

The Waterford Chronicle.

To the Favourite Slave that makes the Oppressor. - T. A. C. S.

No 479

TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1830

Price 6d

SPLENDID PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN BY THE GENTLEMEN CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS OF THE METROPOLIS. THE KING'S MINISTERS DEVOTED TO THE INFERNAL GODS.

REPORTED SPECIALLY FOR THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

There have been many public dinners in Ireland, within the last twenty years, each surpassing that which went before it, in the abundance of the viands—the richness and variety of the wines—the rarity and excellence of the confectionary—the luxuriousness of the dessert—the splendour of the ornaments, and the respectability of the company. But we are now called upon to describe a public dinner, at which the gentlemen connected with the Press of the City of Dublin assembled, in Mr. Home's Great Room, on Thursday last, which has been got up in a style so infinitely transcending any dinner that we have ever seen or heard of, that we are almost tempted to relinquish in despair the hope of executing a task which would require the combined powers of Byron, Moore, and turn-out Southey, to delineate, with proper effect and adequate justice. On that memorable day, being the 6th of May, 1830, N.S. all those well known characters, pertaining to the Metropolitan Press, who are in general felt where they cannot be seen, assembled at Home's Great Room, at six o'clock in the evening—the gentlemen of the liberal press wearing large Orange cockades, and those of the ultra-loyal press, having each a Shamrock stuck on the side of his hat as large as a Kerry noggin, except Mr. Rhenmy Sheehan, who wore one full as large as the enormous pumpkin which used to be shown at the Botanic Gardens, Mr. S. being determined to take the lead of the Press even in the article of a shamrock.

At half-past six o'clock to the minute Richard Barrett, Esq. was called on to preside, with Michael Stanton, Esq. as his Vice-President, when the company sat down to dinner—the Chairman being supported on the right by Sir Harcourt Lee, Mr. Rhenmy Sheehan, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Code, Mr. Mansfield, and Mr. Ellington; and on the left, by Mr. Lawless, Mr. Conway, Mr. Lawless, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Lawless, Mr. M'Call, Mr. O'Dowd, Mr. Quinlan, and Mr. Prendergast. The most remarkable characters, in addition, that we observed at the dinner table, were Messrs. Burke, Halpin, Fawcett, Moore, Youden, King, Hughes, Gorman, Miran, Connolly, Maguire, Overell, Johnson, and the two Fitzpatrick, Patrick Vincent, and Nicholas, from Blackpool; the entire comprising an assemblage of near fifty persons.

The dinner consisted of ribs, rounds, and chops of beef; legs, shoulders, and saddles of mutton; Durham and Westphalian hams; chickens, capons, turkeys, ducks, geese, pheasants, woodcock, snipes, and partridges; branches of venison, roast and mock turtle, plum puddings, custard puddings, orange puddings, lemon puddings, narrow puddings, with apple and minced pies, and such a dessert as never before appeared on any table in Dublin, whether belonging to an Alderman or Archbishop.

There hung against the wall, at the back of the President's chair, a tall length portrait of the Duke of Northumberland, represented by the painter, in the act of relieving eight thousand starving weavers with a sum of fifty pounds sterling, being exactly three halfpence to each beggar. The mild expression of his eyes and the self-satisfaction apparent in his countenance—produced, no doubt, by the consciousness of his having performed an act of such stupendous beneficence, reflect great credit on the artist, Myraher Van Danb, of the Dutch school. At the other end of the table where the Vice President sat, an admirable painting of Saint Patrick, by Mr. Blarney O'Sullivan, of Kerry, was placed against the wall. The inside of the Saint's hat, which the painter has represented in this piece, is that wherein his biographer, Jacobus the Monk, and collateral author of the present Lord Radon, mentions his having collected on the shores near Downpatrick, all the serpents, unicorns, hoar-constrictors, basilisks, Daus, Saxons, Attorneys, Tax gatherers, Excisemen and other vermin, which were then in Ireland, and hunted them into the sea.

These splendid productions, of these two celebrated artists are their *chef d'oeuvre*, and will be presented by Mr. Home, to the president of the Royal Irish Academy.

After the cloth had been removed *Non Nobis Domine* was sung by Messrs. Conway, Sheehan, and Lawless.

