



Newfoundlander.

No. 25

WEDNESDAY, January 9, 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 *Hanburgh* 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



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; and in cases of bad weather, only excepted.

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

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers will be regularly 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 *Orange*, 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 *Operto*,

AND

OFFER FOR SALE,

17 HOGSHEADS choice Port Wine,
26 Quarter-casks ditto,

27 Three-Aliunde 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.

AN excellent BILLIARD TABLE for Sale—Apply to

JOHN LONG.

November 21, 1827.

(From the *Boston Palladium*, Dec. 11.)

The following is a copy of the Address of the Parliament of Lower Canada, to the Governor-General on their choice of Speaker. His Excellency answered he should not communicate with the House till the next day; but at 10 in the evening he sent to the Clerk a Proclamation proroguing the Parliament:—

“ May it please your Excellency,

“ We, his Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Assembly of Lower Canada in Provincial Parliament assembled, having taken into serious consideration the communication made to us by the Speaker of the Legislative Council, by order of your Excellency, respecting our choice of a Speaker, humbly request your Excellency to be fully assured that we sincerely respect the rights of His Majesty and His Royal Prerogative, which we acknowledge to be annexed to his Imperial Crown for the benefit and protection of his people.

“ We are fully assured that your Excellency could intend nothing which could destroy or diminish our constitutional privileges, without which we cannot fulfil our important duties towards His Majesty and his people of this province, and in this persuasion we in all humility submit to your Excellency that it is the incontestible right of the Commons this Province to have the free election of one of their members to be their Speaker, and perform the duty of their House; that the Speaker so elected, and afterwards presented to the King's representative, according to usage, ought always, by uniform practice, to be continued as Speaker, and fulfil his office as such, unless he be therefrom excused from corporal infirmity, alleged by himself, or on his behalf, in full Provincial Parliament; that according to that usage Louis Jos. Papineau, Esq. has been duly elected, and chosen in consideration of his great ability and fitness, of which we have had experience during several Parliaments, and has been by us presented to your Excellency as a person worthy our confidence, and who we conceived would be agreeable to your Excellency; for which reasons we humbly hope that your Excellency, after having considered the old precedents, would be pleased to remain satisfied with our proceedings; and not deprive us of the services of the said Louis Joseph Papineau as our speaker, but that your Excellency would be pleased to give us a favourable answer, such as His Majesty and his Royal predecessors have ever given to their faithful Commons in such cases, in order that we may be enabled to proceed without delay to the dispatch of the important and arduous affairs for which we are convoked, in which we hope to give convincing proofs of our affections for the King's service, and our solicitude for the peace and welfare of this province.”

The London papers have this week contained a long report (extending to eight columns), of the trial of the Rev. Robert Taylor, on an indictment for having delivered a blasphemous discourse before a great number of persons, on the 16th of February last, at a place called the *Areopagus*, in London.—We are induced, from a regard to the interests of our Holy Religion, and to shew the sort of adversary derided Christianity has met with in the person of the Rev. Robert Taylor, to allude to the past history of this gentleman's case, and express our sorrow at his errors. In July 1818, the Rev. Robert Taylor, a graduate of the University of Cambridge, sent an advertisement for insertion in our paper, stating, that he had for five years and three months held the office of Christian Priesthood, and fully performed all the duties annexed to that office, at *Midhurst*, in *Sussex*, but that he wished to make a public renunciation of the priestly character, and the solemn declaration, that “ the result of his most diligent investigation of the evidence and history of Christianity, is a firm conviction, that its Scriptures are not authentic.” We did not publish his communication, but replied to his request by note to a correspondent, to the effect, that we did not believe that his rejection of Christianity was the effect of a close, patient, and impartial examination of the evidences on which Revelation is founded; for we hold it to be impossible, for any man, in possession of his rational powers, to go into such an investigation of the subject, without not only being convinced of the truth of Revelation, but without, likewise, receiving a substantial accession to his virtuous and pious principles. We recommended the Reverend Gentleman, therefore, to return to the subject, and, in imitation of Dr. Johnson, when he meditated the publication of the “ *Ram-*

“pray for a humble and teachable mind, to the Eternal Spirit, who can enrich withal utterance, and all knowledge, &c.” The Reverend Gentleman took the advice kindly, it appeared, for in October (about three months afterwards), he addressed us again on the subject, offering his fervent thanks for our truly Christian generosity, and requesting us to publish a recantation of the opinions which he had before expressed, which he said did not lodge in his mind even for a week, all of which, without exception, he now saw and felt to be fatally erroneous; and, that we should add to the obligations, by which we had for ever merited his grateful remembrance, by inserting his present sentiments in our columns. We did insert his “penitent and conscientious recantation of his unhappy error” (as he described it), which he closed in the following words:—

“The Church of which he was a member, held him in all his wanderings, with bonds of indissoluble affection; and on her Altar he consecrates the first fruits of the Spirit, in a firm, and we hope never again to be shaken, faith, in the Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity. We all stand by faith, and we trust that in the inscrutable Providence of the Almighty, this Gentleman may have been designedly cast down and raised up again in his Christian warfare, in order, by experience, to become a better Soldier, and to guard others with greater effect, against the wiles and subtleties of the enemies of our Salvation.”

