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## Conception Bay Journal.

VOL. I V.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1839.

No. 262

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Mr. W. Dixon

### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

"There! there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften, and the Captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cables' length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually; her top-masts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging, and, lastly, her hull, showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage was above water, and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the captain, breathless; "I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin, to save us in this trouble—One thousand wax candles! Hear me, blessed lady; ten ounces each. 'Gentlemen,' cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast—"why don't you promise?"—"promise, I say; promise, at all events." "The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman," shrieked Schriften; "I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken: there is your father—He! he! Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. "It is possible," thought he, "I shall now be permitted!" and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic. The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel's hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of his shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devotion, and then replaced it. Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward." No one answered or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain, and told him that if they offered to send letters they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish. A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck; "where is the captain?" "Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats; he held some letters in his hand. "What do you want?" continued Schriften, "He! he!" "What, you here, pilot?" observed the man; "well—I thought you had gone to Davy's locker, long enough ago." "He! he!" replied Schriften, turning away. "Why the fact is, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home; I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape." "I can't take them," cried the captain. "Can't take them! well, it's very odd—but every ship refuses to take our letters; it's very unkind—seaman should have a feeling for brother seaman, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they could only hear from us." "I cannot take your letters—the saints preserve us," replied the captain. "We have been a long while out," said the seaman, shaking his head. "How long?" inquired the captain, not knowing what to say. "We can't tell; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact nor,

for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day." "Let me see your letters," said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman's hands. "They must not be touched," screamed Schriften. "Out, monster!" replied Philip, "who dares interfere with me?" "Doomed—doomed—doomed!" shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter. "Touch not the letters," said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters. "Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay." "Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was," replied Philip. "Impossible!" replied the man; "here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place. 'The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church on the spot.' 'Impossible!" replied the seaman; "here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketser—with moyney to buy her a new brooch." Philip shook his head—"I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago." "Impossible!" I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Slutz and Co., to whom the ship belongs." "There's no such house now," replied Philip; "but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name." "Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son—" "Give it me," cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel. "That's a scurvy for an old shipmate," observed the seaman. Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first. The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side:—"It is very hard very unkind," observed he, as he descended; "the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation; so saying, he disappeared: in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars, retreating from the ship. "Holy St. Antonio!" exclaimed the captain, "I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack."

It will be only necessary here to observe, in explanation of this extract, and prefatory to the one we are now about to give, that the relic around Philip's neck is a piece of the cross, which, if he can succeed in carrying on board his father's vessel, and placing in his father's hands, the spell, which otherwise would keep him seeking to double the Cape to all eternity, will be dissolved. This mission he has undertaken, dogged throughout by Schriften, whose conduct in thwarting his purpose is explained below, and by the fact that he was pilot of the vessel and killed by the elder Vanderdecken, in his rage, for thwarting his purpose of beating round the Cape at the time of his impious oath and consequent judgment. The sailors, in their terror, have forced both Vanderdecken, the son, and Schriften into a boat: the rest of the tale tells itself; and it will be seen from it that Mr. Marry at revenges himself of past writers who have "stolen his best thoughts," by breaking up the flying Dutchman's craft entirely. Not a fiver has he left hanging together; not one plank a drift to float any one, adventurous enough to follow his course; so that all future Phantom Ships are to be taken but as the shadow of a shade, for.

### THE PHANTON SHIP IS NO MORE!

"In a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schriften had left was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze; the Phantom Ship was still in sight but at a much greater distance from them than she was before. Philip pulled hard towards her, but although hove to, she

appeared to increase her distance from the boat. "You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Schriften; "but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruise together, but you will be as far from your object at the end of it, as you are now at the Commencement.—Why don't you throw me overboard again? You will be all the lighter—He! he!" "I threw you overboard in a state of phrenzy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force from me my relic." "And have I not endeavoured to make others take it from you this very day?—Have I not—He! he!" "You have," rejoined Philip; "I am now convinced, that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing, you are only following your destiny, as I am mine. Why, and wherefore, I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery;—if the success of my endeavours depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and detaching my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. Schriften, I have not forgotten, and never will, that you kindly did advise my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although you have been, and are still mine. Although my enemy, for her sake I forgive you, and will not attempt to harm you." "You do then forgive your enemy, Philip Vanderdecken?" replied Schriften mournfully. "For such I acknowledge myself to be." "I do, with all my heart, with all my soul," replied Philip. "Then you have conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken; you have now made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen:—when your father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage took my life, he was vouchsafed a chance of his doom being cancelled, through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for vengeance; it was granted that I should remain on earth, and thwart your will.—That as long as we were enemies, you should not succeed; but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of forgiving your enemy, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished." As Schriften spoke, Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone. "Father of Mercy, I thank thee," said Philip, "that my task is done, and that I again may meet my Amine." Philip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship and, found that she no longer appeared to leave him; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained her deck. The crew of the vessel crowded round him. "Your captain," said Philip; "I must speak with you captain." "Who shall I say, sir?" demanded one who appeared to be the first mate. "Who?" replied Philip; "tell him his son would speak to him, his son Philip Vanderdecken." Shouts of laughter from the crew, followed this answer of Philip's; and the mate, as soon as they ceased, observed with a smile, "You forget, sir, perhaps you would say his father." "Tell him his son, if you please," replied Philip; "take no note of grey hairs." "Well, sir, here he is coming forward," replied the mate, stepping aside and pointing to the captain. "What is all this?" inquired the captain. "Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel?" "I am, sir," replied the other. "You appear not to know me!—But how can you? you saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you

