The Waterford Chronicle.

'TIS THE VOLUNTARY SLAVE THAT MAKES THE OPPRESSOR.---TACITUS.

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LATE MEETING IN DUBLIN TO ADDRESS THE FRENCH.

To the Editor of the Waterford and Weekly Waterford Chronicles.

Dublin, October 7, 1830.

SIR—A friend of mine has called my attention to your Paper of the 2d instant, in which you give your opinion of my late conduct at the celebrated French meeting, held at Home's Mart, with a severity of observation entirely consistent with the duty of an independent Press. Of that severity I do not complain; but of its justice you will excuse me if I take the liberty to entertain a *doubt*. You have as good a right to your opinions as I have to mine, and I only ask of you the same privilege I am willing to concede to all other men; but I have to thank you, Sir, for your candid and manly admission, "that my *honesty* and *fair intentions* are not to be doubted or undervalued." This, from an opponent, is no small source of consolation, particularly at a period when *some cowardly dastards* dare to insinuate that the honesty on which you rely is now justly suspected; but such contemptible animals I have already made examples of, and will now leave them to the contempt they have incurred from their *lies* and *their cowardice*. Now to your charge—your words are as follow:—

"We still entertain the SAME opinion of HIS INTEGRITY that we have ever held, but we assert that he has latterly proved himself utterly destitute of that PRUDENCE AND DISCRETION, without which PATRIOTISM and POLITICAL zeal are altogether useless to the possessor, while they are positively detrimental to the public interests. On these grounds ALONE, were there no other, we would raise our humble voice against the interference of Mr. Lawless in the concerns of the Irish people."

This is a formidable anathema issued from the editorial chair of the *Waterford Chronicle*, and, like all anathemas, pronounced in so *humble* a tone, as strongly borders on the *affectation* of those civil and religious tyrants, who, under the cloak of *humility*, carried the dagger which stabbed liberty to the heart. However, I will, for the sake of argument, admit you are a very modest and humble gentleman, and that it was with the utmost lowliness and self-abasement you issued your fatal and mortal *fiat* against my political character; but, Sir, the people—your readers—will ask what public act has Lawless done to call down such awful denunciations? I shall answer the question, and then leave your readers to judge whether I am or am not worthy at least of as much public confidence as the Editor of the *Waterford Chronicle*. The public proceeding in which I was engaged was as follows:—An aggregate meeting to congratulate the French people was called by a requisition composed of upwards of two hundred highly respectable individuals. A Committee from the number of the requisitionists, *self-appointed*, assembled two or three days before the aggregate meeting, to prepare resolutions for discussion and adoption by the aggregate meeting. Six resolutions were prepared—the aggregate meeting assembled, and when the sixth resolution was moved, O'Gorman Mahon proposed an amendment that an address to the French people should be adopted, and a *deputation* appointed to present the address. This was warmly debated in a crowded meeting, and it was quite manifest the majority were decidedly in *favour* of O'Gorman Mahon's amendment. The Marquis of Westmeath, the Chairman of the meeting, not being able to decide, by reason of the darkness of the evening, an adjournment to the next day, at one o'clock, in the same place, was proposed and carried. The question was regularly put from the Chair by the Noble Marquis *himself*. The adjourned meeting assembled at the appointed hour—some outside and some within Home's Mart—those who paid their shilling got in. The meeting assembled within was numerous and respectable, most anxious to hear the interesting discussion relative to the address and deputation; but it was ordered by a small portion of the requisitionists, assembled above stairs that no such discussion should take place—that the Marquis of Westmeath should *not take* the Chair, and that no appeal lay from *them* to the people assembled below. *For four hours* this star-chamber debate continued. The people below became wearied—numbers went away in disgust, and those who remained became exasperated to madness at the contempt with which the meeting were treated. After many fruitless efforts to bring the gentlemen of the Committee, assembled *above* stairs, to a *proper sense* of their duty, I proposed that we should go down to the people and leave to them the exercise of their undoubted rights. O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. Jacob, and I, went down to the people, who have been represented *as canaille—as mob*—as individuals *without* character, or name, or station in the community. It is thus, however, all aggregate meetings of the people, either in England or Ireland, are described by those whose *interest* it is to insult public opinion. Those persons so described differed from the select few above stairs, and appointed their Chairman, O'Gorman Mahon, to present their address to the French people, through the medium of General Lafayette. Give me leave, Sir, to ask, as an honest and independent man, would you *not*, if you were at the meeting of the Committee, *insist* on the Marquis of Westmeath *taking* the Chair of the adjourned meeting, and would you not leave *it to that* meeting to decide whether an address and a deputation should or should *not* be adopted? I think you would—I think you would not be afraid to go before the people and leave to them the final judgment. For this assertion of popular rights I am slandered by every "*political* blockhead;" but to be thus spoken of by them never annoys my feelings.—Hundreds of my honest but hard-working and laborious fellow citizens have come to me with their strong expressions of gratitude for the part I have taken and the struggle I have made. To-morrow I would go before *one hundred thousand* of my countrymen, and be certain of a glorious reception—distinguished by unbounded popular confidence not only in the integrity of my motives, but *the sound political wisdom* of my act. I regret much I have not the concurrence of every honest man, and particularly do I lament that I should differ from the Editor of the *Waterford Chronicle*, whose talents and acknowledged public purity I have long admired.

I remain, Sir, with respect,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN LAWLESS.

A TORY LANDLORD HUMBLED.

The discharges given to tenants of Lord Exeter have been withdrawn, and property intended to be forced from its possessors remains unpurchased, since the appearance of our last paper. Instead of being compelled to pursue our painful duty of holding up any inhabitant of Stamford or its vicinity to the scorn, abhorrence, and legal hostility of his neighbours and customers, we have the much more agreeable task of congratulating those persons on their return to the principles of equity, good sense, and kind feeling. They need fear little from what the Marquis may *now* dare to do or *threaten* against them;—if we mistake not, that Nobleman, before long, will have occasion, as the Scotch say, to "keep his ain breath to cool his ain porridge."—*Stamford Champion.*

CLONMEL FAIR.

Our monthly Fair on Wednesday presented a tolerable show of Cattle of every description, but there were only a few sales of minor importance effected. Prime fat cows brought from £8 to £9 10s.; strippers from £4 to 5 guineas; and yearlings from 40s. to 50s. Fat sheep 25s. to 30s.; hoggets 18s. to 23s.; and lambs 9s. to 14s. 6d. Very few horses of a superior description appeared, and bidders were scarce for those of an inferior kind, which were in large supply. Prime bacon pigs averaged 32s. 6d. per cwt. The fair passed off without interruption, save in one or two instances where summary punishment was inflicted by the people on the light-fingered gentry who successfully practised around the gambling "trick o'the loop" tables, about which crowds of simple country people were collected, and were consequently *tricked* out of their money—as we passed one of those tables, we heard a fellow exclaim "come here again, my lads, for one penny ye can win from a steel needle to a *bag of gold*."—*Tipperary Free Press.*

THE PLENIPOTENTIARY.

AIR—*Shaun Buoy.*

They search all through town
For a well powdered clown,
Whose manners were frisky and airy,
And he's lately gone o'er
To the Gallican shore,
As the great Plenipotentiary.

MAHON THE BRAVE.
(From the Pilot.)

This vapouring personage has at length published four columns of gasconade in a morning paper, which, we presume, he calls a vindication; but it leaves him in a more miserable condition than even he had been reduced to by the recent exhibition he made of himself in public. In the very outset of the statement of this shallow blunderer, he betrays himself into admissions which falsify all his conclusions. He admits that the 205 requisitionists contained among them "senators, patriots, orators, who have grown grey in the service." Now, it will immediately suggest itself—how many of these senators, patriots, orators, supported Mr. Mahon? He would make it appear, if he could, that he was only censured by the twenty-eight requisitionists who remained for the division. Now, the facts demonstrate that this recorded censure is that of the whole body of the requisitionists, with the exception of *three* or *four*, who divided with him, and that the nation has ratified the censure. Where is the protest from any of the absent requisitionists against the decision of those who remained?—The resolutions of censure were passed by a vast majority at an open meeting, previous to the division; the provincial press, with one exception, has condemned him, and nowhere does he now find justification, but in the arrogant blindness of self-love. The fact is, Mr. Mahon is *not* the person the people would choose for any purpose which required personal character and dignity of deportment. He has no public services even to appeal to. He was a nuisance in the Association—a constant drag upon the machine. He did, indeed, support O'Connell in Clare, but he has rendered that service a nullity, by proving that it was all intended for himself. He a representative for Clare! He only represents the ten thousand pounds which his election will have cost him, *when his agents are paid*—a petition will turn him out, and twenty thousands pounds if he had it, will not, we can tell him, return him again for that county. For what then should the people of Ireland select *him* as a deputy to Lafayette? What! the "envoy of all Ireland?" With the countenance of a brigand, the air of an Irish adventurer—without a sentence of French, nor even capable of speaking good English. Why, at the very first glance, Lafayette would judge, and judge truly, from the exhibition of the outside of his head, that there was no furniture within. Away with such a deputy.

The circumstances from which *Milesian* Mahon imputes to a portion of the press the having sheltered itself from chastisement, were, as concerns us, briefly these:—An article appeared in the *Pilot*, on a Friday, headed "Mr. Mahon." This article severely animadverted on his political conduct, and alluded to a distinguished Lady (Jersey) as one of the sources of that influence which had warped him from his professions of duty to the people, and made of him a Wellington partizan. The passage was strictly and solely political. This article came out on a Friday evening in the *Pilot*; it was re-published on the Saturday following in a widely-circulated Morning Paper, the *Register*, to both of which papers the said Mahon subscribes. On the Wednesday morning following—after Mahon had been exhibiting himself and talking in such a manner, that he was beset with the police—five days having elapsed after the publication, he sends the unfortunate Mr. Plunkett (every one knows *why* he engaged in it) to require reparation for an offence which was never given.

One word now to Mr. Mahon. Heretofore we never alluded to Mr. Mahon except as a public man. His personal allusions to us have produced this retaliation, and we fancy we have fully paid off the debt. To give what is called honourable satisfaction to such a man, arising directly or indirectly from the discharge of our public duty, is now out of the question. We know him well. It may require some *moral* courage to *refuse* the mock invitations of bravoism, but it requires no *personal* courage to *accept* one from Mr. Mahon. Let him, however, beware how he comes into personal collision. We would not go out of our way to molest him; but if he molest us in our path, we shall treat him as we would any other reptile and put our foot upon him.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.—A meeting of the graduates and students of Glasgow University was held in the Moral Philosophy Class-room on Thursday evening, for the purpose of addressing the students of law and medicine in the University on their heroic conduct in the late revolution. The meeting was addressed by a number of the students; a short but elegant address was read, and unanimously approved of, and the proceedings were concluded with three enthusiastic cheers for the triumph of liberty.—*Scots Times.*

THE 87TH REGIMENT.—We have received a letter from an anonymous correspondent, which states, that the band of the 87th Regiment, while stationed in England, was regularly in the habit of playing to the Catholic Chapel, on Sunday, inasmuch as the entire of the Regiment, with the exception of thirty or forty, were of the Catholic persuasion; and that "they have been prevented from doing so, since their arrival in this town, by the interference of the Newry authorities, and at the instigation of some meddling people, actuated by party motives." If this statement be true, we have no hesitation in saying, that the circumstance to which it alludes is a proof of the mischievous and contemptible party spirit which still prevails in this country; but, at the same time, we would add, that if the custom of the soldiers of this regiment marching to their respective places of worship without any military music, be a general one in the corps, it is most laudable, and should be imitated in every other. The practice of playing martial airs, on the Sabbath day, cannot be a great desideratum to any one congregation of Christians, and it may be a great annoyance to others.—*Newry Examiner.*

KINGS AND THEIR MINISTERS.
(From the Morning Herald.)

