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SPEECH OF DR. COOKE, AT BELFAST.

A great Conservative Festival was held at Belfast, on Tuesday, the 20th ult. A building had been erected expressly for the occasion. J. E. Tennent, Esq., M.P., presided. The number of visitors and members who sat down to dinner was 1,158,—including many persons of distinction and influence. The following Speech was delivered by Dr. Cooke, whose name was associated in a toast with the Synod of Ulster:—

Mr Chairman, my Lords and Gentlemen, —I appear before you contrary to the opinion of some of my best friends, and I am sorry to say, contrary to some of my most sensitive feelings. (Hear.) But while the cheers of this assembly may be somewhat unfavourable to a head-ache, I feel bound to pronounce them an admirable specific for the heart-ache. (Hear, and loud cheers.) As I have never before, sir, felt it a duty to appear at the anniversaries of this society, nor indeed to attend any other such public festivals, perhaps I may be permitted, before returning the thanks that are due, to assign some reasons why I am here to return them. (Hear, hear.) First, then, I am here because I believe the Belfast Society to have been originally necessary, to have been admirably conducted, and eminently successful. (Hear, hear.) The moment the Vessel of Reform was launched, the "Natural Leaders" (natural enough) piped all hands, sprung to the helm, strutted the deck, seized every rope, and vowed the wooden walls their own. (Loud cheers.) "With your leave gentlemen," said the Belfast Society, "we have no opinion of your piloting in a narrow channel, and less of your seamanship in troubled waters"—so they clapped them under hatches to await further orders, and committed the vessel to the hearts of oak that now man her, and gave the helm to "the pilot that was known to have weathered the storm. (Hear, hear.) I am here, now sir, because I was, and am, a friend to the Belfast society. I am here, sir, because I am a member of that Society. (Loud cheers.) Yes sir, I have been from its origin, a member of this Society. We are arrived at that point where self-defence compels us to the practical enactment of the ancient law which condemned every man who stood neutral in the hour of his country's danger. (Hear, hear, and loud cheering.) But are we in danger? The answer to that question altogether depends upon what you mean by danger. Are we in danger of being affrighted? Not a whit.—"Hearts of oak are our ships." (Loud cheers.) Are we in danger of being assailed? We are assailed already—our Bibles trepanned—(hear, hear)—locked out by the extracts of the Board as effectually as they were locked in by the Vatican and cardinals—our very existence threatened by "a universal and bloody rebellion"—the asserted smallness of our numbers displayed before the "emphatic people," to encourage the heroes of Miletia and Brobdidnag to assail the Libiputian Sassenachs. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) The House of Lords, our protectors at once against the encroachments of the crown and the proverbial fierceness of the democracy threatened to be swept away by a dozen of serving-maids with their brooms—a threat the ridicule of which was but employed to demonstrate its fallacy, and how completely it depended on the will of the great besom man to achieve the feat should the maggot bite. (Hear.) Nay, not we ourselves—the Protestants of the North—I say, emphatically, the Protestants, including in one name all who, on Scriptural principles protest against the errors and domination of Rome. (Loud and long continued cheers.) Yes, sir, we have been threatened, not with a visit from the mop-twirlers (hear, hear,) but a host from the kingdom of Kerry, armed with kate-stocks to drive us into the sea. (Hear, hear.) Again I say, the ridiculousness of the threat was intended to mask its atrocity, and to encourage on to the deed, should the hour ever arrive for the attempt. (Hear, hear.) But while I have admitted we are in danger—not in

danger of being affrighted, not in danger of being assailed—a more important question remains to be answered—"are we in danger of being beaten?" (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Beaten? No. (Cheers.) We meditate no aggression, we inscribe no "death's-head and crossbones," we threaten no "universal and bloody rebellion," we fear God, honour the King, and we can defend ourselves. (Cheers.) I have thus ventured to appear before you, and this meeting to register my contempt for the affection of "dignified neutrality," a "hypocritical non-intervention." But I had another reason—I really came to see my friends. I came to enjoy the spirit-stirring sight of a thousand liberal Protestants assembled under one roof and united as one man.—(Cheers.) Yes, a thousand liberal Protestants. May I be permitted, sir, to assign another reason for attending this anniversary? (Hear.) Well, then, I lately read an extract from a London newspaper, the *Globe* and which I learn has been circulated, as similar truths usually are, through the whole Radical Press—that the Conservative meetings through England and Ireland (the noble, though more local assemblies of Banbridge and Ballymena inclusive) have all been marked by despondency. Yes, yes they tell us that our once gay Protestant voices are now universally set to the melancholy crooning of despondency. I am here then, to witness your despondency. Pray gentlemen, where is it? I can't see it. (Loud cheers.) Where is it? I can't hear it. (Cheers.) Oh, that the editor of the *Globe* were here, like another Atlas, with the world upon his back, that he might soothe his melancholy by the sympathy of your despondency. (Cheers.) Despondency! Conservative Despondency! Ah! I have it; I recollect a scene where there was great despondency. It was on the memorable plain of Waterloo when the scourge of nations summoned up all his energies for one last fearful struggle for existence and victory. Over the battle field of France the cloud gathered and concentrated its terrors. Forcible as the avalanche of the Alps it thunders onward, and sweeps away resistance. Resistance? Resistance there is none. Around the meteor flag of England there is nought but close-clipped silence and despondency. Not a token of hope appears. The once proud army of Britain seems as crouched in craven cowardice, while the artillery of France is playing fearfully over them. The iron columns still thunder onward; but just when France's victory seems secure, the eagle eye of Britain's commander discerns the fatal moment, and his lip vibrates with the electric word "Up guards and at them." (Deafening cheers.) From that still peaceful field starts the chivalry of England—one charge, one fearful charge of Britain's resistless bayonets, and the columns of France are scattered like the light chaff of the thrashing floor before the winds of the winter. (Cheers.) And such is our Conservative despondency! Yes, we are in a deep fit of Waterloo despondency. (Hear.) Calm, recumbent, collected, not vaunting its prowess, but hushing its resources; knowing its rights, and determined to defend them; peaceful, and therefore guilty of no aggression; brave, and determined to suffer none. (Hear.) I know sir, I know right well, what the self-deceived *Globe* mistakes for Conservative despondency; it is our clear discerning of the signs of these times, times that require no interpreter; they interpret themselves. The House of Lords to be swept out, ourselves to be driven into the sea; rebellion threatened, universal and bloody. Above all, when we see foul-mouthed faction assail the very seat of justice; and in the delegated judge, "the magic of his power," in reality, assail "the person of the King," it is surely high time to be serious, though neither time nor reason to despond. There was a time when a Lord Chief Justice committed to the common prison "the immediate heir of England," because he offered an insult to his office.—Our bench is still graced by men as immaculate in honour, and as noble in disposition as he that chastised the rebellious son of his Sovereign. (Cheers.) And should the li-

