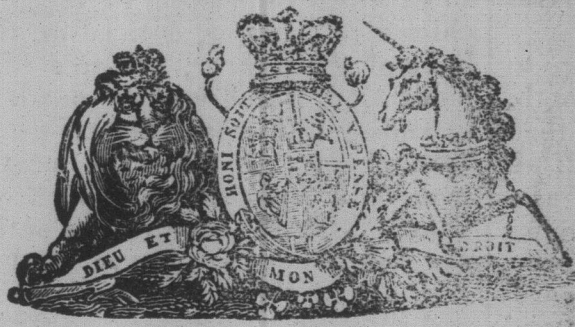


THE



STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1835.

Vol. I.—No. XXXIV.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland.—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS



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 in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths &c.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start, from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet-Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days. Terms as usual. April 10

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 expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one 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 shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

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

TERMS For Cabin Passengers, 10s. each. Fore ditto ditto, 5s. Letters, Single or Double, 1s. Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's. Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace PACKET.

THE fine fast-sailing Cutter the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at Nine o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—this vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for passengers; All Packages and letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance. Ordinary Fares 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d., double ditto 1s., and Parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, St. JOHN'S. ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, HARBOR GRACE.

April 30.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the office of this Paper, Carbonear, Jan 1. 1835.

HEAT AND THIRST—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

The Torch was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay; it was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror except when its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambels of a shipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began until the casual dashing of a bucket over-board for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unrudded bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally as if he had been a messmate.

The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in de water." Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor Jackoo—more use, more ornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of dirty junk that hangs from de Captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast—

"Two red nightcap, one long knife, All him get for Quackoo, For gun next day him sell him wife— You tink dat good song Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so sensible hominal! What is dat? shark? Jackoo come up Sir; don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!"—The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger shrunk from him lost his hold and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind hearted ne-

gro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a gallinazo, the large carrion crow of the tropics sailing contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull out towards it in the gig; and as we approached one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly.—"Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze the face kept moping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners my fine fellow! give way men,"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen, rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again to our astonishment, vulture like with out stretched wings upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking in his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal combat, or what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar lay beside him, showing that hunger at least, could have had no share in his destruction; but the pipkin was dry and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and began to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags, roll out from beneath the stern sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinazo from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes!—It was a full grown man, but so wasted that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were like the talons of a bird; while the falling-in of his chocolate coloured and withered features gave an unearthly tinge to his forehead, over which the horns of a transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set coal black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness contrasted with the death like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only mutter a low moaning sound.—At length—"Aqua, aqua,"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchaco esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic: he gradually uncoiled himself, his voice from being husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para

mi—Oh, la noche pasado, la noche pasado! He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Don't you worry yourself, oh Dios, dexa me descansar," and he crawled, grovelling on his face, with a crushed worm in his mouth, until he got his head over the side, and fell down into the sea. The pale face of his dead companion, the object he ever saw—his eyes were closed, his head tilted, and dropped his face against the ship's side. He was dead.

EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS.

[A Polish Tale, entitled LEVI AND SARAH, or the Jewish Lovers, affords us the following admirable defence of the Jewish character. The work is translated from the German, and in a series of Letters.]

It is not a sufficient reason for pronouncing a curse against a whole people, that an unnatural father, a furious fanatic, like Jankid or the other bigots, have persecuted their friend the virtuous Sarah. It is neither just nor humane so to express yourself. Believe me, among us there are honest and enlightened people: people that sigh over the oppressions of our Magnates—that would willingly make great sacrifices for the abolition of the Talmud and the dissolution of the rabbins, if they could be satisfied that the advancement of true wisdom could be thereby assured. The crimes are those of a few, not of the whole. We should pity, should strive to turn them from their errors, but not account curse them. It is true it is difficult to indulge much hope of improvement when we witness so many cruelties, so much inhumanity, and such degradation among our people, all springing up from furious fanaticism; but if we reflect in what blindness, under what prejudices, they are reared, we shall only wonder that they are not a thousand times worse than we now see them.—You have read many severe remarks on our people; but many of them have been partial, and many taunts and stigmas on our errors and crimes might with as much justice be directed towards the Christians. They accuse us of idleness, of lounging about, of our want of merit; but we may inquire if the industry of the Poles is such as does them honour. Each one of them thinks only how he may enjoy life with very little care or trouble. The great squander away their money, which is the product of a thousand tears, in foreign countries, or in introducing foreign follies, and bring up their children abroad so as to make them strangers in their native country. The man who possesses a few acres of land is ashamed to use the plough, and secure independence and prosperity by improving his patrimony; he repairs to the cities to get an office, hoping that by a few hours' labour with his pen he may pass the rest of his time in running about the theatres, the ball-rooms, and the coffee-houses, in well blacked boots and a fashionable coat. The middle class of people, who, either by a prize in the lottery, or by some other mode, obtain a small capital, may buy a few fields, or establish a manufactory; but they find it much more agreeable to pass their time at the billiard-table, or in the public-houses, than in their business, and would rather drink and gamble with their hands. If we come down to the lower classes, we shall see, though they are not from the service of the nation, that the wages of the labourers, mechanics, and others, have so much advanced, that it is only necessary for the journeyman to work three days in a week to earn enough to allow them to indulge in drunkenness the other three days. They do, although the work which is bespoken stand still: they who have bespoken it must wait, and workman gives himself no trouble about the matter.

Even the inhabitants of the villages begin to despise the soil on which they are planted, and repair to the towns and cities. The present rage for buildings enables them to earn considerable wages: even a bricklayer can get a dollar a-day; and no one can blame a workman for being well paid. But the work goes on very badly from the many



interruptions it meets by the chattering, joking, and loitering in the market places. A building which might be finished in a few weeks is kept on hand many months, and houses that should last for centuries often tumble down before they are completely finished.

