



Newfoundlander

No. 567.

THURSDAY, June 7, 1838.

Sixpence.

ON SALE.

BY
DANIEL FOWLER,
Received Ex Hazard, Neptune, and Devon.
COD SEINES of the following sizes—70x100, 60x90, 56x80, 55x75, 50x70, 45x70
CAPLIN SEINES of various sizes
HERRING NETS ditto
SALMON and CAST NETS
LANCE BUNTS
LINES and TWINES
HOOKS and BARVILS
Dressed and undressed **LEATHERWARES**
SHOE THREAD
3000 Pair **BOOTS and SHOES**
400 Bolts No. 1 @ 7 **CANVASS**
50 Tierces mild "much approved" **BEER**
A few Hhds. **CIDER.**
AND ON HAND,
8 Hhds. Prime moist **SUGAR.**
May 3.

Potatoes and Oats.

RICHARD HOWLEY
HAS JUST RECEIVED
AND OFFERS FOR SALE,
The Cargo of the ELIZA from Cork—Viz:
Prime Minion **POTATOES**
Best Irish **OATS**, for seed.
May 3.

Lawrence O'Brien

OFFERS FOR SALE,
AT HIS STORES
The following GOODS,
Just received from London per HAZARD and
GEORGE ROBINSON,
400 Bushels prime English **OATS**
120 Kegs White, Black, and Green **PAINTS**
50 Barrels **FLOUR**
40 Boxes London Mold **CANDLES**, 6s
A few do. do. Wax do. do.
100 Pieces **CANVASS** from No. 1 to 7
ALSO IN STORE,
A large assortment of **CORDAGE**
LINSEED OIL, NAILS all sizes
IRON, CHALK, &c. &c.
April 26.

BY
BAINES, JOHNSTON & Co.

EX HARMONY from New-York,
200 Barrels Prime **BEEF.**
EDGEComb from Liverpool,
100 Firkins Prime **BUTTER,**
79 Barrels Prime **BEEF.**
MARY JANE from Demerara,
79 Puncheons **MOLASSES.**
JOHN FULTON from Boston,
79 Kegs Negrohead **TOBACCO,**
700 **CABBAGES.**
February 8.

Bulley, Job & Co.

HAVE RECEIVED,
Per DIANA from Liverpool, and TERRA NOVA
from London,
Part of their Spring Supply of Manufactured
GOODS,
Now ready for inspection, at usually low prices.
Also,
400 Boxes English Yellow and White **SOAP.**
A large assortment of
Bridport GOODS,
Viz:—
Cod and Caplin Seines, assorted sizes
Lines, Twines, and Lance Bunts.
April 26.

Notices.

Westcott & Solomon,
CLOCK & WATCH MAKERS.

BEG to acquaint their Friends and the Public generally, that having entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP they will still continue to carry on the above Business in the Premises occupied by Mr. S. SOLOMON.
W. & S. will always have on hand Lever and Vertical Watches (warranted)
ALSO,
CHARTS, QUADRANTS, COMPASSES, SPY-GLASSES, LOG GLASSES, &c.
Quadrants, Compasses, and Spy-Glasses, Repaired at the shortest notice.
N. B.—They will also shortly offer for Sale, a general assortment of **GROCERIES and HARDWARE.**
May 3.

DR. CARSON having returned from his visit to the United Kingdom his Professional Advice may be obtained Individually or in Consultation.
Dr. CARSON'S practice will be exclusively as a Physician.
BILLIES, May 3d, 1838.

To Architects.

TENDERS for the ERECTION of a COLONIAL BUILDING in this town will be received on or before the 2d day of July next, at the Office of the Colonial Secretary. Plans and Specifications of the proposed building may be inspected, and all particulars obtained, by applying to
FREDERICK ELLIOT,
Clerk to the Commissioners.

BANK
OF
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
Bills on London
May be had at this Branch.
A. MILROY,
Manager.
St. John's, Newfoundland, }
26th April, 1838. }

TO BE LET,

For a Term of Years.
THAT DWELLING HOUSE and YARD &c., conveniently situate in King's Place, and adjoining the House occupied by the undersigned.—For further particulars apply to
March 8. CHARLES SIMMS.

For such term of Years as may be agreed on, and immediate possession given—
A DWELLING HOUSE and SHOP on the Lower Street, near the premises of Messrs. Newman & Co. Application to be made to
PETER BRENNAN.
April 26.

ON SALE.

HUNTERS & Co.
HAVE RECENTLY RECEIVED
And offer for Sale,
PORK, Butter, Bread, Flour
Loaf Sugar, Stockholm and Coal Tar
Lime in Hogsheads, Bricks
Teneriffe and Canary Wines
800 Barrels Scotch Potatoes, in excellent order
Souchong, Congo, and Bohea Teas, from London direct,—with
A large assortment of
Manufactured Goods.
Of the newest Fashion from London, Manchester, and Glasgow, all of which are now ready for inspection.
April 26.

POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.]
MR. EDITOR.—The columns of a daily journal recently recorded the declaration of its veteran conductor, that he had never known the political atmosphere in such a state of stagnation as at present. The observation of all who have been long engaged or interested in public affairs, tends to verify the assertion. Here and there a momentary disposition shows itself towards agitation; but no storm follows. There is no continuous movement. All passes—
"Like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere it can say 'it lightens.'"
Silence and torpidity renew their ascendancy. Six short years have brought the country round from the extreme of excitement to that of a seeming indifference. Whether they be right who ascribe the indifference to sullenness, or they who regard it as the indication of complacency, is a question which events may solve sooner than is expected. And it is a question to which Statesmen, and those who would influence the deliberations of Statesmen, may do well to pay some attention.
Never has there been a Session of Parliament during which the public cared so little about the divisions or the discussions. The Canada question proposed, or threatened at one time to rouse the general mind, and perhaps lead to a new demarcation of party. But that soon died away. The Canadians seem to have been thought too few, or too far off, for active sympathy or lively interest. Had they been successful indeed, we should have rubbed our eyes and opened our ears, and the stimulus would have opened itself into other circles, and there might, not improbably, have resounded through Britain and through Europe the alarm of a revived struggle between the democratic and despotic principles of Government. But the Canadian outbreak has left only the sickening impression of a generous people led most unwisely and unpreparedly, into armed resistance and useless bloodshed, by incompetent leaders. The insurrection flickered a moment, and then went out like the snuff of a candle, leaving nothing behind but what is so offensive as to be willingly forgotten. Then there are the eternal Irish questions, which, except for the merest party purposes, have generally become a nausea or an abomination. There is the Irish Poor Law, which every body knows will render no effectual alleviation to the manifold wretchedness of Irish poverty. There is the Irish Church Bill of which nobody knows whether it does contain, or does not contain, an appropriation clause; but which every body knows will be sure not to abate the nuisance of the Irish Ecclesiastical monopoly. There is also to be a Corporation Bill, and the public mind seems satisfied by anticipation, that it will not fail of the chip-in-porridge character of the measures with which it is associated. If these be all, as they at least seem to be the chief matters that the liberal Ministers can find to contest with the Tory Opposition, the parties may make up their quarrel to-morrow, or fight it out to all eternity, for aught the public cares. Irish patriotism must take up different, and much broader ground, before it can call forth to struggle by its side, the public spirit of England.
Vote by Ballot is, perhaps, the only topic on which Parliamentary Debate and public interest have converged towards the same point. There are, however, many obvious reasons why vote by Ballot can never again become the watchword of any very extended popular excitement. The increased number of its Parliamentary supporters yields only a very remote chance of its Parliamentary adoption. It has not yet become a party question; only that of the section of a party. Amongst the people, only those who already possess the suffrage are interested in the ballot. Even to them the Ballot is but a means, requiring some ulterior objects to enhance its importance. So long as nothing very material depends upon a vote, the secrecy or publicity, the freedom or bias of that vote, must needs want the inducements that alone can keep alive a deep and strong feeling. With the large non-voting masses the question of the Ballot is swamped by that of the Suffrage. Hence the attempts at exclusive ballot meetings were generally failures. They were only held on tolerance; the condition express, or implied, being that petitions for the Ballot should also pray for the extension or universality of the Suffrage.

