



# Newfoundlander.

No. 29.

WEDNESDAY, February 6, 1828.

Sixpence.

## 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 &amp; Co.

January 23.

## BY JOHN RYAN & Co.

### 140 Dozen Brown Stout,

(Superior quality.)

In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.

January 9, 1828.

## A N excellent BULLIARD TABLE for Sale—Apply to

JOHN LONG.

November 21, 1827.

## EDWARD MORRIS

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

SODA, Seidlitz, and Ginger-beer Powders, Epsom and Glauber Salts, Senna, Alum, Pearl Ashes, Tartaric Acid, Carbonate of Soda, Salt of Tartar, Flour of Sulphur, Stone ditto, Roman Vitriol, Borax, Sugar of Lead, Liquorice, Magnesia, Calomel, Jalap, Sulphate of Potash, Lunar Caustic, Calcined Magnesia, Aloes, Balsam Tolu, Balsam Peru, Camphor, Cream Tartar, Peruvian Bark, Saffron, Essence of Bergamot, Gum Arabic, Gum Benjamin, Assafetida, Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna, Cochineal, Cantharides, Colocynth, Opium, Columba and Oris Root, Ipecacuanha, Rhubarb, Spemaceti, 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, 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.

## IRISH DUELLING.

(From Personal Sketches of his Own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington.)

A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a Templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater) I ever recollect; he had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years; three with swords and thirteen with pistols;—yet, with so little skill or so much good fortune, that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole.

I was surprised one winter's evening at college by receiving a written challenge, in the nature of an invitation, from Mr. Daly, to fight him early the ensuing morning. I never had spoken a word to him in my life and scarcely of him, and no possible cause of quarrel that I could guess existed between us; however, it being then a decided opinion that a first overture of that nature could never be declined, I accepted the invitation without any inquiry; writing, in reply, that as to place, I chose the field of Doonbrook Fair as the fittest spot for all sorts of encounters. I had then to look out for a second, and resorted to a person with whom I was very intimate, and who, as he was a curious character, may be worth noticing. He was a brother to the unfortunate Sir Edward Crosby, Bart. who was murdered by a court-martial at Carlow, May 1798. My friend was afterwards called Balloon Crosby, being the first aeronaut who constructed an Hibernian balloon, and ventured to take a journey into the sky from Ireland.

Crosby was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high; he had a comely-looking, fat, ruddy face, and was, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or a trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at college were like a general workshop for all kinds of artizans; he was very good tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion—but as dogged as a mule; nothing could change a resolution of his, when once made; and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. He highly approved of my promptness in accepting Daly's invitation, but I told him that I unluckily had no pistols, and did not know where to procure any against the next morning. This puzzled him; but, on recollection, he said he had no complete pistols neither; but he had some old locks, barrels, and stocks; which as they did not originally belong to each other, he should find it very difficult to make any thing of; nevertheless, he would fall to work directly. He kept me up till late at night in his chambers to help him in filing the old locks and barrels, and endeavouring to patch up two or three of them, so as to go off and answer that individual job. Various trials were made; much filing, drilling, and scanning were necessary. However by two o'clock in the morning, we had completely three entire pistols, which, though certainly of various lengths and of the most ludicrous workmanship, struck their fire right well, and that was all we wanted of them,—symmetry (as he remarked) being of no great value upon these occasions.

It was before seven o'clock on the 20th of March, with a cold wind and a sleety atmosphere, that we set out on foot for the field of Doonbrook Fair, after having taken some good chocolate and a plentiful draught of cherry brandy, to keep the cold wind out. On arriving, we saw my antagonist and his friend (Jack Patterson, nephew to the chief justice) already on the ground. I shall never forget Daly's figure. He was a very fine-looking young fellow, but with such a squint that it was totally impossible to say what he looked at except his nose, of which he never lost sight. His dress (they had come in a coach) made me ashamed of my own: he wore a pea-green coat; a large tucker with a diamond brooch stuck in it; a three cocked hat with a gold-button-loop and tassels; and silk stockings; and a *chapeau-de-chasse* hung gracefully dangling from his thigh. In fact he looked as if already standing in a state of triumph, after having vanquished and trampled on his antagonist. I did not half like his steady position, showy surface, and mysterious squint; and certainly would rather have exchanged two shots with his slovenly friend, Jack Patterson, than one with so magnificent and overbearing an adversary.

My friend Crosby, without any sort of salutation or prologue, immediately cried out, "Ground, gentlemen! ground! ground! damn measurement!" and placing me on his selected spot, whispered into my

ear, "*Medio tutissimus ibis*: never look at the head or the heels; hip the maccaroni! the hip for ever, my boy! hip, hip!"—when my antagonist's second, advancing and accosting mine, said, Mr. Daly could not think of going any further with the business; that he found it was totally a mistake on his part, originating through misrepresentation, and that he begged to say he was extremely sorry for having given Mr. Barrington and his friend the trouble of coming out, hoping they would excuse it and shake hands with him. To this arrangement, I certainly had no sort of objection; but Crosby, without hesitation, said, "We cannot do that yet, Sir; I'll shew you we can't; (taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches pocket,) [there's the rule!—look at that, sir," continued he, "see No. 7:—no apology can be received after the parties meet without a fire. You see, there's the rule," pursued Crosby, with infinite self-satisfaction; "and a young man on his first blood cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed! proceed!"

Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground without speaking a word, about nine paces from me. He presented his pistol instantly, but gave me most gallantly a full front.

It being, as Crosby said, my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim: Daly staggered back two or three steps; put his hand to his breast; cried, "I am hit, sir," and did not fire. Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers. We got round him; his waistcoat was opened, and a black spot, about the size of a crown piece, with a little blood, appeared directly on his breast-bone. I was greatly shocked; fortunately, however, the ball had not penetrated; but his brooch had been broken, and a piece of the setting was sticking fast in the bone. Crosby stamped, cursed the damp powder or underloading, and calmly pulled out the brooch: Daly said not a word; but put his cambric handkerchief doubled to his breast, and bowed. I returned the salute, extremely glad to get out of the scrape, and so we parted without conversation or ceremony; save that when I expressed my wish to know the cause of his challenging me, Daly replied that he would now give no such explanation, and his friend then produced his book of rules, quoting No. 8:—"If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterwards."

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

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

By the Act of the 10th and 11th William and Mary, the direction of the Fisheries at Newfoundland, the government of the country was placed in the hands of the Fishing Admirals. These ignorant men, in whose persons the title of Admiral was dishonoured, were the skippers or masters of fishing vessels; the master of the first vessel that arrived from England, in any harbour, in the spring, was the Admiral; the second the Vice Admiral; and the third Rear Admiral. To these wise and learned Judges was confided the government of the country, and the administration of justice. On their arrival they exercised every species of power, civil and criminal; they plundered, oppressed, and flogged the people at their pleasure. What must appear a novelty in legislation, the qualification of the "Governors" and "Judges" of Newfoundland depended on the vessel: the swiftest sailing vessel was sure to make a "Governor." Their other qualifications may be pretty well estimated by referring to page 45 of Mr. Reeves' valuable work, where it appears that out of seventy-eight Admirals, (three in each of the twenty-six harbours of Newfoundland, that were then inhabited) only four of them could write, or keep any record of their proceedings. Mr. Reeves, in page 149, states, "It has been too often repeated, in the course of this historical inquiry, to need repetition, that the Admirals were the servants of the merchants; that justice was not to be expected from them; and a poor planter or inhabitant, who was considered little better than a law-breaker in being such, had but small chance of justice in opposition to any great West Country merchant." Page 164, in speaking of the adventurers, he states, "that they had been in the habit of seeing that species of weakness and anarchy ever since Newfoundland was frequented, from father

to son; it was favourable to their old impressions; that Newfoundland was theirs; and that all the pleasures were to be spoiled and devoured at their pleasure." I shall conclude my quotations from Mr. Reeves with the following, which will be found in page 43 of his History, for the purpose of showing that it is not irrelevant to my present purpose to glance at the excesses committed in the olden time at Newfoundland, and which have been continued until within a very short period; as it proves that the acts of vice and immorality which have been made the subject of so many pathetic appeals to the charitable societies here, were perpetrated by the adventurers, who came to Newfoundland for the fishing season, and not by the inhabitants:—"The picture (Mr. Reeves states) here given of Newfoundland is hardly to be heightened by any colouring to be found in the representations made by successive commanders: they are usually in the same strain; the grievances and complaints, the remedies and expedients, are uniformly the same; and it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the trade, that many of the papers relative to it, whether coming from the Commanders, (the Captains of his Majesty's ships on the station,) or from the merchants and adventurers, would apply to later times as well as those in which they originated."

I have been particular in quoting from Mr. Reeves, he is well known to the British public, and I am sure will be considered by your Lordship as the best authority; I have done so with the more pleasure, as it gives me an opportunity of stating that the people of Newfoundland are greatly indebted to him. He laid the foundation of every improvement that has or will take place there; he was the first to throw the shield of the laws over the oppressed people of that country.

It cannot be a matter of surprise to those who may give themselves the trouble of thinking on the subject, that whilst such a state of anarchy prevailed at Newfoundland, little progress was made in religion, morals, or education. Mr. Reeves was appointed Chief Justice of Newfoundland in 1792: since that time there has been a gradual, though slow advancement to something like rational government. When the power of the Fishing Admirals fell under the execration and contempt of the people, Governors were appointed by his Majesty, who were the Admirals commanding on the station: they exercised both legislative and executive powers, and sent their officers, who were called Surrogates, on maritime circuits round the island to administer justice, and to expound to the people the abstruse science of the law. The administration of the Admiral-Governors was of little benefit to the country. A comparison with the Fishing Admirals may make a shade or two in their favour; but the historian of Newfoundland must rank them together: the principles upon which they acted were precisely the same—a pure, unqualified, and unmitigated despotism. Indeed, only that I am not a believer of the doctrines of Pythagoras, I would suppose that the souls of the Fishing Admirals, on their last voyage across the Stygian Lake, were transferred into the bodies of their successors.

