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THE



STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. IV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1839.

No. 258.

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Mr. W. DIXONS.

A DINNER IN THE TEMPLE.

(FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE)

CHAP. I.

HOW WE WENT TO DINE AT JACK GINGER'S.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex-court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpty Harlow, Bob Burke, Anthony Harrison and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candle, table, chairs, table cloth, napkins,—no not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, (which we borrowed from the whig-maker,) tumblers, lemons, sugar, water, glasses, decanters—by the by I am not sure that there were decanters—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard bread, butter, (plain and melted,) cheese, radishes, potatoes and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match! Joe Macgillicuddy, a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding; Humpty Harlow, a surloin of roast beef, with horse radish; Bob Burke, a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whiskey, of prime quality, ("Potteen, wrote the Whiskeyman, "I say by Jupiter, but of which many-facture, He alone knows!") Anthony Harrison, half a dozen port, he having tucked to that amount at some unfortunate wine-merchant's; and I supplied cigars à discretion, and a bottle of rum, which I borrowed from a West Indian friend of mine as I passed by. So that, on the whole, we were in no danger of suffering from any of the extremes of hunger and thirst for the course of that evening.

We met at five o'clock—sharp—and very sharp. Not a man was missing when the clock of the Inner Temple struck the last stroke. Jack Ginger had done every thing to admiration. Nothing could be more splendid than this turn out. He had superintended the cooking himself of every individual dish, with his own eyes, or rather eye, he having but one, the other having been lost in a skirmish when he was midshipman on board a pirate in the Brazilian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days; gad, did I ever think when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue, and study the law."—All was accurate to the utmost degree.—The tablecloth to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of delf. We were not of the silver fork school of poetry, but steel is not to be despised. If the table was somewhat rickety, the inequality in the legs was supplied by clapping a volume of Vesey under the short one. As for the chairs—but why weary about details—chairs being made to be sat upon, it is sufficient to say, that they answered their purposes, and whether they had backs or not, whether they were cane bottomed, or hair bottomed, or rush bottomed is nothing to the present enquiry.

Jack's habits of discipline made him punctual, and dinner was on the table in less than three minutes after five. Down we sat, hungry as hunteas, and eager for the prey.

"Is there a parson in company?" said Jack Ginger from the had of the table.
"No," responded I from the foot.
"Then thank God," said Jack, and proceeded, after this pious grace, to distribute the cod's head and shoulders to the hungry multitude.

CHAP. II.

HOW WE DINED AT JACK GINGER'S.

The history of that cod's head and shoulders, would occupy but little space to write. Its flakes, like the flakes on a

river, were for one moment bright then gone for ever; it perished unpitiedly.—"Bring hither," said Jack, with a firm voice, "the leg of pork." It appeared, but soon to disappear again. Not a man in the company but showed his abhorrence of the judicial practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine. Equally clear was it in a few moments that we were truly British in our devotion to beef. The surloin was impartially destroyed on both sides, upper and under. Dire was the clatter of the knives, but deep the silence of the guests. Jerry Gallagher, Jack's valet-de-chambre, footman, cook, clerk, shoeblack, aid-de-camp, scout, confidant, dun-chaser, dum-defyer, and many other offices in commendam, toiled like a hero. He covered himself with glory and gravy every minute. In a short time a vociferation arose for fluid, and the half-and-half, Whitebread quartered upon Chamytton, beautiful heraldry!—was inhaled with the most savage satisfaction.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Bob Burke," said Joe Macgillicuddy wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"With pleasure Joe," replied Bob.—"What wine do you choose? You may as well say port, for there is no other; but attention to manners always becomes a gentleman.

"Port then, if you please," cried Joe "as the ladies of Limerick say, when a man looks at them across the table.

"Hobnobbing wastes time," said Jack Ginger, laying down the pot out of which he had been drinking for the last few minutes; "and besides, it is not customary now in genteel society, so pass the bottle about.

[I here pause in my narrative to state, on more accurate recollection, that we had not decanters; we drank from the black bottle, which Jack declared was the fashion on the continent.]

So the port passed round, and declared to be superb. Anthony Harrison received the unanimous applause of the company; and if he did not blush at all the fine things that were said in his favor, it was because his countenance was of that peculiar hue, that no addition of red could be visible upon it. A blush on Anthony's face would be like gilding refined gold.

Whether cheese is prohibited or not in the higher circles of the West End, I can not tell; but I know it was not prohibited in the very highest chambers of the Temple.

"It's double Gloucester," said Jack Ginger; "prime, bought at the corner; Heaven pay the cheesemonger, for I shant, but as he is a gentleman, I give you his health."

"I don't think," said Macgillicuddy, "that I ought to demean myself to drink the health of a cheesemonger, but I'll not stop the bottle."

And to do Joe justice, he did not.—Then we attacked the cheese, and in an incredibly short period, we battered in a breach of an angle of 45 degrees, in a manner that would have done honor to an engineer that diacted the guns at San Sebastian.

"Clear the decks," said Jack Ginger to Jerry Gallagher. "Gentlemen, I did not think of getting pastry, or puddings, or any thing of the sort, for men of sense like you."

We all unanimously expressed our indignation at being supposed, even for a moment, guilty of any such weakness; but a general suspicion seemed to arise amongst us, that a dram might not be rejected with the same marked scorn.—Jack Ginger accordingly uncorked one of Bob Burke's bottles. Whop! went the cork, and the Potteen soon was seen meandering round the table.

