



Newfoundlander.

No. 24.

WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

B. STEARS,

Baker,

BEGS 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 Run.

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 Tenerife 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



THE 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.

ALL 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.

MOST 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.

ALL 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.

WE, 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 5, 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-Armule 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.

Biography.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOURIST.

That Napoleon was a fatalist can hardly be matter of surprise. His life was a perpetual miracle—a wonder to his cotemporaries—an enigma to himself. In his fiery course he seemed like a comet to have broken loose from all ordinary laws, and to sweep through the world in an eccentric and peculiar orbit. He may be truly said to have changed the whole theory of moral, social, and political gravitation. While the destinies of the human race were in vibration, he flung his sword, like Camillus, into one scale, and the other kicked the beam. The most solid combinations of wisdom tottered at his approach, and thrones and dynasties crumbled, like the walls of Jericho, before the blast of the trumpet. His march through war and revolution, to the grand completion of his designs, may be compared to the flight of Satan, to the confines of a new creation, through the realms of "chaos and old night." He loved to work on the primary elements of our nature, and broke up all existing institutions only to call them into new and vigorous existence. Social systems, prescriptive ideas, nay the very face of nature, to a certain extent, took the impress of his transforming genius. Even language was revolutionized. What was once madness became in him consummate wisdom. Hyperbole was no longer a deviation from historical truth, and the term impossible, almost ceased to have a meaning. To solve the problem of such an anomalous career as this, was to unravel a gordian knot in the science of human nature; and it is not surprising that this extraordinary being should have cut through the mystery; by referring effects apparently too stupendous for common causes, to the direct interposition of a special and over-ruling destiny.

If any one passage of his life more than another was calculated to inspire him with this notion, it was the unparalleled event of his return from Elba. That a vague expectation of such an occurrence existed about that time in the minds of his friends is certain. I well remember in my journey from Normandy to Bourdeaux, to have noticed an extraordinary overflow of travellers on the roads. Twice I was detained by the impossibility of obtaining a place in the Diligence. My companions de voyage were, for the most part, men of a military air, whose dark looks and thoughtful countenances bespoke them absorbed in some speculation of deep and fearful interest. I sought in vain for the gaiety and abandon of French manners. The national character seemed to me utterly at variance with all I had read or heard. Yet at all times by a judicious use of that tentative kind of discourse which seldom fails in eliciting even the secrets of a Frenchman, I succeeded in obtaining a clue to these mysterious symptoms. If I spoke of the stability of the Bourbons, and the happy prospects of France under their paternal rule, an indignant frown generally led the way to such broken hints as "Don't be too sure—wait a while—we shall see—before many days you will think differently;"—expressions which at that time I attributed to the important workings of wounded pride, but which I could not help afterwards considering as evidences of a wide-spread and well-grounded anticipation of what subsequently took place.

Among those who enjoyed with the keenest delight the re-appearance of their beloved "little Corporal," as Napoleon was familiarly termed by his troops, were the Generals Fauchet, twin brothers, and men who had served with distinction in the Imperial armies. Their enthusiasm soon made them prominent actors in the events of "the hundred days;" and no sooner had that *beau songe* passed away, than they were marked out as victims of Bourbon vengeance. They were conducted to Bourdeaux, confined in the Fort du Ha, and brought to trial on a charge of high treason. I do not recollect that they were accused of any crime which, *penae*, is deemed, by common consent, expiable only by blood. Promoting rebellion, distributing arms, &c. were, I believe, the head and front of their offending. Be this as it may, after a trial which lasted several days, and in the course of which they pleaded their own cause with consummate ability, they were condemned to be shot. This announcement created an indescribable sensation throughout the entire province. A rumor had gone abroad that the weak administration of royalty would not venture to shed the blood of such distinguished men; and among the Buonapartists, the news of their condemnation was received with as much surprise as indignation. It

