



## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

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### 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  
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.

#### 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.

### SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

In a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowau, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. Rhyme and Reason, recorded in No. I., we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable: Nature made the outline of their character the same; but education has varied the colouring. Their mother had died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser agréments of society, she had nothing to depend on, but the suggestions of a kind heart, and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation; who having imbibed her notions of propriety at a boarding school, and made a love match very early in life, was but ill-prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might be expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies who talk scandal over their tea and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced them to us, afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two ladies returning from their walk; and as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention, exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel but a clever and an interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm: Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us: we passed a ruined hut, which has been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense; "How

it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda; "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was awaaw of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal: sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up: and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manner showed itself very plainly. The one was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card racks and painted the roses on the hand screens. The neat little bookcases too which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies,—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope; on the shelves of her sister reclined the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at, that we paid a longer visit than we originally intended.—The conversation turned at one time on the late Revolutions. Matilda was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance: Emily however, declined to join in commiseration or invective and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious: but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the Newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our young friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first;—"or a madman rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine; and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said

Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "how very imprudent!" replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh: "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily;—"it contained her father's title-deeds.—"For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—"it was a miniature of her mother.

We have left but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come hand in hand to our imagination! Some indeed enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of Age; perhaps of Prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

#### MR LOZELL'S ESSAY ON WEATHER-CKOCKS.

"Round he spun."—BYRON

We have a great respect for a weather-ckock! there is something about it so sprightly, so sprightly, and at the same time so complying and accommodating, that we are not ashamed to confess that we have long taken it for our model. It changes sides perpetually, yet always preserves one unvaried elevation; it is always in motion, yet always remains the same. We could look at a weatherckock for hours!

To us however, it has another charm, independent of its intrinsic good qualities.—Its name, not less than its character, recalls to our recollection a family which is entitled in the highest degree, to our esteem; of which we should never cease to think, even if our memory were not daily sharpened by the little remembrancer, which is at once their namesake, their crest, and their model.

The family of the Weatherckocks is one of considerable antiquity. The first of the name whom we find distinguishing himself in any extraordinary degree is Sir Anthony Weatherckock of Fetherly, Staffordshire; who changed his party seven times during the unfortunate dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster. And this he contrived to do with so much tact, that he was a considerable gainer by his six first defections. By his seventh he certainly sustained a trifling loss;—he lost his head!

It is a well-known observation, that the descendants of surpassingly great men are often either blockheads or idiots. The present instance certainly affords us an exemplification of the truth of the remark. The successor of this genuine Weatherckock was a poor weak fellow, who had no more idea of turning to the right-about without compulsion, than he had of breakfasting without beef. Upon his refusing to deliver the castle of Nounhame to the celebrated Warwick, he was besieged, compelled to surrender, and immediately hung up upon the gates of the fort, to learn to behave like his forefathers.



The union of the white and red roses, afforded fresh opportunity for the manifestation of the merits of the Weathercocks. Theirs was almost the only family of any note in England, which did not lose one or other of its members from the indiscriminate fury of superstition. The head of the house appears to have embraced as many religions, and more wives than Henry himself; and a younger branch is said to have been, within a week, a serving man in the train of Gardiner, and a clerk in the household of Cranmer. But we are forgetting that we and our friends live in 1821, and that we shall weary the patience of our reader by tracing those very historical facts *ab ovo*.

The Weathercock family, or rather that branch of it with which we are at present concerned, resides on a large and productive estate in Leicestershire. We have spent much time with them, and have had several opportunities of studying their peculiar merits. Their mansion affords a perfect college of miscibility; every thing is kept in readiness to be destroyed or profited, removed or replaced at a minute's warning. It is quite delightful to see how new fashions of furniture come in and go out; how the faces of the servants are continually altered; how the hour of meals, the regulation of the *parties*,—in short, the whole system of domestic economy, is always subjected to some ephemeral arrangement, which must soon give way to another equally new, and equally ephemeral. To us, we say, this is delightful. But one seldom finds two tastes alike. Many pronounce the Weathercocks to be quite crazed; and many decide that "they are mighty good kind of people, but have very odd whimsies!"

The disposition for change, which is inherent in the family, has produced very strange effects upon their place of residence. The house was originally a good stout old-fashioned house, remarkable for nothing but the antiquity of its pictures, and the size of its dining hall. But its name and character have shifted considerably since it came into the possession of my worthy friends. It has been alternately a Hall, an Abbey, a Castle, and a Lodge; nay, during the life of the late Sir Adonis Weathercock, it became for a few months a Cottage. The proprietor, however, in this instance gave up his design before it had effected any thing beyond the windows. The Mansion bears more permanent marks of its other metamorphoses. On one side it has the square turrets and battlements of the feudal system; on another, the flowery pointed arch of a Gothic cathedral. One of the owners of the place thought proper to sink a moat round his habitation; but he afterwards filled it up, and converted it into a circular gravel walk. Another had a fancy for erecting some solid Doric pillars; he doubtless much improved their appearance, by placing upon them a beautiful Chinese verandah. Similar observations are suggested by an inspection of the interior of the building. You may almost read a history of two or three centuries in the reliques of their manners which are scattered in every apartment. War has been carried on with tolerable equal success between Lely's portraits, Gainsborough's landscapes, and Bunbury's caricatures. A cast of a Hercules looks somewhat angrily upon a mandarin, who is his next neighbour and a titious Venus maintains her post with great obstinacy, although her divine presence is invaded by the scale folds of an immense dragon. There are Bronzes and Cupids, oaken tables, and mahogany tables, drab papering, and crimson papering, high mantel pieces, and low mantel-pieces, Dresden China, and French China; everything is superb, everything incongruous, every thing unfinished.

