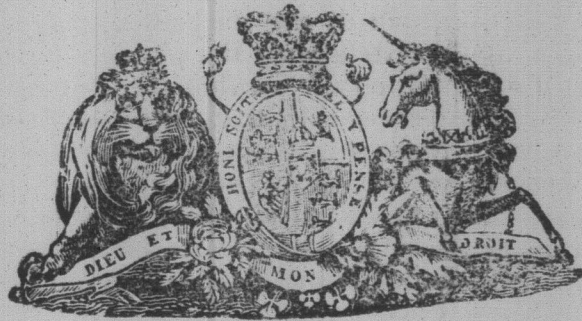


THE



STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1835.

Vol. I.—No. XXXV.

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

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS



NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths &c.

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

April 10

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

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

TERMS

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, Jan 1. 1835.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

A Vision of Sathanas.

"No, no man wist whence he did come,
No, no man knew where he had gone."

Old Play.

Whoever has wandered along the southern coast of the county of Cornwall, must recollect the village of Torwithiel: the long straggling street, running on one side of a romantic valley, or gorge, parallel with the sea—its sides thickly covered with copse-wood, save when a tall pine or the point of a rock jutted boldly out of the foliage relieving the uniformity—the humble church standing on the opposite side of the valley, near the brow of the bold towering rocks which crested it, as lonely a place as you would care to see on a summer's day, or pass near on a winter's night—the remains of a stronghold, scarce distinguishable from the surrounding cliffs, from whence the distant booming of the ocean alternated with the occasional murmuring of a streamlet, labouring through its rocky bed in the valley below—and then the abrupt and unlooked for view of ocean, on reaching the termination of the valley, with the romantic cove and snug little harbour lying just before you—all marked the spot as one deserving a niche in your recollection.

The observant traveller has no doubt remarked, near the southern end of this village, a two story tenement of wood and stone, with the high-peaked roof and projecting windows which characterize the architecture of the seventeenth century, rearing its head above the neighbouring hamlets.—A huge horse-chestnut tree stood in front, almost overshadowing the whole building, which was flanked by a crazy erection, that served at once for barn, stable, and cow house. A curious effigy, or sign, much the worse for wear, informed you that this was the "Ship-a-ground," wherein "good entertainment for man and horse" was promised by Habbakuk Sheepshanks. Our host, who stood "six feet in his stockings," had a pale face, and a person not belying his name, was a descendant of Habbakuk Read-the-word Sheepshanks, an "unworthy preacher of the word," about the year of grace 1647, who, when the castle was besieged and destroyed by the parliamentary forces, unfortunately lost his life, whilst holding forth on an inverted barrel to a party of saintly dragoons, being struck with a cannon-ball so that, as his descendant says, "one half fell one way and one another."—Mr. Habbakuk is gifted with an interminable fund of anecdote; and the place is chiefly recalled to my remembrance by the following little incident: I wish I could give it in his own words.

The borough of Torwithiel had not been in such an uproar since the stirring times of the civil war. Even the general election, which every few years convulsed its two dozen voters, was but milk-and-water in its effects, compared with the present paroxysm. The Resurrectionists (driven from the more populous districts) had been, like the vulture, attracted by the harvest the small-pox was making for them, and carried off the bodies of the ex-mayor of Mushroomton, and others and Mushroomton was only twenty miles distant. Nothing else was talked of from morning till night. Every one knows that a very little matter often makes a great stir in a very large community—the effects may therefore be imagined in one containing, by the last census, 391 souls; for save when the post brought the county paper once a week to the club at the Ship-a-ground (for even clubs had found their way here), its inhabitants had little to think or talk about but themselves. The reader is apt to associate with the mention of mayors, and boroughs, and elections, a vision of gill-coaches, processions, mobs, or hustings. It is, however, a well-recorded fact, that previous to a late election, on the candidate sending for the mayor of Torwithiel, that worthy dignitary was found busily engaged on a ladder, in the undignified employment of plastering a house!—nay, I could tell more frightful things of the portreeves (mayors) of Wales.

One evening, in the early part of October we will not stand on dates—the parlour of the Ship was occupied by six of the principal individuals of the borough. In pursuance of a public meeting, they had adjourned, by a law "made and provided" in such cases, to dine at the Ship, and to appoint proper persons to watch the churchyard that same night. The parlour in question served for dining, smoking, dancing, election, and travellers' room, in default of a better; and the capacious seats on each side of the jaws of the fire-place, which would put to shame three of our modern ones, shook again with the mirth which good cheer (particularly when it is at the expense of the parish) rarely fails to produce. It was beginning to get dusk, and the weather, which was cold and cloudy, threatened to turn out tempestuous, which the fitful gusts of wind, and occasional pattering of a few big drops of rain on the windows, seemed to confirm.—The company had just finished their first glass of punch, had lighted their pipes, and were listening to an oft told tale of the civil wars from Mr. Habbakuk Sheepshanks, when they were aroused by the noise of a horse's hoofs on the pavement before the door.—Leaving his ancestor in a perilous situation, out sallied the landlord, while the rest of the party crowded to the window, to have a view of that unusual sight—a stranger. A tall man, enveloped in an immense blue great coat, with an "ocean" of cape, was in the act of dismounting from a large, raw-boned, grey horse. After giving a look at the stable, in another minute he strided into the parlour, coat and ail, and seating himself sans ceremony between the parson and the coast-watcher, replied to a question from our host as to his dinner—"Exactly so." He still kept on his mountain of coat; and now he was stationary, you saw at once there was something very odd about his appearance.—He might have been fifty, or thereabouts; and his large shaggy eyebrows, long sharp nose, dark complexion, and deep-set eyes, which glared with a strange wild appearance, had something about them which gave you no desire to look the second time; while his beard might have rivalled in its tints that of Bluebeard himself. All further scrutiny was precluded by the ample folds of his coat. It was evident the appearance of the stranger cast a sort of chill over the company. By way of breaking the ice, however, the mayor made a casual remark on his good fortune, in getting so comfortably sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. Now the mayor was a pompous, portly, little man—a sort of Falstaff in little—the rotundity of whose face and person would have been creditable even to a metropolitan corporation. He had once been a mining agent, and the world said, had ruined by his schemes no less than three companies; and though his utterance, owing to an attack of paralysis, was difficult and indistinct, like most members of the aldermanic body, a deep sense of the importance of the borough was constantly visible. After seating himself at the table, the stranger riveted his little wild eyes on his worship, and gave his former laconic answer—"Exactly so." The little man started and nudged his neighbour; the churchwarden pinched the toes of the coast-watcher; he in his turn pushed the parson. This was the second time those identical words had been pronounced close to—nay, in their ears; yet there the speaker sat, full three yards off. "Do you see his great coat?" whispered the mayor. "And ye gods, how he eats!" said the parson. The stranger was certainly devouring the repast at a prodigious rate. After despatching the better part of a cold round of beef, without speaking of about a loaf of bread, potatoes, and sundries, he at last paused. The parson, taking a huge pinch of snuff, ventured to break silence. "Ahem! I should guess you have travelled some distance to-day, sir?" "Umph!" replied the man in blue, "your guess is not far off the mark." They started as if they had received an electric shock: his answer again tolled deep in their ears. "Decidedly strange!" muttered the whole party in a breath. "Arrah! my sowl and St. Patrick!" said the coast-watcher,

