



## THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

and the commands of England with the speed of lightning through every portion of the empire.

**PRUSSIA.**  
The Neufchatel question appears to be assuming a more serious aspect. The Prussian Government is said to have communicated a note to the French Cabinet, and no doubt to the other parties to the Protocol of 1852, intimating that as diplomatic negotiations have been of no avail in bringing the Federal Government of Switzerland to a sense of its injustice, and as no amicable arrangement was any longer to be hoped for, the King had resolved on trying other measures in defence of his rights as Prince of Neufchatel. His Majesty is no doubt apprehensive of disclosures which may be produced during the trial of the prisoners.—Diplomatic communications have opened to secure a passage to the Swiss frontier for Prussian troops. The *New Prussian Gazette* states that the royal army will advance into Switzerland, seize a few important points, and hold them as a material guarantee until justice is done to the king's claims.

It is now understood that the marriage of Prince Frederick William, which was fixed for the 18th of October next (the prince's birthday), has been postponed, and will now take place on the 21st November, the day on which the Princess Royal will complete her seventeenth year. Arrangements have been made for the celebration by that time of the alterations which are being made in the Palace Unter den Linden, formerly inhabited by the late king, and now being fitted up for the residence of the young couple.

**AUSTRIA.**  
According to intelligence which has reached Paris, the Emperor of Austria has not yet decided upon visiting Milan. His Majesty is said to be much disappointed with his reception in Italy and complains of false representations having been made to him as to public feeling in Venice and Lombardy.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 11th inst., says:—"Reliable information has to-day been given me that the Emperor will, on his arrival at Milan, give the Lombards positive proof that attention has been paid to their petition for a remission of a part of the taxes. The official Austrian papers are totally silent on the subject, but it is known to me that before he quitted Vienna, the Emperor gave strict orders that in future no inquiries should be made into the conduct of the Hungarian employes during the years 1848 and 1849. This measure is a great boon to the government officials in Hungary, who had to fear the animosity of such of their fellow-citizens as were opposed to them in politics during the revolution. In a word, the Emperor has, by a few strokes of his pen, ruined the trade of a host of amateur informers."

**PERSIA.**  
A letter from Constantinople, in the *Pays*, contains the following intelligence:—"Letters which have arrived at the various embassies give us some details relative to the taking of Herat. It was on the 29th of October that the town fell into the hands of the Persians. Some days before a considerable breach had been made at the foot of one of the numerous towers which flank the walls of the town; but in order to reach that spot it was necessary to carry a work in front of the place, which had been raised by English officers. The attacking columns, composed of picked troops, rushed to the assault with great intrepidity, and the Afghans, though resisting the first shock, were soon obliged to give way. Then, Esa Khau, who commanded the besieged, seeing that further resistance was quite impossible, submitted to Moored Meerza, commander-in-chief of the Persian army. Esa to'lan was to be sent to Teheran. The capture of Herat will not facilitate an arrangement of the difference which has arisen between England and Persia. Redschid Pasha is trying to settle the affair, and Ferukh Khan had on Sunday last an interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, which did not last less than three hours."

**SWITZERLAND.**  
The journals and advices from Berlin state that the Prussian note relating to the Neufchatel affair was forwarded on the 10th inst. to the Cabinets of Paris, London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, as well as to the Germanic Diet. In this note Prussia manifests her intention to have recourse to energetic and independent action. It is said that Prussia has decided on an armed intervention if the royalist prisoners at the Neufchatel should be convicted. It is asserted that the military preparations are already made.

**IRELAND.**  
During the late tremendous gale a large boat was capsized on the lower Shannon, and thirteen persons who were on board, including the crew and some farmers returning home from market at Limerick were all drowned. The accounts from Tipperary, Waterford, and Cork respecting the late storms, represent extensive casualties. The rivers overflowed their banks, causing considerable damage to property, while many fine old trees were uprooted, and houses stripped of their roofs.

**FUNERAL OF FATHER MATHEW.**—The funeral of the Rev. Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, took place in Cork, on the 12th, and was, perhaps, the most remarkable one ever witnessed in that City. The cortege was more than three miles long, and took an hour and a half to pass any particular point. It was attended by the Corporation and City officers, in mourning, by several dignitaries and clergymen of the Established Church, as well as by a vast number of the Roman Catholic clergy, with their bishop at their head, and by all the Roman Catholic and a great many of the Protestant gentry of the surrounding Country. It was estimated that not fewer than 50,000 people were assembled in and around the cemetery on the occasion, and the deepest sympathy was expressed by the greater number of those present, many of them weeping tears. The Roman Catholic Bishop and seventy priests officiated at the obsequies in the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity.

(From the *Greenock Advertiser*.)  
The last news from the East bears the curious expression that Persia "accepts the war declared by England." What that may represent we have no means of judging, but other despatches by way of Paris, hold out a hope that Lord Redcliffe will be able to settle the matter at Constantinople with a Persian envoy who has come from Teheran with full powers.

