

THE CARBONEAR STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1833.

No. 17.

NOTICES

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 continuation 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.—**DOYLE** will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

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.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the *Newfoundlander Office*.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE

TO AND FROM HARBOUR-GRACE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between *HARBOUR-GRACE* and *PORTUGAL COVE*, leaving the former place every **MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY** Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and *PORTUGAL COVE* the succeeding Days at Noon, Sundays excepted, wind and weather permitting.

FARES.

Cabin Passengers 10s.
Steerage Ditto 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Ditto 1s.
Parcels (not containing Letters) in proportion to their weight.

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers, will be regularly transmitted.

A. DRYSDALE,

Agent, Harbour-Grace.

PERCHARD & ROAG,

Agents, St. John's.

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of **PROWSE and JAKUES**, Carbonear, Newfoundland, is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. All Debts owing to and from the said Concern, will be received and paid by the undersigned **GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES**. Witness our Hands, at Carbonear, this 31st Day of December, 1832.

SAMUEL PROWSE, Jun.
GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES.

THE Business hitherto carried on in this Town, under the Firm of **PROWSE and JAKUES**, will be continued by the Subscriber, from this date, in his own Name.

GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES.
Carbonear, Dec. 31, 1832.

ON SALE.

BY

COLLINGS & LEGG

50 Barrels American Flour
50 Barrels American Beef
30 Firkins Prime Butter
50 Boxes Raisins
And a general Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

Carbonear, Jan. 9, 1833.

TO LET,

On Building Leases, for a Term of Years.

A Piece of LAND, the Property of the Subscriber, extending from the House of *Mr. Joseph Parsons*, on the East, to the House of *Mrs. Ann Howell*, on the West, and running back from the South Side of the Street, to the Subscriber's House.

MARY TAYLOR,

Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 13, 1833.

A QUAINT SERMON.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some time after, **Mr. Dodd** was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gowmsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with "Your servant sir?" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word **M.A.L.T.** He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—**M.A.L.T.**

M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rusticks good manners: therefore M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is *Malt*. The thing meant is the spirit of *Malt*, which you rusticks make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works, in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of life; and, in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my Text.—Second, by way of Caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—The Truth. Third, by way of Communicating the Truth, which is this:—A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's

agent; the alchouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

We recently noticed a work descriptive of Calabria. Desirous of a little more accurate information on the character of the fierce brigands of this part of Italy, we turned to the letters of *Paul Louis Courier*, whose works are little known in England. Our readers will probably be interested by the following little story, which we translate for their edification. He is writing to his female cousin.

"I was one day travelling in Calabria. It is a country of wicked people, who, I believe, have no great liking to anybody, and are particularly ill disposed towards the French. To tell you why, would be a long affair. It is enough they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a fine young fellow. I do not say this to interest you—but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses got on with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track, which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty year? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light: but the more we looked for the path the farther we were off it. It was a very black night, when we came close upon a very black house. We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least—for my own part I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners;—but the house—you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses.—Every thing displeased me, and I saw that I was in no favour myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family.—He laughed, he chattered with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going, that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situation. Here we were amongst our mortal enemies, alone, benighted, far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to destroy us, he must play the rich man forsooth, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take great care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Ah, youth, youth, how you are to be pitied! Cousin, they might have thought we carried the diamonds of the crown: the treasure in his portmanteau which gave him such anxiety consisted of the letters of his mistress.

"Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves, by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head on the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to be comfortable, when, just at the time when it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me;—and putting my ear into the chimney which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband:—*Well, well, let us see:—must we kill them both?* To

which the wife replied, 'Yes,—and I heard no more.'

"How shall I tell the rest? I could scarcely breathe; my whole body was as cold as marble; to have seen me, you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Heavens! when I yet think upon it! We two were almost without arms;—against us were twelve or fifteen who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade dead of sleep and fatigue! To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared;—to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high—but under it were two great dogs howling like wolves. Imagine if you can the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the chink of the door I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand and one of his great knives in the other. He mounted, his wife after him; I was behind the door. He opened it; but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she being behind him said in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers, *Gently, go gently.* When he reached the ladder he mounted, his knife between his teeth; and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took his knife, and with his other—ah, my cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he had come in.—The door is shut, the light vanishes, and I am left alone to my reflections.

"When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise came to rouse us, as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat—they served us a very proper breakfast, a capital breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which, said the hostess, you must eat one, and carry away the other. When I saw the capons I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words—*Must we kill them both!*

THE LABOURERS OF EUROPE.—No 1 Italy.

The condition of the Italian labourers varies in the different states. The following accounts are from the best authorities:—

"The labourers in Lombardy (the most fruitful region in Italy) have remained, throughout all the changes of government, what they were before 1796, the servants of those whose lands they work; none have become proprietors. Before the revolution of 1796 the greater part of the land was in the hands of the high nobility and the clergy. Now it is partly in the possession of a small number of shrewd speculators who have known how to take advantage of political changes to enrich themselves. But the peasants have not been benefited by the change. They are still, not by law but by necessity, bound to the soil, in a state of degradation, all their food consisting of a sort of bread made of Indian corn flour, of beans and weak sour wine; they seldom taste meat. Those who are employed on the rice-grounds are still more wretched. They are obliged to remain for hours with their legs in marshy water, and this engenders a cutaneous disease known by the name of *pellagra*, which they generally neglect until they lose the use of their limbs and are obliged at last to go to the hospital where many of them die.

"In the 'Letters from the North of Italy,' by *Mr. S. Rose*, the writer describes the following scene of misery,—one out of a thousand:—"A few days ago I saw a poor infant lying under a sack in the convulsions of an ague fit, and the next morning meeting another child whom I knew to be his brother I asked him 'How does your brother do?' to which he answered, 'Which brother, sir?'—'Your brother that has the fever.'—'There are five of us with the fever, sir.'—'Where do you sleep?'—'In an empty stable, sir.'—'Where are your father and mother?'—'Our mother is dead, and our father begs for does such little chance-jobs as offer in the hotel.'—'And what do you do?'—'I get up the trees here and pick vine leaves for the waiters to stop the decanters with, and they

give us our panada. This is bread boiled in water with an infusion of oil or butter.—Had my pecuniary means being adequate to my desire to diminish this mass of misery, how was the thing to be accomplished? I do not believe that I could have found a family that would have boarded these melancholy little mendicants, and am quite sure that no one would have had the patience to bear with the waywardness of sickly childhood. In England the parish workhouse, or some neighbouring hospital, would have offered a ready resource. There are hospitals indeed here, but these are so thinly scattered (except those in the Roman States which are both numerous and magnificent), and are administered on such narrow principles, exclusive of particular diseases and particular ages, and always turning upon some miserable question of habitancy within very confined limits, that they are usually insufficient to the purposes I have mentioned. This was written from the Venetian States some twelve years ago, since which time workhouses have been introduced into some of the principal towns.