We are taunted with a disposition to cheating, which indeed we are taught by the Talmud. We cannot deny this; but are the Christians, whose religion is more pure and more humane, always better than we? An instance may be given of the immorality of even the females, which will serve to show how far this disposition has proceeded. I would give a hundred dollars to any one who can buy from a milk-woman a quart of milk that has no water in it, or a basin of cream that is not mixed up with grits, flour, or the yolk of an egg. Thus, bad morals, a desire for petty gains, and avoiding hard work, are not wholly monopolized by the Israelites.—Idleness, and attempts to display an appearance above their condition, are to be seen among others as well as with us. The wives of the handicrafts, instead of being distinguished as good domestic mothers and wives, are dressed out in silks and satins, whilst their daughters are taught to trill Italian airs. The faults of others, however, in no way justify ours. We condemn not; but let us strive each one to forsake his own misdeeds, with the assurance, that notwithstanding our ignorance and depression, we shall succeed in the improvement of our condition; for the pure flame of virtue is by no means wholly distinguished in the hearts of Israel. Let our brethren compassionate the sorrows of their neighbours, let them be grateful to their benefactors, and obedient to those in authority. Clear away their prejudices, and they will not be the last in any honorable pursuit.

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

This is the title of the last published portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Half of a volume only has appeared; but to judge from its intensely interesting character, the remainder will be looked for with much anxiety. We quote about half a dozen pages from the most attractive portion:—

"Muscular strength of Insects.

"In great muscular power, insects as Baron Haller remarks, appear to excel in proportion to their diminutiveness. Of this we have a remarkable example in the common flea, which can draw seventy or eighty times its own weight. The muscular strength of this agile creature enables it not only to resist the endeavours to crush it, but to take leaps to the distance of two hundred times its own length; which will appear more surprising when we consider, that a man to equal the agility of a flea should be able to leap between three and four hundred yards. The flea however, is excellent in leaping; by the cuckoo-spit frog-hopper (*Tettigonia spumaria*, Oliver,) which will sometimes leap two or three yards—that is more than 250 times its own length; as if, (to continue the comparison) a man of ordinary stature, should vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile. The minute observation by which such unexpected facts are discovered, has in all ages been a fertile source of ridicule for the wits, from the time when Aristophanes in his *Clouds* introduced Socrates measuring the leap of a flea, up to Peter Pindar's lampoon on Sir Joseph Banks and the emperor butterfly.—To all such flippant wit we have merely to retort the question of the Abbé de la Pluche 'if the Deity thought insects worthy of his divine skill in forming them, ought we to consider them beneath our notice?'

"Mouffet, in his *Theatre of Insects*, mentions that an English mechanic, named Mark, to show his skill, constructed a chain of gold as long as his finger, which, together with a lock and key, were dragged along by a flea; and he had heard of another flea, which could draw a golden chariot, to which it was harnessed. Bingley tells us that Mr. Boverich, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited, some years ago, a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. The same mechanic afterwards constructed a minute landau; which opened and shut by springs, with the figures of six horses harnessed to it, and of a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding on one of the fore horses, which were all easily dragged by a flea. Goosmith remarks upon these displays of pulchrean strength, that the feats of Sampson would not, to a community of fleas, appear to be at all miraculous. Latreille tells us a no less marvellous story of another flea, which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on two wheels, and did not manifest any alarm when this was charged with gunpowder, and fired off. Professor Bradley, of Cambridge, also mentions a remarkable instance of insect strength in a stag-beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*), which he saw carrying a wand a foot and a half long, and half an inch thick, and even

flying with it to the distance of several yards.

"It has been remarked, with reference to these facts of comparative size and strength, that a cock-shafer is six times stronger than a horse; and Linnæus observes, that if an elephant were as strong in proportion as a stag beetle, it would be able to tear up rocks and level mountains. The muscular power of fish, however, seems to bear a near comparison with that of insects. 'I have seen,' says Sir Gilbert Blane, 'the sword of a sword-fish sticking in a plank which it had penetrated from side to side; and when it is considered that the animal was then moving through a medium even a thousand times more dense than that through which a bird cleaves its course at different heights of the atmosphere, and that it was performed in the same direction with the ship, what a conception do we form of this display of muscular strength.' It should, however, be observed, that the muscular power of the sword-fish is principally shown in the rate of swimming, by which the animal overtakes the ships, and thus acquires the momentum which determines the force of the blow. We may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we look at the prodigious number of their muscles—the fleshy belts or ribbons by whose means all animal motions are preferred. The number of these instruments of motion in the human body is reckoned about 529; but in the caterpillar of the goat-moth, Lyonnet counted more than seven times as many: in the head 228; in the body, 1647; and around the intestines, 2186; which, after deducting 20, common to the head and gullet, gives a total of 4061.

"Any lady," says Kirby and Spence, 'fond of going to be tempted with an exhibition of fine lace, would experience an unexpected gratification could she be brought to examine the muscles of a caterpillar under the microscope: with wonder and delight she would survey the innumerable muscular threads that in various directions envelope the gullet, stomach, and liver intestines of one of those little animals—some running longitudinally, others transversely, others crossing each other obliquely, so as to form a pattern of rhomboids or squares; others, again, surrounding the intestine like so many rings, and almost all exhibiting the appearance of being woven, and resembling fine lace—one pattern ornamenting one organ; and another a second; and another a third.'

"We put the caterpillar of the goat-moth, to which we have before alluded, under a bell-glass, which weighed nearly half a pound and of course more than ten times the weight of the insect, yet it raised it up with the greatest ease. We then placed over the glass the largest book which we had at hand—'London's Encyclopædia of Gardening,' consisting of about 1500 pages of strong paper, and weighed four pounds; but this did not prevent the escape of the animal, which raised the glass, though loaded with the book, nearly a hundred times its own weight, and made good its exit. The multiplicity of its muscles above enumerated, 226 of which are situated in the legs alone, will enable us to understand how this extraordinary feat was performed. Even this power of muscle, however, would doubtless have been unavailing in raising the loaded glass, except in connexion with two favourable circumstances under which the experiment was performed, and which are necessary to be borne in mind to render the operation perfectly credible: first, that the wedge-like form of the caterpillar's head, in connexion with the peculiar shape of the glass, enabled it to lift it; and second, that, on one side of the glass resting on the table, the insect bore half the weight of the glass and book.