remember a letter which you gave to your wife." "Ha!" replied the captain; "and who then are you?" "Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me, behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to save us." Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father. As if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees, and wept. "My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Peter's arms, "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway. "My son, my noble son, before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, oh, let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition; my son, my noble son, receive a father's thanks," exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence he humbly addressed himself to that Being, whom he once so awfully defied.—The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same; still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed. For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the Phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck, crumbled into atoms, and disappeared. Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; and there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and the son. Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank and, the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross. Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all his splendour—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming scagull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play, the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea.—All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved for ever, and that "The Phantom Ship" was no more.

### THE QUEEN'S MISTAKE!

The Queen can do no wrong, says the "old saw," but Lord Melbourne, in the shape of a "modern instance," very unequivocally declared that the Queen may occasionally lie under a pretty considerable mistake. "The statement," says Lord Viscount Melbourne, "was, that Sir Robert Peel had required the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, not stating the extent to which he would put it in execution, but leaving it on her Majesty's mind that he meant to carry it out, to a very great extent. He did not say that the statement itself was erroneous, but that he now believed the im-

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pression on Her Majesty's mind to have been erroneous!"

So then, all her Majesty's high-minded determination—her Majesty's noble resolution—her Majesty's bold defiance of the tyrant Tories,—her Majesty's touching appeal to the sympathies of her people—sweet sympathisers that they are!—her Majesty's heroic self-devotion to the cause of liberality—her Majesty's magnanimous resistance to the demands of an overbearing faction—her Majesty's devoted fidelity to the friends of her Majesty's early youth, and so forth—all the stagetricks and touching tableaux exhibited during the last week to the admiring eyes of her Majesty's faithful subject on the boards of Buckingham-place—have been mere moonshine and misconception—mere error and false apprehension—simply and absolutely a political flash in the pan!

It was all a mistake! If her Majesty had not supposed that you meant to go a great deal farther than the removal of Lady Normanby and the Hon. Ladies Howard—if her Majesty had not, by an unfortunate obtuseness of understanding, failed to perceive that your objections were directed only against these ladies, and the slanderers of Lady Flora Hastings—if, in a word, her Majesty had not been as dull of apprehension as she has proved herself resolved of will, we never would have advised her to write the note she did to Sir Robert Peel!

Let it not be supposed that, although we have supplied the clothing of language to these ideas, the sentiments or the statements are ours. They are the statements of Lord Viscount Melbourne in his place in the House of Lords. The sentiments are his own. He says the Queen was wrong. He declares that she was in error. He admits he was himself led astray by her Majesty's—what shall we say?—stupidity, or misconception, or want of habituation to business?—we can find no language so apt as his own, and we therefore use it—by the "erroneous impression on her Majesty's mind."

Her Majesty, says Lord Melbourne, erroneously imagined that Sir Robert Peel desired the dismissal of her whole household—that Sir Robert Peel meant to act up to the system of predecessors in office, and was resolved, to use Lord Melbourne's own words, not to let an opposition cat mew about the palace; and so, under this erroneous impression, her Majesty conveyed her ideas of the affair to her advisers; and they, having her Majesty's authority for the presumption, and taking it for granted that there would be an entire turning of the tables if Peel got in, dictated that short and dry communication which compelled the new administration to throw up their engagement.

It simply comes to this—that Lord Melbourne has found it necessary to open a door for the re-admission of Sir Robert Peel; and the course he takes is to allege that the whole matter was a mistake, not of his own, but of her Majesty.

We protest we do not believe it. We believe the truth of the matter to be this: that but for a momentary hope of reconciling the radicals, there never would have been one word of dissent to the customary ministerial arrangements in the household; that in a moment of renewed hope, springing from the fallacious prospect of a radical coalition, this despicable experiment was struck out by some of the more practised intriguers of the Cabinet; that the hopes of radical assistance having since vanished, and Peel's return to power being now as inevitable as ever, some pretext must be found to secure a second retreat; that the readiest pretext is to say, oh! it is all a mistake; and that the cry, not of peccavimus, but of erravimus, has been raised accordingly.

But was it fair or manly to make the Queen their scape-goat?

Preparations are making in Hanover to receive the Queen Dowager of England. The Ordnance Survey of Ireland will be completed in 1841.

The experimental lighting of the House of Commons with the Bude light took place on Thursday evening.

Count Munster, who has altogether retired from public life, is in a very delicate state of health, and intends very shortly to leave Hanover.

The late political intrigue is confidently attributed at much to the "poverty" as the "will" of one of the principal actors, or—should we not rather say?—actresses.—*Herald*.