bered "insolence of office" again dare to repeat its base assaults, I trust a judge may still be found in the land, bold enough and firm enough to chastise the rude and unmannered plebeianism that would insult the virtue it can neither affright nor contaminate. (Hear.) These are signs the reading of which may not produce fear, but they must produce solemnity. I would not be a Conservative for an hour if I found that these signs were looked upon lightly. The men who deal in words of blood are always bloody, if they dared. (Hear, hear.) But "the bloody and deceitful man," the Scriptures tells us, "the Lord abhors." Therefore we call for peace and court it, while in solemn seriousness, but not in despondency, we stand prepared to offer every constitutional resistance to every threatened aggression. (Loud and long-continued cheering.) Allow me to add another reason why I am with you: I am here to assert my own liberty—(hear, hear)—my liberty of thinking and acting for myself. I care little for the opinion of the Voluntary Radicals, who chronicle every time I set foot in a steam-boat, and honour me with being the mover in events of which they knew the purpose or issue, before ever I had heard of their occurrence; but I do not regard the opinion of some who question the propriety of a clergyman taking part in politics. A partisan clergyman I heartily condemn: a clergyman with the true politics of principle I as cordially approve and defend. (Hear, hear.) Such were all the prophets, ministers of God both in Church and State. Such was Paul, an apostle to the Gentiles, the rebuker of Felix, the assessor of his political franchise, the legal appellant to Cæsar.—But while I freely admit there are some good persons who, for want of reading their Bibles, and from studying their politics not in them but in newspapers, are consequently led to condemn as an unbecoming secularism in a minister what is in reality an integral part of his spiritual office—yet I am well convinced, from observation, that the greater number of those who would prevent the clergy from ever lifting up their voices in politics do so, not because they think their silence necessary, but because they consider their speaking dangerous. They wish to clear the political arena of a troublesome antagonist, and hypocritically denounce him as a political parson, simply because he is not on their own side. The organ of the little mock parliament in the Exchange has threatened us with the withdrawal of our endowments if we are to witness for the truth; and the Radical press of the north, in its honest and dishonest branches, (for I admit the existence of two species) has re-echoed the same threat. Poor, impotent, malicious things, your "wish was father to the thought" of our spoliation. (Loud cheers.) I wonder to what use our pitiful endowment is to be appropriated? Is Maynooth to get it for teaching additional loyalty! (Hear, hear.) Is another Roman Catholic Bishop to be sent to New South Wales with a salary of £500 a year? These are questions I cannot answer, but one thing I can tell—they may rob, but they will never affright, the General Synod of Ulster. (Continued cheers.) The Synod of Ulster was originally settled in Ulster as a Protestant outpost, to civilize a rude country, and to defend and perpetuate British connection. The renowned Sir Dougal Dalgety always recommended his hospitable entertainer not to trust to the castle stone for defence, but to build a scone on Drumsab. (Hear, hear.) King James the first raised such an outpost to his castle; but he wisely erected not a temporary scone, but a permanent building; and as long as 700,000 Presbyterians are ready to man its walls, the castle is secure. The Synod of Ulster "has done the State some service." The rebels of 1641 endeavoured to detach the concentrated Ulster Scots from their more scattered fellow-Protestants vowing a most wolfish affection for them as nations of the same origin. The Presbyterians were not entrapped by these offers of conciliation; they stood by the common cause of Protestantism, and the kingdom was preserved. (Hear, hear.) In 1688, when real freedom properly dates its origin,

