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Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster villior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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Miramichi, Saturday Afternoon, September 7, 1844.

European News.

From British Papers to the 19th of August, received by the Steamer Caledonia.

London Weekly Messenger, August 11.

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

Windsor Castle, August 6, 1844.

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince this morning at fifty minutes past seven o'clock. Her Majesty and Infant are perfectly well.

James Clark, M. D.

Charles Locock, M. D.

Robert Ferguson, M. D."

The bulletin, announcing to the inhabitants of Windsor that our beloved Sovereign "was safely delivered of a Prince," was posted at the Town Hall within half an hour after the event had taken place. The bells of the Chapel of St. George and the Parish Church were instantly "manned," and merry peals were rung for upwards of an hour. At ten o'clock a Royal Salute was fired from the Corporation ordnance, in the Bachelor's Acre, under the superintendence of the Corporation Gunner and the Town Bombardier. A royal salute was fired from the Belvidere battery, near Virginia Water.

The Duchess of Kent arrived at an early hour at the Castle. Intelligence of the interesting event was received from the Castle in the course of the forenoon, by the Queen Dowager, at Bushy Park; and by the remainder of the Royal Family, at their respective residences. The nobility and gentry residing in the vicinity of the Castle called during the day, to make enquiry after the health of the Queen. His Royal Highness Prince Albert rode out on horseback in the afternoon, and returned at half-past six o'clock, attended by Major General Wemyss. The Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice, were also taken their usual walks and rides.

The town of Windsor was illuminated in the evening: there was scarcely a house throughout the borough which did not exhibit some mark and token of the affection and loyalty of its occupants.

Public Rejoicings.—Long before noon the intelligence of the Queen's accouchement was known all over the metropolis, and as soon as the usual demonstrations of loyalty were evinced in the several parishes in honor of the occasion, flags in abundance floating from the church steeples, and the merry peals of bells sending forth their harmonious sounds during the entire day. From some unexplained cause or other, the authorities at the Tower received no official information of the occurrence till near one o'clock, when a messenger arrived with a despatch from the Board of Ordnance, copies of which were also forwarded to all the fortresses throughout the United Kingdom. It was immediately handed to the officer in command, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery forthwith proceeded to fire a double Royal salute, of 42 guns, from the quay and fortress, the Royal Standard being hoisted on the White Tower on the discharge of the first gun. A general invite was then given by the officers of the garrison to an entertainment in the evening to commemorate the interesting event; and at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Warders (forty in number) with a large number of civilians, assembled in their Hall, opposite the Bell Tower, where, according to a very ancient custom, a large antique bowl of punch was supplied to them—Mr Lund, the Chief Warder, presiding—and which they gaily quaffed off, enthusiastically toasting the speedy recovery and long life of the Sovereign and her illustrious new born.

The shipping in the river during the afternoon presented a gay appearance; the day having turned out fine enhanced the beauty of the scene to some extent. Scarcely a vessel in the pool, and those in St. Katherine, London, East and West India Docks, but tried to outvie each other in decking out their craft with their several signal flags and those of all nations. All the pier heads were simi-

larly adorned. At Woolwich the Royal Artillery fired a Royal salute to the Common. Immediately on the news reaching Gravesend it was promptly communicated to the Commander of the Russian frigate Aurora, lying off the Terrace Pier, and shortly afterwards a Royal salute was fired from that splendid vessel, the fine brass band of the ship playing at the same time the National Anthem.

TAHITI.

Skirmish between the French and Natives.

The Favourite, South Sea whaler, brings 14 days later from Tahiti. A skirmish had taken place between the French and the Natives. By means of a telegraphic communication, which the French have already established in the island, orders were conveyed a day or two before the Favourite left, to one of the French steam frigates then lying in the Bay of Papeete, to embark troops and proceed to Tairapu, 40 miles distant, and situated at the other side of the island of Tahiti. At the time of starting she had 150 soldiers on board. The order is supposed to have been caused by an outbreak the particulars of which as far could be gained, are as follows:—

