

THE



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AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series

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Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS



NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

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

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

Terms as usual.
April 10

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give the 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, 1834.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

It was during the exterminating warfare which characterised the invasion of Spain by the French, that a small body of Cuirassiers, detached from the main division, halted for the night at a village called Figueras. The appearance of this company was to the poor inhabitants a source of disagreeable anticipations, actuated as they were by natural antipathy to a domineering foe, and by anxiety for their little property acquired by the toil of congregated years. "What ho!" cried the leader of the soldiery, as he stopped before the gate of the monastery, the only house in the hamlet that appeared capable of rendering any tolerable accommodation; "Open your doors, or, by my valiant Sovereign, all your Aves will not profit you," and as he spoke he struck the portal with his sword, as if to prove his threats would speedily be enforced, if a ready acquiescence were not accorded to his mandates.

There was silence for a time, as though the inmates were deliberating on what course to pursue; and then the figure of an aged man became apparent, as with trembling hands he loosed the fastenings which secured the dwelling. He bore a torch, whose gleam threw a murky glare upon the men at arms, and served but indistinctly to illumine the gloomy court. "Save you!" said the French Colonel ironically, at the same time making a owly obeisance, "I bear my superior's greetings to your holy body, and expect good fare for my commands: the cellars are well stored, no doubt?" A crimson glow for a moment flushed the pallid cheek of the venerable father, as La Ville (for that was the colonel's name) concluded his address; but it passed instantly away, and he returned no response save by a gentle inclination of the head.

La Ville regarded not his emotion, but ordering his soldiers to dismount and place their chargers in the spacious court yard, entered the solemn pile accompanied by his brother officers. The clang of the spurs as they paced along the vaulted passages, escorted by their aged guide, too plainly announced to the monks the propinquity of their enemies—those wonted scoffers of all the sacred ordinances of religion, for such a character had they required: partly true, but principally founded on the misrepresentations of those who were well aware how much such a belief would kindle patriotic zeal against them.

As they entered the refectory, the assembled brethren rose from their seats, and calmly viewed the haughty intruders. "Excuse me, Fathers!" exclaimed La Ville, awed into respect by their dignified demeanour, "but my men require repose, and in these troublous times, as little courtesy is needed, I have that plea to warrant this intrusion; my men must be provided with good cheer, or else—" and he touched the hilt of his sabre significantly. "But," he continued, "I hope there will not be occasion for proceeding to extremities, the odds are too much in our favour."—"Sir," replied the abbot, "your wishes must be obeyed, were even our desire to serve you less."—"I deem if I relied on that, my entertainment were but very poor."—"This is an unkind opinion," returned the superior; "deeds will convince you of its fallacy."—So saying, he motioned them to sit down, and commanded the servitors to load the table with the best the monastery could afford.

The table soon groaned beneath the weight of delicacies, and cordially usurped the place where distrust so lately reigned. The abbot left the apartment for a brief interval, and speedily returned, followed by two attendants bearing immense silver vessels filled with luscious and delicious wine.

"Now, tell me candidly," exclaimed a young officer but lately arrived from the military college, "tell me if you have any pretty damsel here—you understand me, a niece or so, to benefit by your pious admonitions." The eye of the superior shone with wrathful glare at the speaker, and then a bitter smile passed across his features. "Fear not," he replied, "for this night's entertainment will be better than any you shall hereafter en-

joy; but Heaven forbid we should harbour such polluted beings as you allude to!"—"Ay," replied La Ville, "at least for irreligious laymen, who know not how to temper their love-suits with pious sighings for the great iniquity of our frail natures: but a truce with rallery, and let us taste the wine; nothing so much promotes good fellowship."

"But, good father," he continued, as he filled a goblet with the sparkling wine, "you must pledge me in a bumper, so fill your glass." "The rules of our order forbid us to indulge in wine," answered the abbot, "and therefore you must excuse me, or my brethren, from tasting of the ruby produce of the vine." La Ville smiled ironically, as though he thought it was hypocrisy, on the father's part in refusing to drink any thing stronger than the liquid spring of water.—He raised the goblet to his lips, but placed it again untasted on the board. The monks looked upon the movement with suspicious eye, as if to seek solution for the Frenchman's act.

"Suspicion strikes me," cried La Ville sternly, "and if my surmise prove correct, this shall be the last exploit you will enact. Fellow soldiers! taste not the wine, it may be poisoned: such deeds have been performed before, and by monastic artifice." As the speaker thus addressed his auditors, every eye was riveted on the superior, whose countenance afforded no credit to the colonel's surmise. "Drink of the wine first," continued La Ville, "you and your brethren, and then we will follow your example."—The abbot raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed for a moment buried in meditation; then taking the proffered cup, swallowed the contents. The entire confraternity also drank the potion.

"Now you are satisfied?" he inquired "now are your ungenerous doubts resolved?"—"Yes!" replied the French; "and here we pledge to you, good fathers. Cup succeeded cup, as the elated soldiers, delighted with their superior entertainment, sought to take advantage of their present favourable quarters. "Believe me," stammered out a jovial lieutenant, "we will ever prove grateful for the kindness we have experienced, and mayhap, I may send in exchange for this Sauterne, a handsome girl of mine, the beauteous Louise." "A poor exchange," retorted another, "nothing so true as wine, nor so fickle as woman." "When our royal eagle waves over the entire land," cried La Ville, "the brethren of this monastery shall be rewarded for their kindness to us, and—" "Stop your kind commendations," interrupted the abbot; "that day you shall never behold: base tools of violence, hear me, and shudder at my words: know that the wine we drank was poisoned! Start not! our country claimed the sacrifice, and willingly we did our part—and though the pangs of death are fast approaching, yet the thought that you, our enemies, must die with us, is balsam to the tortured body. Does not the venom even now rankle in your veins? Speak, slaves! speak!"

Consternation seized the French as they listened to the dreadful declaration, and even then the agonizing throbs declared how true was the assertion. Madly they rushed on their betrayers, but death was already enacting his part, and stayed their impetuous hands. Soon the smothered groan, the frightful scream, the mingled prayer and curse, rose on the silent ear of night.—The morning came; and of the many who had entered on the previous evening into the monastery, not one remained to quit its gloomy precincts.

ON THE TOMB OF PSAMMIS.