they were amongst the first to address King William; (loud cheers;) and when he came to Ireland to achieve four deliverance, they were amongst the first to hail him in the metropolis of the north; (hear, hear;) and when George I. came to the throne, they were amongst the first to tender their allegiance, and to acquire the glorious conjoint title of "Presbyterian and Hanoverian"—a title which their sons have never forfeited or disgraced. (Hear, hear.) And if the Synod have ever, in any degree, forgot her first principles, I am happy to say, she has returned to them. (Hear, hear.) Our surname, indeed, is Presbyterian, but our family name is Protestant. (Continued cheers.) If, in form of government, we differ from our brethren, in doctrine we are one, and in heart we are one. I speak for, and of, the Synod of Ulster; but neither I nor any other man can represent it. As in any large body, shades of difference may pervade our opinions of public measures and public acts, but in our professions and maintenance of the grand doctrines of Protestantism, and in our unshaken attachment to British connection, we have but one heart, one voice, and one hand. (Hear, hear.) On the all-engrossing subject of national education, the Synod of Ulster has also endeavoured to do her duty. I early began to suspect the motives of the Board, but the most suspicious amongst us never dreamed of its "tender mercies," and did finally more to expose its enormities, by the fact of his temporary compliance, than perhaps some others effected who opposed it from the beginning. As a specimen of its trickery, allow me to state to you a modern and neighboring fact.—(Hear, hear.) A grant of public money was made to a priest; he built the school-house in the yard of the mass-house. (Hear, hear.) This act being duly reported to the Board they refused the grant until the premises were separated. So that between the school house and the chapel there is erected a lofty wall, just—three feet high; Protestantism is thus protected. The Board is satisfied with this impassable partition—and the money is granted without further question. I have heard of it being said to a member of the Church of England—"there is nothing between your Church and the Church of Rome but a paper wall." "Yes," repeated the other, "there is indeed but a paper wall between them—but, thank God, the whole Bible is fairly written on it." (Cheers.) "Ah! ah!" says the Protestant watchman of the Board, "your school for combined education is too near the mass-house."—"I'll soon alter that matter," says the priest "So he raises, not a paper wall, with the whole Bible on it, but he raises a stone wall, three feet high, with the Bible, in principle buried under it. (Loud Cheers.) I trust I may be also permitted to say, that whilst the Synod of Ulster stands firmly by her own platform of doctrine, government and discipline, she is not wrapped up selfishly in her own mantle, but willing and anxious to share her covering with every faithful sister. (Cheers.) The Protestant churches of all lands, who hold by the head even Christ, while they, perhaps, testify to, or in some things, against one another, are bound by christian principle, to cultivate forbearance, brotherly kindness, and charity.—(Cheers.) But in this country and in these days we are under a new obligation. We are bound by mutual common danger.—(Hear, hear.) Look at the melancholy case of Mr Hogg. This man and his family neither sought nor received the obnoxious and denounced tithes. He is a mere curate. Yet his house is fired; and when he escapes from his assassins, the water raised by the bullets shot after him, flashes around as he escapes to the distant side of the river for help or protection. The deed is notorious; and, if I have been rightly informed, not our noble Viceroy—for he could not lend himself to an act so unworthy of his rank, or practice upon Protestants such a studied insult—not he, but some underling of his court, publishes a reward of £50 for information against the perpetrators of a Protestant family murder! munificent remunera-

tion! Most accurate estimate of the worth of the life of a Protestant curate and his sleeping family. Fifty pounds!! Ah! 'twas just twenty pounds too much! Thirty! (Enthusiastic cheers.) Thirty, I say, should have been the ominous estimate, and the twenty should have been appropriated to the next edition of Murray's *Peter Dens*.—(Cheers, with intense feeling.) But let me put into contrast with this estimate, a fact in a neighbouring county. Some persons unknown enter, or said to have entered, into a Roman Catholic house, and carried off some arms. It is more than probable they were of that serviceable description, in which a "Minerva, in the shape of rust," kindly interposes her shield between steel and flint. Yet the moment the awful event is reported to the castle, a tremendous proclamation is issued, offering a reward of £100 to bring the desperate offenders to punishment. (Hear.) Yes, hear it, Protestants—hear it England, and hear it Scotland! Let it make the arithmetic of your calculations, let it make the topic of your exposures, until the groans of his Protestant subjects shall ring in the ears and reach the gallant heart of the sailor King, (loud cheers,) till he wrest again and for ever the helm of the noble ship from the incompetent hands by which it has been steered into its present dangers, and assigned anew to the command and guidance of the pupil of one to be trusted, both for his skill and success; one who, in the day of Europe's battle, nailed his colours to the mast, and in the hour of the political hurricane was the "pilot that weathered the storm." (Hear, and loud cheers.) In my thanks for the *Sand of Ulster*, I cannot but congratulate all sound Protestants in general, and her own sons in particular, that she is now become a renovated structure. (Hear, hear.) Ichabod is erased, Ebenezer is restored! (Hear, hear.) She testifies distinctly for the grand and original principles of our common Protestantism, and she testifies equally against the errors of degenerate Geneva or superstitious Rome. I beg only one word in conclusion—Union is strength. But believe me the words are true. There is a God, "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." (Hear, hear.) We have experienced disappointments, and we are beset with difficulties, but we are ignorant of despondencies, and we are cheered by hopes. Let me remind then, whatever Conservative leader may, in God's good time, be called to the head of the Government—let me remind him to act in all counsels upon the words attributed in our Protestant ode to William of glorious memory.—(Cheers.) They were uttered when the gallant Schomberg fell, and his troops reeled under grief for his death and the shocks of the enemy. Yes, let our political leader remember the words, and act on them—

"He says, my boys be not afraid,
At losing of one commander;
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be General under!"

The Rev. gentleman concluded a speech of above an hour, throughout which he was listened to with undivided and intense interest, and sat down amid loud cheers, which lasted for several minutes.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The gradual change in the public sentiment of this country towards the United States of North America has been one which it is impossible for the statesman of the present age to behold without solid approbation, or the philosopher and philanthropist without the most benevolent delight. While the growth and multiplication of ties, both commercial and personal between the two branches of the old British stock move steadily, though silently on wards, year after year, we discover periodically the fruits of that complex, continuous, and strengthening re-action, in the reception now given every six or eight months by Englishmen to the expositions made by the President to Congress of the general affairs of the Republic. It is not too much to say that each successive address of General Jackson and his predecessor to the Legislature of the United States, intended as are these documents for the whole civilized world, have not merely created a respectful sensation throughout the British Islands, but have met with a cordial and brotherly hearing, and have excited sympathies in the breasts of the people of England nearly, if not completely akin to the feelings with which considerate and upright Americans themselves are disposed to view the several topics treated of by the message of the President, where those topics embraced the international commerce between the United States and other independent Powers. As concerns England, the only question remaining unadjusted between her and the Republic is that of the New Brunswick boundary, intricate and tedious as it has already proved, but one which is obviously not of a character to produce any serious difference between Governments actuated as those of Great Britain and of the American Union are, and must be, to maintain unimpaired the inestimable advantages of their existing

