



Newfoundlander.

No. 66.

THURSDAY, October 23, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

NICHOLAS GILL

Offers for Sale,

The Cargo of the Brigantine *Heroine*, from Barbados—CONSISTING OF

Molasses and Sugar.

October 2.

FRESH GOODS.

Just arrived, per Brig *Arno*, from Waterford, AND FOR SALE,

ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS, BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

PRIME new Mess Irish Pork, in barrels and half-barrels, Prime new *Muy* Butter, Porter, in tierces, of very superior quality, Feather Beds, 60 a 70 lbs, each.

Also,

ON HAND,

Oatmeal, in barrels, &c. &c.

For which Cash, Fish, or Oil, will be received as payment, as the Subscriber intends leaving Newfoundland by the 10th November.

September 25.

ROBERT ROACH.

PATRICK MORRIS

HAS JUST RECEIVED,

By the Prospect from London,

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE,

On moderate terms,

3 PIPES best Cognac Brandy, 10 Ditto Tenerife Wine, 10 Cases Gentlemen's superfine, Men's and Youths' plated Hats, 1000 Pair Men's and Boys' stout Shoes, 3 Bales Slops, consisting of Red Baize Shirts, Duck Frocks, Duck Trousers, Scotch Caps, 50 Dozen Ribbed-yarn Hose, and 500 Cotton Shirts, 8 Bales containing 100 pieces Canvas from No. 1 to 7, 50 Pieces flat Canvas, London mould and dipped Candles, London Soap.

HE HAS ALSO REMAINING,

Of former importations,

1500 Bags Bread, 150 Barrels Oatmeal, 50 Firkins Butter, 50 Barrels Beef, 100 Tierces Porter, 10 Hogheads Tobacco, 30 Feather Beds, 100 Cwt. Cordage, 100 M. Lumber, 25 M. Shingles, Spars of large dimensions, 100 Hogheads Salt.

Also,

1200 Pieces of superior Printed Cottons, of the most fashionable patterns and finest texture, 100 Pieces Calicoes, Drill and Waistcoat Patterns, Superfine black and blue Broad Cloth, Ditto ditto Forest ditto, Fishings, Blanketings, Serges, And various other articles.

July 24.

BILLS OF LADING and SHIPPING PAPERS, for Sale at the Office of this Paper.

On Sale.

JOHN HOWLEY

Has just Received,

Per the Brigs *ROVER* and *CHIEFTAIN* from Liverpool, and *ARNO* from Waterford,

HIS FALL SUPPLY OF

Manufactured Goods.

And recently, per *Agenoria*, from London,

A Large assortment of Charts, among which are *BULLOCK'S* late Survey of this Island, (just published,) with Books of direction.

Also,

Sextants, Plain and Tangent Screwed Quadrants, Ships' brass and wood Steering Compasses, Dividers, Cases of Instruments, Scales, Epitomes of Navigation, Time Glasses, Parallel Rules, Telescopes, And several Nautical Books, particularly suited for Persons trading to and from this Island.

Also,

ON CONSIGNMENT,

From London,

A few cases Ladies' fashionable trimmed and untrimmed beaver and straw Bonnets.

The whole of the above goods have been well selected, and will be sold on very moderate terms for Cash.

Also,

200 Barrels late-caught Mackerel, in Shipping order, 50 Ditto Salmon and Trout, 300 Qts. Cullage Fish, 40 M. Board and Plank.

October 9.

BY

Daniel Codner & Co.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per Brigs *Hannah*, from Hamburgh, and *Jubilee*, from St. Andrews,

And for Sale,

ON MODERATE TERMS—

1230 BAGS 1st and 2d quality Bread, 300 Barrels Flour,

10 Barrels Pork, 24 Firkins Butter, 64 M. pine Board and Plank, 14 M. Shingles, 13 Spars.

AND,

Of former importations,

1000 Bags 1st and 2d quality Hamburg Bread, 350 Barrels ditto Flour, 100 Ditto American Pork, 20 Ditto Oatmeal, Butter, Lard, Pease, Oats, Sweet Cider, in hogheads, Porter in ditto, Cognac Brandy, by the piece and by retail, Gin, Rum, Molasses, Sugar, Tea, Tobacco, London and Liverpool Candles, Soap, No. 1, Tarpaulin, and flat Canvas, and a general assortment of Briport manufactures,

Cordage, Oakum, Tar, Turpentine, Iron and copper Nails, Anchors and Grapnels, Sheet Copper, Tin Plates, Sheet and bar Lead, Bolt and rod Iron, Black, green, white, and yellow Paints, Linseed Oil and Spirits Turpentine, Boots, Shoes, Sole Leather, A large assortment Tinware, Earthenware, Figueira Salt, Blanketing, Swanskin, Serges, Flannels, And an extensive assortment of Shop Goods.

August 28.

To be Let.

And immediate possession given.

PART of the House adjoining that of the Subscriber, consisting of Two Large Rooms, Three Bed-rooms, the Use of a Garret, and a frost-proof Cellar.—For further particulars apply to

October 9.

JOHN HARDING.

A Convenient House and Shop, situated in Water-street, in a central part of the town.—Apply to

September 25.

HENRY SHEA.

For 6 or 12 Months, or for a Term of Years, as may be agreed upon,

A STORE, 63 feet by 28, together with a WHARF and large YARD, adjoining the Premises of Mr. John Boyd.—For particulars apply to

WILLIAM BRANSCOMBE.

May 29.

For such a number of Years as may be agreed upon, and immediate possession given—

THAT very neat, compact, and desirable COTTAGE, North of Port William, and immediately in the rear of the Hon. Judge BAXTON'S residence—containing two Parlours, four Bed-rooms, Servants' apartments, Scullery, Pump-room, Water Closets, an excellent frost-proof Cellar, Out-houses, Stables, &c. &c., with a Garden and a piece of Meadow ground adjoining.

The House is situated in a very pleasant and airy part of the suburbs, and commands an extensive view of a beautiful part of the surrounding country.

Further particulars may be known, on application to

MICHAEL MEEHAN.

Notices.

ALFRED WILSON,

Chemist and Druggist,

GRATEFUL for the great share of patronage which he has received since his commencement in business, begs to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Establishment to the Premises lately held by Mr. WM. EXAGAR, and nearly adjoining those of Messrs. W. & H. THOMAS, where he has an excellent assortment of MEDICINES, DRUGS, &c., for sale on the most reasonable terms.

Prescriptions from the Medical Gentlemen, and orders from the Out-ports, made up as usual, on the shortest notice.

St. John's, 18th September.

Wants a Situation.

A Young Man, who has had some experience in a Shop and Store, would be happy to engage to fill a situation in either of these departments. He can produce satisfactory testimonials of his honesty and sobriety.—Apply at the *Newfoundlander* Office, August 28.

Desirable conveyance to and from Harbour-Grace.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the EXPRESS Packet Boat has undergone a thorough repair, and will continue to ply between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Morning, at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove the succeeding days at Noon, the Letter Carrier leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock, Sundays and bad weather only excepted.

Cabin Passengers 10s.
Steerage Ditto 5s.
Letters 6d.
And Double Ditto and Parcels in proportion.

The Proprietors will not be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board. Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers will be regularly forwarded.

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

Munster Provincial Meeting.

SPEECH OF MR. O'CONNELL.

(From the *Dublin Weekly Register*, August 30.)

