

THE  
**STAR,**

AND

**CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.**

VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1834.

NO. 26.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland.--Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at his Office, Carbonear.

**Notices.**

**THE ST. PATRICK.**

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between *CARBONEAR* and *PORTUGAL COVE*, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after 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**

After 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 Kieley's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Crute's.

*Carbonear*, June 4, 1834.

**FOR SALE,**

At the Office of this Paper,

A VARIETY OF

**SCHOOL BOOKS,** viz.:

Murray's Grammar

Guy's Orthographical Exercises

— Geography

Entick's Dictionary

Carpenter's Spelling

Ruled Copy Books, &c. &c.

ALSO,

An excellent Assortment of

**Ackermann's WATER COLORS,**

Comprising *Carmin*, *Smalt*, *Cobalt*,

*Chrome yellows*, *Antwerp Blue*, &c.

ORIENTAL TINTING Apparatus also on hand.

**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 expence, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths, &c.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

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

*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.

**On Sale.**

At the Office of this Paper,

A quantity of Pinnock's Catechisms, viz.:  
History of Greece, History of Rome  
History of England, Chemistry  
Astronomy, Latin Grammar  
Navigation  
Modern History and Ancient History.

Also,

The Charter House Latin Grammar  
School Prize Books (handsomely bound)  
Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God  
2 vols. (plates)  
Sequel to Murray's English Reader  
Pinnock's Histories of Greece, Rome, and  
England  
Bonycastle's Mensuration  
And sundry other School Books.  
Sealing Wax — India Rubber

WRITING PARCHMENT of a very superior quality, and large size

**Notice.**

**CARBONEAR ACADEMY,**

For the Education of Young Gentlemen.

MR. GILMOUR begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public that the above School OPENED, after the *Christmas Vacation*, on Monday the 13th of January, 1834.

**Terms**

Instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, £4  $\frac{1}{2}$  ann.  
Ditto, with Geography Mapping, History, Book-keeping, the higher branches of Arithmetic, &c. &c. and, if required the rudiments of Latin, £6  $\frac{1}{2}$  ann.

A Quarter's Notice is requested previously to the removal of a Pupil.

☞ No Entrance Fee.

*Carbonear*, Jan. 14.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.—Mr Guest has moved for a Select Committee, to consider the practicability of diminishing the number of houses and apartments occupied by public officers and others at the public expence. This is the most unwelcome guest these officers ever had, we should imagine—*Age*.

(From the *Novascotian*, May 22.)

LECTURE ON MINERALOGY, DELIVERED BY MR. TITUS SMITH, ON MARCH 5, 1834, BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Printed by order of the Institute.

A small part of the vote which the Legislature granted to the Mechanics' Institute in 1833, was given to Mr Titus Smith, to enable him to procure mineralogical specimens for the Museum of the Institute. This service was faithfully performed, and a curious collection, embracing about 70 mineralogical, and some botanical specimens, were presented during the winter. Mr Smith having written some notes descriptive of the former, was requested to prepare a paper upon the subject of Mineralogy, to which he readily consented. The specimens were exhibited, and the paper read before the Institute, on the evening of the 5th of March, and was by unanimous vote ordered to be printed. On many occasions it has given us great pleasure to call attention to the character and talents of Mr Smith—the paper before us is in excellent keeping with all that we had previously known of him. It is written in a style of clearness, elegance, and simplicity—the views advanced are founded on the actual experience and observation of the writer, and are sustained by a multitude of evidences, which his own industry, research and reflection, have supplied. They are put forth, however, with that modesty so eminently characteristic of the man, and of that true philosophy to which his whole life has been devoted. In the spirit in which Newton declared that he was but a boy playing with pebbles by the side of the vast ocean, which he could neither fathom nor comprehend, Mr Smith pursues his investigations, collects his facts, and draws his inferences. We shall give a few extracts from his paper, sufficient to enable our readers to judge of its character and value.—The following is the opening passage:—

In forming a collection of Fossils designed rather to throw some light upon the Mineralogy of this country, than as a cabinet of curiosities, I have thought it best to commence with our most common rocks.—They are undoubtedly the most ancient, and probably form the basis upon which the others rest. In learning something of their relative situations, and of the materials which compose their external parts, we shall necessarily acquire geological knowledge, and may also learn some things that will be of use to us. In giving the reasons for which these specimens have been collected, I have found it necessary to state, not only what I have seen, but what I have thought.—To state the consequences that seemed to me to follow from the facts I had observed. I am sensible that some of these opinions will appear strange to many persons, who being in the habit of employing their minds in more profitable speculations have paid little attention to this subject. I have adduced several facts to show the probability of these opinions, but do not expect they will strike the minds of others with the same degree of evidence that they do my own; for a multitude of slight proofs derived from facts observed during many year's attention to a favourite study, will leave an

impression on the mind which is not easily conveyed to others.

In a Society like the Mechanics' Institute, designed for diffusing useful knowledge, our stores must necessarily, and ought to be, drawn principally from the treasures already accumulated in Europe; but if there is any subject upon which we can add something to the common stock, and repay a little for the much we receive, it is perhaps in Natural History, for we here possess the advantage of viewing a part of the earth more in its natural state than any country which has been long possessed by a civilized race.

Geologists generally appear to be divided into two parts, one of which supposes that the large masses of rock were formed by the agency of fire, while their opponents maintain that they were crystalized by a fluid which held them in solution. That there are in this Province, rocks which have been formed in both these ways, there is no doubt: but it appears to me that the greater part of the large masses which compose the basis of this Province, have acquired their present form, in a somewhat different manner. He that dares to believe the evidence of his own senses, in opposition to such authority as can be adduced in support of the common theories, has no right to expect that his opinions shall be regarded any farther than he supports them with sufficient evidence. It is certain that in the great volume of nature there are records not written by the hand of man, which throw some light on the geology of remote periods, and give us some knowledge of the operations of the Former of all things. If these records are obscure, their authority is undoubted. To decypher them has afforded the writer much pleasure, in many a lonely and wearisome walk, for it is only by attending to the work, that we can learn the design of the workman, and it is with a view of throwing some light on this subject, that a part of these specimens have been collected.

