SPEECH OF MR. NORTH,

In the Case of O'GORMAN v. MAGEE, tried at the late Galway Assizes.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

My Lord—It naturally occurred to me, that a perusal of this case would remove the doubt by which that of Finerty *v.* Tipper is perplexed ; and as it is not reported in any of the *Nisi Prius* Reports, feeling a very strong anxiety for the success of the Defendant, I sent to London, and have been fortunate enough to procure from thence a Note of the Trial, upon the accuracy of which I think I can rely. Your Lordship will find from it, that Lord Kenyon recognized the principle contended for in the largest extent, and deemed it applicable when the Libels proved on the part of the Defendant were not on himself, but upon third persons.

[Here Mr. North read a Manuscript Report of the case to which he had referred the Court, and then proceeded.]

Gentlemen of the Jury, it was necessary for me to satisfy his Lordship of the legality of that defence on which I was proceeding to enter. Its propriety and reasonableness, I apprehend, are strikingly obvious. They do not require to be inculcated or enforced. They illustrate themselves, and any explanation would, I conceive, be an insult to your understandings. We mean, then, Gentlemen of the Jury, to prove Mr. O'Gorman himself to have published a variety of Libels of the grossest nature. Some evidence of this description I have already glanced at, in stating Mr. O'Doherty's Action ; but we shall go farther. We shall prove that Mr. O'Gorman has indulged himself, at public meetings, in laboured invectives against some of the most pure and exalted characters in the Empire, and afterwards given to those calumnies circulation and permanence, by inserting them in the Public Prints. Nay, that he has not scrupled to make this very Defendant, whom he now presumes to sue for a Libel, the object of the most unmeasured and licentious slander, representing him and his Brother, his imprisoned Brother, as false to that Cause for which they had wasted their fortunes, sacrificed their peace, offended the cautious, provoked the powerful, drawn upon their heads a legal persecution, and, at last, encountered ingratitude in every varied shape, dishonesty, injustice and desertion.

Gentlemen of the Jury—How is it, that this Plaintiff has the face to appear before you, in an Action like this? Covered with his own Libels, he complains that he is slandered. He asks reparation from the very man who is the subject of his own calumny. You or I might complain of these paragraphs. It was open to every Reader of *The Evening Post* to find fault with them, except to Mr. O'Gorman. The paradox is strange, but it admits of a solution.

Alas, Gentlemen of the Jury, Mr. O'Gorman belongs to a certain class of Politicians, who assume to themselves a sort of license to abuse every man who is distinguished in the Country by his rank, his services, or his virtue : No one is secure from their attacks—no one is shielded from the shafts of their quiver ; they have letters of marque to sink, burn, and destroy. "*Quem libet occidant populariter.*" But they themselves stand upon privileged ground. "Touch them, and no Minister so sore." No matter what have been your injuries—no matter what your provocation—you will be punished for your imprudence in an Action at Law, and carried from your homes to Kerry or to Donegal, to shew cause why you should not pay into their coffers £10,000. O, I laugh to scorn these pretended friends to liberty, who would have her of one opinion and of one party—who tolerate no errors but their own—who judge themselves by one standard, and their neighbours by another—"who are Saints in their injuries, but Devils being offended." I investigate the character of these men, and I am at a loss to discover on what ground it is they claim this immunity from censure. I cannot make out their title to this exemption. I cannot discover those high, distinguished qualities which are to give them this protection. I have long marked the course of their policy, and listened to the voice of their public Counsel. Alas, I have heard no halcyon bird breathing its notes of peace ; I have seen no Eagle Philosophy, soaring in regions of light ; I have only discerned that foul and clamorous vulture that fastens and feeds upon the wounds of a Nation, and would have its own ill boding and disastrous scream mistaken for the cry of the People whom it tortures. These, these are the men who would now make the Press the victim of their hostility, since it will no longer be the dupe of their friendship—who would destroy what they cannot dishonour and degrade. They would have the Press a poor obedient slave, to come and go at their bidding—a ready actor, to speak as they prompted ; like the false and deceitful companions of the Danish Prince, they would "sound it from its lowest note to the very top of its compass?" But, thank God, their arts are defeated, their incapacity is exposed ; it is seen that they cannot "govern its ventages," that they "cannot command its stops to any utterance of harmony"—that, "call it what instrument they will, they may fret, but cannot play upon it."

These considerations lead me, Gentlemen, to the last ground on which I rest the title of my Client to a verdict from your justice. It is a topic, I am sure, you have ere this anticipated. The Plaintiff is a political man, a public character—his actions and his views are fair subjects of public discussion. Far be it from me to vindicate that wanton cruelty of the Press, which drags into the glare of public view the tranquil, unobtrusive Citizen, "who keeps the noiseless tenor of his way," whose faults and follies affect only the narrow circle of his family and his friends. But this is not the case of Mr. O'Gorman ; he has chosen a more elevated station—he has preferred a larger sphere—he has challenged criticism and invited inquiry : he has interfered in those great national concerns in which you, and I, and all of us, have an interest. We have a right to know with what capacity, with what intentions, he approaches them. It is open, to be sure, to every man in this free Country to take a share in political concerns ; but he does it at a risk. If he presents himself as a Candidate for popular applause, he must admit the privilege of popular censure. If he fixes on his character the public eye, he must be able to endure the searching of its glance. It is the high privilege of the Press—it is more—it is its solemn duty, strictly to investigate, closely to scrutinize, to discuss, to explore, to disapprove, to censure with most absolute freedom, the character, and aims, and talents, of every man who offers himself to the public service. Were it otherwise, the People would abandon their natural guides—they would no longer distinguish between wisdom and folly—they would find their Leaders in the forward ranks of Ignorance and Presumption. This wise and salutary privilege of the Press all great political men have ever been the foremost to acknowledge, and the most eager to vindicate. When Lord Chatham was urged to prosecute the Author of some injurious reflections upon his public conduct, he rejected with scorn the unworthy suggestion. "No," said that illustrious man, "I deem the Press a *chartered libertine*." Mr. Fox was a political character—he might have numbered his days by the Libels that were written upon him. Did he prosecute the Press? Oh no! That great and amiable man ever considered as the most glorious action of his life, next after the Abolition of the Slave Trade, his introduction of that vital Statute which secures to Juries an exclusive authority on subjects of this nature. Mr. Pitt too was a public man ; he too was libelled every hour of his life ; yet I have never heard that he instituted an action. He would have scorned to exchange the honourable poverty which exalted his greatness, for the richest prize that ever fell from a Jury box. These are the examples which a public character would aspire to imitate. Mr. O'Gorman should have read the folly of his Action in the history of his Country.—Indeed, indeed, it is quite unworthy of him! It is not a person in the Plaintiff's situation who should deny these great privileges of the Press ; a Gentleman who has devoted his time to the study of the British Law ; who must have learned, one would suppose, something of the nature of the British Constitution ; who must have mixed with men of liberal and comprehensive views ; an avowed political Leader, embarked in the pursuit of a great popular object ; imbibing, one would think, something of that spirit he laboured to diffuse ; fired, one would imagine, by that flame of Liberty he sought to propagate. His mind should have risen to the level of the part he had assumed. He should have left this odious contest to others—to the Antony Pasquins—to the wholesale dealers in defamation—the monopolists of slander, and exclusive patentees of calumny ; or, if not to them, to those turbulent and shallow Demagogues, who mount from day to day the rostrum of public discontent, inflame the passions of the ignorant multitude, and "darken counsel with words without wisdom ;" who trick themselves out in the motley vesture of political pretension, figure in the van of a Party, among the standard bearers of the Mob, objects of secret derision, even to the idle rabble who follow at their heels and cheer them as they beat the hollow drum of the Factions for which they are recruiting.—Thersites never feared the sceptre of Ulysses, more than these men dread the power of an independent Press. Full well they know that, one day or other, its awful weight must descend on their deformity, and punish their crimes. Full well they know that, at all hazards, it will discharge its duty—that it will exhibit to the world their utter incapacity, their total want of political information, their perpetual preference of themselves and their own vile and contemptible interests to the assertion of any one great public principle—their gross ignorance of the real honour and interests of their country, and their natural and almost instinctive hostility to every great and venerable name by which its annals are illustrated—their faithless hollow friendships—their cold and heartless abandonment of every man who has devoted himself to their service, and hazarded in their Cause his fortune, his liberty or his life.—O, ill befal that nation whose Press is denied the privilege of exposing such characters as these—that country where its honest services are rewarded only by popular ingratitude. Ill befal that land that is cursed with the pestilential breath of an unthankful spirit. As the cold and deadening vapour creeps along its surface, the germs of genius wither before it ; the springs of excellence dry up in the arid soil, and defraud and disappoint the fainting People ; the trophies of art perish and the monuments of wisdom moulder ; thick and unnatural night settles on the unprolific earth, cheered by no ray of honour, and brightened by no beam of glory ; the voices of humanity and peace are stilled upon the frightful solitude ; the monster and the savage wander through the gloom, and hold in undisputed sovereignty the trackless desolation. This is not imagination—it is history ; this is no picture of the fancy—it is the fresh and living image of the fact. Turn your eyes to France ; behold her at the feet of her conquerors, broken, spiritless, subdued ; reflect upon her fallen greatness, consider the perishing of her pride. Why is it, that in six and twenty years of revolution she has only changed the forms of her slavery or the names of her tyrants? This hour a ferocious Democracy—the next a Military Despotism ; to-day she is governed by her Army, as to-morrow she will be governed by her Church. Gentlemen of the Jury, all this has been, because that People never permitted the Press to acquaint them with the real characters of their public men—to tell them who and what they were who sought to be their Leaders and their Rulers—to explain and to expose the nature and dispositions of the Philanthropists of the Guillotine, and the Orators of the Human Race ; because every odious faction that domineered in its turn, commenced its reign by enslaving the Press. Hence it is that "her house is left unto her desolate"—hence it is that "her root is made as rottenness, and her blossom is gone up as dust."

