



Newfoundland.

No. 31.

WEDNESDAY, February 20, 1828.

Sixpence.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

STORY OF MARIA DE CARMO.

(Concluded from our last number.)

[Corporal O'Callaghan's narrative was terminated in our last at the point where he describes the falling of himself and a few others in the hands of the French. He proceeds thus:—

"Then we were taken across the river at Punhete, an' packed off to Abrantes. In going through, the rascals paraded us about the town to show they had taken some prisoners, an' telling the Portuguese that they killed thousands of us that morning! On the way to Abrantes poor Harry hardly spoke a word, an' I didn't say much, for our hearts were sick and sore. The whole o' the road along was in a bustle with the advancing army, singing French songs and shouting at us as we passed. 'Ah!' says I to myself, 'if I had half a dozen o' ye to my own share, I'd larn you to shout at th' other side o' yir mouths. But we'd no comfort, an' that was, that we knew these fellows' tone would be changed before they went many miles farther.

"We arrived at Abrantes—right back to where we started from the day before—an' was again made a show of about the town by the braggadojos o' Frenchmen. One o' their generals came up to me—a little broken English; an' says he, 'You Englishman, eh?'—'Yes, says I, 'in throth I am.' 'From what part?'—'From a place called Ballinamore, in the county of Leitrim.' 'Is dat in Irlanda?'—'Yes, faith,' says I, 'it is.' 'Ah boy, says the general, 'you be von Catholic—von slave d'Angleterre.'—'No, Monsier, I'm no slave to Angleterre, though I am a Catholic. There's a little differ in our religion, to be sure, but we are all one after all.'—'Vell, Sare, you be Catholic, and Frenchmen be Catholic. You give me all de information of de English army, and we make you sergeant in de French guard, and give you de l'argent; you can den fight against de heretic English.'—'Thank you,' says I, 'Monsier General, but I'd much rather be excused, if you please. I know no differ between Ireland and England when once out o' the countries; we may squabble a bit at home, just to keep us alive, but you mistake us if you think we would do such a thing as fight against our King and country. Come, boys, says I, (turning about to my comrades) if any o' yiz want promotion an' plenty o' money, now is your time. All you'll be asked to do, is to fight against your ould king, your ould country, an' your ould regiment. Any o' yiz that likes this, let him spake now.' The General was a little astonished, an' so was the officers with him. There was a bit of a grin on all my comrades' faces, but divil a word one o' them answered.—'O! I see how it is,' says I, 'none o' yiz accepts the General's offer; so now take off your caps an' give three hearty cheers for ould England, ould Irlanda, and ould Scotland, against the world.' Hoo! by the Holy St. Quis! you never hard such a shout—it was like blowing up a mine. The General hadn't a word in his gob; he saw there was no use o' punning us any more, and so he turned round smiling to one of his officers, an' says he in French, (which I understood well, though he didn't think it) 'En vérité ce sont de braves gens! si toute l'armée britannique est comme cet enfant-là-ci, tant pis pour nous autres,' and galloped off. The meaning o' that was this, you see—that we were the broth o' boys, an' if there remained o' th' English army it is like us, the devil a much chance the French wud have."

"It was a bad compliment, Corporal," said Sergeant M'Fadgen, "a sentiment in which the rest of the guard unanimously joined.

"By my soul it wasn't, Sergeant, and we all felt what it was to have the honour of our regiment in our hands, and to stick to it like good soldiers, as we ought, through thick an' thin.

"Well, we were there standing in the marketplace, surrounded by straggling French an' Frenchified Portuguese; that is, fellows who followed their invaders, like our dogs, to be kicked about as they liked; but there wasn't many o' them, an' maybe the poor devils couldn't help it, unless they preferred a male o' could iron. The shops were all shut up, except where they were broke open by the French, and in every balcony you could see, instead of young women, a set of French soldiers smoking and drinking. Says I to Harry Gainer, 'If poor Maria was

here now, she'd have had chance among those rascals.' Harry shook his head and said, with a heavy sigh, 'Ah, Tom, is she any better off now? God help her, where can she be?' At this very moment, a muleteer boy appeared among them, crying out, 'Viva os Francesos,' along with some others, and he had a tri-coloured cockade in his hat. It was nobody else but Maria herself! She put up her finger to her lip, when she saw that we were looking at her; an' this is the Portuguese sign for silence. We undther her in a jiffy, an' by the powers! poor Harry's face grew like a May-day morning. I could see that he didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels. 'Silence, my boy,' says I, 'don't you see how it is? don't take the last notice of her for your life.' We were immediately marched off to a church, close by, where we were to lie for the night. Some brown bread was given to us, an' some of Adam's ale to faste ourselves; an' there we were—twenty of us. Now just as we were going in, Maria, in a bustling sort o' way, got close to Harry and me, and says she, in a whisper, 'Non dorme vos merce, esta note, Anrique, pour amor de Dios.'—She then went away in a careless manner, pretending to join in the jokes passed off upon us by those around."

