



LIFE ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

If I could be a summer monk, and change my vows, like my clothes, with the winter, I know no fraternity that offers stronger temptations than the Augustines of the Saint Bernard on the Alps. To escape the bustle of the world, yet be in the world; to have moving before our eyes an easy succession of society—a constant living phantasmagoria, often highly piquant, and always amusing; to indulge in literature, without the toils of authorship, the teasing of dilettanti, or the agonies of exulting criticism; to ramble over a sunclad kingdom of mountains, with the kingdom undisputed, among all the royal and heroic strugglers for a grave ten thousand feet below; to "sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell;" to turn painter, poet, pilgrim, and dreamer, at one's own discretion, and without having the fear of living man before our eyes; and to do all this with the saving and singular consciousness, that we are doing some good in our vocation, that humanity is the better for us, and that our place would be missed among mankind. Utopia might grow pale to the beatitudes of the little republic under the protection of St. Augustin.

But summer is, unfortunately, a rare guest, and its visit one of the shortest possible duration. The sunshine that subdues the plain, with the fidelity of a wife, is, at the famous Hospice, capricious as a first love.—I had entered its walls on a day made in the prodigality of the finest season of the year. The snowy scalps of the hills were interspersed with stripes of verdure, that had seen the light for the first time within memory; the bee, that, more than all creation beside, gives assurance of summer to my ear, was roaming and humming away among the thistle-down and mosses, that even the Alpine frost is not always able to kill. I could imagine, in the air that passed in slight gusts from time to time, the odours of the Italian flowers. I lingered long at the gate of the convent, enjoying the magnificent serenity of the sky, the air, and the hills, and felt no trivial reluctance at abandoning so alluring a contemplation for a corridor crowded with servants, and a chamber embedded in a wall as thick as if it had to stand a siege. Even the indulgence of the convent table could not wean me from the conviction that I could have got through my travel pleasantly enough, though the Hospice had, like the Santa-Casa, been transported to some new Loretto.

But I had not been two hours under its roof before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan, stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in an in-

stant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground-floor of the building, which is occupied with stables and storehouses for wood and the other supplies for the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window—summer was gone at once; and "the winter wild" was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow, in every shape that it could be flung into by the wind, whirlpool drift and hail, flashed along. Before night, it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood fires: the burst of wind shook the walls like cannon-shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St. Bernard.

As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the danger of travellers surprised in the storm. The fineness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change; and the sound of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs, as the strangers arrived, kept me awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed; cauldrons smoked; every stranger was possessed and tured to the chin; and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading room where they found books and papers which probably seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios or prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place; or amused themselves at the piano-forte in the drawing-room—for music is there above the flight of the lark; or pored over the shelves to plunge their souls in some "flattering tale" of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed capped and guitarred into irresistible captivation. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half a dozen herbals from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligations to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasantries, the me-

morials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best, there were eighty beds.—*Tales of the great St. Bernard.*

A SPANISH VILLAGE.

Soon after entering this sierra, I passed through the most miserable village that I have seen in any part of Spain. It is quite impossible for one who has never seen the very lowest of the Spanish poor, to form the smallest conception of the general appearance of the inhabitants of this village. I saw between two and three hundred persons, and there was not one whose rags half covered him. Men, women and children were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches. I threw a few biscuits among the children, and the eagerness with which they devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly; and I profited by the delay to look into some of the miserable abodes of these unfortunate beings. I found a perfect unison between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture; no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former there was no occasion; and something resembling a mattress upon the mud floor was the bed of the family.—Leaving this village, I noticed two stone pillars, and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain. I forget the name of the grandee at whose door lies all this misery; but if the power of life and death be his, and if he cannot make the former more tolerable, it would be humanity to inflict the latter.

CURIUS FACTS REGARDING VEGETABLE REPRODUCTION.

It has long been known that crows, and other birds and animals, deposit seeds in the earth, from whence trees and plants are produced. The Rev. Mr. Robinson, in his Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, says, that "birds are natural planters of all sorts of trees, disseminating the kernels upon the earth, till they grow up to their natural strength and perfection." He tells us, "that early one morning he observed a great number of crows very busy at their work, upon a declivity ground of a mossy surface, and that he went out of his way on purpose to view their labour. He then found that they were planting a grove of oaks. The manner of their planting was this: They first made little holes in the earth with their bills, going about and about till the hole was deep enough, and then they dropped in the acorn, and covered it with earth and moss. The young plantation," Mr. Robinson adds, "is now growing up to a thick grove of oaks fit for use, and of height for the crows to build their nests in. On telling the circumstance to the owner of the ground, who observed the acorns to grow up, he took care to secure their growth and rising. The season was the latter end of autumn, when all the seeds are fully ripe."

It is surprising how many different means nature adopts in perpetuating the duration

of animal and vegetable life. Mr. Edwards justly remarks, that even the droughts of autumn continue to increase and propagate seeds and plants. These sudden and long-continued droughts occasion deep chinks and cracks in the earth, wherein are deposited the seeds of trees, and the larger plants that require depth for their growth, and are at the same time placed beyond the reach of animals which feed on them.

The seeds of the common lichen grow in little pods, which, when fully ripe, and ready for diffusion, are scattered by a natural contrivance of the contraction of the edges of the pods, which suddenly burst them open, and, forcing the internal surface outward, throws the seeds at a considerable distance from the parent plant. But for this wise provision, they would be choked under the old plant for the want of air and light.