The greatest out-of-door demonstrations, at present, are those on the subject of Negro Slavery. They have, undoubtedly, been of a very impressive character, both as to the numbers collected, the zeal exhibited, and the influence exercised over Members of the Legislature. Sundry friends of Flogging in the Army, of Cruelty in the Factory, and of Slavery in Canada, have cheaply earned a moral reputation by their advocacy of this a-la-mode humanity. But not all the power and policy of Lord Brougham will make the anti-slavery feeling a basis on which to rest the machinery of political agitation. It will end where it began. We cannot, nor do we desire to refer otherwise than respectfully to the earnestness of so many thousands for cutting short the remaining term of the absurd and suffering condition called Negro Apprenticeship. That condition is a cruel anomaly which, instead of two more years, ought not to be endured for two more days. It is what slavery must ever be, when invested, in addition to its native and essential horrors, with the aggravations caused by the prospect of its approaching termination. Most of the planters will doubtless work all they can out of their negroes; and the brutalized passions of slave-ownership will blaze up into the lurid glare of expiring ferocity. Yet the oppression that is reduced to a two years' lease of its authority is scarcely a topic for pervading and prolonged agitation. Nor is the question recommended by being made the *cheval de bataille* of a class which is very slow to put its strength forward on other points not less dear to freedom and humanity. The exposition of political grievances, the assertion of the civil rights of white men, are not wont to waken the echoes of Exeter-Hall with reiterated plaudits. O'Connell must have felt his standing ticklish, when he trimmed his tongue to talk like a member of the Missionary Society. The anti-slavery proceedings are rather an organized movement of the exclusively religious, than a stirring-up of the deep water of political and social feeling. Great principles are asserted in words: but little encouragement would be accorded to the application of those principles to the state of the labouring classes, the taxation upon their food, the denial of their rights, the disregard of their interests.

The hard and grinding action of some portions of the New Poor-law has excited an outcry more creditable for the feeling in which it originated than for any defined aims to which, hitherto, it has been directed. The real venom of the Poor-law is in the Corn Laws. Its stringency would practically matter little were there no bread monopoly at its back to pull tight the cords of torture. Our landed legislators dexterously blink this connexion; and the parties most interested continue to allow their own eyes to be hoodwinked. The deepest grievance of all which they sustain, is not, at present, understood by the labouring masses. When once it is, they will move to some purpose. Is it, then, to be inferred that public apathy, to the extent in which it exists, is a sound and wholesome state? Have the people of England obtained all they want or desire? Is the summit gained of political freedom and social well-being, and nothing left but to recline at length after past toils, complacently reading the inscription "Rest, and be thankful?" I will not insult the understandings of your readers by a lengthened reply. Let the non-represented millions answer; serfs as they are upon their native soil, possessing no voice in the nominal representation which makes the laws they have nothing to do with but to obey. Let the House of Hereditary Legislation answer, as in the quietude of uncontested power it continues its work of strangling every good measure or rendering it abortive. Let the Church answer, with its uncounted riches and its unperformed duties, leaving untaught the people whose ample instruction fund it has appropriated as its patrimony. Let the laws answer, in the costliness of the Courts which thereby refuse justice to the needy suppliant; or, in the caprice of the police administration, which touches with its little finger the wealthy offender, while its iron arm falls heavy on the defenceless aggressor. From no approval of such things as these do the millions stand by and look on, while Whig and Tory patter and twaddle to the end of their chapter. They "only stand and wait." They do but bide their time till the current of events shall bring the right questions and the right leaders for agitation; and then the mighty power of

enthusiasm which carried the Reform Bill in the face of a reluctant Court and quailing Aristocracy, will again be put forth; but with a more certain aim, and with a far nobler result. That power is not dead; it only slumbers. Tread softly, Whigs and Tories, in your selfish whereabouts, lest you awake it prematurely.

(From the Novascotian, May 17.)

UNITED STATES.

(From New York Papers to May 8.)

DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

As the whale among small fish, was the Great Western among the water craft of our bay yesterday. The day was fine, as if in atonement for past days of clouds and torrents, and the ships and battery furnished grand galleries for the spectators of the movements in the naval amphitheatre. We thought of the artificial seas poured into the Roman theatres for the gratification of her Emperors; and we thought that Rome in all her glory never witnessed a scene like this. Gun answered gun in saluting the departing steamer—shout rose responsive to shout, as she moved as majestically as if the elements were her vassals. All this had man's ingenuity and reason accomplished—all this was the perfection of the arts of peace—Rome's triumphs were those of war.

Steamboats—vessels hitherto storm bound, proceeding on their business courses—fleets of sail boats—shoals of oared boats—every variety of marine conveyance known to the waters of Manhattan were out yesterday, as if to make a grand gala day of it. The cheerful aspect of the battery reminded one of the crowds fancy pictures as collected at the Venetian regattas—or the famous annual ceremony, the marriage of the Adriatic. Here was the marriage of two continents—the solemnization of their union by a mode of conveyance as triumphant to art, as direct and speedy. May we see many such days more!

The Great Western went down the bay in gallant style, and the music on board the fleet of steamers which accompanied her, and the band playing on board the great ship herself, made the air eloquent with sweet sounds—now and then varied with a martial tone, as the listener came near enough to the music to lose the softening effect of distance.—Sun.