"The English o' that," said Sergeant M'Fadgen, anxious to show his knowledge of the Portuguese, "is 'For the love o' God, Harry, donna sleep a wink the night.'"

"Throth you're just right! it is, an' you ought to know it well, for you were a long time in the Peninsula."—The sergeant shut his eyes, and smoked again.

"Well! we got into the church, which was more like a stable, for there was a squadron of dithraoon's horses in it the night before; the straw that remained was all we had to sleep on, an' wet enough it was, God knows! The altar piece—a fine painting, cut and backed, an' the wood of the altar itself tore up for firing. 'There's something a brewing, Harry,' says I.—'Whist!' says he, 'Tom; shabanes to get us out if she can; an' sorry enough I am, for she may get shot, or be hung by these Frenchmen, if they discover that she is our friend.' So we talked about it a while, and agreed to watch all night, as she desired. It was then coming dark, an' we all sat down on the straw, an' after a few mouthfuls of what we had, an' some conversation, all fell asleep, except Harry and I. We talked together to pass the time, till about nine o'clock, when we both from fatigue felt very sleepy, so we agreed to lie down, one at a time, while the other walked about. I had the first sleep; an' I suppose it might be two hours, when Harry wakened me, an' lay down himself; but although he did, his sleep was only a doze, for he used to start an' ask me something, or other every ten minutes. At last, about 1 o'clock—I think it couldn't be more—the high window on one side began to rise up, and I could just discern a figure of a head an' shoulders, like Maria's, between me an' the faint gray light o' the sky; so I wakens Harry, an' we both went over undther the window. 'It's she, sure enough!' says I; an' a whisper from her soon showed it was. The snores of our comrades were just loud enough to dithrown her voice, an' ours too, from any danger; an' from the great fatigue they suffered, there wasn't a soul awake, but ourselves and the sentry outside the door.—

"Take this rope," says she, in Portuguese, "an' pull up the ladder, while I guide it down to you—make no noise." We then laid hold o' the rope, which by a little groping we found hanging down from the window an' we pulled steady; while she took the rope o' the ladder, an' guided it down as nice as you please. She then sat down across of the window, while we cautiously mounted the ladder, an' got us to her. I was first; so I looked all round to see if I could make out any o' the sentries; but the heavy sky and a high wind favoured us. So Harry an' I stands on the edge, an' we slowly draws up the ladder an' put it down. 'Here goes!' says I; an' I took a parting look at my poor comrades. 'God send you safe, lads!' thought I, as I went down. Maria was the next, and then Harry. When we all three got out clear, I was putting my hand to the ladder to take it away, when the sentry cried out, 'Qui va là?' from the front o' the church. 'Thinks I, 'It's all up with us!' Maria seemed to sink into nothing; she leaned against us both, trembling like an aspen leaf, while we stirred not a limb, and held fast our breath. 'Qui va là?' was again roared out by the sentry, in a louder voice. 'O God! how I suffered then, an' poor Harry, too—the dithrops run off our faces with anxiety, for it was now whether we

should answer to the sentry's challenge, an' be taken, or remain silent and be shot! He challenged a third time, when, at the highest pitch of our feelings, a Frenchman answered to the challenge as he passed the sentry. I suppose it was some officer prowling about the town to watch the guards. Oh! what a relief it was to us! Ye may guess how glad we were to find that our chance was as good as ever.

"After a bit, Maria told us to follow exactly wherever she went, and to carry the ladder with us. So we proceeded—she first—picking our steps in the dark, till we got out over a little wall into a narrow lane, where we left the ladder down in a ditch. The wind blew as loud as ever I hard it, which favoured us greatly; an' the sort o' gray twilight that was above us, was just sufficient to show us our way. Maria now got into a little garden o' grapes, through a broken wall, and desired us to follow her; which we did, all along undther the vines, which grew over the wall as thick as hops. We crept on, 'till we came to a sort of an out-house; where we halted to dithrow our breath, an' thank God for our escape so far. Says Maria to Harry, 'Men Anrique! men etracao?' but there's no use of telling it in Portuguese, so I'll give it in plain English—'Henry, my heart,' says she, 'we are now at the back of Senor Luiz de Alfandega's house, (that was her friend's, where she lived) and we must stay there until morning.' 'Are the French in it, or not?' says Harry. 'No,' replied Maria, 'none of the soldiers, except a sick French curnel and his servant; but both are fast asleep above stairs. Poor Luiz an' his wife are fled, and there is nobody remaining in the house but Emanuel, (that was an ould cratur of a man, sixty years in the family—a sort o' care-taker o' the vine yard.) 'I will go to the window an' see if all is safe. It was he who provided me with the ladder, an' now waits to hear of my success. Stay here until I return.' She went up to the house, and in a few minutes came back an' guided us safely into the kitchen, where ould Emanuel was waiting.