It is rightly observed by the inhabitants of Birmingham, in their Address to his Majesty, that "it is the general misfortune of Kings to be surrounded by Ministers and Courtiers who are continually withholding unpleasant facts from their Royal Master's knowledge, and whose conduct is too frequently imitated by their interested or servile dependents throughout the country." This was exemplified in the last Session of Parliament, when Ministers, instead of exerting themselves to relieve the distresses of the industrious population of this country, were only anxious to conceal from the Sovereign the melancholy truth of the sufferings of his people. In Parliament they affected to be ignorant of a state of distress among the working classes, which, we will venture to say, was never equalled at any former time in this country, in the fifteenth year of peace! The paid advisers of the Crown, whose bounden duty it is to collect the most accurate information of the state of the country, and to convey it, whether of a pleasant or unpleasant nature, to the Royal mind, resisted the evidence of facts, poured in upon them from all quarters with the most heartless obduracy, while their sycophants in the Press, imitating their example, sneered at the misery which was the bitter fruit of a vicious policy, and laughed to scorn the petitions of the people. We apprehend that the time approaches when more serious attention must be given by the individuals who are intrusted with the administration of our affairs to the complaints of those who form the strength and sinews of the nation. The taunts and contempt with which the supplications and remonstrances of the working classes have been met, will, we venture to predict, not be so lavishly bestowed during the ensuing Session of Parliament, as they had been for the last two or three years. The people of England are patient and long-suffering. They are as loyal as they are brave, and, as long as men in power express sympathy for their privations and distresses, they will show that the want of exemplary endurance is not a fault of their character. Well would it have been for that fugitive King who has been compelled to descend from the throne of a mighty nation, to seek an obscure asylum in a private station on the English shores, if his Ministers had rightly informed him of the condition and sentiments of his subjects. But they thought it their interest to conceal the truth from him; and, by the habit of deceiving their Sovereign, they, like all who habitually indulge in misrepresentation, deceived themselves. The wretched men who are now about to appear as criminals at the bar of public justice in France, may fairly ascribe the destruction which has overtaken them, in the midst of their power and grandeur, to the contempt which they entertained for the people. In teaching their Royal Master to despise public opinion, they learned to despise it themselves. They thought it the highest quality of Statesmanship to be above being turned aside from the projects of their own selfish policy by any adverse demonstration of public sentiment. This was not decision, but obstinacy—not firmness, but infatuation! Their ears were closed, their hearts were callous, to every disagreeable truth which was uttered by the public voice, or they would have taken warning from the bold and honest sentiments which the Chamber of Deputies conveyed to the Throne only the year before they were hurled from the lofty station which they had so wretchedly abused. Instead of listening to truth, they persecuted the Press for daring to utter it; instead of attending to the remonstrances of the people, or their Representatives, they sent legions of spies and informers through society to entrap, denounce, and proscribe; instead of attaching the popular affections to the Crown, they surrounded it and themselves with double or triple lines of foreign Janissaries; and in three days all these defences of tyranny were struck down and utterly annihilated by the irresistible re-action of the public will. It is scarcely possible that such a lesson as this can be lost upon the Ministers of some other countries where freedom of opinion has also been persecuted, because Ministers found it more difficult to confute their opponents by argument than to silence them by the vindicative operation of the law. Whether or no, it is peculiarly fortunate for Great Britain to have at the present crisis a Sovereign who seems determined to hear and see the truth, by personally and unceremoniously going among his subjects, and disdaining to shroud his dignity in the mysterious gloom of a haughty seclusion. Such a ruler cannot be so easily imposed upon by his Ministers as a King who only heard from them and their parasites how the world was going beyond the precincts of his own place of luxurious retirement. To such a Monarch, if the inhabitants of Birmingham submit in vain the melancholy tale of the distresses which affect the working classes, we shall be greatly disappointed.—It is with too much truth that they tell his Majesty "the honest workmen, the pride and strength of their country, reduced in their wages and in their employment, and in the independence which the natural and healthy demand for their labour produces, become dispirited and broken down;" and that the "industrious classes toil on, from year to year, under the influence of disappointed hope, until their capital is wasted away, and they are then urged on by necessity until inevitable ruin ensues." It is thus we see that the classes whose sufferings had been treated by the arrogant placemen with flippant levity or contemptuous neglect, turn from the Ministers of the Crown to lay the recital of their distress at the feet of his Majesty himself—and thus the Throne becomes, as it were, the last refuge of an afflicted people. May it justify their expectations.

An excellent specimen of Pomona's offerings now lies at our office. It is called a Cameron, a description of apple with which, we believe, but few of our readers are acquainted. This apple was from a young tree at Latimerstown, and measures twelve inches and a quarter in girth, but though the Cameron gains in size, it does not lose in flavour, being a very good eating apple. Its size, and its other good qualities will be thought extraordinary when we add, that there is not more than a quarter of an inch difference in girth between this and the other apples which have been left on the tree.—*Wexford Herald.*

FRANCE—ENGLAND—IRELAND.

"La guere etait accompagnee d'un order etonnant; la defense etait calme, methodique. En tete des combattans, on voyait l'ECOLE POLYTECHNIQUE, alliant la prudence du talent, a l'intrepidite de la Jeunesse."—*Le Constitutionnel, 1st August*, 1830.

"What care these roarers for the name of King."—*Shakespeare—Tempest.*

"I wonder whether a body might just ask what maggot has bitten the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, at this moment—or rather, what torpedo has got hold of her. Still as a mouse, while all England is stirring. Well! it is a queer devil. Just so in the time of the poor Queen"!—*Cobbett's Register, 14th August.*

The above is an observation of an eminent English writer in respect of the conduct of Ireland at the moment when subscriptions were, in England, set on foot for the sufferers of Paris. Mr. Cobbett was right as to the fact. "All Ireland was still as a mouse when all England was stirring." Mr. Cobbett will probably have occasion to remember the following prophetic answer:—*All Ireland will be stirring, when all England will be still as a mouse.* Such a future state will rise in each country as a necessary consequence from the present state of both.

As England has been, Ireland is not subscribing for the relief of the sufferers at Paris. Certainly not—and if any country on the globe had been, for six hundred years, under a government too generally distinguished only by its appetite for blood, and its industry in the trade of plunder, that country would probably not manifest its sympathies by giving its money.

There is little money in Ireland, and that little is mostly in the hands of a particular *class*—no portion of that body which may properly be distinguished *as the people* of Ireland—but a *class* which although it inhabit and derive its wealth from the island, would deem itself insulted if it were supposed to be in *sympathy* with any part of *the people* of Ireland—a class artificially keeping itself in separation—a class calling itself an aristocracy—its character marked by vanity, venality and rapacity—a disdain of *the people* of its own country, and a servile dependence upon the people of another; and by the help afforded to it, as the price of that servility, having seized upon a great part of the property and all the power of its native country.

Mr. Cobbett has observed that Ireland exhibited the same stillness "when all England was stirring in the time of the poor Queen." From this observation it would seem that Mr. Cobbett was totally unacquainted with the nature of the feelings of *the people* of Ireland.

Of England *the people* of Ireland know nothing, but in the opinion which may have been acquired from the contact into which the Government that England has exercised here may have drawn them. They conceive the *Government* of England, as it has been exercised in their own "dear country" of Ireland, to be a sample or pattern sent over to them, whereby they may shape their judgments of the dispositions of the *whole people of England.*

As, in the annals of Ireland, most of the Governments sent there by England have been marked by the strongest characters of rapacity, cruelty, and ignorance, the necessary inference in the minds of a simple and unenlightened people is, that the *people of England* are precisely of the same disposition as the *pattern* of the man sent here in the form of a government.

So far then from any movement in England being followed by any *sympathetic* movement in Ireland, every movement in England excites in Ireland nothing but alarm, or disgust, or detestation, and sometimes all together. The last movement in any quarter of the globe with which the people of Ireland could entertain any *sympathy*, would be a movement in *England.* At the time, and in the fate of the "poor queen" of England, *the people* of Ireland could not experience more sympathy than they would, if one of the queens of Constantinople had been, by an irritable and selfish Grand Sultan, tied in a sack, and thrown into the Bosphorus.—The people of Ireland would pity human nature, particularly in a feminine form, suffering unjustly any where—no more.

But Mr. Cobbett may say that the people of England give their money—is not their so doing an act of generosity worthy of imitation? The people of Ireland deny the fact so stated. Money has been given, but although it has been so given, it is not the proper money of England. England, it is true, is over-gorged with money. But it is money received from the plunder of every nation, and of every climate of the globe, where people were to be found who were weak enough to be over-powered by her arms, or silly enough to be duped by her hypocrisy. It is, therefore, the money of *other people*, and not the money of the *people of England* that has been given.

Cataline is represented by Sallust as having been equally greedy of the property of others and lavish of his own—*alieni appetens sui profusus.* This has been precisely the character which England has adopted. She has taken, as the model of her policy, the principles of the prime villain of antiquity. She has been plundering the world on one hand, and running in debt (to the amount of a thousand millions) on the other. Did Cataline, that portrait *in union*, of rapacity and wastefulness, do more?

England has spoken of having enriched herself by commerce. She never had any *commerce*—it was all *monopoly.* Commerce is a *voluntary* exchange of *equivalents*; monopoly is an exchange *enforced*, because not one of equivalents. England has been obliged to fight in order to create what she called trade, and, in doing so, she has spent more than she extorted. Let her pay her debt—let her be *just* before she assumes the character of *generosity.*

In Ireland there is not, and cannot be *sympathy* with any movement in England. The contrary.—Any *previous* movement in England would make Ireland pause in the gratification of the most amiable propensities in human nature. She cannot conceive a movement in England without the annexation of mischief as its object. A movement in England is, to Irish apprehension, a warning of the movement in the rattle-snake. Ireland fears the tooth and the poisoned bag beneath. Her fear may be sometimes groundless, but still she fears. But have the scenes in Paris not raised any sympathy in Ireland? The deepest;—but not sympathy to flow through the strainer of English ostentation.

CHARLES GUISCHARDT.

GOLD!
(From Cobbett's Register.)

"One good turn deserves another." The bank of Paris propped ours at the time of the late panic, and ours is trying to prop that; the two things hang upon one another; if one comes down, down comes the other. Therefore, the Jews and Jobbers are moving earth and hell to keep both standing; for, if they come down, there are, a republic in France, the march of the French to the Rhine, and a reform in England. Now will they come down? Can that thing in France be kept up, without sending so much gold and silver from England so as to produce the necessity of a bank-restriction? I think not, and of this I am nearly sure. City-men, great observers, expect the restriction every hour. The quantity of gold and of silver sent to France within this month is prodigious! Not only from London, but from all the outports are they going at a great rate. And well this may be; for my correspondent at Dieppe tells me, that the sovereigns are, at that place, at a premium of 22 sols; that is to say, they are worth eleven-pence more than their national value. I can rely upon my information; and while this is the case, the gold will not remain here. The bullion is going to other countries as well as to France. We have more here than we can keep with our quantity of paper-money out; and we cannot lessen that quantity of paper-money without producing a panic; and panic is reform; and reform is the loan-jobber's and Jew's and boroughmonger's devil; and nobody likes to go to the devil. As to the priest-baron, Louis, the French financier, he is going to lend 76,000,000 of francs to "aid commerce." Aid commerce! What does the old priest-canon-baron-financier mean? What! his taxes falling short, he, not having enough to pay the expenses with, is going to lend the people's money to the Jews and jobbers and discounters!—But what money! What sort of money? Why, paper-money to be sure? And how is he to get that? Borrow it, to be sure? And who is the old baron-canon-priest to borrow it of? Why, of the Jews and jobbers to be sure? And what security is he to give them for it? Why, a mortgage on the taxes? Oh! oh! it is a loan, then, that the priest-baron is going to make! And who will give real money for his scrip? No man that reads that, about ten days ago, the "National Guard at the town of Combis, in the Gironde, after being out at a review, marched in a body to the excise-office in the town, took out the books and burnt them." This is the thing: the taxes will not be paid: the infernal system of funding will be blown up: France will be really free and great; and we shall be compelled to follow her example. I defy the devil, and even Talleyrand himself, to prevent this result. In the meanwhile, reader, get some gold, if you can.

UBIQUITY OF PARSONS—PRIVILEGE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

They may say what they please of an Irishman's being in two places at once, but commend us to some of the English parsons, for multiplication of persons—

"CAMBRIDGE.—Rev. J. Griffith, prebendary of Rochester, to the rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh. Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a stall in the cathedral of Patrick's with the rectory of Malbelburt (a non cure)."

Here we have an honest cleric contriving to do his duty at once in Rochester and Denbigh, and no doubt with equal good to mankind, and comfort to himself in both; as for the second worthy gentleman, his preferment is a *non cure*, and as he can receive his salary by post, he may take his wings and rove to China without a crime against the laws of residence. We wish both the gentlemen joy of their pleasant prospects; nor shall we hurt their feelings by asking on what labours in their profession fortune has thus smiled? We are afraid their names do not figure in the list of authors, sacred or classic, that the scriptures have not been deeply indebted to their elucidation, nor the church to their eloquence! But they can at least write receipts for their salary, and that is the true accomplishment, after all!—*Whittaker's Magazine.*

PUNISHMENT FOR DROWSINESS.—On Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, John Hartgrave Edmondson, a private in the 3d battalion of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, commanded by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, was brought out from his place of confinement into the Armoury-yard, St. James's Park, in order to undergo the punishment awarded to him by a court-martial. The unfortunate man, it appears, about three months ago, was on duty at the Tower, and was standing sentry at a place called the One-gun Battery, and was detected asleep on his post. He was placed in confinement, and a court-martial was held. It was not until Wednesday last that he was brought out to hear the sentence of the Court-martial, which was read over to the Regiment, and he was to receive 500 lashes. He was immediately tied up, and after having received 155 lashes, he fainted away. The blood spirted from the wretched man's back on the drummer's face, and it was found necessary to stop the punishment; he was taken immediately to the Military Hospital in Rochester-row, Westminster, where his back was dressed.—*Globe.*

The Duke of Wellington once fell asleep in India; and, it is said, was surprised on his post at Waterloo; however, he made ample amends for it without flogging. Might not he have tried milder measures with his own soldier?—*Age.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—DEATH OF SIR FREDERICK BAKER.—As Sir Frederick, Baker, Bart., of Jermyn-street, London, accompanied by his children, was surveying a windmill in the neighbourhood of Hastings (to which place his family had resorted for the season, on Thursday last), while diverting his children by pointing out to them the effect and operations of the mill, being very short-sighted, he approached nearer to the mill than he had an idea, when one of the flappers instantaneously struck him on the back part of the head, in the presence of his distressed children, who could not render him the slightest assistance. He was conveyed to his house as soon as possible, and the best medical aid procured; but the accident was too fatal, as he shortly after breathed his last, leaving an afflicted family and numerous acquaintances to lament his death.—*British Traveller.*

I am not speaking of imaginary things. I am not indulging the visions of fancy. I assert only that which every human being knows to be literally true, and which no man can have the hardihood to deny—namely, that the uprise of Ireland in all the arts, comforts, and blessings of commerce, agriculture, and civilization, for the ten years ensuing her legislative independence, and produced by that measure, has never been equalled by any other country, in any age or period of time.

