



Newfoundland.

No. 139.

THURSDAY, March 18, 1830.

Sixpence.

Notice.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE United Pilot Club.

THE undermentioned Pilots out of the port of St. John's, do hereby agree to associate themselves together, under the name of the UNITED PILOT CLUB, from the 1st March instant, until the first day of June next; from which time, until the 10th day of August, the Club shall be dissolved, and each man be at his own disposal to proceed on the fishery, or otherwise;—but from the 10th day of August the parties undersigned bind themselves to re-unite, and act together for their mutual benefit, until the first day of January, 1831, under the following Regulations:—

- 1st.—The Pilot Club shall not consist of more than fifteen Pilots; but as it is understood that two of the said Pilots, namely, John Vinnecomb and John Gallishe, have each a shipped man now in their employ, the Pilot Club shall continue their services in the boats of the Club, and allow their said Masters monthly wages out of the general funds for the time such said men shall be employed.
- 2d.—The number of boats belonging to the Pilot Club shall not exceed three; the wear and tear and expenses of which shall be rateably borne by each of the members of the Club; and in case of the loss of one or more of the said boats, the members of the Club are bound to pay for the same, or to provide other boats of equal value.
- 3d.—There shall be a Master Pilot appointed for each of the boats belonging to the Club, who shall have the command, guidance, and direction of the Pilots in their respective boats; and the said Master Pilots shall be John Gallishe, Richard Vinnecomb, and John Ryan.
- 4th.—Should any member of the Pilot Club be absent when his services are required, and not be able to give a satisfactory reason for his absence to the Master and Crew of the boat to which he may belong; or should any Member be rendered, by drunkenness or other excess, unable to perform his share of the work, such member shall be fined Forty Shillings—to be deducted from his share of the general fund, and divided among the other members of the Club.
- 5th.—The Members of the Pilot Club do bind themselves to pilot vessels in and out of the port of St. John's, upon the same terms of payment as they have been in the habit of receiving from the following houses—namely, Messrs. Robinson & Bracking; Messrs. Brown, Hoyle & Co.; Messrs. John Duncomb & Co.; Mr. Nicholas Gill; Mr. Patrick Morris; Messrs. Henderson, Bland & Co.; Messrs. Hunters & Co.; Messrs. Bulley, Job & Co.; Messrs. Rendell & Mortimer; Messrs. W. & H. Thomas; Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co.; Messrs. Alsop & Co.; Mr. Benjamin Williams; and Messrs. Newman & Co.
- 6th.—The Pilot Club shall meet together on the first Saturday in every month, when there shall be an account given of the different sums received by each member for pilotage, and a fair and rateable distribution made of the general fund among the members;—and if it should be proved, to the satisfaction of ten members of the Club, that any member does not give a fair and true account of the monies received by him during each month, he shall be fined Five Pounds, which shall be distributed rateably among the other members.
- 7th.—Any member who enters the Pilot Club, and signs to the rules herein mentioned, shall not have it in his power to withdraw from the said Club, under any pretence whatever (sickness excepted); and should any member presume to do so, he shall pay to the Club a fine of Fifteen Pounds, to be recoverable, as a just and lawful debt, in any Court of Law in the Island.

The parties whose names are hereunder affixed, bind themselves, by their signatures, to the strict fulfilment of the above Rules and Regulations, and to the payment of the several penalties attached to them for neglect of duty, dishonesty, or absence.

JOHN RYAN, ALLEN BEDFORD,
JOHN GALLISHE, JOHN VINNECOMB,
RICHARD VINNECOMB, JOHN FLEMING,
THOMAS RYAN, ABRAHAM GALLISHEW,
NICHOLAS VINNECOMB, JAMES BRYAN,
JAMES M'LAUGHLAN,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
2d March, 1830.

CRUISE OF H. M. S. TORCH.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

I was the mate of the morning watch, and, as day dawned, I had amused myself with other youngsters over the side, examining the shot holes and other injuries sustained from the fire of the frigate, and contrasting the clean, sharp, well-defined apertures, made by the 24 lb. shot from the long guns, with the bruised and splintered ones from the 32 lb. cannonades; but the men had begun to wash down the decks, and the first gush of clotted blood and water from the scuppers fairly turned me sick. I turned away, when Mr. Kennedy, our gunner, a good, steady old Scotchman, with whom I was a bit of a favourite, came up to me—"Mr. Cringle, the Captain has sent for you; poor Mr. Johnston is fast going—he wants to see you."

I knew my young messmate had been wounded, for I had seen him carried below after the frigate's second broadside; but the excitement of a boy, who had never smelled powder fired in anger before, had kept me on deck the whole night, and it never occurred to me to ask for him, until the old gunner spoke.

I hastened down to our small confined berth, and there I saw a sight that quickly brought me to myself. Poor Johnston was indeed going; a grape shot had struck him, and torn his belly open. There he lay in his bloody hammock on the deck, pale and motionless as if he had already departed, except a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, and a convulsive contraction and distension of his nostrils. His brown ringlets still clustered over his marble forehead, but they were drenched in the cold sweat of death. The surgeon could do nothing for him, and had left him; but our old captain—bless him for it—I little expected, from his usual crusty bearing, to find him so employed—had knelt by his side, and, whilst he read from the Prayer-book one of those beautiful petitions in our church service to Almighty God, for mercy to the passing soul of one so young, and so early cut off, the tears trickled down the old man's cheeks, and filled the furrows worn in them by the washing up of many a salt spray. On the other side of his narrow bed, fomenting the rigid muscles of his neck and chest, sat Mistress Connolly, one of three women on board—a rough enough creature, heaven knows, in common weather; but her stifled sob showed that the mournful sight had stirred up all the woman within her. She had opened the bosom of the poor boy's shirt, and untying the ribbon that fastened a small gold crucifix round his neck, she placed it in his cold hand. The young midshipman was of a respectable family in Lincolnton, her native place, and a Catholic—another strand of the cord that bound her to him. When the Captain finished reading, he bent over the departing youth, and kissed his cheek. "Your young messmate just now desired to see you, Mr. Cringle; but it is too late, he is insensible and dying." Whilst he spoke, a strong shiver passed through the boy's frame, his face became slightly convulsed, and all was over. The Captain rose, and Connolly, with a delicacy of feeling which many might not have looked for in her situation, spread one of our clean mess table-cloths over the body. "And is it really gone you are, my poor dear boy!" forgetting all difference of rank in the fulness of her heart. "Who will tell this to your mother, and nobody here to wake you but old Kate Connolly, and no-time will they be giving me, nor whiskey—Ochon! ochon!"

But enough and to spare of this piping work. The boatswain's whistle now called me to the gangway, to superintend the handing up, from a shore boat alongside, a supply of the grand staples of the island—ducks and onions. The three Madians in her were characteristic samples of the inhabitants. Their faces and skins, where exposed, were not tanned, but absolutely burnt into a fiery-red colour by the sun. They guessed and drawled like any buckskin from Virginia, superadding to their accomplishments their insular peculiarity of always shutting one eye when they spoke to you. They are all Yankees at bottom; and if they could get their 365 Islands—so they call the large stones on which they live—under weigh, they would not be long in towing them into the Chesapeake.

The word had been passed to get six of the larboard guns and all the shot over to the other side, to give the brig a list of a streak or two astarboard, so that the stage on which the carpenter and his crew were at work over the side, stopping the shot holes about the water line, might swing clear of the wash of the

sea. I had jumped from the nettings, where I was perched, to assist in unbolting one of the carronade slides, when I slipped and capsized against a peg sticking out of one of the scuppers. I took it for something else, and damned the ring-bolt incontinently. Caboose, the cook, was passing with his mate, a Jamaica negro of the name of Johnerow, at the time. "Don't damn the remains of your fellow-mortals, Master Cringle; that is my leg." The cook of a man-of-war is no small beer, he is his Majesty's warrant officer, a much bigger wig than a poor little mid, with whom it is condescension on his part to jest.