Such was the Rev. Robert Taylor on the 20th of October, 1818—on the 24th of October, 1827, he is convicted of uttering a blasphemous discourse, irreverent towards the Christian religion, calculated to excite aversion and disrespect, and hold it up to ridicule, and wantonly to destroy the tranquillity and repose of millions of his fellow-men!—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

CORRESPONDENCE OF BURKE.

Private correspondence is one of the surest resources for the historian as well as the biographer.—The confidential epistles of a public man, written without artifice or a view to publication, and addressed to an individual of congenial character and tenets, afford, in general, the truest criterion of the merits of contemporary men and measures.

The *Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and Dr. French Laurence* is of this description. It reveals the secret thoughts and sentiments of one who was deeply skilled in the mystery of politics, master of its intricacies, and familiar with all the profound matters of that difficult art.

There is a transaction referred to in this correspondence, remarkable in its nature, and which forms a prominent feature in the history of Mr. Burke—the impeachment of Warren Hastings. As Dr. Laurence was a co-agent with his friend in this extraordinary affair, had a “Life of Burke” proceeded from his pen, we should probably have gained some very desirable information in regard to the real motives of the prosecution, or, as some now term it, persecution of Mr. Hastings. A good deal is, however, to be collected from the letters before us on this point.

Cold and phlegmatic politicians never hesitate to refer any action, not readily explicable upon other grounds, to the motive of self-interest. Accordingly, Burke has been accused of pursuing with a vindictive spirit, the destruction of an individual through disgust arising from disappointment in some selfish views. No probable hypothesis has, however, been alleged by his accusers; and the charge is irreconcilable with Mr. Burke’s general character. The letters before us add demonstrative evidence that the charge is false; that Mr. Burke may have been self-deceived, but that he was thoroughly convinced that his cause was honest. We have, too, the corroborating evidence of Dr. Laurence, who (long before he entered into that close intimacy with Burke which, it might be said, would impair his otherwise sound judgment) declared, in a letter to a relation, “I assure you, on the word of a man of honour, there is not a syllable of any importance in any of the charges (against Hastings) which I do not, on the most mature information and reflection, believe to be strictly true; nor is there a point in the defence which is not either fallacious or false. These are very strong assertions; but very deliberately and conscientiously formed.”

The anxiety, the excitement, and the solemn language of Burke, offer still stronger proofs. In a letter without date, he says—

“As for me, this India business has quite overwhelmed me. I send you the letters I have received in answer to mine. Take care of them. I shall do nothing public till they are fully answered. I am about it, as far as my state of mind will permit. (This was after the loss of his son.) For God’s sake—for I am now on my trial, at the suit of Mr. Hastings, or his representative, in the General Court—let all the India books and papers that Troward has, be got together, and sent home, as well as any you may have. They are my vouchers. I see I shall be driven out of this country; but they shall go with me. They are a vast body, and every moment I grow more and more anxious about them. I little thought a year ago, that I should be ever so anxious about any earthly concerns.”

His impatience under the abuse which he experienced from this cause, prompted him to endeavour to bring the subject (as we find from letter 25) before the House of Commons. His object seems to have been to get a petition, or some record in vindication of his character, placed upon the journals of the House. This object he was obliged to give up. He then determined to draw up a full account of this extraordinary affair; but such a voluminous work as he contemplated was beyond the strength of a man verging on the grave, he accordingly devolved it to

Dr. Laurence. The following striking appeal cannot be read without dissipating every suspicion of the duplicity of the writer:—

Bath, July 26, 1796.

“As it is possible that my stay on this side of the grave may be yet shorter than I compute it, let me now beg to call to your recollection the solemn charge and trust I gave you on my departure from the public stage. I fancy I must make you the sole operator in a work in which—even if I were enabled to undertake it—you must have been ever the assistance on which alone I could rely. Let not this cruel, daring, unexampled act of public corruption, guilt, and meanness, go down to posterity, perhaps as careless as the present race, without its due animadversion, which will be best found in its own acts and monuments. Let my endeavours to save the nation from that shame and guilt be my monument—the only one I ever will have. Let every thing I have done, said, or written be forgotten, but this, I have struggled with the great and the little on this point during the greater part of my active life; and I wish, after death, to have my defiance of the judgments of those who consider the dominion of the glorious empire given by an incomprehensible dispensation of the Divine Providence into our hands, as nothing more than an opportunity of gratifying, for the lowest of their purposes, the lowest of their passions, and that for such poor rewards, and for the most part indirect and sly bribes, as indicate even more the folly than the corruption of these infamous and contemptible wretches. Above all, make out the cruelty of this pretended acquittal, but in reality this barbarous and inhuman condemnation of whole tribes and nations, and of all the classes they contain. If ever Europe recovers civilization, that work will be useful.”

