



Newfoundlander.

No. 28.

WEDNESDAY, January 30, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

BY

JOHN RYAN

& Co.

140 Dozen Brown Stout,

(Superior quality.)

In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.

January 9, 1828.

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, Soda, Alum, Pearl Ashes, Tartaric Acid, Carbonate of Soda, Salt of Tartar, Flour of Sulphur, Stone ditto, Roman Vitriol, Borax, Sugar of Lead, Liquorice, Magnesia, 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, Castorides, 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, Opodeldoe, Castor Oil, Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills, Blisters and Adhesive Plaster, Ointments, Tinctures of every description, Dutch Drops, Turlington's Balsam, Caraway and Coriander Seeds, Pimento, Cloves, Nutmegs, Mace, Cinnamon, Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Bitter Almonds, Arrow Root, Sage, 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.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER.

[The following chapter, from the "Recollections of a Soldier," will be read with no small degree of pleasure. These Recollections are the production of a Sergeant Donaldson, of the 94th, whose talents are well known and highly appreciated in his native Scotland. This individual is not more distinguished by his talents than he is by the correctness and respectability of his private character. His statements come recommended by the purity of his character; and the sentiments he so beautifully scatters through his narrative, demonstrate the kindness of his heart, and the delicacy of his sensibility. The book from

which we take this extract, will be found one of the most interesting histories of the hair-breadth escapes—of most disastrous chances—of moving accidents by flood and field, that has come before the public for a long time:—]

"About the beginning of May, we got the rout for Aberdeen. On the march, I have nothing interesting to take notice of, unless the kindness which we experienced from the people, where we were billeted on the road, particularly after we crossed the Frith of Forth.

We arrived in Aberdeen, after a march of ten days, where we had better barracks and cheaper provisions than in Dunbar; but the barracks being too small, a number of our men were billeted in the town, and not being in the mess, when pay-day came, it was a common thing for many of them to spend what they had to support them in drink; and some of them were so infatuated as to sell even their allowance of bread, for the same purpose. They were then obliged (to use their own phraseology) to "Box Harry," until the next pay-day; and some of them carried this system to such a length that it was found necessary to bring them into barracks, to prevent them from starving themselves.

If I may be allowed to draw a conclusion from what I have seen, the men's morals are no way improved by being lodged out of barracks; for while here, the principal employment of many of them when off duty was drinking, and associating with common women; and I think, if any thing tends to depreciate the character of the soldier in the eyes of his countrymen, in civil life, more than another, it is this habit of associating publicly with such characters. This total disregard of even the appearance of decency conveys an idea to the mind that he must be the lowest of the low. But many of them seem to be proud of such company; and it is quite a common thing to meet them on the streets arm in arm.

This debasement of feeling and character, I imagine, arises from the system of discipline pursued by many commanding officers, which teaches the soldier to believe that he is a mere piece of machinery in the hands of his superiors, to be moved only as they please, without any accordance of his own reason or judgment, and that he has no merit in his own actions, independent of this moving power. Such a belief has naturally the effect of making a man so little in his own eyes that he feels he cannot sink lower, let him keep what company he may.

But let soldiers be taught that they have a character to uphold; give them to understand that they are made of the same materials as those who command them; capable of feeling sentiments of generosity and honour—let officers evince by their conduct that they believe that the men they command have feelings as well as themselves (although it would be a hard task to make some of them think so); let them be encouraged to improve their mind—and there will soon be a change for the better in the army—one honourable to all concerned.

The doctrine which teaches that men are most easily governed when ignorant, is, I believe, nearly exploded; and I can say, from my own experience, and also safely appeal to all unprejudiced individuals of the army, whether they have not found men having some intellectual cultivation, the best soldiers.

We had been about three months in Aberdeen, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to sail for Jersey; and four transports having arrived for us, we prepared to embark.

This was a busy scene. We had been on good terms with the towns-people, and many of them attended us to the pier. As we marched down, the old women stood in rows exclaiming—"Peer things, they are gan awa to the slaughter." While the boys were ranked up, marching before our band, with as much importance as if they considered themselves heroes; and no doubt, the fine music, and the sight of the soldiers marching to it, gave them high ideas of a military life; and perhaps, was the incipient cause of their enlisting at a future period. Indeed I must confess that when I heard the crowd cheering, and our music playing before us, I felt at least a foot higher, and strutted with as much dignity as if I had been a General. I almost felt proud at that moment that I was a soldier.