It seems to be a sort of rule, that no old sailor who has not lost a limb, or an eye at least, shall be eligible to the office; but as the kind of maiming is so far circumscribed that all cooks must have two arms, a laughable proportion of them have but one leg. Besides the honour, the perquisites are good; accordingly, all old quartermasters, captains of tops, &c., look forward to the cookdom, as the cardinals look to the popedom; and really there is some analogy between them, for neither are preferred from any especial fitness for the office. A cardinal is made pope because he is old, infirm, and imbecile—our friend Caboose was made cook because he had been Lord Nelson's coxswain, was a drunken rascal, and had a wooden leg; for, as to his gastronomical qualifications, he knew no more of the science than just sufficient to watch the copper where the salt junk and potatoes were boiling. Having done a little in the wind overnight, he had quartered himself, in the superabundance of his heroism, at a gut where he had no business to be, and in running it out, he had jammed his toe in a scupper hole, so fast that there was no extricating him; and notwithstanding his piteous entreaty "to be eased out handsomely, as the leg was made out of a plank of the Victory, and the ring at the end of one of her bolts," the captain of the gun-fundling, after a stout pull, that the man was like to come "home in his hand without the leg," was forced "to break him short off," as he phrased it, to get him out of the way, and let the carriage traverse. In the morning when he sobered, he had quite forgotten where the leg was, and how he broke it; he therefore got Kelso to splice the stump with the but-end of a mop; but in the hurry it had been left three inches too long, so he had to jerk himself up to the top of his peg at every step.

The Doctor, glad to breathe the fresh air after the horrible work he had gone through, was leaning over the side speaking to Kelso. When I fell, he turned round and drew Cooke's fire on himself. "Doctor, you have not prescribed for me yet?" "No, Caboose, I have not; what is wrong?" "Wrong, sir? why, I have lost my leg, and the Captain's clerk says I am not in the Return!—Look here, Sir, had Doctor Kelso not coopered me, where should I have been?—Why, Doctor, had I been looked after, amputation might have been unnecessary; a fish might have done, whereas I have had to be spliced." He was here cut short by the voice of his mate, who had gone forward to slay a pig for the gunroom mess. "Oh, Lad, oh!—Massa Caboose!—Dem dam Yankee!—De Purser killed, massa!—Dem shoot him troo de head!—Oh, Lad!" Captain Deadeye had come on deck. "You, Johnerow, what is wrong with you?"—"Why, de Purser killed, Captain, dat all."—"Purser killed?—Doctor, is Sare-all hurt?" Treemil could stand it no longer. "No, Sir, no; it is one of the gun-room pigs that we shipped at Halifax three cruises ago; I am sure I don't know how he survived one, but the seamen took a fancy to him, and nicknamed him the Purser. You know, Sir, they make pets of any thing, and every thing, at a pinch!"

Here Johnerow drew the carcass from the hogs-pen, and sure enough a shot had cut the poor Purser's head nearly off. Blackee looked at him with a most whimsical expression; they say no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig. "Poor Purser! de people call him Purser, Sir, because him knowing chap; him cabbage all de grub, slush, and stuff in his own corner, and give only de small bit, and de bad piece, to de oder pig; so, Captain!—Splinter saw the poor fellow was like to get into a scrape. "That will do, Johnerow—forward with you now, and lend a hand to cat the anchor.—All hands up anchor!" The boatswain's hoarse voice repeated the command, and he in turn was re-echoed by his mates; the capstan was manned, and the crew stamped round to a point of war most villainously performed by a bad drummer and a worse fifer, in as high glee as if those who were killed had been snug and well in their hammocks on the berth-deck,

in place of at the bottom of the sea, with each a shot at his feet. We weighed, and began to work up, tack and tack, towards the island of Ireland, where the arsenal is, amongst a perfect labyrinth of shoals, through which the Madian pilot cunning the ship with great skill, taking his stand, to our no small wonderment, not at the gangway or poop, as usual, but on the bowsprit end, so that he might see the rocks under foot, and shun them accordingly, for they are so steep and numerous, (they look like large fish in the clear water,) and the channel is so intricate, that you have to go quite close to them. At noon we arrived at the anchorage, and hauled our moorings on board.

Extracts from the latest English papers.

The Cape of Good Hope Papers, received on Saturday, notice the arrival, in Simon's Bay, of His Majesty's ship, *Pallas*, Captain Fitzclarence, having on board the Earl of Dalhousie, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, and suite. This vessel anchored on the 8th of October, having last sailed from Rio de Janeiro on the 16th of September. His Lordship, it appears, had been received in the most gracious manner by the Emperor of Brazil. The *Pallas* sailed again from Simon's Bay on the 19th of October, for Calcutta, which place she expected to reach about the end of November. The accounts from the interior of the Cape Colony were favourable. The crops were a promising appearance, and the Caffer alarm was at an end. Sir Lowry Cole, it was rumoured, had, during his progress on the frontier, formed a new settlement on the Kat River, about 15 miles above Fort Beaufort, named "New Edinburgh." The opening of the South African college took place on the 1st of October.

Most disastrous accounts respecting the new colony of the Swan River, were received at Lloyd's yesterday, and that Captain Stirling, who went out from this country as Governor, having found it quite impracticable to carry the object of his mission into execution at Swan River, had sailed again to the Mauritius. The first ship which sailed from this country, the *Marquis of Anglesea*, had been lost, having been unable to reach the shore. It is stated that several miles of breakers prevent the entrance of vessels into the river, and that a sand bank extends three miles beyond them, rendering it impossible for vessels to come to an anchorage from April to October. The accounts further state that the soil was almost wholly unfit for agricultural purposes. The settlers who had arrived out were suffering great privations owing to the heavy rains, but had received relief from the Captain of St. Leonard. So much anxiety was felt on this subject in the city, that we understand a deputation of several gentlemen applied at the Colonial Office, to ascertain whether Government had received any tidings from Captain Stirling or the Cape, and the answer was in the negative.

Letters from Terceira, dated early in January, state that the island was tranquil, provisions were plentiful, and there was no appearance of any blockading squadron, owing to the stormy weather.

The fall of snow appears to have been pretty general throughout England. In many of the western roads it has drifted to the depth of 15 feet; and in Kent, some parts of Suffolk, and the country between Newmarket and Cambridge, the snow is level with the hedges in some parts, so as to stop all communication. On Monday night the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood at 10, on Hampstead Heath; but in a garden of a gentleman at Cambridge, the mercury fell to 6, or 26 below freezing point.

The recent frost was, according to a journal now before us, kept by the late Rev. Mr. Lathbury, Rector of Livermere, Suffolk, far less severe than that experienced in England in 1816. On the morning of the 18th of February of that year, the cold, as indicated by several thermometers, was such that the quicksilver fell to five degrees below zero, 12 degrees lower than the point at which one part of spirits of wine and three of brandy will freeze. The thermometers, during the whole of that day, as well as on the two previous ones, varied each evening and morning from between 26 to 30 degrees below the freezing point. The frost here recorded (1816) is believed to have been the severest ever felt in our latitude; it exceeded in duration, as well as in degree, that of January 24th, 1796; and that of 1814, when the quicksilver was down as low as two degrees and a half below zero.

MR. O'CONNELL'S ARRIVAL IN THE COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

(From the Waterford Chronicle of Saturday.)

Mr. O'Connell has most punctually fulfilled the engagement which he had made with the county of Waterford. The Hon. Member left Dublin on Wednesday morning in an elegant light travelling carriage (which he has purchased expressly for such occasions), and arrived in Kilkenny that night. Next morning (Thursday) set out for Carrick, where a large party had been invited by William O'Donnell, Esq., to meet the Hon. Member for Clare at breakfast.