DEPARTURE OF THE SIRIUS FOR LONDON.

The Sirius lay at anchor off the battery, and received her company at about 1 o'clock, immediately after which her anchor was weighed, and she swept around the lower piers of the North River, amid the cheers of the multitude assembled at Castle Garden, the Battery and its vicinity. It is estimated that at least thirty thousand persons were here collected to witness her departure. When off the Battery, many of the visitors left, who gave hearty cheers, which were returned by a salute of several guns from the steam ship, after which, she wended gracefully and majestically on her way. The Sirius has about 400 tons of coal on board, which, at starting, caused her to sit rather deeply in the water; nevertheless, she went down to Sandy Hook at the rate of about nine miles an hour, without having raised a full head of steam. She had about 45 passengers.—May 3.

BOSTON, May 5.

AWFUL FIRE IN CHARLESTON.

The city of Charleston has been visited by one of the most awful and destructive fires that has ever visited any city in the United States. One-third of the City was laid in ashes at the departure of the cars this morning at six o'clock, and the fire was raging as if it would consume at least one third more.

The fire broke out at a quarter past 8 o'clock, in a paint store on the western side of King street, corner of Beresford street. The wind blowing strongly from the southwest, blew the flames diagonally across King street, and at the time of the departure of the cars the whole section of the city above Beresford street, up to Society street, and east of King street to the Bay was burnt down or burning.

Among the buildings consumed are a number of churches, the splendid new hotel recently erected—and the whole market, except the Fish Market, nearly all the large merchants in the centre of business in King-street, were burnt out.

A number of persons had been killed by the blowing up of houses and throwing furniture into the streets. This is indeed a mournful catastrophe!

MAY 7.

"Total number of dwellings and stores destroyed, including Norton's old rice mills, Kerr's wharf, set on fire by flakes falling on a pile of light wood, and burnt to the ground—560. The number of out buildings destroyed, 1158. Such is the mere arithmetic of this frightful calamity, who shall count the mental suffering—the loss of hope, of security, of comfort? Upon the best estimates which have been made to us, up to the latest hour, we set down the loss of property at over 3,000,000 dollars. The whole amount covered by insurance is not far from 1,000,000 dollars. We have no doubt that about one thousand houses have been destroyed. An estimate of the loss is out of the question; but the general opinion is, that the insurance offices will not pay 50 per cent.

DREADFUL STEAM BOAT ACCIDENT.

Another of those terrible accidents for which the Western Waters are becoming proverbial, occurred at Fulton, on the Ohio river about one mile above Cincinnati, on the afternoon of April 25.

It would seem that at the above time the steam-boat (the Moselle), left Cincinnati, full of passengers, and went up to Fulton with the view of taking a family on board at the above place; after accomplishing her object, she started; but scarcely had her paddle wheels performed their first revolution, ere an explosion which proved to be of both boilers, took place, rivalling in loudness the most terrific clap of thunder. The sight at this moment, is said to have been horrible in the extreme; at the same time that one universal and concentrated shriek of horrible agony rent the skies from the wounded and the dying! So entire was the destruction—so complete the wreck—that the boat was "literally torn to splinters as far back as the gentlemen's cabin, and the hurricane deck (the whole length) was entirely swept away!" At the time of the explosion she was not more than thirty feet from the wharf, and consequently many of the unhappy sufferers were thrown far on the shore! among others the captain, (to whose criminal conduct the accident is attributed,) was cast entirely into the street, and his mangled carcass was gathered up, of course quite dead—another man was hurled with the impetus of a cannon ball quite through the roof of a neighbouring house. After the explosion, the remains of the boat drifted with a rapid current a short distance down the river, and sank; such passengers as had remained unhurt were consequently immersed in the water, and many perished ere assistance came.

It would seem that the M. was a new and very swift boat, built to run between Cincinnati and St. Louis, to which place she had made two or three very quick trips. The Captain was on this occasion more particularly anxious to show her speed, by overtaking another boat which had just left the wharf for Louisville a short time before him; and therefore while waiting at Fulton to receive the family above mentioned, he would not suffer any steam to escape, adding his own weight to that already on the safety valve, and thus the tremendous explosion. The amount of lives lost is not yet ascertained; but as there were known to be upwards of two hundred passengers on board, and as yet but from fifty to seventy five accounted for—it is reasonably conjectured that one hundred and twenty five human beings have perished in consequence.

LORD DURHAM'S MISSION.

In explanation of the old proverb of looking like the Devil over Lincoln, Old Fuller tells us, that when the arch enemy of mankind saw the Building of Lincoln Cathedral, and considered the piety of the purpose, and the aptitude of the means to the design, he groaned in the spirit, and cried aloud, 'Why this waste?'

The Times has been looking like the Devil over Lincoln at Lord Durham's mission, and having considered in its satanic mind the excellence of the purpose, and the aptitude of the means to the design, it groans in the spirit, and cries aloud, "Why this waste?"

It is the habit of these evil spirits to become violently economical, whenever there is an expenditure for any good object. If, instead of Lord Durham and his staff, for the purposes of reconciliation and peace, an armament for coercion, with rocket brigades, troops of artillery, a brigade of cavalry, and four or five regiments of infantry had been preparing for embarkation, the Times would not have cried, "Why this waste?" and it would have smiled like the enemy of mankind looking over Woolwich Arsenal, to see so suitable an application of the public treasure.

Lord Durham has refused any salary for his services. He goes out at a great personal sacrifice, for the accomplishment of a great public object. The mission is not of his seeking; it is a duty imposed on him, and a duty the most onerous and undesirable that could be undertaken by a nobleman in his lordships position. There is nothing but the service to be rendered to his country to reconcile Lord Durham to the arduous task assigned him; and how gracious a return for his patriotism would be any miserable bargaining about the means he thinks necessary to the effect of his mission. Lord Durham sacrifices his quiet, his enjoyments, incurs painful responsibilities, risks his health, gives his time, his talents, to the service of his country, and in return, is he to be grudging the very accessories which he deems promotive or essential to the accomplishment of the object to which he devotes himself? But

'Be then desired

A little to disquantity your train—' quoth the Times, What need of fifty followers? and next it will be, after the blackest type of all ingratitude,

'Hear me, my Lord,

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five?'

The object of the pretended alarm on the score of expense is plain enough; it is to disgust a man of the high mind of Lord Durham, by the return of a mean suspicion for his generosity—a shabby chaffering—a peddling huckstering for his disregard of any considerations but the public service.

Lord Durham is, however, too wise a man to allow the insolence of his enemies to move him from his course.

