



Newfoundlander.

No. 35.

WEDNESDAY, March 19, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

Premises to be Let.

A SHORT REVIEW OF THE TRADE AND FISHERIES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

At the Store of the Subscriber,
30 BARRELS superfine States' Flour,
 30 Boxes prime English Soap,
 1 Elegant Mahogany Bedstead,
 10 Pieces No. 2, 4, and 5 Canvass,
 60 Pair Women's and Boys' Shoes.
 HENRY SHEA.
 March 5.

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.

(From Mr. MORRIS's pamphlet.)

In reviewing the past and present state of Newfoundland, I have used such strong language in speaking of the mercantile influence which so long governed there, that it may be supposed that I am prejudiced against the trade of that country; but so far from being opposed to it, I am most anxious to promote it, by every means in my power. I may be permitted to state, that I am a merchant, carrying on business at Newfoundland, and that I am deeply interested in the prosperity of the trade. I have always looked upon the trade and fisheries as the main stay of the country, and the foundation on which its future prosperity must be laid. I have the most unconquerable hatred to monopoly, because it has been opposed to the true interests of commerce. I am an advocate for the cultivation of the soil, because I think agriculture will be found the best auxiliary, and the most effectual support of trade. I am quite sure that they go hand in hand; they are not opposed to each other; so that by being the friend of the one, I am not the enemy of the other. My object at present is to take a short view of the trade and fisheries of Newfoundland; to account for the causes which so suddenly brought ruin on the greater part of those engaged in the trade; and, lastly, to submit what I conceive the best means that can be adopted to avert the danger that is to be apprehended from the competition of the French and Americans (more particularly of the latter) which is continually sapping and undermining the foundation of the trade and fisheries.

BY
JOHN RYAN
 & Co.
140 Dozen Brown Stout,
 (Superior quality.)
 In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.
 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.

By the Subscriber,
 AT THE STORE OF
Mr. TIMOTHY FLANNERY,
30 Tierces superior ALE,
 (At a reduced price.)
 JOHN DILLON.
 February 20.

Notices.

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

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, Assafoetida,
 Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna,
 Cochineal, Cantharides, Colocynthis, Opium,
 Columba and Orii Root, Ipecacuanha, Rhubarb,
 Spermaceti, Gum Mastice, Shell Lac,
 Sulphate of Quinine, Jodine, Conserve of Roses,
 Chamomile Flowers, Gum Ammoniac, Hellebore,
 Catechu, Sulphate of Iron, Rotten Stone,
 Sal Prunel, Sulphate of Zinc and Antimony,
 Saltpetre, Galls, Burgundy Pitch, Castile Soap,
 Alkanet Root, Lytharge, Opodeldoe, Castor Oil,
 Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills,
 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,
 Fensel 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.

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. BISSET's (late Dr. DOBIE's) *London Medical Establishment*, where all communications for him shall meet with immediate attention.
 February 20.

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



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-GRAVE** and **PORTUGAL COVE**, as often as favourable opportunities offer.

Fares until 1st April, 1828:—
 Housekeepers and Planters 10s.
 Servants and Children 5s.
 Single Letters 1s.
 And Parcels in proportion.
 Should the communication by water be interrupted at any time during the Winter, a Letter-carrier will proceed weekly (weather permitting) from Harbour-Grace to St. John's, by land;—and in consequence of there being outstanding Debts to a large amount at this late season, the Public are hereby informed that no Credit in future will be given for Passages or Postages.
 T. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace.
 JAMES CLIFT, Agent, St. John's.

The importance of the Newfoundland trade and fisheries, and the great extent to which they may be carried, have seldom been duly considered or justly estimated. During the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Elizabeth, James the First, Charles the First and Second, there are many legislative enactments which most fully acknowledge the great national importance of the Newfoundland fisheries. The act of the 10th and 11th of William and Mary, which secured the monopoly of the adventurers, yet most fully acknowledges the value of the trade, and the importance of the fisheries, as the best means to increase the revenues of the empire. The preamble of the act of the 18th of his late Majesty, George the Third, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of the Newfoundland Fisheries," states that they have been found to be "the best nurseries for able and experienced seamen, always ready to man the Royal navy when occasions require; and that it is of the highest national importance to give all due encouragement to the said fisheries."
 Sir Josias Child, who wrote his work I believe in the early part of the reign of Charles the 2d, was fully impressed with the advantages of the trade and fisheries of Newfoundland. The author of *Considerations on the Trade of Newfoundland*, inserted in Churchill's Collection of Voyages, observes, that "in the reign of Queen Anne the French had so increased their riches and naval power as to make all Europe stand in fear of them;" which plainly shows, that twenty years quiet possession of this trade is capable of making any power the most formidable by sea and by land, by the equally increase of men, ships, hullion, &c. He states that "the naval power of France, and which enabled her for a time to fiercely contest with England for the dominion of the ocean, owed its foundation and support to her Newfoundland fisheries." In the course of the negotiations for the definitive treaty of peace concluded at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763, France unequivocally acknowledged her sense of the importance of the Newfoundland fisheries, by surrendering and voluntarily giving up all claims to the extensive country of Canada, stipulating, as an equivalent, for the privilege of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland. The wisdom of the French negotiators cannot be questioned; the possession of the Canadas would be a source of weakness to France, the fisheries of Newfoundland are a source of her strength. In the treaties entered into with the French at the close of the late war, the negotiators appear to have retained a due sense of the importance of the fisheries, by stipulating that they should have the right of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, from Cape Ray to Cape John, with the sovereignty of the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. It is well known that the great Colbert, in his anxious endeavours to promote the trade and Marine of France, seized with avidity on the means presented to him by the fisheries of Newfoundland. Abbe Raynall states that the

