



Yesterday the Duke of York and Clarence visited the Prince Regent at Carlton-house. The inquiries of condolence upon the death of the lamented Duke of Kent continued yesterday very numerous at Carlton-house and the Royal establishments.

Mr. Luscombe, surgeon, of Exeter, left that city on Tuesday morning for Sidmouth, to embalm the remains of the Duke of Kent, which he performed the following day.

The *Salopian Journal* says:—We are informed, that the Earl of Macclesfield has returned 10 per cent. to all his Staffordshire tenants, upon the entire of last year's rent.

ADMIRALTY SESSIONS.

These Sessions commenced yesterday at the Old Bailey. At nine o'clock precisely Sir Wm. Scott (the Judge of the Court) took his seat on the Bench, attended by several Civilians. The Commission for holding the Court was read in the usual form, and the Grand Jury were sworn.

Sir William Scott resumed his seat on the Bench, assisted by Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Justice Best.

William Lilly and Alexander Wood were arraigned for stealing a quantity of beef from on board the brig *Mary*, of Carnarvon, Robert Williams, master, while she was stranded on the Goodwin Sands, off the coast of Kent, on the 21st December, 1818.

Mr. Arabin read the indictment, and Mr. Boland opened the case, and detailed the circumstances of it as they were subsequently disclosed in evidence. He said the offence was a capital one. The brig was proceeding from Limerick to Carnarvon with a cargo of beef, butter, pork, and bacon, value £7000, when, in a storm, she got wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. Several hardy seamen went to give assistance from the contiguous port to about 50 boats, and he was sorry to say, that among them were a number of men whose sole object was plunder, and who conducted the work of destruction so completely, that they carried off the whole of the rigging and materials, as well as the cargo. Among them were the Prisoners at the bar.

The Prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, merely said, they used the beef for their own family. Mr. Justice Park summed up the evidence. Verdict—Guilty of larceny.

DREADFUL CASE OF MURDER.

James Pater, a man apparently 60 years of age, was indicted for the wilful murder of his brother, John Pater, on the 14th of November, on board a vessel called the *Aurora*, lying about two miles off Duagness, in the County of Kent. There was no Counsel for the prosecution.

Wm. Hensley, a youth, stated, that he was cabin-boy on board the *Aurora* smack, of which the Prisoner was the master. One night of some day (which he could not recollect) before Christmas last, the vessel was off the coast of Duagness, and he was lying in bed in the cabin, when he heard a noise, something like a tumble. He looked out of bed, and saw that it was John Pater who had fallen down. The Prisoner stood over him, and was beating him over the head and body with the bellows. The deceased kept crying out, "My dear brother James, pray leave off!" The Prisoner soon after desired witness to get a bundle of straw, for that one who had brought the dead body of a man on board. The Prisoner and the deceased were both in liquor, and witness saw the former wash the face of the latter with liquor. The Prisoner soon after dragged witness out of bed, and repeated his order to get a bundle of straw, as he wished to make an alarm and say a dead man was on board.

Cross-examined by Mr. Alley.—Prisoner had some wounds in his head, and was often mad. A person named Richardson, just before the transaction, had a smack belonging to the Prisoner, and he was much enraged against him. When the Prisoner met a smuggling vessel at sea, he became quite deranged. While beating his brother, he constantly cried out, "Richardson, I am giving it to you." He had always, previously, been kind both to the deceased and witness.

Churchill Meadows said, that he was also on board the *Aurora*, at the time mentioned. Witness and deceased had that morning gone on board a smuggling vessel and got some liquor. They all drank again, however, after dinner, and the Prisoner stripped and got across the table to fight. Witness fled for fear, but the Prisoner pursued, crying out, "You are the Custom-house officer, and I'll be hanged for you." Witness fled, and jumped into the hold of the vessel, when the Prisoner jumped after him, and swore he was taking the part of the Custom-house officers. About this time, some other men came on board, and joined the Prisoner in drinking, for at least three hours. As soon as they went away, the Prisoner again began "his action," and made a tremendous noise, swearing and calling out for "his enemies." Witness then saw deceased come out of bin, and soon afterwards heard him exclaim, "O don't, my dear brother!" This was said by a great voice. Shortly after he fell down the ladder into the cabin; he lay in the face and head. The Prisoner and best him until he broke the bellows

