



# Newfoundlander.

No. 88.

THURSDAY, March 26, 1829.

Two pence.

### On Sale.

BY  
**HUNTERS & Co.**  
SUPERFINE and middlings Flour,  
Oatmeal, in barrels,  
Indian Corn, in ditto,  
Pearl Barley, in kegs,  
New-York Pork, in barrels,  
Hamburgh Bread, in bags,  
Quebec ditto, in bulk,  
First quality Irish Butter,  
Ditto ditto Hamburgh ditto,  
Teneriffe Wine, in pipes,  
Bronte Madeira ditto, in logsheds,  
A few dozen superior St. Perry Wine, equal to  
Champagne,  
Ditto ditto Claret Wine,  
Hawers from 4 to 6-inch,  
Powder and Shot,  
Flat Canvass,  
No. ditto, from No. 1 to 7,  
Negrohead Tobacco, in kegs,  
Superior Souchong Tea.

### PATRICK MORRIS

OFFERS FOR SALE.

30 Pages Printed

### COTTONS,

Each containing 50 pieces  
WHICH WILL BE SOLD.

On very low terms to wholesale purchasers.

ALL Persons having Demands against the Estate of PATRICK MYHAN, late of this Town, deceased, are requested to send in the particulars thereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to pay over the same to Mr. PATRICK SHELLY, who has purchased the debts.

MARY MYHAN,  
Administratrix.

March 5.

### Education.

#### HENRY SIMMS,

Present Master of the Orphan Asylum School, BEGS leave to inform the Inhabitants of this Town and its vicinity, that he intends opening an English, Mercantile, and Mathematical SCHOOL, early in May next. He flatters himself that, from his practical knowledge of conducting Schools, as well as from the system of instruction, he will introduce advantages will be afforded to his pupils equal, if not superior, to any that can be obtained in this Island; and particularly calculated to facilitate their progress in knowledge and science.

The School will be situated in an airy and central part of the town.

February 12.

THE Express Packet is now laid up for the winter season, and a suitable boat provided, with an experienced crew, to run between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove, as often as favourable opportunities offer. Fares until 1st May:—

- Housekeepers and Planters ..... 10s.
- Servants and Children ..... 5s.
- Single letters, and packages in proportion, 1s.

Should the communication by water be interrupted at any time during the winter, a Letter-carrier will proceed weekly, weather permitting, from Harbour-Grace to St. John's, by land.

N. B. The Public will please take notice, that no accounts will be kept for postages or passages.

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

### SEALERS' AGREEMENTS

For Sale at this Office.

BUSINESS OF LADING and SHIPPING PASSENGERS for Sale, at the Office of this Paper.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

I remember one day that a storm of wind and rain had driven an entire regiment of Westminster volunteers, although under arms, to seek for shelter within the Hall, (it was well that the French should visit us, as it must have been presumed, in fine weather,)—when Lord Ellenborough's attention was attracted by the catter of the musquetry. "What is the cause of that interruption, usher?" vehemently demanded the judge. "My lord, it is a volunteer regiment exercising your lordship." "Exercising! we will see who is the best at that—go, Sir, and inform the regiment, that, if it depart not instantly, I shall commit it to the custody of the tipstaff." It was really fine to see the legal but unilitary speed with which the battalion filed off at the first report. It was a word of command they had no inclination to disobey, and readily did they dare the fury of the elements rather than that of his lordship; they knew him well, and would almost as soon have encountered Buonaparte himself.

There was a horse cause, I recollect, to which a certain privy counsellor was a party, and who, as of right, took his seat upon the bench at the hearing, and there (while the adversary's counsel told his tale) ventured a whisper of remark to the Chief Justice. "If you again address me, Sir, I shall give you in custody of the marshal." It was a settler for him, and, as it turned out, of his cause; for he lost it, and most justly, too.

There was also Charles Mathews, who had made himself rather too much "at home;" for, on the first representation of Love, Law, and Physic, after personating Garrow as a pleader in admirable style, (what is there he does not do admirably?) he must needs take off the Chief Justice's judicial manner, and imitate his vocal twang; surely he must have had inward misgivings and instinctive dread as he did it! "Some good-natured friend or another," as Sir Fretful says, was not long in communicating the liberties nightly taken with his Lordship's peculiarities or defects in the comedian's *let-a-let* with his laughing audience. Lord Ellenborough was any thing but thin-skinned, but he knew and felt what was due to his office, and he was determined to assert it. He was right. (In that respect, and in that alone, Best—I hate superlatives in general—is comparatively wise to Lord Tenterden.) It is said a pretty significant message was conveyed, suggestive of his Lordship's opinion and resolution upon the subject, to the sinning bistrion; and it need scarcely be added that it was instantly as readily deferred to, less from fear than from a sense of fitness and propriety. The omission of the favourite imitation was no sooner perceived by a crowded audience, attracted to witness and enjoy it, than a fearful shout arose from the many-headed monster for its repetition. Mathews, however, declined it in most respectful terms; but his Majesty the mob, was in one of his obstinate and exigent humours, with nothing of the pliability or meekness of the volunteer battalion in his composition at the moment,—he insisted, and not content with invitation, chose to indulge in no little of contumely, and somewhat of menace. It was then that, in the frank and manly manner for which Mathews has ever been distinguished, he declared, that when he had engaged himself with the part in the first instance, he had been far from supposing offence might have been taken in any quarter; but the contrary having been suggested to him, he would be the last man to evince disrespect, or to attach ridicule to the constituted authorities of his country, and he must now decline compliance with the public wish. No, it would not do! John Bull was in one of his Thurlow or Londonderry moods;—he would have it all in his own way, like Mr. Byrries;—he would not be pacified, and roared out as instantly as a lion at the sight of the means of execution: so that it seemed with Mathews, like Hardyknute in the "Wood-Demon," that if he could not provide a victim for his master at the appointed season, he must just consent to be devoured himself. Yet he is not the man to wince; so when John's lungs really could do no more (and they stand something of exercise)—when his breath began to fail him, and his vocabulary to be exhausted—when look and gesture were feebly substituted (like Clarendon for Young in Hamlet) for words—Mathews, as energetically as emphatically, observed, "That no power on earth should compel him to the performance." Would that he had had the management of the procrastinated ultimatum with the Divan! he would have just

settled it, like Codrington, in right English bull-dog style. John was now content to perform. After grumbling, there is nothing the animal likes so much as contradiction. All his sympathies apparently lie that way. The growl of anger was changed to a grumble of applause. Mathews was "at home," and Lord Ellenborough spared. But this, all this, was nothing to what happened when his Lordship and Sir Souiden Lowence raised their voices together in any thing but concert. Waterloo was nothing to it. Trafalgar scarcely offered a comparison. Navarino was but a puddle in a storm; Lord Londonderry himself a mightless mita. Sir Souiden was a good man, and a sound constitutional lawyer; but to his other constitutional qualities, added irrestrainable irritability of nerve; he was frank, bold, and generous, but dreadfully irascible, and a puny judge in any thing but temper. Full often he came into contact with his chief; and his difference of opinion was sometimes as great as that which exists between earth and heaven. He, too, was not seldom in a committing humour; would fearlessly intrude on what his colleague might deem his exclusive prerogative, and thus they would thunder away together. "Usher, keep order!" "Tipstaff, take that man into custody!" "Order, preserve silence." It was a broadside from two first rates at once.—It was the creaking of a ninety-eight's cannon stocks in a storm; and verily the old Hall seemed as if it too would be down upon them.—Park used to look most solemnly sanctified; Garrow was ever too fond of mischief not to enjoy it; Erskine got an epigram ready to send round the bar; while Topping looked awfully magnificent as if he were umpire to the rival heroes.—At last, Lord Ellenborough (either unaffectedly, or to annoy his neighbour) contrived so to manage and restrain his temper when Sir Souiden was excited, that the exasperation of the latter was increased beyond human bearing; and he at last gave up. He got permission to exchange to the Common Pleas, where, by the side of old Heath and Sir James Mansfield, he went on smoothly for a time; but at last died, if I remembered, by bursting a blood-vessel. He was a man, with all his faults, loved and respected; and he died as sincerely, as generally regretted. If you wish to see a likeness of him, go and look at Fawcett's performance of King Arthur; his traits bear an extraordinary resemblance to those of the spirited judge; but the latter had much dignity of manner, and was better in person than the actor.

