



AND

## Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GURD.—SMOLLET.

VOL. V.

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BEATLEY'S MISCELLANY.

AUNT FANNY; OR, A TALE OF A SHIRT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto.—HOR.  
Old Maids and Bachelors I chaunt to!—T. I.

I sing of a Shirt that never was new!—  
In the course of the year eighteen hundred and two,  
Aunt Fanny began,  
Upon Grandmamma's plan,  
To make it for me, then her "dear little man."  
At the epoch I speak about, I was between  
A man and a boy,  
A hobbie-de-hoy,  
A fat little punchy concern of sixteen,  
Just beginning to flirt  
And ogle,—so pert,  
I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,  
—And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a Shirt.

I've said she began it,—  
Some unlucky planet  
No doubt interfered,—for, before she and Janet,  
Completed the "cutting-out," "hemming," and "stitching,"  
A tall Irish footman appear'd in the kitchen;  
This took off the maid,  
And, I'm sadly afraid,  
My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, straggl'd;  
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,  
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's) Hussars,  
With his fine dark eyelashes,  
And finer moustaches,  
And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre taches.  
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,  
Or the boots, far above the Guard's vile spatterdashies),  
So eyed, and so sigh'd and so lovingly tried  
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,  
Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,  
That she made up her mind  
She should certainly find  
Cornet Jones at her feet, whispering,  
"Fan, be my bride!"  
She had even resolved to say "Yes" should he ask it,  
—And I and my Shirt were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay  
She discovered one day  
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay;  
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—  
Wink at one of the actresses capering away  
In a Spanish bolero, one night at the play,  
She found he'd already a wife at Cambridge;  
One at Paris, a nymph of the corps de ballet;  
And a third down in Kent, at a place called Foot's Cray.  
He was "viler than dirt."—  
Fanny vow'd to exert  
All her powers to forget him, and finish my Shirt.

But, oh! lack-a-day!  
How time slips away!  
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks,  
Ten years had elapsed, and I'd turn'd twenty-six?  
"I care not a whit,  
—He's not grown a bit,"  
Says my Aunt, "it will still be a very good fit."  
So Janet and she,

Now about thirty-three,  
(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee),  
Each taking one end of the Shirt on her knee,  
Again began working with hearty good will,  
"Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill,"  
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffe had vanish'd,  
A Frill like a fan had by no means been banish'd;  
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,  
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—  
Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps,  
Together, my Shirt had been finish'd perhaps,  
But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,  
Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever the "Flaps;"  
Here unlucky Janet  
Took her needle, and ran it  
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly,  
"Ads cuss it!  
I've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!"

For a month to come  
Poor dear Janet's thumb  
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "rum."  
At the end of that time,  
A youth still in his prime,  
The Doctor's fat Errand-boy, just such a dolt as is  
Kept to mix draughts, and spread plasters and poultices,  
Who a bread cataplasm each morning had carried her,  
Sigh'd, ogled, proposed, was accepted, and married her!  
Much did Aunt Fan  
Disapprove of the plan;  
She turn'd up her dear little snub at the man.  
She "could not believe it!"  
"Could scarcely conceive it"  
Was possible—What! such a place! and then leave it!  
And all for a shrimp not as high as my hat—  
A little contemptible shaver like that!!  
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!!  
For her part, "she was sure  
She could never endure  
A lad with a lip, and a leg like a skewer—  
Such a name too!—(twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade—  
No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid.  
He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may come,  
Shan't look like a blister, or small of Guaiacum!"

But there!  
She'd "declare,  
It was Janet's affair—  
Chacun a son gout—  
As she baked she might brew—  
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—  
They 'repent at leisure who may at random.  
No matter—De gustibus non disputandum!"  
Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,  
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,  
And as the Soubrette  
Was a very great pet  
After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,  
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,  
With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal  
Stuck in here and there, each forming a petal.  
—On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,

Of course, that she ceased to remember—my shirt!  
Ten years, or nigh,  
Had again gone by,  
When Fan, accidentally casting her eye  
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high  
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,  
Took it down to explore it—she did not know why,—  
Within a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,  
Of the bus of a November fog in Cheap-side,  
Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.—  
—I still hear her cry  
"I wish I may die  
If here is't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!—  
My gracious me!  
Well,—only to see!  
I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!  
Why, it looks just as though't had been soak'd in green tea!  
Dear me!—Did you ever?  
But come—'twill be clever  
To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour—  
'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb,  
'than Never!  
It is stand'd, to be sure; but grass-bleaching' will bring it  
To rights 'in a jiffy.' We'll wash it, and wring it;  
Or, stay, 'Hudson's Liquor'  
Will do it still quicker,  
And—' Here the new maid chimed in,  
'Ma'am, Salt of Lemon  
Will make it in no time quite fit for the gemman.  
So they "set in the gathers,"—the large round the collar,  
While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—  
The button-holes now were at length "overcast;"  
Then a button itself was sewn on,—'twas the last!