Fisheries of Newfoundland are mines of wealth, superior to those of Mexico and Peru; and Mr. Burke observes, "the most valuable branch of trade we have in the world is that with Newfoundland." In the same speech (on American affairs), he emphatically exclaimed, "that the Newfoundland trade, which is one of your greatest and your best, is hardly so much as seen on the Custom-house entries, and is not of less annual value to the nation than 400,000/." There is a living opinion still greater than these, Mr. Huskisson, who has frequently, and particularly on a late occasion, acknowledged the value of the trade and fisheries of Newfoundland. Authorities might be multiplied to prove what in itself is a self-evident proposition,—that the trade and fisheries, whether we look on them in a national point of view, as a great nursery for seamen, or in a commercial one, as an inexhaustible source of wealth, are of the greatest importance and value to Great Britain. As early as the reign of Elizabeth there were 260 ships employed in the trade and fisheries of Newfoundland; in the succeeding reigns the trade and fisheries occupied the attention of the English people. "Political events (observes Mr. Forbes) conspired to raise the fisheries of Newfoundland to an unusual height of prosperity during the late war, the naval ascendancy of Great Britain gave her subjects exclusive possession of the fisheries; in the hands of one nation they increased in size and profit far beyond anything which could have been anticipated by the most sanguine speculator."

THE FATE OF YOUNG GORE.

[From the Military Sketch Book.]

Eight bullets pierced this young man's body! In the full light of glory and in the warm lap of love he died, esteemed, honoured, wept, in the blossom of his youth, and in the pride of manly beauty!

Young Gore was a captain in the 51st regiment, and I have heard, a son of the Earl of Annap. He fought at the battle of Vittoria, and it was in that town, a few days after the fight, that I first saw him, as well as the fair and soft black-eyed girl who was the innocent cause of his death.

When the sanguinary and memorable fight was at an end, a few officers, of necessity, remained in the town. In consequence of this battle, the Constitution was published on the Sunday succeeding it, in the main square or market-place, with great pomp and rejoicing. In addition to bull fights and public dancing upon the platform erected in the square for proclaiming the Constitution, a ball was given in the evening expressly to the British officers then in the town, at which all the inhabitants of consequence attended. At this ball I first saw Captain Gore; he was then, apparently, about twenty-two or three years of age, and as handsome a young man as ever I beheld; his hair was a light brown, and hung in a profusion of graceful ringlets; he was of a florid complexion, about the middle size, compact, yet light, and in the beautiful uniform of the 51st, a light infantry regiment, faced with green and gold; and, in addition to this, was the best dancer among the English officers—nay, as good as any of the Spanish and French who exhibited on that evening their salutory powers. Whether it was that our English style of dancing at that time wanted something to be added to its grace by a communication with the Continent or not, I will not pretend to say; but certain it is, that my countrymen were not so happy in picking the laurels from the French that night in the dance, as they had been a few days before in the fight.

With qualifications such as I have described, it is not to be wondered at if the eyes and hearts of many fair ladies followed the young captain; it would rather have excited wonder if they had not. The warm hearts of the Spanish Signoritas are but too susceptible to the charms of Love when his godship dresses in British regimentals.

My friend D., of the 13th light-dragoons, and I, were admiring the waltzers of the evening, when he observed to me that the young officer of the 51st was not only the best dancer, but had the prettiest and best partner; "and," said he, "I think the lady seems quite smitten with him; they have been partners the whole of the evening." From this observation I was led to remark the young lady more closely than I had done before, and the result in my mind was, that Captain Gore was blest with a partner the most bewitching in all Spain, and that he was of the same opinion. She was about seventeen, rather en bon point, and middle-sized; large, dark, and languishing eyes; black, glossy ringlets, with a beautifully fair skin; she was dressed in the graceful black costume of her country, and appeared a personification of the Beauty of a Castilian romance: her manners were gentle, and with Captain Gore as her partner, she attracted the admiration of every one present.

Where is the moralist who has looked into the book of nature, and will say that they were culpable in loving each other, although circumstances wholly forbade their union? Let us draw a veil over the weakness of human nature, when opposed by such powerful influences as those which surrounded these young persons. Let us not, with the austerity of mature and experienced wisdom censure, but pity them, circled as they were with a glowing halo of youth and love. They loved—marriage was impossible:—she left her father's house and fled to him, while he vowed to protect her with his life, even unto the end of it. This happened in about three weeks after the ball.

The lady's father at first knew not of the rash step which his daughter had taken, but soon learnt the distressing truth; he became almost frantic, and applied to the authorities for their interference, representing young Gore as a seducer and a beretic. The authorities (a very inferior description of men at that time) immediately ordered a sergeant's guard (Span-

ish) to accompany the father to the quarters of the captain; they arrived—his apartments were on the first floor—and the soldiers were already in the courtyard below. Gore was informed of the intended purpose, through a Spanish domestic of the house he lived in. His own servant, a brave and determined soldier, hurried to the apartment in which his master was, with his bayonet drawn, and observed that there would be no great difficulty in driving away the "Spanish fellows below," if necessary.—The young lady clung to Captain Gore for protection, and besought him not to give her up; declaring that she would never survive, if he suffered her to be taken away. The soldiers were mounting the stairs—Captain Gore was decided. There was very little ceremony in the affair; he and his servant in a few minutes drove them out of the house, and secured the door with bolts and locks. Few blows were struck by either the Captain or his servant: the success which frequently attends sudden and resolute assaults against superior force, was in this instance manifested; and, considering the opinion which the Spanish soldiery entertained of the British prowess, it is not surprising that the guard was ousted.