Gentlemen, if you would reverse this picture, if you would know the inestimable blessings of a contrary policy—the infinite and incalculable advantages of submitting every Political Character to the ordeal and scrutiny of public inquiry—survey the actual condition of Great Britain—her present unparalleled attitude of grandeur and security ; consider all that she has achieved by the high-resolved fortitude of her resistance, and the inspiring animation of her saving example ; contemplate the finely regulated and nicely adjusted frame of her well-ordered Community ; her gradual ascent of united and communicating ranks ; her Spirit of Industry, and passion for Improvement ; her projects for the encouragement of Art ; her plans for the advancement of Literature and Science ; her Howards, her Clarksons, her Wilberforces ; her Committees and Associations of Benevolence and Wisdom ; the steady tranquil tone of Independence that speaks from her middle orders, the strength of a Nation's Freedom ; those virtues of Integrity, Punctuality, and Justice, that have made "her Merchants Princes, and her Traffickers the Honourable of the Earth ;" above all, that fine Public Spirit, that quick sensibility to Common Rights and Common Injuries, that searches, and pervades, and "lives along the line" of her social being ; that locks the hand of every man in that of his Fellow-Citizen, and makes the slightest shock communicated at any one point, shoot and thrill, with an electric rapidity, through the whole circuit. Gentlemen, Great Britain will continue to retain and increase these blessings, until she shall have ceased to cultivate that generous policy by which they have been acquired. Should she ever renounce these noble principles of genuine wisdom, her greatness and felicity will exist no longer ; her free Constitution will shortly expire in that *euthanasia* which has been predicted by its cold and passionless historian, and the frightful phantom of a Military Monarchy will issue from its tomb.

Gentlemen of the Jury, Mr. O'Gorman need not have travelled to England or to France to learn these maxims, so dear to a free People—he might have found them greatly illustrated at home. Reflect on the condition of this Country in the early part of the last century, and compare it with your present situation : investigate the source, and explore the causes of the change. At that period, your Parliament was a mere Registry Office for the Acts of the English Privy Council. You dared not export a head of cattle or a cask of butter from your shores, without obtaining permission from the Merchants of Bristol and the Manufacturers of Leeds. Your Wisdom was Disunion, and your Policy was Hate. One part of your population was induced to surrender its liberty for the odious privilege of domineering over the other, and the shocking compact ended in the corruption of both. Abroad you were forgotten—at home you were despised—your name was a term of derision, and your virtues an occasion of contempt. If you were allowed any merit at all, it was the doubtful and ambiguous one of a barbarous hospitality. It was admitted, "you could crown your heads with folly and forgetfulness, and your cups with noises and wine." Meantime, every place of honour and emolument was filled by strangers ; every encouragement withheld from native industry, and every reward denied to native excellence. The fair and laudable ambition of the Country was crossed and disappointed, wandered in forbidden paths, or perished in an inglorious ease. No rights to vindicate, no charter to defend, you sate without the threshold of the British Constitution in poverty and pain, like Lazarus in the porch of Dives, and were content to pick up the crumbs of liberty that fell from the burdened and luxurious table of your favoured rival. Gentlemen of the Jury, who first roused you from this oblivious trance? Who first raised you from this humiliating prostration and gave you the attitude of men? I speak not wild and random words ; I tell you what the authentic records of your history will vouch. It was the genius of a free and fearless Press. The names of Molyneux, of Berkley, and of Swift, are not unknown to you. I trust you will engrave them on the hearts of your children. They made the Press the instrument of your deliverance—they first taught you to know your own rights, to respect yourselves, and to assert your dignity. They formed by their precepts and animated by their example the illustrious generation that succeeded them, the Charlemonts, the Dalys, the Burghs, the Grattans, and the Floods—the men who gave to Ireland her day of glory, short, and bright, and dear! Gentlemen of the Jury where should you have been? In what house of bondage should you now have plied your Egyptian tasks, if your ancestors had acted as you are called upon to act—if they had listened to the claims of ingratitude and injustice—if they had abandoned the Press to be plundered by every cold and covetous adventurer who speculated on its ruin—if, in the wilderness your fathers had trod so long, they had refused to follow this Heaven descended Pillar of Light, that moved before them, a miracle of mercy? Gentlemen of the Jury, walk in their sacred [illegible] imitate their pious example. Give your protection to the vigilant, undaunted guardian of your rights—stand by the sure fast friend of your freedom ; it is able, it is willing to reward you. Yes, I see the philosophic genius of the Poet, forming the most talented and feeling People in the face of the earth to purposes of real utility and solid advantage—winning their attention to the counsels of wisdom—teaching them to walk in "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace"—returning to England the great gain of a liberal policy—presenting for her services a generous, enlightened People, trained in the pursuit of freedom, removed from the contagion of corruption—accomplishing by strange and wonderous ways the object of his Statesman's patriotic prayer—"infusing a new portion of health into the British Constitution."

Gentlemen of the Jury—These considerations are general and abstract in their nature, and, perhaps, you are not all inclined to admit the force and propriety of their application to this Cause, in the same degree that I do. My education, the studies to which I have been addicted, my peculiar turn of thinking, predispose me, perhaps, to an ardour on these subjects with which, it may be, you are not all prepared to sympathize. Should that be the case with any of you, let me entreat you to dismiss these topics entirely from your consideration. Forget the public interests that are involved, and confine your attention solely to the individual features of the cause—Mr. O'Gorman's title to make this claim—the ground of Mr. Magee's resistance. And here, before I conclude, let me put this case to you in another point of view, in which I find I had forgotten to place it. In one event of these two Actions, so inseparably united, Mr. O'Gorman may make his fortune ; in every possible event Mr. Magee must be a loser. Suppose the result to be the most favourable the Defendant can hope for ; that judgment should be pronounced for him in the Action in Dublin, and that he should obtain your verdict in this—he then, indeed, recovers back from Mr. O'Gorman the £977 he has paid on account of his Speech, together with the taxed costs of the Action in which he is Plaintiff, but these all of you, who have been engaged in Law, must know to be far below the real expense, and in this instance may fall short of it, I think about £300. Again, in the event I have supposed, he will recover from the Plaintiff the costs of this suit, less than the real expenses by a sum of £200. Now put the case the other way. Let Mr. O'Gorman succeed upon his Bill of Exceptions, and obtain a verdict from you, even for sixpence damages—(for this is not like the case of verbal slander, where damages below 40 shillings will not carry costs)—and then Mr. Magee will lose, in the first instance, £977, the price of Mr. O'Gorman's eloquence—his own costs in the action depending in Dublin, at the lowest calculation, £1000 ; those of his Adversary, about £700—and in the present action, his own costs full £600 ; and those of his Opponent, probably £500. Every one of these sums the Agent tells me I have under-rated ; take them, however, according to my estimate, and they make a total loss of near £4000. It is easy, from this statement, to see which of these Parties looks for money, and which of them looks for character. Try the matter by another criterion ; hold the balance of justice steadily in your hands—place in one scale the injuries and losses of the Magees, the Two Years and Six Months Imprisonment, the £1500 Fine, the £900 Damages and Costs, the fraud and deceit that have been practised on them, the protection the Defendant has received, the injustice with which he has been treated, the ingratitude he has experienced—put into the other the *delicate distress* and *wounded feelings* of Mr. O'Gorman, and tell me, then, is it necessary to throw into the former scale TEN THOUSAND POUNDS, to make the balance even?