All's done!  
All's won!  
Never under the sun  
Was shirt so late finish'd—so early begun!  
The work would defy  
The most critical eye,  
It was "oleach'd,"—it was wash'd—  
It was hung out to dry,—  
It was mark'd on the tail with a T, and an I!  
On the back of a chair it  
Was placed, just to air it,  
In front of the fire. "Tom to-morrow shall wear it!"  
Oceca mens hominum! Fanny, good soul,  
Left her charge for one moment—but one—  
—a vile coal  
Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!  
Had it been Dr. Arnott's new stove—not a grate;  
Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz.: a slate;  
What a different tale I had had to relate!  
And Aunt Fan and my shirt been superior to fate!  
One moment!—no more!  
Fan open'd the door!  
The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before;  
And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—  
—on the floor!

You may fancy, perhaps, Agrippina's amazement,  
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,  
She saw, while thus gazing,  
All Rome a-blazing,  
And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or  
Feelings, exclaimed, "Hang that scamp of an Emperor,  
Although he's my son!—  
He thinks it prime fun,  
No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome  
There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing 'Sweet Home!'  
—Stay—I'm really, not sure 'twas that lady who said  
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—  
On reflection I rather believe she was dead;—  
But e'en when at College, I  
Fairly acknowledge I  
Never was very precise in chronology;  
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a  
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a  
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.  
You may fancy that warrior so stern and so stony,  
Whom thirty years since we all used to call Boney,  
When, engaged in what he styled "fulfilling his destinies,"  
He had led his rapsallions across the Borystheneas,  
And had made up his mind  
Snug quarters to find  
In Moscow, against the cartarrhs and the coughs  
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the "Owskis" and "Ofts,"  
At a time of the year  
When your nose and your ear  
Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,  
Inasmuch as Jack Frost, that most fearful of Bogles,  
Makes folks leave their carriages out in their "fogles."  
You may fancy, I say,  
That same Boney's dismay,  
When Count Rostopchin  
At once made him drop chiv,  
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,  
With a sort of mort-de-ma-vie kind of look,  
On perceiving that "Swing,"  
And "all that sort of think,"  
Was at work,—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it—  
That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians "a-going it,"—  
Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,  
And the deuce of a turn-cock at all to be found!  
You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,  
(The date we may fix  
In sixteen sixty-six),  
In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,  
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all  
Who in his wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall.)—  
Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—  
You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,\*  
As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,  
By the light of its flames now beginning to crawl  
From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—  
You may fancy old, Clarendon making a call,  
And standing, in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,  
"Sire, from Pudding-lane's-end, close by Fishmonger's Hell,  
To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall  
There, in market, or street, not a house great or small,  
In which Knight wields his faulchion or Cobbler hisawl,  
But's on fire!"—You may fancy the general squall,

And bow! as they all call for whimple and shawl!—  
 —You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert  
 You can't fancy Aunt Fan as she look'd on MY SHIRT!!!

Was't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,  
 That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his  
 Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill  
 These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town Council  
 Employ'd,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—  
 To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,  
 For adorning the wall,  
 Of some fane, or Guildhall,  
 And who for his subject determined to try a  
 Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia  
 At the moment her Sire,  
 By especial desire  
 Of "that spalpeen O'Dysseus" (See Barney Maguire)  
 Has resolved to devote  
 Her beautiful throat  
 To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire;  
 An act which we moderns by no means admire,—  
 An offering, tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost  
 No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—  
 Still, although for economy we should condemn none

To give up to slaughter  
 An elegant daughter,  
 After all the French, Music, and dancing  
 they'd taught her,  
 And singing, at Heaven knows how much a quarter,  
 In lieu of a calf!—  
 It was to bad by half!  
 At a "nigger" so pitiful who would not laugh,  
 And turn up their noses at one who could find  
 No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"  
 No doubt that he might,  
 Without any great FLIGHT,  
 Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite."  
 Or on mortgage—or sure, if he could'nt so do it, he  
 Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."  
 But there—it appears,  
 His crocodile tears,  
 His "Oh's!" and his "Ah's!" his "Oh Law's!" and "Oh dear's!"  
 Were all taken for Gospel,—in painting his Victim  
 The Artist was splendid—but could not depict Him.  
 His features and phiz awry  
 Show'd so much misery,  
 And so like a dragon he  
 Look'd in his agony,  
 That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a  
 Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.  
 Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt  
 By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—  
 Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan and My Shirt!