The army in Ireland is now reduced to four regiments of cavalry, and only eight of infantry. viz.:—Scots Greys, Enniskillen Dragoons, 8th Hussars, and 17th Lancers; 7th, 19th, 22d, 38th, 42d, 86th, 97th, and 99th Regiments—not including Depots.

THE CROPS.—We are happy to say that accounts from various parts of the country, as to the appearance of the growing

crops, all concur in stating that the young wheats are looking strong and healthy, and affording the prospect of an abundant harvest, should the weather continue favourable.—*Staffordshire Gaz.*

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—A troop of artillery of the rocket brigade, about thirty in number, passed through Leicester on Wednesday. They came from Lutterworth, and were to rest at Mount Sorrel, to be stationed, we are informed, in Loughborough, or the neighbourhood, for some time.—*Leicester Chronicle*

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.—Lord Melbourne is quite grave in the announcement of his objection to a removal of the ladies about "her Majesty on every change of administration." Why did not Lord Melbourne, who did in his power the sole arrangement of the young Queen's household, form it of such persons as would be equally unconnected with, and equally unbissed towards, his own administration as to any by which it might be succeeded? No, that would not do. He first fills the palace, for his own selfish purposes, with his own hot partisans, and then, when he thinks about quitting office himself, he has the effrontery to dissuade the Queen from suffering any other minister to enjoy the same advantage which he has himself abused so grossly; but, on the plea of studying the "personal comfort of her Majesty," puts on record a minute of council, recommending that a garrison of his own appointment shall still hold the citadel of the fortress, and let him in again by a postern the first convenient opportunity.

A MELANCHOLY SPECTACLE.—Few spectacles can be imagined more melancholy than that exhibited at this moment by the Queen's prime minister. He stands convicted, in the eyes of the country, of the grossest duplicity and meanness; and he is about to throw upon the empire the penalty of his self-abasement, in the form of fresh experiments upon the empire's institutions. He has, at length, formed a "compact alliance" with the English radicals, as he formerly did with the Irish agitators. In regard to the ultimate consequences of his new bargain, Lord Melbourne is utterly careless; and that he should be careless as to those consequences, is, perhaps, a necessity of his moral being. The whig premier has seen much of the worst portions of human nature. He is utterly devoid of enthusiasm. He is a sceptic as to the existence of disinterested impulses. He believes that for beings so depraved as men seem to him to be, one set of political institutions is nearly as good as another; and, therefore, that a minister would prove himself a fool, who should sacrifice place and patronage to scruples in favour of any pre-existing social arrangements. Lord Melbourne cares nothing for any system of opinions; but he does care much for patronage, and salary, and flattery, and the consciousness of power. To secure these things, in perpetuity, his lordship would be conservative to-day—whig to-morrow—a household sufferage man on the day following—and chartist whenever a seeming necessity for professing the "whole-hog" faith should arise.

The admissions which ministers have been compelled to make, taken along with the admirable frank and manly statement of Sir Robert Peel, must now convince the public that the resignation of the Melbourne ministry was a spurious one—a mere trick, to get an opportunity of converting the Queen's name in a watchword of faction, to obtain for them that national support which they had forfeited by their many delinquencies. It was a base expedient, and can only add to their ill reputation without averting their ruin.

The commissionership of Greenwich Hospital has been bestowed upon Mr. William Cowper, Lord Melbourne's private secretary; and nephew.

The Duke of Wellington is a member of about thirty different orders of knighthood of the highest class, and the insignia of many of them have been presented to him in precious stones; and yet, however great and important the occasion, the only decorations worn by the Duke are the British order of the Garter and a simple Waterloo medal—differing in nothing from that worn by private soldiers.

The present Speaker of the House of Commons is 63 years of age. He had been 32 years in parliament.

Lord John Russell has addressed a letter to several Lords-Lieutenant of counties, offering to provide arms for persons desirous of forming voluntary associations for the protection of life and property in districts where disturbances are apprehended.

The "National Convention," on Tuesday, discussed the propriety of paying the sum of £33, 16s. 9d. charged for reporting their speeches and proceedings for one week in the Sun newspaper; and it was agreed to pay the money, but to stop the reports after Thursday last.

The Irish Methodists have, within a few months, lost by death three ornaments to their ministry, in the persons of Messrs. *Mayne, Howe, and Ouseley*.

It is stated that Counsellor *Sheil* is to canvas *Kilkenny* under the impression that *Hume*, being denounced by *O'Connell* will not try his hand again in Ireland.

There is a story very current of a lady of high rank throwing herself at the feet of a great personage; and suing in *forma pauperis* not to be removed.

Lord Melbourne's new cabinet cannot stand. Let him arrange his materials as he may, he cannot conceal the fact that those materials are rotten. The first collision with the real business of the country will shatter the whole concern.

One of the anomalies and novelties of the present state of affairs is, that two persons should be named as the probable Prime Ministers, each of whom is himself at this moment liable to impeachment.