The defeated soldiers returned to the authorities and related the failure of their enterprise; they were answered by abuse, and their officer having been sent for, was peremptorily ordered to take his men to Captain Gore's quarters and force the lady away. At the same time he was tauntingly asked whether two Englishmen were equal to a dozen Spaniards.

The guard, under the command of the officer, immediately repaired to the place for the purpose of executing their orders, and demanded admission in the most ferocious manner: but not waiting for reply, the men began to batter the door with their muskets, and apply their shoulders to the panels. The door was too strong for them: they grew still more outrageous, and the officer still more abusive to those within: again they demanded admittance, but this was peremptorily refused by Captain Gore. With the old English maxim in his mind, "my house is my castle," no doubt he believed that he was acting in a justifiable manner: and perhaps he was right in the line of conduct he pursued, because there was a British commandant in the town—and a British officer situated as he was, in the theatre of war, would act with perfect correctness in questioning any authority but that of his own nation:—however, nobody ever suspected the modern Spaniards of good military discipline, or prudence in their actions. As allies, and under a commander-in-chief who always listened to the complaints of the Spaniards against his officers or men, the British, in the case of Captain Gore, were treated in a most unwarrantable manner.

The insolent and imprudent officer of the guard was now determined to do all the injury he could, and hearing the voice of Captain Gore inside the door, drew up his men in front of, and close to it; then motioning his orders, which were but too well understood, the whole of the guard fired; the door was not thick enough to resist the bullets, and the unfortunate young man within, fell lifeless in an instant. Would that he had fallen a few weeks before in that battle which defended the rights of Spain, and not thus by the murderous hands of those he defended in that action! He was not a seducer; that his mistress declared over his dead body; and he did not mean to abandon her, as the melancholy catastrophe but too clearly proved.

The young lady was borne almost heart-broken away, and placed within the cheerless walls of a convent many leagues from the scene that was the source of all her love and of all her sorrows.

LAW.

Law is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like a physic, they take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause called "Bullum vs. Boatum;" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers; farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band; after he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as is very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner. Farmer A's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down to look for a dinner: and observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it, and struck against a rock, which beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat; and this notice of trial was given—*Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum.*

Now the counsel for the bull began by saying—"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running

bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable; how can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable?—Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly spoke the counsel—"My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to look for colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away, upon which I gave it as my opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and upon the traverse, this point of law arose—how, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compens mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled; by Boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows—"Aque bailiffi est magistratus in coisi, super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et sculos, clavos shells, et talos, qui swimmare in fishibus, vel saltibus rivieris, lakos, pondis, canalibus, et well boatis: sive oyseri, prawni, whitini, shrimp, turbutus, solus;"—that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and soals both together. But now comes the nicety of the law: the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, that upon paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo.*

IRISH ORATORS.

When Burke figured in the English Commons, Henry Flood shook the sister senate with his eloquence. I regret the insufficiency of my information respecting this great man. He possessed a good estate in the county of Kilkenny, and though a lawyer, never sought, at any rate never obtained, eminence at the bar. The only speech of his which I have met with in this place, is one in which he was bitter against Grattan, and I think that they did themselves no credit by their acrimony and abuse. The extravagant attention paid to his rival, lost Flood to the Irish cause for ever. He purchased an English borough, and brought forth several plans of parliamentary reform, which elicited the attention of Fox and Pitt. His scheme proposed an addition of one hundred members to the House, who should be elected by the resident householders, a part of the British people which before had no vote in the election of representatives. The opposition was grounded on the hazardous time (1792) which had been chosen to make the experiment, and that there were members enough to despatch the public business. On one unfortunate occasion Flood made a long speech on the Hastings trial, a subject of which he had no information, and gave his enemies a plentiful harvest of triumph over his fall. The exposure of his ignorance was more than he could survive, and it is generally supposed that he died of a broken heart. Several years afterwards Grattan paid this tribute to his memory—"Flood was an incorruptible patriot. He handled a trivial cause as Hercules did the distaff; but with a mighty subject he grasped the thunder of Jupiter."

The following extract will give an idea of Flood's eloquence, delivered against Grattan in 1785:—

"I would stand poorly in my own estimation, and in my country's opinion, if I did not stand far above the honourable member. I did not come here dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I was not one of those who promised to bring in a bill of rights, yet neither brought in the bill, nor suffered another to do it. I am not one who had threatened to impeach the chief justice of the King's bench for acting under an English law, and afterwards shrunk from that business. I am not the author of the simple repeal. I have not come at midnight, and attempted by a vote of this House to arrest the progress of reason, and stifle the voice of the people. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by his country for a sum of money, and then sold his country for prompt payment. A man of a warm imagination and a brilliant fancy might sometimes be dazzled by his own ideas, and for a moment fall into error; but a man of a sound head could not have made so egregious a mistake, and a man of an honest heart would not have persisted in it after it had been discovered. For myself, the whole force of what has been said against me rests upon this, that I once accepted an office. But is a man the less a patriot for being an honest servant to the crown? I have taken as great a part with the first office in the state at

my back, as ever the Right Hon. gentleman did with mendacity behind him."

