



Newfoundlander.

No. 27.

WEDNESDAY, January 23, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Salt.

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 Magie. ja, Aloes, Balsam of Tolu, Balsam Peru, Camphor, Cream Tartar, Peruvian Bark, Saffron, Essence of Bergamot, Gum Arabic, Gum Benjamin, Assafoetida, Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna, Cochineal, Cantarides, Colocynth, Opium, Columba and Oris Root, Ipecacuanha, Rhubarb, Spermaceti, Gum Mastic, Shell Lac, Sulphate of Quinine, Jodine, Conserve of Roses, Chamomile Flowers, Gum Ammoniac, Hellobore, Catechu, Sulphate of Iron, Rotten 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.

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 Tenerife WINE,
A few Hogsheds fine Barbadoes SUGARS,
MOLASSES,
FLOUR,
BREAD, &c. &c.

October 31, 1827.

An excellent BILLIARD TABLE for Sale—Apply to

JOHN LONG.

November 21, 1827.

The Epicurean.—A Tale.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[Mr. Moore has added a new laurel to the ample wreath which has long been awarded him by the general consent of all who admire accomplished wit, extensive learning, and brilliant imagination. The present publication, besides those delightful qualities which always characterize this author's writings, displays powers which the careless reader at least could not have anticipated. Thorough knowledge of life, great skill in describing its diversified appearances, an intimate acquaintance with all the best treasures of ancient and modern lore, and a diction rich, various, and appropriately representing the subject, whatever it might be, which he undertook to embellish—for all this even the most superficial person must have been prepared. With, however, two or three brief exceptions, the author did not appear to be disposed to unravel the more complex workings of the mind, or to expose the sacred springs of the heart. Fancy and sentiment, rather than philosophy or passion, seemed to be his voluntary and congenial elements. In *The Epicurean* he has at length afforded abundant proof, that the comparatively limited sphere in which he has hitherto delighted to move has been one of choice, not of necessity; and that his powers are equal to the masterly delineation of the intricacies of thought, or of the depths of passion as well as to the portraiture of external loveliness, or the expression of graceful fancies. *The Epicurean* is a young Athenian, who, in the very midst of his triumph, on being chosen chief of that sect of refined sensualists, (such they were in the middle of the third century—such, probably, they always were whatever might have been the character of the founder), feels yet "some craving void left aching in his breast," and determines to leave his luxurious groves and gardens, unable as they were to satisfy a contemplative spirit, which, even in the darkness of paganism, had longings after immortality. He goes to Egypt—the land of romance and mystery—where, after some pleasing, but trifling adventures, he is gradually ensnared in the toils spread for him by the High Priest of Memphis; and consents, partly urged by the force of his own imagination, partly by the necessity of his situation, to submit to the appalling ceremonies of an initiation into the Egyptian mysteries. The phantasms and illusions, alternately terrific and enchanting, by which the mind of the aspirant was in turns excited and soothed, till it was at last completely subdued into submission to this splendid superstition, are described by Mr. Moore with equal accuracy and beauty; the learning is exact and extensive, but always inspired with the glow of a powerful imagination. From the Temple of Isis, which had been destined by the priest to be his perpetual prison, the aspirant is rescued by a young priestess, who is a Christian in disguise, and with whom he flies to the protection of an aged hermit:—here, by the force of love and meditation, he becomes partially a proselyte to the Christian faith; and the Hermit, who believes him to be a thorough convert, unites him in marriage with the lovely object of his affection. On the very day, however, of the marriage, the persecution of the Christians, which had been some time slackened, recommences with redoubled fury; the Hermit and the bride are among its first victims, and the wretched *Epicurean* survives to tell the tale of his afflictions, and to become, after many years of suffering, himself a Christian martyr. Such is a very imperfect and hasty outline of the story; but it can give no idea of the various beauties of thought and language which adorn every page of the narrative. The passages to which we have alluded, as displaying new powers in Mr. Moore, are those where he analyzes with equal skill and eloquence the conflicts of reason and passion in his hero, as he is compelled to surrender the fancied dignity of philosophy—first, to the dreams of superstition—next, to the influence of love—lastly, to the simplicity of that creed which was "to the Greek foolishness." But the great distinction, the master-piece of the work, is the history of the birth and progress of the affection of the pure minded Christian girl for the philosophical companion of her flight. Here the author shows a knowledge of the heart, which must be the result of the nicest observation with the deepest reflection. He paints the passion with the skill and enthusiasm of Rousseau, but with a delicacy which Rousseau never knew; he exhibits the pathetic sweetness and elegant fancy of St. Pierre, without one particle of that affectation which disfigures the otherwise exquisite story of *Paul and Virginia*.—