Nothing is more calculated to turn our mind towards meditation, and to awaken our feelings, than visiting sepulchral monuments.—Indeed among those persons who have seen the tomb of some distinguished character, (and from the multiplicity of these monuments a great portion of mankind have done so) almost every one must have been led to meditate upon the striking scene before them; many have committed their thoughts to writing, and a few have by so doing gained the

admiration of mankind, adorned the literature of their country, and instructed and amused posterity. On such a beaten path I should not have ventured, had I not been led into it by visiting the representation of an Egyptian Tomb, discovered by that enterprising traveller Belzoni; where many feelings and reflections crowded upon my mind, very different from those which commonly occur on meditating over the remains of the mighty dead. When we behold the tomb of some well-known character or favorite hero, we fancy that we are witnessing the defeat of time; there are the mouldering ruins of a mausoleum—the defaced inscription—the mutilated bust. So far he is, triumphant, and, as we vainly imagine, all has been done, which rests in his power to accomplish. We are conscious that had he, who raised this tomb for himself, relied for immortality merely upon that fabric, whose ruins are now mingling with the dust of its inhabitant, he would have been disappointed, and we exclaim with the poet,

"Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

Yet we say again, that is not the case here: the history of the man whose bones lie beneath its familiar to us; his deeds, his writings, or his discoveries, excite the wonder, praise, and admiration of posterity; they have defied the attacks of time, to which nought belonging to him, save the brick and mortar of his sepulchre, have yielded. His actions have been his monument; his epitaph is written in the page of history. Such are our feelings, when we behold the tomb of Alexander the Great. His dust has long ago been scattered by the winds. His sarcophagus, torn from the sepulchre, subjected to domestic uses, at last transported into a land almost unknown, and totally barbarous, when the mighty conqueror flourished in the zenith of power and victory.

"One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind,
Coop'd up he seem'd in earth, in seas confin'd,
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow world, to find a passage out.—
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide."

DRYDEN.

The recollection of these lines, and the sight of the sarcophagus, remind us of the power of Death and Time, over all that is perishable. Yet we still flatter ourselves that Fame is everlasting; that although death has reduced the hero dust, and time has dispersed his remains over the desert, yet his fame has lived unimpaired through two thousand years, and his deeds are still fresh in the recollection of mankind. How different a lesson do we receive in the tomb of the once great and renowned, but now unknown and forgotten Psammis! Here paintings, the most perishable of the works of man, have been preserved for ages after ages. But the slow and never-fading scythe of Time has swept the brazen letters of fame from the tablets of memory. This is more than we are used to; we are not accustomed to see posthumous fame—that "monumentum ære perennius," upon which the great rely, and which the ambitious are so eager to acquire,—yielding in durability to the fading colours of the painter.

The Monarch, for whose mummy this mausoleum was excavated, seems to have been a pretender to the palm of renown, and to have sought it by those means which usually accomplish their end. By the magnificence of his sepulchre he appears to have been a mighty sovereign; and by his triumphs which are there recorded, one of those scourges of the earth, conquerors;—and apparently a great one; for that his conquests extended over all the neighbouring nations appears evident. Three different races of men are painted as his captives on the wall of his tomb; the white, the Ethiopian, and the tawny African. Farther than this we know nothing; he may, for aught we know have counterbalanced this evil part of his character by other virtues; he may have been the father of his people, when the fit of war which prompted him to sacrifice their blood to his ambition, was over; he may have been generous and merciful to his vanquished enemies; he reigned in a coun-

try whence arose the first dawn of the arts and sciences,—he may have encouraged them, and contributed to the civilization, and consequently to the happiness of mankind. On the other hand, he may have been a tyrant over his subjects, inhuman and unmerciful to his enemies; the pestilence of his tyranny may have blighted the infant arts, and the storm of war and devastation may, during his reign, have darkened the glimmering beams of civilization under its cloud of blood. That he was powerful and renowned is all that his tomb proves to us. His name may have been coupled with curses or benedictions. His contemporaries relied upon posterity either to reward his virtues with praise, or punish his vices with an eternal stigma: posterity has forgotten him. Time has poured the tide of oblivion over his actions; his virtues or crimes are as completely hidden from our knowledge, by the veil of centuries, as the once fertile soil, over which he reigned, is concealed from our sight by its eternal sands.

While it wounds human vanity to reflect upon this total oblivion into which the great of the species have sunk, it is a consolation and a great one, to find that the subject immediately before our eyes was a conquered monarch. It may console those who have suffered from these licensed depredators, that the oppressors may be disappointed in their hopes of immortal fame, the prize for which they have sacrificed the lives and happiness of mankind entrusted to their care; and it holds out a warning to others not to follow that path which has hitherto been considered a royal road to immortality. When ambition, heated and nursed by flattery, reminds royal youth of the fame of a Cyrus, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, let cold truth interpose, and tell the tale of Psamtich; that he was great, victorious, triumphant, and—forgotten.

It is not from man that we are to hope for immortality. To all that mortals project, undertake, or accomplish, there is a sure, though not fixed, termination. The actions and greatness of man, will be veiled by a never failing oblivion whose advance seems protracted, when compared with human life; yet but an instant when compared with eternity. If we have acquired fame at the expense of virtue, we may gaze upon the drop of time which is our own with the false pleasure of vanity; but we dare not turn our eyes towards the ocean into which that drop has fallen. The only real immortality for which we can hope, or to which we have courage to look forward, is that which is prepared by the Deity, as an inestimable reward for a well spent life.

The bank of England, as we have said before, could not have been guilty of greater impudence than in drawing the public attention to their position, more especially to a comparison of their paper. The people of England ought not to have been reminded of notes, the forgeries of which, (perhaps necessarily) have led to countless executions; they should have avoided all comparison with their rivals, since the one must stand or fall with a State owing eight hundred millions, and the other would survive the fall even of the government itself, based as their security really is, upon the property of individuals so totally unconnected with the government, and possessing collectively, many millions of private property. The real interests of the Bank proprietors are in direct opposition to the welfare of this great commercial and agricultural community, and the nation itself can feel no interest in a system that heaps credit and wealth to a dangerous extent upon certain capitalists, who have no feelings in common with them, and which tends only to crush the industrial power of the people.—We cannot wonder at the awful vicissitudes of fortune that have been engendered by it, for skill, talent, and industry must be unavailing under a monetary monopoly, when the only information worth obtaining in the commercial world is whether the bank of England are about to increase or diminish their issues. We trust we shall not have again to recur to this subject. We shall however continue to watch the proceedings of this august body, which during the last fortnight have chosen to express their mighty displeasure to three most respectable banking houses for having accepted certain bills of exchange, drawn by equally respectable joint-stock banks whose united properties would buy the whole capital of the bank of England; and strange to add, these bankers have submitted to this attempt at enforcing a tyrannical monopoly. Before we conclude we deem it our duty to guard the public against the delusion practised upon them by the joint stock banking, viz., that the responsibility of the proprietors is limited to 25 per cent. We would most distinctly state, that not only is every subscriber's fortune liable to the claims on the company to its whole amount, but must by Act of Parliament remain so after the withdrawal of their names for three years. No respectable joint-stock company would attempt to practise such a delusion; any private agreement among them does not stand cannot alter the case.—*London Morning Herald, Dec. 7.*