To this speech Mr. Grattan made the following reply:—

"Sir, it is not the slander of the bad tongue of a bad character which can defame me. No man who was not himself dishonoured, can say that I ever deceived him—no country has ever called me a cheat. But I can suppose a man of a different character, a man not now in the House, but who formerly might have been here. I will suppose his practice to abuse every one who differs from him, and to betray every man who trusts him. I will suppose him active, and divide his life into three stages. In the first he was intemperate, in the second corrupt, and in the third seditious. Suppose him a great egotist, his honour equal to his oath, and I would stop him, and say, 'Sir, your talents are not as great as your life is infamous. You were silent for years, and you were silent for money. When affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you were seen passing these doors like a guilty spirit, just waiting for the moment of putting the question that you might drop in and give the venal vote. Or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak, ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey. You can be trusted by no man. The people cannot trust you; the ministers cannot trust you. You deal out the most impartial treachery to both. You tell the nation it is ruined by other men, while it is sold by you. You fled from the embargo; you fled from the sugar bill; you fled from the militia bill. I therefore tell you, in the face of the country, before all the world, and to your beard, that you are not an honest man."

In 1792, Mr. Henry Boyle, brother to the celebrated philosopher, became conspicuous as a leader of the patriot party in the Commons. The influence which his birth and station gave to him was very great, and Sir Robert Walpole said that his talents were no way inferior to his power. He succeeded in limiting the duration of Parliament to eight years. An attempt to raise supplies for five years by one stroke was negatived by the opposition, and they also carried a motion by which an Exchequer surplus was applied to the payment of the national debt, instead of going to the use of the crown. Mr. Boyle was distinguished by a dignity and uprightness in his conduct, and a sincere affection for his country. I have no opportunity of judging of his eloquence, as none of his speeches are handed down, but I should think that they breathed the same animated appeals to the feelings, the same liberal sentiments, the same declamatory vigor, which have characterized his successors.

In 1743, Charles Lucas, an apothecary of Dublin, rendered himself conspicuous by his sterling patriotism and respectable abilities. The city of Dublin elected him to Parliament, and his career was as glorious as any on record. He thundered conviction to the breast of a tyrannical court, and shook the senate with the most fascinating and energetic eloquence. But the government crushed his usefulness with the strong hand of power, and he was obliged to leave his country and retire to France. In a few years he returned, and was again elected for Dublin, and enjoyed an honourable and distinguished character till his death in 1756. His widow received a pension from the city till 1829.

Anthony Malone has also lost his posthumous renown by the neglect of his contemporaries. Though his name is comparatively unknown, I have heard him ranked with Burke, Curran, and Grattan. He held the first stand at the bar, and distinguished himself in the house of Commons when it was struggling for power. He became successively solicitor and attorney-general, and master of the rolls, though he was generally in opposition to the court.—Philip Tisdale acted a conspicuous part at this time, but his name is only mentioned in history connected with the acts he brought forward and the debates in which he spoke. There are, I believe, no specimens of his eloquence extant.

William Gawn Hamilton is well known by the title of the "single speech Hamilton." He delivered a most admirable oration in the Irish Commons, and another in that of Britain, yet though he afterwards sat as a member for twenty years, he never again opened his lips.—He contended himself with a good sinecure and divided with the ministry on all questions relative to the American war. He went to Ireland as chief secretary in 1769, and elicited considerable respect by his private abilities. He is one among the many to whom Junius' letters have been attributed.

DINNER TO LORD FITZWILLIAM.

(From the London Times, December 23.)

A splendid dinner has been given by the Catholics of Ireland, and by the friends of civil and religious liberty, to the Earl Fitzwilliam, at Hayes' Great Rooms, Dawson-street. At seven o'clock upwards of two hundred gentlemen sat down to an entertainment served up in Hayes' best style. The noble and venerable Earl Fitzwilliam entered the room leaning upon the arm of Mr. O'Gorman, Secretary to the Catholics of Ireland, who conducted his lordship to his seat, at the right of the Chairman, Lord Killeen. The whole company rose and testified by one unanimous acclamation their sense of the public and private worth of this most distinguished nobleman.

As soon as the cloth was removed and the usual toasts given,

The Chairman said, he now rose to give the health of the venerated peer who had honoured them this evening with his presence:

"The Earl Fitzwilliam."—(Long continued cheers.)

Lord Fitzwilliam in returning thanks said, it is impossible for me to convey to you the sentiments

which I entertain at the highly flattering manner in which my health has been given and received. I feel, as I ought to do, that is, I had almost said premeditated eulogium, which his Lordship, who so ably fills your Chair, has so kindly pronounced upon my conduct, is undeserving on my part, and yet I cannot refrain from expressing a degree of pride at receiving it from your hands. Three and thirty years ago I was deputed to govern this country. I came here, not with the intention to carry into execution any measures at that time canvassed, but my determination was, that should they be proposed, they would receive from me the most heartfelt support.—(Cheers.) I felt at that time, I now feel, that this country ought to be not a palsied limb of a fettered country, but a vital portion of a free and independent nation. If the measures which I anticipated had been carried into effect, this night, I firmly believe, have taken place. But I was thwarted in the execution of measures which I then thought, and which I still think, would be for the advantage of this country and of Great Britain. I feel that I have received from the people of Ireland more than ample recompense for my public exertions upon that occasion. The measures which I then advocated, and which I still advocate, were intended to strengthen the connection—they were fraught with no small benefit to this country, and would have been salutary to the empire at large.—(Cheers.) I cannot sit down, without begging your permission to propose the health of my Noble Friend on my right hand. It is not for me to eulogize his worth—his country feels and properly appreciates it. It accords to him that meed of approbation to which a virtuous public character is entitled. I briefly thank you for the high honour which you have conferred upon me; and may I add this request, that you will unite with me in toasting the health of my honoured and worthy friend:

"Lord Killeen."—(Loud cheers.)

