



Newfoundlander.

No. 69.

THURSDAY, November 13, 1828.

Sixpence.

Notices.

NICHOLAS LATOUR

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he intends to Re-open his

Dancing School,

On SATURDAY next, the 1st November.

As several Gentlemen have applied who wish to obtain a knowledge of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, he will also commence his French Classes on MONDAY, the 3d.—Those who intend to learn the polite and elegant accomplishment of FENCING, are requested to make early application, as but a limited number of Pupils can be received.
October 30.

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. EAGAR, and nearly adjoining those of Messrs. W. & H. TAYLOR, 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.

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. RIDLEY, Agent, Harbour-Grace.
JAMES CLIFT, Agent, St. John's.

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 Carbonear 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 Carbonear (wind and weather permitting) every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock; and St. John's every Tuesday evening at 3 o'clock, (so as to leave the Cove early next morning,) and Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

Terms of conveyance.—Ladies and Gentlemen 5s.; 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 Newfoundland Office.

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

To be Let.

For any term of years that may be agreed on, A LARGE STORE, with the use of a Wharf, situated in a Central part of the town.

Also,

STORAGE FOR FISH,

At — per Quintal,

Until the 1st of May next.

N. B.—Vessels WATERED at the above Premises. For further particulars, apply to

October 30. PATRICK LINEHAN.

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.

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 first-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

HENRY SHEA.

September 25.

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 Fort William, and immediately in the rear of the Hon. Judge BRENTON'S residence—containing two Parlours, four Bed-rooms, Servants' apartments, Scullery, Pump-room, Water Closets, an excellent first-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.

On Sale.

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 May Butter,
Porter, in tiers, 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.

On Sale.

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 Canvass,
A few packages of London Shoes,
With a general assortment of Store and Shop Goods.
September 25.

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 Linnen.
Cash or Cullage Fish taken in payment.
October 9. JOHN CUSACK.

HUNTERS & CO.

15 PIPES Tenerife WINE, and a few Chests TEA, warranted superior to any Sou-chong ever imported, (per Ariadne, from London).

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 Canvass from No. 1 to 7,
50 Pieces fat Canvass,
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 Hogsheads Tobacco,
30 Feather Beds,
100 Cwt. Cordage,
100 M. Lumber,
25 M. Shingles,
Spars of large dimensions,
100 Hogsheads 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 ditto Forest ditto,
Flankings,
Blanketings, Serges,
And various other articles.

July 24.

THE ARMY.

We learn that an order will shortly be issued, allowing the Captains of 1809 and 1810 the option of retiring on the old rate of half-pay, with a step of rank to that they at present hold in their regiments. Those availing themselves of this boon, who may be at the top of the list, will be restored to full-pay in their own corps in the event of a vacancy occurring within a given period. We believe two years is the time fixed upon. The like intelligence, under the same restrictions, is to be extended to the Lieutenants of 1812 and 1813. We are at a loss to imagine why the Majors of a certain standing are overlooked in the present arrangement, as their services give them an equal claim to the kind consideration and attention of the distinguished and urbane General at present holding the chief command of his Majesty's forces.—Morning Chronicle, Sept. 28.

THE KING.—The statements in some of the papers relative to his Majesty, we are enabled to say, are totally void of foundation. His Majesty, we are happy to state, is so far recovered from his late slight indisposition, that there is every reason to hope he will in a day or two be able to resume his favourite recreations and transact official business.

ENGLISH TORIES.

(From the Journal des Debats.)

Paris, Sept. 16.—Let us separate more than ever England still less from the men who govern it than from the party from whose ranks the bad fortune of the country has raised them to power. The Tory papers seem, for some days past, to have returned to that old language of rivalry on which civilization had dealt justice. It is no longer the political tendency of an enlightened Cabinet; they are no longer its noble, generous inspirations, which they subject to the cautious criticism, and to that right of examination which we have always proclaimed the safeguard of Governments and nations. They count our vessels; they laugh at our dock-yards, and our arsenals; they weigh their merit; they number our battalions; moreover, on seeing them set sail for the Morea, they seem to desire their annihilation from the destructive climate.

Is that England? Is that the classic soil of liberty, whence so guilty and so strange an impression sprang? No. Let us hasten to declare it; we shall never recognize there the organs of a great and noble nation, called like our own to precede the others in the road of civilization. It is a party with narrow ideas, embarrassed equally by its triumphs and its defeats; incapable of measuring external events—scarcely capable of directing those which pass under its own eyes; in a word, it is Toryism—it is a sick faction, which only lives by loans of the doctrines of its adversaries. It is a party which is the same every where, and is only modified in the sphere where it exercises its influence. Who desires Inquisitors at Lisbon, the Camarilla at Madrid, the Serfs at Moscow, the Janissaries at Constantinople—who but those eternal enemies of every thing because it is new—those men who have identified themselves with the past, that the present is inconvenient to them, and the future fatal.

His Highness Prince Puckler Muskau, now on a tour through Ireland, arrived at Moriarty's hotel, Limerick, on Saturday last. The following day and yesterday, his Highness visited all the public institutions, and the different places of worship. He also went to see the stone upon which the memorable Treaty of Limerick had been signed. The Prince is a relative of the Buonaparte family, and a Major-General in the Prussian service, his sentiments are well known to coincide with every principle of freedom. Several Members of the Limerick Independent Club, and of the Order of Liberators, were introduced to him. He expressed, at the interview, his regret, that so fine, and, in his own complimentary term, so great a people should be retarded from taking that station which they should, from the qualities they possessed, properly assume. A deputation from the Independent Club waited on him yesterday, with an intimation to the public dinner to be given on Monday to our distinguished countrymen, Thomas Steele and O'Gorman Mahon, Esqrs. His Highness, after expressing his thanks, accepted the compliment—but conditionally, as he was at present going on to Kerry, it may be impossible for him to return. He, however, assured the deputation that he would endeavour to be present on an occasion from which he was cer-

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ain of deriving so much gratification. His Highness left town yesterday, on his way to Darrinane-abbey, the seat of Daniel O'Connell, Esq.—*Dublin Weekly Register, Sept. 27.*

(From the Dublin Evening Post, September 23.)

We were aware already of the success of the efforts made by Mr. O'Connell to reconcile all the rustic factions in the South of Ireland—and we have had occasion frequently to mention the circumstances attending these reconciliations; but we confess we were not prepared for the matters mentioned in the following communication, received this morning from Clonmel. We give the letter at present without comment, but its contents are pregnant with the most awful interest:—

Extract of a letter from Clonmel, September 22.