friendship. The message of General Jackson has the characteristic common to it with all the preceding ones of that plain-spoken, diligent, and sagacious veteran—great industry, great perspicuity, great firmness and apparent integrity of purpose. The two subjects which form the staple of the message are the plethora of the Treasury and the dangers of a speculative and excessive banking system. With a surplus in the national coffers of at least £10,000,000 sterling, which every day is likely to increase, an Englishman might be apt to conceive that the wildest dreams of a financial Utopia had been realized, and that nought but the luxury of repose and enjoyment was left to be experienced by these happy debtless republicans. But no such thing. There seems to be no less formidable difficulty in reducing a revenue to the sober level of an economical expenditure, than in raising one to meet the emergencies of wantonness and profusion. It would not surprise us, however, from a sentence of the message, where the President limits his own view of the just measure of any system of taxation to the absolute wants of the public service, if the whole machinery of protecting duties were ere long to be altogether given up, and the revenue of the United States were to spring exclusively from the sale of unappropriated territory. This would cease of course in time, but not until a considerable interval. On the banking question we can only see that the President is a stern represser and reprover of the monstrous vices of an excessive paper currency; and for the sake of the great country which he governs, we trust that his predilection for the precious metals will be shared by the majority of the people. The President takes leave of his fellow-citizens in a passage which conveys some apprehension that he may not live to repeat his valediction on proroguing Congress. The message is less interesting to foreign powers than others which have gone before it; but its tone is temperate, and its reasonings on some difficult questions of finance and currency are those of an able and searching mind.—*Times*.

HARLEM RAILROAD.—The Tunnel is a wonderful work—600 feet in length, by 21 feet in height and 21 in breadth. It is pierced through solid and irregular rock, hard almost as granite. The skill with which the perforation, principally effected by gunpowder, is made, so as to produce a natural arch, in this apparently impracticable material, struck us very forcibly. From the northern mouth of the tunnel the grade of the road is a regular and easy descent to Harlem creek; enormous structures, almost Roman in their proportions and extent, are in progress as viaducts and bridges—the latter particularly are light and graceful, combining at the same time great strength.—The span of one of the openings—for arches they are not—is, we believe, 170 feet. When this road shall be finished, as it is expected to be by next summer, a ride to Harlem on it will be one of the most gratifying that can be taken.—*New York American*.

TO SMITHS.—It is said that a strong current of cold air is found to be much more valuable in hardening steel than water, which is commonly used. The manufacture of the celebrated Damascus blades is carried on only when the north wind occurs.—The colder the air and the stronger the blast, the more effectual the process of tempering, but these are proportionate to the thickness of the article to be hardened.

CURIOS RELIC.—The tomb of *Offa* has lately been discovered in digging a vault in the church-yard of Hemel. The coffin was struck about four feet beneath the surface, and taken up entire. An inscription was discovered on the coffin, proving the remains to be those of *Offa*, the celebrated King of the Mercians, who built the Abbey of St. Albans, and who died in the eighth century. The coffin is a very curious piece of workmanship.

The present Queen Christina, of Spain, is one of the most remarkable of royal personages for her extreme beauty and the fascination of her manners. It is a singular fact that one of her Premiers has successively become enamoured of his Queen and Sovereign. Martinez de la Rosa, the first, wrote exquisite sonnets upon her. Mendizabal could not conceal his desperate passion; and Munoz her present major domo, reigns triumphant in her affections.

A SUGGESTION.—There is much anxiety manifested about the preservation of the public documents and treasures at Washington from the torch of the incendiary in these dangerous times. The President recommended fireproof buildings. If we were permitted to make a suggestion, it would be that Congress should pass a law, requiring of all the officers in the Departments, from the Secretary to the runners and messengers that they sleep within the buildings, with the buildings locked on the outside. We have no doubt but the arrangement would do much towards ensuring the perfect safety

of the documents and treasures.—*Wheeling Times*.

The influenza is very prevalent at this time in Essex, many persons amongst all classes being affected with it. In several cases whole families have been attacked.—On Sunday last more than one church in this county was closed from public worship, in consequence of the disease having affected the ministers.—*Chelmsford Chron.*

The influenza is raging dreadfully in different parts of France.—Hundreds are daily carried off by the disease in Paris.—It has extended its ravages also to other parts of the Continent.

LONDON BELOW GROUND.—The subterranean city of London is vastly more wonderful than the abode of two millions above.—We have seen a plan of the sewers, the New River and Thames companies, for supplying the city with water; and the mind is lost in the intricacy of the dozen veins, in shapes of pipes of larger dimensions, which communicate with the main artery in the centre of the street, some 12 or 15 feet below ground. At the corner of every street, there is a grating through which the kennels discharge their turbid streams, and this runs into the Thames, or loses itself in a variety of windings, and by this means London has freed itself from the plague and other epidemics, and is now the sweetest city in the world.

Improvement in Rail-road Cars.—Mr. Planton, of Philadelphia, has made what we deem a very important improvement in rail road cars. The wheels are made to turn on pivots, by which plan they can follow curved lines, and turn in a circle with great ease. By Mr. Planton's plan, it is demonstrated that it is impossible that any of the wheels should run off; and he proves, that if one of them should be forced off by a sufficiently powerful lever, the other would remain upon the tracks and perform their duty.