What a stimulant to me and to us all, to persevere in endeavouring to give Ireland such another opportunity for prosperity. Let it be recollected, too, that there was, at that time, an impediment to the full effect of national government. It was this, that the parliament then only represented part of the people—it was the parliament more of a faction, than of the entire nation. Recollect, also, that there were more than fifty rotten Boroughs in Ireland, besides those that are still in existence. Let it be remembered that national independence gives so powerful an impulse to the springs of national prosperity, that, even with all these drawbacks, Ireland, increased in wealth, industry, comfort, and happiness, with astonishing, and almost miraculous rapidity, by means of her legislative independence, because she was principally governed by Irishmen, who had an individual interest in her prosperity. When this is recollected, surely it must be allowed that greater, infinitely greater, good ought to be produced, and indeed must necessarily be produced by an Irish legislature, such as it will be, when, as I confidently expect, we abrogate the Union, and have an Irish parliament, without one rotten borough (for, of course, not one can or shall remain) —and identified, as that parliament must be, with all the people of the then great and free Irish nation.

Considering, therefore, how much of human misery will be put an end to by this change—how much of human comfort and prosperity will be promoted by it—I do proclaim that no man is honest—no man is just—no man is possessed of one spark of humanity or compassion, who does not join heartily—who does not combine heart and hand to repeal the Union. By this characteristic let every assertor of patriotism be known; that is, by his exertions to repeal the Union, and to give to his native land liberty, and national independence.

THE SECOND *great evil of the Union is to be found in the absurdly unjust disproportion of the Irish to the English Members of Parliament.*

I cannot use any other phrase than absurdly unjust, because the injustice rises to a pitch of absurd extravagance, unequalled by any thing that ever yet occurred under the guise of contract or fair dealing.

England had, in the House of Commons, 513 members. The population of England and Wales does not exceed by one half that of Ireland, but, to avoid all cavil, let us be so extravagant as to admit that the population is double that of Ireland. Well, what follows—why, that if there were even the least notion of giving fair play to Ireland, we ought to have 256 members in the united Parliament.

But every body knows that the fact is, that Ireland has but one hundred; that is, not at all approaching by one half to the number which, upon the most unfavourable possible view of the subject, Ireland ought to have. This inequality, this iniquitous inequality is so glaring, that I will not waste time or paper, in dilating on its pernicious tendency.

Neither shall I disgust my readers by canvassing the utter contempt for Irish affairs, which has been constantly exhibited in the British House of Commons.

The disproportion is the more extravagant when we recollect that besides the 513 English, there are 45 Scotch members, who have notoriously been by far the most sycophantic and subservient part of the house. Indeed Scotland has no representation at all. They have been content—wise people—with a fictitious title to vote, and prudent people—they have been thankful for the peculation which the occupiers of seats obtained for themselves and their broods. Scotland has been the most unjustly flattered and praised portion of the world. Their history is full of little but the variation of crime, political, religious and literary. They were the most atrocious in the horrible contests of the feudal times; they are recognised as having been the "ruffians" of the reformation, and they have been, and are to the present day, the chief assassins of the calumnious department of the literary world.

Let me, however, rescue myself from the imputation of confounding all Scotland and Scotchmen in my accusation. I know that country has produced some of the ornaments of human nature, and many men distinguished by patriotism, literature, and religion. They are also beginning to rally in favour of representation and reform, under the popular banners of that most useful and excellent man, Joseph Hume; but I was led into this general censure by the shameless manner in which the Scotch members have hitherto given their votes and their consciences into the custody of the treasury bench.—The very worst votes, except a few hireling Irish, I saw in the last session were Scotch.

I am entitled to reckon the Scotch, therefore, with the English, and against the Irish. This therefore, gives a total of 558—so that the Union, to bear the semblance of fairness, should leave Ireland at least 279 members, instead of about one-third of that number; and this injustice to Ireland is the more glaring, when we consider that we take this calculation on the supposition that England is twice as populous as Ireland, whereas, in fact, she has but an increase of one third.

Here I allow this matter to rest, content with showing that in the regulation of the new legislature, Ireland was treated with a contemptuous neglect, and an injustice the most glaring that ever yet was perpetrated.

THE THIRD *great evil of the Union is to be found in the enormous increase of public debt, and consequent pressure of unjust taxation on Ireland.*

It is really ludicrous to look at the doings of "the Union" in this respect. A very short sketch will suffice.

In the year 1799 the Irish government debt was about seventeen millions. The year 1800 was spent in bribery, cajoling and carrying the Union—any increase of debt that year is properly English. In sixteen years after the Union Ireland was saddled with no less a debt than one hundred and thirty-four millions, being an increase of one hundred and seventeen millions.

The next step was to declare Ireland insolvent, and to consolidate the Exchequers of both countries.

Thus was the most fertile and naturally productive country on the face of the earth avowedly driven to absolute and total insolvency, in the short space of about sixteen years. Here is a precious result of the Union—avowed, confessed undoubted insolvency.

But how was the money raised—and for what was the money spent? It was raised by the British minister when he pleased, and as he pleased. Ireland had no more to do with this running in debt than a lunatic or an idiot has to do with the money levied by his custodee or guardian.—A driveller, with a glimmering of reason must be consulted, at least for the sake of form, about the incumbrances to be charged on his property.—But Ireland—Ireland was worse treated than the driveller—it was not consulted at all, but on went the minister adding loan to loan, million to million, until at length the resources of Ireland were totally swamped—and he was obliged to desist when this country fell exhausted beneath the load.

Ask next, for what purpose was the money raised? Let me, by way of reply, tell you, that there is a previous question. Was any of it raised to answer any purpose of utility to Ireland? Not one shilling. It was raised to restore the Bourbons to France. What good was that to Ireland? It was levied to enable the holy alliance to crush, for a season, and they hoped for ever, liberty in Europe. What good was that to Ireland? It was borrowed to enable England, with singular treachery, to bestow Genoa on the King of Sardinia. What good was that to Ireland? It was raised to confer the people of Norway on the King of Sweden. What good was that to Ireland? It was squandered in the oppressive act of consigning the people of Belgium to their unhappy destiny of slaves to the brutal, intolerant and unjust Dutch. What good was that to Ireland? In short, no one object for which this debt was incurred, was in any degree an Irish object. On the contrary, the entire sum was borrowed and expended for purposes hostile to the genuine interests of Ireland, and exceedingly repugnant to our best feelings and judgments—but purposes dearer to the Tory aristocracy of England, to whom the Union handed over the Irish nation as a prey and a spoil.

There are but few observations more on this subject. *The first* is, that Ireland was promised prosperity from the Union—but the Union produced national insolvency. The *second* is, that it was promised that Ireland should bear but about one-twelfth of the burthens of the entire state. Now, the Irish debt having been raised by 117 millions, the debt of England, if the proportion was kept, ought to have increased upwards of fourteen hundred millions, in order to observe the proportion. It, in fact, did not increase quite so much as the Irish debt. Thus, this arrant piece of national swindling was committed, without notice and without remedy. In *the third* place it is quite obvious that Ireland does not, in point of justice or of honesty, owe these 117 millions at all. They constitute part of the English government debt. They are, in equity and honesty, due of the aristocracy and Church in England, by whom, and for whose use they were raised, and Ireland ought not to be called on to pay one shilling of this money. Shall we live to see this question fairly discussed and justly decided between England and Ireland?

But I must hurry to a close. It is impossible to compress within the limits of a newspaper all the evils of the Union. Let me add this prominent evil—

In the FOURTH *place, the Union destroyed the native manufactures of Ireland, and has filled the country with starvation and misery.*

Let me give a few of the many instances of Irish depression consequent on the Union.

The Irish linen trade flourished before the Union under the paternal care of a national legislature. The exports of Irish linen amounted in value to more than three millions pounds sterling by the year. They do not now amount to sixteen hundred thousand pounds!!! That is a reduction of four fifths. Why, if there were nothing else to compel us to abrogate the Union, this, alone, would be enough.

One word only on the history of the Irish linen trade in Ireland. The woollen manufactory was in a flourishing state at the period of the revolution. It was openly and avowedly crushed to create a monopoly of that manufacture in England. Oh! how beloved those English ought to be by us wild Irish! The linen manufacture was promoted by way of compensation. It flourished until the annual export of the article reached three millions sterling. Then came the Union, and slunk off four-fifths of the trade. Well—we are a patient people—blessed be God.

The linen trade, too, had this great and decided advantage. The only outlay to foreigners was the price of the flaxseed. All the rest of the value of the article was composed of Irish land and Irish labour. It was a manufacture of health and morals. It employed old and young, females as well as males. There was no crowding into pestilential manufactories. There was no depravity by reason of improper association. No, the weaver worked at home in the midst of his family. He combined the health and the plenty of agricultural pursuits with his labour as an artizan, and cheerfulness, plenty, and comfort blessed the land when the linen trade flourished.

It is gone—nearly gone—a miserable and fading remnant only serves to denote what blessings the trade might, and did produce; and to show its gradual progress to inevitable extinction.

But it is not only in the manufactures of the working classes—it is equally in the consumption of luxuries that the withering hand of the Union is to be found.

Before the Union the annual import of claret into Ireland was above four hundred tons—at present it does not exceed thirty tons annually. The drinkers of claret have fled to other countries, and left Ireland in poverty.

Before the Union, the woollen trade flourished in Ireland in all the articles of a coarser texture. It gave employment to thousands in the various towns in Ireland. At Carrick-on-Suir alone it kept in constant work and wages more than seven thousand persons, where there are not now fifty people employed. In short, since the Union, the woollen trade of Ireland has been literally annihilated.

Before the Union, the refining of sugar was a prosperous and lucrative business, giving work and wages to thousands. There were, in the City of Dublin alone, nineteen sugar bakeries; there is not now a single one remaining. This trade is annihilated.

Before the Union, the glass manufacture was flourishing in Ireland. It is now all but annihilated.

Before the Union, the manufacture of tabinets and silks in Dublin gave bread to thousands. It is now on the very verge of extinction.

Before the Union, the business of printing and bookselling—the manufacture of hats—the working in gold and silver plate—watch-making—and various branches of trade, were in a prosperous state in Ireland, which are now annihilated, or in the last stage of an impoverished existence.

But why should I dwell on minor details, when one astounding fact places in the clearest light the increase of poverty, the accumulation of distress, and the fearful extent to which the privation of the comforts of life has been occasioned by the Union.

The fact I allude to is this—Before the Union, Ireland imported annually sixty millions of pounds of sugar. At present she imports not more than thirty-four millions of pounds of sugar annually—being a falling off of nearly one-half; but, as the population of Ireland has doubled since the Union, it is manifest that this falling off amounts in fact to nearly three-fourths of the entire.

The more this fact is considered, the more distinctly will it appear to prove the increase of poverty and destitution.

There is not one article the consumption of which tends more to health and comfort than sugar.—Every person who can afford to do so, consumes as much sugar as he conveniently can, and that in one thousand different ways. No person abandons the use of sugar, but a person who has not the means of buying it. The consumption of sugar increases with wealth—its diminution is the most decisive proof of poverty. Yet, here is Ireland with a diminution of consumption amounting to three-fourths of the entire quantity consumed before the Union.

Here is the most conclusive and unequivocal proof of the poverty and destitution of Ireland arising from the Union.

I have as yet said nothing of absenteeism, or of one hundred other prime mischiefs of the Union. The evils arising from absenteeism would alone fill a volume. I am compelled to reserve them and others for my next letter.

I will conclude this letter with a prophecy, that before three years the Union will be repealed.

I have the honor to be, fellow-countrymen,

Your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

ILLEGAL AND OUTRAGEOUS PROCEEDINGS BY LORD HEADFORT AND THE POLICE.

(From a Correspondent of The Morning Register.)