A peculiar toughness of external covering sometimes supplies the place of this muscular power in caterpillars. A singular instance occurs in the history of a common downy two-winged fly, with grey shoulders and a brown abdomen (*Eristalis tenax*, Fab.). The grub, which is cat-tailed, lives in muddy pools, with the water of which it has sometimes been taken up by paper-makers, and, though subjected to the immense pressure of their machinery, it has survived in a miraculous manner. Such is the account originally given by Linnæus. A recent compiler, mistaking Kirby and Spence's very apt comparison of this grub to a London porter nick-named Leather-coat-Jack, from his being able to suffer carriages to drive over him, without receiving any injury forthwith fancied the porter to be another insect, called leather-coat-jack, which will bear heavy carriage wheels to pass over it with impunity. Since the grub in question is rather soft, it must be the tough texture of the skin which preserves it, as in the similar instance of the caterpillar, of the privet hawkmoth (*Spuma Ligustri*), which Bonnet squeezed under water till it was as flat and empty as the finger of a glove, yet within an hour it became plump and lively as if nothing had happened.

"The instances however, which we have just recorded are peculiar rather than general, for caterpillars are for the most part very easily bruised, and otherwise injured."

The "Insect Transformations" will form

an excellent companion to the "Insect Architecture" volume, noticed in the last volume of the *Mirror*, in terms of high commendation, which we have much pleasure in extending to the part before us. The cuts are numerous, and for the most part, well executed. Of the value of the notes acknowledging the sources and authorities, we can give our readers but a faint idea. In single pages there are from four to seven and eight such references, so that phenomena are not related, or attempted to be established without precise authority. Such a volume as the present is therefore, of exhaustless interest to the philosophical inquirer, as well as to the general reader; since all these references connect as by chains or springs, and lead by innumerable tracks to some of the most fascinating studies of nature.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

There exists in the world a certain set of sober-minded beings, who profess it as their opinion, that those thoughts which proceed from illusion or fancy ought to be banished from our minds; that time is foolishly and unprofitably consumed in thinking of impossibilities. They dislike or despise poetry as it is frequently composed of fictions; and represents things which are not in the ordinary course of nature. Some of these, who profess to admire nothing but reality or a representation of it, carry their prejudices to a ludicrous extent: for example, some of them will admire a staring likeness of the last Lady Mayoress and family more than the finest composition of Raphael. "We are not interested," say they, "in looking at features which we know never existed, in a group of ideal personages; but there is an evident reality in the delineation of her Ladyship; we see something resembling what is frequently before our eyes, and we are therefore pleased with it." These people will study with unwearied patience the incontrovertible facts of Cocker's Arithmetic, and abhor the beautiful fictions of the Fairy Queen; in short, matter-of-fact is their idol,—fiction, romance, or poetry, the objects of their scorn. A fanciful disposition of mind may be disadvantageous; but it may be doubted whether we should not be, as it were, wearied by the continual succession of realities, were it not for the occasional relief of fancy or illusion, whose ideal pleasures are at all times at hand to assist us when we are overcome with real cares of life. By these illusions I mean those incoherent ideas of future happiness or greatness which frequently occur to every one, and if I mistake not, even to those who profess to despise the workings of imagination;—ideas which, on reasoning, we might feel could not be realized without some most material change in ourselves and circumstances,—a sort of waking dreams, commonly designated by the name of *Castles in the Air*. These freaks of fancy prevail in a less or greater degree in every one, from the madman in whom they are strongest down to the ideot in whom their influence is hardly perceptible. In the madman they have overcome his intellect and entirely blinded his reasoning faculties, so that he fancies that he has lost his head, and runs about in search of it, or that he is transformed into a tea-pot, and is afraid of being broken. Next to him comes the poet; he seems to be the boundary which limits sanity; beyond him is madness; for small is the barrier which divides from inspiration. His imagination is more vivid than that of other men, but it has not quite overcome his reason. After these follow the general mass of mankind, who are all, in their several stations, subject to these waking dreams. What would become of the lover if he were denied some moments in which he might picture to himself a sort of acmé of happiness, which, upon reflection, he would feel was unattainable? Where would be the happy hours of a young author, if he were not led on by his fancy to dreams of imaginary Second Editions, which, on a return to his senses, and a perusal of the productions of his pen, would quickly vanish into air?—How wretched would be the solitary hours to a younger son of a remote branch, if he were denied the pleasing occupation of picturing to himself the pleasure he would feel in possessing the wealth and rank of a distinguished nobleman, should he, by the extinction of only fourteen awkwardly intervening heirs, arrive at the summit of his hopes. The petty clerk of an office, ceasing awhile from the toil and drudgery of his desk, revolves his plans for saving the nation and advancing his family, should he be made Secretary of State. The gambling groom, when he has lost his last penny and broken his dice-box against the table of the servants' hall, retires to meditate on the dash he will cut when he wins a prize in the Lottery and becomes a country Squire.—To these illusions are the minds of men continually prone; and at no time more so, than when, by any accident, they are left for a short time in solitude. Our thoughts then receive a selfish cast; they are directed towards ourselves and our prospects in life; and it at the same time we delight to weave to those spider-webs of fancy, which the bustle of the real world quickly sweeps away.

