



Newfoundlander.

No. 33.

WEDNESDAY, March 5, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

BY
Bendell & Mortimer,

(On very moderate terms.)

A Few Tierces Waterford Porter,
Ditto Firkins Butter (first quality),
Brandy, Geneva,
Claret and White Wine,
Coffee, Rice,
Bohea and Congo Tea,
No. and flat Canvass,
Cordage,
Paints and Paint Oil,
Coal Tar,
Iron Hoops,
Fowling Pieces,
Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Cordovan,
Boots and Shoes,
Blanketing, Serges, Flannel, Baize,
Rush-bottom Chairs,
China Tea Services.

February 6.

By the Subscriber,

AT THE STORE OF

Mr. TIMOTHY FLANNERY,

30 Tierces superior ALE,

(At a reduced price.)

JOHN DILLON.

February 20.

EDWARD MORRIS

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced Business in a Shop opposite the Premises of Messrs. HUNTERS & Co., and solicits their attention to the following Catalogue of MEDICINES, DRUGS, &c., which are of the very best quality, lately received from England, and offered for Sale at reduced prices:—

SODA, Seidlitz, and Ginger-beer Powders,
Epsom and Glauber Salts,
Senna, Alum, Pearl Ashes, Tartaric Acid,
Carbonate of Soda, Salt of Tartar,
Flour of Sulphur, Stone ditto, Roman Vitriol,
Borax, Sugar of Lead, Liquorice, Magnesia,
Calomel, Jalap, Sulphate of Potash, Lunar Caustic,
Calcined Magnesia, Aloes, Balsam Tolu,
Balsam Peru, Camphor, Cream Tartar,
Peruvian Bark, Saffron, Essence of Bergamot,
Gum Arabic, Gum Benjamin, Assafetida,
Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna,
Cochineal, Cantarides, Colocynth, Opium,
Columba and Ori-root, Ipecacuanha, Rhubarb,
Spermaceti, Gum Mastic, Shell Lac,
Sulphate of Quinine, Jodine, Conserve of Roses,
Chamomile Flowers, Gum Ammoniac, Hellebore,
Catechu, Sulphate of Iron, Rotten Stone,
Sal Prunel, Sulphate of Zinc and Antimony,
Saltpetre, Galls, Burgundy Pitch, Castile Soap,
Alkanet Root, Lytharge, Opodeldoc, Castor Oil,
Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills,
Blister and Adhesive Plaster, Ointments,
Tinctures of every description,
Dutch Drops, Turfington's Balsam,
Jesuit's Drops, Volatile Salts, Cardamon,
Caraway and Coriander Seeds,
Pimento, Cloves, Nutmegs, Mace, Cinnamon,
Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Bitter Almonds,
Arrow Root, Sago, Honey, Glue, Starch,
Thumb Blue, Copperas, Logwood,
Lamp Black, Ivory ditto, Black Lead,
Rose Pink, Turkey Umber, Terra de Sienna,
Prussian Blue, Indigo, Vermillion,
Yellow Ochre, Orchill, French Chalk,
Oils of Lavender, Cinnamon, Cloves, Peppermint,
Cacaway, Juniper, and Almonds,
Fenel Seed, British Oil,
Pomatum and Lavender Water,
Olive Oil,
Black and Red Sealing Wax, Wafers,
Black Lead Pencils,
And a great variety of other Articles.

Orders, prescriptions, &c. thankfully received, and made up at the shortest notice.
E. M. hopes, by the strictest attention, care, and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

Premises to be Let.

THOSE Water-side Premises now in the occupancy of the Subscriber; they are eligibly situated, and may be improved considerably.

Also,

Several lots of Building Ground, situate in Water and Duckworth streets.

WILLIAM HOGAN.

January 9, 1828.

And immediate possession given.

THOSE PREMISES situate in Water-street, at present in the occupancy of Mr. JOHN DILLON, comprising a DWELLING-HOUSE, SHOP, and STORE—the occupant having the privilege of landing and shipping goods on the Wharf attached to the Premises. To those desirous of carrying on an extensive retail trade, they present many advantages, arising from situation and capaciousness.—Apply to

PATRICK MORRIS.

January 2, 1828.

Notices.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS WALSH, of Carrickbeg, in the County of Waterford, (Ireland,) but late of Carbonear, (Newfoundland,) Cooper, deceased, are requested to present their Accounts duly attested to the Subscriber; and those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

MICHAEL A. FLEMING,

Administrator to the Estate of the late Thomas Walsh.

January 30.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 12th January, 1828.

THE Co-partnership carrying on business here, under the firm of WILLIAM E. CORMACK & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All Persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, whose receipt will be a sufficient discharge; and all Persons having claims on the said firm, are requested to send them in for adjustment.

W. E. CORMACK.

JOHN B. THOMSON.

Witnesses { PETER M'KELLAR,
STUART LIDDAL.

A Young Man who can produce respectable reference as to Character, wants a SITUATION in an Office, Shop, or Store.—Apply at the Newfoundlander Office.



THE Express Packet Boat is now laid up for the Winter Season, and a suitable Boat provided, with an experienced Crew, to run between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, as often as favourable opportunities offer.