KELLS, MONDAY.—This little village was thrown into considerable alarm this morning by the sudden assembling of the constabulary, militia staff, also the soldiery, which, since the affray at Muff (which is only a few miles distant), had been stationed in this town. About nine o'clock the trumpet sounded to arms. The troop of Lancers soon hurried to their post; the constabulary also followed the example; even the old militia staff hobbled from their resting places, and once more appeared in full battle array. Grief and dismay were depicted in every countenance, except a few whose occupations had long since passed away in the peaceful disposition of the people, and who even now thought they saw indications of a change that would again quarter them on the country, and enable them to feed and fatten on the discontents, broils, and disputes of their neighbours. The Marquis of Headfort,—a well-meaning, benevolent man, and one of our few resident landlords,—was the next to make his appearance. His Lordship joined the military and police, who, with his Lordship at their head (mounted on a white charger), proceeded towards the plains of Lloyd, a large extensive common lying about half a mile to the north of the town, which the Corporation of Kells claims to be entitled as their property. The cause of this sudden and alarming expedition of military force was now ascertained. A claim adverse to the Corporation, it appears, has been lately set up to the common. This claim some of the contending parties had actually proceeded to enforce on the day or two preceding, by erecting a dwelling on the common. This proceeding so alarmed the Corporation of Kells, that they persuaded the Marquis to interfere.—Accordingly, his Lordship (who by the way is head of the Corporation) stepped in between the claimants and the Corporation, to decide the right, not by the tedious and expensive forms of law, but the cheap and summary exercise of military authority. Being a stranger in this part of the country, curiosity led me to make some inquiries regarding this Corporation, with a view to ascertain how far it could be justified in the exercise of this extraordinary privilege, that of calling in the aid of military force to decide a claim of civil right. The result of these enquiries I give you as I had them from the lips of some of the inhabitants of the town; although they sound very much like truth, still I do not pledge myself for the accuracy of my informants:—This Corporation owes its existence to some ancient charter, which gives certain rights and privileges for the benefit and advantage of the town generally. These rights and privileges, whatever they are, have been heretofore possessed only by a few of a particular persuasion, while the inhabitants of another persuasion, although more numerous, have been deprived of them. This state of things continued until the passing of the Relief Bill, the effects of which, however, in this instance, have been only partially felt in this quarter. Although that measure is now in operation some time, as yet only three Roman Catholics have been admitted to the freedom of the Corporation,—which appeared the more surprising when I was informed that the Marquis of Headfort, who has been conspicuous in the ranks of liberality, exercises the power of conferring the freedom on any person he thinks fit. The Corporation derived a considerable income from the tolls and customs of the town; these have been lately for the most part abolished, not by any act of grace on their part, but by the exertions of the people themselves, who resisted the exaction of these illegal imposts, and were successful in their resistance. However, a grand and important source of income still remained: the extensive tract I have already mentioned, known as the *Common* of Lloyd, upon which stands a lofty pillar, erected by the father of the present Marquis, as it is generally understood, for the purpose of asserting some claim which, as Lord of the Manor, he conceived he had in those lands. The Corporation, however, have for years contrived to enjoy the produce of these extensive lands, consisting, as I am informed, of 500 acres (which are held in common amongst its members), uninterrupted for several years until the present moment, when the appearance of a small hut or cabin on the part of the common served to raise such a commotion amongst the freemen of Kells, which I believe was the first exercise of any right to these commons, adverse to the Corporation, that has taken place for years. To this cause may be traced the sudden rising of the troops, those military evolutions that I spoke of, which created such an excitement in Kells this morning, and which have kept the town in alarm the entire day. I have already stated that the military and police, with the Marquis at their head, proceeded towards Lloyd—the staff being left under arms to guard the town—an immense concourse of persons followed them, actuated principally by motives of curiosity. Some of the inhabitants also joined the cavalcade, but not a member of the corporation, that I could learn, appeared amongst them, except the Catholics that have been lately admitted. I followed the cavalcade until it reached Lloyd, and saw everything quiet and peaceable, even there. I could not discover anything calculated to excite the smallest terror or alarm; the first indication of anything of the kind that I could perceive was in the conduct of Browne, the Chief Constable of Police, who entered the field with a naked sabre, and ordered the men under his command to load, and fix bayonets, which order they promptly obeyed.—This note of preparation caused me to look forward, when, for the first time, I saw a number of men, about 200, dispersed over a large uneneloised plain, one side of which fronted the High road leading from Kells to the town of Old Castle, the other fronted a road which branched off the high road, and led to a place called Keerin. This is a portion of the common, and is not secured by ditch or fence of any kind, the whole being completely exposed, affording free ingress and egress. These men were all provided with spades, with which they were turning up the soil, as if following their daily occupations; however, on nearer approach, they appeared engaged in constructing small dwellings, the foundations of which were marked out all along fronting the road, which they were raising by mounds of earth collected on the spot.—About forty spaces of this kind were marked out in front of the road—some were raised three feet from the ground. The appearance of the lancers or the police did not create the smallest trepidation amongst the men so engaged, or damp the ardour with which they pursued their labour—they did not even appear worthy to turn their attention from their work, until the Marquis and some of the soldiery dashed in amongst them, and commanded the men engaged in forming one of the houses to desist, and at the same time asked the cause of such an assemblage, and the reasons for gathering together in so riotous a manner. One of the men laid down his spade, and with a firm voice, and a manner quite cool and collected, answered to this effect—"There is no riot unless what yourselves are raising—we don't want to commit a breach of the peace or molest any one, all we want is our right." The Marquis then said, whatever their rights were should be asserted in another way than by assembling by force. He then requested them to disperse; that the law would give them redress. The same man replied, that the corporation should also assert their right by law, and not by force—and then told his lordship that the course he was pursuing was more an appeal to force than to the law. The Marquis continued remonstrating with the men, but they did not appear willing to disperse, upon which his lordship took out a written paper, which he said was the "riot act," and ordered them to go away before he read it, otherwise the consequences might be frightful. The men still persisted (but in the best possible temper and spirits) to impress his lordship with a notion of their rights, upon which his lordship read the paper, but finding it had no effect, he proceeded to the next lot, which was marked out for a house and garden, at which the men all the time continued to employ themselves, quite heedless of what was passing in the lot immediately adjoining—here the Marquis drew up, and nearly the same thing occurred. But this scene of tranquillity was not long suffered to continue. While his lordship, assisted by the two cavalry officers, were using their utmost endeavours to preserve good order, the police, by an ill-timed exercise of authority, had nearly defeated all their good intentions. The police, who had been stationed at the entrance to the common, took some of the men into custody, for no other offence, that I could see, than having spades in their hands. Not contented with this, they made use of the most insulting and exasperating language, calculated to excite and inflame the people to acts of violence. The least stir or movement on the part of the people was construed by these fellows into an effort at resistance, or an attempt to assail them—every approach towards them was met by a cry of "stand back," and a push of the bayonet, while one of the men shouted out knock him down; then Constable Browne, with an arrogant exclamation sufficient to be heard by numbers shouts out "handcuff the rascal." This unnecessary and idle display had almost irritated the people to some act of rashness, when the Rev. Mr. M'Evoy, Roman Catholic Curate of Kells, came up, and at the request of the Marquis, interposed with his advice to the people to disperse. The men who hitherto were engaged in other parts of the field, now flocked round the Priest, and having listened with the greatest attention to his admonition, said they would go away, on the understanding that the right was not given up, but that it could be tried at law. This being conceded, they began to disperse. There were several persons who now took occasion to lay before the Marquis the poverty of their situation, and the reasons which impelled them to seek refuge on a deserted common. The principal cause of complaint was against their landlords, for dispossessing them from their holdings. They said they might as well die there as on the side of a ditch; that they were driven out, although they paid their rents. There were many from the lands of Oristown, who said they were dispossessed, and some stated that the whole side of a country, near Old Castle, belonging to Mr. Napper, had been depopulated, and the inhabitants compelled to seek refuge in America. At the utmost extremity of the field, one hut was completely finished. The Marquis took a survey of it, and called on the occupier, a man named Pigeon, to leave it. He refused; but the authorities did not think it right to stretch their power so far as to force an entrance. Accordingly, they all rode off, leaving him in full possession of the field. The people, soldiery, and police, then left the ground. The crowd, which at this time was very much increased, dispersed in the most peaceable and orderly manner. The police lodged their prisoners in the town Bridewell, where they still remain. After my return to Kells another troop of lancers arrived from Navan, and several magistrates from the immediate neighbourhood. They all rode out to Lloyd, but returned without taking possession of the small hut, which is here called the "Pigeon's nest," which, it appears, was the object of their second visit to Lloyd.

BOROUGH OF COLERAIN—THE IRISH SOCIETY AND THE BERESFORD FACTION.

The election of a Mayor for Colerain took place on Friday last. A deputation from the Honourable the Irish Society had attended, accompanied by a solicitor, Mr. Matthew Barrington. The object of their attendance was, to assist the people of Colerain in claiming their just privileges, and to forward the effort which is now making by them to free their borough from a state of servile corruption, in which it has long remained. The attack was commenced at the late election. To the no slight dismay of the worthy Corporation, who usually elected the Member without giving him the trouble of coming among them, or causing the town the inconvenience of knowing anything about what was going forward, on the last return of Sir J. Brydges, who was foolish enough to deviate somewhat from his usual course by appearing in Colerain, a number of freemen, who had obtained their freedom, during the period of the Irish volunteers, but who seem to have for a long time forgotten their rights, were awakened from their lethargy, and claimed the privilege of voting. This, however, was refused to them, and the Beresford member was re-elected. A spirited protest against the election was immediately handed to the Mayor, and Colerain has set about freeing itself in good earnest. The Irish Society have espoused the cause of the people, and, by their attendance on the present occasion, show that they are determined not to remit in their exertions.

At the time appointed for choosing one of the *hereditary* mayors (for his election is generally quite in keeping with that of the member), the deputation, attended by a great crowd of people, proceeded to the place of election. The corporation, however, were aware of the storm which was gathering, and took their measures accordingly. Police were stationed at the door of the conclave, and neither deputation, nor any troublesome intruder, who had the audacity to dream of his rights, was admitted. On former occasions, the people were excluded only from the private business of the corporation; but, on the present, all was private; and, after waiting for a considerable time, kept at bay by the police, the deputation and the people were astonished on being informed by Doctor Boyd, the mayor, that all was over.—The deputation remonstrated, but to no effect.—His worship had *received orders*, and he only acted on them. The corporation then contrived to get off, one by one, as quietly as possible. The deputation addressed the people at considerable length, read over the names of the corporation, showing that they were all either Beresfords, or the dupes of Beresfords; that the Irish Society, who were the proprietors of the soil, had given them a name; but before long their influence would be diminished.

We are glad that matters have issued as we have described. It was best that these gentlemen, in their little brief authority, should insult and trample openly on the town. Such wanton conduct must only make the people and the Irish Society more determined in their purpose; and we venture to foretel, without laying much claim to the gift of the prophecy, that this smug Beresford hold of corruption, with all it worshipful accompaniments, will shortly go the way that awaits the other vicious excrescences of our representative system.—*Northern Whig.*

THE FATHER AND CHILD.

(From the Ulster Magazine.)

Scene—A FOREST HOME IN NORTH AMERICA.

FATHER.

Why is the tear in thine eye, my boy?
Think is the age for laughter and joy,
Few winters have come to leave the trace
Of sorrow and care on thy young face;
Why dost thou weep? is thy pet fawn dead,
Or has it back to the forest fled?
Is thy bow broke, or thy arrow lost?
Or has the Cougar thy pathway crossed?
Or dost thou pine by the gloomy wood?
Dost thou fear to live in the solitude?

CHILD.

Father, where thou art, there I will be,
Whom have I on earth to love but thee?
And it is not through sorrow I drop the tear
For my soul is gladdened when thou art near;
But a dream came over me in sleep,
And when I woke, I could not but weep,
I thought I wandered o'er heathy hill,
And strayed by the banks of mountain rill,
Till I came to a glen surpassing fair,
The flowers of spring smiled in beauty there;
The sky was clear, and the grass was green,
Oh father! it was a lovely scene;
I looked around and there met my sight,
In that peaceful vale, a cottage white,
On the verge of a clear lake it stood,
In the cool shade of a beechen wood,
And o'er its walls in many a twine,
Clustered the moss rose and sweet woodbine;
I sat me down 'neath a broad tree's shade,
To watch the young lambkins at they played,
When one from the cottage door drew nigh,
With a radiant smile and a beaming eye,
And she clasped in a warm caress,
With a look of the fondest tenderness,
And kissed my brow—oh then did I know,
That none but my mother could kiss me so;
And a cry of joy from my heart broke,
And in my happiness I awoke.
My father, why bid we ever roam
From that sweet vale, and that quiet home?

FATHER.

My boy, it was the fell tyrant's hand,
That drove us away from our native land,
With a blasting breath and a heart of gall,
The stranger stalked through our green hall,
And her sons—they could not brook to see,
Their green fields disgraced by tyranny;
So they arose, and they bared the blade,
And proudly their standards of green displayed,
And fiercely they laid their rude lance in rest,
And they placed in their head gear, their Island's vest,
And they rushed to the charge—but their strength was broke,
And they fell 'neath the feet of the foeman's horse,
And the despot flung round us a fiercer chain,
And the blood of our bravest was shed in vain;
And I, my fair boy, could I bear to see,
The brand of a bond Man stamped on thee?
I could not brook that my son should bear
A slave's vile name, and the shackles wear,
So I quenched the fire on my father's hearth,
And bore thee away from thy native earth,
To seek o'er the wave a happier land,
Away from the reach of the tyrant's hand.
Our bark was swept on by a favouring wind,
And the Isle of my father's we lost behind—
That loved green Isle I will never see,
But I joy to think that my son is free.

N. V. L.

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THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

LETTER FROM MR. MARTIN DOYLE, OF ROSS.

To the Editor of the Waterford and Weekly Waterford Chronicles.

SIR—Having read in Journal of Saturday last another letter signed MARTIN DOYLE, dated from Boley, Tintern Parish, may I beg the favour of remarking on this production through the medium of your columns. It is now evident that I have shot home the arrows from the quiver of justice into the hearts of these for whom they were intended, where they now rankle, corrode, and fester.—Sir, the *man*, or *men*, the wily *magician*, or rather his accompanying *fiend*, who is the real author of the letter in question, was at the moment he was composing this extraordinary epistle, in a state of absolute frenzy—

> With madd'ning ire, invokes his former style,
> And vents in blust'ring rage his ranc'rous bile;
> Hush the wild furies, still the swelling flood,
> The raging, foaming, and distemper'd blood.