in pieces, vociferating "I'll be killed for you! I'll be hanged for you, you—!" "Don't, my dear brother," was the only reply of the deceased. When the bellows had been broken, the Prisoner got from under the bed a large iron mallet, and seized it with both hands, laid about his brother until he was quite senseless. When the Prisoner found him in this state, he lay down by his side, placing his head on his brother's body. Witness was so alarmed, that he ran out of the after-cabin, whence he saw the transaction, but the Prisoner pursued him. He was obliged to run up the rigging for safety, when the Prisoner called out for his musket and blunderbuss. Witness cried out for mercy, and begged that he would spare him for the sake of his wife and family. The Prisoner replied, he would "do" for both. Witness got down soon after and hid under the bowsprit, where he took off his clothes, ready to jump overboard, if attacked by the Prisoner. The latter soon after called out to the boy, Hensley (who was his step son), to bring the straw. The boy said there was none. The Prisoner—d—d him, and said if he could get it he would put him in the middle and light it up. The boy then ran to witness for protection. The Prisoner also ran towards witness and seized him by the throat, so that it was with difficulty he got his hand out of his neckcloth. He swore he would be hanged for him also. He afterwards agreed to go to bed, and as he went through the cabin, he saw his brother lying on the floor.—"Who's that?" said he. Witness replied, "that is your brother, whom you have murdered." The Prisoner immediately knocked him down for saying so. After this, he sat down by his brother, washed him with liquor, and exclaimed he was dead. By Prisoner's desire a bed was made up, and the dead body placed in it. On the following morning, the Prisoner came to witness and said, "I have kissed John, & shaken hands with him. If I could get him up here, I would fasten chains to our feet, and we would both go overboard together comfortably." Witness brought the iron mallet, and found it had blood and hair upon it, saying, "here it is that you have killed your brother with." Prisoner seized it, and threw it overboard, exclaiming, "it will never kill any more."

### The Wareford Chronicle.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

The melancholy task has at length devolved on the Public Journals of announcing the death of King GEORGE III. who departed this life at Windsor Castle, at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock on the night of Saturday last. A Special Messenger left London for Dublin at one o'clock on Sunday morning, conveying the intelligence in a letter addressed by Lord SIMON to the Lord CHANCELLOR of Ireland, one of the Lords Justices. It appears, that the event had been long expected for the two previous days, that the powers of nature had been completely exhausted, and that His MAJESTY expired without any indications of suffering. The *Dublin Evening Post* says:—Both Houses of Parliament are now sitting; they met, a thing completely unprecedented, on Sunday. It is supposed there will be no further adjournment to the 15th instant, as an immense mass of business has been accumulated in consequence. The Addresses of condolence, congratulation, &c. will occupy the time until the period at which the last adjournment would have terminated. The *Freeman's Journal* of Tuesday states, "that all the Courts of Justice in Dublin had been adjourned, and that His Royal Highness the PRINCE ROBERT was to be proclaimed King in the course of that day by the title of GEORGE THE FOURTH."

KING GEORGE THE THIRD was born on the 4th of June, 1738, crowned on the 25th of October, 1760, and died on the 29th of January, 1820, in the sixtieth year of his reign, and twentieth year of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. To describe the mighty events of this long period of the British Monarchy, or to portray the illustrious private virtues of the departed Sovereign, will be the employment of the Historian, and are wholly incompatible with the limited pages of the Journalist. His private virtues were the general theme of every tongue, and the occurrences of his reign present topics of detail, of reflection, and of reasoning, which are sufficient to occupy the most laborious efforts of the Historian, and the profoundest deliberations of the Statesman, throughout many future generations. We shrink from a task to which we feel ourselves utterly incompetent—we withdraw from investigations which demand information beyond our reach. Much, however, will soon now be said on these subjects, and our readers shall be gratified by the transmission to them of whatever shall seem to possess interest or importance.

Various accounts represent the PRINCE ROBERT (now the KING) as seriously indisposed, while others say, that his ROYAL HIGHNESS was recovering from the severe catarrh of the season.