Gentlemen, the subject remains unexhausted, but I must conclude. Do not confine yourselves, I entreat you, to the arguments I have used, or the views that I have taken. Search your own minds for other topics ; they will abundantly furnish them. It is the essential attribute of Truth, that it may be approached in a thousand different directions. See whether Mr. O'Gorman has not justified these Publications by the unheard-of provocation he has given ; see whether he has not procured and lain in wait for them ; consider how far his conduct has merited the imputation they have cast upon it ; consider whether he is the man who has a title to complain of a libel on his character ; consider whether it be wise or safe to make him the single exception to a salutary rule, and violate for him the privileges of a Free Press. This young man's character, and hopes, and fortunes, are all in your hands, all at your disposal. To your feelings, to your justice, to your manly sense, I confide them—I repose on your honour and integrity the most perfect reliance.

When Mr. North sat down there was a general burst of applause throughout the Court.

LIMERICK, APRIL 17.—Monday last, at a full meeting of the City Magistrates, it was unanimously resolved to memorial the Lord Lieutenant, to revoke the Insurrection Act, which has been for some months in force, in the Liberties of the City Limerick—the memorial was accordingly prepared and sent off by yesterday's mail to the Castle of Dublin.

This day, Serjeant Moore arrived in this City to hold a Special Sessions for the County Limerick and Liberties of the City, under the Insurrection Act—there was one acquittal. The Sessions are adjourned to the 5th of June.

This day, at three o'clock, Edmund Dwyer was hanged at Gallows Green, pursuant to sentence at last assizes, for assaulting the habitation of Timothy Hayes, at Behaune, Proctor, and destroying his tithe books.

WATERFORD:
Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR BIRNIE, Bookseller and Stationer, Quay.

Ramsey's Waterford Chronicle.

No. 11,904. TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1816. PRICE FIVE PENCE.

CONTRACTS FOR BARRACK SUPPLIES.

Commissary General's Office,
9th April, 1816.

NOTICE is hereby given, that PROPOSALS will be received by the Commissary General from such Persons as are desirous to contract for supplying FUEL and CANDLES for the use of his Majesty's Forces in the several Barracks and Quarters in Ireland, from the 25th June, 1816, to 24th June, 1817.

The *Fuel* to consist of *Sea Coal, Stone Coal*, or *Turf*, each of the best quality, and in kind as specified in the printed Particulars of Contracts. The *Candles* to be the *best Tallow Dips.*

Forms of the Particulars of the Contracts, on which the Proposals must be filled in, may be had by application at this Office, any Day (Sundays excepted), between the hours of 10 and 4 o'Clock. The Proposals must be made for entire Counties, and include all the Stations in the County proposed for. No Attention will be paid to any Proposal that is not correctly filled in, and without erasure. The Prices to be written in words at length, and the complete Form sent back unmutilated. Security will be required (and Persons resident in Dublin will be preferred as such), who, if approved, will engage to attend with the Proposers, when called on, to sign the necessary legal Papers. The Signatures and Designations of such Securities to be subjoined to the Proposals.

The Proposals to be sealed, addressed to the Commissary General, and marked on the outside, "*Tender for Fuel*," or "*Candles*" (as the case may be) ; and if sent by Post to be put under cover, directed to "*The Principal Clerk, War Office, Dublin Castle*," with the word "*Commissariat*" written on the left corner.

No Notice will be taken of any Proposal that is not delivered in at this Office before One o'Clock on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of May next.

This Advertisement to be inserted *twice a week.*

The Hon. FREDERICK PONSONBY, *Plaintiff;* The Right Hon. JOHN Baron PONSONBY, & others, *Defendants.*

PURSUANT to a Decree of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery of Ireland, made in this cause, bearing date the 18th day of March, 1815, I will, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of January next, at the Hour of One o'clock in the Afternoon, at my Chambers, on the Inns Quay, Dublin, set up and sell to the highest and best Bidder—All that and those the Town and Lands of Aghavin, otherwise Aghavine, otherwise the two Aughavines, with their Subdenominations called Billyfleming, Curraghleigh, and Gurtavaddy, otherwise Gurtavaddy—the Towns and Lands of Bryades, Ballymorisheen, Coolcloghfinny, otherwise Coolcloghfionagh, Corniveagh, otherwise Corneveigh, Gortkorkeran, otherwise Gortcorcrany, otherwise Gortcorkerane, Garrajanes, otherwise Garrajanes, East Barnageehy, Kilnotorah, Baily [illegible], otherwise Ballyvarrigengatra, Boullycolman, otherwise Ballycolman, Drishanbegg, Drissana [illegible], otherwise Drisshanes and Mullarys, all situate in the Barony of Imokilly, and County of Cork—being the unsettled Estate of the Right Hon. WILLIAM BRABAZON Baron PONSONBY, deceased, in the [illegible] mentioned, or a competent part thereof, for the Purposes in the said Decree mentioned. Also, all that and those, the Towns and Lands of Baraguvane, Knockaagippa, otherwise Knockagippin, otherwise Knockmonaleigh, Ballydonnell, otherwise [illegible]daniel, Ballygiarne, and Clasheel, all situate in the same Barony and County, being part of the settled Estate of the said late Baron, or a competent part thereof, for the Purposes in said Decree also mentioned—The said several Towns, Lands, and premises being part and parcel of the Seignory, Barony, and Manor of Inchiquin, in the County of Cork.—Dated this 23d day of December, 1815.

STEUART KING.

The above Sale is adjourned to the 23 day of May next, at the Hour of One o'Clock in the Afternoon, at the Place aforesaid.—Dated this 24th January,

STEUART KING.

N. B. The above Lands are situate near the Town of Youghal, and will be sold together, or in Divisions, as may be most advantageous and agreeable to purchasers.

For Rentals and further Particulars apply to the Rev. BARTHOLOMEW PECK, Youghal; or Mr. [illegible], the Plaintiff's Solicitor, York street, Dublin, who are authorised to sell any of the Denominations by Private Contract.

COUNTY OF THE CITY OF WATERFORD.

THE ASSIZE OF BREAD,

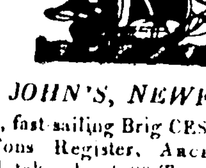
By Order of the Right Worshipful the Mayor of said City.

THE Middle Price of Wheat and Flour (as taken by Act of Parliament to form the Assize), was [illegible] 39s. 7½d. per Barrel, besides an Allowance of [illegible] Shillings per Quarter, by Act of Parliament, [illegible] and Ranged, for the Benefit of the Baker, [illegible] ten Shillings on Household.

	WHITE. lb. oz. dr.	RANGED. lb. oz. dr.	HOUSEHOLD. lb. oz. dr.
[illegible] Loaf,	0 4 [illegible]	0 6 [illegible]	0 8 8
[illegible] Penny,	0 8 4	0 12 6	1 0 0
[illegible] Penny,	1 1 0	1 9 4	2 1 2
[illegible] Penny,	1 0 1	2 0 8	3 2 0

All other Sorts of Loaves are to weigh in proportion—and besides the two initial Letters of the Baker's Name, the White Bread must be marked with a W, the Ranged with an R, and the Household with an H—and the Weight must likewise be marked upon each Loaf, otherwise to be seized [illegible] of the several Bakers and Dealers in Wheat, and Flour, are required to make true Weekly Returns ON OATH, on every Saturday, before 12 o'clock, of all Wheat, Meal, and Flour, bought or sold by them, according to the Act of Parliament regulating the Assize of Bread, or the Penalties [illegible] according to Law.

JOHN DENIS, Dep. Mayor.



FOR ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,

THE new, fast-sailing Brig CESSNOCK, of Trone, 135 Tons Register, ARCHIBALD STEWART, Master ; will take about 80 Tons Goods at 25s. per Ton, and Passengers at £5 Cash each.

For Freight or Passage apply to RICHARD POPE, Quay, Waterford. April 18, 1816.

FOR NEW YORK, AMERICA.

M. P. & M. FARRELL hourly expect the arrival of the new, fast sailing Brig, the SHAMROCK, Burden 200 Tons, THOMAS WALSH, Master.—This Vessel will immediately take in a Cargo for New York, and proceed on or about the 20th of April.

For Freight or Passage apply to M. P. & M. FARRELL, Ship Agents—or the Master on board.

Waterford, March 26, 1816.

PASSENGERS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE remarkably fast-sailing BRIGANTINE QUEEN, now lying at the Port of ROSS, is intended to be despatched for NEW YORK in the early part of next month :

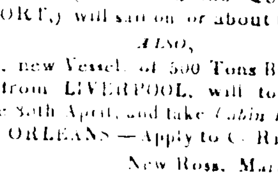
AND

The MARY (to succeed the QUEEN, for the SAME PORT,) will sail on or about the 15th May.

ALSO,

A fine, new Vessel of 500 Tons Burden, on her Passage from LIVERPOOL, will touch at CORK about the 30th April, and take *Cabin Passengers only* for NEW ORLEANS.—Apply to C. RIGG.

New Ross, March 26, 1816.