### THE PERILOUS CASTLE OF DOUGLAS.

From Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

Among the brave and sometimes ferocious feats of Douglas and Randolph, it is related that the Castle of Lord James Douglas being occupied by an English garrison, and a faithful old servant of his, named Thomas Dickson, slain by them, he determined on revenge. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves, but, being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly, and with so little noise, that their companions in the castle never heard of it; so that when Douglas and his men approached the castle-gate they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home busied in cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men ate up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and, therefore, he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them. It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he stayed the great hogs-heads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and, last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it, after which he set fire to the castle; and, finally, marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. "He loved better," he said, "to hear the last sing,

than the mouse-squak." That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men than to shut himself and them up in castles. When Clifford, the English General, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out the well, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall, to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord James would again attack him. And, indeed, Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had done the former. For this purpose he had recourse to stratagem. He laid part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle. As soon as Thirlwall saw this, he swore that he would plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle, and came out, with a considerable part of his garrison, for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carriers' cloaks, and, appearing in armour, raised the cry of Douglas! and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle. When Lord James had thus slain two English Commanders or Governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and it was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it was so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know, that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave; so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it was the fashion for the ladies to ask proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those Knights who desired to please the ladies, to try some extraordinary deed of arms, to show their bravery and deserve their favour. At the time we speak of there was a young lady in England whom many Knights and Noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers, and numerous other gallant Knights; and after the feast, she rose, and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestible courage, she had formed a resolution not to marry any one save him who should defend the Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now, this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for, although the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the good Lord James of Douglas. At last, a brave young Knight started up and said, that for the love of that lady, he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the King pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant Knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas at last, by a stratagem, induced him to venture out with a part of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison.

Lord Norbury holds lands adjoining Dean. His Lordship's cattle having trespassed on his neighbour, the Rev. Dean had the damage valued by the parish appraisers under the late Trespass Act, and sent his Lordship the bill, with a polite letter, in which he stated that he did not value the amount of the compensation; but as it should be charged to his Lordship's care-taker, it would make him more cautious in future; to which he received the following laconic reply:—

"My dear Dean,—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us.  
Yours,  
Norbury."

FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK.

The Members of the Benevolent Irish Society, celebrated the festival of their tutelar Saint, by giving a splendid entertainment at Miss Ward's hotel, which was in every respect worthy of the day.—The large room was adorned with the transparencies of St. Patrick, Britannia, Charity, and the Arms of His Excellency the Governor, and various flags, festooned with much elegance and taste.

At 6 o'clock, the company, to the number of 113 persons, including the elite of the professional and mercantile rank, worth, and intelligence of the town, sat down to a dinner, which consisted of the choicest viands and wines that could be procured. The First Assistant of the Society, EDWARD KIELLEY, Esq., Surgeon, presided; supported on the right by the Hon. Chief Justice BRENTON, and on the left by the Hon. Judge DES BARRES; while, on either side, were arranged the other distinguished guests of the Society, Civil, Military, and Naval, of high rank in the various public departments, with the exception of the Hon. Judge PATTERSON, Colonel BURKE, C. B., the Hon. A. H. BROOKING, and JOHN BACON, Esq., Chief Magistrate, who were prevented by ill health from honouring the Society with their company.—The Vice President's chair was efficiently filled by the Second Assistant, Mr. BECK.

After the removal of the cloth, the following toasts and sentiments were given from the Chair, accompanied with the appropriate airs, played in superior style by the private band of His Excellency the Governor, which His Excellency had, in a manner that awakened the most grateful feelings in the mind of every member of the Society, tendered the use of for the evening's entertainment.

"His Majesty King George the Fourth." Four times four.—*God save the King.*  
 "The pious and immortal memory of St. Patrick."—*Patrick's Day.*

The Chairman here rose, and requested an overflowing bumper; he was about to propose the health of their excellent Governor—the liberal supporter of every charity, and the only Governor who ever strenuously exerted himself to bring into notice our long neglected Colony;—he then gave

"Our beloved Governor Sir Thomas John Cochrane, Patron of the Benevolent Irish Society."—Three times three.—*Governor's March.*

"The Army and Navy."—*Britons strike home.*  
 "The Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and prosperity to the Emerald Isle."—Three times three.—*Excite of Erin.*

"The Honourable Richard Alexander Tucker."—Three times three.—*Home, sweet home.*

"The Honourable Chief Justice Brenton, and the Judges of our Supreme Court."—Three times three.—*Balance a Straw.*

Chief Justice BRENTON said,—On the part of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Island, I have to offer to you our acknowledgments for the honour you have done us, in drinking our healths.—It gives me, I assure you, Gentlemen, sincere pleasure again to meet you for the celebration of the festival of your tutelar saint; and my satisfaction, on this occasion, is greatly enhanced, by reflecting that I have the honour to be the guest of a Society so distinguished for its active benevolence, and for its unwearied exertions in the relief of human suffering. To possess the means, and, at the same time, to have the inclination, as you have, to do good, is indeed a high privilege, and one for which those who enjoy it, whether individuals or public bodies, cannot be sufficiently grateful to the Giver of all good, for thus being made, by Him, the instruments of dispensing his bounty to his distressed creatures.—To your Society, Gentlemen, is eminently due the merit of having led the way in the work of charity, in this Island; and for that example of liberality afforded by them, which has always characterized their proceedings, in administering to the wants, and in relieving the distresses of their poorer brethren, without distinction of country, party, sect, or religion. By this wise and judicious application of your funds, you have, without doubt, materially contributed to lessen the mass of human calamity at all times subsisting amongst us;—and, although much remains, and must, I fear, always remain, as incident to the nature of our population, it is, still, consolatory to observe, that a prospect is now opening upon us of this evil being further lessened, from the public-spirited and patriotic exertions of those praiseworthy individuals who have lately stood forward in order to form a Society for the express purpose of bettering the condition and improving the moral habits of one meritorious class of the community.—When once habits of industry and economy are established amongst us,—and, as such I have no doubt

the beneficial results of the Society to which I have alluded—much of the present distress prevailing in our lower classes will, necessarily, subside;—and, I trust I am not too sanguine in anticipating, when, under the present liberal and enlightened administration of the Government of this Colony, whose unceasing object, we all know, has been its improvement and welfare, powerfully aided, as I am sure it will be, by the public bodies already formed, or which may hereafter be established among us, we shall witness a remarkable change and improvement, not only in the face and appearance of the country, but in the character, habits, and condition of its inhabitants;—when the energies, capabilities, and resources of both the one and the other being duly developed, fully called forth, and properly directed, we shall begin to assume that rank which we ought to hold in the scale of the Colonies, and when we shall be considered, as we are justly entitled to be, by His Majesty's Government at home, as one of the most, if not the most important, as we undoubtedly are the most ancient, of all His Majesty's Colonial possessions.