“Yesterday one of the largest assemblages of country people took place ever remembered in this town, to celebrate a general reconciliation of all factions. At an early hour in the forenoon, about 200 townsmen, dressed in green jackets, feathers in their hats, and looking as soldier-like as possible, headed by the O'Connell Clonmel band, moved to the West end of the town to meet the Caher, Ardinnan, and Cloghan parties that were expected. At their head, borne by four men, was an immense flag, having on one side the Harp, and on the other the King and Mr. O'Connell—the latter receiving Emancipation from the former. At 12 o'clock there could be not less than 50,000 countrymen assembled in the town, expecting the above-named parties to enter. The Caher party arrived first, with band and colours.—About 500 horsemen, all stout able fellows in green, rode before the men on foot. It is almost impossible to describe their dress; in general they wore short green jackets, with pink facings, white trousers with a green edge run up the thigh. The Caher men on foot—were dressed like the horsemen, and followed three deep—they were upwards of 1000 men. After these came the band and colours of the Ardinnan men, in number and appointments the same as the Caher men, but the Cloghan men, who closed the procession, surpassed them all in the fine appearance of the men, their numbers and dress, and there were at least 2000 on horseback and on foot, among them were some very respectable individuals. When the head of the cavalcade reached the Barracks, the last were at the Work-house, at least a mile distance.—The town, as I said before, was full of countrymen from the surrounding country, they wore green branches in their hats. The procession passed and re-passed twice through the principal streets, with their bands playing, and kept as good order as any soldiers—every thing was conducted with good humour—no noise or shouting. At 3 o'clock their leaders gave them half an hour for refreshment, previous to leaving the town. No Whiskey was drunk. At the appointed time they again assembled, and went off in the same order in which they came: not a drunken man was to be seen, and by 4 o'clock the town was entirely clear of strangers. The military and police were judiciously kept in their barracks; they were not even permitted to go to church. Fifty respectable townsmen formed themselves into special constables for the purpose of preserving the peace; they went through all the public houses at 10 o'clock at night, and turned out of them all whom they found drinking; every man obeyed them, except in one instance, and that saucy fellow was instantly taken and ducked in the river. They would have been joined by 500 Clonmel men, dressed in green, but for the interference of a gentleman who had great influence over them. The Mulcahys and the Phelans of the county of Waterford came in for the purpose of joining in the procession, but were prevented by the same individual. Yesterday, at Fethard, a much more numerous meeting took place. In Roscrea, upwards of 20,000 assembled. But the meeting of Tipperary surpassed any meeting of the kind that ever was held, in numbers and the style and manner of their dress. They were billeted for the night upon the different farmers around Tipperary.”

From the Newry Telegraph, October 10.

The London journals of Monday contain intelligence from the seat of war, bringing the details of the operations down to the 13th ult., in all of which success appears to have been on the side of the Russians.

Accounts from Vienna state that the Russians have determined to continue the campaign throughout the winter; and, at all hazards, to capture Shoomla, and proceed to Adrianople—if not Constantinople.

It was known at St. Petersburg on the 23d, that the corps besieging Shoomla had retreated twenty-five versts: on the other hand the surrender of Varna was daily expected.

Hamburgh, Sept. 29.—A report of the operations before Shoomla to the 7th September, says—“The want of forage in the vicinity of Shoomla is felt more and more every day. In order to obtain it, our foragers are always obliged to go twenty or twenty-five in a lateral direction. So great an inconvenience has led to a resolution to leave the position at present occupied by our troops, and to remove the head-quarters of the second army to Jeni Bazar, to which place the hospitals and all the superfluous baggage have already been sent. This movement will be effected from the 10th to the 12th September.”

With respect to the operations before Varna up to the 10th Sept., it is stated that four of the enemy's bastions were in ruins, that only a few mortars in the fortress were undamaged, and the few bombs thrown from them could not interrupt the proceedings of the besiegers. The ships detached from time to time kept up a heavy fire on the fortress, and did it much injury. Every thing promises that the blockade will soon be brought to a successful termination.—

News has been received to-day from Prussia, that 4000 of the enemy attacked Prince Mudatow on the 9th, but were repulsed with loss, and pursued by our troops.

Windsor, Sunday.—His Majesty, we are happy to state, continues rapidly to recover from his late indisposition, and is expected to appear in public in a day or two. On Thursday her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta visited his Majesty at the Royal Lodge. Yesterday, Sir Wathen Waller arrived on a visit for a few days to his Majesty. The Duke of Dorset, yesterday, paid a morning visit to the King. The certainty of his Majesty shortly taking up his residence at the Castle is looked forward to with the greatest anxiety by the inhabitants of Windsor.

Laleham, belonging to Lord Lucan, has been taken for the residence of the Queen of Portugal, who was to sleep at Salt Hill on Sunday night, and be in London next day.

Portsmouth, October 4.—Orders have this week been received for the immediate equipment, for foreign service, of the *Spartiate*, 76. Capt. Frederick Warren, at this port; and the *Windsor Castle*, 74. Capt. the Hon. D. P. Bouverie, at Plymouth. The *Spartiate* will go out of harbour on Monday, and proceed to Plymouth. Their destination is considered to be the Mediterranean.

Bath, Saturday night.—Yesterday, the young Queen of Portugal paid a visit to Bristol. She was dressed quite in the English fashion, with a white silk hat, and acknowledged, by the constant motion of her head and hand, the marks of respect which were invariably paid her by all ranks through whom she passed. She returned to York House (Bath) to dinner, between six and seven, and appeared quite delighted with the bustle of her journey.

About 8 o'clock on the same evening (Friday) the Marquis of Barbacena, who is especially charged by the Emperor, Don Pedro, with the care of the young Queen, returned to York House from London, where he had interviews on the previous day with the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of his important visit to this country.

This is the first day since her Majesty's arrival in England that she has been without a guard of honour. The 21st Regiment of Infantry, who have had this duty since her sojourn in Bath, got the route for Ireland last night, and marched at 6 o'clock this morning for Bristol, where they will embark at 12 o'clock (at least as many of them as can be accommodated) in the steam-vessel which sails at that hour for Cork. The Mayor has sent constables with ornamented staves to keep the passages clear for her Majesty, now that the military sentinels are withdrawn.

From the Cornwall Royal Gazette, October 18.

RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

According to the latest intelligence from the seat of war in the East, the Russian campaign is likely to come, if it has not already come, to a lame and impotent conclusion. The Emperor must have strangely miscalculated the kind of resistance he expected to meet with when he began his march to Constantinople, preceded by a somewhat haughty declaration, that he would only grant terms of peace to the despised Turk, on his consenting to defray the whole expense of the war, and lay his capital open to the future designs of his enemy—and with these terms there was every reason to conclude the Sultan must comply. But what is now the situation of affairs, after all the Emperor's preparations and all his efforts during a campaign of six months? The effeminate Mussulman has proved himself able to resist the hardy Russian, and to roll back the tide which was to overwhelm him in ruin and destruction. The troops of the Imperial invader, wasted by fatigue, sickness, and the sword, and murmuring, it is said, at their employment, are seeking their safety in retreat, pursued and harassed by the victorious Mussulmen—a mortifying change of circumstances to the Emperor of all the Russias—but honourable to the arms and fearless determination of the warlike Sultan, who has thus intimated to his Royal Brother of the Eagle, that in calculating upon the downfall of the Crescent, he had reckoned, to use a homely phrase, without his host; and that the march to Constantinople will prove a much more difficult undertaking than his Russian Majesty had conceived. No further accounts have been received from Varna; it held out on the 15th ult., and the Capitan Pacha had determined to risk the horrors of a storm—but whether that important fortress fall or not, it seems to be generally believed that the Russian campaign is at an end, and with it probably will end the war—after many thousand lives have been lost, without any object, result, or alteration in the previous circumstances of the belligerent parties.—“If Russia,” says an intelligent contemporary, “be now impressed with the conviction of the difficulties of her enterprise—if she calculates that continuance of the war will only tend to improve the discipline of the Turks, and to nationalise the contest—that the conquest of Turkey is now chimerical, and that, even if it were possible, would not be desirable—she will not decline, during the winter, overtures of peace upon just and honourable terms to both parties. The Emperor of Russia, indeed, has expressed his willingness to listen to any overtures, and the Sultan may make them without dishonour.”

It is with the most unfeigned pleasure, that we announce his Majesty's recovery from his late attack of the gout. His Majesty, we are happy to state, took an airing on Monday in Windsor Park, for the first time since his recent indisposition.—This fact will put an end to the smatter reports so industriously circulated by a certain class of persons respecting the state of his Majesty's health.—The fourth of next month is fixed for the King's taking up his residence in Windsor Castle.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF WIRTEMBERG.

We regret to state that intelligence has reached England of the death of her Majesty Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg, Princess Royal of England. Her Majesty, who was eldest daughter of his late Majesty George III., and sister to our present King, was born on the 29th of September, 1760, so that she died in the 63d year of her age. She married on the 18th of May, 1797, Frederick, late King of Wirtemberg, who died on the 30th of October, 1816. Her Majesty was much beloved by her brother, our august Monarch. Her death took place at Ludwigsburg, in Germany, on the 6th instant, from the effects of dropsy in the chest. Her Majesty spent some months in England last year, with which exception she resided in Germany from the time of her marriage. A general mourning is expected to take place.

Great alarm was created among the Miguelites at Lisbon on hearing the news of the arrival of the Queen of Portugal in this country. The usurper himself had, at the date of the last accounts, sent on board two frigates most of his valuable effects. One of his Ministers had at Court been heard to express his fear of the result to Don Miguel, from the gloomy appearance which things had assumed. The Pope's Nuncio, at Lisbon, has been ordered away, and reprimanded, for remaining after the departure of the other Ambassadors.

MURDER OF MAJOR LAING.—It is with feelings of sorrow and regret that we announce the murder of this intrepid and persevering traveller. He had reached Timbuctoo, where he had resided for a considerable time; but upon taking his departure for Sego, he was, three days after he quitted Timbuctoo, murdered between the 21st September and the 1st October, 1827.—This lamentable intelligence was communicated to the Colonial Office, by the British Consul at Tripoli, his father-in-law. No further particulars have yet transpired.—*Courier.*

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ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) November 13, 1828.

We were, yesterday, most politely favoured, by THOS. H. BROOKING, Esq., with a Cornwall paper of the 18th October, brought by his brig the *Worcester*, 23 days from Falmouth. The change which has taken place in the war between the Russians and Turks is most important—and, certainly, what we were not prepared for. After a series of disasters, the latter have been obliged to abandon most of the positions they had occupied, almost without drawing the sword, and are in full retreat before an enemy whom they affected to despise. The defeat has been so complete, that, it is thought, the Sultan will have it in his power to dictate his own terms.

To the politeness and friendly attention of a Gentleman at Carbonear, we are indebted for the *Newry Telegraph* of the 10th October; from which, and some Dublin papers we had previously received, extracts will be found in the preceding columns.—To all who are interested in the peace, happiness, and well-being of the Empire, the features which they develop must cause sensations of the most painful description. The array and appearance of the multitudes in the County of Tipperary, as described in the letter dated at Clonmel, we are sorry to remark, had appeared or been represented to the Government of Ireland in so equivocal and questionable a shape, as to induce the Lord Lieutenant and Council to issue a Proclamation, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, any such meetings or exhibitions in future; and had also called forth an appeal, of the most powerful nature, from the Catholic Association, with one of a similar tendency from the able pen of Mr. O'CONNELL, in an address to the people of the County Tipperary, from which, for the present, we select the two following forcible passages:—

“I, your faithful friend, advise you immediately to discontinue those meetings. I have laboured for you for twenty-eight long years, and am going to Parliament that I may be able to do you some effectual good. I ought to know what is useful to you, and I do most solemnly assure you that nothing could be more injurious to you than having any more of those large meetings for the present. You took my advice before—the Catholic people in many parts of Ireland take my advice—discontinue these large meetings.

“If you disobey the advice of the Catholic Association, and if you refuse to listen to my entreaty, we must at once desert you—we must abandon you. It would be with the greatest reluctance that we should desert or abandon the people of Tipperary. But we ask yourselves, what else can we do? If you refuse to listen to the honest advice which we give you for your own good, and for the benefit of the Catholic Cause—why—it will in that case be our duty not only to abandon you, but actually to resist the course which you are taking.”

The people, generally, have hitherto conducted themselves in a peaceable and constitutional manner; and from the accounts before us, we see no reason to suppose that those of the County Tipperary have now any other objects in view but what are perfectly justifiable;—but, then, their enemies might make these meetings a pretext for committing outrages, and convert them into instruments to be used against the great cause in which they are embarked. For this reason—were there no other existing—they should be suppressed; and we have no doubt that the paternal mandate of the “mighty agitator” will be attended with that much-to-be-desired effect.

We are far from being led into a belief that desperate or coercive measures are likely to be resorted to. There are yet, we feel persuaded, Noblemen of suffi-

cient virtue and patriotism in the Empire to oppose their weighty influence and prevent the state of anarchy that would follow, and which, in its wide spreading desolation, would involve their dearest interests.

Since writing the above, we have seen later accounts from Ireland, of rather a cheering nature, and calculated to allay, in a great measure, any fears the above remarks might, possibly, give rise to.—Things are said to be in a comparatively tranquil state, and the public displays in the County Tipperary, which had caused so much alarm, completely put a stop to. Four or five thousand troops had, however, been thrown into the country, at a few days' notice.