"When we got into the kitchen, there was the poor ould man sitting. We couldn't see him till we struck a light—which was a good while first, owing to his groping about for a flint, an' being fearful o' wakening the curnel for his servant, that was above stairs. Well, we got the light, and a sad sight it showed us; there was destruction itself—every thing broken and bathored—the windows knocked out—the partitions burned—an' the ould man, with his white head, standing, like Despair, over the ruins. This was all done by the rascals o' French; an' I suppose if they weren't turned out, to make room for the sick curnel, they'd have burned the boards o' the floors afore they'd ha' left the house.

"Maria now brought out from a nook in the kitchen, two shutes o' countryman's clothes for us to put on, in order that we might all escape to the English camp; an' scarcely had we taken them up, when we hard a noise, as if a person had slipp'd his foot on the stairs. 'Whist,' says I, 'Harry; thoes somebody's stirring.' We were all as mute as mice, an' the ould man blew out the light. We could now hear a foot-step moving down the stairs; an' as there was a board broken out o' the partition, Harry an' I popped out our heads to look. It was dark; but we could see the cracks in the gate o' the house. Presently the step was at the bottom o' the stairs, an' in the same passage or gateway,—the Portuguese houses mostly have gateways,—the Portuguese houses mostly have gateways. Maria thumbled like an aspen leaf, an' Harry pinched her to be quiet. The bolt o' the gate was now slowly moved an' opened. We could then see, by a dim light from the street, that a French soldier, in regimentals, was let in by another in truthress, an' the gate quietly shut, an' not bolted, but latched as usual. 'By the powers!' thinks I, 'we are doae. So we listened; an' presently one o' the villains says to the other, in French, 'He's fast asleep; but you must be quick, or he may wake; the money is all ready on the table.' Both then stole up stairs, an' I consulted with Harry about the matter. We didn't know what to think of it. Says I, 'They're going to rob the curnel of his money, you may depend upon it.' I then explained to Maria what the man said, an' says she, in a minute, 'They're going to murder him.'—'Yes,' says ould Emanuel, 'Certamente.' Scarcely was the word out of his mouth, when we heard a dreadful groan! 'It's the curnel,' says the ould man. Harry an' I jumped out in a minute, followed by Emanuel. 'Dithrow your baguet,' says I. Harry was up first; and slash into the room where the light was, we ran. One o' the villains fired a pistol

[For remainder see last page.]

EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke is a name which has descended to posterity, clothed in glory and renown. Like Cicero, he united the talents of writing and speaking with equal force and elegance. His speeches excel in variety and extent of knowledge—in curious and instinctive observations of human nature—in sublime sentiments and reflections of philosophy—in all the creations of fancy and embellishments of rhetoric. But it is generally admitted that they are digressive, and comparatively feeble in producing conviction. They are before us with the advantages of his corrections and revisions, for he was too ambitious of posthumous fame, to suffer it to be diminished by neglect. His character beams through every sentence—stern, uncompromising in his sentiments, he advances assertions with the utmost confidence; hurried on by a fervid imagination, he often oversteps the limits of judgment, and overstrains his judgment till he treads upon unknown ground. He seldom attempts wit—but when he does, it sets upon him like a lead coat upon a plain country gentleman. His denunciations against the French Revolution and Warren Hastings, leave us to regret, that great abilities should be made subservient to malevolence and abuse. But his exertions in the holy cause of religious liberty, will suffice to hide his defects in the brilliancy of their lustre. His moral propensities were virtuous and sincere, and I believe that he never spoke or acted wherein his conscience did not support him through difficulty, and console him in the agony of defeat.

In commencing his career, he was dependant on a faction for consequence, nay, even for pecuniary support, and necessitated to sanction many measures which his unbiassed judgment would have disapproved. On one occasion he appeared entirely unrestrained by decorum, and subjected himself to deserved ridicule, when he plucked a dagger out of his bosom, and seemed frantic with the energy of his prejudices. There are some who stigmatise his quarrels with Fox as the effects of a languishing after pension and place, but calm consideration must allow that in it he never departed from the politics he advocated, and nobly sacrificed friendship for the nation's weal. He saw the effects of revolution in France, and dreaded that the deluge would extend to Britain. He loved the Constitution too devotedly to tumble down the whole fabric, because a few blemishes appeared in the architecture. He had fought against these defects, while the watchword was reform, but he stood on the threshold of protection, when he discovered that public clamor had charged its battery with anarchy, ruin, and dismay.