Many also bury a great number of seeds for their winter store, many of which vegetate.

Some seeds, such as those of the thistle, are provided with a kind of down, by which, as with wings, they are carried, with the help of the wind, to great distances, and others fix themselves on the ground by means of glutinous substances attached to them.

The South Sea Islands, which have been raised to their present elevation above the ocean, are entirely the production of myriads of minute polypi or worms, which construct the different kinds of coral. These coral formations are first covered by sand, and then by marine substances; then with the excrements of birds, in which are undigested seeds, that spring up and flourish in the deposits which have been formed on the reefs.

Some plants are migratory, while others are fixed to particular localities, from which they never wander. In Hampton Court Park, there is a small pink, which inhabits a particular mound of earth; and although it has long been known on that spot, yet it has never extended beyond it.

It is curious to observe the influence which particular soils have on different flowers. Whoever has attended to the cultivation of tulips, must have noticed, that, by planting them on too rich a soil, the colours will spread; and others, which have steadily remained of one colour in some particular soil, will, on being removed to another, break into a variety of colours. If the common field primrose is taken up, and the root separated, and planted in another soil, the blossom loses its brilliant yellow hue, and becomes of a pale brown or chocolate colour.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary phenomena connected with animal life, is the tendency of plants to follow light, which seems so necessary to their health, and even existence. This makes them display what Blumenbach calls real motion. In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, there is an excellent example of this tendency described.

In the spring, a potato was left in the cellar where some roots had been kept during the winter, and which had only a small aperture for the admission of light at the upper end of one of its sides. The potato, which lay in the opposite corner of the aperture, shot out a runner, which first ran twenty feet along the ground, then crept up along the wall, and so through the opening by which light was admitted.

Providence, ever mindful of the wants of the human race, has endowed these plants which are of the greatest importance to mankind either with the property of adapting themselves to a great variety of climates, or, when confined to any individual climate, of flourishing there in almost any kind of soil. This is the case with several species of grain, the potato, &c., and that valuable plant the cocoa. Palm vegetates vigorously in sandy and stony, as well as in the richest earth.

Many plants, common duckweed for example, are not firmly attached to the ground by the roots, but can change their situations at certain seasons of the year, sinking at one time to the bottom, and at others coming to the surface of the water.

TRADE WITH PORTUGAL.

Lord John Russell moved the order of the day for the House going into a committee on the Registration Bill, when

Mr Robinson wished to ask whether the Government had any official cognizance of a decree which had been promulgated in Portugal, which was exceedingly unfavourable to our commerce with that country; and if they had not, what their intentions were as to the course to be pursued by this country under such extraordinary circumstances?

Lord Palmerston, in answer to the question which the hon. gentleman had just put, would state that his Majesty's Government had received from their commercial agents cognizance of that which the hon. gentleman had described, not only unfavourable to British commerce, but unfavourable to the commerce of Portugal itself. (Hear from Dr Bowring.) It would have the effect of turning the commerce of Portugal into a contraband trade, and would thus prove materially injurious to our interests. What his Majesty's Government might think proper to do on this subject, the hon. member for Worcester, he was sure, would not expect him then to state. It was a subject of great importance and was now under the consideration of his Majesty's Government. (Hear.) Whether the Government would be found to resort to any measure of retaliation, he was not then prepared to state; but there had been another decree issued imposing tonnage duties on British ships, and he was quite prepared to state, that as soon as his Majesty's Government had ascertained that that decree had come into effect, and that those duties had been established in Portugal, they would have recourse to the power which was vested in them, and would issue an order for duties corresponding to those in Portugal, adverse as much to Portuguese ships coming here, as their duties were to British ships going to Portugal. (Hear.)

Mr Robinson was not at all surprised at this hostility on the part of Portugal. Indeed, he had predicted as much at the time the present Lord Spencer had altered the duties on wines from Portugal.

Mr Hume thought if our commercial engagements with Portugal were now to be inquired into, it would be a fit time to consider all our other relations with that country. (Hear.) This country was, it would be recollected, put to great expense in maintaining a treaty entered into with that state, and he thought the Noble Lord had now a fair claim for a liberal interpretation of our commercial relations with that country. He hoped, however, that it would not be necessary to resort to what the Noble Lord stated as a sort of revenge upon that Government in case they refused to act a fair part. He would rather share them into better and more equitable line of policy.

(From Liverpool Courier March 1-16.)

The ministerialists hug themselves nightly upon their majority of 80 in the division on the Irish municipal corporation bill. For our own part, it puzzles to come at the grounds of their triumph. Who anticipated any other result? Who expected that anything but faction, and self-interest, and hypocrisy would triumph in the present House of Commons? The question was decided before the debate began. Who could blame the Conservatives, if, with no chance of victory, they declined remaining to grace the triumphal procession of the victors? Indeed, the great wonder to us—the great praise of the Conservative members—is, that fully conscious they were fighting a losing battle—feeling that the harnessed and hired majority were as invulnerable to reasoning or persuasion, as the walls that enclosed them—243 individuals should have patiently waited until three or four o'clock on the third night of a tedious debate, simply to enjoy the mortification of recording a condemned and useless vote. As it is, the ministerial majority is thus partly accounted for; the number of Conservatives absent was 53—of ministerialists, 36.

