

THE LATE LORD LONDONDERRY.

In our minds, the terms Castlereagh and Londonderry will long be connected with tyranny, blood, and slavery at home; since, as far as our observation went, he was the great advocate and supporter of the one—the constant shield and protector of the other. No name ever sounded so un-English to our ears as Castlereagh; because the great occupation of the owners seemed to be, to lower the name of England abroad, and the standard of political rectitude at home—to oppose and thwart every thing in every quarter of the globe that tended to meliorate and improve the condition of his species. As a public speaker, he was equally bad. We never heard any one open his lips whose features and gestures were so regulated to our feelings. His manner was so cold and regulated, that his plianciness occasioned nothing but disgust. There was the security, no doubt, of intellect; a consciousness of power, but no obvious reliance on talent; a conviction that he would out-number, but none that he had out-reasoned his opponents; the craftiness of the Politician, but nothing of the Patriot or Statesman. We defy the whole corps of his interested worshippers to name another individual who, in the dawn of civilization, has spoken so much, and said so little that any one would wish to remember. We tax our curiosity in vain for any report that he ever made to the better principles of our nature. We are ignorant, indeed, that a sentiment ever escaped his lips that deserves to be recorded, or that he ever did a public act which evinced the slightest elevation of character. His law for manumission, the treatment of Napoleon presents itself in the foreground—if for generosity, the persecutions by bill of pains and penalties, and by the patronized and incessant slanders and vilification of the Queen, rise up before us—if for gratitude, the insurrection acts, gagging bills, and transporting laws for his Irish countrymen, become writings on the wall—and if genuine philanthropy be called for, we have instances in his Fugitive Bill and Alien Acts, in his approval of the treatment experienced by the oppressed Poles, Saxons, Norwegians, Paraguanes, Sicilians, and Greeks. These are negatives of which few, we trust, would be proud; and if (as we permitted, we could make out a list of positive still more formidable. But we must confine our pen, if we cannot restrain our feelings. By way of summary, however, we may say, that unblushing assurance as to what he asserted, and utter remissness as to the consequences of any measure necessary for supporting the Holy Alliance abroad, or his own political party at home, seems to have characterized his whole policy, foreign and domestic. Having formed these opinions upon a review of the public life of the Marquis of Londonderry, it would be gross hypocrisy in us to profess regret at his death. We conscientiously believe that he has done more ill to England than any other man can remedy in the course of a century; and that it is utterly impossible that a wiser Minister (we say nothing of the man) can be his successor. We do not desire to hope that the domestic system, which he did so much to perfect, will be voluntarily relinquished; but it is some consolation to think that the same is past, especially when the force of circumstances is likely to operate some improvement. We expect nothing from Adulation; but we do hope something at home from another abundant harvest, and much abroad from the folly and wickedness of rulers, and the growing enlightenment of the people.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY LIFE OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

(From a Pamphlet recently published.) Lord Castlereagh at this time divided his attention between his duty in Downshire as an officer, and his duty in Dublin as a senator; and he was indefatigable in both capacities. At the latter called that succeeded the explosion at the latter end of 1798. He took advantage of, and visited the domain of his father; he was then received with enthusiasm by all parties, and was justly popular in his native county. He was fond of sports; and it seems did not always confine his shots towards the feathered race. He pursued and won a fair lady under the protection of his excursions. He was in the habit of visiting her soon after the consequences of this attachment were soon apparent, and my Lord was called upon to give a particular account of his particular attentions. The lady declined to do; and preferred the lady's champion, who, at the investigation of the adopted father, called his Lordship out, near the harbour and town of Ardglash. Lord Leasche was the friend of our hero; and a couple of shots discharged without effect ended the affair. The moment this business was concluded, his Lordship set out on a shooting party; and when sitting over his wine with his father and friends, at 10 o'clock at night, an express arrived to tell the old Gentleman the news of the duel. He was naturally astonished, and referring to his "Dear Bob," as he always called him, said he had a faint recollection of it; but, as it happened in the morning, the particulars were erased from his memory by the pleasure of the day. Mount Stewart is situated on the opposite side of the lake to Bangor Hall, the seat of the Wards, of Castle Ward. Unhappily, but perfectly harmless, he walks round his domain, attended by a keeper, and is a melancholy picture of the wreck of human pride.