Once embarked, however, and fairly out to sea, my enthusiasm soon evaporated. Stowed like any other part of a cargo, with only eighteen inches allowed for each man to lie on, we had scarcely room to move. The most of the men became sea sick, and it was almost impossible to be below without be-

coming so. The women particularly suffered much; being crammed in, indiscriminately amongst the men, and no arrangement made for their comfort.

No incident of any consequence took place on this voyage, with the exception of a severe gale of wind, which forced us to run into Dungeness; but it soon abated, and proceeding on our voyage, we made the island of Jersey, and disembarked at St. Oban's harbour; from whence we marched through St. Helier's to the Russian barracks near Groville.

All kinds of liquor, tea, sugar, and fruit, were here uncommonly cheap; but bread was dear, and what we had served out as rations was quite black and soft, something in consistence like clay. Brandy was only a shilling a bottle; wine two shillings; cider three halfpence a quart; and tobacco fifteen pence a pound.

The jovial drinking fellows amongst us thought this another paradise—a heaven on earth—and many of them laid the foundation of complaints here which they never got rid of.

It was during the time we were here that the jubilee (on his late Majesty's entering the fiftieth year of his reign) was celebrated. We were marched to the sands between St. Helier's and St. Oban's, where the whole of the military on the island were assembled. We were served out with eighteen rounds of blank cartridge per man, and the feu-de-jete was fired from right to left, and again taken up by the right, thus keeping up a constant fire until it was all expended. The artillery, with the various batteries, and shipping in the harbour, joined in the firing; and altogether formed an imposing scene.

When we arrived at our barracks, we got a day's pay in advance, and with great injunctions not to get drunk and riotous—we were allowed to go and make ourselves merry until tattoo-beating. Dennis and I resolved to hold the occasion like the others, although he said he did not admire this way of "treating us to our own."

We went to one of the usual drinking-houses; but it was full, up to the door; volumes of tobacco smoke issued from every opening; and the noise of swearing and singing was completely deafening.

We were obliged to go farther off to get a house to sit down in. At last we found a place of that description, and went in. After a glass or two, we became quite jovial; and Dennis insisted that our host and his wife should sit down along with us—he was a Frenchman, and spoke little English; but Dennis did not mind that, and there soon commenced a most barbarous jargon—Dennis laying off a long story, of which, I am sure, the poor man did not understand a syllable. Yet he went on, still saying, at the end of every sentence, "You take no now?" "You be save me now, don't you?" While our host, whose patience seemed pretty well taxed, would shrug up his shoulders with a smile, and looking at his wife, who seemed to understand what was said nearly as well as himself, he would give a nod and say, "Oul, monsieur—yees sare."

Dennis having got tired of talking, asked the landlord if he could sing. This completely puzzled the Frenchman. At last, after every method had been tried in vain to make him comprehend, Dennis said, "You do this;" and opening his mouth, he howled out a line of an Irish song. The Frenchman, seemingly frightened with the noise that Dennis had made, started to his feet and exclaimed, "Me no shanber!" "Ooh the devil's in you for a liar. Parly-ur. But, no matter, I'll give you a song—a true Irish song, my jewel," and he commenced with the "Spirit of shillelah and shamrock so green." He had got as far as "an Irishman all in his glory was there," quivering and spinning out the last line of the verse to a prodigious length, when a rap came to the door, and the voice of the sergeant of the picket, asking if there were any soldiers in the house, put an unpleasant end to his melody. Previous to this, however, Dennis had taken up a spade handle, to represent the shillelah, and it was with difficulty that I prevented him from bringing it down on the sergeant's head.

We were then escorted to the guard-house, for being out after tattoo, which we found so full that we could scarcely get admittance. Dennis cried and sang, by turns, until he felt fast asleep. I was so stupefied by the drink I had taken, I scarcely knew how I felt. Next morning, however, we were released along with all the others who had been confined the preceding evening.

We had been about three months in Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed

[For remainder, see last page.]

THE LATE MRS. JORDAN.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.)