"For my part," said Anthony Harrison, "I take this dram because I ate pork, and I fear it might disagree with me."

"I take it," said Bob Burke, "chiefly by reason of the fish."

"I take it," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "because the day was warm, and it is very close in these chambers."

"I take it," said Tom Meggot, "because I have been very chilly all day."

"I take it," said Humpty Harlow, "because it is such strange weather, that one does not know what to do."

"I take it," said Ginger, "because the rest of the company takes it."

"And I take it," said I, winding up the conversation, "because I like a dram."

So we all took it for one reason or another, and there was an end of that.

"Be off, Jerry Gallagher," said Jack; "I give to you, your heirs, and assigns, all that and those which remain in the pots of half-and-half; item for your own dinner what is left of the solids, and when you have pered the bones clean, you may give them to the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Brush away like a shoeblack, and levant."

"Why thin, God bless your honor," said Jerry Gallagher, "it's a small liganp he would have that would depend for his daily bread for what is left behind any of you in the way of drink; and this blessed hour there's not as much as would blind the left eye of a midge in one of them pots; and may it do you all good, if it an't the blessing of heaven to see you eating. By my soul, he that has to pack after you, won't be much troubled with the mate. Howsomever—"

"No more prate," said Ginger.—"Here's two-pence for you to buy some beer; out, no," he continued, drawing his empty hand from the breeches pocket into which he had most needlessly put it, "no," said he, "Jerry, get it on credit wherever you can, and tell them to score it to me."

"If they will," said Jerry.

"Shut the door," said Jack Ginger, in a peremptory tone, and Jerry retreated.

"That Jerry," said Jack, "is an uncommonly honest fellow, only he is the greatest rogue in London. But all this is wasting time, and time is life. Dinner is over, and the business of the evening is about to begin. So, bumpers, gentlemen, and get rid of this wine as fast, as we can. Mr Vice, look to your bottles."

And on this, Jack Ginger gave a bumper toast.

CHAP. III.

HOW WE CONVERSED AT JACK GINGER'S.

This being done, every man pulled in his chair close to the table, and prepared for serious action. It was plain, that we all, like Nelson's sailors at Trafalgar, felt called upon to do our duty. The wine circulated with considerable rapidity; and there was no flinching on the part of any individual of the company.—It was quite needless for our president to remind us of the necessity of bumpers, or the impropriety of leaving heeltaps.—We were all too well trained to require the admonition, or to fall into the error.

On the other hand, the chance of any man obtaining more than his share in the round was infinitesimally small.—The Sergeant himself, celebrated as he is, could not have succeeded in obtaining a glass more than his neighbours. Just to our friends, we were also just to ourselves; and a more rigid circle of philosophers never surrounded a board.

The wine was really good, and its merits did not appear the less striking from the fact that we were not habitually wine-bibbers, our devotion generally being paid to fluids more potent or more heavy than the juice of the grape, and it soon excited our powers of conversation. Heavens! what a flow of soul! More good things were said in Jack Ginger's chambers that evening, than in the Houses of Lords and Commons for a month. We talked of everything: politics, literature, the fine arts, drama, high life, low life, the opera, the cockpit; everything, from the heavens above to

the hells in St. James's-street. There was not an article in a morning, evening, or weekly paper, for the week before, which we did not repeat. It was clear that our knowledge of things in general was drawn to a great degree, from these recondite sources. In politics we were harmonious; we were Tories to a man, and defied the Radicals of all classes, ranks, and conditions. We deplored the ruin of our country, and breathed a sigh over the depression of the agricultural interest. We gave it as our opinion that Don Miguel should be King of Portugal; and that Don Carlos if he had the pluck of the most nameless of insects, could ascend the throne of Spain. We pitched Louis Phillippe to that place which is never mentioned to ears polite, and drank the health of the Duchess of Berri.—Opinions differed somewhat about the Emperor of Russia; some thinking that he was too hard on the Poles, others gently blaming him for not squeezing them much tighter. Anthony Harrison, who had seen the Grand Duke Constantine, when he was campaigning, spoke with tears in his eyes of that illustrious prince, declaring him, with an oath, to have been a d—d good fellow. As for Leopold, we unanimously voted him to be a scurvy bound; and Joe Macgillicuddy was pleased to say something complimentary of the Prince of Orange, which would have, no doubt, much gratified his Royal Highness, if it had been communicated to him, but I fear it never reached his ears.

Turning to domestic policy, we gave it to the Whigs in high style. If Lord Grey had been within hearing, he must instantly have resigned; he never could have resisted the thunders of our eloquence. All the hundred and one Greys would have been forgotten, he must have sunk before us. Had Brougham been there, he would have been converted to Toryism long before he could have got to the state of typification in which he sometimes addresses the House of Lords. There was no topic left undiscussed.—With hand we arranged Ireland, with another put the Colonies in order. Catholic emancipation was severely condemned, and Bob Burke gave the glorious, pious, and immortal memory. The vote of £20,000,000 to the greasy blacks was much reprobated, and the opening of the China trade declared a humbug. We spoke in fact, articles that would have made the fortunes of a hundred magazines, if the editors of those works would have had the perspicacity to insert them; and this we did with such ease to ourselves, that we never for a moment stopped the circulation of the bottle, which kept running on its round rejoicing, while settled the affairs of the nation.