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story  
 Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye;  
 For, if rather too gay,  
 I can venture to say,  
 A fine vein of morality is, in each lay  
 Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing trait!  
 First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may  
 Without inconvenience be managed to-day!  
 That golden occasion we call "Opportunity"  
 Rarely's neglected by man with impunity!  
 And the "Future," how brightly so'er by Hope's dupe colour'd!  
 Ne'er may afford  
 You a lost chance restored,  
 'Till both you and you Shirt are grown old and pea-soup colour'd;

I would also desire  
 You to guard your attire,  
 Young Ladies, and never go too near the fire!  
 Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul  
 Who has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,  
 And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!"

Last of all, Gentle Reader, don't be too secure!

Let no seeming success ever make you "cock sure!"  
 But beware, and take care,  
 When all things look fair,  
 How you hang your shirt over the back of your chair!  
 "There's many a slip 'Twixt the cup and the lip!"  
 Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,  
 And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!!

**FRUITS of TEMPERANCE.**

**IRIBLAND.**  
*March Assizes, 1840.*  
 State of the country, showing the decrease of Crime, where the *Total Abstinence Society* has been established. Also the names from the Calendar, where criminal cases have been heaviest, particularly in the towns and counties, where the *Total Abstinence Societies* has not yet been established.

*Cork Southern Reporter.* We have great satisfaction in referring to several of the charges of the judges on the present circuits of assizes, as the best evidence of the wonderful improved condition of Ireland.

**COUNTY OF CORK.**  
 Judge Perrin, one of the ablest, most observant, and pains-taking judges on the bench, in Ireland, in addressing the grand jury of the county of Cork, said, "Gentlemen, I do not find any case in the calendar calling for particular observation by me. It is most satisfactory, gentlemen, to find there is not a single white-boy case, nor a charge of a tumultuous charge."

**COUNTY OF KERRY.**  
 The same learned Judge said, "Gentlemen of the grand jury, the tranquil state of your county is highly satisfactory, highly creditable to the inhabitants at large, for their moral, orderly, sober, and peaceful conduct."

**COUNTY CLARE.**  
 Judge Perrin received a magnificent pair of gloves from the high sheriff and grand jury of the County Clare, on the assizes having proved maiden.

**WATERFORD.**  
 The Assizes terminated yesterday, with a result highly gratifying to every one anxious to bear his testimony to the improved sobriety and morals of the people, since the very Rev. T. Mathew's visit to Waterford. The grand jury of this city are about to memorial the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to diminish the number of Police stationed in that city, that force being unnecessary, in consequence of the great decrease of drunkenness; similar representations will be made from great towns all over the south of Ireland.

**DROGHEDA.**  
 At the Assizes Judge Burton said, "there was no criminal case whatever on the calendar."

**COUNTY AND CITY OF LIMERICK.**  
 Judge Perry told the grand jury he felt very great pleasure in congratulating them on the orderly, sober, tranquil, and peaceable state of that very populous city and its liberties.

**WICKLOW.**  
 Judge Crampton said he felt

happy to say there was nothing on the face of the calendar which required the smallest observations from the court.

**LONGFORD.**  
 The Assizes. Baron Penefather congratulated the grand jury on the absence of crime, and the general tranquillity which prevailed.

**MEATH.**  
 There was not a case of a criminal nature whatever at the Assizes.

**COUNTY DOWN.**  
 An the Assizes, Judge Farlon said, "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the grand jury, I have looked over the calendar, and it is gratifying to me, that your efforts to promote tranquillity have been attended with so satisfactory a result."

**MAYO.**  
 At the Assizes, Mr. Serjeant Green said, "Gentlemen of the grand jury I do not find on the face of the calendar anything which calls for any observation from me."  
*Counties where the Total Abstinence Society has not yet been established.*

**DUNDALK.**  
 The Assizes. Honorable Justice Torrens, "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the grand jury, I wish I could congratulate you on the state of your county, but I cannot, in consequence of the number and magnitude of the crimes that appear on your calendar, I find on it burglaries, robberies, murder, all of which will come before you."

**CAVAN.**  
 Baron Foster. "Thirteen persons received sentence for unlawful conduct; the cases and offences are numerous; you will devote immediate attention to the consideration of the cases."