I am far from being one of those persons who think, or profess to think, that there is little in real life worthy of their attention; that common things are below their notice, and that their only pleasures are to be found in the ideal world of their imagination.—Those who hold these sentiments run into the opposite extreme from the set I before described. They say, (for I am always inclined to doubt that they think so,) that as solitude is the parent of that world of fiction, they infinitely prefer the sight of mountains, the roar of a cataract, or the gloom of a forest, to the acquaintance with man, his ways, manners, and conversation;—they profess that they could live retired from life, and feed upon the joys of romance and imagination. I would not advise them to try their plan; they would only destroy a pleasing illusion, and convince themselves that they were wrong. Yet, for my part, (though I am not one of these would-be anchorites,) I am fond of indulging myself at times in building castles in the air, and consequently of the occasional solitude which produces them. Were I deprived of these illusions, I should feel as if I had lost an intimate companion, who was always at hand to raise my spirits and to comfort me under every misfortune.

The ancient poets tell us, that of the contents of Pandora's box, every thing escaped, except Hope, which remained at the bottom to console mankind. Now I am disposed to keep up the Allegory, and to suppose these illusions to constitute the box itself in which this universal comforter Hope was contained. Indeed, as the box seemed necessary, in order that its contents should be retained, so these illusions appear to me to be necessary for the preservation of Hope, which is surrounded by, and, as it were, contained within them. Had it not been for them, it would, with the rest of the contents, have escaped and left the mind of man without a consolation in misfortune.

I must confess I pity those who have no pleasure in these illusions; and who tell you that when this

"Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away,"

they are more discontented than they were before, and feel that they have only been playing Tantalus with happiness. This, in my opinion, argues a most inverte determination (perhaps not an uncommon propensity) to be discontented; together with an ingratitude to the moments which have afforded us pleasure; an ingratitude which deserves the self-inflicted punishment it often receives, of never enjoying any at all. A contented mind will encourage these imaginary pleasures, at whatever time they appear; will snatch the delight of them, be it but for a moment; and, when these magic fascinations are fled, will return to the dreary scene of reality with cheerfulness, thankful for what it has enjoyed, and prepared for whatever it is about to suffer.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.—Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Buonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let's be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal.—The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which when unpremeditated, are so delightful.—Conversation, it may be supposed was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "my good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C—, shall be my secretary; as for you P—, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse: but the king of Westphalia whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am



secretary to the king of Westphalia—"and I, librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers—"and that noodle yonder is no doubt the king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome. "I, am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise: since you doubt us I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill." at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter recognizing the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect, the prefect to the minister of the interior, and the minister to the emperor who was at St Cloud. The result of the whole was that on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordinance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital.

**PICTURE OF CREATION.**—"The human race is naturally in habitant of a warm climate, and the paradise described as Adam's first abode, may be said still to exist over vast regions about the equator. There the sun's influence is strong and uniform, producing a rich and warm garden, in which human beings, however ignorant of the world which they had come to inhabit, would have their necessities supplied almost by wishing. The ripe fruit is there, always hanging from the branches: of clothing, there is required only what moral feelings may dictate, or what may be supposed to add grace to the form; and as shelter from the weather a few broad leaves spread on connected reeds, will complete an Indian hut. The human family, in multiplying and spreading in all directions from such a centre, would find to the east and west, only the lengthened paradise, with slightly varying features of beauty; but to the north and south, the changes of season, which make the bee of high latitudes lay up its winter store of honey, and send migrating birds from country to country in search of warmth and food, would also rouse man's energies to protect himself. His faculties of foresight and contrivance would come into play, awakening industry; and as their fruits, he would soon possess the knowledge and the arts which secure a happy existence in all climates, from the equator almost to the pole. It is chiefly because man has learned to produce at will, and to control, the wonder working principle of heat, that in the rude winter, which seems the death of nature, he and other tropical animals and plants which he protects, do not in reality perish—even as a canary bird escaped from its cage, or an infant exposed among the snow hills. By producing heat from his fire, he obtains a novel and most pleasurable sort of existence; and in the night while the dark and freezing winds are howling over his roof he basks in the presence of his mimic sun, surrounded by his friends and all the delights of society; while in his store rooms, or in those of merchants at his command, he has the treasured delicacies of every season and clime. He soon becomes aware too, that the dreary winter, instead of being a curse, is really in many respects a blessing, by arousing from the apathy at which the eternal serenity of a tropical sky so much disposes. In climates where labour and ingenuity must precede enjoyment every faculty of mind and body is invigorated; and hence the sterner climates produce the perfect man. It is in them that the arts and sciences have reached their present advancement, and that the brightest examples have appeared of intellectual and moral excellence."

**TOMB OF HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.**—"The tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town of Cherson a Russian settlement on the Black Sea; it was built by Admiral Mordino, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood.—The English burial service was read over him, by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance, I suppose, also from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many."

**SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.**—"An ingenious naturalist has attempted to prove that the original plant was not the white clover which is now employed as the national emblem.—He conceived it should be something familiar to the people, and familiar too when the

national feast is celebrated. Thus, the Welsh have given the *leek* to St. David, being a favourite oleraceous herb, and the only green thing they could find in March. The Scotch, on the other hand, whose feast is in autumn, have adopted the *thistle*. The white clover is not fully expanded on St. Patrick's day, and wild specimens of it could hardly be obtained at this season.—Besides it was certainly a plant of uncommon occurrence in Ireland during its early history, having been introduced into that country in the middle of the seventeenth century, and made common by cultivation. Reference to old authors also proves that the *shamrock* was eaten by the Irish; and one who went over to Ireland in the sixteenth century, says it was eaten, and was a *sour* plant. The name also of *shamrock* is common to several trefoils both in the Irish and Gaelic languages. Now clover could not have been eaten, and it is not *sour*. Taking therefore, all the conditions, requisite, they are only found in the wood sorrel, which is an early spring plant is abundant in Ireland, is a trefoil; its called *shamroy* by the old herbalists, and it is *sour*; whilst its beauty might entitle it to the distinction of being the national emblem. The substitution of one for the other has been occasioned by cultivation, which made the wood-sorrel less plentiful, and the Dutch clover abundant.

Parliament was to be farther prorogued from the 18th December to the 15th of January. Nothing was known of an intended dissolution, though the opinion is expressed in the London papers that it will take place. Public meetings had been very generally held, and a strong feeling of dissatisfaction at the change of ministry had been widely exhibited; but no acts of violence had been committed. Lord Stanly had refused to act in concert with the new ministry.