Spontaneous Combustion.—M. de Lercey, a captain in the French Navy, was found dead in his bed at Cherbourg, on the 27th Oct., the upper part of his body being burnt to ashes. It appears that the evening before he had provided himself with a large bottle of brandy, which was found lying beside him almost entirely empty. He was in the attitude of a man in a deep sleep, and by the medical examination of his body it was evident that he had been suffocated, and that the cause of his death arose from spontaneous combustion, the flame of the candle having communicated with the breath.—*London paper*.

Climate of the Cape. In a recent letter from Sir John Herschell, full of astronomical observations, the learned philosopher says: "You may form some idea of this climate, as regards clearness of sky, from what was told me by our professional Governor, Colonel Bell, viz., that out of 42 successive days, he had been only three times disappointed in finding Venus with the naked eye in broad sunshine. At nine A.M. I read with ease, a few nights ago, the involved parts of a lady's closely crossed letter, by the light of an eclipsed moon, then near the zenith."

The Duke of Wellington's Statue. The Committee appointed to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a public testimonial of the eminent services of the Duke of Wellington to the citizens of London, is to assemble on the second Thursday in February, for the purpose of determining upon the sort of statue it would be advisable to raise, and the most eligible site. It is generally supposed that the statue will be equestrian, and report is quite busy in fixing it in different parts of the City. The sum already subscribed towards the object is between £7000 and £8000.

We are sorry to announce that Dr

Butler, the recently created Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, is so unwell as to cause the apprehensions of his family and friends.

There is a vacancy in the representation of the county of Bucks, one of the three members, Sir J. Praed, having just died.

The Queen of Belgium. The private fortune of the illustrious Consort of his Majesty King Leopold, independently of her father, is upwards of £30,000 per annum; and the King of the French having given her £20,000 per annum more, the Queen's income is £50,000 a year private fortune.

The bark *Ellen*, which arrived at New York, on Thursday last, with a cargo valued at 100,000 dollars, after a perilous voyage of a hundred and three days from Leghorn, her crew having subsisted for fifteen days on macaroni and sweet oil, arrived within three or four miles of Sandy Hook on the first of January, and hoisted signals for a pilot. After waiting four hours, in five fathoms of water, and finding no pilot, she was obliged to stand off to sea, and in consequence of the storm which came on, with the disabled state of the crew, she was the sport of the winds, in the severe state of the weather, without fuel and short of provisions, for an entire month, in consequence of the neglect of the pilots on the day of her arrival. She was at length fortunately fallen in with by the relief boat, T. H. Smith, furnished with supplies and assistance, and towed into port.

The Earl of Egremont, is as much distinguished for his elegant hospitality as for his liberality towards artists who are constantly occupied at his house, at Pentworth in copying the chef-d'œuvres of his fine gallery of Paintings.

SECESSION FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.—It is stated in the latest English papers, that Elisha Bates, a distinguished preacher among the Friends in England, and a strenuous defender of Evangelical sentiments in the last yearly meeting, has withdrawn from the Society, and received Christian baptism at the hands of Dr. John Pye Smith. He has published a pamphlet in London, addressed to the Society of Friends, giving his reasons for receiving the ordinance of Christian baptism, &c. It is also said that a number of most distinguished members of the Society of Friends, some of them (Mrs. Anna Braithwaite, for instance) well known in this country.—*Essex Register*.

TOTNES.—We understand that 1500 tickets have been sold for the dinner to be given this day to the County members, Sir J. Yarde Buller and Mr. Parker, and that the demand is so great that full 1000 more might be disposed of could accommodation be provided. The building will contain only 1000; the remainder will dine at inn; and galleries are erected to enable them to hear the speeches. All the leading men of the southern division of the county will attend, and it is expected to be the largest and most influential dinner ever given in Devonshire.—*Times*.

OXFORD.—The Conservatives of the City and County of Oxford dined together on Tuesday in the Town-hall. The Chairman of the day was Mr. W. H. Ashurst, late member for the County, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He was supported on his right by the Earl of Macclesfield, and the Marquis of Chandos, and on his left by the Earl of Alington and the Earl of Jersey, Lord Villiers, Lord Norreys, M. P. Mr. Maclean, M. P. and Mr. Blackstone, M. P. About 900 gentlemen sat down to dinner, and large bodies of the country farmers and agriculturists.

THE WEST INDIES.

By recent accounts from the West Indies, we learn that the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Lionel Smith, opened the Session of the House of Assembly, at King's on the 1st of November. In his speech he says, "The country is represented to me as full of grievances; many, I acknowledge, seem to me of great difficulty. I invite you to examine into their cause and origin dispassionately,

that they may be combated by joint exertions, and faithfully represented by me to the King's Ministers. There has been much to complain of in the conduct of two or three of the Special Magistrates, in putting employers and apprentices in a state of irritation against each other, which has, in many instances, provoked more severity towards the labourers than ever existed in slavery.—I am doing all I can to correct this evil; amongst other measures, I have set on foot enquiries towards a careful establishment of scales of labour." Having further alluded to the disputes between proprietors and labourers, and to the abolition of slavery, he made some sound and judicious observations on the necessity for a religious and moral education of the negroes. The House of Assembly, in its answer to the speech of the Governor-General, heartily responded to these beautiful sentiments, expressing their peculiar anxiety that the Clergy of the Established Church might be augmented. It is to be hoped that the measures of Sir Lionel Smith will have the effect of restoring tranquillity.

SPAIN.

The accounts from the North of Spain, though they do not speak of any positive movement, are, it seems, favourable to the cause of the Queen, the united force of whose armies, including the corps of Sarsfield, of Espartero, of Alaix, Bibero, and Narvaez, amounts to little short of 70,000 men. Not only is the numerical strength of the Christians superior to that of their adversaries, but their military positions are so favourable that a simultaneous movement from the various quarters in which they are stationed cannot fail to prove fatal to the Carlist cause. Dissension is producing its effect in the court or camp of Don Carlos. The "universal minister," Erro, has resigned, and his place has been filled by the Bishop of Leon,—an event which the *Quotidienne* describes merely as the result of personal motives; the rival Ministers continuing to entertain towards each other an "amicable-sans-bornes,"—something no doubt very like the "eternal friendship" so suddenly conceived in the *Antijacobin*.