He then proceeds to show the geological structure of the Province—tracing the great granite ranges, and accounting for some of the more striking appearances which the rock presents. In treating of whinstone, which next to granite, is the most abundant rock in Nova Scotia, he gives some information which to builders, and practical men, may be very useful. Passing over these, we come to the general theory which Mr Smith advances.

That curiosity which the Author of our being has implanted in the mind of man undoubtedly with a view of stimulating him to the acquisition of knowledge which must ultimately be beneficial to him, will not permit him to rest when he observes that great and extraordinary changes have taken place in the world which he inhabits, without attempting to learn how these changes have been effected. When he has discovered a considerable number of facts which bear upon the subject, and has so familiarized his mind to them, that he can take them all in view at once, he will perceive there are other facts which are necessarily implied by those he has discovered, and a great number which he will think are rendered probable by those which he knows to be certain, and in this manner before he is well aware that

he has such a design, he will have framed a theory of the whole subject. These observations are introduced as some apology for the following hypothesis which I should almost believe, did I know that the rocky parts of the earth generally resembled the little that I have seen.

The tradition of a "Golden Age," of a period in which there is no change of seasons, so generally spread through all ancient nations, is in some degree supported by the fossil remains of antediluvian animals and vegetables, which give no indication of a difference of climates. The Mosaic account of the creation and deluge, favours the same opinion. "The Lord had not caused it to rain on the earth." "A mist went up, and watered the ground"—Vegetables alone were given to man for food.—"Fourteen cubits of water" were sufficient to cover all the hills.—"It rained forty days and forty nights." "The fountains of the great deep were broken up." After the deluge the rainbow is mentioned as a new thing—a proof that it had never rained before. Permission is given to man to eat animal food, without which he could not inhabit the polar regions. Summer and winter, cold and heat, are now first mentioned. The life of man is remarkably shortened.

The tremendous showers of rain that attend the irruptions of Vesuvius are stated to exceed in violence, and in the immense quantity of water which falls, anything observed upon any other occasion, and the floods they have produced appear on some occasions to have done more damage than all the other accidents attending the irruption. Undoubted volcanin remains prove that at some period prior to the date of history, subterranean fires must have prevailed in a greater degree than they have been known to do since. If these eruptions were simultaneous with the deluge, and what is meant by the "breaking up of the fountains of the great deep," they would be sufficient to account for the shock given to the earth by which the parallelism of its poles with those of the equator was destroyed, and a rotation of seasons necessarily introduced. Such a shock must have caused all the water of the ocean to roll over the earth with a force sufficient to have produced our present mountains, by removing the soil that covered them, and for a time presented an appearance resembling the allusion of the prophet to this event. "The windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down. The earth is clean dissolved. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage."

I have seen a piece of shallow plough land resting on a sloping rock which had the earth partly washed off in a heavy shower. The most elevated parts of the rock were naked, with a few large stones upon them, often resting on pebbles. The hollows of the rock filled with loose stones which covered a portion of the gravel. Here and there, where a whirling eddy had been formed by the position of the stones, small hillocks of the earth formed. The earth which had been carried off disposed in layers, varying in fineness and in the proportion of small stones which they contained. Such

is the general appearance of our mountainous districts upon a larger scale. The rounded form of the stratified gravel everywhere, indicates that these fragments of stone have been subjected to a violent motion. Thousands of boulders of granite, lying on hills of naked rock rest upon round pebbles. The vallies between these hills covered with broken stones. The gravel where deep, lies near the lower parts of the hills. The whole suggests the idea that an immense volume of water rolling over these rocky districts has carried off the soil which once covered them. The charcoal so frequently to be found in the said stone proves that it was once on the surface of the earth and stems of trees in a position at right angles with the layers and sometimes passing through many of them, indicate that the layers were deposited nearly at the same time and probably prevented from adhering together by slight depositions of vegetable matter not susceptible of petrification.

None of our rocks can be called "primitive" if this term designate such as have lasted from "the beginning," for they all contain rolled and angular fragments of other stones. The township of Halifax rests chiefly upon granite, and is the only place that I have seen in the province where a considerable plain can be found upon this kind of rock. Near Dover and Prospect the granite contains a very large proportion of rolled stones, of iron, stone, slate, and whinstone, varying in size from one foot to two inches in diameter. The proportion of these imbedded fragments increases as we approach the sea-shore, where they are so abundant as to impress the idea that this mass was originally a portion of disintegrated granite mixed with rolled stones which was deposited in its present situation, at the time when the innumerable boulders of granite which rest on our hills of naked rock, were fixed in their present position.—The time when the surface stones of every kind were thrown southward of the mass from which they were broken. The time when so many large portions of the surface of the solid hills of slate and whinstone were ground smooth and marked with north and south lines by the attrition of the stones which the current of the deluge rolled over them. From the granite of this plain, having its fels-spar very frequently stained with yellow oxyde of iron, as well as from its forming a plain, so very uncommon in a granite district, I have been led to believe that it is but of inconsiderable depth, and that it rests upon slate. It should be observed that this imbedded stone, differs much from the iron stone and slate, which are at a distance from the granite, but very little from that which is contiguous to it. It contains a larger proportion of mica, and sometimes a few grains of fels-spar. I have often observed that a piece of iron stone slate of ten pounds weight, has communicated a yellow stain to the fels-spar of the rock, in which it is imbedded for the distance of half-a-yard. Wherever granite is much broken, rounded and angular pieces of a finer grained granite may be observed, holding a greater than common proportion of mica. I conceive that these imbedded fragments were not originally granite, but that by

means of an internal motion in the rock, the material which forms mica and fels-spar, has been introduced from the adjoining granite, and that the period may arrive when they will be no longer perceptible.

Much of the Lecture is devoted to the support of this theory, for the better understanding of which the specimens are principally intended—but throughout it there is displayed a great deal of curious and valuable information, relative to the formation of our rocks,—the value of our minerals—and the various uses to which they may be applied. We shall conclude this notice with a short extract, illustrative of the value of slate in road-making, that may be worth the attention of many of our readers.

When we become rich enough to indulge in the luxury of dry roads at those times of the year in which they are now muddy, and of smooth roads at all times, our level roads will be covered with broken slate, of those kinds which readily shiver into thin pieces. The thin flat shingles of slate, always incline to rise to the surface if near it, rounded and angular pieces of stone have a tendency to sink.