It is stated in the Ghent papers, that the Princess Victoria of England is to become the bride of William Alexander Constantine, second son of the Prince of Orange.

The advices from France are as late as the evening of the 13th December. Nothing had then transpired on the subject of the American Treaty. M de Broglie had been appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

Nothing decisive had occurred in the seat of war in Spain. Mina appeared to be preparing to act with unusual vigor against the Carlists. On the 7th December, Don Carlos was at Escura.

**AMERICAN CLAIMS ON FRANCE.**—A correspondent at Havre writes us word that some members of the Chamber of Commerce have thought fit to make the strange proposal to send an address to the government, praying it to pay the twenty-five millions claimed as an indemnity by the United States of North America. It is not very clear what connexion there can be between a Chamber of Commerce and a question which is at once financial and political.—Such a step can have been suggested by personal interest alone. The Chamber of Havre seems to have been sensible of this, for the proposal was rejected by a majority of nine to six.—*Derbyshire Courier*.

**BELGIUM.**—Jerome Bonaparte, who has been for some time past residing at Brussels, has recently been officially given to understand, that his residence in that capital is no longer expedient.

**THE STAR**

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1835.

We have not received any regular file of the *St. John's* newspapers, during the last five or six weeks; and we therefore know very little of what is passing within the walls of the Colonial Parliament. Most of the *St. John's* papers have reached *Harbor Grace*, in consequence of the packet-man belonging to the *Express*, having been sent several times round the Bay during the Winter.

The proprietors of that Boat, deserve a good deal of credit for the manner in which the Boat is kept up, and the liberal terms on which parcels and letters are brought from and carried to *St. John's*. The people of *Carbonear*, have liberally supported two Packet-Boats, and have paid twice as much for letters, as was charged for letters by the *Express*, the latter charging only sixpence for each letter, and the former one shilling for each; notwithstanding this, neither of the proprietors of the *Carbonear* Packet-Boats have offered to send a man round the Bay with letters during the Winter. The *COMMERCIAL SOCIETY* a short time since, advertised for tenders for the carriage of letters and parcels to and from *St. John's*; but neither of the proprietors of the *Carbonear*

Packet-Boats has offered to take them on any terms; and the public are therefore thrown upon their own resources.

The fact of the matter is, that instead of the two Packet-Boats operating by their competition in favor of the establishment of a fair and equitable rate of conveyance, they appear to combine against the public; that is to continue to make the public pay one shilling instead of sixpence, for letters and leave the public to find any conveyance they can, during the Winter months. We are sorry that the proprietors of those Boats, should be so blind to their ultimate interests. We would recommend either or both of them to make a tender for the conveyance of letters at the same rates as they are received by the *Express*. They are both industrious, enterprising men, and deserve to be supported; but they cannot expect to keep the mercantile interest of this place from getting up a Boat on a joint account, unless they would come into what would be considered a fair and reasonable charge for conveyance of letters &c.

We think that either or both of them should have kept a man to carry letters round the Bay during the Winter months, even if they had lost something by it, as there should be a mutuality between public conveyances, and the public that support them; and part of the profits of Summer should be applied in return to the public during the Winter, a part of the Summers' obligations.

Most men will pursue their pecuniary interests to the utmost verge of forbearance. But a wise man will stop, ponder, and change his course when he sees that he has gone so far, that another step in the same direction, will, in all human probability, precipitate him into disappointment and vexation. Human society is so constituted, that the stream of opinion will for a time, run smooth and powerful in a given direction; and trifling circumstance will not operate to change the current; but when the current does change its direction, individual exertion to stop it, is but as a reed that must bend to the torrent. The best of men have enemies; indeed their very merit is, in the eyes of the invidious, a crime deserving of enmity. If the enemies then, even of a good man, should be powerful enough to bias public opinion, little would it avail the good man's struggles: he too must bend to the stream, until its water has passed over him: but he would rise pure and undefiled from the torrent; the boast of his friends, and the confusion of his enemies.

A private Committee of the House of Assembly has, during the last few days been engaged in examining the public accounts, and it is expected the said Committee will bring up their report to the House to-morrow.—Mr. Pack introduced a Bill limiting the duration of the present and all future Parliaments to four years, which had passed unanimously, through all its stages in the Assembly, and will we hope meet with a favourable reception in the Council.—A Bill of a similar nature which passed the Legislature of Prince Edward's Island in the Session of last year, received his Majesty's assent and is now in full force in that Colony.—Mr. Brown yesterday introduced a Bill to regulate the office of Sheriff, and the appointment of Sheriffs annually in the several Districts of this Colony, which was read a first time, and was ordered to be read a second time on Wednesday next.—*Newfoundlander*, Jan. 29.

**Notices**

**MUTUAL SCHEME OF INSURANCE OF CONCEPTION BAY.**

ALL Persons desirous of joining the Scheme of Insurance, WILL TAKE NOTICE that it will open on the Fourth day of MARCH, for the admission of Vessels for the Seal Fishery only.

L. MOORE, SECRETARY.

Carbonear, Feb. 18, 1835.

THE EXPRESS PACKET-MAN will continue, as usual to go round the BAY during the Winter months.

Rates of Postage—Single letters 1s. Double do. 2s.

And Packages in proportion.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,

AGENT HARBOR GRACE.

PERCHARD & DOAG,

AGENTS, ST JOHN'S

Harbor Grace, February 13, 1835.

**Notices**

**INSURANCE.**

THE MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CONCEPTION BAY open for the admission of Vessels belonging to Conception Bay, on the 6th of MARCH next.

ALL Persons intending to have their Vessels Insured by this Society, are requested to send to me, before the First day of March next, in writing: the names of such Vessels, their age, and tonnage; the names of the Masters, and the Owners valuation of the Vessels in Currency, or the sum for which they would wish to have them Insured.