We have not room for any extracts which can give an adequate idea of the work; but we venture to select two passages, though, like flowers torn from the parent stem, they represent but the fragrance, not the beauty of the tree:—

"I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned every thing that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard feelings, so natural, with severity,—knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man,—the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, proved as he thought the purity of my views had been, by the fidelity with which I had delivered up my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

"As I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed too much happiness to be real; nor can words give an idea of the joy—the shame—the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared, that he awaited but the moment when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, heavenly. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith; and the white garments she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger, were symbols, he said, of that new life into which she had been initiated.

"I raised my eyes to her as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

"To that night, however, I look back as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes call the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I knew no other relief to my overcharged feelings than that of throwing myself on my knees, and, for the first time in my life, uttering a prayer, that if, indeed, there were a being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to me!

"My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to pay their visit to my now charmed cave, where her smile left a light, at each parting, that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, by star-light, over the mountains; our pauses, on the way, to contemplate the bright wonders of that heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock; and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher! all, was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

"When the moon-light nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which but lately had appeared to me so desolate, now wore even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them; sometimes her eyes sparkled on finding, perhaps a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lent their mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share—mingling with them occasionally the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is love," written legibly every where.

[For remainder, see last page.]

THE CLUBS OF ST. JAMES'S.

(By an Octogenarian.)

SHERIDAN'S INTRODUCTION INTO THE CLUB.

It is proper to premise, that when any gentleman is desirous of being a member of Brookes's, it is necessary that two members should propose him, and that his name, with those of the proposers, should be inscribed on a board over the fire-place of the club-room, for one month before his election or rejection is decided. This must be by ballot, and if even one black ball be thrown into the urn, the candidate cannot be admitted. This rule, in the olden time, was, like the Median and Persian laws, never infringed; perhaps it is not now; but the present members of the Club are not so rigid as to the character, quality, and fortune of candidates, as their fathers were. Twenty years ago, the Club was select, and by no means numerous; a citizen or merchant could seldom or never obtain admission; and wealth alone, without high blood or transcendent talent, was generally excluded. Within a few late years, the number of members has been extended to fifteen hundred; consequently wealth, or a seat in the Opposition, has been a pretty certain passport for admission. Election by ballot, however, still continues; and the only person who ever became a member without this ceremony was his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness entered the Club in order to have more frequent intercourse with Fox; and, on his first appearance, every member got up and welcomed him in by acclamation. But to return to the subject of the present anecdote.

When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation, that he was exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of the Brookes's, which he himself was in the habit of frequenting every night. Sheridan was accordingly proposed; and though on several occasions, every gentleman was earnestly canvassed to vote for him, yet he was sure to have one black ball whenever he was balloted for, which was, of course, sufficient to disqualify him.

This was carried on for many months; and it was at length resolved on by his friends to find out who the person was that so inveterately opposed the admission of the orator. Accordingly the balls were marked, and old George Selwyn (whose aristocratic prejudices would have induced him to black-ball his Majesty, himself, if he could not produce proofs of noble descent for three generations at least) was discovered to be the hostile party. This circumstance was told the same evening to Mr. Sheridan, who desired that his name might be put up again as usual and begged that the farther conduct of the matter might be left to himself.

Accordingly, on the next evening, when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shewn into candidate's waiting-room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him, in the room below stairs; immediately Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay; and Sheridan, to whom, by the by, he had no personal dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story, which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence, the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal, by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn that the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very remarkable. He now found his own way up stairs, and his name being sent into Fox, he came out, took him by the hand, and introduced him with all due formality to the Club; all the members of which welcomed him by shaking hands, and with the most flattering compliments. Sheridan was now in his glory.