"but these are quare to be travelling about sir—I'm thinking you're a stranger hereabouts?" The imperturbable stranger pulled out a long hookah and pouch of tobacco, and casting a glance by no means of a pleasant nature on the querist, said—"Exactly so: and what of that, are not you also a stranger?" This was the fact; but how did the traveller know it? Nobody care to question him a third time. He soon proved he could smoke on as large a scale as he could. There he sat; puff—puff—puff; never did man raise such a smoke before: indeed, it gave a character of vastness and indistinctness to his tall blue figure, which amplified it to an unpleasant degree.

A short time before, the watch appointed for the churchyard came to receive their instructions; but the thoughts of the committee were riveted on the motions of the stranger. One night could make no difference, therefore the matter was postponed till "to-morrow."

Our friend of the Emerald Isle was emboldened to ask the guest if he was going to the Land's End? At this instant the stranger struck ten:—the stranger started up, and giving his great coat close around him, and giving the fire a stir that sent ten thousand sparks up the chimney, replied—"Presently, I am going over the Land's End!" In another minute they heard his heavy foot ascending the stairs to his bed-room. No sooner was his door closed, than the pent up curiosity of the party found vent together: every circumstance was dwelt upon with the most minute accuracy. "There is something not right about him," said the parson in a whisper, "I felt a strong smell of sulphur when he sat near me." "And I," added the doctor, "thought his little glaring eyes, peering out through the smoke, looked for all the world like the devil's." "Hush!" cried our landlord, "he is coming down again!" But the noise was caused by his movements in the room above.

The night was very stormy. The sign creaked and groaned, amid the howling and whistling of the wind, as if it would fall from its hinges, and ever and anon there came a gust that threatened to shake the tenement to its foundations; and at every fitful pause in the storm, noises in the room above indicated that he was not yet gone to rest. They drew their seats closer round the wood-fire, which had burnt low unperceived.

"On my say-so, I don't like to say an ill word of my customers, but an I spoke my mind," said Habbakuk, dropping his voice into a whisper, "I guess all is not right above. I asked him three times to pull off his big coat,—but, Molly, wench, the fire is going out; will you charge your glasses again, gentlemen?" "By the powers!" exclaimed the coast-watcher, "he must be a smuggler!"—and the stranger's apparent knowledge of him, and private information of an intended run, seemed to favour the conjecture. It was during the agitating period of radicalism. "I have it," cried the parson, "this fellow must be a leader of the radicals, and his speech about going over the Land's End may mean flying the country." On referring to the last number of the county paper, they found a considerable reward had been offered for the apprehension of a person resembling the strange guest in figure. The night was slipping fast away—he might get away early; and his strange demeanour, equivocal answers, and suspicious appearance, with a reward glittering in their eyes, determined them on taking the bold step of placing him under arrest, should he fail to give a satisfactory account of himself.

The stranger had been still for some time; it was therefore judged advisable to practise a coup de-main, and, seven in number, they issued on tiptoe to storm the enemy's camp. They had reached the top of the staircase, and the parson, leaving the exciseman in his rear, made a couple of steps towards the door of the bed-room, when a heavy step was heard. At this indication of the enemy, (like many a better man) his courage failed him; a disagreeable recollection of the smell of sulphur obtruded itself on the mind—

sides, the parson bethought himself that he was next the enemy, and, wheeling suddenly round, he almost overturned the exciseman, letting fall the candlestick in his haste, which left the whole party enveloped in darkness, save the uncertain light afforded by the moon which waded through thick masses of fleecy clouds. The noise of the stranger's feet grew nearer and more rapid. This fresh disaster, and the movements of their leader, served to accelerate the panic of heroes in the rear. But it was too late—the enemy was upon them in a twinkling. The parson was trampled under foot, roaring out as fast as his fear would permit—"Avant, Sathanas! I conjure thee! *Conjurissimo tibi*, &c." and the overthrow of the exciseman toppled down those on the stairs, who were rolled over in their confusion by the stranger in his descent, like so many ninepins.—Before they recovered themselves, the noise of a horse's hoofs, in rapid retreat, told them it was in vain to think of pursuit, had they been so inclined.

"The first news we heard in the morning," said he of the Ship, concluding his narration, "was, that the churchyard had been harried during the night, and the bodies of one of our aldermen and a child, only two days under ground, carried off. The object of the chap in the blue coat in coming to the Ship-ground, was, no doubt, to spy how the land lay; and he would, I'll be bail, have decamped sooner had our watch been appointed. My stars! it has been a sore subject in the borough ever since, howsoever; and though the rascal cheated me of his reckoning, yet the gentlemen paid me that, like, to keep dark on the matter. They say he was a *centroquizzard*."