It was not by a cursory acquaintance that Mrs. Jordan could be known:—unreserved confidence alone could develop her qualities, and none of them escaped my observation. I have known her when in the busy bustling exercise of her profession:—I have known her when in the tranquil lap of ease, of luxury, and of magnificence. I have seen her in a theatre, surrounded by a crowd of adulating dramatists:—I have seen her in a palace, surrounded by a numerous, interesting, and beloved offspring. I have seen her happy:—I have seen her, alas! miserable: and I could not help participating in all her feelings. At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan, she could not be much more I think than sixteen years of age; and was making her *debut* as Miss Francis, at the Dublin theatre. It is worthy of observation, that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterwards so eminently excelled; but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art; yet could not but observe, that in these parts she was perfect even on her first appearance: she had no art, in fact, to study; Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty: her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances. Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual sympathy; and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering bravura. She was, throughout, the untutored child of Nature: she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her *Dead of the Night*, and her *Sweet Bird*, either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion.

The last scene is a sad contrast. On the Continent, at the close of her life, estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession the resort to which had never failed: to restore her animation and amuse her fancy; mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organization, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of Mrs. Jordan. She established herself, in the first place, at *Bologne-sur-Mer*. A cottage was selected by her at *Marquerra*, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock (comprising less than half an acre) formed her demesne. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands. But she was become nearly careless as well of pecuniary as other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty,—thus deceiving the world, and giving, herself, a vantage-ground to the gossiping and censorious. Her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor—the fruitful parent of disease, insanity, and death.

After Mrs. Jordan had left *Bologne*, it appears that she repaired to *Versailles*, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to *St. Cloud*, where, totally secluded and under the name of *Johnson*, she continued to wait, in a state of extreme depression and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters, by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the Continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature. I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the *Bois de Bologne*. Not a mile intervened between us; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness—so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome!—The apartments she occupied at *St. Cloud* were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient; just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. In fact, it looked to me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were numerous, but small; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby; no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture; on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired. The account given to us

of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many valuable trinkets; and on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir. From the time of her arrival at *St. Cloud*, it appears, Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly, she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual:—her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night, she lay sighing upon her sofa. At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful: her eyes were now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C***, before the usual hour of delivery, to go for her letters to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless; looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again, as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who however had gone out, and Mr. C*** returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him; she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid: she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C*** stood uncertain what to do: but in a minute, he heard her breath draw more hardly and as it were sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified; he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more! Thus terminated the wordly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Forster, now chaplain to the ambassador.

TOINE'S INTERVIEW WITH CARNOT.

(From the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone.)

February 24.—Went at 12 o'clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg; conning speeches in execrable French all the way. What shall I say to Carnot?—Well, "whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter." Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the Palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion—went into the first Bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the Executive Directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the anti-chamber, which was filled with people; the officers of state all in their new costume. Wrote a line in English, and delivered it to one of the *Huissiers*, stating that a stranger, just arrived from America, wished to speak to citizen Carnot, on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people, that all who had business might present themselves, and citizen Carnot appeared, in the *petit costume* of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of *Van Dyke*. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the *Huissier*, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and that he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wished to have my will of Carnot, and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed—what schemes I had laid—what hazards I had run—when I looked round and saw myself actually in the Cabinet of the Executive Directory, vis-à-vis citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory, I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted; and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion in my life. Why do I mention those trifling circumstances? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes, for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English. A lit-

tle, Sir, but I perceive you speak French, and if you please, we will converse in that language. I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been Secretary and Agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about three million of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least nine hundred thousand, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered, a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses—which was ascertained for the purposes of revenue—that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and it was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state, that the sentiments of all those people were unanimous, in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then "What they wanted." I said, "An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they could organize themselves, and undoubtedly, a supply of arms and some money. I added, that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject, to the Minister of Foreign Relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew on the subject, better than I could in conversation. He then said, "We shall see those memorials." The Organizer of Victory proceeded to ask me, "Were there not some strong places in Ireland?" I answered, I knew of none, but some works to defend the harbour of *Cork*. He stopped me here, saying, "Ay, *Cork*! But may it not be necessary to land there?" (By which I had perceived he had been organizing a little already in his own mind.) I answered, I thought not. That if a landing in force were attempted, it would be better near the capital, for obvious reasons;—if with a small army, it should be in the North, rather than the South of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials.—He then asked me, "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered, it would not make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by direction and concurrence of the men, who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me) guided the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly that he attended to and understood me. I added, that I had presented myself in August last, in Philadelphia, to citizen *Adet*, and delivered to him such credentials as I had with me; that he did not, at that juncture, think it advisable for me to come in person, but offered to transmit a memorial, which I delivered to him. That about the end of November last, I received letters from my friends in Ireland, repeating their instructions in the strongest manner, that I should, if possible, force my way to France, and lay the situation of Ireland before its Government.—