When this period shall arrive, and I look forward to it as by no means distant, the greatest part of the misery and wretchedness which we now see amongst the poorer classes of the community, will disappear; and although human life, under any improvement which may be effected in the frame of our Society, must, and always will, make large demands upon our compassion, these demands will, it may be expected, be confined to such cases of extreme distress, arising from old age, accident, sickness, and infirmity, as are incident to every community; and which, whenever they occur with us, will never want for prompt and effectual relief, as long as the Benevolent Irish Society subsists. That it long may subsist and prosper, that it may continue to be patronised and supported by a generous and discerning public, and never want the power or the disposition to distribute and to do good, as they now do, is my sincere wish;—and, with the permission of the Chair, I will embody this wish in a toast, including in it the sentiment so admirably expressed by our excellent Chief Justice, in his reply to your parting address to him:

"Prosperity to the Benevolent Irish Society, and health and happiness to its individual members; and whilst benevolently administering to the wants of others, may they never know or feel want themselves."

The PRESIDENT rose to return thanks, on behalf of the Benevolent Irish Society. After the flattering manner in which the Honourable Chief Justice had spoken of their Institution, he had more reason than ever to regret the absence of their talented Vice President, Mr. Lawler, whose recent misfortune had deprived them of his company, on that evening, and placed him in the situation which he then had the high honour to fill. For his own part, he was completely overpowered by the delightful sensations which at that moment pervaded his breast—feelings in which, he was confident, his brother members equally participated—at hearing such encomiums from one so proverbial for his public and private charities. To merit and obtain the good opinion and countenance of the good and great, with the blessings of the poor, was, and he hoped would ever continue to be, the dearest wish of their hearts. He knew no more appropriate method of acknowledging their thanks, than by giving the Honourable Judge three cheers.

The whole company then immediately rose, and continued cheering, with the greatest enthusiasm, for several minutes.

"The Right Rev. Dr. Inglis and his Clergy."—Three times three.—*Lead points of Belief.*

Rev. Mr. CARRINGTON briefly returned thanks.

"The Right Rev. Dr. Scallan and his Clergy."—Three times three.—*Let Erin remember the days of old.*

Dr. SCALLAN regretted, most sincerely, that the state of his health prevented him from conveying, as he could wish, his sincere thanks for the honour which had been done his clergymen and himself; but he begged they would rest assured, that nothing could be more gratifying them, than the approbation of so highly respectable an assembly as that he then addressed.

"Our late worthy Chief Justice Forbes."—Three times three.—*Joy be with him.*

"Colonel Burke and the Garrison."—*British Grenadiers.*

Colonel VIGOREUX tendered the acceptance of his thanks on behalf of Colonel Burke and the Garrison, for the compliment which had been paid them.

"Sir Charles Ogle and the North American Squadron."—*Battle of the Nile.*

Lieut. BISHOP, of his H. M. B. *Manly*, rose and said,—Mr. President—In rising to return thanks for the honour you have done me, by drinking the health of Sir Charles Ogle and the Squadron on the North American Station, (of which Squadron I form a part) I can only most truly regret, that if it had fallen to the lot of an individual so humble, both in rank and merit,

as myself, to return those thanks;—but, I am certain, when I have the pleasure of repeating to my Admiral, Sir Charles Ogle, the honour that has been done to the Squadron, he will regret, more than I am able to express, that he was not himself present to thank you for that honour. It is, I dare say, known to most of you, Gentlemen, that sailors, generally speaking, (the British Navy more especially) are more noted for action than words; but, in whatever part of the globe the services of my country may call me—in whatever station, either of public or private life, I may be placed—I shall always, Gentlemen, bear about me the most grateful recollections of the honour this night done to the Squadron and myself;—and these recollections will be more enhanced, when I remember, that the honour has been bestowed by that portion of the British nation, which may justly be termed, without any fear of contradiction or exaggeration, "the bravest of the brave."

John Broom, Esq. and the Magistrates.—*Ere around the huge Oak.*

Mr. BLAKE, on behalf of the Magistrates, felt deeply grateful for the flattering manner in which their healths had been toasted; and hoped they would continue to deserve such valued testimonials of public approbation; he concluded by proposing the health of—

"Captain BRUCE, R. N., our Colonial Secretary."—Three times three.—*Air, Sprig of Shillelagh.*

"Lieut. General Murray and Major M'Braire, Vice Patrons of our Society."—Three times three.—*Bard's Legacy.*

Mr. HENRY SHEA here rose, and said,—Mr. President—As an officer of long standing in the Society, I crave the privilege of interrupting, for a few moments, the regular routine of the established toasts for the evening, and to solicit the introduction, in this place, of a particular toast—by way of parenthesis—and when I inform you of the object and cause of this inroad in your arrangement, I flatter myself I shall stand excused for the liberty I have taken.—It relates to the high respect and gratitude which our Institution owes to a distinguished public character in this town—whose absence from us, this day, I sincerely regret,—but, Mr. President, absent or present, I trust our good friends will never have cause to complain of our neglect or forgetfulness; and I almost rejoice that these obligations remained undischarged and uncancelled to the present period—as, I think, Sir, you will coincide fully in this opinion with me, that St. Patrick's night is the finest day in the whole year to pay, and wipe off, old incumbrances—particularly before such a host of noble evidences.—In lately looking over the records of our first transactions in the Society, they brought to my mind many pleasing and endearing associations; and, amongst them, I was reminded that the Gentleman, whose name I shall have the honour of announcing to you immediately, had been one of the select band of public guests who graced and ornamented the celebration of our first festival in 1806; and that he has (with the exception of two or three), on every successive festival, honoured our entertainments with his presence: he is the only member of that distinguished body now remaining in this Island; and, what is of much additional importance to a charitable concern, he has, annually, from the year of the formation of our Institution to the present time, contributed most handsomely and liberally to its funds. It is, therefore, with much pleasure and sincere good will, I beg to propose—

"The health and long life of the Honourable Arthur Holdsworth Brooking, with as many honours as can be poured and showered down upon the name."—Three times three.—*My friend and pitcher.*

Mr. T. HOLDSWORTH BROOKING said,—Mr. President—In general I consider that it is sufficient for every man to answer for himself; but, on the present occasion, I am not less actuated by a sense of duty, than by an ardent feeling of affection and veneration for my esteemed and near relative, whose health you have just drunk, in getting up to offer, in his name, the best acknowledgments of a warm and grateful heart, for the honour which you have done him;—nor can I refrain from tendering to the worthy Gentleman, Mr. Shea, (one of the oldest members of your Society present) many thanks for the handsome manner in which he introduced the toast to your notice; and to you, Gentlemen, I feel indebted for the cordial reception you have given it.—In this town, where my honourable relative, (whom I shall ever revere) has resided nearly twenty-six years, it is unnecessary for me to dilate upon his various amiable qualities and goodness of heart; but I will unhesitatingly declare, such is his disposition, that whenever an opportunity has been afforded him to perform a benevolent or charitable action, he has readily and cheerfully embraced it.—I regret that he did not feel equal to attend your festival this day; but I will confidently assure you, that, although absent in person, his heart is with you in the cause of charity.—Mr. BROOKING then requested permission

of the Vice President to give a toast, and proposed—

"The health of the worthy Chairman, Mr. KIELLEY," in a bumper, with three times three.—*Hymn of Glen.*

The PRESIDENT again rose and said,—This additional compliment from friends whom he valued so highly, made him quite a bankrupt in words to express his heartfelt thanks, either to the proposer of his health, for the flattering terms in which he had introduced it, or to the company, for the cordial manner in which they had acknowledged it. He was bound by many endearing ties to this benevolent community in which but one feeling prevailed;—who should render to suffering humanity the greatest acts of kindness.