The *Sentinelle des Pyrenees* speaks of the preparations made by both parties for a contest, which the Queen's generals are resolved to render decisive. Espartero is causing all his troops to advance, in order to make an attempt on Durango, and the Infant Don Sebastian had divided his army into two corps of 12 battalions each.

After detailing the corps which are going to act under the orders of Espartero, the *Sentinelle* adds—"Such a mass of effort cannot fail to change the face of affairs, if the commanders act with the resolution which animates the soldiers. The superiority of numbers is on the side of the Queen's troops, and the eyes of all Europe are fixed on the operations which are announced."

The same paper also informs that the Carlist chief, Gomez, is appointed Count of Almaden, and Lieut.-General of the armies of Don Carlos.

Vessels have sailed from Santander for Portugalette with 40,000 pair of shoes, and 12,000 uniforms, for the troops of Espartero.

The *Phare de Bayonne* of the 14th inst., gives no news from the environs of Bilbao. It appears that the unfavourable state of the weather has compelled both Carlists and Christians to preserve a sort of armistice.—Brigadier Courad, who signs himself Commandant of the French auxiliary division, had issued an order of the day, in which he announces to the troops under his command, that the Spanish Government had confirmed all the appointments made by him on the 1st December. It was also stated to him that he might daily expect the arrival of funds. In order to support the claims of the Legion at Madrid, he had that morning despatched Commandant Dumessnil to the capital.—The *Phare* has the following:—"The mail which left Madrid on the 1st inst. for Andalusia, was stopped between Madridejos and Port Lapiche, by fourteen mounted robbers. All the letters for La Mancha and the despatches of Escaja were carried off." A letter of the 9th from Cailloure, in Catalonia, says—"A peasant has brought an account that the Governor of Manresa has been shot by one of his own soldiers, and that his body was dragged through the streets."

The *Sentinelle* of Bayonne of the 14th inst. says—"Five Carlist officers, four of whom are English, and one Frenchman (M de Lande of Bayonne) all mounted, have just arrived at Behobia, and will be sent tomorrow to Bayonne under an escort. The reason of their desertion from the Pretenders stands recorded is not stated."

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1837.

The outfit for the Seal Fishery in Conception Bay has, this year, been as extensive as heretofore, and from the very high price of provisions the outlay of capital has been more extensive than usual; the high

hopes that were entertained of at least a fair catch of Seals, have been sadly blighted by the tempestuous weather with which our coast has been visited within the last ten days: our oldest and hardiest fishermen do not remember a more heavy sea than we experienced on Friday and Saturday last, the wind at North-east. On Saturday morning, some vessels belonging to this place, the *Amy Ann* of Greenspond, and a small Schooner belonging to Tilton Harbour entered our Port, which at that time was full of heavy drift ice, and from the compactness in which it was thrown together, persons were enabled to walk from the shore to the vessels, although the sea on the outer margin ran mountains high. Some of the Vessels were slightly damaged, but they have all sailed again, (one excepted,) with a fair wind and moderate weather. Early on Saturday morning the schooner *Harriet*, (rebuilt) owned by JOSEPH SOPER, Esq., of this town, Wm. PARSONS, Master, struck upon some rocks at *Grates Cove Point*, when six of the crew jumped into one of the boats, but they had not pulled twenty yards, when a tremendous sea overwhelmed and buried her; the poor fellows were instantaneously drowned, and were never seen again. Sail was made upon the Schooner, and the force of a heavy sea threw her off the rocks with but little damage. The persons lost are, STEPHEN TUCKER, leaving a widow and 5 children; PATRICK MOORE, leaving a wife and 2 children; JAMES HOUGHTON, a native of Plymouth, England; PATRICK MURPHY, leaving a widow and 9 children; and Henry MOORE, of Black Head, a single man.

The vessels that put in here, had only from 20 to 300 seals each; but the *Harriet*, Capt. WILLIAMS, has reached Bay Roberts with 994; and the *Earl Grey*, at Spaniards Bay, belonging to Mr D'KNOLLY, with 2570, certain. The *Kate*, MICHAEL KEEFE, Master, with 1700 seals on board, has been wrecked at *Cape Frils*—crew saved.

Thirty sail seen between *Cape Frils* and the *Waldhams* were doing well, and if they survived the gales, they may be looked for with good trips; but upon the whole, we fear the voyage will be much under an average catch.

The Brig *CAROLINE*, from Hamburg, (last from Dartmouth) and the Brig *ELIZABETH*, from Cadiz, both bound for this port, were driven by the ice on Thursday last, into Pouch Cove, where they let go their anchors, and brought up close to the rocks. When their perilous situation was reported, several of the pilots and other sea-faring men were despatched from this to render them assistance, and, aided by a favourable change of wind on Sunday, they succeeded in getting them off a little from the shore, but with the loss of their rudders. On Monday, however, it came on to blow very heavily, and both vessels were riding, bows under, with two anchors ahead, when the greater number of the crews abandoned them. On Tuesday, as there appeared to be no prospect of saving them, the Captains and remaining hands left, and had great difficulty in reaching the shore in safety. About 7 o'clock, the *ELIZABETH* parted her anchors, and drove on shore on Shoe Cove Island, where she has, in all probability, gone to pieces. The *CAROLINE*, by the last information, still held on at anchor, at some distance from the shore, abandoned, her stern shattered, and no hope of saving her. She had on board a valuable cargo of provisions, the loss of which in the present state of the market will be much felt. The Brig *MARY*, from Caliz, also for this port, was in company with the above unfortunate vessels about a week ago, but having weathered Cape St. Francis, she succeeded in reaching Carbonear, with some damage.—*Newfoundlander*, March 30.