MR. O'CONNELL rose to address the meeting.—As soon as he ascended the platform, he was hailed with loud and long bursts of applause, the entire assembly, both ladies and gentlemen, rose simultaneously with the crowd, and continued hurraing and waving handkerchiefs for several minutes, at every effort to be heard the great Leader was interrupted by cries of "one cheer more." At length Mr. O'Connell proceeded and said—It is now, my friends, 656 years and one day since the fatal hour when the first foot-step of English tyranny was planted on and polluted the lovely green and beautiful soil of Ireland (cheers) on the 23d of August, 1172, the fleet of Strongbow sailed into the estuary caused by the confluence of the Suir, the Nure, the Barrow. (Cheers.)—Oh what a lovely and fertile land lay before the steps of the fell invader, the lovely green fields of Erin now ranking in luxuriance before the vile hirelings who came to plant their tyrant foot on her sea-girt shore.—(Loud cheering.)—And what have they done for us? Nothing. (Much laughter.)—I'll go to the British Parliament in February next (cheering), and then I will repeat the question, what have they done for Ireland?—(Loud cheers)—my constituents in Clare will entitle me to put this interrogatory, and I think the men of Tipperary will ratify it.—(Cheering)—yes, I am, and I say it in no levity of mind or heart, nor for any ludicrous sensation it creates, but I say it coolly, calmly, and deliberately, a Representative of the people; and when I enter the House of Commons of Britain, I will immediately say to the "collective wisdom" for 656 years have you ruled us, and what have you done for Ireland? You have dethroned our ancient Monarchs—you have broken our sceptre, debased our nobility, made the noble serfs and the people slaves—you have trampled on the law, and introduced in its stead an infamous and intricate code, a jargon which not even those most versed in its snares can understand, and from within whose majestic circle no man can disentangle himself from law—as Lord Clare said, confiscated every acre in Ireland three times over (hears), and after all this, what have you done for the people—(cheering)—you first ruined my country's prosperity, and corrupted her sons, and you then assailed her ancient church, you stripped her altars, ruined her temples, and melted her chalices and sacred utensils—you took away the titles as well from the poor as from the ancient and holy Priesthood, and transferred them to a married Clergy, and to those who are not the people's Priesthood—(cheers)—you burned our sanctuaries, and converted the remainder, I mean the Cathedral, in which you boxed up some wretched corners for your own miserable congregations to your own use, but after all have you destroyed that ancient and holy religion, or blotted out from the lists of the royal "Hierarchy" our See—you ruin the legal diadem and Noble Coronets, but the mitres you could not touch, they were too powerful for the arm of oppression or the foeman's sword, and the Catholic Church—the only and last remnant of Ireland's former greatness—is now as immovable as the Eternal Rock on which she stands—as firm in her fixtures as when she was founded—as pure in her doctrine as she was 18 centuries ago, and as venerable and splendid as when her ornaments sparkled with gems, and her altars glittered with burnished gold—(cheers)—you have made a moral desert—you laid the mighty Palmyra in ruins, but although her gilding is gone, and her grandeur ruined, yet she stands the Majestic Palmyra, whose gilding is the sun of heaven, and whose wings are framed by angel's wings—(loud cheering)—she is still as imbedding as in the days of her glory, and her tenets are as pure as her dogmas are immutable. And if you have done nothing for her but mischief, if you have given her nothing but misery and persecution, if you have wasted her strength and destroyed her greatness, I ask you "what do you want from Ireland?"—(Loud cheering.) When centuries of persecution failed in corrupting her people, exterminating her Clergy, or destroying her faith, how can you imagine to proselytize the land by the humbug of the New Reformation. The rats and mice can well eat the bread and cheese and rusty bacon, but they cannot bite through stone walls. (Laughter.)—But our Clergy have copiously contributed the oil of Rhodium, and the rats are

[For remainder, see last page.]

MOUNT HEMUS, OR BALKAN RIDGE—SHOOLLA.
From *Wals's Journey from Constantinople to England.*

We left our kind hosts at Lopenitza, before day-light, on a dismal, dark, drizzling morning. We made our way with difficulty, through low rocky hills, stumbling among ravines, and wishing for the light of day. At length it appeared, accompanied by a bitter cold north-east wind; in a little time it became so piercing, that we all got numbed and powerless. It was accompanied by a dark dry sky, which seemed to threaten snow, and was a specimen of those Scythia or Hyperborean blasts, which come suddenly and intensely over these regions. Our road lay still among the last ridges of the Balkan, with occasional plains. In one of these we fell in again with the river, with which we entered the mountains: it is here called Buyuk Kametchi, and runs parallel to the Balkans into the Black Sea. I should like to have traced this mysterious stream through the dark, deep, and subterraneous recesses, through which it was told it passed. One would imagine that, thus running through the level ground at one side of the mountains, and issuing out at the other, having penetrated at the base and wound its way through the chain, it would afford a level for a road below, without the necessity of carrying it over the immense ridge: and, no doubt, in any other country but Turkey, such a road would have been made. It is possible, however, that the Turks would not wish to remove this formidable barrier, which nature has placed between them and their northern enemies, or afford them a greater facility of invasion by cutting a level road through the very heart of it.—Having crossed this river, we proceeded to Shoolla, where we arrived, after a long and fatiguing ride, at three o'clock.

On surveying the place, behind us lay the vast ridge of the Balkans which we had past, presenting a steeper and more inaccessible face at this side than at the other; running along the horizon in a right line, like a vast wall which ascended to the clouds. The ancients had such an idea of the height of this ridge, that Pomponius Mela affirms the Euxine and Adriatic could be seen from it at the same time; and Pliny says it was six miles high.—*Hæmi excelsitas sex millibus passuum*,—higher than the chain of the Andes or Himalaya. It is, therefore, very remarkable that Herodotus should have taken no notice of it, though it must have presented so formidable an obstruction to the army of Darius. The mountain was called Hæmus, from the blood of the Typhon; because he had ascended it as the nearest way to scale to heaven, and Jupiter had there struck him down. The length of the chain is not less remarkable than the height, extending for five hundred miles, one end resting on the Gulf of Venice and the other on the Black Sea. The chain is now called the Balkan, which signifies a difficult defile, and it is properly divided into high and low; the latter advancing forward on each side, like outworks before the great natural rampart. The town of Shoolla lies in an angle of a valley, formed by two ridges of those low mountains; and they are the last branch of them at this side, and their extreme termination: if, therefore, the whole breadth of this immense chain be taken, it may be said to extend from Fakh to Shoolla, 32 hours, or 96 miles, the country beyond these places being all level plain, and between them being all mountain; the lofty ridges, however, extend only from Haidhos to Lopenitza, 9 hours, or 27 miles.

The mountains about Shoolla form a semicircular amphitheatre, up the sides of which gardens and plantations extend to the summit of the hill, overhanging the town with a very rich and beautiful prospect; below, at the extremity of the ridges, an immense plain begins, which extends to the Danube on the north, and the Black Sea on the east. Here is seen the town and harbour of Varna, between two head-lands, distant 18 hours, or 54 miles. To this point, all who wish to avoid the difficulties of the Balkan, hire a vessel from Constantinople, and from thence come to Shoolla. In fact, it appeared as if the country from the Danube to the Propontis was originally a dead flat surface; when by some convulsions of nature this ridge of mountains was thrown up, which divided the country like a vast wall running from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. The part of the plain lying on the south of the ridge was formerly called Thrace, and is now Romania; the part on the north was formerly called Mœsia, and now Bulgaria.

Shoolla is a very large and populous town, containing about 60,000 inhabitants. It is divided into two parts, the Turkish and the Christian. The Turkish is the upper part. It is filled with mosques, whose domes and minarets are covered with burnished tin plates, which glitter in the sun with dazzling splendour; so that when the sun shone bright, I could not look at the town. Here is, besides, an extraordinary novelty in a Turkish town—a large town-clock; it tells the hours by a bell which is heard all over the city, and regulates the time of the inhabitants. Instead of the muezzins crying the hour from the minarets.—This extraordinary innovation, and approximation to European manners, was introduced some years ago by a Bashaw, who had been a prisoner in Russia. He there acquired a taste for bells; and on his return brought with him a striking clock, which he erected in Shoolla. The improvement, however, has not yet proceeded beyond this northern frontier. I have never seen or heard of any other town-clock in the Turkish dominions, except at Athens, presented by Lord Elgin, as some remuneration for the dilapidation of the Parthenon.