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

The Scotsman of Saturday last contains an admirable article, having the title "A few more words on the Brougham and Durham Controversy." "We can perfectly understand," observes our Northern contemporary, "why the Conservative journals should seize every opportunity to depreciate the Lord Chancellor; but the rancour with which he is pursued by a portion of what is called the Whig press, fills us with surprise and disgust. Faint would be a statesman's reputation, if it depended on the consistency and judgment of those who profess to be the organs of the public voice; and popularity would be precarious, and worthless beyond measure, if it were in the power of such parties to give or withhold it. Happily, however, there is an inborn sense of justice among mankind, which though it may be occasionally bewildered by sophistry or prejudice, seldom fails to assert its supremacy in the long run, and to identify those who have been the victims, for a time, of malice or representation." The attacks which have been so incessantly directed against Lord Brougham, have injured him in the estimation of no persons respecting whose good opinion he need be anxious. His services during the last twenty-five years are not to be blotted from the public recollection by a series of rancorous paragraphs. Lord Brougham can only destroy the reputation of Lord Brougham. But is there one sober-minded person throughout the country, who seriously believes that Lord Brougham has any other object in view than the improvement of our laws and institutions—the remedying of every recognized abuse? We have a very favourable opinion of several members of the Cabinet. We do not believe there is one member of it more disinterested than Lord Brougham; we are sure is not one of them who has rendered half so much service to this country; and we will add, that we do not believe there is one of them who is so much inspired by the wish to do good to the country as his Lordship. He may have failings which some of them are without; these are connected with ardent temperament which belongs to him; but, on the other hand, the balance of positive excellency is certainly in his favour. We wish neither to flatter Lord Brougham nor to libel his colleagues, but to speak what we deem the truth. His colleagues are well aware that the labours of a long life are not obliterated from the public recollection in a day, and we are sure there is not one of them who does not (whatever may be insinuated to the contrary) feel that the loss of his Lordship to the Cabinet would be irreparable. Of all the attempts to lower him, that of the Times, on account of the Central Criminal Court Bill, is the most ridiculous. When was it ever before made a charge against a Minister, that the scheme which he proposed and persuaded Parliament to adopt was not his own? The history of the authorship of the measure is not worth a moment's notice. If all that the Times states is true (which it is not), what does it signify? The merit lies in the adoption of the measure.—A hundred persons might frame such a bill. But there is material difference between conceiving a scheme, and obtaining the benefit of it for the country. We wish that our limits would allow us to insert the whole of the excellent article from Scotsman. We must content ourselves, for the present, with the following extract:—"We are almost ashamed to dwell on charges like these,

which, in the eye of common sense, amount to nothing. That public man must, indeed, be tolerably pure, against whom grave delinquencies cannot be produced; but if any can be alleged against the Chancellor, we pray his Whig accusers to enlighten our ignorance; for we are unable to discover them. We can understand the Times. It acts under the impulse of mortified pride, and is blessed with a happy exemption from those feelings which restrain the indulgence of malignant passions in others. We can understand the Radical journals, too, when they talk of the Chancellor's baseness, falsehood, duplicity, treachery, and so forth—words which merely import in their mouth that he is in bad terms with his hero Lord Durham. All that passed between the two Peers were set aside. The Chancellor's conduct was prudent; but, whether as regards private honour, or official confidence, we hold that Lord Durham is by much the greater offender of the two. Let it be, however, that both are in the wrong. Even adopting the representations of their respective enemies, neither has done more than men of pretty warm feelings have done, and always will do, when they have a quarrel.—Lord Brougham's friends may regret some words he used, but it is pure factiousness in those who vindicate Lord Durham, to pretend that the Chancellor's character is injured by anything he has said or done in the controversy. If every tangible charge made against Lord Brougham were true (for obscure insinuations of treachery and intrigue go for nothing in such cases), it would scarcely affect the character of a public man of the most ordinary stamp. What is it, then, when weighed against the incessant, varied, and gigantic services of Henry Brougham, for the last five and twenty years! Passing over his early labours in the Edinburgh Review, he may be said to have entered upon life in 1808, when he made his celebrated speech at the bar of the House of Commons against the Orders in Council. He was returned a Member in 1810, and, with the exception of one short interval, has been in Parliament ever since. His energy, his courage, his talents, soon placed him at the head of the liberal party both in the House and at the Bar. For nearly a quarter of a century, he has been in the front rank of every battle fought on English ground, in the cause of liberty and mankind. In the ten dismal years which preceded the death of Castlereagh, when Insurrection Bills, Gagging Bills, Disarming Bills, Habeas Corpus Suspension Bills, tyranny at home, and leagues with tyrants abroad, were the order of the day, the nervous eloquence of Henry Brougham was the main stay of the people's cause, cheering the friends of liberty, paralysing their enemies, and stifling many bad measures in their birth. What was said of an illustrious Frenchman might be applied to him in those dark times—that "his genius was a power in Europe." We have seen one great lawyer after another, Gibbs, Copley, Best, Scarlett, Plunket, desert the popular side for office and emolument; and now forsooth, Henry Brougham, who has stood all trials for thirty years, and was a reformer in the worst times, is accused of abandoning his principles on the paltry ground we have alluded to! And all his vast labours in behalf of freedom, civil, political, and religious, of education, law reform, the abolition of slavery, and a thousand other objects of deep interest to mankind, are forgotten! It is not too much to say that his services in some one month of his career, outweigh all that Lord Durham has done, or can do in the course of his life."

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 27.

IMPORTANT FROM JAMAICA.

We have received papers from this Island up to November 14th, and regret to perceive, what however must have naturally been anticipated by any reflecting persons, that the chimerical scheme of the apprenticeship law continues to produce serious disturbances, keeping the inhabitants in a perpetual state of ferment. How was it possible for such an utopian project, engendered by the hypocritical fanatics of Aldermanbury, and which is at once a mockery on the plundered planter, and of the promises of abolition held out to the slave, to prove otherwise than a miserable failure? Lord Sligo, the governor, appears to be quite unpopular, and disposed to connive at, rather than to allay, the irritation which exists on the part of the slave owners. One of the consequences of the apprenticeship law, is a very alarming failure, say two-thirds, in the crops of sugars. A petition is before the Assembly to "import twelve thousand Germans," as a barrier against negro encroachments. The coffee estates, it is averred, can be worked by whites. From all that we can gather, it is clear that the negroes, even those that have always been treated with the greatest kindness, refuse to do even the moderate share of labour prescribed; that there is wanting an efficient corps of magistrates, and that many of the stipendiary magistrates sent out from England, being worn out, half-pay officers of the army and navy, and besides totally ignorant of the character of the negroes,