was generally imagined that a reversal, or, at least, a commutation of the sentence would take place; but amid these expectations the fatal day arrived, and found them unfulfilled. An imposing array of military force was drawn out on the occasion. The garrison and national guards, in all over 12,000 men, were under arms: picquets were stationed at the corners of the streets, and barricades were placed across the principal thoroughfares. As the hour of execution approached, an immense concourse assembled round the principal gateway of the prison, whence the condemned brothers were expected to come forth. A double line of guards formed a lane for their egress; and catching the feeling which pervaded the crowd, I waited in breathless anxiety for their appearance, not without a vague expectation of a simultaneous rush of the surrounding and highly-excited multitude to the rescue. It appears that this surmise was not altogether groundless, for in a short time the guards marched away, and it was huzzed through the throng that the prisoners had passed out by a private door, and were already under a strong escort, on their way to the place of execution. This proved to be the fact; and, impelled by an unaccountable desire to witness the horrid exhibition about to take place, I hastened by a short way to the fatal spot. It was a field about a mile from the town, near the public cemetery, and adjoining the venerable church of the Carthusians. Between four and five thousand men were drawn up in three parts of a hollow square, leaving the fourth a blank space, which it chilled the heart to look on. As I viewed that awful vista, about to become the avenue of eternity to two brave and unfortunate men, and then cast my eye along the narrow lane by which they were in a few moments to march to death from the neighbouring high-road, I wished myself a hundred miles away, but I seemed not to have the power to stir, and stood rooted to the place. The deepest silence reigned in the ranks and among the thousand of spectators who had flocked to the scene, and every eye was turned with aching anxiety towards that point where the prisoners were expected to come in view. In a few minutes the sound of carriages and the tramp of horses announced their approach; and a low roll of drums ran along the lines to prepare the men for their arduous duty. The cavalcade stopped at the end of the lane before mentioned, and, preceded by the authorities in full costume, and surrounded by a strong guard, the prisoners advanced on foot towards the centre of the field. They were habited in white flannel trousers and vests; but their step was firm and their demeanour lofty. They walked arm in arm; and so striking was their resemblance, that at a glance they must have been recognised as twin brothers. There was in their countenances a mingled expression of manly resignation and determined courage, equally remote from bravado or dismay, and of the thousands who surrounded them they alone appeared undisturbed. They passed close to me, I marked their cheeks unbleached, and their looks calm and fearless; I saw them in the full maturity of manhood, possessed of health, strength, and intellect; I noted their intrepid step, and their heroic bearing; I looked ten paces further, and my eye rested on the very spot where, in two minutes more, these noble fellows were to lie shattered and mutilated corpses;—I felt that to look again would have almost made me a murderer. I forced my way through the crowd, and actually fled; but before I had gained the cemetery, a round of musketry, followed by a deep and prolonged groan from the immense concourse around, proclaimed that all was over.

Foreign Intelligence.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 10.—Our situation is still the same. The Porte invariably persists in the principles it has once proclaimed. On the receipt of the dispatch by which Ibrahim announced that he was blockaded by the squadron of the Allies, and that he desired fresh instructions, the Divan appeared very indifferent, though it was generally thought at Pera that the Sultan would declare this blockade a great violation of the rights of nations, and would in consequence adopt serious measures.

Those delays on the part of the Porte, and the attempt at an immediate pacification, excite hopes that we shall see the war terminate without any alarming crisis. However, this uncertainty cannot last long especially as Ibrahim, it is said, has received orders from the Sultan to quit Navarino, and sail for Patras. If he executes this order with the consent of the Allied Fleets, the Sultan will consider the convention of the 6th July, as illusory. If he meets with obstacles, the Porte must explain itself in a positive manner. It is believed that this affair will be decided in a fortnight. The embarrassment of the Divan is visible. The capital is tranquil, but commerce is in a worse situation than at the date of my last letter. There have been several changes in the departments of the Admiralty and the Artillery. The rich Armenian banker, Tinghu Ogin, who refused to advance money to the government, has been banished from Constantinople with all his family, and sent to Asia. The *Oriental Spectator*, at Smyrna, has just been suppressed.

The Porte has been informed that Ibrahim Pacha has concluded an armistice, for twenty days, with the European Admirals. This intelligence has caused great consternation. The Divan has been convoked, but the results of the meeting were not known. Piracy increases in the Archipelago, and the Greeks are preparing to attack the island of Scio, in spite of the armistice.—Colonel Fabvier is to command the invading troops.

BARCELONA, Oct. 27.—The Count d'Espagne having cleared the districts that were in a state of the greatest fermentation, has just set out for Tarragona. He has caused a great many rebels to be shot

who were taken with arms in their hands, and were almost all of them deserters from the army. The engagement which took place at Cormidolas (towards the Ebro), between the Royal troops and the insurgents, was rather serious; 16 of the latter were killed, and 80 taken prisoners.