Fares until 1st April, 1828:—

Housekeepers and Planters :..... 10s
Servants and Children 5s
Single Letters 1s
And Parcels in proportion.

Should the communication by water be interrupted at any time during the Winter, a Letter-carrier will proceed weekly (weather permitting) from Harbour-Grace to St. John's, by land;—and in consequence of there being outstanding Debts to a large amount at this late season, the Public are hereby informed that no Credit in future will be given for Passages or Postages.

T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace.
JAMES CLIFT, Agent, St. John's.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.)

Mr. Curran had a younger brother, who was an attorney, very like him, but taller, and better-looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humour, a little wit, and much satire; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best black-guard of his profession, (and that was saying a great deal for him). My friend had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances; until these calls became so important, that at length further compliance was refused. 'Sir,' said the attorney to me, one day, 'if you will speak to my brother, I am sure he'll give me something handsome before the week is out!' I assured him he was mistaken, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh! There was a small space of dead wall, at that time, directly facing Curran's house, in Ely place, against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter (one of his comrades) to erect a cobbler's stall there, for him, and having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall—'Curran, Cobbler; Shoes toe-pieced, soled, or heeled, on the shortest notice: when the stall is shut, inquire over the way.' Curran, on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chairmen lounging round him. The attorney just nodded to his brother, cried, 'How do you do, Jack?' and went on with his employment. Curran immediately despatched a servant to the spendthrift, to whom, having given some money, the show board was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney vowed that he would never set up again as a cobbler."

Sir Jonah vouches in his own person for the following remarkable story:—

Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. 'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no ifs in the matter—so tell him that come he must!' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened; it occurred first at short intervals! it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble: it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I wakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an Eolian harp: but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!' I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed: in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent. Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks. At length wearied with specu-

lations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light: I went to the door, when my faithful servant Lawler, exclaimed, on the other side, 'O Lord, sir!' 'What is the matter?' said I, hurriedly. 'O sir!' ejaculated he, 'Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing, that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that about half-after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!' I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incident as an unequivocal matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned; but I am totally unequal to the task."

NORTH AMERICAN FISHES.

(From an article in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.)

Of the fish of the British North American seas, the most abundant is, at the same time, the most important to man. The Cod here hold dominion over all the habitable parts of the ocean, from the outer edges of the great banks of Newfoundland, which are more than 300 miles from land, and more than 1000 fathoms deep, to the verges of every creek or cove of the bounding coasts;—it even ascends into the fresh water. To support such a mass of living beings, the ocean sends her masses of other living beings; and these in the economy of nature, are next in importance and of necessity in abundance in these seas. Nature furnishes two successive tribes of animals as food for one tribe; and for the three together, this busiest part of the ocean seems to exist.

THE COD.—This cod is accompanied at one season by shoals of myriads of the caplin, and at another by equal hosts of that molleous animal the cuttle-fish, called in Newfoundland the squid. The three are migratory; and man, who stations himself on the shores for their combined destruction, conducts his movements according to their migrations. By art, he captures annually more than two hundred millions of the cod with the caplin, and one hundred millions with the cuttle-fish. On the coast of Labrador, and on the north part of Newfoundland, the cod is so abundant, that it is hauled on shore with lines in vast quantities. Thus, by these three means, and the use of herrings and shell-fish for bait, along the southern shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there are caught in the British North American seas, upwards of four hundred millions of cod annually.

There appear to be four varieties or kinds of the cod in these seas; but their history has not been sufficiently attended to, to determine their relations to each other as species or variety. The first is the bank cod, found on the great bank, many miles from land; the second is the shore cod, caught in the bays around the shores and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the third is the red cod, resembling the rock cod, or redware codling of Scotland, caught near the shores; the fourth and most remarkable is what may be called the seal-headed cod, from its head resembling that of a seal or a dog. The haddock, of a large size, is also met with among the proper cod. All the kinds approach towards one size, and are caught and dried promiscuously by the fishermen. The bank cod differs from the other varieties in his place of resort, which is almost always on the banks, at a distance from land; he is also larger and stronger, with larger scales and spots; his body is of a lighter colour throughout, with the spots more generally diffused, and more distinctly marked; his flesh, too, is firmer. The shore cod resembles most the cod in a healthy state on the coasts of Britain, and is that of which the greatest quantity is caught, owing to its being most conveniently taken; the back is of a dusty brown colour; the belly silvery or yellowish, and the spots in general not remarkably distinct. The red cod is, probably, larger than our rock cod, and is not numerous. The seal-headed cod is of the same colour and size as the shore cod, and in like manner covered with skin; and it is comparatively rare. The young cod, tom cod, or podley, swarm in summer in all harbours and shallow waters.

There are some other differences in the cod, which may partially arise from difference of latitude and of coasts where they are found. Thus, the farther north, the less oil is obtained from them, their livers being smaller; and the bank cod yields the least oil of any.

The cod is sometimes caught six feet in length; but there are accounts of its having been taken larger. All the kinds of cod obey the same general laws of migration. They shift according to the changes of temperature in their element, arising from the seasons, and with the supplies of food which invariably accompany these changes. The bank cod seems to be most stationary.