TO STAND AT NEW ROSS,

At Five Guineas Blood Mares—Two & a Half Guineas others—5s. 5d. the Groom,

THE beautiful, high bred, CHESNUT HORSE RECORDON, got by *Remembrancer* ; Dam, *Fair Charlotte*, by *Precipitate* ; Grand Dam, *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse.* He covered in Season 1815. He is a sure Foal getter, and his Stock is uncommonly large and promising. He is 7 Years old. Won the Craven Stake at Newmarket, beating 16 others, and was reckoned as fast a Horse as any in England until he was injured.

☞ GOOD GRASS provided, on the usual Terms. No Mare taken away until first paid for, the Groom being accountable. Ross, Feb. 14, 1816.

WATERFORD MARKET PRICES—APRIL 22.

Butter, first Quality,		0s. 0d.	per Cwt
—— second,		0s. 0d.	per Cwt
—— third		0s. 0d.	per Cwt
Tallow (rendered)	70s.	80s. 0d.	per Cwt
Lard (flake)	40s. 0d.	48s. 0d.	per Cwt
—— (casks, *rendered*)	47s. 0d.	50s. 0d.	per Cwt
Singed Pigs,	27s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	per Cwt
Scalded ditto,	25s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	per Cwt
Beef,	20s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	per Cwt
Oatmeal,	10s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	per Cwt
Flour, first Quality,	—s. —d.	—s. —d.	per Bag
—— second,	44s. 0d.	48s. 0d.	per Bag
—— third,	27s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	per Bag
—— fourth,	18s. 0d.	20s. 9d.	per Bag
Wheat,	37s. 0d.	40s. 0d.	per Barrel.
Barley,	10s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	per Barrel.
Oats (common)	10s. 0d.	10s. 4d.	per Barrel.
—— (potatoe)	11s. 0d.	11s. 4d.	per Barrel.
Malt,	34s. 0d.	36s. 0d.	per Barrel.
Coals,	4s. 0d.	4s. 4d.	per Barrel.
Tallow (rough),	7s. 0d.	8s. 6d.	perStone.
Potatoes (new),	3d.	to 4d.	perStone.
Beef (quarters),	3½d.	4½d.	per lb.
Beef (joints),	5d.	6d.	per lb.
Mutton (quarters),	5 d.	6 d.	per lb.
Mutton (joints),	6d.	7 d.	per lb.
Pork,	2½d.	3d.	per lb.
Butter,	20d.	24d.	per lb.
Train Oil,		£32 0s.	per Ton.
Whiskey,	10s. 4d.	8d.	per Gal.

Corn Returns for the Week ending on Saturday.

3[illegible]1 Barrels Wheat,	*Averaging*	£1 19s. 10¼d.
2027 —— Oats,	*Averaging*	0 10s. 10 d.
902 —— Barley,	*Averaging*	0 10s. 9½d.

DUBLIN MARKET NOTE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 19.

	From s.	From d.	To s.	To d.	MPrice s.	MPrice d.
752 Wheat per Bar 20 Stone	30	0	45	0	40	1½
17208 Flour, per Cwt	11	0	8	0	0	0
191 Bere per Bar	9	0	12	0	10	9½
852 Barley, per Bar	8	0	16	0	13	4½
3560 Oats, per Bar	9	0	18	0	10	9½
2755 Oatmeal, per Cwt	10	0	14	0	11	5
0 Peas	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sold to Bakers only.						
34 Barrels of Wheat	42	0	43	0	42	2
4558 Cwt of Flour	15	0	28	0	23	5½

Average Price of Wheat & Flour 39s. 4d. per Sack.

Sales of Flour 17208 { 1st, from 26s. 0d. to 28s. 0d.
Receipts......18052 { 2d, from 16s. 0d. to 25s. 0d.
{ 3d, from 11s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.

TO BE LET,

FROM THE 25TH MARCH NEXT,

For such Term of Years as may be agreed on,

EITHER IN LOTS OR THE WHOLE,

TWENTY-SEVEN ACRES of NEWRATH, in the County of Kilkenny, and one mile from the City of Waterford. Application to be made, in writing only (post paid), to Mrs. BOYD, Colebeck street, Waterford. March 23, 1816.

TO BE LET,

A DWELLING-HOUSE,

IN BEAU-STREET.

☞ *Apply to MAURICE FARRELL, next door.* Beau street, April 11, 1816.

CLONMEL ASSIZES, APRIL 9.

[*From the Clonmel Advertiser.*]

Thomas Dann and *John Murray* were indicted for that they, on the 31st of March last, were aiding and assisting one Richard M'Ginness, at Roscrea, to kill and murder Anthony Meagher, by the said M'Ginness giving said Meagher a mortal blow ; they were also indicted for a riot and affray.

Edward Costello sworn.—Witness lived in Roscrea on the 31st March ; knew Anthony Meagher ; saw him dead on Sunday week ; deceased lived in Limerick street : Witness was there that day, and saw deceased struck by Thomas Dann, John Murray, and Richard M'Ginness. Here witness identified the Prisoners at the bar—said they were yeomen, as was also M'Ginness ; they were in uniform, and had firelocks. Saw Murray strike deceased with the but end of his firelock, and again with his firelock and fixed bayonet ; each had his bayonet screwed on his gun. Dann drove deceased across the street, and struck him on the head with the bayonet near his own house. Witness had gone up the street after the yeomen and drums, as they were coming from the funeral of Large Dudley, one of their corps, and was leaning over the half door of Thomas Hanlon's house at the opposite side of the street from this transaction. Anthony Meagher was retreating towards Hanlon's, across the street, beaten by yeomen who were following him : witness, standing on the threshold of the door, laid hold of Meagher by the coat, when M'Ginness came up and hit Meagher on the head with his gun, who fell into witness's arms, and died immediately : Dann and Murray were then present. Witness did not perceive Meagher bleeding till he lay on the ground, after witness had let him go ; but then saw the blood gushing from him ; did not know the nature of the wound at that time—but saw it next day under his left breast, when it appeared like the stab of a bayonet ; could not say that deceased's skull was fractured. As witness was following the Yeomanry up the street, heard their drum and fife playing ; could not exactly remember the tunes—but they played "Patrick's Day" first, and then "Croppies lie down." Witness did not see the Yeomen till they came into Limerick street ; could not tell how these three men left their ranks ; saw no person throw stones, or any one with stones in his hands ; could not say what Meagher was doing before witness saw him crossing the street towards Hanlon's, and the Yeomen following him : there was no crowd about Meagher then—nor was there any crowd near, more than is usual on Sunday evenings. Witness was not long at Hanlon's house—but was long enough there to see a riot, if a riot had occurred ; saw no riot.

Cross-examined.—A good many persons went to the funeral ; supposed all who went returned ; could not tell if there were 100 present, but there was a great number ; did not hear they played "Garryowen"; did not hear the mob called them turncoats—nor that after they were called turncoats they played "Croppies lie down," to shew that they were not turncoats. Never heard any one call them a "perjured lot" ; never heard the word perjury used. Witness swore, that if there were any stones thrown that day at the Yeomanry, he did not see them—nor did he hear there were. Witness was examined at the Inquest ; did not then swear he saw a man give deceased a stab with a bayonet : never swore at the Inquest that on receiving a stab of a bayonet deceased fell into his arms ; but told the Jury at the Inquest, that Dann, M'Ginness, and Murray were there.

William Meagher sworn.—Witness was brother of the deceased, and remembered the day he was killed ; saw Yeomen in the street with arms ; saw them knocking down a man of the name of Troy on a dunghill, nearly opposite his own door ; it was above the house of the deceased, and nearly opposite to Hanlon's : deceased was then standing at the beginning of the dunghill, near Troy : saw men bearing deceased with the but-ends of their firelocks ; could not say who they were—but on witness's getting on the road, he and deceased were struck on the heads by M'Ginness. Witness then saw Thomas Dann strike the deceased a stab over the left hip with his bayonet, it being fixed on his gun ; but witness could not say where deceased went for a few minutes, as witness was pulled into a house. Saw no stones thrown that evening, nor no attack previously. There was no unusual assemblage of common people in the streets, as far as he saw.

Cross-examined.—Was quite positive there was no riot or attack on the Yeomen : Witness was at the funeral, but returned to town before the Yeomanry, and ate his dinner, and went out again when he heard the Yeomanry coming up street. Witness heard they played Patrick's Day, and then turned to Croppies lie down ; heard it was Harry Wright was playing the fife—did not know the Drummer's name. Could not tell if Murray was playing the fife, as he did not see him, and never recollects seeing him play. Could not say if Deceased fell on getting the stab—Mary Dillon pulled witness away in a quarter of a minute after the stab was given, and he saw no more : this was between Hanlon's house and James Phelan's. Saw Troy there ; saw no stone with him, and was certain he had no stone then.