I endeavoured, consistently with my design in this article, to cull from his speeches a few paragraphs which would exemplify his style. I found that their excellence consisted more in a uniform beauty, than in particular sublimity. He was unable to condense his thoughts into a single happy expression or argument. He took an extensive range through every subject, and the unlimited imagery of his genius, led him from flower to flower, till he lost himself, wandering amid fancies of his own creation. Therefore orators of inferior sense and power, made more impression; and while every ear was delighted with the music of his voice, and every tongue bore testimony to his praise, it seemed as if the mind had been diverted by subtle reasoning rather than conviction, and remained open to receive ideas more consonant with its own. His eloquence was less fitted for a popular assembly than for the scholastic recluse—it was too learned and subtle, and required more time than was spent in delivery to understand. His action was easy and simple, his appearance plain and unaffected, and his looks were incapable of expressing that energy which constituted the chief power of Lord Chatham's speaking. I transcribe one passage from his speech on American taxation, in 1774, which only affords a feeble glimmering of his ability, yet for the reasons I have stated, it is as good a specimen, and retains as much of his detached excellence, as any I could find.

"I remember, Sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the honourable gentleman (General Conway) who made a motion for the repeal of the stamp act, in that crisis when the whole trading interest craved into your lobbies with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited, almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions; when, at length, you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open, showed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of this grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children on a long absent father. They clung to him like captives about their redeemer. All England and America joined in his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens: hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him, and his face, to use the expression of scripture of the first martyr, 'his face was as if it had been the face of an angel.' I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that Kings in their profusion could bestow. I did hope that that day's honour and danger would have been a bond to hold us all together for ever. But, alas! that, with other pleasing visions, is long since vanished."

He represented Bristol in two parliaments, and his addresses to the electors are among his most celebrated productions. His colleague, Mr. Cruger, exclaimed on one occasion, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke," the greatest tribute of praise that perhaps his counting-house abilities could express. However, Burke's liberal principles were too great a fault in the eyes of his constituents, for talent and patriotism to avail, and he lost his ensuing election. I think he thus

mentions the sudden death of an Alderman Coombe, with pathos—

"Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy alderman who has yesterday been snatched from us whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we pursue."

He concludes with these plain unpretending remarks:—

"I tremble when I consider the trust which I have presumed to ask. I confided too much in my own intentions. They were really pure and upright, and I am bold to say that I ask no ill thing for you, when on parting, I pray that whosoever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things except my abilities to serve and my fortune to please you."

He sometimes expressed himself with a coarseness of which he should have been ashamed: "The sow of imperial augury," and "pigging in the same truckle-bed." His lamentation over the fate of Marie Antoinette is tender, gallant, and happy.—"But the days of chivalry are past," he exclaimed, "or a thousand sabres would have started from their sheaths in the cause of suffering beauty, of insulted humanity."

On the whole, Edmund Burke "is a name that keeps the name of his country respectable in every other on the globe." Contemporary statesmen and authors have given his merit their meed of applause; friends and political enemies united in shedding the tear of sympathy and respect over his grave. Dr. Johnson declared that any person who retired with Burke under a shelter during a shower of rain, would leave his company with the impression that he was a most extraordinary man. So great was his influence in 1794, that in whatever scale his talents were thrown, it was certain to preponderate. The government looked to him for support, the people for assistance, and in that momentous era of his life, to his praise be it spoken, that he acted like a true patriot, an unshaken politician, a lover of his country's glory, and a friend to his King.

A FRAGMENT.

"In a few minutes I had the honour of being enrolled a private in the 79th Highlanders; and before my arrival at Cork, was fully equipped in the garb of the warlike Celts.

"I need not detain you with an account of my dull and uninteresting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable fight of Waterloo. With the occurrences of that day you see all well acquainted, and my friends here have often enough listened to the narration of my own 'hair-breadth escapes.'—Though the feeling is natural, I have been too fond of pointing at the only bright spot in the blank of a nameless existence. The night before the battle, I was backwards and forwards, a solitary sentinel, at one of our out-posts. There was a weight in the midnight atmosphere, that spread an unawanted gloom over my soul; and the thoughts of a widowed, deserted, and heart-broken mother, assumed the place that high-wrought romance was wont to occupy.—There was a silence throughout the whole of our army, which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy, as they passed the night in carousing around the watch-fires. I should not, perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it, but not the silence of sleep. The stern and sullen sound with which the low but deep counter-sign were exchanged—the low but deep tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given, the sigh of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resembled the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded—were all still more audible than the distant clang of the armourer, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and showed that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety.

"About the middle of the night, I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited, and turned out of doors. The youth had some reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate; but her want of education, and entire unacquaintance with those polished manners, and little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and artlessness had at first thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and being ordered to the Continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

"Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which, that night, he accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he should not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me fare-well, and to entrust to my care his portrait, which, with his fare-well blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child.—Absence had renewed, or rather redoubled, all his fondness for the former, and portrayed her in all the wretched loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavoured to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck—wring

my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day,—when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's cavalry. Far a-head even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe, hid all from my view. When the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit during the entire of the night—I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that day the honour of standing. The moon was wading through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I commenced my search for my friend.

