



# Newfoundlander.

No. 23.

WEDNESDAY, December 26, 1827.

Sixpence.

**On Sale.**

**B. STEARS,**  
Baker,

**B**EGBS leave to inform the Public that he will Bake Flour, at his Bakery, in *Water-street*, opposite Messrs. HENDERSON, BLAND & Co.'s, according to the *Hamburgh* system, or any other method that may be agreed on.

Single barrel of fine Flour . . . . 8s. and the barrel,  
Coarse ditto . . . . . 7s. and ditto,  
From 5 to 20 barrels . . . . . 6s. 3d. and ditto,  
From 20 to 100, or upwards . . . 5s. 6d. and ditto,  
Provided the barrels are of hard wood.

R. S. keeps constantly on hand, Loaf Bread, Pilot ditto, Fine and Coarse Biscuit, Crackers, and a good assortment of Cakes, &c., which are baked at the shortest notice.

Also,

**ON HAND,**

A quantity of seasoned Oak Fish Drums, and empty Flour Barrels.

November 28, 1827.

**Exportation Rum.**

**A** Small Cargo of high-proof, fine flavoured RUM, now afloat for Exportation, and for Sale by

**JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.**

WHO HAVE RECEIVED,  
From New-York,

(Transhipped to the *Heroine*, at Liverpool)

A SMALL CONSIGNMENT OF  
**Prime PORK.**

Also, in Store,

10 Pipes Old Teneriffe WINE,  
A few Hogsheads fine Barbadoes SUGARS,  
MOLASSES,  
FLOUR,  
BREAD, &c. &c.

October 31, 1827.

**BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS**  
HAS JUST RECEIVED,

Per Brigantine *Rover*, from Demerary,

**106 PUNCHEONS** Rum—of which 50 are for Exportation,  
83 Puncheons Molasses.

October 31, 1827.

**Notice.**

*Desirable conveyance to and from Harbour Grace*



**T**HE Public are respectfully informed, that the *Express Packet* has undergone some alteration for the comfort of Passengers, and will continue to ply between **HARBOUR GRACE** and **PORTUGAL COVE**, daily—leaving the former place every *Monday, Wednesday, and Friday*, at 9 o'clock; and **PORTUGAL COVE** each succeeding day, at noon: Sundays, and cases of bad weather, only excepted.

Cabin Passengers . . . . . 10s.  
Steerage Ditto . . . . . 5s.  
Single Letters . . . . . 6d.  
Double Ditto and Parcels in proportion.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers will be particularly attended to.

The Proprietors of the said Packet will not be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

**JAMES CLIFT**, Agent, *St. John's*,  
**P. ROGERSON**, Agent, *Harbour Grace*.

**Notices.**

**A**LL Persons having Claims on the Estate of the late **WILLIAM WARNER**, Surgeon, Esq., deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned **HENRY HAWSON**; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said **H. HAWSON**.

**MARIA WARNER,**  
**HENRY HAWSON,**

Administrators to the  
Estate of the late  
*William Warner.*

December 12, 1827.

**TUITION.**

**HENRY SIMMS,**

*Master of the Orphan Asylum School.*

**M**OST respectfully begs leave to inform those young Men who may be inclined to Study some of the Useful Sciences, that he will attend to their instruction at his Lodgings, from 8 to 10 o'clock, every evening during the Winter.

H. S. will also attend the Children of any respectable Family, from 5 to 7 o'clock, at their house.

December 12, 1827.

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

December 12, 1827.

**A**LL Persons having legal demands against **EDWARD CAHILL**, of the Parish of *Grange*, in the County Carlow, (Ireland) but late of *Torbay*, (Newfoundland) farmer, deceased, are requested to present their Accounts, duly attested, to the Subscriber, without delay; and those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

**PETER DOYLE,**  
Administrator to the Estate of the  
late *Edward Cahill.*

*Torbay*, 11th December, 1827.

**W**E, Medical Practitioners, beg to inform the Inhabitants of *St. John's*, that the **SMALL-POX** has made its appearance, and we solicit and exhort all those who are not secure from previous Small-pox or Cow-pox; immediately to get **VACCINATED**, as the best means of arresting the progress of that loathsome and fatal disease.—We shall have much pleasure in Vaccinating the Poor *gratuitously*.

**WILLIAM CARSON,**  
**JOHN WALSH,**  
**JOSEPH SHEA,**  
**JOHN BUNTING.**

December 3, 1827.

**On Sale.**

**ROBINSON AND BROOKING**  
HAVE JUST IMPORTED,

Per the *Mary*, WILLS, from Oporto,

AND  
OFFER FOR SALE,

**17 HOGSHEADS** choice Port Wine,  
26 Quarter-casks ditto,  
27 Three-Armade Casks ditto,  
30 Two ditto ditto,  
50 One ditto ditto,  
10 Cases (each 3 dozen bottles) ditto,  
28 Ditto (each 2 dozen bottles) ditto,  
28 Ditto (each 1 dozen bottles) ditto.

November 14, 1827.

**A**n excellent **BILLIARD TABLE** for Sale—Apply to

**JOHN LONG.**

November 21, 1827.

**DINNER TO MR. PATRICK SPENCE.**

(From the *Liverpool Chronicle*, September 22.)

On Tuesday last, pursuant to public advertisement, a number of "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty," met together at Mr. Gribbin's house, in *Mersey-street*, to evince their respect for the talents and independence of the humble individual whose name appears at the head of this report.

It can hardly be necessary to remind our readers that the name in question was that of a soldier of the 49th regiment, who distinguished himself sometime since by a speech in defence of the Catholic religion and priesthood, against some aspersions cast upon them by certain Reverend Itinerant Solicitors of Subscriptions for the *Hibernian Bible Society*, at a meeting held in our *Musie Hall*. That speech having drawn down upon the speaker the pointed animadversion and reproof of his military superiors, a number of admirers of manly independence, fearing lest it should operate to his permanent discomfort in the army, exerted themselves to procure his discharge from the service, in which they have at length succeeded, and the festivity of Tuesday was intended to afford them the opportunity of publicly meeting and congratulating him upon the event.