The Prince, in the mean time was left in no enviable situation; for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten, and his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening with sufficient attention, to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance in the way of prompting, he contrived with a good deal of humming and hawing, to get on pretty well for a few minutes; when a question from old Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness's story to that of Sheridan, completely posed him, and he stuck fast. Having endeavoured to set himself right by floundering about a good deal, and finding that it was labour in vain, the Prince at length burst out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous figure which he cut, and exclaimed "D—u the fellow! to leave me to finish his infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn! But never mind Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up stairs, and I dare say, Fox, or some of them will be able to tell you all about it."

They adjourned to the Club-room accordingly, and old George, who did not know what to make of the matter, had his eyes completely open to the whole manoeuvre, when on his entrance, Sheridan, rising, made him a low bow, and thus addressed him:—"Poa my honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long, but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company; they have just been making me a member,—without even one black ball—and here I am." "The devil they have!" exclaimed George. "Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan; "and as I know you are very glad of the circumstance, accept my grateful thanks

(pressing his hand on his breast, and bowing very low), for your friendly suffrage.—And now, if you will sit down by me, I'll finish my story; for I dare say his Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits."—"Your story! it's all a lie, from beginning to end!" screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room. The old man now sat down growling at the nearest whist table; but in a short time, he could not help joining in the peals of mirth which were occasioned by the trick that had been played him—and before the evening was over, he shook hands with Sheridan, and kindly wished him welcome.

Poor Sheridan remained many years a member, and was the delight of all. He paid his subscriptions, it is true; that is, twenty guineas the first year, and twelve every succeeding one; but his account with the house was, alas! like all his other debts, continually on the increase. When he was turned out of office, the partners who managed the concerns of the Club, seeing no chance of their claim being ever cancelled, would fain have dis-membered him; but his fascinating conversation had made him so many friends that it was more than they dared do, to refuse him a bottle when he called for it, or to forget to lay a knife and fork for him, when the members chosed to dine together on grand occasions. There is no doubt but Sheridan would have paid all his debts if he could; but his wishes to do so, compared with his well known want of economy, were like Paine's simile of Mr. Pitt's theory of Finance: viz. that the power of the Sinking Fund to redeem the National Debt, was like that of a man with a wooden leg trying to overtake a hare—the longer he ran, the farther he was behind! Mr. Sheridan was sufficiently sensible that some apology, or "promise to pay," was due to the proprietors; and never failed, on proper occasions, to amuse them with flattering prospects of the future. In these, he deceived himself more than those whom he attempted to cajole.—Still, he was at all times a welcome guest at Brookes's; for the Gentlemen above alluded to, continued to grant that with a good grace, which they could not refuse or withdraw, without considerable offence to the oldest and most respectable members.

(From the Irishman, September 26.)

The following dignified, temperate, and conciliatory Speech was delivered by our universally and justly respected Prelate, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, as Chairman of the Catholic Meeting held last week in Marlborough-street Chapel, for the purpose of preparing petitions to Parliament:—

"The requisition which you just heard read, and which is so respectably signed, distinctly states the object of the present meeting. The purpose is to adopt a petition to the Legislature for a repeal of the remaining penal laws that still aggrieve the Catholic Body. I am sure that your proceedings here this day will be such as become men who feel the value of the blessings which they seek, and who by their temperance and wisdom prove themselves worthy of obtaining them. Before I proceed further, permit me to mention the reasons which have this day placed me in a situation somewhat at variance with my usual habits. I have seen and heard it stated that Catholic Emancipation is not an object of interest to the great body of the people, but merely to a few restless spirits whom nothing would satisfy. Your meeting this day proves the reverse—the Catholics are all united, and with one voice they solicit the Legislature for a redress of their grievances. It is said the Clergy have other duties of an higher order to perform—true; the business of our ministry is more than sufficient to engage our whole attention. But those who traduce us should remember that they force us into our present line of conduct, and that if we engage in other duties besides spiritual duties, it must be allowed that in becoming Ecclesiastics, we do not cease to be citizens, and that we are not to be precluded from vindicating the cause of our common country. (Cheers.) There is no man, Clergyman or Layman, who must not feel concerned at beholding that country torn by internal struggles—its prosperity marred—the entire frame of society disturbed, and the whole mass of the country brought into opposition by the law, and contemplating each other with little less than animosity.—There is no man who must not behold with pain all the great interests of the country thus paralyzed.—Let those who traduce the Catholic Clergy, for interfering in political matters, remember that we, the pastors of our beloved flocks, are intimately interested in their welfare, and that whether their fortunes be adverse or prosperous, we shall ever be found with them. Let our traducers remember, too, that as Ministers of religion, we cannot bury within us all recollection of the disgrace and ignominy with which the law brands that divine institution for which every man who ascends that altar is ready to sacrifice his life. (Cheers.) When we behold a Catholic gentleman of integrity and honour, his mind beaming with intelligence, and stored with learning—when we see such a man, distinguished by every quality that could fit him for the service of his country, debarred from those offices which the most worthless of any other religion, or of no religion at all, are qualified to fill—when we see him shut out from such offices unless he shall swear that that religion to which our hopes of salvation cling, is superstitious and idolatrous—what man of feeling is there whose breast must not burn with indignation at such a scene? (Cheers.) Let us trust to the Power above, and observe the Divine admonition—"Be wise and sin not." I am sure that our proceedings this day will prove that we can restrain within the limits of wisdom, the strongest feelings of our nature, and that inspired by the cause which has united the