FROM BAHIA.—We are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter received in this city, from George R. Foster, Esq., dated Bahia, March 25, 1838.

I arrived here this morning from the village of Itaparica, where I have been residing the last two months in consequence of the investment of this city, which I anticipated when I last wrote you by

the whaling ship Erie, some three or four months since. What was then thought to be a revolution has since proved to be an insurrection or rebellion.

A custom-house was established at Itaparica, and such vessels as were destined here and thought proper to do so, went there. Amongst others, were the American ship Roscius and barque Shepherdess—the former has loaded with Sugars, and by her you will receive this.

I have now the pleasure to write from my old quarters, and to inform you that this city was taken by assault of the Imperial troops, on the 13th, and 16th inst. at the expense of great loss of blood on both sides, but not until the rebels had fired the city in various places, and some valuable stores and dwelling houses to the number of forty or fifty were destroyed; it was doubtless their intention to have laid the whole city in ruins, had it not been prevented by the rapid entry of the imperial troops; none of the *Trapicees* (warehouses,) however, were injured, and the Custom-house (which is full of goods), is also safe. In these buildings were many stores and counting-houses, and a number of foreigners have suffered severely. All American property is safe. Nearly all the chiefs of the rebellion are prisoners, with about 2, or 3000 of their abettors—what their fate will be remains to be seen. The Dolphin brig of war was here at the fall and for a month previous. She is commanded by Lt. Com'r, Slidell, who will doubtless give you and the public a graphic description of the siege, blockade and fall of this important Brazilian city. The former siege, which you will remember, was nothing in comparison with that just ended, in point of suffering, loss of life and property. I may perhaps give you a better description of it hereafter. Our worthy old friends, the Consul and his lady, are well, and were well provided for during the siege by the Fairfield and Dolphin, who obtained supplies at Itaparica for themselves and the Consul.

It will be some time before Bahia will get over the effects of the late insurrection; still it will continue to be a large commercial place, owing to its immense productions, which will always find customers.—Halifax Acadian Recorder.

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) June 7, 1838.

We have received from Liverpool, by the St. Patrick, our files of London and Liverpool papers,—the former to 4th, and latter to 8th, May—but they afford very little of interesting matter on Parliamentary topics. In the House of Commons on the 3d May, Lord John Russell moved for a committee, "to inquire into the mode of granting and renewing leases of the landed and other property of the Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and other ecclesiastical bodies of England and Wales, and into the probable amount of any increased value which would be obtained by an improved management, with due consideration of the interests of the Established Church, and the present lessees of such property;" and after a lengthened debate the motion was carried by a majority of 36—there being 518 members present. The Irish Poor Law Bill had passed through all its stages in the Commons, and had been sent up to the House of Lords, where it was read a first time, and though likely to undergo some modifications, would eventually be adopted by that body.—In reply to a question on the affairs of Spain, Lord Melbourne said it was not the intention of Government to renew the order in Council for the enlistment of British Subjects in the service of the Queen of Spain; it would be a matter for the consideration of the advisers of the Crown, whether a special license should not be granted to those who intended to continue in that service.

We have Halifax papers to the 19th ult., with which we were kindly favoured. They furnish us with an account of a very extensive conflagration which took place some time since at Charleston, which we have transcribed;—the particulars of a steam-boat explosion on the Ohio, which occurred on the 25th April, and was attended with the most melancholy loss of life—125 persons having fallen victims on the occasion of this catastrophe—will also be found in this days number.—We are much pleased to observe that the Government had succeeded in suppressing the revolt in Bahia—the continuance of disturbances there would, together with its other injurious consequences, be prejudicial to the interests of our Fish trade with that Country.

We have pleasure in announcing the arrival of the Sealing Vessels, which were jammed by the Ice in White Bay, for whose safety, as well as for that of the crews, such apprehension was entertained as induced the underwriters to dispatch a vessel, (the Nimrod), to their assistance, with provisions &c. as noticed in our last. The Nimrod returned a day or two since, the Sealing Vessels having been extricated from the Ice previously to her arrival at White Bay.

DEPARTURES.—In the Margaret, for Halifax, Capt. Armstrong, R. A.—In the Avalon, for Greenock, Mrs. W. Thomas, Mrs. Francis, Mr. Job, Mr. H. P. Thomas, Mr. Jackson, Mr. J. Warren.—In the Angler, for London, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle, Miss Hoyle, Mrs. Dickson, Miss Dickson, Mrs. P. Carter, Miss Carter, Mr. J. Barnes.—In the Pictou, for Waterford, Mr. R. Kent.—In the Sarah, for Cork, Mr. John Ryan, Mr. J. Gleeson.

Died, on Saturday evening last, after a short illness, which he endured with becoming resignation, James BLANK, Esq., aged 62 years. Mr. Blankie was a native of Roxburghshire, in Scotland, but has long been a resident of this Country. For a considerable period he filled the office of Clerk of the Supreme and Central Circuit Courts, and for about 28 years he has discharged the arduous duties of Police Magistrate in this town.—The remains of the deceased were conveyed to the tomb on Tuesday last, numerously and respectfully attended.

Shipping Intelligence.



VESSELS (ENTERED.)

June 6.—Brig Forster, M. Manthey, Hamburg—1900 bags bread, 770 bls. flour, 360 bls. pork, 350 firkins butter, and sundries.
Brig Wilson, Hunter, Hamburg—2600 bags bread, 470 bls. flour, 130 bls. pork, 255 firkins butter.
Brig Alarm, Collingwood, Cadiz—330 tons salt.
Brig Redwing, Godchild, Copenhagen—2100 bags bread, 800 bls. flour, 150 bls. pork.
Schooner Rover, Dunscomb, Halifax—40 kegs tobacco, 65 tierces porter, and sundries.
Brig Radical, Anderson, Sunderland—280 tons coal, 600 dozen bottles, 117 boxes window glass.
Brigantine John & Thomas, Moore, Poole—40 tons salt, 2000 bricks, and sundry merchandise.
Brig Bolton, Mitchell, Copenhagen—1650 bags bread, 1450 bls. flour, 310 bls. pork, 100 firkins butter, and sundries.
Brig Carrs, Young, Hamburg—2800 bags bread, 81 bls. flour, 153 bls. pork, 943 firkins butter, &c.
Brig Thomas Tyson, Wylie, Cadiz—280 tons salt.
Brigantine Ann, Curran, Sydney—70 tons coal.
Brig "574," Watson, Hamburg—1796 bags bread, 450 bls. flour, 40 bls. pork, 270 firkins butter, &c.

VESSELS (CLEARED.)

June 6.—Schooner Pearl, Earl, Figueira—ballast.

Sales by Auction.

SALE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock, AT THE RESIDENCE OF

JAMES ALLEN, Esq.