From Carrick, Mr. O'Connell, according to engagement, and accompanied by a number of the friends of the independent interest, set out for Kilmacthomas, but was stopped on his way at Clonea by an immense concourse of the people of that part of the county, who had assembled there, determined to hear a speech from the great Liberator. Mr. O'Connell found it was impossible to pass, he therefore got out of his carriage, and went into the chapel. A simultaneous rush was made into the chapel, and in a moment the edifice became thronged to excess. The Catholic Clergy of the parish, and others from the neighbourhood, were present. Mr. O'Connell here addressed another most powerful speech to the people, which produced, if possible, a still greater effect than the former. The entire party then set out for Kilmacthomas. Bonfires were lit along at both sides of the road, and peasantry, both male and female, were to be seen proceeding in immense crowds, bearing boughs of laurel in their hands. The Hon. Member was soon in the midst of them, and was accompanied from that into the town with a thousand huzzas, the green boughs waving as they went along. Having rested here for half an hour, they proceeded at a rapid rate for Dungarvan, where the people were, for some hours, in the most anxious expectation. About a mile and a half from Dungarvan, Mr. O'Connell was met by an immense concourse with banners, flags, &c., who conducted him with loud and repeated cheering into the town.

About six o'clock a large party sat down to dinner, Mr. John Barron, the candidate of the Independent interest taking the chair as President, with Mr. O'Connell at his side, and Robert Longan, Esq., at the extreme end of the room as Vice-President. Next morning (Friday) Mr. O'Connell, Mr. John Barron, the several friends of the Independent interest, assembled at breakfast with the Very Rev. Dr. Foran.

After breakfast, Mr. Barron, accompanied by several of his friends, and amongst them Mr. O'Connell, proceeded to canvass such freeholders in that neighbourhood as he had not previously called upon or met with. The Beresfords, amongst other of their inventions, have been reciting the names of several freeholders in that county as pledged to Lord George Beresford; but Mr. Barron's canvass yesterday has given the most substantial refutation to this weak invention. Every one of these persons who were so said to be pledged, not only disavowed any such pledge, but instantly, and in the warmest manner, promised their votes to Mr. Barron, accompanying the promise invariably with a regret that they had not a thousand votes to give him.

After the canvass, Mr. O'Connell addressed the multitudes of people who were assembled before the hotel, and continued speaking with the most powerful effect for more than an hour. At the conclusion of Mr. O'Connell's address, the people joined in repeated rounds of cheering, and in simultaneous shouts of "down with the Beresfords."

A hasty meeting of the Committee was then summoned, after which the friends of the Independent interest set out for Lismore, where another meeting and a public dinner was to have taken place that day (Friday). This day (Saturday) the entire party accompany Mr. O'Connell down to Waterford, to attend the public dinner to be given to the Hon. Member in this city. The dinner will be one of the most numerous and respectfully attended that has ever taken place in Waterford.

With respect to the result of the approaching contest, that result is now beyond all doubt or danger. Nothing can now prevent the triumphant success of the popular interest. We do not say this for mere electioneering vaunting—the fact is admitted by the very partisans of the Beresfords.

From the Greenock Advertiser, January 5.

The following extract of a letter from the British metropolis has been handed to us, as conveying the latest information which has transpired regarding the negotiations said to have been commenced by the American ambassador with our government, with reference to opening the trade of the West Indies to American vessels. It will be seen that the negotiation is understood to have been suspended for the present, in consequence of the representation of the merchants in London concerned in the trade of our North American colonies, powerfully aided by Sir Howard Douglas, whose local knowledge necessarily gave his sentiments much weight with government, and followed by the declaration of the West India interest, that it did not deem the concession desirable. It is still feared, however, that Ministers may be induced to give in, as they have avoided any explicit declaration on the subject:—

"There is not any association of Ship Owners in London; and as there has not been any public meeting on the American and West India question, no application from the body of Ship Owners can have been made to government on the subject, and I have not heard of any such application being made by individuals.

"I am inclined to think, that the London Ship

Owners, connected with the West India trade, would be in favour of the communication between the Islands and the United States being re-opened, provided more advantageous terms could be procured from the American government than were in existence prior to the present suspension.

"I have heard such opinions expressed by some of the gentlemen alluded to.

"The merchants connected with the trade to Canada and New Brunswick, together with the agents for the latter province, took the matter up warmly as soon as the rumour of a negotiation having been entered into on the subject became public; the deputation was most ungraciously received at the Board of Trade, and came away with a full conviction that the arrangement was all but completed.—These gentlemen did not, however, relax in their exertions, and they were backed by a strong representation from Sir Howard Douglas, the Governor of New Brunswick, who is now in this country. In consequence of which, and of the West India body in London having declared, that they did not consider the opening of the intercourse desirable, it is believed that the Duke of Wellington has put the question to rest for the present. But the parties interested have not been able to obtain any declaration of the intention of His Majesty's government either one way or the other; and the present cessation of the negotiation may be intended only to throw them off their guard, and prevent opposition in passing the measure through parliament, should it have been determined on by government."

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) March 18, 1830.

The friends and admirers (and who are not?) of our late valued and respected Chief Justice FORBES, will rejoice to learn, that the same jealousy of power—respect for popular rights and resistance to oppression—which won him golden opinions, from all classes, while residing in this country, equally characterize and distinguish his career in the New World. The following extract from a late English paper, will bear us out in this opinion:—

"NEW SOUTH WALES.—A gentleman who has lately returned from Sydney, in a letter to a friend, writes, 'the colony is fast retrograding—nothing but murmurings, complaints, and bankruptcies.' And of Chief Justice Forbes, he says, 'although he is not on good terms with the Governor, no man is more esteemed by the people in general, as a sincere friend, a sound-lawyer, an upright and impartial judge. His removal from thence would be a source of deep regret to at least three-fourths of the inhabitants.'"

The Central Circuit Court will commence its sittings on Monday next, at 12 o'clock, to continue thence until Saturday the 8th May, ensuing.

The brig Worcester, THORNTON, master, 31 days from Lisbon, while beating out of Petty Harbour Bay, on the 15th instant, missed stays, and drove on the rocks on the north side of that bay, where she has gone to pieces. Crew saved.

The North Star (28), was to proceed from Plymouth to relieve the Tyne, Captain Sir RICHARD GRANT, Knt., on the Bermuda and Halifax station.

DEPARTURE.—In the Surprise for Oporto (to touch at a port in Ireland), Captain BRUCE, R. N., Colonial Secretary.

Extract of a letter dated Oporto, Feb. 5, 1830. "The Noreval and Victoria, from your port are on the roads, with the Oscar from Harbour-Grace, the Lark from Carbonear, and Ringwood from Port de Grave, are gone—the former for Lisbon, and latter for Figueira. We have the pleasure to do, all Mr. Noble's property has been given up, and we are free of political impediments."

The following communication has been transmitted by J. W. GARLAND, Esq., Lisbon, to the Commercial Society of this town:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"The King having been informed of the petition from several Merchants and Shipowners of Bilbao, and from the late Chamber of Commerce of Santander, praying for an augmentation of Duties on Codfish imported under foreign flags; and his Majesty having considered that the Spanish shipping interest cannot prosper while the difference of the duties now paid on said article, when imported under the national flag, is so small compared to that imported in foreign bottoms, he has determined that every Quintal of all sorts of Codfish imported in foreign vessels, shall pay 48 r. v. duties, and when imported in Spanish bottoms 36 r. v., coming direct from the fisheries, and 40 r. v. coming from ports in Europe or America,—which I transmit to your Excellency for your information, &c."

N. B.—The above is a copy of a decree signed at Madrid 14th January, 1830, but not published, or generally known. The difference of increased duty is near one fourth of a dollar.

The following is an extract of a letter dated ALLANT, 11th Jan., 1830.

"The sales at Cadiz have been of great injury to the markets along the coast; the accounts from that place are bad. It seems the free port does not work well; there have been some failures, and others expected; the importations have been immense, and the vent slack, which must naturally cause great in-

convenience. We should not be surprised to see favourable alteration does not take place in the system. Freights to Ireland, 35s. per ton and 10 per cent—exchange 36 1/2."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday last, a female child, about 3 years old, belonging to Mr. NEARY, butcher, of this town, met with its death in the following manner:—its mother had but just taken a pot of soup from off the fire, when the child in running past it, by some means got its frock entangled with it, and overturned the whole contents, by which she became so dreadfully scalded, that she lingered until the following night, when the unfortunate little girl died in great agony.—Ledger.