Detached by an interval from this upper town, is a smaller called Warish, which extends into the plain. Within its limits the Rys, or Jew and Christian population, reside, separated from the rest, like the districts called Irish towns in Ireland, the original inhabitants in both having been laid under the same inter-

dict by their conquerors. In this district are about 300 houses inhabited by Jews, Armenians and Greeks, who have each a place of worship. It is here the most celebrated tinnen and braziers of the Turkish empire reside, who supply Constantinople with their manufacture, and cover their own mosques with tin and copper, which look so glittering. Shoolla has some irregular fortifications standing. We entered the town across a deep fosse; and through ramparts of clay, by which the Russians were repulsed in their last invasion of Turkey, their main body had advanced from Rasgrad to this place, while their Cossacks pushed across the mountains as far as Burghaz. They were, however, obliged to retreat without taking the town. As a military station, Shoolla seems to have been of great importance to the Turkish empire. It is the point at which all the roads leading from the fortresses on the Danube concentrate. Its fortifications would be weak and contemptible in the hands of European troops, but are a very efficient defence when manned by Turks. They consist of earthen ramparts and brick walls, in some places flanked by strong-built watch towers, each capable of holding eight or ten topkegges or musqueteers.—They stretch for three miles in length and one in breadth, over a ground intersected with valleys; and the extent and irregularity of the surface prevent the possibility of their being completely invested. It is here the Turks form their entrenched camp, in their contests with Russia, and the Russians have always found it impregnable. Twice they have advanced as far as Shoolla, and been repulsed without being able to advance farther. Romanzov was obliged to retire from before it in 1774, and Kaminsky in 1810, after a bloody conflict.

(From the *Dublin Evening Post*, September 6.)

Whatever may be thought of the matter in England, the Turks regard the progress of the Russian army with great alarm. The following paragraph, we are assured, comes from an authentic source:—

“Direct accounts were this morning received from Constantinople to the 7th ult. The Turkish capital had been thrown into the greatest consternation by the repeated arrivals of the Tartars [expresses] from the frontiers. The reports were that the Turkish forces had been repeatedly defeated, and had at length been every where compelled to shut themselves up in the fortresses. The public mind was confirmed in these surmises by the active measures immediately adopted by the Porte. The Grand Vizier had been ordered to put himself at the head of the army at Adrianople, and all the persons who had given in their names to be enrolled as volunteers (amounting to nearly 90,000 men), were ordered to march for the army. The destination of these undisciplined troops was stated to be to protect the mountain passes of the Balkan. The probability of the army of Hussein Paeha being effectually cut off from the capital, the intelligence by way of Odessa authorizes us in believing to be the real cause of these movements.—The wonder which has been expressed at the slowness of the advance of the Russians, shows that most of the speculators on the present campaign are utterly forgetful of the course of former wars.

“A great empire is not to be conquered in three months: even the march of the Duke of Angoulême through Spain occupied more time. But the Russians have advanced without interruption. The Turks may yet make great efforts. It is clear that, hitherto, they have made none beyond the faithful defence of the fortresses by their several garrisons, of which, in almost every campaign, however unsuccessful to the party assailed, instances have not been frequent.”

Change in the Cabinet.—We have good reasons for stating that the Duke of Wellington is about new-modelling the Cabinet of his Majesty, with a view of carrying the Catholic Question triumphantly through Parliament.—The following letter will be read with some interest:—

“London, Thursday evening, half past 7.
“It was generally understood in the ministerial circles, that the successor to the Duke of Clarence at the Admiralty would be declared to-day; but up to this hour I do not find that the final arrangements have been made. Lord Melbourne is still spoken of, and I have reason to believe that the post has been offered to him; but he objects to take office unless Mr. Huskisson returns—and Mr. Huskisson cannot do so without Mr. Grant and Lord Palmerston. It would be difficult for the Duke of Wellington, however disposed, to make room for all of these; but as a sort of Round Robin has been signed by the Anti-Catholics, against further concessions, the Duke must expect the entire batch to turn out if he carries his promises into execution. His Grace has so thorough a conviction that he cannot carry this point without the aid of the Opposition, that within the last few days he has expressed the impossibility of proceeding, unless he can secure “some of the great talkers.” The great talkers already talked of are, the Marquis of Lansdowne and Mr. Brougham. I have already stated (and I repeat it upon the most positive authority) that an illustrious Personage has expressed his determination to be guided in the business by the Duke of Wellington, and no longer to oppose Emancipation, if the Duke recommends it. It is, however, said that his Grace does not intend to go so far as to satisfy the views of the Association.

“The Brunswickers or English Grantemen, are on the ground. They have already sent out agents with petitions against the Catholics, for which they are to get signatures by all possible means. The petitions are then to be presented together to his Majesty.”

Letters from Vienna state “that the Emperor Nicholas will listen to any propositions that the Turks may make, but at the same time the operations of his armies must be continued; it is also known that the grand blow will be struck by the 5th September, when the Emperor will proceed forward at the head of his army; and we may say we have it from a good source (says the letter), that the Emperor will proceed from Bessarabia at the head of his guards and a fourth army, which is organizing in that province; there is no doubt that an armistice was on the tapis, but previous to its being granted, the Emperor

demanded that Shoolla and Varna should be delivered over to him.”—*Sun.*

The probability of an extension of warfare has been entertained since the arrival of some intelligence from Gibraltar, but we do not think it likely to affect, very sensibly, the welfare of the empire. The Emperor of Morocco's cruizers have captured three ships—a British, an Austrian, and a Russian! Is he anxious to share the fate of his brother of Algiers?—The Emperor of Morocco declaring war against England, Russia, and Austria!!!

Despatches have been received from Lord Heytesbury, at Odessa, dated the 19th August. The Russian Guards having crossed the Danube, on their route to the main army before Shoolla, the Grand Duke Michael was expected to leave Odessa on the 20th, in order to put himself at their head; and the return of the Emperor to the army was expected to take place before the end of the month, by which time the reinforcements to the amount of 40,000 men, would have reached their destination. The fatigues and hardships to which the Corps Diplomatique had been subject, in following the head-quarters in Bulgaria, had been so severe, that it was expected they would remain for the present at Odessa, until circumstances should call for their presence in advance. The fortress of Poty, on the eastern coast of the Euxine, had surrendered, and the Russian Admiral Greig was pressing Varna by sea. By neutral vessel arrived at Odessa from Constantinople, it was stated that a scarcity of corn began to be felt in that capital; in consequence of which an embargo was imposed at Odessa, on all vessels bound with corn to the Mediterranean.

Mr. Austin, of the Greenwich Hospital.—The deficiency is said to be about 40,000*l.*, but over what length of period it extends is not publicly known. The Hospital, it is understood, always takes securities from the treasurer to the amount of 20,000*l.*, and should, therefore, any part of the deficiency have arisen during the time of Sir John Colpoys, that gentleman's trustees, notwithstanding the lapse of time, would be liable. Mr. Austin only found two securities in 1000*l.* each;—these were Richard Smith, Esq., the principal clerk of the cheque of Greenwich Hospital, and T. Watson, Esq., the Hospital stonemason.

Since this unhappy affair, Richard Smith, Esq., has resigned his office. Mr. Smith is in the Commission of the Peace for the County of Kent.

No suspicion existed we believe of the state of Mr. Austin's accounts up to the very moment of the discovery. On the contrary, it is reported, that so high was the opinion entertained of his integrity by the Board, that they had it in contemplation to grant him a retiring pension.

He has been fully committed for trial at the next Surrey Assizes, which will take place in December.

Rail Road between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.—The New-York Daily Advertiser contains the translation of a note, addressed by the Military Chief of the Department of Panama to the British, by stating that he is commissioned by the Municipal Government to superintend the opening of the new road from Panama to Porto Bello, in order to facilitate the preland communication between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. He states, that the true distance between these places is twelve English leagues and two miles—that the route of the road does not exceed 14 leagues (450 yards)—that three parts of labourers, of 60 each, are employed in opening the road, and that he hoped in March last to transport the mail by this route, and to have points marked out where cultivators may be located. The editors of the Advertiser say, that a rail road across the Isthmus is thought by many intelligent men to be feasible, and that it may be constructed at a moderate expense.