clergy and laity—the Peer and the peasant—the rich and poor, we shall lend our aid to the great purpose of Emancipation, for which the Catholics as one body are now seeking. I trust, that in the pursuit of this object, we shall exhibit a degree of wisdom and temperance, and that union, firmness, and temperance, the motto placed before us by the Peers of Buckingham-house, shall mark our proceedings this day—that no personalities shall escape from any one, and that no gentleman will say that which he would be ashamed to avow in the highest circles of polite society. I hope that when the business of the day is over, I shall have the happiness of congratulating you, that those hallowed walls, which but lately echoed with the voice of charity, have not been profaned by the expression of a sentiment, or the utterance of a word that we should disavow. The venerated Prelate sat down amidst loud cheers."

The origin of confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in Europe, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that Judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his "Antiquities," plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously observes in his "Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution," p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict. The descendants of those nations, who form the greatest of the population of the United States, may feel a gratification in knowing the origin of this restraint upon juries.—American paper.

COMMON SCOLD.—A Mrs. Minty Graham was lately tried at Haggerstown, in Maryland, upon a charge of being, in the technical phraseology of the law, "a common scold." Abundant evidence of her scolding is stated to have been produced, but the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. It is related that they expressed conscientious scruples, about convicting her as a common scold, when it was proved that she was an uncommon scold.

Extract from Mr. Morris's letter to Lord Bexley, on the State of Newfoundland:—

"MY LORD.—The strange and most unnatural stories related before your Lordship, whilst presiding at the Meeting of the Newfoundland School Society, held at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 15th of May, respecting the state of Society, Religion, and Morals in that Country, will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I now take of addressing your Lordship, with a few remarks, to prove that the imputations cast upon the People of Newfoundland are utterly groundless, and without the slightest foundation. It must be within the recollection of your Lordship, that I at that Meeting—with a warmth of feeling and expression in some degree opposed to the solemn and regular character of its proceeding—did indignantly repel the disgusting charges brought forward. With the defence then made, in behalf of the People of Newfoundland, I should have rested perfectly satisfied, but that I observed in a Report of the Proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, held at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 25th of May, assertions made with respect to Newfoundland, by a Dignitary of the Church of England, well calculated to give currency to the statements made at the Meeting of the Newfoundland School Society, and to mislead the public with respect to the true character of the people of that Colony. Being a resident inhabitant of Newfoundland, and taking more than common interest in its welfare, I consider it my duty to remove, as much as any humble effort of mine can remove, the unfavourable and erroneous impressions which have been made on the public mind; and when I reflect on the high station which your Lordship holds in his Majesty's Councils, and that you may, as one of the advisers of the Crown, be called on to decide on the wisdom of granting to the people of Newfoundland those liberal institutions which have been granted to the neighbouring Colonies, I am the more anxious to place their real character before your Lordship. For if the people of Newfoundland are in the savage, besotted state, in which they are represented to be, without religious or moral character, it would be the extreme of folly to grant them those institutions which they are seeking for; and your Lordship would be fully warranted in opposing any such measures: on the contrary, if, as I hope to be able to prove, they are a religious and moral people, remarkable for their peaceable demeanour and submission to the Laws and constituted Authorities; and that crimes of a public nature are by no means common amongst them, it will, I am sure, be a great inducement, in case the subject should come under your Lordship's consideration, to recommend to his Majesty's Government, that those rights and privileges which have been granted to other Colonies in their infancy, and which are the main causes of their rapid advancement in population, wealth, and civilization, should also be granted to Newfoundland,