William Feehan sworn.—Witness was coming down Limerick-street when he met the Yeomen ; saw Anthony Meagher and Troy standing opposite Troy's house as the Yeomen were going by : the Yeomen on passing hissed at me, at Troy and Meagher—and Troy and Meagher hissed in return ; one of the Yeomen presented his gun against Troy and Meagher ; at this time Meagher asked if they were going to kill them ; the Yeomen said they were going to throw stones ; Meagher told the Yeomen they lied, and that they were not. Witness said they had no stones in their hands, and that no other persons were near Troy and Meagher then. Witness saw Serjeant Whitton catch Troy by the breast, and say, Come back, boys. Troy got away into a back place—witness did not see him struck ; he was pursued by four or five Yeomen into an old house—but could not say if they came up with him—Anthony Meagher came into the street in another direction : witness saw Dann, Murray, and M'Guinness pursue him, with their bayonets on their guns (here the witness identified the Prisoners Dann and Murray) ; did not see them do any thing to him, as witness got into a house ; they were then pursuing Meagher with their guns and bayonets within four or five feet of him.

Cross-examined.—Yeomen were coming from the funeral of one of their Corps ; heard it was the custom to bury with funeral honours ; has seen it done ; saw Troy and Deceased standing together ; heard Troy was at the funeral that day. Witness heard some person say that stones were thrown, but did not see them ; never heard that stones were thrown at the Yeomanry, before they came into Roscrea. Witness believed that the tunes of Protestant Boys and Croppies lie down were played by the Yeomanry, who gave a shout—and before these, they played Patrick's Day. Witness never heard the expressions of "perjured or prejudiced lot," or heard that Carry was struck by a stone that day. Witness heard that Carry was going to fire on that day, when he saw boys playing foot-ball in a field. Believed it might be ball or blank cartridge, but could not say which.

James Davis, Private in the Worcester Militia, sworn.—Was in Limerick street, Roscrea, on Sunday week, in his quarters, and saw Yeomen coming into town with fixed bayonets ; three men were standing by a wall ; witness does not know their names—but the Yeomen came up to them ; one of the three was Meagher, who was killed ; one of the Yeomen ran his bayonet through under Meagher's left arm, the bayonet being then on the musket (as were those of the other Yeomen), and then struck the man with the but-end of his firelock, and knocked him down ; three Yeomen then came up to assist—and witness said there were no stones thrown, nor no riot, and that he saw no sticks or stones in the hands of the men who were standing against the wall. Witness went up to one of the Yeomen, and pushed him off, saying, "*Damn you, do you want to kill the man!*"—Witness said there was no mob or unusual noise in the street before that. Here the witness identified Dann as one of those Yeomen, who were then assisting.

Cross-examined by Mr. Campbell.—Witness acknowledged he was frightened ; he heard no insulting language offered, nor saw any stones thrown, but heard the Yeomen were called names. Knew one Morris, belonging to his own regiment, and very likely he was as good a man as witness ; but never heard the Yeomen were obliged to defend themselves ; thought there were then about forty people in the streets ; no shouting or hissing on either sides ; witness heard no noise till after "Croppies lie down" was played. Witness never told any person he was in a house that day, and knew nothing about the transaction.

James Phelan, sworn.—Remembered the evening Meagher was killed ; witness was leaning over his door, looking into the street, and saw Meagher, Troy, and Delany standing on the opposite side of the street ; saw nothing in their hands, nor did he see them do any thing ; saw the Yeomen come up and attack them in the street ; it was immediately after the Yeomen came close that Meagher was killed.

[*For remainder see Last Page.*]

CATHOLIC AFFAIRS.

[*From Carrick's Morning Post of April* 18.]

The Most Rev. Doctor Murray has thought fit to address the following Letter to the Editor of the *Dublin Chronicle* :—

SIR—As considerable mistatements have gone abroad relative to a passage of my Sermon of last Friday, to which allusion was made in your Publication of that day, I beg you will have the kindness, with a view to obviate any future misconception on this head, to give insertion to the passage, such as it was really delivered. Having arrived at that part of our Redeemer's Passion, where he is represented as bound to a Pillar, I said :—

"To this bound and suffering victim I would now implore the attention of those misguided Catholics, who seem willing to impose new and disgraceful bands, not, indeed, on his sacred Person, but on his mystical body, that is, his Church, which was ever more dear to him than his personal liberty—more dear to him than even his life.—Does not St. Paul assure us, (Eph. 5 c. 26. 27, 28, v.) that for this mystical body he delivered himself up, *that he might present it to himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle—but that it should be holy and without blemish?* And could we suppose, that it would be more painful to him to submit his sacred hands to the ignominious cords, than to see this Church bound and fettered by restrictions, which would render it less capable of fulfilling the object for which it was formed—the object for which he poured out his most precious life? I know that our mistaken Brethren would not consent to yield up any point which *they* deem essential—and that they look not beyond what *they* consider safe and honourable conciliation. But, unhappily, it is now too well known, that the conciliation which is expected is such as would imply the degradation and enslavement of the sacred Ministry. And what virtuous Catholic would consent to purchase the chance of temporal advantages, at the price of such a real spiritual calamity! Oh! if the stroke must come, let it come from those who have so long sought the extinction of our Religion—but, in the name of God, let no Catholic press forward to share in the inglorious work—let no one among us be found to say of his Church, as the treacherous Disciple said of its Divine Founder: *What will you give me, and I will deliver (it) unto you?* Matt. 26. 15."

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

DANIEL MURRAY.

North Cumberland street, 15th April, 1816.

All that we have hitherto known, or learned, respecting Doctor Murray, has been in the highest degree favourable: we believe he would not unadvisedly commit any act, the consequences of which he had not well considered. We also believe, that he would not knowingly, or willingly, assist in degrading the Irish Catholics—in rendering doubtful their *moral* character, in the minds of those who are unacquainted with their virtues.

Having thus stated our opinion of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, we shall now say what we *know* and think of the *Dublin Chronicle:* most reluctantly, indeed, do we place them together.

We know, that this Print sets truth and even decency at defiance. We know that it is chiefly occupied in the dissemination of fabricated slanders, the most vile and infamous. We know, that every respectable Catholic—every Catholic who is possessed of common sense, or honourable feelings and principles, is disgusted with its presumption, in setting itself up as THE CATHOLIC PAPER. We know, that they consider the character of the Catholics disgraced by the contact. We know they shudder at the apprehension, lest honourable and liberal men, of other religious creeds, should form their opinions of Catholic truth, of Catholic principle, or of Catholic probity and morality, by the matter contained in this *so called* Catholic publication.

As the Most Rev. Dr. Murray has introduced his Sermon and his name to the Public through the columns of such a print, we shall respectfully address to him a few questions, which he may answer or not as he pleases. Should he think proper to notice them, we shall have much pleasure in laying before the Public whatever he will please to communicate: and we have the vanity to think ourselves as respectable a medium through which to appear before the Public as that which he has already chosen.

We shall be glad to learn, whether Dr. Murray dissents from the character which we have given above of the *Dublin Chronicle*—whether he is accustomed to read that print—and whether his judgment of it is, that, by precept and example, it inculcates the practice of morality, true religion, and fair dealing? Much depends upon this. If he be of this opinion, we shall then admit, however we may differ from him, that he acted conscientiously in selecting such a print *officially* to promulgate to the Irish Catholics a portion of a Sermon preached by him on a day held by Christians in such sacred reverence as Good Friday. The clearing up of this point is, in our opinion, essential. The *Chronicle* should, for its own sake, demand from him a certificate of good character.

But, until this question be satisfactorily answered, we shall conclude that the Most Rev. Dr. Murray does not dissent from the public opinion of that Paper. If, however, we suppose this, we are quite at a loss to account for his investing the print in question with the official sanction of his authority. Does he think it likely to raise Irish Catholic character, to have it generally thought that the *Dublin Chronicle* speaks the opinions of the Irish Catholic Clergy or Laity? Or does he think, that a good end may, consistently with sound morality, be brought about by bad means? Does he think, that his addressing the Irish Catholics through the columns of a Print, the very name of which is associated with all that is dishonest and disgraceful—does he think, we ask, that he thereby elevates Catholic principle, or promotes Catholic morality?

It is with unfeigned regret, that we are forced, for the honour of the Catholics of Ireland, and of this City in particular, to notice this disagreeable subject. We know, that the foul-mouthed slanderers will represent us as making an attack on Dr. Murray, than which nothing is farther from our intention: it is of importance, however, that it should be clearly ascertained by what portion of the Catholic Clergy or Laity that Print is supported, or whether it be justified in assuming, as it does, to be the *legitimate* organ of Catholic sentiment and opinion. Their hostility we hold in utter contempt. To avoid it, we would not turn aside an inch out of the road which we are pursuing.

We shall not presume to question the propriety of Doctor Murray's introduction of the subject of his letter to the *Dublin Chronicle* into the Pulpit. These are things we never meddle with. Neither shall we at present dispute the justice of his assumption, that Catholics are to be found, so "misguided" as to be willing to impose "new and disgraceful bands" on the Irish Catholic Church, though we look in vain for his authority to make so heavy a charge, at such a time, and in so sacred a place.

