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BARNABY PALMS; THE MAN WHO
"FELT HIS WAY."

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

There is a golden volume yet to be written on the first struggles of forlorn geniuses in London—magnificent, miserable, ennobling, degrading London. If all who have suffered would confess their sufferings—would show themselves in the stark, quivering squalor in which they first walked her streets—would paint the wounds which first bled in her garrets—what a book might be placed in the hands of pride!—what stern, wholesome rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune!—what sustaining sweetness for the faint of spirit!—It is true, the letters might be of blood—the tales of agony and horror—of noble nature's looking serenely, with the hungry fox gnawing their bowels—of disappointment sinking to despair—of misery, dreaming of, and wooing death; and then how many pretty shifts to mask a haggard face with smiles—how many self-denials—how many artifices to hide a nakedness from laughing scorn! Nor would the tone be all of wretchedness. No; beautiful emanations of the human heart, the kindest ministrings of human affections would sweeten and exalt many a sad history. How often should we find the lowly comforting the high, the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished—the poor of earth aiding and sustaining the richly-dowered!

Barnaby was in London; but not our heart bounds as we declare it—not to add to the number of splendid vagabonds, now thrust from her thresholds to sleep in the market place, and now dining off plate cheek and jowl with my lord. Barney was speedily warm, as in wool, in the house of Messrs. Nokes and Styles; and with the combined wisdom and delicacy of a spider, began to feel his way to the fables of his employers. Nokes was a man of brass, Styles a string of willow. Assured of this, Barnaby immediately felt the propriety of bowing to the one, and bending to the other.

"Look at the lazy brute,—he doesn't draw a single pound," remarked the observing Nokes, as one evening, standing at his warehouse door, he contemplated the progress of a passing waggon.

"Not half a pound, sir," chimed in Barnaby; "and yet, I doubt not, he eats his share of corn and hay. But this it is to be, as one may say, in partnership with those who will pull."

"Right Barnaby;" and the countenance of Nokes darkened as he watched the easy going animal.

"They who will work, may work. Will Mr. Styles be here to-day?"

It is our hope that the query of Barnaby was unconsciously coupled with his profound views of the distribution of labor, that he had innocently let fall a spark on the train of Nokes' smothered feelings. If, on the contrary, the conflagration were premeditated, the moral incendiary must have glowed at the flattering proof of his success; for Nokes was all but suffocated. The blood rushed to his face, retreated, rushed on, came back, presenting unto Barnaby as fine an exhibition of "humours and spirits" as that recorded by the learned Peireskins, who at the cost of some words, set forth the usual lesson he acquired through "an augmenting glass or microscope," showing how a certain plebeian animal "setting himself to wrestle with a flea, was so incensed that his blood ran down from head to foot, and from foot to head again!" Wise Peireskins! true philosopher who from the bickerings of small despised animals extracteth better wisdom, learneth surer self-government, than the unthinking million carry from a dog-fight, yea from a bull-bait. (Reader, when thou shalt behold a Nokes bursting with envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, think of the learned lord of Peiresk and his little monitor—ponder, and let thy soul be instructed.)

"Lack-a-day. I'd quite forgot; 'tis Epsom races," continued Barney, in self-reproval of his unnecessary question, the face of Nokes again suddenly resembling a chemist's bottle by candlelight. "Epsom races," repeated the speaker, in a tone that left nothing

further to be advanced on the subject. And Nokes evidently judged the words to be conclusive; for feeling, like a patriot at a public dinner; more than he could express, with a wisdom rarely exhibited on such occasions, he spoke not at all. He merely jerked out his watch; and, at a glance, calculated that two hours at most he should be looked for to join his friends at whist.

Mr. Styles, in addition to his love of horse flesh, had a passion for the rural and picturesque. He kept a country house, under whose hospitable roof Barney was wont at times to eat a Sabbath meal, having previously attended his inviter to the parish church. It was a sight to melt the thoughtless youth of Bridewell to behold Barney during service. There he was, pinned to the side of his employer; now seeking out the lessons of the day, now, with open mouth and staring eyeballs (an expression of features not disgraceful to any tombstone), out-singing a numerous Sunday school, shrilly piping in the gallery. It is true, the clerk would cast a look of bitterness; but then, it was avowed that Barney never opened his mouth, that the poor man did not feel shaken on his throne.

"A most comfortable sermon, Barney," remarked Styles, with an air of interrogation. "Most comfortable."

"I'm a wicked creature, if I would not have given a guinea for Nokes to have heard it. Did you observe sir, how that gentleman with the scarlet face and powdered head was moved? Pray, sir, who is he?"

"Humph! He's newly retired among us, Barney; I-I forget his name; but they tell me he has in his time been a great player."

"No doubt, sir; no doubt. Every word of the preacher seemed to enter him like a bodkin. A great player, poor wretch. Surely, sir, he can't have made all his money by playing?"

"Every penny Barney." "He keeps a coach," cried Barney, in a modulated tone of polite amazement.

"A house," added Styles, "that did belong to the member of the county; a town mansion, and a shouting box."

"And all won by playing? Mercy upon us. The devil offers great temptations; moralized Barney.

"Say what we will of him, Barney," responded Styles, with exemplary liberality towards a fallen foe; "say what we will of him, I am afraid the devil is no fool."

"And—and"—asked Barney, with a face somewhat uncolored from its first rigidity, "what may the gentleman have most played?"

"I can't exactly tell, but I believe principally low parts; such as footmen, clowns and country boys."

"Parts. I mean games? Chicken hazard; short whist; roulette; rouge-et-noir; or"—and Barney for some seconds continued the inventory, with a knowledge of the subject, quite extraordinary as unexpected.

"Games. Understand me, Barney; I tell you the man is an actor, a stage player."

Barney could not subdue a look of disappointment: in a moment, however, he returned to the subject. "Actor or not, I am sure he must have played. La, sir, did you see him when the doctor thundered at gaming?" Truth to say, Styles was one of those profound sleepers who can sometimes snore at Jove's best bolts; "Ha, as I said, I'd sell a guinea cheap, so that Mr. Nokes had heard it."

Styles looked meaningly at Barney, drank off a glass of port, clasped his fingers, glanced a moment at his left shoe, and then, as a magpie turns his head, lifted his cheek enquiringly towards Nokes's well-wisher. "Gaming, sir, isn't it a sort of murder?" Styles nodded: "wives and babes are killed by it. Isn't it a kind of arson, such capital houses are destroyed by it?" Styles nodded twice. "Isn't it the worst of robberies, for the most innocent, most pains-taking, most upright of partners may be made beggars by it?" Styles responded to the last query by a long succession of nods. "Then, sir, and saving your presence, I must say again, and here Barney emptied his glass, as seeking courage for the avowal "I would have given

five guineas had Mr. Nokes been, with us at church this day."