encourages them in their insubordination.—Such is the desperate state of feeling that exists among the planters, and the extent to which the combinations of the negroes have proceeded, that the most disastrous consequences, if not a catastrophe as dreadful as that of St. Domingo, are by many apprehended. The Governor, the Marquis of Sligo, has rendered himself obnoxious, among other causes, arbitrarily interfering with the Board of Health, in case of vessels from ports where cholera prevailed, which disease it is feared may be introduced into Jamaica. The "Despatch" thus speaks of the Governor; "It is true (and thanks be to the Lord for it) that we are not Lord Peter's subjects. He treats us badly enough as the King's lieutenant, and seems to care very little whether we are to be swept from the face of the earth by the cholera or destroyed piecemeal by his collar and cuff men the stipendiary magistrates." At the estates of Golden Grove and Gibraltar insurrections had actually broken out, but were quieted. In Treilwayne the memorial of the proprietors states, that sugar crops, it is well known cannot be manufactured by forty-five hours of labour per week, and that the negroes refuse to perform extra work even for wages! Thus are they combined together to turn this fertile island into a miserable waste worse than St. Domingo.—A memorial is contemplated to Parliament on the deplorable state of the Island.—*New-York Star*.

The will of the late Sir Robert Wilmot, Bt., was proved in the Prerogative Court on the 22nd inst. The present Baronet, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Governor of the Island of Ceylon, succeeds to the Osmaston and Weston estates, in Derbyshire, and becomes possessor of the valuable collection of paintings at Osmaston. The beautiful villa at Great Malvern, recently purchased by the late Baronet, devolves upon Lady Wilmot. The personalities, amounting to £100,000, together with a considerable sum in Foreign securities, to be divided amongst the late Baron's four younger children.

The Philadelphia papers mention a new discover in the Pacific, made by Captain Coveil, of the Alliance, in lat. 5. 30. N., long 168 40 E., of a group of fourteen Islands, not laid down in any chart. They were all inhabited, and the natives spoke the Spanish language. He called them the Coveil Group.

The East India Company have sold their wharf at Blackwall. It brought £25,000, and was purchased by Mr. Nicholson, the Tea dealer.

The widow of the great navigator, Captain Cooke, is still living, aged more than 100 years.

LONDON, Dec. 27.

The subjoined list gives the names of the Cabinet Ministers, and their subordinates as far as they have been appointed.

CABINET.

Sir Robert Peel, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Duke of Wellington, Foreign Secretary.
Earl of Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary.
Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Henry Goulburn, Home Secretary.
Mr. J. C. Herries, Secretary at War.
Sir Edward Knatchbull, Paymaster of the Forces.
Lord de Grey, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Sir H. Hardinge, Irish Secretary.
Lord Maryborough, Post-Master-General.
Lord Rosslyn, President of the Council.
Lord Wharfedale, Lord Privy Seal.
Mr. Alexander Baring, President of the Board of Trade.
Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control.
Sir George Murray, Master-General of the Ordnance.
Mr. Charles W. W. Wynn, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

NOT OF THE CABINET.

Mr. George R. Dawson, Secretary to the Admiralty.
Sir George Cockburn, Lord of the Admiralty.
Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, Ditto.
Sir John Puer Beresford, Ditto.
Sir Charles Rowley, Ditto.
Lord Ashley, Ditto.
Mr. Yates Peel, Lord of the Treasury.
Lord Lincoln, Ditto.
Lord Stormont, Ditto.
Mr. Charles Ross, Ditto.
Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Ditto.
Sir George Clerk, Secretary of the Treasury.
Sir T. Fremantle, Ditto.
Viscount Lowther, Treasurer of the Navy.
Lord Granville Somerset, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.
M. W. Praed, Secretary of the India Board.
Mr. J. Planta, One of the India Board.
Lord Edward Somerset, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.
Sir Edward Owen, Clerk of the Ordnance.

Mr. F. R. Bonham, Storekeeper of the Ordnance.
Colonel Perceval, Treasurer of the Ordnance.
Mr. Stuart Wortley, Under-Secretary of the Colonies.
Lord Mahon, Under Foreign Secretary.
Earl of Haddington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
Sir James Scarlett, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
Sir Frederick Pollock, Attorney-General.
Sir W. Follett, Solicitor-General.
Sir W. Rae, Lord Advocate of Scotland.
Sergeant Pennefather, Attorney-General for Ireland.
Mr. Devonsher Jackson, Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Earl of Jersey, Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Roden, Lord Steward.
Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse.
Lord Forrester, Master of the Buck Hounds.
Earl Howe, Queen's Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Denbigh, Queen's Master of the Horse.
Viscount Castlereagh, Vice Chamberlain.
Hon. Henry Curry, Comptroller of the Household.

Dec. 30.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Sir Robert Peel and the other Cabinet Ministers proceeded to Brighton yesterday, and at one o'clock His Majesty held a Council at the Pavilion, at which a Proclamation was signed, dissolving Parliament.—The New Parliament is to meet on the 19th Feb. for the despatch of business.

The country will be forthwith involved in all the bustle of one of the most exciting Elections which has taken place in our annals.—The writs were forwarded by this night's Mail—Several of the Ministers left town to-day, for the purpose of canvassing the constituents.

WORCESTER CITY.—Colonel Davies, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Bailey, and their friends, are all exerting themselves earnestly, and confidence of a favourable result is expressed by them all. The struggle will certainly be one of the most vigorous ever known in this city. The number of electors is about two thousand four hundred.

The London Courier has the following remarks on the proposed Matrimonial alliance for the presumptive heiress of the Throne.

The Brussels papers contain a report to be found in another part of our paper of a wished for, rather than an intended Matrimonial alliance of the presumptive heiress of the Throne of Great Britain. We have heard no similar rumours in England, and presume, therefore, that they came from the friends of the Prince of Orange, and the would-be-bridgroom.

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1855.