Whoever will look back to the columns of this Paper, will find that we are no Vetoists. Our opposition to the Rescript of Quarantotti, as well as to that monstrously absurd proceeding, the Lay Deputation to Rome, will prove that *we* are not advocates for shackling the Catholic Church, or Clergy, with disgraceful bands. We contend for the unshackled liberty of opinion. And we must say, that even the *implied* approbation of the most Rev. Dr. Murray, thus bestowed upon a print notorious for the want of every quality which should be a recommendation to it, shall never prevent us from protesting in the strongest manner, in the face of our Country, against any attempt to erect such a Print into an *official* Gazette of the Catholics of Ireland.

LORD BYRON.

[*From the Morning Chronicle.*]

Those who must be sensible that, in some degree, they are the conductors of public opinion, feel a corresponding and proportionate delicacy in referring to those resources to which they have access, upon the presumption, that they will make of them a temperate use. It is not to be conjectured, that we have been less ignorant than our cotemporaries of such events as concern individuals whose stations or talents give them the right or misfortune of notoriety. With this preface, we proceed to state our extreme surprise, and indeed disgust, at the invasion upon private feeling, which, for its "rarity and richness," we fear has been selected as the only proofs of declining literary fame. A French poet has libelled that respectable class of writers to which we belong, "*Tout fesceur de journal doit tribut au malin;*" but we confess that, except in the instance to which we allude, we see as little malignity amongst the above class as is to be found in the composition of writers not as frequent, but certainly not less *ephemeral*.

The designation of this journalist is not sufficient, considering that he has not scrupled to name the object of his attack. We, therefore, select the Editor of a Sunday Newspaper, as having brought upon his literary associates a disgrace, from which, unfortunately, no past or future efforts of his will be capable of exonerating us. We shall not give any extracts from his accompanying libel, as that alone would in some measure make us the unwilling pander of his unworthy purpose. But in reply, or rather in observation to his publication on the domestic transaction and domestic verses of a noble Lord, we merely observe, that either his Lordship was wrong in writing them, or he was right—if he was wrong in writing them, the man who objected to them should not have given a public circulation to that which was only meant for partial inspection; if he was right, there is not a censure contained in the animadversion of this critic but must be attributed to a motive more base, than, as writers ourselves, we should be willing to assign to any man who pretends to the instruction of his countrymen.

It only remains for us to state, that this man has uttered against himself a proscription, in which we should never have been bold enough to include his name; for he has given to the verses before alluded to an interpretation, from which, with the exception of the moral, they were safe from all but the envious and perverted mind. His Lordship has appealed, if appeal he has made (which we cannot admit), only to the generous and the just. As he did not write to the Editor of the Journal alluded to, that Gentleman must be reckoned as an intruder upon common decency and politeness in having dared to answer him.

The Poems of the Noble Lord, to which the above animadversion alludes, were never written for the public eye. But having been inserted in a Sunday Paper and copied into a Journal of yesterday, we cannot withhold them from our readers.

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again!
Would that breast by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could shew!
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee
Though it smile upon the blow—
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me—
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat—
And th' undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say, "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hand shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults, perchance, thou knowest—
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with thee they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken—
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

MARCH 30, 1816.

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

"Honest—Honest Iago!
"If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKSPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next, for some gracious service, unexprest,
And from its wages only to be guess'd,
Raised from the toilet to the table, where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair—
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess?
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast, and undeluded ear.

Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind—
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow—
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below;
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burden of this honest song:—
Tho' all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt shew of briefly spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown—
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face—)
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined;
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged;—
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust! and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers,
And festering in the infamy of years.

[*Additional Statements, from the same Paper.*]

We hasten to correct two errors of the press in our yesterday's notice of the wanton attack made upon a Noble Poet by the Editor of a Sunday Newspaper. In that notice, for the words "only proofs of declining literary fame," read, "only props of, &c." and the words, "with the exception of the moral," should run, "with the exception of the venal."

In the first instance we meant to say, and here repeat, that the above Editor seemed to have had recourse to the last means usually resorted to in order to increase a sinking circulation, namely, an intrusion into the concerns of private life: in the second sentence we thought it our duty to state our opinion, that no one not inherently perverse himself, or employed in perverting others, would have given to the poetry of the Noble Lord the colouring transferred to them by the pencil of this unjust assailant. We are sure, that we are stating the opinion of the great majority of our readers, when we say, that the verses alluded to do equal honour to the head and the heart of the writer; and that the pathetic tenderness with which he takes leave of her who is still, and ever will be, the object of his best affections, is not more decisive of the existence of those affections, than the severity with which he visits the imputed cause of his calamity and his regret.

The industry with which the unprovoked abuse of the Noble Lord has been circulated through the columns of two of yesterday's papers, will be received by all impartial readers as a proof, that the propagation of this scandal comes from the quarter whence all the infamous misrepresentations originally proceeded—and which, though totally disbelieved by all persons whose judgments were not under the controul of artful malignity, had too much influence on the mind of their lovely, abused, and unhappy victim.

One of the writers says, "that honest prose would not answer the purpose, and thus has the Noble Poet had recourse to the seductive harmony of verse"—so far is this from the truth, that were it not from that tender regard which he continues to feel for the only object of his heart—we are certain that, from circumstances within our knowledge, nothing could more effectually demonstrate the atrocious character of the conspiracy against his Lordship's domestic peace than a plain unvarnished statement of the case.

We have authority from Sir Ralph Milbanke for saying, that *he knows* of no conspiracy against the domestic peace of Lord Byron. We cheerfully yield to the Honourable Baronet's desire to insert this declaration, of the truth of which no man, who is acquainted with him, can doubt. *The Editor of a Sunday Journal* brought the most *false* accusations against the Noble Lord, and his efforts have been followed by more than one of the daily writers.—We felt it our duty to vindicate the ill treated Nobleman from the aspersions so wantonly thrown out against him. Sir Ralph assures us, that these insinuations have been published, not only without his knowledge, but also much to his disquiet and condemnation. We know them to be false, and repeat, that if these continued slanders shall make the publication of all the circumstances of the unhappy dispute necessary, every impartial reader will agree with us, that nothing but the most gross misrepresentation and malignant influence on a delicate mind could have operated the separation that has taken place.

LONDON.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16.

We have received Paris Papers and Letters of Friday last. They confirm the account of the Duke of Wellington's departure from Paris for Cambrai. General Gneisenau, the Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army in France and on both Banks of the Rhine, was to have an interview with his Grace yesterday. The Duke will not be long absent from Paris.

Accounts from Naples of the 27th ult. state, that the Austrian and British troops will soon evacuate that Kingdom, and proceed to the Papal States, where they will occupy the fortresses and villages on the coasts of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. This measure is to be adopted on account of the insufficiency of the Papal Treasury to keep up a military force sufficient for the safety of the country and the coasts. After the foreign troops have left the Neapolitan territories, a national militia will be raised to defend the coast against the attacks of the Barbary Powers. Upon this subject M. de Chateaubriand has made a motion in the French Chamber of Peers, to request his Majesty to order his Minister for Foreign Affairs to write to all the Courts of Europe, for the purpose of opening general negotiations with the Barbary Powers, in order to induce these Powers to respect the flags of European nations, and to put an end to the slavery of the Christians. It is not likely, however, that any moderate measures will persuade the Barbary Powers to abandon their piratical attempts. They must be compelled by the strong arm of power.

Chateaubriand, in the House of Peers, reproached the Duc de Richelieu in the warmest manner for some expressions he had just been using, and added, "if all Europe were willing to force the Charter on me, I would emigrate and live at Constantinople." He vaunted the pure French blood that flowed in his veins, and threw out every kind of insinuation against Lally Tollendal.

Barbe Marbois had written *three months* detention in the Act remitting the capital penalty pronounced against General Travot.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.

At a late hour this morning we received Paris Papers of Saturday and Sunday last. A Deputation from the Chamber of Deputies presented to the King on Thursday evening the amended Law, passed the day before, relative to the Elections. The manner in which it was received by the King is not mentioned.

The trial of Sir Robert Wilson, and Messrs. Hutchinson and Bruce, is definitively fixed for the 22d inst. There are four others to be tried with them, accused of having procured or favoured the escape of Lavalette. The son of M. Deseze is to be the Judge. M. Dupin their Counsel.

The discussion of the Budget was renewed on Saturday, and an article passed, by which the importation of brandies, rum, rack and ratifia is prohibited.

CORN EXCHANGE, APRIL 17.—We had but a few fresh arrivals of any grain this morning, and having a tolerable demand for Wheat, that article met ready sale at Monday's prices.—Barley did not go off so freely as on last market day, but prime samples support its price.—In Oats, Peas, and Beans, there is no alteration.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18.