The government of Newfoundland by the Admirals of the British fleet, exhibits examples of the danger of placing uncontrolled power in the hands of any man or set of men, and affords melancholy proofs that English gentlemen,—the representatives of a constitutional King,—of the highest rank in the truly honourable profession to which they belonged,—did, in the exercise of power, act more like Persian satraps or Turkish bashaws than men who, it is to be supposed, were well read in the constitutional history of their country; and who, from the benefits they themselves derived from the protection of good laws, should extend the same protection to the people placed under their government and control. Only that it may be necessary, as warning examples to their successors, sometimes to hold up their capricious and arbitrary acts to public execration and contempt, the fame of these distinguished individuals would be better consulted in consigning to oblivion the record of their government of Newfoundland, and, ever undisturbed, to let it rot in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

Having in such terms of reprobation spoken of the system that so long prevailed at Newfoundland, I beg to call your Lordship's attention to the present state of that Colony, which I am happy to say, assumes a more cheering and pleasing prospect. It may be considered that I have wandered from the subject with which I set out, by introducing a summary of the Government of Newfoundland; but in the observations I have made, not only on the history of that country, but of mankind, I have observed such intimate connexion between good Government and good Morals, that I could not separate them. To the History of Newfoundland I shall refer with confidence for an illustration of the principles. It will be most pleasing to the divine and moralist, as well as to the legislator, to observe religion, morals, order, and civilization, following in the train of good government, and proving to demonstration that they are the consequences naturally flowing therefrom. I fear, my Lord, that there are many who differ with me in opinion, and do not see the connexion. I have indeed observed so many examples of persons exhibiting the greatest zeal for the propagation of moral and religious instruction, and the most intense anxiety to secure for the objects of their tender solicitude eternal happiness in the next world, while, at the same time, they are strenuously opposed to any measure calculated to improve their condition in this, that I can have no doubt on the subject; but, my Lord, I have not the slightest hesitation in stating, that though such as these may be very pious, they are not very great, very wise, or very good men.

During the government of his Excellency Vice Admiral Sir Charles Hamilton, who was the first resident Governor of Newfoundland, and whose mild

and benevolent character was in direct opposition to the miserable system under which it was his misfortune to be placed, some flagrant acts of cruelty and injustice were committed by his Surrogates in the out-ports; the injured parties instituted proceedings in the Supreme Court of the Island; but it was not in the power of that Court to afford redress. The inhabitants took the alarm, and petitioned his Majesty and Parliament against the system that had so long prevailed. It must be within the recollection of your Lordship, that the grievances of the people of Newfoundland were brought under the notice of the House of Lords, by my Lords Holland and Darnley, and before the House of Commons, by Sir James Macintosh, Sir John Newport, and Mr. Hume; they finally succeeded, after much trouble, in bringing the true state of Newfoundland under the favourable consideration of his Majesty's Government. It is quite impossible for me to express how much the people of Newfoundland are indebted to those distinguished individuals; however, I am sure, if they were sensible of the lasting benefits they have been the means of conferring on that country, it would afford to their noble and generous minds more than a reward for all their exertions. It affords me equal pleasure to state, that when the cloud of misrepresentation, with which Newfoundland had been so long enveloped, was dispelled, and its true state brought under the consideration of his Majesty's Ministers, they readily adopted measures calculated to confer the most important advantages on the Colony; and when I reflect on the conflicting statements that had been made to them, with respect to Newfoundland—the interest and influence that was used to mislead them—I must candidly confess to your Lordship, that I was most agreeably surprized, not that his Majesty's Ministers had done so little, but that, under all the circumstances, they had done so much.

To the Earl Bathurst, late Secretary for the Colonies, and to the Right Hon. Wilmot Horton, Under Secretary, whose most particular attention have been directed to the state of the Colony, Newfoundland is directly indebted. Under their auspices a new era has commenced; they have annihilated the wretched system that so long prevailed, and which blasted the physical and moral energies of the country and the people. To those, my Lord, who are in the habit of speaking and thinking with contempt of every thing connected with Newfoundland, this change may appear of little importance; indeed, I know there are men whose minds are so curiously constructed, that they think it a misfortune; but to myself, and to those who imagine they can observe in Newfoundland all the elements necessary for the foundation of a great commercial country, the late changes in its government afford real and unmixed pleasure.

Short as the period is since the commencement of the present Government, it has gained the affection and the confidence of the people. The distinguished individual now at the head of the Government, has already done more to promote the internal improvement of the country than had been done by his predecessors from the days of Cabott down to the time of his appointment. The administration of justice is placed in the hands of men of professional education; and I have no hesitation in stating, that in no part of his Majesty's dominions can a poor or a rich man obtain justice—and justice according to the laws of England—with greater facility or with more purity than at Newfoundland.

MR. CANNING.