THOMAS NEWELL, Secretary.

Carbonear, Feb. 11, 1835.

THIS is to give Notice that I have this day tendered my resignation as Secretary to the Scheme of MUTUAL INSURANCE, which resignation has been accepted.

JOHN MACKEY.

Carbonear, Feb. 10, 1835.

IN consequence of the resignation of Mr. JOHN MACKEY, as Secretary to the MUTUAL INSURANCE, WE, the undersigned, hereby nominate and appoint Mr. LORENZO MOORE, to the duties of that Office.

- |                                  |                             |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Edward Pike                      | Francis Taylor              |
| Edward Hanrahan                  | Edward Dwyer                |
| John Nicholl                     | Charles M'Carthy            |
| Felix M'Carthy sen.              | James Howell (son of Peter) |
| Francis Pike jun.                | Daniel Leacy                |
| James Legg sen.                  | George Penny                |
| John Meanv                       | Charles Hamilton            |
| Nicholas McKee                   | Richard Bransfield          |
| John M'Carthy                    | Nicholas Nicholl            |
| John Howell (son of William)     | William Brown               |
| John Lynch                       | Thomas Bell                 |
| Felix M'Carthy (son of Florence) | William Burke               |
| Nicholas Ash                     | Richard Bransfield          |
| Robert Ayles                     | Thomas Oates                |
| Felix M'Carthy (son of Charles)  | Edmond Guinev               |
|                                  | William Waterman            |
|                                  | William Best.               |

Carbonear, Feb. 11, 1835.

**Notice to Creditors.**

SUCH Creditors as have proved their Claims on the Estate of GEORGE EDWARD JAMES, of Carbonear, Merchant, Insolvent, may receive THREE SHILLINGS Currency, in the Pound, on the amount of their respective demands, on application to

JOHN ELSON, Carbonear. Trustees to said Estate. JAMES LOW, By his Attorney. JAMES HIPPLEY, At Harbor Grace.

Carbonear, Jan. 21, 1835.

**KELLYGREWS PACKET.**

**JAMES HODGE OF KELLYGREWS,**

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 KELLYGREWS, and BRIGUS and PORT-DE-GRAVE.—The owner of the PACKET will call every TUESDAY morning at Messrs. B. SWERT, MORGAN & Co's. for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has good and comfortable LODGINGS, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

**Terms of Passage:—**

One Person, or Four, to pay Twenty Shillings Passage, and above that number Five Shillings each.

Not accountable for Cash, or any other valuable Property put on board.

Letters will be received at Bennett, Morgan & Co's. at St John's.

January 14, 1835.

BLANKS of every description for Sale at the office of this Paper Carbonear, Jan. 1. 1835.



POETRY.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

No surge was on the sea,  
No cloud was on the day,  
When the ship spread her white wings,  
Like a sea-bird on her way.  
Ocean lay bright before,  
The shore lay green behind,  
And a breath of spice and balm  
Came on the landward wind.  
There rose a curse and wail,  
As that vessel left the shore:  
And last looks sought their native land,  
Which should dwell there no more.  
Who seeing the fair ship  
That swept through the bright waves,  
Would dream that tyrants trod her deck,  
And that her freight was slaves?  
By day was heard the lash,  
By night the heavy groan;  
For the slave's blood was on the chain  
That fettered to the bone!  
Was one in that dark ship,  
A prince in his own land;  
He scorned the chain, he scorned the  
threat—  
He scorned his fetter'd hand.  
He called upon his tribe,  
And said they might be free!  
And his brow was cold and stern,  
And he pointed towards the sea.  
Next night a sullen sound  
Was heard amid the wave;  
The tyrants sought their captives,  
They only found their grave.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens! ere we part,  
Give, O give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest.  
Ah! hear my vow before I go,  
Ah! hear my vow before I go,  
My dearest life, I love you!  
By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Ægean wind!  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
Ah! hear my prayer before I go,  
My dearest life, I love you!  
Maid of Athens! I am gone;  
Think of me sweet, when alone;  
Though I fly to Istanbul,  
Athens holds my heart and soul.  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
My dearest life, I love you!

LINES ON THE RUINED AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII.

"—Where are the men of might,  
The great in soul?  
Gone!—glimmering thro' the gloom of  
things that were."  
BYRON.  
The crowd are gone,—not one remains  
Of all that mighty throng,  
Who gaz'd upon the victim's pains,  
And heard the victor's song.  
No sight, nor sound for ear nor eye,  
Is left, but ghosts are gliding by  
Of ages past and gone.  
The broken seats, the dusty floor,  
The scene, with ruin trampled o'er,  
All echo "They are gone."  
Yes! gone the mighty and the proud,  
The lovely and the brave!  
Time, time, before thee all have bow'd,  
Nor 'scap'd thy whelming wave  
Pompeii's vacant streets declare  
How great, how sure, thy victories are  
Its cheerless scenes among:  
The pathway trac'd—where are the feet,  
That mov'd along that empty street?  
To the grave's silence gone!  
For low is laid the arm of might,  
In combat nerv'd and strong;  
And hush'd as is the hour of night,  
The shouting of the throng.  
The stately Toga's graceful fold,  
Round many a noble form was roll'd,  
Now prostrate in the dust,  
And sparkling eyes are clos'd for ever,  
To open on life's pageant, never,  
Till Time shall yield his trust.  
The giant works of elder days,  
The lofty forms that were—  
Are vanish'd now, and we but gaze  
On what the ruins are,  
The humblest shed, the loftiest tower  
Confess alike the sovereign power—  
O! Time—the mighty one!

Extract from "NATHAN THE WISE."

A Dramatic Poem: From the German of Lessing.