But the majority exhibits an increase of 16 upon the corresponding majority of last session—what say you to that? What do we say to it? We say, in the first place, that besides the reason already assigned, a difference of 16 votes, in a house of 564 members, may be brought about by a hundred temporary or accidental causes; and the inferences tell sadly for the hungry and lean necessities of the party which takes so much pains to parade as trumpets an advantage. What do we say to it? We say, paradoxical as it may sound, that it is a further proof and consequence of the unpopularity of the government. It is a part and parcel of the reaction that has been going on against the revolutionary policy of Ministers and their incendiary tasmasters. A few words will be sufficient to make this clear. The present House of Commons is anything but a representative of the constituencies. In England, wherever the constituencies have had an opportunity of declaring their sentiments, they have flung from them with disdain the betrayers of their confidence and the plotters against the li-

beries and the peace of the country. Elsewhere, though Radicalism has prevailed at the hustings, in almost every instance the return has been followed by a petition. In Anglesea, Mr. Owen Stanley is to be petitioned against, and in Longford, Mr. Luke White is not only petitioned against, but has expressed a determination not to defend his seat. Can it be supposed that the only men unobservant of these events are the members "by accident"—(we thank Lord Morpeth for the idea)—of the house of Commons—the men who, having got into Parliament under false pretences, and a false excitement of public feeling, look upon a dissolution as the death-warrant of their misbegotten elevation? Can it be supposed that they are so stupid as not to see the application of the lesson to themselves? No, no; they see it too well. They see that what has taken place on a small scale, would, in the event of a dissolution, take place on a large scale—that numbers who now sit in Parliament, would sit in it no more; and the consequence is, their readiness to vote for any measure, provided it state off, for ever so short a period, the ignominious reckoning which they know awaits them on their return to their respective constituencies.

It has been likewise pointed out, that in the last division upon the same subject, namely for receiving or rejecting the Lords' amendments, Ministers had a majority of 86,—making their present majority a loss of 6, instead of a gain of 16. The government prints deny that this is a fair comparison, the two cases not being parallel. Others may think differently. They may think it highly probable that all who voted against the bill, with the Lords' amendments, would have voted for the bill, without those amendments; that therefore the majority of 86, being as fairly to be considered a measure of the intrinsic strength of ministers upon this question as the previous majority of 64, upon substantially the same issue, does denote a positive decrease, as compared with the present majority of 80, of six votes. But we return to our former position. What are the votes of men who have ceased to be the representatives of any thing but their own places in Parliament, and who vote, not for the good of their constituents, but for the prolongation of an office which is now become little better than a usurpation.

Then comes the question.—What will be the effect of this decision upon the fate of the measure in the House of Lords, and upon the ultimate fortunes of the Ministry? We answer at once, the Lords will act according to their consciences and unbiased judgment of what is right. They will not be shaken by menace, nor caught by the clap-net of words without meaning, or meant only to cozen and delude. They will know that "Justice to Ireland" signifies no less than O'Connell's tyranny, and destruction to the Protestant Established Church, because it has been affirmed over again by a venal and factious House of Commons.—They will know that the Irish are no more fit for popular municipal institutions than they were last session, by having been subjected another year to the inflammatory influence of demagogic excitement—by having had their passions more roused, their animosities more embittered, their hatred of everything English and Protestant fomented by all the arts of seditious agitation and priestly cunning. It is scarcely possible to deal in patience with this lying and hypocritical cant about "Justice to Ireland!" What is the translation that its authors give us of it? Uniformity of institutions with England and Scotland! Why, then, do they not cherish and defend the English Established Church in Ireland, instead of clamouring for its overthrow? Why, if they are dissatisfied with the English Establishment, do they not cry out for a Presbytery with Scotland? "Oh," they tell you, "the majority of the Irish are Catholics; therefore she ought to have a Catholic Establishment." And pray, upon what is the claim of Ireland to a Catholic Establishment founded but upon a diversity of circumstances between her and England. This diversity they loudly plead when Ireland is to be granted an established church, but they absolutely refuse to admit it when she is to be denied popular municipal institutions.—The basis of the municipal institutions of Great Britain is self-government. Self-government requires that those who are invested with it should be qualified, not only by intelligence, to think for themselves, but also, by free agency, to act for themselves. If it could be shown that that description of the inferior orders in Ireland in whom it is proposed to lodge the control of corporate affairs, the distribution of corporate patronage, and the direction of the combined influence of corporations to certain political objects, were qualified, either by education or by local acquaintance, to form correct notions of the proper management of public affairs, or of the fitness of public men, or, having formed such notions, were at liberty to act upon them according to the dictates of their conscience, then, we admit, one main objection to the Irish municipal corporation bill would be removed. But when the case is notoriously the reverse—when the lower class in the Irish towns are,

according to the representations of the Liberals themselves, deplorably destitute of education—when the very genius of their faith subjects them to the grinding and slavish control of bigoted and often malevolent and disaffected priests,—when the concession of more privilege would only subject its helpless possessor to a more goading tyranny—we think "justice" consists rather in withholding from the poor Irishman a power of which he would be the nominal possessor, but by which the lawless, the disloyal, and the despotic intriguer alone would benefit. It suits, however, with the characteristic inconsistency of those who style themselves Liberals, that, with indignant abhorrence of coercion or interference with the purity and freedom of election upon their lips, they are compassing sea and land in order to inflict upon Ireland one of the surest instruments of coercion—one of the most potent obstructions to freedom and purity of election that could possibly be devised.