There are not many men in modern times who will not suffer when compared to the late Premier. He was excelled in copiousness by Burke, in dignity by Pitt, and in eloquence by Fox; but none of these three masters of eloquence, unless, perhaps, the second, spoke so well, and so convincingly on all subjects to which he addressed himself. His mind, like all original minds, was capable of grasping equally the great and the minute, the complex and the simple. There were certain topics on which he luxuriated—certain trains of thought which he was fond of pursuing, and certain forms of reasoning which he selected from preference. He was fonder of appealing to classical than philosophical authority, and his arguments were, for the most part, rather illustrative, than strictly logical. But, this mode of thinking arose not, as superficial observers imagined, from his inability to manage the coarser and more ordinary weapons of common men, but because he delighted to captivate his hearers by the splendid and the ornate. His wit was glittering with gold, and sparkling with gems, but its temper and its edge were not the less true and trenchant, because of the richness of its accompaniments. Compared with it, the weapon of his most powerful opponent showed like an ill-fashioned sword, whose cuts owed their depth and deadliness to the vigour alone of the arm that directed them. Of Mr. Pitt it was said that he could speak a Royal Message. There was indeed a stateliness and purity in the diction of that great man which has never been equalled. But these high attributes, though not unessential, do not of themselves constitute an orator. They address themselves to the judgment and to the fancy, but they leave the feelings unmoved. They composed, however, the greater part of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, and even his satire was comparatively cold, severely cutting as it unquestionably was. Of Burke it is universally acknowledged that the wretched manner completely destroyed the matter of his discourses. So notoriously disagreeable a speaker was that great man, that he received the nick-name of the dinner bell, and his finest and most finished effusions were delivered to empty benches. This was in no respect attributable to his topics; for the same discourses when published, were perused and admired by men of all parties, as finished specimens of oratory. The talents of Mr. Fox were chiefly admirable in reply. He would sit

during the longest debate, half-dozing, and at a late hour rise up, and beginning with the first and proceeding downward to the last of his opponents, untwist, and tear asunder, their various arguments, with a force, as well as a happiness, which had the appearance of the miraculous. Considered in its separate elements, the eloquence of Mr. Canning was perhaps inferior; but considered in its combination, we have little hesitation in describing it as superior to any of these gifted individuals. No man ever made an opening speech with greater simplicity, grace, and precision; no man ever answered an enemy with more convincing power, whether he chose to sooth down with good humoured admission—to tease with laughing irony—or cut to pieces with indignant satire. No man, when his case was a good one, could show his lights more broadly and strikingly; no man, when his case was a bad one, could keep down its shades with greater facility of management. In the great object of an orator—persuasion—Mr. Canning was unrivalled. When he had a subject to which he could give all his soul, he bore away his hearers as a mountain torrent. Witness his speech on the Portuguese question last session. No public speaker in England, perhaps none in the world, could have produced such a powerful effect as Mr. Canning did by that speech. Mr. Pitt's appeals to the House in the earlier periods of the French Revolution, found a strong support in the fears of the Members, and in their self-interest; but Mr. Canning's appeal was made to their generosity alone, and was answered as no former appeal ever was. Perhaps the only other speech comparable to it was the celebrated one of Sheridan, on a strictly analogous subject—the invasion of Spain by Napoleon. There were many points, indeed, in Sheridan's happiest efforts, that more resembled the oratory of Mr. Canning, than most of those with whom he has been compared. And particularly did the comparison hold in that golden thread of poetry, in its highest sense, which ran through and embellished the less valuable materials in the oratory of each. Mr. Canning excelled in that ingredient of oratory which the great master has denominated its first, second, and third requisite—delivery. His voice was clear and musical, his carriage and action animated and graceful; his pauses finely measured; his intonation distinct and judicious. To these advantages the late Premier added, and it is no small one in a public speaker, a singularly manly and elegant person, and a gracious aspect. Take him all in all, we should be led, from the fragments that remain of the elder Pitt, and from the description given of the effect of his speeches, to compare Mr. Canning to him rather than to his illustrious son, or any of the luminaries to whose peculiarities we have briefly adverted. There was the same enlarged and enlarged views, the same courageous determination of purpose, the same disdain of petty prejudices, and the same carelessness for the opinion of petty opponents. In Mr. Canning, however, these qualities were mixed up with more playfulness of humour, and more suavity of manner; than is generally attributed to the great Chatham.—*New Times.*

COLONEL DONELLAN.—This worthy officer, (better known as "Old Charley") had formed the greatest friendship with the jack-boot of the army, together with its close associate—the white buckskin breeches; and when the grey overalls and short Wellingtons were ordered to displace them, he indignantly refused to obey—as far as regarded his own proper person: such innovations he could not bear; and, as a proof of his opposition upon this point, he stuck to his jacks and buckskins to the day of his death. They, as well as his favourite powder and pomatum, were along with him at Talavera, when the shot struck him which deprived the service of an excellent, though somewhat whimsical officer. The Colonel had been removed from the second battalion to the first, and for a considerable time had not seen his favourite men. Previous to the battle of Talavera, Lord Wellington reviewed his whole army on the plain, in order to shew his ally, the Spanish Gen. Cuesta, a specimen of the British forces in all the pride of their excellence. As the Generals rode along the line, which was of immense extent, each soldier stood fixed in his place—each battalion silent and motionless—scarcely the eyelids of the soldiers twinkled, as the cavalcade of the chiefs and their staff rode by. All on a sudden, a bustle and murmur took place in one regiment; its line lost its even appearance, and caps and heads, and hands, and tongues moved, to the utter dismay of the officer who was in command of it. In vain did he endeavour to check this unseemly conduct in his men, and Lord Wellington was himself astonished and exasperated at the circumstance. The fact is, the irregular regiment was the second battalion of the 48th. Colonel Donellan happened to be riding along with the staff, in his stiff buckskins, powdered hair, and square set cocked hat—his men, from whom he had been separated, perceived their beloved commanding officer, and every one murmured to his comrade—"There goes old Charley!"—"God bless the old boy!"—"Success to him!"—"Does not he look well?"—and so on; bustling and smiling, evidently from an impulse they could not resist. When this was known to the Commander-in-Chief, he was perfectly satisfied; and all were delighted as old Charley uncovered, and shook the powder from his cocked hat in waving a cordial salute to his worthy soldiers. In a very short time after this circumstance the battle of Talavera took place, and then the Colonel showed that he knew the use of steel and ball as well as of powder. He was engaged at the head of his regiment, in the thickest of the fight: for several hours he had stood the fire of the enemy, and drove them from their ground frequently, during which time he had two horses shot under him. The presence of the fine old soldier, like Charles XII., in scarlet,