The *London Observer* of Sunday states as follows:—

"It is certain that the symptoms which have affected our beloved Sovereign during the last week indicate a speedy termination of his sufferings. His appetite is said to be wholly gone, and his strength to have entirely failed. The rapid movements of official personages throughout yesterday and the preceding day rather strengthen the accounts of the alarming crisis which His Majesty's indisposition has attained. At a late hour on Friday evening, the Earl of Liverpool set off to Windsor, where he remained the whole of that night. All the messengers of the House of Lords have been in hourly attendance upon Sir THOMAS FRANKLIN, the Usher of the Black Rod, during the last two days, and are even ordered to be in attendance this day. The fires in the House of Lords are kept regularly lighted as if the Peers were sitting, and Mr. Coates, the Deputy Clerk of Parliament, through whom, we believe, the summons for the immediate convocation of Parliament should issue on the demise of His Majesty, arrived in town, at his house in Palace-yard, at three o'clock yesterday, having left his seat in the country rather unexpectedly. Soon after his arrival he communicated with Sir T. FRANKLIN and Mr. Coates, the Deputy-Usher of the Black Rod. The Archbishop of Canterbury was at Lambeth Palace yesterday, having specially arrived from the country. Our readers are not perhaps aware, that Parliament must (if possible) meet on the day after the demise of the Sovereign. If the melancholy event occurred during a dissolution of Parliament, the former Members re-assume their functions, and assemble forthwith for the despatch of business."

The latest accounts from London state, that no orders had then been issued for the funeral of the Duke of Kent.—No Mail due.

VICARS CHORAL OF DUBLIN.

We understand, that the Vicars Choral of St. Patrick's & Christ-Church, Dublin, have instituted a claim on the Tythes of *White-Church-Glasy*, a small Impropriation united with several others near Wexford, the similarity of whose denomination to that of one of the Parishes of the Rev. Mr. HAYCOCK has led to serious error. Many, who know of no other *White-Church* than that of the respectable Gentleman whom we have named, have deemed the claim to be applicable to his Church; and we have reason to believe, that the Agent of

the Vicars Choral has, in some degree, acted under this mistake. Mr. HAYCOCK's *White-Church*, however, is a solid Rectory, and Prebend, and the claim, not being capable of being substantiated there, has been transferred to another quarter.

### DEATH OF GEORGE III.

The fate to which all of mortal race is doomed has, at length, we are sincerely concerned to state, visited our late beloved and venerable Sovereign. GEORGE III. DIED AT HALF-PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY NIGHT. An Express reached the Castle this forenoon, with despatches for the Lords Justices, bearing the intelligence of this afflicting event. The melancholy information was speedily circulated; and, although an occurrence which could not be considered as unexpected or sudden, from the previous impaired state of our gracious Monarch's health, yet, it excited an universal expression of regret among all classes of the Public. No Sovereign ever enjoyed the attachment and affection of his People more unboundedly than GEORGE THE THIRD, and none could merit it more fully. His reign, which was distinguished by many of the most important events to be found in the records of History, was marked by wisdom and firmness, and by a sound and enlightened course of public policy. To the measures which emanated from his Government, and to those pursued upon their example, after it had pleased the Almighty to incapacitate him for supreme rule, the United Kingdom owes its present great and mighty rank among the nations of Europe. But we cannot now enter upon any political retrospect, beyond a general remark, of the reign of our revered and departed Monarch—it combined all that could be desired for the welfare and happiness of his subjects, and all that could result from the bright and salutary example of his own private virtues. The sceptre has now passed to hands that have already, in delegation, wielded it gloriously and prosperously for these Countries; and may it long remain where it is so happily placed!!!

On the arrival of the Express with the account of his late Majesty's death, the following Letter was addressed to the Lord Mayor:—

Dublin Castle, February 1, 1820.

MY LORD—It is my painful duty to inform your Lordship of the demise of his late Majesty, King GEORGE THE THIRD—the Lords Justices having received a Letter from Viscount Sidmouth, announcing to their Excellencies that this melancholy event took place, without the least apparent suffering, at Windsor Castle, at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday last; to the great grief of his present Majesty, and of the Royal Family.