These observations are not founded upon theory. I have seen some small specimens of such road. McAdam I think, recommends worn out hoops and similar useless pieces of iron for making roads firm in moist situations. Nature has furnished us with similar materials in abundance. The common conglomerate with a mixture of rusty slate gravel, will in moist situations make a very firm road. I have seen a road made across a small swamp, by first covering the remains of the old pickets with a layer of ten or twelve inches of stone which was again covered about ten inches in depth, with a rusty slate-gravelly earth, mixed with about a third of fragments of common conglomerate. For ten years this road though considerably travelled, scarcely shewed the impression of a wheel, and it is still a tolerable road, though it has not been repaired for twenty years.

(From the Age, May 18.)

Sir Richard Vyvyan very properly put some searching questions respecting our Peninsular policy to Lord Palmerston on Friday evening; and the worthy Peer was very tardy and scanty in his replies. He, however, was good enough to say that he felt much pride in the share he had in it; an assurance we hear with no small degree of sorrow, as it is a clear proof that our interests have been sacrificed already, and that a demand for money will be made on us by and by. It is impossible, however, that the thing can rest here. After the recess the question must be brought regularly before Parliament, and then the treaty itself must be produced, and every document connected with it. Palmerston will find that he will not be allowed to repeat his impertinence to Baring with impunity.

As for his maintaining that Rodil's march into Portugal was no intervention, all we say about it is, that it certainly is one of the coolest pieces of impudence we happen to have ever heard. Would such an invasion be tolerated by any other country? Would

not Palmerston himself think it something odd if Louis Philippe were to send old Soult with an army into Brompton-square, in quest of the Bonapartes? but Portugal is weak, as Holland was weak, and both may be insulted without regard to honour and justice, ancient treaties, or existing interests. Pedro is requiting us as he ought, by taking away all British privileges, and letting in the manufactures of other nations to compete with ours. And it is for this swindling pirate that we are bound to interfere, and to force him by foreign arms, on the throne of a nation which detests him!

We are not quite so sure that the Northern Powers will look upon this quadrupartite treaty with eyes of affection. Already the Congress of Vienna has thought it worthy of so much attention as to prolong their sittings an additional month, to come to some resolution concerning it. And we are inclined to think, from their having proposed to raise the general army of the Germanic body to 450,000 men, that they will interfere in a serious way if France and England have recourse to arms. On the whole it is a pleasant prospect we have before us, wherever we cast our eyes over Europe.

France is tranquil under Marshal Soult—and no mistake; and so are the gentlemen in Newgate tranquil under Marshal Cope.—There are now very few *emeutes* in either of these two contented and free republics. We congratulate the French on the liberty conferred upon them by the Revolution of July. It has given them an army of 425,000 men to take care of them; with a pleasant little budget of £40,000,000—to say nothing of two supplemental sums of £1,500,000 and £800,000, voted to support an extra army, and to keep Lyons quiet. But where is this money to come from?

In Spain we have only to continue to report that the Carlists are making war in the North, and the Queen making love in Madrid, both successfully. She had a bull baiting on her birth-day at Aranjuez, and her General Quesada had a beating of another kind near Pampeluna much about the same time. The northern provinces are almost wholly lost to her; and if Carlos were to invade Estremadura, she might find that her hold on those of the east was not very firm.

In a service upon the Press of considerable duration, we never remember such magnificent lying as has been going forward in the Portuguese and Spanish affairs. One day we are told by the *Globe* that Don Carlos had taken refuge in an English vessel, and was to be immediately forwarded by the first conveyance. Next day the *Courier* assures us, that Don Miguel was on board the *Stag*, and to be with us in a week. As for the defeats and destructions of Don Miguel, it is wonderful to conceive how any body could at all subsist under such accumulated ruin. In the North of Spain Zumalacarregui has been annihilated as often as there are letters in his long name. Now it is quite shameful to find newspapers of any repute lending themselves to these dirty things, and still more shameful when we find it done by the French Government, which actually falsifies the telegraphic communions which it receives, or pretends to receive from Bayonne. There is indeed, something

infinitely disgusting in every thing connected with the "liberal" cause in the Peninsula—treachery, falsehood, robbery, swindling, forgery, speculation, meanness, rancour—all, in short, that can tarnish any party, has been flourishing from the beginning among those who had any thing to do with it.—*Ibid.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY 6.

THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

Sir R. VYVYAN said he wished to put some questions to the Noble Lord, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, relative to a treaty said to have been entered into by France, Portugal, Spain, and this country. He had to put three questions—the first was, whether it was a fact that a treaty had been entered into between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, which had for its object the settlement of the affairs of the Peninsula by armed force if necessary?—The second was, whether the ratification of the treaty had been delayed at Lisbon, on account of the refusal of one of the parties?—and the third, if the Noble Lord had been officially informed that General Rodil had passed the frontier, and if the Government of this country approved of his entering into Portugal?

Lord PALMERSTON said he had great satisfaction in informing the Hon. Baronet that some such treaty as the Hon. Baronet described, had been entered into by the four Powers—and he was ready to take his share of the blame. So far, however, from considering there was blame, he felt pride on thinking that it had been formed. He would not state the nature or contents of the treaty, but it would be laid before the House when ratified, and then the Hon. Baronet might express his sentiments upon it. The treaty had been ratified by three of the Powers, and the consent of Portugal was only delayed on account of some formalities. He had been officially informed, that the ratification would arrive in a few days. General Rodil had entered Portugal, with the full consent of Don Pedro, and with the approbation of England, for the purpose of dislodging Don Carlos and his adherents from the frontier—that interference had nothing to do with the contest going on between Don Pedro and Don Miguel; General Rodil observed a strict neutrality—he might add, that in consequence of his presence some great fortified towns in that quarter had spontaneously declared for Donna Maria.

Mr BARING said that, as the Noble Lord had intimated that the treaty would be laid before the House, shortly after the holidays it would be a waste of time to discuss the question, but it appeared to him that it was rather a singular sort of neutrality which General Rodil had observed, as according to the admission of the Noble Lord himself, several large towns of Portugal had taken advantage of the protection which his troops afforded, to declare for Donna Maria.