The French official journal makes this week an unpleasant reference to the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the Swiss Confederation on the subject of Neufchatel. It will be remembered that a short time ago an attempt at insurrection was made in that canton, an object being to detach it from Switzerland and hand over its sovereignty to the Prussian monarch. The attempt was entirely futile, and the leaders were apprehended and now await their trial. The Swiss authorities have no great desire to punish the men, but they think it due to their independence and respect for the laws that their offence should be discussed in a criminal court. The King of Prussia asks or demands their liberation, however, not to found upon the compliance of the republic with his requirements any further claim to the sovereignty of Neufchatel. The stout mountaineers refuse to proceed in this order, but are willing, if the King gives the assurance he has promised, not to punish the prisoners further. At this stage the Emperor of the French offers his friendly assistance to untie the knot which the dignity of the two powers has tied, and we learn the resultless issue of his endeavour in the angry note of the *Moniteur*. At some periods of the history of Europe it would have been ridiculous to suppose that any serious complication could arise out of a matter like this; but at present there seems everywhere danger of a small spark causing a great conflagration. The French Emperor shows a great desire to be on good terms with both Russia and Prussia, and exhibits considerable feeling towards Austria, whose Emperor, on the other hand, will look suspiciously on any aggrandisement of his German neighbour. Again, the King of Naples depends more for his safety upon the money-bought service of Swiss soldiers than on the loyal regards of his native Italians, and he consequently would unpleasantly situated if the Federal States were to require the return home of all Swiss soldiers, in order to defend their native land from hostile aggression. France asks the release of the prisoners; the Swiss authorities refuse compliance, and the *Moniteur* is desired to say that "Switzerland must not be astonished, if, in the course of events she should no longer find the good will which she might have obtained at the cost of a very slight sacrifice." We cannot expect an Emperor to show why any sacrifice, slight or not, should be made by those who are vindicating the independence of their soil against the emissaries of an offending neighbour.

**ENGLAND.**  
Such extensive damage to steam ships by storms—as have been experienced during the last three weeks—has never been known before. Scarcely a steamer has been able to withstand the recent storms. Many have been unable so much as to face them, and have put back. Even Cunard's and Croysey's gigantic Atlantic steamers have been worsted in their encounters with the December gales, and have turned back disabled and discomfited. The fury of the gales have been felt all over the Mediterranean, over a great portion of the Atlantic, and in the seas surrounding the British Isles. Some conception of the force of the sea may be formed from the fact that as the Australian Mail steamer *European* was coming from the Clyde to Southampton Water, a sea washed over her and with such force, that it lifted up a spar screw, weighing nine tons, that was on board, and which in falling went through the deck. This was the damage that caused her detention.

Six hundred and five metropolitan legal firms have agreed to observe the Saturday half-holiday. A very handsome monument is about to be erected at Badminton, the ancient seat of the Somerset family in Gloucestershire, to the memory of the late lamented Lord Raglan. The memorial will be erected at the expense of the Dowager Lady Raglan, widow of the deceased.

### HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE RESOLUTE.

The Queen on Tuesday visited the Arctic ship *Resolute*. The *Resolute*, dressed in her colours, was lashed alongside of the Royal embarkation place at Trinity Wharf, Cowes. The English and American flags were flying at the peak, and as soon as the Queen set her foot on the deck the Royal standard was hoisted at the main. The Rear Admiral fired a salute the boats crews "tossed" their oars, and the ship's company, standing on the rail, received her Majesty with three rounds of cheers.

Captain Hartstein received the Royal party at the gangway, and the officers, in full uniform were grouped on either side. All the officers were presented to the Queen by Captain Hartstein, who then addressed her Majesty in the following words:—"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on board the *Resolute*, and in obedience to the will of my countrymen and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration and respect to your Majesty personally."

The Queen seemed touched by the manly simplicity of this frank and sailor like address and replied with a gracious smile, "I thank you Sir."

The royal party then went over the ship and examined her with manifest interest. Captain Hartstein traced her course on a map and indicated the most important discoveries of the American Arctic expeditions. In the conversation Prince Albert observed that Lady Franklin was very anxious for another expedition, to which Captain Hartstein replied that he was not surprised that she should be so, for he thought it very possible that Franklin or some of his comrades might still be alive among the Esquimaux.

After completing the inspection of the ship the royal party retired amid the enthusiastic reclamations of the spectators.

It was originally intended to request her Majesty to take luncheon on board, but the idea was subsequently abandoned through a diffidence as to whether the proceeding would be *quis sicut les reges*. But after the withdrawal of the royal party there was an elegant *dejeuner* in the wardrobe.

Captain Hartstein was invited by the Queen to dine and to spend the night at Osborn, and all the officers were invited to visit the grounds at Osborne, a privilege of which they availed themselves at three o'clock.

The Queen on her visit was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice.

(From the *Liverpool Mercury*.)  
The *Moniteur* of Monday publishes a report from M. Rouher, the Minister of Public Works, on the railways of France, recommending that the railway companies shall be allowed to issue new scrip to the value of 214,000,000 (£8,560,000) in the course of the year 1857. This is intended, perhaps, as a substitute or antidote for the Russian railway scheme.