That, in consequence, I had again waited on citizen *Adet*, who seemed eager to assist me, and offered me a letter to the *Directoire Executif*, which I accepted with gratitude. That I sailed from America in the very first vessel, and was arrived about a fortnight. That I had delivered my letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had ordered me to explain myself without reserve to citizen *Madgett*, which I had accordingly done. That by his advice I had prepared and delivered one memorial, on the actual state of Ireland, and was then at work on another, which would comprise the whole of the subject. That I had the highest respect for the Minister, and that as to *Madgett*, I had no reason whatsoever to doubt him, but, nevertheless, must be permitted to say, that in my mind, it was a business of too great importance to be transacted with a mere *Commissaire*. That I should not think I had discharged my duty, either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted which might draw the attention of the Directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in my two memorials. That I would also presume to request, that, if any doubt or difficulty arose in his mind, on any of those facts, he would have the goodness to permit me to explain. I concluded, by saying, that I looked upon it as a favourable omen that I had been allowed to communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spoken. He shook his head and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so; and, as a proof, told him that, in Ireland, we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English; at which he did not seem displeased. I then rose, and after the usual apologies, took my leave; but I had not cleared the anti-chamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, who, but merely what I was; I was therefore returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry, demanding my card; but from this dilemma, I was extricated by my lover, the *Huissier*, and again admitted. I then told Carnot, that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to *Jas. Monroe*, the American Ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him in fact I had two names—my real one and that under which I travelled—and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name "James Smith, citizen American," and under it, *Theobald Wolfe Tone*, which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper and looking over it, said, "Ha! *Theobald Wolfe Tone*!" with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement I augur good

things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him; to which he answered 'By all means; and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the Executive Directory of France, in the person of citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory. I think I came off very clear. What am I to think of all this? As yet I have met no difficulty nor check—nothing to discourage me—but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favourable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure; after all if it should succeed, and my visions be realized—Huzza! *Vive la Republique!* I am a pretty fellow to negotiate with the Directory of France—pull down a monarchy and establish a republic—to break a connection of 600 years standing, and contract a fresh alliance with another country! "By'r Lakin a parlous fear." What would my old friend Fitzgibbon say, if he was to read those wise memorandums? "He called me dog, before he had a cause." I remember he used to say that I was a viper in the bosom of Ireland. Now, that I am in Paris, I will venture to say that he lies, and that I am a better Irishman than he and his whole gang of rascals, as well as the gang who are opposing him as it were. But this is all castle-building. Let me finish my memorial, and deliver it to the minister. Nothing but *Minister and Director's Executif and revolutionary memorials.*—Well, my friend Plunkett, (but I sincerely forgive him) and my friend Magee, whom I have not yet forgiven, would not speak to me in Ireland, because I was a republican. Sink or swim, I stand to-day on as high ground as either of them.—My venerable friend, old Captain Russell, always had hopes of me in the worst of times. Huzza! I would give five louis d'ors, for one day's conversation with P. P. What shall I do for want of his advice and assistance? Not but what I think I am doing pretty well, considering I am quite alone, with no papers, no one to consult or advise with, and shocking all Christian ears with the horrible jargon which I speak, and which is properly no language. I see I have grand diplomatic talents, and by-and-by I hope to have an opportunity of displaying my military ones, and shewing that I am equally great in the cabinet and the field. This is sad stuff; except for my love, who will laugh at it, or P. P. who will enjoy it. I have to add to this day's journal, that I saw yesterday at the Luxembourg, my friend Carnot, the citizens Letourneur, the President, Barras, and La Revelliere Lepaux. Barras looks like a soldier, and put me something in mind of James Brantston. La Havoiilliere is extremely like Dr. Kearney. Mem. I saw two *poissardes* admitted to speak to Carnot, who gave them money, whilst a General officer in his uniform was obliged to wait for his turn. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! shall I ever get to finish my memorial. But when I begin to write those ingenious memorandums, I feel just as if I were chatting with my dearest love, and know not when to leave off. By-the-by, there is a good deal of vanity in this day's journal. No matter, there is no one to know it, and I believe that wiser men, if they would speak truth, would feel a little elevated in my situation—hunted from my own country as a traitor, living obscurely in America, as an exile, and received in France by the Executive Directory, almost as an Ambassador! Well, murder will out. I am as vain as the devil; and one thing which makes me wish so often for P. P. (not to mention the benefit of his advice) is to communicate with him the pleasure I feel at my present situation. I know how sincerely he would enjoy it, and also how he would plume himself on his own discernment, for he always foretold great things. So he did, sure enough, but will they be verified? Well, if all this be not vanity, I should be glad to know what is. But nobody is the wiser, and so I will go finish my memorial. Sings, "Allons, enfans de la patrie."