The study of Astronomy has developed more of the powers of the human mind, and elicited more of the wonderful results of man's intellectual labours, than the study of any other science. It is almost inconceivable that a little creature who is moving on the earth's surface, and toiling during the greater part of his earthly existence, for the production of his necessary food and clothing; should have a mind capable of scanning the planetary system, and ascertaining not only the diameter and periodical revolutions of the planets, but of predicting the appearance and return of heavenly bodies that leave our solar system, and travel out into the region of space to return again, after the lapse of more than half a century. The bulk of mankind would not believe that human knowledge could be so extended, if it were not repeatedly proved by the accomplishment of such predictions. The simple Indians thought Columbus something more than human, because he foretold to them when an eclipse would happen; that knowledge was to them indeed wonderful, not more so, than the knowledge necessary to predict the periodic return of Comets, is to the greater part of mankind.

Halley's Comet was discovered by him in the year 1682, and reappeared, according to his conjecture, in 1759; it seems therefore, that the period of its revolution is about 76 years, con-

sequently it will appear again in the present year. It will be visible on the 7th August next, near the sign of *Taurus*; pass the sign of *Ursa Major* in the beginning of October and disappear near the sign of *Libra* on the 7th Feb. 1835. The human mind appears to pant continually for the possession of a knowledge of futurity. Astrology was a favorite pursuit with many highly intellectual men during a long period, and mainly contributed to the advancement of the more reasonable study of Astronomy, in the same way as Alchemy led to the pursuit of Chemistry. The reappearance of Halley's Comet is ushered in by a year teeming with events of the greatest importance to mankind.— Human society seems to be convulsed even to its vitals. The restless desire of change, is urging the people against their rulers. Men are almost divided into two parties, Conservative and Destructionist are the terms most applicable to those parties. England after having suffered a bloodless revolution in effecting a reform of her civil government; now sees her sovereign calling to his councils a conservative ministry, who will be called upon to stay the torrent of innovation lest it should break down the bulwark of royalty, and sweep away the ancient landmarks of the constitution.— France after a bloody revolution, having driven royalty from her throne, and seen the populace ruling her capital, is now bending to sovereign rule, and kingly authority. The Northern Autocrat, ruling with a rod of iron his numerous subjects, crushing the latent spirit of liberty in Poland; and grasping at the sovereignty of Turkey. Portugal and Spain, the first ruled by a child, and the second impoverished by intestine commotions. On this side of the Atlantic, the democratic liberty of the United States breaking out into popular fury; the President making rapid strides to kingly power; and the spirit of bigotry rearing her horrid front in the midst of the much boasted land of religious toleration. The British Colonies of North America teeming with democratic leaders, who are urging the people to disaffection, and open revolt from the mother country. The West India Islands after the long sought for emancipation of their coloured population from the chains of slavery, now have that emancipation accomplished by the treasure of Britain, which has bought for them nothing but anarchy, that must be brought into subjection by the halberd and the bayonet. Last, though not least, in the catalogue of nations, our own native Island, after having gotten her local government, with a representative assembly, and a franchise for her people extensive and liberal as the heart could wish for; full of fond expectations that she would rise from her long neglected and unimproved condition, now sees her population filled with sectarian hate, and the spirit of religious controversy; her resources wasted, and many of her laws disregarded, property insecure, some of her clergy become political leaders, and her people becoming the tools of their purposes. Her newspapers wasting their usefulness in personal rancour; and the usefulness of her representative assembly hampered by a faction. Is all this produced by the spirit of the age, and the restless desire of change? if so, that spirit is a malignant one, and that desire is the enemy of peace and order. Are the causes of all these things yet more hidden? Is spiritual tyranny trembling in her strongholds, and assuming the cloak of liberty as a covering for her insidious design to counteract the march of mind and the spread of liberal opinions? Is she combining

her subjects against their political rulers, that she herself may rule them with undivided authority? Time alone will decide these questions; the mind of man cannot again be shut up in darkness, the clay tenement has been illumined, and the human mind is rising with giant power to shake off its trammels. Men will, for the sake of peace and order, submit to be ruled by kings and governors; but spiritual tyranny is on the wane. My kingdom is not of this world, said the Saviour of mankind; not so, say some of those who call themselves his delegates.

We do not receive the St. John's papers as regularly as they are received at Harbour Grace. We however, cannot attach any blame on this account to the Packet-man of the Express, as the whole of the Newspapers for this place and Harbour Grace must be rather a heavy load to bring weekly round the Bay; and as we understand that every person receiving Newspapers in Harbour Grace brought by the Packet-man during the winter pays him one shilling; and as the people of Carbonear pay him nothing they cannot expect that he would give them a preference in the bringing of the papers, particularly as there are sometimes more than he is able to bring; and as he is obliged to leave some of them behind.

The days of the present month are the anniversaries of events that will not be forgotten while the Press shall continue to register the history of men and their actions. It is to the Press that mankind must look for the ultimate triumph of Truth, the suspension of savage warfare, and the final accomplishment of the promised time, when swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks.

Cato died on the 5th February, 40. B. C. Galvani 5th February, 1799. Dr. Priestly 6th February, 1804. R. Lander 6th February, 1834. Mary Queen of Scots beheaded 8th February, 1587. Hooper burnt 9th February, 1555. Descartes died 11th February, 1650. Geo. Washington born 11th February, 1732. Capt. Cook killed 14th February, 1779. Sir William Blackstone died 14th February, 1580. Michael Angelo died 14th February, 1564. Martin Luther died 18th February, 1546. Galileo born 19th February, 1634. Sir Joshua Reynolds died 23d February, 1792. Sir C. Wren, died 25th February, 1723. Bonaparte escapes from Elba 26th February, 1815.

REMARKS ON HEALTH.—Sudden exposure to the operation of heat, when the body has long been in the cold air, is apt to produce rheumatism, catarrhs, and inflammatory diseases, because cold renders the habit of the body more susceptible of impressions; hence the transition from cold to a heated room quickens the action of the blood-vessels, and causes fever and inflammation.