And then he adds the solemn form of adjuration employed by Charles I. to Bishop Juxton—“Remember! Remember! Remember!” In a subsequent letter, of February 10, 1797, but a few months before his death, he repeats this as a dying request, and subjoins the declaration—“I am no enthusiast, but, according to the power that God has given me, a sober and reflecting man. I have not even the other very bad excuse—of acting from personal resentment, or from the sense of private injury—never having received any; nor can I plead ignorance—no man ever having taken more pains to be informed. Therefore, I say, remember!”

Warren Hastings had a task to perform in India, which few could have accomplished, and none without incurring similar imputations. It has been observed, that if his accusers did not prove his guilt, he did not prove his innocence. This is true: it would not have been practicable to prove the innocence, abstractedly, of Hastings. His constructive innocence, if the phrase may be allowed, resulted from a comprehensive and charitable consideration of all the circumstances of his difficult situation, and the real benefit, which was the fruit of his policy.

But the contemplation of isolated facts produced in the ardent and sanguine mind of Burke, imbued with a thorough hatred of tyranny and oppression, a gust of indignation, which hurried him along in defiance of the cool dictates of his judgment. Party feelings and political prejudices, though they did not generate, yet contributed to foster his resentment.—His late biographer, encomiast as he is, admits that “it is possible, remembering how the inquiry was approved by Mr. Fox, that some latent feeling existed of indirectly justifying the India Bill by exposing more fully to general indignation the enormities that measure was meant to correct;” though he considers that the great and direct inducement to the measure was “a detestation of any thing like oppression or injustice inherent in the man.”

This is doubtless the verdict which impartial posterity will deliver.

A late historian (Mr. Mill) has taken occasion, from the conduct of Burke in the matter of Warren Hastings, to say that Burke’s mind was not a generalizing mind; that it seldom ascended higher than individual cases, except when impelled by unusual circumstances. This is an unfair estimate of the character of that great man, whose distinguishing quality was the faculty of generalization. Mr. Mill seems to have fallen into the very error he condemns. By making an induction from the particular case of Mr. Hastings unfavourable to Mr. Burke’s general habits of intellect.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREECE.—The Greek Government has announced to Mr. Stratford Canning its readiness to accept the armistice and the mediation of the allied powers.

The second Ottoman squadron had been ordered by Ibrahim Pacha to the Gulf of Maina, to protect his operations by sea. Lord Cochrane was preparing to enter the Gulf, with the intention of making an attempt to destroy the squadron.

General Church is preparing an expedition to Negropont, and a body of Rumeliot troops is collected in the Isthmus.

A letter from Navarin of the 26th of September states, that Admiral de Rigny arrived off that port on the 22d. Thirty-two ships of the Turkish fleet, loaded with Turkish troops, were cruising before it; 80 others were in the port itself.

On the 25th, Admirals de Rigny and Codrington repaired to the tent of Ibrahim, and declared to him, that in consequence of the refusal of the Porte to accept the mediation, they had received orders to bring about an armistice, and to destroy the forces which should oppose it.

After having listened with equal composure and attention, the Pacha answered, that as a servant to the Porte, he had received orders to push the war in the Morea; and to finish it by a decisive attack on Hydra; that he was not in a manner qualified to listen to the communication made to him, or to take a part of his own authority; that, however, the orders of the Porte not having provided for the extraordinary case which now presented itself, he should send couriers to Constantinople and Egypt, and that, till their return, he gave his word that his fleet should not quit Navarin, however hard it was for him to be stopped at the moment when all was finished, since

the strength of his expedition, such as they saw it, was evidently irresistible by the Greeks.

It is reported, that a Tunisian frigate, belonging to the Egyptian fleet, had attempted to break the blockade, and escape from Navarin. The moment, however, she got outside of the port, the English poured a broadside into her, and obliged her to return.

EGYPT.—An officer in the service of the Pacha of Egypt writes from Alexandria, under date of the 1st ult., that the Pacha had expressed great disappointment on learning that his fleet had been allowed to pass through the allied squadrons without opposition; having calculated on its being ordered back to Alexandria, and on retaining it still at his disposal, while by submitting to this compulsion he kept up the appearance of fidelity to the Porte. His ships being closely pent up in a port of the Morea, were wholly lost to him, until the termination of the negotiations at Constantinople.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 15.