The old Park has been reduced to the same state. A scrupulous homage has been paid to every new mode of cultivation; a thousand emendations, and additions, and improvements, have been successively introduced. But it is easier to plant new customs, than to eradicate the old. Lycan was turned into a beast, but he retained his old habits of atrocity. Arachne was transformed into a spider, but she did not forget her spinning. The Park of the Weathercocks has, in like manner, assumed various novel shapes, without losing the traces of its old ones. At one time it was dressed out in all the stiff regularity of alleys and arcades; at another, it was dubbed a "wilderness," and was immediately laid waste by a terrible myriad of shrubs and weeds, without number. In one part your eye rests upon the muddy vestiges of an artificial cascade; in another, your foot stumbles over a heap of rubbish, which has been produced by the demolition of an artificial ruin. Some people object to these things; for my part, I own I am delighted with them. They show a proper distrust of one's own opinion; a decorous subservience with the unstable will of the world; an eager spirit of enterprise; in short, they prove that the Weathercocks have not an ounce of obstinacy in their composition.

Sir Wilfrid Weathercock, the present head of the family, is a cheerful and hale man, between forty and fifty years of age. He is about the middle stature, although,

upon some occasions by the affectation of a fashionable stoop, he appears somewhat dwarfish; while upon others, by the assumption of a military gait and a pair of high heels, he bids fair to be accounted a giant. With a self-denial worthy of a Cincinnatus, he has avoided all offers of place or pension, all invitations to embark in public life; he has confined his manifold talents and his extraordinary versatility to the limits of his own estate. Perhaps indeed, his determination in this respect, may have been a prudent one; for although, any ministry would have been benefited by the unusual facility with which Sir Wilfrid would have flown from patriotic speeches to taxation and gazing bills; from prayers for peace to declarations of war; from professions of economy to measures of profusion; yet it must be confessed that his reluctance to remain a minute stationary would have driven him from one side of the House to the other, oftener than is seemly in a public man. Let it be understood that we speak with all due deference and respect for the numerous precedents which are to be found in our English History. Leaving great statesmen to settle this point, we can only express our opinion, that our friend has certainly acted best for his own comfort, by choosing a quiet private, where he may "change every hour," unmolested by the malevolence of envy or the violence of faction.

His education was, in his youth, sadly neglected. Indeed his father fluctuated so long, first between Eton and Westminster, and afterwards between Cambridge and Oxford, that it is marvellous to me how little Wilfrid picked up any education at all. He has however, obtained just so much learning as enables him to cry up the Greeks and Latins alternately, and to flirt with all the nine Muses in succession. He escaped the fatigue of deliberating in the choice of a profession, by the death of his father; who left him in very early life, heir to all his fortunes, all his friendships, and all his follies. He spent his first two years upon the estate, occupied in reflections of no very serious import: such as whether his coat should be red or green; whether his hunter should be bay or brown; whether his equipage should be a barouche or a curricule. So far all was sunshine; but some tempestuous days were approaching. It was suggested to him that the ancient family of the Weathercocks ought to have an heir to its honours and possessions. No evasion would serve; Sir Wilfrid must take a wife. He was now in a novel and disagreeable dilemma. In any trifling part of his domestic economy, in the livery of his servants, in the arrangement of his dinner table, in the fashion of his plate he would have bowed without a murmur to the decision of his friends; but to inflict upon himself a wife was a thing so utterly unlooked for and unprepared for, that Sir Wilfrid paused. He hesitated and decided, and hesitated again, through three years; at the termination of which he broke his leg in a fox chase, grew quiet in consequence, sold his hounds, and looked out for a wife. Then another perplexity occurred. Who was to be the happy woman?—He could never resolve to make so invidious a distinction.

"It is very true," said poor Sir Wilfrid, "that Miss Dormer has a very fine face, but then I never much admired her nose.—I certainly have always preferred her cousin although that unfortunate cast of the eye—well well, I am a young man, and as my aunt says, 'there is no hurry!' Miss Rayner is very beautiful, and has such charming dark hair;—I always liked dark hair; yet I don't know if light is not as pretty—prettier sometimes,—as for instance Miss Chevier's,—only she is so insipid; I think Lady Mary is more fascinating, but then she is so terrible satirical. Perhaps her sister would make a better wife—if she was not such a fool!"

He consulted in this manner with himself for a long time: half the belles of the county were ready to pull caps for him, but he "prattled with fifty fair maids, and changed them as oft." At last, in a fit of courage, he flung himself at the feet of his chosen one,—talked some rhapsodies,—sighed some sighs, and awaited his sentence. The Lady was sorry, very sorry—and she was flattered highly flattered,—and she was sure, quite sure,—it would only be attributed to her own want of discernment, that she declined the favour, the honour, the distinction—the he heard no more; he hesitated! should he leave the room?—yes!—no!—yes!—and he escaped as well as he could.

He has continued to this day a bachelor. In spite of all intrigue, all solicitation, all persecution, he has remained in this one instance obstinate. In all others he is a real Weathercock. He builds cottages, apparently with no object but that of pulling them down; and pulls them down, apparently with no object but that of building them up; he is a Tory one hour and a Whig the next, and takes in the *Chronicle* and *Courier* alternately; he seldom reads more than half a number of a periodical work, and never wears the same coat above a month. In his conversation he pursues the same plan,—or rather want of plan. In short—in manner, in language, in business, and in pleasure, he sets an admirable example of mutability,

which we shall always make it our study to imitate;—especially when we take up our pens.