The *Limerick Times* contains a long report of a meeting held in that city for the establishment of a new Bank, to be called the "National Bank of Ireland." Mr Reynolds, the Secretary to the London Directors, introduced the business by reading a letter from Mr O'Connell, strongly recommending the new Bank to public patronage, and reflecting upon another, called the "National Commercial Bank." Mr Salmon who appeared as the advocate of the rival establishment, defended it against the attacks of its opponents, and a good deal of confusion arose from the violence of the partisans on either side. It is not our intention to give even an abstract of the proceedings, but the following remarks from one of the speakers, will show the spirit which pervaded the meeting.

"What! (said Mr M, with much fervor,) is a prospectus, a great portion of which is of Mr O'Connell's own composition, and signed with his name, so as to give it more efficacy, to be read here, and yet no man allowed to analyse, and if necessary, animadvert upon its contents? Is the mind of the country, to be, as it were, locked up at Mr O'Connell's bidding, and the national voice struck dumb at the sound of his name? To such humiliating abasement, Ireland has not yet sunk; nor will the time ever be when any name or any man, of any power will dare to prevent Irishmen from discussing—ay, and if needful of denouncing too, the published acts of every public man. To have the faculties of man, and not to use them in our dearest concerns would call for the contempt of mankind.

BANK OF ENGLAND.—An account of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England on the average of the quarter from the 1st July to the 23d of September, both inclusive:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation	£19,126,000	Securities	£28,691,000
Deposits	14,754,000	Bullion	7,695,000
	£33,880,000		£ 6,386,000

On this return the *Times*, remarks:—"the official return of the bank averages, given in the *Gazette* of yesterday announces a further decline in the stock of bullion, and as there has occurred since the commencement of the year, with very slight exceptions, a gradual decline in the averages of bullion, it necessarily follows that the actual amount in the coffers of the Bank must be much lower than the sum last returned. Thus the average amount of bullion in the Bank, from the 1st July to the 23d of September, is set down at £7,695,000, but the real stock is supposed not to exceed £6,500,000, which is a small sum to meet liabilities, consisting of circulation and deposits amounting to £33,880,000. In January last, the average of bullion amounted to £9,948,000 in February £9,954,000; in March, £9,829,000; in April, £9,431,000; in May, £8,884,000; in June, £8,645,000; in July, £8,598,000; and at the end of August it only amounted to £8,272,000."

EXTRAORDINARY MORTALITY OF THE ITALIAN PERFORMERS AT HAVANNA.—There has seldom, perhaps been recorded a more remarkable and melancholy example of mortality than that which has befallen the members of the Italian Opera Company, who arrived in this city in 1832, and who have been during the past year, performing at Havanna. It was only a year ago that we were listening to the powerful acting, and enchanting voice of Signora Pedrotti. She is probably, by the last accounts, numbered with the dead. Few will forget her beautiful personations of *Elisse et Claudio*; nor will those who knew her estimable and exemplary conduct in private life as a wife and mother refuse to pay a passing tribute to her memory. She made her first successful attempt at Lisbon, and was afterwards the Prima Donna at the Opera at Richmond-hill in this city. Montessor, the director of the company, and his son Dr Montessor, a talented and learned young physician, and pupil of the celebrated Tomassina, have also fallen victims to the black vomit. Poor young Rapetti also, the leader of the orchestra, the most remarkable violin player that ever came to this country, is the fourth of that distinguished corps who have been consigned to the Campo Santo. Also, Salvioni, the leader and composer of the choruses, an excellent man, and a first rate musician. And lastly Coretti, the barytone singer, Signorina Saccomoni, close the mournful list of these unfortunate strangers who, in the prime of their life, and in the height of their prosperity have found a lonely grave in a foreign land.—*New York Star.*

CHINESE TRANSLATION.—The following advertisement was issued in China, by Captain Putnam, of the American brig Nabob. It was afterwards translated and published in the Chinese language, and presented the curious difference between the Chinese and English idioms:

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Absconded last night, from the American brig Nabob, Samuel Butler, the cook, and John Smith, the steward, taking with them 450 Spanish Dollars belonging to the

master and first officer, who offer a reward of 50 dollars for apprehending the said cook and steward, and delivering them, together with the dollars, to

(Signed) "C. W. PUTNAM, Master of the brig Nabob at Whampoa."

The Chinese version is as follows:—"On the evening of the third day, of the eighth moon, two black foreign devils (1), one the butler, the other the mate of the Putlum (2), now at Whampoa, escaped from her by stealth, with foreign faced money more than four hundred rounds in their possession, the property of the Captain and Mate, and the place of their concealment is unknown. Should any superior man know of their downfall and fetch them to the vessel Putlum, at Whampoa, it is clearly understood that on these two foreign black devils being recognised, he will be thanked for his trouble with flowered red money (3) fifty great rounds. These words are true and will not be eaten.

"This chop is issued from Putlam's ship at anchor, at Whampoa."

Note 1. The Chinese call all foreigners, black and white devils, in contradistinction to their own people.

Note 2. They designate the vessel by the name of the Captain.

Note 3. Gold.

The celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan, whose connection with the Irish Executive prior to 1798, and whose singular escape from prison, by which he preserved his life, as well as many subsequent incidents of historical interest, have associated his name in a remarkable manner with the modern history of Ireland, died on Saturday morning at his house in Holles-street, Dublin. He had reached his 84th year. Mr. Rowan was a man of large fortune.