We feel peculiar satisfaction in publishing the following extract of a letter from JOHN BENNETT, Esq., Secretary at Lloyd's, to Captain Sir RICHARD GRANT, Knt., H. M. S. *Tyne*, dated 30th October, 1828, in reply to a communication from Sir RICHARD, in which the exertions of GEORGE HARVEY, on the melancholy occasion of the shipwreck of the *Dispatch*, alluded to in our last, were laid before the Committee in so flattering a point of view, as to cause the unanimous vote of 100/ to that deserving individual. We have every hope that the liberal donation on the part of the Committee at Lloyd's, expressive, as it must be considered, of the sense they entertain of such meritorious conduct in general, will operate as an incitement to the people upon our coasts—some parts of which are as celebrated, in tales of us, as the famed Scylla and Charybdis of old—to similar acts of humanity when occasion requires them:—

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint you, that your favours of the 26th July and 1st August, advising the unfortunate loss of the brig *Dispatch*, from London, derry bound to Quebec, near Cape Ray, on the 10th July, and representing the praiseworthy conduct of George HARVEY, a fisherman, of Dead Islands (18 miles from Cape Ray, and 4 miles from the scene of destruction,) in saving, and afterwards subsisting, the numerous passengers and crew of that vessel; also, recommending him and the crew to the favourable notice of the Committee for managing the affairs of Lloyd's; were received on the 25th August and 1st ult., and have been laid before them.

The Committee having taken into consideration the valuable assistance and real humanity of HARVEY on that occasion, they recommended to the Subscribers, at a General Meeting, held on the 24th inst., to mark their sense of his conduct by a grant from their funds; and, I have the pleasure of informing you, that the sum of 100/ was unanimously voted to him.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
JOHN BENNETT, Secretary.
Captain Sir R. GRANT, H. M. S.
Tyne, Halifax.

So far as the above communication relates to GEORGE HARVEY, it must be approved of by every lover of humanity; but, we confess, we feel disappointed that Sir RICHARD GRANT's share in the preservation of the people, and the solicitude and attention manifested towards them, when on board the *Tyne*,—and for which we are assured they entertain the liveliest feelings of gratitude,—have been passed over in total silence. HARVEY was certainly the instrument, under Providence, of conveying to Sir R. GRANT the disastrous state of the passengers and crew of the *Dispatch*;—from that moment, however, every tribute of praise became particularly due to Sir RICHARD, his officers, and crew, for the promptitude and alacrity with which they hastened to the scene of calamity; and it would have afforded us sincere pleasure to have seen their merit appreciated and recorded by some solid testimonial of reward, and public expression of approbation.

We have reason to know, that Sir R. GRANT—besides recommending HARVEY to the notice of the Committee at Lloyd's,—has, himself, made him some very valuable presents.

An occurrence, highly creditable to the Inhabitants of this town, took place at the THEATRE, on Friday night last. The play was “*A Cure for the Heart-Ache*,” and had gone off with much eclat, when, during the time allowed for preparing for the Farce, the whole House, in compliment to the two Portuguese Refugee Officers, the Ex-Governor of Figueira and his Aid de-Camp, rose, and called for the Portuguese Constitutional Hymn, which was immediately struck up by the Orchestra, (His Excellency the Governor's private band);—after which, three-times-three were given for “Don Pedro and the Constitution.”—The strangers appeared delighted, and fully to appreciate the nature of the compliment intended; and, at their request, NEWMAN W. HOYLES, Esq., returned thanks to the House, in an animated address, expressive of the deep and lasting impression which so distinguished an honor had made on the minds of his friends.

We stated in our last, that the Portuguese Refugees who arrived here in the *Ellen*, were obliged to be conveyed on board in fruit boxes; but it now appears that this was not the case, as the Gentlemen were taken on board, at an early hour in the morning, in an open boat.—It having been considered of some importance that we should rectify such a mistake, we now do so, and hope it will be satisfactory to those who requested it.

Arrived on Sunday last, H. M.'s B. *Manly*, Lieut. BISHOP, from Halifax.

Married on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, Mr. EDWARD POWER, of this town, to Miss ELIZABETH VEIN CAMILL, of Waterford.

THE NEWFOUNDLANDER.

Dead yesterday morning, after a very short illness, Mr. PATRICK MYHAN, aged 44 years. He was deservedly respected for his upright and honest principles through life, and his death is sincerely regretted by all who knew him.—His funeral will take place to-morrow (Friday) evening, at 3 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintances of the family are requested to attend.

Shipping Intelligence.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

ENTERED.

NOVEMBER 6.—Schooner Confidence, Sweeny, P. E. Island; 1900 bushels potatoes and turnips, 400 bushels oats, and 15 bls. beef.

Schooner Ellen, Stephens, Figueira; 400 hhd. salt.

Schooner Nightingale, Moore, P. E. Island; 1800 bushels potatoes.

7.—Schooner Fury, Vaughan, Figueira; 300 hhd. salt, 3 cwt. onions, 2 boxes lemons and oranges.

Schooner Frances Elizabeth, Whitney, Trinidad; 22 hhd. and 28 barrels sugar, 10 barrels coffee.

19.—Schooner Gleaner, Daly, Annapolis; 25 hhd. and 100 barrels cider, 170 barrels apples, 2 kegs butter.

Brig Alexander, Turnbull, Oporto; 350 hhd. salt, 30 boxes oranges and lemons, 11 pipes, 12 hhd., and 35 qr.-casks wine.

Brig Adelaide, Godfrey, Trinidad; 8 hhd. and 38 barrels sugar, 6 puncheons molasses, 42 puncheons rum.

Schooner Polly, Prudden, Demerara; 36 puns. rum, 41 puns. molasses.

Brig Improvement, Nelmes, Trinidad; 18 hhd. and 3 barrels sugar, 3 puns. molasses, 25 puns. rum, 10 bls. coffee.

Schooner Swift, Hellyer, Figueira; 300 hhd. salt, 4 cwt. onions, 400 lemons.

Schooner Samuel, Bond, Oporto; 37 casks wine, 24 boxes oranges, 10 boxes grapes, 1 ton onions, 115 tons salt, 20 qts. cork wood.

Brig Kate, Blay, Barbados; 3 hhd. and 20 bls. sugar, 100 puncheons molasses, 36 puncheons rum.

11.—Schooner Fame Packet, Camaron, Halifax; 100 barrels flour, 62 bls. beef, 15 bls. cider, 36 bls. apples, 15 hhd. porter, 10 puns. molasses, 10 bls. tar.

Schooner Margaret, Stewart, P. E. Island; 2000 bushels potatoes, 500 bushels oats.

Brig Maveva, Goss, Kinsale; ballast.

Brig Worcester, Thurston, Cork; ballast.