**EFFECTS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN CORK.**

A vast increase in the consumption of linen and woollen goods; houses of worship crowded to excess on the Sabbath day. In *Carlow*, every second Monday in the month is appointed for imploring the blessing of Almighty God on the good work, (in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of that town.) and for imploring the grace of perseverance for the members of the society. One of the largest breweries in the south of Ireland, the yard of which would be difficult to stand in this time twelmonths, so thronged by carts, horses, and people moving to and fro, is now silent and deserted, without a soul to be seen, except a few solitary workmen. Tee-totalism has driven the dry rot into the distilleries or volcanos of liquid death and poison; there are two of them in utter ruins. Crime, misery, and destitution are almost unknown. Ireland is now the grand theatre of the most extraordinary scenes that perhaps ever were exhibited to the world, the greatest, the most wonderful event that happened in has Europe, these five hundred years. The people of Ireland have united themselves together, against the awful sin of Intemperance; they have solemnly pledged themselves

never again to use the drunkard's drink, under which they have groined for centuries. Ireland may glory in the victory which a deluded people have obtained over themselves; it is impossible to describe the instantaneous conversion of Ireland; it may be ranked as the first among the wonders in the history of mankind; drunkenness has been laid prostrate, in a state of mad somnambulism, by the very Rev. T. Mathew's potent wand of total abstinence; it signified little that the Irish are brave, to a proverb, hospitable beyond example, inviolable in friendship, for genius, learning, and intellectual capacity, equal, if not superior to any other nation in Europe, while they were the self-victimized slaves of intoxicating liquors. The numbers received, and who have taken the pledge, average near *Two Millions*.

JAMES M'KENNA,  
 Secretary.

*Parliamentary Nomenclature.*—The following are names of persons composing the present parliament, which when classed as follows, appear singularly connected. We shall perceive in the list of members,—a Duke, an Earle, a Baron, and a Knight; a Master, a Butler, a Hall, and a Guest; Grey, and Greene, Pease, with Curry and Rice; Lemon, Law; a Baker with a Bagge; a Clay, Hill, and a Cave; a Heron, and Hawkes; a Finch and a Martin; a Buck, and a Hinde; and Knox, a Kirk, and a Clerk, a Fort, two Miles, Long; a Muskett, and a Bell; a Plumtree and a Scarlett Rose; a Round, Blunt, Bodkin, a double Prize, and two old Prices.

Rain has not fallen at the Cove of Cork for the last thirty-two days. The oldest inhabitant residing on the island declares that for several years such dry weather has not been experienced.

By a return of the sums granted under the head of secret service money, it appears that the amount granted in 1831, was £41,000; in 1832, £44,325; in 1833, £39,400; in 1834, £37,600; in 1835, £36,800; in 1836, £36,000; in 1837, £35,900; in 1838, £35,900; and in 1839, £39,900.

There are said to be upwards of 27,000 commercial travellers engaged in various parts of the kingdom.

According to a recent statistical calculation, there is about one deaf and dumb persons to every 2000 inhabitants in France, giving upwards of 16,000 persons so afflicted in the kingdom.

The Sardinian Government, with a view to repress the practice of duelling as much as possible, has denounced, in the penal code just promulgated, a heavy penalty upon the survivor in a fatal meeting, but made it reducible in proportion to the provocation given, and the nature of the circumstances attending the fight.

Lord Dinorben is, we understand, appointed Militia Aide de Camp to the Queen, in the place of the late Sir W. W. Wynn.

**The Star.**  
 WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1840.

**Died,**  
 At George Town, Demerara, on the 9th April last, in the 31st year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of John C. Preston, Esq., daughter of George Winter, Esq.,

Deputy Ordnance Storekeeper of this Island—much and deservedly esteemed by all who knew her.

**Ship News.**

*Port of Harbor Grace.*

**ENTERED**  
June 1.—Elizabeth, Mossop, Cadiz, 295 tons salt.  
June 9.—Samuel, Kelly, Cadiz, 270 tons salt.

**CLEARED**  
June 4.—Enterprise, Fletcher, Richibucto, ballast.  
Cumbrian, Roper, Bathurst, N. B. ballast.  
June 7.—Louisa & Frederick, Stevenson, Liverpool, 223,98 gals. seal oil, 852 gals. blubber, 5100 skins.