In a lecture delivered upwards of 20 years ago, at some Hall in Fetter-lane, Coleridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

It is related of Lord Ellenborough, in the *Law Magazine*, that on his return from Hone's trial he suddenly stopped his carriage at Charing-cross, and exclaimed, "It just occurs to me that they sell the best red herrings at this shop of any shop in London; buy six."

PERSIAN GEOGRAPHY!—The following curious extract has been sent to us by a friend. It is translated from a Persian work, intitled "Jamaat-towarikh," or Universal History, by Rashid-ad-din, who commenced it in the year of the Hijrah 714 (A. D. 1314).—"Ireland (Irlanda) is an island in the midst of the ocean. From the excellence of its soil, poisonous reptiles and rats are not produced upon it. The people are long-lived, red-haired, tall, strong, and brave. There is a fountain of water there, into which, if a piece of wood is thrown, in the course of one week its surface becomes stone. The larger island is called England (Inglaterra). In it is a mountain which has numerous mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron. Fruit trees are abundant. Amongst the wonders of that land is a tree which produces birds. It is thus:—At the time of blossom a sort of bag appears upon the tree; within this the bird is attached by its beak. When the fruit is ripe, the bird makes a hole with its beak and comes out. They keep it two years, by which time it grows to the size of a goose or duck. It is the common meat of the people of that country. In both these islands there are sheep, from the wool of which they make cyprus and scarlet cloths. The King of both these islands is called Scotland."—*Athenæum.*

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF VINEGAR.—That vinegar is destructive of the human stomach, is known by its effects on plump healthy females, who, from a silly desire of looking delicate—that is sickly—swallow daily large draughts of vinegar. This innocent practice only ruins the digestive faculty; and thereby deprives the system of its regular nourishment. The only standard of beauty is high health. Doctor Beddoes tells us, that in some boarding schools in England, a keen appetite, and its consequences, *embonpoint*, is held up by the mistress as a dreadful evil; and that starvation and vinegar are encouraged, instead of being severely denounced. Emaciation, thus induced, leads to consumption.

THE SMALL IRISH FARMER.—The farmer and his family are all in half nakedness or rags; their lot is little better than the mere labourers. They raise wheat and barley, and oats, and butter and pork in great abundance; but never do they taste any of either, except, perchance, a small part of the meal of the oats. Potatoes are their sole food.

I wish the farmers of our parish could see one that I saw in the fine county of Kilkenny. His dress was a mere bundle of rags, tied round his body with a band of straw; his legs and feet bare, no shirt, and his head covered with a rag, such as you would rip out of the inside of an old cart saddle. The landlord generally lets his great estate to some one man, who lets it out in littles; and this one man takes all from the wretched farmer. Some of the farmers in England grumble at the poor rates. Well, there are no poor rates here. Let them come here then, and lead the life of these farmers.—They will soon find that there is something worse than the poor rates.—*Colbert.*

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

(From the Hobart Town Courier.)

Some months ago, a vessel called the Fortitude "touched ground" at Hokianga, in New Zealand—she was immediately boarded and her papers and the most valuable part of her cargo seized by a tribe of the New Zealanders, who were impressed with the idea that she was aground, and consequently a fair prize. The then "chief of the heads," assisted by his brother Moetra and another brother interfered, insisting on a restitution; this being resolutely refused by the invading tribe, a serious engagement ensued in which Moetra's brothers and many of his relatives and tribe fell a sacrifice to their John Bull feelings, but they succeeded in restoring the property to the vessel. Moetra, by the death of his brothers in this battle, became and is now the chief of his tribe.—Mr. Oakes on his recent return to this colony, having represented the above to the Lieutenant-Governor, his Excellency availed himself of the opportunity of forwarding to Moetra, through Mr. Oakes, a despatch expressive of his Excellency's satisfaction at the noble conduct of the "valiant chief of the heads of Hokianga." This despatch was accompanied by an elegant gilt sabre and military cloak (the gift of his Excellency).

A letter has been received by a gentleman here from Mr. Oakes, at Hokianga, in which he describes the delight of Moetra at receiving his Excellency's despatch and present.—Mr. O. states that Moetra had been for some time very unwell, and that with the natives (New Zealanders) sickness always produces the greatest despondency, but he adds that on presenting the sword and cloak to Moetra in the presence of several chiefs, his eyes sparkled with delight, he expressed the greatest pleasure; the filip given to his constitution by this excitement has had a most beneficial effect upon his health. To the great joy of the Europeans there, to whom he acts as a brother. Moetra had invited above 1000 persons to a feast, at which he intended displaying his Excellency's handsome present, and endeavouring to convince the chiefs of the prudence and advantage derivable from the friendship of Europeans. Mr. O. adds, that the feast took place, of which he partook, and that upwards of 200 pigs were cooked for the party.

Mr. Oakes, we hear, has purchased a considerable tract of country from this chief.—But from all that we can learn, these purchases are not always of the most stable nature, and although it was remarked by Mr. Oakes himself, that if a lawyer were to emigrate to that El Dorado, he would, without doubt, be cut up in convenient joints and eaten. Mr. Oakes himself turns out to be one of the first to experience the want of a lawyer or at least of that law and protection of property, which it is the best part of a lawyer's duty to fix and secure to the rightful owner. After making a purchase no one is secure, in fact, against further claimants, whom you have no other means of quieting but by paying over again the price it had cost you, and in this way the same piece of land has been paid for three or four times. Mr. Bushby, the British resident, from this cause, has little or no power, and is chiefly useful only as an impartial observer of occurrences round him. He is not, of course, a Magistrate, for he has as yet no law or British Constitution to act under.

At the Bay of Islands, from the long residence of the missionaries and the concourse of Europeans constantly collected, a half sort of civilized appearance is conspicuous. The natives live in very decent huts or houses as they call them, the walls of which are constructed of a kind of reed, which affords a good protection against the weather, and they are well roofed with the flags of the flax. From the limitation of territory in the particular spot, there is considerable traffic in the buying and selling of land, and the prices are very high indeed, almost as much so as in Van Diemen's land.

In other less frequented parts, however, it is very different, and large tracts may be acquired at a very low price. But when that price, low as it is, is quite as much as it is worth. The character of the country is not quite so hilly as Van Diemen's Land, but the flats consist of nothing more unfortunately than barren soil covered with fern.—So that neither sheep nor cattle will ever be numerous. The best land yet found is the banks of the Thames in the Northern Island and some patches at the Northern extremity

of the Southern Island. At Hokinga the soil is so poor as scarcely to grow anything.