CLEARED.

NOVEMBER 6.—Schooner Argyle, Sutherland, P. E. Island; 4 puns. molasses, 5 puns. rum, 2 bls. sugar.

Schooner Beckley, Norman, Halifax; 1800 qts. fish.

6.—Schooner Margaret, Fling, Halifax; 1100 qts. fish, 25 bls. sugar, 3 puns. rum, 4 puns. molasses.

10.—Brig Rocket, Cummings, Jamaica; 600 gallons cod oil, 2742 qts. fish, 20 casks port wine.

Brig Sedulous, Goldsworthy, Genoa; 3430 qts. fish.

Schooner Fly, Egg, Dartmouth; 1100 qts. fish, 7 bls. and 4 firkins tongues and sounds.

Brig Lavinia, Cowan, Greenock; 32 tons and 199 gallons oil, 3,173 qts. fish.

12.—Brig Agnes, Johnston, Halifax; 2500 qts. fish.

Schooner Traveller, Jones, Halifax; 235 qts. fish.

Sales at Auction.

Auction of New States' Flour.

THIS DAY,
(Thursday) At 12 o'clock,
Landed on our Wharf, from the Fame Packet,
50 BARRELS Superfine and 50 ditto fine
FLOUR, made from Corn of the present
year's growth, and Shipped at New-
York last month.
JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
November 13.

GOVERNMENT SALE.

IN THE SQUARE AT
Fort Townshend,
At ONE o'clock,
THIS DAY,
A Quantity of Barrack Furniture and Bedding,
consisting of BLANKETS, RUGS, SHEETS,
&c. &c.
JAMES CLIFT,
November 13. Auctioneer.

THIS DAY,

At 2 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF
William & Henry Thomas,
40 BARRELS Winter APPLES,
10 Puncheons } New CIDER.
40 Barrels }
November 13.

TO-MORROW,

(Friday) At 11 o'clock,
At the Shop of the Subscriber,
10 Pieces blue and brown Cloth,
12 Ditto Flannel,
30 Pair Blankets,
10 Dozen Guernsey Frocks,
10 Pieces blue, olive, and drab Flushing,
10 Dozen cotton Shawls and Handkerchiefs,
2 Cases Men's fine Hats,
12 Dozen Men's and Women's Hose,
10 Ditto Lamb's-wool Socks,
And sundry other Shop Goods, of an excellent
quality, well worthy the attention of purchasers.
HENRY SHEA,
November 13. Auctioneer.

Sale at Auction.

TO-MORROW,
At 12 o'clock,
On the Wharf of the Subscriber,
30 M. Shingles,
2 Tons Cordage,
A quantity of old Cordage,
Ditto Tarpauling,
2 Brodie Stoves,
1 Barking Kettle—about 60 gallons,
3 Anchors,
2 Semaphores,
1 Bedstead and Curtains,
1 Set Window Curtains,
1 Sofa,
11 Mahogany Chairs,
1 Plate Warmer,
1 Fender,
2 Set Fire Irons,
1 Commode,
1 Guardvine,
1 Register Stove.
JAMES CLIFT,
November 13. Auctioneer.

Notices.

THE Members of the Benevolent Irish Society
are requested to meet at the ORPHAN ASYLUM,
SCHOOL ROOM, TO-MORROW (Friday)
evening, at half-past 2 o'clock, to walk in procession
at the Funeral of their deceased Brother, the late Mr.
PATRICK MYHAN.
By order. JOHN SHEA,
November 13. Secretary.

WANTED, a Man Servant.—Apply at the
Office of this Paper. November 6.

I WILL NOT be accountable for any DEBTS
contracted by the Crew of the Schooner *Placer*,
under my command.
October 30. JAMES JOHNS.

WANTED, by a young man, a Situation as
SERVANT in a respectable family. Good
references can be given as to Character.—Apply at
the Office of this Paper. October 30.

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.

ALL Persons having any just demand against the
Estate of WILLIAM WALSH, late of St.
John's, in the Island of Newfoundland, Cooper, de-
ceased, are requested to present the same to the Sub-
scribers; and all Persons indebted to the said estate,
are desired to make immediate payment to
JOHN WALSH, } Administrators.
PATRICK WALSH, }
ANASTATIA M'CARTHY, Adm'trix.
October 23.

For Plymouth and Teignmouth.
The very fine, British-built Brig
PROVIDENCE,
WILLIAM FOX, Master;
Burthen per Register 130 tons—has room for a few
tons of Goods on Freight, and very superior accom-
modations for Cabin and Steerage Passengers.—For
particulars apply to the Master on board, or to
RENDELL & MORTIMER.
November 6.

For Waterford Direct.
To Sail about the 15th November,
The
Brig INVULNERABLE,
M. PHELAN, Master;
For Freight or Passage apply to
October 9. PATRICK MORRIS.

On Sale.
BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
The Good Schooner
BELLE ISLE,
Burthen per Register 90 Tons; being built expressly
for the Ice, and well provided with all the materials
necessary for that Fishery, she is worthy the atten-
tion of those who may be in need of a vessel of her
description.
Apply to
PATRICK MORRIS,
November 13.

For Halifax and St. John's, N. B.

The fine Schooner
GLEANER,
D. DALY, Master;
Has excellent accommodations for Passengers, and
will sail on or about the 15th instant. Apply to the
Master on board, at the Wharf of Messrs. W. and
H. THOMAS. November 13.

On Sale.
BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
The Brigantine
ELIZABETH;
Burthen per Register 107 75-94ths Tons; carries
about 2000 quintals fish in bulk, or 85 tons of foil.
Is well found, sails well, and is a suitable vessel for
the general purposes of this trade. Terms of pay-
ment will be made accommodating to purchasers.
For further particulars, apply to
ROBINSON & BROOKING,
November 13.

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
Now lying at the Subscriber's Wharf,
The
Schooner ARION,
Burthen per Register 50 tons—15 months old, is full
timbered, well found in Sails, Rigging, Cables, and
Anchors—and will be found, on inspection, in every
respect a desirable vessel for a Coaster or Sealer.—
Apply to the Master on board, or to
HENRY SHEA,
November 6.

ABERDEEN YELLOW
TURNIPS,
At 4s. 6d. per Barrel,
For Sale, by
November 13.—3t W. & H. THOMAS.

The SUBSCRIBER
HAS JUST RECEIVED,
A Consignment of
SUPERFINE Black, Brown, Blue, and Olive
broad and narrow CLOTHS,
A few Pieces of blue Whitney, Drab, and Olive
FLUSHINGS;
Which he will dispose of by the Piece or Retail,
upon very cheap terms.
November 13. HENRY SHEA.