Of Sir Wilfrid's nephew and heir we shall here say nothing, as his character has been already noticed by another hand, under the name of Arthur Clavering. We pass on, therefore, to the Baronet's maiden sister, Lady Rachael Weathercock, who is nowise deficient in the peculiarities for which her family is remarkable. Lady Rachel has now attained her fiftieth year; the caprices and follies of her youth have gradually subsided; and in many points she has become more stationary than a Weathercock ought to be. Her character, however, is just saved by one little ingredient, by which a person who is unacquainted with her habits, may be not a little puzzled. Lady Rachel is an inveterate reader, an inveterate talker, and an inveterate arguer. You might therefore suppose that few subjects could be started upon which the Lady would not ground a dispute;—but it is no such thing. Her Ladyship possesses such a delightful pliability of opinion, that it is hardly possible to differ from her upon any topic. We have heard her advocate and abuse every school of painting or poetry in almost immediate succession. She combats to-day the very opinions she maintained yesterday; yet, upon the first semblance of a contradiction, she veers round forthwith, and proves herself a more accommodating antagonist, if possible, than the Neapolitans. Mr Oakley was three hours in conversation with her; and though the burden of his song was No. No. No, he was unable to pick a quarrel.—Like Sir Robert Bramble and Job,—"they could not disagree,—and so they parted."

The only remaining member of the family is Sir Wilfrid's niece. How delightful is your mutability, charming Leonora! You are like a chess board which is chequered with black and white squares alternately,—or a melodrama, in which the tears of Tragedy are relieved by the follies of Farce,—or a day in April, which blends rain with sunshine, Summer with Winter,—or "the Etonian," in which the Serious is united with the Absurd, and Pathos is intermingled with Puns. What a wardrobe must be yours! To-day you assume the costume of the victim Mary,—to-morrow that of the executioner Elizabeth; you put off the diamonds of the Queen for the garland of the Peasant; the curls of the Coquette for the veil of the Nun. Your voice has a thousand tones; your lips have a thousand smiles; all of them distinct, yet all of them engaging! You are always the same, yet always varying consistent only in your inconsistency! Be always so! we will build a fane in the most beautiful region of Fancy; where no two flowers shall wear the same hue, no two days be of the same length or temperature; light gales shall breathe from all points of the compass by turns, and clear streams shall vary their course every hour;—Stability shall be sacrilege—and Leonora shall be the Goddess of the Temple.

(From the Daily Commercial Gazette, January 12.)

MR CLAY'S REPORT.—The following synopsis of this Report is furnished by the Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Report expressed an entire concurrence of opinion with the President relative to the justice of our claims upon the French Government, and reviewed at length their origin, and the policy which had been resorted to to procure redress. The Committee also concur with the President in the opinion that the amount stipulated to be paid by the French falls far short of the just claims of our citizens including damages, but was cheerfully acquiesced in, as a restorer of harmony between the two countries. The committee further agree with the Executive that acquiescence in the refusal to fulfil the stipulations of the treaty is not for a moment to be tolerated. The report however, expresses decided reluctance to enter into conflict with our ancient ally, towards whom the people of this country had ever cherished the kindest sentiments. It next proceeds to a critical analysis of the correspondence preceding the treaty—showing that the King of France had acted in good faith and that our Minister had been made aware of the difficulties in the way of its consummation. This being the case, the Committee deem it not only unjust to the French Government, but impolitic, and unwise as respects the claimants themselves, to throw obstacles in the way of the success of the King's exertions, by the adoption of rash and hasty measures, even contingently, which might convert some of the warm friends in the Chambers into bitter enemies of the claims. The Committee likewise proceed to consider the policy of the President in acting upon the subject without waiting the issue of further proceedings in the French Chambers.

The Report concludes with the following resolution,—

"Resolved, That it is inexpedient at this time to pass any law vesting in the President authority for making reprisals upon French

property, in the contingency of provision not being made for paying to the United States the indemnity stipulated by the treaty of 1831, during the present session of the French Chambers."

A NOVEL NAUTICAL TRIP.—A vessel described as a first class British built and armed barque of 400 tons, is fitting out at Liverpool, and will sail next month, "having been specially engaged by several families of distinction to proceed on a voyage round the world; landing goods and passengers at New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, Valparaiso, Africa, Lima, &c." The advertisement announcing the expedition, says:—"to emigrants of the better class, retired officers, and others, to whom the opportunity of circumnavigating the Globe by the most interesting tract, at as little cost as their probable annual expense at home—and especially to invalids requiring combined benefit of a sea voyage and most renovating change of climate, the present magnificent conveyance is earnestly recommended.—Terms, including provisions and medical attendance:—Voyage round the world, £150, in the cabin only; to New South Wales, &c., cabin, £250, second cabin, £20, steerage, £15; to Valparaiso, &c., cabin, £60, second cabin, £50, steerage, £35." The advertisement adds, that "arrangements have been made for a succession of vessels to the above destinations every six weeks."

On the subject of the posture of our affairs with France, I have a few words to communicate, and which you may depend upon as correct. Letters from France have been received in town, within the last 36 hours, from official sources which state, "that the people of that country, [France] are anxious for a war with us, and that the King of France with a show of good faith, has affected to endeavour to get an appropriation; but that failing to do so, has resolved, knowing that he holds his crown by a brittle tenure, to let his subjects have their own way, and to go to war if they please." The course from which this information is derived adds: "you may ere you are aware of it find yourselves involved in a war with France; and if it should come upon you like a thunderbolt, when you least expect it, you need not wonder at it." My information is derived from a first rate source, and is entitled to respectful confidence.

In Canada 150,000 of your Majesty's subjects of British blood groan under the oppression of a French faction.

Mr Brunei stated at one of the evening meetings of the British Association at Edinburgh, that the Government had consented to advance a sum which would be sufficient for the completion of the Thames Tunnel, and this announcement was received with cheers.

#### SPAIN.

Spain is highly mountainous, her numerous valleys are fertile, and well watered by numerous streams and rivers.