In Tuscany the peasantry are much better off. Labourers' wages are there between ninenpence and a shilling a day, which, considering the low price of provisions, and the mildness of the climate, is comparatively a good remuneration. The women earn money by plaiting straw, out of which the Leghorn hats are made. The farmers are either small proprietors themselves, or tenants, share the produce with their landlord, who stocks the farm and provides half the seeds and implements. This mode of holding land by persons not possessing capital, is very ancient—and is now called by writers on political economy, "Metayer Rent."

Of the peasantry of the provinces of Bologna and Romagna, commonly called the Legations, and placed under the sovereignty of the Pope, we have the following interesting account in Simmond's Travels in Italy:—"The peasants are not proprietors and have not even a lease of their farms, but hold them from father to son by a tacit understanding most faithfully observed. The same roof often contains thirty or forty persons,—different branches of the same family with one common interest, and governed by a chief who is chosen by themselves and is the sole person responsible to the landlord. He directs all without doors and his wife all within; one or two women take care of all the children that the fathers and mothers may go to work. *We have lost a child during the night*, said one of them who was not herself a mother. There reigns in general a most perfect harmony in this patriarchal family. When the chief becomes too old, or otherwise incapable, another is chosen who succeeds alike to the engagements and power of his predecessor. He gives half the produce to the landlord, and pays half the taxes. The landlord seldom takes the trouble to inspect the divisions; he chooses only between the heaps laid out by the tenant, and the grain is carried home. The same plan is observed with the hemp, which is not divided till it is pounded and put up into packets. As to the grapes, they are picked into large barrels, and an equal number sent to the farm-house and to the landlord, an operation generally entrusted wholly to the farmer. There are few villages, each farm-house being on the farm. These family associations live much at their ease, but have little money; they consume much of their own produce and buy and sell very little.—They have a great deal of poultry for home consumption. The women spin and plait and can even dye. The country diversions go little beyond the game of bowls; they have no dances and no merry-meetings, but in lieu they have fine processions with music, discharge of cannon, and sometimes horse races. Though wine is very plentiful, a drunken man is a rarity; there are few bloody quarrels, and few thefts, at least domestic ones. The roads are safer here than in the Milanese, notwithstanding the Austrian police of the latter, for there the farms are large and the work is done by poor labourers who have no tie; while here the tenants work for themselves, are at ease, and have no temptation. The education of the people is entrusted to the priests, who give themselves little trouble, and very few peasants can read or write. Each large family generally consecrates a son to the Church; they call him priest Don Peter, Augustin, &c., and he becomes the oracle of the family, but all intimate ties with him are broken and he is called 'brother' no more."

The hardy natives of the Genoese coast, hemmed in between the mountains and the sea, resort mostly to maritime occupations, in order to better their fortunes. Their voyages are generally short, being chiefly confined to the Mediterranean. By strict economy and frugality they save the best part of their earnings which they bring home to their families; who, during their absence, are employed in cultivating their gardens and lemon-trees, or in fishing. By these joint exertions, a numerous population is thriving on a barren soil; and the whole line of the Riviera, or shore, for hundreds of miles, presents a succession of handsome bustling towns and villages, inhabited by a cheerful, healthy, and active race.

FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF BOMBAY.

A few centuries since this island was a mere settlement of Gardeners and Bhundaries, known only for the arrack and coconut oil, which, in common with other palm-clad coasts, it transmitted to the interior, and for the flower of its Mazagong mangoes of which it sent a yearly tribute to the court of Delhi. Even little more than half a century ago, though a fortified settlement of some consequence, it was insignificant in comparison with what it is at the present day; the whole population of the place did not amount to above 60,000 inhabitants consisting entirely of a few tribes of Hindoos and Hindoo Portuguese. The island was constantly ravaged by Angria and other Mahratta pirates, as far as Bycullah. The grand jury consisted of Portuguese Fuzendar from Mahim, who took their seats with bare legs and shaven heads, while their sons officered the defensive militia, and figured on the parade in caps of congeed cotton. The few civil servants of that day lived sumptuously on 30 rupees a month, spreading no other carpet on their Sabine floors than a coating of fresh cow-dung, asking no other light whereby to read their despatches, than what was admitted through oyster-shell windows, and enjoying no other luxury than a healthy shaking in a homely but neatly-curtained bullock-hackery. But times are altered, it is now the capital of Western India, the third in scale of rank in Eastern India. Its increase of population has kept pace with its political and commercial advancement. While neighbouring cities waned in consequence and wealth, Bombay progressed in both, and attracted to itself as a focus of speculation or employment, the adventurous, the industrious, and the needy. The transfer of the presidency from Surat, and its decline in trade, brought Parsees, Banyans, and Boras. The overthrow of Tippo's power, the capture of the Dutch settlements, and the decline of the Portuguese, produced a similar influx from the south. Goa, Cochin, and every other part on the western coast, sent respectively Sinoys and Malpas, Malabar, Dutch, and Portuguese Christians. The downfall of the Peshwa, and breaking up of the great Mahratta courts and armies, thronged the place with Brahmins and upland peasants, men of the sword and of the pen. The trade in pearls and carpets brought Jews and Armenians, and the demand for the beautiful Arabian horse, lured to its shores a dense population altogether new, presenting alternately the physiognomy of the peaceful and effeminate Persian, the small and piercing features of the Arab, and the wild, swarthy and hairy looking visages of Cabul Candaur, or Kurdistan. The partial opening of the trade the profits of the opium speculations, and the accession of territory which followed the success of our arms in 1816, nearly quadrupled the number of British inhabitants. Add to the above Italian and American missionaries, travellers, experimentalists, and professional men, from the continent of Europe; persecuted Christians from Georgia; ruined families from Cashmere; Polish counts, Dutch barons, Malays, sailors, negro servants, Macao traders, Brazil merchants, Canton shoe-makers, Pekin sausage-makers, bakers, Bhyahamauls, Canatee Chutrewallas, together with a long string of gypsies, tumblers, fire-eaters, drum-beaters, sarungee players, dancing girls, and courtizans, from every quarter of India; and there is a motley population of 400,000 persons, more multifarious in country, religion, cast, language, complexion, and profession, than, perhaps, any other city in the world could, at the present day, produce.