"It appears to me, my Lord, most extraordinary, and what I do not perfectly understand, that men, who profess to come forward to promote the cause of Christianity, should commence their labours by violating its fundamental principles. Charity is the foundation on which the glorious structure of our holy religion has been raised by its Divine Founder; it is the pivot on which it turns;—let those Gentlemen, who have so repeatedly made such unfounded statements, with respect to the people of Newfoundland, reconcile their conduct with Charity, for in truth, my Lord, I cannot. I presume they would recoil at the very thought of injuring an individual in society, yet they appear to have no hesitation in traducing by wholesale the character of a people. We are told, my Lord, that good name to man or woman is inestimable; if, then, it is of such importance to individuals, of how much greater value must it be to the people of a distant and unprotected Colony, depending for their welfare and existence upon the will of a great and powerful nation, and separated from it by a distance of 2,000 miles. I am quite at a loss to devise the motives of those gentlemen; possibly their object is to represent us as great sinners, that they may have the merit of converting us into very great saints. The truth is, my Lord, we are not very great sinners; nor will, I fear, the exertions of those on this side of the water, who take such an interest in our welfare, ever make us very great saints. We are very much like the people of other countries—not much worse nor much better. It appears to me that the error these gentlemen have fallen into, is, that they are too fond of sounding their own praise; and I have therefore to recommend, in addition to their zeal in circulating the Holy Scriptures to the benighted inhabitants, that they will themselves carefully read them. The severe condemnation by our Divine Redeemer of the Scribes and Pharisees, will, I fear, apply to their conduct respecting the people of Newfoundland, and be at the same time a censure and commentary on their proceedings. I shall repeat the text for their edification:—"Take heed that you do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise you have no reward of your Father which is in heaven; therefore when thou dost thine alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men; verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." We read in the Scriptures, that in battle, "justice and courage is a thousand men"—in the conflict in which these gentlemen have engaged, with ignorance, vice, and immorality in Newfoundland, they will find, if they take Truth and Charity to guide them, that these virtues will have an effect equal to the distribution of a thousand Bibles.

I fear I have taken up too much of your Lordship's time in making these preliminary observations, and I will now endeavour to prove the utter falsehood of the charges so frequently brought against the religious and moral character of the inhabitants of Newfoundland. It is not necessary to detain your Lordship with a repetition of the disgusting detail of those charges: I shall endeavour to place the true character of the people before your Lordship, and, by comparing it with the statements made at the late public meetings, your Lordship will be able to form your own judgment on the subject."

(To be continued.)

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) January 23, 1828.

The Brig *Matilda*, Capt. PENROSE, will sail on Friday next, for Barbados.

The Brig *Marnhull*, Capt. WHITE, for Cork, on Saturday next, wind and weather permitting.

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

CLEARED.

January 16—Brig Favorite, Withycombe, Bilbao; 2300 qtls fish, 541 gallons oil.
22—Brig Worcester, Thornton, Pernambuco; 1315 qtls. fish.

Deaths.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. CHARLES DENNING, aged 86 years—one of the oldest native inhabitants of this town.—The numerous and respectable attendance at his funeral, which took place yesterday, evinced the high esteem in which this gentleman was held by the community.

On Sunday morning, after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. ANN SNELLGROVE, wife of Mr. JOHN SNELLGROVE, of this town, aged 68 years.—She maintained through life a pleasing urbanity of manner;—but it is needless to dwell on the many excellent qualities of this amiable woman;—she died beloved and esteemed by all her friends, who in silence mourn her sad and long-expected fate. Her funeral will take place this day, at 2 o'clock, when her friends are particularly requested to attend.—Communicated

On the night of Sunday last, after a lingering and very painful illness, which she bore with fortitude and pious resignation, Mrs. STENTAFORD, wife of Mr. JOHN STENTAFORD, of this town, aged 42 years.—In this lady were united all the mild and amiable qualities which reflect peculiar lustre on the female character;—and it must be soothing to her afflicted family to know, that she carries with her to

the silent grave, the blessings of the poor, to whom she was a constant benefactor,—and the regret and esteem of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her funeral will take place on Friday next, at 11 o'clock, when the friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

"Sweet be her rest within the tomb,
And dear her memory in the bower,
And pure the tear that mourns the doom
Of CHARLOTTE, in the lonely hour!"