It is stated that one of the *O'Connells* was a suitor to succeed *Mr. Shiel* as a commissioner of Greenwich; but that Lord Melbourne had the unpardonable presumption to prefer his own nephew and private secretary to the son of his master.

During the last few days Lord *Liverpool* has had several interviews with *Sir Robert Peel*; and the impression was that that nobleman was making efforts to renew the negotiation which had been interrupted by an intrigue as mean as it was mischievous.

It would appear that the Whigs will be disappointed in their expectation of receiving the support of the most sweet voices of the Chartists at the next election—the *National Convention* having passed a resolution unanimously that "the secretary of state for the home department has all throughout his administration acted the part more of a maniac than of a statesman."

The Chartists. We are able to state, on the very best authority, that at a recent meeting of the Wesleyan preachers of the Bath district, consisting of between 30 and 40 individuals, it was unanimously resolved that any member of the Methodist connection, who should join himself with the Chartists, should be excluded from their body. This decision we cannot but regard as honorable to the parties, and in accordance with the sacred volume, and one which should be made known in every part of the kingdom.—*Bath Post*.

It is pretty generally understood in the best informed circles, that had *Sir Robert Peel* been permitted to form a government, his first measure would have been a general penny postage bill, a bill to expunge or alter the bastardy and other objectionable clauses in the poor law amendment act, and a bill to abolish the payment of the registration shilling in the reform act. Will the Whigs do this?

The Chartist hold their weekly meetings regularly at *Dowlais*: from their speeches it is evident that nothing less is aimed at than a state of anarchy; and from the same foul mouths that cried reform! reform! a few years ago, we hear nothing in substance but equality! equality! now. *Merther Guardian*

The Bristol Chartists, it is said, have threatened to begin the revolution by making a bonfire of the

shipping at that port; and that they may not lack courage, the Bristol "liberals" were to have assembled yesterday, under the pretence of addressing the Queen, but, in reality, with the view of kindling the flames of discord amongst the most inflammatory population in her Majesty's dominions.

The Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, the candidate for the speakership, had a pension of £2,000 per annum granted to him for his official services, having filled various public appointments for 20 years except one quarter of a year, including the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The date of the grant of the pension is May 7, 1835, when the right hon. gentleman was chief secretary for Ireland.

The *Ballot*. An American correspondent of a London Journal says "I cannot conclude, however, though pressed for time, without begging you to present my compliments to Mr. Grote, and tell him the legislature of this state are urged by the 'People' TO PASS A REGISTRY ACT TO DEFEND THEM FROM THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE BALLOT-BOX! The practice of the Patriots in this city is to 'colonise,' that is, to go from ward to ward, and swear at the polls they belong to each ward."

Prince *Napoleon Louis Bonaparte* has sent a letter to the newspapers, denying that he is in any way responsible for the insurrection in Paris. The Prince says: "The intelligence of the bloody scenes which took place has caused me as much surprise as grief. If I were the soul of a plot, I would, also, be the chief actor in it in the day of danger; nor would I shrink back after a defeat."

*Sir Robert Peel*. Arraigned as *Sir Robert Peel* has been before the tribunal of public opinion, and outrageously maligning by the misrepresentations of a factious press, his noble triumph over the difficulties of his late trying position, equally with his satisfactory explanations of the reasons of his conduct, must vastly enhance his reputation. A result so contrary to that which his political opponents have laboured to secure, is most cheering and important in the present crisis of the monarchy, when its fate is so dependent on the character of its principal defenders. We defy the most lynx-eyed opponent of the noble baronet to detect in his conduct one single step deviating, through selfish considerations, from the straightforward path of public duty. It was to be presumed, that his well-known public principle would prove an ample pavilion of security from the strife of vulgar tongues. The real temptations to transgress, however slightly, the rules prescribed by a lofty and devotional loyalty, lay in the provocation to baffle suspected intrigues behind the throne, and in the delicate but arduous task of grappling with the misconceptions of his sovereign mistress. He has come out of the sharp and fiery trial, however, unscathed either as to his public principles or loyal feelings, and occupies at this moment a position in public favour higher than ever, and is consequently more fitted by the late adverse and untoward event to become the future saviour of his country. The Duke of Wellington's speech in the House of Peers, is a triumphant vindication of the course pursued by his right honorable friend.—*Watchman*—*Wesleyan Methodist Paper*.

By the will of the we understand that, of £3,000 per ann. Countess, (late Miss of his property dev'd at-law, his lordship Capel, now Earl of SAGACIOUS COOK, cook, as soon as he facings of the liverie to yellow, for fear of the intelligent Iris that there might be tain pots of "orange made parts of his a functionary was than and, after much ser agreed to alter, the lemon marmalade. The total amount Savings' Banks of redness the sum 73.

PATRONAGE OF MENT.—Some of the tronage we may be sums annually also law commissioners, missioners, £14,700 missioners, £12,700 factories, £9,000; £4,000; criminal £5,000; inspectors Scotch Church con ecclesiastical com hand-loom weavers Irish boundary st perhaps as many equal amount. A created by the gove ed itself to act with rule without patron der.