FLOGGING OF POLES AT CRONSTADT.

From the *Hull Polish Recorder*.

From other witnesses we have received further corroborations of the horrible fact. One of them first heard of the scene that was going forward, from a Glasgow ship-master, who came away horror-stricken. The Hull master left the house of Mr. Booker, British Consul, and proceeded to the spot. He remained until one unhappy Polish captive had run the gauntlet three times, and then felt so sick at heart that he could endure the horrid spectacle no longer. On turning away he asked a resident if the Russian government would not exempt them from future punishment? He answered, "Oh, no! If they survive, as some of them cannot do, they will be flogged again until they do take the oath; and what will be done to those who do not take the oath?"—Made slaves of!"—Some of the Poles were mingled among Russian convicts, in public labour. They were always distinguishable from the Muscovites by their fairer complexions, the manly expression of their features, and the independence of their gait and carriage.

We are further informed that our noble tars, when they go ashore to get their victuals cooked, &c., are constantly exposed to insult and annoyance. It seems, then, that from the Czar to the boor, the same spirit of contempt and defiance is directed, in the most marked manner, against Great Britain and her subjects. Not content with beating

the gallant Poles to death, before people of nearly all nations, the cowardly, insolent, miscreants must bring them in front of the British Church, the minister's house, and in view of the British Consul's dwelling!—Has Mr. Booker made no representation whatsoever, even incidentally, to his government, of these proceedings?—or, does he let "I dare not, wait upon I would?"

Doubts having been expressed respecting the number of lashes inflicted on the Polish captives at Cronstadt, we have made a point of instituting further inquiries. Another eye-witness—a respectable, intelligent, and truly British master mariner of Hull, assures us that the first narrative is perfectly true. He knows that from 6,000 to 8,000 lashes were ordered to be inflicted, and has good grounds for believing that they have been given, though not, perhaps, all at one time. Some of the sufferers had been taken from the hospital several times, in order that the number might be completed. He saw one Pole dragged or lifted through the files of executioners eight times! After the first hundred lashes he seemed to become benumbed, for he exhibited but few signs of life; his head hung back, and his legs doubled under him;—when he fell he was lifted up again, until Russian barbarity was in some measure sated. The stick, or switch was several feet in length, and seemed to this observer like a willow or osier, but stronger and more tough. Russian insolence, adds this witness, is becoming intolerable to our sailors, who, true to their generous character, sympathise with the Poles, who, they observe, resemble Englishmen in so many respects; and they long to give the Russians a drubbing!

(From the *Acadian*.)

PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATION.

We have no intention at present, to write a lengthened article on this subject, or discuss the question in all its varied bearings and details. This task has already been undertaken by several Provincial journals, and performed with considerable ability and success. It is admitted in all circles and by all parties, that there are defects, great and glaring defects in our system of Representation, that the interests of large districts are consequently liable to be overlooked and neglected, and that some general and effectual remedy ought to be adopted. Petitions for a change and an increase of the representation are flowing into the House of Assembly, from distant and unconnected parts of the Colony, from Pictou, and from Sydney, from Lunenburg, and Yarmouth, and in some of these places we know the Freeholders entertain very sanguine expectations of success. They conceive that their claims ought to be attended to, that their reasonable demands ought to be granted, and their political rights bestowed. A committee of the House of Assembly has been appointed to consider these petitions and introduce a Bill to alter the Representation, and we have no doubt that persons living at a distance, are fully convinced that this long wished for change will actually be effected. But we confess that we have doubts and fears for the result. This contemplated change must necessarily divide the influence of the present members of the House of Assembly, and vest a considerable proportion of it in the hands of New Members, who may be no great friends to the reigning dynasty. It is difficult for the most sagacious and wily politician to foresee who shall be the future members for Halifax, for Colchester, and Pictou, when these districts are divided into separate counties, and enjoy a free representation, whether they shall be Kirkmen or Anti-Burghers, Whigs or Tories. It may not be so easy to ascend to the Top of the ladder, and control the movements of the House, when new members find their way to the red benches, as it has hitherto been amongst intimate relations, and old acquaintances. The example of the county of Cape Breton affords very little encouragement to adopt new measures. This large and populous island received an increase of Representation last year, and what has been the result? A contested election unparalleled for keenness and violence, protracted in its consequences to the present moment, which has sadly disappointed the expectations of some of our representatives, and embarrassed and retarded the business of the Assembly itself. We are strongly inclined to believe that, some of our liberal members have been much more loud and vehement in their demands for a Reform in the British House of Commons, than in the Assembly of Nova Scotia; and, are much more eager to withhold power from others, than to surrender the influence which they already possess. And there are various ways of defeating this important measure, without entirely losing sight of the question. It is easy for some learned member to bring in a long unintelligible Bill full of technicalities, inconsistencies, and absurdities, at the close of the Session, which the House shall be forced to reject, without having leisure to reconsider the subject. The Committee may plead ignorance as an apology, and seek for delay to obtain more full and complete information, or several Bills may be introduced, different in their details, and conflict-

ing in their operation, which may be forced upon the attention of the House, as a trial of strength by their respective authors, whilst the interests of the Province are entirely lost sight of. We shall be most happy indeed, to find our gloomy anticipations entirely disappointed, and the representation established as it ought to be, on a sure and stable basis, satisfactory to all parties, favourable to all interests, and productive of the happiest consequences. But we know that this cannot be done without the exercise of resignation and self-denial, which although amiable virtues are very difficult to practise. We should hope, however, that there is sufficient intelligence and public spirit in our House of Assembly, to accomplish all that is desired and expected, and that none of the members will have cause to repent that he has injured himself when endeavouring to serve his country.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, HALIFAX, N. S. FEB. 26.

A message from his Majesty's Council, stated the concurrence of that body, in the grant of £20,000, for roads and bridges.

The House, in Committee, passed a resolution increasing the duty on rum and other distilled spirituous liquors to 1s. 3d. Also, a resolution imposing a duty of 10s. per cwt. on imported refined sugar. A resolution was also proposed, increasing the duty on tea to 5 per cent.: which was laid on the table.