As we advance farther northward from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the migrations of cod assume a more decided character, and it strikes in greater abundance. This holds as far north as fishing posts have yet been established on the coast of Labrador. The same applies to the migrations and abundance of the other fishes inhabiting these seas, more especially of those connected with the cod, and they arise together from the same general causes. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lat. 45 deg. 48 in., particularly along the shores of Nova-Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada, and the adjacent islands, where shell-fish are more abundant than farther to the north, and where, perhaps, in consequence, more other fishes remain du-

ring the winter, the herring arrives in spring about the same time that it arrives on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, in April and May, when the cod in consequence become equally abundant at all places; but afterwards worlds of food arrive on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; first the caplin cover the shores of both these countries, and then again, the cuttle-fish, around the shores of Newfoundland; these never failing to bring in with them their hosts of cod, and to retain them at these shores during the summer. Neither the caplin, nor any equivalent, ever appeared at the countries farther south, although the cuttle-fish visits, and sometimes in considerable quantities, the east coast of Nova-Scotia and Cape Breton; hence the pre-eminence of Newfoundland and Labrador, as a fishing station, over every other part of the Northern hemisphere.

At Labrador, and in the north part of Newfoundland, where the length of the summer is not more than six weeks or two months, the hook and the line are often laid aside for the seine; for it is necessary that enough of cod should be taken within the first two or three weeks, otherwise the remainder of the warm weather would not be sufficient to dry it. Hence, the cod-fishery, according to the present mode of curing, which is, with the exception of a very trifling proportion, by drying the fish in the sun, cannot be carried on farther north than a certain latitude.

The fishery of Newfoundland commences in June, as soon as the caplin appears on the coast, and ends about the beginning of September, when the cuttle-fish begins to move off from the shores. The caplin is the bait used during the first month or six weeks, and after that the cuttle-fish.

When bait is scarce, considerable numbers of cod are caught by jugs, the jugs being an artificial bait, with hooks affixed.

The process of curing the cod requires about a month in favourable weather.

Of four hundred millions and upwards of cod that are taken annually out of the British North American seas, about one hundred millions, or upwards of fifty thousand tons, are exported in a dried state by the British, to the warm countries of Europe and America. Of the remainder, a part equal to double that of the British is taken away by the Americans—a part by the French—and a part is consumed in the countries themselves.

It is from the livers of the cod-fish that the cod-oil of commerce is made. These are exposed in casks, and sometimes in vats, to the sun, and the heat in all these countries is sufficient to render them into oil. There is a falling off some years in the average quantity of oil obtained from the cod throughout the British fisheries; but as the French have the exclusive privilege of fishing at those parts of the island where the different kinds of fish abound most, it is probable that the quantity of oil in proportion to the quantity of fish caught, including all the fisheries, in any one year, may not vary much.

As the sun withdraws from the north, the temperature of the surface-water decreases; its vivifying principle vanishes, and it is no longer inviting to the free inhabitants of the deep. The cuttle-fish begins to retire, and with it man ends his warfare with the cod. All feel the warning, and begin to return to the strong holds in their respective elements; leaving the field of industry and summer rejoicing, where air, earth, and water, had met in harmony, soon to become the conflicting scene of an arctic winter.

(From Butler's Reminiscences.)

"The Revolution of 1688 necessarily divided the nation into two parties: those who supported the settlement of the crown, and those who sought to restore the proscribed family. The latter, in proportion as

Mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.—Pope.

"Still the Stuart family had many adherents; their numbers and the constancy and warmth of their attachment to it, present almost a singular phenomenon in history. The bad success of the enterprise, in 1745, should have terminated their hopes; yet the Reminiscent is old enough to remember, when the prince's cause was celebrated both by some Catholics and by some Protestants, with all the sincerity and ceremonious of wine, and to have witnessed tears shed and ejaculations offered for the prince and his family. These the Reminiscent could not but contrast with the frigid loyalty of the French nobility and gentry, whom the horrors of the French Revolution drove to our shores.

"One of the secret conditions of the peace, made between England and France in 1748, was, that the prince should be obliged to quit the French territory. These were at first rudely, and afterwards formally signified to him; but he continued to remain in Paris. He was at length informed, that, if he did not leave it of his own accord, constraint would be used to expel him. But he could not be induced to believe that France would have recourse to these extremities: 'French monarchs,' he said, 'have often boasted that France was the refuge of unfortunate princes.' This Lewis XIV. himself said to James II. Can the great grandson of Lewis say the contrary to the grandson of James? But the court of Versailles resolved upon the measure. It was entrusted to the Duke de Biron, the colonel of the regiment des Gardes Francaises. He charged M. de Vaudreuil, the major of the guards, with the execution of it. Both the duke and the major were enjoined to show, in the conduct of it, the utmost respect and attention to the unfortunate prince. It was known that he always carried pistols, and that he had both publicly and confidentially intimated, that, 'if any violence should be offered to his person, he would make way with himself.' The French monarch personally apprised the duke and major of these facts, and charged them with the consequences. The opera was cho-

sen, which was thought very strange, for the scene of the exploit. M. de Vaudreuil, accompanied by some gardes, entered the box in which the prince was, produced to him the royal order, so rebled his clothes, seized his pistols, and disarmed him of his sword. He was carried to the castle of Vincennes; he remained in it three days, and was hurried from it to the Pont de Beaulieu.—Standing upon it, he bade an eternal adieu to inhospitable France. Great indignation was expressed by the French at the conduct of their monarch.