Of the Engineer Department, (Near King's Bridge),

ALL HIS HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE Viz:

- MAHOGANY Pembroke and other Tables
- 2 Horse-hair Sofas
- 2 Easy Chairs, Moreen Covers
- 6 Rosewood Cane-bottom Chairs
- Mahogany Writing Desks, Work Boxes
- Tea Caddie, 1 Mahogany Wardrobe
- 1 Ditto very complete Dressing Case and Wash-hand Stand
- 1 Ditto frame Dressing Glass
- 1 Mahogany Four-post Bedstead and Hangings
- 2 Feather Beds, Bed Linen, &c.
- Brass Fenders and Fire Irons
- Glassware, Plated Candlesticks
- Silver, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons
- Kitchen Utensils,
- And numerous other Articles.

JAMES CLIFT, Auctioneer.

June 7.

Bread, Molasses, & Tea.

THIS DAY,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, WILL BE SOLD, BY AUCTION,

- 70 Bags Bread
- 1 Puncheon Molasses
- 20 Lbs. Bohea Tea

Being the Supply intended for the relief of the ice bound Sealers, and returned by the Schooner Nimrod which was sent in search of them.

J. BOYD, Agent.

June 7.

THIS DAY,

(THURSDAY), At 1 o'clock, AT THE

COMMERCIAL ROOM, 100 FIRKINS BUTTER,

Ex EDGECOMB from Hamburg.

TERMS.—Cash 20th October.

R. PROWSE, Auctioneer.

June 7.

Pale Seal Oil.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday), At half past 12 o'clock, WILL BE SOLD

In the COMMERCIAL ROOM, About 20 Tuns PALE SEAL OIL

In Oak Puncheons.—Small lots for Purchasers.

J. BOYD, Broker.

June 7.

Sales by Auction.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday) At 3 o'clock,

PEROUARD & BOAG,

The following articles, of the best description, saved from the wreck of Ship CELERY, 800 tons burthen, lost at Cape Ray—

Standing and Running Rigging
Sails, Blocks, Oakum
Spun yarn, &c. &c.

June 7.

On SATURDAY Next,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

John & James Kent,

- 40 Chests Twankey TEA
- 16 Do. Congo do.
- 15 Do. Bohea do.
- 24 Qr-Chests do.
- 60 Westphalia HAMS
- 34 Dozen BAZZLES
- 20 Ditto CALF SKINS
- 6 Ditto KIPS
- 2 Sides patent black LEATHER
- 5 Bundles Brogue LEATHER
- 2 Ditto HORSE CRUPS
- 80 Tierces XX ALE
- 20 Half ditto ditto
- 10 Barrels PIGS HEADS
- 100 Bushels seed OATS
- 77 Dozen SALT (Basket)
- 10,000 Prime Spruce LUMBER
- 2 Casks SHOES
- 20 Dozen pair Wellington BOOTS
- 20 Barrels Irish OATMEAL.

To close Sales
and will be
sold low.

June 7.

Notices.

THE ASSISTANT COMMISSARIAT-GENERAL will receive Sealed Tenders until One o'clock, p. m., on MONDAY, the 25th June, instant, for the Supply of

900 Barrels Superfine FLOUR,

either of Copenhagen, Hamburg, or American growth, to be deposited at the Queen's Stores in Forts William or Townshend, at the expense of the Contractor, there to be subject to approval by the Customary Board of Military Officers, and warranted to keep good Eight months after survey. The import duty will be remitted to the Contractor. The first delivery of 150 barrels to be made by the 25th JULY; the second 150 about the 1st SEPTEMBER; 450 early in NOVEMBER, 1838; and the remaining 150 Barrels by the 1st MAY, 1839.

Each Tender to be accompanied by a Letter from two responsible persons (to be approved by the senior Commissariat Officer), engaging to become bound with the party tendering, in the penal sum of £400, Sterling, for the faithful performance of his Contract.

The price to be stated in words at length, in Sterling, per Barrel of 196 lbs. net weight.

Payment will be made after each delivery, in British Silver Money,—or, at the option of the senior Commissariat Officer, in Bills on the Treasury, at the rate of £100 for every £101 10s. Sterling due.

COMMISSARIAT,
St. John's, 1st June, 1838.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A WOMAN, as Cook and House Servant, to proceed to an Outport Establishment, and to whom liberal Wages will be given. None need apply who cannot produce satisfactory testimonials of character.—Apply at the NEWFOUNDLANDER Office.
June 7.

WANTED TO CHARTER OR HIRE FOR THE SEASON.

Two or Three well-conditioned

VESSELS

of from 100 to 140 tons each.
R. BRINE & Co.

May 17.

Wanted to CHARTER,

A VESSEL

of 180 to 200 Tons to proceed to Quebec to load Timber for a Port in Ireland.—Apply to
TIMOTHY HOGAN.

May 24.

Wanted

A Schooner's Trip of GREEN FISH,

to be delivered at Labrador.—Apply to
May 17. WESTON HUNT.

On Sale.

AT THE FACTORY,

HERRING NETS

Of all sizes, and of the best manufacture. NETS of any description made to order at the shortest possible notice
May 24.

ON SALE.

Robinson, Brooking, Garland & Co.

Ex CARRS, from HAMBURGH,
818 Bags BREAD,
380 Firkins BUTTER.

June 7.

Warren & Wheatley

OFFER FOR SALE,

400 Bls. fine and superfine FLOUR
10 Puns. heavy retailing MOLASSES
AND
Ex Haberdine and Abeona from Teignmouth,
Prime Devonshire manufactured CIDER, in Hbds.
and Pipes, a splendid article to bottle

Also, by the Abeona,
A first rate English built PHEATON, with Pole
and Shafts to suit one or two Horses.

OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS,
Cheshire and Truckled CHEESE
Best Cognac BRANDY; at 12s. per gallon
Ladies Prunella BOOTS & SHOES
Children's do. do. do.
Gentlemen's fine Summer SHOES
And a large and varied assortment of Staple and Fancy

Manufactured GOODS,

which they offer at their usual Low Prices.
June 7.

BY

JOHN CUSACK

300 BARRELS Superfine Copenhagen
FLOUR
50 Do. do. do. PORK
250 Bags 1st and 2nd quality BREAD
Fish taken in Payment.

June 7.

BY

SAMUEL MUDGE,

BREAD 2nd & 3rd quality
FLOUR Superfine
BUTTER, PEASE, OATMEAL, &c.
Ex John's from Hamburg,

ALSO,
7 Hbds. Prime CIDER
10 Do. M. Cock's ALE
800 Feet Elm BOARDS
CANVASS & HEMP.
Ex Native, &c, from Teignmouth,
June 7.