All the loungers of Boulogne, both French and English, Irish included, have been for some days in a state of great fermentation, produced by an affair of honour between an Irish Baronet, Sir George Nugent, D. C. L. and G. C. B., and an anonymous French gentleman, which had its origin in a gambling transaction. The English and Irish version of the story is, that the Frenchman had accepted the Baronet's invitation to fight with pistols, but when he came to the sands, having probably learned in the interim that the Baronet was a prime candle-snuffer shot, he refused to fight with any other weapons than swords. Against this change of weapons the Baronet remonstrated, but offered, his friends say in the handsomest manner, that if the second shot should not make a sky-light in his body, he would then indulge the Frenchman with his choice of weapons. This obliging offer was, however, declined, and the parties left the ground without coming to any arrangement for their future proceedings. The English and Irish honourables, for they are perfectly united on the occasion, appear to think it a point of national honour to compel the Frenchman to stand the Irishman's two shots, the result of which, they anticipate, would add to their own importance in the world, and to the honour of their respective countries.

NINE PERSONS DROWNED ON LOCH-LOMOND.

(From the *London Observer*, September 7.)

A most distressing and melancholy accident occurred at Loch-Lomond, on Friday week, whereby no less than nine lives were lost. The following are the particulars:—The *Lady of the Lake*, steam-boat, was on her return from her usual voyage to the head of the Loch, and had lain to, opposite Tarbet, to receive aboard those passengers who had landed there, or such other visitors as were waiting for her at that place. She arrived between two and three in the afternoon, and the small boat, which belongs to

the inn, and which is under the charge of the ostler, immediately put off. The boat was quite crowded. One person said there were about 20, and another says there were from 20 to 25 crammed into the small coble. The water was smooth, and shining as a mirror, and the steam-boat was not much more than 30 yards from the shore. Some of the company remonstrated against the boatman taking so many at one time, but he assured them that there was no danger, and the devoted boat accordingly pushed slowly off with its victims. A person, who was on the beach, described that the boat “wobbled on,” from one side to another, till it came close to the steamer; it then made a “green” towards the steamer, so alarming that most of the passengers rose up and clustered to the other side, when the boat completely heeled over, and floated keel uppermost. It was a moment of intense agony. Few shrieks were heard—one or two piercing ones could only be distinguished—the unfortunates seemed to have been stifled with the water instantly. So sudden was the calamity, and so unexpected, that, for a few seconds, every onlooker was paralyzed; but boats from the shore, and the boat of the steamer, were soon on the spot, and picked up those that appeared above water. One individual, a seaman belonging to the *Leven* steamer, who happened to be there at the time, saved four with his own hand. Two women, who beheld the accident from the shore, pushed off a boat with frantic energy, and caring it, one with her hand, and the other with a stick, succeeded in reaching some of the sufferers. Some men also in desperation rushed into the lake from the shore, chin deep, but not being swimmers, were obliged to return, after being nearly drowned by their own temerity. Some of the passengers escaped by swimming to the shore. Many were not, however, so fortunate. The drowning caught in the drowning, and went down locked fast together. One young man made a most providential escape. He was a stout swimmer, and at the moment the boat swamped, he found himself entangled with three. They clung to the skirt of his coat, but it gave way, and he got to the shore, denuded of this part of his dress. The seaman, who was instrumental in saving four lives, mentioned that the small boat had come against the steamer, which made the boat dip quite to its gunwale, and that the people on board it then leant off to the other side, which overbalanced it, and precipitated them all into the water. Nine persons were brought ashore lifeless; others were in such a state, that it was even doubtful if they could be resuscitated. It made a deep impression on the minds of the spectators, while standing in the kitchen of the inn, to see dinner cooking for the living, and on tables and dressers in the same apartment, were stretched the pallid corpses of the dead. Four bodies were laid out in a park before the door. Three comrades, young men, who had been in the boat, and each in the belief that the other was dead, had nearly died with joy when they met again on dry land, and found that not one link in their friendship was lost. Among the sufferers was the boatman of the inn, and a new married couple. Where the accident took place there were almost five fathoms of water. The lake is so translucent, that its bottom can easily be seen, and it becomes probable, therefore, that no more than the number specified have been lost.—Every exertion was made by those on board the steamer, and by those on shore, to render assistance.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) October 23, 1828.

Those who are curious in inquiries relating to Man, may have a treat just now in St. John's, such as is not likely again to be met with. There are at present at Mr. CORNACK'S house, accessible at all times to those who feel an interest, individuals belonging to three different Tribes of North American Indians, viz. a Mountaineer, from Labrador—two of the Abanakee nation, from Canada,—and a Beothick or Red Indian, of Newfoundland; the last a female. They all speak different languages—and are good specimens of the race. The men are five feet ten inches and a half, and five feet eleven inches,—and the Beothick female 5 feet 5 inches, in height.

The three men are those that were sent, a few months ago, in search of the Red Indians. They have returned without finding any recent traces of these people to the the North or in the vicinity of White Bay. One of the party has volunteered to go for nothing, to search that place at Notre Dame Bay, where the reports of the European settlers make them out to have been seen a few weeks since.—*Gazette.*

GROSS OUTRAGES.—On the night of Thursday last, as Mr. and Mrs. G. Bayly were returning home from the town, they were met, near their residence, by a man who, after having used some unbecoming language, took up some stones and flung at them, one of which struck Mr. B. on the arm, and another inflicted so severe a blow on the forehead of Mrs. B. as to have caused some serious apprehensions for the consequences, although we are happy to hear that she is now recovering from its effects. The delinquent has been secured and committed to goal.—*Ledger.*

On Thursday night between 8 and 9 o'clock, John Maddock, office-keeper at the Commissariat Office, while on his way from town to the Commissariat house, was attacked by three or four ruffians, near the Ordnance yard, who knocked him down, and beat him in a most shameful manner—and afterwards succeeded in eluding detection.

Such occurrences, we must remark, are very unfrequent in our community; and we hope it will be long before another opportunity is afforded us of re-

conting such flagitious conduct against any of its members, who are, generally speaking, proverbial for their orderly conduct and propriety of behaviour.

ARRIVAL.—In the *Fly*, from Halifax, Mr. Marshall.