Lord Killeen returned thanks. The Chairman.—If I possessed the extraordinary powers of my friend, Mr. O'Connell, I might be tempted, in proposing the memory of an illustrious patriot now no more, to enter into a review of the vast benefits which he conferred upon this country. But as I feel I shall fall far short of the task, I shall merely propose

"The Memory of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan."—(Drank with solemn silence.)

Mr. James Grattan.—I could not hear the last toast announced by my Noble Friend, without feeling as a son of Henry Grattan, that a species of duty was imposed upon me, of returning thanks to this assembly. If any thing could enhance the pleasure which I feel on this occasion, it is the presence of the venerable Nobleman, of whom my father was the zealous and constant admirer.—(Hear, hear.) If the advice given by the Noble Lord (Fitzwilliam) to the Government, when he departed from this country, had been since acted upon, this city would not present the desert appearance which it at present exhibits. At that period there were residing in this city, 100 noblemen and 300 gentlemen, who have been made absentees by that ruinous measure—the Union. The Rebellion, in its consequences, were bad, but the Union was much worse. I am firmly convinced that the disposition of the public mind is in favour of universal emancipation. You should not be deterred, in your exertions for the accomplishment of that great measure, by any temporary difficulties—

"Ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

The Chairman said that the next health upon his list was that of—

"Lord Plunkett, the Chief-Justice of Common Pleas." (Here there was a loud call for Mr. Shiel.)

Mr. Shiel said, I obey the summons given by this great assembly. In common with every Irishman, I cannot but feel that this country is deeply indebted to Lord Plunkett. I will not hide from you my disapprobation of specific measures, erroneously, perhaps, attributed to that eminent person. But allowance must be made for the peculiarity of the circumstances in which he was placed.—(Loud cheers.) Lord Plunkett had suffered in the cause of the Catholics of Ireland; in that cause he has been a martyr.—(Loud cheers.) And where is the man, with a sound understanding and a good heart, who will for a moment put any mistakes which he may have committed, and into which he was hurried by circumstances, against the lasting benefits which he has bestowed upon Ireland.—(Cheers.) But enough upon this topic, upon which I own that I speak with some reluctance. I did not court him in power, and God forbid that I should reflect injuriously and unjustly when he is without it.—(Loud cheers.) I pass from Lord Plunkett to another subject which is linked with him, by a community of attachment to this country—I mean to the illustrious person in commemoration of whose services we are assembled. It has been observed, that thirty-three years have elapsed since Lord Fitzwilliam left Ireland. How did he leave it? In the midst of our sorrows and our acclamations—of our sorrows for his loss, and of our acclamations for the wise intents which it was beyond his power to realize.—(Loud cheers.) I doubt not that when he departed, his heart was deeply moved, and I am sure that at this moment, it must be profoundly excited.—(Loud cheers.) Thirty-three years have passed, and we are, so far as thankfulness is concerned, unchanged. He sees the current of our gratitude running as deep and pure as it was when he bade us farewell, in his younger, but not his better time of life.—(Loud cheers.) The hearts from which it springs are the same.—(Loud cheers.) But, my Lord Fitzwilliam, (for I presume to address myself directly to you,) though we are unchanged in sentiment, so far as you are concerned, be assured in other and very essential particulars, the character of the Irish people has undergone a very considerable modification. When you were amongst us, in your

vice regal capacity, we were a debased and servile body. The Protestant aristocracy lorded it over us, and we spoke in the language, because we entertained the feelings, of an inferior and degraded body. We were in the dust—we lay prostrate on the earth—we are no longer thus—we have got up.—(Loud and continued cheers.) During your lordship's government the 40s. freeholders were the mere serfs of the Protestant proprietors. They have since thrown off the yoke. They have started up in a moral insurrection.—(Loud cheers)—and by their energy, their determination, and their heroism, have afforded the most abundant proofs of the fitness of six millions of people for the reception of freedom.—(Loud cheers.) Our cause must succeed. The breath of a King may blow a Cabinet away, but it cannot dissolve the spirit of intrepidity and determination by which we are actuated. I repeat it, we must succeed.—(Loud cheers.) And when we do succeed, I trust that a great monument, a noble testimonial, will be raised to commemorate the magnificent achievement. We will inscribe upon it the illustrious names of those of whom we shall have been chiefly indebted. We shall inscribe the name of Burke, that great Irishman whose genius belonged to mankind, though he was born amongst us.—(Cheers.) We shall write down the names of Grattan and of Pitt, and of Fox, and of Canning; and though last in enumeration, not the least in gratitude, the name of Wentworth Fitzwilliam.—(Loud cheers.)

"The Lord Chief Justice and the Irish bench."