Sealing Voyages.—From the success which attended the vessels sent last winter from Halifax to the west coast of Newfoundland, for the prosecution of the seal fishery, we had little doubt that a larger number would be fitted out during the present season. In accordance with this anticipation it gratifies us to state, that preparations are already in train, by some of our most enterprising merchants, to embark in this enterprise to a considerable extent; and should a fair return be derived, we may esteem it, for the future, as an established branch of the provincial industry.—*Novascotian.*

The Statement published in the *Novascotian* of Thursday last, of the deaths which took place in this Town between the 1st January and the 31st Oct. of the present year, has surprised us. We were aware that the mortality had been great in that period, but had no idea of its having increased to such a degree.—That Eight Hundred and Eleven Persons should have fallen victims to diseases in the short space of ten months, in this Town, the Population of which has not exceeded for several years, we believe, Eleven Thousand, is truly melancholy. Halifax has always been considered a healthy place, and until the arrival of the unfortunate Emigrants in our Harbour it was so—but they brought the pestilence which has been productive of such sad effects; and it is painful for us to add, that we are satisfied, if the reports of the Sextons, &c. were published from the 31st Oct. to the present time, no abatement of the dreadful mortality would be discovered.—We have never known this Town so severely afflicted as it is at this present moment.—*Halifax Royal Gazette, December 5.*

The Assembly of Lower Canada has been prosequed by His Excellency the Governor in Chief; despatches have been transmitted by his Lordship describing the events that have recently taken place; and the House of Assembly has delegated six of its members, who are to proceed immediately to England, for the purpose of preferring charges against the Earl of Dalhousie.

MR. CANNING.—It is confidentially mentioned that it is intended, at the opening of Parliament, to propose a pension of 4000l. a year to Mrs. Canning and her family. When we remember that 50,000l. were asked to pay Mr. Pitt’s debts, and an equal sum to Mr. Percival’s family, we cannot but think the posthumous claims of such a statesman as Mr. Canning, are entitled to some substantial regard.

ELECTION IN CANADA.—The following humorous address to the Irish, (copied from the *Montreal Herald*), is the only election placard we have yet seen. It will be observed that the patron Saint dates his letter from very good quarters:—

To my Irish boys in that outlandish Frenchified place, beyond the sea, called Canada.

MY DEAR BOYS.—Though I have been dead so long, yet I have never ceased to watch over my little green Is and, and all who belong to it—Erin go Bragh! Above all, I am anxious for those of my children who go to seek their fortunes among foreigners, as you have done. But, my dear boys, I don’t like to see you humbugged; and to prevent you from being so, I write to you by this present letter.

When no Election is going on, those French fellows look upon you as dogs; it is then nothing but “ces acres irlandais!” that means, (as perhaps some of you don’t understand their outlandish gibberish), “the damned Irish!” Their carters used to throw stones at you, and attack you, three to one; until they got a taste of your shillelahs, which they liked so little, that they have kept clear of you ever since; but now, when they want your votes, they flatter you, and try to rouse blarney over you, as they try to make you desert your King and country. I say, that my little Ireland is kept down, “Don’t you mind a word of what they say. Did my King (God bless him!) when he went over, and Ireland, tell you that he had an Irish heart? Or his favourites Dick Sheridan, M’Mahon, and so to many others, all Irishmen? Doesn’t he like the cratur as well as the best of you? And wouldn’t he make George Canning Prime Minister, if it was about Catholic Emancipation? Well then, my fact boys, stick to your jolly King and his Govern, and give you lands when you want them.

If you let the French come blarney over you, time, they will laugh in their sleeves at you, and say “ma foi, nous avons joliment trompe ces cochons Irlandais,” which means, “Lord, how we have humbugged those Irish pigs!” So, don’t you be such fools as to let them do that. No! Who beat the French in Spain? Why, who else but Paddy

Wellington and his roaring Irish boys. And who is going to beat them with their votes in Montreal? Why, who else but my own Fagh a Ballaghs. I've only a word more to say to you. One John Delisle wants to be your member of Parliament: stand by him, for he is a good fellow, and married an Irish woman; and it was having an Irish mother that made his sons be such big rousing fellows, fit to handle their Shillelahs. Vote for him. My friend St. Peter, too, has just been asking me to recommend to you a namesake of his, one Peter McGill, who, he says, is a knowing chap, that will make the country thrive; so vote for him. God bless you, my dear boys, I must finish my letter, as I must just now to fly off to Portugal, to be with my Irish boys that George Canning has sent out, in case the spalpeen French should attack them. Good bye, be good boys, and believe me to be

Your loving father,
ST. PATRICK.

Paradise, July 17.

