

and thence up the river, destined for Wentworth, Rockingham county.

We hope our farmers and planters generally will soon find out the fact, that it is better to bring their surplus produce here and send it via the river and the rail road to Petersburg, than to exhaust half of its value by the expensive mode of wagoning it to market.

A waggoner arrived at Belfield a few days since with a load of cotton destined for Petersburg. The agent of the Rail Road company there, proposed to him to make an estimate of what it would cost him to feed his horses going and returning from Petersburg, and he would transport his cotton on the rail road there for that sum, and give him a return load in the bargain. It is needless to add the waggoner accepted the offer.—*Milton Spectator.*

**Gambling.**—The most remarkable instance of melancholy infatuation and devotion to this vice, says the *Boston Atlas*, that we have ever heard of, was that of Oliver G. Kane, of New-York, Secretary of the National Insurance Company. Kane was a young man from Albany, of highly respectable connections, and amiable, unassuming demeanor. The wealth and the influence of his friends procured his appointment as Secretary of the Insurance Company, with a salary fully adequate to the supply of every comfort. He was married to a young lady of handsome property and moved in the first circle of fashionable society. A rumor reached the ears of his friends that he was passionately addicted to gaming, and becoming alarmed for his situation, they entered upon a course of the most earnest remonstrance with him, to rescue him from his danger. He promised reformation, and all apprehension for a time was quieted. But his thirst for the card table could not long be restrained. He renewed his visits, squandered his own fortune, and then commenced a system of depredation upon the funds of the company, which he continued until he had robbed them of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, the whole of which immense amount fell into the hands of four or five individuals. Seeing that his detection was inevitable, he resolved upon flight, made a sweeping draft upon the funds of the company, & arranged his plans to take passage to some part of Europe, under an assumed name. The vessel did not sail on the appointed day. At that night, not knowing what to do with himself, he again sought the fatal table to banish the uneasy reflections that forced themselves upon his mind. He never made another visit: he lost every dollar that he had provided for his escape. In the morning, he called upon the remorseless, black-hearted wretches who had stripped him of every shilling, disclosed his situation and implored them to furnish him with sufficient means to fly. They coldly told him they were sorry, but that they would render him no assistance. In the agony of despair, he proceeded to Niblo's Coffee House, called for a chamber, went up stairs, and blew his brains out. The gamblers who shared his spoils, were overwhelmed with consternation at his death, and fled in various directions through fear of apprehension. One of them was arrested in Philadelphia, but was afterwards set at liberty for the want of evidence to connect him with the vile transactions.

**From the Ladies' Magazine.**  
**Crowning the Wisest.**—Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British Aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr. M. P. and Lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements, with

that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called 'Crowning the Wisest.' This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of Republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, mustached and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting.—His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government, which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice, which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision, on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered,

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex, consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert

confidently, that there is not a nation on earth, where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the Republic of the United States; therefore, the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic; after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.

### NEUTRALS AND SHARKS.

**A tale of the West Indies.**—[The following is the substance of a letter from Lieutenant M. Fitton, R. N., to Lord Nicholl, Esq., His Majesty's proctor at Jamaica, and the circumstance which it relates is one of those extraordinary coincidences that are almost past belief. We have taken it from a copy of the original, to which we have adhered as closely as possible, and are assured by Lieutenant Fitton that the shark's jaw is now in the possession of a gentleman in London.]

The Commander in Chief on the Jamaica station, in 1799, ordered Lieutenant Whylie, in the Sparrow cutter, to cruise in the Mona passage with the tender of His Majesty's ship, *Abergavenny*, under my command.

We dined together off the east end of Jamaica, and, on comparing notes, we found that he had ten guns in the Sparrow, and I had six three pounders in the *Tender*; with which it was agreed, (after we had dined,) that we certainly could capture any sloop of war belonging to the enemy, and (before we parted) that we could engage with, and tolerably well hamper, a frigate.

We parted the next night in chase, but joined company again some days after, off Jaquemel, on the south side of St. Domingo. At day light, the Sparrow was about six miles in shore; and I asked Lieut. Whylie, by signal, to come on board to breakfast.