The Chairman then rose and addressed the meeting—He said that, without meaning to undervalue the usefulness of Kings in general, no historical truth was more incontrovertible than that, in all ages, in all countries, and under every form of government, the people were found to be the true source of legitimate power. Cheers. When the regal power had been abused by men who aimed at absolute sway, had they not been resisted—the right of appointing their own rulers had reverted to the people, teaching that awful lesson to Monarchs that justice and mercy were stronger bonds of loyalty than fraud and coercion. It was not necessary for him to say more on that head, than merely to refer them to the ancient history of England, and the modern one of France,

for an illustration of those wholesome truths.—The chairman concluded by proposing—
The People—the real source of legitimate power—nine times nine. Air—A man's a man for that.
The Chairman—(Gentlemen, I shall now propose a toast which I am sure will find a willing and grateful response in the exclamations of the respectable gentlemen here assembled. It will be hailed by persons who are fully capable of appreciating kindness of heart and benevolent consideration for the wants of our country—
Our gracious Sovereign and his speedy restoration to health—nine times nine. Air, God save the King.
The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family—nine times nine. Air, Rule Britannia.

The Chairman then requested the attention of the meeting to some few observations which he should make before he proposed the next toast; and, as it would be the last toast he should propose during the night, he trusted to their indulgence. Hear, hear. It might be supposed that he had strong predilections for those who wore his personal friends, and he would not deny that the supposition was just; for what man deserved to have a friend, if that man met not his friend's kindness with corresponding feelings, and with a gratitude commensurate to his friendship. He could, however, safely affirm that he would not be the friend of any man who was an enemy to Ireland. Cheers. The friend to his country, and the man that he was proud to call his own friend, and whose health he meant to propose was, the man of the people. Cheers. It would be an insult to their understandings, and a most bitter sarcasm on the characters of his countrymen, to express a doubt that they had heard a history of the merits of Daniel O'Connell. His merits were such as those of no other Irishman who went before him had ever surpassed, save one, the heroic and unconquered Sir John Bull. Loud and repeated cheers. The one had conquered the enemies of his country in *Britannia*, and honourable warfare—the other had conquered them with the irresistible but bloodless weapons of truth and justice. Cheers. The people of Ireland must go with O'Connell in all his plans for the amelioration of their country; and if they shrink not, but hold on manfully and perseveringly, they need not entertain a doubt but he would effect the complete regeneration of their dear and native land. Cheers.

Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator of his country—nine times nine. Air, Erin go Bragh.
The Chairman would now, for the purpose of enlivening the scene, ask for a song; but that he might be the better qualified to make this request, he should first sing himself, although but an indifferent vocalist. He would sing a song, part of which had been composed by one of the bravest and best of Erin's children, the late General Fitzpatrick. Cheers. Another part of the same song had been written by a friend of his own.

SONG—THE SONS OF ERIN.

Air—The Socks of Malinbeg.
Rattling, singing, feasting, drinking,
Merry acting, never thinking,
Headless of their Country's sinking,
Are the sons of Erin.
Weathercocks to wind of state,
Sons depressed as some estate,
Of firm heart but giddy pate,
Are the sons of Erin.
Meanly now like Scotchmen boing,
Then again Court favour wooing,
Causes of their own undoing,
Are the sons of Erin.
Greatest lions, prostrate flukes,
Victims of designing rakes,
Stares to British *Managers*,
Are the sons of Erin.
Blush, Oh! blush, for big game's sake,
Which have blasted all your laurels,
Lost your Country, damn'd your march,
Frantic sons of Erin.
Japs of discord hence away,
Dimness seize pensive care,
Hymns of patriot virtue chant,
Every son of Erin.

See your country's genius drooping—
See her spirit bent and stooping,
While her children leech'd grouping,
Mourn the woes of Erin.
With her great and glorious name
Recollect her ancient fame,
Rouse ye from your deathlike dream,
Torpid sons of Erin.
View your splendid pile of building,
Mark its noble fronts and gilding,
Once our Nation's thimble yielding,
To the sons of Erin.
Now the haunt of moulded scribblers,
Purchased by the foulest bribes,
Late repair'd by courtly gibes,
Are the sons of Erin.
Pitch your voices deep as thunder,
Ray your wranglers are Europe's wonder,
Hear the Union knot unloos'd,
Senators of Erin.