We received this morning the *Moniteur* of Monday last. The minor Paris Papers of that date are not arrived. The *Moniteur* contains a Royal Ordinance for disbanding or expelling all the pupils in the Polytechnic School. They have lately been guilty of disobedience to the orders of their masters, which, says the Ordinance, "proves that these pupils would, if they were employed in the public service, introduce that want of discipline with which they are animated." They are ordered to return forthwith to their families, and a Commission is to be appointed to prepare a new organization of the School. This is the only article worth notice in the Official Paper.

We believe that we shall be found to be correct in stating, that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Cobourgh will take place on Thursday, the second of May. The sole reason why it was put off to that period was, the impossibility of completing the necessary preparations earlier.

PROTEST

To the Second Reading of Bonaparte's Detention Bill.

Because, without reference to the character or previous conduct of the Person who is the object of the present Bill, I disapprove of the measure which it sanctions and continues.

To consign to distant exile and imprisonment a Foreign and Captive Chief, who, after the abdication of his authority, relying on British generosity, had surrendered himself to us in preference to his other enemies, is unworthy the magnanimity of a great country: and the Treaties by which, after his captivity, we have bound ourselves to detain him in custody, at the will of Sovereigns to whom he had never surrendered himself, appear to me repugnant to the principles of equity, and utterly uncalled for by expedience or necessity.

(Signed) VASSALL HOLLAND.

And on the third reading, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex entered his Protest for the same reasons.

Waterford Chronicle.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23.

It is in vain to look to the Paris papers either for matters of importance, or of interest. Private correspondence, however, often supplies the deficiency. The imprisonment of the Counsel, thirteen in number, who defended General TRAVOT, is already known to our readers. The tribunal at Rennes has determined, that there existed no grounds for prosecution, and has ordered them to be set at liberty. Madame TRAVOT evinced the most distinguished fortitude whilst the life of her husband was in jeopardy. At the opening of the trial, she had an interview with General CANUEL, in which, after endeavouring in vain to move him by considerations of honour and humanity, she addressed him thus:—"I have four children; if, through you, they are bereft of a father, my sons, daily mindful of their loss, and studiously bred to the use of arms, will, on coming to the age of manhood, avenge their parent by shedding the blood of his assassin." When an attempt was made to put General TRAVOT in irons, he resisted the indignity with energy, and so awed the Gaoler by his commanding tone and countenance, that the latter durst not perform his duty. On the General's informing his Lady of this circumstance, she replied—"I am sorry that you persisted, for this last trait of your enemies was wanting to complete their infamy." It was with infinite difficulty that she could obtain admission to her husband's dungeon, and never without meeting some insult, and undergoing some examination which was rendered offensive to the delicacy of her sex. All letters addressed to her from Rennes were carefully intercepted, and she only learned the sentence through the medium of the newspapers. The following anecdote illustrates the character of General TRAVOT. During the late campaign, a bigotted peasant of La Vendee, inflamed by zealots in the Royal Cause, resolved to assassinate him, but, mistaking the Staff of General LAMARQUE for that of TRAVOT, and being ignorant of the person of his intended victim, he fired upon an Aide-de-Camp of the former General, and killed him. He was immediately seized, and brought to LAMARQUE, to whom, upon examination, he confessed his design—whereupon LAMARQUE ordered him to be carried before TRAVOT, that the latter might dispose of him as he pleased. After inquiring what motive could prompt him to such an action, and discovering, that he was misled by fanaticism, General TRAVOT desired him to be liberated, and to return to his plough, recommending him, at the same time, in case he should be led to another attempt of the same kind, not to make so fatal a mistake.

A strange, mystical story goes about in Paris, which one would reject as wholly unworthy of attention, if the attempt to revive superstitious practices were not become *general* since the restoration. A peasant of the name of MARTIN, from the neighbourhood of Chartres, is said to have been working in his field, when suddenly a man of very uncommon appearance stood before him, saying to him—"Quit your plough, repair to the capital, present yourself before the KING, you will be inspired in his presence, and you will reveal to him the means of saving the country. I am the Angel GABRIEL; my mission is from above; believe in what I tell you, and quickly obey my directions." Having thus spoken, the Angel disappeared. The peasant, amazed, related what had happened to his Curate, who conferred upon the matter with the Mayor, which Magistrate called in council the Prefect. These three sages, having duly weighed the case, came to the resolution of sending up to Paris the peasant well escorted, and recommended to the Minister of Police. The latter, M. DE CAZES, who has no great faith in apparitions, or in revelations (at least of that nature), ordered the good man to be provided with a comfortable birth at Charenton (an hospital for the insane in the neighbourhood of Paris), and to be well taken care of.

The matter did not end there—for the story had already got abroad, and the superstitious Ultra-Royalists, who are read in history, recollecting how France was once saved by a miracle, in the instance of the Maid of Orleans, fancied that Heaven was again interposing in behalf of the Monarchy, and suspected that M. DE CAZES, who is of revolutionary birth, might be an unbeliever, and not zealous enough in the Royal cause to promote it by such an auxiliary. They were growing clamorous against that Minister, and were undermining his influence, when, to indulge their bigotted imaginations, he communicated the circumstance to his Majesty, who, either out of idle curiosity, or from a persuasion, that many are the ways of Providence to effect good purposes, consented to see the peasant of Chartres. The latter was, therefore, taken out of Charenton, and brought before his Majesty, in whose presence he felt himself immediately inspired, as the Angel GABRIEL had announced, and entered upon a revelation of the means of saving the Country. The story makes a mystery of the means revealed to the Royal ear.—It only informs us, that, after having attentively listened to the revelations and prophecies delivered by Monsieur MARTIN, his Majesty enjoined him the strictest secrecy upon what had taken place; which injunction, however, the peasant observed to be unnecessary, *for that he* had no sooner spoken than he had lost all memory of his words. The motive of this injunction, and the nature of the revelation, every one interprets, as in other things, according to his genius and wishes. The story concludes at length with the good peasant being sent to his home, where he continues ploughing his field, till the country is saved by his revelations, till his prophecies come to pass, and till the Angel GABRIEL makes his second appearance.

The following is a specimen of Parisian adulation. The Attorney General, on presenting the letters of commutation of punishment, in the case of Colonel BOYER, began his speech in these words:—

"Gentlemen—Notwithstanding the solemnity of this meeting, I bring to it nothing that can awaken surprise; what do we daily witness, but acts of clemency from our beloved sovereign! Heaven, in dooming us to bear many evils, Gentlemen, bestowed on us in its pity one great compensation—it gave us our King. That Divine Providence, which, even in the midst of apparent disorder, regulates all human things in such a manner, that causes of destruction are counteracted by causes of preservation, because Bonaparte was destined to live, sent Louis XVIII. and, to overcome unexampled discord, vouchsafed designedly to create an unparalleled Monarch. *Impassible like the Divinity of which he is the living image on earth*, he judges the actions of men in the height of his wisdom, and, allowing for the influence of error, time and place, he no sooner perceives the dawn of a repentance which he thinks sincere, than he orders his justice to be disarmed by his mercy; truly happy, in his heavenly goodness, to rank again among his children those of whom all he requires is, that they persist not in remaining his enemies. It is, Gentlemen, on an occasion of this inexhaustible clemency that we are this day assembled."

The race of Courtiers is very ancient, and it manifests the same features of character in all ages, and in all countries. A short history of their practices may not be uninteresting, and it may come in the place of the gross impudence of asserting, that what has been published in other quarters could furnish a more varied and a more entertaining miscellany *than generally falls to the lot of newspapers*. Courtiers have sometimes been treated with merited severity. ARISTIPPUS discovered, that great men have their ears in their feet; since his days, it has been observed, that they have them in their knees, and that they have a very indifferent sight for any thing above that level. ALPHONSO, of Portugal, compared them to dishes symmetrically arranged on the table during the feast, promiscuously thrown together in the kitchen, and subsequently transferred to the scullion. "Flatterers," said a French Prince, "are like thieves; their first care is to extinguish the light." These noxious animals have, notwithstanding, universally flourished. CÆSAR, three months after he had passed the Rubicon, was called the Father of his People. OCTAVIUS became AUGUSTUS, and AUGUSTUS, even when living, became a God. A decree of the Senate gave him conjugal rights over Roman Ladies. At length, that Senate, which had disposed, during four centuries, of the Thrones of the World, assembled, under DOMITIAN, to deliberate on the species of sauce with which it would be most advisable for the Emperor to eat a turbot. A Capuchin, preaching before LOUIS XIV. began his sermon thus:—"My brethren, we shall all die." Then suddenly stopping, and turning to the KING—"Yes, Sire, we shall almost all die." This Monarch, towards the close of his life, lamented one day at table, that he had lost his teeth. "Ah! Sire, who has not?" eagerly exclaimed LA ROCHE AIMON, endeavouring to hide a very beautiful set. His Majesty, not liking to grow old, inquired the age of a veteran Officer. "Why, Sire," said Marshal DE VILLEROI, "as old as every one else—sixty six." Another sycophant being asked, when his wife would lie in, replied, with a profound bow—"Whenever it shall please your Majesty." The severe probity of LOUIS XVI. kept flatterers at a distance, but they had more easy access to his Queen, and, perhaps, the last courtly words addressed to her were those of M. CALONNE, in answer to her communication, that she had something to ask of him—"If what your Majesty asks be possible, it is done; if impossible, it shall be done." All who addressed BONAPARTE seemed imbued with the maxim of the Persian Poet. "To combat the opinions of the King, is to dip your hands in your own blood; should the Prince, at mid-day, say it is night, lose no time in subjoining, that the moon is bright, and that the Pleiades are visible." A Prefect terminated with these words a harangue to the victor of Austerlitz—"When GOD made BONAPARTE, he reposed himself." A Functionary had on his desk a bust of the EMPEROR and the Code of Conscription; on the first was inscribed in letters of gold—"This is my GOD;" on the second—"This is my LAW." A pleader from the Tribune asserted, "that the conscription was a mean of increasing population." We might swell this article to any extent, but we must stop here. The French Attorney-General emulates with true servility the talents of his predecessors;

Debauch'ry now, and now devotion,
Both aiming at one end—promotion.
Slaves whom silly coxcombs pay,
To grin at all the trash they say.