The rains of aqueducts and amphitheatres are still numerous in the country and attest the Roman origin—the language also attests it. The Romans first conquered Spain from the Carthaginians, they were in their turn deposed by the Ostrogoths and Visigoths, who adopted the Roman language. The Arabs afterwards overrun Asia, Europe, and Africa, and passed from Africa into Spain, which they possessed for a thousand years—they were driven back from France, and that country was thus saved from Mahometanism. The Moors made many agricultural improvements in Spain and increased in wealth. In some of the mountains there had always remained a christian people, who had been little regarded, perhaps on account of their insignificance. This little band commenced a warfare against the Saracens, and subdued the provinces one after another until the country was about equally divided. It was in these wars that the Spanish people laid the foundation of their power in Europe.

The middle of the fifteenth century was distinguished by the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—the conquest of the Moors and of Italy, the discovery and subjection of America. It was common to assign to the conquerors of Mexico cruelty and sordidness, but religious motives preponderated; they wished, to establish Christianity upon the ruins of Paganism.—Cortez and Pizarro were among the principal men of the country. It was about this period that Spain had attained her highest greatness; afterwards, she had rapidly declined to a second rate power. The causes may be traced in part to her conquests in America, which drew off her principal men and resources. Ferdinand, during his reign, changed the order of succession, so as to preclude females from inheriting the throne: this right was afterwards restored, and it is upon the ground that the civil war in Spain is now raging.—Don Carlos and his party contending for the former, and Isabella and her mother for the latter. This fraternal war would be divested of much of its fierceness, if religious zeal was not mingled. Isabella belongs to



the liberal party so called in Europe, and wishes to do away with the monastic institutions. Carlos is aided by the priests who furnish money to carry on the rebellion, and thus protract the war, and render the issue doubtful.

**NURSING BY STEAM!**—It is an absolute fact that a patent has been taken out for nursing by steam! It consists of the application of steam to machinery which rocks the cots of children who happen to be passengers in steam-vessels.

A singular case of exemption lately occurred before a Council of Revision in France. A young soldier was sent home because he was of such colossal stature and so stout that he could not march in an infantry regiment, and so heavy that in the cavalry his weight would destroy any horse he might be put upon.

Colonel C. J. Napier has been appointed Governor of the newly-constituted colony in South Australia.

A woman of Ancaster, Upper Canada, has given birth to two female children, connected together in a manner similar to the Siamese twins, but who have only three legs and three arms.

Napoleon had a French cook, who undertook to dress a fowl for his Imperial Majesty's dinner in a different manner every day for a whole year; he fulfilled his promise, and succeeded in gratifying the Emperor's palate in 365 different ways every one of which was unexceptionable.

A ship is now discharging in our docks a cargo of pitch pine timber, which she took on board in the United States and carried to Halifax to avoid the extravagant duty on foreign timber imported direct, the farce of her calling with it at a colonial port, entitling the importer to enter it here as colonial timber. By this operation the Exchequer loses about one thousand five hundred pounds.—*Hull Paper.*

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1835.

The Judges of the Supreme Court were called upon in 1829, either by the Attorney-General or the Governor of this Island, to answer certain queries respecting the Catholic Relief Bill: we copy the following extracts from the opinions of the Judges on that subject; more particularly, for the purpose of pointing out the fact, that, although many persons have attributed to the present Chief Judge, a desire to change the manner in which the Laws of England had been applied in this Country, to suit its local peculiarities, and bend to its uncertain customs, or common law; yet, that his opinions with respect to the application of the English Law, in the Courts of this Country, differ very little from those expressed by some of his predecessors.

They say:—"Assuming then, for the reasons here assigned, that the exclusion of Roman Catholics from civil offices under this Government, rests upon the King's instructions, and not upon any positive rule of statute law,—we conceive that it must continue, until those instructions shall be repealed; and confiding, as the Roman Catholics have abundant cause to do, in His Majesty's favourable sentiments and benevolent disposition towards them, they can hardly fail to believe, that as soon as the subject shall be brought by your Excellency under the consideration of the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, such fresh instructions will be forwarded to you, as will be the means of enabling His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in this Island, to participate in all the privileges and advantages now enjoyed by persons of their persuasion in other parts of the King's Dominions.

"It has not escaped us in our investigation of this important subject, that *Newfoundland* may possibly be viewed, as standing on a different footing from other Colonies, under that enactment of our Judiciary Law, which declares, that the Law of England, shall be the Law of Newfoundland, as far as it is suitable to her state and condition.

The following extract is interesting. It is taken from a letter published by Mr. HOYLES, in the *Ledger* of the 19th Jan., 1830, in answer to an anonymous correspondent of the same paper, on the subject of Insurance Clubs. The controversy on that subject, at that time, led, we believe, to an abolition of Mutual Insurance Societies in St. John's; and the adoption of the present Insurance Club, constituted of shareholders who are

merchants, and who underwrite for a certain rate of premium.

This plan, has not we believe, given very general satisfaction; it bears hard on those who are thus insured without being shareholders; and shareholders who have no vessels to insure, feel it an inconvenience, as well as an unprofitable business. We think the knowledge of this fact, should be well weighed by those who would deprive themselves of that mutual support, that has operated in keeping the Harbour of *Carbonear* filled with fine sailing vessels. Those would not now be floating in the waters of this Harbour, if the owners of them had been subjected to the payment of a certain premium for their insurance, instead of having them mutually insured among themselves.

Mr HOYLES says:—"Had COLONUS come forward in his real name, and recommended in a friendly manner his proposed plan, as an improvement on the present rules of our Club, we should have been much obliged to him, as we shall be to any person, who will have the kindness to assist us in perfecting our scheme; but I contend that the very nature and principles of our institution ought to shield the members of it from every charge of injustice or partiality.