Lord PALMERSTON said the fact was, that General Rodil had not in one way or another, assisted Donna Maria. The Hon. Member complained of the interference of foreign powers in favour of Don Pedro, but

was there no interference on the other side? (Hear)

Sir RICHARD VYVYAN—Did General Rodil enter Portugal before the treaty was signed?

Lord PALMERSTON—Yes, in consequence of a communication and a concerted arrangement between Spain and Portugal.

Mr BARING—Will the Noble Lord give us some information about this communication between Spain and Portugal?

Lord PALMERSTON said he must decline giving any information, and leave the Hon. Member in his enviable state of ignorance. (a laugh)

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1834.

Notices

Mrs. GILMOUR begs to intimate to her friends and the public that her Seminary for YOUNG LADIES, will re-OPEN after the *Midsummer Recess*, on MONDAY the 7th JULY.

Carbonear, June 25, 1834.

*In the Insolvency of*  
**WILLIAM BENNETT,**  
*Of Carbonear, Merchant,*

NORTHERN CIRCUIT COURT,  
HARBOR GRACE, 23rd JUNE, 1834.

It is this day ordered by this Honorable Court, that WILLIAM BENNETT, of Carbonear, Merchant, duly declared Insolvent this day, and all Persons Creditors of WILLIAM BENNETT, whose Debts amount respectively to Twenty Pounds and upwards; do either in Person, or by their lawful Agent, assemble at the Court House at HARBOR GRACE, on WEDNESDAY next, the 25th Instant, at eleven o'Clock in the forenoon, in order to choose two or more Creditors of the said WILLIAM BENNETT, to be Trustees to his Insolvent Estate.

By the Court,

JOHN STARK,  
*Clerk and Registrar.*

The Northern Circuit Court is at length opened. It has been a cause of very great inconvenience and loss to the inhabitants of this district, that the opening of the Court should have been so long delayed, and the evil is but very partially remedied by opening it at so unseasonable a period of the year. The great mass of the population are now away at the Labrador, or engaged in the shore fishery, and cannot therefore, avail itself without a very serious loss, of the opportunity thus afforded it of seeking redress at the hands of the Civil power; to say nothing of hardships that will be inflicted on Petit Juror by being compelled to abandon the only mode they have of procuring food

for their families, to dance attendance on the court. The means of obtaining justice is, at all times acceptable, and, therefore, it is rather an unpleasant task to complain, now those means are free to be laid hold on; but if they are to be made available only by sacrificing more perhaps than the advantage to be derived from them; a man wishing to avail himself of the means thus held out to him, is in a little less enviable situation than Tantalus, who, placed up to his chin in a pool of water, and a tree loaded with fruit within his reach, was unable to partake of either, although suffering the extremes of hunger and thirst. As the court had been delayed so long, it would have signified little, if it had been delayed a few months longer; by which the sum now to be expended, to little or no purpose, would have been saved the colony.

In a previous column will be observed an account, copied from the NOVASCOTIAN, of a lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institute in Halifax. We read the article with great pleasure, and congratulate our Sister Colony in having amongst her inhabitants such men as Mr Smith. How glorious an example is this to us of Newfoundland! How ought it not to stimulate us to exertion!

This country is a mine from which may be drawn subjects worthy philosophical investigation; and we doubt not there is plenty of talent in it to pursue such investigation.—Newfoundland is the very oldest colony of Great Britain, yet nothing is known of her geology, mineralogy, ornithology, botany, entomology, and very little of her internal geography. Individual exertions, in a country such as this, can, at best, do but little. Why do not then the rich and well-informed come forward and establish, by their influence and their talent, an institution similar to that which exists in Halifax? We trust, that ere long, some public spirited men and lovers of science will follow the example set them by the Novascotians.

"They mourn the living Hector as the dead."

POPE'S HOMER

We do not mean to assume by the above quotation, that there will be many bright eyes dimmed with tears at our becoming defunct, nor that the battle we have had to fight required the valor of Hector, but we do really think that our loss will cause more than one expression of sorrow. Readers, the last editorial of the Editor of the STAR is before you, and we are about to bid you farewell. Before doing so, however, we will say a few words at parting.

The STAR has now existed eighteen months, during which time we have endeavoured to render it every way worthy of patronage and support. Our pen has always been guided by truth; and fearlessly and honestly have we exposed any mal-practices that came under our recognition. Whatever little talent

we possessed was never withheld, when it was needed to advocate the interests of this district; nor do we think we have altogether failed in raising this town to its place among the towns of the Island. These things we considered to be our duty, and we performed it as well as we were able whether satisfactorily, we know not, but most assuredly we did zealously. Our success has not, however been such as to induce us to pursue our course in the stormy path of politics, we have consequently resigned, we trust, to better hands

To hurl his thunder on the heads of those who need his chastisement.

It has been advanced by a contemporary, as the cause of our ceasing to conduct the STAR, a too democratic leaning; now we utterly deny any thing of the kind, and our readers, we confidently believe, will hold us thus in our denial. We are not so great an admirer of Republican Governments, Trades Unions, Canadian demagogues, and such like, as to desire to be governed by the one or tyrannized over by the other, we are too well content with the form of government under which we dwell, to desire that it should change; but however much we may admire it, we should be dolts, were we to shut our eyes to the many instances of abuse of office and power which are so glaring, that "he who runs may read" them.— Is it possible that we should shut our eyes to the enormous charges for fees in our Sessions Courts? Is it possible that we should shut our eyes to the fact, that on the North Shore of this Bay iniquitous practices are pursued under the sacred name of justice? Should we be doing our duty, did we not represent gross neglect in the discharge of a duty, on the efficient fulfilment of which our lives depend? And should we not have been traitors to the trust reposed in us, did we not point out in what our legislators had erred? It is for doing such services to the public as the above, we are hinted at as a democrat—as an enemy to good government. To such sneers we may reply:

"He who contends for freedom  
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe,  
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,  
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,  
Who best deserves that name, he is a worm  
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms."