The CHAIRMAN, who was very much cheered at the conclusion of this song, requested the Vice-President to favour the company with a few verses of his own composition, as he was known to be a composer as well as a singer; and he should take that opportunity of saying, that he expected as much from many other gentlemen present. It would be disgraceful to a meeting, composed of some of the first literary characters in the Empire, if they were obliged to resort to the commonplace eulogiums of every cat in three-holes, to furnish materials for an intellectual feast to such gentlemen as he had the honor to address. Wit, humour, and useful rhetoric were to be the order of the evening, temper'd, however, with that decorum which was due to their own characters.—Cheers.
Sir HAROURT LEE begged to be understood as not at all participating in some of the sentiments delivered by the Chairman in his song, although he certainly did not wish to be too true a description of the Irish character.
Mr STANTON said, that although he was not a very brilliant composer, or a very harmonious singer, he would endeavour to comply with the Chairman's request. Cheers.

SONG—WHAT GLORIOUS VISION CHARMS MY SIGHT.

Air—When curatals and lassos gay.
What glorious vision charms my sight,
And beams around celestial light,
This union clad in bright array,
Serenely mild comes on her way,
She comes amidst a leafy throng,
And thro' the harp's of her song,
May every grace and virtue suite,
On thee my fair Hibernia's Isle.
Chorus—May every grace and virtue suite,
On thee my fair Hibernia's Isle.
Once more Parnassus rears its head,
Its ancient laurel round is shed,
With zephyrs divine, the valley rings,
Each Muse responsive sweetly sings;
Though civil strife long rag'd around,
Sweet peace now reigns, first ground,
Ere shall great and happy be,
For all her children now are free!!
Chorus.
Oh may her youth a Patriot train,
Revive the arts of ancient Rome,
And raise her heroes from the Tomb,
May bold contentment still prevail,
And plenty flourish in every vale;
Oh may her Sons ever be
For then they're ha, py—then they're free.
Chorus.

Mr STANTON was much applauded when he had finished his song; and

Mr RHEMYSHEEHAN rose and said that he requested the Chairman's attention, and the attention of the company, while he made some observations on the public character of their Vice President—a gentleman whom he respected highly, at the same time that he differed from him on questions of a public nature. Hear, hear. It was said by many individuals in Ireland, whose names, for propriety sake, he would not then introduce, that they had, by their extraordinary talents and indefatigable exertions, procured the passing of the late Relief Bill; but he would assert that Mr Stanton's press had done more for the cause of the Catholics than the entire of these gentlemen taken together. Cheers. What, said Mr Sheehan, has he not done, by his admirable reports of Catholic proceedings, in generating a race of orators whose laudable biography shall eclipse the ancient glories of Greece and Rome? Have we not seen, in Mr Stanton's *Register*, grocers adjusting the balance of power, who never before balanced any thing but clovers and nutmegs?—laughter—brewers, who, by their animated orations, had excited an universal fermentation, though our body politic, not less menacing in its appearance to the safety of our commonwealth than the fermentation they produced in their mashing kieve?—laughter—tailors and woollen drapers measuring the bann lanes of states and empires, whose labours had been theretofore confined to the measuring of yards of corduroy and old drapery?—laughter—and shoemakers plugging themselves, by all that was solemn, to *hammer* at the gates of the British constitution until they were powerful, and obtained their ends at last from the Government? Continued laughter.—Gentlemen, said Mr Sheehan, Mr Stanton has done all this, and much more; and, as I before remarked, although he and I differ differently on political matters, I beg leave to propose his health, as a gentleman, and as an honest, unflinching, and able supporter of his own principles.—Cheers.
Our Vice President, Michael Stanton, Esq. Cheers.
Air—The Minister Boy.