The WEDNESDAY

Ship

Port of L  
July 3.—Napole bread, butter, peas, brick.  
Ann. Davis, M & plank, 30 M  
July 8.—Napol ballast.

Port of EN  
June 16.—Samu 150 tons salt,  
21.—Portree, Be molasses, 500 gles, 1000 lun cr.  
June 18.—Samu 1286 qts. fish  
19.—Victoria, 918 galls. sea dered seal oil ber, 3500 seal  
20.—Curtlew, Fr galls. seal oil 980 galls. ren cod blubber, cwt. old junk, galls. seal dre  
21.—Experiment 254 galls. sea &c. &c  
Providence, Maj galls. seal oil, old junk, 5 cu

Port of EN  
June 18.—Richar uey, lumber, sh  
14.—Packet, Gra tle.  
Beaver, Andrews, Jolly Tar, Vigneat toes.  
Victoria, Doane, B Portree, Beaton, ses, shingles.  
Ben, Forest, Boste lasses, rum.

STOP!  
STOLEN on the last, from t MARTIN, a New

FISHIN  
with Bright Sides, Eight Quintals R. Sprit-sails, Foresail Mainsail and Jib l  
Whoever will gi will lead to the co ders, shall be hand by applying to

Harbor Grace, July 10, 1839.



By the will of the late Earl of Essex, we understand that, deducting a jointure of £3,000 per annum, secured to the Countess, (late Miss Stephens,) the whole of his property devolves upon the heir-at-law, his lordship's nephew, Arthur Capel, now Earl of Essex.

**SAGACIOUS COOK.**—Lord Ebrington's cook, as soon as he heard that the orange facings of the liveries were to be changed to yellow, for fear of giving offence to the intelligent Irish nation, suggested that there might be some danger in certain pots of "orange marmalade, which made parts of his kitchen stores. The functionary was thanked for his prudence, and, after much serious debate, it was agreed to alter, the label on the pots, to "lemon marmalade."—*Warler.*

The total amount of money in the Savings' Banks of Great Britain now reaches the sum of £22,699,792. 3s. 7d.

**PATRONAGE OF THE WHIG GOVERNMENT.**—Some of the channels of this patronage we may briefly state, with the sums annually absorbed in them:—Poor law commissioners, £54,000; slave commissioners, £14,700; Irish railway commissioners, £12,700; superintendents of factories, £9,000; record commissioners, £4,000; criminal law commissioners, £5,000; inspectors of prisons, £6,000; Scotch Church commissioners, £4,000; ecclesiastical commissioners, £2,500; hand-loom weavers' commission, £4,000; Irish boundary survey, £7,000; with perhaps as many more absorbing an equal amount. And these are offices created by the government which pledged itself to act with rigid economy, and rule without patronage.—*Berwick Warler.*

**The Star.**

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1839

**Ship News.**

Port of Harbor Grace.

ENTERED  
July 3.—Napoleon, Califf, Hamburg, bread, butter, pork, flour, oatmeal, peas, brick.  
Ann, Davis, Miramichi, 42,796 board & plank, 30 M. shingles, 8 spars.

CLEARED  
July 8.—Napoleon, Califf, Sydney, ballast.

Port of Carbonear.

ENTERED  
June 16.—Samuel, Meadus, Figueira, 150 tons salt, 1 cask wine.  
21.—Portree, Beaton, Halifax, 71 puns molasses, 500 bla. flour, 55000 shingles, 1000 lumber.

CLEARED  
June 18.—Samuel, Meadus, Figueira, 1286 qtls. fish.  
19.—Victoria, Power, Liverpool, 13,918 galls. seal oil, 1541 galls. rendered seal oil, 790 galls. cod blubber, 3500 seal skins.

20.—Curlew, Fitzgerald, Bristol, 5611 galls. seal oil, 2613 galls. cod oil, 980 galls. rendered oil, 1672 galls. cod blubber, 2000 seal skins, 55 cwt. old junk, 41 qtls. cod fish, 265 galls. seal dregs.

21.—Experiment, Badcock, Poole, 16,254 galls. seal oil, 10,000 seal skins &c. &c.  
Providence, Major, Liverpool, 17,976 galls. seal oil, 4000 seal skins, 3 tons old junk, 5 cow and ox hides.

Port of St. John's.

ENTERED  
June 18.—Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney, lumber, shingles.

14.—Packet, Graham, Antigonish, cattle.  
Beaver, Andrews, Sydney, coal, horses.  
Jolly Tar, Vigneaux, P. E. Island, potatoes.

Victoria, Doane, Boston, flour.  
Portree, Beaton, Halifax, flour, molasses, shingles.  
Ben, Forest, Boston, bread, flour, molasses, rum.

**STOP! READ!!**

**STOLEN** on the Night of MONDAY last, from the Stage of CHARLES MARTIN, a New

**FISHING SKIFF,**

with Bright Sides, that will carry about Eight Quintals Round Fish. She had Sprit-sails, Foresail barked with new foot, Mainsail and Jib lightly barked.

Whoever will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the offenders, shall be handsomely REWARDED by applying to

THOMAS WILLS.