animat'd his men, and they fought with the energy of true courage. His voice, as he gave the word of command, along the line of his battalion, was like a match to the gun.—“Steady, officers! Cool, my men. Ready—p'sent—fire; that's the way my lads.” Thus old Charley, at a word, sent showers of well directed balls into the blue ranks before him; and in the heat of a well returned fire, was as cool as on the parade, and as primly caparisoned. He perceived a few of his men fall from a discharge of musketry at such a distance as made him doubtful of being within range.—“Curse the fellows,” said he, “those d—d long guns of theirs can shoot at two miles off!” and immediately advanced his battalion to such a proximity of the foe, that he soon made them shift their ground. Very shortly after this, a dreadful charge upon the French was made by the guards; but in their pursuit they went rather far, and a reinforcement of the enemy came upon them. Colonel Donellan instantly advanced to the support of the threatened regiment at double quick time; but in this glorious moment the gallant leader received a ball in his knee: he beckoned the officer next in command, Major Middlemore, and, although suffering the most excruciating torture from the wound, took off his hat, and resigned the command just as if he had been on the parade of a barrack-yard. His enraged men went on like lions, taking ample revenge upon their enemies—and that too with the cold iron. The Colonel, with his knee broken in a most dangerous manner, was, without loss of time, carried to the rear by four of his musicians, and placed on a straw bed in the town of Talavera: had there been surgeons to have amputated his limb on the instant, it is supposed he would have survived; but this not having been the case, mortification took place, and he died on the fourth day after the battle, surrounded by thousands of dying and dead. Owing to Cuesta's illiberal opposition to Lord Wellington, he, as well as the rest of the wounded, were left in the hands of the French; as were also several English surgeons, who remained at the mercy of the enemy. The Colonel, however, was treated with the greatest respect and kindness by the French officers. Some of them remembered seeing him at the head of his battalion, and warmly praised the veteran's gallantry. His soldier-like appearance, too, commanded their regard, and they carried him in a cloak to the spot on which he had led his regiment so bravely, and there they buried “Old Charley,” with the true honours of a soldier.—*Military Sketch Book.*

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) February 6, 1828.

The Brig *Marnhull*, which sailed on Thursday evening last, returned on Friday to the Narrows, having been prevented from proceeding more than a few leagues on her voyage, by the fields of ice in which she was beset very soon after her departure. The wind which when she sailed, was at W. N. W. veered round during the night to S. E., blowing directly in, and forcing the ice, in which she lay unmanageable until Friday morning, to the shore.—It was after considerable exertion and labour that she was disengaged, and fortunately succeeded in reaching the Narrows on Friday about 1 o'clock, pushing her way under a press of canvass through the ice, which encompassed her in every direction, and impeded her entrance into the harbour.—The Pilots, we understand, deserve considerable praise for their activity and persevering exertions in boarding and mooring the vessel in a place of safety.

The Brig *Matilda*, which sailed in company with the *Marnhull*, was seen standing back for St. John's at the same time—which, although she has not succeeded in reaching, we feel confident that no accident has befallen her.—The *Marnhull* again put out yesterday morning, with the *Ariadne*, Captain BLACKALLER, but was once more lucky enough to escape the ice, which was pouring along in immense bodies from the Northward, and in two hours beat up and came to anchor.

The *Ariadne* was not so fortunate, having entered the ice in half an hour after her departure, and up to a late hour yesterday evening, was laying in the Bay, about two miles from the Narrows, completely surrounded.

At the hour of going to press, this morning, the weather appeared to be settled, and the wind steady at W. N. W. Should it continue so, we have no doubt the vessel will soon be extricated from any danger.

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

Sir,

A writer in this day's *Ledger* has introduced to public notice the Scheme of Mutual Insurance, established by the almost universal consent of the Mercantile body of this town, which he asserts to be founded in fraud—solely intended for the benefit of inferior vessels—and, as he expresses it, calculated to make the good dealer pay for the bad one.

I appeal to any man of common sense, whether the whole Mercantile interest here would submit to such an Institution so long, and from which they have received such great benefits, if frauds were practised on them, or if they were not fully satisfied with the justice of the Scheme.—No, Sir, the man who would attempt to sow disunion and discord among them, and divide the owners of Sealers into parties, in an Institution the most useful ever raised here for the public benefit, deserves the odium and contempt of all men, and should be branded as a common enemy. And, after all, what flaws can be find in the Scheme to expose? He mentions two objections—one of

which he seems to give up—the other, indeed, he lays great stress upon, and seems to hug himself on his discernment in the discovery. For the sake of one fault in an Institution, so beneficial in every other respect, he seeks to set the community by the ears, to split them into factions, and subject them to a ruinous expense, if any considerable losses should arise in either Club. A Committee, Secretary, and Surveyors must be found for both, together with Stationary, Room, &c. &c.