In Cooks' strait there is a small island of good pasturage, on which not many years ago a couple of cattle had been placed, which have since increased to a large herd in excellent condition. They are never molested.

At Lisbon there have been large importations of wheat lately; the amount of the import duties on which, are to be applied by the Government for the relief of the native growers.

Some boats usually employed in fishing at Ballinskelligs captured 63 grampusses in one day. The profit which such a take must afford the persons engaged in this (in Kerry) novel sport must be considerable. A vast number of porpoises have also been observed in Tralee Harbour, opposite the Spa, within the last eight or ten days.—*Tralee Mercury*.

Government, we understand, have agreed to grant to Mr. Brunel, a sum of £250,000 bearing an interest of three and a half per cent., for the completion of the Thames Tunnel.—*Morn. Herald*.

The emoluments of the Governor of Sierra Leone are estimated at £2,500 per annum.—The late ill-fated Governor (Octavius Temple, Esq.), had only received three-quarters salary when he fell a victim to the pestilential climate. The gallant officer who has accepted the inauspicious appointment (Major Dundas Campbell) has been taken from the Half-pay Unattached List of 1825.

The King of Wirttemberg, following the example of the Grand Duke of Baden, has issued an order prohibiting the artisans within his States from residing in Berne so long as Trades' Unions are suffered to exist there.

A correspondent, who for many years has been residing on his own estate in this country, writes thus:—"I have just returned from a two months' tour in Ireland. To see real misery and wretchedness, one must go to Ireland. I can only say that all the accounts which I had read, and even the reports which I had heard, fell far short of the shocking reality which I have there witnessed.—*Herald*."

The *Wester Mercury*, a journal printed at Hamilton, contains an address from the ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Canada to Sir J. Colborne, expressing "their firm and devoted attachment to the crown of Great Britain," and disclaiming with strong feelings of indignation the recent avowal of revolutionary principles and purposes.

In parts of Kent, as well as in many other places, both the inhabitants and cattle have lately suffered much from want of water; the ponds and rivulets being all dried up, and the springs so low that many of the wells are in the same predicament.

The *Venice Gazette* announces that the Ottoman Porte has declared officially to the Interuncio, that it has raised the blockade of Samos, the authority of the Sultan having been re-established without bloodshed, and consequently that friendly nations may renew their commercial intercourse with the Island.

M. Bichat, editor of the *Tribune*, was condemned on Tuesday in default of appearance by the Court of Assizes to a year's imprisonment and 10,000fr fine, for a libel upon the King contained in an article which was published in that Journal in September last.

THE STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1835.



THE London GAZETTE announcing the melancholy intelligence of the decease of His Royal Highness the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, and containing an Order for a GENERAL MOURNING, His Excellency the Governor hopes that the Inhabitants of this Colony will also put themselves into decent Mourning for His Royal Highness for Fourteen Days, commencing on the 11th Instant. Secretary's Office, 5th Jan., 1835.

WE shall be at our post, and do our duty, notwithstanding anything that may be asserted to the contrary by THE INVIDIOUS, MALIGNANT M—an of D—ceitfulness.

We observe by the Harbour Grace "*Mercury*" of the 9th instant, that a paper had been received by the LOUISA & FREDERICK, dated the 12th December being four days later than those from which we had made our extracts.

With respect to the new Ministry, it does not appear that Sir ROBERT PEEL had arrived in London; neither does it appear that anything definite had been agreed upon as to the persons who were to form the Cabinet. [The *Morning Herald* of the 12th instant, states, merely "that the Duke of WELLINGTON was last week acquainted with the fact, of Sir ROBERT PEEL's willingness to form an Administration;" and says—"It will doubtless be asked, would we have the Right Honourable Baronet sacrifice all character, and act with men with whom he has differed on a thousand questions during the last 20 years? To this we would merely reply, that nearly all the great questions which divided public men into so many parties, have been settled. Time and present circumstances, have totally changed the position of others. And how often were we told, that on the carrying of the Catholic question, the country was to reap the benefit of being able to combine in her Councils the talent of the most able men of the day? how often was the assurance repeated as an argument in favour of speedily carrying the Reform Bill? How these prognostications have been falsified, we need not stop to point out. Party is still the curse of the country, and is truly termed, "the madness of many for the gain of a few." We respond to these opinions expressed by the editor of the *Morning Herald*. Party is indeed not only the curse of that country, but of ours. But by what name we should designate the different parties that are opposed to each other, either in England or this country, remains yet to be decided. We think that the spirit of "Whig" and "Tory," is gone by. Conservative and Radical will now more closely apply, not to political parties; parties are no longer political, and when they shall have pressed their different interests so closely into contact, that either one or the other must give way, or decide their differences by mortal combat, then will it be seen that the bone of contention, is not a political bone, that has been too closely picked, to be worth contention, and that the bone these parties are contending for, is one that would have graced (*greased*) the "fleshpots of Egypt." Concessions indeed! where are they to stop? The Catholic emancipation is to become a thing of nought, unless it be followed up by a Repeal of the Union. Was the Reform of the House of Commons, only intended to bring about a separation of the Protestant Religion from the State; destroy hereditary nobility; and call the King a President? or, if he should happen to assert his Kingly office, and repel attacks upon his crown, call him a "Dictator?" These things, indeed indicate "the madness of many for the gain of a few." Intelligence and wealth will govern mankind, these will for some time to come, be confined to the "few," and the madness of the "many," will but tend to concentrate the mighty energy of the "few," and the gains to the "few" will be many. We can witness in the present day, the madness of many for the gain of ONE. What has he done for them? nothing. Are they happier or more prosperous than they were before he was born? is it for them he is now labouring? We answer, no. "Nearly all the great questions which divided public men into so many parties, have been settled." They have: and Sir ROBERT PEEL, may now go into the Cabinet, with any other man, or any other man may go into the Cabinet with Sir ROBERT PEEL, provided they both of them, see the necessity of preserving the British Constitution unimpaired in its fundamental principles, constituted as it is with King, Lords, and Commons.

The term liberty is now become a watchword with the licentious, and a cloak for the bigoted. The enemy with which they have both to contend, is the sound, rational, orderly intelligence of the age.