All remarked, that much publicity of the indignity shown to the prince might have been spared.

He never recovered from the shock it gave him. One of his attendants, when the event took place, mentioned to the Reminiscent, that, from this time, his spirit was broken; that he was thoroughly altered; and that, in evident bitterness of mind, he frequently exclaimed, 'My sword was taken from me; my person insulted; I am a degraded.'

"Still he had some partisans, both among Catholics and Protestants in England. The Memoirs of the late Dr. King show, that, till the year 1760, a considerable portion of jacobinism remained in some respectable English and Scottish families; but that, about this time, a final separation took place between the prince and them."

THE INTENSITY OF IRISH FEELING.

"Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart."

If the ancient ceremonies and customs of the Irish nation are so often misrepresented, and sometimes wholly ignored, an equal degree of wilful ignorance and misrepresentation has attached to the character of the old Irish descendant from the Milesians. He is represented as light, giddy, fond of praise; yet fierce, sanguinary, and implacable; bigoted, prejudiced, and faithless, or rather false, for the very word faith is the Irishman's idol; but it is not one of silver, of gold, of copper, bronze, or brass; it is the day-star of his hope, the ray of his heart's devotion, the last glimmer of his closing hour; stubbornly though the enemies of Ireland support these charges, their inconsistency is sufficient to defeat them. Volatility and vanity accord not with ferocity and revenge; nor do falsehood and idolatry harmonize with steadfastness, and primitive, unaltered, and immutable Christianity; in the service of which the poorest of the wretched, and the most prostrate of the low, have sacrificed character, subsistence, and bodily existence,—have borne a firm front and steady countenance amidst scoffs and revilings, and have been consigned to decision and unanimity by their more prosperous brethren of another creed. But the fact is, that what is thus discoloured and set down to the account of folly and of vice, proceeds more frequently from excess of feeling: the sons of Erin have that elasticity, that preternatural vigour of spirit, which a robust formation and warm heart produce. The meed of praise is the warrior's and the poet's fortune; and each looks up to it with a quick pulse, and with strenuous endeavour. Where hope is disappointed, and well-deserving is blighted, despair and the sickness of the soul ensue. But this is not vanity nor ambition, but a thirst for glory—an ardent desire for renown. To the shrine of this idol the blood of the brave has been poured out in plentiful libations; but pride and levity did not produce the sacrifice. That revenge is sometimes harboured in the Hibernian's bosom must be allowed; but what are the exciting causes of this inhuman sentiment? Love turned into jealousy; injured honour; a faith, a country, a name, or a family, branded with injustice, infamy, or degradation. Here indeed the hero and avenger of the cause or object is

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'

because his wounded feelings have wounded him up to the highest pitch of madness. In such a moment he might cry with the sister of the Horatii, so strongly depicted by the immortal French author, and proving that she could behold their last moments with agonizing pleasure—

'Vedre le dernier des Romains a son dernier soupir, Moi en être la cause et mourir de plaisir.'

But let the storm subside, let the boilings over of resentment cool and pass away, there is not any native of any land more easily reconciled, more contritely penitent, than the Irish sinner. Self-condemnation smites his bosom to the core, and the tears of compunction fall like the showers of an angry sky. From such excitements and sensibilities flow great and perilous errors; yet on the soil which they supersaturated grow the tenderest and kindest plants that ever were cultivated by the hand of love and friendship—of softness and heroism. An acute sense of the wrongs of parent, sister, or friend, proceeds to a frightful eminence with the Hibernian. Another man, whose beloved sister was seduced, would visit the seducer with retributive justice; but the Irish brother, jealous of a sister's spotless reputation, and considering that stain, disgrace, and reproach are entailed on his posterity, would, in the paroxysms of irritation, immolate the female victim of transgression, whose chastity ought, in his eyes, to have been firm and impregnable as the rock and mountain of his native isle. On one occasion a most amiable priest of my acquaintance had the greatest difficulty in preventing a brother from following and destroying a sister thus circumstanced; but, in contradistinction to this strong shade of inhumanity, I was once travelling with a young Hibernian, who met with an acquaintance and military comrade at an inn where we stopped for the night. The affliction of both appeared to be of a high degree; but the supereminence certainly was on the side of my fellow traveller. 'Is that young man a relation of your's?' said I. 'No.' 'He has, then, done you some signal service?' 'He has,' replied Patrick. 'We once fell out—we fought—I was desperately wounded—and I have loved him

the better ever since: first, for doing justice to his own courage and honour; and, next, for vindicating mine; for thus he enabled me to make a just atonement, to receive merited punishment, and to be cordially reconciled to him, without any vile motive of self-interest or self-preservation in the act.