*SPANIARD'S BAY.*

**CLEARED**  
June 2.—Nile, Ferguson, Bathurst, N. B. ballast.

*Port of Carbonear.*

**ENTERED**  
June 2.—Brig Eggardon Castle, Warland, Liverpool; 258 tons salt, 20 tons coals, &c. &c.  
May 25.—Brig Flora, Shaddock, Poole; seal oil, skins &c.  
June 2.—William IV, Cleall, Cadiz; 1870 qts fish.

*Port of St. John's.*

**ENTERED**  
May 22.—Nancy, Moreton, Viana, salt, oranges, and lemons.  
Pearl, Earl, Bridport, general cargo.  
Tryal, Farrell, Bridgeport, coal.  
23.—Friendship, Hope, Teignmouth, general cargo.  
26.—True Friend, Gedier, Quebec, provision, &c.  
Eurus, Hudson, Hamburg, provisions.  
Catherine, Humphries, Cape Breton, coal.  
American Schooner Rosano, Taylor, New-York, provisions.  
27.—Haberline, Hore, Teignmouth, general cargo.  
Edgcomb, Stoyles, Barbados, ballast.  
Nancy, Flian, P. E. Island, potatoes, oats, &c.  
28.—Gipsy, Gowans, Copenhagen, provisions.  
Lowther, Nicholson, Cadiz, salt and wine.  
Native, Mudge, Dartmouth, general cargo.  
29.—St. John's, Percy, Viana, salt.  
Annandale, Nisbet, P. E. Island, lumber, shingles, &c.  
Prickle, Campbell, Novascotia, shooks, &c.  
Golden Rule, Pitt, Porto Rico, molasses and sugar.  
Erin, Walsh, Figueira, salt.  
30.—Lady, LeVash, P. E. Island, potatoes, oats, lumber, &c.  
Industry, Lennox, Boston, flour and rum.  
June 1.—Ariel, Hoodless, New-York provisions.  
Roseway, Jones, Novascotia, lumber.  
Planet, Doane, Novascotia, tobacco, porter, shooks, &c.  
Juno, Pike, New Brunswick, lumber.  
Mary Ann, Brown, Cadiz, salt.  
Bezin K. Reece, Tuzo, Porto Rico and Bermuda, rum, molasses, sugar, &c.  
Sarah, McDonald, P. E. Island, potatoes, oats, &c.  
Iodine, Mills, Cadiz, salt.  
Queen, Seal, Cadiz, salt.

**CLEARED**  
May 22.—Jabez, Tuzo, Antigua, fish.  
American Schr. Mokena, Perry, Cape Breton, ballast.  
Harriet, Small, Cape Breton, ballast.  
Paget, Brophy, St. Vincent, fish, her-ring, flour, wine.  
Royal William, Hally, New-York, seal skins and old junk.  
American Schr. Nantucket, Pendleton, Cape Breton, ballast.  
26.—Borealis, Scott, Greenock, oil and seal skins.  
Fame, Ballentine, Barbados, fish.  
Mary, Townshend, Cape Breton, salt.  
Jane Elizabeth, Munden, Cape Breton, ballast.  
Fisher, Sewell, New Brunswick, ballast.

Blandford, Field, Oporto, fish.  
27.—Wave, Webster, P. E. Island, merchandise.  
Eliza Bunting, Lucas, Oporto, fish.  
Ann, Price, Cape Breton, sundry merchandise.

Richard Smith, Moore, Cape Breton, salt, wine, and goods.  
Jane Lowden, Dodd, Quebec, wine.  
28.—Fox, Fox, London, seal, oil, blubber, and seal skins.  
29.—Spring, Lyon, New Brunswick, ballast.  
30.—Lord Ravensworth, Newman, New Brunswick, ballast.  
Donegal, Thompson, Quebec, ballast.  
Mars, Winsor, Liverpool, oil, seal skins, and ox hides.  
Viatic, Forster, New Brunswick, ballast.  
June 1.—Surprise, Toby, Liverpool, oil and fish.  
Cornwallis, Davis, St. John (N. B.), ballast.  
Diana, Miller, Quebec, ballast.  
2.—Heron, Wingood, Barbados, fish.

**On Sale.**

**FOR SALE**

BY  
**Ridley, Harrison & Co.**

25 Puns. High Proof

**RUM,**

Of fine flavor,

JUST IMPORTED

By the Atalanta from  
Liverpool.

Harbor Grace,  
June 10, 1840.