BONAPARTE.—MASSENA.—An incident not worth reciting here, brought me acquainted with the individual who was despatched by Massena to Napoleon, during the siege of Genoa in 1800, to give him information of his distressed situation. It was long before the downfall of the Emperor, that this circumstance was told me by this officer, then employed in the army of Italy. "I was," said he, "in Genoa with Massena. Thirty-five thousand Austrians blockaded us by land, and the English fleet by sea. The inhabitants were starving. Mutiny was ready to break forth. We had fed on the most disgusting food; and the garrison, consisting of twelve thousand men, was worn out with service and famine. Nothing could exceed the strictness of the blockade, and frequently the British ships came so close that they threw shells into the port. I saw infants expire from hunger, not having been able to draw nourishment from the dried up sources of the mothers' bosoms. Massena was firm, but he saw his situation was well nigh hopeless, and were he certain of not receiving relief, would willingly spare further misery by a surrender. Courier after courier made vain attempts to pass the enemy, but both by water and land, they failed to effect a communication with Bonaparte, or to convey to him the desperate situation of the garrison. Massena one day thus addressed me. "Our lives depend on a communication with the first consul. We can subsist a certain number of days and no longer—try your best."—I set out," said Monsieur L., my informant, "believing that to hold out even so long as the General said was impossible.—"Tell the first consul," said Massena, "that we have ever beaten and foiled our enemies even in a state of famine and misery—there are none of their colours."—He pointed at them with a sort of theatrical motion of the body, and an air of triumph that had an effect upon my young and ardent feelings. I shall never forget it. It was the first time he ever spoke to me. I caught a portion of his enthusiasm, and declared my determination to try my fortune. In the dead of a gloomy night, I succeeded in getting beyond the enemy's lines, passing on all-fours close to a sentinel; and by a circuitous route, I ultimately reached Lausanne, where Bonaparte then was. "How long can the General hold out?" he asked me hastily.—I told him what Massena had said, but that I did not conceive it possible. "But he will," said the first Consul; very well. By the 26 Prairial I shall have beaten the enemy, and Genoa will be free. At this moment, Bonaparte was at Lausanne, he had to pass the Alps by St. Bernard, the strong fortress of Bar, the Tesin, and the Po, swollen by the melting of the snows—in short, what to my mind and those of any other man, were obstacles no skill could surmount in the time. Feeling for the misery of the garrison, I ventured to say, "General Consul, you have heretofore made us familiar with miracles, but I fear for the truth of your prediction that Genoa will have fallen"—He replied, "That is my affair, Sir, you may retire." The prediction of this extraordinary man was correct. I saw Massena and his attenuated garrison set free within the time named by Bonaparte; and how they subsisted, is as great a miracle to me even at this moment, as the passage of the Alps by the then First Consul."

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) January 9, 1828.

The Schooner *Reindeer*, Capt. CREWELL, for Halifax, will sail on Friday morning.
The Brig *Sally*, Capt. GOOLEY, for Ross and Waterford, on Saturday.
The Brig *George Canning*, Capt. PARROTT, to sail for Poole (wind and weather permitting), on Sunday next.

DEPARTURES.

Passengers in the *Susanna*, Capt. NOTT, on Friday last, for Liverpool, Dr. MORRISON and ROBERT CARTER, Esq., of Ferryland.
In the *Faughal*, for Barbados, Mr. SINCLAIR.

Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

ENTERED.

December 29—Schooner *Reindeer*, Crewell, St. John, N. B.; 240 bbls. cider, 4 bbls. beef, 103 bbls. apples, 141 geese, 69 turkeys.
January 2—Brig *Worcester*, Thornton, Halifax; 2 tierces

and 18 bbls. sugar, 14 chests and 12 boxes tea, 100 bbls. apples, 29 casks cheese, 2 puns. cider, 30 boxes herrings, 129 tubs butter, 8,500 feet lumber, 3 bbls. tobacco.

CLEARED.

January 7—Brig *Rising Sun*, Bennett, Oporto; 1,650 qtls. fish, 76 gallons oil.
Schooner *Fly*, Carlile, Western Islands; 75 qtls. fish.

Married on Saturday last, by the Rev. F. H. CARRINGTON, THOMAS BENNETT, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. C. F. BENNETT & Co., Merchants, to HANNAH, youngest daughter of Mr. GEORGE KITCHINGS, of this town.

Died suddenly, on Wednesday last, while on the road to his house, Mr. BURREL RUTLEDGE, for many years a respectable inhabitant of this town.

Suddenly, on Monday evening, Mr. WILLIAM DEARIN, aged 37 years.—His funeral will take place to-morrow (Thursday), at 3 o'clock, when the friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock,

ON THE WHARF OF

William and Henry Thomas,

60 FIRKINS new Cumberland Butter,
20 Kegs Negrohead Tobacco,
3 Hhds. Leaf ditto,
6 Dozen Seal-skin Caps,
6 Ditto Fur Seal-skin ditto.

Just imported in the Brig *Worcester*, from Halifax.

Also,

TO CLOSE SALES,

45 Cheese,
1 Hhd. superior Claret Wine,
50 Pieces Raven Duck,
4 Boxes Vermicelli,
6 Ditto Smoking Tobacco,
11 Rols Twist ditto,
6 Cases Nyeau,
3 Bales Safe Leather,
6 Ditto Upper ditto,
12 Chairs,
25 Boxes Chocolate,
112 lbs. Liquorice,
1 Chest Bohem Tea,
2 Barrels Cider.

N. B.—Most of the above articles will be sold without the least reserve.

January 9, 1828.

On Sale,

BY

HUNTERS & Co.