This I consider as the *ne plus ultra* of sensitive feeling, and most genuine, original, and uncontaminated Irish mind. All heroic as a part of this transaction is, the susceptibility and fightability of its commencement savour, doubtless, of uncultivation—*Hinc illa lachryma*. It is from the alienation of interests and respectability, from the jealousy of the cooler *sustanuch*, from the want of calming, taming, and cultivating the lower and more unlearned Irish, that their excesses and crimes, inseparably grafted on their passions and affections, are ignited and blown into a flame; the eye of insulting pity (if such a thing can exist, for pity is allied to humanity) and the finger of triumphant scorn lacerate the heart's strings, and infuriate the imagination of the Irishman. Then it is, indeed, that 'the brain of the victim can temper the dart'; its poignancy carries an envenomed shaft, a living death with it, which nought but vengeful contest can terminate, or even allay. There the champion, like Achilles, (which, by the way, was a great disgrace to him) might invoke all the demons of sanguinary inspiration—

To this I call the god's, one lasting state
Of endless rancour and eternal hate!

But, like that great and faulty chief, the sight of supplicating old age for the body of a murdered son, would have melted him to pity, and to proudly concealed remorse. However I may be blamed as an apologist for Irish error, proceeding from intense feeling, I shall notice two strong contrasts of unlettered natives of the sanctified soil; namely, the Beggar's Blessing, and the Poor Man's Curse; but I shall premise by giving these natives one useful precept and advice—

Bless ye, but curse not.

We will now conclude with these two curious *maxims*—

The Irish Beggar's Blessing to a young Lady, whose gentle sympathy led her to relieve his distresses.—(Pat speaks in propria persona.)

'Och! may millions upon millions of heaven's best blessings rain down upon your most beautiful of all beautiful, lovely, and innocent face, and features! May those mild, blue, good-looking eyes (here the pathos may be excused in the humble-untaught invoker) never see distress, but to gladden your gentle heart, the jewel of your feeling bosom, with the luxury of doing good. Och! may sorrow and care never be within a day's march of you, nor the slightest uneasiness ever ruffle the serenity of your noble brow! May peace, light upon you like the dews of a May morning, and plenty be always at your command in full abundance, and overflowing cup. May your life be like the course of a bright quiet stream, gliding through banks of flowers! May you grace the high situations of wife and mother, and live to see your children's children playing before your fire-side! May you come to a good old age, and be named, and numbered, in the poor man's prayers, night and morning, at mass and matins, at vespers, and all the services of the church! May you come to a good old age—the pride and example of your neighbourhood! May your last sickness be easy, and your religious consolations many! Then may you fall like a ripe ear of corn, and be gathered in to your fore-fathers! May your grave be honoured by many mourners; and may the hands of the children of those whose parents you have piously assisted, plant flowers round your monument; and then may you be raised up, and made happy for all eternity!

[Here we may suppose the pauper to bless himself, and to utter some prayers in a low tone of voice.]

The Curse to an obdurate gatherer of Rents, and a merciless Agent of a Middleman.

'Oh! bitter bad luck be your's! May your pillow be a pillow of thorns, and your night-dreams be full of fear and horror! May the sun only rise to curse you, and the moon on'y set to put a blight upon yourself and all about you! May your crops fail, and your lands turn to waste and barrenness! May the rot take your cattle, and your ill-gotten gain come to nothing! May your hand fail you in the hour of danger, and your friends desert you in the time of trial! May you come to that poverty which you have not pitied in others; and be oppressed, as you have trampled and rode rough-shod over your poor fellow-creatures! May the orphan's and the widow's curse ring in your ears when you are destitute and cannot help yourself! May you be so disgraced as to be a stranger in your own country and town, and a wanderer where you once was welcome! May every door be shut upon you, who closed your heart, your ears, and your eyes upon our calamities! May you die alone, without child or descendant, wife, neighbour, or blood-relation! May your memory be stamped with infamy, and nothing remain of you but the rejoicings of the poor that you are wiped off from the earth.

This eloquence of grief or gratitude, of affection, or a mind wrought to hatred, is truly *Hamitic*. It would be delightful to merit the one, and awful to meet with, and, above all, to deserve the other; from ecstasy to agony is a quick transition. It is like the y leanie eruption, or the stroke of the winged thunderbolt; the one and the other would, however, be tempered, softened down, and modulated, did less poverty and endurance abide amongst the lower classes; and were the balm of sympathy, and the tear of compassion, substituted in the place of the blade of power, and the frownings of contempt. In the rainbow there are many hues; were it not bent by the hand of the Mist High, and placed as a signal of

peace and of promise, it would shine in vain after the storm, and indicate nothing hopeful for the future. On the blending of these colours depends the happiness of the inhabitants of the land, subsequent to the terrors of inundation, and its depopulating threats. No-one tint could effect the purpose, but the mingling of all. Let the gilded ray be the hopes of prosperity, the blue be that of constancy in royal love, the red be no longer the ensanguined mark, but the rose of sweet love and benevolence; whilst the cerulean, or sea-green, admirably emblematical of the emerald isle itself, will stand as the primitive colour of Ireland in her pristine flourishing viridity. Thus may they combine; and that the dove and the olive-branch may speedily fly over from the opposite shore, is the sincerest wish of the writer.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) March 5, 1828.