At six o'clock a most respectable company of about forty persons, chiefly Catholic, sat down to an excellent dinner—*Dr. Collins* in the Chair.

After the cloth had been removed, the following toasts were given:—

The King—may he remember that he is King of Ireland as well as of England. Air—"God save the King."

The people—the source of all legitimate power. Air—"The meeting of the Waters."

Ireland—as she ought to be. Air—"Erin go Bragh."

Civil and religious liberty—all over the world.

Mr. Patrick Spence—and may the enemies of civil and religious liberty, always experience such opponents. Air—"Sprig of Sholeagh."

Mr. SPENCE then rose and said, the very flattering encomiums so lavishly bestowed by their talented and worthy chairman, upon so humble an individual as he was, stimulated him to return thanks and emboldened his inability.—(Cheers.) When he considered his own insufficiency and the worth of those around him, when he pondered on those spontaneous emanations of generous affections, and beheld the marked effusions of sincere attachment there evinced to so poor an object, such undeserved kindness overpowered his feelings. This public regard nearly overwhelmed in silent astonishment his grateful heart; but he would burst the bands of tacit love, and give vent to the dictates of an affectionate spirit,—he would proclaim in the warm language of grateful panegyric this testimonial of public esteem,—this tribute of national ardour and Catholic sincerity.—(Applause.) He would condemn the sabre of religious fury, and fearlessly bid defiance to proscriptive laws. The chains of despotic slavery had no terrors for him; nor did the hated laws which forced his ancestors into exile inspire him with dread. Would to heaven that his blood was mixed with theirs! or that the sanguinary edicts of the infamous Harry, and the more than cruel Bess, which deprived him of his rights and dashed him from the pinnacle of lofty expectations, had long since completed their nefarious purpose, by having accelerated his dissolution and consigned him to an early grave. But, he was reserved to be a child of affliction and a son of sorrow; he was destined to drink the chalice of acerbity, and fettered with the manacles of religious persecution, to eat the bread of affliction, and, in the dungeons of intolerance, shed tears of bitter woe. But the enthusiastic ardour displayed that night, more than compensated for his sorrows; cheered his drooping spirits; illumed the darksome paths of his youthful aberrations with the sunshine of patriotic love; and dispelled the condensed vapour of phrenzied bigotry, poured forth against the most undeserving child of a persecuted creed.—(Much applause.) The restless sons of error and infidelity were like the troubled waves of an agitated sea, assailing the shores of truth with the convulsive foam of misguided fury, occasioned by the jarring elements of intestine discord. If they were sincere in their professions; if they were disinterested in their protestations; if they bore not false witness against their neighbours, he would give them credit for sincerity and pity their delusion. But, when he saw a formidable league of designing fanatics; of grovelling bigots and rank hypocrites, concentrating their united energies to asperse his country and defame his creed; when he beheld wolves in the clothing of sheep assail the fold of

Christ, 'twas time to light the torch of reason, and disperse the prowling and carnivorous gang. — (*Applause.*) 'Twas time that the sons of torpor and children of tepidity should cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light, and oppose the breast-plate of true faith against those new-raised levies, — those miserable religious conscripts, — when an Ebenezer Carfile joined the confederacy and assimilated his theological prowess with the pillars of the church. 'Twas time for a private soldier to wield the sword of the spirit and smite the host of Phisistia; 'twas time to protect Jerusalem, when Assyrian hordes encamped before it, and invested the city of heaven's choice; 'twas time to act upon the defensive, when the army of Amalek commenced hostilities. Yes; the sunbeams of truth shone in all their meridian splendour, while the discomfited host retreated to Manchester, to recruit their broken energies. Can Christian compassion pervade their souls? If they really pitied the spiritual blindness of "the illiterate Irish," as they were pleased to designate his countrymen, why not relieve their temporal wants? why not imitate the good Samaritan by healing their wounds? why use galling provocations instead of Christian consolation? why engender the germ of discord instead of inculcating paternal love? why light the torch of religious phrenzy, instead of extinguishing the flames kindled by religious madness with the cooling waters of Christian charity? why sound the tocsin of polemical war, instead of proclaiming "peace to men of good will?" Hero-like, they destroy the children of Rachael, and, with unblushing slander, wound the fair mourner herself, — (*applause*) — fearing their temporal splendour would fall to the ground before her voluntary poverty, simplicity, and disinterestedness. Those trumpet-tongued Pharisees can quote "blessed are the poor in spirit," — but the widow's pig must liquidate her tithe-debt, and the Popish cottager's potatoes must feed the swine of the Act of Parliament pastors. He should not wonder if they ran into the sea, like the swine recorded in the gospel, for, if Satan's compeer does not dwell in them, the devil of avarice does! They deplored the mental darkness, they felt for the spiritual delusion of the Irish! Those spiritual oculists wished to remove the film of Popery from the eyes of Catholics; but they blinded so many by their unskilfulness and bad optical instruments, that these preferred wearing Romish spectacles to being left in total darkness! They had pilots deputed by Jehovah, whose credentials came through the channels of sacerdotal legality, and were registered in the courts above; who were sent of God as Moses and Aaron were. Bigots might assail that ornament of the prelacy — Bishop Doyle — but they could not taunt him with "Nag's-head nor Pony-foot consecration." At the levee at Bethlehem, the priests of the Catholics received their installation, and from the tragedy of Calvary they dated their commission; — their chartered rights were of divine origin; the descent of fiery tongues fulfilled the divine promise, and the blood of Emanuel sealed the compact. The Catholics required not the rich and luxurious ministers of other churches to imitate their stable-born master; but they wished them to chase the tears of sorrow from the cheeks of affliction, and hush the wailings of orphans to repose, by collecting tithes with a sparing hand and a Christian heart. Let them not wrest from the children of affliction their scanty support, and with the venom of asps endeavour to rob them of their religion; let them cease to describe the bravest peasantry in the world as a barbarous and benighted race! But wo! unto the Scribes and Pharisees! Why do they not part with a portion of their darling treasures to accomplish their object? Why appeal to a British public and solicit aid from a generous, unsuspecting, but too credulous people, to illumine the darkened minds of superstitious Irishmen? Religio-phobia is a sure malady by which to pocket money; but the history of Ireland is becoming too generally known for the traffickers in slander. Her wrongs have excited sympathy in British bosoms. They curse the blind and baneful policy which humbled Ireland, and has brought England low. They search the scriptures, but read no account of Peter in a golden chariot, or Paul with a splendid retinue; they never resorted to coercive measures to propagate the Christian faith, nor to base practices and insidious artifices, to make converts. They raised the structure of Christian morality on the ruins of heathen licentiousness, by preaching "Jesus and him crucified." They planted the fabric of Christian perfection on the ruins of idolatry, by poverty and meekness of spirit, in the midst of perils and persecutions, hardships and privations. Humility, meekness, and Christian perseverance were the signatures of their mission. They proved, by incontestible miracles, that they were divinely commissioned; they gave no bribes, nor held out allurements to gain proselytes to their dogmas. Their creed was not supported by pillars of legislative enactments, nor was it by means of proscriptive laws that the Roman eagle bowed before the cross. Government grants were not lavished among old women and artful hypocrites, to carry on the work of reformation. Instead of bibles and petticoats, they gave Christian instruction; in place of food and raiment, they preached penance and mortification. Paul himself laboured not to be burdensome to the faithful. No rough rude troopers, nor scarlet-appeared grenadiers, were seen enforcing the payment of spiritual exactions. The one-horned goat and the aged black sow were not led captive by a ruffianly police to satisfy the cravings of clerical rapacity, while the fiery preacher, but well-paid enthusiast, denounced the proprietors as idolatrous papists and damnable Catholics. Oh, precious specimens of Christian kindness! Loud as the wild surge dashes its foam on the shore of my ill-fated country, let her wrongs be proclaimed and her afflictions published. Let those education establishments, those pervert-making depots, those proselyting committees be anathematised, by the voices of a too long duped