Then Anthony Harrison told us all our campaigns in the Peninsula, and that capital story how he bilked the tavernkeeper at Portsmouth.—Jack Ginger entertained us with an account of his transactions in the Brazils; and as Jack's imagination far outruns his attention to matters of fact, we had them considerably improved. Bob Burke gave us all the particulars of his duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, and how he hit him on the waistcoat, pocket, which, fortunately for the Ensign, contained a five-shilling piece, (how he got it was never accounted for,) which saved him from grim death. From Joe Macgillicuddy we got multifarious narrations of steple-chases in Tipperary, and of his hunting with the Blazers in Galway. Tom Meggot expatiated on his college adventures in Edinburgh, which he maintained to be a far superior city to London, and repeated sundry witty sayings of the advocates in the Parliament House, who seem to be gentlemen of great facetiousness. As for me, I emptied out all Joe Miller on the company; and if old Joe could have burst his cerements in the neighbouring church-yard of St. Clement Danes, he would have been infinitely delighted with the reception which the contents of his agreeable miscellany met with. To tell the truth, my jokes were not more known to my companions than their stories were to me. Harrison's campaigns, Ginger's cruises, Burke's duel, Macgillicuddy's steple-chase, and Tom Meggot's rows in the High-street, had been told over and over; so often, indeed, that the several clators begin to believe that there is some foundation in fact for the wonders which they are continually repeating.

"I perceive this is the last bottle of port," said Jack Ginger; "so I suppose that there cannot be

any harm in drinking bad luck to Anthony Harrison's wine-merchant, who did not make it the dozen."

"Yes," said Harrison, "the skin-flint thief would not stand more than the half, for which he merits the most infinite certainty of non-payment."

[You may depend upon it that Harrison was as good as his word, and treated the man of bottles according to his deserts.]

The port was gathered to its fathers, and pot-teen reigned in its stead. A most interesting discussion took place as to what was to be done with it. No doubt, indeed, existed as to its final destination; but various opinions were broached as to the manner in which it was to make its way to its appointed end. Some wished that every man should make for himself; but that Jack Ginger strenuously opposed, because, he said, it would render the drinking unsteady. The company divided into two parties on the great question of bowl or jug. The Irishmen maintained the cause of the latter. Tom Meggott, who had been reared in Glasgow, and Jack Ginger, who did not forget his sailor propensities, were in favour of the former. Much erudition was displayed on both sides, and I believe I may safely say, that every topic that either learning or experience could suggest, was exhausted. At length we called for a division, when there appeared—

<p><i>For the Jug.</i> Bob Burke, Joe Macgillivuddy, Anthony Harrison, Myself.</p>	<p><i>For the bowl.</i> Jack Ginger, Humpty Harlow, Tom Meggott.</p>
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Majority 1, in favour of the jug. I was principally moved to vote as I did, because I deferred to the Irishmen, as persons who were best acquainted with the nature of pot-teen; and Anthony Harrison was on the same side from former recollections of his quarrels in Ireland. Humpty Harlow said, that he made it a point always to side with the man of the house.

"It is settled," said Jack Ginger, "and, as we said of Parliamentary Reform, though we opposed it, it is now law, and must be obeyed. I'll clear away these bottles, and do you Bob Burke, make the punch. I think you will find the lemons good, the sugar superb, and the water of the Temple has been famous for centuries."

"And I'll back the pot-teen against any that ever came from the Island of Saints," said Bob, proceeding to his duty, which all who have the honour of his acquaintance will admit him to be well qualified to perform. He made it in a couple of big blue water-jugs, observing that making punch in small jugs was nearly as great a brother as falling from a bowl; and as he tossed the steamy fluid from jug to jug to mix it kindly, he sang the pathetic ballad of Huggin'-muffin, &c., "I wish I had a red herring's tail," &c.

It was an agreeable picture of continued use and ornament, and reminded us strongly of the Abyssinian maid of the Platonic poetry of Coleridge.

How we finished the pot-teen; converted my bottle of rum into a bowl, (for here Jack Ginger prevailed); how Jerry Gallagher, by superhuman exertions, succeeded in raising a couple of hundred of oysters for supper; how the company separated, each to get to his domicile as he could; how I found, in the morning, my personal liberty outraged by the hands of that unconstitutional band of gens-d'armes created for the direct purposes of tyranny, and held up to the indignation of all England by the Despatch; how I was introduced to the attention of a magistrate, and recorded in the diurnal page of a newspaper: all this must be left to other historians to relate.

The take of cod fish off the coast of the Island during the last week has been immense. About eight or ten boats arrived in Peel, averaging 600 to 800 fish each. A small boat arrived in this port yesterday morning with 600 fish on board, which were caught off the Bramble, Scotland.—*Manks Advertiser*, April 16.

The physicians despair of being able to prolong the days of Paganina, who appears to have lived for some time past by positive enchantment. It is said that Paganini will leave a fortune of ten millions of francs, (£400,000), which, according to his last intention, will be divided among his musical colleagues both in France and Italy, whose number is rated at between seven and eight hundred.