SEALERS CLEARED SINCE OUR LAST.

VESSEL'S NAMES	TONS.	MASTERS' NAMES	MEN.
Mary	30	Thomas Tresey,	11
Lark	71	Robert Power,	22
Phenix	89	Patrick Barry,	24
Devonport	61	Patrick Mackey,	24
Mary	93	Jeremiah Callahan,	28
Loyalty	60	John Barron,	20
Atico	72	James Power,	21
Gift	44	David Burns,	17
Prudent	33	John Knight,	11
Rob Roy	41	James Costello,	15
82 vessels reported last week	5595		1700
Total, 92 vessels, 6,168 tons, 1,985 men—including Masters.			

Besides the above, as many, we believe, as ten or twelve vessels, (about 700 tons, and 250 men) took their sealing supplies from this port, last fall, and proceeded to some of the out-ports to lay up during the winter; but as they will return to St. John's with the product of their voyage, they may be very fairly included with the above:—the whole forming the largest outfit ever before known from this harbour.—All the vessels have been at sea for some days past, and the state of the weather has since been such as to warrant very flattering expectations.

ARRIVED AT LISBON FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

Dec. 19.—Mercury,	Carbonear and Cadiz.
19.—Oak,	Ditto and off Oporto.
27.—Mayflower,	St. John's.
28.—Brothers,	Ditto.
29.—Eliza,	Bay Bulls.
Jan. 4.—Triumvirate,	Carbonear.
6.—Elizabeth,	Harbour Grace.
11.—William & Mary,	King's Cove and Cork.
13.—Swift,	Trinity and ditto.
23.—Experiment,	Carbonear.
23.—Emily,	Harbour Grace.
23.—Worcester,	St. John's.
23.—John & Elizabeth,	Trinity.
27.—Lark,	Carbonear off Oporto.
Feb. 2.—Dolphin,	Trinity.
2.—Any,	Ditto.
2.—Beechick,	Carbonear off Oporto.
2.—Margaret,	St. John's off Figueira
3.—Huskisson,	Ditto.
6.—Ewulatch,	Ferryland.
8.—Despatch,	Harbour Grace.
8.—Dewsbury,	Ditto.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

SIR,—In consequence of frequent fatal accidents occurring, in this harbour, from sailors entering the cabins of vessels soon after being fumigated with charcoal, I am induced to make a few observations upon the subject.

Charcoal, in a state of ignition, gives out a large quantity of carbonic-acid-gas and hydro-carbonate-gas. The former having a great attraction for moisture, is soon dissipated; but the latter being neither volatile or disposed to combine with fluids, has a more permanent character; and may for a considerable time poison the cabins of vessels so as to destroy those who may enter them. The masters of vessels ought to know this circumstance, and should be particularly careful not to permit the lives of useful members of society to become victims to their culpable neglect and ignorance. But my principal object in addressing you, is to suggest the application of a remedy, which I hope may in recent cases be found available.

The recovery of dogs suffocated in the Gratto-del-Cani, is said to be much favoured by their being plunged into a neighbouring lake. This has given rise to the application, in cases of suffocation, of cold water and cold vinegar, and water to the surface of the body, but I am not certain with any success.—The recovery of the dogs is to be accounted for, in my opinion, on a very different principle to the application of cold to the skin.—The dogs were thrown into the lake with some force, and instantly sunk some distance under the surface. If the doctrine is founded in truth and nature, that the circulation in the venous system is principally supported by atmospheric pressure, and the resiliency of the lungs, we shall find an explanation of the recovery of the dogs, from their immersion in the lake, in an additional force being given to the momentum of the blood in the venous system, from the pressure of a column of water superadded to the usual pressure of the atmosphere. The resiliency of the lungs remains long after death, and if an increased impetus is given to the circulation of the blood in the veins, the ventricles of the heart, if their irritability is not extinct, will be roused into systole or contraction, and the vital spark renewed. I would, therefore, recommend, as soon as a person has been found poisoned by impure air, to plunge him twelve, twenty, or thirty feet deep in water, and immediately to withdraw him. If the irritability of the heart is not extinct, such an impetus will be given to the circula-

on, by the pressure of a large column of water, as to bring it into instant action.

There can be no danger in this experiment, as during asphyxia the water will not enter the lungs or stomach.

W. C. St. John's, 17th March.

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

SIR,—In looking over an old paper, a few days ago, I met with the following beautiful lines, written by the eldest son of the "Great Liberator," when a youth at College, and presuming you will not consider them unworthy a conspicuous place in your paper, I beg to enclose them to you for insertion.—The editor of the paper from which I extracted it, says—"We will not characterize it as pretty, but as a sublime, finished production, worthy the patriotism and delicacy of allusion, than any of the 'measured prose' to which the learned Universities have lately given publicity."—Though it appeared in the papers of this town several years ago, I am sure you can give nothing that will be more acceptable to many of your readers who have never seen it, particularly at a time when every Irish heart beats high with *amor patriæ*, and fond recollections of the "deeds of the days of other years."

Your's, sincerely,

HIBERNICUS.

Patrick's Day, 1830.

THE SHAMROCK.

BY MAURICE D. O'CONNELL, ESQ.

(Written when a Student at Clongowee's wood College.)

O for the Harp of him whose genius bore
The Tein's Bard to Erin's emerald shore,
Who linked in one bright chain those lays of fire—
The matchless melodies of Erin's lyre;
Who struck the trembling strings to HAVED'S doom,
And mourn'd the patriot GHEBER'S fiery tomb.
O might that Lyre obey my humble hand,
And pour its fervid tides at my command;
That Lyre, which erst with splendours all its own,
'Neath Tara's bulwarks swelled its softest tone,—
That Lyre, that when the glorious fabric fell,
Clung to the walls, its soul had filled so well,
Till MOORE the Clarseach tore from ruin's slanders,
And pour'd its streams of gold in brightest numbers,—
Then should the theme, that oft inspired his song,
Flow in its native Majesty along:
Then should the Shamrock, on the harp-strings borne,
The raptures claim of ages yet unborn.
Let Albion vainly boast her Rose's pride,
Her lovely Rose, in glowing crimson dyed;
Let Scotia boast her Bare-bell's purple hue,
The meekest flower that sips the diamond dew;
Let France her snowy Lillies proudly rear,
And with their beauteous garlands bind their hair;—
A sweeter wreath GREEN ERIN'S SHAMROCK twines—
A sweeter wreath her golden locks confines.
In youth's gay bloom the rest may brighter glow—
In summer suns their buds may sweeter blow;
But those soft sweets they live but for a day,
The next their fleeting beauties fade away
When winter, wrapt in terrors, sweeps the sky,
They shrink beneath its force, and shrinking die;
Then e'en the oak, the ancient forest's pride,
Stands like a naked rock 'midst ruin's tide,
Whilst ERIN'S SHAMROCK mocks the raging storm,
And rears from every shock its emerald form,
And scorches the anger of the wintry sky,
Emblem of Erin's lasting constancy:
Fair Valour's source, when Erin's warriors move
Firm on the foe beneath their lance's grove;
When wide thro' ether rings the martial yell,
The meeting clouds of battle's thunder yell:
'Tis thou that lend'st that hope-inspiring aid,
Which nerves each Irish arm, which steels each blade;
'Tis thou that drivest them headlong on the foe,
And add'st a ten-fold force to every blow;
Thine is the spell, that bids each veteran soul
Within its links of light—its soft control,
That whilst for fight he points the ready spear,
Rules all his soul, and makes the Hero swear,
By all the valorous deeds of ancient story,
To spill his heart's best blood for Erin's glory!

[For the Newfoundland.]

LINES WRITTEN TO A SISTER UPON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A WILD ANEMONE.