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

ENTERED.
OCTOBER 15.—Schooner Argyle, Sutherland, Miramichi; 46 M board; 20 M. shingles.
Schooner Nymph, Champion, Oporto; 230 hds. salt.
Brig John, Jennings, Liverpool; 11 hds. brandy, 3 hds Geneva, 110 tons coal, 125 hogsheads salt.
Schooner Pury, Clint, Halifax; 63 puns. molasses, 41 barrels apples, 2 cwt. cheese, 2 M. board, 3 M. shingles.
Brig Hazard, Churchward, Oporto; 1 pipe, 8 hds., 34 qr. casks, and 74 cases port wine, 1 ton onions, 9 boxes grapes, Schooner Sarah Sophia, Ritchie, Grenada; 40 puns. rum, 20 puns. molasses.
Brig Agnes, Penrose, Halifax and Sydney; 25 puns. molasses, 1 hhd. leaf tobacco, 30 barrels pitch and tar, 10 chests tea, 55 chaldrons coal.
16.—Brig Providence, Fox, Liverpool; 107 tons coal, 98 cwt. bread, 80 firkins butter, 5 bbls. sugar, and sundries.
Schooner Polly, Cormier, Quebec; 120 M. heading and staves, 122 kegs butter, 44 deck plank.
Schooner Brazilian Patriot, Halifax; 60 puncheons molasses, 100 kegs tobacco, 10 packages, 26 bbls. apples.
Schooner Fly, Egz, Halifax; 55 puns. molasses, 4 M. staves.
20.—Brig Bolina, Dunscomb, Trinidad; ballast.
Brig Francis Russel, Stowe, Grenada; 82 puns. molasses, 2 puncheons rum.
Schooner Ceres, Hodson, Grenada; 40 puns. rum, 48 puns. molasses.
Schooner Warwick, Ingham, Bermuda; 20 hds. 2 tierces and 1 barrel sugar, 40 puns. molasses, 9 puns. rum.
Brig Sicilian, Langley, Altona; 20 barrels pork, 251 firkins butter, 250 barrels flour, 1470 bags bread, 2 barrels beef.
CLEARED.
OCTOBER 15.—Schooner Mary Ann, Swift, Gibraltar; 1750 quintals fish.
Brig Rover, Brownlow, Barbados; 2048 quintals fish.
Brig Polygon, Milgrove, St. Vincent; 1860 quintals fish.
16.—Schooner Heroine, Webb, Barbados; 2072 quintals fish.
Schooner Rapid, Mermaid, Arichat; 31 tons iron.
Schooner Commodore, Hart, Bristol; 16,585 gallons seal and cod oil and blubber, 71 quintals fish, 4 kegs sundries.
17.—Brig Traveller, Burrows, Jamaica; 2500 quintals fish, 40 hogsheads salmon.
Schooner John & Maria, Flaunigan, Arichat; 10 puns. rum.
Schooner Charlotte, Nowland, Halifax; 830 quintals fish.
18.—Brig Ambassador, Roche, Halifax; 2300 quintals fish.
Schooner Rover, Gusewell, T. Jamouth; 522 quintals fish, 465 quintals corralish, 2 casks containing 86 gallons cod oil.
Schooner Chieftain, St. Maud, Ionian Islands; 2036 qts. fish.
20.—Schooner Two Brothers, Poland, Bristol; 450 quintals corralish, 100 quintals dry fish, 61 casks containing 4100 gallons cod oil, 4 barrels and 7 kegs tongues.
21.—Sloop Intermediate, George, Grenada; 720 quintals fish, 1200 staves.
Schooner Blessing, Field, Bristol; 5325 gallons oil, 375 qts. corralish, and sundries.
Schooner Brothers, Chafe, Halifax; 984 quintals fish.
Schooner Lord Nelson, Fougere, Halifax; 800 quintals fish, 6 hds. port wine.
Brig Agenoria, Robertson, Pernambuco; 2114 quintals fish.

Sales at Auction.

THIS DAY,
At 11 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
Robinson and Brooking,
100 B ARRELS Hamburg Flour,
50 Ditto Irish Ditto,
500 Bags Bread,
5 Hds. Cognac Brandy,
2 Pipes Holland Geneva,
5 Hogsheads } White Sicilian Wine,
6 Quarter-casks }
6 Cases Olives (20 bottles each),
35 Ditto Olive Oil (30 flasks each),
12 Ditto ditto (12 bottles each),
20 Bags Pepper,
25 Ditto Coffee,
10 Qr.-chests Congo Tea,
30 Boxes Soap,
15 Barrels Oatmeal,
10 Ditto Pease,
100 Hams,
5 Firkins Lard,
5 Firkins Pigs' Tongues,
10 Bags Rice,
12 Bags East India Sugar,
20 Kegs Negrohead Tobacco,
28 Jackets,
53 Pair Trousers,
8 Dozen Cotton Shirts.
Also,
IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,
And well worthy the attention of Boot and Shoemakers,
13 Dozen Curlovian Boot Legs,
3 Sets Boot Stocks,
26 Large Carried Seal Skins.
October 23.

THIS DAY,
At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
HUNTERS & CO.
The
Schooner INDUSTRY,
burthen per Register 57 Tons, with all her Material as she came from sea.
October 23.

Sales at Auction.

THIS DAY,
At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
PATRICK MORRIS,
500 B AGS Bread,
100 Barrels Oatmeal,
10 Hogsheads Sicilian red Wine,
2 Pipes Brandy,
10 Hogsheads Tobacco,
10 Feather Beds,
10 Boxes Candles,
10 Ditto Soap,
100 Bushels Pease,
20 Cwt. Pearl Barley.
After which, will be Sold,
A quantity of POTATOES,
The growth of this Country.
October 23.

Sale Postponed.
TO-MORROW,

At 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
William & Henry Thomas,
4 H OGSHEADS } Leaf Tobacco,
4 Half-hogsheads }
50 Kegs Negrohead Tobacco,
85 Barrels fresh Middlings Flour,
20 Boxes Chocolate,
30 M. Shingles.
October 23.

TO-MORROW,
At 11 o'clock,

At the STORE of the Subscriber,
(WITHOUT RESERVE.)
140 P AIR Blankets,
10 Pieces Flushing,
12 Pieces Superfine blue, broad, and narrow Cloths,
10 Ditto double-breadth Coating,
20 Ditto Flannels.
R. R. WAKEHAM.
October 23.

On SATURDAY next,
At 11 o'clock,

At the Subscriber's Sale-Room,
20 B OXES Tin,
7 Jars Turpentine,
4 Kegs green Paint,
50 Bags B. B. Shot,
20 Ditto S. S. G. Ditto,
1 Case Men's superfine Hats,
2 Ditto Men's plated Ditto,
1 Piece drab Flushing,
1 Ditto Olive ditto,
10 Dozen Ladies' and Gentlemen's silk Stockings,
15 Ditto Scotch Bonnets.
Also,
1 Chest Drawers,
1 Elegant Card Tables,
6 Handsome Windsor Chairs,
2 Knife Cases,
And an excellent Draught HORSE.
HENRY SHEA, Auctioneer.
October 23.

On MONDAY next,
At 12 o'clock,
At the Commercial Room,
WILL BE SOLD,

ALL the late EDWARD O'DONNELL'S Right Title and Interest in the Premises lately occupied by him at *Isle Vallen*, Placentia Bay; consisting of an excellent Dwelling-house, new Fish Store, Cook-room, Stage, and every other convenience, suitable for an extensive Mercantile Concern; the situation is a most eligible one, and well worth the attention of Purchasers.
Conditions of Sale, and further particulars, will be made known sometime previous to the Sale.
By order of the Administrators to the Estate of Edward O'Donnell,
HENRY SHEA, Auctioneer.
October 23.

Notice.
ALL Persons having any just demand against the Estate of WILLIAM WALSH, late of St. John's, in the Island of Newfoundland, Cooper, deceased, are requested to present the same to the Subscribers; and all Persons indebted to the said estate, are desired to make immediate payment to
JOHN WALSH, Administrator.
ANASTATIA MCCARTHY, Administratrix.
October 23.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.
(For the benefit of the Poor.)
To-Morrow evening,
The 24th instant,
WILL BE PERFORMED,
The Comedy of
PAUL PBY,
And the much-admired Farce of
Two Strings to your Bow.
Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFF.—(Boxes 3s.; Pit 2s.)
Doors to be opened at 1/2 past 6 o'clock—performance to commence precisely at 7.

To be Let.

And immediate possession given,
THAT part of the Old London Tavern, now in the occupancy of Mr. DANIEL DWYER.—
For further particulars, apply to
October 23. DENIS HANIGAN.

Wanted to Charter.

A VESSEL that will carry 2000 quintals Fish.—Apply to
PATRICK MORRIS.
October 16.

For Waterford Direct.

(To sail on or about the 5th November.)
The fine first-class
Brig ARNO,
ROBERT ROBINSON, Master;
For Freight or Passage (having excellent accommodations) apply to the Master on board, or to
RENDELL & MORTIMER.
By whom orders will be received for Passengers to come out in the ensuing Spring.

To Sail about the 5th November,
The
Brig INVULNERABLE,
M. PIRELAN, Master;
For Freight or Passage apply to
October 9. PATRICK MORRIS.

On Sale.

BY
HUNTERS & CO.
15 P IPES Teneriffe WINE, and a few Chests TEA, warranted superior to any Souchong ever imported, (per *Ariadne*, from London).
Window Glass.

Just Landed, ex Brig *Agenoria*, from London,
25 C RATES Window Glass (assorted),
100 Boxes ditto ditto, of the undermentioned sizes:—
16 x 12, 12 x 10, 8 x 10,
14 x 12, 11 x 9, 7 x 9,
For Sale by
ROBINSON & BROOKING.
October 9.