I have the honour to be, My Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient Servant, C. GRANT.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, with his usual propriety and attention to his public duty, immediately acquainted his fellow-citizens with the lamented demise of their late Sovereign.

No particulars of his late Majesty's death were stated in the despatches, except that it took place, as expressed in Mr. Secretary Grant's Official Letter to the Lord Mayor, without any apparent pain or suffering.

### STATE OF IRELAND.

(From the *Dublin Evening Post*.)

The Death of our revered and venerable Sovereign, as it will engender all the feelings of the Public, will excite us from entering upon the subject of the State of Ireland in that detail which the information in our possession enables us to do. We have only to observe, with regard to the County of Galway, that General O'Loughlin has just taken the command of the district—it has also been represented to us, that a Police Establishment of 300 men are about to be despatched to the disturbed districts.

Regarding the murder of Mr. Edward Browne, we understand, from the authority of Gentlemen who were present at the Inquest, that it appeared to be the universal impression, that this most excellent young man was mistaken for another, and not, as our former authority (certainly a most respectable one) induced us to conclude, that he fell a victim to private malice. In justice to the memory of Mr. Browne, and in feeling of his afflicted surviving friends, we feel great pleasure in making this statement. Mr. Browne's character indeed was so amiable, and his conduct so entirely void of offence, that we are perfectly safe in stating, that he had not one enemy in the world, and that, so far from exciting deadly vengeance, we believe, from the communications which have been made to us, that there was no person in existence who entertained even a personal grudge against him. At the same time, we still contend, that *The Courier* is wrong in attributing this catastrophe to a religious feeling. It is not because Mr. O'Rourke, the Gentleman for whom, it appears, he was mistaken, was a Protestant Clergyman, that his life was sought;—for there is a Protestant Clergyman on the spot, Mr. Coffey, who is popular and beloved by every denomination of Christians in his vicinity;—but because Mr. O'Rourke was, perhaps, a justifiably active Magistrate. We do not care to present to go farther into this most unpleasant subject.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

THE fate to which all of mortal race is doomed has, at length, we are sincerely concerned to state, visited our late beloved and venerable Sovereign. GEORGE III. DIED AT HALF-PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY NIGHT. An Express reached the Castle this forenoon, with despatches for the Lords Justices, bearing the intelligence of this afflicting event. The melancholy information was speedily circulated; and, although an occurrence which could not be considered as unexpected or sudden, from the previous impaired state of our gracious Monarch's health, yet, it excited an universal expression of regret among all classes of the Public. No Sovereign ever enjoyed the attachment and affection of his People more unboundedly than GEORGE THE THIRD, and none could merit it more fully. His reign, which was distinguished by many of the most important events to be found in the records of History, was marked by wisdom and firmness, and by a sound and enlightened course of public policy. To the measures which emanated from his Government, and to those pursued upon their example, after it had pleased the Almighty to incapacitate him for supreme rule, the United Kingdom owes its present great and mighty rank among the nations of Europe. But we cannot now enter upon any political retrospect, beyond a general remark, of the reign of our revered and departed Monarch—it combined all that could be desired for the welfare and happiness of his subjects, and all that could result from the bright and salutary example of his own private virtues. The sceptre has now passed to hands that have already, in delegation, wielded it gloriously and prosperously for these Countries; and may it long remain where it is so happily placed!!!

### GENERAL D'EVEREUX.

We are authorized by Mr. O'Connell to state, that, by the three last Mails, he has received Letters from General D'EVEREUX—the first, inclosing a statement in reply to the charges which have appeared against him—the second, requesting Mr. O'Connell not to publish it before his arrival in Dublin, as the moment of relief from a severe indisposition would permit him to travel, he would be here to give, personally, the wished-for explanation—the third, stating, that he continued ill; however, that nothing but death should prevent his setting out as speedily as possible for Dublin, in order to vindicate his character from unmerited aspersions.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

COLONEL McDERMOTT'S REGIMENT.

The letters forwarded to us by Col. McDermott for publication came too late for this evening's impression. One from Margutta, from an Officer (Lieut. Duncan) of his Regiment, gives a flattering account of the state of things there at that time, and of the preparations then making for the embarkation of the Troops, 1200 strong.—These letters shall appear in our next.—*Ibid*.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE ARREST OF WADE.