people. Let their hidden deformity be unmasked, and those pretended zealots stripped of their hypocritical covering; and Simon Magus would as soon raise a subscription, as an enlightened public once undecieved would contribute their donations. Will the Catholic aristocracy be passive spectators? Will they see the mistress of nations, the mother of churches assailed with blasphemies and derisions, calumnies and misrepresentations, without confederating to silence hell-hatched falsehoods, and dispel the vapours of obloquy, which fanatical zeal has collected around her? Will they behold a venal press teeming with hireling vituperations and maddened scribblers pouring the angry ebullitions of mistaken zeal, and not rebut their foul and unwarrantable allegations? Will they behold frantic enthusiasts roaming about like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour, and not protect the green pastures of Catholicity? Will they behold a motley group of jarring and contradictory fanatics leagued against Catholicity? Gropers, Mopers, and Interlopers are arrayed against us; Glaziers, Braziers, and Ebenezers have unfurled the flag of defiance, and sounded the tocsin of a religious crusade. Their ammunition was stolen from our magazines; their warlike stores were purloined from our arsenals. We will meet their maddened legions with veteran soldiers, and face their revolutionary leaders with Generals grown grey in triumphs. Our controversial heroes will charge, with damning facts and irrefragable proofs, the camp of proselyting itinerants; and the pomp and pageantry of crusading Xerxes will become the spoils of Catholic Alexanders. Has not Ireland suffered severely from the stern hand of oppression, without hireling and wandering defamers adding to her sorrows? Accumulated misfortunes, indescribable evils, appalling catastrophes, rigid and oppressive enactments have humbled her in the dust, and caused universal ruin to overspread the land. Ireland, once the seat of literature, the field for erudition, the theatre of fame; Ireland, whose lettered sons, dreading no perils, anticipating no dangers, fearless of death, made savage nations tamed as lambs by the diffusion of Christian knowledge; thereby fulfilling the prediction of the prophet — that the lamb will lie down with the lion, and the sheep with the wolf. Yet, that land of hospitality, those children of benevolence and philanthropy, are stigmatised by hired traducers, by well-paid calumniators, as barbarous and uncivilised, shameless and malignant matricides, execrable Neros, lacerating the womb which gave them birth. Yes, the vile hireling, who would renew the conflagration of Rome by the torch of religious phrensy, his head ought to decorate a gibbet, execrated by mankind. It was a melancholy fact that the enemies of his country's peace — emissaries of discord — had been frequently let loose upon Ireland, and the fruits of their diabolical mission had been written in characters of blood. Yes, the green fields of that much-wronged and mistreated country, have been often stained with the blood of the infuriated dupes of designing villains, whose hell-conceived schemes are frequently planned to delude the unwary and credulous Irish peasantry into open violation of the laws. Their oppressed and wretched condition is but too frequently taken advantage of, to stimulate them to acts of aggression. But heaven only knows what fatal catastrophe may terminate the career of such a cruel, injudicious, and unchristian policy, — a policy which let loose a licentious soldiery, hosts of hired mercenaries, to deflower her virgins and violate her matrons, and, maddened by oppression, made numbers of misled Irishmen draw courage from despair. No spirit of disaffection, no propensity to turbulence, or revolutionary disposition incited them to tumult; but, bowed down by ill-treatment, surrounded with woes, a prey to misfortunes, and goaded to resistance, they sought for death in retaliation against their oppressors. If heaven-favoured England smarted under such galling laws and oppressive enactments, if their sweat and toil produced no hing for them but thorns and briars; if insurrection acts and military law made life a burthen, and robbed aged parents of the props and solace of their old age; if the virtuous daughters of inviolate attachment beheld the husband of to-day torn from them on the morrow, to expiate in a foreign region the crime of daring to travel after sunset; if they beheld the pastor pouring the balm of Christian consolation upon the ear of the dying penitent and broken-hearted father, and, like Moses on the mount, appeasing heaven's anger; if they beheld at the foot of the gallows weeping wives and disconsolate children bathed in tears, while with quivering lips and hands, and eyes uplifted to heaven, the half-dead culprits solemnly protested their innocence, while the panic-struck crowd reverberate their guiltless protestations: — he spoke not an imaginary tale, there was no exaggeration in the picture; innumerable instances are on record where traffickers in blood and adepts in iniquity, encouraged by promise of pardon or allured by hopes of reward, had stained the gibbet with guiltless blood; if the free-born sons of Britain could patiently bear such a galling yoke, and remain quiet spectators of such nefarious deeds and diabolical proceedings, let Irishmen be branded as rebellious, and let cold-blooded slaves and religious maniacs brand them as revolutionists and idolaters. 'Twas true the words of the poet had been but too often verified:

"Within this land was many a malcontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
This soil fell many a wringing despot saw,  
Who worked his wantonness in forms of law."

Let the impartial records of Ireland be opened, and it would be seen where the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, and how meekly that oppressed and heart-broken nation bore the rod of undeserved chastisement from the hands of cruel masters, for her strict attachment to the faith which Patrick planted. She was degraded, stigmatised, oppressed, and persecuted as

the outcast of nations, unworthy of protection; treaties were violated, solemn engagements broken and despised, her priests hunted like beasts of prey, her virgin ministers persecuted, her nobles disinherited, and her dairy-clad valleys and the shamrock fields of her ancestors bestowed upon needy adventurers, given to cruel strangers, occupied by enemies, while the lords of the soil, the genuine proprietors, were driven, like the barbarous nations which Israel subdued, to seek new possessions. "To Hell or Connaught," was the order of the day, and the motto of her enemies. Banishment, imprisonment, confiscation, and chastisement were employed to evangelize Ireland. Children were encouraged to disinheritor their parents; husbands were taught to disregard the ties of marriage; spies, informers, and venal scribblers were rewarded; while weeping Ireland, afflicted, and, as if by heaven forgotten, became the hapless victim of despotic rule and relentless prejudice. The channels through which education flowed were closed by rigid laws; Rachael was heard weeping for her slaughtered innocents, and a voice in Rama cried to heaven for vengeance. The standard of the cross was looked upon as an emblem of treason, and the Roman Pontiff denounced as the Antichrist foretold by Daniel. Still the country bowed not the knee to Baal; — "Lovely, fertile, but persecuted Ireland! no pestilential vapours float upon the breezes by which she is refreshed; no putrid exhalations arise from her streams and rivulets; no venomous reptiles bask upon the daisy-clad hills, nor crawl along the fertile valleys. May the days of her degradation and misrule soon be ended, and her once-famed Tara blossom with the olive of peace! Accept, in the effervescence of my grateful heart, the thanks of your unworthy and humble guest." (*Great applause.*) He concluded by proposing:

The health of our respected and talented chairman, Dr. Collins — we most warmly congratulate him upon the happy escape of his venerable burthen from the attempted assassination of a machine priest.

Dr. COLLINS briefly returned thanks.

During the evening the following toasts were drunk: —

- The liberty of the Press.
- The Rev. Mr. Lyons, and the Catholic Clergy.
- The Bishop of Norwich, The Rev. S. Dudley Smith, and our other liberal Protestant brethren. — This toast was drunk with nine times nine, and long continued cheering (*and applause.*)
- Mr. John Lawless — and the forty shilling freeholders.
- Major Bingham — and the liberal and resident landlords of Ireland.
- Messrs. O'Connell, Shiel, and the other members of the Catholic body — unity, union, temperance, and perseverance ever characterize their proceedings.
- The friends of liberal and unrestricted education — the Liverpool Benevolent Society of St. Patrick.
- The members of the committee of arrangement.
- The town and trade of Liverpool.

The Chairman left the chair about eleven o'clock; but many of the party remained to prolong their hilarity to a more protracted period of the night.

Selections.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND EAST-INDIA DIRECTORS. — The Court of Directors of the East India Company have come to a resolution to place their Marine (or naval) establishment in India on a more equitable and respectable footing, by obtaining a brevet rank for their officers, which may entitle them to command according to their seniority, when serving with King's ships, in the same manner as their land-forces do when acting with the Royal Army. For this purpose a Post Captain of the Royal Navy is to be selected as the head or commodore of their naval force, with the view to recommend officers for promotion, and to regulate that service upon the same principles and footing that exist in the navy of Great Britain. His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral has, it is said, declared his generous and disinterested intention not to interfere in the nomination of an officer for this command, which is left to the Court of Directors, as the Royal Duke thinks "it would be unhandisome, and might be injurious in his Royal Highness to meddle with the patronage which belongs to that court." — *Times.*

LORD MAYOR'S COURT, Sept. 11.  
WYFELL vs. MACKENZIE. — This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover the sum of £319, 14s. 3d., lodged by the defendant in Courts's bank, the defendant owing the plaintiff more than that sum. The action was brought by notice of a very ancient custom, which obtains in London (and in that city alone). If a debt be contracted in the city, and the debtor leave the jurisdiction of this court, the creditor may attach any money or goods belonging to him which he can discover within the city. If he recovers before the money is paid, he must give security to the court, that if the defendant dispute the matter within a year and a day, he (the plaintiff) shall answer such suit. But the bank of Messrs. Courts, where Mackenzie had lodged the above sum, being without the city, notice of this action was served upon one of the partners when in the city transacting business; and the Recorder ruled, after hearing the arguments of Messrs. Bolland and Law on either side, that this service within the city brought the case under the jurisdiction of the court.