LONDON Particular Old Madeira Wine, in Eighths of a Pipe,
Ditto Tenerife ditto, in Pipes and Qr.-casks,
Bronte Madeira ditto, in ditto,
Neilian Port and Red, in ditto,
Bohea and Congo Teas.

January 9, 1828.

BY

JOHN BYAN & Co.

140 Dozen Brown Stout,

(Superior quality.)

In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.

January 9, 1828.

Premises to be Let

THOSE Water-side Premises now in the occupancy of the Subscriber; they are eligibly situated, and may be improved considerably.

Also,

Several lots of Building Ground, situate in Water and Duckworth streets.

WILLIAM HOGAN.

January 9, 1828.

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.

Notices.

IN order to prevent the Public from being deceived, the Subscriber begs leave to say, that the Schooner *Margaret*, of White Bay, and the Schooner *Amity*, advertised for Hire by Messrs. JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co., are his property, and cannot be hired without applying to him.

PATRICK HAYES.

January 9, 1828.

NICHOLAS LATOUR

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he will re-open his Dancing School THIS DAY, at 2 o'clock, and continue it on each succeeding Wednesday and Saturday, during the Winter, at the same hour.

N. L. will also teach FENCING and the FRENCH LANGUAGE; and give private lessons in any of the above accomplishments, at the Pupils houses.

January 9, 1828.

Schooners to Hire for the Ice.



THE SCHOONER 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.

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:—

ACODA, 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, Assafetida,
Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna,
Cochineal, Cauterides, Colocynth, 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, Lytharge, Opodeldot, Castor Oil,
Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills,
Blister and Adhesive Paster, Ointments,
Tinctures of every description,
Dutch Drops, Burlington'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, Hobeys, Glue, Starch,
Thumb Blue, Copperas, Logwood,
Lamp Black, Ivory ditto, Black Lead,
Rose Pink, Turkey Umber, Terra de Sienna,
Prussian Blue, Indigo, Vermilion,
Yellow Ocher, Orchill, French Chalk,
Oils of Lavender, Cinnamon, Cloves, Peppermint,
Caraway, Juniper, and Almonds,
Echel Seed, British Oil,
Pongatum 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.



Ports' Corner.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing seat on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can't forget her unobtrusive prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give eye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is, even yet,
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gaz'd up where evening's lamp is hung,
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven like stars at night
And tread a living path of light.

GRAND FIGHT BETWEEN SIMON BYRNE
AND ROBERT AVERY,
FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

(From "Bell's Life in London," September 9.)

The fight between Simon Byrne and Robert Avery, for one hundred sovereigns, came off on Thursday week, near Kilmacolin, seventeen miles to the west of Glasgow. Byrne is a protegee of the celebrated Tom Reynolds, who, some twelve months ago, selected and brought him over to Glasgow, from among the pugnacious sons of Erin, as a boy of rare promise, since when he polished off Sandy McKay, a strong, lumpy, but inexperienced Glasgowian. Avery is an Englishman, from Bristol, whom some of the sporting natives (either for the laudable purpose of getting up a fight, or as some alleged, to humble the pride of Reynolds and his man Byrne, dissatisfied that Tom's men always beat their's) brought down to drub the Irishman. Avery had successfully fought some hard battles in England, beating, among other good ones, Big Boscoe in twenty minutes, who, in his turn, beat Pat McGee and others. Avery, therefore, came among us an approved good one. He fights under 12 st., while Byrne's weight is above 14. As the day approached, the match assumed a high degree of interest; and the drowsy ear of the auspicious morning was awake to nothing but the sage anticipations of the pedestrian votaries of the Ring, all agog on the roads from Glasgow, Paisley, Port-Glasgow, and Greenock, to be forward in time. By a quarter past one in the afternoon, the pouring in of chariots, foot, and horse, in thousands, completed the proudest Prize Ring ever formed in Scotland, and in ten minutes more Byrne, supported by Reynolds, threw in his token of defiance, and hoisted at the stakes, as his colours, the green flag of Erin. Avery, skipping sprightly as a lark, soon followed, seconded by Jack O'Donnell, of the London Ring, and tied his fogle, which was yellow, above Byrne's. The Englishman's levity of manners bespoke how much he underrated his adversary. On peeling, the very superior strength and weight of Byrne, though comparatively a green horn, struck the confidence entertained of Avery, though a tried good one; and on going into position, Avery's arms, somewhat a la Mendoza, set into motion as if training with the dumb-bells; while Byrne's position was manly and chaste, and the style of his second.

The Fight.

Round 1. Cautious to know each other; both manoeuvred for an opening. Avery at length broke ground and caught Byrne on the ear with his left, and got away. Byrne, after stopping more visits, repaid Avery by a heavy smash on the muzzle, colouring it to a deep purple. A rally, succeed by a close—Avery thrown. (A long round.)

2. Avery already felt he had his work to do, and manoeuvred to lead his man to danger; but Byrne, cool and cautious, declined the proffer, and waited his own time, till both countered left and right, but without much mischief. More sparring; Byrne hit out with his left, but was finely stopped; he urged it again, left and right at head and body, but Avery stopped, and got away; more jobbing; a close—Avery down.