Whilst his boat was on her way, I seated myself on the *travail* watching her progress. The morning was cool and serene, the sea calm and transparent. The far-distant rock of Altavele was seen on the disk of the rising sun, as he appeared above the horizon; an extended line of diversified coast, with *Isle la Vache* to leeward; the stupendous mountains of Grand Ance, clothed in forests of eternal green, studded with white coffee plantations, their base concealed with floating vapor, mingled their lofty summits with the ethereal blue of Heaven! There was something so inspiring in the whole scene, added to the cool freshness of the morning, and the stillness of all around that it was worth going five thousand miles to witness, at the risk of dying of the yellow fever, the lot of many a good fellow that I have known.

As I was thus seated on the stern, I observed at some distance from the vessel a dead bullock floating on the surface of the water, and some sharks busily tearing it to pieces. This did not excite my surprise, as I was then in the track of cattle loaded vessels from Puerto Cavallo and Laguna; but I ordered it to be towed alongside, which was soon done, the sharks following it. Among the sharks there was one much larger than the others, which I resolved to catch, and make a walking stick of his back-bone, by inserting a wire through it, as I had seen frequently done.

I baited the hook with a four pound peice of beef; but John-shark rubbed himself against it, although the others would have taken it, if I had not drawn it from them. Seeing that this huge fellow was rather dainty, I changed the bait for a piece of pork, which, after slighting for some time, he at last bolted. With a strong effort, I fixed the hook in his jaws; as a matter of course, in his turn he sprang forward, but, after playing him a little with about sixty fathoms of line, I had him hoisted on board.

The process of dissecting him was soon commenced—and being curious to know what he had got in his stomach, it was quickly opened, when, to our astonishment, out came a large bundle of papers tied up with a string.

The sailor who had been the principal character on the occasion, like most others, loved a joke; and, as he presented the bundle to me, said, with a smile, "A packet, sir; by—! I hope it's from England; please your honor, (touching his hat,) will you look if there's ere letter for me; I should like to hear from my old blowin'!"

The papers, excepting the envelope, were in a perfect state; they related to a vessel's cargo; and a letter, dated at the Island of Curacao, had this commencement—"My good friend Mr. Christopher Schultz, of Baltimore, supercargo of the American brig *Nancy*, will hand you this." Mercantile affairs then followed.

My first idea was, that the shark had come from the Island of Curacao, the next was, that the papers had been thrown overboard from some vessel chased by one of His Majesty's cruisers.

I therefore hailed the man at the masthead, and told him to keep a good look out; as, no doubt, there was a vessel not far off. "There's nothing in sight sir," he answered, "but the Sparrow cutter in shore, and her boat pulling on board." Well, keep a bright look out, my boy, I said; and remember the bottle of rum, and the dollar, and a day's leave on shore; for

I always liked to reward my men for every strange sail that turned out to be an enemy; and in case of gross neglect, which seldom happened, I gave them something else. And yet my men were much attached to me, from the thorough conviction that I would never make [as they said] fish of one and flesh of another, and never seeing a fault until I had broken my shins over it.

Lieut. Whylie shortly after this arrived on board. He was one of the old school, a perfect seaman, who had [like myself], waddled to the water as soon as he was out of his shell; and yet he had no affinity, more than oil for that element—water being what he never took in. He was brave, of course, and a strong regard for the enemy, and loved to lie close—"Yard arm, and yard arm," was his maxim. He had completed his education from books scattered on the rudder-head, to him equally authentic and erudite, such as Homer's *Iliad*, *Hudibras*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, &c. In speech, Lieut. Whylie was short and emphatic; but if a word of learned length came athwart him, either end seemed indifferent, and he had a knack of adding a syllable to those already sufficiently long. The West Indies suited him exactly, it being a bare country, where "ye are eye drinking, and eye dry." "Alas, poor Whylie, he has taken his final launch; many's the cruise we have had together, he was a merry good hearted fellow, "take him all in all."

When Lieut. Whylie arrived on board, the following dialogue ensued between us:

Whylie—What a devil of a long pull you have given me this morning, and not a breath of air out of the heavens; come is breakfast ready?

Fitton—Well Whylie, my boy, what luck have you had since we parted co?

Whylie—Luck! Why I have taken a Dutch schooner and a French schooner, and have detained an American brig. (Looking round and seeing the shark:) But why do you dirty your decks with those cursed animals? You'll be a boy all your life time—Fitton.

Fitton—Tell me, Whylie, was your American brig named *Nancy*?

Whylie—Yes, she was; you have met her, I suppose.