It could not fail of being truly gratifying to all possessed of philanthropic and benevolent feelings, to witness the alacrity and promptitude manifested by all classes of this community, at the late appeal made to them, by the Committee for conducting the affairs of the Orphan Asylum School, for a Haul of Wood, in aid of its funds. It serves as an additional proof—if indeed such proof were wanting—of "the sunlike charity that knows no horizon" for which the inhabitants of St. John's have been distinguished, whenever there was want to be relieved, or sorrow to be comforted.—The severity and continuance of drift upon the day appointed for the haul, (Tuesday, the 26th instant) was a great disappointment to many who had been preparing their loads for some days previously;—but it had not the effect of damping, in the least, that noble ardour which actuated those who so generously embarked in a cause which had for its object, the means of introducing among the people that knowledge, and that mental improvement, on which the happiness and progress of society so entirely depend. The last five working days presented very little else to the public view, than the fine fellows of this town conveying immense masses of wood through the streets, in every direction, to the depo, on the ground attached to the School. In this undertaking, a spirit of the most laudable emulation was very perceptible;—carried on, however, with the utmost harmony and good feeling. Some of the loads of wood were, certainly, the largest ever seen in this town, at any haul;—the proprietors appeared to have put invention itself upon the rack, in devising ways and means to excel all that had ever gone before; and, we are confident, the pre-eminence will be unanimously yielded to them.—We find that the wood collected upon this occasion, is to be sold on Saturday next—(see advertisement.)—when, we have no doubt, the most sanguine expectations of the Committee will be fully realized.

To Correspondents.—We are unwillingly obliged to decline inserting "MANNERS'" poetic effusion. It is not at all worthy of the spirit-stirring occasion upon which it was written.

"PANDORA!" does not suit our taste.

IMPROMPTU.

To the unknown Gentleman, on his privately contributing FORTY DOLLARS to the funds of the Dorcas Society.

"Thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

As many a lovely, earthly flower
Of flourishes and dies,
So they who seek their bliss in power,
Will find it ever flies.
But thou dost choose a better part,
Which none can take away,
The approbation of the heart—
A firm and lasting stay.
Thy gift will foster many a one
In pain and sadness lying—
Bring calm into the lonely one,
And save, perhaps, from dying.
The sum that's given to the poor
Is always well bestowed;
The creditor's of interest sure
It's only lent to God.
May God, then, for thy goodness, prove
To thee a friend in need;
Show thee his changeless, matchless love,
And make thee blest indeed.

DORCAS.

St. John's, 3d March, 1828.

Died on Friday evening last, after a very painful and lingering illness, Mrs. ELLEN HEARN, (widow of the late Mr. JOHN HEARN,) aged 48 years.

Sale at Auction.

THE HAUL OF WOOD,
(For the benefit of the Orphan Asylum School.)
WILL BE SOLD,
On SATURDAY next,
At 12 o'clock.
March 5.

Notices.

THE Treasurer to the Orphan Asylum School begs to acknowledge, with gratitude, the receipt of the following sums, in aid of the funds of that Institution:—

	l.	s.	d.
The Hon. Judge PATTERSON	2	2	0
(and that sum annually.)			
JAMES SIMMS, Esq., Attorney-Gen.	1	0	0
RENNIE, STUART & Co.	2	0	0
Doctor CARSON	2	2	0
(and that sum annually.)			
A FRIEND	2	0	0
Mr. WILLIAM HOGAN	2	0	0
Mrs. MICHAEL MARA	1	0	0
Mr. RICHARD CARROL	0	5	0
Mr. AUGUSTINE FOLEY	0	5	0

March 5.

THE Members of the Benevolent Irish Society are hereby informed, that the list for signatures to the dinner on St. Patrick's Day, at the Misses WARD's hotel, now lays at the Office of the Newfoundland, and will positively be closed on SATURDAY next, the 8th instant.

The Subscribing Members are particularly requested to give in the names of their Guests, on or before that day, otherwise it will considerably retard the arrangements of the Stewards.

March 5.

Mechanic's Society.
THE Members of the St. John's Mechanic's Society purpose to dine together on THURSDAY, the 11th instant, to celebrate their first Anniversary.
A list is now opened for signatures, at Mr. Patrick DOXLEY's, (Globe Tavern,) which will be closed on Thursday, at 6 o'clock, p.m.
N. B.—Dinner on the table at 6 o'clock.
By order,
PATRICK KELLY,
Secretary.

THE Ladies of the Dorcas Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of TEN POUNDS, through the hands of Mrs. SOLOMON, from a Gentleman signing himself "Harry Foster."

St. John's, 5th March, 1828.

A CARD.

DR. ROCHFORD in announcing his intention of practising at St. John's, in the different departments of the Medical Profession, begs to observe, that at present he resides at Mr. BISSET's (late Dr. DOBIE's) London Medical Establishment, where all communications for him shall meet with immediate attention.