We now only follow the same system, of which many years have taught us the utility,—a system sanctioned by experience, and by the approbation of all the holders of vessels in the neighbouring ports of Conception Bay,—a system which may be affirmed to have saved many thousands to the Island since its formation. Do we hear them complain in Harbour-Grace, Carbonear, &c. of their scheme being deceptive, fallacious, fraudulent? No—the wise discovery was reserved for “AHA.” Besides these objections, which naturally arise against such an innovation as the one proposed, what criterion are we to take in estimating the rate of premium each class shall pay? What animosities, bickerings, complaints would arise in having each vessel classed,—partialities, favours, dislikes, antipathies complained of, and, in fact, nothing but confusion and dissention on every side.—In truth, I should expect to witness such scenes as would disgrace a Pot-house;—and therefore cannot but express myself confident the present scheme will continue, as it has done, to deserve and enjoy that public confidence and applause, of which I am but the

ECHO.

St. John's, 5th February, 1828.



Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.



CLEARED.

January 28.—Brig *Ariadne*, Blackaller, Oporto; 2285 qts. fish, 7 tois, 197 gallons train oil.

On Sale.

BY

Bendell & Mortimer,

(On very moderate terms.)

A Few Tierces Waterford Porter,  
Ditto Firkins Butter (first quality),  
Brandy, Geneva,  
Claret and White Wine,  
Coffee, Rice,  
Bohea and Congo Tea,  
No. and flat Canyass,  
Cordage,  
Paints and Paint Oil,  
Coal Tar,  
Iron Hoops,  
Fowling Pieces,  
Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Cordovan,  
Boots and Shoes,  
Blanketing, Serges, Flannel, Baize,  
Rush-bottom Chairs,  
China Tea Services.

February 6.

Notices.

FIRE WOOD,

For the use of the Troops in Garrison at this place.

ONE Hundred Cords of Fir FIRE WOOD, to be of the best quality, and to be delivered at Fort William Fuel-Yard before the 24th July next.

The Cord of Wood to be composed of the length, breadth, and height usually furnished to Government—no Stick to be less than four inches in diameter at the small end—and to be piled in the above Yard, by the Contractor, four Cords high, if required, and measured in the said piles.

Tenders, in triplicate, stating price in Sterling money, addressed to the Subscriber, for any part of the above, (not less than 20 Cords,) will be received at this Office, until WEDNESDAY the 20th inst., at noon—marked on the envelope, “Tender for Fire Wood.”

Payment for same will be made in British silver money, or in Dollars at 4s. 4d. each.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract, whose real signature must be affixed to the Tenders, which are in every respect to be conformable to this advertisement, or no notice will be taken of them.

GEORGE MANVELL,

A. C. G.

Commissariat Office, St. John's,  
5th February, 1828.

THE Messrs. O'DWYER beg leave to announce to their Friends and the Public, that they have returned from Harbour-Grace and Carbonear, and purpose holding a

CONCERT

At Mr. PERKINS'S Long Room, on MONDAY evening next, at 7 o'clock.—Admission 2s.—Children half price.

February 6.

Notices.

THE Treasurer of the Benevolent Irish Society acknowledges, with gratitude, the receipt of TWENTY SHILLINGS from Mr. BENJAMIN BOWRING, being his annual donation in aid of the funds of the Orphan Asylum-School.

February 6.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS HONOUR THE PRESIDENT.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On Wednesday evening,

The 13th instant,

The Theatre will open with the Comedy of

WAYS AND MEANS,

AND

THE MUCH-ADMIRED FARCE OF

High Life Below Stairs.

Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFT.—(Boxes 3s.—Pit 2s.)

Doors to be opened at ½ past 6 o'clock—performance to commence at 7.

February 6.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS WALSH, of *Carriekbeg*, 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.

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.

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.

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

December 12, 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.



Doors' Corner.

A PORTRAIT.

Of stature low, and fairy size,  
Her soul seemed through her form to rise;  
Scarce could the sculptor's practis'd eye  
Decide if her's were symmetry;  
For, ever bounding, turning, dancing,  
Like sun-beams on a meadow glancing,  
None could proportion trace,  
But still her light and frolic round  
The charmed eye like magic bound,  
And all proclaimed it grace.

Her face with youth's pure colouring glows,  
So softly bleat, yet so distinct,  
Such brilliant white, such rosy tinct  
The apple-blossom shows;  
And the pure skin, divinely fair,  
Seemed as the sun had spared her ever,  
And wintry storms and summer air  
Had touched her never.

Her auburn locks with wayward will,  
From golden bodkin sever still,  
Luxuriant, glossy, unconfus'd,  
The silken ringlets freely wind;  
Now on her snowy forehead wave,  
Now sport around her fair cheek's dimple,  
Which passes like the calm lake's rimple,  
Where the young cygnets lave.