Mr. Wilkinson, a clerk in Courts's bank, said the defendant had lodged in the bank the sum of £319, 14s. 3d.; and the jury, under the direction of the Recorder, found a verdict for the plaintiff, to that amount.

OLIVER THE SPY. — When Oliver arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, he waited on Sir Rufane Donkin, who then administered the Government of the Colony, with his credentials. Sir Rufane, who had

been privately informed who he was, received him with a stern look, and asked his name. He answered "Jones." "Are you sure, Sir," exclaimed Sir Rufane, "that your name is Jones—is it not Oliver? But no matter. Earl Bathurst's instructions shall be strictly fulfilled, only never let me see your face in the Government-House again." The secret, however, was kept till the arrival of the great emigration in 1820, when he was at once recognized by numbers, and his story spread like wild-fire through the colony, and ever after kept him in misery. He had before been a frequent guest at the hospitable table of Mr. Collison, where he met many persons of respectability. The morning after his story became known, he came to breakfast. Mr. Collison thus addressed him:—"Do not seat yourself, Sir, till you have answered a question I have to put to you. I am informed that you are the notorious Oliver the Spy. If you are calumniated, and not that individual, here is a written denial of the assertion, which you will have the goodness to attest with your own signature, and I will vindicate you from the slander; but if you cannot conscientiously sign this paper, you must instantly quit my house, and never dare set your foot in it again." It is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Oliver departed without his breakfast. He appears to have been constantly haunted by the recollection of his crimes; he never slept in a bed, but reposed all night in an arm-chair. Dr. Roberts having occasion to call on him, was shewn into a parlour, and seeing a book on the table, took it up, when, to his utter astonishment, it proved to be the Trial of Brandreth, Ludlam, &c. for High Treason. The woman who lived with him was a terragant of the first order, and constantly reproached him with his crimes; and it is said, that his dread of the discoveries she had it in her power to make, was the only bond which held them together. This was the life of Oliver the Spy.

PASSAGE OF THE VESSEL OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

Extract of a letter to the Printers of the Albany Daily Advertiser, dated Buffalo, Sept. 9:—

"I would have written yesterday some few lines on the subject of the 'condemned ship,' but it was utterly impossible. The public-houses at the Falls were so thronged, that almost every inch of the floor was occupied as comfortable sleeping apartments. My companions and myself slept upon three straws for a bed, and had a feather turned edgewise for a pillow. At about 2 o'clock, p. m., the word was given 'she comes! she comes!' and in about half an hour she struck the first rapid, heeled very much, and lost her masts and spars, which caused her again to right. Imagine to yourself a human being on a moment to the beholders to be her last; but as I observed before, on her masts giving way, she again righted, and was turned sideways, in which course she proceeded to the second rapid, where she struck, and stuck about a minute, and it seemed as though the elements made their last and desperate effort to drive her over this rapid. She was thrown completely on her side, filled, and again righted, and proceeded on her course. Here let me remark, there were two bears, a buffalo, a dog, and several other animals on board. The bears now left the wreck, and laid their course for shore, where they were caught, and brought up to Mr. Brown's hotel, and sold for five dollars a piece. The buffalo likewise left the schooner, but laid his course down the falls, and was precipitated over them, and was killed, as is said, by a spar falling across his back; and as for the other animals, it is not known what became of them.

The vessel, after going over the second rapid, was turned stern foremost, in which way she was precipitated over the mighty falls, and when about half way over, her keel broke, and in a few seconds she was torn to fragments. There were probably from thirty to fifty thousand spectators who witnessed this novel and imposing spectacle."

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) December 26, 1827

Murphy and John Keen were brought up for trial, upon the charge of having scuttled and sunk the Schooner *Newton*, at Fermuse, in September last, upon her voyage hence to Manchester, (N.S.). The trial lasted until nearly 10 o'clock at night, when the Jury, after having retired about half an hour, returned a verdict—"Not Guilty."

In the Supreme Court, on Saturday last, their Lordships gave judgment in the case of *DUNSCOMB vs. BECK*.—This was a case which had excited considerable interest in the public mind, and merited the grave consideration which their Lordships appeared to have given it, having deferred their judgment until the last day of the term. It was an action taken to recover a certain sum for Rent of premises, demanded in Sterling money. Upon the part of the defendant it was contended, that the agreement having taken place at a time when the Spanish dollar was considered to be worth 5s. Sterling—and the plaintiff having, up to this year, received them in payment of rent at that rate,—he was bound to do so on the present occasion.—The Court, after having cited a number of authorities bearing upon the point,

at issue, decided—That when the terms of payment in a Lease were expressed in the words "lawful money of Great Britain," Spanish dollars, at 5s. each, were not a legal tender;—and concluded by giving judgment for the Plaintiff, for the amount of rent due, payable in dollars at 4s. 4d. each.

Vessels to sail in the course of this week:—Brig *Susanna*, Captain NOTT, for Liverpool, to-morrow; Brig *Calypso*, Captain HUTCHISON, for Liverpool, on Friday; Schooner *Ellen*, Captain COSTER, for Waterford, on Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

On Friday last, in the *Norval*, for Cork, Mr. BLACK, Mr. M'BRIDE, and Mr. THOMPSON.

Same day, in the *Hannah*, for Dartmouth, Mr. JENNINGS, Mr. B. WILLIAMS, and Mr. FRITH.—In the *Swallow*, for Cork, Mr. R. BROWN, Jun.

On Sunday, in the *Carnation*, for Lisbon, Mr. BLAND.

Yesterday, in the *Mary*, for Bristol, Mr. COCK, Mr. W. LANGLY, Mr. JORDAN, Mr. SMITH, and Mr. CONWAY.

Shipping Intelligence. CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

ENTERED.

December 24—Schooner Robert, Spratt, P. E. Island; 2000 bushels potatoes.

CLEARED.