Fitton—No, I have not; I never saw her.

Whylie—Then how did you know the brig I had detained was named *Nancy*?

Fitton—Was there a supercargo on board, called Christopher Schultz, of Baltimore?

Whylie—Yes, there was; his name was Schultz or Skoolofs, or some d—d Dutch name or other; why you must have spoken her?

Fitton—No, I have not; I never saw her.

Whylie—Then how the devil came you to know I had detained an American brig called *Nancy*, Christopher Schultz, supercargo?

Fitton—The shark you see lying there, my boy, has brought me full information about the *Nancy*, and those papers you see spread out to dry are her papers.

Whylie—That won't do, Fitton, for I sealed all her papers up, and gave them in charge of the prize master when I sent the vessel away.

Fitton—The papers delivered to you by the master when you overhauled him, you of course sent away with the vessel, but her true papers, which prove the owners to be enemies, and not Americans, are those which you see drying on deck, brought to me by that shark you abused for catching.

Lieut. Whylie stared at me—at the shark—at the papers—then quickly descended the cabin ladder, calling out "Breakfast ho—breakfast: none of your tricks upon travellers—none of your stuff—Fitton."

I soon after parted company, and I am not sure that Lieut. Whylie fully comprehended the circumstance until he returned into port, and found the vessel and cargo condemned to him as a prize, by the recovery of the true papers; leaving to Jonathan no resource in future, but to swallow the papers himself.

Having preserved the shark's jaw I sent it to the Admiralty Court of Jamaica, and wrote upon it, Lieut. Fitton's compliments, and begs to recommend this jaw as a collar for the neutrals to swear through."

In addition to the foregoing, Lieut. Fitton remarks, that the same papers led to the condemnation of another vessel that was taken into Port Royal by one of our cruisers. We believe that her name was *Christophe*. It happened that Lieut. Fitton dined at a *Table d'Hote* at Kingston, afterwards, in company with the master and supercargo of the *Nancy*, who were making loud complaints of the brass bottomed serpents, the tyrants of the sea, that would not allow vessels under a neutral flag to follow their legal occupations. The contents of the shark's stomach, however, had proved them to be otherwise; and it was not until Lieut. Fitton had left the table, that they learned the fact of their vessel's true papers having been thus found. It was communicated to them by the Captain of a Danish vessel, named the *Ameland*; and on hearing it, they immediately took horses, and crossed the Blue mountains to Port Antonio, from

whence they departed leaving the *Nancy* and her cargo to their fate.

The dog.—Mr. M'Intyre, patent mangle manufacturer, Regent bridge, Edinburgh, (Scotland,) has a dog of Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie, whose sagacious qualifications are truly astonishing and almost incredible. When Mr. M. is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, "Dandie, bring me my hat," he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hands. A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master had previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him. One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr. M. seeing his dog sitting in a corner, and looking as if quite unconscious of what was passing, said to him, "Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit." The dog immediately jumped upon the table and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived. One time having been left in a room in the house of Mrs. Thompson, High street, he remained quiet for a considerable time; but as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he finds a hand bell he takes it in his mouth and rings it.

Mr. M. having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it any where in the room, after the strictest search. He then said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot jack—search for it." The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened. Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which Mr. M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa.

A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop, and purchases bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, who lives in James's Square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr. T. then said to him, "I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have one at home." Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic, Mr. T. gave him a bad one, when he, as usual, carried it to a baker, but was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr. T.'s, knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt. Although Dandie in general makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings.

One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed bringing home a loaf. Mr. M. being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned till she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. Mr. M. then secured the dog which kept straggling and growling, while the servant went under the bed, where she found seven pence-half penny under a bit of cloth; but from that time he could never endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide the money in a corner of a saw-pit, under the dust.

When Mr. M. has company, if he desires the dog to see any of the gentlemen home, it will walk with him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be.

**A Perishable Cargo.**—The enterprise of Yankees is proverbial.—Their ships visit every part of the Globe, and they are adding every day to the great variety of articles of trade with other nations. The ship *Tuscany* is now about sailing from Boston for Calcutta, and has on board a cargo of ice. It is compactly stowed in the lower hold, surrounded with tan, which is well known to be a non-conductor of heat, and great care has been taken to exclude the external air. If this cargo should arrive there safe, it would doubtless command in that sultry climate an enormous price. But we may venture to say that the idea of transporting such a perishable commodity, so many thousands of miles, in the course of which the Equator must be twice traversed, would never enter into the head of any other being than a YANKEE.