BY THE  
**Subscriber,**

ex-HOPE from BRISTOL,

Best Bristol Yellow Soap  
Men's & Women's Hose  
Buckskins  
Flannels  
Serges  
Very superior Blankets  
A capital Assortment of  
Earthenware  
Iron Tined Tea Kettles  
Ditto Saucepans  
Tin Tea Pots  
Tin Pans  
Nails, Spades, Shovels  
Knives and Forks  
Penknives, &c. &c.

**GEO. HIPPISELY.**

Harbor Grace,  
May 27, 1840.

**For Portugal Cove**

The fine first-class Packet Boat  
**NATIVE LASS,**  
James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened.  
The following days of sailing have been determined on:—from CARBONEAR, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9 o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and built of the best materials, and with such improved ments as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and commanded by a man of character and experienced

The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and safety is already well established. She is constructed on the safest principle of being divided into separate compartments by water tight bulk-head, and which has given such security and confidence to the public. Her cabins are superior to any in the Island.

Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on board for the accommodation of passengers

FARES;—

First Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Second Ditto	5s. 0d.
Single Letters	0s. 6d.
Double Ditto	1s. 0d.

N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself responsible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to him.  
Carbonear.

**G. P. Gillard,**

HAS JUST RECEIVED,

ex Ann from Bristol, Dash from  
Liverpool, Active from Dart-  
mouth, and other Vessels,

AND OFFERS FOR SALE

AT HIS USUAL LOW PRICES,

The undermentioned Articles,

Ladies' Cloth Top'd BOOTS  
Children's Morocco ditto, and SHOES  
Men's, Women's, and Children's Strong  
and Fine SHOES  
Sole LEATHER, HEMP  
AWL BLADES, BRISTLES  
HOSIERY  
FLANNELS, SERGES  
Fashionable Printed MUSLINS  
MUSLIN DE LAINE  
Colored MERINOES  
COTTONS  
CALICOES  
SHIRTINGS  
FUSTIANS  
UMBRELLAS  
RIBBONS and HABERDASHERY of  
all kinds  
COMBS of every sort and description  
Sweeping, Scrubbing, White-wash and  
other BRUSHES  
CHOCOLATE  
COFFEE  
RAISINS, CURRANTS, SPICES  
SUGAR, Leaf and Moist  
TEAS  
SOAP and CANDLES  
SNUFF  
Negrohead TOBACCO  
An assortment of GENUINE DRUGS  
SPADES, SHOVELS  
Patent SYTHES  
GRASS HOOKS  
Iron Tin'd TEA KETTLES  
SAUCEPANS  
FOUNTAINS  
Silvered formed BREAD BASKETS  
TEA TRAYS  
Brass and Japaned CANDESTICKS  
Brass Drawer and other KNOBS  
Italian IRONS  
BOX and HEATERS  
Cinder SHOVELS  
FIRE IRONS  
brass COCKS  
Iron Rimed and Stock LOCKS  
COFFIN FURNITURE  
Fancy SNUFF BOXES  
STEEL PENS

AND A SPLENDID

**Assortment**

OF

**Jewellery**

AND

BRITISH PLATE

ARTICLES,

Consisting of

Gold BROACHES, handsomely Set  
Gold FINGER RINGS  
Gold BREST PINS  
Gold EAR RINGS  
Gold EAR DROPS  
Gold BRACELETS  
Gold WATCH KEYS and SEALS  
German Silver Four-pronged FORKS  
Ditto ditto Desert Ditto  
Ditto ditto Table and Tea SPOONS  
Ditto ditto WATCH GUARDS  
Ditto ditto PENCIL CASES  
Silver Patent Lever and other

**WATCHES.**

Harbor Grace,  
May 27, 1840.



**PROCLAMATION.**

By His Excellency HENRY  
PRESCOTT, Esquire, Com-  
panion of the Most Ho-  
norable Military Order  
of the Bath, Governor  
(L.S.)  
H. PRESCOTT, and Commander-in-  
Chief in and over the

Island of Newfoundland  
and its Dependencies,  
&c. &c.

WHEREAS on FRIDAY the 15th  
of this instant MAY, a most atro-  
cious and diabolical outrage was com-  
mitted by Four Men, at present unknown  
on the Person of

**MR. HERMAN LOTT,**

of St. John's, who was then on his way  
from Carbonear to Harbor Grace in this  
Island. And whereas it is no less espe-  
cially necessary to the ends of Justice  
than essential to the protection and safety  
of the lives of all Her Majesty's sub-  
jects: that the perpetrators of this daring  
outrage should be detected and brought  
to punishment: I do therefore call upon  
all Her Majesty's faithful subjects to aid  
and assist Her Majesty's officers in dis-  
covering and apprehending the Persons  
concerned in perpetrating the aforesaid  
crime; and for the speedy detection of  
whom I do hereby offer a Reward of

**£300 Sty.**

to any Person or Persons (except the  
Person or Persons who actually commit-  
ted the said outrage,) who shall give such  
information as will lead to the apprehen-  
sion and conviction of the Offenders.—  
And I do also promise a FREE PAR-  
DON to the Person or Persons who (be-  
ing an accomplice or accomplices, but  
not the actual perpetrators of the said  
crime) shall give such information as  
aforesaid.