On Sunday a palacca, bearing the flag of his Holiness the Pope—the keys of St. Peter surmounted by the mitre—arrived at Greenock from Ancona, loaded with wheat and flour. At the time (three months) when this vessel sailed from Ancona a vast number of both foreign and British vessels, loaded with wheat and flour, sailed for various ports in Britain, but, owing to the contrary winds, few of them have arrived.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

The following is an extract from Mr. LEADER'S speech in the House of Commons in the debate on Lord NORMANBY'S Irish policy:—

"If government fancied that such a vote would be a vote of confidence, let him ask them from what party they would receive it? Could they pretend to have the confidence of the great party opposite? He knew that on many occasions that powerful party gave their support to the government, but there was scarcely a debate in which the Right Hon. Baronet, who was their leader, did not openly express the dissatisfaction and contempt with which he regarded the government—a contempt which he (Mr. Leader) thought they well deserved. Could the government pretend to possess the confidence of the Radicals in that house?—Why, although they had the support of the Radical party against the Conservatives, yet on every question of progressive reform in the representative system

it was found the Radicals were opposed to the government. The only party which had any confidence in them was the Irish party, a party, powerful, it was true, and deserving of great respect and consideration; but let him ask if even that party had any confidence in the legislative measures of the government with respect to Ireland. If they did feel that confidence, what was the meaning of the outcry about the appropriation clause? They had been told that no vote bill without the appropriation clause would be acceptable to the people of Ireland, and yet the tide bill was passed without it. If, again, the Irish party felt confidence in the legislative intentions of the government, what was the meaning of the Precursor Society? How was it, then, that they kept their places? Why, because the honorable gentlemen opposite were not ready for office, not liking, he supposed, the aspect of the political horizon at present, and also because the Radicals had not yet made up their minds to vote with the Conservatives against the government. What a miserable position for a government to be in! And yet the noble lord, the Secretary for Ireland, told the house last night that the government would exist no longer upon sufferance.—He would tell the government that they had existed upon sufferance for the last two years, and that their existence depended upon ten or twelve votes upon that (the ministerial) side of the house, which might at any time be thrown into the opposite scale; and he would tell honorable gentlemen opposite, that more than ten or twelve members on the Ministerial side of the house would join them upon a motion expressing want of confidence in the Ministry generally, whenever they thought proper to bring such a motion forward. Well, then, in what position was the government? The right hon. baronet the member for Tamworth governed England; the hon. and learned member for Dublin governed Ireland; the Whigs only governed Downing-street. The member for Tamworth was contented with power without place or patronage; the Whigs were content with place and patronage without power. He left to any honest man to say which was the more honourable position. The Government did not deserve the confidence of the people, for they had deserted the principles upon which the people had put them into power, and maintained them there. Upon this occasion, then, he sacrificed his own views and opinions with respect to the government to the wishes and opinions of the Irish people. He should vote with the government, but not for the government, and his vote would be given solely in favour of Lord Normanby's administration."

THE STAR
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1839.

To Correspondents
We cannot insert the Communication of "A LOOKER ON" unless he give us permission to make such strictures upon it as in justice to our own sentiments, we feel bound to do.

TAKE WARNING.

We are happy to find that a petition from the Planters of this town has recently been transmitted through the Commercial Society to His Excellency the Governor, relative to the outrages which were committed at Bay-de-Verds last summer in the height of the fishery; and it gives us still further satisfaction to learn, that it is the determination of His Excellency to punish, to the utmost extent of his power, any one who shall, in future, be guilty of similar acts, under what pretence soever they may be perpetrated.

The Patriot of Saturday last, contains Mr. JUKES'S "First Report on the Geological Structure of Newfoundland," presented to the House of Assembly, by the Honorable the Colonial Secretary, on the 3rd inst and finally ordered to be printed. Want of space prevents us from giving it insertion in our present number; but we shall feel much pleasure in gratifying our readers with a sight of it the ensuing week.

Taking into account the recent unfavorableness of the weather, the difficulty of travelling, and other impediments which he must unavoidably have encountered, Mr. JUKES appears already to

have pushed his survey over a considerable tract. It would of course be presumptuous in us to vouch for the accuracy of his facts: to do this we should have to follow him with our test papers, clinometer, and compass; but judging from the style and aspect of the Report, we should certainly be led to place the most implicit confidence in his statements, and to pronounce him eminently qualified for the arduous and important business which he has taken in hands.

Down to the 27th ult. he had discovered no traces of Coal; but the report makes mention of the copper vein which was attempted to be worked about the year 1776. In the same situation he observed another mineral compound having the appearance of sulphuret of lead; good building stone, chalybeate springs, and an abundance of slate, have also fallen under his notice.

How far the labors of this gentleman will ultimately conduce to the prosperity of the Colony, it is, at the present moment, impossible to foresee: limited, however, as he is, to plain matters of fact, we must not be angry with him, should the upshot be disappointment; nor must the people, any more than the "People's Friends" lose their equanimity, if he discover conglomerate where they expected to find gold. One desirable effect this Geological survey will undoubtedly have,—it will set the question as to our internal resources for ever at rest, and thereby put an end to a vast deal of that specchiying coxcomby with which we have been so incessantly tormented for a number of years past.

Mr. JUKES'S recommendation respecting his plan of carrying out the survey by means of a suitable Coaster, ought to be attended to, otherwise both time and money will be expended in vain.

We have much pleasure in copying from a London paper of the 30th April, the following Paragraph—

New Bishop.—At a meeting of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel, last week, it was announced, that the Government had agreed to appoint a Bishop for Newfoundland and Bermudas, in the place of the two Archdeacons of those Islands. The Archdeaconry of Newfoundland is at present vacant; and it is understood that Dr. Spencer, the Archdeacon of Bermudas (brother of the present Bishop of Madras), will be nominated to the new see. The allowance from Government will be the same as that granted to the two Archdeacons, which amounted together to £700 per annum, and the Society have agreed for the present to vote £500 per annum in addition. The appointment of Dr. Spencer will give universal satisfaction.