The Hon. Captain Ward, then Member of Parliament for the County of Down, was a resident in the mansion, and with him Lord Castlereagh spent much of his time. The grounds were especially laid out for sports, and game was to be started in abundance. His Lordship generally went out solo. There was a small farm-house on the banks of Loch Coyne, near to Captain Anderson's lodge. As a servant in this farm-house lived Nelly, a comely girl, with a ruddy complexion, flowing auburn locks, and a pretty figure. Nelly's father was a lobster-catcher to the Marquis of Londonderry, and at his cottage Nelly first met the eyes of the young Lord. Sporting on the Strangford side of the lake was now such a favourite amusement to cross the lake in a common ferry boat, or the Custom-house vessel. 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Hugh had one son, who accompanied him in his labours, and nine daughters; his wife was dead, and he had lost a leg on board of a revenue cutter, when engaged in smuggling; his pension was £4 per annum; his daughters worked in the fields; and in the smelt season he managed to get barely sufficient to keep the wheels of life moving. His Lordship had odd ways of conferring benefits. He ordered a carpenter, named M-Henry, who lived at Ballycatter, to bring timber and other materials to this, now called Castlereagh's Island, and began to build a boat; he also sent Hugh Doherty and his son to work to build a cottage from the blue slate stones with which the island abounded; and he laid out a garden, sloping to the leeward, which was planted with flowers and fruit trees. In a very few weeks the house was complete, and his Lordship went from Strangford, or Mount Stewart, two or three times a week to view the progress of his "hobby-horse." 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In this boat, accompanied by a man and his boy, his Lordship made excursions to days together up the lake, and amidst its hundred islands he amused himself with shooting, fishing, and hunting. His boat was always well stocked with viands of every description; yet he generally had a fire kindled under the trees on one of the islands, and himself assisted in cooking the wildgeon or rabbits he had shot, or the fish he had caught. These islands are (excepting four or five) uninhabited; some are cultivated, and grow potatoes, but not many; and the neighbouring peasants visit them during the summer months, and whenever his Lordship met them, they were sure to partake of his store. One man, Hugh Doherty, possessed of an old rotten boat, came daily with his son to fish for smelts at an island whereon his Lordship very often landed. The industry of this poor fellow attracted his notice, and, from purchasing his smelts, he became an inquirer into his circumstances. Hugh had one son, who accompanied him in his labours, and nine daughters; his wife was dead, and he had lost a leg on board of a revenue cutter, when engaged in smuggling; his pension was £4 per annum; his daughters worked in the fields; and in the smelt season he managed to get barely sufficient to keep the wheels of life moving. His Lordship had odd ways of conferring benefits. He ordered a carpenter, named M-Henry, who lived at Ballycatter, to bring timber and other materials to this, now called Castlereagh's Island, and began to build a boat; he also sent Hugh Doherty and his son to work to build a cottage from the blue slate stones with which the island abounded; and he laid out a garden, sloping to the leeward, which was planted with flowers and fruit trees. In a very few weeks the house was complete, and his Lordship went from Strangford, or Mount Stewart, two or three times a week to view the progress of his "hobby-horse." When the cabin or cottage was finished, it consisted of three small rooms: one was the kitchen, another a parlour and dining room, and the third a store. As to the bed-room, when his Lordship did remain out all night, he invariably slept under the awning of his pleasure boat. The walls of this cabin were wainscotted, and covered over with plain blue paper; in the parlour, a square deal table occupied the centre, and twelve oak chairs were ranged around; an oval looking-glass decorated the chimney-piece; and, facing it, a common cuckoo clock; this, with a small quantity of books, on a swinging shelf, formed the whole furniture. There were two windows, one opening towards the sea, and the other towards Mount Stewart. There, in this little rural paradise, his Lordship entertained his friends; and dancing on the green was an amusement in which he joined with alacrity and delight. He constantly kept Hugh Doherty in employment; and in the course of two summers, potatoes and barley were growing in every spot capable of cultivation. The island is only one mile and three-quarters in circumference. When the boat was finished, and properly fitted with sails and oars, his Lordship made a present of her to old Hugh Doherty and his son, giving them at the same time, five guineas to buy proper nets and lines.— This generous act rendered Hugh the happiest mortal, and enabled him in a few years to become the first fisherman on the lake. For two years his Lordship passed his time in this agreeable manner; he was beloved by all the country round; but scenes were now to be exhibited in the political world in which he was destined to take a part, and reign pre-eminent. He prepared to bid adieu to his native county with reluctance, and retired from his island scenes, and his temple on the rock, to his father's seat, Mount Stewart. His Lordship had been nearly three years the devoted friend of Nelly S. and one pledge of affection was the consequence of their intimacy.— This boy was the pride of his father; he was often seen carrying him in his arms and slinging him to please him. It may be worth attention to re-

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THE LATE LORD LONDONDERRY.