On Monday last, after a short illness, HENRY, second son of Mr. JOHN BRAY, aged 19 years.—His funeral will take place on Friday next, at 11 o'clock, from his father's residence, *Duckworth-street*.

Notices.

AMATEUR THEATRE.

A MEETING of the Performers of the Theatre, and of such Persons as are desirous of joining the Corps for the ensuing season, is proposed to take place at the Theatre,

THIS DAY,

(Wednesday) at 2 o'clock precisely, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements.
January 23.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 12th January, 1828.

THE Co-partnership carrying on business here, under the firm of WILLIAM E. CORMACK & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All Persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, whose receipt will be a sufficient discharge; and all Persons having claims on the said firm, are requested to send them in for adjustment.

W. E. CORMACK.
JOHN B. THOMSON.

Witnesses { PETER M'KELLAR.
STUART LIDDAL.

THE Subscriber being at present disengaged, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that during the winter season he will attend as a WRITER, by the Day or Week, as may be agreed upon, (either at his own or the residence of those who may favour him with employment,) at opening Books, drawing Agreements, or any other branch of Mercantile business;—and trusts, from his long experience in the above line, he will give satisfaction. His charge will be moderate, and may be known on application to him, at his house opposite that of Mr. JOSEPH GILL, *New Road*.

HENRY DEVEREUX.

January 23.

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.

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.

On Sale.

HUNTERS & Co.

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

January 9, 1828.

On Sale.

THE
Schooner INDUSTRY,

Burthen 31 tons, now lying at the wharf of the Subscribers; she is full timbered for the ice, and the terms of payment will be made accommodating to the purchaser.

JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.

January 23.

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.

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.

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.



Doets' Corner.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Belov'd Caledonia!
I welcome again,
Thy cliffs rising proudly
High o'er the green main:
O, dear is thy mountain,
And heath-cover'd shore;—
I seek thee, my country,
To leave thee no more.
I've cross'd the wide waters,
I've trod the lone strand,
I've triumph'd in battle,
I've lighted the brand:
I've borne the loud thunders
Of death o'er the foam,—
Fame,—riches,—I've found them,
But found not a home!
No mountain I've gazed on,
With nest in the cleft;—
No heart I've repos'd on
Like that which I left.
To scenes of my childhood
I turn me again,
To seek for the pleasure
I've sought for in vain.

[[Continued from first page.]

"Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh mornings of hope! oh nights of happiness! with what mournful pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

"During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I occasionally paid a visit to the neighbouring city, Antioch, which, as the capital of the Thebaid, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper-Egypt. Here—so changed was my every feeling by the all transforming passion that possessed me—I wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world."

"I was in the house, I found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antioch. From him I now learned at once—for I could not wait for details—the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval.—Milanius was no more,—Alethe, still alive, but in prison!

"Take me to her,—I had but time to say—'take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side,'—when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were for that day over—but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at night-fall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, I added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods. 'Otherwise,' said he, 'there is no hope,—the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey.'

"He then related to me, at my own request—the every word was torture—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. 'I have seen courage,' said he, 'in its noblest forms in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!'

"My poor Alethe, too,—in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept to me like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the Tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. 'She raised her eyes,' said he, 'calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of moral feeling on her features;—and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her dooming words, 'I am a Christian!' sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions.

"The implacable Orcus, however, would not bear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all the deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which, so fatally to his views, she had assisted mine, he demanded loudly, and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her

fate, that the delay of another day was accorded, to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus afforded some pretext for saving her.

"Even in yielding reluctantly to this brief respite, the inhuman Priest would accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of corals, with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom—'and, thus fearfully adorned,' said he, 'she was led away, amid the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison.'