This unfortunate individual, who effected his escape from Newgate, and for whose apprehension a considerable reward was offered, was apprehended on Thursday last, at the Commercial Hotel, Waterford, by a Police Officer, of the name of Rea; after Wade had escaped from Newgate, he left town, and arrived at Clonard, in the County of Westmeath; he had not been long there, when he conceived that he was recognized by a policeman's wife, who he thought, and a perfect knowledge of him. This appearing to him to be very probable, he departed from the town, in a chaise and four, disguised with spectacles, and, in all appearance, in a very debilitated state of body and limbs. His great anxiety at the moment to get out of town excited considerable suspicion in those that were on the look-out for him; and in some time after he was traced to Waterford, where he was arrested. A post-chaise was soon obtained, in which Wade and the officer who arrested him, accompanied by an assistant, set out for Dublin.

When they arrived at the Royal Oak, they stopped to change horses and get refreshment; Wade was shown into a two-parlor room, from which he contrived to make his escape, by jumping from the window into the street, the officers who had him in charge being outside the room, on the lobby.

This unhappy man, after a tedious journey of upwards of eighteen miles on foot, was taken by a man of the name of Burrows, at Bignallytown, in a very exhausted state.

Information of his arrest having been communicated to a Magistrate, the necessary arrangements were made for conveying him to Dublin, where he arrived by the *Carlow Day Coach*, at five o'clock in the evening of Saturday last, and was lodged in the Head Police Office, where he underwent an examination before Major Sirr, (who was in attendance, waiting his arrival), when it appearing that no suspicion of conspiracy, on the part of any of the persons under whose care he was, could attach to them, he was re-committed to Newgate, to take his trial for the escape, at the ensuing Commission.

We feel great satisfaction in stating, that Wade, since his arrival, has declared, in the most solemn and unequivocal manner, that none of the persons entrusted with the care of the prison had the least knowledge of his escape.—*Correspondent*.

CLOMEL, FEB. 2.—The amount of Bank Paper taken from the driver of the *Daycar* near Cashel, on Thursday evening, was £1500—1000 of which were in half-notes, which, of course, can turn to no account to the robbers, the other halves being in safety.—£500, however, were in Bank Post Bills of £5 each, of the Bank of Messrs. Latouche and Co., from No. 802 to No. 901, dated 24th Jan. 1820, payable to Millwards and Co. and endorsed "pay Thomas Butler or Order, Millwards and Co." but the robbery having taken place before the Bills were endorsed by Thomas Butler, they can turn to no account to the plunderers, as due caution has been given to the Public on the first intelligence of the fact, and as payment has been stopped at the Bank of Messrs. Latouche. The Driver has been in custody for examination.

On Sunday last, while the family were at prayer, the house of Mr. Stafford, of Ballyloughan, near Nine-mile-House, was entered by a gang of fellows, who carried away whatever arms were there; from thence they went to the house of a respectable farmer of the name of Landy, where they found a case of pistols and a gun, which they carried off.—*Advertiser*.

At Christmas, the Countess of Carrick eloped with the little girls who are educated in her Ladyship's school.

SMUGGLING OPERATIONS.—On Monday morning, a very singular event took place on the mountain of Killiker, the estate of Samuel White, Esq. A poor man, whose name is Cavanaugh, who makes a livelihood by poaching and fencing rabbits, embraced the opportunity of Mr. White's absence, to try his hand at a rabbit warren, on the mountain. Having set his nets to the best advantage, and entered a favourite buck ferret, who kept roving about for some time through rocks and subterraneous caverns, he at length found his way through a different passage from that which he had entered: at the same time, an eagle passing by, pounced on the ferret, caught him in his talons, and soared aloft into the clouds. The poor man, seeing the sad catastrophe, sat down quite dejected, and cursed the bird of Jore for depriving him of his best friend and only supporter: he then resolved to go to Dublin. Having taken his way thither, on approaching the village of Fir-shoo, near Kilmacshann, he met a Taylor running along the road, crying aloud that Mother Shipton's prophesies were consummated—that one of the three eagles mentioned by them had descended from the air, accompanied by a small hairy Demon, which were then lying in his garden—he further assured the country people (who by this time were gathered around him) that all nature would be soon at a stand, and a total conflagration of the earth would immediately ensue. The Forester, on hearing this wild declamation of the Taylor, damned all the eagles round the globe, and journeyed homewards; curiosity prompted him to look into the Taylor's potato garden, as he passed, where, to his great surprise, he found the eagle prostrate on the ground, his wind-pipe cut across, and the ferret wound around his neck alive and well. The distance from the rabbit warren to the Taylor's garden is about five miles.