"Patrick Morris, Esq., President of our Society."—Three times three.—*Cashlan chree.*

Mr. JAMES KENT rose and said,—Mr. President—I rise, with alacrity, to the performance of a most pleasing duty—that of returning thanks on the part of my nearest relation and best friend, for this public manifestation of your much valued approbation. I did not anticipate such rapturous applause; it has filled me with emotions to which I cannot give utterance. As for the individual whose health you have enthusiastically drunk, when he hears of the proceedings of this night, he will be more grateful than even you can imagine, and have far more to say than I can express. For all his exertions in your favour, you have splendidly rewarded him;—though absent, you have thrice re-elected him your President; but you are aware, that absence can cause no diminution in his friendship for your invaluable Institution;—you are aware that its interests are as dear to him as his own;—that neither time nor distance can obliterate the remembrance of that sacred shrine where charity sits enthroned, surrounded and supported by all that is lovely, venerable, and dignified—by all that is generous and just.—It is the pride and boast of the Benevolent Irish Society, that that last sad refuge of distressed and suffering humanity, is afforded, without distinction of country or creed, to the afflicted offspring of hopeless and helpless penury. Though Mr. Morris was not one of the patriotic few who watched over your Institution's infancy, yet he fostered its youth, rejoiced at its maturity, and to raise it to even a more elevated station than it now holds, is the proudest and dearest wish of his heart. While conveying to you my thanks, allow me to add, that this is the last time our absent friend will require from me, or from any one, a repetition of this duty; for long before the return of our annual festival, we shall greet our President on the shores of Newfoundland. Convinced, as I am, of the inutility of saying much on a subject which appears to be deeply felt by all—convinced, as I am, of my inability to do justice, either to my own, or Mr. Morris's feelings, on this interesting occasion—I will conclude with a brief, but fervid reiteration of my sincere thanks, and with an assurance that, however unforeseen occurrences may affect the future destiny of Mr. Morris,

"He'll never forget the bright vision which threw its enchantments around him while lingering with you."

"The memory of the Right Rev. Drs. O'Donnell and Lambert, Capt. William Tonge, and Joseph Church, founders of the Benevolent Irish Society."—Standing in silence. *Oh! breathe not his name.*

"The fair daughters of Terra Nova."—Three times three.—*To Ladies' eyes around, b'ys.*

Mr. JOHN SHEA being loudly called for, rose to offer his acknowledgments on behalf of his fair countrywomen, whom he also took occasion to eulogize in a fervid manner.

[We regret that it is not in our power to give the whole of this gentleman's speech, the manuscript of it having been purloined from the office by a *chere ami* of our DEVIL.]

"The land we live in; and prosperity to its Fisheries and Agriculture."—Three times three.—*Banks of Newf. uadland.*

"The Sons of St. George, and Old England."—Three times three.—*Hearts of Oak.*

Mr. T. HOLDSWORTH BROOKING, being loudly called for, rose and said:—

Mr. President—Called upon by my friends and countrymen encouraged by those strong indications of their favour and support, and animated with the spirit of patriotism—I rise to offer the best thanks of the Sons of St. George, for the honour which you have just conferred upon them, and to acknowledge, in the name of my country, this renewed proof of your regard for, and attachment to, Old England.

Mr. President—It is now exactly twelve months ago since I first addressed this Society, and ventured to predict those great advantages to the poor children of the town, which have since been produced;—that new branch of your Institution—the Orphan Asylum School.—A few days only have elapsed since I, in company with a particular friend, now present, had the pleasure to witness a public examination of the children, and to see, almost such a satisfaction

being enabled to bear testimony to the great progress made, by many of the pupils of that respectable seminary, in various branches of education.

Mr. Brooking then gave "The Vice-President, Mr. Beck." Three times three. Paddy O'Rafferty.

Mr. Beck expressed his grateful thanks, both for the manner in which his health had been proposed, and the very gratifying reception it had met with from the company.

The health of Thomas Holdsworth Brooking, Esq. Three times three. Crusheen Lavan.

Mr. T. Holdsworth Brooking rose, and briefly returned thanks for the unexpected honour conferred upon him.

The health of the Stewards, who provided the sumptuous entertainment, which all present had enjoyed.

Doctor SLEA returned thanks. If his brother Stewards and himself could possibly require a greater reward for their exertions, than the flattering compliment which had just been paid them, a more than ample recompense would be found in the harmony and good-fellowship which they had witnessed that night.

The health of their excellent hostess, Miss Ward, in a bumper, with three times three.

The Sons of St. Andrew, and the Land of Cakes. Three times three. Scots who h.e.

After this toast there was a general call for Mr. Boyd, who said:

Mr. President, I had hoped that, to return you thanks for the honour you have conferred on my countrymen and myself, by toasting our health, it would have fallen to the lot, if not of an older individual in the room, or a person longer resident among you, to one better able to give expression to his feelings on the occasion than I am; but since it appears to be the wish of my friends that I should do so, I obey the call, and now offer you our most sincere and warm acknowledgments of your kindness.

At the same time, beg to assure you, that the Sons of St. Andrew will ever be happy in possessing the good wishes and opinion of so respectable a body as the Benevolent Irish Society: a Society, whether we estimate its value by the individual worth, in private life, of those who compose it, or by their united efforts, as its members, in alleviating with our distinction, the distress of their fellow-creatures, equally entitled to the praise and admiration of all who lay claim to the character of good or great.

I saw your Society in its infancy. I have observed it in its growth, and in its maturity I witness, unaltered, the genuine philanthropy in character, and the same feeling of "good will towards men," that it set out with.

The aged and infirm, the destitute and poor, were, I believe, originally, the objects of your Society's attention, but the value of education has not been overlooked by its members.

The Orphan Asylum School now loudly proclaims to the world, that the Benevolent Irish Society, while it provided nourishment for the bodies of the old, had not forgotten that nurture was also necessary for the minds of the young.

Not having had the pleasure of being present at the late examination of the scholars, I cannot, like my friend, who has just spoken on the part of the Sons of St. George, tell you of the gratification such an exhibition afforded, or the admiration it was calculated to excite; but, Gentlemen, I will tell you what I have seen for the last twenty years.

I have seen the hungry fed, the naked clothed, the young reared, the old comforted, the aged, infirm, and destitute, provided for, if natives among ourselves, and if of other countries, and wishing to go hence, afforded the means of so doing: all this I have seen unostentatiously done by the Benevolent Irish Society of St. John's.

gentleman, as one who has often experienced it in admiration, nor do I ever wish to figure as a flatterer; but if such deeds are not deserving of being recorded in the language of panegyric, I know not what are.