Harbor Grace, July 10, 1839.

On Sale.

**NOW LANDING**

AT THE WHARF OF

**The Subscribers**

From the brig Ann, from Miramichi,

8,000 Feet Birch Plank, 3 inch & 2 1-2  
6 M. Pine Decking, 3 inch  
30 M. Merchantable Board  
30 M. Shingles  
12 Spars.

THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbor Grace, July 10, 1839.

**Plans, &c.**

THE Inhabitants of the Island are respectfully informed that the Subscriber will furnish

**Plans, Specifications, &c.**

and inspect Public and Private Buildings.

Address—Mr. MICHAEL M'GRATH, Architect, at Mr. John Dillon's, Queen-st. St. John's.  
N. B.—An APPRENTICE wanted.

St. John's, July 2, 1839.

FOR SALE

BY THE

**SUBSCRIBERS,**

Ex NAPOLEON from HAMBURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and 4000 Bricks

The latter at Cost and Charges, if taken from the Ship's side immediately.

ALSO,

90 Tons

**SALT,**

And,

20 Tons Best House

**Coals,**

Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from LIVERPOOL.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbor Grace, July 3, 1839.

**Eligible Premises!!**

**To be Let**

FOR A TERM OF YEARS

Those conveniently situated

STORES, WHARF,

SHOP, &c.,

adjoining Mr. TIMOTHY HOGAN'S PREMISES, at present in the occupation of Mr. LAWRENCE O'BRIEN, and Mr. JOHN O'MARA, but whose Lease expires on 10th OCTOBER next.

For Terms, apply to ROBINSON, BROOKING, GARLAND & Co. Or, to GEORGE BURTON.

St. John's, July 3, 1839.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER

THE BRIG

**ROWENA,**

Burthen 108 Tons.

Apply to

THOS. GAMBLE.

Carbonear, June 12, 1839.

SUGAR and

**Molasses.**

FOR SALE

BY

RIDLEY, HARRISON & CO.

344 Packages

Being the CARGO of the Brig ALVA Capt. McNAUGHTON,

Just arrived from Cuba,

For which Cash, Cod Oil, Cod Fish, Salmon, or Herring will be received in Payment.

Harbor Grace, May 29, 1839.

**20 Guineas REWARD.**

Whereas some wicked and profane Person did on the Night of Monday last, break into the

**WESLEYAN CHAPEL**

in this Town, and Stole from hence the

**Holy Bible,**

out of the Pulpit, and Two

HYMN BOOKS.

The above Reward of Twenty Guineas, is hereby offered to any Person or Persons who will give such information as will lead to the prosecution and conviction of the perpetrators of the above Sacrilege.

Harbor Grace, May 15, 1839.

**Capt. THOMAS GADEN**

BEGGS to inform the Public in general that he intends employing his Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season in the COASTING TRADE, between St. John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and Briggs, as Freights may occasionally offer. He will warrant the greatest care and attention shall be paid to the Property committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr. JAMES CLIFT'S, St. John's; or to Mr. ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour Grace.

N. B.—The BEAUFORT will leave St. John's every Saturday (wind and weather permitting).

May 1, 1839.

**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 improvements 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 bulkhead, 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.

**Blanks**

At the Office of this Paper.

**New Goods!**

JUST LANDED

Ex ANN, from Bristol.

AND ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS

At Low Prices for Cash or Produce, Viz.—

500 Bags 1st, 2nd & 3rd quality BREAD  
72 Barrels Prime Mess PORK  
30 Bolts East Croker CANVAS  
20 Pieces Flat Ditto, No. 1 to 7  
43 Kegs White, Green & Black PAINT

Hogsheads LIME

Bags 1½ to 9 inch assorted NAILS

Horse and Shingle Ditto

Splitting Knives

Axes, Hammers

Grindstones

Carp. Compasses

Coopers Rushes

Bake Pots and Covers

Grappels, Fish Hooks

Assorted TINWARE

Sheet COPPER

Chalk, Whitening

Slates, Bock Ditto

Ship Chandlery

Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine

Butts LEATHER

Shoe Blacking

STATIONERY, and Ink in Bottles

Pieces Brown Holland

RISH LINENS

Sheeting, and Sheetting CALICOES

Irish Union Ditto

Unbleached Ditto

Fancy Shirtings

Fustians, and Moleskins

Printed Ditto

Twist, Check

Aberdeen Dowlas

A Large Assortment Fancy Printed

CHINTZ COTTONS

Twilled and Cambric Ditto

Fancy Cotton Handkerchiefs

Cambric Muslins

Slate, Brown and Black Ditto

Book and Soft Swiss Ditto

Jaconet Ditto

Colored and Black MERINOES

Satin, Sarsnet and China Gauze Ribbons

Shaded and Figured Ladies Belts

BANDANA & Barcelona Handkerchiefs

Pieces Colored Persian

Black Crape

Stays (white & colored), Saxony Ties

CHENILLE Handkerchiefs

Figured Squares

THIBET Shawies & Turnovers

Colored, Black & White Kidgloves

Ladies Thread Ditto

Velvet Slippers

German Lace Cotton

Gentlemen's Satin & Mohair Stocks

Blue, Black, & Green Superfine Broad

CLOTHS

HOSIERY, Dornet, Lancashire & Welch

FLANNELS

Scotch PLAID, Green Baize

LEATHERWARE

EARTHENWARE

Stone Jars, & Ginger Beer Bottles

Also,

30 Tons Best Red Ash

**NEWPORT**

**Coals.**

THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbor Grace, May 8, 1839.