The Lords, we say, will be aware of these things. They will look to the country, and not to the votes of the House of Commons. They will remember that the House of Commons, as a body, remains the same, while the indications of a change of opinion and of feeling in the nation have been strong and frequent. They will continue the firm and patriotic course they have hitherto pursued, and they may safely look to the nation for a final verdict in their favour.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* announces the detection of another plot for the destruction of the King. The crime was to be committed by the means of something which the journalists call "an infernal machine." The artificer of this machine, to whom appears to have been assigned by his accomplices the task of perpetrating the assassination, was a journeyman mechanic, named Champion. Being taken into custody, the wretch confessed his guilt and the circumstances connected with the meditated crime, and then anticipated justice by hanging himself. The *Journal des Debats* adds to these details, that it appears certain that the infernal machine which Champion sought to construct was copied from the model of that of Fieschi, but with this difference, that the gun-barrels, placed in the form of a fan, made a demi-circumference, and thus rendered the firing more certain and deadly. It was, it is said, in a house situate on the route from the *Champs Elysees* to Neuilly that Champion proposed to place his machine. The *Courrier Francais* says, that Champion was a locksmith, and was a man of great enthusiasm, and extreme violence. He had long indulged a most senseless hatred of the King, and he did not endeavour to conceal this in his language.

(From the London Courier, March 16.)

SPAIN.

BAYONNE, MARCH 13.—Half-past three p.m.—Gen. Evans made an attack on the morning of the 10th, and successively obtained possession of the heights of Ametzagana and all the Carlist entrenchments. He afterwards made some demonstrations whilst awaiting the movements of Generals Espartero and Saarsfield. The loss was equal on both sides. General Saarsfield marched on the 11th, with 10,000 men, and encamped the same day in the plain of Izuizan. Espartero entered Durango on the 11th. One of his columns took 500 prisoners. (Interrupted by night-fall.)

ST. SEBASTIAN, MARCH 10.—This morning the 10th English battalion, seconded by another Spanish battalion, took by assault the fort of Ametzagana. The carnage was horrible. The *cerca* of Ametzagana was taken by the Christians at 8 o'clock this morning. At 10 o'clock the Carlists had retaken it; the heat of action took place at this spot. At 5 o'clock in the evening no positive result had taken place, although the line had been broken. The Christians had advanced nearly as far as Astigarraga. Irun was in a state of consternation. It is said that Espartero had commenced his movement, and that his co-operation was expected. Iriarte is advancing towards the Bastan. The movement may be considered general. Two hundred and fifty wounded have already been brought into the town. The combat is as bloody as it is desperate.

BERGIA, MARCH 10.—As I anticipated in my last, the long-expected move commenced in the direction of Hernani. At 6 o'clock, under the cover of the guns on the Alza and Anetza heights, about 3,000 men, consisting principally of Spanish troops, advanced on and took, after little or no resistance, the celebrated Ametzagana hill. This was achieved at 7 in the morning. They then advanced on a redoubt erected by the Carlists on a hill between Ametzagana and Renteria. This, after a sharp combat they took; but it was subsequently retaken by a Carlist battalion, who suddenly pouncing upon two companies of Chappellgorris in charge of it, almost cut them to pieces. Afterwards this same redoubt was taken and retaken three times, but in the end was secured by the Queen's troops, who with little further resistance then made their way to Oyarzun, thus

cutting off the road between Irun and Hernani. This occurred about mid-day. During all this time, ten battalions of the Queen's troops were drawn up on the ground near the Antigua Convent, waiting for the taking of Oyarzun, as a signal to advance.—On its capture being announced, they were put in motion, keeping the right bank of the river Urumea, and being little troubled by the factious until they reached the bridge at Astigarraga. Here a frightful combat took place during nearly two hours; but in the end the Queen's troops gained the position and crossed the river. Here they were met by a detachment of the troops who had taken Oyarzun, and during a short pause measures were taken to secure Astigarraga and the road leading from thence to Oyarzun. This was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The troops now took a circuitous route, and for a time it appeared as if a move on Andoin was contemplated. The real object in view was, however, soon discovered, namely, to take Hernani in flank. This was soon perceived by the Carlists, and a great effort was made to prevent the manoeuvre. Contending for this great point—the principal point of contact being between Urbieta and Hernani—the latest accounts received at St. Jean de Luz, and I may add day-fight left the two parties. I cannot of course guarantee this narrative as being correct in all its points; but comparing the result of my own observations (taken on the highest ground on the French frontier) with the stories told by the *patrons* of the several boats who crossed during the day, I am inclined to think it pretty accurately describes the line adopted. The day must have been dreadful to both parties, and I fear on both sides frightful loss of life will be recorded. Up to 11 o'clock about 250 had been brought into St. Sebastian, and the accounts stated the slaughter to have been dreadful. The Carlists brought up their men fresh and fresh to the attack. At the commencement of the attack in the morning not more than a thousand men left Irun and Fontarabia; but as the day advanced, both those important posts were almost entirely without defenders. A single battalion landed near Fontarabia towards evening, would have taken it by assault. I understand that the guns which were embarked with the view of being brought to Socoa were carried up during the high tide to Renteria, and from thence by the road moved on to Oyarzun, where towards 1 o'clock they were mounted. An immense number of houses appeared to have been set on fire during the day. This, as well as I could judge, was the work of the Carlists in their retreat.—*Correspondent of the Morn. Chron.*