Mr STANTON was much obliged to Mr Sheehan for his kindness, and though that gentleman had considerably overrated his merits, and particularly in that part of his speech where he had so indifferently ascribed magical powers to his press, he could assure his countrymen that if he had not done all they wished, he had done every thing for their cause which lay within the scope of his ability—cheers. It was useless for him to enter there into a detail of his labours and sacrifices. They were known to every individual in that room, and to many gentlemen who were not in that room, but who had been connected with his press, and who were then in different parts of the empire, pursuing that useful and honourable course which was creditable to themselves, and eminently beneficial to the cause and character of their country. Cheers. He might speak of personal and popular ingratitude; but he would not use the harmony and happiness which pervaded the company—be lieves, popular ingratitude to public men was a vice of such ancient growth, that there was nothing singular in its appearance at the present day—and he should, therefore, no longer trespass on their time than by declaring that if it had been said of him that he had ever deserted the cause of his country, or his countrymen, such an assertion was as false as God was true. Cheers. To Mr Sheehan he felt very grateful. The good nature and kindness of heart of that gentleman were acknowledged even by his political enemies; and he would, therefore, beg leave to propose his health—and he should also call on him for a song.—

Mr Rhenmy Sheehan. Cheers. Air—The Protestant Boy.

Mr SHEEHAN was not at all prepared to expect the compliment which Mr Stanton's kindness had all'd forth, in so flattering a manner, from that respectable company. He should not longer occupy their time than to thank them sincerely for the honour conferred on so humble a person as himself, and to sing his song agreeably to Mr Stanton's request. Cheers.

SONG—JOHN LAWLESS'S ADDRESS TO THE PORTY SHILLING FREEHOLDERS—OR THE CORN EXCHANGE MARCH.

Air—Blue Bonnets over the Border.
March, march, march from the poll, my boys—
March my boys, mind you march in good order—
Mind, mind, more every soul, my boys,
Of your last franchise—your now past the border.
Hed not want inland rags any,
Gone is the last gale day,
Polling no more shall our country disorder—
Their punctuality
Was all vanity,
Each with his banif, some noted marauder.

Hands, hands, one is our cause, my boys—
Agents your foes who would keep you in order;
Society, slaves, they break the laws, my boys—
Three are spectators on liberty's border.
Ours is your state, my boys,
Aftered of late, my boys,
By Mr Peel and a Commons' House order;
Bringing full is the cup,
Narrow now fits it up,
Great glories, Forties, with caps of green border.
Think, think, how this was done, my boys,
After Uncle Nobby had fled in disorder;
For your new voters the cause you've won, my boys,
Oft to your turf-bog, and dwell on their border.
Loyal your struggling was,
Loyal our juggling was,
Thousands we gave you without drought or order;
Cakes, wine, or mid-day lunch,
Red-stakes or whiskey punch.
N'er shall you taste again, on Munster's border.
Mr SHEEHAN, at the conclusion of his song, which caused much laughter, said that he would take the liberty of proposing the health of a gentleman, whose integrity was so universally acknowledged, by friends and enemies, that he was best known by the name of "Honest Jack Lawless." Cheers. He would also take the liberty of asking that gentleman for a song.

Honest Jack Lawless. Cheers. Air—The Harp that once thrice Thro' the Hall.

Mr LAWLESS—I thank my friend Rhenmy for his kind observations, and I shall certainly sing a song at his request. Yes, he shall find that I can give him a Rowland for his Oliver.

SONG—THE PROTESTANT COLONIES.

Air—Your Whisking your wings may stop.
Oh! the Romans their wings may stop,
And took to diminish our loyal stock;
But once and they'll never entrap,
From our table, by chivving and pious flock.
We'll send off to rosigne the Chair,
For a troop of the ascending Malmoors,
Whil'ston to our quarters repair,
And lay out the Protestant Colonies.
We'll invite my Lord Lorton from Rome,
With his captains and curate, an *Edinburgh* boy;
We'll despatch an express to Lough Farne,
For Archibald to come with his Mummer boy.
From Trajan the Viceroy we'll bring,
From Clones the ladies with their *blow-knives*;
From Donegal-street about *William King*,
To settle our Protestant Colonies.
We'll have Davy McCherry, the tailor,
And Colin, the haberdashier's son,
With Hoddy, the Sackell's *restless* son,
And T. A. O'Neil's *fourth* son's son.
The *King's* coat *London* man,
Who repairs black puddings and pointers,
With Morrison, found to great Dan,
Will look for our Protestant Colonies.
We'll import all the squires of Carlow,
Such as he's being *frigate* gages,
They'll beget a successor to Fawcett,
Who'll not fail to lighten our market bags.
They'll have high Courts for trying the dogs,
To judge to the Duke and Malmoors,
And they'll carry off all the stray dogs,
To suit for our Protestant Colonies.
We'll have Lord Bessiliskin, the wiseman,
And Gordon the sailor to preach for us,
With Blacker to act as executioner,
And Noddy, the Cockney to teach for us.
The lawyers and other *side* count,
With a host of the rolling anomalies,
Will soon come, I fear, to our camps,
To plunder the Protestant Colonies.