"What do you mean, Barney?" asked Styles, with the look and tone with which folks usually address a ghost. "What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, this I mean," and Barney drew his chair in confidential proximity to his master, "this I mean; I must say it, I can't help it, but, sir, I don't like whist clubs." And an emphatic blow upon the table made the glasses leap at the aversion of the speaker.

"No more do I," replied Styles; and in the reply proved himself the master of a most difficult science, the art of saying very much in very little. Now, whether the wise was more than usually subtle, or whether the devotion of Barney had suddenly softened his employer, certain it is, that Styles rapidly became an altered man. He who was usually silent and timid, became loud and self-asserting; inveighing, in good round terms, against the arrogance and imprudence of Nokes, and upbraiding himself for his pusillanimous deference to his dissipated partner.

"I have been a fool long enough, Barney," insinuated the modest Styles; an assertion which his no less diffident hearer ventured not to deny. "Yes, yes; I have too long given the reins out of my own hands; have been a nobody in the firm." Barney shrugged his shoulders and leered acquiescence. "A nobody, worse than nobody, a block-head, a nincompoop, an ass," Barney with great moral courage, bowed to the justice of every epithet. "But," exclaimed Styles for the twentieth time, rising at the accomplished number, "I'll be so no longer, I'll!"

We have not the slightest doubt that a most beautiful peroration was, at this moment, destroyed, barked down, by a yelping little spaniel, unhappily for oratory, lying with extended fore paws beneath the chair of Styles; the whole weight of the speaker coming suddenly upon the left leg of Kitty, she howled and barked with a persevering vigour truly feminine; her pain and helplessness were not lost upon a sister; for Madge, a terrier bitch, sprang from an opposite corner, and, in an instant, almost joined her teeth in the neck of the wounded. "Did you ever see such a fury?" asked Styles with a hopeless look, pointing at the ravenous Madge. The appeal was too much for the sensibility of Barney, who, the exclamation struck from him by a higher shriek on the part of Kate, roared out, "D—that Nokes," at the same time aiming an ineffectual kick at the dog. Styles smiled at the oath. Barney moved by the sufferings of the dog, and a blow upon his own shin against the chair, dragged forth the combatants Styles tugged at the spaniel, whilst Barney, with the wisdom of the cockpit, placed the tail of the terrier between his teeth. At this picturesque moment, the servant bawled in at the door—

"Mr. Nokes." Down, with terrible force, came the grinders of Barney, the terrier quitted the hold, and tearing out of the room, ran yelling close by Nokes, some time her unsuspecting namesake.

"That room; that room, Barney," cried Styles, and confusedly opened the door of a closet, within which, silent as a spectre, Barney felt his way. Styles, with the suffering spaniel under his arm, seated himself in his chair; the bitch with female delicacy, squeaking little, but shaking her crushed fore-paw reproachfully in the face of the destroyer, Nokes entered; his countenance was lined and mysterious as a lawyer's written parchment; there was mischief in it though obscured by certain confusion; much malice and no little cowardice. He coughed, but strange enough, no subject seemed to present itself. Luckily, he glanced at the streaming eyes and quivering paw of Kitty. "So humph! a dog fight?"

"It's very odd," replied Styles, with the learned air of an F.R.S. "It's very odd; but though Kitty and Madge have been together these five years, they can't agree. It's very odd."

"When people can't agree," returned Nokes, and he looked a Columbus as he pronounced the moral discovery, "they had better part. Mr Styles, for these three months I have been confirmed in this opinion."

"Longer, surely longer. 'Tis two years since Mrs. Nokes had a separate maintenance."

Nokes, touched by the indelicate allusion to his domestic infelicity, in silence traced his five fingers across his brow, and said with very cold dignity, "Mr Styles, fortunately there are partnerships which may be dissolved."

"Fortunately," acquiesced Styles, stroking the head of Kitty.

"You wonder, Mr Styles, why your dogs can't agree. Perhaps I can explain; it may be, that one is sporting out of doors all day whilst the other is left at home to bark and keep house."

"What do you mean, Mr Nokes?" asked Styles, and with forced tranquility, he placed the bitch upon the hearth rug. Had an oracle put an interrogative, it could not have been more searching; more impressive.

"I mean, sir, that I have a partner in view, whose habits of business, Mr Styles—" "Glad to hear it," interrupted Styles, "as I have some time contemplated a dissolution we can the sooner get rid of one another."

"No house can stand against the chance of such bets," cried Nokes. "Hundreds vanishing after hundreds."

"Bets; hundreds; No, Mr Nokes, let us keep to the truth; guinea points, sir, guinea points don't become a tradesman."

"Guinea points; guinea, but as we are happily of the same mind to separate, we won't talk nonsense."

"'Tisn't necessary," accorded Styles; "therefore, as we understand each other, may I not ask the name of your new partner?"

"Oh, certainly; a most industrious, pains taking young man."

"Glad to hear it," said Styles again. "I think, indeed I am sure, I have for myself just such a partner in my eye."

"I wish you all success," cried Nokes; "may I know who he is?"

"To be sure; a most business like, prudent person. But first, the name of your partner?"

"He doesn't yet know his good luck. But" and Nokes looked with the eye of a fox over a farm paling, "Can't you guess?"

"Hav'n't a notion. Yes, I think, I—" "To be sure," cried Nokes. "Barnaby; though I hav'n't told him, Barnaby."

Styles hardly expressed a smile at the credulity of Nokes; then, with a serious air observed, "My good friend, don't count upon him. Allowing that I myself though he is quite ignorant of the fact, were not determined upon offering him a partner's share, I am sure he would not; and, forgive me, my friend; he could not join with you."

"Not," exclaimed Nokes, and his eyes glistened like brass buttons. "And why not?"

"The lad is scrupulous; he can't abide cards," said Styles.

"You mean bets squandered upon filices, replied Nokes, sarcastically.

"Pshaw; between ourselves, the young man has talked to me with tears in his eyes about your nightly whist; guinea points Nokes, guinea points."

Nokes leapt to his feet; and extending his arms, projecting his breast; and throwing back his head, cried aloud to the vacant ceiling, "Two penny. As I have a soul, Two penny."

Styles, subdued by the fervor of his partner, in a modulated tone proceeded, "I do assure you that Barnaby has always sworn to a guinea."

"A household crocodile," cried Nokes. "Ah friend Styles, had you lost as little by the last favourite?"

"As little? How much now—how much? asked Styles, with a bridling air.

"Wasn't it five hundred?"

"A hat; a single hat to Jerry White; he wore it this day at church; five hundred. Upon my conscience, and may I die a sinner, but 'twas a hat."

"Barney protested 'twas five hundred pounds."

"The hypocrite! he shall this moment speak to our faces."

"I wish he could; but though he told me you had asked him here to-day, he vowed he couldn't spend the sabbath with a blackleg and a horse racer."

"A blackleg!" screamed Styles, and the exclamation was answered by a shriek in a yet higher note from the cupboard.