Mr. Disraeli arrived in Paris on Friday, and was expected to have an interview with the Emperor. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* remarks that this fact, coupled with Comte de Persigny's recent visit to Lord Derby, must be considered as of great importance. Perhaps so. Had these visits any reference to the Russian question? Did the French Government, before finally persisting in a view which might possibly drive Lord Palmerston to a resignation, wish to ascertain to which side the leaders of the Conservative party in the British Parliament leaned? If the *Press* may be relied upon as the expositor of the opinions of Mr. Disraeli, the Tory leaders take the Russian side of the question. On Saturday last the *Press* contended that, in assenting to the differences respecting Belgrad and the Isle of Serpents being referred to a second conference, the Administration of Lord Palmerston had received a diplomatic check, because it had put forward pretensions which it was unable to maintain and had taken a less rational and conciliatory view than the French Government. But the check is apparent rather than real; and it seems that, if the English Cabinet has agreed to the disputed points being referred to the conference, the French Government is now not unwilling that the English view of the question shall be maintained by the conference. The conference, however, is to be composed of the second plenipotentiaries whose meeting to settle certain minor details was provided for by the Paris Congress, and it has no power of re-opening the treaty of peace or of altering its text or scope. This conference may be summoned at any moment, and the *Morning Post* can see no reason why our Government should object to sit being called together.

Intelligence, said to be official, has reached Paris by telegraph of an insurrection having broken out in Sicily. A large body of men assembled at a village about six or seven miles from Palermo, and threatened to march on the city. Barou Bentivenga, who had been arrested, is said to be the leader of the movement. Troops had been sent against the insurgents, but no engagement had taken place at the date of the last despatch, which is of Monday from Naples, and two days previous from Palermo.

Swiss troops were about leaving Naples for Sicily. Naples was tranquil. The king arrived in his capital on the 28th ult., when a cabinet council was convened on the affairs of Sicily. It was stated some time since that the withdrawal of the French and English Ministers from Naples had produced much more excitement in Sicily than in the continental dominions.

On the afternoon of the 25th the Emperor and Empress of Austria made their solemn entry into Venice, and the official despatch tells us that the reception given by the people to the Imperial visitors was most enthusiastic.

At a meeting held in Dublin on the 16th, the High Sheriff in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament to reduce the income-tax to £d. in the pound after April next.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.**—Kuper and Co. of London, are to make one-half of the Atlantic cable; and Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, the other. It may assist the reader to a fair conception of the immensity of the task (says the *Gateshead Observer*) if we state that our ingenious neighbour will have to twist strands of wire, 25,000 miles in length—or long enough to go round the whole earth, and leave sufficient length of wire for Archimedes to swing it round his head with, if he had but that standing-point which he coveted for his experiments.

### THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

HARBOUR GRACE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14.

Altho our views upon the present unfortunate state of public affairs remain unaltered, we do not deem it expedient at present further to urge their adoption upon the public mind, particularly when we find that our efforts are not seconded by those who acknowledge their general correctness yet abstain from any thing like actual interference, and thus leave subjects of vital importance to the community solely in the hands of persons whose public character we have felt called upon openly to denounce.

Influences local and domestic have been called into requisition by our public men, and private feeling has operated to shield them from the effects of that virtuous indignation which it should ever be the privilege of the faithful Editor to abundantly call forth; had we suffered similar feelings to counteract public principle, we too would have been silent, and it may be that our private interests would have been advanced, but we preferred the independent course, and, failed not to urge upon our fellow citizens that strict line of duty which we believed the most remedial effect, we may have failed in this particular, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not sown altogether to the wind men who never before took much interest in public matters, now begin to enquire the amount of benefit, which they derive from the Government, what becomes of the enormous amount of revenue which the trade of this country creates and where has the advantage of sending representatives to the assembly, if they have to be packed and bought up like so many Guinea Slaves.

We would rather be the veriest seaf in Russia, than hold the degrading position of nominal representative of the People, whilst we received the pay and became the tool of the minister of the day; but in these spiritless times such considerations pass for nothing, and the representative principle is lost in obsequious parasitism which throughout the length and breadth of the land influences are being sedulously exercised widely different from those upon which the honest politician would fairly rely, and thus our representatives are enabled to return to their ignominious calling, unscathed by aught save the half stifled murmurs of an injured community, and the unexpressed lash of at least one indignant Newfoundland.

We deeply regret that the fulminating reporter no longer echoes among the rugged cliffs and snow clad mountains of our native land, whilst we accept the explanation offered, we humbly think that no sacrifice of time or emolument should have prevented that able writer from persevering in that noble cause to which for a time he so zealously devoted himself, there are whispers also abroad that the correct views of others are waxing faint and vacillating, as the test of true patriotism approaches so let it be, the potent spell of the Wizard of the iron-chest silences for a time the advocates of freedom! The blind prejudices of party may for the nonce prostrate Liberty in the dust and place hunting seraphs swell the triumph of despotism; but the spirit of freedom is abroad and will be amply vindicated when Newfoundlanders are made to appreciate the rights of humanity.

Hereditary bondsmen know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

Since writing the above we have received notice of a public meeting to be convened for the purpose of petitioning for a Light House on Baccaloe.

We are glad to acknowledge that we had underrated the public spirit which still exists in this place, and which we trust will upon future occasions be as promptly and efficiently called forth.

A public meeting was held on Monday next for the purpose of petitioning the cause a Light House on Baccaloe.

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# THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

### NOTICE.

A public meeting of the Ship Owners and Masters, and others interested will take place on Monday next the 29<sup>th</sup> inst. at the Temperance Hall for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Hon. the House of Assembly to cause a Light House to be erected on Baccaloo Harbour Grace 14 January 1857.