The proceedings of the House of Lords during the earlier portion of the week were unimportant, but, on Thursday evening, a somewhat interesting discussion took place in reference to the ministerial plan for the abolition of Church Rates. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in presenting some petitions on the subject, stated that fifteen Prelates, the whole at that time in London, had met that morning, and had unanimously resolved to oppose the measure. Lord Melbourne intimated his intention of persevering in the face of all opposition, from whatever quarter it might arise. It is plain that the measure will be warmly resisted—with what success remains to be seen.—*Greenock Advertiser, March 13.*

The debate upon the affairs of Lower Canada, which, as we stated in our last, was adjourned from Monday to Wednesday last, was closed on Thursday morning, when Lord John Russell's resolutions were supported by 318 votes, and Mr. Leader's amendment to make the Legislative Council Elective by only 56. We are happy to state that not one Scottish member voted in the minority. The sweeping majority which supported Ministers must satisfy the leaders of the Canadian party that their extravagant views meet with no sympathy among the people of this country; and that however Messrs. Hume and Reebuck may write or speak in reference to the matters in dispute, the Imperial Parliament will never sanction a course of policy which would eventually go to the seclusion of the natives of the United Kingdom from a British Colony.—*Ibid.*

Dreadful Storm at Valparaiso, South America.—A dreadful tempest

o ok place at Valparaiso, Oct. 23rd, 1836, accompanied by smart shocks of earthquakes. The vessels in the port were driven from their anchorage; and the crashing of the yards and masts, as they fell over the sides of the ships, was truly terrific.—Numbers of the large launches used in the discharging and loading of merchant ships were driven on shore in groups, where they beat each other to pieces; while others, more securely anchored, sunk on the spot.—Night came on, and the persons remaining on the wrecks had only their own resources to look to. It was under these circumstances that the William Byrne, no longer able to endure the accumulated force of the rising tide, commenced breaking up with fearful rapidity; leaving the crew no alternative but to attempt reaching the shore at the most difficult period since the forenoon.—Their only reliance was on the bawler still fast on shore, but the difficulty of dragging themselves through the tangled kelp and the tremendous surf was most laborious and hazardous, and required that sort of courage and exertion which we have no idea we possess until extraordinary circumstances call it forth. Though more than half dead, yet they all landed. Before midnight the William Byrne was beaten to pieces, and her fragments strewed the beach for many hundred yards. With her perished a cargo valued at 65,000 dollars.—The amount of damage is estimated at 368,000 dollars.

Madrid Journals to the 26th Feb. have been received. Their contents are by no means of a satisfactory nature. In Arragon, the rebel bands have been guilty of the most atrocious outrages—scouring the country in all directions, without fear of encountering a Constitutional force able to offer them the least effectual resistance. A band, four thousand strong entered and sacked the town of Utie, on the 12th, and afterwards proceeded to Menglanilla, Iniesta, and Jara, which severally met with the same fate. On the 18th, they were attacked near Bunol by two thousand regulars, whom they put to flight at the first charge, with the loss of several killed and wounded. Against these bands, Brigadier Lopez marched from Cuenca on the 16th at the head of about three thousand troops of all descriptions—infantry of the line, infantry of the National Guards, cavalry of the line, and mounted Nationals. Of the Brigadier's success nothing was known at Madrid up to the 24th inst.

On the 24th ult. a draft of the Spanish Constitution, as amended by the committee, was presented to the Cortes. It differs but little from the Constitution of 1812. It provides for a second Chamber to be called a Senate, the members of which are to be elected for life. They are to be named by the King, out of a list prepared by the Cortes, containing three as many candidates as there are vacancies, thereby conceding to the Sovereign a limited right of choice. The Senators must be all above forty years of age, and are not to exceed in numbers three-fifths of the Chamber of Deputies. They must also be possessed of a sufficient competence to be enabled to support their rank without dependence on the King or his Ministers.

**Belgium.**—M. Nothomb, the minister of public works in Belgium, has just laid before the Chamber of Representatives a return of the railroads formed in the kingdom at the expense of the government. They extend along 115 leagues, having their

central point at Mechlin. They consist of two principal lines—one from the French frontier to Antwerp, by Brussels, and the other from Ostend to the frontier of Prussia, near Aix-la-Chapelle, by Ghent, Mechlin, Louvain, Liege, and Verviers.—When the King of Prussia has authorized the projected elongation, Antwerp and Ostend will be brought into communication with the Rhine at Bolonge.

**THE STAR.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1837

We have been kindly favoured with English papers to the 16th of March. The most interesting of the proceedings in Parliament, are the debates on the Motion for the abolition of Church Rates, and on the granting of Municipal Corporations to Ireland. As it respects the first of these, the *London Courier* of the 16th of March, says:—“The debate on the Church rate question is at length brought to a conclusion, and the resolutions proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been adopted by what is certainly only a small majority, and with the avowed hostility of the Church and Tory Peers, there is no probability, that it will pass into a law.”

As it regards the second of them—Irish Corporation,—we give Mr O'CONNELL'S speech in the debate on the subject in the House of Commons on the 22d of February He said:—

“The question was of the deepest interest to the whole of the united empire. The claimants were the people of Ireland, and the demand they made was for equal political rights with the rest of the united empire. The Irish people only asked what was sanctioned by the principles of the union; they asked for that which an Irish legislature would not have refused them for a moment. He certainly rose as a repealer. He rose to state that he felt it absolutely necessary for the benefit of the country that there should be a repeal, and that he did not believe the period had arrived, or had any appearance of arriving, when a British Legislature would do perfect justice to Ireland.—Everything he had heard that night convinced him of it. He warned them. He would not be just if he did not caution the parliament and the whole country against that conduct which must render it necessary for the friends of Ireland to renew the agitation of repeal. It was in that sense a most important question for the whole empire. The Irish had been deprived of their parliament; but if the Union was not founded upon an equalization of rights, it was a fraud upon one country, and a tyranny upon the other. He only rose to register his protest against this additional refusal of justice, and to declare that he was convinced that the people of Ireland must look to other means to obtain their rights, than through a British parliament.”