Oh! we'll write to all parts of the globe,
For the Markingtons, Scotts, and Shannons;
And we'll send to the *Edinburgh* man,
For the O'Connors, the Greers, and Brounans.
From Antrim the Johnsons and Mays,
From Derry the Steuarts and Malmoors,
From Monaghan, Smiths, Colos, and Grays,
Will finish our Protestant Colonies.

Mr LAWLESS—Mr Chairman, this is a great day for Ireland. Such an assemblage! Sir Harcourt Lee and Richard Barrett—Michael Stanton and Rhenmy Sheehan—Jack Lawless and balladry's Mansfield—Rogues, Cole and Frederick Conway—Edgelys Glaseock and Billy M'Call. Great laughter. I hope, after this day, that the gentlemen of the Irish Press will be again and affectionate friends in private life, whatever differences of opinion may prevail amongst them on political subjects. Cheers. Cannot they maintain their opinions like men of talents and goodness, without being ready to cut each other's throats on every occasion, where their passions may be stimulated by artful and dastardly incendiaries, who, not possessing the talents to defend their own cause in print, nor courage to maintain and avow their opinions in public, would put forward the gentlemen of the Press, not only in the characters of literary advocates, but as their personal bullies. Cheers. I suppose it will not be imagined that I wish to set up a plea for cowardice—hear, hear—no, but I recollect the fate of poor Eric, and I know there are bad men in Ireland who would not scruple to enlist the gentlemen of the Press in their personal quarrels, that they might themselves go to sleep in a whole skin. About all things, my friends, never go to hell on a fool's errand. Laughter. I beg leave to propose the health of the father of the Press, one of the ablest public writers, and one of the honestest men in our country. Cheers. We must have a song from Mr Conway.

Frederick W. Conway, the father of the Irish Press. Cheers. Air—Go where they want thee.

Mr CONWAY was not accustomed to make long speeches, and would not, therefore, trespass on their time or patience. He was most grateful to his honest friend for the opinions he had expressed, and to the company for the manner in which his name had been received. Cheers. He knew there were unquench'd rumours and mischievous calumnies abroad respecting a portion of the Irish Press; and the only explanation he should offer, so far as it concerned himself, was to call upon any individual accuser of his, and challenge him to place his hand on that incident of his public or private life which proved him to be an enemy to his country. Cheers.—Then, he would say, let the past vouch for the future. Cheers. In compliance with Mr Lawless's request he should endeavour to sing a song.

SONG—THE PRINTER'S CRUISEEN LAUN.

Air—The Cruiseen Laun.
Let Dick Barrett praise his wit,
Rhenmy Sheehan praise his wit,
And Mick Stanton praise the virtue of his lawn;
John Magee praise four per cents,
Harry Gratton praise his cents,
I'll praise the Printer's cruiseen laun,
I'll praise the Printer's cruiseen laun.
Chorus—O! amachie the cruiseen laun,
O! amachie the cruiseen laun,
O! amachie the cruiseen laun,
O! amachie the cruiseen laun.
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun.
We've the temperance new schools,
With their thottle parching g riles,
Oh! their teachers make my old grandmother yawn,
Though they talk so very fine,
Tis themselves a couple wigs,
O'er a bottle for the cruiseen laun,
O'er a bottle for the cruiseen laun.
Chorus.
We'll sing Townshend's *bladderdash*,
And Nick Mansfield's *doggerel* trash,
Which they compose from twilight until dawn;
Charles Boyton's *pridings*,
O'er the orange and the blue,
While we fill the Printer's cruiseen laun,
While we fill the Printer's cruiseen laun.
Chorus.