Running quickly, after having stood in the cold for some time, is likely to cause the same bad effects. If flannel be worn next the skin, all sudden changes of heat and cold are avoided, the bowels are regulated, and the action of the cutaneous vessels is rendered uniform.—*British Almanac for 1835.*

"The men, who, by his own and his family's labour, can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment, and a comfortable dwelling place, is not a poor man. There must be different ranks and degrees in every civil society, and, indeed, so it is even amongst the savage tribes. There must be different degrees of wealth, some must have more than others; and the richest must be a great deal richer than the least rich. But, it is necessary to the very existence of a people, that nine out of ten should live wholly by the sweat of their brow; and, as it is not degrading to human nature, that all the nine-tenths should be called poor; and what is still worse, call themselves poor, and be contented in that degraded state?"

The following Copy of an Address to Sir THOMAS COCHRANE, from the Inhabitants of Greenspond, is inserted in the *Gazette* at their request. The Address was forwarded from thence on the 5th November last, but did not reach Town before Sir Thomas's departure for England.—It is signed by 66 of the most respectable persons in the set-

tlement, and had time allowed would have had the signatures of all the inhabitants:—

To His Excellency Sir THOMAS COCHRANE, Governor of Newfoundland.
THE ADDRESS OF THE INHABITANTS OF GREENSPOND.

We, the undersigned, Inhabitants of Greenspond, in the Island of Newfoundland, aware of the great and successful exertions of Your Excellency to promote the welfare of this Country, beg leave to express our great sorrow at hearing the report of Your Excellency's being about to leave this Island. We sincerely hope that your absence may be but temporary, and that although Your Excellency has been already nine years actively employed in advancing the prosperity of this people, it may please God and our King to will your stay amongst us for a much longer period. If it should be your Excellency's intention to visit England, we heartily desire for you a comfortable and safe passage, and a speedy return to resume the honorable office in which, hitherto, you have given almost universal satisfaction.

MARRIED.

At Harbour Grace, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. Burt, Captain J. Butler, to Caroline Ann, eldest daughter of Henry G. Clow, Esq., Barrister at Law.

DIED.—On Sunday last, Mr. Thomas Pike, aged 101 years.

At St. John's on the 8th inst., at his residence in Duckworth-street, after a lingering illness which he bore with christian fortitude, aged 54 years, John Bunting, Esq., Surgeon H. M. Royal Navy, leaving a large family to lament his loss, he was for many years a Medical Practitioner in that town and well known to its inhabitants as a respectable member of society.

At St. John's, on the 8th instant, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, aged 29 years, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. John M. Spry, Carpenter.—Her amiable character, and religious resignation to the last call of her Creator, have endeared her memory to an affectionate family, and a large circle of respectable acquaintances.

Shipping Intelligence

HARBOR GRACE.

CLEARED.

Feb. 14.—Brig Cornhill, Florence, Vana, 2,200 qtls. fish.

ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

Feb. 11.—Brig Caladonia, Greig, Liverpool, salt, pork, pitch, tar, and sundry merchandise.
13—Borealis, —, Oporto.
Balclutha, —, Oporto.

CLEARED.

Jan. 29.—Brig Superb, Kydd, Liverpool, salmon, hides, blubber.
Feb. 11.—Schooner Pride, Sellon, Demerara, fish, wine.

NOTICES.

WE intend to Publish shortly, a Poem entitled "A Cottage Warning by Warm Bloods, or the Friendly Meeting at M—t D—t."

The Author, Mr. JAMES SHARP, has to boast of being a native of the same country as Ramsay, Burns, and Hogg, and has evidently sipped at the same poetic fountain as his distinguished and illustrious countrymen. Subscriptions for the work will be received at our Office. Those Persons who do not subscribe for it previous to publication, will have to pay double the price for it. We expect that the price to Subscribers will be ONE SHILLING, and to other purchasers TWO SHILLINGS. We give a specimen of the style.

"The night was calm, the snow was deep,
In many a wreath was driven;
The blustering winds were lulled to sleep;
The stars shone bright from Heaven:
But nature's face nor nature's form,
Can lull the soul to rest;
Each bosom feels the dreadful storm,
That rises in the breast."

Carbonear, Feb. 25, 1835.

MUTUAL SCHEME OF INSURANCE OF CONCEPTION BAY.

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

L. MOORE,
SECRETARY.

Carbonear, Feb. 18, 1835.

Notices

THE Subscriber having been appointed by the Worshipful the Bench of Magistrates of the Northern District, SURVEYOR OF LUMBER for the division of Carbonear and Western Bay, agreeable to the Act 4th of William IV., chap. 9th sect. 12th, hereby gives Notice that all Persons Selling or Purchasing Tim Timber, Plank, Board, Shingles, and other Lumber, which may hereafter be Imported into Newfoundland for Sale, or being the Produce of this Colony, shall, previous to the delivery thereof, apply to him to Survey the same, otherwise they will incur the penalty provided by the above Act.

LORENZO MOORE,
SURVEYOR.

Carbonear, Feb. 25, 1835.

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.

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

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

And Packages in proportion.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
AGENT HARBOR GRACE.

PERCHARD & BOAG,
AGENTS, ST. JOHN'S

Harbor Grace, February 13, 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.

Kellygrews,
January 14, 1835.

Notice to Creditors.

SUCH Creditors as have proved their Claims on the Estate of GEORGE EDWARD JACQUES, 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
JAMES LOW } Estate.
By his Attorney }
JAMES HIPPLISLEY, }
At Harbor Grace. }

Carbonear, Jan. 21, 1835.

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

POETRY.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Where is the land of Dreams?
The land where sleepers see
Those smooth and silent streams
So calm and silvery?
Those trees that are as still
As the shades of trees below,
When they sleep on the lonely hill
In the summers midnight glow?
Where is the land of Dreams—ah where?
For I would be a dweller there.

There glorious temples shine,
Thick frosted o'er with gems
Unknown in earthly mine,
Or earthly diadems:
And ever blooming bowers
In dim and dewy dells,
All form'd of light and flowers,
And the ocean's glittering shells;
Where such low music floats around
As 'twere the shadow of a sound.

Upon the ocean shore
Of that resplendent land,
Where the emerald waters pour
Upon a silver sand,
The traveller may stray
With sleep, his silent guide,
And watch the forms that play
Upon that glorious tide,
Dim and faint, as the mists that break
At sunrise, from a mountain lake.