Advices from Mexico, to the 5th inst., state that on the 30th of September, Ibrahim Pacha ordered two strong divisions of troops to march from Navarino by land; despatching at the same time by sea thirty ships of war, with fifteen transports loaded with provisions, for Patras. Having heard that Lord Cochrane was in those seas with his large frigate, a corvette, and twenty small brigs of war, Ibrahim Pacha embarked in person on board a sixty gun-ship, accompanied by a ship of equal force, six frigates, and six brigs, and directed his course towards Cochrane, with a full determination to attack and board his ship wherever he might find him.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 27.—Letters from Alexandria say, the satisfactory result of Major Cradock's mission to this country has been confirmed to us from other authentic sources, though it is certainly not the Pacha's intention at present to declare himself independent of the Porte, as asserted in the French Papers, nor to take the initiative in withdrawing from the contest with the Greeks, before the Grand Seigneur has manifested his intentions in this respect. Indeed, it could never have been expected by the British Government, that the Pacha could so far compromise his reputation with the Turkish nation, as openly to set so bad an example, in what is considered by the bulk of the people in the light of a religious warfare. The *Mary*, (Snaith), arrived safely last night under convoy of the *Gannet*, which vessel has been fortunate enough to capture and send into Malta, two of the most active Greek pirates, a schooner and a brig, manned with 50 and 90 men. On board one of them was found the entire cargo of a Maltese brig, plundered a few days before.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Aug. 4.

The Americans residing here are very indignant at the treatment many of our countrymen have received from this Government. His measures, in many instances, have been both oppressive and insulting, and seem to speak a spirit hostile to us. In fact, they seem to look upon us with contempt, as if they were the greatest nation on earth and we the most contemptible. "Pobre Yankee," they say in their papers, alluding to Mr. Raguet's being defeated in his appeal to his Government for satisfaction. They think we lack in spirit to resent insults, as they have practised them so long upon us without being resentful. I understand the Government give out here that Mr. Raguet was badly received by Mr. Clay, and reprimanded by Mr. Adams; and that their Minister was assured by the Government of the United States that Mr. R. would not be employed again by them in any public service. I hope something may be done respecting the business of the brig *Spark* and other American vessels, unjustly captured, and vexatiously detained here: some of them are actually rotting at their anchors and their cargoes are going to decay. We very much want a spirited and energetic Minister here to protect us. Mr. Raguet was much respected and esteemed by his countrymen and foreigners while here. To be respected by this Government, it is necessary to be firm and decided in all matters in which negotiation is employed. We once stood high here, but I am sorry to say we are now as little respected as the smallest South American Republic.

Miscellaneous.

It is understood that the army is to be re-dressed and on a much more simple scale. The helmets are to be reduced in size and weight, and the horse-hair ornaments taken away. It is said that Sir H. Vivian's visit to St. Omer was with a view of seeing the equipments of the French soldiery.

As it is determined to make a further provision for the old subalterns who accepted the 5s. per day, half-pay, with the rank of Captain, agreeable to the order dated Horse Guards, 27th December, 1826, an arrangement it is understood is in contemplation to employ as many of these as would be required on the Recruiting Service, as sub-division officers. This will in no way increase the expense, and the subalterns at present employed on that duty will become effective with their regiments, which is desirable from the limited number of subalterns being quite necessary to perform the duties required of them.

Captain Lord Paget, R. N., is to take the command of the Royal Charlotte, yacht, on the Dublin station, upon the arrival of his father, the Marquis of Anglesea to assume the Vice-Royalty of Ireland. It is now understood that Lord Graves will be Comptroller of the Household; to the Noble Marquis, and that Lady Graves, sister to Lord Anglesea, will do the honours of the Court as Vice Queen.

The Crown Club is intended, we understand, to be held in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, for the convenience of the Members during the Session. The majority of the members will therefore be individuals in Parliament; persons of acknowledged rank are also to be eligible.