As was pretty generally supposed, the House of Assembly on its meeting again on Wednesday last, after an adjournment of a week, thought fit, tho' in the most ungracious and begrudging manner, to concede to the executive the appointment of an Acting Clerk during the absence of Mr. ANCHIBALD. The debate—if such it could be called—which took place on that occasion affords an instructive lesson of the servility and selfishness with which a set of needy paupers, in order to serve their own mercenary purposes, and at the sacrifice of every principle of honour and common decency, can accommodate themselves to existing circumstances. It was not so much the threatened adjournment of the House, as the prospective loss of the loaves and fishes, that forced them into an acquiescence with the decision which Her Majesty had pronounced upon the question at issue, and their proceedings upon it will therefore remain a record of the lasting disgrace which must attach to them for the conduct which they have thought proper to pursue.

There are, moreover, one or two minor points connected with the debate on this question on which we are desirous of making a few remarks. Among the absurdities of which some honourable members were guilty, the following are the most prominent—(we quote from the House's own oracle.) On Mr. SPEAKER enquiring if the Acting Clerk had taken the necessary oaths of office, "Mr. KENT said he believed it was criminal in any person administering unnecessary oaths!—at least there was a law making it penal and substituting a declaration in the place of an oath—the person who administered such oath ought to be indicted by the Attorney-General." It turned out, however, that the At.-Gen. (as the Commissioner appointed to do so) had himself administered the oath—on which there was a laugh at Mr.

KENT'S ignorance. Does not this pragmatical young gentleman know the distinction between oaths of office and those unmeaning asseverations which were formerly used on the most trivial occasions, and which it was the object of the act to which he referred to do away with? It would appear that he does not.

Then there was PETER ENOW'S boasting of having been the first to moot the question of the right of the House to appoint its own officers—and so he was to moot the still more absurd and ridiculous notion of changing the name of the Island!—nobody but PETER could have conceived such an idea. Indeed if all the instances of PETER'S absurdity and unfitness for the office of a legislator, since he was foisted into the House of Assembly, were put down in chronological order they would go far to prove that the most commonplace ability formed no part of the qualification of a representative of the "universal people" of Newfoundland.—*Times*, June 5.

(To the Editor of the Star.)

SIR,—Will you have the goodness to inform me whether it be true that some grains of Gold have been discovered in a rivulet near the country seat of the Speaker of the House of Assembly, or whether the rumour is a mere fiction.

Your most obedient Servant,
June 8, 1839. SENEX.

[We are unable to inform our venerable correspondent upon the matter of his query, but we should rather imagine that if such had been the case, it would have appeared in the Geological Report. If *Pactolus deigas* to send forth a stream to any part of the premises of the Gentleman in question we are inclined to think that it will be found not at his seat in the country but near his seat in the town.—ED. STAR.]

Truth is a Unit &c. &c.
Carson's Letters.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.]

SIR,—It is I believe too true to admit of denial, that the Honorable Speaker of the House of Assembly, wrote a letter a short time since to His Excellency, threatening to resign his Speakership should the Executive persist in appointing a Clerk to the House. The Clerk, notwithstanding, has been for some time actually "in collar," and still the identical Speaker retains his seat. But "Truth is a Unit—it is universal—it is necessary to man"!! Aye, so it is; yet not quite so necessary, in the eyes of some folks, as £200 a-year though!!

Sir,
Your's most obediently,
A CONSTANT READER.
4th June, 1839.

SHIP NEWS
Port of Harbor Grace.
CLEARED
May 31.—Margaret Ann, Hurrell, Cadiz, ballast.

FOR LIVERPOOL.
(To Sail on the 25th instant.)
The fast sailing

 **BRIG DEWARBOUL,**
Thomas Little, Commander,

Has room for 10 or 15 Tons of OIL on Freight, if Immediately applied for.

ALSO,
FOR FREIGHT or CHARTER

THE BRIG
 **ROWENA,**

Burthen 108 Tons.
Apply to
THOS. GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
June 12, 1839.

Wanted.

By the Subscribers,
100 Barrels

HERRING.
RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.
Harbor Grace,
May 29, 1839.

FOR LIV

(To Sail in ab

THE VERY FINE FIRE

 Schooner
Burthen per Regia

T. BINET,
For FREIGHT

RIDLEY, I

Harbor Grace,
June 5, 1839.

Capt. THOMAS

DEGS to inform
that he and
Ketch BEAUFORT
in the COASTING
John's, Harbor G
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Application for
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JAMES CLIFF'S,
ANDREW DRYDEN,
Grace.
N. B.—The H
John's every Satur
May 1, 1839.

For For

The fine first
NATY

James D

Burthen 23 tons; con

The following days
rained on—Friday, C
Wednesday and Frid
clock; and PORTER
Tuesday, Thursday a

She is completely ne
built of the best mater
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comfort for passengers
commanded by a man

The character of the
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Select Boxes and be
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First Cabin Passage
Second Ditto
Single Letters
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FOR LIVERPOOL.

(To Sail in about Ten Days)
THE VERY FINE FIRST CLASS, FAST-SAILING

Schooner FLAMER
Burthen per Register 135 Tons. M.M.
T. BINET, Commander,
For FREIGHT or PASSAGE,
Apply to
RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.
Harbor Grace,
June 5, 1839.

