

POETRY.

THE PRISONER'S PRAYER TO SLEEP.

Oh gentle Sleep! wilt thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy lover's bed?
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight

Alas! 'tis said that the couch must be
Of the elder-down that is spread for thee;
So I, in my sorrow, must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee, I know, is dear—
The saddest of music is ever here—
For grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a siren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep! lovest gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers,
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss, with liquid voice, is singing.

Fair sleep! so long in thy beauty wooed,
No rival hast thou in my solitude;
Be mine, dear Sleep, and we will lie
Embrac'd for ever, or awake to die.

Dear Sleep, farewell! hour, hour, hour, hour
Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow;
But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,
And lie wilt thou not in the arms of sorrow.

THE SPIRIT OF SLEEP TO THE PRISONER.

I hear, thou lone one! a yearning prayer,
Sent up from the depth of thy dungeon lair—
I hear it—The night-winds are bearing a tone
Of thy spirit's woe to my regal throne!

I know that unrest, as a burning chain;
Is binding its agony round thy brain:
I know thou art watching, in sickness of heart,
Hour after hour, come and depart.

But there is around thee a stronger thrall
Than the felon's chain, and thy dungeon wall—
There broods on thy soul a heavier gloom
Than that assigned thee by mortal doom.

Thou art worn by visions of secret guilt—
There's a haunting cry as of life-blood spilt,
Thrilling thy soul with its vengeance spell
Through the spectry hush of thy prison-cell.

Oh! vain were the roofing of fretted gold,
And the draperies floating with broiler'd fold:
The lute's low tone, and the viol's sound—
I come not, thou fallen one, where guilt is found.

I go with the peasant, at eve, to his bed—
The patriot knows me where carnage is spread,
And the martyr's fiery morrow hath been
Upheld by many a soothing dream.

But thou—a remorseful spirit is thine—
A bosom unpurg'd of its brooding crime—
I may not aid thee, depl'd one!—Away!
And, bow'd in the dust, to the Saviour pray.

(Continued from first page.)

fortunate planter, by carrying off the fish before it was properly cured, and by putting an end to the voyage before the chance of taking more fish had entirely ceased. To prevent the fatal mischief resulting from such a system, the rule of *lieu for wages* and of *preference in payment for Current Supplies* was first introduced by custom, and afterwards sanctioned by Law. Nor can it be doubted but that in a state of society where, from the absence of all independent and impartial Courts of Justice, "force had usurped the privileges of right and strength had become lord of imbecility," such a regulation, whatever exceptions it may otherwise be open to, must have proved practically beneficial, by removing those motives for the enforcement of immediate payment which had produced strife and contention, accompanied with serious loss, among the creditors; exposed the poor planter to complete ruin; and inflicted a very severe injury upon the general interests of the fisheries. The merchants, however, were not slow in discovering that the *lieu* upon the catch of the voyage which the servant was indulged with as a security for the payment of his wages, had a great tendency to lessen his interest in the success of the enterprise, and, by consequence, to relax his exertions, as soon as he perceived that there was fish enough caught to pay all the wages; and they stouly maintained, that the *labour* which was employed in the fisheries ought only to be put, in respect to payment, upon the same footing with the *food* which was consumed in the prosecution of them, as the one was just as essential to them as the other. But whilst they protested and remonstrated against the *superior advantages* which by means of their *lieu* the servants enjoyed over them, they did not scruple to push *their own privileges* very much beyond their due and natural limits, by extending those preferences in payment which the Law intended to confine to debts contracted for supplies necessary to the fishery, to debts contracted by the planter for articles which had no real connection with it; and by applying a rule which could not be salutary where, as in the instance of the *planter* it was requisite to supply the want of *capital* by substituting *credit* in lieu of it, to the case of the *most extensive merchant*, and in fact to that of *every class of persons* who might happen to become insolvent in this Island. In these attempts they were for a long time assisted by the *Courts*, which were far too feeble to oppose themselves, even if they had wished