Given under my hand and seal  
at the Government House  
at St. John's in the afore-  
said Island, the 18th day  
of May, in the Third year  
of Her Majesty's Reign,  
and in the Year of Our  
Lord, 1840.

By His Excellency's Command,  
JAMES CROWDY, Sec'y.

**FOR LIVERPOOL.**

(To Sail in a Few Days.)

And to return Direct.

The well-known, fast-sailing, first-  
class Brig



**LOUISA & FREDERICK,**

J. Stevenson, Commander,

Has sufficient room for SIX CABIN

PASSENGERS,

And excellent Steerage accommodations

Apply to the Master on Board, at the  
Wharf of Messrs. RIDLEY, HARRI-  
SON & Co.

Harbor Grace,  
May 27, 1840.

**New Goods.**

JUST RECEIVED,

EX-ANN, FROM BRISTOL,

An Extensive Assortment of

MANUFACTURED

DRY GOODS,

50 Tons SALT  
10 Tons Best COALS.

And, ex-VETO, from  
New York,

160 Barrels Flour  
45 Barrels American New Pork  
5 Barrels Prime New Beef  
Spirits Turpentine  
Bright Varnish, Tar, &c.

Offering at Low Rates for Cash

BY

THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbor Grace,  
April 29, 1840.

**The Limited Use of Intoxicating Drinks Injurious to Health.**

Wines injure by their stimulating property. Like concentrated spirits, they produce undue excitement of the heart and circulating system. Gout is rarely known to exist where the patient has not been accustomed to the use of wine. *Beaumont on Alcoholic Drinks.*

Malt liquors render the blood sily, and unfit for circulation; hence proceed obstructions and inflammation of the lungs. Those who drink ardent spirits or wine run still greater hazard: these liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces. *Dr. Buchan.*

Pure water is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments, and of all the productions of nature and art, comes the nearest to that universal remedy so much sought after by mankind, but never hither to discovered. *Hoffman.*

*Dr. Garnet* says, "The idea that wine and other spirituous liquors assist digestion is false. Those who are acquainted with chemistry know that food is hardened, and rendered less digestible, by this means."

A Physician in Dublin says: "If an end were put to the drinking of Port, Punch and Porter, there would soon be an end of my worldly prosperity, Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries would be ruined, our Medical Halls would be stripped of their splendour, and Disease would be comparatively rare, simple, and manageable."

I am firmly persuaded, from extensive experience, both in my own person and on thousands others, during a professional life of thirty years, that the most abandoned slave to drinking may safely and wholly abstain, and that with certain benefit to his bodily health. — *Sir Anthony Carlisle, M. D.*

A greater number of Christians have apostatized from the faith of Christ, through habits of drinking, than from any other cause.

Ministers who have never indulged in excess, have nevertheless acknowledged that their devotion and usefulness have suffered from even the moderate use of these liquors.

There is no class of mankind apparently further removed from the influence of religion, and all hope of salvation, than the drunkard.

It is a melancholy fact that there is scarcely a country to which missionaries have been sent where their labours have not been paralysed by the introduction and influence of intoxicating liquors.

Upwards of Fifty Millions per annum are expended in England in the purchase of intoxicating liquors; it is also computed that Fifty Millions are annually lost to that country, merely from the waste of time, and consequent loss of labor, owing to the habits of Intemperance! making a total loss of One Hundred Millions per annum!!

Captain E. P. Brenton, R. N., states that "for forty-six years he has been acquainted with seamen,

and that he has observed their prevailing habit to be that of intemperance." He also remarks, that "during the last war almost every accident he ever witnessed on board ship was owing to drunkenness." "This" he says, "was the cause of the destruction of the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns, in the year 1759, with 550 of her crew, and of the *Ajax*, of seventy-four guns, in 1806, with 350 of her crew."