NEWSPAPERS.—One person, a trader, is the sole proprietor of four newspapers—the 'Morning Chronicle,' the 'Observer,' the 'Englishman,' and 'Bell's Life in London.' Whilst the 'Morning Chronicle' was a red-hot Radical paper, the 'Observer' was Ultra-Tory; and 'Bell's Life in London' Tory, with a little tinge of Liberalism. The 'Englishman' is little but an artifice—a copy of the 'Observer,' with a transmutation of the locality of its matter. Soon after, the 'Observer' turned furiously Radical, for it was going down hill; but 'Bell's Life' kept its politics. Now, the 'Observer' is Ultra-Tory again, and 'Bell's Life' is Radical. This is not a dereliction, but an utter want of principle. A more offensive and disgusting want of principle as to right and wrong in proprietorship cannot be well imagined. Sentiment, opinion, morality, feeling for the country, or for the good or evil which men or measures may inflict upon trade, or interest, or upon individuals, have no place whatever in such newspaper steam-manufactories; the only object is to make goods to suit all customers. A gentleman, now I believe a reporter, told me that, when he was engaging himself as a *littérateur* and political writer on the 'Observer' and 'Englishman,' the editor or printer, for they are the same person, and not a literary man, wished him to take the line of the very extreme of the most Ultra-Toryism. He, on the contrary, was of all existing Radicals, the most violent and uncompromising, and, like Sterne's parson, 'he trusted he had a conscience.' The idea of a conscience in a newspaper office struck this compound of printer's devil, printer, and editor, as a preposterous fudge. 'Zounds!' said he, 'I never knew any man particular on such points. The last gentleman I had was a clergyman, and he invariably, before he wrote on any subject, used to ask me which side he should take.' 'That clergyman was a scoundrel,' was the reply; 'I have no right to impose subjects upon you, and will avoid or take up subjects as you may think fit; but whatever I write upon, I shall write my honest sentiments and opinions, which are Ultra-Radical!' Finding this zealot a very able man, and that he was inflexible at any price, this *homme d'affaires* gave up the point, and the two papers changed at a tangent from the most abject servility of Toryism to the most exalted abstractions of Radical utopianism. What a picture does this give of the press, that great engine of intellect and virtue which is to improve the age!—*Metropolitan*.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Mr. O'Connell has sent the following letter to Dublin—

"14, Albemarle-street, London, Saturday.

"I proposed to myself to send you for publication, on Monday, an Address to the Irish people, on the truly awful crisis of public affairs, but I have been occupied with conferences all day, with Irish and British Members of the Commons—and I derive much consolation from being able to tell you, that not only are the popular Irish members firm and unanimous, but there are a great number, far more than I could possibly expect of the British members determined to resist the atrocious tyranny with which Earl Grey has the unheard of audacity to dare to threaten Ireland. Talk of an union, indeed, between the two countries, after presuming to attempt to outlaw the inhabitants of one great portion of the empire! But the extreme despotism of the proposed measure has a tendency to disgust every friend to liberty, and in England we shall certainly get considerable support out of doors. In the meantime pray use my name to conjure the people—first, to be perfectly peaceable, no outbreak, no violence;

on the contrary, prove the absolute madness of doing the business of our enemies by any species of violation of the law. Secondly, get the Clergy, if possible, and the Laity, unanimously to petition, petition, petition, against these measures. Let us have firm, respectful, strong petitions from every part of Ireland. Let there be no despair—the constitutional battle for Irish liberty is not yet lost—neither shall it, with the blessing of God. I repeat, let no man despair! on the contrary, call on the friends of freedom to insist that their representatives shall do their duty. I have not time, this day, to write more. Let peace, order, and constitutional exertion be our motto.

“ Believe me, &c.
“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

During the suspension of intercourse with Holland, consequent on the embargo, the merchants at Hull contrived to despatch their goods as formerly, but in neutral bottoms, whilst the line of British ships formerly employed in the trade, is at this moment lying idle in the docks! Within the last few days, two Swedish and one Oldenburg vessel have cleared out and sailed with full cargoes of British manufacture, to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and will be succeeded by others now loading (Prussian and Oldenburg flags.) We are informed that these foreigners have to be paid a much higher rate of freight than is usually given to the British ships.—*Herald*.

The House of Commons is now to meet at noon, and all preliminary and routine business is to be terminated before the hour of five. Mr. Buckingham proposed a set of hour-glass duration of speeches, but we fear that if adopted, hon. members would boil their eggs twice.

Lord Durham has resigned the office of Privy Seal, in consequence of ill health and domestic afflictions. The loss of his children by death is said to have preyed so deeply on his spirits and constitution as to render the repose of private life absolutely necessary to its restoration. The resignation of his lordship having been laid before his Majesty by Earl Grey, was accepted.

SPANISH CONSULATE LONDON, March 5.—By a Royal Order, dated Madrid, 5th ult. “Vessels proceeding from Oporto, or any other Portuguese ports, within 20 leagues of Oporto, will be considered as having a foul bill of health, and will not be admitted into the ports of Spain, or adjacent Islands, without having performed rigorous quarantine at Mahon. Vessels from any other Portuguese ports, not within the distance of twenty leagues of Oporto, and also from Madeira and the Azores, will be admitted, but subject to a quarantine observation of fourteen or twenty days, according to the nature of the cargo.”

The express from Paris, has brought the intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the Porte and the Pacha of Egypt, through the timely intervention of the Ministers of England and France. The Russian fleet which had come to anchor in the Bosphorus received orders to return with the first favourable wind, and the advance of the Russian Corps of 30,000 men which was on the march to cover, and no doubt ultimately to occupy Constantinople has been also countermanded.

We regret to observe, by the St. John, N. B. papers, that a considerable breach of trust and embezzlement of funds has been committed in that city, by Thomas Heaviside, Esq. Secretary of the Marine Insurance Company, and Cashier and Clerk of the Saving’s Bank. This gentleman made known to the directors of these respective institutions, by his attorney, his defalcations, and also his readiness to make such assignment of his property as would make good the loss; upon investigation, however, it was ascertained that the sum embezzled from the Saving’s Bank amounted to £1500, and that of the Insurance from £5000 to £6000. Mr. Heaviside subsequently absconded, but was apprehended about eighty miles from Halifax, and brought back in custody. The Directors of the Saving Bank assembled next day, and allayed the public excitement by an honorable resolution to replace every item of the amount purloined, and proceed with the usual business of the institution. Little suspicion could be attached to the honor and integrity of Mr. Heaviside, whose residence in the city for a period of thirteen years had entitled him to the most implicit confidence, and from the manner in which he had hitherto filled several situations of trust and emolument, his present misfortune could scarcely be anticipated.—*Montreal Gazette*, Feb. 26.

PAY TO MEMBERS.—The following petition was presented to the House of Assembly, Jamaica, the day previous to its recent dissolution:—“That your petitioners are of opinion that every member in Assembly ought to be of sufficient fortune to enable him to pay his own expenses, and not to be under the necessity of receiving parochial relief.”