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun den, Master,

FROM HAMBURG.

Prime Mess PORK  
Bread  
Flour  
Oatmeal  
Peas  
Butter.

Also,

15 Tuns BLUBBER.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear, Jan 9, 1839.



POETRY

[FOR THE STAR.]

LOVE'S HUNTING.

From an old Author.

The God of Love  
Once deign'd to rove  
In hunter's guise the etherial plains,  
Yet Cupid blest  
That o'er each breast  
Of mortal mould supremely reigns.

Him' grisly foes  
Essay'd to oppose  
(Sad treatment) yet it nought avail'd;  
He unsubdu'd  
His way pursued  
Though fierce annoyance assail'd:—

But yet when'er  
His shafts severe,  
Knew the tough bow's elastic string,  
The savage race  
That 'habit space  
Bow'd down before him worshipping.

Say why should they  
Thus fierce essay  
To banish Cupid from the skies:  
For he will glide  
Unterrified  
Though forms ferocious round him rise.

Harbour Grace, July, 1839.

PRAY NOT FOR THE DEAD.

(From the Athenaeum.)

Pray not for the dead! Alas, alas! the  
prayer

So often poured in bitterness of heart,  
In the first fullness of the soul's despair,  
O'er the grave of loved ones, who depart  
And leave us mourning, shall we not  
confess

And know and fell its utter worthlessness?

Pray for the young! That they may live  
and learn,  
And hallow their Creator's name, and  
love

The creatures he hath made; and so  
return

The spirit to its resting-place above,  
To God who gave it; and the dust to  
dust,

Whence it was taken—pray for them and  
trust.

Pray for the weary and the sick at heart,  
For these Bowed down by sorrow's heavy  
weight;

Pray that the God of patience may  
impart

His own good spirit to the desolate;  
And pray that those who sow in tears  
may reap

In joy unchanging—pray for them and  
weep.

Pray for the sinner—for the weak and  
blind;

For them who will not, or who cannot  
pray—

Pray that the poor benighted ones may  
find

A star to light the darkness of their way;  
The trampled spirit, the repentant tear,  
May yet be theirs—then pray for them  
and fear.

Pray for the dying, that their end be  
peace—

Pray for the mourners who beside them  
kneel;

Pray that the worm and aching heart  
may cease

To suffer, though it may not cease to  
feel;

And Oh! that sorrow may not pass away  
And leave those hearts unchastened,  
deeply pray!

But pray not for the dead, nor weep nor  
sigh—

Ye cannot know, ye cannot change their  
doom;

For as the tree hath fallen, it must lie.

In lowliness of spirit, by the tomb,  
Kneel down, and tears of contrite sorrow  
shed;

Pray for the living—pray not for the  
dead.

**A LIMBLESS FEMALE.**—In one of my excursions I visited an unfortunate female, in humble life residing at the distance of 11 miles from Asheville, utterly destitute of limbs, and composed only of a head and trunk. Her name is Esther Massey, and she is one of an illegitimate family of eleven children. Her father has also a legitimate wife and family of ten children and the two families, with their respective matrons, are said to meet with cordiality. This singular being was born in her present limbless condition, and has now attained the age of 25 years. Her mother and whole family appear to regard her with much ten-

derness and affection, and she seems to possess a cheerful and happy disposition, which renders her content with the helpless and apparently hapless lot, which nature has awarded her. Although an object calculated to excite the wonder, and rouse the sympathies of her fellow-beings, many, who enjoy the full proportions of humanity, and a bountiful dispensation of the good things of life, will find their ungrateful and guilty repinings shamed by the equanimity, and cheerful spirit of this physically imperfect creature, in the midst of privation and poverty.—I have already said that she is composed of a mere head and trunk. This is literally true. She has no arms, and neither legs nor thighs. Her shoulders are rounded off, and capable of motion; and on them she receives the gifts which charity or kindness proffers her. She is also able to move about on a level, with a kind of waddling motion. Her usual position is that of sitting, or rather standing upright in a common chair, by rocking which from side to side, she moves about with great facility. She is able to read, and for this purpose places the book on her shoulder, or (which she prefers) on a table before her, and turns over the leaves with her tongue. Her health has always been excellent, and her mother says, she has never had occasion for the services of a physician; and, although she seldom leaves the house, and therefore takes but little exercise, she is now in the finest and most robust health, and is so fat, that her body (which is largely proportioned) is as broad as it is long. Her head is very large, and her features are also large and somewhat coarse, yet decidedly good, and forming a very agreeable *tout ensemble* and her lip is absolutely pretty, and of the richest and ripest red. In addition to being sociable and chatty, and even witty, it is said she possesses the accomplishment of singing a very sweet song. She received the party who visited her in company with myself, very affably, and very graciously accepted our farewell offering. Some years ago, a Yankee, having met with her, offered to purchase her of her mother, for the sum of 3,000 dollars as a speculation. This tempting offer was very creditably refused by the parent, neither her poverty her will consented to the traffic. The Yankee, however, succeeded in persuading her to let him take the limbless girl with him for exhibition on shares of the profits, a brother and a sister accompanying her. They got, I learn, as far as Columbia, (S. C.) and then returned to their mother, saying that they were not well treated by the Yankee. A warm welcome greeted them at the maternal love, and no other attempt has been made at exhibition.