George Pike Samuel Gorden  
John Mann William Donnelly  
Michael Stapleton William H. Ridley  
Harrison Ridley Edward J. Pike  
Stephan Andrews John Scully  
John Pomroy James Glavin  
Richard Cleary Michael Fitzgerald  
William Pike Charles Pike  
Patrick Deveroux.

### DIED.

On Monday 23<sup>d</sup> ult., Mr. Jeremiah Hickey Planter, of this place, aged 63 years.  
PASSENGER.—In the Sea Bird, Mr. J. K. Fisher.

**ENTERED.**  
Jan. 7—Elizabeth Margaret, Power, Boston—Sydney, Coals & 10 days—Laurel, Hayes Baltimore, Prvs—20  
8 Eonriguez, (Sp) Paves, Cadiz, Salt 22 Days.

**CLEARED.**  
Jan. 13—Sea Bird (barque), Burditt, Gibraltar, Puntón & Muan.  
Jan. 9—Kelpie, Bulley, Brazils,—Ridley & Sons.

### FOR SALE.

**NOW LANDING** by the Subscribers, ex Brig Greyhound, from Baltimore—  
200 Barrels Prime PORK,  
752 " Superfine FLOUR,  
300 " White CORN MEAL,  
30 Bags COFFEE.

RIDLEY & SONS, Im.

**TEACHER WANTED.**  
FOR the School at the Dock, Port de Grave, Salary £40 currency per annum, with Fees, Apply to the Rev. MARTIN BLACKMORE, Chairman Provincial Educational Board, Bay Roberts.  
Dec. 2, 1856.

### TO BE LET.

And immediate possession given.  
Bona Vista GOTTAGIE, with Gardens and Outhouses,—situated in the occupancy of Louis Emerson, Esq. For particulars, apply to  
Nov. 12. PUNTON & MUNN

### ON SALE.

RIDLEY & SONS  
HAVE just received per "Belle," from Demerara—  
100 Puncheons very superior MOLASSES,  
20 Hogheads bright SUGAR.  
All of new Crop, which will be sold cheap for CASH.  
Harbour Grace, Dec. 16, 1856. Im.

**THE LAST OF THE ABORIGINES.**  
A FEW Copies of this Newfoundland Poem remain to be disposed of at this Office, price One Shilling.  
Dec. 10, 1857.

BY PUNTON & MUNN,  
150 Puncheons Choice  
MOLASSES,  
J. standard, ex Wm. Panton, from Demerara Nov 5

PUNTON & MUNN,  
Have just received, ex Brig Dolphin, from Quebec,  
500 Barrels Superfine Canada Flour  
200 Do. Pease  
100 Do. Prime Pork  
50 Do. Oatmeal  
20 Kegs Barley:  
Als., ex Brig Eliza, from Hamburg,  
1500 Bags No. 2 & 3 Bread  
285 Firkus Randers Batter  
20 M. Brick:  
And arrived from Liverpool, in 18 days,  
A portion of their Fall Supply of  
MANUFACTURED GOODS,  
Which will be sold cheap for Fish, Oil, & Cash.  
d. 37 30

### ON SALE.

By the Subscribers,  
The Cargo of the Brigantine Three Sisters,  
from New York  
945 Barrels FLOUR  
100 Do. PORK  
50 Do. BEEF  
10 Chests TEA:  
Also, remaining from previous importations, a large Stock of  
British Manufactured  
GOODS,  
Cheap for Cash, Fish or Oil.  
PUNTON & MUNN.  
Sept. 3.

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,  
Ex Boneta, from Baltimore,  
Superfine Butting Flour, Prime Pork  
White Corn Meal, Rice:  
Ex Acostas from Montreal,  
Superfine Flour, Butter, Pease, &c.  
And ex Queen, from Liverpool,  
An Assortment of British Manufactured  
GOODS,  
which will be sold low for Cash, Fish, or Oil.  
Oct 15. WM DONNELLY

THE STEAMER  
ELLEN GIBBORNE  
On and after this date will ply as follows:  
On Monday from Harbor Grace, at 9 a.m. to Bogus and Portugal Cove, thence to Carbonear.  
On Tuesdays, from Carbonear, at 10 a.m. to Portugal Cove, thence to Bigus and Harbor Grace.  
On Wednesdays, from Harbor Grace, at 9 a.m. to Bogus and Portugal Cove, thence to Carbonear.  
On Thursdays, from Carbonear at 10 a.m., to Portugal Cove, thence to Bigus and Harbor Grace.

On Fridays the steamer will lie up  
On Saturdays, from Harbor Grace at 8 a.m. to Bogus and Portugal Cove, thence to Bigus and Harbor Grace.  
Goods from Harbor Grace, Carbonear and Bigus for St. John's, cannot be received unless prepaid to Portugal Cove.  
All Goods must be legibly directed to ensure their safe delivery.  
F A R E S.  
Cabin 7s 6l.; Steerage, 4s.  
W. DONNELLY.  
Sept 3.