POTATOES,
The Growth of this Country,
At 5s. per Barrel.
Any quantity over five barrels will be deliver-
ed at the house of the purchaser.
November 6. PATRICK MORRIS.

William & Henry Thomas
HAVE RECEIVED,
Per the Schooner *Little George*, from Halifax,
284 Q R-CHESTS and Boxes of Congo,
Soucheong, Twankey, Hyson Skin,
and Hyson TEAS—which will be Sold at
remarkably low prices for Cash.
N. B.—*Labrador Merchantable, or Shore Ma-
deira and West India Fish, will be received in pay-
ment from Purchasers to any amount exceeding
Fifty Pounds.*
October 30.

Very Cheap.
THE Cargo of RUM and MOLASSES on board
the Brigantine *Aldiana*, from Grenada, con-
sisting of fine flavoured Rum in puncheons, and Mo-
lasses in puncheons and tierces, for transhipment,
will be Sold by the Subscribers, at their usual re-
duced prices.
JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.
October 30.

Window Glass.
Just Landed, ex Brig *Agenorina*, from London,
25 C ARATES Window Glass (assorted),
100 Boxes ditto ditto, of the undermen-
tioned 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.

To be Let.
BUILDING GROUND to Let, with Gardens
attached.—Apply to
November 13. DENIS HANIGAN.

On Sale.

The Subscribers
OFFER FOR SALE,
The fine
Schooner ALMIRA,
Burthen per Register 55 tons, only two years old,
sails well, is remarkably well found, carries about
1100 qts. Fish, is substantially built, and in every
respect a desirable vessel for a Sealer or Coaster.
Apply to
November 6. WM. & H. THOMAS.

William & Henry Thomas
HAVE RECEIVED,
By the *Agenorina*, Commodore, Chiefstain, Alexan-
der, 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.

Just Received,
By the Brig *Wheaton*, from Liverpool and Wa-
terford, 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, Canvass,
Nails, Paints, Ships' Cambouses,
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.

BY
Daniel Codner & Co.
JUST RECEIVED,
Per Brigs *Hannah*, from Hamburg, and *Jubilee*,
from St. Andrews,
And for Sale,
ON MODERATE TERMS—
1230 B AGS 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 hogsheads,
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 Canvass, 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 25.



Poets' Corner.

LOVE.

They may talk of "love in a cottage,"
And bowers of the trellised vine;
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milk-maids faintly divine:
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk with a nymph at morning,
Who trips with a footstep free.
But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of the chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody over near:
Or give me a seat on the sofa,
With a glass, especially wine,
And maintain too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.
Your "love in a cottage" gets hungry;
Your "vine" is a nest of flies;
"Simplicity" cuts the graces,
And your milk-maids talk of pies:
You sink to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
"True love" is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
And "true love" has an eye for a capon,
And starves in your "shady trees";
His wing is the fan of a lady;
His foot's an invisible thing;
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

A TRAVELLER'S REMEMBRANCES.

The Sultan Mahmoud—Turkish Review—The White and Red Guards.

While resident at Constantinople a few years since, I was greatly delighted with a review that took place of the Janissaries and Guards of the Sultan; the day was also celebrated by the throwing of the djerid. The field, or extensive arena, in which this took place, was a beautiful valley, into which the hills sloped gently down; innumerable spectators were there. The turbaned heads covered with shawls of all colours, wedged in a dense and immovable mass, looked as if the assembly of the faithful were called before the Prophet for judgment—so still was their attitude. The Sultan arrived about mid-day, mounted on a beautiful Arabian charger, and encompassed by a mass of splendidly dressed officers, bashoes, capidgi bashoes, eunuchs, &c. Handsome as many of these men were, the Sultan was eminently the handsomest man in the whole group; and probably in the whole assembled multitude, there would scarcely be found another to compare with him in personal advantages, notwithstanding that the Turks are in general fine-looking. His countenance has precisely the character of the Grecian, blended with Turkish features; the long straight nose, the full, large, melancholy eye, the Oriental lips and chin. There was much of mind in the face, of reflection as well as decision; his hair was not visible beneath the folds of his superb turban, but his beard was of raven black. Except the turban, in front of which was a magnificent aigrette of diamonds, no other part of his dress had any splendour; and yielded in this respect to the habiliments of many of his chief officers. He did not keep his look full in front with imperturbable dignity, as is said to be the practice of the Sultans, but turned it often from right to left, as any object or individual in the crowd attracted his curiosity. We composed a party of several Europeans, all English; at one moment we caught his glance, and it was bent on us with a very peculiar expression of scorn and Turkish pride, without, however, there being any "hatred or malice" in it. Had he then foreseen the fatal defeat that has since been given him by these Franks at Navarin, his gaze had, perhaps, been of a more deadly character. He rode with much grace, at a slow pace, while a number of his inferior officers ran along on each side of his horse. His favourite Body Guard, that gathered closely round him when he took his station in the valley, was the celebrated White Guard, so called from the entire of their dress, from head to foot, being of that colour. They were remarkably fine men, all of them very tall, and rather slender and elegantly, than robustly formed. Their shiboush, or trousers, the tunic, the robe, the turban, and sandals, were all white as snow, and gave to this superb body of men, as they circled round their Imperial master, a very peculiar and imposing appearance. It was a cloudless and very sultry day, and their splendid arms, that glittered in the sun, contrasted strongly with the spotless hue of their dresses. Some of these men seemed to have been selected for their beauty, and they were certainly, to the eye, noble fellows, though in a close or desperate charge, the ruder Delbis would probably have beat them, for they were not muscular or sinewy, but their full and fleshy figures bore too much the character of the indolent and monotonous life of the Orientals. The Sultan Mahmoud, on horseback, in the midst of these men, was a striking object; the high pay they receive, and the peculiar marks of favour their master often bestows on them, render them peculiarly devoted to his person. They, as well as the Red

Guards, have had no part in the late revolt, but assisted with zeal in the destruction of their refractory comrades. It was a singular thing to see on this field so many of these men, the haughty Janissaries, who were not long after doomed to perish. Of the many thousands on the ground, very few probably escaped. However cruel and despotic the measure that was meted them, their cup was certainly full and overflowing. The history of these lawless troops would present as dark, fierce, and bloody a picture, as that of the Praetorian Guards of Rome, whom they so closely resemble. Should they meet in the gardens of the Prophet, whether they are ultimately sent by the hetacombs, the many Sultans they have dethroned and put to death, the many Viziers whose heads have been thrown at their feet, merely at their call, reminding them of the countless tumults and slaughter they have made in the empire—the eternal groves and rushing rivers, and lovely hours, will hardly avoid becoming a scene of uproar instead of luxury and love.