A number of the natives, who now live in encampments up the mountains, since they have been expelled the town, were seated taking a quiet meal, when some Frenchmen came upon the party, consisting of two chiefs, and their wives, and seized hold of the women, who they attempted to drag on board their boat, then lying moored on the beach a short distance off. The chief resisted this aggression, and was immediately shot. A third chief then rose up and exclaimed, "What are we dogs, that we are treated thus? We are a quiet people, and wish for peace but you will not let us have it." Whereupon the French fired at him, but, missing their aim, he gave the signal to the natives for an onset. At the first charge 15 Frenchmen were either killed or wounded, and a second attack almost immediately taken place, between 30 and 40 more of their number were killed and disabled by the Tahitians. Soon after this transaction had taken place, it was reported that many of the French had deserted, saying they had only been brought out to be shot at. The men generally, do not seem at all contented, for they appear half starved, and are badly clothed. The regulation that no one is to be allowed out after eight o'clock at night, is strictly enforced against the natives and foreigners, but the French themselves seem to pay little or no attention to this order.

Just as the Favourite was getting underweigh, the crew saw the steam frigate return from Tairapu, but the wind being favourable for their passage, and they being delayed a long time, they did not put back to learn whether any more fighting had taken place. When the Favourite left, a French whaler, commanded by an American, had been detained 12 days at Tahiti, and was still there waiting for despatches for the French Government. The Favourite brought despatches to the Government at home. She had a very quick passage.

HURRICANE AT SEA.

Frightful Sacrifice of Life and Property.

Information has been received at Lloyds's and the various maritime insurance offices in the City of a dreadful hurricane having visited the different ports on Saturday and Sunday which was attended with a frightful sacrifice of human life, as well as a great loss of property. At Tempy it commenced blowing fearfully from one o'clock in the morning from the south east. About five o'clock, A. M. the Richard, captain Cook, of Sunderland, from Cardiff, for the port of London, was driven, from her anchors, whilst riding in the Caldys Roads. After beating about some time, in a sinking state she was driven upon the South Tenby Sand. The preventive men, as well as a great number of the inhabitants, rendered all the assistance in their power, and were instrumental in saving three of the crew. The captain, William Cooke, however was drowned, and also three of the crew. Their names

are William Watts, mate; Report Clasher, cook; and James Tayte, seaman. The vessel went to pieces soon after she struck, and it has become a complete wreck. A fishing smack, called the Four Brothers, during the gale lost two hands. The Jane (another smack) was driven on shore on the Penduce Sands, and it is feared will become a wreck. The yacht Rose, belonging to Mr. Rober of the same port, drifted ashore, and has become a wreck. Fortunately all on board were saved. At Torbay it blew so tremendously, that the Brunswick steamer, Captain Russell, from Southampton for Plymouth, was obliged to land her passengers, she not being at Torbay, on account of the hurricane. The Perie, Captain Hodson, from Denmark, for New York, was obliged to resort to the same expedient. At Teignmouth the gale was equally severe. About ten o'clock on Saturday morning, a steamer was observed standing in form the sea; her figure head was carried away, and so was her bowsprit; whether or not she had received any greater damage could not be learned. At Llanelly, the Friends, a fine vessel, belonging to Mr. Combe, was totally lost on the Ceyfen Sands, in Carmarthen Bay. The captain, his wife, and the whole of the crew were drowned. The ship's papers were packed up at a subsequent hour near the harbour of Pembry. The body of a female, supposed to be that of the captain's wife, was also picked up near the same place, as well as a great deal of the wreck. None of the other bodies have been found. The Briton steam-tug parted from her moorings, and sank near the harbour. The weather is stated as having been terrific, the wind varying to all parts of the compass, and blowing a tremendous gale. The Triton, Captain Wilcocks master, whilst on her voyage to Swansea, was struck with such violence by the waves that she became a total wreck. Her cargo (copper ore) and three of the crew were lost. About the same time the Julia, Captain How, from Bridgewater, for Dublin, became a wreck. The crew all effected their escape, except one, and he was drowned. The Mary, Captain Banton, from Chepstow, for Swansea, and the Margaret, Captain Thomas, from Rotterdam, for Bristol are both wrecked, the latter near the Homes, and the former close to the Worm's Head. The crews of both these vessels were fortunately saved. During the night of the gale, the Thetis, Captain Lucas, from Cardiff, for Rotterdam, whilst at her moorings in Oxwich bay, port Llanmadock, sank in two fathoms of water. Several vessels which have been driven ashore at Worm's Head have since gone to pieces. The gale was felt equally severe at Havre. The Unique, a French lugger, in attempting to reach the harbour, was driven about for some time, and at last was forced upon the shoals about a mile from the pier, and became a wreck. A man and a boy were drowned. About the same time a French schooner named the Estafette, was also driven upon the shoals, and is feared will become a wreck. At Davenport three fishing boats are supposed to have lost the whole of their crews. Two of them were washed ashore at Witsand, and as yet nothing with certainty is known of the fishermen. The effects of the gale in the Bristol Channel were much more serious than was anticipated. The Ratcliff, Captain Bawick, from Quebec, passed along the road for Gloucester, on Sunday with decks swept, and loss of long boat. The Achilles from the port of Toganrog, for Gloucester, lost her bulwarks and life boat, and had her sails torn to pieces. The Nancy Brown, from Cork, and the Gambia, from Kinsale, were driven about for a considerable period and lost a great part of their cargoes (pigs) in the storm. As Oxwich bay four vessels were driven upon the shore, and were wrecked. The fate of the crews is not yet known.