Nokes at once recognized the voice of Barney, and ran to open the door, when Styles, preventing him, turned the key, put it into his pocket, and hurried his partner into an adjoining room.

Barney still raving—as his masters conceived—to be heard in explanation. After a lapse of some ten minutes, employed by Nokes and Styles in mutual assurances of renewed faith and friendship, the key of the cupboard, with a check for ten pounds, was placed in the hands of Betty, armed with final orders touching the prisoner.

The door was speedily unlocked; and Barney, his hands crimsoned as the Thane of Cawdor's,—blood on his face, and horror in his voice, rushed out, sank in a chair, and in a tone of mingled fear and veneration, exclaimed, "the devil!"

A common household occurrence will explain away the seeming mystery. The blessing of increase was upon all things owned by Styles; even his cats escaped not the general good.

It so happened that seven kittens, scarce one day old, with their satisfied mother, were the unknown tenants of the cupboard previous to the occupancy of Barney,—who agitated by the colloquy of the partners, and having no thought—taking no pity of the blind, had walked upon the embryo hopes of future Whittingtons.

Two of the kittens being killed, the maternal instincts of the parent were aroused—and when Nokes and Styles left their assistant, as they believed, yelling with compunction, he was suffering in various parts of his naked body, the teeth of an all but maddened cat.

It was with some difficulty that Betty explained to the confused young gentleman, the final decree of his late employers. They had sent him his salary for the current quarter, and Betty would lose no time in opening the door; a hope was expressed, that he would not show himself at the warehouse.

Barney took his hat, and crawled from the house. The night was pitch black, and the rain beginning to fall,—he was soaked to the skin ere he had felt his way to his comfortless bed in the city of London.

(From the Novascotian, June 30.)

THE FISHERIES.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN DEPREDATORS.—The time is fast approaching—if it has not already come—when the people of these Colonies must claim from the Government of the Mother Country, that protection, in the prosecution of their domestic Fishery, to which they are entitled; or when they must endeavour to form some rational combination and try to protect themselves.

Scarcely a week passes that does not furnish some complaint or information, to prove the almost uncontrollable dominion which the French and American Fishermen have established in the waters of the Gulf, and along the Coasts of Newfoundland.

Against the high bounties and cheaper outfit of their neighbours, our Fishermen have struggled on—and having the advantage of position, may continue, as they increase in enterprise and intelligence, successfully to compete.

From the fair rivalry of the Frenchman they demand no protection—all they ask of the Government is, that they shall be secured in the enjoyment of those rights of Fishery, on British Coasts, and in British Waters, to which the French and Americans were partially admitted by Treaty and Convention—but which have never been and never can be wrested from them.

That some strong example, some decisive step, is necessary to ensure protection to the Colonists, and to vindicate the power of the nation which claims the dominion of the seas (those that encircle these northern Provinces at the present time certainly excepted) no man will doubt, who reads the following affidavits:

Province of Nova Scotia Halifax, S. S.

Peter McPhee, of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, trader, maketh oath and saith that he, together with George Handley of Halifax, aforesaid, is the owner of the Brigantine Dove of Halifax, which is of the burthen of one hundred tons or thereabouts navigated by fifteen hands; that the said Brigantine sailed from Halifax aforesaid, on the thirtieth of March last—on a sealing voyage to the Gulf of St Lawrence, with instructions to proceed on a Herring fishing voyage to St George's Bay, in the Island of Newfoundland, in case of failure in the said Sealing voyage.

That this deponent, with the rest of the crew of the said Brigantine, remained in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in pursuit of seals, until the twentieth day of May last, and being unsuccessful in that pursuit, determined to proceed to Saint George's Bay, in the Island of Newfoundland, for the purpose of taking herrings, and arrived in the Bay on the 27th day of May.

That on the thirtieth day of May the herrings came into the said Bay, and the crew of the said Brigantine, caught a few in the nets, but the fish were not in sufficient abundance to induce them to cast the Caplin Seine of which they had the use, in conjunction with the crew of the schooner Anastasia of Halifax, Martin Flemming, master.

That on Wednesday, the first day of June herrings being abundant in the said Bay, the said crew shot the seine, and having enclosed a quantity of fish, commenced loading the boats belonging to the said vessel, and took on board four boat loads.

That while they were thus engaged, about forty Frenchmen, armed with guns, arrived in several boats, and proceeded to the boat attending the said seine, and also a boat deeply laden with fish, and took the fish and the seine with them on the board, the French brig Le Furieux of St. Malo, whereof A. Baullet was the Master.

That this Deponent immediately prepared to go on board the said French brig, in order, if possible, to ascertain the cause of such proceedings—and on arriving on board was informed by the Master thereof, the said A. Baullet, held a Commission from the French Government, authorizing him to prevent British subjects from taking fish on any part of the shore from Cape Bay to Cape John, and that he individually held an exclusive grant from the French Government to seine fish in the Bay of St. George's for which he paid as he said the sum of 10,000 francs.

And this deponent further saith, that in consequence of being thus interrupted in their Fishing voyage and prevented him from using the seine as aforesaid, the voyage of the said Brig Dove was destroyed, and the said brigantine was obliged to return to Halifax, with only about 150 barrels of fish on board, and which vessel, if fully loaded, will carry upwards of nine hundred barrels.

Province of Nova Scotia Halifax, S. S.

Martin Flemming, of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, master mariner, maketh oath and saith—That he is and for some past hath been the master of the schooner Anastasia of Halifax, which is of the burthen of eighty tons or thereabouts, and belongs to George Handley of Halifax, Merchant.

That on the eleventh day of May now last past, he, this deponent, sailed in and with the said schr. from Halifax, having a crew on board consisting of eight persons—on a herring fishing voyage, to the Bay of St. George in the Island of Newfoundland.

That this deponent and his said crew came to anchor in the said Bay, on the twenty seventh day of May—and on the thirtieth day of May the herrings came into the Harbour.

That on Wednesday, the first day of June the herrings being plentiful, they shot the seine; the brig Dove of Halifax aforesaid, whereof Robert Downey was the master, and which vessel belongs to George Handley and one Peter McPhee of Halifax, as this deponent has been informed and believes, being in company; and having enclosed a quantity of fish, commenced loading the boats, and took on board four boat loads.

That while they were thus engaged, about forty Frenchmen, armed with guns, arrived in several boats, and proceeded to the seine which this deponent and part of his crew were attending, together with the said Robert Downey, and part of the crew of the said brig Dove.

That they (the Frenchmen) came alongside of the boat in which this deponent was, and held on until the master of the French brig came up—who stated that he would not allow this deponent to haul any fish, and ordered his crew to take the boat containing the seine in tow and take it on board his brig, and directed some other men in boats to take charge of the loaded boat, in which were two men belonging to the schr. Anastasia, and ordered the said boat also to be taken to his brig.