"Although I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterwards began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction, survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire, when a heap of slain, in a ploughed field on which the moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice. Literally piled on each other, were the bodies of five cuirassiers; an lying beneath his horse, was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment on finding, by a near inspection, that his head was supported, and his cheek entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation—in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers, and inspiring its dreams! And who knows but perhaps they were! The conviction now flashed on my mind, that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters we afterwards found on the person of the former, proved that I was right in my conjecture. Driven aside by the gales of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman. "She loves—and loves for ever." This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea—through the crowded city, and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn-out tenement of clay, winged its way with his to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned the dear pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak, and enveloping the infant—this dear child of my adoption, in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

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

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

The next subject which I shall call your Lordship's attention to, and which shall conclude all that I have to say on the subject, is the state of education for the poor; Charitable institutions; and the liberal support which the inhabitants generally afford to objects requiring charity; and which I request you will place in juxtaposition with the statements made by the orators at the Newfoundland School Society meeting, who want to monopolize to themselves credit for all the education, all the morality, and all the religion, in that country; though, even according to their own account, they have not yet made much progress, or they would not boast of one of their masters in Newfoundland succeeding, after a world of pains, in procuring a female there, "discreet and cleanly," and fit to be raised to the important situation of his "maid of all work."

This I know is a world of cant; but, my Lord, of all the cant, in this canting world, the hypocritical cant of religion and charity is the most intolerable.

In the year 1802, during the government of admiral, now Lord Gambier, there was a school established for the education of the poor at St. John's, under the denomination of a "Protestant and Roman Catholic School." This school owes its origin in a great measure to Lord Gambier; and, I believe, he was assisted in his laudible object at the time by the Roman Catholic Bishop, Doctor O'Donnell, and by others of influence then in that country. It has since been supported partly by aid from the local government, and by voluntary subscriptions on the part of the inhabitants. I have had a share in the management of the school for some years, as one of the stewards, and I can state, that the children educated there, reflect the highest credit on the establishment. The present master of the school was educated there; and for talent, and attention to his duty, is not second to any holding a similar situation at Newfoundland. From 250 to 300 children are educated at this school, which is under the direction of a general committee, consisting of the clergymen of the various religious persuasions, and the principal gentlemen of St. John's.

Schools for the poor have been established at many of the out-ports; and I have been informed, by a pious and worthy clergyman of the Methodist society, that they, the Methodist ministers, were authorized by the parent society in England to establish schools in all parts of the island. And, further, that they had liberty to draw on the parent society for sums equal to what might be subscribed by the inhabitants for that purpose. In consequence, many schools have been established in various parts of the island, by the clergymen of the Methodist persuasion;

who are, in Newfoundland, most zealous and indefatigable in the discharge of their duty, for the benefit of the people of their congregations.

There are many schools also in the out-ports supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The clergymen of all the other persuasions have schools for the education of their respective poor.

There is a charitable society at St. John's, the Benevolent Irish Society, established as far back as 1806, by Colonel, now General Murray, late Governor of Demerara; and James M'Braine, Esq., now of Tweed Hill, Berwick, who were the first presidents of the society, and are now vice patrons, and have, since their departure from the island, been most liberal supporters of the institution. The object of the society is, in the first place, to give relief to the aged and infirm; to encourage industry among the poor; and to promote education and good morals. Since the establishment of the society, there have been expended, for charitable purposes, upwards of 8000*l.*; and the society have invested in the public funds, in the names of trustees, James M'Braine, Esq., Thomas Meagher, Esq., and myself, 1500*l.*, besides 200*l.* balance of interest remaining in the hands of the agents of the society in this country. The society is supported by the annual payments of members; but a great part of the money expended has been the voluntary subscriptions of the labouring classes of the Irish, and their descendants, throughout the island.

In the distribution of the funds of the society, they confine their issues to such infirm and aged persons who, from these causes, are deemed incapable of earning their support. The undivided attention of the society has been directed to the encouragement of industry among the labouring classes; they have used every argument and persuasion to induce the people to clear and cultivate the soil, and, as a further inducement, the society engaged in their individual, as well as in their aggregate capacity, to procure small lots of ground for the poor, and to assist them in clearing it; and, lastly, to give them seed to plant therein. The society have, for some years, faithfully redeemed this pledge, as far as their very limited means allowed them; and it is impossible for me adequately to state the important benefits that arise to the poorer classes in Newfoundland from the measures adopted by the Irish Society; not so much in the direct aid given to the poor, but in the example of successful industry given to others, and which, thank God, is extending itself in every part of the island; and the poor people are raising themselves, by their own exertions, from a state of wretched pauperism to one of comparative comfort and independence. The fishery on the coast until of late years successful they were enabled to procure food for themselves and families; if it failed, they were plunged in distress, and had to eke out a wretched existence during the dreary period of a cold Newfoundland winter. Though last year the fishery was a complete failure, little or no distress has been experienced; none whatever by those persons who have attended to the cultivation of their little farms and gardens. A similar failure of the fishery, before the attention of the people was called to the cultivation of the soil, would have caused universal distress; and the inhabitants would, as heretofore, have been compelled to emigrate, or starve, or be supported at the expense of government, and the wealthy inhabitants and merchants.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) February 20, 1828.