**A CARD.**  
THE Subscriber, will shortly publish—Dedicated by permission to His Excellency Governor DARLING—  
A Chart of the Town and Harbour of St John's Newfoundland and Dairy Tables  
Price of the former \$4 and of the latter \$2  
A List is open for Subscribers at the several Book Stores, and at the office of the Subscriber, Dr. Reeson's Brick Building, Duckworth Street.  
FREDERICK R. PAGE,  
Land Surveyor, &c. &c.  
Oct. 1

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND  
A large Assortment of  
MARBLE,  
SUITABLE FOR HEAD-STONES,  
MONUMENTS, TOMBES, &c.  
MARBLE, being best adapted to the climate of North America, is now in general use in the Provinces.  
Orders by letter from the Outpost promptly attended to.  
Terms reasonable; and all Work warranted to give satisfaction.  
ALEXANDER SMITH,  
Foot of Pay House Hill,  
St. John's, Sept 6, 1856.

### NOTICE.

PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY,  
Lombard Street and Charning Cross London  
[ESTABLISHED IN 1782]

Insurances against Fire are effected by the PHENIX COMPANY upon all descriptions of Property in Newfoundland, on the most favourable terms; and the experience of nearly three quarters of a century has manifested to the public the promptitude and liberality with which all losses have been adjusted by them.  
Persons Insured by this Company do not depend upon restricted funds for the payment of their claims; the Security offered by the PHENIX OFFICE being unlimited, comprising in addition to the large invested Capital of the Company, the whole fortunes of a numerous Proprietary, composed of some of the most eminent gentlemen and merchants in the United Kingdom.  
Rates of Premiums, and all particulars of Insurance, will be made known on application to the undersigned, by whom Policies are issued free of charge.  
W. & G. RENDELL,  
Agents for Newfoundland.

A REMEDY FOR  
MA VEOUS AGE,  
HOLLOW EYES, &c.  
The Grand Eternal Remedy.  
By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these these Ointment when rubbed on the skin, is carried to every organ or inward part.—Disease of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness. This healing Ointment therefore readily penetrates through any bony or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.  
Erysipelas and Rheumatism, Scorbutic Humours.

No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of disease of the skin, whatever form they may assume, as this Ointment. Curves, Sores, Scabies, Erysipelas cannot long withstand its influence. The face is not less benefited over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.  
Sore Legs, Sore Breasts, Wounds and Ulcers  
Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years standing.  
Piles and Fistulas.  
These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.  
Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—  
Bad Legs, Bad Legs, Burns, Bunions, Bite of Mosquitoes and Sand Flies, Cancers, Cheilosis, Chills, Chapped hands, Corns, (soft) Cancers, Contracted and Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Fistulas, Gout, Glandular Swelling, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Scalds, Sore Nipples, Sore Throat, Skin Diseases, Scurvy, Sore-heads, Tumours, Ulcers, Wounds, &c.  
Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY 214 Strand, (near Temple Bar) London, and 80, Maiden Lane, New York also, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World at the following prices:—  
Ls. 3s., 3s., 3s., and 6s. sterling, each Pot.  
Sole Agents, John McCarthy, Carbonear; N. & J. Jilary, Harbour Grace; John Stensford, Brigus.  
Wholesale and Retail by  
T. McCANNON, Agent  
N. B.—Directions for guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot.

### NOTICE.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.  
CAPITAL — £200,000,000. IN 100,000 SHARES £20 EACH.  
TRUSTEES—  
JOHN SHAW LEIGH, Esq.,  
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DIRECTORS, ETC. IN LIVERPOOL  
CHARLES TURNER, Esq., Chairman,  
J. BRADLEY MOORE, Esq., M. P., and  
RALPH BRACKLEBANK, Esq., Deputy Ch.  
FIRE BRANCH.  
Annual Premiums £120,000 exceeding of most every Office in the United Kingdom.  
Losses promptly and liberally paid.  
SECURITY OF A LARGE CAPITAL ACTUALLY PAID UP.

LIFE BRANCH.  
Stamps on Policies not Charged.—Forfeitures of Policy cannot take place from unintentional mistake.  
MEDICAL FEES PAID,  
Moderate Premiums.—Large Bonus Declared, 1855.  
Amounting to £2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured; being, on ages from twenty to forty, 20 per cent. on the premium.  
PERIODS OF DIVISION EVERY FIVE YEARS EXAMINED:

Year.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Premium.	Profit.
1845	29	1020	242 18 4	180
1846	24	1000	194 5 0	160
1847	33	2900	480 16 0	320
1847	10	300	46 4 0	42
1848	23	100	14 5 2	10
1849	27	500	46 18 4	40

This Company added about £20,000 to its permanent capital, for the increased protection of its Insurers. This step distinctly shows that the Company has always acted upon the principle enunciated by one of the directors at the last Annual Meeting of the proprietors—that the interests of the assured have a paramount claim on the directors—a claim superior even to that of the shareholders themselves.  
From that moment, as might be expected, the Company attained the highest success throughout the country, and has retained it ever since. The result is shown in the annexed fact that its Fire Revenue alone rose in about five years from nine more than £30,000 to about £130,000!

A further cause of this rapid growth lies somewhat more below the surface, but is yet of importance. From inquiry we learn that no fire office possessing half the above revenue annually deposits its accounts with the Registrar-general.