December 19—Brig *Swallow*, Grills, Oporto; 3204 qtls. fish. Brig *Hannah*, Marton, Dartmouth; 3741 qtls. fish, berries, &c. 20—Brig *Apollo*, Agre, Bristol; 18348 gallons oil, 145 ox hides, fish, tongues. Brig *Hazard*, Revely, Liverpool; 13861 gallons oil, 1459 qtls. fish, 43 casks caplin, herrings, sounds, &c. Brig *Carnation*, Seitor, Lisbon; 2500 qtls. fish, 450 gallons oil. 22—Fri. *Brackton*, Harvey, Oporto; 2720 qtls. fish. 24—Brig *Mary*, Bickford, Bristol; 120 tons oil and blubber, 905 sea skins. Brig *Sarah*, A. S. H., Liverpool; 104 tons, 35 gallons oil, 148 seal skins, 95 lbs. Brig *Hope*, Ford, Oporto; 2600 qtls. fish.

Died on Monday evening last, JAMES, the infant son of Mr. JAMES WEST, aged 6 years. His death was occasioned by his clothes having caught fire, about a week ago; while alone in a room, and before assistance could be rendered, burnt him in so dreadful a manner that, up to the hour of his death, he suffered excruciating torture.—His funeral will take place to-morrow (Thursday) between 11 and 12 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintances of the family are requested to attend.

Notices.

Government Bills.

SEALED Tenders, in triplicate, addressed to the Subscriber, and marked "Tenders for Bills," will be received at this Office for BILLS OF EXCHANGE on the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to the amount of 2000l., until WEDNESDAY, the 26th instant, at noon.

N. B. The tenders are to express, besides the amount in Sterling Money required, the number of Shillings or Pence, British, which they propose to take for each dollar.

GEORGE MANVELL, A. C. G.

Commissariat Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, 18th December, 1827.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE,

St. John's, Newfoundland, 22d December, 1827.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the respective Officers of His Majesty's Ordnance, (marked thereon, "Tenders for Washing Bedding," or "Tenders for Sweeping Chimneys,") will be received at this Office, on FRIDAY the 28th instant, at 12 o'clock, for Contracting to Wash the Barrack Bedding, and Sweeping the Barrack and Chimneys of Public Buildings, for 12 months, from 1st January, to 31st December, 1828.

The Specified Duties and Sums are required, with other information, will be made known, by applying at this Office, any day, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

JOHN TEBBINGTON, D. S.

NICHOLAS LATOUR

Bees leave to inform his friends and the public, that he intends to re-open his

Banding School

On the first day of January;

And will also teach FENCING and the FRENCH LANGUAGE.

December 26, 1827.

Notice.

THE Assistant Commissary General hereby notifies to the Public, that from and after the 24th instant, he will give BILLS on the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, to such Persons as may require them, in Exchange for British Silver, to any amount, at the rate of 100l. for every 101l. 10s. cash paid into the Military Chest; and for the accommodation of individuals who may actually and bona fide require to make remittances, the Assistant Commissary General will draw Bills for less sums than 100l., if not too small, which however is to be discretionary with himself.

GEORGE MANVELL, A. C. G.

Commissariat Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, 6th December, 1827.

On Sale.

EDWARD MORRIS

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

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

Orders, prescriptions, &c. thankfully received, and made up at the shortest notice.

E. M. hopes, by the strictest attention, care, and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

December 26, 1827.

The fine, new Schooner Messenger;

(Now lying at the wharf of Mr. Patrick Doyle,) Burthen per Register 58 41.91 tons—is full timbered, well found, and in every respect a desirable Vessel for this trade.—For further particulars apply to,

LAURENCE O'BRIEN,

December 26, 1827.

William and Henry Thomas

Offer for Sale.

The fine, fast-sailing Schooner

MORNING STAR,

Burthen per Register 64 Tons. She is only 6 1/2 years old—is full timbered, and in every respect well calculated for a Sealer or Coaster.—She has a Chain Cable and a new Hemp Cable, and is remarkably well found in Sails and Rigging—and may be sent to Sea at a very trifling expense.

Also,

The Cargo of the said Schooner,

Consisting of

22 M. New Brunswick Pine BOARD, 6 M. Ditto ditto Spruce ditto.

N. B.—A Credit for one half the Purchase Money of the Schooner will be given until the 1st May next, on approved security.

December 19, 1827.



Poets' Corner.

TO . . . .

By that hour when first I trembled,  
Lost in doubts, and hopes, and fears,  
As a love so long dissembled  
Spoke its truth to thee in tears,  
And thine own were fast and flowing  
O'er a cheek whose fervid glowing  
Fir'd the kiss thou wert bestowing,  
Think, oh think of me!

By that hour which first enshrin'd us  
In Love's heav'n of breathing bliss,  
Freed from aught that could remind us  
Of a world more bright than this—  
By that hour's extatic pleasure,  
Fram'd of joy that knew no measure,  
Springing from the soul's deep treasure,  
Think, oh think of me!

By those arms so oft have press'd me  
To thy fondly beating heart—  
By that lip whose sweets have bless'd me—  
By that smile which could impart  
More than other joys could waken  
In the breast where hope is taken  
From a heart despair is breaking,  
Think, oh think of me!

By that kiss, the parting token  
Giv'n in passion's fervid faith,  
By that parting word was spoken,  
Utter'd in its life's ring breath,  
By the hopes till then were cherish'd,  
Fondly in our bosoms nourish'd,  
But in that fell moment perish'd,  
Think, oh think of me!

By this strain to thee devoted—  
To thine eye and heart alone,  
Nor by them be lightly noted,  
Ev'n tho' love be past and gone,  
Should thy memory's dreaming move thee  
By that watchful eye above thee,  
As I've lov'd, so still I love thee,  
Dearest, think of me!

CHARACTER OF THE LATE MR. CANNING.

(Said to be from the pen of Mr. Adams, the American President.)