Gentlemen, as one who has often experienced it at your board, I might say much of the hospitality of Irishmen, had not the sentiment become proverbial all over the world.

I am sure the Sons of St. Andrew can bear ample testimony to its truth here; and the time, I fondly hope, is not far distant, when they will have opportunity afforded them of offering the Sons of St. Patrick proofs, more substantial than words will convey, of their recollection of the many favours they have received at their hands.

Nothing that I might say of it, Gentlemen, could possibly raise your Society higher than it now proudly stands in the estimation of the people of Newfoundland.

I shall, therefore, only express the sincere hope, that as it was among the earliest, if not the very first charitable Institution in the land—although others are now rapidly rising around it—so may it continue to prosper, and be the last to fall into decay.

"Thomas Moore, the Bard of Erin."—Oh! blame not the Bard.

Mr. PATRICK MULLOWNEY, being here called for, immediately rose and said:

Mr. President,—However feeble my abilities are, and though limited my literary attainments may be, I cannot remain deaf to the voice of those Gentlemen who have been pleased to call on me, nor can I remain unmoved when I hear the health of my country's Bard toasted with such enthusiasm, not only by Irishmen, on whom he has a national claim, but by their distinguished and respected guests, Gentlemen of other countries, whose presence adds dignity to our festive board.

In replying, then, on the part of that inspired Laurel of Freedom, permit me to say, that, whether we admire him for his ability as a poet, or his loyalty as a patriot, he is equally entitled to our regard, and truly deserving of the respect which the sons of Hibernia and the admirers of genius never fail to pay him at their public festivities.

Were I, Gentlemen, to enter into a detail of the many claims he has on Irish gratitude, I know it would be trespassing too much on the precious time with which you indulge me; I shall, therefore, content myself by saying, that to him we are indebted for the revival of those ancient, untroubled airs, and the sublime, patriotic, and pathetic songs he has applied to them, which are calculated to inspire us, not only with a love for the Bard, but also, with a love of Country, a love of Honour, and a love for Civil and Religious Liberty, which I hope and trust we shall soon enjoy; and then, indeed, will be verified that consoling prediction of Ireland's favourite Bard:

"The nation have fallen, and thou still art young, Thy sun is but rising when others are set, And the slaver's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung, The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet!

Erin! oh, Erin! tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!"

"Our worthy Guests." Three times three.—Welcome here again.

Mr. T. BENNETT being called for, rose to tender the acceptance of his thanks on behalf of the guests. He was sure the minds of his friends were, like her own, sensibly alive to the genial flow of national feeling, which had prevailed throughout the evening, and to the kind hospitality which had been shown by the sons of St. Patrick, to those of St. Andrew and St. George; and, in conclusion, proposed a sentiment, the justice and equity of which, he was confident, would be felt by all present; it was—

"Civil and Religious Liberty throughout the world." Three times three, and great cheering.

"The Benevolent Irish Society of Conception Bay, and the Charitable Institutions of this Island."—Begger Girl.

"Absent Members."—Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour.

After the regular toasts of the evening had been gone through, the following volunteers were given from the Chair, and drunk in brimmers:—

"Our worthy Vice President, Stephen Lawler, Esq."

"Our late Vice President, Aaron Hogsett, Esq. a safe and speedy passage to him."

"The Attorney General, James Simms, Esq., the liberal friend and supporter of our Institution."

"George Richard Robinson, Esq., M. P., the zealous and indefatigable assertor of this country's rights."

"Marmaduke Hart, Esq., London."

"James Stuart, Esq., of Greenock."

"The Amateurs of St. John's."

"Old Ireland, as she ought to be."

During the night several excellent and appropriate songs were sung. The arrangements of the Stewards excited universal approbation, and not a single circumstance occurred to disturb, for a moment, the hilarity and good feeling which every one appeared to enjoy.

The company continued to retire, successively, until six o'clock on St. Patrick's day.

morning, at which hour, we understand, a few of the campaigners might have been seen, as usual, piously and patriotically employed, in "drowning the sham-rock."

An extraordinary occurrence, which had nearly been attended with the most fatal results, took place at the wharf of Messrs. Baine, Johnson & Co., on the morning of Saturday last.

It is customary with many ship-masters, as our readers are aware, to discharge a gun upon receiving on board the last parcel of fish or of oil to complete their cargo; and in compliance with this custom, on board the brig Mary & Eliza, on the morning alluded to, the gun (a 4-pounder, we believe) burst, and in the tremendous explosion, some of the pieces were thrown to a very considerable height in the air.

One of these fragments, in its descent, passed through the roof of Mr. Kydd's shop, and another, weighing three or four pounds, alighted upon and perforated the gallery immediately behind the shop of Mr. Cliff, one of whose sons had, at the precise moment of its descending, run to the door to ascertain the cause of so extraordinary a report, and who therefore very narrowly escaped destruction.

It is remarkable that, although there were several labourers on the wharf at the time the piece was discharged, not a single individual received the slightest hurt; and it is, perhaps, still more strange that not a vestige of the gun or of the carriage remained to be seen after the explosion, either on board the vessel or upon the wharf, the whole of the fragments having been literally "scattered to the winds."

—Ledger.

Custom House, St. John's, 12th March, 1829.

Sir, Having received new orders and instructions from the Honourable the Board of Customs, we beg to acquaint you, for the information of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Trade in general, that in the importation of goods of all descriptions, whether liable to duties or not, the Importer or Consignee is required to deliver Bills of Entry to the Collector and Comptroller, in which the date of entry, the vessel's and master's names, and the place from whence the importation is made, are to be inserted, together with a description of the packages, their marks, numbers, contents, and value in sterling, and that no kind of goods can be landed until such Bills of Entry have been delivered, and a warrant granted for that purpose; nor can the baggage of passengers be landed, unless due entry thereof be made, and permission given.

On the exportation of goods, Bills of Entry outwards, in the manner and form as above, are to be delivered by each shipper before the goods are laden, and the goods so entered outwards are not to be shipped without a warrant or licence, and should any goods, entered for exportation, have been imported into this Island, the date of importation, the names of the vessel and master, and the place from whence such goods were imported, are to be inserted, and if dutiable goods, it is to be stated whether the duties have been paid or not, and if paid, by whom the payment was made.

And we have further to acquaint you, that we are directed to receive a deposit on passing the entry, or to cause a deposit to be made.

We have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient Servants,

A. H. BROOKING, Collector, GEORGE BAILY, Comptroller.

T. H. Brooking, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Shipping Intelligence. CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's, 12th March, 1829.

CLEARED. March 31.—Brig Mary & Eliza, Doe, St. Vincent's Is., Brig Shubencadee, Bartlett, G. sails, ditto.

Eighty-eight vessels have been cleared from this harbour for the ice—5452 tons—navigated by 1716 men.—Five from 100 to 120 tons; seven from 80 to 100 tons; thirty-eight from 60 to 80 tons; thirty-eight under 60 tons.

Notices. REQUIRED for His Majesty's Ordnance Works, Royal Engineer Department, viz.:

Contract for Excavating the Foundation for the AREA WALL, &c. &c., round the New Government-House.

The Specification and Plan of the Work to be performed may be seen, by applying to Mr. HADDOX, Clerk of Works New Government-House.