That, in consequence of such orders, the French crews proceeded to take possession of the boat and seine in which this deponent was, together with captain Downey, of the brig Dove, and detained them some time, and the seine and the fish were put on board the brig Le Furieux by the crew thereof, acting by the directions of A. Baullet, the master thereof.

And this deponent further saith: that the said seine and fish were forcibly taken away from this deponent and his crew—and the crew of the said brig Dove, by the said A. Baullet and his crew. And in consequence of being thus prevented from using the seine as aforesaid, the voyage of the schr. Anastasia was totally destroyed—and the said brig was obliged to return to Halifax having on board only about two hundred barrels fish, and which vessel, when loaded, will carry upwards of seven hundred barrels.

We have another Affidavit beside us, made by Robert Downey, master of the Dove, which confirms every material fact stated in those we have printed. So much for the supremacy of the French on the coast of Newfoundland—let us now see if brother Jonathan be not "Lord of the Isles" higher up the Gulf:—

Province of Nova Scotia Halifax, S. S.

Samuel Oaks, of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Trader, maketh oath and saith, that he, this deponent, sailed from Halifax aforesaid, on the fifteenth day of April last past, in the schr. Mary of Arichat of the burthen of eighty tons or thereabouts whereof Peter Petitpas was master and owner, bound for the port of St. John's in the Island of Newfoundland.

That the said vessel was chartered by George Handley of Halifax, merchant, to take a cargo, for the said port of St. John's and afterwards to proceed to the Bay of St. George's, in the said Island, on a herring fishing voyage.

That this deponent arrived at the said port of St. John's on the twenty second day of April, and after landing the said cargo, proceeded on the first day of May for the said Bay of St. George's, provided with all things necessary for a fishing voyage.

That, on arriving off the said Bay, the said schr. Mary was prevented from entering by vast quantities of Ice, with which the Bay was encumbered, and the said vessel proceeded to the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in further prosecution of the said fishing voyage, and arrived in Harbour Le Bear on the fifteenth day of May last, in which harbour were upwards of eighty sail of American vessels, and about ten sail of British vessels; on which day this deponent, with others of the crew of the said schr. Mary, set the nets. On the morning of the succeeding day, the nets were hauled, and a quantity of fish taken.

At nine o'clock, A. M. the crew of the said schooner Mary again proceeded to set the nets, when two men of the crew of an American vessel were observed taking away the net moorings, belonging to the said schr. Mary.

That the said Americans had two moorings in the boat, and had cut others, by which act a mooring and killock were lost.

This deponent further saith, that the said Americans would cut them away. And stating to the crew of the said schooner Mary, that the nets belonging to the said schooner, might be set at a place in the Harbour to which they pointed, where few or no herrings could be obtained.

This deponent further saith, that fearing violence in the lawful prosecution of their business, at an Island belonging to His Majesty, from the number and manners of foreigners; this deponent with the rest of the crew, were compelled to return to Halifax, with only about one hundred and fifty barrels of herrings on board, and the voyage was destroyed; when deponent and the rest of the crew, if uninterrupted in the pursuit of their business, could have loaded the said schooner, which schooner could have carried, as deponent believes about 800 b. r. r.

We believe that copies of the above documents have been laid before the proper authorities—and presume that at least some steps will be taken, to arrest Monsieur Baullet, the piscatory Pirate of Saint George's Bay

In Montserrat the whole Assembly has resigned, and the Council has, or will, pray the King to appoint a Lieutenant-Governor and Council to rule the Island.—Antigua Herald, June 25.

Two joint stock Newspaper companies have started in London. The "Metropolitan Newspaper Company" announce their daily paper, The Constitutional, to make its debut on Monday, May 23. The "London Joint Stock Newspaper Company" will start with a capital of 1,500,000 dollars to be raised by 6000 shares of 250 dols. each.

The Greenwich Railway, which is yet but partly finished, is a place of great resort for recreation. The Managing Director was making preparations for the Whitsuntide holidays, when he would have in readiness a sufficient number of cars, to allow a train of fifteen cars, each carrying 500 passengers, to start every ten minutes throughout the day.

It was computed that the receipts would not be far short of £1000 per day.

Mr Edward Whitfield of New York, has invented a "Patent Frictionless Pump," which is perhaps one of the most important mechanical improvements of the present day. It will, in every purpose in which it may be applied, whether in ships, manufactories, mines, bridge building or common well, deliver more than quantity of water that can be raised by the old machine, and with less than half the manual labour.

"The SAILOR KING" has sent a polite invitation to President Jackson to visit England after the expiration of his official term.

TICKETS OF LOCATION.—The Law Officers of the Crown in England have concurred with those in Upper Canada, that persons holding Tickets of Location are entitled to vote for Members of Assembly.

The Dutch Government is about to negotiate for a 14,000,000 dols. loan at 4 per cent. for the purpose of paying off their colonial debts, according to their new system of finance.

The iron rail road from Brussels to Antwerp, has been completed, and a splendid fete took place on the occasion. The King and Queen were at Antwerp.

On Sunday, June 19, at St. Mary's Church Aylesford, the Rev. Richard John Uniacke was admitted to the order of Priests. The occasion was more than usually interesting, from the circumstance that all the Clergymen engaged in the services, were intimately connected with the Parish. His Lordship the Bishop was ordained in the Parish Church, and served it as Rector for 7 years.

The Rev. Edward Gilpin, was also Rector for 15 years: the Rev. H. L. Owen, 3 years, and the Candidate himself had lately exercised the first six months of his Ministry therein, during Mr. Owen's absence from his flock, throughout the past winter. The Rev. Dr. Gray, who was the only remaining Clergyman in attendance, had received the orders both of priest and deacon in the same Church.

A coincidence so pleasing and of so rare occurrence, his Lordship, who preached the ordination sermons, did not fail to impress upon the congregation: hoping that the events of the day might recal to their minds the responsibilities under which they were placed, by so long a continuance of a stated ministry among them.—Novascotian.

SEVEN MILES OF CANAL BOATS!—On the 6th instant a breach occurred in the Erie Canal at Utica, which required four days to repair it. During this interval the crowd of boats collected near the breach was so great that it required ten days to fill the canal with water to a navigable height. The Albany Argus of Saturday, from which we derive these facts, adds—A letter from the canal superintendent, the comptroller, states that on Tuesday (the day on which the repairs were complete) the boats had accumulated above the breach, lying so as to touch each other, through a distance of seven miles to Oriskany.

Mr. Grant Berkley carried a motion in the House of Commons, on the 3d, for admitting the ladies in o the stranger's gallery.—From the sketch given in Galligani's Messenger, the debate must have been somewhat amusing. It was contended that the presence of ladies in the gallery would operate as a salutary restraint upon the members—that their proceedings would be more orderly—that fewer stupid speeches would be made, &c.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—A correspondent of the Wheeling Gazette writes from Washington city, under date of April 4th, as follows:—

Our countryman, Perkins, has invented a steam boiler which cannot explode. He writes from London to our government that he is anxious that his country should realize the benefit of his invention, and demands a corresponding compensation. He offers to suffer his experiment to be tested for the space of ten years; and should it fail, he withdraws his demand for pecuniary reward.