AT THE STORES OF

CODNER & JENNINGS,

PORT WINE, in Pipes, Hbds. and Qr.-casks
Table Sherry, at 28 dollars per Qr.-cask
Prime ditto, at 48 to 80 dollars per ditto
(The above partly in Bond)

Halifax Porter, (fresh)
400 Coils Cordage, Shroud and Road laid of all sizes
50 Coils Spun yarn, Houseline, Amberline, and Marline
100 Barrels Stockholm and Coal Tar
50 Ditto ditto Pitch
100 Bolts Canvass, No. 1 to 8
200 Pieces Flat ditto
10 Crates Earthenware
Lime in Casks of various sizes
Shoulder Leather
Fishing and Deck Boots
Ladies' Cork Soled Shoes
Barvils

A large assortment of Blanketings and Serges
AND A VARIETY OF OTHER

**Shop & Store
GOODS,**

Together with an extensive assortment of
Bridport Manufactures,

CONSISTING OF

Cod and Caplin Seines of various dimensions
Herring, Mackerel, and Cast Nets
Lance Bunts
Lines and Twines of all descriptions.
May 31.

BY

JOHN CUSACK,

The Cargo of the Schooner EMMA,
443 CASKS Porter and XX Ale
4 Casks Basket Salt
20 Boxes Tobacco Pipes
2 Puns. Cork Whiskey.

250 Bags BREAD, per Ship WILLIAM PARKER,
from Hamburg,

ALSO, ON HAND,

100 Hides Dublin Sole Leather
16 Dozen English Kip and Calf Skins
Ranges, Bazils, and Offal Leather
Pork, Butter, a few Sides Bacon
Green Tea, and Linseed Oil.
May 17.—6w.

ON SALE.

Desirable Investment.

FOR SALE

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

THE INTEREST for the unexpired Term of 26 years, from the 31st October Next, of and in those STONE & BRICK BUILDINGS and PREMISES situate on the south side of Water Street, now in the occupancy of Dr. O'DWYER, Mr. WM. HART, and Messrs. M'BRIDE & KERR.

ALSO,

For the unexpired term of 35 years from the 1st November next, of and in that STONE PREMISES situate on the South side of the said Street, and now in the occupancy of Mr. PATRICK MULLOWNEY.

The said BUILDING and PREMISES yield a profit rent of £158 sterling, per annum. If the interest in the above mentioned Property is not disposed of by the 1st of August next, it will, on that day, be offered for Sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises, at 11 o'clock, in the forenoon.

The Terms of Payment will be made accommodating to the Purchaser. A considerable portion of the purchase money can remain on Mortgage on the Premises.

For further particulars apply to
PATRICK MORRIS.

May 31.

FRESH IRISH

PORTER.

The Subscribers
HAVE FOR SALE

STOUT PORTER,

At 47s. 6d. per Tierce,

Just received Ex HORE from Waterford.
R. BRINE & Co.

May 31.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Offers for Sale

THE UNDERMENTIONED ARTICLES

10 PUNS. high-proof Demerara Rum
2 do. do. Old Jamaica do.

10 Ditto Bright Molasses
6 Hogsheads Sugar
6 Qr.-Casks Old Port Wine
3 Qr.-Casks Old Teneriffe do.
5 Hogsheads Cape Madeira do.
2 Pipes Catalonia do.
10 Hogsheads Devonshire Cider
24 Hogsheads English, Irish and Scotch Ale
15 Tierces Irish Porter
Superior Brandy and Gin in Bond.
1 Cask Old Irish Whiskey
20 Qr.-Chests assorted Teas
5 Bags Coffee
30 Boxes Raisins
40 Firkins Butter
25 Sides Bacon
50 Westphalia Hams
1 Hogshead Loaf Sugar.
Soap, Candles, and a variety of other articles.

AND, TO LET,

That substantial STONE HOUSE in Queen street now undergoing repairs and painting. For further particulars enquire of

JAMES CULLEN,

Opposite Messrs. Rennie Stuart & Co.'s

May 24.

Samuel Codner

HAS RECEIVED

Per sundry Vessels,
AND OFFERS FOR SALE,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Bridport GOODS,

VIZ:—

COD Seines, Assorted sizes
Caplin Seines, Cod Bags
Herring, Salmon, and Cast Nets
350 Dozen Shore, Jigger, and Sed Lines
Roping, Sail, Genging, Sewing,
Trawl, Seal, Salmon Trawl,
and Herring } TWINES,

AND ON HAND,

Devonshire Ale, in hbds. and half hbds.
Soap, Candles
Cordage, Oakum, Nails
Shoulder and prime Butt Leather
Fishing and Deck Boots
Shoes, English and Hamburg manufacture
Pitch, Tar, Varnish, Ochre
Paints of different Colour
Bar Lead
Linseed Oil, raw and boiled.
Spirits Turpentine, 1 @ 2 gallon Jars
Clapboard, Coopers' Rush

ALSO,

2 New Lumber Boats
30 Tuns New Oak Puncheons.
May 24.

ON SALE.

Richard Howley

HAS JUST RECEIVED,

Per NILE from LIVERPOOL,

1000 Pair best Yorkshire

BLANKETS,

Which being a consignment will be sold at Cost and Charges by the Bale.

ALSO, A QUANTITY OF

INDIGO COATINGS,

Well worth the attention of Tailors.

AND NOW LANDING Ex HABERDINE,

8 Bales Bridport Wares,

viz.

Herring Nets, 40, 45, and 50 rans.
Cast Nets, St. Peter's, Shore and Sed Lines
Twines, Shoe Thread, &c.

May 24.

NOW LANDING

AT THE WHARF OF

BULLEY, JOB & Co.

Ex Barque CATO from NEWCASTLE

Best Walsend

COALS.

N. B.—Families can be supplied on very accommodating terms, and free of Cartage.
May 24.

42 PUNCHEONS fine flavoured RUM

Now landing from the Brig IMPROVEMENT.
AND

Per Ship WILLIAM PARKER from Hamburg,
1600 Bags 1st, 2d, and 3d quality BREAD
400 Barrels Superfine FLOUR
200 Firkins BUTTER
OATMEAL, PEASE, LEATHERWARE, &c.

May 17.

BLAND & TOBIN.

Great Reduction on Manufactured GOODS!!