Mr. Canning.—It is a singular fact, that the *New York Statesman*, of Sept. 7, in announcing the death of Mr. Canning, has put his columns into mourning, in the manner of the English papers. How will the *Liverpool Courier*, who contends that Mr. Canning was an unaged man, explain the fact that a minister, who, at one time of day, pointedly insulted America, and did all in his power to widen the breach between that country and England, should

have the honour done to his memory which we have mentioned? He must have surely done something in the way of atonement, to obliterate from the mind of a republican, the idle and intemperate sneers about the "fir-built frigates, with their bits of striped bunting."

It is confidently expected that the Infante Don Miguel will arrive in England, on his way to Portugal, in a fortnight. His visit to this country is, we understand, an arrangement of our ministers, and negotiated through Count de Villa Real, who left London for Vienna soon after the Infante's appointment was known here. The Infante will be conveyed to Lisbon in a Portuguese frigate, daily expected to arrive from Portugal.—*Globe*.

COBBETT.—One of the members for Preston, Mr. Stanley, having vacated his seat by accepting office, Cobbett has announced his intention of again standing for the borough; but declares he will be at no expense.

FOREIGN NAVAL DISCIPLINE.—The Captain of one of the ships of war belonging to a Northern State seeking to be a Naval Power, lately lying at Spithead, was deposed from his command the other day by his own crew. His offence was a too despotic use of his authority, in the exercise of which (*inter alia*) he had thought fit to mast-head a surgeon, and cause the Second Surgeon to be publicly flogged on deck. The crew acted in a very systematic and regular manner. They approached the captain in a body, and, respectfully taking off their hats, one of the number stepped forward and declared the will of the rest not to allow the brig to leave the harbour with the Captain on board. After each sentence the spokesman made a pause whilst the entire body repeated his words. The Captain was obliged to quit, and took the road to London, leaving the ship in command of the First Lieutenant.

LONDON, Nov. 7.

Up to the latest hour this afternoon, no intelligence from Greece or Constantinople had reached town. The arrival of despatches, both from Mr. Stratford Canning and Sir Edward Codrington, is momentarily looked for, and with an anxiety commensurate with the important intelligence which their contents may prove to convey.

FRIGHTFUL DESCENT OF A BALLOON.—On Saturday week Mr. C. Brown, the aeronaut, issued advertisements in Wakefield, announcing his intention to ascend from Wood-street, at three P. M. on Saturday. Owing, however, to his sudden illness, Mr. Roger Brown, his brother, took his place. The balloon rose slowly and majestically, and entered the clouds in about five minutes after its ascension. Whilst the spectators were gazing to catch another glimpse of the gorgeous vehicle, it suddenly re-appeared beneath the clouds, making the most rapid and apparently uncontrolled approach to the earth: the frantic voice of the aeronaut was heard to utter fearful exclamations. The balloon seemed to have collapsed, and its gyrations were frightful in the extreme. But a few moments elapsed, and the descent was completed, at the distance of two miles from Wakefield, and near the village of Flanshaw. When the first comers arrived, two boys were dragging Mr. Brown out of the car, his life having been fortunately spared. On being examined by a surgeon, he was found to have suffered no material injury, with the exception of a slight fracture in the foot. Mr. B. is doing remarkably well. He says that, on entering the clouds, the balloon and car became perfectly unmanageable from the violence of the wind in that upper region, which amounted almost to a hurricane. Finding the greatest difficulty in retaining his seat, he unfortunately, in the agitation of the moment, seized the rope which gave command of the safety-valve, and the gas consequently rushed out of the balloon to such an extent, that its buoyancy was nearly destroyed before he was aware of the fatal error he had committed. He continued, however, to keep possession of the car, and, probably from the small quantity of gas remaining in the balloon, and the nature of the ground where he fell, a sloping grassy billock, his life was most miraculously preserved, and his person but slightly hurt.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The iron trade of Scotland continues in an improving state. The demand for home consumption and exportation is good, and there are no stocks on hand. No. 1, pig iron is selling at 6l. 10s. a ton, No. 2, 6l., and No. 3, 5l. 10s. a ton. About 30,000 tons of pig iron are annually manufactured in Scotland, of the average value of 180,000l. There are seven iron-works and fifteen furnaces in full blast; each furnace will produce from 2,000 to 2,500 tons annually, but sometimes stoppages occur from necessary repairs. The Scottish iron-works consume about 225,000 tons of coal annually. In England there are between 400,000 and 500,000 tons of bar and pig iron made annually, of which Wales alone furnishes about 300,000 tons, of the average value of 3,500,000l. English bar iron is at present sold in Scotland at 9l. a ton; there being little competition in this quality, only a small quantity of malleable iron being made in Scotland. Bar iron was manufactured at some of the iron works, but was given up as being too expensive, although there can be no reason why this department should not succeed as well as the other branch. The weather is rather unfavourable for casting. Week before last, when the weather was clear, the furnaces produced the quality of iron, No. 1; but last week, when the atmosphere was clouded and heavy, the iron produced was all No. 3, the coarsest kind, except two casts. It requires about three tons of raw ironstone, and seven hundred cwt. of lime, to produce one ton of pig iron. The casting occurs every twelve hours. The blast furnace is charged 40 to 48 times in that period—each charge consists of 10 boxes of ironstone, 40 lbs.