But I pity the being, as I once considered his heart generous and his breast overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If such was ever the case, the change is now much to be deplored. How has this occurred? Milton informs us of Uriel, the sharpest-sighted spirit in Heaven, and regent of the sun, was thus deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the Devil. Why, then, wonder if a poor mortal is seduced into the quagmires of political iniquity by the same fatal agency?—But, still, if his heart has remained untainted, there is every hope that he may escape from the dense cloud in which he is now enveloped by the magic art of the necromancer. But, Mr. Editor, I now come to deal with the letter; and here permit me, once for all, to say, that I put the boy whose name appears to it completely out of the question; he had as much to do with its composition as Simon Magus, and I hope in my soul that the poor fellow may never become a disciple of one of his followers. I know that he has copied the different articles, and I can further inform you that he has been instructed to carry them (thus written by himself) from house to house, and read them for the people as his own productions. Let the enlightened readers of the *Chronicle* weigh this matter well, and they will come to the same conclusion with me, that the persons who would thus train up a boy in all arts of dissimulation, such as I have now described, merit no better names than the appropriate ones of magicians.—Now, I shall put one question to this stripling, and only one—I will ask him (and I deeply deplore his condition) was there a pledge required of him at the period which he was first solicited to place his signature to the letters here alluded to, never to divulge the secret, and how was this pledge extorted? Was he desired to place his right hand on his innocent heart; and swear by that which gives life, vigour, and motion to the human frame, that he never would communicate the matter to any living mortal? I have a powerful reason for asking this question; but the writer's tirade of abuse I set at nought. As to his high-sounding phraseology, his bombastic scurrility, his foul invective, I only glory in them—I court his hostility—I challenge his abuse. Why?—Because the envenomed arrows of his slander can never reach me.—My political conduct through life is my shield, and hence I feel careless of such imputations. I shall not so much as notice them in future, except that I now merely say that they bear the living features of the author, stamped in indelible characters upon them. There is not a man of common discernment who has read the late letter, and who is acquainted with the style and manner of writing of the person whom I designate as the *accompanying fiend*, but would recognize him in it. His productions have been frequently condemned by the best authorities in this quarter, as containing a profusion of quotations, sacred and profane, mingled up in a kind of blasphemous medley; and here, notwithstanding his artifice to disguise himself and to deceive the public, we find him in this latter epistle indulging in his propensities, and following the full bent of his inclination in giving quotations. Look to the heading of his letter, "*Native and Original.*"—These bring to my recollection the words "private," "secret," "confidential." Here I harpoon the cheat.—Look again so the words he makes use of in his rabid abuse of me—"turbid torrent of virulent calumny"—"brazen bullets of slander"—"dusky colours of infernal treachery"—"splenetic fulmination," (a clerical phrase, by the bye)—"venial" (another clerical touch). Here he is out in all his native bombast. He charges me as the vile fabricator of lies, although he is conscious that I am utterly incapable of giving expression to a deliberate falsehood, or of sanctioning an untruth even against my bitterest foe. He asks, "Do you deny the power of the Deity?" I will tell him I never did so—I hope in Heaven I never will; but I do not believe in every fabricated miracle, particularly put forward to answer a purpose in itself infamous and hypocritical—to call the name of the Deity in question, in order to make it appear that this child (I may say) is transformed from the state of inexperienced boyhood to that of a *wily* sophist and subtle political advocate, is nothing less than rank and impious blasphemy. But, Sir, he calls on me emphatically to bring forward the names of those whom I have designated as the *wily magician* and his accompanying *fiend*, and tells me not to be turning from the subject; and here, in turn, I call on him and his associate to come out if they dare. Let them not continue firing on me from behind a hedge or an ambuscade—let them meet me, if they are men, in the open field—let them not continue longer to prostitute a young and innocent boy, and make him the victim of their delusion. But I am much mistaken if this letter has not the desired effect. Now, I tell these classical gentlemen that they shall not excite or provoke me to act prematurely—I know them well. No challenge which may be thrown out will induce me to give up the names of the virtuous men from whom I have received my information—men, from the very circumstances of their situations in life, who would be exposed to absolute ruin if I was so unprincipled as to give them up to the cruel rapacity of certain individuals. Perhaps the angry fulminations of one of those to whom I allude might be poured out on them, but they never shall know them from me.

But why did I, in the first instance, notice these productions? Though I have stated my reasons in my first letter, I find it necessary again to publish them. The whole cause of my writing a line on the matter was to expose the delusion attempted to be practised on the people of this County immediately after the defeat of the Independent Interest at the late election. It required no great depth to penetrate into the scheme of the party writing at that particular period on the Repeal of the Union, and bringing forward a boy as the author who had never written a line on any political subject—a subject to which the master-hand of an O'Connell alone could be equal to! For thus making an effort to expose political delinquency, I am assailed through the medium of that Press which my opponents know has a wide-spread circulation in this County; and through the instrumentality of which they imagined they could carry into effect with impunity the object of their anxious solicitude—the screening of political delinquents; but I have checked them in their course, and for this they have assailed me. No, Sir, I am not actuated by a spirit of mean or contemptible jealousy, as is dishonestly and falsely insinuated by my enemies. The reason I noticed the name signed to "The Hints to Small Farmers," was because I was, and I am perfectly satisfied that a person bearing that name never composed a line of that work, no more than the Boley boy composed the letters in question. That work was written by a clerical gentleman.

But I now, Sir, inform the artful sophisters that they never again shall practise duplicity undetected or unexposed in this County, while an honest Journal can be found in this quarter of Ireland. Mr. Editor, now comes the portion of this letter which should be particularly noticed by the readers of the *Chronicle*. In the speech delivered by me, some time since, which you had the goodness to publish with others, I charged the composers of the letters signed "Martin Doyle, of Tintern-Abbey," with having promulgated a falsehood, and I now reiterate the charge. I brand them with having fabricated a deliberate untruth, in order to hold me up to the scorn of my country. Why do I make this charge?—because there was not the slightest parity in the language imputed to me and the words I actually uttered. Here follow the expressions imputed—"That I would scourge individuals who would vote against the candidate of my choice," whereas, that part of my speech where I mentioned the scourge, ran exactly thus:—"But if Mr. Colclough should violate his word or break his plighted faith, I would inflict a constitutional scourge on him until I would make him bleed, and not only the blood but the marrow, ooze from his bones."

What likeness—what similitude is there in the language imputed and the words really expressed by me?—none. If I am bringing forward proof strong and irrefragable that the latter expressions were what I did exactly make use of on the memorable occasion to which I refer, what, then, will the disseminators of falsehood say? Will they, after this, have the effrontery to come forward again and address the public through the columns of a respectable Journal? If I convict them of thus deliberately propagating flagitious inventions of the most malignant kind, with the deep and deadly design of injuring the reputation of a man who never gave them just cause of offence, except that they considered it an offence, his having exposed the *treachery* of individuals against the independence of his native County.

Well, Mr. Editor, I now call on the Reverend Mr. Bardin, of Ballycullane, who stood convenient at the moment I was addressing the freeholders, in the name of common justice, to fulfil a moral obligation—I call on him to say whether I uttered the words imputed to me in the letters signed "Martin Doyle, of Boley," or whether the words as given in the extract are not precisely those which fell from my lips on the occasion to which I allude.

I will now ask my opponents by what kind of chicanery will they contrive to avoid answering my question respecting the expulsion of the poor from their cabins, who have been served with notices to quit, or their not so much as having glanced at my charge against the agent of a lay impropriator of tithes, who menaced the people for having dared to sign a petition for the abolition of tithes last Spring? Away, then, with the braggadocio and preposterous declarations contained in the letters of these political mountebanks. Saying what you are is one thing, and giving practical proof of fearless virtue and stern patriotism another. Well, I have given this proof, and for daring to assail political tergiversators, and supporters of tithes, and oppressors of the poor, I am become the victim of my own love of Ireland.

> "When caps among the crowd are thrown,
> Each takes the cap he thinks his own."

My friends of Boley, Tintern, and Rosegarland, I now earnestly request that you will peruse this letter with deep attention. I address myself particularly to that portion of you who are truly religious, as such must ever value dearer than life itself, the morality of your little ones, and that of the rising generation in general.—Hence thy anxiety that you should peruse this letter.

I remain, Sir, you obedient servant,
MARTIN DOYLE.

Ross, October 5, 1830.

WATERFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The following is the list of premiums conferred by the Society, as referred to in the Report of the Committee, inserted in our last:—

PLOUGHING.

1st premium in 1st class, to James Esmonde, Esq., silver cup.

2d premium in 1st class, to Edward Roberts, Esq., silver medal.

1st premium in 2d class, to J. Smith, ploughman to James Esmonde, Esq., £2.

2d premium in 2d class to John Burke, ditto to Edward Roberts, Esq., £1.

1st premium in 3d class, to Philip Henebery, tenant to Rev. S. T. Medlycott, £4.

2d premium in 3d class, to George Chalmers, tenant to Thomas M'Dougall, Esq., £3.

3d premium in 3d class, to James Power, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq., £2.

4th premium in 3d class, to the son of the above-named George Chalmers, £1.

5th premium in 3d class, to Jeffery Fitzgerald, tenant to G. W. Morris, Esq., 10s.

The premium for the best plough, team, and tackle, was given to Lord Waterford's ploughman.

The 2d premium, ditto, to James Mulcahy, ploughman to J. D. Langley, Esq.

BEST MANAGED FARMS.

Best managed farm not less than 50 acres: first premium, to William Hurly, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq., £6.

Michael Nowlan, Kilmeaden, tenant to Lord Doneraile, 2d premium, ditto, £4.

Philip Purcell, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq., 1st premium, for farm not exceeding 50, nor less than 20 acres, £3.

Catherine Hearn, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq., 2d premium for ditto, £2.

Walter Forristal, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq. 1st premium, for farm not exceeding 20, nor less than 10 aces, £2.

Second premium in this class not awarded.

BEST CROPS.

George Chalmers, for the best crop of turnips, £2.

John Kelly, Killoteran, for the best cultivated crop of mangel wurzel, £2.

Alexander Sherlock, Esq. for the next best ditto, ditto, £1.

Patrick Phelan, Blacknock, tenant to Wm. Christmas, Esq., for first crop of potatoes, £3.

Patrick Goff, Bawnfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq £2.

John Walsh, tenant to Lane Fox, Esq. £1 10s.

George Chalmers, tenant to Thomas M'Dougall, Esq. £1.

James Power, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq. for the best crop of red clover, £2.

Second premium not awarded.

COTTAGES—FIRST CLASS.

Daniel Power, Bawnfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq., £1.

William Kennedy, ditto, ditto, £1.

James Carroll, ditto, ditto, £1.

James Slattery, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq., £1.

Thomas Flanagan, ditto, ditto, £1.

John Morrissey, ditto, ditto, £1.

—— Carty, ditto, ditto, £1.

James Culliton, ditto, ditto, £1.

James Walsh, ditto, ditto, £1.

COTTAGES—SECOND CLASS.

—— Norris, Bawnfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq. 15s.

Denis Phelan, ditto, ditto, 15s.

—— Honan, ditto, ditto, 15s.

Andrew Glasco, Glinn, ditto, 15s.

I. Keating, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq., 15s.

——— Doran, ditto, ditto, 15s.

Thomas Power, ditto, ditto, 15s.

Pat. Power, ditto, ditto, 15s.

Mrs. Power, ditto, ditto, 15s.

E. Culliton, ditto, ditto, 15s.

COTTAGES—THIRD CLASS.

Stephen Neagle, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq. 10s.

Michael Quinn, ditto, ditto, 10s.

Richard Kennedy, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq. 10s.

——— Power, the smith, ditto, ditto, 10s.

Mrs. Walsh, ditto, ditto, 10s.

Pierce Flanagan, ditto, ditto, 10s.

IMPLEMENTS.

R. and Benjamin Graham, of the City of Waterford, for the best and cheapest iron plough, £1 10s.

——— Partridge, of Pouldrew, a country smith, for ditto, £1.

Daniel Power, Bawnfaun, for the best constructed and cheapest new cart, £2.

CATTLE, &c.

——— Fitzgerald, for the best draft sire, £3.

John Congreve, Esq., for the best bull, the silver cup, value £10.

John H. Jones, Esq., for the best boar, a silver medal.

Michael Spencer, tenant to Lord Ebrington, for the best bull belonging to a working farmer, £5.

David Power, tenant to Nicholas Power, Esq., for 2d best ditto, £2 10s.

Michael Nowlan, Kilmeaden, tenant to Lord Doneraile, for the best boar, ditto, £2.

Jeffrey Fitzgerald, tenant to George Morris Wall, Esq for the best sow, ditto £2.

John Phelan, Ballygunner, for the best four year old heifer, £3

David Power, Ballynakill, tenant to N. Power, Esq., for the best two year old ditto, £2.

Michael Power, tenant to R. Pope, Esq. for the best one year old ditto, £1 10s.

Mr. Dart, for an improved cross to an iron plough on a new construction, £1 10s.

Daniel Power, for the excellence exhibited in the manufacture of a catamaran for removing trees, £1.

Michael Brian, Ballynaveree, for ten hives of honey, £1.

Mrs. Hearn, Glinn, for 5 hives, 10s.

Mrs. Hurley, ditto, 5 ditto, 10s.

Patrick M'Dougall, Esq. for horse breeding, a whip.

ARRIVALS AT DUNBRODY PARK—FESTIVITIES.

[COMMUNICATED.]

On Saturday last, Colonel and Lady AUGUSTA CHICHESTER arrived at their seat, Dunbrody Park, County Wexford. This being her Ladyship's first visit to Ireland, great interest had been excited on the report of her expected arrival, and suitable preparations were made to receive her.—These, however, were in a great measure obliged to be suspended, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather; but nothing could damp the enthusiasm of the people, who had assembled in great numbers—they unyoked the horses and quickly supplied their places—the dancers, meanwhile, quite regardless of the falling rain, and tripping it lightly before the carriage, in spite of "mud and mire." The *cortege* entered the village amid a well-sustained salute of ordnance from the surrounding heights, which had been procured for the occasion.

On the following Monday, the weather was extremely propitious, and at an early hour crowds of dancers were seen tripping along the roads leading to Arthurstown, to the enlivening sounds of some of our most popular national airs. The village itself presented a most animated scene—flags were flying from many of the house tops; every door and window was decked with laurel. Banners borne in the hand presented national devices, and triumphal arches in every direction displayed the inscriptions of "*Cead mille faultha*," "*Anglesey*," "*Chichester*," &c. &c. while the dancers, in their fantastic, but truly becoming costume, going through their not ungraceful evolutions, their white handkerchiefs waving, *a la greque*, gave a unique and picturesque appearance to the whole. About one o'clock a discharge of artillery was heard from the upper part of the village, for the good people in their simplicity, seemed to think that the daughter of the heroic ANGLESEY could not be heralded in a more appropriate manner. At this signal the dancers ceased their busy trade, and ranging themselves on each side of the street, formed a lane, extending along the whole length of the village, down which her Ladyship, accompanied by her infant daughter, passed, the band playing at the time, "*God save the King*." As the daughter of Ireland's best beloved Viceroy, every Irishman must feel an interest in this Noble Lady.