The Amateur Theatre opened, for the season, on Wednesday evening last, with the comedy of *Ways and Means*, and the laughable farce of *High Life Below Stairs*.—The house was crowded to excess; and we feel pleasure in adding, that the performers received, throughout, the reiterated plaudits of a most fashionable and brilliant audience.

The Brig *Marshall*, Capt. WHITE, after having twice put back, owing to the ice, sailed on Friday evening last, for Cork.—Passengers, Mr. PATRICK DOYLE, Mr. GEORGE T. GADEN, and Mr. JAMES KAVANAGH.

Married, on Thursday last, by the Rev. F. H. CARRINGTON, Mr. JOHN WESTCOTT, Watchmaker, to ANN, second daughter of Mr. SIMON SOLOMON, of this place.

Yesterday evening, by the Rev. F. H. CARRINGTON, Mr. THOMAS RYALL, Wheelwright, to Mrs. MARY CARBERRY, of this place.

Died on Saturday afternoon last, at a quarter past 4 o'clock, after a very short but painful illness, in the 42d year of her age, Mrs. ANN BUSTED, wife of GEORGE WASHINGTON BUSTED, Esq., Chief Clerk of the Supreme Court;—to the irreparable loss of an affectionate husband and family of eight children—and the inexpressible grief of an extensive circle of friends, to whom her amiable, unassuming manners, and many virtues, had endeared her.

Sale at Auction.

On FRIDAY next,
The 22d instant, at 11 o'clock,
ON THE PREMISES,
At HARBOUR-GRACE,



THAT desirable Farm known by the name of *Murphy's Plantation*, situate on the North side of Harbour-Grace, containing about 3 Acres; 2 Acres of which is in Cultivation, with a Dwelling-house thereon, and now in the occupancy of the Subscriber.

MARY MURPHY,

Administratrix to the Estate of Edward Murphy.

Harbour-Grace, 12th February.

On Sale.

By the Subscriber,

AT THE STORE OF

Mr. TIMOTHY FLANNERY,

30 Tierces superior ALE,

(At a reduced price.)

JOHN DILLON,

February 20.

At the Store of the Subscriber,

50 Bls. Superfine States

FLOUR,

(Superior quality.)

50 Boxes prime English SOAP.

HENRY SHEA.

February 20.

BY

Hendell & Mortimer,

(Wholesale and Retail.)

A Few Tierces Waterford Porter,
A Doz Firkins Butter (first quality),
Brandy, Geneva,
Claret and White Wine,
Coffee, Rice,
Bohea and Congo Tea,
No. 1 and flat Canvass,
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.

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.

Notice.

FIRE WOOD,

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

ONE Hundred Cords of Fir FIRE WOOD, of Merchantable 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, 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 4*s.* 4*d.* 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.

Notices.

A CARD.

DR. ROCHFORD in announcing his intention of practising at St. John's, in the different departments of the Medical Profession, begs to observe that at present he resides at Mr. BISSETT'S (late Dr. DOBIE'S) London Medical Establishment, where all communications for him shall meet with immediate attention.

February 20.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS HONOUR THE PRESIDENT.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

On Wednesday evening,

The 27th instant,

THE COMEDY OF

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED

AND

THE MUCH-ADMIRED FARCE OF

High Life Below Stairs.

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

Doors to be opened at 1/2 past 6 o'clock—performance to commence at 7.

February 20.

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.

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

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

W. E. CORMACK.

JOHN B. THOMSON.

Witnesses } PETER M'KELLAR.
 } STUART LIDDAL.

THE 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 10*s.*
Servants and Children 5*s.*
Single Letters 1*s.*
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.

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.]

at Harry as he entered, an' just rubbed the skin off his arm with the ball. The poor curnel was struggling another the other fellow. Harry jumped in upon the bed at him, while I ran at the fellow who fired the pistol. It was a large room; he made for the door, an' leaped right over Emanuel—I after him, down stairs into the kitchen, an' got him down. He was a horrible strong man. I'm not very wake myself, an' faith! he gave me enough of it. I dthropped my baguet to bould him, when he made a desperate effort, an' twisted himself away from me. You may think I held a good bould, when the breast-plate, which was the last thing I held out of, broke away in my hand. I ran after him as he got out o' the door, but he got cleave off through the back o' the house.

"I immediately went back to the room, an' there was Harry shaking the murderer by the neck, an' the old man lifting up the curnel gently, who was groaning in a shocking way, an' looking at us as if he thanked us from his very heart an' soul, but couldn't spake a word. He was bleeding fast from a deep wound in the side, an' the bloody knife was on the ground, beside the bed.