The *Courier* of the 16th March, contains intelligence from Spain to the 13th of March which we copy in another column.

Died, on Monday, the 20th ult., at Southampton, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury. The late Bishop was Dr Thomas Burgess, who was consecrated Bishop of St. David's in 1803, and translated to Salisbury in 1825. His Lordship was F.R.S. and F.S.A. President of the Royal Society of Literature, Proctor of Canterbury, and *ex officio* Proctor of the Order of the Garter.—*Lie. Courier*, March 1.

The information upon which our report in the last number, of the loss of two Brigades at Pouch Cove was founded, proves to have been incorrect as far as regards the *Elizabeth*, from Cadiz. This vessel was, it now appears, extricated from her extremely perilous situation, and driven along shore, with out anchors and with her rudder in a very shattered condition, to the southward of Cape Race, having been prevented by drift ice from making a harbor. When nearly off Renew's in the ice, thirteen men and one of the pilots who had boarded the vessel at Pouch Cove, abandoned her, and reached one of the harbors, leaving only five persons on board—the Master (Campbell), Mr. Cullin, Ship Master, (who had gone down to *Pouch Cove* to render assistance) Thomas Ryan, Pilot, and two Seamen. This small crew, however, by perseverance and exertion, though at great personal risk, succeeded in bringing the vessel into this port, on Tuesday evening last. The Master, Pilot, and all on board are entitled to great credit for their spirited conduct, for which we hope they will receive a substantial recompense.—The *CAROLINE* has gone to pieces, with total loss of a valuable cargo of provisions.—*Newfoundlander*, April 6.

**KILLIGREWS PACKET.**

JAMES HODGE,  
Of Killigrews,

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he has a most safe and commodious FOUR-SAIL BOAT, capable of conveying a number of PASSENGERS, and which he intends running the WINTER as long as the weather will permit, between Killigrews, and Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at the House of Mr. John Crute and Mr. Patrick Kieley, for Letters, Packages, &c., and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as the wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land, by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has a Horse and Sleigh, which he will have every TUESDAY morning in St. John's, for the purpose of conveying Passengers to Killigrews and from Killigrews to St. John's— he intends carrying a Saddle every trip in case the path should not be unserviceable for the Sleigh to return. He has also good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

**Terms of Passage, &c —**

One Person, or Three, 15s.—Passages across the Bay, above that number, 5s. each —Passages in the Sleigh 7s. 6d. each, Saddle Horse 10s.—Luggage, &c. carried on the most reasonable terms.

Killigrews,  
Feb. 1, 1837.

**MIDDLE BIGHT PACKET.**

Robert and John Hinds  
Of Middle Bight.

BEG most respectfully to inform their Friends and the Public, that they have a safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, which they intend running the Winter, as long as the weather will permit, between MIDDLE BIGHT and BRIGUS, and PORT-DE-GRAVE.—One of the Owners, of the Packet will call every TUESDAY Morning at Messrs. Perchard & Boag's for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by Water, the Letters will be forwarded by Land by a careful Person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

They beg to state, also, that they have good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on reasonable terms.

**Terms.**

Passengers . . . . 5s. each  
Single Letters . . . . 1s.  
Double do. . . . . 2s.  
Packages in proportion.  
Not accountable for Cash or any other valuable property put on board.  
Letters will be received at Messrs. PERCHARD & BOAG'S.  
Feb. 1, 1837.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS**

**Offer on accommodating terms,**

BREAD, F. & S. F. Hamburg  
FLOUR, S. F.  
OATMEAL and RICE  
BUTTER, Cork 2nd cheap  
A few Barrels Prime BEEF  
RUM and MOLASSES  
SOAP and CANDLES  
LOAF SUGAR by the cwt.  
10 Barrels very Superior or Moist ditto  
10 Boxes Jamaica COFFEE  
TEAS of all kinds in assorted sized packages  
CURRANTS, reasonably by the cwt.  
WINES Port, Madeira, Teneriffe, & Red  
Cognac BRANDY  
STARCH and BLUE very low in small packages  
TAR and OAKUM  
Negr-head TOBACCO 100lb kegs  
TOBACCO PIPES  
100 Pair Mens Superior DECK BOOTS  
BLANKETINGS  
Trelle Milled SWANSKIN, and a  
General Supply suitable for the Seal Fishery  
WILLIAM DIXON & Co.  
Harbour Grace,  
February 1, 1837.

**Blanks**

of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace,  
Feb 22, 1837.

**On Sale**

**FOR SALE**

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,  
The Fee Simple of

ALL that FARM and PLANTATION situate in MUSQUITTO VALLEY, on the East side of the Road between HARBOUR GRACE and CARBONEAR, known by the name of GODERICH DALE FARM, containing 140 Acres of LAND; together with the COTTAGE, BARN, and other improvements thereon, as they now stand; held under Grant from the Crown; and the Purchaser is to be subject to whatsoever Rents, past, present, and future, may be demanded by the Crown.

The said FARM was formerly the Property of J. STAN PARKIN, Esq. It is conveniently situated for carting Manure to it from Musquitto Beach.