"While a number of people unite together for their common savings, under circumstances which preclude the possibility that any individual can gain one farthing of profit—and when the managing Committee, chosen by ballot, give up their time and serve without fee or reward, it is too harsh and unmanly in any one to accuse them of acting from sinister motives, or with injustice or partiality to those concerned with them for the same specific object,—that of saving premium amongst themselves, and keeping the money in the country.

The House of Assembly has been occupied for some days past upon the financial affairs of the country, and it has already succeeded in making some reductions, of which we are not now about to complain. It has never been denied by us that some reductions may be made without much, if any, detriment to the public service; whilst we have been ready to contend that the country is deficient of those institutions which ought to be provided and which must necessarily introduce expenses which it has not hitherto incurred. Yesterday, the House of Assembly was engaged in deliberating upon the case of the Treasurer of the Colony, respecting whom it had been proposed by Mr. KENT to be resolved among other matters, that an address be presented to Governor Prescott, praying his Excellency to direct that proceedings be instituted in the Supreme Court in order to recover the sums of money paid by the Treasurer on the authority of a certain illegal warrant of Governor Sir Thos. Cochrane. The intelligence and good sense of the House prevailed over the want of intelligence and the want of good sense on the part of Mr. Kent and his honorable seconder; and after a long and what the reporters call "a stormy" debate, upon certain resolutions put as an amendment by Mr. Row, the honourable mover of the original motion, and that venerable and venerated Patriot Dr. Carson (!) were upon a division of the House, found to compose a glorious and sweeping—minority.

We regret to be under the necessity of postponing our report of this interesting debate until Friday; but we may as well give the resolutions, which were submitted as the amendment, and which were eventually carried. They are as follows:

**Resolved**—That this House has received with equal astonishment and regret the information contained in the letter of his late Excellency Sir T. J. Cochrane, dated the 5th November last, transmitted to the House with the Governor's Message of the 19th January, whereby it appears that the sum of £853 6s. 11d. had been drawn from the Colonial Funds, by a warrant of his said late Excellency, unsanctioned either by a vote of this House or by any Act of the Colonial Legislature.

That as it is the inherent and undoubted right of this House to originate every measure for the payment of money raised in the Colony by imposts on the subject, so every attempt to appropriate such money, by whatever authority, without the sanction of this House, is a gross violation of its most sacred rights, and would, if suffered to be practised by the Executive, tend to subvert the Constitution of the Colony, and to introduce arbitrary rule.

That a humble Address be prepared and transmitted to His Majesty, complaining of this most unconstitutional act of His Majesty's Representative in this Island, and praying that His Majesty will graciously be pleased to direct that the said sum of £853 6s. 11d., be replaced in the Colonial Treasury.

That it was the duty of the Treasurer to remonstrate against the said warrant, and to use all proper constitutional means in his power for resisting the payment thereof; and that in order to guard against the repetition of such a proceeding, this House will in future insert in every Appropriation Bill a special clause to prevent the payment of any money by the Treasurer without the sanction of this House, or an Act of the Legislature.—*Ledger, Feb. 3.*

In such cases as that of the Treasurer, the moral guilt may be extenuated, but the political crime can never be washed away. As well might the notorious Rowland Stevenson think of returning to the parties whose confidence he betrayed, and telling them that he was now ready to make restitution of all that he filched from them; they may accept his terms, but the outraged laws of his country would demand immediate retribution. The house has only made a beginning; half its duty in this case is not yet fulfilled. Having gone so far they cannot recede. The country demands that an example be made—justice demands it.—*Patriot, Jan 27.*

[We should think that the foregoing sapient sentence taken from the "PATRIOT," is proved by the House of Assembly, to be one of the bitterest labels the "PATRIOT" ever uttered.—*Ed. STAR.*]

We understand that a public meeting has within the last day or two been attempted to be got up by Mr. Patrick Morris and one or two others, for the purpose of working up a petition to the House of Assembly praying that no further taxes may be imposed upon the people of this Colony until all useless offices shall have been abolished, and the expenditure of the country reduced to its lowest minimum. But Mr. Patrick Morris is as perfectly assured as we are, that there is no man in this community, of any grade, or of any party, who is not as sincerely desirous as he is that no taxation should take place beyond that which is necessary to sustain the proper administration of the business of the Colony; and further, that there is no member of our House of Representatives, who would in the abstract advocate a system of taxation.

Why then, we are tempted to inquire, does Mr. Morris desire to get up a public meeting for the purpose of expressing an opinion on a matter upon which he is perfectly aware no difference of opinion REALLY exists? Did it never occur to him that one inference would naturally arise among all classes of the community out of such a course—that he was actuated rather by motives of consideration than by those for the public good? Is it possible that Mr. Morris can so condescend to seek popularity, as to place himself at the head of an assemblage, and by mooted a popular question, upon which all classes are known to be perfectly agreed, to take credit to himself for having originated it, and to put himself forth as the champion of the measure!! Mr. Morris has not only mistaken himself but he has mistaken this community; and the days of his popularity, of which no one ever envied him, have long since gone by.