When this toast was announced, there were repeated calls for Mr. O'Connell, who rose and returned thanks in a powerful and eloquent speech. He said that he was not the less proud of being called, from the sense of his inadequacy to speak in fitting terms to the toast which had been proposed. The high station which was filled by the present Chief Justice of the King's Bench did not ornament the man; but it borrowed dignity and lustre from the talents, the wisdom, and the uprightness of the individual.—(Cheers.) If such a calamity befel this country as the death of Chief Justice Bushe, we might fling Moran's collar upon his tomb.—He rose at the period when Ireland's battle had brought into the struggle many on whom the grave has since closed, and the promise afforded by his early life had been verified in his maturer age. If fancy would paint the beau ideal of perfection in the highest judicial functionary, he (Mr. O'Connell) would defy imagination to present a more dignified image than stood confessed in the person of Lord Chief Justice Bushe.—(Loud cheers.)

Among other toasts given were—

"The Attorney-General of England, Sir James Scarlett."—(Applause.) "Lord Golerich and the liberal portion of His Majesty's Ministers."—(Applause) "The memory of John Philip Curran, Esq." "The health of the truly Christian Bishop of Norwich." "The Duke of Norfolk and the Catholics of England." "Henry Brougham, the ornament of the senate, the successful advocate of liberal education, and the University of London."—(Loud and continued cheering.) "Thomas Moore, the Bard of Erin"

[Several other toasts were proposed, and the hilarity of the evening was kept up to a late hour.]

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) March 19, 1828.

The press of duty that devolved upon us, at the Anniversary of St. Patrick, which was celebrated on Monday, at the Misses WARD'S hotel, with great enthusiasm, together with the late, or rather early hour to which we kept up the festivity, precluded the possibility of our giving such a Report of the proceedings, in this day's paper, as we could wish, or as the occasion demands;—but we hope to have the pleasure, in our next number, of laying it before our readers in as detailed a manner as possible.

Lottery.

OEHLSCHLAGER and Co.

BEG to announce to the Public that on the 1st May next, the following Articles will be disposed of by LOTTERY, in Shares of 20s. each, or as soon as the whole of the Tickets are disposed of. The Articles are of the best manufacture, and the French polish on the Mahogany is warranted.

No. 1.—1	Elegant six Octave Grand Action Pianoforte	55	0	0
2.—1	Elegant Mahogany Chest of Drawers (with 6 Drawers)	12	0	0
3.—1	Ditto Ditto Washhand-stand	8	0	0
4.—6	Ditto Ditto Chairs	7	10	0
5.—1	Ditto Ditto Cupboard	6	0	0
6.—1	Ditto Ditto Chest of Drawers	6	0	0
7.—1	Ditto Ditto Work-table	6	0	0
8.—1	Oval Looking Glass (gilt frame)	4	10	0
9.—1	Mahogany small Chest of Drawers	4	0	0
10.—1	Ditto Card-table	4	0	0
11.—1	Green varnished Washhand-stand	4	0	0
12.—1	Looking Glass (mahogany frame)	1	10	0
13.—1	Pair Chimney Ornaments	1	10	0

120 Tickets at 20s. 120 0 0

March 19.



Poets' Corner.

THE SHAMROCK.

Hail! hail the sweet, the lovely flower,
That blooms beneath the morning dew;
Whose perfume floats round Beauty's bower,
Where cheeks are fair, and hearts are true.
The flower that mem'ry still endears
To Erin's sons, when far away:
It's dew-drops truly show the tears
For Erin, shed on Patrick's Day!

It's emblem leaves, so brightly green,
Of home, and love, and pleasure tell;
It's bud recalls each hallow'd scene,
Where joyous childhood's footsteps fell!
A mother's smile, a father's voice,
It brings—when lone and far away;
Hails Erin's exiled son rejoice
In fancy's dream—on Patrick's Day!

Bless! bless the flower—in ancient time
That deck'd the feast in camp or hall;
When swell'd the matchless HARP sublime,
And genius woke at glory's call!
When, on the verdant banner, wave
By beauty's hand, it floated gay;
The honour'd pledge of faith and love,
The Patriot's badge on Patrick's Day!

Dear Erin! tho' wild billows roll
Between us and thy classic shore;
Fate vainly chains the soaring soul,
When scenery round thy scenes restore!
While here we bathe thy emblem flower,
Strong on our sight breaks Freedom's ray,
Of hope we own the magic power—
Our hearts are thine—on Patrick's Day!

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS.

(From the Subaltern in America.)

"We had continued our journey about an hour, when, arriving suddenly at a space of open ground, three troopers, dressed in dark-green uniforms, were discovered. They occupied the summit of a gentle eminence, and appeared to be anxiously watching the movement of the column along the high road. Instantly the word was passed to be attentive; and instantly we began to steal round the height, keeping just within cover of the wood, for the purpose of surprising them. But scarlet is an inconvenient colour, in cases where concealment happens to be desirable: the Americans soon discovered us; and clapping spurs to their horses, galloped off. Concluding of course, that they must be well acquainted with the different roads which intersected the forest, we very naturally gave them up as lost, and continued our journey, with the conviction in our minds that more work would be cut out for us, ere many hours should pass by.