At Penzance the storm raged for several hours, during which the waves ascended many feet, completely sweeping the decks of the vessels. Whilst the gale was at its height, a fine vessel named the Whim, belonging to the port of Ipswich,

and commanded by Captain Thomas, was overtaken, and beaten about for some time. At length, however, the vessel became a complete wreck, and every soul on board perished. This took place at Kynace, near the Lizard. For several weeks past the most boisterous weather prevailed at Riga, accompanied with continual heavy rains. A dreadful storm set in on the 24th ult from the south east. Such was its force that a great number of timber rafts lying above the town were broke from their moorings, and were hurled against the floating bridge, tearing part of it away, leaving only the centre standing.

Several vessels were torn from their anchors, and lost their lifeboats, anchors, chains, and bowsprits. Six lighters, with their cargoes (linsed), were sunk, and a great portion of their crews drowned. Upwards of 40,000 timber lengths were carried out to sea.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

This great festival was celebrated on Tuesday, in a manner honourable alike to Scotchmen and to Scotland. It must have been a proud day for the sons of Burns to have such a welcome to their father's birth-place. The first idea of this festival was suggested by an entertainment given, in September last, to Mr. Mainzer, the originator of a popular system of teaching music. The visit of Col. Burns, the second son of the poet, to Ayrshire, after an absence of nearly 30 years in India, prompted the feeling that some mark of respect should be paid him while sojourning in the land of his father; and it was agreed that the three sons of Burns, all of whom were then in the country, should be invited to an entertainment of welcome on the ground rendered classic by their father's muse. The pavilion is erected in a field of some twenty acres, beautifully situated on the banks of the Doon. Distant only a few yards from the monument erected to the memory of Burns, in the sloping vale immediately below the cottage of his birth, it had the additional charm of being in the centre of the scene of his unrivalled poem of "Tam O'Shanter, and within view of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." With the poet, therefore we may exclaim—

"Here by the Doon, his dearest stream,
They rally at his darling name;
'Twas here the haunted dells first heard
The kindling rapture of the bard,
Till deeper peal'd the entrancing sound,
Delighting earth's remotest bound,
And Colia's undisputed claim
For Scotia's bard, was Shakespeare's fame."

The pavilion measures 110 by 120 feet nearly a perfect square. It has two roofs, the centre one rising proportionably higher than the other, and surmounted with flags waving in the wind, presents a picturesque and imposing effect. The roof is covered with waterproof felt, and the building inside is lined with white cloth, variegated with crimson; and white wreaths of flowers tastefully adorn the walls and the seats of the chairman and croupier; the centre of the roof is wrought in imitation of the sun dispensing his rays over the expansive area beneath. The tables and seats are arranged parallelograms, from the head to the foot of the apartment, rising with a gentle inclination from the middle on both sides. The company seated as in a church, have a full view of the chairman and croupier. A splendid Gothic arch spans the parapets of the "Auld Brig," with a painting of Tam O'Shanter, well mounted on his "noble Maggie," at the critical moment of his gaining the key-stone of the arch, when

"Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail!"
Another arch of evergreens and flowers marks the cottage of the poet's birth, where
"The gossip Reekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin!"

For several days prior to the fete all the inns and lodging houses in Ayr were bespoken, and never did that town, celebrated as the residence of "honest men and bony lasses," exhibit such a gay and