Not with a fulsome compliment do I
Hail thee on this, thy natal morning. No;
Nor do I bring thee now a splendid gift
Of gold tiara, thickly studded o'er
With precious stones, mingling their varied hues
In one rich blaze of brilliancy.—I bring,
Fresh from the fields, a wild Anemone.
Steep'd in the morning dew, I found it smiling,
Chaste, pure, and modest—so, with tender care,
Cull'd its frail form and carried it to thee!
Softly I sigh'd. "Oh may my sister's life
In purity resemble this fair flower!
And when at length the closing scene draws nigh,
Oh! may her death, like this Anemone's,
Be calm and beautiful!"

St. John's, 17th March.

Died, on Thursday evening last, at Harbour-Grace, after a very painful and protracted illness, in the 49th year of his age, deeply lamented by his family, and universally regretted, JORDAN HENDERSON, Esq., of the firm of J. & B. Henderson, merchants, of that town. His funeral was intend-

ed to take place on Sunday last, when, we have no doubt, that a very numerous, as well as a very respectable, concourse assembled to witness the last sad offices which could be performed towards his mortal remains.—Mr. Henderson, although regarded by strangers as somewhat eccentric, was nevertheless a man possessing what is commonly understood of an excellent heart; and we are informed by one who has had a better opportunity than we could possibly have of ascertaining his character, that humanity and benevolence were conspicuous features in it. A desire to shield the oppressed and to defend the calumniated, was habitual with him; and we understand that the people of Harbour Grace have manifested their sense of his general worth by palpable tokens which are honourable to his memory.—*Ledger.*

Shipping Intelligence.
—CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.
CLEARED.
MARCH 12.—Schooner Surprise, Harvey, Oporto; 2750 qtls. fish.

Sales at Auction.
THIS DAY,
At Noon, Without Reserve,
ON THE WHARF OF
Messrs. Henderson, Bland & Co.
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY,
Belonging to the Insolvent Estate of
Mr. JOHN BOYD,
THE
Schooner ALERT,
63 Tons per Register;
THE
Schooner MARY ANN,
25 Tons per Register;
8 Puncheons Demerara Rum,
7 Ditto ditto Molasses,
8 Old Punts,
And a quantity of Bermuda Freestone.
B. SCOTT,
Agent.
March 18.

On SATURDAY next,
At 12 o'clock,
At the STORE of the Subscriber,
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY,
Belonging to the Estate of the late
JOHN O'BRIEN,
4 NEW Feather Beds,
1 Bag Feathers,
3 New Bed Ticks,
8 Dozen and 9 Silk Handkerchiefs,
4 Pieces chocolate-coloured ditto,
16 Red, brown, and light-coloured Shawls,
20 Black and blue Cotton Handkerchiefs,
13 Small Cotton Shawls,
4 Ditto Camel-hair ditto,
17 Yards Cotton,
17½ Yards Jaconet and flowered Muslin,
11 Leno Handkerchiefs,
19 Yards Calico,
2 Ditto Book Muslin,
1 Yellow Kerseymeret Waistcoat,
3 Ends of Lace,
36 Yards wide Calico,
1 Piece green Stuff,
16 Pair Braces,
2 Yards blue Cloth,
3 Pair Worsted Stockings,
5 Pair Shoes, 3 New Tables,
2 Boxes Raisins, 2 Kegs Tamarinds,
5 Marten Skins, 1 Musk Rat ditto,
1 Bear Skin,
1 Pair Scales and Weights, 1 Pair Steel ards.
HENRY SHEA,
Auctioneer.
March 18.

Notices.
GLOBE TAVERN, March 7, 1830.
THIS being the Anniversary of the St. John's MECHANICS' SOCIETY, the Members assembled immediately after Divine Service. The President, Mr. LAWRENCE BARRON, having taken the Chair, opened the business of the day, and congratulated the Society upon its advancement in respectability, in wealth, and usefulness, and, above all, for the unanimity which prevailed amongst its Members.
In this stage of the proceedings, the President was handed a letter from the Right Rev. Doctor FLEMING, which he read to the Meeting, as follows:—
EPISCOPAL PALACE, Sunday, March 7, 1830.
MY DEAR SIR,—Two years have now elapsed since the foundation of the Mechanics' Society; and being given to understand that a Meeting of the Members is to take place this day, for the purpose of electing officers to preside over the interests of that institution for the ensuing year, I beg to call your attention, and that of your brothers, to the object of this letter.
At the formation of that Society, I had been requested to take upon me the office of Treasurer;—that honour I accepted; and although I must ac-

knowledge that I felt proud that my townsmen should esteem me worthy of such confidence, yet I must say, that my only motive for taking upon myself so much responsibility was, the hope that I could, by any humble means within my reach, help, assist, and encourage a growing institute in accomplishing the praiseworthy objects in view. I feel happy now in having to congratulate you, Sir, and your brother Members, on the advancement of that Society in numbers, wealth, and respectability. In this, I take no merit—I am entitled to none—I had been a useless officer of the body. The proud eminence on which it at present stands, is to be attributed (under God) to the prudence with which you acted as President, to the support which you received from the officers, and to the zeal of its Members.

As I feel now convinced that there exists no necessity at present,—not even the remote one,—which at first induced me to accept office in your Society, of holding that situation longer, I beg to resign that trust into the hands of those that conferred it. I must, however, observe, that, though I resign that care, I shall never resign the deep solicitude which I feel for that Society. In it I behold the work of God;—I see that, although the religion of its Members differ, they meet together (and I hope in God it shall never be otherwise) in harmony and peace, linked hand in hand in a holy brotherhood, invariably assisting each other in the promotion of charity—that virtue which is the soul of religion, and the most acceptable to the Deity. Such an institution must have a strong claim on the protection and support, on the esteem and admiration, of all thinking men who are friends to mankind. Nothing, therefore, will afford me greater pleasure than to forward (at any time that you would deem my humble assistance necessary) the growing prosperity of that institution, which tends so effectually to advance the interest of its Members, the good of society at large, and the improvement of the species.—With great respect for you, the officers and members of the Mechanics' Society, and offering my humble but fervent prayers to God for its prosperity, I beg to subscribe myself your obedient Servant,

† MICHAEL ANTHONY FLEMING,
Bishop of Carriacou.
To Mr. LAWRENCE BARRON, President of the Mechanics' Society.

On this letter being read, it was immediately resolved, that a deputation, consisting of the officers, do wait upon the Right Rev. Dr. FLEMING, and tender to his Lordship their warmest thanks for the support and assistance he has uniformly afforded them, and to request he would be pleased to become one of the Vice-Patrons of the Society.

The Treasurers' accounts were next read, by which it appeared that the sum of 117l. had been expended during the last year, upon sick Members, deaths, benefits, and incidental expenses; 200l. placed at interest, and the sum of forty pounds remaining in his hands for the contingent purposes of the Society, and the accounts for the current year being now audited, were finally passed.

It was next proposed, and unanimously resolved, — That the best thanks of this Society are due, and are hereby given, to His Excellency SIR THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, our most gracious Governor, for the patronage and support this institution has at all times derived from His Excellency.

Resolved, — That the thanks of the Society are eminently due to the Hon. Chief Justice TUCKER, our Vice Patron, for his kindness and protection, and for his liberal annual donation of five guineas.

Resolved, — That the St. John's Mechanics celebrate their anniversary by dining together on Thursday, the 25th instant, and that a list be left open at the Globe Tavern, until Saturday, the 20th instant.

They next proceeded to ballot for the election of officers for the ensuing season, when the following Gentlemen were appointed:—

PRESIDENT
Mr. Lawrence Barron—*Re-elected.*
VICE PRESIDENT
Mr. Patrick Power—*Elected.*
FIRST TREASURER
Mr. Patrick Kough—*Elected.*
SECOND TREASURER
Mr. James Hally—*Re-elected.*
THIRD TREASURER
Mr. James Arroll—*Re-elected.*
SECRETARY
Mr. Patrick Kelly—*Re-elected.*
VISITERS
Mr. Edward Tobin,
— Andrew M'Courtney, } *Re-elected.*
— William Walsh,
— William Bennett, } *Elected.*
— Patrick M'Carthy,
— John O'Keefe.