"With these details the short intervals till night-fall—every minute of which seemed an age—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter—my wound, though not dangerous, required such a conveyance—and conducted, under the guidance of my friend, to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

"She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a limp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

"She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

"After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me, and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and even now scarcely trusted her senses. 'My husband, my love,' she exclaimed; 'oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready.' In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe! I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang, and the sound of my voice seemed to re-animate her; she looked up with a faint smile in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my sufferings, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts—and the tenderness with which she spoke—oh, at any other moment, how would I have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word.

"But the time flew fast, the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturers—the flames, the racks, the wheels, were before my eyes. Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, and the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

"Shrinking from me as I spoke, but with a look more of sorrow than reproach, 'What, thou, too,' she said, mournfully, 'thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own. Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith.' Thou who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded—die for the truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us; when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou were to be sharer in it:—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed,' she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger, 'behold these pledges, they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven, nor in that life to which I am hastening, shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul.—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that inheritance, immortal and undefiled, which mercy offers, and that thou,—my dear mother,—and I—'

"She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness, like the coming of death, that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips, 'Believe me,' she continued, 'not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal, could be

half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee—'

"Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, 'It is but too true!'

"He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow—oh, horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath, but it would not come away,—it would not come away.

"Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away; there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my soul, and in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms."

BURKE.

The London Weekly Review, a clever periodical, in a critique upon a recent publication, entitled "The Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and Dr. French Lawrence," gives the following, amongst other interesting extracts, from the letters of that great man:—

This is what he thought of the government in its conduct towards Ireland:—

"They (the government) have fomented a spirit of discord upon principle in that unhappy country. They have set the Protestants, in the only part of the country in which the Protestants have any degree of strength, to massacre the Catholics. The consequence will be this, if it is not the case already, that instead of dividing these two factions, the Catholics, finding themselves outlawed by their government, which has not only employed the arm of abused authority against them, but the violence of lawless insurrection, will use the only means that is left for their protection in a league with those persons who have been encouraged to fall upon them, and who are as well disposed to rebel against all government, as to prosecute their unoffending fellow-citizens."

"I agree with you, that the footing upon which the Ministers had put their negotiation, involves them in difficulties with regard, not only to the opposition, but to themselves and their sole ally, and to the sole ally which they had hopes of acquiring, as well as to the miserable inhabitants of the islands who had incorporated themselves upon our faith into the British empire; and who never hence-forward can strike a blow with heart either in their own favour, or that of our feeble and perfidious Government."

His opinion of Popery, and Protestantism, and Pitt:—

"What you say about the Pope is very striking, but he and his Troy will be burned to ashes; and I assure all good Protestants, that whatever they may think of it, the thread of their life is close twisted into that of their great enemy.—It is perfectly ridiculous, in the midst of our melancholy situation, to see us forswearing this same Pope lustily in every part of these dominions, and making absolute war upon him in Ireland, at the hazard of every thing that is dear to us, whilst the enemy, from whom we have most to fear, is doing the same thing with more effect and less hazard to themselves. For we are cutting our own throats in order to be revenged of this said old Pope. It is very singular, that the power which menaces the world should produce in us no other marks of terror than by a display of meanness; and that this poor old bugbear, who frightens nobody else, and who is affrighted by every body and every thing, is to us the great object of terror, of precaution, and of vigorous attack. You remember the fable of the Hare and the Frogs. On this point, I verily begin to believe that Mr. Pitt is stark mad; but that he is in the cold fit of his phrenetic fever. I agree with you, and it was long the opinion of our dear departed friend, that Mr. Pitt, keeping an underhand and direct influence in Ireland, to screen himself from all responsibility, does resolve on the actual dissolution of the empire; and having settled for himself, as he thinks, a faction there, puts every thing into the hands of that faction, and leaves the Monarchy and the superintendency of Great Britain to shift for themselves as they may."

He speaks as follows of the Irish Catholics:—

"They give as good proofs of their loyalty and affection to Government, at least as any other people. Tests have been contrived for them to purge them from any suspicious political principles, supposed to have some connexion with their religion. These tests they take; whereas the persons, called Protestants, which Protestantism, as things stand, is no description of a religion at all, or of any principle, religious, moral, or political, but is a mere negation, take no tests at all."