Shades of Caxton, Franklin, Bell,
Shades of Washington and Tell,
With your lightning bolts that monstrous power,
From corruption a fatal weed,
Now a Minister's friend,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun,
Who would take the Printer's cruiseen laun.

Mr CONWAY would like to propose the health of a re-published Clergyman, one of those great spirits. Cheers. He was, to be sure, sometimes excessively queer in his manner of giving expression to his opinions; but if every man in Ireland were affected to be an Orangeman, was as perfectly innocuous in his practice as Sir Harcourt Lee, it would very soon be gone through the land. He was, besides, a mild, gentlemanly personage in private life, and very honest in the public and desultory. He would not expect a song from Sir Harcourt; but he requested Mr Magee to favour the company with one.

Sir Harcourt Lee. Cheers. Air—The Breeze Will Carry Us.

Sir HAROURT LEE—I thank my friend Conway for his bit of a panegyric. I found it very sincere; but I do not know whether you will believe it to be true. Oughting I am myself proud of, that I have written a number of essays, from time to time, that were intended more to cause a stir, and to set all the newspaper editors "by the ears," than for the purpose of doing any injury to any man or set of men; for which I, my dear fellows, without a lot of fun? Cheers and laughter. Now, I would be glad to know what Stanton, and Conway, and Barrett, and Sheehan, and Townsend, and C. & Co. can do in *the press*—will do with themselves if religious and political controversy shall be put an end to, by our going all together to church, or to chapel, or by our agreeing to think alike on all matters of the Duke of Wellington, Peel, and Goulburn—and God knows I am sure they are a *big* of black heads. Laughter. No, if we'll then, it will, you'd be done up, my boys, in a month, with your presses, and your editors, and your reporters, and the heaving of humping gas that belong to your establishments. Laughter. In the times past, Rhenmy Sheehan would write an article in praise of the purity of the Established Church, and the superhuman virtues of its Priests and Rectors, properly interlarded with the most supererogatory abuse of Chapels, Masses, Priests, and Friars. Laughter. By the next post, after the publication of this panegyric, my friend Rhenmy would receive letters of thanks from Bishops, Rectors, and Saddlers, dwelling in all parts of our *Irish* nation compass, from Dublin to Donegal—besides, some score of additional subscriptions to the *Evening Mail*. Laughter. Then Michael Stanton, and Richard Barrett, and Frederick Conway, would take up the end-gigs for the Romans, and the Masses, and the Priests, and the Friars. Laughter. Then Doctor Doyle, and Doctor Currie, and twenty other doctors, with Father Stannett, and Father Maguire, and Father L'Esperance, and all the Friars from Galway to Drogheda, would write letters of thanks to Stanton and Conway, and Barrett, and send their blessings into the bargain. Continued laughter. Then, but to make a long story short, my dear fellows, if we did not keep up the opposition in religion and politics, you should all go, yourselves and your brats, and your wives, and your mothers-in-law, and your grandmothers, to Cannonary, or New South Wales, or some such place, where you might pick oysters off the rocks, and get the bread fruit gratis to fill your empty Irish bellies. The Rev. Baronet sat down amidst great cheering and laughter.

Mr W. B. MACCABE would endeavour to acquit himself of the task imposed on him, by singing a song descriptive of his last visit to Clane.—Cheers.

SONG—THE BARK NOTES LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

Air—The Falley lay smiling before me.
The bark notes lay smiling before me,
I meant not to leave them behind me,
Like candles they served to restore me
To a light and most tranquil mood.
I folded them in a neat packet,
And placed them then within me left tab,
Then pulled on my travelling jacket,
Prepared to commence the *Clare* job.
I imagined the stage-coach for Ennis,
With speech-making agents inside,
Who swore that as fifty to ten,
The County of Clare they'd divide.
But, ah! sterling sons of green Erin,
How will my relation atone!
One fellow confessed in my hearing,
'For going he'd got twenty pound!
Already the brand is upon thee,
They've got so much gold at Burgh Quay;
To scheming and jolting it won't thee,
As hirelings who wrought but for pay,
And now, oh! degenerate young men,
For whom so much ink have you spilt;
Tom Galvin hath oftentimes strong men,
Whose commerce began with guilt.