The cause of our not meeting with the success which we anticipated, lies deeper, far deeper than in the line of politics which the love of truth forced us to pursue. It lies in the almost total want of education among the most useful and most numerous part of the population. That portion from which our revenue must be almost wholly obtained. The late Baron Cuvier says, that education should follow on the heels of liberal government, instead of preceding it; but we do not think experience would bear out

the theory. In no country could the fallacy of it be so well shewn as in this. The tale of our first and only election, is a severe commentary on the theory. We need scarcely mention how different would have been (we will not say the results,) but the mode of conducting it, had the people been better educated, had been, by reading, better informed on the boon which their sovereign had conferred on them. We, in an article in one of our former numbers, stated the superiority of newspapers over all other kinds of literature in enlightening the understanding, and creating a thirst for knowledge. But the circulation of the newspapers of this island, from, as we said before, the want of education, is so very confined, that their utility is comparatively small; and the exertions of their editors, to make them depositories of useful information, is, consequently, cramped. What is man without education? It is true that, sometimes, nature will produce, unaided, men of extraordinary capacity; who, in defiance of the want of instructors, will force themselves into the world, and astonish us; but they are like electric fluid, discharged from one cloud to another: they blaze and are forgotten. These are freaks which nature sometimes plays in her happiest moods, but so rare are they, that but few products of her good temper appear in a century. His Excellency in his speech at the opening of the Assembly, particularly recommended the education of the people; we trust his recommendation will soon be acted upon.

We now bid our readers farewell, at the same time requesting them to continue their support to our successor, who, we doubt not, will be as careful to watch over their rights and privileges, as we have always been.

DEPARTURES.—On Monday last, in the Duncan & Margaret, for London, from Harbour Grace, Mr T. Ridley, Merchant, of that town, and Mr T. Gamble, of this place.

**Shipping Intelligence.**

**HARBOUR GRACE.**

CLEARED.  
June 13---Brig Stamper, Scurr, Bay Chaleur; ballast.

19---Schooner Duncan & Margaret, Ewan, London; 16,967 galls. seal oil, 8,915 seal skins.

**CARBONEAR.**

ENTERED.  
June 16---Emblem, Purdy, Hamburg; 765 bags bread, 20 bls. flour, 1 bl. peas.

20---Brig Alice, Thompson, Liverpool; salt, coal, and sundries, for Carbonear, and Port-de-Grave.

CLEARED.  
June 23---Schooner Fanny, Galton, Liverpool; 71 tons seal oil, 2,452 seal skins.  
Brig Terry, Matches, Miramichi; ballast.

**BAY ROBERTS.**

CLEARED.  
June 17---Brig Harton, Seager, Poole; 96½ tons seal oil, 600 seal skins, cow hides, &c. &c.

**ST. JOHN'S.**

ENTERED.

June 13---Brig John & Mary, Needham, Newcastle; coal, cordage.

Schooner Adelaide, Cormack, St. Vincent; molasses, rum, sugar.

Catherine & Elizabeth, Benois, Arichat; lumber.

Greyhound, Ferguson, P. E. Island; lumber.

Brig Commodore, Howlan, Waterford; porter, pork, bread, &c.

Schooner Four Brothers, Rankin, Arichat; shingles, board, plank.

Abeona, Smith, Miramichi; lumber.

Brig Dykes, Liverpool; salt.

Schooner Water Witch, Clarke, Halifax; butter.

Britannia, Graham, Sydney; coal.

Hope, Forest, Arichat; board.

Avon, Cornish, Sydney; coal.

17---Brig Hannah, Underhill, Altona; bread.

Schooner Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney; shingles, lumber, oats.

Ann, De Roche, Sydney; lumber, shingles.

Esperance, Shediak; lumber, shingles.

Brig Sir Peregrine Maitland, Field, Halifax; molasses, board.

Schooner Victory, Terrio, Arichat; shingles, timber, board.

Mary, Pitispas, Quebec; bread, flour, pork.

Venus, Burke, P. E. Island; potatoes.

John Fulton, O'Neal, Boston; flour, staves.

Jolly Tar, Vigneu, Antigonish; cattle.

Isabella, Fitzgerald, Miramichi; board, shingles.

Caledonia, M'Donald, P. E. Island; lumber, cattle, sheep, oats.

Henry & Mary Ann, Francis, Richebucto; shingles.

19---Eagle, Fewer, Miramichi; board, plank, shingles, and sundries.

Brig Paget, Petty, St. Vincent; molasses, rum.

Charlotte, Anderson, Miramichi; board.

Schooner Plough Boy, Yeo, P. E. Island; plank, shingles, cattle.

CLEARED.

June 14---Schooner George, Coady, New-York; sundry merchandise.

Nightingale, M'Clune, P. E. Island; ballast.

Edward, Stephens, Sydney; ballast.

Brig Preston, Toft, Arichat; ballast.

Jane, Dunn, Looney, Quebec; fish.

17---Helicon, Crawford, Pernambuco; fish.

Annandale, Taylor, Greenock; oil.

Lady Douglas, Pierce, New-Brunswick; ballast.

Deane, Le Grand, Jersey; ballast.

18---Schooner Nancy, Baldwin, Sydney; ballast.

Fame, Webb, Grenada; fish.

Faith, Underhay, Quebec; fish, oil, wine.

**Notices**

**MR GILMOUR** begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of Carbonear and its vicinity that, from the 31st of OCTOBER next, he will receive and instruct Children in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, at the very low terms of

**40 SHILLINGS per annum.**

The uniform success that has attended his system of education, emboldens him to anticipate support at the hands of those Parents who desire a rapid improvement in their Children. Mr GILMOUR has now been 9 years engaged in the instruction of youth; the experience acquired, during that period, of the various dispositions of Children, has enabled him to adapt his mode of communicating knowledge to all capacities, so as to ensure to each child, a certain and progressive improvement. Mr GILMOUR will still continue to give instruction in the other branches of education specified in Advertisement in first page, upon the terms there named.

Carbonear, June 11, 1834.

**B**LANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this paper.  
January 1, 1834.

## THE RUNAWAY.

AN ENGLISH TALE BY MISS MITFORD.