For further particulars, apply to  
HENRY CORBIN WATTS,  
Barrister at Law.

Carbonear,  
January 18, 1837

**To be LET or SOLD.**

FOUR DWELLING-HOUSES, STORE and WHARF, all in good repair and situated in a central part of the Town, with a space of GROUND to the Westward of the STORE, well situated for a Dwelling-House, or other Buildings, with a large space of back GROUND, for the unexpired term of between Four and Sixty years. Balance of Rent £7 10s. a year.

For further particulars, apply to  
THOMAS MARTIN,  
Harbour Grace,  
January 18, 1837

**G. W. GILL**

HAS JUST RECEIVED,  
Per Lark from Liverpool,  
PART OF HIS FALL SUPPLY OF  
**MANCHESTER  
GOODS,**  
Which having been selected by himself the recommends as being of the best quality.  
Carbonear.

**DESERTED**

FROM the service of the Subscriber, on the 15th day of NOVEMBER last,

MICHAEL COADY,  
an APPRENTICE, (bound by the Supreme Court), about Five feet Seven inches high, black hair, full eyes and pimply in the face, a Native of St. John's. This is to caution all Persons from harbouring or employing the said DESERTER, as they will be Prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the Law.

JAMES COUGHLAN,  
Bryant's Cove,  
Feb. 22, 1837.

**TO BE SOLD OR LET.**

SEVENTEEN YEARS UNEXPIRED LEASEHOLD,  
Of those desirable **MERCANTILE PREMISES**, situate at CARBONEAR, and lately in the occupation of MR. WILLIAM BENNETT, SHOP, COUNTING HOUSE, Four STORES, a commodious WHARF, and Two OIL VATS sufficient to contain about 8000 Seals.  
For particulars, apply to  
TULLY, JOB & Co.  
John's, June 28, 1836.

**LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, ST. JOHN'S** which will not be forwarded until the POSTAGE is paid.

HARBOUR GRACE.  
Thomas Tully—care Patrick Morris, Esq., St. John's.  
John Carter—care Thos. Foley, Harbour Grace.  
From John Jewell, seaman on board H.M.S. *Talavera*, to James Jewell at Mr. Soper's Harbour Grace.  
Mr. Joseph Woods.  
Thomas Murphy—care of Wm. Ballie.  
Thos. Hyde, Ba-de-Verde—care of C. F. Bennett, St. John's.  
Patrick Strapp, Harbour Main—care Pat. Welch, St. John's.  
Thos. O'Hara.  
Miss Ann Maria Ford, Cubits.

CARBONEAR  
W. Bennett, junr.,—care Gosse, Pack, and Fryer.  
Thos. Leck—care John White, South side.  
Wm. Bennett, mercant.  
Joseph Peters, a paper.  
S. SOLOMAN P.M.  
St. John's, Nov. 23, 1836.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

In London and other larger commercial cities, I have always found myself remarkably impressed by peculiar circumstance—the contrast between the bustling streets, full of living faces and to-day objects of all kinds, and the quiet and ancient churchyards which are generally found situated in the midst of them. But five yards, perhaps off a thoroughfare which for centuries has borne the press of breathing men—where the luxuries and conveniences of life are presented in infinite variety, to attract and fix the attention of the passenger, and where men and women seem so much engaged in the affairs of this world as hardly to be conscious there is any other—you find the silent and cloistered precinct of the old parish church, paved with the memorials of past generations, who once passed as gaily and thoughtlessly along the ways of the city as those you have just seen, but have long retreated to this narrow place, so near, yet so different from all their former haunts. The transition, in your own case as a visitor, as well as in theirs who pass in this space from life unto death, is the most sudden and rapid that can be imagined—yet how different all the attributes of the two scenes! In the first, now neat, how fresh, how perfectly of this world, everything looks!—in the other, how dismal, and in general, how neglected. Here you have, at one moment, perhaps the most animated and cheering scene in the world; there, at the next instant, your gaze is turned upon the most torpid and gloomy. At one twinkle of the eye we find life and all its affairs exchanged for death and all its circumstances, and pass, at a single step from the lightest to the gravest of reflections.

I am not aware of any place where this contrast is presented in a more striking manner than it is from an eminence which rises above the north-east suburbs of the great mercantile city of Glasgow. After fluttering for hours through the crowded streets, amidst numberless beings to whom death seems the remotest of all ideas, you are led perhaps to this ornamented hill, whence you command a view of the far-spread town, with its spires peering out here and there, to mark the extent of a waste of houses which would otherwise be hardly distinguishable, while close beneath your feet you see the dark and huge cathedra, surrounded by its extending and extensive cemetery—a city of the living and a city of the dead being thus brought into immediate comparison, and weaving out of their separate influences the most impressive of all lessons. The place of the living is, as you can see and hear, one of the busiest scenes of men's labours. It contains hundreds of thousands of industrious human beings—all toiling on from morn to eve in their various pursuits, some for mere subsistence, others for loftier objects, but all animated by human motives and in general, thinking of nothing in the meantime beyond the bounded horizon of mortal life. How many hearts are there bending anxiously over accounts, in which their own welfare, and that of all who are dear to them, is concerned! What numberless modes are there assumed, of gaining that surplus of value called profit, on which so much of the comfort of individuals depends! How keenly are even pence, in many cases, there aimed at and lugged for—what emotions of the soul, what lightnings of the eye, what contentions between man and man, there arise from considerations of money, and of the almost infinite benefits which money can purchase! The whole vast space is covered to the uttermost nook with human creatures, whom the common doom has compelled, for the sake of bread and other sublimary enjoyments, to narrow their souls to the affairs of lucre, while they every moment tend onward to a fate more glorious or more terrific than imagination can picture, and are even now capable of thoughts and sentiments far above this world. And all this too, is only a detachment of that trifling section of the human race called the present generation. On or near the same ground have men toiled and moiled as anxiously as these for many centuries; and what is it all, and what will it all come to?—To the little fold which we see directly beneath—a space not large enough to contain the lodgings of a hundred living families, but which has received into its bosom thousands after thousands of the more easily accommodated dead, and will in time absorb multitudes as great, and yet never cry enough.