Lady A. CHICHESTER possesses, in an eminent degree, that *muta recommendatio* which Queen ELIZABETH prised so much, and for which Madame de STAEL would have bartered half her genius. But what we esteem and admire in her still more is that genuine urbanity of look and manner which comes from the heart, and makes its way to the heart, and of which the Irish have a quick, intuitive perception. This is the true fascination—and this it was which fixed all eyes, and won all hearts as her Ladyship passed through the assembled villagers on Monday last. Nothing could be more expressive than the respectful silence with which they at first received her, or more enthusiastic than the shout which they gave on her leaving them—it seemed to embody and express in its most appropriate language Ireland's own beautiful hyperbole of "*a hundred thousand welcomes*"—while, by a most happy coincidence, the name of ANGLESEY, blazoned in large letters, in the arch under which her Ladyship was at that moment passing, produced a most affecting association of feelings, and conferred a national interest on a simple village *fete*. The gallant Colonel also presented himself to the people, and was received in a manner suitable to his rank as County Member, and his merits as a good landlord.

The scene of festivity was afterwards transferred to the court, in front of the mansion in the Park, and there her Ladyship was treated to a specimen of Irish dancing, which, indeed, she seemed to enjoy highly, and encourage by her presence during the whole time. Refreshments were abundantly supplied to the people, and every thing done to insure them comfort and accommodation. At night Arthurstown was brilliantly illuminated, and as on a recent occasion, the tide being full in, and close to the village, which forms a crescent round one corner of the bay, the effect of the light on the water was strikingly pleasing. Indeed, in reference to the whole exhibition, and the feelings which prompted it, we may apply those lines of the poet—

> Meek poverty her scanty cottage graced,
> And flung her gleam across the lonely waste;
> The exulting village in one triumph strove,
> One social sacrifice of reverential love.

Here again the indefatigable dancers resumed their sports round a bonfire, and continued there to a late hour, when they returned home "beneath the joyous moon."

The Lord Lieutenant will this day (Saturday) enter Cork at one o'clock, when he will receive an address from the Corporation of that City.

WATERFORD FEVER HOSPITAL.

State of the Hospital during the Month of September, 1830.

In Hospital 1st Sept.	2	Dismissed	10
Admitted in Sept.	16	Died	1
		Remain in Hospital	7
	18		18

The fatal case above quoted, died of inflammation of the bowels.

Many of the patients admitted during the last month laboured under symptoms pulmonic inflammation.

W. CONNOLLY, M. D.

Signed on behalf of the Regulating Committee,
PETER KENNEY,
Chairman.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

LETTER IV.

Darrynane Abbey, 27th Sept., 1830.

> Oh! well may we call her like thee "THE FORSAKEN,"
> Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves,
> And the harps of her bards, when sweetest they waken,
> Have breathings as sad, as the wind over graves.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—I now come to sketch with a sad and hasty pencil the evils of the Union. I can give but a sketch, an outline of those evils. It would require

> . . . . . Ample room, and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace.

I have neither space nor talent to depict in their true colours, and with all their horrid details, the enormous mischiefs inflicted on Ireland by the Union. The description, however, is unnecessary. We all see them in all the misery, want, and woe which surround us. We all feel them in the exhaustion, impoverishment, and wretchedness of our native land.

Thirty years have now elapsed since the Union was effectuated. The Union has had a full and a fair trial. If it could produce any benefit to Ireland, it would already have produced that benefit. The Union has had most abundant time to operate for good or for evil. The experiment is complete. No man can demand further time. We are now all prepared to pronounce a judgment upon it.

Now, youths of Ireland, listen. Young gentlemen, who throng the walls of Trinity College, pray take the trouble to attend—you call yourselves Irish—does the love of country—does the holy fire of patriotism warm your bosoms? Be you Irishmen, or do the feelings of the stranger and the foe predominate? You were born during the controversy between bigotry and the freedom of conscience. Have your early prejudices stifled the enthusiasm of youth and the impulses of independence?

Catholic young men of Ireland—you who recognise this as your own, your native land, attend to me, mark me well.

The Union has now lasted thirty years. The experiment is complete. IT HAS NOT PRODUCED ONE SINGLE BENEFIT TO IRELAND—NOT ONE.

If it has, let it be stated! What is it? What one advantage—what one benefit has the Union produced? I repeat it—NOT ONE. I challenge its advocates—I defy its supporters—I call on the enemies of Ireland—I implore, I entreat the friends of Ireland—I demand of all and every one—what good has the Union done to or for Ireland? Not the least—not the smallest. Truth will not permit the assertion of any one benefit—of any one advantage. Imagination itself cannot invent one single circumstance in which Ireland has benefitted by the Union—in which her interests have been advanced—in which her prosperity has been encouraged.

Survivors of the Unionists—survivors of the base men who sold or abandoned their country to a foreign domination—stand forward. There are some of you active and still full of pretensions. I rouse against you all the political fervor of your country's hate. I call on you to defend yourselves, by shewing any one benefit, any one advantage, which the country that you betrayed has derived from the Union. If the Union has realized any one of the mighty boons which were falsely and treacherously held out to her, you Unionists are bound to point it out.

But no—not one. No man can be daring enough to assert that any one good has been produced by that measure. We gave up our national independence—we handed over our inherent right of self-government—we stultified ourselves, and proclaimed our own incapacity—we degraded—we provincialized our country—we were traitors to our native land—we gave her up to the stranger and the unfriendly. What value, what consideration, what price, what recompence have we received in return? None—none—none. The wages of sin are death. Such have been the merited wages of our turpitude.

THIS ONE TRUTH IS UNQUESTIONABLE, THAT THE UNION HAS NOT CONFERRED ON IRELAND ANY ONE ADVANTAGE.

Having brought the minds of my readers to that one indisputable truth, I now call on them to turn their attention to the fatal consequences of the Union. If that measure has been unproductive of good—it has, alas, been most fruitful of evil. It has been no neutral quantity unproductive of either good or evil. No; its mischiefs—its miseries have been multitudinous.

I place some of them before you in the following order:—

First—*It deprives Ireland of self-government—it reduced her into the state of a province, from being an independent nation.*

No man can undervalue self-government, but a man of low and grovelling mind—some person who imagines that Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or, perhaps, Frenchmen, are of a higher order of beings than the Irish. If an Irishman be equally fit to govern—to make laws, and to execute them, as the native of any other country, why should we give to others the power of making laws for us, or of executing them? Is it not evident that no persons can have so great an interest in there being good laws in Ireland, as the inhabitants of Ireland? Having, then, the most deep interest in there being good laws in Ireland—having our properties, our lives, our comforts, our liberties, all at stake in the good government of our country, must we not be the most proper persons to take care of those properties by wise laws—to protect our lives by just institutions—to attend to the promotion of our comforts by salutary regulations—and to establish our liberties by sound legislation? Who else can have the deep, the entire, the perpetual interest we have in these things? If this be so—as it is certainly so—is it not the height of wicked absurdity in us to devolve upon strangers the care of these most important concerns—and to deprive ourselves of the natural superintendence and controul of our own affairs?

If, indeed, these strangers be wiser, better, more enlightened, and more virtuous men than we are—why, in that case, we may acknowledge our base and contemptible inferiority, and submit to be herded, like tame cattle, by our wiser and better neighbours.

But I deny—I scornfully deny—the existence of any such superiority over the sons of Erin. All over the world, where Irishmen have found a clear stage and no favor, they have risen to eminence, and acquired glory. I deny that their superiors are to be found in the torpid, fattening, and soul-subdued English of the multifarious Tory classes. I deny that the English of any grade or class are our superiors. I claim for my countrymen perfect equality with the best of them. I desire to claim no more—although, if I were provoked, I might give reasons to induce a prouder assertion, but I am content with asserting an undeniable equality.

Well, if we be, as we are, equal in point of intellect and integrity with the strangers—if we be, as we undoubtedly are, more interested than the strangers can be in the prosperity and glory of Ireland—let every Irishman ask in itself this question—why, under those circumstances, should not the government and management of Ireland belong to Irishmen, as a right, as much as it is a duty?

This Government and management we were deprived of by the Union—they can be restored to us only by the abrogation of that measure.

It is true, familiarly true, even to the triteness of a proverb—that he who entrusts his business to others is sure to have it neglected—that no man's business is well done, but the business of a man who superintends it himself.

What is true of each individual, is equally true of the aggregate of individuals, called a nation.—Each nation has a sacred duty imposed on it to attend to its own affairs—that duty is also a sacred right, which, in our case, has been most treacherously as well as basely violated.

But the necessity of self-government does not depend on mere theory. That which is thus theoretically probable is demonstrated to be practically certain. No country was ever prosperous or free that did not govern itself. Look to history, and you will find that wherever there was a people in a state of prosperity or freedom, there was self-government. This is proved by the history of states and nations, from Athens to Venice—from Switzerland to North America. Self-government is the necessary ingredient, as it is the leading principle of the liberty and happiness of nations.

On the other hand, colonial and provincial countries are misgoverned, so as to become proverbial for arbitrary rule, caprice, and mismanagement. Sometimes the yoke is rendered comparatively light and endurable, by the good sense and good feeling of individual governors, but the system brings degradation and ruin—the crouching habits of slavery, and the insolent domination of upstart and transitory authority. The Union has made Ireland a province, and she has suffered, accordingly, the evils of colonial degradation.

Nature, and nature's God, gave Ireland all the gigantic features of a nation—she is too mighty and too good to continue a province—A NATION SHE WAS, and A NATION (with the blessing of God) SHE SHALL BE AGAIN.

But if the miseries of any colony, or province as they are, inevitable—if the misgovernment of a dominant country over its province, be, as they are, inevitable—all this misery and misgovernment are peculiarly attributable to a country ruled as England is, by the basest aristocracy in the world. In all other countries where a dominant aristocracy has been found, there was always something of high-mindedness—something of generous pride mixed with their vices, which mitigated the character of their misconduct, and afforded much of alleviation of their misrule. But the English boroughmongering aristocracy—that aristocracy which has usurped the people's right of representation, and which nominates a majority of the House of Commons—that aristocracy is sordid, mercenary, money-loving, soul-selling. They cringe as humbly to the sons of the spinning-jennies, and of the anvil—they cringe as abjectly to the Peels and Goulburns, when they have patronage, place, and power to bestow—they are as prostrate to the ministry of the day, as are the miserable negroes of the West Indies to their ferocious masters, or their more ferocious mistresses.

I could possibly endure to have Ireland subject to good and generous Englishmen, but to be subject to the base and sordid oligarchy who regulate the rotten borough government, is to me a pain so poignant—to have my native country prostrate before so impure a political Jogghernaut, is to me so horrible a degradation, that I cannot but incessantly struggle to terminate this iniquity, until Irish independence shall be restored. And should I not live to see that great blessing attained—as I hope and expect to do—my last earthly wish will be contained in the expression—

> [illegible]

Such is the first prominent evil of the Union—it has destroyed the independence of Ireland, and conveys a direct insult to the integrity and intelligence of the Irish nation. It says, in words, not loud, but deep, that Irishmen are either too dishonest, or too stupid to govern their own country.

Neither is this assertion confined to mere speculation. It is carried in the broad day into practical effect. They fill every possible situation in Ireland with English and Scotch. From the lowest offices to the highest in the revenue, they inundate us with chubby and *unbrilliant* Englishmen—and as they have an assortment of second-rate lawyers to fill the highest stations in the law, so they have subordinates of no greater comparative worth for all the minor employments.

I submit this plain but modest proposition, to the indignant good sense of my countrymen—that Irishmen would—as we say—become all those situations quite as efficiently as any over-fed Englishman, or half-fed Scotchman of them all.

I trust I shall live to see all those offices filled by Irishmen. Recollect, however, that cannot be until the Union is abrogated.

I could never tire of pointing out in every thing, and to every body, the value—the inestimable value—of self-government; but I need not travel far to find a practical instance of the incalculable importance of that value.

Let us take Ireland herself. I need not go beyond Ireland for an instance. In fact, Ireland is an example, and a proof of the utility of self-government.

In 1782, Ireland forced the English government to recognize her independence. In 1782, Ireland attained a self-government. What ensued?—peace and prosperity—the most rapid, the most extraordinary strides in improvement of every kind. Prosperity in every department, and in every branch—commerce fostered and increased—agriculture encouraged and enriched—manufactures promoted and extended—party spirit checked and decaying—every class daily increasing in wealth and comfort—the labourer becoming a farmer—the farmer rising into the rank of gentleman—the gentleman swelling into the baronet—and the baronet elevated to the peerage—commercial men acquiring estates—towns growing into cities—population accumulating, and cheerful merriment, so congenial to the Irish disposition, gladdening the land at every side.

No country on the face of the earth ever made so rapid a progress in improvement of every kind, as Ireland did in the ten years which succeeded her legislative independence.

PRICE OF IRISH STOCKS.

	Fridy.	Satur.	Mond.	Tuesd.	Wedn.	Thurs.
Bank Stock	227	225¼	225¼	225¼	226¼	226¼
3½ p. c. Co.	87	86¼	86⅝	86⅝	86⅝	86⅝
Do. do. Red.	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gv. Db. 3½	90	89	88½	89	89½	89¼
Do. St. do.	96¼	95½	95½	95½	96½	96½
Do. New, 4	97½	96½	..	..	96¾	96¾
G. Canal L.4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Do. do. 6	..	89	88¾	88¾	86½	89½
R. Can. St.	..	..	..	..	47¾	..
Mining Co.	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gov. Deb.	..	..	..	..	..	7¼

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of Mr. JOHN LAWLESS to the Editor of the *Waterford Chronicle* was not in time for this post, but shall appear in our next.