He may see the Nereids there,
Each in her pearly shell,
With long and drizzling hair,
Float on the ocean's shell;
And hear the rushing sweep
Of the Tritons as they dash
Into foam the sparkling deep,
Whilst finny monsters flash
And toss upon the sunny sea,
To the roar of the sea god's minstrelsy.

Where is the land of Dreams?
Where the hearts that earth divides,
May meet like winter streams,
When spring unbinds their tides;
Where for a little space,
Uncheck'd and unproved
We gaze upon the face
We have so fondly lov'd!
And lose awhile that gloom of woe
That shadows our sad love below.

The Mariner, who goes
From his weary watch on deck,
When the midnight billow throws
Its shadow o'er the wreck,
Forgets awhile the bark,
With her masts all hewn away,
That drifts through storm and dark
Across its pathless way—
And to the Dream-land far and fair,
Flies from the tempest's sudden jar.

He sees his cottage thatch'd
By the willowed river's side,
And the bank where he would watch
The white sails downward glide,
When the morning mist lay still
On the broad grey river's breast,
And sunrise fringed the hill
As with a golden crest,
And the sky lark warbled from his shroud
The thin white summer morning cloud.

Where is that shadowy place,
Where the weary horse and hound
Renew the fiery chase
To the bugle's sylvan sound?
Where they brush the dew again
From the clover and the thorn,
While copse and woody glen,
Echo the wild, wild horn,
And the pack's glad bay, and the hunts-
man's cheer,
Fall faint upon the dreamer's ear.

Oh! where is the land where friends
Meet in those silent hours,
When the starlight dew descends
Upon the sleeping flowers?
There the chang'd, the colk, the dead,
Return, and with them bring
That blessed light which shed
Such joy o'er life's young spring,
As stars, that fade from morning skies,
Rise bright again when daylight dies.
Where is the land of Dreams—oh where?
For I would be a dweller there.

A SKETCH.

The Philosopher of old, when asked "is it best to marry, or not to marry?" replied, "do as you will you will repent." This is as true a maxim as any on record.—There is probably no unmarried man who when the hey-day of youth is passed, finds himself,

as it were alone in the world, and neglected by the young beaux and belles, but repents he did not wed at twenty-five; always excepting the members of the Bachelor's Club of which we may give some particulars when time and inclination serve. Again there is no married man, no matter what his situation in life may be, but repents the day he ever saw his wife. There are so many cares attending the matrimonial state, so many jibes and jeers, even among the most loving couples, that wedlock, is often a very irksome and unpleasant lock; in which, instead of silken jesses and rosy fetters, the hapless cot Queen, finds herself pinioned down with adamant chains, galling as those of the galley slave.

Sorely troubled and worn foot, with the labours of the day, the married man returns home,

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,"

And then comes a tirade of "where have you been so late?" I wish to night to get to the play opera and ball; or again, I have invited three hundred and fifty of my dear friends to a party next week, and I want money to purchase the necessary articles and decorations, to out rival Mrs Shrewell's last route; or a thousand unreasonable things, which none but a woman's brain could conceive.

It is not thus with every man—but very different with many. There are a few who do not admit,

"That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below."

He who is blessed in a fair wife, when evening arrives, turns for a refuge and shelter from the cares of the world to his own fireside, and says with Cotton,

"From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hearts employ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys."

Such a man is happy indeed—his wife blessed. But the Bachelor when night comes and the business of the day is done, where does he go? he has no magnet to direct his compass; no friend to whom he can unbosom himself; he lives an unloved frigid thing. Go he to his boarding house, who cares for him there? much respect and affection may likely be expressed—but let poverty overtake him, or sickness lay him low, where is all the proffered respect and affection?

"Pled like the speedy wings of night," If it should be that he keeps "Bachelor's Hall," who had he there to commune with? his cheerless fireside or empty walls. The evening is long, the night is longer, and he is wretched, till morning dawn that he may again plod at his business;—his sole employment is in the accumulation of riches, and when he dies, where goes all his wealth? to heartless and needy relations, who ten to one cursed him for living so long.

As I have seen many strange characters in my travels and intercourse with mankind it has been my delight to study their lights and shades; these I generally note down in a book kept for the purpose, from which I glean when occasion suits, to elucidate the opinions that I advance:—and now for a sketch of

THE BACHELOR.

"I am a bachelor," said my good friend Frank Coldblood, to me, the day he attained majority, "and I glory in the title; I am as free as air, no petticoat to controul my actions, no woman to take care for me, nor be cared for by me." Ten years afterwards, said he, "I am a bachelor still thank heaven!" In ten years more he cried, "I am a bachelor, so shall I live, so shall I die tis a noble and independent life;" and added he, celibacy is a glorious life; I have opened an account in my ledger, entitled *Matrimony* I can now speak to a fraction on the subject; I know tis a happy life, marriage is a ruinous business, it would make a man bankrupt in a year. Well to show you this clearly: to the credit of the account, I have placed all the endearing charms and attractions, (spoken ironically), that the husband experiences—wife, children home, in sooth, every happiness that the most blessed in wedlock ever knew, but which—my dear Bob, I need not particularize; my brave fellow, you can see the items by looking into the account itself, which is always at your service. Then sir, to the debt I post, (bracing himself up, and speaking in a firm and self applauding tone), wife, sick, cross, scolding, &c. House out of order, servants quarrelsome and lazy, &c meals too late, and miserably cooked &c.—children fighting by day, and bawling by night, disturbing ones natural sleep &c.—Madam dunning for a new gown,—miss for a new frock, &c. Young master for a hobby horse, old nurse for higher wages, &c.—No money; the whole crew weeping and wailing at the cruellest and hardest hearted husband, father and master in the whole world, &c. Wife grows old and ugly, chil-

dren disobedient extravagant &c. Miss now in her teens, must give a blow out; cannot afford it,—sour looks. Master out of his teens, must have a horse and sulky;—have no money; takes all I have got or can muster to retrieve my own notes,—tell him he is sulky enough already; then in faith he gets in a mood, like a dutiful son; that he may not belie his father's speech.—Madam wants miss to be indulged, and master to have his own way, like other gentlemen's sons and daughters;—the devil to pay;—not a copper to appease the monarch of darkness. The house turned up side down—the household mad, and I, (as must be reasonably expected)—furious sir,—"chaos come again"—and I have not the potent spell—money, to bring all in harmony again. This and thus, and thus went on my amount, when I added up my ledger I found the sum total at credit, as Owen would have said, 165 dollars 75 cents, and at the debit, 100,798d. 99c. leaving a balance in favour of celibacy of 109 642d. 21c. One hundred thousand, six hundred and forty two dollars, and twenty four cents—no small deficiency considering the capital invested; so sir, I will not enter into the speculation, but remain as I am a blessed Bachelor. I am not like the hypocrites who preach one doctrine and follow another, no sir. I shall be an independent and happy bachelor, till doomsday live I so long.