GLOBE TAVERN, March 10, 1830.
The officers of the Mechanics' Society, in pursuance of a resolution of their body, this day waited upon the Right Rev. Doctor FLEMING, by whom they were most graciously received, when the President, Mr. Lawrence Barron, delivered the following address:—

MY LORD,—The Mechanics of this town, thoroughly sensible of the many advantages which their Society has derived from the countenance, patronage, and support it has always, and at all times, received from your Lordship, since its earliest infancy, have deputed us to wait upon your Lordship, and, in their name, to offer to your Lordship their most sincere thanks and heartfelt obligations; and to assure you, that your Lordship's name shall be borne in proud remembrance on the records of their Institution, as their first First Treasurer.

Deeply as they regret the loss their Institution must sustain in receiving your resignation of the office which your Lordship condescended to hold amongst them, they are yet aware that circumstances may have rendered such a measure necessary on the part of your Lordship;—and now, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude, they have, by the unanimous voice of their body, resolved to solicit your Lordship's acceptance of the Vice Patronage of their Society.—And now, my Lord, on the part of my brother officers, as well as for myself, I beg to say, that we have great pleasure in being permitted to approach your Lordship, and to assure you that we most cordially join in those sentiments entertained by our brother members towards your Lordship; and that, in common with them, we hail with pleasure the receipt of that letter which your Lordship did us the honour of transmitting to us on Sunday last; which, of itself, sufficiently evinces the deep solicitude your Lordship feels for the prosperity and well-being of the Society; and, at the same time, leaves us the assurance that we shall have your Lordship's support and assistance as often as the interests of the Institution may require.

To which his Lordship most kindly replied:—
GENTLEMEN,—Be pleased to accept the sincere though inadequate expression of my affection and gratitude, and convey it also to those of your body, who have concurred in those flattering terms in which you have done me the honour to address me. I feel perfectly sensible that nothing but your partiality for me could induce you to estimate so highly the small services which I have endeavoured to render to your Society, as Treasurer, or to present me with so warm a testimony of your esteem and approbation, which is no less gratifying to my feelings as a man, than honourable to me as a Christian-Prefate.

Painful at present as is the consideration to me, that I have done but little, and have been but an unprofitable servant amongst you, I derive, however, some enjoyment from the reflection, that I, at all times, most heartily could have wished that those acts for which you are pleased so highly to commend me, were commensurate with the zeal which I feel, and shall continue to feel, for the prosperity of your valuable Institution.

I accept, with pleasure, the honour of being ranked as Vice-Patron of your Society. What lover of virtue and order could refuse to promote your praiseworthy views? Who could sigh over the wants which adversity often flings round the most industrious tradesmen, and would refuse to encourage an Institution, the object of whose members is, to relieve a brother in distress—to visit and console him in his sickness—and having entombed his remains with honour and christian zeal, contribute to cheer the drooping spirits of the heart-broken widow, and dry up the tears from the cheeks of her disconsolate orphans;—Who that could admire such virtues brought into action, could pause in extending the channel through which such blessings flow?

On my part, Gentlemen, while I continue amongst you—and that will be whilst I continue in life—and while you follow up those salutary rules of your institution, it will form a prominent portion of my happiness to lead my patronage and support, and to go hand in hand with you in your work of charity.—May the spirit of union which so cordially unites the members of your society, Protestant and Catholic, always continue to influence you. May you cultivate with assiduous care that charity which is the soul of Religion; and without which all the professions of men are empty sound;—and may you reap the fruit which the practice of such virtues are calculated to produce in the enjoyment of that confidence and social harmony so essential to the well-being of your Institution, and to the happiness of society generally.

Mechanics' Society.
SUCH Members of the Saint John's Mechanics' Society as are desirous to commemorate their Third Anniversary by Dining together on THURSDAY the 25th Instant, are hereby informed that, at Mr. PATRICK DOYLE'S (Globe Tavern), there is a list open for signatures, which will close on SATURDAY next, at 12 o'clock.

By Order,
PATRICK KELLY,
Secretary.
March 18.

AS a Division of the Assets of the Insolvent Estate of Mr. JOHN BOYD will shortly be made, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto, that unless their respective balances are liquidated immediately, Writs will be taken against them at the opening of the ensuing Central Circuit Court; and all persons to whom the said Estate is indebted, are requested to furnish their Accounts, duly attested, forthwith.

B. SCOTT,
Agent.
March 18.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
10th March, 1830. }

At a Special Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, held this day, it was resolved that REWARDS be given to the Masters of the three best Schooners sailing from this port, who may bring in the greatest number of Seals, in proportion to the number of their Crews respectively, this spring.

That the Reward for the best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with a suitable inscription, value 4l.

That the Reward for the second best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 3l.

That the Reward for the third Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 2l.

HENRY HAWSON, Secretary.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.
(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On THURSDAY EVENING next,
(BY PARTICULAR REQUEST,
Instead of This Evening, as previously advertised,
WILL BE PERFORMED,
"Love A La Mode;"
WITH THE FARCE OF
"MONSIEUR TONSON."

Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFT.—Box, 3s.; Pit, 2s.
Doors to be opened at half-past 6 o'clock; Performance to commence at 7.
March 18.

INSURANCE.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for certain individuals of this town, to subscribe Policies for the Insurance of Marine property, Coasting and Foreign, gives notice that he will attend at the Commercial Room every lawful day from the 22d instant, between the hours of 12 and 2, for the transaction of business.
February 25. J. BOYD.

On Sale.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Schr. Elizabeth, Capt. Nowlan, from Halifax
AND
FOR SALE,
BY

John Dunscomb & Co.
A few Barrels Prime
SUGAR,
Which will be Sold reasonable, for Cash.

ALSO,
OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS,

New York prime Pork,
Ditto Superfine Flour,
Ditto Corned Beef,
First quality Hamburg Butter.
March 18.

NEWMAN & Co.
OFFER FOR SALE,
On reasonable terms,

500 BAGS Bread;
200 Barrels American Pork,
50 Barrels Hamburg and Irish ditto,
200 Firkins Irish Butter,
A large quantity of assorted Cordage (cheap),
Pitch, Tar, Oakum,
Swanskin, Cottons, Slops,
Ravensducks, Canvas,
Sealing Guns, &c. &c.
March 4.

BY
Daniel Codner & Co.

HAMBURG Pork, Butter,
Deck Boots,
Iron, Shot,
A large assortment of new Cordage and Canvas,
Pitch, Tar, Nails, Oakum,
12 Pieces Broad Cloth,
And a great variety of other Store and Shop Goods.
February 4.

BY
SAMUEL CODNER,

PRIME Hamburg Pork,
Ditto ditto Beef,
Good ditto Bread,
New Cordage, 1 1/2 to 3 inch,
Number and flat Canvas,
Shot, Flints,
Oakum, Pitch, Tar,
Black and bright Varnish,
Molasses, Rum, Brandy, and Ale.
Also,
A quantity of Shop Goods,
1 Boat, and 3 Sails,
2 Sealing Pumps.

January 21.

BY
Henderson Bland & Co.

SHEATHING Iron, for Sealing vessels,
Hardwood Plank,
B. B. and S. S. G. Shot, which will be Sold very low,
Nails, Cordage,
Pitch, Tar,
Sheathing Paper,
Candles,
Rum, Molasses,
A Ship's Long Boat and Gig.
January 7.