We have not touched upon the Courtiers of England. Mr. BROUGHAM is no authority on that point, but the *Courier* supplies the Nation with an honest register of courtly virtues.

History of France, by Mr. M'Gregor.

The *Fourth Number* of this interesting and valuable Work has been published, and is ready to be delivered at the shops of the Booksellers. We had not room this day to insert the *Advertisement* on the subject, but this intimation will, in the mean time, be sufficient to the Subscribers, whose numbers now amount to nearly 800. We are also obliged to postpone some local matters.

Important arrangements are to be proposed at the meeting of the supporters of the Dispensary, which is to take place to-morrow, and the attendance of all the friends of that valuable Institution, as also of all those who are desirous of promoting the establishment of a HUMANE SOCIETY in this City for the restoration of suspended animation, is earnestly solicited.

The Mail of Friday was due when we went to Press.

PORT NEWS—PASSAGE, APRIL 22.

ARRIVED,

19th—Dove, Bullock, Bristol, m. goods, Cork.
20th—Freeling Packet; Lively, Morris, Cork, bread; Gower Packet, St. Domingo, Fitzgerald, Leghorn, ballast, under quarantine.
21st—Good Intent, Burnard—and Ceres, Evans, Swansea, coals; Sandwich Packet.

SAILED,

19th—Vittoria, M'Kenna, Dublin—and Fidelity, Davis, Milford, ballast; Maria, Jones—Caledonia, Watson—and Prince Regent, Evans, Liverpool, wheat, &c.; Sir Henry Stanhope, Adams, from Barcelona and Cork, Belfast, barilla and cork wood; Peter Onelia, Ugland, from Arondahl and Milford, Wexford, timber and deals; John and Jane, Stephings, Bristol, bacon, &c.; Earl Leicester Packet.
20th—Freeling Packet.
21st—Gower Packet, Dove, Bullock, from Bristol, Cork, in goods.
23d—Rose, Hall, Caen, barley.

DISPENSARY.

A GENERAL MEETING of the SUBSCRIBERS to the DISPENSARY is requested to be held at the CHAMBER of COMMERCE, on WEDNESDAY next, the 24th Inst. at ONE o'Clock, precisely, to consider of the Propriety of uniting the HUMANE SOCIETY to that Institution. *April* 19, 1816.

NEW NORWAY TIMBER AND DEALS.

M. P. & M. FARRELL are now landing a well-assorted Cargo of prime NORWAY TIMBER & DEALS, which they will sell on encouraging Terms. They are, as usual, supplied with LATHS, SLATES, TILES, &c. at their Timber Yard, Beau-street.
Waterford, April 23, 1816.

FOR QUEBEC AND MONTREAL,

THE BRIG SALTOM, Burden 250 Tons Register, is an excellent Vessel, and will sail on or about the 15th May, or sooner, if possible.
One Hundred Tons of Goods would be taken on Freight, on moderate Terms. Application to
THOMAS NEVINS.
Waterford, April 23, 1816.

THE BEAUTIFUL, HIGH-BRED HORSE,
FALCON,
WILL STAND THIS SEASON,
AT MR. KYRAN KAVANAGH'S STABLES,
THOMAS-STREET, WATERFORD,
At Two Guineas, Groom's Fees included.

HIS SIRE, FALCON, when 3 Years old, was known to be the best of his Year in England, was Sire of *Freeman*, and many noted Runners (as may be seen by the Racing Calendar). He was got by *Highflyer*, that covered at 50 Guineas, on *Proserpine*, own Sister to *Eclipse*. FALCON was bred by the late Col. HYDE; his Dam, *Sweet Marjoram*, was H. R. H. the PRINCE of WALES's favourite Stud Mare, and sold for 1700 Guineas. He is in fine Bloom and Condition, 16 hands high, with remarkably strong Legs, fully equal to Sixteen Stone Fox-hunting, a very fine Leaper, and temperate. His Produce are known to be as good Hunters as any in Ireland, and sell for very high Prices, from their great Strength, Movement, and Beauty.
Waterford, April 23, 1816.

☞ As the Groom is accountable, the Horse cannot be led out, until the Money is paid.

J. KING,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
SALUTATION TAVERN AND INN,
CHURCH LANE, WATERFORD,

BEGS leave most respectfully to return his grateful Thanks to those Gentlemen who so kindly stepped forward to his Support in his late perilous Situation, and presumes to hope, that, by his personal Exertion and Attention, it will be in his power to prove himself deserving of their Patronage. He takes this opportunity of informing his Friends and the Public, that he has spared no Expense in fitting up a ROOM (divided into BOXES)—also BEDS, well-aired, for Gentlemen and Families—with good STABLING—and engages to give DINNERS to large or small Parties, with the best of WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUOR, at reasonable charges. DINNERS ordered will be sent out to any part of the City, on the shortest Notice.

☞ Steady HORSES and JAUNTING-CARS, with careful DRIVERS, to be Let by the Day or Week, on moderate Terms.

N. B. The Fraternity of the O. B. will meet with brotherly respect. April 20, 1816.

TO BE LET,
FROM THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT,

ABOUT 27 Acres of the LANDS of GLEN, situated on the River Suir, between Carrick and Clonmel, in the County of Waterford, lately in the possession of WILLIAM HICKEY.
Proposals will be received by JOHN POWER, Esq. Kilfane—THOMAS CHRISTMAS, Esq. Dublin—or Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, Waterford.
April 20, 1816.

NOTICE
TO RETAILERS OF BEER.

THE COMMISSIONERS of INLAND EXCISE and TAXES in IRELAND having received representations from many of the Licensed Retailers of Spirituous and other Liquors in different parts of Ireland, complaining of the practice of Unlicensed Persons selling Beer and Ale, alleged to be of low Quality and Price, the said Commissioners hereby give Notice, that a Duty is, by Law, imposed upon a License to any Person to sell Beer or Ale by Retail; and that any Person who shall sell, by himself or herself, or by any Person employed by him or her, in his or her House, Out house, Building, or other Place, or to be consumed elsewhere, Beer or Ale, in a less quantity than a Quarter of a Barrel, (Sellers of Bottled Beer or Ale, who send the same abroad, and shall not sell any to be consumed in their own Houses, excepted,) is by Law deemed to be a Retailer, and to sell the same by Retail, and, if not duly licensed, is subject to all the Penalties and Forfeitures to which Unlicensed Retailers are liable; and the Law having made no reference or distinction as to the Quality or Price of the Beer or Ale, the said Commissioners hereby require all such Unlicensed Persons before alluded to, on pain of being proceeded against, either forthwith to discontinue the Retailing of Ale and Beer, or to take out the proper License to authorize such Sale.
By Order of the Commissioners.
E. HARDMAN.
Excise Office, Dublin,
April 9, 1816.

THE REAL JAPAN BLACKING,
MADE BY
DAY AND MARTIN,
No. 97, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

THIS inestimable Composition, with half the usual Labour, produces a most brilliant Jet black, fully equal to the highest Japan Varnish; affords peculiar Nourishment to the Leather; will not soil the finest Linen; is perfectly free from any unpleasant Smell, and will retain its Virtues in any Climate.
Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by their Agent,
MR. S. PHELAN,
Bookseller and Stationer, Quay, Waterford.

PRIME SHIP BISCUIT.

FOR SALE, One Thousand Five Hundred Bags of fresh, well baked BISCUIT, of good Quality. Application to
THOMAS NEVINS.
Ferrybank, April 16, 1816.

☞ This Biscuit will be sold on reasonable Terms, and is worthy the Attention of Shippers or Masters of Vessels.