(From the Scotsman.) In our minds, the terms Castlereagh and Londonderry will long be connected with tyranny, blood, and slavery at home; since, as far as our observation went, he was the great advocate and supporter of the one—the constant shield and protector of the other. No name ever sounded so un-English to our ears as Castlereagh; because the great occupation of the owners seemed to be, to lower the name of England abroad, and the standard of political rectitude at home—to oppose and thwart every thing in every quarter of the globe that tended to meliorate and improve the condition of his species. As a public speaker, he was equally bad. We never heard any one open his lips whose features and gestures were so regulated to our feelings. His manner was so cold and regulated, that his plianciness occasioned nothing but disgust. There was the security, no doubt, of intellect; a consciousness of power, but no obvious reliance on talent; a conviction that he would out-number, but none that he had out-reasoned his opponents; the craftiness of the Politician, but nothing of the Patriot or Statesman. We defy the whole corps of his interested worshippers to name another individual who, in the dawn of civilization, has spoken so much, and said so little that any one would wish to remember. We tax our curiosity in vain for any report that he ever made to the better principles of our nature. We are ignorant, indeed, that a sentiment ever escaped his lips that deserves to be recorded, or that he ever did a public act which evinced the slightest elevation of character. His law for manumission, the treatment of Napoleon presents itself in the foreground—if for generosity, the persecutions by bill of pains and penalties, and by the patronized and incessant slanders and vilification of the Queen, rise up before us—if for gratitude, the insurrection acts, gagging bills, and transporting laws for his Irish countrymen, become writings on the wall—and if genuine philanthropy be called for, we have instances in his Fugitive Bill and Alien Acts, in his approval of the treatment experienced by the oppressed Poles, Saxons, Norwegians, Paraguanes, Sicilians, and Greeks. These are negatives of which few, we trust, would be proud; and if (as we permitted, we could make out a list of positive still more formidable. But we must confine our pen, if we cannot restrain our feelings. By way of summary, however, we may say, that unblushing assurance as to what he asserted, and utter remissness as to the consequences of any measure necessary for supporting the Holy Alliance abroad, or his own political party at home, seems to have characterized his whole policy, foreign and domestic. Having formed these opinions upon a review of the public life of the Marquis of Londonderry, it would be gross hypocrisy in us to profess regret at his death. We conscientiously believe that he has done more ill to England than any other man can remedy in the course of a century; and that it is utterly impossible that a wiser Minister (we say nothing of the man) can be his successor. We do not desire to hope that the domestic system, which he did so much to perfect, will be voluntarily relinquished; but it is some consolation to think that the same is past, especially when the force of circumstances is likely to operate some improvement. We expect nothing from Adulation; but we do hope something at home from another abundant harvest, and much abroad from the folly and wickedness of rulers, and the growing enlightenment of the people.

Waterford Chronicle.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1822. PRICE FIVE PENNY.

HOUSE & GROUND TO BE LET. MR. LYON. WILL LET HIS HOUSE AND GROUND, AT HARWOOD, FROM THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER NEXT. August 17, 1822.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS TO BE LET. Apply to C. & S. Taylor. Waterford, June 1, 1822.

TO BE LET, OR THE INTEREST SOLD. THE HOUSE IN QUEEN'S STREET, AT PRESENT OCCUPIED BY A GROCER, & C. Apply to JAMES KEATING. Waterford, 9th mo. 30, 1822.

TO BE LET, FROM ST. ALPHEGE NEXT, THE HOUSE ON THE QUAY. Apply to JAMES KEATING. Waterford, July 29, 1822.

REAL CHELTENHAM SALES. Made from the Waters of the Malt-Boys Spa, the Property of Mr. Thompson. Waterford, 9th mo. 30, 1822.

THE CREDITORS of the Bankrupt are requested to meet the Assignees of the City Court, at 12 o'clock, on the 21st of September next, at 12 o'clock, at No. 10, in the late consideration of a proposal which has been made in the said Assignees, for compounding all the Claims of said Assignees, and of the BANK CREDITORS, and of the Administration of Wm. Newport, Esq. deceased, upon the following terms:—

Several members of the Academy of Sciences and the Office of Longitude have manifested their zeal in communicating to him instructions for that purpose. No means which could prepare the success of this expedition have been neglected. The corvette has been fitted out with particular care.—The crew consists of picked seamen. Letters of recommendation are furnished to the commanders of each foreign establishment as the Corvette may visit. Finally, the zeal of all the superior officers abroad reasons to hope that the mission intrusted to them will be executed in the most satisfactory manner.—French Paper.

MOST HORRIBLE MURDER. TRINIDAD, June 15.—Yesterday morning one of the most diabolical acts of murder that ever occurred in this island was perpetrated. About 7 o'clock, a private of the 31st West India Regiment, named Redcliffe, went to the house of a free black woman on the Tregent-road, with whom he previously had had some difference, and without any other provocation on her part, he assaulted and stabbed her twice with a sharp knife, evidently procured for this horrid purpose. As the wretch inflicted the wounds, the woman ran out of the house into the road, pursued by her assailant for a short distance, when he returned to the house, and found the daughter of the woman, who unhappily had at that instant entered it, when he assaulted her with the same knife, and wounded her severely in the arm, but after a moment's attempt at murder, after the first alarm was given, received a wound from him which incapacitated her from giving any further assistance. After having committed this sanguinary outrage, the monster, with a savage ferocity, rushed into an inner room where two infants (the one four and the other sixteen months old) were asleep, seized both and cut their throats out, immediately after which he seized a dog which happened to be in the house and killed it.

Armed with a hand-blended knife in one hand, and a loaded pistol in the other, the inhuman wretch placed himself in the middle of the road, threatening to be the death of any one who should attempt to take or come near him. However