Extract from Mr. MORRIS'S letter to Lord Bexley, on the State of Newfoundland.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

"Newfoundland is the oldest, and, according to the opinions of some of the greatest men, the most valuable Transatlantic possession belonging to his Majesty; yet, notwithstanding the proximity of its situation, close connexion with the parent state, and frequency of intercourse, little is known with respect to the country, by either the government or people of England. For upwards of three centuries she has proceeded in her silent and submissive course, without scarcely a murmur of complaint. Oppressed beyond the example almost of any other country, she has been the inexhaustible source of wealth to those who proceeded to her shores: she has fully proved the wisdom and truth of a great French writer, who states that "her fisheries are mines of national wealth, superior to those of Mexico and Peru." Cities, towns, and whole districts in England have been raised to wealth and importance by the capital there accumulated; vast fortunes were made by persons who came to the country without a shilling, and were soon enabled to retire and live in splendour in other countries. The only return they have since made to those by whose labour, skill, and industry they were raised from insignificance to importance, has been to libel and calumniate the people, mislead the parent government, and misrepresent the resources, soil, and climate of the country; and this for the unworthy purpose of perpetrating a system of anarchy and misrule scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of misgovernment. The government of Newfoundland was in the hands of a set of needy, un-

principled adventurers, who exerted all their power abroad, and all their influence at home, to monopolize the trade of the country, and make worse than slaves of the people. The unoffending native Indians were hunted down like wild beasts, and had to take refuge in their woods and wilds; where they wisely preferred their own barbarism to the exterminating civilization that was offered them by their Christian visitors. The descendants of the British settlers were treated almost with equal barbarity; and, until within a very short period, they have been suffering under a Mercantile Tyranny—the most relentless and ruthless of all tyrannies. During this unhappy period, vice and immorality prevailed at Newfoundland, and in their most hideous forms; but, my Lord, the perpetrators were not the inhabitants, but the herd of adventurers who came to the Colony during the fishing season, and who considered themselves at liberty to commit every excess, and to oppress the native inhabitants at their pleasure. For the truth of these general statements, I have only to refer your Lordship to Mr. Reeves' History of the Government of Newfoundland: in page 22 you will find that several disorders attributed to the inhabitants were chiefly occasioned by the adventurers; in page 24 we find a report of a petition of one John Dunning, to the King, complaining of the conduct of the adventurers, in burning and destroying the houses and stages of the inhabitants; in page 98 we find the representation of a Mr. John Cunningham, who was specially sent out by government to make inquiries, stating that the Admirals, (who were the Governors and Judges of the country,) and the servants of the merchants residing in England, were the greatest knaves, and strongly recommending to government the appointment of a civil governor, "so that the people may be governed as Britons, and not as a forsaken people, without law or gospel."