each, 3 boxes limestone, 37 lbs. each, and 500 cwt. of charcoal. The returns are various, though the charges be the same, and show the powerful influence of the weather. For instance, 40 charges produced in the morning 3 tons 13 cwt.; in the evening the same charges produced 3 tons 9 cwt.; next morning 42 charges produced 3 tons; in the evening 43 charges produced 3 tons 12 cwt.; next morning 38 charges produced 3 tons 9 cwt. In another furnace, 44 charges produced 3 tons 16 cwt.; 48 charges 3 tons 8 cwt.; 46 charges 3 tons 9 cwt.; 48 charges 3 tons 12 cwt. When the sky is clear, the addition of 40 lbs. to each charge will produce in a fortnight 1,500 cwt. more of iron. These two furnaces, and the burning of the charcoal, consume about 130 or 140 tons of coal a-day.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Colonial.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 19.

The *Chebueto* brought Boston papers to the 13th instant. We have inserted the Message transmitted by Mr. President Adams to the Congress of the United States, at the opening of the Session on the 4th December; and seldom has the insertion of a similar document from that country afforded us more satisfaction. All the great interests of the Nation are represented, as we believe them to be, in a flourishing condition; and among its external relations no one cause of uneasiness is to be discovered. Toward Great Britain the best feelings appear to be entertained—and though His Majesty's ministers have declined opening some of the Colonial ports to the trade of American citizens, the circumstance seems now to occasion no asperity—and "no loss," says Mr. Adams, "has been sustained by commerce, the navigation, or the revenue of the United States, and none of magnitude is to be apprehended from this existing state of mutual interdict." The questions respecting the Boundary Lines of the United States and the British Colonies in this hemisphere, are, by a Treaty, entered into between the respective Governments, to be referred to an Umpire, and it is to be hoped will be adjusted in a way which will be satisfactory to both parties.

We think there is little doubt, from the opinions expressed in various papers which we have received from the United States, that the next Presidential Election will terminate in favour of General Jackson. Mr. Stevenson, who has been chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a warm friend of Gen. Jackson—a circumstance which is pointed out, as showing the predominance of his interest in the Congress.—*Nova-Scotia Gazette.*

We learn by the Packet, just arrived, that His Excellency, the Earl of Dalhousie, has been appointed to succeed Lord Combermere, as Commander-in-Chief, in the East Indies; and it would appear by the Newspapers received by the same conveyance, that His Grace the Duke of Gordon is likely to be the new Governor-General of these Provinces.

This appointment must be truly gratifying to the feelings of Lord Dalhousie. Whatever opinions may be entertained by the Inhabitants of Canada of His Lordship's Administration of its Government, the distinguished honour thus conferred, affords him the proud reflection, that, in the estimation of His Sovereign, his manly defence of the Prerogatives of the Crown, and his discharge of every Public Duty, have been approved of by the Power to whom alone he is accountable.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 11.—*Disasters by Ice in the St. Lawrence.*—We have just received Quebec papers to the 2d instant. The Kingfisher has thrown over part of her cargo, and was said to be hogged; the Barbados and Dolphin schooners had been abandoned, and drifted to sea; the Robert which sailed from Quebec for London on the 16th October, was wrecked on the 21st; the crew were taken on board the William Hunter, which vessel was wrecked on the 15th November. The loss of property, as far as ascertained, is stated at 50,000l.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) January 2, 1828.