*John Simpson*, Esq., an insurance broker, in the city of London, goes directly to the point, and proves beyond a doubt that Intemperance is, to a ruinous extent, the cause of our maritime losses. "I have been," he says, "in the house that I am at the head of now thirty-five years, and in the habit of covering a million and a half sterling per annum of property floating on the water, and generally, in the whole of that time, it has been most lamentable to see the great destruction of property, in a vast number of instances, notoriously owing to drunkenness."

The Rev. *W. Scorsby* has stated that, "in SEVERELY COLD CLIMATES with which he was familiar, the reaction, after the use of ardent spirits, was very pernicious to the constitution."

Captain *Ross* says, that "when in the Arctic Regions he induced his men to discontinue the use of their customary grog, the result was, they acknowledged themselves better, and more capable of enduring the cold, and discharging their duties, than when they indulged in the use of it."

A distinguished Medical Officer (Marshall) who was subjected to great exertion and exposure in a Tropical Climate, says, "I have always observed that the strongest liquors were the most enervating, and this in whatever quantity they were consumed, for the daily use of spirits is an evil which maintains its pernicious character through all its gradations; indulged in at all it can produce nothing better than a diluted or mitigated kind of mischief."

Captain *Hudson*, now residing in Liverpool as agent of the *Bethal Union Society*, states "that he and various crews sailed on the Total Abstinence principle, in nearly all climates, during winter and summer, for about four years, and that they were much better able to perform their duty in all weathers by abstaining from intoxicating liquors."

In the *American Temperance Union*, it is stated that "Ship-owners and Merchants who heed not Temperance, or Temperance Societies, are equally anxious to obtain Temperance masters and crews; and American Insurance Offices readily deduct from Five to Ten per cent. from the premium on Insurance, on vessels sailing on the Temperance plan"

The tee-total societies are making most strenuous efforts for the salvation of the working classes, and, on the whole, I am disposed to consider them the most effectively useful body now in existence in this country." *T. C. Symons, Commissioner on Hand-loom Inquiry, Author of "Arts and Artisans Abroad."*

An enthusiast in heraldry who was always boring his friends with armorial bearing, was one evening indulging in a lengthy disquisition over a book of heraldry. "But whose arms are these?" exclaimed he, as he pointed to some heraldic emblem of which he was not quite cognizant. "The arms of Morpheus, no doubt," exclaimed his gaping auditor.

**British Heroism.** An officer in Admiral Lord *St. Vincent's* fleet, asking one of the captains, who was gallantly bearing down on the *Spanish* fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "it will be time enough to do that when we have made them strike."

**Brotherly Love.** One of our favorite actors, who had felt himself ill-treated in America, was asked whether the manager himself had not treated him very kindly. "Kindly!" was the reply; "why, he promised to treat me like a brother; and so he did—Abel had a brother, and he was called—CAIN."

**Growing Old.** I wish I could grow old, cried a *cidevant jeune homme* at the Garrick. Why do you want to grow old? asked one of the wits of that facetious club. Because I might stand a chance of getting steady. Yes; and *shaky*, rejoined the wit.

**Vesuvius.** An Irishman, describing the melancholy termination of a friend, who had fallen into the mouth of the volcano, exclaimed, Oh, yes; he died of taking too much of the crater.

**Money and Water.** A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed, that he spent money like water. Then of course he liquidated his debts, rejoined a wag.

**Sleepers.** A celebrated contractor for the timber sleepers of the railways, being urged by the directors to make some disadvantageous alteration in his contract; asked, in the heat of the argument, —How can I do it with eight thousand sleepers staring me in the face? What? Do they sleep with their eyes open? asked one of the simple directors.

**An Excuse.** When Lieutenant O'Brien (who was called Skyrocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the *Edgar*, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said with pleasantry, I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry that I had no time to shift myself.

**An Irish Compliment.** A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent Garden Market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if its pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep your cheek away from that rose, or ye'll put the lady out of consate with the colour of her flower.

**A Contrast.** The West is the region of gold, of agitation, and noise. The East is the region of profound meditation, of instruction, of adoration.

NOTICE

**DISCUSSION BAY PACKETS**  
**St John's and Harbour Grace Packets**

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 or 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 & BOAG,  
Agents, St. JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1839

**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 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 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 3s. 6.  
Single Letters.  
Double do  
And PACKAGES in proportion  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 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 expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR, and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKETS 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 the trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them very 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.  
Parcels in proportion to their size of weight.  
The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. 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 Cruet's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1838.

**TO BE LET**

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded of EAST by the House of the late captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.

Carbonear.

**Blanks**

Of Various kinds For Sale at the Office of this Paper.