**THE STORMING OF CONSTANTINA.**—The ravines at the foot of the rock were filled with the bodies of those who rolled from above; heaps were seen of the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the mutilated. Men, women, and children lay in masses, perishing miserably and in agonies; for all others were too occupied to assist them. The sight of men who have been killed fighting is one which does not inspire any sensibilities, for it is nothing more than you are prepared to see; but when women and children are included among the killed, such is not the

case; and few can gaze upon them in this state unmoved. In the town I was witness to a little scene which considerably affected me. entering a house whose passage was paved with the numerous bodies of the valiant defenders, we found a door which was locked; the soldiers burst it open, and found that it had been still further secured by the inmates with boxes and trunks placed against it. A woman had locked herself in with two children; one of them at the breast. She thought herself secure, but we found all three killed, a shell having entered by the ceiling, and burst in the room. The mother and the little boy appeared to have been, when struck, at different extremities of the room. We found them in the centre, embracing each other with the grasp of death, and the train of blood showed that they had dragged themselves there from opposite corners. The floor was strewn with toys and playthings, many dabbled in blood. Although these are events which unfortunately often occur in besieged towns, still you cannot avoid starting with horror and pain when they present themselves to view.—*United Service Journal.*

**American Militiamen.**—Near-Sightedness.—While our militia have generally acceded with alacrity and with cheerfulness to the orders which called them out, there have been a few who have been suddenly seized with diseases that never before developed themselves, and these offered as excuses for not bearing arms. We have heard of one most amusing case which comes under this head, and that is a man in one of the towns of a neighbouring county who was very suddenly afflicted with near-sightedness. On his examination before the surgeon of the regiment and in his eagerness to make the correctness of his complaint apparent, he said to the surgeon, "Why, Sir, my sight is so bad I can't tell whether that pig yonder is a pig or a cow."

**A Learned Clerk.** The clerk of a church not many miles from Rochdale, to show how deeply he was versed in classic lore, called his dog *Ino*. One day an acquaintance called on him, and, amongst other matters, asked him the name of his dog. "Ino," said the clerk. "I know!" repeated the weaver (for such he was); "I know ut theaw knows, or elze I shudno' ha' axed thee." Clerk: "Well, I tell thee it's *Ino*." Weaver: "Dang it, mon, I know theaw knows, and theaw meet as weel let sumbody elze know too, an' mak' 'em as hee larnt as thysel'; it's surely sum varra queer neame ot theaw'rt so fyert o' tellin'." Clerk: "Why, I tell thee, the dog's coad *Ino*, afther one o' th' yethen goddissus." Weaver: "Yethen devil! theaw'st olis moor whims nor ony body elze; why cud ta no' ha' gin th' dog a gradely Christian neame at woust?"

In Paris, while every body is asked in vain to be a prime minister the office of executioner is the subject of a very keen contest.

**JONATHAN'S LAST.** The people live uncommon long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there's nobody alive who can remember it for them.

**A Cold Con.** Why is the House of Common like a cold in the head? Because sometimes the *eyes* have it, and sometimes the *noes*.

Notices

CONCEPTION 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. 6d.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double do. .... 1s.

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

Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

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

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

TERMS.  
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single ..... 6d.  
Double, Do. .... 1s.  
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., &c., received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kilty'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 on EAST by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

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



VOL. V.

HARBOUR GRACE

From the Liverpool

When our country is in a morbid love of a morbid degree. This country is in imminent danger. A multitude of our greatest perils. A revolution is daily diminishing. Our colonies are suffering. A slender thread. A sufficient to sever. And what is the result? The only answer to this question is, has a government good, but powerful, firmly believe in response which population of great give to the question nation contents its contemplating it which we are sure making any gains overcome them!

It has been strength of a and in its silence. We had much of the people of forth its active and only watching "furs." In this with a government mischief, let that removed, and super, before it has more harm. It is enthralled by a let the people of release her from the city in which she.

We confess of heartily tired of the hitherto acted up servative leaders, mended by many the cause. The country is a matter to be trifled with a

We are glad to policy is not upon Norwich, ton, Bristol, Shrewsbury, places, have had to petition her Majesty from her council reckless administration summon to her assistance will defend her the her subject, men will give us whole sary reforms, will rude hand of the the leveller to touch our constitution, strenuously maintained integrity and usefulness, the Pre of England, that cl at once the security throne and the glo nation. The inhu