The Hon. Judge COCHRANE arrived in Harbour-Grace on Saturday last, and it was expected would open the Circuit Court on Thursday (to-morrow), the 3d instant.

The Brig *Worcester* arrived yesterday in 4 days from Halifax. By her we have received files of Nova-Scotia papers. The English advices which they contain are only a day or two later than those of which we were previously in possession. Our limited time would not allow us to insert the Message of the President of the United States to Congress, which is contained in the Halifax papers.—We are, however, glad to find that it breathes, throughout, a pacific and friendly feeling towards Great Britain.—In this column will be found some remarks upon it, from the *Nova-Scotia Gazette.*

It is reported that the *Small-pox* is very prevalent in Halifax, and has carried off great numbers.

The Brig *Susanna*, Capt. NOTT, will sail to-day for Liverpool.

The Brig *George Canning*, Capt. PARROTT, is intended to sail for Poole on the 10th instant.

Died on Friday last, after a short attack of *Small-pox*, Mr. JOHN ROACH, (late of Carbonear,) aged 27 years. His funeral took place on Sunday, most numerously and respectfully attended.



Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

CLEARED.

December 26.—Schooner *Huskisson*, Michell, Lisbon; 2000 qtls. fish.
28.—Brig *Niemaac*, Spear, Pernambuco; 3078 qtls. fish.
Brig *Aurora*, Clappitt, Brazil; 1890 qtls. fish.
Brig *Decagon*, Linley, St. Vincent; 2419 qtls. fish, 965 gallons cod oil.
Brig *Leander*, M'Ansland, ———; 2000 qtls. fish, 1189 gallons oil, 22 tierces salmon.
Brig *Funchal*, Picken, Barbados; 2176 qtls. fish, 24 tierces salmon.
29.—Brig *Mary*, Tacker, Demerara; 408 qtls. fish, 25 bis herrings.
Brig *George Canning*, Parrott, Poole; 3456 qtls. fish.
Brig *Calyppo*, Hutchison, Liverpool; 20427 gallons oil, 38 tierces salmon, sounds, caplin, &c.
31.—Brig *Sylph*, Underhill, Liverpool; 44 tons, 164 gallons oil, sounds, caplin, &c.
Schooner *Ellen*, Coster, Waterford; 6610 gallons oil, 1599 qtls. fish, salmon, &c.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock,

AT THE HOUSE OF

THOMAS HOULTON,

INSOLVENT.

Sundry articles belonging to the said Insolvent Estate, as follows:—

- 1 HORSE,
- 2 Carts,
- Harness,
- 1 Cow,
- 1 Pig,
- Part of a Pipe Wine,
- Ditto of a Punccheon Rum,
- Shop Goods,
- Household Furniture,
- And sundry other Articles.

Also,

The outstanding DEBTS, due to the Estate of the said Insolvent, amounting to about

£120.

WILLIAM HAYWARD,
Auctioneer and Agent.

January 2, 1828.

Schooners to Hire for the Ice.



THE SCHR. MARGARET,

Of White Bay,—Burthen about 55 tons.

Also,



THE SCHOONER AMITY,

47 tons—and but one year old.

Both these Schooners were at the Ice last spring, and are strong and substantial.

The terms and other particulars will be made known, on application to

J. DUNSCOMB & Co.

January 2, 1828.

For Cork and Liverpool,

(To sail the 20th instant.)



The first class, British-built Brig MARNHULL,

JOHN WHITE, master;

Has room for a few tons of FREIGHT, for either of the above ports, and good accommodation for PASSENGERS.—Apply to Capt. WHITE, or to ROBINSON & BROOKING.

January 2, 1828.

To be Let,

And immediate possession given.

THOSE PREMISES situate in *Water-street*, at present in the occupancy of Mr. JOHN DILLON, comprising a DWELLING-HOUSE, SHOP, and STORE—the occupant having the privilege of landing and shipping goods on the Wharf attached to the Premises. To those desirous of carrying on an extensive retail trade, they present many advantages, arising from situation and capaciousness.—Apply to

PATRICK MORRIS.

January 2, 1828.