Legislature of Newfoundland.

**HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,
TUESDAY, April 16.**

Two resolutions were passed to the following effect:—

That His Excellency the Governor be requested to appoint a Colonial Treasurer, under sufficient security for the due performance of his office.

That the Colonial Treasurer be allowed to retain 1½ per cent. of all monies placed in his care, in right of his office.—A Committee was then appointed to wait on His Excellency with the above resolutions.

Mr. CARTER’S Bill for the more effectual abatement of nuisances was read a third time, and ordered to be sent up to the Council.

WEDNESDAY.

The Hon. the SPEAKER intimated that he had received a communication from the Secretary’s Office, enclosing copy of a despatch from Viscount Goderich to His Excellency the Governor, on the subject of the late fire in Harbour Grace. His Lordship acknowledged the receipt of communications from His Excellency the Governor, and from Mr. President Tucker, soliciting relief from Government, on behalf of the sufferers by fire at Harbour Grace: but expressed his regret that there were no monies then at the disposal of Government, which he could feel warranted in applying to that purpose. His Lordship hoped their distress would be much alleviated by private subscription.

A message was received from the Council requiring the attendance of the House to hear His Excellency’s assent given to certain Bills. The Speaker, attended by the members, accordingly proceeded to the Council Chamber, when His Excellency’s assent was given, by commission, to the following Bills:—The Harbor Grace Street-Bill—The Harbour Grace Fire Companies’ Bill—The St. John’s Fire Companies’ Bill—The St. John’s Pilot Bill—The Barristers’ Bill.

The Speaker and Members then returned and having been given to understand that it was His Excellency’s pleasure that the House should adjourn for a particular time, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

Resolved—That this House do adjourn till Monday, the 20th day of May next, then again to meet for the despatch of business.

The House accordingly stands adjourned until the 20th May.

CARBONEAR STAR.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1833.

It appears in our report of the proceedings of the House of Assembly, that it is adjourned till the 20th May, then to meet for the despatch of business. The House has now been sitting above three months, during which time the following Bills have been passed, and have received the assent of His Excellency:—The Quarantine Regulation Bill and the Powder Bill (St. John’s) on the 27th ult., and the Harbour Grace Fire Companies’ and Streets Regulation Bills, and the St. John’s Fire Regulation Bill, on the 17th inst. It will be perceived, by this summary, that only one Bill, for the general benefit of the colony has passed the three estates of the government, and even from this, after nearly a month has elapsed, only one town, if we are correctly informed, receives benefit from it. This, we think, really too bad.

A Proclamation (in one of the papers of the Island) has been issued by His Excellency, stating the regulations which the Bill directs are to be observed in all the ports of the Island; yet, in no one of these ports (save St. John’s), is there authority to enforce them. In this Bay, at various ports, vessels arrive almost daily, and are of course subject to the quarantine regulations; yet in neither one of these is the power to enforce them invested in any person or body of persons, if we except the collecting of the tax on vessels, added to the duties of the Sub-collector of the Customs.

The functions of the quarantine officers ceased in the fall of the year, and since then no others have been appointed (for the Out-ports), the consequence of which is, that (although vessels arriving pay a tax) there is no protection against the communication of the disease, which the Quarantine Bill was expressly enacted to effect. This clearly proves a remissness somewhere—we hope that another number of our paper will not appear before it is remedied; in the mean time we suspend our remarks.

It appears, by the latest English dates, that the Ireland Coercive Bill is still in a Committee of the House of Commons, and has been considerably modified, for instance, instead of 5 or 9 subalterns composing a court for the trial of misdemeanors, it is altered to as many captains; who, to convict, when the number is only five, must be unanimous

—when seven, a majority of five to convict. The clause respecting domiciliary visits, is proposed to be modified in such a way, that it will be sufficient to ask the names of the persons, and if they appear the officers are not to enter the house.

The affairs of Portugal are in statu quo.

Shipping Intelligence.

HARBOUR GRACE.

Arrived from the Seal Fishery:—

April 17.—Lavinia, Andrews, 1600.
19.—Elizabeth, Johnston, 3000. Isabella & Margaret, Hearn, 1500. William, Green, 3200.
21.—Jane & Mary, 2400.

CARBONEAR.

CLEARED.

April 17.—Brig Experiment, Phippard, Figueira; 2100 qtls. cod-fish.

Arrived from the Seal Fishery:—

SINCE WEDNESDAY LAST.
Hope, Roach, 1500. Margaret, Lacey, 3400. Britannia, Howell, 3080. William IV. Taylor, 1550. Sir Howard Douglas, Dwyer, 3500. Jane and Margaret, Osmond, 900. Ethiopian, Parsons, 2560. Providence, Taylor, 4184. Neptune, Crocker, 824.

MUSQUITTO.

Arrived from the Seal Fishery:—

April 18.—Unice, Pike, 275, 2d trip.

ST. JOHN’S.

ENTERED.

April 9.—Schooner Rover, Lavice, Teignmouth; cordage, potatoes, &c.

Brig Albion, Lowton, —; pork, potatoes, wheat, oats, &c.

Brig Bess Dryden, Richardson, Newcastle; coals, Brig Edward Dewar, Dugdale, Hamburg; bread, butter, pease, &c.

Brig Frances Russel, Dill, Grenada; rum, molasses.

Brig Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Williams, Grenada; rum.

Brig Palmetto, George, Grenada; rum, molasses.

Schooner Sydney, Culleton, Halifax; butter, flour, chocolate, &c.

American Brig Cherokee, Steison, Boston; rice, meal, corn, tobacco, &c.

Brig Five Brothers, Cousins, Teignmouth; potatoes, cordage, merchandise, &c.

Brig Victoria, Elder, Greenock; sugar, biscuit, coals, merchandise, &c.

Brig British Tar, Baker, Liverpool; coals, salt, merchandise.

Brig Two Brother, Harvey, Torquay; potatoes, bricks, merchandise, &c.

Brig Twig, Huclon, Jersey; potatoes.

Brig Lima, Mardon, Liverpool; oatmeal, potatoes, pork, butter, flour, merchandise, &c.

15—Schooner Nymph, Walters, Dartmouth; salt, cordage, merchandise.

Schooner Thistle, Clarke, Halifax; butter, pork, flour, tea, &c.

CLEARED.

April 15.—Brig Annandale, Taylor, Portugal; fish.

16—Brig Douglastown, Black, Viana; fish.

Brig Hazard, Churchward, Boston; fish, salmon, blubber, &c.