Not far from the White Guards stood a body of men, little inferior to them in appearance, but less splendidly accoutred—the Red Guard. The entire of their habiliments, turban, &c. were of this colour. They were not, however, so favourite a body of men, or so much trusted around the Royal person, as the former. Not a war-worn or veteran countenance was to be seen in their body. The music now sounded, and the fierce and wild cries rung through the field, which are always raised during the progress of this game of the djerid; the display of horsemanship was beautiful. The Sultan at last dismounted, and went into a small kiosque, or summer-house, built of light materials for the occasion, and open in front; here he reclined on a splendid divan, with two or three of his favourite officers, and beheld, perfectly at his ease, the array of troops, and the progress of the game. He was here shaded from the sultry rays of the sun, which fell intensely on all the rest of the field. We felt them extremely oppressive, but the host of Orientals, who stood or sat on the ground, seemed to care very little about the heat. The whole scene was a mere mimicry of war, a childish pageant; the magnificent Guards, with all their splendour and accoutrements, looked not like men fit for the horrid front of war, or who would stand a stern contest with determined troops. Their smooth, handsome countenances (for they were mostly young men), and spotless dresses, would have better graced an ancient procession of Grecian youths and maidens to the hill of the Acropolis, than a hot and carnage covered field.

The form of their weapons, and even the weapons themselves, are not terrible; the long atighan is a kind of half sabre, that would be annihilated by a cut of a Dragoon's sword; the rich kandgar or dagger is of little use in battle, and the bayonet they will not have recourse to. Their master, probably, thinks them an invincible body; but the numerous body of Janissaries, who have been since slaughtered, were, in point of bodily strength and ferocity, the flower of the Turkish troops; unruly and ungovernable they were, but their slaughter and dispersion is an irreparable loss in the empire. Often have I paused to admire their noble figures, the symmetry of their limbs, the arm bare to the shoulder, the naked noble chest, the fearless though lawless look—these, too, were veterans, at least a large portion of them—men who would fight to the last in the field, and had a rooted jealousy for the honour of the Ottoman arms. But they are gone—and long will it be ere the Sultan can raise a body of them to supply their loss.—Could these men have submitted to the discipline, and adopted the European tactics, the result would have been tremendous. Europe has never seen, not even when the fierce Saracens issued forth from the interior of Asia, a more formidable body of men than these Janissaries (whose number was one hundred thousand) would have been. About two hours after noon, the review began to draw to a close; the Janissaries began to file off, not in silence, but talking loudly and tumultuously as they passed along; marching more like a body of Bedouins than disciplined troops. Many an insulting word some of them gave us as they passed along; this behaviour was confined, however, to a very few; in general they were contented with a look, sometimes a good-natured and smiling, or a haughty and grave one, which is in general what they are pleased to adopt. Poor fellows! I have received kindness from many of them, whose heads, as well as the countless ones of their comrades, were not long after piled in heaps at their master's feet, or thrown into the Bosphorus.

THE NIGHT WATCH; OR, TALES OF THE SEA.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

There are some portions of these volumes which are addressed to matters hardly worth a record;—a newspaper kept by the youngsters on board a man-of-war, and an attempt at point in mingling their dialogues, in acting a play, with the proceedings on deck when giving orders, &c., are examples of this. The best quality in the *Tales of Watch*, perhaps, is that they evidently do not belong to the world of fiction. The Master's changeable career is, no doubt, a true history; and the Boatwain's might be sworn to by any person of critical penetration. It happens, that among his other services in the north, south, east, and west, he is on the expedition against New Orleans; and as that calamitous action is a subject of discussion in this number of our Journal, we do not think we can better illustrate these volumes than by adding a sailor's view of it, which, though dressed in a sea-lingo, and appearing in a work of this class, we have every reason to believe to be extremely correct in its details:—

"But now comes that infernal affair, New Orleans, Gunner; a more horrid business was never gone through by man or beast. May be you don't know Lake Borgue? and yet it is no lake, for it

opens out into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a very shoal navigation, so that we had often seventy miles to go in open boats loaded with *sogers*; and buckled and belted as they were with knapsacks; there was no swimming for it when the boats were upset or sunk, and many a poor trooper lies at the bottom there.—The shores are low, swampy, and covered with reeds; and for the climate I never thought there was such a place under heaven;—a place where you have summer and winter in twenty-four hours. In the daytime we were scorched; in the night we were frozen. Who would have thought of ice about the boats' bows in a place so near the West Indies, Gunner? The black regiments had no more notion of Jack frost than 'bite 'im no see 'im.' They died like rotten sheep. Many a weary pull and sail I've had up and down that infernal hole, which I wish I may never see again. It is fit for nothing but snakes, alligators, and Yankees—begging the Jonathan's pardon for knotting them together; but *stiuations* are, somehow or other, levelled in war time, and *specially* when a man has been bitten, as I have, by both; and, moreover, a little blind from being half-melted and frozen over and over again. Our first work was to clear the lake of a squad of gun-boats; and they were *accordingly bevelled* in a trice by the boats of the fleet, though many a man went to Davy's locker in the job. The Nathans played their part like men; but it was all up with them when the boats got alongside; and, slashing muskets, pistols, tomahawks, and pipes, at our fellows, as they grappled up the side, they at last sought quarter in surrender. After this business, we landed the troopers at the side of a creek, not far from the Mississippi. Did you ever see the Indians of this country, Wad? They are a kind of copper-coloured vagabonds, with skins as hard as tanned leather; rigged out in furs, feathers, and blankets, and bedizened with whatever they could find to shine. But as to their women, Wad, though they have sparkling black eyes, I would not have touched one of them with a pair of tongs—the nasty, dirty, drable-tailed, swashy-looking squaws! I never was so out of conceit of a petticoat, though their covering scarcely deserves that name. They travel together in tribes, and would sleep in swamps. It was a hunting party that came to us. They are dead shots with the bow and arrow, and carry scalping knives by their sides; but for their hearts, I know not what they are made of, for they jumped at the tick of a watch. The officers made one of their kings drunk; and he howled, yelled, and roared like a mad bull, which he said was the war-cry. But I must go on with the *dismals* I have to tell you, Gunner. Our *sogers* had scarcely taken up a birth on the banks of the river, filed their arms in the darkening, and began to *yaffle* some grub, when softly comes a brace of Yankee vessels slinking down with the stream, and brought up a-breast of the camp, letting fly a broadside at the same time among the *sogers* at supper, while Jackson and his men came upon them from the land-side. They dropped their grab, and handled their muskets, showed their steel, and gave the Jonathans such a rally, that back they went with a shower of Salamanca pills after them, to make another reckoning. Over night a battery was thrown up a-breast of the vessels, and at day-break our artillerymen showed how well they could bore holes at water-mark, and the craft went no more to that city. Another squad of men arrived, and another General, who took the command. Greater preparations were made; but as we lost time the Yankees gained strength. But you are no *soger*, Gunner,—stand facing me with your arms stretched out. The broad river is running like a sluice past the end of your right hand towards mine, as I am holding out; on the other side of the river is a battery, pointing towards your nose, which nose is the centre of the Yankee lines. Your left hand is a swampy wood, thicker and more tangled than a jungle, and not less fordable than the river, with a battery at the edge, from which a canal runs athwart to the river. Behind this canal is a strong earthen fence, stuffed, as they said, with cotton bags, behind which lay the Nathans. My arms are the English lines; they are not so long or strong as yours, and we are just out of shot of each other. Near my right hand are some batteries we threw up with casks of sugar, which we got at readier than sand, though they are no great shakes in rainy weather. A good way behind my left hand is a canal we cut from the creek to the river, for the boats to go through. Well, Gunner, behold us, the night before the battle, in front of each other: the Jonathan's bands playing Yankee Doodle, and ours God save the King! Well, I say, follow me to mud-larking, and rousing the boat through the slush into the river all night long. Now jump aboard the boat at daylight, with a party of *sogers* and marines, land them on the other side, pull up along shore—see the battery taken by storm—look at a rocket flying in the air—then mark the flashes glimmering along the line—now hear the rolling sound of the musketry and rumbling of the cannon;—lay on your oars, Wad—strain your eyes—think the *sogers* have gained the Yankee lines, and you will think as I did. Look, now, at a small despatch-boat slashing towards us; hear the officer say—"Embark the troops!" and you will measure the length of our mugs. Back we came, save those who were killed in taking the battery. It was all up: the troops withdrew to their lines, cut up at a precious rate. They advanced like heroes to the ditch, few got farther, and many were left there; the Nathans snag behind their fences, worked eyelid holes in them at every crack, till they fell back. Oh, they say it was a gallant sight to view the brave Generals, who saw the day was going wrong, gallop in front with their hats off, rallying their men; but it was sorrowful to see them fall, without being able to send a shot through the fence among their destroyers. It was the fortune of war, Wad; but the worst of all was to come—to get the poor mangled souls back to the ships, down those in-