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, Jalap, 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, Assafoetida,
- Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna,
- Cochineal, Cantharides, Colocynth, Opium,
- Columba and Ori: Root, Iperacuanha, Rhubarb,
- Spermaceti, Gum Mastie, Shell Lac,
- Sulphate of Quinine, Jodine, Conserve of Roses,
- Chamomile Flowers, Gum Ammoniac, Hellebore,
- Catechu, Sulphate of Iron, Kitten Stone,
- Sal Prunel, Sulphate of Zinc and Antimony,
- Saltpetre, Galls, Burgundy Pitch, Castile Soap,
- Alkanet Root, Lytharge, Opodeldoc, Castor Oil,
- Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills,
- Blister and Adhesive Plaster, Ointments,
- Tinctures of every description,
- Dutch Drops, Turlington's Balsam,
- Jesuit'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 Sienna,
- 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 41-94 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 five 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.

Notice.

NICHOLAS LATOUE

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

Dancing School

On the first day of January;

And will also teach FENCING and the FRENCH LANGUAGE.

December 26, 1827.



Poets' Corner.

[From the Montreal Gazette.]

The following is a well deserved tribute to the excellence and worth of the gallant Officer who is the subject of it; and will, we feel assured, be read with mingled feelings of regret and gratification, by his numerous surviving friends:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT LIGHTBODY,
71st Regiment.

When in the dreary mansions of the dead
The fall of years reclines his reverend head,
And like the heavy ripen'd ear of corn
Sinks to the earth with its own weight o'erborne;
The thought of man's inevitable doom
Checks the full tide of anguish at his tomb—
There nature's law will consolation bring,
And mild regret blunts sorrow's fiercer sting.

Oh! gallant spirit! o'er thy honour'd grave
Grief in its bitterness oppress'd the brave—
Mortality's dread law avail'd not here
To check the sigh, or stop the flowing tear;
Fallen in thy pride of strength we saw thee lie,
And wot that such an one so soon should die—
We saw on every comrade's cheek the tear,
The heartfelt tribute paid to one so dear!

So when an oak with vigorous foliage crown'd,
Scath'd by Heaven's lightning falls upon the ground,
And whose gay beauty yesterday was seen
Presaging centuries of living green—
And as a rose in all its lovely pride
That bloom'd in some rich garden's sunny side,
In the luxuriance of the vernal May
Falls by rude force, or canker's sure decay,
When dewy beauties every where surround,
We start to view the flowret on the ground!

Star of the brave! thy beam shall never set,
Its cheering influence we can ne'er forget,
Its ray shall glitter in the fiercest fight,
And add fresh splendour to the festal night.

A REVEL IN THE COUNTRY DURING A
VACATION.

From "Personal Sketches of his Own Times."
By Sir JONAH BARRINGTON.

Close to the kennel of my father's bounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments. My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard going," till the weather should break up. A hog's-head of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin, the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop. My two elder brothers; two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county, composed the permanent bacchanals. A few visitors were occasionally admitted. As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the "hard goers" partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their "shut-up pilgrimage." The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their mealy bosoms; the elmet was tapped, and the long earthen wide mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock to receive their portions. The pipers pined their chants, the fiddler tuned his ceremony; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed

to be falsified. I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partially obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shallots, smoked at the bottom of the well furnished board. A prologue of cherry bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.—Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxies to every jolly sentiment; the jokers cracked their usual jests and ribaldry; one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave in full glee, the pleasures of the chase! the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs; the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his finger into his ear (to aid the quaver) gave the *vivo halloo!* of nearly ten minutes duration; to which melody *tully ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of a table was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens in the garb of spicy spitcocks assumed the name of *devils*, to whet the appetite which it was impossible to conquer! My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw chamber as my *asylum*.—Two couples of favourite hounds had been introduced to join in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonized by two rattling pipers, a jiggling fiddler, and voices in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise; for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained; the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number; and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A feint *tully ho!* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but, I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost in the straw room all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy. Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*stole away!*" which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage.