* It must appear most extraordinary to the transitory observer, that a country possessing such inexhaustible sources of wealth, and which has raised more persons to independence and fortune than any other colony of the same extent belonging to his Majesty, should be, in respect to its internal improvement, almost in a state of primitive barbarism. It may appear a paradox, but I do not hesitate to say that it was the wealth of the country, and the ready means which it afforded to those who resorted to it of making fortunes in a few years, that operated more than any defect in the climate or soil, to prevent its improvement. The adventurers to the other colonies, not possessing such ready means of making independencies, had at once to bid an eternal adieu to their native land. They adopted their new countries; they used every means in their power to clear and cultivate the soil, which in most instances in the first settlements of America afforded the only means of support: they commenced their operations by forming miniature governments on the most wise principles, which fostered every improvement, and laid on the most solid basis the foundation of those young countries in the western hemisphere, which bid fair, at no very distant period, to leave behind at an immeasurable distance the boasted empires of the Old World. Unfortunately for Newfoundland, her fisheries afforded such means to gratify the cupidity of the adventurers, that after a few years they were enabled to retire, and expend their fortunes in other countries. It is a singular fact, that since the treaties with the French and Americans, which completely transferred the fisheries into their hands, and caused ruin to the British engaged in the trade, more improvements in the way of cultivation have been made than were made in the three preceding centuries.

The Newfoundlander.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) January 30, 1828.

The Hon. Judge COCHRANE arrived in town from Harbour-Grace on Sunday, having closed the Northern Circuit Court there on Wednesday last.

Yesterday being the anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the throne, Royal Salutes were fired from Fort Townshend and H. M. Brig *Manly*.

Married on Sunday the 13th instant, at Carbonear, by the Rev. NICHOLAS DEVEREUX, Mr. LORENZO MOORE, to Miss CATHERINE KENNEDY;—and on Sunday the 20th, Mr. Wm B. BRANSCOMB, to Miss MARGARET KENNEDY—all of Carbonear.

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

CLEARED.
January 25—Brig Matilda, Pearoe, Barbadoes; 1000 qts. fish, 171 gallons oil, 100 cwt. bread, 50 hams, 5250 feet lumber.
26—Brig Marshall, White, Cork & Liverpool; 850 qts. fish, 1805 gallons oil, 1 tierce and 6 bbls. salmon, 13 casks sounds, and sundry merchandise.

Notices.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS WALSH, of Carrickbeg, in the County of Waterford, (Ireland,) but late of Carbonear, (Newfoundland,) Cooper, deceased, are requested to present their Accounts duly attested to the Subscriber; and those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

MICHAEL A. FLEMING, Administrator to the Estate of the late Thomas Walsh.

January 30.

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.

Notices.



THE Express Packet Boat is now laid up for the Winter Season, and a suitable Boat provided, with an experienced Crew, to run between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, as often as favourable opportunities offer.

Fares until 1st April, 1828:—

Housekeepers and Planters 10s.
Servants and Children 5s.
Single Letters 1s.
And Parcels in proportion.

Should the communication by water be interrupted at any time during the Winter, a Letter-carrier will proceed weekly (weather permitting) from Harbour-Grace to St. John's, by land;—and in consequence of there being outstanding Debts to a large amount at this late season, the Public are hereby informed that no Credit in future will be given for Passages or Postages.

T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace,
JAMES CLIFT, Agent, St. John's.

January 30.

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 McKELLAR,
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.

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.

AN excellent BILLIARD TABLE for Sale—Apply to JOHN LONG.

November 21, 1827.

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.

[Continued from first page.]

to accompany us. As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was ordered that they should draw lots, to see who should remain. The women of the company to which I belonged were assembled in the pay-sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them, to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made with "to go" or "not to go," written on them. They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene. The sergeant stood in the middle with a hat in his hand, the women around him, with their hearts palpitating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward, from amongst the crowd, in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called, was the sergeant's wife—she drew "not to go." It seemed to give little concern to any one, but herself and her husband. She was not very well liked in the company. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew "to go." This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat, and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed "to go." "Hurrah," said she, "old Meg will go yet, and live to scald more of you about the fireside." A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole.

"Hang the old wretch," said some of them, "she has the devil's luck and her own."

The next in turn was the wife of a young man, who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced, with palpitating heart and trembling hand, to decide on (what was to her, I believe) her future happiness or misery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so that she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open.—When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony, "Tell me, for God's sake, what it is."

"Not to go," said he, in a compassionate tone of voice.