The resources and balance-sheet of this great Company are, on the contrary, annually registered, and unmistakable evidence is thus given periodically of its capacity to meet its engagements.—*Morning Herald*, December 16, 1855.

And, indeed, the bonus of the 'Royal' may be pronounced to be larger than any yet declared by the mass of the English offices. Here is an office which yields a fairly easy and wholesome reversionary bonus of 80 per centum in its Life Branch, and in regard to fire operations, can make this very enviable boast, that it has exceeded the fire business of all but two of the London fire offices—viz.: the receipt of nearly £130,000 per year in Fire premiums alone—some of which ancient offices have been in existence for a century! Equally successful and singular in both departments. Indeed, the Life Department may be said to present results equally worthy of mention.—*Morning Chronicle*, November 28, 1855.

FREDERICK G. DUNTING, Esq., M.D.,  
Medical Examiner,  
BROCKLEBANK & ANTHONY,  
Agents for Newfoundland

WARREN, BROTHERS,  
ST. JOHN'S... NEWFOUNDLAND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND GENERAL AGENTS.  
C. S. WARREN,  
Notary Public,  
Agents Canada Life Assurance Company

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY. NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THOMAS CAMPELL. I love contemplating, apart From all his homicidal glory, The traits that soften to our hearts Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne Arm'd in our island every freeman, His navy chanced to capture one Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him, I know not how, Unprison'd on the shore to roam, And aye was bent his youthful brow On England's home.

His eye, methought, perceived the flight Of birds, to Britain half-way over, With envy—they could reach the white Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight-watch, he thought, Than his sojourn would have been dearer, If but the storm his vessel brought To England nearer.

At length, when care had banished sleep, He saw, one morning, dreaming, doating, An empty hoghead, on the deep, Come shoreward, floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought The live-long day laborious, lurking, Until he launch'd a tiny boat, By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond description! Such a wretched wherry, Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond, Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing on the salt sea field 'Twould make the very boldest shudder— Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd, No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods, ne interlaced His sorry skiff with watted willows: And, thus equip'd, he would have faced The raging billows.

The French guard caught him on the beach, His little argus sorely jering, Till tidings of it came to reach Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, Serene alike in peace and danger, And, in his wonted attitude, Address'd the stranger:

'Rash youth, that would'st yon channel pass With twigs and staves so rudely fasten'd, Thy heart to some sweet English lass Must be impassion'd.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad; But, absent years from one another, Great was the longing that I had To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said; 'You've both my favor fairly won; A noble mother must have bred So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold, And, with a flag of truce commanded, He should be shipp'd to England old, And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift To find a dinner plain and hearty, But never changed the coin and gift Of Bonaparte!

LITERATURE

THE BLIND WOMAN.

(FROM THE MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF A CITY MISSIONARY.)

Having been for some time a missionary to one of the suburbs of Glasgow, I was brought into the knowledge of many distressing histories. One of these I propose to relate at present. There was a dilapidated land of houses in one of the back courts of my district, which I had not, at the date I am about to mention, yet visited. One cold day in November of 184—, I ascended the stairs for the first time, and knocked at the door of what is there termed a single house, or house of one apartment. A faint voice from within bade me open, and come in.

The door opened into a wretched chamber, without furniture of any sort, beyond a few chairs. On one of these sat an old woman whose hair was passing from black to grey, and whose skin was brown and wrinkled. She was leaning forward on a long staff, which she grasped in the middle, and looking fixedly in the direction of the door at which I was entering. There was something about the stare of her eyes which I did not like at first. I thought

their expression rude and insolent. Yet I soon perceived that it was the expression of disease, and that she was stone-blind.

"Who are you?" she asked, sharply, when I had shut the door. I told her my name and the object of my visit. She turned her body slowly round upon her seat, and bent forward as if to look for a particular thing. After staring for a second at one corner of the apartment, she pointed to a chair, and said, "There should be a seat in that corner. Bring it near, and sit down and talk with me, for I am blind." When I had taken my seat, she instantly began to talk herself. She lifted her sightless eyeballs, and fixed them upon me, until I thought her blindness was feigned, and that she was seeing into my very soul. There was a sad and melancholy disagreeableness in the tones of her voice, which I cannot describe; but the words she uttered, as nearly as I can remember, were as follows:—

"Yes, sir, I am blind. It is seven years past at Martinmas since I lost my sight. I felt it growing dimmer and dimmer still for three weeks, until it would not serve me to see the death of my only boy." She paused at these words, and seemed to have forgotten my presence; but resumed in a little, as if answering to a question which she supposed me to have put:—

"Ay, sir, I had a boy; a brave, well-made, kind-hearted boy. But he died, sir; he died a week after I lost my sight. A week! no, not a week. He died on Friday; and the last light I ever saw was on the Sunday before. Do you recollect, sir?" She raised her voice and spoke rapidly. "You must recollect. It was seven years last Martinmas." Pausing, as if to test her memory, she leaned her head upon her hands, which grasped the staff, and left me in a most painful silence for some minutes. I had no power to speak. One word, either of consolation or common-place, I could not utter. The very mystery of her grief froze me into silence.