Table of stock prices including Bank Stock, London Stock, and various commodities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The report of Vestry doings at Carrick-on-Suir was too late for this day's paper, but shall appear in our next.

The Weekly Waterford Chronicle

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1850.

The London Mails to Wednesday (inclusive) have been received.

HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

(From the Globe of Tuesday.) We regret exceedingly to state that the condition of his Majesty's health is such as to excite great and immediate alarm.

His Majesty's symptoms are not materially mitigated; but his Majesty had some sleep last night. (Signed) H. HALFORD, M. J. TIERNEY.

(From the Globe of Wednesday.) We regret to state that the account of his Majesty this morning is very unfavourable.

The King has passed a disturbed night. His Majesty's symptoms continue the same. (Signed) H. HALFORD, M. J. TIERNEY.

THE BUTTER MARKET IN WATERFORD—THE FARMERS AND THE MERCHANTS.

As the butter season is now commencing, we conceive that it may be useful, at this particular period, to warn the farmers and country gentlemen against a most unvarnished injustice perpetrated occasionally by some of the butter merchants on the farmers.

PUBLIC HUMBUGS.

We have Temperance, Theological, Philological, Astrological, and Zoological Societies, establishing every day amongst us, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the people from the pursuit of those substantial objects which are absolutely essential to the salvation of the Country.

The stay of Mr Solomon, (the celebrated Opician from London,) being now limited until Friday next only, it will be necessary for all those afflicted with dizziness and the defects of vision to make immediate application to him.

SIR HENRY PARNELL AND THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

The FREEMAN'S JOURNAL of last Wednesday, in its metaphorical, chemical, and philosophical article, entitled "Queries No. 4," returns the thanks of the Irish people to the whole body of seven Irish Members that assembled at the Tabernacle House Tavern to declare against Goulburn's new financial scheme for enriching Ireland by the rule of subtraction.

THE COURIER AND THE IRISH REPRESENTATIVES AGAIN.

In an article which we copy this day from the Courier, it is modestly stated that the assenting of the Irish Members, at the Tabernacle House Tavern, was "in consequence of their inability to advocate their cause in the proper place."

NOTICES OF MOTIONS, BILLS AND PETITIONS, FOR THE PRESENT SESSIONS.

Col WILSON—A petition from the fishmongers of London, praying that they may be allowed to ordain, at their Hall, in the said City, certain members of their corporation, to exercise all and singular the spiritual and ecclesiastical rights, functions, usages, and privileges appertaining to nine Irish parishes, situated in that part of the United Kingdom, called the County of Londonderry.

Lord MOUNTCAHILL—Notice of a motion for making ample provision to remunerate all those pious couple beggars who shall, from religious, conscientious, and disinterested motives abandon the Popish religion and become converts to New Light Protestantism.

NEW POLITICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editors of the Dublin Evening Post. Sir—Having heard that you are preparing to publish a notice in your issue of the 11th inst. in relation to the proposed formation of a new political association, I have the honor to inform you that I have no objection to your publishing the same.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS ON TUESDAY.

Two a/c's. Very unfavourable reports from Windsor have been circulated all this morning, and it is now stated that the Court of Chancery has been suddenly broken up, and the Lord Chancellor summoned to Windsor.

WATERFORD MARKETS, SATURDAY, MAY 13.

Table of market prices for Butter, Wheat, Oats, Barley, and other commodities.

the several English bills which the Parliament of Ireland were submitted at the Palace of Tara, and at Swords, Castlebar, and Killybegs. Also, that the journals of the House may be examined, for the purpose of ascertaining why it was that the law of Paying was enacted—and whether the said law was intended to explain away certain legislative privileges which the Irish alleged they had been in possession of from time immemorial.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, MAY 10.

The Duke of MONTROSE, in presence of a petition from the County of Strathgordon, took the opportunity, as Lord Lister, of the County, of expressing his conviction of the rightness of the duty which would be done to the British distillers, and prove an encouragement to smuggling.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

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Mr WALLACE presented a petition from the Rev John O'Rourke, respecting that the fees stated against him in certain entries presented by the Hon Member for Clare were wholly unfounded; and claiming, if necessary, to be heard in his defence.

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IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

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