The spirit of the age has been widely diffused amongst the "many," and the effect of it upon them, has been aptly termed madness. To curb this spirit, and bend it to the standard of common sense, and mould and fit it for contributing to the happiness of mankind, will be the work of a few; these, with a chaste, determined, and vigorous Press, will be sufficient for the purpose and equal to the contest; and under such a free and beautiful system of Government as that of the British, will support the laws, produce order, terrify the factious, and reward the orderly and exemplary.

Sir ROBERT PEEL is it seems, really at the head of the Administration; and O'Connell is to be at the head of the Reformers, to the utter surprise of his friends, the Repealers.

The Editors of the Conception Bay newspapers, must feel themselves under the most mighty obligations to the Bay-man who sent the latest English dates received by the LOUISA & FREDERICK, to the Saint John's Editors. We shall not, however, repine, seeing, that the columns of the "*Times*," received the preference. The Native Neutral "*Newfoundlander*," also found that the selections we had marked thus, + in the *Liverpool Albion* of the 8th December, were very serviceable in filling up his columns, and saved him no doubt, a world of rumination.

A correspondent at Harbour Grace, upon whom we can rely, informs us that the late English papers received in that neighbourhood, contain the intelligence of Sir Robert Peel's return from Italy, and of his appointment to the high and responsible office of First Lord of the Treasury, in the room of the Duke of Wellington, who, it appears, only held that appointment provisionally.—The Duke takes office as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Lyndhurst as Lord Chancellor. Messages had been despatched into the country, for Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, &c., and all was anxiety as to the further appointments to the vacancies in the new administration.—*Public Ledger*, January 9.

We have authority for stating, that his Excellency the Governor will proceed to the Court-House at two o'clock on Thursday for the purpose of opening the annual Session of the Legislature, when the same ceremonies will be observed as have been usual on such occasions. The Council-Room is undergoing several alterations, but not such as will tend to afford greater accommodation of the public than heretofore. This inconvenience must we fear, continue to exist until the improved condition of the Colony, as regards its finances, will admit of the Legislature making provision for the erection of a suitable building for the transaction of the public business.

We learn, however, that accommodation will be found for such a number of ladies as to limit space inside the Bar of the House will admit of.—*Ibid*.

The *Yacht Maria*, Captain David Buchan—having on board Sir Thomas Cochrane, and family and Captain Buchan, R.N. High Sheriff—arrived hence at Portsmouth on the 29th November.—*Newfoundlander*, January 8.

The average temperature of last month, was 25.25. The highest observed point was 47 on the morning of the 15th. The lowest 12 below zero, on the morning of the 30th.

DIED.—At Clown's Cove, on Wednesday last, Mrs Moors, aged 90 years an old and respected inhabitant of that place.

At St John's on Tuesday the 6th inst., after a lingering illness, which was borne with Christian fortitude and patience, in the 75 year of his age, nearly 50 of which were spent in this country, Mr George Vey.

Shipping Intelligence.

ST. JOHN'S. CLEARED.

January 2.—Schr. Nelson Packet, Noseworthy, Oporto, fish.

Brig Dianna, Fergusson, Spain or Portugal, fish.

Piscator, Petherbridge, Oporto, fish.

Dido, Biller, London, oil, dregs, tobacco, rum.

3.—Antelope, Griffith, Waterford, fish and oil.

Funchal, Picken, Barbadoes, fish, salmon, sounds.

5.—Abeona, Hawson, Cork, fish, herrings, oil.

6.—Charles, Hart, Oporto, fish.

Mary Anne, Tucker, Lisbon, fish.

Frances, Collifole, Liverpool, oil fish, skins and sundries.

Maria, Meagher, Cork, fish, cow hides.

Notice.

SOME evil disposed Persons having industriously circulated a report of my having an intention of LEAVING Carbonear; I have to state to my Friends and the Public, that such report, is invidious, malicious, and unfounded.

T. NEWELL.

Carbonear, Jan. 14, 1835.

For Sale by Auction
On SATURDAY the 17th Instant,
AT NOON,
WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE,
AT THE WHARF OF
Robinson, Brooking, Garland & Co.
THE FINE SCHOONER
SOPHIA,
Of the Burthen of 136 44-94 Tons,
Built in the most substantial manner, and of the best materials, at Murray's Harbour, Prince Edward's Island, in 1833; sails well, will carry a large Cargo for her Tonnage, and is a desirable Vessel for the general purposes of this trade.
For further particulars, apply as above.
St. John's, Jan. 5, 1835.

Notices
HARBOUR GRACE,
Northern District of Newfoundland.

THOMAS DANSON, JOHN BUCKINGHAM, and WILLIAM STERLING, Esquires, Justices of our Sovereign Lord the King, assigned to keep the Peace in the said District, and also to hear and determine divers Felonies, Trespasses, and other Misdemeanors, committed in the said District, and all of us of the quorum.

To the Sheriff of Newfoundland Greeting.

On the behalf of our said Sovereign Lord the King, We command you that you omit not, by reason of any liberty within your District, but that you enter therein, and that you cause to come before us, or others, Justices assigned to keep the Peace, in the said District, and also to hear and determine divers Felonies, Trespasses, and other Misdemeanors committed in the said District, on THURSDAY the Fifteenth Day of JANUARY, now next ensuing, at the hour of Eleven in the forenoon, of the same Day, at HARBOUR GRACE, in the said District, Twenty-four good and lawful Men of the body of the District aforesaid, then and there to enquire, present, do, and perform, all and singular such things which, on the behalf of our said Sovereign Lord the King, shall be enjoined them; also, that you may make known to all Bailiffs, Stewards, Constables, Keepers of Goals, and all other Officers, within the said District, that they be then there to do and fulfil those things which by reason of their Offices shall be to be done; moreover, that you cause to be proclaimed through the District, in proper places, the aforesaid Sessions of the Peace, to be held at the Day and Place aforesaid; and do you be then there, to do and execute those things which belong to your Office; and have you then there as well the names of the Jurors, Bailiffs, Stewards, Constables, Keepers of Goals, and all other Officers aforesaid, as also this precept.

Given under our Hands and Seals, at Harbour Grace, in the District aforesaid, the Twenty-fourth day of December, in the Fifth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord the King, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty Four.

THOMAS DANSON, J. P.
J. BUCKINGHAM, J. P.
W. STIRLING, J. P.

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. BLUNNET, MORGAN & Co's, for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has good and comfortable LODGINGS, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage.—
One Person, or Four, to pay Twenty Shillings Passage, and above that number Five Shillings each.