The Poetry, signed "HAROLD," shall appear in our next.

Also, the letter of "A MERCHANT OF WATERFORD."

The communication with the Dungarvan post-mark will not be inserted, as we have made it a rule, to which we shall adhere, not to publish any communication the postage of which shall not have been paid.

The Waterford Chronicle.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1830.

The London Journals to Wednesday (inclusive) have been received—the following are extracts:—

BELGIUM.

London, Tuesday, October 5.

The Dutch and German Papers do not contain much intelligence from Belgium. The former, however, instead of the braggadocia tone they assumed a few days since, allude in a lower key to the disasters of their army. The spirit of insurrection, they state, spreads more and more throughout Belgium, but do not add a single word of comment on the propriety or otherwise of that insurrection. Among other facts, they say, "An address has been presented to his Majesty to-day (October 1), signed by 40 persons, most of them Deputies from the Southern Provinces, to the Second Chamber of the States General, containing a request that his Majesty may be pleased to send one of his sons to be present at an Assembly which will be held at Brussels by the Notables of the southern provinces, to consider of the means by which the present state of things may be be put an end to, and of the manner in which the Government of the Southern Provinces shall be in future conducted. The persons signing the Address express their wish that the Government of the Southern Provinces of the kingdom of the Netherlands may be given to his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange with the title of Lieutenant-General." We hope that this is true, as it will be the means of bringing the affairs of Belgium into a likelier train for satisfactory adjustment than any other that can at present be devised. We fear, however, that even if the address has been presented, its spirit will be wholly disapproved of by the Belgians, who, flushed with success, and more indignant than ever against the Dutch, will exact far more rigid and unequivocal conditions. The Hamburg Papers state that the Duke of Saxe Gotha has of his own accord convened the inhabitants of his Duchy, and promised to comply with any reasonable wishes they may form, and also to remove every well-grounded cause of complaint. How wondrously civil these minor German potentates have become since the French revolution!—*Sun.*

THE BLOODY AND INFERNAL DUTCH VANDALS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Bruxelles, October 1, 1830.

SIR—In my last communication I undertook to send you a detailed and authentic account of the numerous atrocities committed on English residents here by the Dutch troops in their recent attack on this city. In this letter you will find that promise fulfilled. Now that the Belgians have nobly delivered their country from the tyranny of the Dutch, we rest assured that the letters of the English will no longer be opened and stopped, as they have hitherto been, to afford information to a feeble and suspicious Government.

The Belgian Papers will have informed you that an army, composed of nearly 30,000 men, the '*elite*' of the Dutch troops, with an extensive train of artillery, most completely appointed, quitted Holland only a few days since, for the conquest of the Belgic territory—that this army appeared suddenly on the Boulevards of Brussels, and without the usual form of summoning a besieged town, at once employed every horrid implement of war against this 'open' and almost defenceless city, many of whose inhabitants were asleep at the commencement of the assault; that during four days of continued bombardment with heavy artillery, mortars, Congreve rockets, and other projectiles, the Dutch officers set an example to their men of all that has ever been related in history, or can be conceived by the imagination, as most barbarous and atrocious—pillage, assassination, incendiarism, violation—an example of crimes of which no horde of savages has ever been known to be guilty, even against its deadliest foes—crimes, not only sanctioned, but positively 'justified' (to an Englishman) by the Prince Frederick, whose first campaign has opened with the massacre of his father's subjects!!! There has been an insanity in these bloody excesses of the Dutch.

Providence, however, has willed that citizens, hastily assembled—irregularly armed—without military chiefs—without any combined plan of operation—deprived of almost all means of defence by the treachery of several of the upper classes of the Bourgeois—confounded by alarming reports, industriously circulated by traitors, who had been bought by the King with Belgic gold—that these citizens, thus unprepared and defenceless, should after four days of heroic resistance, have driven their cruel enemies into an ignominous flight, diminished in numbers, disgraced in reputation, and thoroughly demoralized, too fortunate if they ever reach the turpid waters of Holland in their retreat. They carried back to his Majesty of Holland the bloody fruits of fifteen years' misrule over this noble people. They will be the heralds of his just dethronement, as they have been the sanguinary instruments of his vindictive obstinacy.

Thus, however, has it pleased Almighty God, '*by whom the people rule*,' to prosper the righteous cause, and to avenge the injuries so long, so loudly, and so vainly complained of by an enlightened and generous nation!—While the Monarch of Holland shall be recorded on the page of history, as the barbarous butcher of the Belgians, it will be said, in after ages, that the brave Belgic race displayed not less of mercy and generosity towards their wounded enemies and prisoners, than they had evinced resolution and heroism in driving the invaders from their soil.

EXCESSES COMMITTED BY THE DUTCH TROOPS IN THE HOUSES OF THE ENGLISH AT BRUSSELS.

The Lord Blantyre mortally wounded, whilst surrounded by his wife and family.

The wife of the Maitre d'Hotel of the English Embassy most brutally treated on the boulevards, and her children during some hours menaced with death before her eyes.

Numerous Englishmen dragged out of their houses, and compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to surrender their money and other valuables.

Numerous houses belonging to the English fired upon, broken into, furniture destroyed, pillaged and burnt.

The daughter of an English Field Officer cruelly maltreated, his own life threatened, his plate carried off, his cellars emptied of their contents, and all his money stolen.

An English servant, living in the Faubourg of Schaerbeek, crucified at the door, burnt by a slow fire, and his body pierced with balls and bayonets.

The house of an English gentleman, in the Rue Royale completely sacked, and plundered of plate and money, and other valuables to an enormous extent—himself dragged out into the street to be shot, and only saved by a miracle.

Two families, entirely composed of English females, and together in one house near the Parc, robbed of every thing, after having been threatened during many hours with instant death; compelled to taste the liquors demanded, as a proof of their not having been poisoned.

The daughter of an Englishman violated before her father's eyes, and then shot. This man will complain to our Government at home.

A boarding-school for young ladies broken into, and seventeen violated—the report of the surgeon attending them:—of these not known how many are really English!

But, Sir, here I must stop—the *heart* sickens at the relation of such horrors, and I am lost in tears and indignation. Throughout the whole of the recent proceedings here, the Dutch have evidently, and "*no doubt by authority*," selected the English residents at Brussels, as the *especial*, but not, alas! "*exclusive*" objects of their furious atrocities. The Belgians have their tale too of horrors to record. As far as the English are concerned, I do hope that these details will have a direct and positive influence on our Government in their view of the Belgic question, as in their dealing with "*the ex-King*" of the *Pays Bas*—and that the people of England will never allow our Ministers to enact a crusade for the worst of causes, "Royal tyranny," over a nation, whose will it is to be free, and to have a national existence.

LATEST NEWS FROM BELGIUM.

(From the Globe of Wednesday Evening, Oct. 6.)

RECEIVED LAST NIGHT

We have received Brussels and other Flemish Papers to the 4th instant, our extracts from which will evince the tenor of the spirit and feelings which continue to pervade the Belgic provinces. It is to be collected from every account that the Dutch troops have shewn a great want of all the military qualities, and more especially of the courage and intrepidity which must necessarily form the chief foundation for all the rest. Not only so, but, according to the letter from Ghent, these troops have caught a portion of the Belgic enthusiasm which they have employed to oppose; but it may be suspected that the division which hailed the tri-coloured flag, was itself partly composed of Belgians.

The discipline of the Dutch troops appears from many accounts to have been bad, and their consumption of liquor considerable, so that it is very likely that their friends or neutrals were in more danger from them than their enemies; but we do not see how, or *why*, the English should have been selected as the especial objects of their furious atrocities. We shall, therefore, abstain from prejudging the future investigation of the facts; but we may observe that the duty of abstaining from interference in the affairs of Belgium for the purpose of imposing an unpopular Government on the people, rests on a better foundation in reason than on the credit which may ultimately be found due to these stories.

The following are extracts:—

(From the Journal de la Belgique of Monday, Oct. 4.)

BRUSSELS, OCT. 4.—The ceremony which took place yesterday in the *Place St. Michael*, of the consecration of the last asylum of the brave men who fell in the defence of liberty and their country during the four days of September, was as striking as fertile in subjects of profound meditation. An immense train, composed of the clergy of all the parishes in all their sacerdotal paraphernalia—of the members of the Provisional Government—of all the civil and military authorities, preceded and followed by detachments of the volunteers of Liege, Fleures, and other towns, of Belgians lately arrived from Paris, &c., and accompanied by an innumerable crowd, proceeded slowly from the church of St. Gudule to the place of sepulture; there, in the midst of the most profound attention of all the persons present, the voice of the priest invoked the blessing of Heaven on the spot which was destined to receive the remains of our worthy fellow citizens, and to perpetuate the recollection of sorrow and of glory. After the consecration, De Vandemeyer spoke a few words in perfect unison with the feelings by which every body was inspired.

We learn that the amount of the collection made yesterday in the Church of St. Gudule, for the relief of the wounded, was 250 florins (about £20).

This morning *Te Deum* was performed at St. Gudule for our late victories.

The Commissioners of the Provisional Government have just addressed a proclamation to the brave inhabitants of Tournay, announcing the surrender of the citadel, and desiring them to respect the Dutch soldiers.

M. Niellon, commander of the free corps, gives an account of an engagement which he had on the 30th September, with a corps of Dutch troops near Meerbeck, two leagues from Louvain. The battle lasted from one till five in the afternoon. Niellon had 350 men, with two pieces of cannon; the Dutch had 3500 men. The peasants say they had sixty killed and wounded. The free corps, which took part in the action with the moveable force of Louvain, had two killed and five wounded. At night-fall the volunteers returned to Louvain.

This action showed the Dutch that we are not afraid to attack them on the plain.

The *Courier de la Sambre* announces that on the 1st inst. the people came to blows with the troops in Namur, who are stated to have fired, without any provocation, on some of the inhabitants who were crossing the market-place without arms, and of whom three are said to have been killed.—The citizens, exasperated, attacked the troops, who retired to the rampart gates, which are strongly fortified, and fired grape-shot on the citizens.—After some desperate fighting General Van Geen consented on the following day to evacuate the town, and retired into the citadel. Every thing belonging to the Government—cannon, ammunition, &c. remained in the possession of the citizens. The Namurois had thirty killed: the loss of the soldiers is also considerable.

The magistrates are going to communicate with the Provisional Government at Brussels.

The national colours were hoisted at Menin the 1st of October. The soldiers put all the posts in the possession of the inhabitants.

The Provisional Government has published the report of M. de Gamond, who was sent to Prince Frederick to treat for the exchange of Messrs. Ducpetiaux, Pletinckx, and Evrard. The Prince proposed the exchange of all the prisoners *en masse* on both sides, and would not agree to any other terms. The Provisional Government has declined this proposal.

GHENT, OCT. 2.—The 8th regiment of Hussars, and the Marechausée, set out this morning for Antwerp. The troops now in the citadel are composed of three battalions of the 17th and three of the 5th division. When the soldiers of the 17th saw this morning, from the bastions of the citadel, the tri-coloured flag hoisted on the steeple, they waved their caps, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the 5th division, cried "The Belgians for ever."—*Gaz. Val. Gent.*

We learn that yesterday a meeting of the notables of the city of Ghent assembled to deliberate on the measures to be adopted under present circumstances. A committee was chosen among them to go to the city committee, and enquire what it had resolved. The latter stated that this morning the tri-coloured flag would be hoisted at six o'clock, in the presence of the burgher guard, and that three of its members would to-day go to Brussels to acknowledge the Provisional Government.

A Brabant flag was hoisted this morning on the Town Hall. This event, which was here impatiently expected for some days, was announced by the ringing of the great bell.—*Catholique.*

The fortresses of Bergen-op-Zoom, Bois-le-Duc, Grave, and Nimeguen, are going to be put in a state of defence.

The garrison of Nieuport has laid down its arms; most of the troops are gone home.

LIEGE, OCT. 2.—We have the pleasure to announce the return of M. Gerlache, one of our deputies to the States General. He left the Hague, with several of his colleagues, after the Chamber had voted on the two questions.

Couriers arrive at the Hague every moment, but only insignificant bulletins are published. The Ministers Van Gobbelschroy and Lacoste have run great danger; they are accused of having advised the Prince of Orange to his visit to Brussels. The Communal Guards are every where put in motion; there are hardly any troops in Holland. Amsterdam is in great agitation.

(From the Journal du Gand, Oct. 4.)

GHENT, OCT. 3.—It is said, that in consequence of differences between the Dutch and Belgian soldiers, our citadel will be shortly evacuated.

The *Journal du Commerce des Pays Bas* of Oct. 2 says:—"The corps of General Cort Heiligers has not been able to effect its junction with that of Prince Frederick. One division of grenadiers entered Antwerp last night.—The formation of a line of operations from Antwerp to Maestricht is spoken of."

Le Belge says—"'The following news has been communicated to us, but we do not warrant its authenticity: A General who arrived at Antwerp on the 29th in the evening, announced to General Wasse that the King had declared 'he would rather lose all Belgium than that the city of Brussels should be put to fire and sword, and that he will not have the blood of so many innocent persons shed for a *band of rebels*; that all the demands made by the Belgians are granted by his Majesty; the hereditary Prince is named Viceroy, and will reside at Brussels; and that a proclamation to this effect is in the press at the Hague.'