Poet's Corner.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

Hast thou ne'er mark'd, in festal hall,
Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beam'd more bright than all—
Some gay—some glorious one?
Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
As through the hall she went and came,
And her intensity of brightness,
As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene,
Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved;—a gleaming queen,
A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth—
An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
And singled such a one,
And if thou hast enraptured been—
And felt thyself undone—
If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
Till thou wert sad with fears;
If thou hast gazed on such a one,
Till thou wert blind with tears;
If thou hast sat, obscure, remote,
In corner of the hall,
Looking from out thy shroud of thought
Upon the festival;
Thine eye, through all the misty throng
Drawn by that peerless light,
As traveller's steps are led along
By wild-fire through the night.
Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
The joy, the rapture, and the woe,
Which, in alternate tides of feeling,
Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
That festal night, my soul possessed.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
And brightest of the bright;
And there was many a fair one there,
That joyous festal night.
A hundred eyes on her were bent,
A hundred hearts beat high;
It was a thing of ravishment,
O God! to meet her eye!
But 'midst the many who look'd on,
And thought she was divine,
O, need I say that there were none
Who gazed with gaze like mine!
The rest were like the crowd who look
All idly up to Heaven,
And who can see no wonder there,
At either morn or even;
But I was like the wretch embow'd,
Deep in a dungeon under ground,
Who only sees, through grating high,
One small blue fragment of the sky,
Which ever, both at noon and night,
Shows but one starlet shining bright,
Down on the darkness of his place,
With cheering and unblenching grace:
The very darkness of my woe
Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
To one of calmer tone,
And she her loveliness arranged
Upon fair Music's throne.
Soft silence fell on all around,
Like dew on summer flowers;
Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
Like daisies bent with showers.
And o'er that drooping still scene
A voice rose gentle and serene,
A voice as soft and slow
As might proceed from angel's tongue,
If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
And wish'd to speak its woe.
The song was one of those old lays
Of mingled gloom and gladness,
Which first the tides of joy can raise,
Then still them down to sadness;
A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
The very air and gait of sorrow,
And sorrow takes as much alloy
From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
Its notes, like hieroglyphic things,
Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
I could have lain my life's whole round
Entranced upon that billowy sound,
Nought soothing, tasting, seeing, hearing,
And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
As he down waveless stream doth float.
But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
Of full melodious tone,
And all into a cadence fell,
And was in breathing gone.
And she too went: and thus have gone
All—all I ever loved;
At first too fondly doted on,
But soon—too soon removed.
Thus early from each pleasant scene
There ever has been rest
The summer glow—the pride of green,
And but brown autumn left.
And, O! what is this cheriah'd term,
This tenancy of clay,
When that which gave it all its charm
Has smil'd—and pass'd away?
A chaplet whence the flowers are fallen,
A shroud from whence the god is stolen!

INTERESTING MEMOIR OF THE PRINCESS WOL-
FENBUTTEL OF RUSSIA, DURING HER EXILE
AT THE ISLE OF BOURBON.

The virtuous and beautiful Charlotte Christiana Sophia de Wolfenbittel was born in the year 1694, and at an early age became the wife of Czarowitz Alexis, son of Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy; a man of the most brutal and ferocious character, who had conceived such an unaccountable aversion to her, that his personal ill-treatment of her, during a very precarious state of health, was such as was thought likely to endanger her life; and the monster having reason to believe she would not recover, left her, and retreated to his country house.

The Countess of Konismark, who attended during her illness, naturally concluding that she would one day perish from the brutal disposition of the Czarowitz, formed a scheme to induce the women about the Princess to give out that she was dead; and a bundle of sticks was interred in her stead with funeral solemnity.

The orders which the tyrant had given to bury the Princess without delay or ceremony, favoured the deception; and she was removed to a retired spot in order to recover her health and spirits; which object was no sooner accomplished than she set off for Paris, accompanied by an old German domestic, in the character of her father; the Countess of Konismark having secured for her all her jewels and a considerable sum of money, and clothed her in the habiliments of common life.

Here she made but a short stay; and having hired a female servant, proceeded to a sea port, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Louisiana. Here her figure and manners attracted the notice of the inhabitants of the colony, and an officer, named D'Auband, who had formerly been in Russia, immediately recollected the royal fugitive; and though he could at first hardly persuade himself of the reality of what he saw, in order to ascertain the truth, he contrived to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the pretended father, and soon formed so intimate a friendship with him, that they agreed to live under one roof.

This charming society had not long subsisted before news reached the colony announcing the death of the Czarowitz Alexis. D'Auband then took the opportunity to declare to the Princess his knowledge of her; at the same time offering to sacrifice every thing to her service, in order to conduct her back to Russia; but she had experienced the insufficiency of royalty to confer happiness, and choose rather to enjoy the peace and tranquillity of retirement than to return again into the scenes of splendid ambition.

O knew they but their happiness! of men
The happiest they, who, far from public glare,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drink the pure pleasures of the rural life.

All she required of D'Auband was a promise of inviolable secrecy, and he solemnly pledged himself to obey her commands; but though she had refused his kind services, she was not herself insensible to the tender passion with which her virtues and her beauties had inspired his bosom.

Their reciprocal attachment daily increased; and the death of her old and faithful domestic, together with motives of the purest delicacy, induced her to give D'Auband her hand in marriage. This circumstance added a new veil to her real condition; and thus she, who had been destined to wear the diadem of Russia, became the humble but happy wife of a lieutenant of infantry!

In the succeeding year she had a daughter, whom she nursed herself, and educated with a truly parental solicitude in the French and German languages, and in various other branches of polite literature.

Ten happy years had elapsed when D'Auband was seized with a disorder which required an operation to be performed; and it became necessary for them to embark in the first vessel for France for that purpose.

The most skilful surgeons in Paris were engaged on this occasion, and his wife waited upon him with the most tender and patient attention and affection till the time of his recovery. In a short time after, the lieutenant had the good fortune to obtain from the French East India Company a Major's commission for the Isle of Bourbon.

While the above business was in agitation, the Princess, walking one morning in the garden of the Thuilleries with her daughter, with whom she was conversing in the German language, their conversation attracted the notice of Marshal de Saxe, who was passing, and who immediately recollected her. He was preparing to address her, when, with great confusion and embarrassment, she begged him to accompany her to a more retired spot, in order to avoid observation; and there, after enjoining the strictest secrecy, she acknowledged herself to him.

By appointment, the Marshal paid her a visit at her own habitation on the following morning, where she recited to him her adventures, together with the share which his mother, the Countess of Konismark, had in them.

At the expiration of three months, the Major D'Auband, with his wife and daughter, proceeded to the Isle of Bourbon; when the Marshal, according to agreement, was at liberty to inform the King, who was at Versailles, of the circumstances of the Princess, who immediately ordered the minister of marine to write to the governor of Bourbon to treat the major and his family with every mark of distinction. To the kind offices of the King she was likewise indebted for the representation of her situation to her niece, the queen of Hungary, who gave her an invitation to come and reside with her, on condition she would quit her husband and daughter; but, without hesitation, she rejected the splendid offer, and preferred her domestic and conjugal pleasures, in this remote and peaceful retirement, to all the blandishments of wealth and royalty.

WINTER GARDENS.

The following letter from Mr. Fintelmann, of Potsdam, to Mr. Loudon, will show how the Prussians amuse themselves at this season of the year, and keep up an appearance of summer even throughout the winter:—

