter, mounting altogether 206 guns.—Not intimidated, however, by the vast superiority, Captain Trollope instantly bore down and commenced a furious attack, surrounded by the enemy, and so near, that his yard-arms were nearly touching those of her antagonists. In twenty minutes, from the heavy fire of her cannonades (so peculiarly adapted for close action), the enemy were compelled to sheer off, the Glaton being unable to follow from the disabled state of her masts and rigging, though she had only two men wounded—viz. Captain Strangeways and a corporal of marines. The merchants of London presented Captain Trollope with a piece of plate, value 100 guineas, for this daring exploit. He was soon after appointed to the Russell, 74 guns, still attached to the North-Sea fleet, under Admiral Duncan, and was entrusted with the important duty of watching the Dutch fleet in the Texel, and, on the 10th of October, 1797, finding the enemy had put to sea, he immediately despatched a laconic letter to Admiral Duncan, stating the fact, and that "when he saw the Russell, he would also see the Dutch fleet." Of his services on this occasion, and in the memorable battle of Camperdown, which was fought on the 11th, the Admiral, in his despatches, thus expresses himself:—"Captain Trollope's exertions and active good conduct in keeping sight of the enemy's fleet until I came up, have been truly meritorious, and I trust will meet their just reward." For the able manner in which he acquitted himself of this duty as well as in the victory which followed, he was created a knight banneret. On the 30th of October, when his Majesty George III. sailed from Greenwich to view the North-Sea fleet, and the prizes at

the Nore, Captain Trollope had the honor of steering the royal yacht. At the time of his decease he was admiral of the red, and G. C. B.

**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.**—A ridiculous opinion of some dot of an Englishman was once published in the New World, that the Duke of Wellington was 'a person of ordinary capacities.' Such pieces of 'Jackassery' will sometimes get into a column in spite of the Editor's best efforts to the contrary. Our opinion has always been that the conqueror of Bonaparte and the late Prime Minister of England was the greatest man of his age. He rose to his present rank solely by the aid of the natural elements of greatness within his mind and soul, and we know not which most to admire—at his vast military renown, or his civic wisdom. The following from the 'Philadelphia Gazette' is glowing—and such as we might have anticipated from the pen of its talented Editor.—N. Y. New World.

"This great man—not merely great as a soldier—the impetuous, brave greatness which often belongs illustratively to the sternest savage as well as to the best of that flowery chivalry which perished when Chastellaine fell at Fontenoy with all his peerage—but as a statesman, powerful in the Senate as in the field—is evidently approaching that Great Age of Time, which, swinging onward, admits the spirit of the young Queen, it may not certainly be rising from a Coleony in India to a Duke in England; with the numerous honors of his country glittering on his breast, and with titles enough to make a pamphlet of the mere list of them, he has passed through every grade of humble, preliminary, distant struggle, up to the atmosphere of a ceasing Crown, the mark and chivalrous mirror of nations. Civilly speaking, we regard the eminence of Wellington. His warlike Despatches, and Correspondence, especially from the Peninsula, attest the value of his talents as a literary man, as also do many of his parliamentary efforts, quite as convincingly as his military reputation is guaranteed by the impressive strategic and final movement of Waterloo. He will sink to his last resting-place beneath some long drawn aisle and fretted vault, as a mark and model of his time; a true, stern man; working out with the due energy that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and doing it with his might."

"The death of such a man will make a vast sensation in Europe; and considering the stemfiancy which Gallantry of every name will acquire to itself during the reign of a young Queen, it may not certainly be said in Burke's language, that when Wellington shall die, 'the age of chivalry is gone.'"

**THE PAST YEAR.**—The following admirable paragraph appears in the Louisville Journal, and it is from the pen of its gifted Editor, George D. Prentice.—New World.

"Years flow by us like the wind. We see not whence the current comes, nor whither it is tending, and we seem ourselves to watch their flight without a sense of being changed; and yet Time is beguiling in his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage, and the words of Sir Walter Scott express the feelings with which a thoughtful mind lingers on the brink of the passing and coming year, touched for a moment with a stronger sense than usual of the rapid progress of our days. The beginning of a new year is an epoch which the most thoughtful roamer through life cannot hurry past, without inhaling a more serious mood than usual. The rapid current of existence rolls on perpetually, and we seem along with it, not noticing the rapidity of our course, till some stern turp in the stream shows us what a long reach lies behind. Such moments create more or less solemnity in all of us, and while a David cries out, 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,' even a man of the world, like Horace, will ejaculate—'Alas! my Posthumous—alas! for the fugitive year!'"

**PARSNIP WINE.**  
Wine made of parsnip-root approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and is made with little expense or trouble, and only requires to be kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the palate as it is wholesome to the body. To every 4lbs. of parsnips, clean and quartered, put one gallon of water; boil them till they are quite tender; drain them through a sieve, but do not bruise them, as no remedy would clear them afterwards. Pour the liquor into a tub, and to each gallon add 3lbs of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of crude tartar. When cooled to the temperature of seventy-five degrees, put in a little new yeast; let it stand four days in a warm room, then turn it. The mixture should, if possible, be fermented in a temperature of sixty degrees. September and March are the best seasons for making the wine. When the fermentation has subsided, bung down the cask, and let the wine stand at least twelve months before bottling.—The Doctor.