*Lowell Journal.*

### FOREIGN.

By the packet ship *Sovereign*, Captain Kearney from London the Admiralty of the New York Commercial Advertiser, has received files of London papers to the 11th of April inclusive, and to the same date.—We have Liverpool dates of the 9th.

**Ireland.**—The affairs of this unhappy and distracted country, assume a more sombre appearance, if possible, than every fresh arrival. The Whitesides continue their depredations.—It will be seen by the following proclamation of the Marquis of Anglesey, that the enforcing act has commenced its operation in the county of Kilkenny. The experiment will probably prove a lesson to the wisdom, justice, and necessity of the act.

**Proclamation of the Irish Government under the new Bill.**

Dublin, Sunday, April 7.—The following proclamation extending the provisions of the bill to the county and city of Kilkenny, appeared in the Dublin Gazette. It is stated that a proclamation will appear early in the present week, prohibiting the meetings of the Volunteers, the Conservatives, and the Trades' Union:

**By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.**

**A Proclamation.—Anglesey.**—Whereas by an Act passed in the third year of his present Majesty's reign, intitled an Act for the more effectual Suppression of local Disturbance and dangerous Associations in Ireland, it is amongst other things enacted that shall and may be lawful for the Lord Lieutenant and other Chief Governors or Governors of Ireland, with the advice of his Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland at any time after the passing of the said Act, and from time to time during the continuance thereof, at occasion may require, to issue his or their proclamation, declaring any county, county of a city, or county of a town, in Ireland, or any portion thereof, respectively, to be in such a state of disturbance and insubordination as to require the application of the provisions of the said Act.

Now, we, the Lord Lieutenant, do, by this our Proclamation, in pursuance and execution of the said Act, and by and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland, declare the county of Kilkenny, the county of the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to be in such a state of disturbance and insubordination as to require the application of the provisions of the said Act.

And we do by this our Proclamation, warn the inhabitants of the said county of Kilkenny, the city of the county of Kilkenny, the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to abstain from all seditious & other unlawful assemblies, processions, confederacies, meetings, and associations, and to be and remain in their respective habitations at all hours between sunset and sunrise, from and after Wednesday the tenth day of April instant, of which all Justices of the Peace of the said county, and county of a city, constables, peace officers, and other whom it may concern, are to take notice.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, this 6th day of April, 1835.

Rose Wm. M'Mahon, Wm. Saubin, John Radcliffe, John Doherty, F. Blackburne, R. H. Vivian.

"God save the King."

As Daniel O'Connell is the acknowledged leader and prime mover of the opposition to the English ministry, which probably embraces four fifths of the entire population of Ireland, his proceedings possess great interest as forming an index of the course and operation of events in relation to the policy of that country. We therefore subjoin from the Dublin Post, his letter to Counsellor Barrett.

*London, 14, Albemarle-street, Wednesday.*

My Dear Barrett.—The die is cast. We are slaves.—One more injustice has been committed towards Ireland. Let us now struggle for the double repeal.

First—Of this new Algerine Act.

Second—Of that Union which alone caused this Act to be passed.

I feel the awful duty imposed on me by the Volunteers. I will endeavour to perform it honestly, at least, if not well.

Announce to the people of Ireland that I intend on every Monday, whilst the Algerine act continues, to publish a letter to them in the *Pilot*. I will, please God, begin on Monday next.

I mean to take up in detail the necessary agitation in each county in Ireland. Our enemies shall not triumph over the people, nor put down the popular sentiment. We will still agitate with in the law, and without either moral guilt or legal offence.

Call on the people to be quiet; to bear with patience this new indignity. Let them hope for better days; and better days must soon arrive.

Give a caution to the atrocious Whitesides. They have played the game which the enemies of Ireland wished them to play. The execution of every good or honest man is upon their crimes. The vengeance of God will, sooner or later, be visited upon their wickedness.

How sincerely ought we not to detest the vilest of the vile Whitesides—the last and worst of those villainous miscreants who have given strength to the enemies, and weakened the friends of Ireland.

But still I do not despair of my country. No. Even in the crimes which are committed against her, there

is a ray of hope.

*Lowell Journal.*