"Soon after this, the bugles of the army sounded a halt, and we, as well as the main body, prepared to obey it; but just as we had fixed upon a convenient spot for the purpose, a soldier came running up with intelligence that the three horsemen were still in the thicket, about musket-shot from our right. Taking with me a dozen men, I instantly plunged into the wood: and here, sure enough, they sat upon the edge of one of the lakes, their horses being fastened by the bridles to a tree hard by. My party preserved a profound silence, and we closed gradually round them; but the crashing of the boughs there was no stifling, and when we reached the spot they were gone. They had leaped into a canoe on the first alarm, and were now paddling, as fast as they could, to the opposite shore. There was no time to be lost. I called out to them to surrender, and by way of enforcing the summons, commanded the whole of my people to level their pieces. The spectacle was too alarming for raw recruits, so they held up a white handkerchief in token of submission, and pulled back again. Immediately on landing, they were, as may be supposed, disarmed, and then, with their three beautiful chargers, conducted to head-quarters.

"Having put a few questions to the young men, as to the duty on which they had been themselves employed, Gen. Ross proceeded to catechise them respecting the number and the position of the force appointed for the defence of Baltimore. Their answers were neither very distinct nor very satisfactory. They spoke of a *levy en masse*—hinted that every male capable of bearing arms was enrolled—and calculated the strength of the whole, including three thousand regulars, at twenty thousand men. The cavalry, they said, consisted principally of volunteer troops, to one of which they had themselves belonged; and most of it, as well as a large portion of the infantry, had met us in the field of Bladensburg. In artillery, again, they affirmed that the strength of the Americans was prodigious; upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon were in battery; and these being manned by seamen from the fleet, would, they observed to us, do their duty. The General heard all this with a countenance which never once varied in its expression; and then ordering them to the rear, in spite of many urgent entreaties that he would dismiss them on their parole, he commanded the bugle to sound, and the troops again stood to their arms.

"Whilst the column was making ready to prosecute its more orderly advance, we stoutly plunged once more into the thickets, and pressed on. For about half an hour we proceeded without the occur-

rence of any circumstance calculated to excite in us a more than a usual degree of alacrity. There were the same obstacles of brake and brier to overcome, and, from time to time, the same impediments of ponds and creeks to be surmounted; but still no enemy, nor any trace of an enemy could be descried. At length, however, the face of affairs underwent a change. A few figures suddenly showed themselves stealing from tree to tree, and bush to bush; they became more and more numerous as we went on; and finally, we beheld about four or five hundred riflemen scattered through the wood, and prepared to dispute with us our farther progress. Nor were many moments wasted in idly gazing at each other. Having warned the column, by the sound of our bugles, that an enemy was in sight, we rushed forward, and the forest echoed again to the report of ours and the Americans' muskets.

"There is nothing in war more interesting, and if it be conducted with any science, more entertaining, than a skirmish in the bosom of a deep wood. The cover is generally so abundant, and so excellent in kind, that fewer casualties take place, than one unaccustomed to such affairs might expect; whilst, from the very nature of the encounter, your thoughts are never for an instant unemployed, nor your body for an instant at rest. When advancing, you dart from tree to tree, passing with the rapidity of thought over the space between, as if you had singled out one or two individuals among the enemy, to overtake whom was the great object of your wishes. Then, again, there is the necessity imposed upon you, of watching that your men keep well up; that they are careful not to expose themselves unnecessarily; that they are cool, take a good and deliberate aim, and abstain from throwing their fire away for no purpose. As to preserving a regular line, that is seldom attempted; men rarely carry into the field the niceties of the parade-ground; it is enough if you see, that when the right is hard pressed, the left shall not push too far ahead of it; nor when the left hangs back, that the right pass it by. Above all, the officer must, in such situations, be careful to show his men a becoming example: he ought not, indeed, to hurry too far before them, because by so doing, though he may lead some to follow, others taking advantage of the license which his blind impetuosity grants, may keep out of the fire altogether; but still less ought he to lag behind. He is the best director of a skirmish who moves backwards and forwards among his troops; cheers and animates them by his voice and gestures; scruples not to expose himself occasionally more than may be exactly required, and appears to treat his enemies with contempt. The spirit which actuates him never fails to arise among his followers, and when once men despise their enemies, they seldom fail to beat them.

Our skirmish to-day was for a while tolerably hot, and extremely animated. The Americans outnumbered us beyond calculation, whilst, as individuals, they were at least our equals in the skill with which they used their weapons; yet, from the very commencement, it was on our part a continual advance, on theirs a continual retreat. We drove them from thicket to thicket, and tree to tree, not, indeed, with any heavy loss, for they were no less expert in finding shelter than in taking aim; but occasionally bringing down an individual as he was running from one cover to another. Our own loss again was very trifling. Two men killed, and about a dozen wounded, made up the sum of our casualties; and it may with truth be asserted, that every thing was going on as the General himself could have wished. But unhappily he was not satisfied of this. The firing struck him as being more heavy and more continued than it ought to be; he was apprehensive that we had fallen into some serious ambush, and, unwilling to trifle with the safety even of a few companies, he rode forward for the purpose of satisfying himself that they were safe. How bitterly had the whole expedition cause to lament that step! He had scarcely entered the wood, when an American rifleman singled him out; he fired, and the ball, true to its mark, pierced his side. When the General received his death-wound, I chanced to be standing at no great distance from him: I saw that he was struck; for the reins dropped instantly from his hand, and he leaped forward upon the pommel of his saddle; and though I would not suffer myself to imagine that there was any danger, I hastened towards him, but I arrived too late. His horse making a movement forward he lost his seat, and, but for the intervention of his aid-de-camp's arm, must have fallen to the ground. As it was, we could only lay him at length upon the grass, for his limbs could no longer perform their office—it was but too manifest that his race was run.