John Fearon, who was drowned near Rostrevor, on the night of the 18th ult., was first discovered by Cora, a favourite dog of Capt. Constanry's. The dog met a labouring man going to work on Friday morning last, and immediately caught him by the coat, and pulled him towards the drain in which Fearon was lying; the man beat the dog off, but still the sagacious animal continued to fawn, to pull him by the skirts, and to run to the water and return. At last the labourer was induced to go forward to the drain, where he discovered the unfortunate man.

CORK, JAN. 29.—In consequence of the contrary of opinion respecting the conduct of Mr. Egan, on the late robbery of the Coach, and as there were many mysterious circumstances connected with him upon that occasion, the Secretary to the General Post Office has dispatched an officer to that Establishment to investigate his conduct. The inquiry took place yesterday before Aldermen Frisland and Gibbins; the result, we understand, has been quite satisfactory, and they have acquitted him of any criminality whatsoever in the transaction. We own, however, we are curious to know, what could have been his person's motive for assuming a fictitious signature, and presenting himself at Clonmel as a merchant residing in Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, whereas he turned out to be one of a family residing at Roscrea, who lived in constant warfare with the Rev. Mr. Hamilton.

On Thursday an Inquest was held by Henry Hartly, Esq. Coroner for the City of Cork, on the body of a man named J. Singleton, who was killed by a fall, when in the act of plundering timber from the Old Abbey, on the North Mall. We understand that various silly rumours were afloat regarding the supposed cause of this man's death; but we are enabled to state, from authority, that it happened as just mentioned, and was purely accidental. We would feel no small degree of satisfaction if the untimely end of this unfortunate man would serve as a caution to the many deluded wretches who are engaged in almost daily acts of plunder in this City.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MODERATOR.

Sir—At a period like that which we have lately witnessed, when the continuance of frost and snow, for nearly six weeks, furnished innumerable instances of the hardships felt by the lower orders of the People, you will pardon my intrusion in communicating, through the medium of your useful Paper, the line of conduct pursued by the Earl of Carrick, in alleviating the distresses and administering to the comforts of the poor inhabitants of this town and its vicinity.

On the 1st instant, his Lordship, (not content with the "works of mercy" recently performed by his truly amiable and benevolent Countess,) upon contemplating the inclemency of the season, gave directions to his agent, Mr. Cronyn, to select twenty-four of the most destitute, naked, and unprotected boys that could be found in the town, and to have them furnished with a suit of clothes each. These orders, so worthy of imitation, were promptly executed; the boys, when thus newly-lathed, marched out to Mount Juliet for the purpose of returning thanks to their Noble benefactor, when Lady Carrick, who had ordered her butler to provide them with breakfast, was pleased to express her entire satisfaction at their appearance. His Lordship's directions were still further, for by his orders, and at his private expense, *One Hundred and Forty-five* distressed families have been relieved with a cwt. of coal each; and on perceiving the long continuance of severe weather, he wrote his agent to purchase a quantity of blankets.

At Christmas, the Countess of Carrick eloped with the little girls who are educated in her Ladyship's school.

Irish Stocks, Feb. 1.

Bank Stock	911
Gov. Deb. 3 per cent.	73 1/2
Do. Stock, 4 per cent.	75 1/2
Government Deb. 4 per cent.	103 1/2
Do. Stock, 4 per cent.	103 1/2
Do. Deb. 4 per cent.	103 1/2
Do. Stock, 5 per cent.	103 1/2

Exchange, 9 1/2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, BALLS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the PUBLIC BALLS are hereby informed, that the BALLS are POSTPONED, on account of the Death of his Majesty GEORGE III. till further Notice.