As Perkins is unquestionably one of the greatest mechanics of the age, this intelligence, I have no doubt, will be highly gratifying to the western people, whose enterprise is so intimately connected with steam power, and who have suffered so much from the disasters incident to the bursting of boilers.

If this information is correct, the name of Perkins will stand second to Fulton's alone.—Louisville Ad.

GREECE, BUT LIVING GREECE NO MORE!—So at least we must infer from the following:—Prince Puckler Muskau writes from Patras, 15th January this year, to M. Leopold Schefer of Muskau—"Greece is in the most deplorable condition—much lower in every respect in civilization than Barbary, and as I hear quite laid waste. You have seen the beautiful plain of Patras, now a desert overgrown with weeds and rushes, and without a single tree where formerly ten thousand grew. Robbers make the whole country extremely unsafe, and yesterday I came to a mill in the mountains, the owner of which, after being robbed, had his nose and ears cut off, and if I read right, his mouth also, as a remedy against freedom of speech. But for the English Consul I should have been almost starved, and yet every body tells me that Patras is the principal town in New Greece not excepting even Athens!" The Prince is now at Constantinople.

The celebrated historical painter, Mr. Hayter, has for the last two years been engaged on an extraordinary production, which, although at present unfinished, has been spoken of by those who have seen it as one of the most wonderful efforts of modern art; namely, a painting, seventeen feet by ten, of the first meeting of the House of Commons after the passing of the Reform Act. The number of figures amount to about 400—all admirable and finished likenesses—including those of all the Ministers of both Houses of Parliament, forming the two Cabinets under the Duke of Wellington and Earl Grey, those Peers who were in the Ministry being introduced in the corners of the picture coming into the House. The staircases which lead to the House of Lords and the Committee Rooms.

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VALUABLE INVENTION.—Dr. McWilliams of this city, has taken out a patent for a stove, for heating carriages, of all kinds, which is one of the most valuable inventions which have ever been made. It is remarkable in its structure, and may be sold for six or eight dollars; and it consumes the most inconsiderable quantity of coal. The advantages of such a stove are too obvious to be mentioned. Taking up very little room, they may be fitted to the bottom of gigs or chaises, or any other kind of carriage, and are peculiarly adapted to Rail-road cars.—The expense of fuel is not above three cents for a hundred miles travelling at an ordinary rate. It is only necessary to make this invention known, to secure its introduction very generally. For a trifling expense a stage driver may now be as comfortably situated on his box, as by the bar room fire; and the pleasures of sleigh driving may be enhanced a hundred fold. This stove is now used in the cars of the Baltimore and Washington Rail-road, and gives entire satisfaction. The passengers are kept warm during the whole journey, and are never annoyed with smoke—the stove being air tight. We intend next week to publish a drawing, and specification of this stove for the benefit of all who may be disposed to profit by it.—*Washington Mirror.*

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, August 10, 1836.

SHIPWRECK.—The brig FRANCES RUSSELL, George, Master, from Grenada for this port, made the land about 9 p.m., the weather being thick and foggy and the wind blowing fresh from the s.w. The vessel then stood off under snug canvass, with a good breeze, which at half-past six fell to a perfect calm, and there being a heavy swell on, the vessel became quite unmanageable. About fifteen minutes afterwards the fog cleared a little, and the land was discovered about a mile distant, bearing w.x.w. The hands were then called up and all sail set to catch any breeze that may off, but the swell and current were dragging the vessel on shore, and there being no bottom at 40 fathoms, it was deemed useless to let go the anchor. The long boat was then got out, and when within ten fathoms from the rock all hands got into her, and in a few minutes after, the vessel struck and filled. The crew succeeded in getting into Bay Bulls, on the north head of which the vessel had struck; and having obtained a suitable boat returned for the preservation of the cargo, a considerable portion of which was found floating, and we understand has been saved. In a very short time the vessel totally disappeared. The crew arrived at this port on the morning of Saturday last.—*Ledger of yesterday.*

Married

On the morning of the 21st. June, at St George's Church, Demerara, by the Rev. James Luger, A.M. GEORGE SMITH CRAWFORD, M. D., son of the late Rev. OLIVER CRAWFORD, Trinity College, Dublin, to MARY, daughter of WILLIAM BRANSCOMBE, Esq., of St. John's.

Died

On Wednesday last, Mr THOMAS NICHOLAS, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place, aged 63 years.
On the 30th of May last, after a long and painful illness, at Brixton Hill near London ELIZA, wife of the Hon. JAMES CROWDY, Colonial Secretary of this Island—leaving a large family to deplore her premature loss.
At Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, on Wednesday the 30th June, in the 54th year of his age, WILLIAM OLIPHANT, lately of Bonnington Park, near Edinburgh, and the son of WILLIAM OLIPHANT, Esq., formerly Collector of His Majesty's Customs at Leith.

SHIP NEWS.

Custom-House, Port of Carbonear.
ENTERED.
August 5.—Brig Ceres, Adev. St. Andrews, 7962 feet hardwood plank, 13,052 feet pine plank, 42,700 feet pine board, 20,000 shingles, 12 spars, 36 hand spikes.
6.—Brig Apollo, Ford, Cadiz, salt.
CLEARED.
July 26.—Brig Hope, Shadlock, Poole, 25,708 gals. seal oil, 174 gals. cod oil, 10,241 seal skins, 1345 staves, 30 qtls. fish, 18 hides, 23 packages caplin, and sundries.
Custom-House, Port of St. John's.
ENTERED.
July 26.—Schr. Charlotte, Furneux, New-Brunswick, board.
Ploughboy, Smith, P. E. Island, board, shingles.
Four Brothers, Boudrot, Nova Scotia, catle.
27.—Sophia, Rendell, Liverpool, candles, coal.
Cherub, Blake, London, wine, raisins, coffee, brandy.
28.—Edwin, Howes, Boston, beef, pork, and sundries.

29.—Brothers, Sutherland, P. E. Island, lumber.
Susan, Le Blanc, Cape Breton, cattle.
Rapid, Hurst, Bermuda, ballast.
Brig Norval, Carmichael, Demerara, molasses.
Schr. Dart, Saunders, P. E. Island, cattle.
30.—Scipio, Prim, Bridgeport, coal.
Spanish Brig San Antonio, Antonia Laninaga, Malaga & Philadelphia, olives.
Aug 1.—Schr. Ocean, Hartery, Cape Breton, coal.
Mary, Webster, P. E. Island, cattle.
Creole, Furniss, Lisbon, salt.
Brig Atlantic, Frith, Martinique, sundries.
Schr. Malvina, M'Donald, Cape Breton, coal.
Success, Deagle, P. E. Island, cattle.
2.—Priscilla, Warren, P. E. Island, shingles, sheep.
Nautilus, Cathanich, Fayal, Leith & Aberdeen, wine, potatoes.
Brig Maruhull, White, Cape Breton, coal.
Sloop Pembroke, Talbot, Bermuda, coffee, gin.
5.—Schr. Daphne, Wainright, Bermuda, oranges.
Rose, Fyuge, Cape Breton, cattle.
Brig Ellen, Usher, Hamburg, bread, butter, pork.