Notice

General Quarter Sessions.

A General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, for the Northern District of Newfoundland, will be held at the Court House in this Town,

ON THURSDAY,

The Sixth day of April,

now next ensuing, at Eleven o'Clock in the forenoon.

By Order,

A. MAYNE,
Clerk Peace.

Harbour Grace,
21st March, 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 formally the Property of JOSIAH 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 WILF, 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 Fifty 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, consisting of a DWELLING HOUSE, SHOP, COUNTING HOUSE, Four STORES, a commodious WHARF, and Two OIL VATS sufficient to contain about 8000 Seals.

For particulars, apply to BULLLEY, 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 Foley—care Patrick Morris, Esq., St. John's.
John Cartey—care Thos. Foley, Harbour Grace.
From John Jewell, seaman on board H.M.S. *Talevara*, to James Jewell at Mr Soper's Harbour Grace.
Mr Joseph Woods.
Thomas Murphy—care of Wm. Bailie.
Thos. Hyde, Bay-de-Verds—care of C. F. Bennett, St. John's.
Patrick Strapp, Harbour Main—care Pat. Welsh, St. John's.
Thos. O'Hara.
Miss Ann Maria Ford, Cubits.

CARBONEAR

W. Bennett, junr.—care Gosse, Pack, and Fryer.
Thos. Lock—care John White, South side.
Wm. Bemister, merchant.
Joseph Peters, a paper.

S. SOLOMAN P. M.
St. John's, Nov. 23, 1836.

KILLIGREWS PACKET.

JAMES HIGGINS,
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-Grace*.—The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at the Houses of Mr. John Crute and Mr. Patrick Kielly, 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 HIGGINS 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 answerable 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-GRACE.—One of the Owners, of the Packet will call every TUESDAY Morning at Messrs. *Perchard & Bony's* for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of their 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
CAP and CANDLES
LOAF SUGAR by the cwt.
10 Barrels very Superior Must ditto
10 Bags Jamaica COFFEE
TEAS of all kinds in assorted sized packages
CURRANTS, reasonably by the cwt.
WINES Port, Madeira, Tenerife, & Red
Cognac BRANDY
STARCH and BLUE very low in small packages
TAR and OAKUM
Negrohead TOBACCO 100lb kegs
TOBACCO PIPES
100 Pair Mens Superior DECK BOOTS
BLANKETINGS
Trebble 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 23, 1837.

POETRY

The following graphic piece was written in 1821, but never before published. We now present it for the amusement of our readers.

THE BOAT-RACE OF HARBOR-GRACE BETWEEN THE KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL AND KNIGHTS OF THE TAR, 4th. SEPT., 1821.

Awake my Muse, and sing the race,
This day was run in Harbor Grace:—
The wind was South—the sea was still,
The boats were fitted to their will,
The match was made, the money paid,
And on the Oscar's capstan laid.
The Sheriff, Umpire of the race,
And all the Nobs of Harbor Grace,
Assembled here to see them run,
(For Nobs are always fond of fun;)—
And I, poor Devil, 'mongst the rest,
Bet half a gallon of the best,
And gain'd it too, which gives me pride
To think I'm on the winning side.
Come now, and see them all afloat;
Five Captains in a jolly-boat,
Drysdale there was and Ford, Rivett,
Curyear and Dench, all fair and fat,
O such a sight ne'er seen before,
All Neptune's sons, bred to the oar:
T'other, a whale-boat, mann'd with Clerks,
All light, but lively hearty sparks,—
First, Lampen, Challenger and Oke,
And Gillam, pulling a mighty stroke,
While Penny did the rudder guide
As they row'd up and down the tide,
All's ready now—pop, went the gun,
And now begins the pleasing fun;
Pull, De'il!—pull, Dutchman!—pull your
best,
And let it be a warm contest.—
“A guinea on the Clerks!” was cried;
“Done, for the Captains!” was replied:
“A bottle, that the Clerks will beat!”
“Done—that the Captains gain the feat!”
“Upon the Tars I'll bet a crown!”
“Done, for the Quills!—come, lay it down.”
The Tars are even with them still,
Oh! they can never beat the Quill;
Such long looks and anxious faces,
Are but seen at Misers' Graces—
Nor did I ever see before
Such sulky looks hover at the oar;
And even, if I dare truth tell,
It interest'd Parson Bell.
The lovely Nymphs, fair as the Morn,
Sneer'd at our honest Tars with scorn:
Oh, charming creatures! be not rude,
You know our Captains too, are good.
And now, my boys, they're drawing near—
The whale-boat's first, prepare to cheer!
The Sheriff fires another gun,
The Clerks have gain'd! the race is done.
New stakes are lifted, bets are paid,
The hand is shook, and wagers led
The Tars will beat the self-same Crew,
If they can get a whale-boat too!
To Jonathan they then apply'd,
Who never yet a friend denied;
They gave her then a coat of grease
That she may row with greater ease;
The boats were ready—all was well
Just as they ring the dinner-bell.—
Oh, Captains! now why did ye dine?
Why did ye guzzle so much wine?
No doubt, the beef was very good,
And pudding also is choice food;
But mind—the belly, when too full,
Was never fit for a long pull.
I must now renew my story;
Clerks and Tars contend for glory,
And such dispute ne'er was before;
All eager waiting on the oar,
To hear the Sheriff's signal gun,
When up comes Downs, resolv'd to run!
The signal's fir'd, and off they start;
Then pitty pat goes many a heart;
But Down's scarce pull'd his thirteenth
stroke,
When, lo! his midship oar was broke!
And now the crowd begin to shout;
Downs, in a rage, turns round about—
And stamps his foot—scratches his head—
Cursing his fate, rows home with speed.
The other two are check by jow,
De'il take the hindmost in the row;
The crystal stream, their oars divide,
Hard, hard they pull, still side by side.
Fresh bets are made, and doubled too,
The race is doubtful to our view:
At length the Clerks now shoot a-head,
and now the Captains' fate we dread;
The losers now begin to curse,
The gainer's sneers still makes them worse.
The Clerks are thirty yards a-head,
The Tars are shameful beat indeed.
The Captains now give up the race,
And shouts resound through Harbor Grace.