As to any system of taxation which is likely to be introduced, it is not quite clear to us that the labouring classes, (to whom Mr. Morris would more immediately address himself) would not benefit by it. We are rather of the opinion that they would; and that the whole weight of the burthen would have to be sustained by the merchants, and by what is called the *trade* of the country, to the almost perfect immunity of the working orders. But this is a question upon which it is unnecessary for us now to enter. The conduct of the popularity-seeking Mr. Morris was meant to be the subject of our remarks.—*Ledger, Feb. 3.*

By the OCEAN from Boston bringing dates to the 13th inst., we understand that London dates had been received at New York to the 15th December; at which time the Ministry had been formed, with the exception of Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The following list comprises the arrangements:

- Cabinet Ministers.*  
 Mr. Peel, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor Exchequer.  
 Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor.  
 Duke of Wellington, Secretary for Foreign Affairs.  
 Lord Aberdeen, First Lord of the Admiralty.  
 Lord Wharcliff, Lord Privy Seal.  
 Mr. Goulburn, Secretary for Home Department.  
 Lord Rosslyn, President of the Council.  
 Lord Ellenborough, President Board of Control.  
 Sir George Murray, Master General of the Ordnance.  
 Mr. Herries, Secretary at War.  
*Not in the Cabinet.*  
 Sir Edward Knatchbull, Paymaster of the Forces.  
 Sir James Scarlett, Lord Chief Baron.  
 Sir E. Sugden, Chancellor of Ireland.  
 —*Gaz. Jan. 27.*

DIED.—Suddenly yesterday, Mr. William Moores Taylor, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, aged 60 years.

Notices

INSURANCE.

THE MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CONCEPTION BAY opens, 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 MACKKEY.

Carbonear, Feb. 10, 1835.

IN consequence of the resignation of Mr. JOHN MACKKEY, 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 McCarthy            |
| Felix M. Carthy sen.              | James Howell (son of Peter) |
| Francis Pike jun.                 | Daniel Leacy                |
| James Leacy sen.                  | George Penny                |
| John Meany                        | Charles Hamilton            |
| Nicholas McKee                    | Richard Bransfield          |
| John M. Carthy                    | Nicholas Nicholl            |
| John Howell (son of William)      | William Brown               |
| John Lynch                        | Thomas Butt                 |
| Felix M. Carthy (son of Florence) | William Burke               |
| Nicholas Ash                      | Richard Bransfield          |
| Robert Ayles                      | Thomas Oates                |
| Felix M. Carthy (son of Charles)  | Edmond Guiney               |
|                                   | 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 HIPPLISLEY, }  
 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. BENNETT, 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 following beautiful lines are from the pen of Mr. JOSEPH CLINCH, a scholar of King's College, Nova Scotia, and a native of Trinity in this Island. They afford strong indications of future excellence in this department of literature, and bear evidence of a chaste and powerful mind.

TO LIGHT.

Joy of the Universe sublime! Thy beams have lit the waves of Time, Ere since the Almighty's hand With worlds' unnumber'd spangled space, And urged them on their rapid race, A bright and glorious band,— Yet 'twas not with the splendid sun That thy bright being was begun; For ever hath thy ray Of glory canopied the throne Of the Eternal Three in One, In one unceasing day. 'Twas not, when Night in fear beheld A brilliant universe impelled Through all her wide domain, And flew in panic from her post Before that grand and glittering host, That wide and mighty train; It was not then thy being bright First flashed to view, O favouring Light! Not then commenced thy race; "For God is light," and Heaven would be No Heaven, nor beam, deprived of thee, No envied resting-place. When Night's dark curtains were unfurled, And robe-like wrapped the new-born world, And, on the wrathful deep, Slept in a dark and grim repose Until that mighty voice arose Which bade thee burst their sleep; How grand, how glorious, was the sight, When thou awak'st, triumphant light, Upon that curtain'd sea,— Poured forth the ocean of thy rays,— And wrapped all Nature in the blaze Of thy divinity! And now, although the stream of years So long had rolled, thy beam appears As fair, as pure, as bright, As when the joyous Ocean gave, To meet thy smile, his first-born wave With foaming mantle white:— Yes! now thou art as fair to view— When o'er the morning billows blue By Zephyrs gently tossed, Or o'er the mountain's misty side Thou pour'st the splendour of thy tide— Fair Light, as then thou wast, Most glorious Light! how glad thy ray To him who treads a trackless way Through forests wild and high; When Night di plays no planet's gleam To cheer him with its dubious beam, And bless his anxious eye! Or when, upon the midnight wave, (His vessel's and his comrades' grave,) The sailor braves the sea, And, grasping some precarious hold, Prays, with his wild eye heavenward rolled, For safety and for thee. And glorious art thou, when thy rays Play on the prisoner's startled gaze, Dejected, sunk, and wan; When, from the dungeon and the chain, Freedom to thee and life again Restores the wretched man; Or when, upon the couch of woe, Sickness with many a bitter groan, And dim and wakeful eye, Counts the long night, and raptur'd sees Thy first ray touch the dewy trees, And gild the casement high. Soul of Creation! thou dost fill Space as its vital principle;— Parent of life and heat! Robe of the angels of the Lord! Pavilion of the One adored— The Eternal's glorious seat! Thyself Eternal,—for although Systems and suns should cease to glow, And all creation die, Whilst life, whilst Heaven, whilst God remain, Thou, Light, shalt hold thy glorious reign, The favourite of the sky.

DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO GIANTS.

The following characteristic conversation was recently overheard by a gentleman in Regent-street, early in the morning. Being ill in bed, he did not see the parties, so as to be able to describe their appearance. He informs us it was preceded by the noise of a heavy carriage, which made a dead halt under his windows, and which went rapidly on again after the conference ended.

Gas.—Hallo! Mr. Steam, where are you posting away in this new sort of vehicle, puffing and blowing at such a rate, that you can't stop to civilly say "good morning" to an old acquaintance; I thought you were usually at Tower Stairs about this time.

Steam.—I have much more important business on my hands just now than to waste my time in gossiping with a fellow who does nothing but stand about on the pavement all night.

Gas.—Much obliged to you for the compliment, though I would have you remember it is possible that those who make the least noise may yet do the most work. Philosophers rank me greatly your superior in power and capacity.