"Oh, God help me! oh, Sandy!" she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless in the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her, she was soon recovered from her swoon; but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband, when she perceived him she seized his hand, and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. "Oh, Sandy, you'll no leave me and your poor babie, will you?" The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the sergeant whom I have already mentioned, who said, "what are ye a' makin' sic a wark about? let the babie get her greet out. I suppose she thinks there's naeboddy ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark."

"Oh, you're an owl hard hearted devil," said Dennis, "an unfeeling owl hag, and the devil'll never get his due till he gets you;"—and he took her by the shoulders, and pushed her out of the room. She would have turned on Dennis—but she had got a squeeze from him on a former occasion, and I dare say she did not like to run the risk of another.

The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feeling evinced by those concerned.—The Irish women, in particular, were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack through the rest of the day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

I was particularly interested in the fate of Sandy and his wife. I wished to administer consolation—but what could I say? There was no comfort that I could give, unless leading her to hope that we would soon return.—"Oh, no," she said, "when we part here, I am sure that we'll never meet again in this world."

We were to march the next morning early. The most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing it and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness—but in vain, some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up, and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind, that they would never use them in that way again; and as she put them aside,

she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common—all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

The regiment fell in, and marched off, amid the wailing of those who, having two or three children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk, and the commanding officer was so much displeased with their conduct, that in coming through St. Helier's, he would not allow the band to play.

When we arrived at the place, where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them indeed it did not appear to affect them much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy; but the most of them seemed to feel acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. "Oh, dinna, dinna leave me!" she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her that she should have to go ashore. "Oh they'll never be so hard-hearted as to part us!" said she; and running aft to the quarter-deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with her child in her arms. "Oh! will you no let me gang wi' my husband? Will ye tear him frae his wife and his wean? He has nae frien's but us—nor we ony but him—and oh! will ye mak' us a' frien'less? See my wee babie pleadin' for us."

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favourable to her cause. "Oh, aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him. You have nae wife; but if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darlin'."

"My good woman," said the officer, "I feel for you much—but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women—and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament—and it is totally out of my power to help it."

"Well, well," said she rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast: "it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babie; this day leaves us friendless on the wide world."

"God will be your friend," said I, as I took the child from her until she would get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word.

"Farewell then, a last farewell," said she to him, "Where's my babie?"—I handed him to her.—"Give him a last kiss, Sandy." He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. "Now, a's owre; farewell, Sandy! we'll may be meet in heaven;" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant—but as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the quell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births, in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true! What became of her, I have never been able to learn.

BUONAPARTE'S DIVORCE.

(From Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.)

There is perhaps no part of the varied life of the wonderful person of whom we treat, more deeply interesting than the change which took place in his domestic establishment shortly after the peace of Yiena. The main causes of the change are strongly rooted in human nature, but there were others which arose out of Napoleon's peculiar situation. The desire of posterity—of being represented long after our own earthly career is over, by those who derive their life and condition in society from us, is deeply rooted in our species.—In all ages and countries children are accounted a blessing, barrenness a misfortune at least, if not a curse.—This desire of maintaining a posthumous connection with the world, through the medium of our descendants, is increased, when there is property or rank to be inherited; and, however vain the thought, there are few to which men cling with such sincere fondness, as the prospect of bequeathing to their children's children the fortunes they have inherited from their fathers, or acquired by their own industry. There is kindness as well as some vanity in the feeling; for the attachment which we bear to the children whom we see and love, naturally flows down to their lineage, whom we may never see. The love of distant posterity is in some degree the metaphysics of natural affection.

It was impossible that the founder of so vast an empire as that of Napoleon, could be insensible to a feeling which is so deeply grafted in our nature, as to influence the most petty proprietor of a house and a few acres—it is of a character to be felt in proportion to the extent of the inheritance; and so viewed, there never existed in the world before, and it is devotedly to be hoped, will never be again permitted by Providence to arise, a power so extensive, so formidable as Napoleon's. Immense as it was, it had been, moreover, the work of his own talents; and, therefore, he must have anticipated with the greater pain, that the system perfected by so much labour and blood, should fall to pieces on the death of him by whom it had been created, or that the ruins of empire should be grasped after that event "by some unlineal hand."

"No son of his succeeding."

The drop of gall which the poet describes so naturally as imbittering the cup of the Usurper of Scotland, infused, there is no doubt, its full bitterness into that of Napoleon.