A few years after this, I met my friend Frank Coldblood, on my return from my travels; "are you a bachelor still Frank?" He shook his head, and replied, "I am Bob but I don't glory in the title." Some time after, we met again, "Still a bachelor Frank?" asked I. "Yes sir," replied he with a pale and sober countenance "I am, but I don't thank heaven."

The next time we met, I put my old question to him, "are you a bachelor still?" "Alas sir," said he in a melancholy tone, "I am still a bachelor, but I don't think it such a noble and independent life."

I met him again, and to my usual question, he replied "I am still single, but do not think there is much glory in celibacy." "Why sir, you spoke to a fraction on the subject some years ago, I hope you have not changed your mind; and yet that miserable, cheerless, frigid face of yours, speaks as much.

"Do not tease and torment me: the account was all wrong,—every item wrong; I am unhappy, miserable! O! I am wretched Bob. I curse my stars, I will repent the latest day of my life, that I did not marry at twenty five."

"Why Frank, what has produced all this change?"

"O Bob, my dear Bob! I am too miserable to be questioned—I have seen many of my friends contented and blessed as the day is long, with a loving wife and smiling children; I wish I were as happy as they;—I want something to love, I wish I had something to comfort my old age—an heir to inherit my money. I got a dog to keep me company, I always liked dogs, they are noble animals—I am

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures, And ne'er betray their masters, never fawn, On those they do not love."

But my dog died lately, and I have been miserable ever since. The young girls jeer at me; I wished to marry, but they say in reply to all my long speeches and professions of love, that 'I might be their Grandfather.' Grandfather faith! I am not so old neither. I will marry yet Bob, yes I will marry,—better late than never."

"A good resolution say I."

"So it is, and I am determined to follow it."

Alas! however, for my old friend Coldblood, he died, before he could put his resolution in force."

PLEASURES OF CHARITY.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self-destruction, is very beautiful and touching. "I was weary of life, and after a day, such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his solicitude to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so than the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does. The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart.—I will call again to-morrow, I cried.—Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had and so cheap.—*Royer's Italy.*

One day, meeting two Royal Dukes walking up St. James's street, the youngest thus flippantly addressed Sheridan:—"I say Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue; what is your own opinion my boy?" Mr Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the com-

pliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "why faith I believe I am between both."

A BELLE'S STRATAGEM.—A young lady became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer, who treated her partiality with great levity. Finding her suit rather hopeless, and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: all at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death; at this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to make her will, and to his astonishment, she disposed of an enormous estate, in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after however, recovered to enjoy her own wealth, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her; his addresses became constant, and his attentions marked; in fact in a short time they were married—but alas! he had to take the will for the deed.

EXTRAORDINARY PET.—An Officer in our Customs department long famous for pets of almost every description, has now in his possession an extraordinary one indeed—it is no less than a pet oyster, taken off the Mayor's bed, the property of the Corporation, and of the largest and finest *Pool Dooly* breed; being fed on oatmeal for which it regularly opens its shell, and being occasionally treated with a dip in its native element, it seems to enjoy a place in the curious menagerie, almost as well as its neighbours. But the more extraordinary trait in history of this amphibious pet is that it has proved itself an excellent mouser, having as we are informed already destroyed five mice by instantly crushing the heads of such as tempted by the odiferous meal, had the temerity to intrude their noses within its invulnerable clutches. Twice have two of the little mauraders suffered together.

There is an ancient message the township of Totley in which there has not been a child born for the last 119 years although the house has been occupied during the whole of that period. It may be mentioned as a singular fact, that a stone now lying at the outside of the barn door on the above premises, and usually pushed with the foot to keep it open is known to have been appropriated to that purpose for the last sixty years.

Instances are constantly occurring which strongly exemplify how wrong and wicked it is to make light of that Being from whom we derive our existence as the following circumstance will clearly show—Three men, who a few days since met together at a public house in this city, joking over some ale agreed to go and get measured for their coffins, which was accordingly done, and singular as it may appear but awful to say, they have all three since paid the debt of nature, and now occupy their new and last habitations, having survived their joke but a few days.

ASTONISHING FACT.—There died recently in the town of North Stonington Conn, a woman aged forty years, who had been ill a long time, and complained of excessive pain in the heart. She left a request that the physicians who attended her should examine the cause of her extreme suffering. The request was complied with, and in the centre of her heart there was found a *living worm*, an inch and a quarter long, and of a large size.

IMPROMPTU.

On being in company with a party of ladies whose names all began with B
How strange it is dame Fortune should decree
That all our favourites' names begin with B;
How shall I solve this paradox of ours?
The *Bee* lights always on the sweetest flowers.

At 300 feet below the sand bank of which the island of Sheppy is composed, there is a prostrate antediluvian forest;—and when digging the well for the garrison it was found necessary even to blast the fossil timber.

A boy in North Carolina, aged only 10 years shot his brother aged 11 in consequence of a dispute about a game of cards for a single walnut!

A youth ambitious of acquiring pugilistic honours, some time ago waited on Crib, the ex-champion, with the intention of taking lessons. "Now what do you consider the best posture of defence?" asked the aspiring young hero "Why, to keep a civil tongue in your head," was the judicious reply.

CHARITABLE MULE.—The celebrated lawyer, Martin Azpilcueta, was so charitable to the poor, that he seldom passed a beggar without giving him alms; and it is said, that the mule on which he usually rode would stop of its own accord when he saw a beggar.

Why is the Ward of Farringdon Without like the County of Cambridge?—Because it has got a *New-market* in it.

Which is the best modern representation of Hercules?—*The King of Clubs*