B. O'DWYER & CO.

Taking the great advantages derived from Cash Purchases in the English Market, in consequence of the depressed state of Trade during the last Winter, enables them to offer their very extensive Spring Supply of

GOODS

considerably lower than their last year's prices. Their Stock principally consists of Black, Blue and Medley Cloths
Buckskins and Bedford Strips
A large assortment of Gambarons and Cantoons for Summer Trowsers

Whitney Coatings and Pilot Cloths
Kilkenny Blankets
Blue Quilts and Counterpanes

Moleskins and Beaverteens
Serges and Milled Blanketing
Welsh Flannels

London and Manchester Prints
Filled-in and Thibet Wool Shawls
Stamped, embossed and figured Satins and Per-

sians
Black and colored Gros de Naples
Bonnet Silks

Plain and Fancy Ribbons
Lana Crape and Zephyr Handkerchiefs
Tuscan and Tissue Bonnets

Laine Dresses, Stays
Best English Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

Ladies and Children's Prunella Boots and Shoes
Regatta and Linen Shirts
Web and Chamois Inside Vests

Best Wire Thread
Worsted and Cotton Shalloon
A large assortment of Fancy and Glass Buttons

And all Trimmings suitable for Tailors use
Christy's Hats
Ginger Beer Bottles, Porter Corks, &c.
May 17.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Have for Sale

SUPERIOR Sydney COALS,
Lime, Roach and Slack,

In Bulk and in Casks of different sizes, will be delivered at any part of the town or suburbs at short Notice.

ALSO,

SPARS, for masts, yards, topmasts, &c.
Hardwood Timber,
Bowsprit Pieces

10 M. seasoned Billets

1 Ship's Boat.

R. BRINE & Co.

May 17.



Poets' Corner.

THE ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Each minstrel hand must fondly greet
Young Spring, the redolent and sweet;
All voices hail the breezy balm,
The peeping leaf and golden palm.
The freshened sod and deep'ning sky,
Wake hope and light in heart and eye;
And cold's the lyre that does not own
A richer breathing in its tone
I doubly welcome cheering Spring,
The climbing sun and budding spray:
And why? because they ever bring
A common English holiday.

May blessings fall upon the hour
When Freedom takes the sovereign power;
When the swarth brow may wear a smile,
And loose the lines of care awhile;
When drum and trumpet, bravely woke
By infant death and pigmy stroke,
Proclaim the gladson "uproar wild"
Is shared e'en by the lisping child.
I love to mark the bounding tread,
The treasured vestments clean and gay;
I prize the happiness that's shed
Upon a people's holiday.

'Tis true that revelry and noise
May herald forth their frantic joys—
That prudence flies the motly crowd
"Quite shock'd" at Folly's bells so loud.
Some few may loathe the merry din,
Deeming blythe laughter deadly sin,
And spurn the thronging multitude
As "creatures" worthless, base and rude;
Yet think their lives of toil and gloom
But rarely meet a sunny ray,
And none perchance that e'er illumine
So brightly as a holiday.

Such hours—such days too soon are o'er,
Too few! Ah! would that they were more!
The outburst of a millions mirth
Is the most grateful sound on earth.
Shade to his name—woe to his breast
Whose selfish aim would strive to wrest,
And trample down their sacred right
With tyrant zeal and iron might!
Hail to the festal wide and free,
And ne'er may charter know decay
That ratifies a people's glee
And grant an English holiday!

THE CORONATION SCRAMBLE.—KISSING THE QUEEN.—A little book has just been published by Mr. Planché, which gives an account of the mode of performing the "homage" on the day of the coronation. "The exhortation being ended, all the Peers then present do their homage publicly and solemnly unto the Queen upon the theatre; and in the mean time the Lord Chancellor (or Lord Keeper), attended by Garter King of Arms, &c., proclaims the Queen's general pardon, reading it distinctly and audibly at the four sides of the theatre; and at every one of these as he goes along, the Treasurer of the Household throws among the people medals of gold and silver, as the Queen's princely largess or donative. The Archbishop first kneels down before her Majesty's knees; the rest of the Bishops kneel on either hand and about him; and they do their homage together, for the shortening of the ceremony, the Archbishop saying:—"I, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury (and so every one of the rest, I, N., Bishop of N., and then repeat the rest audibly after the Bishop), will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lady, and your heirs Kings of England; and I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the Church. So help me God." And then the Archbishop kisseth the Queen's left cheek or hand, and so the rest of the Bishops present after him. After this the other Peers of the Realm do their homage in like manner; the Dukes first by themselves, and so the Marquises, the Earls, the Viscounts, and the Barons, severally. The first of each order kneeling before her Majesty, and the rest with and about him, all putting off their coronets the foremost of each class beginning, and the rest saying after him—"I, N., Duke or Earl, &c., of N., do become your liegeman of life and limb and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God." The Peers having thus done their homage, they stand altogether round about the Queen, or each class and degree going by themselves, or (as it was at the coronation of King Charles I. and II.) every one by one in order, putting off their caps and coronets, singly ascend the Throne again, and stretching forth their hands do touch the crown on her Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power; and then every one of them kisseth the Queen's cheek or hand. Whilst her Majesty's general pardon is reading, and the medals are thrown about, and the Peers are doing their homage, the Queen, if she things good, delivers her sceptre, with the cross, to the lord of the manor of Worksop, to hold, and the other sceptre or rod, with the dove, to some one near to the Blood Royal, or to the lord who carried it in the

procession, or to any that she pleases to assign, to ease her thereof, and to hold it by her. And the Bishops that support the Queen in the procession may also ease her by supporting the Crown as there shall be occasion."

Mr. Bonnel Thornton, who was present at the Coronation Banquet of George III, and his Queen, says:—"It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets, which were let down like prisoners' boxes at Ludgate, or the Gate house, with 'Pray remember the poor prisoners!'"—*London Evening Paper.* [It was pretty much the same at the Coronation of George IV.]

A BURIAL AT SEA.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can. It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lantern that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft. By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparations, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard. The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sown up in the hammock of the dead, and if he has died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sown up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that, with the body, is launched generally over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it. The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off. "Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sowed up all poor Wilson's bed-clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages." Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service." "Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the Captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered." "He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open." Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast. In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," &c. &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untainted seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous. The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." "Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?" The hand that held on the bier

was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer!" As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow, he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded. After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act. Gavel read on. It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him. He read on. Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed impassable, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit their bodies to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board." But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the splash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.—"*Outward Bound; or a Merchant's Adventures.*" By the Author of "*Ratlin the Reefer.*" &c.