Such persons as are willing to Contract for the above-mentioned work, are requested to send Sealed Tenders (in triplicate) to this Office, on or before MONDAY, the 30th instant, at noon.—Payment to be made in Sterling.

C. W. BEVERLEY, Commissariat Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, 23d March, 1829.

All Persons holding Leases under Government for Lots of Ground in the town of St. John's, known by the name of Fishing Ships' Rooms, are hereby notified that their respective premises will undergo an inspection between the 5th and 12th days of April next, by persons duly authorized to examine and report on their state, in terms of the conditions annexed or contained in the said leases.

Surveyor-General's Office, 24th March, 1829.

PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, Knight, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, and Vice Admiral of the same.

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the fifth year of His Majesty's Reign, intitled "An Act for the better Administration of Justice in Newfoundland, and for other purposes," it is declared and enacted, that the Circuit Courts for this Colony shall be holden in each year at such times, and at such one or more places or places, within each of the three Districts of the said Colony, as the Governor or Acting Governor, for the time being, of Newfoundland shall from time to time direct and appoint:—

Now I, the GOVERNOR, do therefore, by this my Proclamation, direct and appoint that the Circuit Court for the Central District of the said Colony shall be holden at St. John's, on Wednesday the 6th day of May now next ensuing, and continue its sittings thence and until Tuesday the 16th day of June following, inclusive:—

And that the Circuit Court for the Southern District shall be holden as follows, viz.:

At Barin, on Wednesday the 6th May; At Placentia, on Thursday the 14th May; And at Bayreid, on Friday the 22d May, and until Friday the 29th day of the same month:—Provided, nevertheless, that the Judge of the said Southern Circuit Court may make, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to make such convenient alterations in the said times or days, or in any of the places hereinbefore specified, as to him may seem absolutely requisite or expedient for the public good.

And of these presents all Magistrates, the Sheriff and his Deputies, and all Bailiffs, Constables, Keepers of Gaols, and other Officers in the execution of their offices about the premises, and all and singular other persons whom it doth, shall, or may concern, are hereby required and commanded to take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government-House, St. John's, Newfoundland, the 23d day of March, 1829, in the 10th year of His Majesty's Reign.

By Command of His Excellency, J. TEMPLEMAN, Pro Secretary.

On Sale. Michael Scanlan, 40 Puncheons Rum, 15 Ditto Molasses, 30 Boxes mould Candles.

March 26.—47

To be Let. On Lease for a Term of Years, and immediate possession given.

All that commodious and substantial Dwelling House, large Retail Shop, Out-houses, &c. &c. late in the occupancy of Mr. WARNER, Surgeon, deceased, pleasantly and conveniently situated near the King's Beach, in this town.—The house is built of brick, in the best manner, and is in every respect well adapted for the residence of a genteel family: it consists of a large Dining-room, Parlour, Drawing-room, and four or five Bed-chambers, together with a convenient Kitchen, and front-proof Cellars extending under the whole of the building.—The Shop is well fitted up, and in an excellent situation for a Retail Business, and having apartments adjoining and over it sufficient to form a commodious and distinct Dwelling, would be let separately from the brick house, if required.—For further particulars, apply to

CHARLES SIMMS, Attorney for Mr. Thomas Shanklin, March 26.

And immediate possession given.

Convenient Dwelling House in Duckworth Street, fronting the Church, and adjoining the New Inn, and now undergoing a thorough repair.—Apply to

CHARLES SIMMS, Attorney for Atwood & Hamlet, March 26.

And immediate Possession given.

THAT commodious VILLA, pleasantly situated on Hawthorn Hill, lately in the occupancy of George Washington Busted, Esq., with spacious Out-houses, Garden, &c., and about five acres of Land in a good state of cultivation.

Apply to PATRICK MORRIS, March 5.

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



Poets' Corner.

TO A WOOD DOVE.

Which fled, at the approach of the writer, from a ruined tower of the Abbey, in the vicarage garden, at Tavistock.

BY MRS. BRAY, AUTHOR OF DE FOIX, &c.

Oh! fly not away silly dove from thy nest;  
No footstep is mine to intrude;  
Return to thine ivy-built covert of rest,  
And cherish thy soft feathered brood.  
But here, pretty bird, prithee make thee thy bower,  
Thou shalt find it a shelter of love;  
In this old abbey wall, near you grey mantled tower,  
Where the ivy is nodding above.  
Yes—there, when the wind sighs in sad, fitful moans,  
While Tavy rolls dark through the dell,  
Fast foaming along o'er the flood-beaten stones,  
Thou shalt nestle secure in thy cell.  
Or when at grey eve, on the still summer night,  
Whilst the clouds in soft livery shine,  
Oh, then, pretty wood dove, bend hither thy flight,  
And the care to protect thee be mine.  
Here no fowler shall harm thee, no harsh sounds intrude,  
Thou shalt list to the notes of thy mate—  
Thou shalt hear but the chirps of thy young tender brood,  
So blest in their innocent state.  
Still thou wander'st abroad on thy light silver'd wings,  
From her who would shelter thy nest;  
Oh! turn thee again, ere thine folly brings  
A wound on that beautiful breast.  
Oh! how oft in this life, foolish dove, like thy flight,  
We shun whom we ought to attend;  
For the smiles of the world, for its follies so light,  
We leave the warm heart of a friend.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See, how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
And, having swell'd a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity!

BRUSSELS.—NAPOLEON.

There are a great many English residing here, and several of them have very pleasant country houses in the vicinity. The road through the Allee Verte to the Palace of Laeken, about three miles off, is truly delightful, and very great improvements have been made near this place since 1815.

The Palace of Laeken is nearly in the same state as it was when Napoleon and Marie Louise spent a part of the honey-moon in this Imperial chateau. I happened to be in Brussels at this same period, and witnessed a few circumstances relating to this extraordinary man which are unknown—at least I have never seen any account of them in the numerous publications that have appeared. You will, perhaps, feel an interest in the following desultory and short narrative. Almost immediately after Napoleon's marriage with the daughter of the Austrian Monarch he resolved to pay a visit to Belgium—induced, no doubt, by his young wife, who wished to spend a few days in a palace that had been occupied by Princes of her own family. Immense preparations were made by the people of Brussels to receive the Imperial hero in a proper manner. A triumphal arch was erected at the gate of Anderlecht, through which he was to enter: flowers and rushes were strewed over the streets leading to Laeken. He arrived at seven in the evening, escorted by 150 Chasseurs and Grenadiers on horseback; and to the great disappointment of hundreds of thousands, who had flocked from all parts of the country to obtain a sight of the great man, he did not condescend to show himself to the public, but had lowered the blinds of the carriage-windows, and had previously given orders to gallop the horses through the town, and not stop a moment on the road. This extraordinary conduct of the Emperor, which at the moment we could not account for, was explained on the following day.—When M. La Tour du Pin, the Prefect, and the Authorities, came to pay their homage, they were received with the greatest coldness; and the Emperor told them, *sans ceremonie*, that he was extremely dissatisfied with the behaviour of the Belgians when the English took possession of Walcheren, and Lord Chatham had nearly become the master of Antwerp. The following words were made use of by him upon the occasion—a particular friend of mine, a Secretary of M. La Tour du Pin, who was present, took them down in short-hand. Napoleon, walking up and down the room in which the Authorities were assembled, in an agitated manner, thus addressed them:—"You have disgraced the name of Frenchmen. You ought to have risen *en masse*, and have driven those perfidious Islanders (the English) from your shores. Are you discontent because you belong to France? Would you wish to be again under the dominion of Spain and Austria? Why, you belong geographically to my empire, the same language, the same manners unite you to France; neither rivers, nor mountains separate you from her. But