to do so, to the united force of the mercantile body; and accordingly when Mr. Forbes was appointed Chief Justice of this Colony, it had become a generally-received doctrine, that the expression "*Current Season*" was synonymous to *Year*; that the word "*supplies*" included *every article* that could be bought and sold; and that the estate of *every person* who was declared insolvent was liable to be distributed according to the law of current supply, whether he had, or had not, been directly engaged in the fishery. To an understanding enlightened like his, the decisions of the *Sarrogates* upon which this system had been built appeared so contrary to the principle by which the rule of Current Supply ought to be governed and at the same time so injurious to the general interests of the trade of this Island, that he did all in his power to reform a practice which was too firmly fixed to admit of its being *altogether removed* by him; and, through his efforts, seconded by subsequent parliamentary enactments, the *most prudent and worst excrecences* upon the law of *Current Supply* have been happily lopped off. Yet even in its present amended state we strongly incline to think, that the evils which spring from it, in conjunction with its *twin-born sister regulation* of "*LIEU FOR WAGES*," greatly preponderate over the advantages which are supposed to be derived from these preferences in payment. The argument by which it is attempted to maintain the necessity for their continuance is, that the merchant will not advance supplies to the planter, nor the fisherman engaged in his service, if they should be deprived of any part of their present privileges; and that the planter being thus stripped of credit, would no longer be able to prosecute his employment. And assuming that the truth of this proposition cannot be controverted, its supporters at once proceed to deduce from it, as a necessary corollary the *destruction of the fisheries*—the *extinction of the trade*, and the *starvation of the inhabitants of Newfoundland*. But though we are fully sensible that the *most serious mischief* might be produced by the absence of that care and caution which should always be observed in overturning ancient usages *even when they rest upon foundations notoriously wrong*; and though we unhesitatingly admit, that the Credit which is the offspring of preferences in payment ought not to be extinguished unless Credit erected on a firmer basis can instantly be substituted for it, we are at the same time so much persuaded, that a substitution would take place, if the abolishing of the law of Current Supply, and *lieu for wages*, were *gradual and prospective*, that we have little hesitation in recommending, that for one year from the passing of another Act of Parliament the privileges of the servant and of the Current Supplier, shall continue on exactly the same footing on which they now stand by this section—that after the end of one year the *lieu* shall be taken away, and the preference of the supplier for the current season over the one of the preceding season shall also cease and determine—that creditors for wages that may become due in the second year after the passing of a new Act, and for such supplies necessary for the fishery as may bona fide have been furnished to the planter within two years from the passing thereof, shall *rank together* in the same class of *privileged creditors*, and shall be entitled to be paid 20s. in the pound before any other description of creditor shall be admitted to participate in a dividend of the Insolvent's Estate, provided the Insolvency shall be declared in one of the Courts within two years from the passing of the Act—and that all debts which shall be contracted by any person after the termination of *two years*, shall thenceforward be paid before all debts of an earlier date but that among the debts which shall be so contracted from the commencement of the third year no preference or privilege to *demands for wages* or to *claims for current supplies* shall in any shape whatever be granted or allowed.*

* Every law, as Lord Bacon has justly observed ought to give warning before it strikes. In compliance with this principle, we think that no change whatever ought to be introduced, with respect to the law of *lien for wages*, and of preferable payment of current supplies, by a new law until the expiration of a year after the passing thereof, in order that those persons who may have been influenced by it shall have due notice of its repeal before the security they derived from it shall in any degree be withdrawn. We do not therefore, propose to make any alteration in the privileges of the servant and of the current supplier until the commencement of the second year; when they may both, we believe, be put on such a footing as to admit of their entire abrogation at the close of that year. Still, however, it will be necessary that when the law of current supply shall wholly cease the merchant shall not be restrained from advancing supplies by the apprehension that the fruits of the voyage may be applied to the payment of debts previously due by the planter; and we accordingly recommend that whatever debts may be due by the planters when the law of supply shall cease to operate, shall be postponed in payment to those subsequently contracted by him.

We take the following from the *Helvetie*, a Swiss journal:—"On the 8th December last, M. de Perrot, Mayor of Neuchâtel and President of the Criminal Court of that town, went to the prisoners confined for political offences, and communicated to them the commutation of their sentences, granted

by the King of Prussia. The Magistrate at the same time tendered to them the following oath—"I will not seek to avenge myself upon the persons of my judges, nor continue to bear malice against any persons whomsoever. I will faithfully keep my prison, and not make any attempt to escape during the period of my detention." This oath was taken by all of them except Dubois, who was under sentence of death, which was commuted to *hard labour for life*. This refusal was repeated a second time, upon which, by order of the Mayor, Dubois was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the cage which had been formed upon the model of that invented by Cardinal de la Balue under the orders of Louis XI., being only five feet square, so that the poor wretch confined can neither sit, stand, nor lie down, but must remain crouched upon the straw, if even this indulgence is afforded him. The cage is constructed of oaken planks, and receives only a slight glimmering of light except when the outer door of the tower, in which it is placed, is opened. In summer the miserable being may endure this horrible punishment for a time, but in winter it is utterly insupportable. The unfortunate Dubois was destined to remain 15 days, receiving no other nourishment than bread and water. At the end of 48 hours, however, he was found by the jailer in the condition of a man frozen to death—his senses were gone, his blood no longer circulated, and his limbs were stiff. The man, overcome by this frightful scene, ran and brought him some hot food and warm clothing, and then proceeded to the Mayor to report the circumstance. Upon this Dubois was removed back to his former place of confinement, and when somewhat restored, the objectionable oath was again tendered to him, and, overcome by the torture he had endured, he, at last, consented to take it.—*Morning Herald*.