Not accountable for Cash, or any other valuable Property put on board.

Letters will be received at Bennett, Morgan & Co's. at St John's.
January 14, 1835.

POLITICS.

MAURIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Carthage! I love thee! thou hast run
As I, a warlike race;
And now thy Glory's radiant sun
Hath veiled in clouds his face:
Thy days of pride—as mine—depart;
Thy Gods desert thee, and thou art
A thing as nobly base
As he whose sullen footstep falls
To night around thy crumbling walls.
And Rome hath heaped her woes and pains
Alike on me and thee;
And thou dost sit in servile chains,—
But mine they shall not be!
Though fiercely o'er this aged head
The wrath of angry Jove is shed,
Maurius shall still be free,
Free—in the pride that scorns his foe,
And bares the head to meet the blow.
I wear not yet thy slavery's vest,
As desolate I roam;
And though the sword were at my breast,
The torches in my home,
Still—still, for orison and vow,
I'd fling them back my curse—as now;
I scorn, I hate thee—Rome!
My voice is weak to word and threat—
My arm is strong to battle yet!

TO A SNOWDROP.

Why dost thou, silver-vested flower!
While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower
Thus boldly brave rude Winter's power,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? Why not stay
Till zephyrs drive rude blasts away;
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?
Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty spots the vale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm?
Till moist-eyed April's genial showers,
Bring Elora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm!
Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies;
The blast of Winter o'er thee flies
Nor chills thy form.
Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
Whilst whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And cheered by Hope with mind serene
Smiles at the storm!

FROM RUSH'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON FROM 1817 TO 1826.

One of the things that strike me most, is their press. I live north of Portman Square, nearly three miles from the House of Commons. By nine in the morning the newspapers are on my breakfast table, containing the debate of the preceding night. This is the case, though it may have lasted until one, two, or three, in the morning. There is no disappointment; hardly a typographical error. The speeches on both sides are given with like care; a mere rule of justice, to be sure, without which the paper would have no credit, but fit to be mentioned where party-feeling always runs as high as in England.

This promptitude is the result of what alone could produce it; an unlimited command of subdivided labour of the hand and mind. The proprietors of the great newspapers employ as many stenographers as they want. One stays until his sheet is full. He proceeds with it to the printing-office, where he is soon followed by another with his; and so on until the last arrives. Thus the debate as it advances, is in progress of printing, and when finished, is all in type but the last part. Sometimes it will occupy twelve and fourteen broad closely-printed columns. The proprietors enlist the most able pens for editorial articles; and as correspondents, from different parts of Europe. Their ability to do so may be judged of from the fact, that the leading papers pay to the Government an annual tax in stamps of from twenty to fifty thousand pounds sterling. I have been told that some of them yield a profit of fifteen thousand a year, after paying this tax, and all expenses. The profits of the "Times," are said to have exceeded eighteen thousand a year.—The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about ten pounds sterling a year. But subdivision comes in to make them cheap. They are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to the provincial towns, and through the country at reduced prices. In this manner, the parliamentary debates and proceedings, impartially and fully reported go through the nation. The

newspaper sheet is suited to all this service being substantial, and the type good. Nothing can exceed the despatch with which the numerous impressions are worked off, the mechanical operations having reached a perfection calculated to astonish those who would examine them.

What is done in the courts of law, is disseminated in the same way. Every argument, trial, and decision, of whatever nature, or before whatever court, goes immediately into the newspapers. There is no delay.—The following morning ushers it forth. I took the liberty of remarking to one of the Judges, upon the smallness of the rooms in which the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery sit, when the proceedings were so interesting that great numbers of the public would like to hear them. "We sit," said he, "every day in the newspapers."—How much did that answer comprehend! What an increase of responsibility in the Judge! I understood from as high a source not less high, that the newspapers are to be as much relied upon, as the books of law reports in which the cases are afterwards published; that in fact, the newspaper report is apt to be the best, being generally the most full, as well as quite accurate. If not accurate, the newspaper giving it, would soon fall before competitors. Hence, he who keeps his daily London paper, has, at the year's end, a volume of the annual reports of the kingdom, besides all other matter.

In the discussions of the journals editorial or otherwise, there is a remarkable fearlessness. Things which in Junius's time would have put London in a flame, pass almost daily without notice. Neither the Sovereign nor his family are spared. Parliament sets the example, and the newspapers follow. Of this, the debates on the royal marriages in the course of the present month give illustrations. There are countries in which the press is more free by law, than with the English; for although they impose no previous restraints, their definition of libel is inherently vague. But perhaps nowhere has the press so much latitude.

Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other countries matter of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually even the concerns of private individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town? you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house, or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends? you have all their names next day in type; is the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red damask and gold, to white satin and silver? the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Staël, led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek emblazonment. If it were only so, the class is immense. But its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print; so that altogether, these are thrown upon the public in England to an extent without parallel in any country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens, took cognizance of private life, what was said became known first to a few listeners; then to a small town; but in three days a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months, every part of the globe.

Some will suppose, that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing would be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the Government, but in the country itself far above them. It lies in the educated classes. True, the daily press is of the educated class. Its conductors hold the pen of scholars, often of statesmen. Hence you see no editorial personalities; which moreover the public would not bear. But what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals at least in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number.—The bulk of these are unmoved by what newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions; which passing quickly from one to another in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its first efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people in England live in towns. This augments moral as physical power: the last by strengthening rural parts through demand for their products—the first by sharpening intellect through opportunities of collision. The daily press could master opposing mental forces, if scattered; but not when they can combine. Then, the general literature of the country reacts against newspapers. The permanent press, as distinct from the daily tems with productions of a commanding character. There is a great class of authors always existent in England, whose sway exceeds that of the newspapers, as the main body the pioneers. Periodical literature is also effective. It is a match at least for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary; less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal, and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organized corps,

full of spirit and always ready; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind, that can rally and defeat it. From the latter source it may also be presumed, that a more deliberate judgement will in the end be formed on difficult questions, than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily journals. The latter move in their orbit by fleeting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled. Such are some of the considerations that strike the stranger reading their daily newspapers. They make a wonderful part of the social system in England. Far more might be said by those having inclination and opportunity to pursue the subject.