Capt. THOMAS GADEN

DEGS to inform the Public in general, that he intends employing his Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season in the COASTING TRADE, between St. John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and Brigus, as Freights may occasionally offer. He will warrant the greatest care and attention shall be paid to the Property committed to his charge.
Application for FREIGHT may be made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr. JAMES CHIEF'S, St. John's; or to Mr. ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour Grace.
N. B.—The BEAUFORT will leave St. John's every Saturday (wind and weather permitting).
May 1, 1839.

For Portugal Cove.

The fine first-class Packet Boat
NATIVE LASS,
James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened
The following days of sailing have been determined on—From CARBONAR, every MONDAY WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9 o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and built of the best materials, and with such improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and commanded by a man of character and experience.
The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and safety is already well established. She is constructed on the safest principle of being divided into separate compartments by water tight bulk-head, and which has given such security and confidence to the public. Her cabins are superior to any in the island.
Select Boxes and Newspapers will be kept on board for the accommodation of passengers.

First Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Second Ditto	5s. 0d.
Single Letters	0s. 6d.
Double Ditto	1s. 0d.

N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself responsible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to him.

Notice.

TENDERS will be received by the SUBSCRIBER, until

Monday,

The 17th JUNE, at noon,

For the Building of a School-House at River Head of Harbor Grace.

For the Building of a School-House at Musquito.

For the Building of a School-House at Bay Roberts.

For the Building of a School-House at Brigus.

For the Building of a School-House at Harbour Main.

For the Building of a School-House at Holy Road.

For the Building of a School-House at Middle-Bight.

For the Building of a School-House at Tantamarant.

For the Building of a School-House at Western Bay.

For the Building of a School-House at Job's Cove.

For the Building of a School-House at Lower Island Cove.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Office of

PETER BROWN,

Chairman of the Board of Education, Conception Bay.

Harbor Grace,
May 21, 1839.

Indentures

At the Office of this Paper.

SUGAR and

Molasses.

FOR SALE

BY
RIDLEY, HARRISON & CO.

244 Packages

Being the CARGO of the Brig ALVA,
Capt. McNAUCARON,

Just arrived from Cuba,

For which Cash, Cod Oil, Cod Fish, Salmon, or Herring will be received in Payment.

Harbor Grace,
May 29, 1839.

Notice.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Subscriber until

THURSDAY,

The 13th June next, at noon,

From Persons willing to perform the undermentioned Work.

To Level and Drain that part of the Heart's Content Road from Great Beaver Pond bridge to the South side of the Double Brook—to build a Bridge over Black Luck Gully Brook, and a Stop-Water 100 feet long, distance about 1 Mile.

To Level and Drain the Road from thence to Loader's Tree, and to build a Bridge over the Double Brook, distance 1 Mile.

To Level and Drain the Road from thence to Spicer's Brook, distance 1 Mile.

To Level and Drain the Road from thence to the Barrens, 3/4 of a Mile.

To Level and Drain from thence across the Barrens to the Rocky Pond Woods, distance 3 Miles, each mile to be Tendered for separately.

To Level and Drain the road from thence to the Tuffety Pond bridge, distance 1 Mile and a 3rd.

The Tenders to state the rate per Mile in Currency, the Work to be finished by the last day of October next.

Plans and Specifications may be seen by applying to me on Monday's Wednesday's, and Friday's.

ROBERT AYLES,

Secretary to the Commissioners for the Heart's Content Road.

Carbonear,
May 24, 1839.

20 Guineas REWARD.

Whereas some wicked and profane Person did on the Night of Monday last, break into the

WESLEYAN CHAPEL

in this Town, and Stole from thence the

Holy Bible,

out of the Pulpit, and Two

HYMN BOOKS.

The above Reward of Twenty Guineas, is hereby offered to any Person or Persons who will give such information as will lead to the prosecution and conviction of the perpetrators of the above Sacrilege.

Harbor Grace,
May 15, 1839.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

AND LANDING.

From the Margaret Ann, Nancy, Flamer, and Hope,

And have on Hand from previous Importations,

700 Tons SALT
100 Tons Coal
Hamburg and Copenhagen Pork
Ditto do. Bread, No. 1, 2, & 3
Ditto do. Flour Fine & Superfine
Ditto do. Butter
Ditto do. Oatmeal
Ditto do. Split Peas
Red and White Wine, in Pipes and Hogsheads
Bohea, Congo, Souchong, and Green Teas
Nails, Iron, Grapnels, Ironmongery
Soap, Candles
Cordage, Oakum
Pitch, Tar
Turpentine, Linseed Oil
Paints, Sheet Lead
Ochre, Lime, Bricks
Tinware

And an extensive Supply of

Manufactured GOODS

Hooks, Lines, &c., suitable for the Fishery

And at their New Shop

A VALUABLE AND WELL

SELECTED STOCK OF

FASHIONABLE

Goods,

Suitable for the Season

Which they will Sell Low for Cash or Produce.

Also,

30,000 SEAL SKINS.

Harbor Grace,
May 29, 1839.

Notice.

Tenders

WILL be received by the Subscriber until

Monday,

The 17th June next, At noon

For the undermentioned WORK,

Viz.—

For MAKING One and a Quarter Mile of the SPANIARD'S BAY ROAD, commencing at the School House Hill, and proceeding in the direction of Harbor Grace.

For CUTTING DOWN the top of the Hill at Mr. DONNELLY'S, to the depth of 8 Feet.