fernal creeks, and in such weather. But, hark ye, Wad! (the boatswain here stood still, his heart full) hark ye, Gunner! again he said, and turned his face to the moon, as a dark cloud shot over it—poor Tom Smith, the sharer of my spears, my messmate, my shipmate for years past—Tom, who halved his last dollar with me—Tom lies at the bottom of the lake! He was shot in seven places, in the advance to storm the fort, and his right leg was terribly mangled by grape-shot. We had four wounded men besides himself in the stern sheets of our boat, and had got into the broad part of the lake, on our way towards the fleet, by nightfall; but none of the small craft stationed to receive the boats were in sight, as the weather was thick and misty. Presently the fog was blown away by a strong breeze, which, before the first watch was over, freshened into a gale right in our teeth, accompanied by drifting rain. Soon we were wet and weary, and began to lag at our oars; not freshened, you may be sure, Wad, by the groaning of the poor wounded fellows near us, lying flat on their backs, and covered over with a drenched sail. We were at last compelled to pull towards the swampy shores for smooth water, and there let go our grapnel. None of us were in a humour for talk; and as the boat jerked in the short seas, throwing the spray over the bows, we sat silent, cold, cramped, and wet, watching for day-light. I never went through such a night in all my born days, Gunner. I sat aft, close to Tom Smith; he did not speak.—We heard nothing but the sweep and rustle of the waves, and the plash, plash, plash of the big drops of rain that now fell on and about us. The middle watch came; Smith groaned heavily. "Give me your hand," said he; and he raised himself on his wounded arm. "Tom," said he again, "be kind to my poor mother; give her my pay and my watch—here, here, here,—bid—bid—bid—God bless her!" He then sunk on the plank, and his cold wet hand fell away from mine. Day-light came; the boat shipped so much water that one man was kept constantly bailing. Tom Smith was dead. The young officer—noble fellow as he was—looked at him. "Poor soul!" said he, "he's gone! we must bury him—prepare a few double-headed shots. Stand up, men—pull off your hats;—and as the rain and wind whistled wild about our heads in this dark and dreary morning, he said, "Commit his body to the deep;—God be merciful to his soul!" Oh, Gunner! had you seen the look of agony of the poor limbless souls that lay next to him, when the corpse was plunged into the water, you could never have forgotten it! Will you believe it, Wad? some of their wounds fairly putrified before we got them to the fleet; and many and many a brave fellow died on the way, and was thrown overboard. My heart bled to see the poor legless men lying bleeding in the stern sheets of the boats, and the rain pelting upon them; and then for the broiling suns and the bitter freezing nights. Men are men all the world over, Gunner, and who have their turns of good and bad luck;—but those who know nothing but victory, know nothing of war, Wad; I never wore a pea-jacket till I had been thoroughly soaked, and was often shoving in my ear where there was no rullock, till time and experience just prevented my *fluster*, and told me what I could do. England has nothing to fear from the Yankees, nor all the nations of the earth put together, in the way of fight, that's certain; she has stood it out against them all, and will stand it out again."—To this we may say "Amen;" and finish

The Two Drovers.—The leading circumstances connected with Sir Walter Scott's story in the "Chronicles of the Canongate," are no fable. The country of Rob Roy, too, was that of Robin Oig—Balquhider. Soon after the melancholy occurrence, two young men (brothers related to Robin), in consequence of what had happened, took a disgust at home, and emigrated to America. One fine summer eve their mother was sitting, in a musing mood, at her cottage door, situated on an eminence, at the foot of which ran a rivulet, when she was alarmed by a voice, which she distinguished to be that of her eldest son, arising from the bed of the rill, and calling in a quick intonation—"Mother, help, help!" Deeply impressed with the idea that at that very moment her son had been drowned, she announced to those within her painful anticipations. Ere long, accounts were received from the surviving brother, confirming her forebodings to be too well founded. The brothers, it would seem, had gone, on the evening alluded to, into a river in their neighbourhood to bathe, and at the very time (on a comparison of dates) when the voice was heard, the oldest perished in the waters. Indeed it has been remarked, that almost uniformly, some member of the families connected with Robin Oig, has been distinguished for what is termed "the second sight." Hence the propriety of Sir Walter's investing the old crone, aunt of his unfortunate hero, with that mysterious faculty.—Perth Courier.

March of Intellect.—A gentleman the other day visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word inheritance occurred in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—"What is inheritance?" A.—"Patrimony." "What is patrimony?" A.—"Something left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" A.—"Matrimony."

An inveterate punster, meeting a friend some days since, remarked that he appeared exceedingly pale; the latter told him it was from having a great deal of study; to which he replied, "I presume that deal is from the free of knowledge."

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