The death of Mr. Canning naturally leads, on both sides of the water, to conjectures on the consequences likely to flow from an event so important. Our impressions, under the first intelligence of it, were, that the system of which he was the centre would also fall; but we have less confidence in those impressions as we reflect upon them, and especially if Lord Goderich should be his successor. We are not amongst those who deem lightly of Lord Goderich. From our observation of his course, though at this distance, and other sources of information, we believe that, if his powers be not absolutely first rate, they place him near to that order of men; not, indeed, as a Parliamentary orator (that great touchstone of the popular and historic fame of a British Statesman, and without which it never gets up to the highest exaltation), but as a clear-headed, diligent, and efficient man of business. In his successive posts of Vice-President and President of the Board of Trade, Treasurer of the Navy, and Chancellor of the Exchequer (the last, beyond comparison, the most trying of any under the British Government, that of Prime Minister excepted), he has evinced these attributes, and has been steadily gaining upon the public confidence and esteem, both as a man of affairs and as a speaker, as the orbit of his duties has increased. His fine education and admirable temper fit him to bring about, by conciliation and address, what the more transcendent and uncompromising abilities of Mr. Canning would carry by main force. But the latter, poising himself upon his own strength, was so ready on the slightest excitement to hurl defiance and scorn into the ranks of his opponents, to launch upon their heads such bursts of vituperation, that a more exasperated resistance to the system, in his hands, might, in the end, have placed it in more peril than may attend it in those of a successor like Lord Goderich; who, however, may be found able enough, with enlightened colleagues, to go on with it. Lord Goderich belongs to the class of statesmen where Lord Liverpool stood, although there are individual differences of character between them. The latter was far from being endowed with a genius of the first order; but Lord Liverpool, by the force of a good judgment, long exercised upon public affairs, on a great scale; by unwearied pains in acquiring all the knowledge necessary to his station; by respectable parliamentary powers, notwithstanding the scurs of Madame de Stael; by a courteous yet firm temperament; and by a reputation for probity always of the highest and most unblemished kind—rose at last to a height of influence that has rarely if ever been surpassed by any Prime Minister of England. It was an influence resting upon the weight of character, never upon the splendour, or upon the might of intellect. Lord Goderich, who has scarcely yet reached his prime, may be destined, under the guidance of kindred qualifications, to a career of the same distinction, though not able to ride in the whirlwind and govern the storm like George Canning. And who is there in England just now, it has well been asked, who can? For seasons of extraordinary agitation, Lord Goderich might be less fitted to take the helm; but we see nothing in the immediate situation of Britain or of Europe to appal him from the task—

a task that has heretofore been confided to a Percival and a Sidmouth.

We have spoken of Mr. Canning's system. But, in truth, we do not know that he had a system. Until 1821, the public history of his country, and its literary history too, identifies him with unequivocal zealous Toryism. Like Pitt, indeed, and some others of this stamp, he advocated the Catholic claims. But here was the chief, if not only exception to his high-toned English maxims. On other points, and those the most leading, he took the very creed of the Stuarts, as far as it could be applied to his own day. He openly gloried in Lord Clarendon's illustrations of it. In particular, he held that the Constitution of England was essentially monarchical; and he perpetually and vehemently beat down with all his arguments, and ridiculed with his wit, every idea of popular representation, or Parliamentary Reform, wherever it came in his way, in the House of Commons or out of it. Hobhouse and Wilson, and even Burdett, he would scathe with his sarcasms; as often as they obtruded the topic upon his hatred; and with Mackintosh and Brougham, when they took it in hand, he would grapple with higher and more earnest exertions of his strength. On the point of the original and fundamental monarchical character of the British Constitution, one of his speeches at Liverpool embodied a defence, under doctrines some of which Hobbes himself scarcely transcends. Nor, until the epoch mentioned, did he spare reform, or liberalism, or republicanism, or any popular movement for political melioration, upon the Continent, any more than at home. But, in 1823, a crisis came. In that year the armies of France were marched across the Bidassoa, to trample down the Constitution of Spain. England, already out of humour by the previous encroachments of the Holy Alliance upon her supremacy, broke loose entirely at this fresh and more alarming disregard of her wishes. The lion, kept under by Lord Londonderry, was now roused. Then sprang into being the liberalism of Mr. Canning. Then, on motives of his own, and for objects of his own, was he first seen in these lists. It was not, in him, a liberalism devoted to the freedom of this hemisphere, for freedom's sake; but it flew into sudden and indignant action to counteract the part that Continental and French ambition were playing in the peninsula of Europe. Of the tyranny of that invasion, not a whisper of denunciation escaped Mr. Canning.—We are not now saying this in disparagement of the illustrious deceased. We are saying it as descriptive of him. We repeat it from himself. He made it his boast—and it was cause of boast to him—that British policy, British interests, the hope of British sway, were ever uppermost in his aspirations and schemes. To secure these, he called, as he said, the new States of America into existence. Truly—he did: so far as the share that England had in that great work was concerned, and it goes to make up the richest portion of his fame; as the earlier forecast of Henry Clay, acting upon an expanded love of human liberty, earns for him laurels, still richer, in the same field. If this be not the award of justice to Mr. Clay, the part which the United States first took in that great work must for ever pass for nothing in our eyes. If it be not the award of justice, the glorious recollection that the United States recognized them in 1822, must be struck from history, because England recognized them in 1825. Mr. Canning's settled devotion to the principles of monarchy, his constant, and, doubtless, his honest conviction of its intrinsic superiority over all other forms for the government of man, followed him into this hemisphere. His official conferences with the French Ambassador at London record his preference of this form for the new States; agreeing here with the equally avowed predilections of France. Nor is it believed that, to the day of his death, he abated any thing of this preference, though its practical establishment in the new States he had too much of practical wisdom to pursue. Hence Mr. Canning's System was not of his own formation, or his own choice; nor did he look to it as a system for the world at large; it was thrown upon him by the force of circumstances, and how much longer it might have lasted, or into what new or eccentric paths it might have sparkled off, had he continued in charge of its destinies, is perhaps not easy to affirm. He suddenly found himself the champion of liberalism, certainly without ever having been its child—unlike Napoleon, who had been pronounced, by a former British Premier, the child and champion of democracy. Whilst he held this championship, such is always the political station of Britain that the eyes of the world turned to him with alternate hope and dread. He was enthusiastically cheered by the friends of liberty everywhere. They regarded not so much the fortuitous causes that had unexpectedly invested him with so high and perilous a championship, or the motive, or even sincerity, of his allegiance to its tenets, as the good that he might achieve, whilst exercising it, *de facto*, with a fearless spirit and a giant's arm. The same portions of mankind hailed, also, in his brilliant arrival at the summit of power, under the first Monarchy of Europe, the triumph of genius over all the obstacles that a gorgeous and proud Aristocracy, which it eclipsed, threw in its way.