SALE BY AUCTION

On FRIDAY

The 10th May,

WILL BE SUBMITTED FOR SALE,

AT THE COMMERCIAL ROOM,

In St. JOHN’S,

The valuable and commodious Premises

AT HOLYWOOD,

Belonging to the Bankrupt Estate of

Mr. H. W. DANSON.

This Property is Fee-simple, and comprises an Establishment admirably calculated for the business of this country.

IT CONSISTS OF

A good Dwelling-House, 2 Stores, Counting-House, Shop, Coopers’ Shop, Cook-Room, Wharf, 2 Stages, 3 large Flakes, Cellar, with Net-Loft over; Garden and Meadow Ground, with Cow-House, and 4 Tenements for Fishermen.—These Premises are in excellent condition, and most of the erections have been very recently made.—For further particulars apply to

ROBINSON, BROOKING, GARLAND, & Co.

St. John’s,

Or, JAMES HIPPLEY,

Harbour Grace.

Agents for the Assignee of

H. W. DANSON’S Estate.

Harbour Grace, April 16, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

ON SALE.

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

1,200 Qtls. Labrador Merchantable

FISH.

J. McCARTHY & Co.

Carbonear, April 17, 1833.

NOTICES.

TO

BUILDERS.

Persons desirous of contracting for erecting

A ROMAN CATHOLIC

CHAPEL.

In CARBONEAR,

Are requested to send Tenders to the Office of Mr. MICHAEL HOWLEY, where a PLAN of the Building may be seen, on or before the 1st of May next.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

For Sale at the Office of this Paper.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

SEALERS.

A SERMON,

BY THE

Rev. W. BULLOCK,

Protestant Episcopal Missionary, Trinity.

PRICE 6d. EACH COPY.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

BOOTS and SHOES

BENJAMIN REES begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Carbonear, Harbour Grace, and their Vicinities, that he has taken the Shop, attached to Mr. McKee’s House, where he intends carrying on

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING,

(Both Pegged and Sewed).

In all its various Branches, and, by strict attention to business, hopes to merit a share of public patronage. As none but the best Workmen will be employed, those favouring him with their custom, may depend on having their orders executed in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

PRICES:

Gentlemen’s Wellington Boots @ 25s. per pair
Ditto Blucher or laced ditto 15s. ..
Men’s Shoes 10s to 11s. ..

LADIES’ BOOTS and SHOES.

Boots @ 10s. per pair
Shoes 8s. ..
And all other work in proportion.

Mending and repairing Boots and Shoes will be strictly attended to.

Carbonear, April 3, 1833.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

BY THE ABOVE,

FOUR Journeymen Shoe-makers;

To whom liberal Wages will be given.—None need apply but good Workmen.

April 17, 1833.

(CIRCULAR.)

Office of American and Foreign Agency.

New-York, Oct. 1, 1832.

THIS establishment was founded in the city of New-York, in the year 1828, and is exclusively restricted to Commission and Agency transactions, embracing the recovery of Debts, Claims and Inheritances. Having efficient and responsible sub-agents in the principal cities of the United States, and correspondents at the chief ports and capitals of Foreign Governments in commercial relations therewith, this Agency possesses peculiar advantages and facilities for the safe and speedy transaction of such business as may be confided thereto, subject to the usual Commissions prescribed by the New-York Chamber of Commerce.

Orders for purchases or investments must be accompanied either with a remittance of funds, or consignment of produce, &c., to the amount required, addressed to the undersigned, Director in the Office of the Agency, No. 49, Wall-street, New-York.

AARON H. PALMER, Director.

POETRY.

THE REQUEST OF THE DYING BARD.

"It was at Naples that Sir W. Scott first saw reason to despair, as to the genial influence of a southern sky."

Bear, bear me, to my HOME!
These weary feet would roam
No more through this land, pleasant tho' it be;
A yearning wild desire
Searcheth my breast like fire
For mine own dear isle, o'er the deep, dark sea!

I may not linger here
Tortur'd by hope and fear,
In chase of Health, which I shall never find:
Then up; and I'll depart,
Since, sickness of the heart
Hath seiz'd me, for all lov'd things left behind!

A weary, wearing pain
Pervades my breast and brain—
Where sleepless thoughts perpetually fly:
Since, whilst life wanes, there are
In my sweet HOME, afar,
Those whom I yearn to smile on ere I die!

Bear, bear me hence! warm, bright,
Fraught with intense delight,
And glory, is this intellectual land:
Here, Rome's old heroes fought,
Here, sages wrote—saints wrought.
And here, were tried and train'd—Heav'n's martyr-band!

Here, too, those rapt Bards sung,
Whose charmed lyres so rung,
That the charm'd WORLD yet thrill'd with their tone:
I, am of these, they say;
Fond flattery! Away!
The land is fair, but oh! 'tis not mine own!

Here, have I worshipp'd more,
Than on my "stars" home shore:
But Fame is mock'd to the grieving breast;
Where'er I gaze or range,
Scenes, visages, are strange,
And vainly do I seek, and sigh for, rest!

Strange, too, is this land's speech;
(None may my dimm'd soul teach
Its myst'ry now) and harass'd, each long day
My torn, vex'd anxious ear,
Craves the sweet tones to hear
Of holy HOME! Would, that I were away!

Bear, bear me hence—to die:
I'm languishing to lie
With kin be lov'd;—not exil'd here,—alone:
For though this land be spread
With GARDENS of the Dead,
Perfum'd, and sunny,—it is not mine own!

THE NOVELIST.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In days lang syne, the Hercules, a British frigate, was wrecked in the Irish Channel, but her whole crew, with the exception of those in the jolly-boat, reached the coast of Wicklow, without accident, in the yawl, punt and pinnace. Now, the jolly-boat, though trim built, and manned by able seamen, rolled about, from side to side, as if water logged, defying the conjoined power of sail and oars, to bring her to bear for the land. After three days ineffectual labour, a dead calm succeeded; the oars were now plied with double energy, but in vain—the little vessel lay as if spell bound upon the waters; and the sailors, conceiving themselves to be under the malediction of some Irish witch, relinquished their efforts in despair. Being so near land, when their vessel was wrecked they made no provision, and were now six days fasting; when a low, but fearful murmur began to pervade the crew, at the same time every eye assumed a very wolfish expression, portraying some horrid idea, to which the tongue was fearful of giving utterance; the feeling was general, and, at last it was unanimously arranged, that some one should become food for his fellows. The regular preliminaries were soon settled, and the lot fell to a sturdy Hibernian, named Billy O'Rourke. Billy seemed perfectly agreeable, but previous to resigning his jugular to the lancet, he told his messmates that he had something to reveal which lay very heavy on his heart, but if they'd be after deferring supper until he had unburdened himself, he'd die satisfied. This request being granted, O'Rourke thus commenced:

"May be ye've never heard of Shane's Folly, the haunted house, that stands about half way atween Castle Bellingham and Dunleer, in the county of Leath. Well you must know it's an old shattered lump of a building, that in former times was tenanted by great dukes and nabobs, but is at present occupied by no living body only their ghosts. I could tell a thousand of their tricks on travellers who had the misfortune to pass, betwixt midnight and cockcrow, without making a sign of the cross on their foreheads, or saying some good word or other for a safeguard. For instance, Tommy Murphy, the drunken tinner from Drogheda was dragged the length of a winter's night through moss, bog and brier, until there was't the breath of a brogue nail of sound flesh on his body. And was't Phil Magee sent riding from Saggard to Balinad on a bull-rush, only for saying he didn't value all the ghosts in the parish three puffs of a dudgeon. And to crown the whole, didn't

ould Molly Maguire declare on her affidavit, that as she was running by one Holy Eve, forgetting in her fright and hurry, to say 'our lady protect us,' she was taken off to the moon in a whirlwind, and on opening her eyes in the morning found herself laying under the table in Mat Mulligan's Shebeen, where Katty Martin and herself had been deciding on the quality of some two year old potcheen the night before. Now, of course, being an Irishman and a christian, I had a firm belief in ghosts and fairies, but for all that, whenever I had a drop in my head, I used to be wick'd enough to make fun of them, though to tell the truth and shame the devil, there was't a boy in the barony had greater respect for their honors than myself, and signs by it, no one ever saw Bill O'Rourke going by Shane's Folly without saying 'God bless us,' and taking the curl out of the Forelock on my forehead into the bargain.

Now of all the nights in the year it was just twelve o'clock on last St. Patrick's morning, that I found myself about a pig's whistle from Shane's Folly, and being, as was natural in honor of the day, up to my eyes in Castle Bellingham beer and burned whiskey, I began to think I was able to take a round out of ere a ghost in the county.—With this I creeps up to the door and looks in, when lo and behold you the whole house was in an uproar—such singing and dancing was never before equalled from the time of Barney McCann's wake to the wedding of Ballyporeen. I began to feel rather of a taking, and was thinking of making the best of my way home, when I gets a puck in the back of neck from something as hard and as heavy as a sledge hammer, which laid me very quietly on my face in the passage, and in less than a second after I was dragged by the hair of my head into the very same room where old Lord Lutheral, that sowled himself to the devil, appeared to Jack Duffy in the shape of a black cat, but when he knew to be his lordship by the bunch of red hair on the top of his tail. Well, the first place that I was clap'd was beside a fine blazing fire, and if I was talking for seven years and a-day, I couldn't describe the sight I saw that night.

In the first place, there was a long marble table in the middle, covered over with the greatest curiosities of aiting and drinking—there was silver and gold noggins and trenchers more than a poor body that didn't understand the outlandish pronounciations could mention. While sated round about, there was five or six hundred beautiful looking little fellows, whom I at once knew to be the "good people," by their green jackets and dancing brogues. I saw they were all Irish fairies, barring a few, by the particular attention they paid to the whiskey bottles, and somehow or other in spite of the pucker they put me in, I felt my heart warm to them.

"A song—a song," cried one little fellow, jumping up on the table, and cutting the rinka, till he made the roof ring again, "let us have a song, and Billy O'Rourke can join in the chorus." So with that they all began to sing "Carolan's receipt for drinking whiskey," but I was in such a consternation that when it came to my turn to assist, I sat looking on as stiff and as silent as a barber's pole. When they finished the first verse, they all stopt short in the middle, and began to look very gruffly at poor Billy.—"Holloo," says one chap, coming over to me, "It's a purthy thing, Mr. O'Rourke, to be after disturbing decent company."—"Well," says another, "we'll take the liberty of taching him better manners."—"Let us put him in a scalding tub" says a third, "and make pork of him."—"Yes," says a fourth, "but we'll hang him first, to make his flesh tender."—"Och!" says a fifth, "you're all out in your reckoning, like Sal Durkins, when she sowled her piggin of buttermilk for the bad sixpence, let us put him on the spit, and he'll make a good relish after supper."—"Now it isn't myself that can tell you how I felt; but you may be certain I was no way inclined to make a meal for a set of unchristianized fairies. So I began to tremble and shake, but the never a word I could say in my defence at all, at all."—"Stand up Billy O'Rourke, tilt we cook you," says the whole of them in a breath, while some began to throw logs on the fire, and others to get ladders and basting kettles. When these were all settled to their satisfaction, an old fashioned fellow that I supposed was the butler, by his big belly and red nose, shouted out "Hurly Burly, come down and do your duty" and at the same time a great black hairy devil of a thing came rowling out of the chimney, with a flesh prong in his fist as big as a pitch fork.

"Musha, every big bad luck to you, Billy O'Rourke," says he, "why don't you be after rising when the gentlemen bid you, but you're welcome any way, for you're welcome any way, for you're the very boy I have been looking for this month to come" with this he makes a clout at me with his flesh-fork, but I falling on my knees, lets a roar out of me that might have been heard from the hill of Howth, to the rock of Dunlaven. "Silence sir," says he, "Och, your honor's glory," says I, "sure you're not going to roast a poor body for the first offence," but no soon-

er was the word out of my mouth, than Hurly Burly vanquished into the chimney, and the whole congregation sets up three cheers for mysell. "What will you drink, Billy," says one, "let him drink what he likes, and choose his seat," says another; "then that will be up to his nose in a whiskey barrel," says a third; in short, the whole of them paid me some compliment or other, and I had the honor of sitting beside their ravarances the king and queen, at supper. Now as soon as we had all ait our bellies full, the king stamp't three times with the shank of his pipe on the table, and in less time than you could say crab claw, every thing was changed—there all the aiting and drinking was gone like a blast of smoke, and nothing was to be seen, but the beautifullest illuminations all around, and nothing to be heard but fiddlers, and harpers, and pipers. Well, if we didn't dance it out, there's no vartue in barley; and at the solicitation of the queen, I danced Morgan Rattler, and sure a bothered sow tin miles away, might have heard the cheers I got; well gentlemen since I see you're longing for supper, I'll skip the best part of the entertainment—how I kissed the queen when the king's back was turned, and fell so deeply in love with one of her maids of honor, that for a moment or two, I almost forgot Biddy Kinsheela.