Sometimes, the ruby lips they kiss,  
Where lovely smiles so gaily fly,  
As if they lived for nought but bliss,  
And ne'er had breathed a sigh,  
Sometimes, they shade those azure eyes,  
Whose bright rays, through the dark lash beaming,  
In their own liquid diamonds gleaming,  
Like summer meteors rise;  
As if those rays, divinely clear,  
Had never glittered through a tear.

THE LEG—A true Story.

[The following well-told and whimsical tale, which we copy from an American paper, was originally translated from the German by a correspondent of the *New Hampshire Sentinel*.]—

In the autumn of 1782, Lewis Thevenet, a distinguished surgeon at Calais, in France, received a billet without signature, requesting him to repair to a public house not far off, with such instruments as were necessary for an amputation.

Thevenet was somewhat surprised at the manner of the invitation, but concluding that it was the work of some wag, paid no regard to it.—Three days after, he received a second invitation, still more pressing, and containing the information that the next day at 8 o'clock a carriage would stop before his house in order to convey him. Thevenet concluded to let the affair take its course, and when, on the following day, at the striking of the clock, an elegant carriage stopped before the door, he seated himself in it, and asked the driver "to whom he was to carry him?" The driver replied, in English, "What I do not know, I cannot tell." At length the carriage stopped before the designated public house. A handsome young man of about twenty-eight years of age received the surgeon at the door, and conducted him up stairs into a large chamber, where he held the following dialogue:—

*Thevenet*.—You have sent for me?  
*Englishman*.—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Here is coffee, chocolate, or wine, if you would take any thing before the operation.

*T*.—Shew me the patient, Sir; I must first ascertain whether the injury is such as to render amputation necessary.

*E*.—It is necessary. Mr. Thevenet, seat yourself; I have perfect confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse of one hundred guineas; this is the pay you will receive for the operation. If done successfully, it is yours. Should you refuse to comply with my wishes, see, here is a loaded pistol. You are in my power; I will shoot you.

*T*.—Sir, I am not afraid of your pistols. But what is your particular desire? tell me without preamble.

*E*.—You must cut off my right leg.  
*T*.—With all my heart; and, if you please, your head too. But the leg is sound. You sprang up stairs just now with the agility of a dancing-master. What ails your leg?

*E*.—Nothing. I only want it off.

*T*.—Sir, you are a fool.

*E*.—Why does that trouble you, Thevenet?

*T*.—What sin has the leg committed?

*E*.—None; but are you ready to take it off?

*T*.—Sir, I do not know. Bring me evidence that you are of a sound mind.

*E*.—Will you comply with my request?

*T*.—Yes, Sir, so soon as you give me sufficient reason for such mutilation of yourself.

*E*.—I cannot tell you the truth perhaps for some years; but I will lay a wager that after a certain time you shall understand that my reasons are most

noble—that my happiness, my very existence depend upon my being freed from this leg.

*T*.—Sir, I lay no wagers. Tell me your name, residence, family, and occupation.

*E*.—You shall know all that hereafter. Do you take me for an honourable man?

*T*.—I cannot. A man of honour does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have duties towards you as a stranger. I will not mutilate you. If you wish to be the murderer of a guiltless father of a family, then shoot.

*E*.—Well, Mr. Thevenet, I will not shoot you; but I will force you to take off my leg. That which you will not do for the love of money, nor the fear of a bullet, you shall do for compassion.

*T*.—And how so?

*E*.—I will break my leg by discharging my pistol, and here before your eyes.

The Englishman seated himself, and placed the mouth of the pistol close to his knee. Thevenet was on the point of springing to prevent him, but he replied, "Stir not, or I fire. Now," says he, "will you increase and lengthen out my pains for nothing?"

"You are a fool," says Thevenet, "but it shall be done; I will take off the unfortunate leg."

The Englishman calmly laid by the pistol, and all was ready for the operation. As soon as the surgeon began to cut, the Englishman lighted his pipe and swore it should not go out. He kept his word. The leg lay upon the floor, and the Englishman was still smoking. Thevenet did his work like a master; the wound, by his skill, and the patient's own good nature, was healed at a fixed time; he rewarded the surgeon like a king, thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his leg, and sallied over the streets with a wooden one.

About eight weeks after his departure, Thevenet received a letter from England, with the following contents:—

"You will receive enclosed, as a proof of my most heartfelt gratitude, an order for 250 guineas upon Mr. Panchard, in Paris. You have made me the happiest mortal on earth, in depriving me of my leg, for it was my only hindrance to my earthly felicity. Brave man, you may now know the cause of my foolish humour, as you called it. You concluded, at the time, that there could be no reasonable ground for such self-mutilation. I offered to lay a wager; you did well in not accepting it.