Notices.

THE Passengers who came from Waterford in the *Snow Minerva*, and from Ross in the *Snow Hazard*, last Spring, are hereby informed, that if the amount of their Passages is not paid on or before the 10th November next, their Bail Notes will be sent to Ireland to recover from their Sureties.
WISE, BAKER, & HOWARD,
October 9.—t.f. South Side.

DART PACKET BOAT.
JAMES DOYLE

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public generally, for their past favours, and begs to inform them that, having newly fitted up the above well-known, safe, and commodious Packet Boat, he intends running, for the remainder of the season, between *Carbonar* and *Portugal Cove*, and hopes that by punctuality, care, and attention, the share of public patronage which he has hitherto experienced, will be still continued to him.
DOYLE will leave *Carbonar* (wind and weather permitting) every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock; and *St. John's* every Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock, (so as to leave the *Cove* early next morning,) and Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.
Terms of conveyance.—Ladies and Gentlemen 10s.; Servants and Children 5s.; Letters 1s.; and Parcels in proportion.
Any Letters or Parcels committed to his care, DOYLE will deliver in person.—Letters, &c., received at the *Newfoundlander* Office.
October 23.

On Sale.

William & Henry Thomas
HAVE RECEIVED,
By the *Agenoria*, *Commodore*, *Christina*, *Alexander*, from Liverpool, and *Invulnerable* from London,
THEIR FALL SUPPLY OF
DRY GOODS,
Which they offer for Sale, at very reduced prices.
Also,
Per *Susan*, from Halifax,
8 Hogsheads best Leaf Tobacco,
200 Bushels Indian Corn.
October 9.

Doyle and Lawler

HAVE RECEIVED,
Per *Oporto Packet*, from Bristol,
A CONSIGNMENT OF
FINE and Superfine Broad Cloths,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddles,
Green and White-lead Paints,
Linseed Oil,
Paste and Liquid Blacking,
Cabin brass Stoves,
An assortment of Ironmongery and Cutlery,
Which they will sell very low for Cash or Produce.
October 9.

Just Received,

By the Brig *WHEATON*, from Liverpool and Waterford, and Brig *ARIADNE* from London,
AND FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
Bread, Butter, and Coals.
Also,
OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS,
FLOUR, Oatmeal,
Wines of all kinds,
Brandy, Geneva, Rum, Molasses,
Cables, Cordage, Seines, Nets, Canvas,
Nails, Paints, Ships' Cambouzes,
Parlour and Kitchen Grates and Ranges,
With a general assortment of Shop and Store Goods.
BROWN, HOYLES & Co.
October 9.

EXPORTATION.

A Small Cargo of Rum, Sugar, and Molasses, now afloat, and for Sale by
October 9. JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.

William and Henry Thomas

HAVE RECEIVED,
Per Brig *Susan*, from Halifax,
THEIR FALL SUPPLY OF
TEAS,
CONSISTING OF
200 Q R.-Chests and boxes of Bohem, Congo, Souchong, Twankey, and Hyson.
Which will be Sold to Retailers and Purchasers of 5 qr.-chests and upwards, at their lowest Auction prices.
N. B. *Shore Madra Fish* received in payment.
October 9.

By the Subscriber,

PRIME new first-quality Butter,
Second and Third ditto,
Oatmeal in barrels,
Calf Skins, from 30 to 36 lbs. per dozen,
Feather Beds (60 to 70 lbs. each),
A few Pieces of fine Irish Linen.
Cash or Cullage Fish taken in payment.
October 9. JOHN CUSACK.

BY
Baine, Johnston & Co.

NEW-YORK prime Pork,
New Cork Butter,
Hamburg and Dantzic Bread,
States' superfine and fine Flour,
Cognac Brandy, in pipes and hogsheads,
Hollands Gin,
Best Jamaica Coffee,
New Cordage and Roads,
Bar and bolt Iron,
No. and flat Canvas,
A few packages of London Shoes,
With a general assortment of Store and Shop Goods.
September 25.

[Continued from the first page.]

at length caught in the trap—(continued laughter)—you have not succeeded by 656 years of persecution, and how can you think to succeed by the Second Reformation—(laughter)—you cannot, you never shall swindle the people of Ireland out of their Ancient and Sacred Religion. (Loud cheers.)—This, and more than this, will I put to the House, and what think you will be the reply—(loud laughter)—they may not answer me, but in the Irish way by asking another question, and may say "what do you want," my answer would be ready, and I tell you what it is, a clear stage and fair play. (Eh?) I want equal justice for all, for the poor man as well as the rich man. I want that no man should pay a Lawyer, or an Attorney, or a Parson, unless he wants him. I want to see, gentlemen in the Grand Jury box, who will not plunder the people by making gravel walks up to his own hall door and through their demesnes. I want to see conscience free and unfettered, and those men who with me believe the Catholic Religion to be the best, shall be allowed to exercise it without penalty or deprivation. (Loud cheers.) I want that Catholics should enjoy the same privileges and immunities as Protestants; I want no more; we never have sought for more, and this is a sufficient answer to Mr. Hutchinson's repartee which never should have been made. It was not creditable to Mr. Hutchinson that he should have written such a letter as that which we have seen to-day—and I assert that it contains a gross calumny on the Catholics of Ireland. Here, on this sacred altar, I do most solemnly protest before my God, that if I saw Catholics possessed of an odious ascendancy over their Protestant fellow-subjects—that ascendancy which the Protestants now exercise over us—I would oppose it as warmly, as firmly, and as ardently as I now deprecate the ascendancy of Protestantism. (Long and continued cheering.) I want, and I will only suffer, an ascendancy of talents and acquirements. If it should so happen that we would be more talented and more enlightened than our Protestant countrymen, let us have the benefit of it—that will not be the ascendancy of religion or party. If we do more good works as charity is one of our tenets, why not have our reward? Protestants, Catholics, Presbyterians, and Dissenters, shall be regarded as the same—for all of them should be a clear stage and no favour—for each and every one of them we demand freedom of conscience and an equal participation in the privileges of the Constitution; ours is no selfish struggle—our ideas of liberty are not confined to the limits of any creed—for universal emancipation is our motto. (Tremendous cheering.) For one half hour I would not continue a Catholic, if I did not believe that my religion could exist without the aid of soldiers, policemen, or penal laws, to prop up its fabric, and there are many honest Protestants firm in the truth of their own opinions who think with me, and scorn the base ascendancy of Orange ruffianism. When I have told all this, and more to the House of Commons, let us see how they shall act. Will they grant us our rights. He who said Pastorini was no Prophet, was, I think, a very foolish man. (Laughter.) I am myself a bit of a Prophet, and in the spirit of prophecy I now tell you that they will do us justice. (Cheers.) And why? I have been told that the Duke of Wellington has changed his mind on the Catholic Question, and that he is taking steps towards our Emancipation: I shall believe this when I see it done, but not five minutes before my watch. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Still, however, I believe that we are on the straight road to Emancipation, because we have adopted the true means of attaining it.