Steam.—You my superior! blockhead. Look to your sooty origin and disagreeable smell; born in a coal-pit, and carrying the tale of your extraction wherever you go.—Your power, such as it is, is often mischievously employed. 'Tis you who have so endangered the coal mine, that a naked candle cannot be used there, and but for Sir H. Davy's safety-lamp, the poor miners must have either worked in the dark, or at the peril of their lives.

Gas.—Not quite so fast, Mr. Steam, with your abuse. If my origin is obscure, there is, as Dr. Rock says, the more merit in rising into eminence. When your daily work is done, you sink into your native well, while my character once raised is ever sustained, for I am, as Sir H. Davy says, a perfect being, a permanently elastic fluid, not the mixed animal you are, who, but for the heat with which these despised coals supply you, would have no power at all, or scarcely existence. In charging me with a disagreeable odour, you, who have so often exhibited yourself at the Mechanics' Lectures ought to know that, when pure, I have none, it being in my case, what logicians call an accident, not a property; to reproach me, therefore, on this account, is as unreasonable as to find fault with a labourer because he has not always his Sunday clothes on.

Steam.—Not idle display, Mr. Gas, but utility is the test of value. How can you have the assurance to compare yourself with me, who am the grand factotum of modern labour, and rapidly superseding, in my various character, all power beside. I perform almost every description of work of man, in the steadiest and cheapest manner, so that he prefers me to wind, water, and even animals. What indeed is there which I cannot, and am not doing for him? I weave his garment, grind his corn, cook his victuals, wash his clothes, row and tow his vessels, and, as you see, have begun to draw his carriages. I am a blacksmith, sawyer, pumper, distiller, refiner, &c.; and by the testimony of the shampooing Mahomed of Brighton, the best Doctor for half the ailments man is subject to. Besides, I never tire, want no rest, and work equally well in all climates. Now, Mr. Perfection, what do you do, in the useful way, comparable to all this. You light up the streets and shops, yes, and at a great expense, and not without the assistance of flame. Then such is your ungovernable spirit and dirty habits, that you risk by explosion, or tarnish by smoke, the persons and property of those who admit you into their houses. In my opinion, you are only fit to stand at the corners of the street as a link boy, to light gentlemen across the street.

Gas.—You appear Mr. Steam, ready to burst with vexation, at the bare idea of my superiority; but that reproachful tongue happily acts as a safety valve. You are a drudge, I grant, and this boasting but reminds me of the organ-blower who, because he worked the bellows, claimed the merit of the music. A fig for your steadiness, when Mr. Watt was obliged to make so many contrivances (as governor, throttle-valve, damper, and fly-wheel,) to secure your working with any regularity, and not flying off at the first opportunity. Don't tell me of your convenient applications for the quantity of coals you consume, while the room you take up is such an obstacle to your employment on board ship, for long voyages, that Mr. Perkins, the engineer, expects that I might perform all the work you do, at half the expense and inconvenience.

Steam.—And at ten-fold the risk! Do you expect that any man in his senses would put to sea with such a scape-grace workman as you are, who would presently turn mutinous and be ready to break through all restraint? Mr. Perkins, Sir, is better employed in contriving a cannon, in which my powers are to be employed for discharging balls one hundred per minute.

Gas.—You do but compliment my extraordinary power, Mr. Steam, (so much more expansive than yourself,) when you allude to my violence. The fact is, I am impatient of confinement, of working in the menial way you do, and therefore seek my liberty. I delight to serve man in a nobler manner: in my illuminating splendour, I make up for the absence of the sun, turn his darkness into day, and aid in detecting and preventing crime. Neither am I, as you allege, dependent on flame for utility, nor is man afraid to trust himself with me on a much more critical element than water. Carrying him aloft in the balloon, I add wings to his grovelling body, transport him with ease and

celerity to distant spots, and aid his sublime discoveries.

Steam.—Expeditions more remarkable for foolhardiness than utility; that is to say, you tempt men, at a considerable expense, to break their necks in an uncommon way. My boats defy wind and wave, but your machine is at the mercy of whatever gale may blow.

Gas.—Though man cannot, and probably never will be able to guide the balloon so as to be of extensive use in travelling, he may yet avail himself of the wind's direction, as river craft do of the tide, in pursuing his course. Besides having taken extensive surveys, he has ascertained many important natural facts in regard to the constitution of the atmosphere; that its density and warmth diminish with elevation in the ratio of various attractions; that air, collected from the highest regions, no way differs in constitution from that inspired in the closest quarters of a crowded city; that—

The temperate Mr. Gas would doubtless have gone on philosophizing, but Mr. Steam hot with impatience, and probably jealous of the pleasurable life his rival led, hastily interrupted him by saying he could stay no longer. He therefore jumped up into his tug carriage, with Mr. Gurney, in the Regent's Park, while Gas quietly took himself off to the Eagle Tea Gardens, being also wanted by Mr. Green, to inflate his balloon for an ascent in the evening.

THE TRICKER OUT-TRICKED.—The Glasgow Courier gives the following original anecdote of a certain eccentric Nobleman of high rank:—

One morning his Grace, dressed in a short jacket and armed with a hedge-bill, was amusing himself in lopping off some of the overgrowing branches from the trees around the ducal residence he observed a boy enter the park, driving a cow before him, which had been pursued by one of his Grace's people, from a south country farmer—but Brownie either naturally cross grained, or intoxicated with the richness of the pasture on which she had entered, took to her heels, and with her tail on her rigger passed the Duke, leaving the breathless driver considerably in the rear. On seeing his Grace whom Tammy supposed to be one of the foresters or gardeners he bawled out, 'man, will ye help me to catch that cow—I dinna ken what ails the mad camstrary brute to stend that way—she's ower weel and watsna.'