Waterford, February 3, 1820.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, AT MR. POPES FARM, AT FERRYBANK, ON MONDAY, the 7th Inst. at One o'Clock, About Fifty Tons of Quebec TIMBER, 2 Pieces of ELM TIMBER, & some SPARS, TO BE SET UP IN CONVENIENT LOTS.

Approved Bills, at Three Months, will be taken in payment.

Waterford, Feb. 3, 1820.

SILK DYEING, &c. &c.

HOPKINS,

SILK AND CLOTH DYER, SCOURER, PRESSER, &c. NEAR MR. MORRISON'S HALF-MOON HOUSE, MANOR OF BALLYMORRIS, WATERFORD, &c. &c.

REURNS his grateful Thanks to the Inhabitants of Waterford and its Neighbourhood, for the great share of Patronage he has received since his commencement in Business.

He is assisted by the most able and experienced Workmen; and he trusts, that his attention and punctuality to any Commands he may be favoured with, will secure for him a continuance of that Support he has hitherto enjoyed.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES refreshed, and considerably improved in appearance.

Waterford, February 3, 1820.

WATERFORD MARKET PRICES—FEB. 3.

Butter, first quality	80	0	00	
second	75	0	75	
third	68	0	60	
Yellow, rendered (Barley, Y. Co.)	68	0	60	
do. (White)	64	0	63	
Lard, casks, rendered	34	0	56	
Beef, first quality	40	0	40	
PKS. single	48	0	48	
do. double	30	0	43	
Pork Oil	20	0	44	
PKS. Heads	26	0	26	
Swedish Fish (Dried, Y. Co.)	14	0	15	
Outward	14	0	15	
Flour, first quality	00	0	00	
second	40	0	40	
third	34	0	34	
Barley, malted	32	0	26	
Wheat	31	0	33	
Barley, malted	15	0	16	
do. grinding	10	0	13	
Oats, prime	11	0	12	
do. common	10	0	11	
New Scotch Herring, gutted	50	0	50	
do. un-gutted	47	0	47	
Comb, Whitehaven	0	0	0	
Newport	4	0	4	
Swansea	3	0	3	
Fallow, rough	6	0	6	
Potatoes, by weight	0	0	0	
do. by measure	0	0	0	
Beef	0	0	0	
Mutton	0	0	0	
Pork	0	0	0	
Fresh Butter	1	0	14	
Cork Whiskey, per Gallon	12	0	12	
do. do. do.	10	0	10	
Starfield Ditto	10	0	10	
Cod Oil	239	0	104	
Seal Oil, brown	40	0	40	
do. pale	45	0	45	
Corn Returns for the Week ending on Saturday last.				
624 Barrels Wheat	£ 12	5	d.	
1294 do. do.	0	12	5	d.
2392 do. do.	0	15	5	d.

DEVEREUX'S EXPEDITION.

MEETING AT MORRISON'S.

(From the *Dublin Journal*)

On Saturday last, the Meeting convened by requisition, to investigate the cause of the failure of the late Expedition to Murgatta, took place at Morrison's, and was most numerously attended. Two o'clock was the hour appointed, long before which time numbers began to collect, and about half-past two the great room was occupied by an immense crowd, said to exceed 1400; many were refused admittance, said to be from an apprehension of danger to the building. It was understood that Lord Cloncurry would have attended and taken the Chair. His Lordship not appearing, the Meeting became impatient, and a very general call was made for the Chair to be filled. Several gentlemen were successively called upon, but each declined the honour, as it was known that Lord Cloncurry was expected. Three o'clock arrived, when loud and general calls were again raised for the business of the day to be proceeded on. At about a quarter past three, the attention of the Meeting was turned to the lower end of the room, where were heard some calls of "Chair," and it was stated by some person at the table, which had been laid out at the upper end, and around which the Gentlemen then present who had signed the requisition, and all those who were chiefly interested in the subject of it, had been waiting since before two o'clock, expecting the arrival of the noble Chairman, Mac Nally, the Barristers, and other Gentlemen who were next the table, said that this was of the Agents and Friends of D'EVEREUX, disturbance and confusion, and prevent progress from going on. At length Sir F. Flood was called to the Chair, and he