"After I shook my fist at the fallow-faced rascal that stabbed his master, an' when I threatened him with the rope, I went over to the poor curnel, an' I spoke kindly to him: I gave him a dthink o' water. O! God help him, how ghastly he looked at me—I'll never forget it. He pressed my hand to his heart, an' sunk back upon the pillow; then he struggled an' heaved his breast very much, an' seemed just on the point o' death.

"At this minute we had people running up the stairs, an' in a minute a corporal an' six file o' the French guard burst into the room. The murdering dog no sooner saw this than he fell on his knees, an' pretended to pray to Heaven an' to thank God for his deliverance; then starting up, he cried out as the corporal to saze the murderers of his master!

"The three of us were immediately sazed. We did every thing we could to prove the matter as it really was, but this was of no use. I abused, an' cursed an' swore at the villain as well as I could, in both French an' English, an' bid them ask his master; but this had no effect, for when the soldiers when to the curnel they found him dead; so Emanuel, Harry, an' myself, were hauled off as if we were three murderers, an' locked up in the guard-house.

"When we began to think of ourselves, good God! how dthreadful our situation appeared. Harry suffered on account of his Maria as much as any thing else. What was become of her he could not tell, nor could I either: poor old Emanuel did nothing but pray all the night.

"As soon as the day-light came, hundreds of officers crowded to see the two English soldiers who broke from their prison and murdered a curnel; an' sure enough it was past bearing what we endured from them. But the worst of all was when the general, who wanted us to enter his service the day before, came an' saw us.

"What! says he, are these the men who refused so nobly yesterday to betray their country? Have they committed murder?"

"O! this out as to the heart. There was not an hour passed until a court-martial was assembled: we were marched in by twelve men, and placed before it for trial. The charges were read; they were for murdering the curnel, an' attempting the murder of his servant. All the officers o' the garrison were present.

"To describe our feelings at that moment is out o' the power o' man: but we were conscious of our innocence, an' that supported us. The poor old man was almost dead; he could scarcely spake a word.

"The trial was very short; the murderer was the evidence. He swore as coolly and as deliberately that we killed his master as if it really was the case. He said that the curnel had just gone asleep, and he had lain himself down beside his bed, on a matthass, when he saw the door open, when we three entered with a lantern, an' having sazed him, stabbed his master with a clasp knife, but that before he was sazed, he said he snatched a pistol an' fired at us.

One o' the officers present then persavin the mark o' the ball on the arm o' Harry, pointed it out.—His coat was stripped off, an' the skin appeared tore a little, which a surgeon present declared was done by a ball. The corporal and the guard which took us, proved the situation which they found us in, adding that we were just proceeding to kill the servant as they entered the room.

"This of course clenched the business: however, we were called upon to make our defence. As I spoke French, I unthertook it. I acknowledged that Harry an' I got out o' the church for the purpose of escaping to our own throops, that we went into the house where the curnel was killed, in order to change our regimentals for other clothes, which old Emanuel had provided for us. I didn't say any thing about Maria, lest the poor thing might be brought into the scrape. I then described the way that we ran up stairs, an' the struggle I had to bould the soldier who was the accomplice. Harry an' the old man gave the same account o' the affair through an interpreter, but all our stories only made them think worse of us. We were asked, could we point out the soldier we saw? and what proof could we give of it? But there was so much hurry when we discovered the murderer, that none of us could give any particular description of the man, so as to find him.

"We were immediately found guilty, an' sentence o' death was pronounced. We were marched on the minute to the place of execution: it was in front o'

the house where the murdered body lay, and the gallows had been erected before the trial.

"Great God! as we stood unthor the fatal bame, what was my feeling! My friend Harry's fate, and the poor old man's, sunk me to the bottom of misery. Harry thought o' nothing but his dear Maria, an' Emanuel was totally speechless an' totthering.

"The ropes were preparing, when Maria burst through the soldiers, with a paleness on her face even worse than ours; her clothes disordered, her hair flying about: the soldiers were ordered to stop her, an' they did; but although they did not understand her language, they couldn't mistake her well, when she pointed to Harry, an' knelt down at the officer's feet. All thought it was a friend of our's, but none supposed her a woman. She was then permitted to go to Harry, an'—oh! such a parting!—she hung upon his neck; she knelt down; she embraced his knees! I stood motionless; gazing at the fond and unfortunate pair in agony, wishing that the scene was past. An' even Emanuel felt for them, overcome as he was with the thoughts of his own situation.

"The Provost was now proceeding to his duty, the ropes in his hand, when I started as if I had awakened from a horrid dream. A thought struck me like lightning; I roared out 'Stop, for God's sake, stop' with a strength and determination of manner that changed the feelings of every body; an' I called out to the officer commanding, with such earnestness, that he rode over to me at once. 'O,' says I in French to him, 'I'll prove our innocence; I'll prove it if you will grant me your support in doing so.' This the officer willingly assented to. 'Go, then, yourself, Sir,' says I, 'go yourself into the kitchen o' that house, and look upon the floor. There, please the Lord, you will find the breast-plate o' the soldier that murdered the curnel; I tore it off him in the struggle, but unfortunately did not keep it.'