February 20.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS HONOUR THE PRESIDENT.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On Thursday evening,

The 13th instant,

THE COMEDY OF

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED,

AND THE MUCH-ADMIR'D FARCE OF

TOM THUMB.

Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLEFT.—(Boxes 3s.—Pit 2s.)

Doors to be opened at ½ past 6 o'clock—performance to commence at 7.

March 5.

On Sale.

At the Store of the Subscriber,

30 BARRELS superfine States' Flour,
30 Boxes prime English Soap,
1 Elegant Mahogany Bedstead,
10 Pieces No. 2, 4, and 5 Canvas,
60 Pair Women's and Boys' Shoes.

HENRY SHEA.

March 5.

BY

JOHN RYAN & Co.

140 Dozen Brown Stout,

(Superior quality.)

In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.

January 9, 1828.

THE BORDERER'S LEAP.

Esselstone-Heath, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of those jumbles of rocks and mountains which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held in these districts their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms, and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Horseliff, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail. It may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning the Raven made his appearance—a guest as unlooked-for as unwelcome, with a numerous train of followers, massacred a great part of the company, violated the bride before the bridegroom's eyes, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succours, however, arrived—although not before the work of revenge had been but too well accomplished—the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence—the bridegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner—and their chief obliged to betake himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath came freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing as it were to the place of their mutual repose. He slackened his pace for an instant, to look around on the well-known scene; his heart dilated with a kind of pride as he felt his foot once more on his native heath, which it pressed with an elasticity hardly diminished by the weight of fifty years; and his eyes sparkled with a fierce joy as he saw the approaching termination of his flight. But he was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his place of refuge yet distant. He looked back as he gained the summit of an eminence; and although, to a less experienced traveller, no sound would have been heard to break the stillness of the hour, and no living form appeared to give animation to the desolate heath, save that of the wild bird, now and then startled by his sudden step from its resting place; yet, when he had bent for a moment his keen eyes on the distance, and then turned his ear in the same direction, as if to catch some note of confirmation, the outlaw snuffed up the wind like a fox pursued to his covert, and, bending his body forward to the mountains, darted on with renewed velocity. He did not rest again till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions, during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Perhaps his long and rapid flight—or, it may be, the pressure of approaching age—had contributed to stiffen his wearied limbs, and to depress his stout heart; or, perhaps, it was only some consideration of policy that induced him to reserve his strength for the greater hazard and fatigue of ascending the rocks: but so it was, that towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower; and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath. As his pursuer approached nearer and nearer, it could be seen that he was a young man, of a strong, athletic make. In his right hand was a sword, covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a brown crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair, hanging in clotted heaps on his half-naked shoulders—and his wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror, and despair were written in mingled characters—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall. When he saw his enemy fall down by the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag who has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcass of his quarry. The Raven of Horseliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance; but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress, and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature cry of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed past the stream without wasting even a look on its reviving waters. Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to his unseen prey, he threaded the maze of rocks with undeviating accuracy; till at length the sound of his enemy's feet—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally, the rushing of stones and fragments of earth, dislodged by his feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and youthful limbs would place the fell destroyer before his eyes. In the meantime the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge,

and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few minutes more, he found himself within sight of a place that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and, with renewed energy, he rushed down the steep declivity, which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerably smooth declivity—but then stops suddenly short, and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its rugged and projecting points overhang the turbulent river below in a manner which precludes the possibility of a man's descending alive; and, although a fordable part of the stream lies immediately under, the traveller is thus obliged to make a circuit of some miles before reaching it. The rock we have mentioned, although seeming at a little distance to form a part of the steep—only projecting in a bolder manner than the rest, and surmounted by a capital, resembling slightly the battlements of a fortress—yet, on nearer approach, is discovered to be, in reality, quite distinct and separate from the mass of mountain. It raises its gigantic form from the bosom of the dark waters below, at a distance of a good many feet from the main land; but, in the corresponding shape of its landward side, and the strata of its substance, a geologist might infer the traces of a more intimate connexion subsisting at some remote period, and look upon it as a further token of the great natural convulsion believed to have once visited the elements of our globe—

"For neither rain, nor hail, nor thunder
Could wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been."

The outlaw whose flight we are relating had good title to bestow his name on the Raven's Tower; for he alone even of all the desperate adventurers who infest that part of the country, had strength of limb, steadiness of brain, and boldness of heart to leap across the chasm which separates it from the mountain. This feat he had performed on several occasions of imminent danger, and always successfully; for, when once he had gained the rock, a natural path down the riverward side—although one filled with danger even to him, and only made available by the heath, brushwood, and projecting stones, which afforded points of precarious support—led the fearless ruffian in safety to the ford below. On this occasion, however, there was more danger to be apprehended in the leap than on any former one. The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; and, perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance, and crime that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burthen, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale: perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss. Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror:—the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration.—But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting: the naked side of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle; while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below, although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to fight the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore clear the chasm at a single effort: for, it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss. He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead: he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed forever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single

movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff. "Eternal curses on my nerveless limbs!" cried the bridegroom, arriving at the instant; "the Raven has reached his tower—and who may follow him?—Turn back!" continued he, raising his voice into a furious shout, "ravisher! murderer! monster!—all things bad but coward!—Turn back! and I swear by every thing binding on man's soul, to divide in twain my sword with thee; and, although thou deservest to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it!" But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer; he lay on his back upon the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side—seeming, like the poet's personification of Danger, to have thrown him

"on the ridgy steep
Of some loose, hanging rock to sleep."