At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on awaking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever. The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman; spitcocked chickens, fried rashers, and boiled marrow bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the re-furnished table, and a better or heavier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed. A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons, and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner. In this battle royal every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curatii was re-acted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen room for the remainder of his days—and I remember him, for many years the proud commandant of his poultry yard and seraglio. Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes, the claret was upon its stoop, and the last gillou, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their natural rest, until the evening announced a different scene. An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folk, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment, and what was then termed a "raking pot of tea," put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good humour, to such a revel as I never saw before; and, I am sure, shall never see again. When I compared with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit bits at the r favourite box in Bond-street, amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer, employing six sauces to coax one appetite, burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite, sipping their acid claret disguised by an olive, or neutralized by a chestnut, hisping out for the scented waiter, and plying

ing him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard; it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicures, if they had them at the "Pilgrimage" in the huntsman's cot. To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice.

EXECUTION OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

I was with Hincq when the fatal news was brought him; he heard it with an air of indifference, and sent for a clergyman, who administered to him the consolations of religion; and as the dreadful moment approached, his courage forsook him not, nor did he, for a single instant, abandon that determination of mind and manner which had characterised his whole imprisonment.

At last the fatal day came: and the hour of execution was fixed for five in the afternoon. About three, he expressed a wish for some refreshment, and half a bottle of wine. "You see," said he, smiling, "I am resolved to take advantage of the short time I have to live." His modest repast finished, he began, with the utmost composure, to distribute, among those comrades who had visited him, the various trifles he possessed, and the little money he had remaining, with the exception of about thirty sols in copper, which he kept, as he said, to give among the poor he might meet on his way to execution.

At half-past four, he was informed that the moment was arrived to leave the prison; when perceiving that he had his best shirt on, he could not help regretting not having thought of that before, as his intention was to have given it to one of his friends. As he passed the gaoler's house, he stopped and said a few words of apology to the clergyman who attended him; then, pulling his pipe from his pocket, he requested permission to light it at the gaoler's fire,—having obtained it, without appearing in the least to wish to lengthen out his time, he bade farewell to his comrades, shook hands affectionately with me, and, escorted by a strong detachment of soldiers and gendarmes, began his last—short march.

Arrived at the fatal spot, where the whole garrison was already drawn out, but without their arms, Hincq emptied his pipe, and gave it to a person who was standing near him. During the reading of the sentence, which the faltering voice of the Captain rendered hardly audible, Hincq interrupted him, saying, "Enough! enough!" Then, having requested that his eyes might not be covered, and as a last favour, that he himself might be permitted to give the word of command to the piquet of twelve men appointed to the execution, he addressed a few words to the officers who were near him, embraced his confessor; and bidding him to retire, advanced with a firm and resolute step, without betraying the slightest symptom of trouble or hesitation, and placed himself at the appointed distance before the piquet; then drawing himself up, with a voice that betokened not the least alteration, he went through the military exercise with as much courage as precision. At the word, "fire," the fatal report was heard—an instantaneous horror seized on the numerous spectators, and Hincq had ceased to exist.

LORD BYRON.—During his residence in the Franciscan Convent at Athens, he had ingratiated himself with a monk named Father Bernard. When Grecian liberty, replying to his magnanimous appeal, called on him to detach himself from the enjoyments of Italy, he said to his friends, after determining to depart, "It is nevertheless very strange, Father Bernard, in giving me the crucifix which he carried about with him, told me with a prophetic air, 'You will become the defender of the Christians; you will return to Greece for the sake of the faithful; but I shall not see you again, I am fearful you will not come as far as Athens.'" After this relation, his Lordship fell into a deep reverie, which no one dared to disturb, since those around him were accustomed to see him abstract himself in this manner, when any serious or melancholy thought surprised him in the midst of a conversation. After a few moments, he added these remarkable words:—"It will be hardly believed that I never would part with this cross, under any circumstances; it is, however, the fact. I never would give it to my mother, nor my sister, who requested it of me on my return to England. It is a remembrance of the Franciscan Prior, who lives in the tower of Diogenes in Athens. The good Monk was very partial to me; and when he heard that I was about to depart, he was much grieved. 'Your Lordship,' he said, 'must not forget me. Select any thing you please from what I possess, that you may have a remembrance of Father Bernard.' I laid my hand on the crucifix which he carried about him, and asked if he would give me that. The good Father was so delighted with my choice, that tears came to his eyes. I have never since parted with the crucifix. I will even vow, that once I was extremely uneasy under the impression that I had lost it; I was prepossessed with an idea of its value. But in fact behold the prediction of Father Bernard about to be realized:—Let us depart straightway for Greece!"