"Winter gardens, as far as I know, exist no where else but in Prussia. In Potsdam we have only one, that of M. Voigt; very good and very highly kept; but at Berlin there are four—M. Teichmann's in the Thiergarten, Faust's and George's both within the town walls, and Moeve's on the Potsdam road. The original of these gardens was established by M. Bouche soon after the time of the general peace; but his garden is now quite neglected; and the leading establishment, ever since 1818, has been M. Teichmann's. The gardens are simply large green houses, or what would be called in England 'orangeries,' with paved floors, a lofty ceiling plastered like that of a room, and upright windows in front. The air is heated by stoves, which are supplied with fuel from behind. On the floor are placed here and there large orange-trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. The plants are mostly such as have a single stem of at least three or four feet in height, and round the stem and over the boxes a table is formed by properly contrived boards, so that the tree appears to be growing out of the centre of the table. These tables, which are sometimes round and sometimes square, are for the use of guests, either to take refreshments, or for pamphlets and newspapers. Sometimes on each table there is a circle of odoriferous plants, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, mignonette, &c., in pots, round the stem of the plant; and in other cases, there is no table, but the box is covered with handsome flowering plants; and in some parts of the floor, one handsome tree in the middle is surrounded by several smaller trees and plants, so as to form a mass, or clumps of verdure and flowers, such as we see in pleasure grounds. The flowers which are generally found in these winter gardens throughout the winter are hyacinths, narcissuses, ranunculuses, tulips, crocuses, roses, heaths, camellias, acacias, epaerises, correas, &c.—There are also various climbers, curious or showy stove plants, pine apples in fruit, cactuses, &c., and sometimes even fruit trees, the latter both in flower and fruit. The proprietors of these gardens have generally small forcing stoves, for the purpose of bringing forward and keeping up their supplies. It is almost needless to say, that in these gardens or orangeries there are plenty of seats, and small moveable tables, and generally music, a reciter of poetry, a reader, a lecturer, or some other person or party to supply vocal or intellectual entertainment; short plays have even been acted in them on Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illuminations are on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries also there are separate saloons with billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for card playing, and for select parties. If you enter these gardens in the morning part of the day during the winter season, you will find old gentlemen with spectacles reading the newspapers, taking chocolate, and talking politics; after three o'clock, you see ladies and gentlemen of every description sitting among the trees, talking or reading, and smoking, and with punch, grog, coffee, beer, and wine before them. In the saloon, you will see those gentlemen and ladies who cannot bear tobacco; and I ought to mention, that in some orangeries smoking tobacco is not allowed, and in others it is only permitted till a certain time in the day. When the audience leave the theatre in the evening, you will find in Mr. Faust's garden a great number of well-dressed people of both sexes, who look in there before they go home, to see the beauty of vegetation, when brilliantly illuminated by artificial light, and talk of the play and the players. I saw no garden in England, Scotland, or Ireland, that I could compare to these winter gardens; they appear to me very suitable to a capital town, though I do not think they would be much frequented by the people of London, who have not the same taste nor the same leisure for these kinds of amusements that the Berlin people have."

TRAGI-COMEDY.

SCENE.—A back room in a spirit shop—Toby Swiller, a spirit-dealer, discovered sitting at a table, with arms akimbo—a tumbler of punch before him—a Tract, entitled "An Address to the Temperate Members of Society," lying upon the floor.

SWILLER.—*Solus.*—The times, the times, I say, are out of joint—the world is turned upside down, and it seems as if the violence of the motion had deprived men of their reason. Who would have dreamed that in Britain, the boasted land of freedom, in the nineteenth century, the age of liberal sentiments and cheap whiskey, the whole system of fuddling should be held up to public odium. Oh! it freezes one's blood—*(drinks)*—it freezes one's blood to think that a man cannot now civilly and sociably get drunk, without having his stomach pumped, his head shaved, and his face tarred in the police office, besides being hooted at by half a hundred idle, ragged, roguish urchins, and made a laughing-stock to the whole town for three months. Temperate Societies! 'Sblood! my very teeth chatter when I think even of the name.—*(Takes up the Tract, tears it in pieces, and throws the fragments into the fire.)*—'Tis a disgrace to the country, that such a combination against all social happiness and innocent enjoyment should be allowed to exist. Confusion seize the pale-faced, cold-blooded, lack-liver water-drinkers! If this scheme of theirs should succeed, Good Heavens, how many sober, industrious men, such as myself, would it deprive of an honest livelihood—but no—succeed it cannot—*(drinks)*

again)—men have too much sense to abandon this delightful beverage for water, coffee, or even cider. *(Enter Mr. Meagre.)* Your servant, Mr. Meagre; I hope you are well.

MEAGRE.—Very well, thank you, Mr. Swiller, how goes trade?

SWILLER.—Why, dully, dully—little doing, Mr. Meagre, little doing. By the way, when you talk trade, I got a puncheon of the best Jamaica 'other day—'tis a charming spirit—I could risk my head against a half-pint measure that it has not its match in town; I presume, Mr. Meagre, I may send a gallon or two of it to your house.

MEAGRE.—Why, Mr. Swiller, I am—
SWILLER.—You are glad I mentioned it so soon. Am I not right old boy? eh!—I was sure of it. Pray, shall I send three gallons or four?

MEAGRE.—Oh! no, no, no—you mistake me, my dear Sir, you mistake me; I was going to say that—

SWILLER.—I am sure you will like it—it has the most delicious flavour, and makes the finest toddy you ever tasted. I shall send it to-morrow afternoon.

MEAGRE.—Why, Mr. Swiller, give me leave to speak. I was going to say that—

SWILLER.—You shall taste it, Mr. Meagre, and I am sure you will join with me in praising it. *(Rising and going.)*

MEAGRE.—*(Preventing him from going.)*—Nay, hear me, my dear Sir, hear me. I was going to say that I am sorry I will not have occasion for any spirits at present, and I beg you will desist from importuning me.

SWILLER.—*(Going.)*—You shall taste it, Sir, you shall taste it, and I am sure when you have done so, you will order even a larger quantity than I have mentioned. *(Exit.)*

MEAGRE.—Hem—hem—why, this does not look well—I don't know how I'll get off with a good grace—I almost wish I had not undertaken this affair; but I must go through it now, be the consequence what it will. *(Enter Swiller, with glasses, tumblers, and a bottle of rum.)*—I will take it kind, Mr. Swiller, if you will not further insist upon my taking a quantity of this rum from you—I assure you I have at present no occasion for it, and—

SWILLER.—Stop till you have tasted it, and then I assure you will change your mind.—*Fills two glasses, hands the one to Meagre, and takes the other himself.* Your good health, Mr. Meagre. *(Drinks.)* Oh! 'tis exquisite!

MEAGRE.—*(Pushing aside the glass.)*—I beg, Mr. Swiller, that you will excuse me even from tasting this rum. I have of late entirely given over drinking spirits of any kind.

SWILLER.—*(Staring at him with surprise.)*—What! given over tasting spirits! I hope you have not become a member of the Temperance Society.

MEAGRE.—To tell the plain truth, my dear Sir, I have indeed become a member of that Society, and came to you to-night for the purpose of persuading you to follow my example, and to abandon your present line of business for some other which may be more conducive to the welfare of society.

SWILLER.—*(Starting from his chair.)*—Sdeath! I become a member of the Temperance Society!—I abandon my present line of business!!

MEAGRE.—Be calm, my dear Sir, and consider the matter coolly—consider the incalculable mischief you are doing to mankind by—

SWILLER.—*(In a great passion.)*—Calm!—Death and fury!—calm!—*(Throws one of the tumblers at Meagre's head—gives the table a kick, which overturns it—bottle, glasses, &c., are shattered in pieces.)*

MEAGRE.—*(Holding his head.)*—Oh! Mr. Swiller, Mr. Swiller!—Oh! my head! oh! oh!—*(Exit running.)*

SWILLER.—Temperate Societies!—Abandon my present line of business!!—*(Exit.)*

The voyage of *La Charette* (French vessel, which has returned from a scientific mission) has produced a fine collection of natural history, as well as interesting facts relative to the improvement of geography, the magnetism of the earth, and meteorology. The experiments on the horizontal needle will, it is said, determine many points of the line without declination; and the observations upon inclination will serve to trace the magnetic equator, whose position in the Indies can only be founded on old measurements, which are in general very imperfect. It is thought that these measurements will confirm what has been already discovered, relative to the movement which gradually conveys the line without declination from east to west; and it is considered probable that they will also decide a still more uncertain problem, viz, whether the removal of the line in question is or is not accompanied by a change in its formation. The meteorological observations are also highly important. Two conclusions of much interest are drawn, viz, that the rays of the sun produce a diminished effect near the equator; and that salt water has not, like fresh water, a maximum of density previous to congelation.—*Literary Gazette.*

Lord Albert Conyngham has been wounded in a duel with the Baron de Mortier, the French Charge d'Affaires at Berlin. Some general reflections had been cast by the Baron on the character of the British nation, which that high spirited young Nobleman thought fit to resent. The combatants met, armed with broadswords, a weapon with which Lord Albert was wholly unacquainted, and in the first onset his Lordship was wounded in the hand. The seconds interfered, and the affair terminated, leaving the most favourable impression upon the public mind of the honourable conduct of our Noble countryman.

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