3. No vulnerable point, till Avery hustled for it; he could not get at the Hibernian, whose return, however, he stopped; and Avery, never at rest, now delivered a heavy left-handed hit on Byrne's listner, and followed it up with a half-stopped right-hander. Byrne aimed a heavy body-blow, which the Englishman stopt; and, on Avery's returning, Byrne caught him an ugly gash over the right eye, Byrne thereby drawing first blood. Avery, however, not to be denied, went in, but it would not do; Byrne hit him again, but was caught in return flush on the mouth, and bled. Avery's left and right visits well stopt, and Byrne's return slightly told; hit and stop repeated without damage; a mutual pause; and to a manly rally succeeded a slashing encounter to the advantage of neither. Both again steady and on the alert; Avery tried his left at the head once and again, but the Irish shield was proof against the keen English sword; Avery wrought close into his man, but Byrne's chiding arm caused him to bridle back. In a close rally Avery was all-but hit down; he staggered to the ropes, and was thrown.

4. Byrne's left again found his mark; hit and stop followed—Avery's body runnaged. He caught Byrne, too, but with little effect, while his own face bore convincing proofs of the success of the Irishman's colouring brush. Another pause and sparring—Avery, rather shy, stopt Byrne's left twice over—more sparring—Byrne was again stopt—Avery tried to draw Simon from his strong hold by actual conversation in the fight, and succeeded in planting a slight hit, which the other returned. Avery's mawley here found Byrne's jaw, and, on being returned at, slipt down.

5. Byrne dealt a blow on Avery's neck: Avery's one-two was stopt. He also warded off similar favours of Byrne's; who, at length, however, caught him about the region of the stomach; but, in a determined rally, Byrne was hit down. (Shouts for Avery.)

6. Byrne, to requite the last leveller, presented Avery with a neck-stiffener, whose returns were refused, and more presents forced on the acceptance of Avery's cheek and chin. The Bristolian positively declined any more of Paddy's hospitality, and made some very fine stops. Simon, in a weaving rally, caught Avery twice over, but fell.

7. Avery gay, and game as ever, though somewhat distressed, struck Byrne on the left eye, and cut him [this, and the cut on the lip, were the only marks yet to be seen on Simon's phiz], who instantly returned on the side of Avery's head, whose visit to Byrne's head, in return, fell short on the shoulder. Interchange of civilities—Byrne, being tired of unprofitable, reached Avery's bread-basket, and helped himself. Sparring—a rally and close—broke away again—hits given and taken, and Byrne stumbled down in the strife.

8. Byrne's hits well stopt. In a rushing mill, Avery's back whirled in front, and he received on it heavily, by which, and the open struggle, he went down.

9. A fine rally, blows marring blows; Byrne threw Avery on his back, and fell heavily upon him.

10. Both cautious, and long sparring, till Byrne's mawleys told right and left; Avery manfully hit out to a counter, but caught again, and went down.

11. Avery stopt Byrne's left, and returned at the body, but was stopt. Eager manoeuvring, and trial of tactics. Byrne's terrible right-handed plunge was twice stopt in gallant style, and his left fell short; a close, and Avery pulled Byrne down.

12. Both cautious, and on the alert; Avery made play, but was stopt; Byrne was with him, but neither would do. Another like assault well met and broken; a pause for wind, and long sparring; the patient, though eager, look out for chances was sorely contested; Byrne, at length, perceiving a speck, let fly left and right, but Avery stopt the one and avoided the other; the men, tired of scientific watching, engrafted thereon a sprout of resolute manhood—slashing work was the consequence, and Avery revisited Pat's potatoe-trap; some fine science followed, Avery stuck to his man, and the leery Byrne, off his perpendicular, fell at something like, if not worse, the wind of the Bristolian's blow.

13. This round was much in favour of Byrne. Avery tried to redeem it, but it was no go. Byrne met the pride of Bristol, and tapt him slightly; he again tried left and right, but Avery stemmed the torrent, and dealt him a cuff, without, however, making any impression. They now fought to a close—Byrne, in the reeling struggle (which brought Avery's head low), hit him up on the face; a close, and Avery thrown.

14. Avery still came up nothing loath, and planted a fair body blow; he essayed it again, left for the head, and right for the body, but failed; and, on again going boldly in, Byrne visited him with a tremendous right-handed muzzler; Avery stunned, but nothing daunted, then fought Byrne round to all points, and a slashing treat it was, till Byrne, in the struggle, fell to the ground.

15. On coming to the scratch, Byrne's left hand appeared much puffed, but in other respects he was comparatively well; while Avery's frontispiece was too highly coloured for good taste. Avery aimed at the body, but missed; he was now open-mouthed and puffing, so indeed was Byrne; more sparring for wind; in a rally, Byrne had nearly got Avery's

head into chancery, but the leery Bristolian slipped through his gripe to the ground.