One of the most retired-looking spots in our thickly populated neighbourhood, is the pretty little nook called Sandleford Green; a small patch of green sward, formed by a casual receding of the fields, at a place where two narrow shady lanes cross each other, leaving just room enough in one angle for a clear pond, with glorious old thorns dipping into it from the surrounding hedges; whilst another pond enclosing a noble oak, occupies another corner; and a third is completely overshadowed by two large horse-chestnut trees, standing like sentinels on either side of a gate, which leads through a short deep lane to the only dwelling within sight or hearing. No spot is, apparently so entirely out of the way and out of the world, as Sandleford Green. And yet the well beaten foot-paths two or three of which striking in different directions across the fields, meet in this spot as a common centre, intimated that the little Green was a place of some resort—as indeed, it actually was—not so much as a thoroughfare, but from its own independent attraction. The one solitary and unostentatious tenement of which it boasted, being famous all through the country, for its home-brewed ale, the fine Sandleford beer, most emphatically called strong holding so high a rank amongst the consumers of that formidable beverage, the people sent for it far and near; and the liveried grooms of two or three neighbouring squires might often be seen galloping on their thorough-bred hunters to seek this only liquor worthy to wash down their master's Stilton; at the same moment that poor Dame Wheeler's little girl was crossing the style for her sick grandmother's half-pint; and half the rustics in the parish pouring in to enjoy in Joseph Dobson's own tap-room, or beneath his honeysuckled porch, their own less moderate potations. "First come, first served," was Joseph's motto, and although on the whole a man of impartiality, it is doubtful whether he had not some pleasure in keeping the lacqueys in attendance, and the grandees whom they served in expectation, whilst he administered to the wants of his humbler and more sociable customers.

A chuckling, bustling, merry knave was our landlord, and free spoken, had a vote for the county, which he regularly bestowed on the opposition candidate, be they what they might. Joseph thought that no honest man could ever vote for the ministry—that was his creed: owed no one a shilling, and was too confident in the power of his ale, to have any dread of the magistrates and the license act:—Old Sir Thomas can't finish his dinner without a glass of my beer thought Joseph and I may be as saucy and independent as I please.

Whatever might be the merits of the Sandleford ale, there could be no question as to the beauty and picturesqueness of Joseph's habitation. It was a high, narrow, tower-like house, with chimneys like turrets, and every sort of gable and inequality of which a building is capable, harmonised and enriched by an old vine, which, after creeping up one side of the house, nearly covered the roof, garlanding the very chimneys, and

wreathing its luxuriant abundance of leaf and fruit, and tendril, wherever a shoot could find a place, until it fairly hung over on the other side—until its rich festoons nearly met the branchy honeysuckle, (Milton's "twisted eglantine,") which, climbing up shaded a rude but fanciful and airy porch, such as is often seen in Wouverman's pictures, adding grace and lightness even to them. Nor was the garden, which reached, on one side, to a small meandering brook, the large garden, full of beds of vegetables and berry bushes, almost hidden by wide flower-borders, very nicely kept; or the long strip of beautiful green sward, the meadow, orchard or the pleasure-ground (for it might pass for either of these,) with its fine grove of old fruit-trees—pear, plum, cherry, and apple,—terminated by its smooth bowling-green and goodly arbour, not at all unworthy of the picturesque dwelling to which they were appended. The territory behind, a miniature farm-yard with stabling for two, cart-room for one, a commodious cow-shed, and pigsties, goose-houses, and hen-houses, out of number, its populous duck pond, and its abundance of noises, horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, and doves cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, portly, sturdy, and comely, an excellent representative of his own brown stout, with twenty pigeons fluttering about him, (for Joseph amongst other fancies, was a great pigeon fancier,) and two or three pet tumblers or fantails perched on his shoulder. In short, every thing about the place, from the two rosy smiling lasses, his daughters, down to the fat yard-dog, and sleek tabby-cat seemed emblems of rural plenty, and English independence; meet appendages to the sign of the Foaming Tankard which swung in creaking magnificence from a post in front of the dwelling.

By far the most interesting inmate of this small village hostelry, was one, whose whole appearance formed the strongest possible contrast to the rest of that flourishing establishment. Mary Walker, the only child of the good landlord's only sister, was a tall thin young woman, with a pale, mild, serious countenance, great simplicity of dress and manner, and general delicacy both of look and demeanour, belonging partly, perhaps, to ill health, but so much connected with a natural elegance of mind, that it hushed even her boisterous uncle and his boisterous customers into something like gentleness; just as the presence of a born gentlewoman might have done, if it were possible to fancy a born gentlewoman seated in the tap-room of the Foaming Tankard.

To say the truth, the tap-room was a place that Mary seldom visited. The noise, the talking, the singing, the smell of tobacco, or even the odour of the Sandleford beer, would have kept her from that well frequented resort of the thirsty souls of that village, even if the dread of encountering some of her many lovers, had not been sufficient to hinder her from putting her foot across the threshold.

The cause of Mary Walker's many conquests might be found perhaps, (at least she thought so,) in the circumstance of her be-

ing a rustic heiress, having just as many hundred pounds as made her a great match in her own degree; the cause of her being at two-and-twenty unwedded, and unlikely to wed, will take rather more telling, although the story is short enough, and common enough too.

Joseph Dobson had a son called William, as unlike his father as possible; a gay, lively mercurial spirit, too quick, or, as his poor mother used to say, too clever to learn—too ready at many trades, to stick steadily to one, and so full of varying schemes and changeable resources, that everybody, except his dotting mother, was convinced that in spite of William's acknowledged talent, his destiny would prove unprosperous.

The only chance of its being otherwise, lay in his strong affection for his fair cousin, Mary Walker. Her influence over him, especially after the death of his fond, but misjudging mother, who had fostered his wild and expensive habits, by supplying him with money for their indulgence, formed the only counteraction to his natural and acquired unsteadiness of character. Even his father, although knowing him best, and fearing him most, looked forward with some degree of hope, to the period when he should be quietly married to Mary; and she herself—(how strange it is, that the mildest and most reflective woman should be carried off her feet so often, by the giddiest wild-goose of a man!) she herself idolized him; overturned all the disinterested objections of her uncle and guardian, to risking her money and her happiness with so flighty a swain; and even laid aside much of her own timidity, to hasten as far as her natural modesty would permit, the proposed union.