SCENE 5.—Sultan Saladin and Nathan.  
Saladin.—I have sent for you; come near  
infidel, and approach me without fear.  
Nathan.—I have no fear; I leave that to  
your enemies.  
S. Your name is Nathan?  
N. It is so.  
S. Nathan the wise?  
N. No.  
S. Does not the populace call you so?  
N. May be so.  
S. Do you suppose that I despise the  
voice of the people? I have long been desirous  
of knowing the man, who, by general  
consent is called the wise.  
N. Supposing the people had given me  
the name by way of ridicule? Suppose  
again the populace were to call the cunning  
man who understands his own interest,  
wise?  
S. His true interest you mean I presume?  
N. In that case, indeed selfishness would  
be true wisdom.  
S. You seem to know the advantages  
of which the great mass of people are ignorant;  
you have reflected; you have searched  
after wisdom and truth; that alone entitles  
you in some measure to the appellation.  
N. Every body thinks himself entitled  
to that.  
S. Enough of modesty, it sickens me:  
I want to hear plain sense—(rises suddenly.)  
To the point—but you shall be sincere, infidel—  
you shall be candid.  
N. Sultan! I shall endeavour to serve  
you so as to merit your custom hereafter.  
S. Serving! custom! what does the man  
mean?  
You shall have the best of every thing  
and at the lowest price.  
S. Of what do you speak? am I a trader?  
N. Perhaps you wish to know what I  
have seen on my travels—of your enemies  
who are again arming against you?  
S. I need not send for you to learn that—  
my information is ample.  
N. What then is your command Sultan?  
S. I want to be instructed; and since  
you are called wise, I shall put you to the  
test.—You have reflected no doubt, maturely  
so tell me which faith is best?  
N. Sultan! I am a Jew.  
S. And I a Mussulman. The Christian  
stands between us. I ask you again, which  
faith is the true one? A man like you re-  
mains not where chance has dropped him.—  
Let me hear the result of your reflections  
and your reasons for it. I will think of it  
for hitherto, my time has been taken up with  
other matters. You stare—you measure me  
with your eyes—it is very possible that I am  
the first Sultan who took such a whim in his  
head. Perhaps you are unprepared for such  
an answer—I will leave you to give you time  
to collect your thoughts; on my return, I  
expect your answer.—[Exit.]

SCENE 6.—Nathan alone.

Ha! strange—how do I feel? I am pre-  
pared to be called upon for money, instead  
of which I am asked for truth—naked truth  
But stop! is not this perchance a trap?  
What does he want to hear from me accord-  
ing to my or his way of thinking? What!  
Saladin condescend to lay a snare for me!  
The suspicion is almost too base. Yet what  
means are considered too base by great men  
I must be cautious. If I adhere exclusive-  
ly to my faith, that will not do—it I deny  
my faith, why he will say why not turn  
Mussulman at once? A thought strikes me  
A story will also do for grown up children.

SCENE 7.—Enter Saladin.

Saladin. Have you concluded your deli-  
berations? if so speak, we are alone, with-  
out being overheard by any living soul.  
Nathan. Might all the world hear it!  
S. Are you so confident, Nathan? you  
must be wise indeed, if you venture to speak  
truth before all the world, at the risk of life  
liberty and property.  
N. If it must be so—yes—but Sultan  
may I be permitted as a preliminary, to re-  
late a little story.  
S. Why not, I was always fond of hear-  
ing stories, particularly if well told.  
N. I have no such pretensions.  
S. Go on without this show of modesty.  
N. In times of old, there lived in the  
East a man who possessed a ring of inesti-  
mable value. Its stone was an opal, which  
constantly changed an hundred beautiful  
colours, and moreover possessed a secret  
charm, that whoever wore was agreeable to  
God and man. No wonder, then, that the  
man of the East never trusted this ring out  
of his sight, and constantly wore it on his  
finger. He also made such an arrangement  
that the ring should never go out of the  
family. At his death, he left the ring to  
that son to whom he felt himself most at-  
tached and stipulated he in his turn should  
leave it again, to such one of his sons whom  
he loved most and so on in succession: and  
the possessor, should be considered the head

of the family. Do you understand me Sul-  
tan?

S. I understand you—go on.  
N. After a while, a man fell heir to this  
ring who had three sons equally obedient  
to him—all equally deserving his love.—  
He wavered a long time to whom he should  
give the preference. Whoever of the three  
happened to be near him, appeared the most  
deserving; and so he went on in succession,  
sometimes intending the ring for one some-  
times for another. However his end ap-  
proached without his being one step nearer  
to a decision; and as he had alternately  
promised to each the ring, he became quite  
embarrassed how to act; for it gave him  
much pain to think that he must necessarily  
disappoint two of his sons. What should  
he do?

He sent in secret to an artist and without  
regard to the expense bespoke two rings  
which should resemble the first in every re-  
spect. The artist succeeded so completely,  
that even the father could not discover the  
genuine ring. Happy in his success, the fa-  
ther calls to him each son in succession—to  
each he gives his blessing and a ring—and  
dies. Did you hear me Sultan?  
S. I hear you but finish your story.  
N. My story is finished already, for  
what follows is only the natural consequence  
After the father's death, each son shows his  
ing and claims to be the head of the fami-  
ly; but who could decide? [after a pause]  
who shall decide which is the true faith?  
S. Is that your answer to my ques-  
tion?

N. It is only my excuse, that do not ven-  
ture to decide.  
S. No play upon words—I should sup-  
pose that a ring and religion are not the  
same thing; the latter might easily be dis-  
tinguished.  
N. All religions are founded upon histo-  
ry or tradition which must be taken on  
good faith. Whom can I trust most? my  
own kinsman, those who from my infancy  
have given me the strongest proof of love  
and attachment, who have never deceived  
me? or strangers? Why should I trust my  
forefathers less than yours; or otherwise  
how could I suppose that you would believe  
mine a preference to your own. The same  
may be said of the Christian.  
S. You silence me.  
N. But to return once more to the ring,  
The three sons appeared before a Judge—  
each declared upon oath that he received the  
ring from his father's hand, and each assert-  
ed that he would rather suspect his brother  
of fraud than suppose for a moment that his  
father had deceived him.