CLEARED.

July 25.—John Stewart, Campbell, Sydney, ballast.
Brig Hebe, Campbell, Greenock, oil.
Schr. Isabella, Fitzgerald, Miramichi, wine.
Margaret Helen, Bambrerry, Bristol, oil.
26.—Jubilee, Percey, Sydney, ballast.
Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney, oatmeal, flour.
Brig Selina, Rendell, Sydney, flour.
27.—Schooner Four Brothers, Bonton, P. E. Island, ballast.
Brig Salima, Hayes, Greenock, seal and cod oil.
Brigantine Kate, Fells, Barbadoes, fish.
Schooner Clondohn, Stoye, Barbadoes, fish.
Brig Experiment, Hore, New Brunswick, ballast.
Elizabeth, Campbell, Barbadoes, fish.
Rother, Frost, Quebec, ballast.
29.—Schooner Ploughboy, Smith, P. E. Island, sundries.
Schooner Greyhound, Ring, Cape Breton, bread, flour.
30.—Brig Douglstown, M'Kenzie, Greenock, oil.
Schooner John Fulton, O'Neil, Boston, seal skins, and sundries.
August 2.—Susan, Le Blanc, P. E. Island, sundries.
8.—Schr. Four Sons, M'Leod, Arichat, cattle.
Superb, Wareham, Viana, salt.
Ann, Lamzed, Lisbon, salt.
Elizabeth, Harding, P. E. Island, cattle.
Harriet Elizabeth, Cooper, New-Brunswick, lumber.

Notice

TENDERS FOR ROADS AND BRIDGES FROM CARBONEAR TO HEARTS CONTENT.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Office of Messrs. THOMAS CHANCEY & Co. Carbonear, and by ROBERT OLLERHEAD, Esq., at Hearts Content, addressed "To the Commissioners for the Road from CARBONEAR to HEARTS CONTENT," until TUESDAY the 30th of AUGUST (inst.) at Noon, from Persons willing to Contract for the performance of the undermentioned WORK

Viz.

To OPEN a NEW ROAD from CARBONEAR to HEARTS CONTENT, commencing at the Woods; the Trees to be cut down; taker out by the Roots, and removed to the width of Twenty Feet. State the number of Miles to be Contracted for, and the rate per Mile.

WOODEN BRIDGES to be thrown across the Rivers and Brooks between CARBONEAR and HEARTS CONTENT, and on the New line of Road; high enough to clear the water in ordinary floods; to be Ten Feet wide, with Stone Piers firmly and substantially built on the Banks. State the name (if any) of the River or Brook, and the rate for each Bridge. A plan and specification to accompany the Tender.

One DRAIN of Two Feet wide and Two Feet deep to be cut on each side of the Road across the Marshes and Morasses. State the rate per Mile.

The WORK to be completed to the satisfaction of the COMMISSIONERS, by the end of NOVEMBER next.

THOS. CHANCEY
THOS. NEWELL
R. OLLERHEAD.

Commissioners for a Road from Carbonear to Hearts Content.
Carbonear, 10th August, 1836.

On Sale

SALT.

100 Tons Fine WHITE CADIZ FOR SALE BY THOMAS RIDLY & Co. Harbor Grace, July 27, 1836.

THOS. RIDLEY & CO.

Have Just Imported,

By the CERES and RESOLUTION from HAMBURG, HEBER from COPENHAGEN, MANLY from LIVERPOOL, and PEARL from TEIGNMOUTH,

THE UNDERMENTIONED GOODS, Which they will Sell Low for CASH or PRODUCE,

Bread, No. 1, 2, & 3
Flour, Superfine
Pork, Hamburg & Copenhagen
Butter
Cordage all sizes
Spunarn, Marline, & Oakum
Canvas, No. & Flat
Seines, Nets, Lines, Twines
Pitch, Tar, Turpentine, Varnish
Paints, Paint Oil, Spirits Turpentine
Loaf Sugar
Leather
Window Glass
Lead, Tinware, Grapnells
Bar, Bolt & Sheet Iron
Nails all sizes
Iron Monger well assortd!
Deck Boots, Wellington Boots
Shoes all sorts
Whiting, Chalk, Glue, &c

With an extensive Supply of British Manufactured

DRY GOODS,

ALSO O.V. HAND,

A few Casks Shoes, well assorted & Cheap
Superfine States' Flour
1 1/2 Inch Chain Cable
Chain Toppail Sheets & Ties
Hawse & Deck Pipes, &c. &c. &c.
Harbour Grace, July 8, 1836.

Notices

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, ON THURSDAY, THE 1ST. SEPTEMBER NEXT, AT HARBOUR GRACE At Noon,

A LOT OF BEACH, Situate at POINT OF BEACH, and lying between that Lot sold to Messrs. William and James Pitts, and the Market Place,—about 24 feet wide from North to South, and from the Road West to the Water.

Deputy Surveyor's Office, Conception Bay, August 3, 1836.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.

SEVENTEEN YEARS UNEXPIRED LEASEHOLD, Of those desirable MERCANTILE PREMISES, situate at CARBONEAR, and lately in the occupation of MR. WILLIAM BENNETT, consisting of a DWELLING HOUSE, SHOP, COUNTING HOUSE, Four STORES, a commodious WHARF, and Two OIL VATS sufficient to contain about 8000 Seals. For particulars, apply to

BULLEY, JOB & Co.

St. John's, }
July 28, 1836. }

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THE CREDITORS of the Estate of ROBERT AYLES, Merchant Carbonear, Insolvent, are informed that in pursuance of an Order of the Northern Circuit Court, a Dividend of NINE PENCE in the Pound will be paid to such Creditors who have proved their Claims on the said Insolvent Estate, upon application to

J. FITZGERALD } Trustee &
JAMES HIPPISEY }
Harbour Grace, July 13, 1836

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Portugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.

And Packages in proportion. All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,

Agent, HARBOUR GRACE

PERCHARD & ROAG,

Agents, ST. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours. The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen 7s. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6
Single Letters 6
Double do. 1 0

And Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.

Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET, BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it 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 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d
Double, Do. 1s.
Pareels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruet's, Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE OF GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the East by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the West by the Subscriber's Land.

MARY TAYLOR, Widow.