I know the people love France; they have been led astray by your priests, who dislike me. Let these men beware how they meddle with temporal affairs. I have it in my power to stop their intrigues, and they may be certain I will not lose sight of them. I am assured they will not pray for me, and that in many churches the *Salvum fac imperatorem* is omitted. I heed not their prayers. I again say, let them beware." Immediately afterwards Napoleon retired, and left the Authorities quite petrified at the extraordinary reception they had met with. I expressed a wish to one of my friends, Doctor T., who accompanied the Emperor from Paris, to procure me the means to get a sight of him. The Doctor informed me that the following day the Emperor would go out on horseback at an early hour, and if I called at the Palace of Laeken before five in the morning, he would take care that orders should be left at the gate to admit me into the Park. I was punctual to the time, and knowing what part of the Palace was occupied by the Emperor, was proceeding towards the eastern side, which, however, I did not expect to be permitted by the sentinels to approach within twenty yards, when crossing a small shrubbery that reaches the very walls of the Palace, I was accosted by a man, who, in an abrupt manner, asked me how far the prison of Vilvoorde was from Laeken? Three or four miles, was my reply. At what hour does the *treik-schuyt* (the barge) pass opposite the chateau? At nine in the morning. At what part of the Scheldt does the canal enter it?—Within a few miles of Antwerp. Annoyed by these questions, which were put in an uncivil kind of way, I had turned from the interrogator, and was advancing towards the chateau, when a young and handsome female, holding a paper in her hand, passed by me with haste, and approaching the individual whom I had just left, she threw herself on her knees before him. He raised her kindly, took the paper, and said in a mild tone, "I will attend to your petition." It was now evident that I had been speaking to the mighty monarch of nearly all Europe. I was only a few yards from him when this circumstance occurred, and immediately taking off my hat, I waited in the expectation that some new question would be put to me. But Napoleon walked slowly forwards, and did not say a word; as he passed me he made a slight inclination of the head, and entered the chateau. I accompanied the young lady to the gate of the Palace. Her name was O'Reilly, and her father, who was then in the Irish brigade, had lost the whole of his property during the Revolution, and her petition was for the purpose of obtaining a part of it back. She had an audience a few weeks after this of the Duke of Bassano, who told her that the Emperor had given orders to the Treasury to pay her father a considerable indemnity for the losses he had sustained.

Napoleon came to the sudden resolution of proceeding towards Antwerp by the canal, and, in consequence, one of the barges (*treik-schuyt*) was hired for himself and suite. I heard of this circumstance the previous night, and determined to accompany the barge on horseback. The Emperor and Empress entered the barge at eight in the morning; chairs were prepared for them upon the deck. Napoleon sat opposite to his young bride, and no more than two feet from each other. The canal being extremely narrow, I was able to observe every motion. The Emperor was dressed differently from his usual costume; he wore a dark-green uniform, epaulettes, a small cross of the Legion of Honour, white kersey-mere small-clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buttons; he was occupied until he arrived at a place called Trois Fontaines, in conversing with his Generals, and occasionally putting questions to the Prefect. The distance from Laeken to Trois Fontaines, is not more than three miles, and during this journey, which took up more than half an hour, I observed the Emperor open his snuff-box fourteen different times. Marie Louise, who, as I stated, sat exactly opposite to him, stretched out her hand, and removed, in a gentle manner, some small particles of snuff that remained upon his uniform. On the two first occasions, he showed no return for her kindness, but making an attempt for the third time to remove the snuff, he moved his chair from her, and appeared displeased.—There is a lock on the canal at Trois Fontaines—the barge entered it, and, by some mistake, it took up ten minutes before the water found its proper level. During the whole of this time, the Emperor appeared extremely agitated, and looked at his watch almost every minute. When the barge had proceeded some distance, it was then nearly noon, Napoleon, placing his hand over his shoulder, beckoned to the Grand Master of the palace to approach; the words he addressed to the officer I could not of course hear, but as the latter proceeded to execute the order, I observed that he looked extremely confused, as if not knowing what course to pursue. The truth was, as I afterwards learned, the Emperor had asked for a glass of wine. The table of the Emperor, in whatever place he might happen to be, was always supplied with wine brought from the Tuilleries; but, upon this occasion, in the hurry of embarking, no imperial wine had been put into the barge. The embarrassment of the officer may be easily conceived. Napoleon was not a man who would receive excuses on account of forgetfulness. No time was to be lost; the Grand Master went down into the cabin, and, calling for the steward, asked if he had any Bordeaux wine; he was answered in the affirmative, but that the quality could not be recommended. He immediately ordered a bottle, and, on tasting it, found that it was better than he expected; another was called for—this was brought to the Emperor. I had been ignorant of what occurred within the few last minutes. It appears that it was customary to draw the cork in the presence of his Majesty, and all the bottles coming from the Tuilleries bore his initial and the imperial crown. On the approach of the officer, and whilst in the act of pouring out a

glass for the Emperor, I observed the latter cast an angry look upon the officer; his eyes flashed, and, whilst holding the glass, which was now filled, he seemed to hesitate putting it to his lips; in this way he remained a full half minute, when, as if coming to a determination, he put the glass hastily to his mouth, and swallowing off the contents at one draught, he gave back the glass to the officer, and resumed his conversation with M. La Tour du Pin.

This anecdote will, no doubt, remind your readers of Alexander the Great and his physician Philip.—It was during this journey, while passing through a village, the Mayor of which was a great admirer of the Emperor, the following curious sentence, written in large letters, and ornamented with flowers and ribbons, was conspicuously placed against the house of the worthy magistrate:—

"Celui qui a Epouse Marie Louise,  
N'a pas fait une sottise."

The Emperor laughed heartily at this loyal and poetic effusion, and, sending for the Mayor, he presented him with a gold snuff-box, and addressed him in these words:—

"Quand vous prendrez une pipe  
Souvenez-vous de Marie Louise."

Miscellaneous Articles.

BRITISH SEAMEN.—When the French fleet, supported by a Spanish squadron, were leaving Algiers, and Sir James Saumarez had hauled out of Gibraltar Mole, again to attack them, and was laying to off Europa Point, clearing for action, a small two-oared boat was seen coming off, and two men in her with white night-caps, and one tufted under the chin. They proved to be two of the *Cesar's* crew, who had been sent to the hospital, wounded in the recent action. Their own story was, "Seeing our ship get under weigh to have another touch at the fellows, we axed the doctor to let us come, but he would not; so we ran away, and took this boat from the Mole."—H. M. S. *Pompey* being disabled, could not proceed to the renewed attack. As the *Cesar* was hauling out, two of her crew clandestinely secreted themselves on board the *Cesar*; and the following day, after the two Spanish first-rates were blown up, they made their appearance on deck, and solicited the Captain, Sir Jabeel Brenton, "to speak a good word for them to their Captain." Supposing them to be *Cesar's*, he said—"Why, am not I your Captain?" "No please your honour, we belong to the *Pompey*; and, finding our ship could not come out, we stowed ourselves away here, and in the action we went to show a gun on the lower deck, and the officer will say such we behaved."