At length, however, without lifting her head, she murmured to herself. "Last Martinmas? This Martinmas!" Her voice rose suddenly into a scream, and her head was lifted up, and her eyeballs fixed upon mine with a fearful glare. "This very month—this very day, good sir! Seven years—seven weary years—seven dark and unblest years—this very day, since my dear boy died. One, two, three! Yes; every year has left its mark upon my heart. I see them, and they are all bleeding my very life away. And now another wound must be made to-day. Ay, sir, it is twelve o'clock! I stood by his dead body at this hour, and kissed his cold lips, and felt them taking even that comfort from my touch. Oh, it is sore, sore, to be reminded of it by this day's return! But it will not last for ever, and—"

"What she said in concluding these exclamations I could not catch, for her voice again sunk into its low murmuring tone, and then into silence for a time. "I know what you want to ask," she said; "you want to ask of what he died. And why should I conceal it from you? My boy was innocent, innocent, sir! She did not see him doing it. She saw the others, but not him. She wouldn't swear to that. She was false, false, sir; but not false enough to say he did the deed. She couldn't. He couldn't do it. My kind-hearted son would not kill a sleeping man. The judge asked her if she saw the knife in his hand? No, she replied.—Did you see him at the bedside? No, she replied again.—Where did you see him, then? In the room, my lord.—It was this that put my son to death. In the room, my lord! For that word of the false woman poor Billie had to die. You remember? You must remember. It was seven years ago this morning, that my poor Billie died before the jail."

She was by this time too excited to proceed. The unearthly glare forsook her eyeballs, and she began to rock herself mournfully on the chair. In the painful pause, a little girl entered, ragged and filthy, and set herself down at the old woman's feet. For a moment or two she remained unnoticed, and busied herself in scanning my features and dress. I observed that she paid no attention to the old woman's conduct, as if it had been no unusual sight to her. I wished to speak to the girl, but could not; and I sat looking at the two before me.

Like one awaking from a dream, the elder began to feel the child at her feet. "You are there," she said at length; but I have something to say to this gentleman, my dear; and you must play at the stair-foot till he goes away." The little girl did not appear to comprehend what was thus addressed to her, until the old woman signed with her hand, and then she rose and went reluctantly away. The sightless face was again turned in the direction of the door, and I heard until the child's footstep was out of hearing.

"That, sir, is my grandchild," said my companion, turning her face again towards me. "That is his barn. Poor lamb! I like her for her father's sake. They say that she is like him. God help her, if she be! For he was weel kenne'd; and it is not lucky to be like the dead." Another pause. "Ah, sir, if you would teach her to read? Him who would have taught her they put to death. The merciless crew! That barn was born on the day of his trial, and its mother died in grief; for she never dreamed that her

child's father was to die the death he did. And how could she? She had seen nothing but love and soberness in Billie. It was an old story, sir—a cruel old story, raked up by the false woman who swore his life away. It was fourteen years gone past and more. Poor Billie was witless in his youth, and that false woman and her companions deceived him into their ways. He went with them one night—I mind it well—and was in the room—only in the room, sir—when the murder was committed. They were all dead years ago, except that woman and Bill. She thought, at first, he would have married her, did that false woman; but he loathed her, and fled from her presence, and concealed himself in an English town far away. Poor Billie! He married another, and was happy, and went to church again. His minister came all the way to Glasgow to say a word in his behalf, and then wrote up to London, when speaking wouldn't do. Billie came home one night from church, and was sitting by the fire telling his wife what he had heard. A beggar-woman opened their door, and asked for bread that she might not die. They took her in, and warmed her, and gave her food, and sent her away filled. She told all this herself to the judges; and yet it was she who gave my Billie up. For it was the false woman, sir, whom they helped. She found him out. Her vile revenge was gratified; and she left his door only to return with the hounds of law. Fourteen years had passed. Oh, it was cruel—most cruel! If they hadn't been kind to the poor, she couldn't have discovered him as she did. I prayed on my bended knees that I might never see the day of my son's death; and my prayer was heard, sir—heard to my anguish. Oh! I would have given a world to have seen him for five minutes on that dark morning. I prayed for that, but I was not heard. I prayed to see the men who were taking him away, that I might curse them with a mother's curse, but I was not heard in that either. Oh, sir, it was dark that morning to me! Out and in all was darkness, black and deep. I saw the darkness, sir; I am sure that I saw the darkness, although I saw nothing else.—I fear I am vexing you? You are very good to listen to me. Few will stay so long beside me; every body seems afraid. Ha, ha! afraid of a blind old woman! They have not felt my fear. I was with Billie from two o'clock that morning, and I was shaking with terror. The fear of the darkness made me tremble. I thought that, if I had not been blind, I could have seen some door through which my son could have escaped; I thought that if I had retained my sight I could have pled for his life; and many other mad things passed through my mind. I cannot tell you all; for, in truth, I remember best his heavy sobs, and fearful moanings about Margaret—poor Margaret—the barn's mother, sir—who was by that time in her grave. At length I heard the tread of their feet who were to take him away. And when the chain was broken, and he was taken to the hall, there was a sermon preached, which I forgot. Don't be offended, sir; but I thought that sermon was all falsehood when I heard it. I thought it was a mockery of comfort to a man whose life they were about to destroy. Mayhap I was wrong. I was allowed to go with Billie to the outer door. St. Andrew's clock began to strike eight as we passed the threshold. Billie stood for a little. He took my right hand between his palms and pressed it as if he would cling to it and live. He did not speak. I heard the crowd wondering why he was not coming; but Billie did not say a word. Only he stood pressing my hand between his cold icy palms, until the last stroke of the bell had sounded, and then they took him away from me forever."