"Philippeville surrendered the day before yesterday at nine o'clock in the morning; the garrison of 1200 men was ordered to march against an assemblage of 150 citizens, who advanced, crying 'Liberty for ever!' The Governor ordered the soldiers to fire, but they refused, and joined the citizens. The garrison immediately put on the Brabant cockade, and continued to duty as usual.

"The tri-coloured flag was hoisted at Furnes on the 29th."

GERMANY.

Local disturbances continue to take place in different parts of Germany.

In Mentz and Hanau the Custom-houses have been burnt down. In Prague the Catholics and Protestants have had some disturbances, the result of which was the destruction of the Lutheran Church in that city. In Frankfort the public authorities have been adopting precautionary measures. In Munich the different military posts have been doubled; and in Posen the magistrates have had recourse to the very suspicious expedient of issuing a proclamation to the people of the town, informing them that everything continued quiet. Disturbances, more or less serious, have taken place at Carlsruhe, Jena, &c.

GREECE.

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg is represented to have accepted the vacant throne of Greece, but only on condition of an additional grant of territory. The Turk, it is true, will have to give his consent, and some of the great powers of Europe have a few urgent calls on their attention just now, so that the Prince may continue some time longer a gentleman of great expectations.—*Hamburg Reporter.*

ITALY.

Letters from Rome of the 14th ult., state that the Pope has firmly refused the passage of the Austrian troops from Lombardy, going to the kingdom of Naples, and the first column of the Austrians, 6000 men, are directing their march on the Abbruzzes.

SPAIN.

The Spanish patriots have as yet made no decided movement, though their preparations have been long in progress, and both their friends and their enemies on the alert.

BELGIUM.

As the fate of the great European family hangs upon the result of that conflict in which the brave Belgians are now engaged, and that a precise knowledge of their present situation is looked for by all parties with great anxiety, we defer the publication of some original articles intended for this day's *Chronicle*, that sufficient space may be left for the foreign intelligence. We regret this, particularly on account of the circumstantial detail which the *Chronicle* publishes this day of the abominations practised by the Dutch barbarians in Brussels. We shall, however, not lose sight of it, nor of the lying and shuffling defence attempted in their behalf by the London *Courier* newspaper.

MARTIN LANIGAN, ESQ.

In common with all those who seek to merit the appellation of honest and incorruptible Irishmen, we rejoice at the happy prospect of this gentleman's recovery. Every year gives its augmentation to the Kings and nobles of the earth, and, in doing so, the throes of nature are not more painful or laborious than when she produces the offspring of the humblest peasant. A king may be born, carrying into this world his titles to oppress the human race; and a lord may be born with privileges to plunder them at his pleasure—but a noble of nature, such as MARTIN LANIGAN, coming on the earth without rank or privileges, is of more value to his kind than half a dozen of sceptred despots, or a thousand of those effeminate and supercilious aristocrats who have latterly afflicted mankind by their folly and their tyranny.

TRINITARIAN ORPHAN HOUSE.

The Treasurer acknowledges to have received from Michael Evelyn, Esq. late Mayor, Aldermen Reynett and Alcock, and Matthew Poole, Esq. Justices of the Peace of this City, by the hands of George Wright, Five Pounds, being part of the fines inflicted on offenders at Petty Sessions.

THE CHURCH OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

(From L'Ami de la Religion Journal Ecclesiastique, Politique et Litteraire.)

(TRANSLATED FOR THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.)

When in 1791 this superb edifice became the place of sepulture for the great men of the time, and that it received the name of the Pantheon, it had not yet been consecrated to religious worship, not having been finished. Its final destination was only then under consideration, and it could, therefore, be converted to any other purpose with little or no scandal; but now that this primitive destination was re-established—that the Church had been dedicated to religion—that it had been sanctified by the celebration of our mysteries—by the prayers of the faithful, by pious ceremonies, and by frequent exercises of devotion—that, notwithstanding all this, it should again receive a name, entirely pagan, a destination altogether profane, is really frustrating the rights of religion, and robbing it of a temple of which it had been for years in possession—it is, in short, a direct insult to its sacred rights, and a mockery of its benedictions and prayers. But, we may ask, how will this holy worship, and this pompous magnificence, be replaced? Shall the ridiculous and shameful scenes of the last revolution be renewed? Is it to be once more a temple to *reason*? Are we now to have, instead of sacred canticles, only hymns sung to liberty in this magnificent and Christian edifice? Shall that pulpit, from which the word of God was so often and so eloquently announced, become a rostrum for philosophical libertines to declaim against Christianity itself? Ah! it is easy to foresee that the temple will lose all in losing its sacred character—neglected and abandoned, it will only be an object of cold curiosity, and people will in future visit it as one of those ruins which time or some terrible disaster has desolated and destroyed. Here follow the words of the ordinance—

"Considering that the national justice and honour of France require, that those great men who have claims upon the country, should receive, after death, a testimony of the public gratitude and esteem; and—

"Considering, that to attain this end, the laws which once dedicated the Pantheon to such a purpose, should be rigorously enforced, We have ordained, and do hereby ordain—

"1st—The Pantheon shall henceforward have its primitive and legal destination; the inscription, "*aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante*," shall be engraven over the principal door. The remains of the great men who have deserved the esteem of the country shall be deposited in it.

"2d—Measures shall be taken to determine under what conditions, and in what form the testimony of national gratitude should be decreed in the name of the country.

"3d—A commission shall immediately be instituted, to prepare a law project to this effect."

There is room for much dissertation on the terms of this ordinance. It is manifest that the *primitive* destination of the edifice was to be a Church. From 1764 to 1791, no one ever thought it could be any thing else; and if in 1791 the fancy of appropriating it to other purposes became current, this destination was not more *legal* than the first. But, we perceive by the terms of the ordinance, that it has not yet been precisely fixed what this edifice will be converted to, or by what ceremonies the void created in this desolated temple shall be filled up.

MR. GALLAHER, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

This gentleman had postponed until Wednesday next, the rich treat which he had prepared for the Citizens, but Colonel WODEHOUSE and his highly respectable brother officers, who intend to patronise Mr. GALLAHER, being obliged to leave Waterford on Wednesday, Tuesday Evening is now appointed for Mr. GALLAHER's performance. It is extremely creditable to the Officers of the 50th Regiment, whose departure from Waterford will be a subject of universal regret, to have evinced such generous promptitude in giving their valuable patronage to an Irishman.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S CONDESCENSION AND GENEROSITY.

The *Wexford Herald*, noticing the passage of the Lord Lieutenant through Enniscorthy, states that his Excellency and her Grace were absolutely "*pleased to show themselves* at the window of an inn" to the gaping multitude. And the *Tipperary Free Press* mentions that he positively caused the entire, undivided, undiminished, magnificent donation of TWO POUNDS STERLING, to be distributed amongst the poor of Clonmel. If such extraordinary condescension, and such extravagant munificence do not win the affections of the Irish rabble, they certainly are not to be pleased.

AN ALDERMAN BURSTING WITH SENSIBILITY.

At a late meeting in Cork, the *Southern Reporter* states that when a vote of thanks was passed to Alderman KNAPP, he "presented himself to the meeting, and, as well as the *sobs* which *his bursting feelings* had created, would permit him, he returned thanks!"

PRIOR PARK HOUSE COLLEGE.

Prior Park House, the beautiful mansion near Bath, the property of the late celebrated Mr. ALLEN, is now converted into a Roman Catholic Seminary or College, at the head of which is the Roman Catholic Bishop of the district, Dr. BAYNES. This Catholic College is the work of a Protestant Prelate—it was built by the Bishop of London.

TIPPERARY ELECTION—MR. O'CONNELL.

To the Editor of the Waterford and Weekly Wexford Chronicles.

SIR—The decided tone which your paper has taken with regard to the remedies necessary to cure the crying and overwhelming evils which press upon this unfortunate country, induces me to address a few observations to you on the state of things in this County. The triumph of the popular voice at the last election has stung the aristocracy to the very heart, and to avenge the insult put upon them by the people, they have resolved on petitioning against the return made by the High Sheriff. The opinions as to the result of this petition before a Committee of the House of Commons, are various, but let come what will on that score, the cause of liberty will not lose thereby. If the return of Mr. Wyse be declared null and void, Mr. Prittie's return will share the same fate, and the Freeholders who are now aware of their own strength, will not hesitate to return two men whose principles will resemble their own. Mr. Wyse has reason to dread the advocacy of his Waterford friends; and as he will, in all probability, see this letter, I think it right I owe him, to let him know that the conduct of some of his party towards Mr. O'Connell, has very much damped the enthusiasm of some Tipshire boys, and nearly cooled that zeal which carried him so triumphantly through the late contest.

If we should have another election, let him come to this County unattended, and he may rest assured that with Martin Lanigan, who, thanks be to God, is now recovering, and who, as Dr. Hemphill says, will, after his attack, be stronger than ever, his election is secured. In fact, it will be a walk over, accompanied only by few of Cave. I am offering Mr. Wyse this advice in the spirit of friendship—I am telling him what possibly he would not hear otherwise until it might come too late to serve his cause in this County. I am cautioning him in time, and I hope he will avail himself of the caution and adopt the advice in the same spirit in which they are offered. Let me tell him that every intelligent man here was astonished that he would allow himself to be guided by, and that he would form a political alliance with, a blustering advocate, who had, at the last election, the unparalleled audacity to say, in this town, that "O'Connell was not what people generally thought he was, and that he must, now be watched!"

We always here considered this gentleman to be a totally different public character from what he appeared to be on the occasion I allude to; and I would not even have believed him guilty of such conduct, were the facts not capable of proof by undeniable testimony. The gentleman to whom I am alluding may possibly call on you to deny the charge which is preferred against him in this letter; and if he does, Mr. Editor, mention the fact in your journal, and I shall state to you when and where the matter occurred to which I have referred.

Many independent Freeholders in this County are regretting that it did not fall to our lot to have the Liberator as our representative. Many are also chagrined at the base and ungrateful treatment he received amongst you at the last election, after having invited him to become your representative. It is manifest from his letter on that subject that he himself feels most acutely the inconstancy of your friendship. Perhaps you may atone by your past conduct, by your manner of receiving him the next week. I hope you will, for I am ashamed of my Country when I hear of its ingratitude to a friend of the people. Should things turn out otherwise, you may rest convinced that the boys of this County will be the first to resent insolence or disrespect, should either be shown to the great Liberator.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A TIPSHIRE LAD.

Fethard, October 6, 1830.

To the Editor of the Waterford Chronicle.

SIR—I beg leave to transmit the following copy of a letter which I have just received, signed "RICHARD WALSH," and my reply thereto, both of which you will oblige by inserting in your next publication.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS WYSE.

Waterford, October 6, 1830.

Waterford, October 6, 1830.

SIR—Mr. O'Connell has announced his intention of being here on the 13th inst., to communicate with his constituents. In order to crush the paltry and malignant undergrowl by which he has been sought to be assailed in certain coteries in this City, and which, though there is nothing manly or tangible about it, has oozed out of its foul and clandestine channels sufficiently distinctly to be known to exist—in order, I say, to crush this *for* ever, and with it the cowardly faction that has dared to raise it, the virtuous, *generous*, and *discriminating* people of Waterford have determined to give Mr. O'Connell as warm a reception as possible on his return amongst us. In pursuance of this determination, a public dinner is resolved on. The Club, which is always at its post on every legitimate and useful occasion, is now busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements. Sympathising as I do in all the feelings of the Club, and never more fully than on the present occasion, I have taken upon myself more than an individual share of their labours, in corresponding with the gentlemen of this City and neighbourhood. It is thus that it has fallen to my lot now to communicate with you. We are now about to appoint Stewards to the dinner. It has occurred to me that as you acted so frankly towards Mr. O'Connell, and so wisely towards yourself, on one occasion of your life, in promising to support him on his canvass, you have thereby entitled yourself to be appointed one of the Stewards; but, in consequence of recent intimations, of a certain scribbling character, I am apt to suspect that you may not choose to act. It is, therefore, more than necessary for me to ascertain your feelings on the occasion, *before* you be admitted to the distinction. You will, therefore, please to communicate your feelings on the subject; but I have one favour to ask, that in doing so, you will refrain from committing them to print, as the occasion does not call for any such notoriety, and as every unnecessary notoriety on such occasions and subjects must be more or less mischievous; besides, this will inevitably impose upon me the necessity of following you there, which I, at least wish to avoid, from respect to myself and in mercy to the public, in order to spare it a repetition of those nauseous doses of scribbling with which it has been so recently and so heartily drugged. But, if I am forced to appear there, I shall do so without seeking any shelter from an anonymous signature, conscious, without vanity, that I have just so much spirit and power as will enable me to vindicate my opinions with sufficient vigour and manliness. In conclusion, should you wish to act as steward, I will expect to hear from you, and shall consider your silence as a refusal to do so.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) RICHARD WALSH.

To Francis Wyse, Esq., Waterford.

REPLY.

SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, affording me the useful information that the public dinner about to be given to Mr. O'Connell, in this City, is from that body *still* calling itself the "County and City of Waterford *Independent* Club," of which you profess yourself to be the organ.

My opinions of this Club are already before the public—late events have not tended to alter them. I beg, therefore, to decline the very high honour intended for me, not wishing to be considered as in any manner identified with this body.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS WYSE.

To Richard Walsh, Esq.

It was reported yesterday evening that Lord Beresford, a name rather ominous in negociations, was dispatched forthwith to endeavour to effect some compromise between the Belgians and Dutch. We doubt much his Lordship's ability for such a task; and we doubt still more the tale of the object of the mission. If Lord Beresford be gone to Holland, it is for a very different purpose, as there is good reason to believe that the King of the Netherlands has made a strong representation to the Government of this country, on the subject of the barrier fortresses.—*Sunday Observer.*