SINGULAR TRADITION.—A lecture on ancient history was lately given at Brighton by Mr. Wood, who, in speaking of Stonehenge, said it was recorded by an old writer, that Merlin commanded the devil to remove these stones from Ireland to Salisbury Plain, in one night. The stones then stood on the estate of a lady, who, as the devil suspected, objected to their removal. He, therefore, in making his request, poured out of a bag an immense quantity of gold on the table, and told her she should have as much as she could count out during the whole time the stones were being removed, provided she would consent to the condition. The lady agreed, and packing the immense masses of stone up in a napkin, he softly conveyed them across the Channel; but one corner happening to become untied, a stone slipped out and fell in a river, where it still remains, and is known by the name of "The Devil's Block." Before day-light the next morning, he had fixed all the stones upon the Plain, except one which he held in his hand; when just as he was about to place it, he said in a loud voice, "no one should be able to count them." A person who happened to be passing at the time, hearing the words, cried out, "you don't know that;" on which the devil threw the stone at him, and struck him in the heel. And there it still stands, apart from the others, with the mark of a man's heel on it. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that this old legend created a good deal of merriment.

VALUE OF A GOOD CHART.—The *March of Justice*.—The late Surgeon Justice, a native of Armagh, and a most original character, was for some time a medical assistant on board one of his Majesty's vessels of war, from which he received leave of absence whilst it was repairing at Cork. Thus released for a short period from his professional avocations, he determined to visit his friends at Armagh; and, in order to save money, he sallied forth on his journey on foot. As he proceeded, he inquired the way from time to time, and steered his course as directed, some times in a straight-forward line, but often in curves, spiral as a bottle-screw, and intricate as the Cretan Labyrinth. Surgeon Justice, however, marched on. Well on the morning of the eighth day of his peregrination, he beheld before him smoke ascending from a number of chimney-tops, and presently a large town was visible to his eyes. Surgeon Justice marched on, and beheld, in an hour, he was once more in—Cork! "Well," said the enraged Justice, "the inhabitants of this country are deceitful rascals; but they shan't gull me again; I will never more ask the scoundrels another question. Yes, I will find my way to Armagh in despite of them all, and without any aid from such humbuggers, or from mortal man." "Twas a wise and magnanimous resolution; so Surgeon Justice bought "the Traveller's Guide," with a chart of the roads, and having studied and duly digested the contents, he sallied forth once more in quest of his beloved native city, the residence of St. Patrick in days of yore. Through thick and thin, over hill and dale, Surgeon Justice marched silently on, skirting round and avoiding the great towns with in-satiable care, and taking refreshment and rest, as occasion required, in country cabins. Many a

rural traveller accosted him in his route, in Irish, with "Go de, mur, ta tu;" or, in English, with "Good morning to yees, Sir;" and "where do you come from—and where are yees going?" but Surgeon Justice, disdainful all converse, wisely shook his head, consulted his chart, and marched on. Well, early in the morning on the tenth day of his journey, he beheld through a misty atmosphere, the spire of a lofty church peeping over the haze, and suddenly a peal of silver-toned bells saluted his ear. "There are not in the world," said Surgeon Justice, "such sweet toned bells as the charming ring of Armagh Cathedral. I would know their delightful music if I were to hear it at the North Pole. I hear it now—I hear it now! Well done Dick Murray; 'tis a noble voice you bring from big Tom! I shall be with my friends in the twinkling of an eye! How will my mother rejoice to see her darling son after his long absence!" Animated with these pleasing ideas, Surgeon Justice marched on, entered the city, and, lo! he was in—Cork!!

An inquest was holden at the Magpie and Stump, St. George's in the East, on the body of Robert Mabony, an infant. The first witness called was an antiquated lady from the sister isle, who gave her name as Mrs. Eleanor O'Keefe, and between whom and the Coroner the following colloquy took place:—Coroner: Take that book (the Bible) in your right hand. Mrs. O'Keefe: Not myself, indeed; I am not fit to take the book, a poor old crater like me. Oh! but you must take the book, and be sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth to the Jury, else I must take measures to compel you.—Mrs. O'Keefe: In eed hen I won't, for you and all your power, or for any body else. Is it me who have got out of my bed to come here—pretty treatment indeed for an old woman. Sure I knows nothing at all about it, but that I saw the poor thing dying.—Coroner: I cannot receive your testimony except on oath. Will you take the book and be sworn to?—Mrs. O'Keefe: Oh, then the Devil an oath I'll take.—A Juror here remonstrated with her and said they were all obliged to swear on the same book which was offered to her. The old dame noticing the accent in which she was addressed, and perceiving it to be purely Munster, after eyeing the speaker, exclaimed "Oh, then, Mr. Brady, is it yourself that's there; God knows its yourself that would be after telling me to do a wrong thing." She then took up the sacred volume, and after being sworn in the usual form, proceeded to state that on Monday morning, about six o'clock, she was called on by the mother of the infant, who told her it was dying, and requested her to come, and she did go, and found it in the arms of its father, quite dead. A verdict of—*Natural Death*.

A NEW MODE OF RAISING THE WIND.—The trustees of a friendly society, called "The Royal Pensioners' Society," applied to the Magistrates for their assent to the repeal of one of the rules, which entitled each member to receive 6s. on the death of his wife, towards defraying funeral expenses, provided such assistance was not claimed more frequently than once in every four years; that is, that no member should become a widower oftener than every four years! In consequence of the latitude allowed by this clause, some members, tempted by the bonus, had, it appeared, contrived to bury their wives regularly within the limited time, and the means they adopted were simple—they always fixed their affections upon women whose days dwindled to the shortest span. An old bed-ridden dame of ninety had more charms in their eyes than had a blooming buxom lass of "blushing sixteen." Upon hearing the case, and receiving sufficient proof of the practice complained of, the Magistrates repealed the clause, and substituted another, by which each member, though he marry fifty wives, can only have a funeral allowance for one during his whole life.—*Plymouth Journal*.

A joke was played off upon an old member of Lloyd's Coffee-house, which was intended to break him of a very unmannerly practice. The individual generally arrives about twelve o'clock, and takes his stand before one of the fires, warming his back, which post he invariably occupies until four o'clock. A wag wrote on a slip of paper, "Hot joints from twelve to four," and attached the notice to one of the hind buttons. The gentleman, on leaving the room to go home, was rendered the object of general laughter, the joke being enjoyed most by those who have often experienced the chilling effects of this human fire-screen.

LORD DUNBOYNE.—Our readers will observe, by referring to our Law Report, that James Butler, who has been for upwards of twenty-five years a magistrate of several counties in Ireland, has recovered the title of Lord Dunboyne, which had been, in consequence of alleged outlawries, alienated from his family. Lord Dunboyne is the fourth Baron of Ireland, his ancestor, Sir Edmund Butler, having been created Baron of Dunboyne by Henry VIII. on the 11th of June, 1541. The title has been attained since 1662, in the body of James, the fourth Lord; and in 1691, in that of Pierce, the fifth Lord. Since this attainder, up to the reversal of outlawries detailed in our Report, none of the Lords have had the privileges of a Peer. To the present thirteenth Lord Baron of Dunboyne, all his hereditary honours are, by the reversal in question, restored.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

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