"The officer, God bless him! although he was a Frenchman, seemed as glad as if he had already found proof of our innocence, and immediately dismounted, called his adjutant and a sarjeant to go with him, an' went straight into the house. I then told Harry, Maria, and Emanuel, what I thought of: an' such an effect I never saw, as it had upon all o' them, Harry grew red, and looked at me with feelings as if I had already saved his life. Maria's eyes almost started from her head. She seemed to laugh like, and hung round my neck as if I was her lover, an' not Harry, while poor old Emanuel suddenly came to his speech, an' cried like a child.

"The officer was away about ten minutes, an' during this time there was the greatest anxiety among the crowd. I could see plainly their countenances showed that they wished we might be found innocent. The officer at length appeared: advanced hastily, 'God! to have seen us then,—poor Maria, an' the old man shaking every limb!

"Have you found it, Sir,' says I. 'Yes, yes, my friend, I have,' was the answer; an' immediately he ordered the Provost to unbind us. The old man dthropped on his knees, an' every one of us followed his example. There was a murmur of satisfaction among the crowd,—all were delighted with the respite, an' their prayers were mixed with ours.

"We were on our way back to the Governor's house, when I thought o' the necessity o' sending to the regiment to which the breast-plate belonged, to secure success, an' I asked the commanding officer to do so; but it had been already done; he had sent off his adjutant at the moment to the proper quarter.

"It was now not more than eleven o'clock in the day: the news of the affair had spread, an' a greater number of officers crowded to spake to us now, than to see us before the trial.

"We were all brought into a private room, where the Governor was, (an' that was the General that spoke to us about joining the French the day before). The officer who found the breast-plate, up an' told him all about it.

"But this breast-plate,' says the General, only gives the number o' the regiment. We are still at a loss for the man, should he have obtained another breast-plate.—Besides this is not direct proof.'

"Turn the other side, sir, said the officer, and you will see the man's name scratched upon it with a pen-knife.'

"Oh! by the powers! this was like providence, an' we all thanked God Almighty for it.

"In a few minutes the adjutant who was sent to find the man, returned; the sarjeant was with him, carrying a kit, an' every thing belonging to the fellow that was suspected. He was then brought in before us; an' when we saw him an' he us, any body could have sworn he was guilty. 'Look at the villain,' says I; 'look at his neck, where I left the marks o' my knuckles: an' sure enough the marks were there, as black as you please.

"The General looked like thundther at him. 'Where's your breast-plate, Sir?' says he. The fellow shook.

"It's on my belt,' was the reply. The belt was produced. It had no breast-plate on it! The pass-portion dthropped off the fellow's forehead.

"Search his kit,' says the General. The kit was opened, and among his things was found a purse of money; a miniature picture of a lady, an' a gold watch—all belonging to the Curnel!

"This was convincing. The General demanded him to answer these proofs. He was silent. In a few moments, however, he confessed the crime; but pleaded that he was led into it by the sarvant, an' that both intended to desert to the English.

"We were immediately liberated. The General himself came forward and shook hands with us. Maria acknowledged her disguise, an' the whole story of her getting her lover and myself out o' the church was told. Every officer of the garrison

came to congratulate us. They all seemed as happy as if they were our relations.

"The rascally sarvant that swore against us was sazed, an' both him and the soldier were tried in an hour after by the same court that tried us. We were the evidences; an' in less than two hours, the murderers were hung on the gallows which they had prepared for us!

"There wasn't a man in the garrison so happy as Harry that evening, nor a woman more joyful than Maria; for the General ordered that we all should be escorted safely to the front an' delivered over to our own army. Not only that, but plenty o' money was given to us, with a hearty shake o' the hand from all the officers for our conduct: an' we marched out of Abrantes next morning with three jolly cheers from the men."

Thus ended the Corporal's story of Maria De Carmo.

"A weel, Corporal," said Sergeant M'Fadden, that story is nae far short o' bein' a romance. If I didn't ken it to be fac myself I'd ha sworn it to be made out o' yir ain Irish invention."

The meed of praise so justly due to O'Callaghan for his story was now given by all the men; his courage and loyalty were commended, and his sufferings pitied. All, however, who had not been in the regiment at the time the circumstance occurred, demanded of the Corporal, what became of Harry and his sweetheart.

"O faith," replied O'Callaghan, "they lived like turtle-doves together afterwards. When we were delivered over from the enemy, they got married, an' had two fine boys, who are now in the Juke o' York's School."

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 P. Office of No. 10 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, Colubra 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, Alkabet Root, Lytharge, Opodeldoc, Castor Oil, Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills, Bister 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. Jones, by the strictest attention, care, and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

December 26, 1827.

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.