For MAKING a Mile of ROAD (exclusive of the Two Beaches) from Sheppard's Fence to Spaniard's Bay Long Beach, and CUTTING DOWN the Hill at Ryan's Pond.

For BUILDING a BRIDGE, of 8 Feet by 12, over Mint Cove Brook.

For MAKING as many CROSS DRAINS as may be required on the above Line of Road.

The TENDERS will be opened at the COMMERCIAL ROOM, on the above named day.

Plans and Specifications may be seen and further particulars known, on application to JOSHUA GREEN, Esq., Brigus, or to the Subscriber, at Harbor Grace.

W. C. St. JOHN,

Secretary to the Commissioners of Roads and Bridges from River Head of Harbor Grace to Spaniard's Bay

Harbor Grace,
May 29, 1839.

A Card.

MR. ST. JOHN would have no objection to take under his TUTORSHIP, a couple of young Gentlemen as BOARDERS.

TERMS:—30 Guineas per Annum.
Harbor Grace,
May 1, 1839.

New Goods!

JUST LANDED

Ex ANN, from Bristol,

AND ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS

At Low Prices for Cash or Produce,
Viz.—

500 Bags 1st, 2nd & 3rd quality BREAD
72 Barrels Prime Mess PORK
30 Bolts East Croker CANVAS
20 Pieces Flat Ditto, No. 1 to 7
43 Kegs White, Green & Black PAINT
Hogsheads LIME
Bags 1 1/2 to 9 inch assorted NAILS
Horse and Shingle Ditto
Splitting Knives
Axes, Hammers
Grindstones
Carp. Compasses
Coopers Rushes
Bake Pots and Covers
Grapnels, Fish Hooks
Assorted TINWARE
Sheet COPPER
Chalk, Whiting
Slates, Book Ditto
Ship Chandlery
Lime Oil, Spirits Turpentine
Butts LEATHER
Shoe Blacking
STATIONERY, and Ink in Bottles
Pieces Brown Holland
RISH LINENS
Sheeting, and Sheeting CALICOES
Irish Union Ditto
Unbleached Ditto
Fancy Shirtings
Fustians, and Moleskins
Printed Ditto
Twist, Check
Aberdeen Dowls
A Large Assortment Fancy Printed
CHINTZ COTTONS
Twilled and Cambric Ditto
Fancy Cotton Handkerchiefs
Cambric Muslin
Slate, Brown and Black Ditto
Book and Soft Swiss Ditto
Jaconet Ditto
Colored and Black MERINOES
Satin, Sarinet and China Gauze Ribbons
Shaded and Figured Ladies Belts
BANDANA & Barcelona Handkerchiefs
Pieces Colored-Persian
Black Crape
Stays (white & colored), Saxony Ties
CHENILLE Handkerchiefs
Figured Squares
THIBET Shawles & Turnovers
Colored, Black & White Kid Gloves
Ladies Thread Ditto
Velvet Slippers
German Lace Cotton
Gentlemen's Satin & Mohair Stocks
Blue, Black, & Green Superfine Broad CLOTHS
HOSIERY, Dornet, Laucashire & Welch
FLANNELS
Scotch PLAID, Green Baize
LEATHERWARE
EARTHENWARE
Stone Jars, & Ginger Beer Bottles

Also,

30 Tons Best Red Ash

NEWPORT

Coals.

THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbor Grace,
May 8, 1839.

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun

den, Master,

FROM HAMBURG.

Prime Mess PORK
Bread
Flour
Oatmeal
Peas
Butter.

Also,

15 Tons BLUBBER.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
Jan. 9, 1839.

POETRY

THE PARTING.

Come close, my little lovely boy,
My only earthly bliss,
Come cling around your mother's neck,
And give a parting kiss.

Oh! thou dear fond and loved one,
To this your happy home,
When thou art far away from me,
Will thy young thoughts o'er roam!

Where, by a mother's bosom pressed,
Thou'st lived a happy child,
And bloomed as the fragrant rose,
Amidst the woodland wild.

And must I send thee forth my son,
In young and tender years,
To tread the soil of foreign climes
And bathe them with your tears!

Will strangers watch o'er thee my dear,
As I have always done,
Cheerish and guard thy youthful steps,
And smile on thee, my son?

Ah! who will mark thy gambols now,
Or guard thy little bed,
When sickness comes, who than will
The pillow for thy head?

In fancy, I will often gaze
Upon that noble brow,
And kiss that rosy cheek and lip,
As I have kiss'd it now.

How I shall miss, my darling child,
Thy voice at early dawn,
Calling on me at break of day,
To share the rising morn.

But I shall miss thee more my child,
At twilight's pensive hour,
When the cool balmy western breeze,
Doth shut the evening flower.

When next I clasp thee in my arms,
And press thy shaded cheek,
Maturer years will crowd thy brow,
And time thy features speak.

And if, my little lovely boy,
Thou reachest manhood's years,
Think of her anxious hours for thee,
Her sacrifice—her tears.

None save a mother's broken heart,
Would ever bid thee go,
Her pride, her hope, her only joy,
The science of her woe.

None save a mother's energy,
Could ever bid thee part,
But I must bid thee now farewell,
Thou idol of my heart.

I thus have nev'd my widow'd heart,
Alas! my child, 'tis done;
And ho! ye Powers that rule above,
Protect my only son.

But one short year has fled,
Since my poor friend was gay,
Now to the mansions of the dead
They bear her, there to lay her head
In the cold clay.