**The Moral Power of the Navy of Britain.**  
—The history of Britain is the history of her Navy. Owing to her Navy it is, under the Providence of God, that she has appeared before the world, at different times, as the ark of religion—the asylum of oppressed freedom—the scourge of tyranny, and the emporium of commerce; that she is at this moment, present in every part of the world, enlarging the limits of civilization, diffusing the blessings of religion, and that she is in way of giving population and laws, literature and Christianity to half the globe.—Harris's Britannia, or, The Moral Claims of Steam.

**SLEIGHING TIME.—American Courtship.**—This must be an everlasting fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothing to do but to ride about and talk politics. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a sleigh over these here marshes with the girls, or playin ball on the ice, or goin to quillin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a driven home like mad by moonlight. Natur made that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumptious nookin slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round her neck, and a spizz on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at a gatherin time, and a sweatheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin at you—its 'er most enough to drive one ravin, larin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs up close to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin right at them instead of the horses, and then what you both go capsize into a snow-drift together, a-kissin, a-kissin, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, chatterin away all the time like a canny bird, and you a law-learnin with pleasure, is for aye your depend. In this way a feller gets on to offer himself as a lover afore he knows where he be.—Sam Slick.

**How to Enforce Silence.**—The officers of the Scotch criminal courts create disturbance by calling "Silence," to the auditory. In Cork they manage the matter better; they write "Silence" in large letters on a piece of pasteboard, stick it into the clef and of a long white rod, and wave it in the face of any one whose voice is heard rising above a whisper. If this does not produce quiescence, the admonition is enforced by a rap on the head with the rod.—Phrenological Magazine.

**The Porkers.**—The Cincinnati News, in a very scientific article relative to "Porkers," and the Pork Trade of Ohio, laments the small number of swine sold at that market, and also gives us an eulogy upon the devoted swine themselves. The editor thinks that the pigs have no cause to complain of the throat-cutting part of the pork business, cause why, that's what they are raised for—and are they not brought up like gentlemen! The editor concludes "Men may talk and write about living like pigs; but to live like an Ohio pig is to live like a gentleman and a philosopher! His is the highest praise an epithet ever bestowed—to be useful in life, excellent in death. Although it is not permitted in the order of nature for a pig to laugh, still he enjoys the other greater blessing of humanity, to grow fat. Free from banks, business, politics and speculation, he is an unconcerned as the bachelor in a snug birth under government. In short, it is evident that for real ease, luxury and good living, if a man were not a man he might as well be a pig."

**Chenille Weaving.**—Mr. Alexander Buchanan of this city, the inventor of Chenille weaving, has addressed a memorial to Her Majesty, stating that he has recently made an improvement in the invention, and praying her Majesty to bestow her royal patronage on it, by ordering a few yards of chenille carpeting to be manufactured. A specimen of the cloth has been forwarded along with the memorial. That her Majesty's patronage will be an estimable boon to the hand-loom weavers there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt, particularly in the west of Scotland.—Glasgow Courier.

**DISASTERS AT SEA.**—We copy from the Sailor's Magazine, a valuable periodical, published in New York, and devoted to the interest of seamen—a summary of shipwrecks, &c., in 1839:

"A record has been kept at the office of the American Seaman's Friend Society, during the year just closed, as in past years, of disasters at sea, so far as they are ascertained, which resulted in a total loss of the vessel. The following is the result:—  
The whole number of vessels lost, was 442. Of these, there were—  
Ships and barques.....74  
Brigs.....107  
Schooners.....167  
Sloops.....16  
Steamboats.....9  
Unknown.....32

Of these there were lost towards the close of 1839, but reported in 1839, 32.  
Wrecked in—  
January.....26  
February.....27  
March.....32  
April.....21  
May.....29  
June.....18  
July.....15  
August.....29  
September.....21  
October.....30  
November.....27  
December, (previous to the 15th).....28  
Time unknown.....17

Added to the above entire and known losses, there have been reported thirty-seven missing vessels during the year, which, with their crews, most probably been entirely lost. Five hundred and thirty-seven lives have been reported as lost, but the loss of life is undoubtedly much greater than this, as many vessels were reported as abandoned, or bottom up, where the crews were missing and no intelligence has been received from them. The above facts speak a language concerning the sorrows of seamen, not to be misunderstood, and they should be most solemnly pondered by those who have a heart to feel and a hand to relieve.

In 1838, there were lost—  
Ships and barques.....94  
Brigs.....135  
Schooners.....169  
Sloops.....11  
Steamboats.....12  
Unknown.....12

Total.....427  
Of these 43 were lost in 1837, but reported in 1838; 27 vessels were reported as missing, and the loss of life during this year is known to have been 756.

In 1837, there were lost:—  
Ships and barques.....100  
Brigs.....135  
Schooners.....169  
Sloops.....11  
Steamboats.....12  
Unknown.....12

Total.....427  
Of these, 43 were lost in 1836, but reported in 1837; 20 vessels were reported as missing, and the loss of life during this year is known to have been 1293.

In 1836, there were lost:—  
Ships and barques.....56  
Brigs.....135  
Schooners.....121  
Sloops.....12  
Steamboats.....10

Total.....234  
Twelve vessels were reported as missing, and the loss of life during the year is known to have been 825.