Carbonear, February 26, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds For SALE at the Office of this Paper. Harbour Grace,

POETRY

THE PALM TREE.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Has his heart forgot, so far away
Those native scenes—those rocks and tor-
rents grey;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;
The shores—the sound of those encircling
seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled
heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?
Bowles.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green Isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Aftic, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnums dropping gold
Uprose the stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange look'd it there! the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it glamed;
The lime bough lured the honey bee
To murmur by the desert's tree;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been;
Or crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whispered of its own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that rattle tone
Had something of the sea wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar;
The conch's wild note along the shore;
All through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasped his country's tree and wept.

Oh! scorn him not—his strength, whereby
The patriot guards himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman, darting on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like
fear!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

LETTER FROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

There are two lodged together.—Shakspeare
Nec hospes ab hospite tatus.—Ovid.

And, at Christmas! oh! it was no longer
dealing with ones and twos!—The whole
hundred, on the day after that festival, rose
up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters,
turncocks—postmen, beadles, scavengers,
chimney sweeps—the whole *pecus* of paro-
chial servitorship was at my gate before
eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and
fought which should have my bounty. Rival
patrols disputed whether I did or did
not lie within their beat. At one time
there was a doubt as to which of two parish-
es I belonged to; and I fully expected that
(to make sure) I should have been visited by
the collectors from both! Meantime the
knocker groaned until very evening, under
the dull, stunning simple thumps—each vil-
lian would have struck, although it had been
upon the head of his own grandfather!—of
bakers, butchers, tallow chandlers, grocers,
fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every
ruffian who made his livelihood by
swindling me through the whole year, tho'
himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction
(for his robberies) on this day.—And,
Host! Now by my life I scorn the name!

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I pro-
test, and "perfumed," to what I had to go
through in the letting off" of my dwelling!

The swarm of crocodiles that assail me, o'
every fine day—three fourths of them to
avoid an impending shower, or to pass away
a stupid morning—in the shape of stale
dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional
gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all
(except a few that were swindlers) finding
something wrong about my arrangements!
Gil Bias' mule, which was nothing but faults
never had half so many faults as my house.
Carlton Palace, if it were to be let to-mor-
row, would be objected to by a tailor. One
man found my rooms "too small;" another
thought them rather too "large;" a third
wished that they had been loftier; "a fourth
that there had been more of them." One
lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the
neighbourhood was quite respectable;" an-
other asked "if I had any children;" and
then, "whether I would bring myself not to
have any during her stay!" Two hundred
after detaining me an hour, had called only
"for friends." Ten thousand went through
all the particulars, and "would call again
to-morrow." At last there came a lady who
gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "house-keep-
ing;" she was a clergyman's widow, she
said, from Somersetshire—if she had been
an officers, I had suspected her; but in an
evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come
for the express purpose of marrying me!
The reader who has bowels, they will yearn
for my situation.

Nolo conjugari!

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve
against the ingenuity of woman? She se-
duced me—escape was hopeless—morning
noon, and night! She heard a mouse be-
hind the wainscot, and I was called in to
seize it. Her canary bird got loose—would
I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick but
was soon glad to get well again: for she
sent five times a day to ask if I was better;
besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*,
jellies, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from
the country, and hasty puddings made by
her own hand. And at last, after I had re-
sisted all the constant borrowing of books,
the eternal interchange of newspapers, and
the daily repair of crow quills, the opinions
upon wine, the corrections of hackney coach-
men, and the recommendation of a barber
to a poodle dog—at last—Oh! the devil
take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pattens,
and bits of orange peel dropped upon the
ground? Mrs F—sprained her ankle,
and fell down at my very drawing room
door!

All the women in the house were bribed,
there was not one of them in the way! My
footman, my only safeguard, was sent off that
moment for a doctor!—I was *not* married;
for so much let Providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about
six months after, I presented Mrs F—
with my house, and every thing in it, and
determined never again—as a man's only
protection against female cupidity, to pos-
sess even a pair of small clothes that I could
legally call my own.

Ultimum Supplicium

This resolution, Mr Editor, compelled me
to shelter myself in "furnished lodgings,"
where the most of accommodation, (sublu-
nary) after all, I believe, is to be found. I
had sad work, as you may imagine, to find
my way at first. Once I ventured to inha-
bit (as there was no board in the case) with
a surgeon. But what between the patients
and the resurrection-men, the "night-bell"
was intolerable; and he ordered the watch-
man too, I found, to pull it six or seven
times a-week, in order to impress the neigh-
bourhood with an opinion of his practice.
From one place, I was driven away by a
music master, who gave concerts opposite to
me; and, at a second, after two days abid-
ing I found that a madman was confined on
the second floor! Two houses I left, be-
cause my hostesses made love to me. Three
because parrots were kept in the streets.
One, because a cock (who would crow all
night) came to live in a yard at the back of
me; and another, in which I had staid two
months (and should perhaps have remained
till now) because a boy of eight years old—
there is to me no earthly creature so utterly
intolerable as a boy of eight years old!—to
pass the holidays." I had thoughts, I don't
care who knows it—of taking him off by
poison; and bought two raspberry tarts to
give him arsenic in, as I met him on the
stairs, where he was up and down all day.
As it is, I have sent an order to Seven Dials
to have an "early delivery" of all the "Dy-
ing Speeches" for the next ten years. I did
this, in order that I may know when he is
hanged, a fact I wish particularly to ascer-
tain, because his father and I had an alter-
cation about it.

Experience, however, gives light; and a
"furnished lodging" is the best arrange-
ment among the bad. I had seven transi-
tions last month, but that was owing to ac-
cidents; a man who chooses well may com-
monly stay a fortnight in a place, indeed as
said in the beginning, I have been ten days
where I am; and I don't up to this moment
see clearly what point I shall go away upon.
The mistress of the house entertains a pet
monkey—falling all issue of her own; and
I have got a new footman, who, I understand

plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect
will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the mon-
key. He broke loose the other day. I saw
him escape over the next garden wall, and
drop down by the side of a middle aged
gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses;
The respectable man, as was prudent, took
refuge in a summer house; then he pulled
up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to
get in at the summer house window! I think
that—

Eh!—why what the deuce is all this?
Why the room is full of smoke! Why, what
the devil—Thomas! [I ring the bell vio-
lently.] Thomas!—[I call my new footman.]
Tho-o-o-mas!—why some rascal has set the
house on fire.

ENTER THOMAS.

Indeed, no, your honour—indeed—no—it
is—only the chimney.

The chimney! you dog!—get away this
moment and put it out. Stay!—Thomas!
the villain's gone!—Come back I say,—what
chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.
Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal,
how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle,
your honour; and, and, and, Mary, house maid,
flung the rosin into the fire.