'Where are you going with her my boy?' replied his Grace. 'You may easily ken that I'm just gaen down to the brow house there, and if you'll help me to get Brownie down till it, I'll gie ye the half of what I get—and my master tell't me naeboddy gaed there without gettin' plenty.' 'A bargain be it,' replied the Duke. Accordingly joining Tammy in the pursuit, Brownie was soon secured, and by the boy delivered over to one of his Grace's cowkeepers. In the meantime the supposed forester slipped round the palace, and entered without his rank being discovered to Tammy, who having got his cow was taken to the palace and feasted like a prince. Having stowed away as much within as possible, he got his pockets stuffed with as much bread and beef as they could hold, that there might be no lack of fodder by the way in returning. Meanwhile his Grace sent down a sovereign to Tammy by one of his servants, and slipping out of the palace, and placing himself in the way by which his little partner in the droving line had to return, re-commenced the operation of pruning. Tammy was not long in making his appearance, and a happy man was he. 'Well,' said his Grace, 'how have come on down bye—you seem to be well pleased.' 'Come on man,' returned the boy laughing, 'I never came sae weel on in a' my life—besides being stuffed out and in, I got a guid white shilling,' and ye shall have the half o't—can ye gie me a saxpence for I've nae—and ye're welcome to the half o't that's in my pouches,' and instantly commenced to empty their contents on the green sward before them. 'But are you sure,' enquired his Grace, 'that you got no more than a shilling—they would surely give you more than that?' 'As sure's death man, I didna get a fardin mair—and I think I was weel aff. I'll turn out a' my pouches, and let you see if you think I'm leeing.'—'Would you know the man again who gave you the shilling?' 'Oh, man that I wad finely,' answered Tammy, 'for he was a terrible red faced chap.' 'Well, well remarked the Duke come back with me, and we'll get change for the shilling that I may get my sixpence.' Away they accordingly set together, and soon found the servant who had been employed to administer his Grace's bounty to Tammy. 'Well John,' said the Duke to his servant, 'how much did you give this lad?' 'I gave him a shilling my Lord Duke.' 'Why did I not hand you a sovereign to be given to him?' 'Yes, and please your Grace,' replied the self convicted domestic, 'but I thought a shilling was quite enough for a boy.' 'Think, Sir!' said the indignant Duke; 'What-right had you to think in the matter? I have only to say Sir, that I have no further occasion of your services; though I must admit that

your last service has been the best I have received from you, for it has taught me that it is not among such gentry as you that I must look for honor and honesty, but to such as the humble boy before me, who would be glad to eat of the crumbs that fall from your table, and whom I had wronged in my mind—for he has this day exhibited a trait of character worthy the imitation of every rank in life.' We need not add that Tammy got his sovereign which by the fraud of the unjust steward turned into a guinea.

NATURAL BOOTS.—They are without seam or a single stitch—the leg, foot, and sole are all of one piece; and we are told, fit most admirably. The following is the receipt for making them:—

'Take a horse, cut off his hind legs considerably above the heels; pull the skin down over his hoofs, just as if you were pulling off a stocking; when off, scrape the hair from the skin with a sharp knife, and remove every particle of flesh that may have adhered to the inside; hang the skins to dry, and in the process of drying draw them two or three times on your legs, that they may take their shape, form, and figure. The upper part (about twelve inches above the hock) becomes the mouth of the boot; the round projecting part of the hock the heel; the foot terminates at the fetlock joint, where it is cut to the required length.

Women are treated by good men as friends by libertines as playthings, and by cowards as slaves. Women who desert the vindication of their own sex, are like soldiers who forsake their own cause on the field of battle, and standing between two armies, are exposed to the fire of both. Beauty and spirit are women's weapons of defence; without them they have nothing to shield them from being ill-treated.

A young lady mentioning to a friend of hers that her papa had been in a bath which exceeded the proper heat, the friend replied, "Then they boiled your papa?"—"No," said she, sharply, "he was only par-boiled!"

The Mayor of an English city put forth an advertisement previous to the Races, that no gentleman would be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that were to run.

FROGS.—A single frog spawns about 1300 eggs; were it not for their numerous enemies, and their not being fit to propagate till they are three years old, the country would soon be overrun with these reptiles.

EARWIGS.—Upon the incontestable statements of two distinguished observers of insects, Frisch and De Geer, the female of the common earwig sits upon her eggs. This circumstance, however, seems to have escaped the notice of other naturalists, though her attention to her young ones is often witnessed.

ANAGRAMS.

Partial-Man.....Parliament.  
Mind his map.....Midshipman.  
Into my arm.....Matrimony.  
Great help.....Telegraph.  
Best in prayer.....Presbyterian.  
Yes Milton.....Solennity.  
Spare him not.....Misanthrope.  
Queer as mad.....Masquerade.  
Rover eat Pig.....Prerogative.  
Lim in a pet.....Impatient.  
Sly ware.....Lawyers.  
Neat Tailors.....Alterations.  
Nine Thumps.....Punishment.  
Red-nuts and gin.....Understanding.  
O poison Pit.....Opposition.  
It cut onion last.....Constitutional.  
Russ Palace.....Paracelsus.

"KNOCK HIM DOWN."—There is something peculiarly harsh and stunning in those three, hard-wire—sturdy—stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your fist if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a peaceable man.

The common toast at all festive meetings in Sukirshire is—  
"Green hills, and waters blue,  
Grey plaids, and tarry woo."

A country carpenter nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverse," observed a passenger.

CORNS.—A piece of tobacco moistened with water and bound about the corn acts, as an effectual cure. We have tried it and found it so—have recommended it to others who have found the same relief. If you are afflicted bind on the weed, and do not ape the Chinese, and we will warrant you free from corns in six months.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why might Brutus' ghost have been a cook?—Because it went to Phillippi (fill a pie).

Why is a gallows like the word of a man of honour?—Because you may depend upon it.

When is cheese like music?—When it is sound.

CONTO

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