With all our admiration of the mental powers of Mr. Canning, whether as inherited from nature, or carried to their highest pitch by the discipline of business and of study; whether we marked their efforts when brought to the most momentous trials, or only gazed at them when they dazzled in lighter ones, truth compels us to state, that he was never the political friend of this country. He was a Briton, through and through; British in his feelings, British in his aims, British in all his policy and projects. It made no difference whether the lever that was to raise them was fixed at home or abroad, for he was always and equally British. The influence, the grandeur, the dominion, of Britain, were the dream

of his boyhood; to establish them all over the globe, even in the remote region where the waters of Columbia flow in solitude, formed the intense efforts of his riper years. For this he valued power, and for this he used it. Greece he left to her melancholy fortunes—though so much alive to all the touching recollections and beauties of that devoted land—because the question of her escape from a thralldom so long, so bitter, so unchristian, was a Turkish and European, not a British question. For Britain's sake, *exclusively*, he took the determination to counteract France, and the Continent, in Spanish America. So, for Britain's sake, he invariably watched, and was as invariably for counteracting, the United States. He had sagacity to see into the present and latent resources of our commercial, our navigating, our manufacturing strength. Upon the knowledge of these, actual and prospective, he took his measure; and, if we may or do think that they were not always wisely taken, since true liberality in the intercourse of nations is in the end apt to prove true wisdom, still he took them in a spirit that was British.

It is remarkable that, long as he was in office, there is no one occasion upon which he lent his sanction to any treaty or convention with the United States. That of 1815, one of fair reciprocity as far as it goes, both as to commerce and navigation, was the work of Lord Londonderry, on the side of Britain. Its renewal in 1818 was under the same auspices. From Mr. Canning literally nothing has been obtained—no, never; though we have held frequent and protracted negotiations with the British Government, during his administration of the foreign bureau. It was he who openly disavowed, almost with contumely, the arrangement of the British Minister, Mr. Erskine, in 1809, which might have prevented a war, had it stood. It was he who held the pen of Great Britain in 1807, when Mr. Monroe and Mr. Pinkney were in London; wielding it, we will not pause to say how, during moments when the materials of strife most abounded between the two countries, and when this country was writhing under the daily infliction of deadly wrongs. It was he who presided over the foreign relations of England, in 1824, when the elaborate negotiations of Mr. Rush also fell through, though the time was especially auspicious to their success, in that temporary alliance of opinion, and virtual concert of action, that were seen between these States and Britain, against the arbitrary tenets and incipient military movements of Continental Europe; and although Mr. Rush, at the very utmost, was instructed to contend for nothing more than Mr. Pitt would have granted in 1783, as has been seen lately in the columns of this Journal. Long ambitious of treading in the footsteps of his great patron and prototype in all things else, we are here struck with the awakening fact, if more had been wanting to awaken us upon this point, that, according to our flag a substantial reciprocity of trade and navigation in the West Indies, Mr. Canning would not tread in the footsteps even of Mr. Pitt. The friend of Pato indeed—but always more the friend of Britain! Finally, it was Mr. Canning, who, in 1826, departed from the very pledge that had been given to resume the negotiations of the year 1824, and, standing upon his perpetual desire to promote more fully the aggrandizement of the British flag in the whole range of colonial, as at every other point of competition, whatever may have been the alleged motive of the departure, abruptly closed the door of those negotiations, whilst our Minister, Gallatin, was within but a few hours' sail of the English shores. This Minister, too, in a spirit of the highest conciliation on the part of his Government, had at length been authorised to forego the point for which it had antecedently been the duty of that Government to contend (the very point once conceded to us by Mr. Pitt)—thereby removing, as was presumed, the only obstacle to a treaty. They, who, after this rapid review, even rapid as it is, can imagine that Mr. Canning would have stood to any arrangement with us, one single day after its abrogation would have suited his purposes of benefiting British navigation, unless he had been bound by treaty to stand to it, must, we humbly think, have more of credulity in their nature than of prudential and salutary distrust. His very speech at Liverpool, that went the joyous rounds of our newspapers, in the Autumn of 1823, in which, it will be remembered, how he threw his compliments over the United States, as the powerful daughter of Great Britain, had no other object, than the hope of leading them captive for the moment, in order to subserve purposes upon which he had deeply meditated, and which he was then ardently following up, as exclusively British.

But we will stop. Mr. Canning's name belongs to history, and we are presuming to touch it whilst the shock of his death still rings in our ears. To departed genius reverence is due. Britain has entombed him side by side with her most illustrious sons, and will raise monuments to his exertions to extend her power and elevate her renown. Those who knew this highly-gifted man more nearly testify that his intercourse in the relations of private and social life was as attractive as his public career was brilliant and commanding. That it has been as brief as brilliant does but reveal the pathetic exclamation of Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadow we pursue!" He has ascended to the presence of his earthly ambition—only to die.—*National Intelligencer.*