The sterility of the Empress Josephine was now rendered, by the course of nature, an irremediable evil, over which she mourned in hopeless distress; and conscious on what precarious circumstances the continuance of the union seemed now to depend, she gave way occasionally to fits of jealousy, less excited, according to Napoleon, by personal attachment than by suspicion that her influence over her husband's mind might be diminished, in case of his having offspring by some paramour.

Fouche, the Minister of Police, the boldest political intriguer of his time, discovered speedily to what point the Emperor must ultimately arrive, and seems to have meditated ensuring his own power and continuance in favour by taking the initiative in a measure, in which, perhaps, Napoleon might be ashamed to break the ice in person. Sounding more fully his master's disposition, Fouche was able to discover that the Emperor was struggling betwixt the supposed practical advantages to be derived from a new matrimonial union on the one hand, and, on the other, love for his present consort, habits of society which particularly attached him to Josephine, and the species of superstition which we have already noticed. Having been able to conjecture the state of the Emperor's inclinations, the crafty counsellor determined to make Josephine herself the medium of suggesting to Buonaparte the measure of her own divorce, and his second marriage—a sacrifice so necessary to consolidate the empire, and complete the happiness of the Emperor.

One morning, at Fontainebleau, as the Empress was returning from mass, Fouche detained her in the embrasure of a window in the gallery, while, with an audacity almost incomprehensible, he explained, with all the alleviating qualifications his ingenuity could suggest, the necessity of a sacrifice, which he represented as equally sublime and inevitable. The tears gathered in Josephine's eyes—her colour came and went—her lips swelled—and the least which the counsellor had to fear, was his advice having brought on a severe nervous affection. She commanded her emotions, however, sufficiently to ask Fouche, with a faltering voice, whether he had a commission to hold such language to her. He replied in the negative, and said that he had only ventured on such an insinuation from his having predicted with certainty what must necessarily come to pass; and from his desire to turn her attention to what so nearly concerned her glory and happiness.

In consequence of this interview, an impassioned and interesting scene is said to have taken place betwixt Buonaparte and his consort, in which he naturally and truly disavowed the communication of Fouche, and attempted by every means in his power to dispel her apprehensions. But he refused to dismiss Fouche, when she demanded it as the punishment due to that minister's audacity, in tampering with her feelings; and this refusal alone might have convinced Josephine that, although ancient habitual affection might for a time obtain its influence in the nuptial chamber, it must at length give way before the suggestions of political interest, which were sure to predominate in the Cabinet. (In fact, when the idea had once been started, the chief objection was removed, and Buonaparte being spared the pain of directly communicating the unkind and ungrateful proposal to Josephine, had now only to afford her time to familiarize herself with the idea of a divorce, as that which political combinations rendered inevitable.)

The communication of Fouche was made before Napoleon undertook his operations in Spain; and by the time of the meeting at Erfurt, the divorce seems to have been a matter determined, since the object of a match betwixt Buonaparte and one of the Archduchesses, the possibility of which had been anticipated as far back as the treaty of Tilsit, was resumed, seriously treated of, and if not received with cordiality by the Imperial Family of Russia, was equally far from being rejected. The reigning Empress and the Empress Mother were, however, opposed to it. The ostensible motive was, as we have elsewhere said, the difference of religion; but these high-minded princesses rejected the alliance chiefly on account of the personal character of the suitor. And altho' it must have been managed with the greatest secrecy imaginable, it seems probable that the idea of substituting an Archduchess of Austria for her whose hand was refused him, was started in the course of the treaty of Schoenbrunn, and had its effects in providing lenient terms for the weaker party. Napoleon himself says, that he renounced his purpose of dismembering Austria when his marriage was fixed upon. But the conditions of peace were signed on the 14th of October, and, therefore, the motive which influenced Napoleon in granting them must have had existence previous to that period.

Yet the contrary is boldly asserted. The idea of the match is said to have been suggested by the Austrian Government at a later period, upon understanding that difficulties had occurred in Napoleon's negotiations for a matrimonial alliance in the family of Alexander. Fouche ascribes the whole to the address of his own agent, the Comte de Narbonne, Frenchman of the old school, witty, pliant, gay, well-mannered, and insinuating, who was Ambassador at Vienna in the month of January, 1810.

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.