FAMILY OF THE EX-KING OF FRANCE.—Extract of a letter of 24th January:—"In whatever chateau we may be placed, we must lay our account with missing the comforts to which we became habituated during our stay with you. You may judge of this, when I say that in these matters the Austrians are as much behind the French as the French are behind the English. You, who have lived in Paris, can understand, by what you found wanting in the French apartments the degree of absence of accommodation which we experience here. The Imperial Chateau is perhaps worse furnished than others, as it is not often occupied by its owner, but in it they do not seem to know the use of curtains either for beds or for windows; there are no carpets, nor chimnies, nor mirrors, nor any of the many things with which your rooms are filled. The furniture is principally made of common white wood, sometimes with a little paint on it. The best pieces are of oak, but the form and style is far from making up for the coarseness of the material. For about a month we have had a temperature 10 deg. to 12 deg. below freezing, with a clear sky and little wind."—*Scotsman*.

AN INFANT COMMITTED TO YORK CASTLE.—This morning, the infant son of Mr. Hauxwell, clerk to Messrs. Dresser and Co., bankers, Thirsk, arrived in York, in the custody of a bailiff, it having been committed to York Castle for contempt of the High Court of Chancery! This great offender is *twelve weeks* old, and is accompanied by its mother to give it the breast.—Several divines have disputed the orthodoxy of the doctrine of original sin appertaining to infants, but we believe that there was never yet found one either mad enough, or bigoted enough to imagine such capable of actual transgression.—*York Herald*.

A FAINTING FIT.—A dissolute female, named Mary Robinson, was brought up at the New Bailey, on Wednesday, charged with picking the pocket of a gentleman named Bowker under the following circumstances.—On Tuesday evening a gentleman was mounting a very restive horse, at the door of the Apple Tree public-house, in Fennel-street, when the prisoner pretended to be so much alarmed at the capering of the animal that she fell down in a fainting fit. Mr. Bowker, feeling compassion for her misfortune, ran to her and lifted her off the ground, and while he was so employed she suddenly recovered, and took the opportunity of picking his pocket of 8s. Mr. Bowker discovered his loss immediately, and gave the woman into custody. She was committed to hard labour for one month.—*Manchester Herald*.

FLAX BEETLEING.

It was on a clear, bright September day, that a number of the Tillydown girls had assembled, for the purpose of beetleing and scutching the priest's "wee lock iv flax." The action was purely voluntary, and the cheerfulness and good spirits with which the party entered on the task, showed, at once, their sincerity and their industry. The close of evening found the labour completed, and the whole of the flax lodged in the hands of the hackler. As usual, on such occasions the boys gathered, after their day's labour, to the flake, to have a comfortable "crack" with their sweet hearts. They were all pleasantly seated round the fire, each boy with his girl "in under his oxtail;" whilst the priest's house-keeper was busied in baking a number of stout oaten "scous," and filling a range of nogginns with sweet milk for a supper for the beetlers and their friends. Amongst the boys who were seated round the flake was one Billy Morgan, a sly, witty rogue, who exercised his genius to the continual

annoyance of, at least, some portion of whatever company he chanced to be in. Billy had a very happy talent for that dry, quiet humour which distinguishes the north men. There was a quaintness in his manner of expression which gave a peculiar zest to his jokes. His gravity was immovable. But his happiest jokes were generally of a practical nature; and here his rigid gravity assisted him wonderfully; for, with the aid of this quality, his devilities always assumed the appearance of pure accident. Now the fair reader, from whom we all alike, from the king to the beggar, spring—mother earth. Well, a little rising ground in front of the flake was fashioned, with spade, into three rows of steps, each rising a little above the other, and here they were seated. Now, Mither Paddy M'Gurk, or, if you please, Paddy the Buck, had been, for some time, exercising the thousand and one little acts of gallantry of which he was so perfect a master.