But as the first streak of morn began to make the lamps look a little pale, his majesty comes up to myself, and says he to me; "Billy O'Rourke," says he, "look up in my face," well, in this I couldn't exactly obey his honor, as he wasn't above three times the height of a corcor pin, but I looked him straight in the face any how: "Billy," says he, "you have this night done us a great service, and made your own fortune, for you must know that we have been prisoners in this house five hundred years—obliged to sleep under the hearth stones all day, and only having the night to make merry in, in consequence of our sins, and at the same time it was decreed that we should never be released until some mortal man like yourself should spaik to us and dance at our revels,—you know Billy that you are courting Biddy Kinsheela, and that she don't care the tail of a herring for you—well take my word for it the next time you see Biddy she'll fawn on you like a pet rabbit, and I myself unknown to nobody will dance at your wedding, and give you something to make the mare go, in the bargain, but remember that before this comes to pass, I'll make you jump for not joining in the chorus when I commanded you: however when the worst comes to the worst, and not before, call on Munkus Pankus and he'll be at your elbow. At this the cock crew and I fainted, but when I came to myself, I was lying at the door, with half a dozen of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood rubbing me with vinegar. When I towld all about it, some of them, and particularly the priest, wanted to make out I was draming, and to be sure as I never saw Biddy since, and according to circumstances, see very little chance of being married at all at all, I scarcely know what to say, but at any rate, the next day I was taken by the press-gang, and sure the devil a much luck I had since any way, which proves the first part of the prophecy. So gentlemen, I've finished my confession." As he concluded he extended his hand to the surgeon, but just as the knife was pointed at the vein he exclaimed, "Now Mr. Munkus Pankus remember your promise," in the twinkling of an eye the boat whirled three times round, as if on a pivot, and immediately after drove at a furious rate for the shore. Of course, all idea of eating Billy was abandoned, and he and his comrades danced rings round them that night at the Widow Malone's on the quay of Drogheda. The next day he was telling all his adventures to his friends in Castle Bellingham, and sure, to the surprise of every body, Biddy Kinsheela broke a three-legged stool on Pat Darcy's head, at the same time declaring if Mr. O'Rourke didn't marry her she'd die an old bachelor. The wedding took place in three weeks afterward, attended by all the boys and girls in the three parishes, and as the bridegroom was dancing the rinka, something gave him a kick in the shin, and thrust a stocking full of gold guineas into his bosom, at the same time roaring in a voice that absolutely bothered the blind piper, "Remember that Munkus Pankus performs his promise, so good night to you, Billy O'Rourke."

SELECTIONS.

QUEEN SQUARE.—A Dust Case.—William Gore, a master sweep, residing near Chelsea, and William Sawyer and Charles Gibson, his men, were charged with defrauding Mr. Emmerson, the dust contractor of the Hans Town district, of two sacks of dust and ashes. It appeared that the complainant had repeatedly sent his man to No. 50, Sloane-street Chelsea, to take away the dust but the cook had repeatedly sent them away with an observation that Mr. Gore, "who was the most tidest and cleanest man, for a chimney sweep, as she ever did see, always transacted such affairs, and to him she should send whenever her dust-bin required his presence." The contractor for the district, in consequence, set a man to watch the mo-

tions of the flying dustman, and that morning the three defendants were observed to come out of the house with two sacks, containing dust and ashes. They were taken into custody, lodged in the station-house, and, at eleven o'clock, brought up before Mr. White.

On the defendants being called upon for their answers to the charge, Mr. Gore proceeded as follows: "Please your Vorship, I am a master chimbley sweep, and one wot moves in a respectable spear of life. The lady came to me and said as how, Mr. Gore, missus says you must come to-morrin morning and sweep our flues, and take the dust, for she says, says she, you are the most tidest and cleanest man for a chimbley sweep as is, and not at all like the counter-acter's men, who always made the most shanfeullest mess in comin through the kitchen as never was seen, and never cleaned away the dirt arter 'em. Vel, your Vorship, cordingly I vent with my two men, as your Vorship would 'a done, had you been a master chimbley sweep, and ve did all the lady required on us, barrin the dust, vich ve never did not touch, no never, for as how I knew it was not our business to do so. When ve comed out of the house, this here man calls out, 'Hullo, you've got dust there.' 'Vell,' says I, 'Vell,' says he, 'I am the counter-acter, and have nabbed you.' 'Vet for?' says I, 'Vy,' says he, 'for taking my dust.' 'It's a lie,' says I, 'there is nothing in these here sacks but sut.' 'Let's see,' says he, 'I'll see you hanged first,' says I; and vith that he valks us off to the vatshus, vere I, your Vorship, who has been a respectable master chimbley sweep for these ten years, vas locked up for doing nothing at all whatsomdever. That's the whole truth, your Vorship, and if your Vorship doubts as how it arn't, but I am blow'd if I don't take my davy on it on that 'ere book.

Mr. White inquired whether any person had examined the contents of the sacks upon which one of the contractor's men, named Holloway, said, "Please your worship I have, and I could not preserve any soot at all. It was all dust and ashes."

Mr. White—I suppose you mean you could not observe any soot?

Witness—Yes, your worship, but it's all the same meaning.

Mister Gore—Now, your Vorship, I should like to know as how what this man knows. He arn't never swept a flue, and is very ignorant indeed of the business, and can't tell the difference between sut and dust. If a man's a man he hacts like a man, but if a man comes here to swear away the life of another man, vy then, your Vorship, I says as how that man's no man whatsomdever. (Much laughter, in which even the Magistrate joined.)

Notwithstanding the eloquence of Mister Gore, Mr. White observed the case was proved against the defendants, and they must pay a fine of 10s. each for the offence.

"Vell, may I be spificated," exclaimed the master chimney-sweep, "if this arn't verry hard lines; can't your Vorship make it summat less, for thirty bob is more and as how ve can muster, and that too for doing nothing? Ve are as innocent as new born babes never vas!"

Mr. White was inexorable, and the defendants were locked up. Mister Gore, however, paid his fine in a few minutes, and was liberated, leaving his men to get out in the best manner they could.

HERALDRY.—A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.—Penny Magazine.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—The English are serious, like the Germans, fond of show, liking to be followed, wherever they go, by whole troops of servants, who wear their masters arms in silver, fastened to their left arms, and are not undeservedly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French: they are good sailors and better pirates; cunning, treacherous and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies,—impatient of anything like slavery,—vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, "It is a pity he is not an Englishman."—Paul Hentzer, 1598.

PRIDE.—A Spaniard, rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, "Voto a tal, esto escamamar por la tierra!" "This comes of walking upon earth!"