Hereditary Bondsmen—know you not who would be free, themselves must strike the blow. (Loud applause.) We have struck the blow legally and constitutionally. For five and twenty years I have been at it, and I am now as fresh and vigorous as when I commenced my career of agitation. (Long and continued cheering.) It never happened during that time, on my proposing any measure, that some kind friend did not come up and tell me I was too intemperate—in general the cry was, be moderate, you are too rash, you will ruin the cause. (Laughter.) I was remarkably civil to these kind friends, but I kept never minding their volunteered advice; on we went increasing from five to hundreds, to thousands, till we became seven millions. (Tremendous cheering.) Seven millions, I say, all united legally and constitutionally in a noble struggle for the regeneration of our native country. We are determined to be free, and to have justice done to all classes in Ireland—and it is a mighty matter we want, to be sure—not to allow Orange Juries to be packed, that they may hang Catholics. (Cheers and laughter.) If we pay taxes for the support of the State—and that we do, and no man can deny—and if we fill up the ranks of the Army and Navy with our strong youth, why should we not stand on a level with any Protestant, and above every Orangeman in the land.—This is what we ask—and for that our gentle friends call us intemperate. If this be intemperance, I can assure those good-natured and single-hearted gentlemen, that we will have 100 times more of it. We have got up the hill, and it was surely up-hill work. The chariot has been forced up by our exertions in putting our shoulders to the wheel, but a small portion of the hill lies still to be got over—the wheelers must pull, and the leaders must be kept alive.—And at this moment our kind friends say to us "Oh Lord! how can you be so intemperate. These gentlemen may have got a portion of grease on their hands, so that at the critical moment they may let the chariot slip down again. (Cheers and laughter.) But the Catholics of Ireland will not permit it; not only will we keep the spirit of agitation up, but we will work it better; for on our own exertions we must depend for success. Thus far have we succeeded by legal and constitutional means. It is not the nobility or the gentry—who have pushed us on—

they joined us in good season—but we owe our proud position (from a fallen and degraded state) to the people and their pious and patriotic Catholic Clergy. We want justice, and no more, from England. Justice we must have, and no human power can keep it from us, if we steadily persevere: and I shall tell you the witnesses I have for it. The Orangemen in the North have become ferocious; indeed, they were always so. (Hear, and laughter.) But now they are mightily enraged at the state of the country. On the 12th of August, at their Bacchanalian Orgies, they had the audacity to throw out a threat against the Government of Lord Anglesea. At one of these besotted brawls—the cruel torturer of 98—the ghastly and stalking spectre of murderous iniquity—the heartless scourger of the riding house—called aloud for blood, torrents of blood. And who cheered on the bad spirit of a bad age—this Hyenna in human shape? Your Biblical Saints with their eyes turned up. There was Mr. Sergeant Lefroy, who holds the bible in one hand, whilst he points to the bayonet and the scaffold with the other: what kind of religion must these men have, and yet these are the vile creatures who admonish the people to read the Irish bible. It is certainly a mockery, a calumny—it is a blasphemy in the name of religion. Whilst the prime torturer speaks of blood, Sergeant Lefroy turns up his eyes to Heaven. I now arraign Sergeant Lefroy, and if, after that bloody Bacchanalian night, the Government thinks of putting him in the place of a Judge, to whom would be committed our lives and properties, I say they will be guilty of high treason against the people. They would be placing on the Bench a furious and brutal party man, who joined in the hellish cry for blood and carnage. This impartial and discriminating Saint, called Saurin, the best Attorney-General the country ever had. He thus put him above his own colleague, Mr. Joy, for which I forgive him; but he had the audacity to put the old womanish Saurin above the great and sublime mind of Lord Plunkett. (Hear.) It is but comparing a pigmy to a giant. (Cheers.)—And after all who is this famous Attorney-General who has been the subject of the Sergeant's pious praises? (Hear, hear, hear, hear.) He is the celebrated letter-writing Saurin, the man who, whilst immaculately discharging the duties of the first Law-officer of the crown, wrote to Lord Norbury, the going Judge of Assize, at Carlow, requesting of him to take the Grand Jury into the Judge's private chamber, and there to give them a certain lecture on the necessity of withholding from the Catholics their rights as citizens of a free empire. And yet, gracious God! this is the man who has been called Ireland's best Attorney-General—and by whom? by Mr. Sergeant Lefroy. If such a man be promoted to the Judge's place, it will be a disgrace to the Government, for they will be adopting a measure surcharged with mischief to the country. (Cheers.) Amongst the raving fanatics who assembled at these drunken Orgies, was a certain man called Master Tom Ellis—a most appropriate name for him if intellect is to be described;—(hear, hear, hear, hear)—from that respect he has been a little master in bib and tucker all his life. He paid 10,000l. to the Government for a Judgeship. What a monstrous state of things it is when the Government sells a place of public trust to the highest bidder, although he may happen to be a drunken Orange brawler, whose only qualifications for filling the office of a Judge would be his money and his relentless party politics. (Hear, hear, hear.) Master Ellis holds a judicial place, and yet at the drunken Orange revels he pours forth a furious tirade of ribald calumny on a religion of which he knows nothing. He boasted of having 400,000 armed Orangemen, ready to take the field against us. This is the Master's report, but I beg to take exceptions to it. (Hear.) Leslie Foster, who is well disposed to treat Protestants fairly, states, that their number at the utmost is but one million. Now, one half of these are women, and indeed they are much the better half. (Laughter.) Of the remainder, at least one-half are boys and old men, so that 250,000 fighting men is the utmost they can possibly muster, and even on the erroneous supposition that every Protestant in Ireland is an Orangeman. Can he have the impudence to assert that all the Protestants would join his banditti? Our present meeting, and the many letters that cover our table, refute the calumny and exposes the falsehood. (Loud cheers.) The majority of the Protestants of Ireland are our friends—the friends of equal laws and toleration. (Cheers.) But, granting that he has 250,000 armed Orangemen, does he suppose that he could beard or frighten the Government with them? Oh! (Vehement cheering.)—Let Lord Anglesea but give me a commission, and in Tipperary alone I shall raise as many brave fellows in one day, aye, in a single hour, as would drive the Orange army into the sea. (Loud cheers.)—Oh! what fun we should have hicking them. We would make every man of them prisoners, including Master Tom and the holy Lawyer, whom we would tie up in his empty bag. (Loud laughter.) I defy the Orangemen to beard the Government of the Marquis of Anglesea, reigning as it does in the hearts of the people. Lord Anglesea may contemn the idle vaunting of his Orange foes. (Loud cheers.)—There is but one of all their plans which I dread. Hear it, men of Tipperary, and be upon your guard. They well know that we are grown too strong for them, and that our strength is increasing in a ratio with our tranquillity. They want to destroy this peace; and with this view they have sent their emissaries, in my name and in the name of the Association, to corrupt and entrap the people. (Hear, hear, hear, and cheers.) They seek to swear you into illegal associations, and then to betray you into the hands of your enemies. Catch me some of these fellows. (Loud cheering, and cries of "we will, we will.") What we do is in the open day, and we fear no man. Have I not a right to expect that the