Paddy was a short, squat, burly figure of a man, with square shoulders and brawny bow legs. The different parts of his body seemed to have been thrown together at random, and, in the hurry of the composition, Nature had wholly overlooked a neck; and the head was, therefore, stuck right between the shoulders. His eyes, grey, large and prominent, were surrounded with masses of flabby flesh; his forehead high and pumpy. But, having no faith in phrenology, we must decline analyzing the bumps. His nose looked upwards, as if in contempt of its associate features; and to say the truth, this organ possessed a great superiority, in point of expression, over any of the other component parts of the face. But what he prided himself most in being possessed of, was a pair of large bushy whiskers, traversing the whole range of face, from ear to ear, and running into sharp points at the corners of the mouth. These were cultivated with much care, and, under the fostering hands of their proprietor, had grown to great perfection. There was an air of overweening self-satisfaction ever lurking about his mouth and nose, which seemed to absorb every other feeling. His dress formed a part of his character. The remnant of a military officer's blue sturton buttoned tightly around his body, exposed on his bosom a huge bunch of ruffles, standing bolt out from his breast, and fluttering in the breeze, like a full-blown lily. The collar of the shirt exceeded the altitude of his ears; and a large quantity of fine cambric was twisted, in the form of a neckcloth, round the lower part of the face, the ends being drawn into a full-flowing bow on the point of the chin. A big, notched brooch, with a huge emerald stone, glittered in the centre of the knot; and an old metal chain, which had been washed, sporting round his breast, in the capacity of a watch-guard. His hat was stuck gaily on the right side of the head, and, like the hat of Banister the proctor, had the nap brushed backwards, to show that it was a beaver. Such was our friend Paddy the Buck.

Well, Paddy had been pouring his soft nonsense, with great devotion, into the attentive ear of Kitty Conley, and was about reaping the fruits of his industry, in the shape of a kiss, when that unlucky wight, Billy Morgan, passing quite accidentally in the rear, just at the critical moment, and with his heavy hob-nailed brogues on, stumbled upon the tail of Paddy's coat.

Paddy jumped up in a moment, darting a glance of ineffable anger at the wagging Billy, who, with great gravity, begged ten thousand pardons for what he had done. Blud-an-thunder anons, Billy Morgan," roared Paddy, "what's the main' o' this! Arrah, h * * I get me soul! iv aw wouldn't rather a man 'ud take the head clean aff me, nor go fur till throw an assault on the decent dud iv a coat that covers me. What doeve mane, sur, eh?" "Well, in troth, Mither M'Gurk," said Billy, gravely, "yer the last man in Tillydown that aw wud go fur till put an assault upon; a respect you too much, sur; but, as ye don't seem content with what a toul ye, iv ye ev any spite to spit at the poor brogues, there they are, sur," taking them off and letting them drop, deliberately, on a sore toe of Paddy's, which peeped forth from a hole cut in the upper leather of his old boots.

Poor Paddy writhed under the infliction. His face assumed fifty different contortions in as many moments, and, for a time, he was deprived of the power of utterance. His first impulse sent him hopping up and down, not daring to let the injured foot touch the ground. He then began to turn round, still on one foot, exclaiming, in a tone of suppressed agony, "My Jee's Almighty, what's this fur? ach, am a ruined man! The toe o' me's murder'd intirly! Oh! the curse o' the widdy an' her orphan childer on ye, day an' night, Billy Morgan, an may ye!"

The appearance of father D. coming towards the party, had the effect of strangling in the birth, Paddy's imprecation. He sat down, groaning under his wrongs and breathing curses, "not loud but deep," on the devoted head of Billy Morgan. The priest, after thanking the girls heartily for their services, said, "And now my children, amuse yourselves peacefully and innocently. Innocent amusement is perfectly compatible with the highest duties of the Christian; but avoid, as you would avoid the serpent, which leadeth astray, all temptations to bad actions. Let not the hope of gaining a momentary smile of applause tempt you to utter that which might give pain to the feelings of another. Believe me, such conduct is productive of much evil." So saying, the good father passed on to enjoy his evening walk.

The pain of poor M'Gurk's toe had, by this time, considerably abated; but the injury done to his coat still retained possession of his mind. Looking after the priest, he said, half soliloquizing, "ach, ha, but it's the three words ye spake, father D.—, Lord preserve ye; an iv the scapegraces an' vagabones i' the country, that are workin' fur the gallows would be said or led by ye, how many i' them ud escape a shameful end. Be ma sowl," said he, speaking up in a somewhat more cheerful tone than hitherto, "Be ma sowl a body'd think aw didn't suffer enough th' other day from uncle Mick's calf, but every calf in the country side must have a lick at me, heh, he, he, heh," roared Paddy, forgetting both his toe and his coat tail in the enjoyment of this stroke of wit. The whole company joined him with a loud shout of applause, save and except Billy Morgan, who was rather annoyed at being attacked, with his own weapons, by Paddy the Buck. "But uncle Mick's calf, Mr. M'Gurk; do tell us about uncle Mick's calf," shouted a dozen voices. "O, aye, uncle Mick's calf, be all manes."

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