I made arrangements to get Billie's child sent to school. In less than a week I returned to tell her grandmother I had done so. To my surprise they had left. Their house was filled with others, and no one could tell whether they had gone. I only learned that they left by night. I cannot explain the cause of their departure; but I conjecture that the old woman wished to bring up the girl in ignorance of her father's fate, and therefore removed to places where they were both unknown; but that either her necessities or her anxiety to justify her son, made her garrulous over-much, and her secret slipped out and fell among the children, who returned it in taunts upon their playmate, the little girl I saw. If this conjecture be correct, perhaps at this moment these two are leaving the home to which they then removed, and going out beneath the cold stars, to escape the gibes of those who cannot feel for the unfortunate, and to seek a new dwelling-place among strangers.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND FATHER MATHEW.—In 1847, the leader of one of the temperance bands in Cork enlisted in the army. He was the chief support of an aged mother his wife, and six children. The amiable Father Mathew applied to the colonel of the regiment he wrote, contrary to the advice of his friends, to the Commander of the Forces, who, by return of post, sent an autograph as follows:—"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Very Rev. Mr Mathew—he could not refuse his application, and has directed the discharge of the soldier he desired."

AN ALDERMAN OUTWITTED.—Our own lamented Chantrey, who, though fully alive to the merits of the good things of this world, was one of the unselfish and liberal of men, told a story of a passage during one of the city feasts at which he was present. The great national sculptor—for truly great and truly national he was—sat next to a functionary before whom stood a large tureen of turtle-soup. This citizen instantly possessed himself of the ladle, carefully fished out the coarser parts and offered the plate containing them to Chantrey, who declined.

"I watched," said he, "the progress of the plate; at last it was set down before the Lord Mayor's chaplain; and the expression of that man's face, when he beheld it, I shall never forget." The functionary went on helping till he had cleared the soupe of all but the green fat and richer partes, the whole of which he piled up in a capacious plate for himself. Then up spoke our sculptor and said:—"If you will allow me to change my mind, I'll take a little turtle." And the waiter who held the plate placed it, to the horror of the dispensing expectant before Chantrey, who immediately commenced spoon exercise, as Jonathan delicately describes such evolutions:—"And this did," said Chantrey, "so punished him for his greed."

What was the unhappy functionary to do? His own tureen was exhausted, and in half frantic tone he called to one of the waiters to bring him some turtle. But at city feasts the guests are very industrious, especially when turtle is the order of the day, and the waiter, after trying about brought back to our greedy citizen the identical plate of fatless flesh which had so astounded the chaplain, who had contrived to exchange his unweleoms portion for one more worthy of a sleek son of the Church.

"And them," Chantrey would add, "my attentive neighbour's usage was awful to look upon!" There was no help for it; so the disconcerted functionary betook himself to the rejected plate, with the additional discomfure of seeing Chantrey send away his, still rich with calipee, fat, and fins—

ABROGATING HER PRIVILEGES.—A young enthusiast was talking to his intended a few days since, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honeymoon in California. "I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking!" "No use talking!" exclaimed the lady, with a look of some surprise. "No use talking," he repeated. "Well, if there's no use talking," said the lady, "what in the name of sense do you want of woman there? I don't go!"

DONE FOR.—A laughable circumstance occurred the other day on the railway. A young gentleman was travelling to town, and when they arrived at Watford, a prim sedate gentleman of the older school got into the carriage. As soon as the train had started, without asking the old boy whether he liked it or not, the young one pulled out his cigar, and began to puff away, on which old Square Toes violently remonstrated, and said he should make a regular complaint to the authorities when he got to town. Nothing daunted, he continued his cigar till just before he got to Euston Square, when, jumping out of the carriage, he called to a policeman and begged him to take his friend into custody, as he had been smoking in the carriage contrary to his express wishes. While the altercation was going on our young friend mixed in the crowd, and has never been heard of since.—Northampton Herald.

"I BELIEVE IT'S ME, SIR!"—A gentleman told me that news was one day accidentally brought to the locality where he was mining, that a man who had committed a robbery, in a neighbouring camp, or diggings some two miles away, had been arrested, and was to be hanged. It created no excitement; drew nobody from employment; but, being himself somewhat curious in such things, he walked over to the spot, and found several miners gathered near some trees talking very quietly in little groups. Not knowing any one, and wishing to have the criminal pointed out to him, he inquired of a person who was standing a little apart, which was the man they were about to hang; to which he replied, without the slightest change of countenance:—"I believe it's me, sir?" Half an hour after, he was suspended from a bough of a tree, and the little community dispersed to their respective suppers, without the smallest demonstration.

The Montreal Herald states that the Arctic expedition fitted out by the Hudson Bay Company was to have started from Great Slave Lake some time since. The object of this expedition is to visit the locality where, according to information furnished by Dr Rae, Sir John Franklin and his unfortunate companions perished, and to ascertain more fully, if possible, respecting their sad fate.

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