men of Tipperary will take up these ruffians? Already have three of my brothers—for I call you my brothers—taken up robbers, and delivered them up to justice. And now I call on every one of you to act as a policeman, and to catch these scoundrels.—Than the men of Tipperary there never was a braver or nobler race; and if a few robbers and murderers had not sullied your characters, by the commission of atrocious crimes, long ago you would have been too strong for the domination of Orangemen.—(Cheers.) Am I not standing in the town where in 1769, fifty-seven years ago, a Priest of the Catholic Church was tried by an Orange Jury, found guilty on the swearing of a perjured informer, and hanged ignominiously for the murder of a man who lived for 44 years after the death of Father Sheehy. (Cries of hear, hear.) Tell it at home to your wives and children, and believe me no man ever did wrong who consulted with his good wife. (Hear, hear, hear.) Are not your enemies of this day the sons and grandsons of the murderers of the martyred Father Sheehy, and would they not, if they could, treat you as their Orange grandsires treated the Catholic Priest.—When I look at those ropes which dangle idly in front of your gaol, I think I see some of the shoncons weeping in sorrow for the want of some unfortunate Papist victims, to write in agonising torture on the gallows—to afford to their hellish eyes a prey to gloat upon. (Cheers.) Oh, what a "lu brough plaisurhu" it would be to those fiends to see a batch of unfortunate Papists suspended by those cords. (Hear, hear, hear.) Then would the wild yell of orange ascendancy and brutal triumph ascend on high, drowning the voice of pity and commiseration, and fanning a flame of dread revenge, destructive alike to property and life; and distinguishing not between friends and foes. The red arm of God has ever been raised against the oppressor of the poor and innocent, and he who insults their weakness shall not go unpunished. I am not a superstitious man, but facts must make their impression, and in the case of the murdered priest they stare us in the face. I now ask you how many of the perjured jury who found Father Sheehy guilty died a natural death? How many of them went to a tranquil grave? (Hear, hear.)—And how dare any man lift up his hand in vengeance—the attribute of Heaven. Commit no crimes—obey the laws, your religion and mine tells us to respect the powers that be. As far as I can accomplish it, I shall let no man contribute to, or collect the Rent, but those whose lives are in accordance with the tenets of their religion, whatever that faith may be. They are the best men who attend to their wives and families; who cherish their old parents; who are affectionate brothers and sisters, and see their home early before night-fall. (Hear.) Tell it throughout the country; whisper it to each other as you go home; we shall have as companions in our glorious labours those only who keep from whiskey, who do not in the public house debase their characters and brutalize their minds. And if any of you can afford to indulge in relaxation, let it not be in the public house or the smoking clubs, but at home amidst your families. This is the way that I preach, and is it not a good sermon? (Loud cheers.) Will you not be the better and the more happy for observing it? Why, we can fold our arms, and merely whistle "Patrick's Day." (Cheers.) Throughout the country, I have been told, and I rejoice at it, that the factions are reconciled—we have enemies enough, without fighting amongst ourselves. Why commit midnight outrage or assassination, when the interest of all of us lies in the peace of the country, and when we are powerful only in tranquillity? Oh, my friends, this system of nocturnal-depredation is ruining all my efforts and those of the Association, to regenerate our lovely land. The only way to put down your enemies, and to be revenged of the Orange magistrates and police, is to keep the peace. I heard that the county cess last year was 2s. 10d. an acre. Now I promise you that if you go on quietly as you are at present, you will, before twelve months, be rid of this most enormous oppression. (Cheers.) All I want is one penny a month from each of you, it will not be a farthing a week, for there will be a discount of four weeks in the year (hear, hear, and laughter.) In the Rent will be found the arms we want which are not muskets or pikes—and with it we will put down our enemies. With the blessing of God I shall myself be able to report to the Government before the next Assizes, that there is a complete absence of midnight outrage, when they may throw open the gaol doors, and throw the keys into the Sun. (Laughter.) Let good men unite to keep the peace, let them consult their chaste wives, and most undoubtedly they may defy the Orangemen, and justice must be done;—then we will get rid of exorbitant assessments, of enormous tithes, of Orange policemen, and corrupt Magistrates—we shall not be obliged to pay for the building and repair of Churches, which we do not want, but we will be able, and we shall do it most cheerfully, to assist our Protestant friends and Dissenters in building their Churches as they now assist us. I have myself subscribed to the building of many Presbyterian Churches, and why should I not? Are there not amongst them many who feel for our State, and who would raise us from our degraded condition. (Cheers.) Preserve the peace, and the traffickers in blood will be put down. (Cheers.) That noble river Suir that rolls by your town, is capable of turning 500 cotton mills, and if the country were tranquil we should have English capitalists giving an impulse to the development of our Country resources. (Hear and cheers.) Before long every able-bodied man will earn from 8 to 10 shillings a week—every light-handed girl six shillings, every little boy and girl above the age of six years, from three to four shillings (hear, hear.)—are not these things worth looking for, and is it not worth my while to contend against those Orange Rascals. (Cheers.) I grieve much when I hear of any night outrage, but it is such

conduct that enriches these rascals and destroys yourselves.—At the last assizes there were more convictions for murder in one town in England, than in the entire of this Country. This is a most cheering fact, and one that well deserves to be recorded.—Do I want you to be sad, to bear about your department the solemn and sad mumping of the Saints. No, for I never yet knew a pious Catholic who was not light-hearted and merry, and I want to see you with gay and joyous hearts. I never knew a Saint or a Swaddler, whose mopish countenance did not betray the dark workings of a sanguinary mind. (Loud cries of hear, hear.) But Catholics who love their Religion are lively and happy. Smiles adorn their labours, and angels wings fan their exertions. Let me have Tipperary tranquil—let the Rent be paid regularly, and before the end of six months, I shall return to you again in joy and exultation. (Loud cheers.) I hope you will have no riots. (Cries of no, no, we never will.) I am ready to believe it as firmly as if you had pledged fifty oaths. When I was going to Clare I was told that Major Warburton had 900 Policemen ready before us to keep the peace. This I said was an unnecessary work, as I had 44,000 men all of whom would be ready to act as Police, and preserve peace and order. And why should we not have 44,000 Policemen in Tipperary. (Cheers, and cries of "yes, yes, you shall have more.") I am sure of it; I only require of you to keep your promise and pay the Catholic Rent as well as your ability will permit, for every farthing contributed is certainly a nail in the coffin of the Orangemen. (Loud cheers.) Mr. O'Connell now read the pledges required from Candidates, when a man from the gallery exclaimed, "We will turn Hutchinson out." This avowal was received with deafening cheers.

Mr. O'Connell.—In order to have the Elective Franchise extended to all those who are fit to vote, I want reform in Parliament. I do not bind down any man to my political creed, although, I am convinced of the injury caused by Septennial Parliaments. I am the more desirous to press the resolution regarding the pledges on account of a letter read by the Secretary, which I exceedingly regret had ever been written. I am not acquainted with Mr. Hutchinson; I have never seen the young gentleman; but one glorious act has raised him in the estimation of millions. When I think of the young and gallant Lavalette; of the restoration of her husband to an amiable, interesting, and lovely woman, I regret this sad mistake on the part of the liberator of a foreigner and a soldier. I deeply regret that Mr. Hutchinson should ever appear to be ranked amongst the enemies of Ireland. I do not pretend to know what is inside the gentleman's head; I will not say that his intentions are not good; but most certainly his brains were wool-gathering when he penned that epistle. He has grossly calumniated us.—(Loud cheers.)—He talks of a pledge to oppose every Cabinet measure of the present Administration. If he were possessed of one ounce of brains he could not be at a loss for a moment to understand our meaning. Vesey Fitzgerald pursued a singular line of conduct, and how did the men of Clare treat him. (Loud cheers.) If you do not act in the same way towards Mr. Hutchinson, you will not deserve to be called the brothers of the freeholders of Clare. (Loud cries "we'll put him out.") He says the pledges are unconstitutional. I deny it; the representative is the servant, not the master of his constituents. He says he might be pledged to oppose such a measure as the elevation of the Dissenters. Oh! he must pretend to misunderstand us. Does he not know that we petitioned four times in their favour? The Association is not, as he pretends to think, exclusively Catholic. Some of the most independent members are Protestants; and two of the most active collectors of the Rent in Dublin are Protestant gentlemen, Messrs. Smith and O'Keefe. Let Mr. Hutchinson poll his Orange phalanx, and we will oppose him with the patriots of Tipperary. (Loud cheers.) We are struggling for "happy homes and altars free;" we look for better days to Ireland; we want support for the poor, the aged, and the infirm; we require freedom of conscience to all men. (Cheers.) Let us struggle nobly for Ireland, and she deserves it; let us struggle for her warm-hearted and brave sons; her chaste wives and lovely daughters, fair as the smiling summer morn. (Loud cheers.) I despise and pity the man who would not struggle for Ireland. The first dreams of my youth presented the prospect of her regeneration—my heart beat warmly, my soul burned for her wrongs. The energy of my manhood was devoted to her service, and now in my maturer days as old age steals upon me—as I am turning into the "scar and yellow leaf," my bosom is warmed with a more holy glow—my enthusiastic devotion is chastened by a brighter flame.—When Mr. O'Connell concluded the whole Meeting rose, and continued cheering for several minutes.

The Grave of Washington's Mother.—A writer in the "Richmond Visitor and Telegraph," in speaking of the grave of the mother of Washington, near Fredericksburgh, says it is a dreary, deserted, solitary field; that the mound of earth that was originally raised over her sacred remains, is now washed away, and not a stone—not the least fragment of human art "tells where she lies."

LORD BYRON'S MONUMENT.—The Dean of Westminster and the Dean of St. Paul's have refused permission to Lord Byron's friends to erect a monument to his memory in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

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