Expenditure for the year has been about the same as income. In its great branches, it may be classed thus: for interest on the public debt, twenty nine millions. For the Army nine millions; the military force on the present peace establishment, amounting to about a hundred thousand men. For the Navy seven millions; the peace establishment of that arm being one hundred and thirty ships, twenty thousand seamen, and six thousand marines. For the Ordnance, one million. The civil list, and miscellaneous items absorb the residue. In statements whether of British income or expenditure, I observe that fractions of a million or two seem to be unconsidered. They are scarcely understood but by those who will be at the pains of tracing them amidst the rubbish of accounts and not always then.

As to the debt, what shall I say? If I specify any sum, I may unconsciously commit a fractional error of fifty millions! to find out precisely what it is, seems to baffle enquiry. Dr Hamilton in his work on this subject states a curious fact. He says, that in an account of the public debt presented to the House of Commons in 1799, it was found impossible to ascertain the sums raised at different periods which created the funds existing prior to the thirty third year of George the Third. This candid avowal of ignorance where all official means of information were at command, may well excuse, as the able author remarks, a private enquirer if his statements be imperfect.—But I will set the debt down at eight hundred millions. This is an absolute sum, strikes the world as enormous. It loses this character when viewed in connexion with the resources of Great Britain, the latter having increased in a ratio greater than her debt; a position susceptible of demonstration, though I do not here design to enter upon it. It may be proof enough, that in the face of this debt, her Government could at any moment, borrow from British capitalists fresh sums larger than were ever before borrowed; and than could be raised by the united exertions of all the Governments of Europe. Credit so unbounded can rest only upon the known extent and solidity of her resources; upon her agricultural, manufacturing and commercial riches; the first coming from her highly cultivated soil and its exhaustless mines, not of gold and silver, but iron and coal, for ever profitably worked; the second coming from the various and universal labour bestowed on raw materials, which brings into play all the industry of her people, suffering none to be lost for want of objects; the third from a system of navigation and trade followed up for ages, which enables her to send to every part of the globe the products of this vast and diversified industry, after supplying all her own wants. This system of navigation and trade is greatly sustained by a colonial empire of gigantic size, that perpetually increases the demand for her manufactures, and favours the monopoly of her tonnage.

These are the visible foundations of her incalculable riches; consequently of her credit. Both seems incessantly augmenting. It is remarkable that she extends them in the midst of wars. What cripples the resources of other nations, multiplies her's. Not long ago I went to Guildhall, to witness the sittings of the King's Bench, after term-time. The court room was so full, that I could hear or see little, and soon left it. I was compensated by loitering among the monuments in the hall close by. The inscription on Lord Chatham's drew my attention most, because Americans always hang with reverence on his name, and because of the inscription itself. It dwells upon the services he rendered his country, by "UNITING COMMERCE WITH, AND MAKING IT FLOURISH DURING WAR." Such was his title to fame, recorded on the marble. Other nations should look at it. War by creating new markets gives a stimulus to industry, calls out capital, and may increase not merely the fictitious but positive wealth of the country carrying it on where the country is powerful and not the seat of war. Moscow may be burned; Vienna, Paris, Berlin, sacked; but it is always, said Franklin, peace in London. The British moralist may be slow to think, that it is during the war the riches and power of Britain are most advanced; but it is the law of her insular situation and maritime ascendancy. The political economist may strive to reason it down, but facts confound him. It has been signally confirmed, since engraven on the monument of Lord Chatham. The Prince

Regent pronounced the contest with Buonaparte the most eventful and sanguinary known for centuries. Yet, at its termination the Speaker of the House of Commons declared, whilst the representatives of nations stood listening, that the revenues of Britain were increasing. What a fact! the Abbé Du Pradt has remarked that England threatens all the wealth and Russia all the liberty of Europe. Up to the first origin of the contest with Buonaparte, the largest sum England ever raised by taxes in any one year of war or peace, was seventeen millions sterling. In twenty five years, when the contest was over, she raised hardly less than eighty millions. This sum was paid indeed in the midst of complaints; but not more than in Queen Anne's time, when the taxes were three millions and debt forty; or at the end of George the Second's when the former had risen to seven, and the latter to a hundred millions. It was also in 1815, at the close of the same contest, that the world beheld her naval power more than doubled; whilst that of other states of Europe was, in a proportion still greater diminished. Hitherto, at the commencement of wars, the fleets of France, of Spain, of Holland if not a match for England, could make a show of resistance. Their concerted movements were able to hold her in temporary check. Where are the navies of those powers now? or those of the Baltic? Some gone almost totally; the rest destined to be withdrawn from the seas on the first war with England. There is nothing single or combined as far as Europe is concerned to make head against her. France is anxious to revive her navy. She builds good ships; has brave and scientific officers. So Russia. But where are the essential sources of naval power in either? where their sailors trained in a great mercantile marine? Both together have not as many of this description as the United States. England then in her next war, will accomplish more against Europe upon this element, than at any former period. She will start, instead of ending with her supremacy completely established. The displays of her power will be more immediate, as well as more formidable, than the world has before seen. I will not speak of a new agent in navigation, "that walks," as Mr Canning said, "like a giant on the water, controlling winds and waves—steam." This great gift to mankind in its first efficient power upon the ocean, was from the United States; but all Europe will feel its effects in the hands of Britain.

The language of the thieves or the low Londoners (a distinction I fear, without a difference, is perhaps one of the most expressive—may one of the most metaphysical in the world! What deep philosophy, for instance, is there in this phrase, "the oil of Palms,"—(meaning money!)

The hero of Waterloo must be reminded at dinner every day of his most brilliant victories; for by a recent examination at a police office, it appears that his Grace's cook rejoices in the appellation of Monsieur Bonny! This is reducing the ex-emperor to submission with a vengeance.

NIGHT TELEGRAPH.—M. Kervegar has invented a night telegraph, which from its novelty, cheapness, and applicability, both by day and night, attracts much attention in France. The inventor has gradually improved it, until he can obtain 24,945 signs by its means.

CHINESE CANAL.—In the year 1825, there was opened in Cochin China a canal twenty three miles long, eighty feet wide, and twelve feet deep. It was begun and finished in six weeks, although carried through large forests and over extensive marshes.—Twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night; and it is said that seven thousand died of fatigue.

Limerick gloves are made in Dublin! this must be told in a whisper.

SONG, BY JOE MILLER (1744.)

The following may be applied to the wisdom-overmuch of our times:—
A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.
If Fortune smile as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.
Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.
When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.
Since free from sorrow, fear and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name,
Is to be otherwise.