"After my second return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with Emilie Harley, the most perfect of women. I loved her most passionately. Her wealth, her family connections, influenced my friends in her favour; but I was influenced only by her beauty and her noble heart. I joined the number of her admirers. Ah! good Thevenet, I was so fortunate as to become the most unfortunate of her rivals. She loved me above all, made no secret of it, but still she rejected me. I sought her hand in vain; in vain I implored her parents and her friends to intercede for me; she was immovable. For a long time I was unable to conjecture the cause of her rejecting me; since, as she confessed herself, she loved me almost to distraction. One of her visitors at length betrayed to me the secret. Miss Harley was a wonder of beauty, but she had but one leg; and on account of this imperfection she feared to become my wife lest I should love her the less for it. My resolution was taken, I resolved to become like herself; thanks to you I became so. I came with my wooden leg to London, and in the first place visited Miss Harley. It had been reported, and I myself had written to England, that by a fall from my horse I had broken my leg, which was consequently taken off. It was much regretted. Emilie fell into a swoon the first time she saw me. She was for a long time inconsolable, but now she is my wife. The first day after our marriage, I intrusted to her the secret of what a sacrifice I had made in consequence of my wish to obtain her hand. She loves me now the more affectionately. O, my brave Thevenet, had I ten legs to lose, I would, without a single contortion of feature, part with them for my Emilie. So long as I live I will be grateful towards you. Come to London—visit us—become acquainted with my wife—and then say I was a fool.

"CHARLES TEMPLE."

ANSWER OF MR. THEVENET.

"Sir,—I thank you for your valuable present, for so I must call it, because I cannot consider it as pay for the little trouble I was at. I congratulate you on your marriage with a woman so worthy your affections. It is true a leg is much to lose, even for a beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate wife—but not too much. To gain possession of Eve, Adam was obliged to part with a rib; and beautiful women have cost some men their heads. But, after all, permit me to adhere to my former judgment. Truly, for the moment, you were correct, but with this difference; the correctness of my judgment was founded on long experience (as every truth should be, which we are not disposed to acknowledge). Sir, mind me, I lay a wager, that after two years you repent that your leg was taken off above the knee; you will find that below the knee had been enough.—After three years you will be convinced that the loss of the foot had been sufficient. After four years you will conclude that the sacrifice of the great toe, and after five years of the little toe, had been too much. After six years you will agree with me that the pairing of a nail had been enough. But I do not say this in prejudice of the merits of your charming wife. In my youth I devoted myself to love, but I have never parted with a leg; had I done so, I should, at this day, have said, 'Thevenet, thou wast a fool.'

"I have the honour to be, yours, &c.

"LEWIS THEVENET."

In 1793, eleven years after, during the horrors of the Revolution, Thevenet, whom a person that en-

vied his reputation caused to be suspected of aristocracy, fled to London to save himself from the guillotine. He inquired after Sir Charles Temple, and was shown his house. He made himself known, and was received. In an arm-chair, by the fire, surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent man, who could hardly stand up he was so unwieldy.—"Ah! welcome Mr. Thevenet!" cried the corpulent man, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple, "excuse me if I do not rise;—this cursed leg is a hindrance to me in every thing. You have come to see if your judgment was correct." "I come as a fugitive, and seek your protection." "You shall have it with pleasure. You must live with me from this day, for, truly, you are a wise man. You must console me. Surely, Thevenet, probably I had been an admiral of the blue, had not my wooden leg disqualified me from the service of my country. When I read the gazettes, the brown and the blue make me angry, because I can have nothing to do with them. Come, console me." "Your wife can do that better than I." "Say nothing of her—her wooden leg prevented her dancing, so she betook herself to cards and to fashions.—There is no such thing as living peaceably with her." "What! was my judgment correct then?" "O, welcome beloved Thevenet; but be silent on that point. It was a silly adventure. Had I my leg again, I would not now give the pairing of a nail. Between you and me, I was a FOOL; but keep this to yourself."

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

In the midst of his noisy mansion sat Phil Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar daily bringing a turf with him. The door was formed of stakes, interlaced with wattles, a loop of which, thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock; and a rude table, that the master sat at, was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constitutes politeness, whilst Phil kept sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. Of the manner in which he accomplished this, the following is a specimen.—"Come up here, Pat Greenan," said he to a red-headed boy, dressed in a grey frize coat, which came down on his heels, and an old pair of leather breeches that only reached half way down his thighs, exposed his red meased legs, "come stand up here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters." Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen, "Ubbadoo tearin' murder!" exclaimed Phil, "where have you been wid that face? why man alive you have been kissing the prata pot, and your hair too stanin' up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig. Is there no water in the stream? and it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair, any how." Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a branded cow. "There now," said Phil, "blow your nose, and hold up your head like a gentleman. What is this, aroon," said he, pointing to the first letter in the alphabet. Pat scratched his head. "You don't know it—small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running about after the cows when you should be at your larnin'; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it." "A," says Pat. "Well done; what's the name of the next one?" Pat hesitated again. "What do you call the big fly that makes the honey?" "B." "Och! you're a genius, Pat, ready made." So on he went, illustrating in this manner until he came to the letter O. Having tried Pat's genius with it two or three ways to no purpose, Phil was getting out of patience.—"What would you say if I was to hit you a pathlog on the ear?" (suing the action to the word.) "O!" cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot, which rung with the blow. "I knew you'd find it," said Phil. By the help of this admonition, Pat struggled through the rest of the letters. "Well, you may sit down now, and send up Mick Moriarty." Mick was rather fatter on than Pat—he was spelling words. After spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*. "Well, what does w-h-a-t make?" Mick was not sure about it. "W-h-a-t," said Phil, "sounds fat, but (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) when I say fat, don't you say fat, but do you say *fat* your own way."—*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.*

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