S. How decided the Judge?  
N. The Judge replied; do you suppose  
that I possess the talent of guessing which  
of you is right, or can I call your father  
from the dead, to be witness for or against  
you? but stop, did you not say the genuine  
ring possessed a charm of rendering the pos-  
sessor agreeable to God and man? Let then  
the effect decide without me.  
S. Excellent! Excellent!

GRADUATED JUSTICE.—In a certain village  
in New York, where the footsteps of Dame  
Justice were last seen on the earth, it hap-  
pened on a warm summer's day, that three  
men were brought before a fair, round,  
Dutch magistrate, accused of the crime of  
drunkenness. His honour having promised  
with a hearty swig of cool punch, began  
with the first—"You rascal! pe you guilty,  
or pe you not kilty?"

*Pris.* Guilty.  
*Just.* Vat you get trunk on?  
*Pris.* Blackstrap.  
*Just.* Vat! you get trunk on notting but  
plackstrap you willan you? Dan dis pe  
mine everlasting sentence, dat you pe fined  
40 shillings.  
The second culprit being questioned in  
like manner, as to his guilt or innocence,  
likewise owned himself guilty.  
*Just.* Now tell me you wile drunken ras-  
cal vat you get trunk on?  
*Pris.* Sling.  
*Just.* Vat! you get trunk on sling, you  
graceless wagebone! you awillin sod, you!  
Den I give my darnal sentence dat you pe  
fined 20 shillings.  
The third and last prisoner was now  
brought forward, and like the others plead-  
ed guilty.  
*Just.* Vat you trunk on?  
*Pris.* Punch.  
*Just.* Ah! you dipplin rogue you, I fine  
you just nothing at all, vor I gets trunk  
on bunch mineself sometimes.

THALES, ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF GREECE  
—A sophist wishing to puzzle him with dif-  
ficult questions, the sage of Miletus replied  
to them all without the least hesitation, and  
with the utmost precision.  
What is the *oldest* of all things?  
God because he always existed.  
What is the *most beautiful*?  
The world because it is the work of God.  
What is the *greatest* of all things?  
Space, because it contains all that has  
been created.

What is the *most constant* of all things?  
Hope because it still remains with man  
after he has lost every thing else.

What is the *best* of things?  
Virtue, because without it, nothing good.  
What is the *quickest* of all things?  
Thought, because in less than a moment  
it can fly to the end of the universe.  
What is the *strongest*?  
Necessity which makes men face all the  
dangers of life.  
What is the *easiest*?  
To give advice.  
What is the *most difficult*?  
To know yourself.

King James, in one of his progresses  
through England, came to the house of Sir  
Pope, whose lady had lately been de-  
livered a daughter, which was presented to  
the king, with the following verses in her  
hand:—

See this little mistress here,  
Did never sit in Peter's chair,  
Or a triple crown wear,  
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,  
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,  
She scarcely is a sennight old,  
And yet she is a Pope.

No King her feet did ever kiss,  
Nor had from her worse look than this;  
Nor ever did she hope  
To saint one with a rope,  
And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan,  
No sure, she is Pope Innocent or none.

LUCKY THIEF.—About twenty yards above  
the Cora Lynn, where the water of the Clyde  
is precipitated over perpendicular rocks  
eighty feet in height, there is a chasm of not  
more than seven or eight feet in width,  
through which the whole collected stream  
pours impetuously along. A boy had stolen  
some apples from the garden at Cora house  
and being detected by the gardener, he ran  
towards the river, and attempted to leap  
over the terrific current. He missed his  
footing and fell headlong into it. The gar-  
dener stood horror struck, and expected to  
see the mangled corpse of the boy emerge  
only to be dashed down the fearful cataract  
below—Imagine his sensations of joy when  
he saw the lad thrown safely on the ledge of  
the opposite rock, and heard him as he scam-  
pered off with the bag of apples in his hand  
exclaim, "Aha, lad! ye have na' catch't me  
yet!"

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—We are not aware  
that the following anecdote of our Scottish  
Theocritus has ever appeared in print.—He  
was standing one day upon the quay at  
Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belong-  
ing to the town, had the misfortune to fall  
into the harbour. He was no swimmer,  
and his death would have been inevitable,  
had not a sailor who happened to be pass-  
ing at the time, immediately plunged in and  
at the risk of his own life, rescued him from  
his dangerous situation. The Greenock  
merchant upon recovering a little from his  
fright, put his hand into his pocket, and ge-  
nerously presented the sailor with a shilling.  
The crowd who were by this time collected,  
loudly protested against the contemptible in-  
significance of the sum; but Burns with a  
smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to  
restrain their clamour.—"For," said he  
"the gentleman is of course the best judge  
of the value of his own life."

An Irish Landly, being entreated by a  
traveller to see that his sheets were well air-  
ed, replied with great naïveté, that his hon-  
our might be sure of that, for that there  
was not a gentleman who had come to the  
house for the last fortnight but had slept in  
them.

Dr Hancock says, that if a vessel of water  
is placed within six inches of a growing cu-  
cumber, that in 24 hours the cucumber will  
alter the direction of its branches, and not  
stop till it comes into contact with the wa-  
ter. That if a pole is placed at a consider-  
able distance from an unsupported vine, the  
branches of which are proceeding in a con-  
trary direction from that towards the pole,  
the vine will in a short time, alter its course,  
and not stay, till it clings round the pole.—  
But the same vine will carefully avoid at-  
taching itself to low vegetables nearer to it,  
as the cabbages.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—The following epi-  
taph was some years ago found among the  
papers of an old man of the name of John  
So, who passed the greater part of his life  
in obscurity, within a few miles of Port  
Glasgow; and the hand writing leads to the  
conclusion that it was written by himself.—

So died John So,  
So so did he so?  
So did he live,  
And so did he die;  
So so did he so?  
And so let him lie.

The common toast at all festive meetings  
in Selkirkshire is—  
"Green hills, and waters blue,  
Grey plaids, and tarry woo!"  
When is cheese most like a college?  
When it is eaten (Eton)