His fiddle!—Mr North, I knew it would
happen. Where's the landlord?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir.
Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hang'd to a cer-
tainty!—There's a statute for you, cauff!
there is. Come, sir—come—strip, and go
the chimney. Strip! or I'll kill you with
the toasting fork, and bury your body in the
dust-hole.

[ENTER THE CAT, with a tail as thick as
my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death! what's to be done?—
My life's not insured!—I must get out of
the house. [Rattling of wheels, and cries
of "Fire!" in the street.] Oh, the devil!
here comes the parish engine, and with as
many thieves with it as might serve six pa-
rishes!—Shut the doors below, I say. [Call-
ing down stairs.] Don't let 'em in. Tho-
mas!—The house will be gutted from top
to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally
servant of mine! Thomas!—[Calling
in all directions.] I—I must go and see,
myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. THE HOUSE-
MAID in hysterics under the dresser.]

Phooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Tho-
mas!—Do your chimneys ever take fire in
Scotland, Mr Editor?—Thomas!—I remem-
ber it was on a Friday I hired him!—Tho-
mas!—[I find him in the jack towel]—Take
a wet blanket, you rascal, and get thro'
the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you
wretch, and muffle the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[The landlady clings round my
neck.]—Madam—for Heaven's sake!—There
is no danger, I assure you.—[She clings
tighter.]—Or, if there is, we had better em-
brace after it's over. You'll die by me?—
No, no; not for the world. Throw some
pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's
sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets be-
tween one's!—Thomas! [The tumult in-
creases.] Thomas!

Thomas. [Down the chimney] Sir!
One more peep [I run up stairs] from the
window. Hark, how they knock without!—
Rat-tat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen
engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand
fools! I must be off! Thomas! [he en-
ters] I must escape. Thomas! I'll sepul-
chre you; but not yet. Show me the back
door.

Thomas. There is none, sir. I've been
trying to get out myself.

No back door!

[ENTER THE COOK, with the monkey on her
back. The knocking continues.]

Cook. Oh laws, Sir! We shall all be
destroyed, sir! Oh laws! where is your
honour's double barrelled gun?

My gun? up stairs. What d'ye want with
the gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be shot
off up the chimney it would surely put it
out.

She's right. Run Thomas! At the head
of the bed. Away with you. Mind-it's
loaded—take care what you're about.

There they go!—They have found it. Now
they are down stairs. Why, zounds! the
woman has got the gun! Take it from her.
He don't hear me, Thomas! She's going
to fire it as I live! Yes—she's sitting down
in the grate!—Thomas!—With her body
half way up the chimney!—Thomas! Death
the woman's a fool. Bang, bang [Report
heard] Ah, there she goes backwards!—It's
all up! Here comes the soot in cart, loads
all over her!—Thomas! you rascal!—She's
killed! No, egad; she's up and running
don't let her come near me. Margery.
Pshaw! What's her name? She's running
towards the street door! Margery! Why
sh's all on fire, and as black as a soot bag!
Why stoy her I say. Ah she gets into the
street. Thomas!—Margery!—Everybody!
The woman will be burned to death. [Shouts
without, and noise of water.] Ha!—[I run

to the window]—Huzza! The engines are
playing upon her!

That infernal footman! He is my fate, and
I thought it would be the monkey.

ESTER THOMAS

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel. Is the
woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir,—she's only singed.

Singed! you Beelzebub's imp!—Curse the
monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my
gold spectacles.

Mr North, if you have compassion, hear
a man of five and forty's prayer; I can't
stay here; where am I to go to?—If you
should think—Thomas, I must get into a
hackney coach!—If you should think—Call
me a hackney coach, sirrah—and ask the
man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by
the week. If you should think, Mr North
that there is any chance of my doing well in
Edinburgh—I shouldn't like to be above the
fifth story, I understand most of your houses
run ten—A line by return would oblige a
constant reader. As I have no home at pre-
sent, except my hackney coach that I've sent
for, I can't say at exactly in what place of
suffering your letter will find me; but by
addressing to the coffee house in Rathbone
Place, it will somewhere or other come into
the hands of

Your very humble servant

WRINKLETON FIBGET.

A PARABLE.

1. A certain man going down from Youth
to Manhood, fell among grog shops, where
he was stripped of his money, his character,
and his friends, and left poor, and ragged,
and half dead with Disease.

2. And by chance there came down a cer-
tain Moderate Drinker that way, and when
he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

3. And likewise a Friend of Temperance
came where he was, and when he saw him
he passed by on the other side.

4. But a certain Temperance man as he
journeyed, came where he was, and when he
saw him he had compassion on him, and
went to him and wept over him, and re-
sought him with tears to repent and re-
form.

5. And he persuaded him to sit upon his
own beast Total Abstinence, and brought
him to his own family, and they took care
of him. And on the morrow, he spake
kindly to him, and offered prayers for him
and he departed.

Which of the three was neighbour to him
who fell among grog shops?

It was a half drizzling half snowy day,—
just such a day as puts nervous people in a
bad humour with themselves and every body
else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire
immediately after breakfast. His wife ad-
dressed him as follows:—Mr Dodge, can't you
mend that front door latch to-day?
'No,' was the answer. 'Well,' can't you
mend the water pail? 'No.' Can't you
fix a handle on the mop? 'No.' 'Well
can't you fix the window, so that the rain
and snow won't drive in?' 'No—no—no,'
answered the husband sharply. He took his
hat, and was on the point of leaving the
house, when his wife, knowing that he was
going to the tavern, where he would meet
some of his wet companions, asked him
kindly to stop a moment. She then got her
bonnet and cloak and said to her husband,
'you are going to the tavern, with your leave
I will go with you.' The husband stared.
'Yes,' continued the wife, 'I may as well
go as you; if you go to the tavern and tip-
ple and waste the day, why should I not go
and do the same?' Job felt the reproof;
shut the door; hung up his hat; got the
hammer and nails; did all his wife had re-
quested; and sat down by his fire side at
night a better and a happier man.

'How does the thermometer stand?' said
a father to his son. 'It don't stand at all
sir, it hangs up,' was the reply. 'Well, but
I mean how high is it?' 'Just about five
feet,' 'Poh, you fool, how does the mercu-
ry range?' 'Up and down—perpendicular.'

REMEDIES.—For sea sickness; stay at
home.

For drunkenness; drink cold water, and
repeat the prescription until you find re-
lief.

For the gout; board with the printer.
To keep out of jail; get out, and keep
out of debt.

To enjoy good health; pay the printer
punctually.

IDLENESS.—Burton, in his *Anatomy of
Melancholy*, describes idleness as being the
cushion upon which the devil reposes. Dr
Johnson designates it as the rust of the
soul.

Before forks came into use, it was consi-
dered a sign of polite education not to wet
the finger deep in the dishes.

How much better are most old bachelors
than so many hedgehogs, rolled up in them-
selves, thorny without and torpid within.

Matthias the prophet is not dead, but gone
to Ohio to join the Mormons.]