16. Both set to work again; Byrne's aim fell short; Avery's body blows were stopt; Byrne's return told slightly, but Avery's right caught Byrne on the old mouth-sore, and he staggered down.

17. Byrne aimed a tremendous left blow, which Avery beautifully stopt. The men, at a pause, stood eying each other, as much as to say, "what is to be done next?" when Byrne let fly, but missed. Another painful pause; Byrne hit out with both hands, but Avery got away; Byrne again missed, was returned on by Avery, but without execution, and fell. (Hisses for Byrne.)

18. Byrne, as if to compensate the ring for his last fall, now opened his heavy artillery from the right, his left hand guns being damaged, but was silenced by a counter fire from the enemy, between wind and water; Byrne renewed the charge, and his right caught Avery a heavy slash on the cheek; the men closed, and Byrne lifted Avery up, dashed him to the ground, and fell heavily upon him. (This work could not last long.)

19. As the fight waxed hot, caution gave way to a bolder style, and no time was lost. The men at once rallied to a close—Avery thrown, Byrne heavily on him.

20. Avery made feints, and rushed on Byrne; but his blows fell short, and he went down while Byrne was in the act of returning.

21. Sparring—a pause; Avery's well-meant left was stopt; Byrne's left stopt; the weaving renewed; and Byrne hit Avery down by a blow on the side.

22. Byrne hurled a rushing blow on Avery's breast, half through his guard; and Avery, to be revenged, followed him back, and caught Byrne slightly on the cheek; nor yet would he "cease his funning," but onward fought, and followed to a close, when he was thrown, and the Ajax-like Byrne fell upon him.

23. Avery caught it on the kidney; and, in the confusion of give and take, he was knocked down.

24. Some well-meant favours stopt by both; a rally, in which the men went reeling like tops, and the biting became consequent y wide and abroad, till Avery was smitten on the cheek, and went down.

25. Byrne instantly inade play; he was stopt, but closed on Avery, and sent him a thundering summerset to the ground, beels over head, by which his neck was nearly broken.

In the ten following rounds, Byrne kept the lead, while the exhaustion of Avery gradually increased.

26. and last. On time being called, Avery was led to the scratch; he appeared groggy and dozing, with his head drooping aside, till O'Donnell called out in his ear, "time, boys, halloo!" This war-note aroused the poor fellow—he rushed on to fight, but nature was worn out, and Byrne met him flush in the face, which operated as the coup de gras, and he fell to rise no more.

O'Donnell then gave in for him, and Reynolds hoisted the flag of victory for Byrne. Thus ended, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, the best contested prize-fight ever witnessed in Scotland. A subscription was made on the ground for the losing man, with which, and a good benefit, he must rest consoled for his defeat.

REMARK.

Byrne is a cool well-tempered man, availing all intemperance, and in fight his attitude is such that he can throw every pound of his superior weight into his blow, which Avery, from his style, never can do. Avery is a brave manly fighter, he is also an able tactician, but was evidently overmatched. Byrne has proved himself too good to expect another match among us. The London Ring is Byrne's proper sphere, to which he could not but prove an ornament. Tom Reynolds said, he would yet make an ornament of the world, and who is a better judge than Tom?

MILITARY VALOUR.—Bonaparte was about to give orders relative to a battery at Toulon, when a young serjeant came forward to write from his dictation. A bomb fell near enough to Bonaparte and his Secretary to cover them with earth and gravel. "That's just the thing," said the latter, turning the page; "I wanted some sand to dry the paper." Bonaparte asked his name, &c. After this, Junot was promoted, and being addicted to intoxication, he was a bully and duellist at Paris, and his unparalleled skill at the broad sword, then a common mode of fighting, made him the terror of the capital. At length he quarrelled at a billiard-table with a young officer, who, in a spirited manner, called him out; and, to the surprise of every body, insisted upon Junot's favourite weapon, the broadsword, deciding the contest. They fought, and a furious gash in Junot's abdomen cured him of his propensity for duelling. The antagonist proved to be Launoy, afterwards Duke of Montebello, whose intrepidity and daring spirit were the astonishment of the French armies; he was killed at the battle of Esling. At the assault upon Acre, when the Turkish scymeter proved too powerful for the European bayonets, and the headless bodies of the French were rolling down the breach, Sir Sidney Smith mentions a young French officer, who stood undaunted amidst the carnage, parrying the numerous scymeters which were directed against him, and laying every Turk who attacked him dead at his feet, whilst he was animating his soldiers to every possible exertion in the charge. This was the intrepid Lannes.—Gen. Foy's Memoirs.

Printed and Published every WEDNESDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN SHEA, at his Office opposite the CUSTOM-HOUSE, Water-Street, where Advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and carefully attended to. Orders will also be transmitted by Mr. THOMAS FOLEY, Merchant, Harbour-Grace.—ONE GUINEA per annum.