Yes, as the poet sings—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." That small spot, of which so few are now thinking as they pace the streets of the busy city, is the real termination of all the journeys they are making. Go they east or west, north or south, be business or be pleasure; their immediate object, to this dismal scene must they arrive at last. Not a step do they take which does not bring them nearer to this ultimate point, although they may seem for a time to lead them in a different direction.—Every effort which they are making to exalt themselves in this world, only renders them the richer spoil for the daily hecatomb here

offered up to death, and in which sooner or later, they must bear a part. Every improvement which they can make in their circumstances, while they live, gives them but the chance of a more secluded spot in this gathering place of the departed, or a monument which will longer continue to tell its unmeaning and unregarded tale. In a few short years, they and all their joys and sorrows, their greatness or their lowliness, will have shrunk into this cold and uncomely scene, while their various walks of business and labour are occupied by others, to whose pursuits a similar bourn will in time be assigned.

It is not perhaps to be desired that reflections of this solemn kind should often or permanently fall upon the minds of men; for, if we were to be perpetually brooding over the gloomy view which the end of life presents, we would embitter that life to a degree rendering us quite unfit for the proper management of either our temporal or spiritual concerns. In general, however, human beings, or at least that portion of them called men of the world, are in little danger of suffering from this cause. It is more frequently observed that a constant commerce with the world hardens the heart towards all beyond the world—if not also too much in the world, regarding which it is desirable that we should keep our feelings awake. It cannot but be salutary, then, for all who are in danger of falling into this insensibility, to turn their minds occasionally to the affairs of mortality, and seeing the uselessness of all acquisitions after death, the vanity of all terrestrial glory, and the community of destiny which overhangs the various orders of the human race, open their hearts more freely to the claims of their fellow-creatures around them, and otherwise lay up those stores which will stand in good stead when they and the world have alike passed away.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and most opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalareus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an abolus, or 1½d a day. The Æginates, a trading people, possessed, according to Aristotle, 470,000.—Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than a 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smindyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves was maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion: upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts for emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly as destructive. At one time 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome; who were headed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Caesar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the senate house where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his valise under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Antiburgher minister.

JOE MILLER.—Mr Matthews in his celebrated Monopolylogue, entitled Mathews' dream or Theatrical Gallery, gives the following curious and not generally known anecdote of the well-known Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:—"It is a fact not generally known," says he, "that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who from Joe's imperturbably gravity, whenever

any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this bandinage. A Mr Motley a well known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come."

EPIGRAM.

'Tis a very good world we live in,  
To spend, and to lend, and to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or to ask for our own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

POETRY

THE WRECK.

All night the booming minute gun  
Had pealed along the deep,  
And mournfully the rising sun  
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.  
A bark, from India's coral strand,  
Before the rushing blast,  
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,  
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven  
And true ones died with her!  
We saw her mighty cable riven,  
Like floating gossamer!  
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,  
A star once o'er the seas,  
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,—  
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away;  
The rocks with pearl were sown;  
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray  
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;  
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,  
Like ashes by a breeze,  
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore  
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside!  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died!  
And near him on the sea-weed lay,  
Till then we had not wept,  
But well our gushing hearts might say,  
That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed  
With such a wreathing gasp,  
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,  
Yet not undone the clasp!  
Her very tresses had been flung  
To wrap the fair child's form,  
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,  
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,  
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,  
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,  
In melancholy grace.  
Deep in her bosom lay his head,  
With half-shut violet eye;  
He had known little of her dread,  
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart  
Through all things vainly true,  
Stamps upon the mortal part,  
Its passionate adieu!  
Surely thou hast another lot,  
There is some home for thee,  
Where thou shalt rest, remember not  
The moaning of the sea!

TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away;  
Another hour—another day—  
Another month—another year—  
Drop from us like the leaflet sear;  
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;  
The rose bloom from the cheek departs;  
The tresses from the temples fall;  
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away;  
Like torrent in a stormy day,  
He undermines the stately tower,  
Uproots the trees and seeps the flower;  
And sweeps from our distracted breast,  
The friends that loved, the friends that blest  
And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away;  
No eagle through the skies of day,  
No wind along the hills can flee,  
So swiftly, or so smooth as he,  
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage,  
He bears us on—from youth to age;  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fatherless Eternity.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet.

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Port-au-Cocq on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers	..... 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children	..... 5s.
Single Letters	..... 6d.
Double Do.	..... 1s.

and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE.  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen	..... 7s. 6d.
Other Persons	from 5s. to 3s. 6
Single Letters	..... 6
Double do.	..... 1

And Packages in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.

Carbonear, June, 1835.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, and the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet-Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Fore ditto	ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single	6d
Double, Do.	1s.

Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruet's.  
Carbonear,  
June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on East by the House of the late Captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbor Grace.