And I am left to mourn;
Yet tears will not restore
Her to me, from that unknown bourne
Where all must go, but none return
For Evermore!

But thou, my friend, wert young!
Yet not too young to go
To listen to thy Maker's tongue.
Who thus has called thee from among
Us all below.

And thou wert always good,
And I shall not repine;
For thou wilt meet a sisterhood,
Who watching for the long have stood,
'Mongst them to shine.

Ah no! let me rejoice,
That unto thee 'twas giv'n,
To hearken to thy Maker's voice
Pronounce, "thou wert an early choice!"
Thou art in Heav'n!

And I will pray to meet
Thee, soon again, above;
To join thee at th' Almighty's feet,
In songs of joy divinely sweet,
There all is love.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.—Here I may relate a circumstance which manifests an extraordinary revolution in the life of a conspicuous character. A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but, being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring

that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author, whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed, and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him, on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but "his poverty, and not his will," consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. This necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine.—*Taylor's Records of his Life.*

Singular Story.—Kinderley family having been mentioned in a former page, it may not be uninteresting, in this place, to relate the following anecdote, which an old servant, who had lived fifty-two years with Mrs. Kinderley and her daughter, Mrs. Smith, frequently related, as a fact, with which she was well acquainted, and, in part a witness of. The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord D. was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for a widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D. accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing, at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicious of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D. proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them, was within. The proposal was yielded, to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognized in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation that Lady D. had been married against her inclination to this person, and determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and, on the same evening, Lord D., in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was

called out to speak to a stranger, and, returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D. sat up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend; and, at daybreak, in order to avoid any interview with his hosts family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed.—*Memoir and Corroborance of the late Sir J. E. Smith.*

Marco Sciarra, the Robber of the Abruzzi.—It was about this time that the robber chief's life was ornamented with its brighter episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers, on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and the horses of the travellers, who speedily obeyed the robbers' orders, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of a striking and elegant appearance. "Faccia in terra!" cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to their chief, and said, "I am Torquaro rasso." "The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand, and not only was rasso saved from being plundered, but by the mere mention of his name, all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey, without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.—*Court Magazine.*

Bachelors and Maidens.—The march of matrimony has made no progress in the parish of Elmsthorpe, in the country, which contains only four houses, occupied by 34 individuals, the whole of whom are living in a state of single blessedness! The Rectory of this parish is a complete sinecure, no service having been performed since the year 1798, and that only when the Rector read himself in! The church is now a fine picturesque ruin, richly clad with ivy.—*Leicester Chronicle.*

The most humorous method of getting over a quarrel that we ever heard of, was that practised by an Irish comedian named Ford, who, being at a tavern in Bristol, spending an evening with a few convivial friends, a trifling dispute arose, when the comedian, with all the warmth of an Irishman, abruptly said to a companion, whose christian name was William—"It's a lie, Bill!" The latter rose, and with the utmost indignation repelled the slander! but the Irishman, whose sudden warmth had cooled during the exasperated speech of his friends, rejoined in the most cool and collected manner—"Be easy, now and tell me what 'tis you're in such a rage about.—Faith an' I merely tould you 'twas a Liebet."

A Soldier's Notion of the Opposition.—Two soldiers were the other day talking together; the more ingenious one said, "I hear Right and Left of the Government and Opposition, of the Opposition and Government, what do they mean by that?" "I'll explain it," replied the other; "For example, there's Marshal Soult; you know Marshal Soult?" "Yes." "Well, when he is in the Opposition he has won the battle of Toulouse, and when he is in the Government, he has lost it—that's all.—*French paper.*

CONSTITUTIONS.—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: "Sir, I keep no periodicals."—*Walter Scott's Napoleon.*

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

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 Portugal Cove 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 or 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 mornings 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. 6d.
Single Letters 6d.
Double do. 1s.
And PACKAGES in proportion
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1836.

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 CARONEAR 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 CARONEAR, 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 Kielty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruick's.
Carbonear,
June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On a long 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 STARR, and on the west by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at this Office of this Paper.



VOL. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE.

HOUSE OF

MONDAY

Mr. Secretary Clerk to the House the following

FIRST

ON

Geological

NEWFOUN

J. B. JUL

The Country in the St. John's is composed of masses or groups of uppermost of these gneiss, granite, shales of the hammer. It frequently contains a size of a compartment together called a puddingstone. The strata or beds of considerable thickness as much as six or eight feet I have yet met of being cut or decayed into good building of them are well constructed of walls of the thickness of this been ascertained, but wards of five or six may be much more.

Beneath this formation, schistose or slaty rocks of most part may be discovered in the present numerous texture and character thickness from two to many inches. They have a cleavage of a certain direction, and are not cut in lines, forms them in me, used for road poses. It is to be that beds of this be discovered in this place. The slaty rocky has been exposed in the Coast Cape St. Francis.

Somewhere near grit, or a little above the slate, masses of fine stone may be hard and breaks up sharp splinters. The bedding or stratification of the Basaltic or trap These lie over or stratified rocks in through them like comes light coloured exposure to the surface. It is easily dressed, but convenient blocks (which is sometimes be likely to form a stone. It appears largely in the const Barracks on Signal buildings in the would also form in the making of Road sufficient traffic to The red grit and be conformable to say, the transition is easy and gradual alternating with the same dip or plane of the horizon inclination along the invariable towards STRIKER (or direction