STORMING OF FORT FLEUR D'ÉPÉE.—The assailants were placed under the orders of Major General Dundas. The soldiers were particularly directed not to fire, but to trust entirely to the bayonet; and the seamen, who were under the command of Captain, now Admiral, Sir Edmund Charles Nugent, and Captain Faulkner, were desired to use their pikes and swords. These orders were all punctually obeyed; and it would be difficult, without an exact knowledge of the nature of the place, to convey to the reader a correct idea of the scene which ensued. The troops intended for the assault all marched to their respective posts, and the signal for the attack was to be the firing of the morning gun from the Boyne, as she lay in the bay. The fatal gun was fired as the ship's bell sounded for five o'clock. The troops dashed forward with British ardour. The alarm was given to the enemy, who were constantly on the alert; but their outposts were driven in, the piquet-guard bayoneted, and in an instant the sides of the hill on which the fort is situated were covered with our people, scrambling up to the top, under a tremendous discharge of grape and musquetry, with a determination to enter the enemy's embrasures, into which some of our sailors jumped. The soldiers were not long behind them; but they, with more of the method of the art of war, had reached the gates, which, after some difficulty, they forced open, and a horrible conflict took place. The brave and resolute Frenchmen fought till overpowered by the physical force of our gallant countrymen, when they fled in disorder. Thus Fleur d'Épée was taken, and with it fell Hog Island and Fort Louis, which commands the entrance into the harbour of Point à Pitre, the town of that name being at the same time taken possession of by Sir Chas. Grey. Our loss was only 54 killed and wounded: that of the enemy, 250, or nearly five to one. Fort Fleur D'Épée is strongly situated on the summit of a hill, but is commanded by Marne Mascott. On this occasion, Faulkner was engaged hand to hand with a French officer; and, having missed his blow, the more powerful Frenchman closed with his adversary, disarmed him, and was on the point of plunging his sword into his body, when a British sailor sprang forward, and with his pike pinned the gallant foe to the earth, and saved his Captain. "Being the only Chaplain there present," says Mr. Williams, "I went up early in the evening, as soon as the action was over, to bury the dead. At the foot of the hill lay several of our seamen, badly wounded. A little farther on, under some tall trees, were several naval officers, reposing after the fatigues of the morning; their men not far from them, farther on a party of wounded prisoners were brought in by our people; and at the gates of the fort lay a heap of slain, who had died by the sword or the bayonet. Within the fort lay a multitude of miserable wretches, expiring of their wounds, and many of our people in the same situation. In the midst of this, his Excellency was writing his despatches on a table on which lay an artillery man sleeping, being overcome with fatigue, and the General would not allow him to be disturbed." In the midst of these sufferings, it is pleasant to record traits of this kind, of heroes who, when the fury of battle has subsided, have human feelings and sympathies.—*Captain Brenton's "Life and Correspondence of John Earl of St. Vincent, G. C. B."*

LOVE.—There has scarcely been a poet or a prose writer, in any country, or in any tongue, who has not first declared that there is nothing like love, and then attempted to liken it to something. The truth is, that fine essence is compounded of so many sweet things, that, though we may find some resemblance to this or that peculiar quality which forms a part, we shall find nothing which can compare with the whole;—nothing so bright, nothing so sweet, nothing so entrancing, nothing so ennobling—must we add, nothing so rare? Every fool and every villain impudently fancies that he can love; without knowing that his very nature renders it impossible to him. Every libertine and every débauché talks of love; without knowing that he has destroyed, in his own bosom, the power of comprehending what love is; that he has shut down and batted the pure fountain that can never be opened again. Every one who can feel a part of love—and that, in general the coarser part—believes that he has the high privilege of loving; as though a man were to drink the mere lees, and call it wine. Oh, no! How infinite are the qualities requisite—each giving strength, and vigour, and fire to the other! There must be a pure and noble heart capable of every generous and every ardent feeling; there must be a grand and comprehensive mind, able to form and receive every elevated thought and fine idea; there must be a warm and vivid imagination, to sport with, and combine, and brighten every beautiful theme of fancy; there must be a high and unearthly soul, giving the spirit's intensity to the earthly passion. Even when all this is done, it is but a sweet melody; the harmony is incomplete, till there be another being turned alike, and breathing, not similar, but responsive tones. Then, and not till then, there may be love. Man, lay thy hand upon thy heart, and ask thyself, "Is it not so with me?" If so, happy, thrice and fully happy, art thou. If not, strive that it may be so; for, rightly felt, the most ennobling of all earthly impulses is love."

JOHN BULLISM.—SCENE AT A THEATRE IN BRUSSELS.—My expectations were fully answered: a very tolerable company, with a respectable orchestra, gave a popular opera: with Auber's music and Scribe's words. The third and last act had commenced, and a very pretty and accomplished songstress was executing, with great sweetness and taste, one of the best airs in the piece, when the whole audience was disturbed by the entrance of two men in one of the front boxes, the door of which they slammed with a noise which was nearly drowned by their almost convulsive bursts of laughter as they scrambled across the seats to a front place. A universal *chut!* arose, to which the offenders seemed totally indifferent. The audience, however, beginning to grow angry, they came a little to their sense (limited as it was) of propriety, and smothering their laughter, they sat through the act, and then burst out of the box, flinging the door after them, so as to shake the whole tier. Annoyed and ashamed of the many observations around me in disparagement of "the drunken Englishmen," I too left my seat, and, to my great dismay, I encountered in the lobby the two individuals I should have most wished to avoid. I thought to slip past them, but they recognised me, and, shouting a regular view holloa, they intercepted me with outstretched arms. "Damme!" exclaimed one, "how lucky to meet you!" "By Jove!" cried the other, "the very man we wanted." "I say now, do you like a good fellow, decide a bet, which I have made with Fred here," said one. "Yes, my boy, and convince Frank of his ignorance," hiccupped the other. "How devilish lucky we met you!" "The very man we wanted, by Jove!" exclaimed both. And so they went on, till the bystanders, gathering in groups, began to show symptoms of disgust that night, I foresaw, lead to something serious. I therefore, in a tone of somewhat peremptory persuasiveness, insisted on the friends telling me what they expected of me. "Merely, my dear Sir," stammered the least disguised of the two, to "decide a bet of half-a-dozen of champagne, as to whether the words of this damned row-di-dow, tol-de-rol-lol opera were Italian or German—that's all—pray tell us!" "Are you in earnest?" asked I. "Perfectly so, by Jove!" "Decidedly, damme!" replied they together. "Why do you really mean to say you don't know the works were French?" "French! come, that's a good one! who ever heard of a French opera?" "Ha! ha! ha! By George, that's prime! an opera in French!" Such were the simultaneous answers to my question. And when completely sick of my countrymen, I forcibly pushed past them, and fairly made my escape from the theatre altogether. And I shall now merely, and in sober seriousness, assure such readers as might think this anecdote rather of the romantic than the classic school, that it is positively *historique*, as the French say; and I have no doubt that many a young man, crammed with university learning, and crowned with university honours, may be found, on his first visit to Brussels or Paris, as completely ignorant as were my Oxonians, of the very sound of the three principal living languages of continental Europe.—*T. C. Grantan.*