“Well done, our Clerks! my boys, well done!”
This is indeed fine, noble fun.
Now Jamie Fox, you're fairly caught,
Come hand me out your one pound note;
And Rogerson, you need not frown,
The bet is lost—\$0 pay the crown;
Oh Bayly, ope your purse with ease,
And put in three pounds if you please;
Come Lee, no more of Captains boast,
For by them you've a dollar lost;
A certain lady in this town,
Has also gain'd a new silk gown.
All bets with honor now are paid,
And bets again I hear are laid.
Downs, pray don't again have such conceit,
To think you could so easily beat;
And Captains, mind ye my remarks,
And have no more to do with Clerks,
For they you find can pull an oar,
Altho' a Quill they're used to more.

Bear Baiting on Reformed Principles.—William Green, of Freeman's Row, Liverpool, appeared to answer a summons produced against him by inspector McCulloch. The latter stated, that on Monday, he went to the house of the defendant, where he found between fifty and sixty men, and about thirty dogs, with which the former was baiting a bear. “Well,” said Mr. Hall, “what have you to say for yourself this time?” “Pooh!” replied the defendant, “why, it's all nonsense; the dogs can do the bear no harm, because it's clothed all over in the skin of another bear; nor the bear can't hurt the dogs—not a bit!” Mr. Hall, “No, I believe the bear cannot hurt the dogs, but I think the dogs hurt the bear.” Defendant, “Pooh! not a bit I tell you; and whereas he says I had fifty or sixty men, and thirty dogs—I tell you, a I charge sixpence a-piece for men, and three-pence for dogs, and I only fobbed eight and sixpence that day, so how can that be—hey?” Mr. Hall, “There is a law against it, and—” Defendant (interrupting)—“We bait 'em, on reformed principles. It doesn't hurt 'em, because we only bait the skin, and not the bear. You might as well bait a bundle of rags. In London they used to bait 'em stark naked, but we dogs a reformed system, we sew 'em up in a skin and lets the dogs tear away; they can't hurt 'em; it's impossible; it's only to try the fact if the dogs has courage and pluck enough to run at the bear, and there's nothing contrary to the hackt of Parliament in that. I think,” Mr. Hall, “I have attempted to tell you, that the practice is unlawful, I but perceive that you are inclined to be as boisterous as when you were last summoned here, now—” Defendant (interrupting)—“I've got the bears, and I must keep 'em. I can't sell 'em. How am I to get a bit of bread for myself and the poor dumb animals? Pooh! it does not hurt 'em a bit.” Mr. Hall, “If you would suffer yourself to be sewed up in a bear skin, and allow twenty or thirty ferocious dogs to be turned loose upon you, they—” Defendant (again interrupting)—“Well, I will! I agree to it! You may sew me up this minute, and set all the dogs of Liverpool at me, I'm ready now. Pooh! on the new system it doesn't hurt a bit.” Mr. Hall, “I tell you Sir, it's very cruel and—” Defendant (in derision)—“Cruel! Pooh! What's fox hunting? Cruel! You start out a poor fox, or may be a hare, that hasn't strength to defend itself, and you turn out forty or fifty big dogs after him, twice as big as he is, and you gallop away after him till he is exhausted, then the dogs catches him and tears him all to pieces. Cruel! which is the cruelist? But that's a gentleman's sport, and gentlemen can do as they like.” Mr. Hall said, as the law was, so must he administer it. The defendant was fined 40s. and costs.

Nobody will steal Years.—Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c.—concluded by saying “that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa, in Germany when battles used to be won in a systematic way.” “You must be old,” said Napoleon. “Yes, I am either sixty or seventy.” “Why, colonel, you certainly have lived long enough to count years a little more closely?” “General,” said the Hungarian. “I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and I shall not lose one of them!”

Three great Physicians.—The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent Physicians of Paris, who affect to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. “Gentlemen,” said Dumoulin, “you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished Physicians.” Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, “Water, Exercise, and Diet.”

Politeness of the Military.—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the Governor's table, was invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. “No ma'am, I thank you,” replied the unsophisticated hero “I never takes wine; but I'm a tiger at beer!”

In speaking of the late balloon descent at Dodinghurst, a wag, remarked that, after the very “high words” which passed between the Duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham, it was not at all surprising they should “fall out.”

It has been ascertained that wounds have always healed more rapidly in a temperature above 25 Fahr. without dressing, than with or without dressing in a lower temperature.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surprising farmers be?
Because they're always studying
The art of husbandry.

Amende Honorable.—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton of the Chesnut street Theatre, as “a thing.” Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract it, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut street, is *no-thing*.

In “Walker's London,” recently published, some amusing and instructive extracts from which have appeared in English papers, it is related that a retired London hackney coachman, giving an account of his life, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours in particular quarters of the town to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their addresses, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered their policy to be strictly honest.

Religion and Medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of its doctors.

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 Harbor 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.
Doubt 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, 1836.

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, 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.
Packets 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 Kelly's, (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John O'Connell.
Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

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 STUBBS, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

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