"Take this, then, to rouse thee!" said the bridegroom, tearing up, by main force, a fragment of the rock, and hurling it across the chasm: it fell with a heavy sound on the outlaw's breast; and he raised himself up, like a chained mastiff, at the pain and insult.—"Who art thou?" he cried, hardly seeming to recollect his situation: "what dost thou seek?"—"What do I seek?—O God!—Look here!" replied the bridegroom, stretching his arms and his body far over the cliff towards the destroyer, while his voice was choked with the opposite and yet combining emotions of grief and rage.—"What do I seek? See'st thou this handkerchief? A few hours ago it covered the fairest and the chastest bosom in broad Scotland: the red-bloths of murder, and the wrinkles of ruffian violence, are on it now; and the covering of the bosom is reproach, and foulness, and dishonour! What do I seek? I seek," continued he, speaking through his clenched teeth,—"I seek to fulfill the oath I have made to heaven and to her—to steep this handkerchief, ravisher, in thy heart's blood!"—"Tempt me not!" said the outlaw: "hast thou not tasted enough of my vengeance already? I am stokened on thee. Get thee gone—but cross no more the path of one who has neither fear nor mercy." The avenger paused for an instant, and then paced to and fro by the edge of the rock, with the restless and impatient step of a beast of prey along the bars of his cage; but soon his brow grew blacker, and his lips met with a firmer resolution, "He is spent with fatigue," he said aloud, although communing only with himself; "he is weary with murder, or he would by this time have sought the ford. What holds me from leaping into his den? I am younger than he; my limbs are more supple than his. What care I for the craven-lay which threatens death for the attempt?—my vengeance shall not be stayed with a song. It shall be so; the weight of despair is surely not greater than the weight of guilt." And so saying, he stepped backward to the proper distance, and began to prepare himself for the adventure. This he did, in the first place, by striking his blade into the ground, clapping his hands, raising up his face towards heaven, and repeating a short prayer for success; but, although he stood thus in an attitude of Christian devotion, he might have seemed to resemble more one of the ancient Alani, whose only object of worship, as Ammianus Marcellinus informs us, was a naked sword stuck in the earth. He then drew forth his good steel again, and, planting his feet firmly in their proper posture, was about to spring forward to the perilous undertaking. The outlaw, who had apparently watched his movements, and even heard his words, raised himself gradually from his reclining posture—first on his knees and then, as his enemy's preparations seemed to be nearly completed, upon his feet. "Stop!" he cried; "witness that I have, at least, not sought this. The event be on your own head! I confess that I am worn out—I am alone and unarmed; but the visitor who thrusts himself unbidden on me here shall never live to tell what welcome he met with at the Raven's Tower."

The reply of the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air, which he then placed in his bosom; and, clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. The desperation that had prompted him to the adventure lent an energy to his limbs which it was believed only one man of that day possessed, and he alighted on the brink of the rock; yet so barely was the feat performed, that had he not seized hold of the outlaw's arm, who struck a furious blow at him as he touched the ground, he could not have preserved his footing even for a single moment. They were both men of more than ordinary strength, and their mutual hate was of more than ordinary fierceness; and, had that meeting taken place upon the mountain's side, or had the assailant even gained a firm footing upon the rock, it is more than probable that the evening's sun would have gone down upon the struggle. But here was no contest of warriors in the field—no flashing of the sword—no spilling of blood—no cries of triumph or of vengeance! On the one part, it was an instinctive, silent clinging to the only object of support within reach—and, on the other, a desperate but hopeless resistance against a power which seemed, with supernatural force, to be gradually dragging him to perdition. They stood thus for some moments upon the smooth and sloping edge of the precipice, their frames convulsed and their sinews cracking, with the intensity of the struggle, and yet their motion towards the brink scarcely perceptible.—They looked into each other's face, and saw in the damp and ghastly features the image of death. "I warned thee!" at last broke, in choked accents, from the white lips of the outlaw, as their fate became certain, and a glare of rage and terror illumined for an instant his despair. The bridegroom replied by bending down his head, with a last effort, and tearing, with his teeth, from his bosom the bloody signal of vengeance, which he held up in the destroyer's face. The next moment he fell backward into the abyss, still clinging with a death-clasp to his enemy, and they commenced their headlong descent; and so firmly did he retain his hold, that, although the projecting points of the rock spattered their brains upon the wall, and mangled their bodies out of the form of men, yet they arrived still hand in hand, in one mass of blood at the bottom of the cliff—whence the pollution of human guilt and misery was instantaneously swept out by the indignant stream.