No language can convey any adequate idea of the sensation which this melancholy event produced in the bosoms of all who were aware of it. It may with truth be asserted, that a general, young in command, has rarely obtained the confidence of his troops in the degree in which General Ross had obtained it, or held out more flattering assurances, that he would continue to possess and to deserve it to the last. As a colonel of a regiment, a general of brigade in Lord Wellington's army, his name had long stood high; and the brilliant success which had attended his operations against Washington, satisfied his own soldiers, at least, that his fame was not unmerited. It has been said, that in conducting the inroad last alluded to, he exhibited more of hesitation and diffidence in himself than belongs to a really great mind. Perhaps he might hesitate a little; perhaps he did lose an hour or two in considering, whether, with a mere handful of men, it would be advisable to march upon the capital of a great nation, more especially as he could not but feel, that little or no permanent advantage to the cause would accrue even from success. But this praise, at least, has never been denied him: that when once his mind came to be made up, no man ever pursued his object more steadily, or with great-

er vigour. In the present course of operations, this was conspicuously the case. He was in the act of pushing on, cautiously indeed, but with all the celerity of the school in which he had been trained, when, through the absence of a few able supporters, he was led to throw his valuable life away. Peace to his ashes. A braver and a better man the British army never produced; nor has it lost an officer of brighter promise or higher character.

His aid-de-camp, (Captain M'Dougal,) having seen the general laid by the road side, left him to the care of Admiral Cockburn, and galloped back for assistance. For myself, my duty called me elsewhere. The firing still went on in front; it was kept up by my own men, and I could not desert them; so I too quitted the mournful group, and once more plunged into action."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY.

The Marquis of Wellesley, more fortunate than any of his noble predecessors, has been the first chief governor that found a wife in Ireland. The lady is, from all accounts that I have heard of her, eminently deserving to share the high honours of his station. She is interesting—indeed, I might say beautiful—in her appearance, and in manners at once amiable and polished. She is about thirty-six years of age—in short, a desirable woman, independent of the splendid fortune which she possesses. Mrs. Patterson is the widow of an American merchant, of immense wealth, which seems to have been his strongest recommendation to a woman of spirit and education, for he was extremely ungraceful in person, and was remarkably deficient in the more essential points of manners and attainments. He died "in good time," and left his widow in the bloom of life, and with a fortune, which, if report speaks truly, may be fairly estimated at 300,000*l.*

Mrs. Patterson's maiden name was Keating, or Cato, the grand-daughter of an Irish Roman Catholic, who had many years ago left this country, to avoid the pressure of the penal laws. On the death of her husband, she determined to pay a visit to this "the land of her fathers." She came over here with letters to persons of the first distinction, and, among others, to Mr. Goulburn, the secretary of state. She was accompanied by her sister, the widow of the late Sir Penwick Harvey, who was for so many years the military secretary of his grace the duke of Wellington. Here, for the first time, Mrs. Patterson was introduced to the lord lieutenant. It is said that at a very early period of their acquaintance, his Excellency expressed his approbation of the rare accomplishments and merits of the lady, and so far improved on the opportunity afforded him, as to have won her consent. He is, it is true, "well stricken in years," but he is a nobleman of high and various accomplishments: to great literary attainments, and to a refined and classic taste, he unites courtly and polished manners, with a generous and engaging disposition. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he should have succeeded with a woman who has mind enough to distinguish between the mere lump of clay, and the more noble qualities that dignify and adorn the man.

Mrs. Patterson is a Catholic, and it is curious enough, and marks the inveteracy of Irish political feeling, that she has already "to fight the battles of her creed." Shortly after she came over to Ireland, she dined at the house of Mr. Saurin, the late attorney-general in this country. Mr. Saurin, though little known in England, is a very distinguished personage here. When the Whigs were turned out, Mr. Saurin was appointed attorney-general for Ireland, an office which he held for fifteen years, and was, during that long period, considered the real head of the Irish Administration. He was, however, suddenly removed, in order to make room for Mr. Plunkett. The fall of this gentleman from power has soured his temper to a degree, that sometimes leads him into almost ludicrous acts of party violence. At the dinner in question, before the ladies left the room, some circumstances relating to the popish party being mentioned, it set Mr. Saurin into a rage; forgetful, it would seem, of the time and occasion, he uttered a long and severe philippic against his old enemies the Catholics. It was not, until some days had passed away, that Mr. Saurin learned that one of the "d-d popish faction" was at his table, in the shape of a very engaging, sprightly, and spirited woman. The Ex-Attorney-General expressed, and I have no doubt felt, great pain at this discovery, and wrote, it is said, an awkward letter of apology.

Mrs. Patterson, some time after this, dined at Lord Norbury's. She knew her man—and, in order to avoid so unpleasant a scene as took place at the table of his friend, she hinted to his Lordship, in that happy way which women alone know how to take, that it would be a great favour if he would "for that night only," refrain from cracking his jokes against the Catholics—for, "my Lord," said she, "though not a member of the Association, you must know that I am a member of the body." His Lordship is "a fellow of infinite jest," so much so, that "his gibes, his gambols, his flashes of merriment," do not leave him, even when words of death are falling from his lips. At the dinner-table he was quite at home; he turned round to Mrs. Patterson, and after complimenting her on the frankness, as well as the fascination of her manner, said, he was not surprised that her religion should be Catholic, for all the world must follow in her train. "I do not," said he, "wish you ill, for being a Catholic, and I hope that you will add to the six millions."—I need not add that his Lordship had no occasion to write a letter of apology.