On the very evening before the intended marriage, William, who amongst his other caprices, was frequently subject to the fury of jealousy, was seized with a violent fit of that amiable passion; the object being no other than George Bailey, my Lord's game-keeper, as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, and a constant visitor at the Foaming Tankard. He had brought two tame pheasants, a cock and a hen, as a present to Mary, who was known to be fond of pet poultry; "a wedding present," as he had whispered at parting, and Mary, unluckily admired the beauty of the birds.

"You like the birds for the sake of the giver, Mary," said William, chafed at the warmth with which George had shaken hands with her in the moment of departure, and the mingled blush and smile with which she had received his whispered farewell; "you are thinking of the master's good looks, of his gay plumage, and not of the birds."

"The master thinks little of me, or I of him. You are quite mistaken as to both of us," replied Mary.

"You admire the beauty of the donor," pursued William pertinaciously; "you talk of the pheasants, but you are thinking of him."

"Not I indeed!" exclaimed Mary.

"But you are I say, Madam," resumed William with increasing violence. "George Bailey is the beau of the parish, as you are the belle; we all know that, and for my poor

part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If you think so, William," said poor Mary, and then unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, Madam, if I think so"—

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you in this wide world."

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then" said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly, madam, we had better part; I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house, without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughter fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper-time, or at least, by peep of dawn, William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for a temper "which anger as the flint doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunny, especially after one of those sudden storms; so that Mary, after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people. Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforter whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passed away—the night—the next morning, that which would have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding day! and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone board ship—he had had such a fancy in his boyhood, engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumours of shipwreck, at first, doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as month after month, and year after year, glided by, without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive.—Surely if he had been alive he would have written, was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect; and things had returned to their ordinary course, with little reference to the life or death of the young man. His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper, and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope or fear, or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten, indeed, he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a turtle dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true; as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jem Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides a score more rejected suitors, could testify—George Bailey being nearly the only young man in the parish who had never

made Mary Walker an offer, having within three months of the pheasant present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so, in the shape of an exceeding pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have gone wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgotten William Dobson; but, as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile, time rolled on, and it was now some years since anything had been heard of him. May was drawing near its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring-flowers with summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty; and Sandleford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflecting in the clear bright pond, the horse-chestnuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossoms, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the arbour, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandleford was the sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky, and green grass, and flowery fruit trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy, when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm-yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary, and Bessy, and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house, added he; 'make haste, lasses! make haste!'"

Mary catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to despatch some messenger for medical relief; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the tap-room followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead, and my host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering, (for he seemed incapable of either speaking; or swallowing,) their various remedies.

"Who can he be, father," said Kate; what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor ragged famished wretch, as you see, who I suppose, could crawl no further. But I think he'll live: he's looking about him, and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling-bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so good folks: why even Neptune has crept up to him, and is half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, ragged creature, writhed on his straw, and groaned and gasped for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls? See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands! Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him; "William! gracious God! 'tis William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught at the tap; poor William looked from one to the other.

"Are ye married?" said he with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "No," said Mary, both in a breath.

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be; Nobody would, but Mary. Welcome home my boy, we'll soon set thee up again; welcome home my own dear boy."

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them.—"Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes," said George, smiling.

"But not to me, William, not to me dear William!" said Mary; and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones, (Neptune fondling them both;) and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure, and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four year's absence, were all forgotten in that moment of bliss.—*Literary Souvenir for 1832.*

FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Globe*, in its accustomed *Palmerstonian* vein, makes light of all the stupidities, embarrassments, and losses, consequent on this mismanagement in our relations with Turkey; harping away in the old strain of the "good understanding between Great Britain and France" as a Whig of achievement of sufficient value to overbalance the admitted loss of friendly alliance with the European powers. How long will the public patience bear this most un-English nonsense? With respect to the blunderings of Lord Palmerston's management regarding Turkey, the public we believe, feel pretty generally that it is no such light matter as the *Globe* represents it to be. If it were so, the *Times* would scarcely venture to write as it does to-day, about the debate of Monday night—we have room for only a few lines at the commencement of the article:—

"The discussions of Monday evening which arose out of Mr Shiel's smart, but not ill-argued speech, on introducing his motion for papers explanatory of our relations with Russia and Turkey, have produced no slight effect on the minds of members of Parliament, as well as of the public generally.—It would have given us sincere pleasure to say, could we have done so with a safe conscience, that the defence offered by Lord Palmerston, and Mr Stanley, was a complete answer to the charges brought against the policy of Lord Grey's cabinet. The sum total of the apology made by the Foreign Secretary, was an admission that things were bad enough, though not quite so bad as they might have been, if Russia had not given us assurances of the innocent meaning of her stipulations with the Turk, which his Lordship thought more worthy to be relied on, than the formal treaties which she had signed and executed."

One part of the delusion then, as to the produce of our foreign policy, has pretty nearly received its death-blow—the other, touching the advantages of "our good understanding" with France, may survive a

little longer; but we protest we can conceive nothing more preposterous—nothing which is more plainly and constantly shown, by daily experience, to be as revolting to the reason, as in better times it would have been uncongenial to the feelings of Englishmen. We admit, that from the “understanding” between the governments, France derives advantages; but we cannot discover any advantages on the side of England. France has colonized Algiers, and holds Ancona—she has established great influence in Egypt and is likely to maintain for the future a very great power on the southern side of the Mediterranean: this France owes to the “good understanding;” but what does England gain by it? Spain and Portugal if left to themselves, would be as hostile to the new order of things in France, as any power on the north of the Rhine may be supposed to be, but the “good understanding” keeps Spain and Portugal in such a state, that she has nothing to fear from them.—Here the advantage of France is plain enough, but what advantage is it to England? As to commercial relations, France is at least, on an equality with us—were it not for the “good understanding,” we should retain the superiority which we had in former times. Here again, the advantage of France is evident, but where is that of England? French fishermen come to our coast, to sell their fish which they take upon our coast, to boats’ crews going up the Thames, at periods when our fishermen, are not allowed to take fish in the same place. Our fishermen go to the French coasts; they are murdered, and their boats carried into French harbours! It is tolerably plain where the advantage lies here. The staple productions of France are admitted into England at such duties as enable the French to obtain an immense consumption of them in England—our staple commodities are by the French actually prohibited. Where is the advantage to England, in this state of things? In short, unless it be supposed that the ready intercourse between the nations, improves the national morals or manners of England, a point which is at least debatable, though we have no doubts to settle upon the subject, we cannot see what shadow of reason there is for an Englishman talking of the “new advantageous position of the two countries as respects each other.” A Frenchman may indeed do so, and with good reason; but most sincerely do we regret, that the folly of Whig government has given him an opportunity to do so, at the expense of our country.—*Albion.*

**CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR KING LEOPOLD.**—We are full of the milk of human kindness; and as Leopold the Beloved, is one of our most especial favourites, we do not think our time is wasted when we dedicate a moment or two to him, especially when we have something to communicate which will give him much satisfaction. It is well known that his Belgian Majesty has, with that high sense of *honour* which so *distinguishes* him, expressed himself much hurt, at being *compelled* to receive £50,000 per annum from this country; but he does not know how to avoid taking it. True it is, that he *resigned* it some three years ago, but

equally true it is, that it has been paid to him ever since! His Majesty feels that, in being thus forced to pocket the pension, he is an ill-used man—his feelings of delicacy being so much outraged. To relieve the *generously-minded* Monarch from this unpleasantness, Sir S Whalley has come to his assistance, and gave notice of his intention to bring before the House of Commons two Bills; the one to repeal the “Naturalization of Prince Leopold Act (56 Geo. III. c. 13), and to relieve his Belgian Majesty from his allegiance as a British subject to William IV.”—the other, “to repeal the Act (56 Geo. III. c. 24.) by which £50,000 per annum pension was settled upon Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg.”

This is straightforward; and we thank Sir Samuel Whalley for the expression of his intention to do King Leopold justice! We have no doubt but that he will carry his Bills through the House of Commons—the Earl of Durham, being a personal friend of King Leopold, will take care to get them passed by the Lords. We shall then be able to congratulate the King of the Belgians upon being no longer dependent as a subject, or degraded as a pensioner.—*Age.*

**PEDRO'S PERFDY.**—The last letters from Lisbon announce that the Portuguese Minister, Carvalho, is preparing a decree to annul every privilege, commercial or political, which the English have, for more than a century past enjoyed in that country! this is Pedro's gratitude! but it is useless to complain. Insult is heaped upon insult—the British name is a bye-word—British interests are destroyed—British subjects spurned—British exertions forgotten—but why should we marvel? Lord Palmerston is Secretary of State for Foreign affairs.—*Ibid.*

**FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.**—Our heart was gladdened the other day in passing through Cheapside, at reading an advertisement offering a coat for sale, made by a woman. It was really a very well fabricated article and one which we would not disdain ourselves to wear; and be it known to our country readers we are rather fastidious in apparel, though our dandy days have gone by. It may strike those who peruse our grave and severe lucubrations, as matter of surprise that we should call attention to such a subject; but we do so earnestly, and on the following grounds:—All those who observe society intimately, must know how difficult it is for any female, unable or unwilling to undertake the duties of a household servant to earn a livelihood in this country. Fashion and Fancy have imputed to women, an inability to sew coats—the tailors have struck, and no man, we need not say gentleman, will surely submit to be a vassal to these fragments of humanity; why not give employment to many industrious young females in this way? It is worth consideration. Let Stultz cut, and have a group of women to complete his designs—we will give more for a coat so made, for we are sure it will be as skilfully finished; and the wearer will not be less happy in reflecting, that he has perhaps saved a starving girl, from odious and involuntary prostitution, and cut the miserable members of a Tailors' Union.—*Ibid.*

**THE DO-LITTLE PARLIAMENT.**—Well, ye gentlemen of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, what think you of its workings now, even in the second Session of the Reformed Parliament? Did the much calumniated Boroughmongers venture to introduce anything like the coercive and unconstitutional measures brought forward by “honest” Lord Althorp, and his Whig colleagues? Look at the provisions of the Poor Law Amendment Bill, not only as regards the tyrannical power it vests in three briefless barristers, who are to supercede nearly all the functions of Magistrate, Churchwarden, Overseer, and Constable, but all these personages are to act under, and submit to the “Mighty Triumvirate.” Again, the whole of the fair face of the land is to be covered like a leprosy, with immense parochial Bastilles. Pass the Bill, let the labourer know and feel the direful effects of its frightful provisions, and then must the land-owners and occupiers hasten to the Insurance Offices, for then will the country be in a blaze from one end to the other.

Again, look at the Pension Bill, introduced by Sir James Graham, a measure which robs the poor clerks, and enriches the sinecurist, the pensioner, and the high-salaried officer. Why, one would have thought it sufficient honour to have been Prime Minister of this country, to say nothing of the salary and patronage, without saddling every ex-Minister, after two year's service with a pension of £2000 per annum. The Bill throughout means public plunder. The business before Parliament is a perfect hodge-podge—no plan—no system—Bills introduced, and Bills withdrawn. In short, *except voting the money*, Parliament has literally done nothing; the whole of their time being occupied in talk, talk, interminable talk. From our very souls, we commiserate that high-minded, elegant, and dignified gentleman, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who is obliged hour after hour to listen to the insufferable nonsense of men more fit to stand behind the counter, to work at the loom and anvil, or to follow the plough, than to assume the character of Senators.

Then again, the poor unhappy debtor, who was solemnly promised to be relieved from his dungeon, and restored to light, life, and liberty, to enjoy once more the comforts of a home, and the tender ties of domestic affection—his hopes are again dashed to the ground. Honest Lord Althorp—tender Lord Althorp—thinks there *will not be time* to pass the Bill. But amongst the host of lawyers, is there not one that has the industry and courage to carry through a measure already digested, and the Bill printed? But it would be an endless task to recapitulate all the sins of omission, and commission, of this Reformed Parliament. They are well known to, and thoroughly understood, by the people. Every one feels it is impossible to go on, without some great change. We must have a Government, and that right soon; and this mighty country must not be left to the shifts and expedients of an incapable, but greedy Whig faction, backed up by a confiding and indolent, (to all useful purposes) House of Commons.—*Ibid.*