

The Waterford Chronicle.

No 3015.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1834.

Price 6d.

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE IN ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FALL OF THE DOMINANT PARTY.

(FROM THE LEADS TIMES.)

When Lord Durham was at Dundee last week, the address which was presented to him from the Political Union and the Operatives, contained the following sentence:—In the present age, when some men who have been raised to power and wealth by pretending to advocate the rights of the people, seem to have forgotten the principles and opinions they formerly professed, we rejoice that your lordship has, for honesty and liberality, sustained your high character throughout the various situations in which, by birth and fortune, you have been placed; yes, both as a commoner and as a peer, we still find you the same staunch, able, and uncompromising advocate of the rights and happiness of mankind.

In reply to this merited encomium, Lord Durham said—“If health and life shall be spared to me, and if opportunity occur, I will endeavour to carry into effect those principles which I have contended for. The support of people of wealth and of high blood is not alone sufficient for the accomplishment of these objects. But, supported by the working classes of the community, without whose aid I can be of no use, I have no doubt that this country can be raised to a far higher pitch of prosperity, than it or any other country ever yet attained.

Both the sentence in the address and the sentence in the reply are well worth the attention of the people in this part of the country. The men of Dundee might have directly referred to the character and conduct of some of the leading Whigs of this vicinity when they referred to men who have been raised to power and wealth by pretending to advocate the rights of the people, but who seem to have forgotten the principles and opinions they formerly professed. A few short years ago, prior to the passing of the Reform Bill, the members of this party, knowing that they were powerless without the support of the working classes, incessantly appealed for their support, and used every possible art to obtain their collective and unanimous assistance. But since that Act was carried—since by the ten-pound clause the great body of the inhabitants has been excluded from the elective franchise—since the Whigs, seated in place, have imagined themselves to be permanently established in power; since, in one word, their object has been accomplished and their goal has been gained—they have treated the people, the working classes, with cold silence and with insulting neglect; they have acted in direct opposition to the reiterated protestations; and they have borne the part of haughty superiors, and not that of supplicants, of patriots, and of friends.

They may know it not—they may smile with supercilious contempt when the statement is made to them—but they have thus virtually accomplished their ruin. What are the Whigs when separated from popular suffrage and support? They have kicked from beneath them the props by which they have been sustained, and ere long they must inevitably fall.

The forgetfulness of this truth, by the party in question, is tantamount to absolute political infamy. They have elicited a power which they cannot destroy, but which will destroy them if they do not move in accordance with its direction. They have called “a spirit from the vasty deep,” which they will never be able to lay again in its resting place, and which will prove far too mighty for any of their puny attempts to perpetuate its control. We tell them, and we tell the whole country, from an intimate acquaintance with the present state of the population in general, that they are lost, we say lost, by the conduct to which we have been adverting. Although the political world is now in a state of quiescence, if not of stagnation, yet it will not long continue so; it will soon again be agitated; it will soon again exhibit the influence of hostile forces propelling it in opposite directions—what then will become of the Whigs, who have lost the support of the people, precisely as the Tories lost it before them.

Let us not be told that this is all imaginary representation. The whole statement is accredited by the incontrovertible testimony of positive fact. The Reform Bill was carried by the power of popular opinion—that opinion was embodied at public meetings, and expressed in the numerous petitions which were presented to Parliament. Now we ask, who were the men who swelled the numbers and constituted the vast majority of these public meetings? They were the men of the working classes. Who were the men whose signatures were crowded on the petition sheets which covered the tables of both Houses of Parliament, and whose demands could be neither resisted nor evaded? They were the men of the working classes. And let every set of men in the country—members of government—members of Parliament—members of Conservative clubs—members of falsely called reformed associations—let them all depend upon it, that in any time of public excitement and political change, the party which is not supported by the working classes, must go to the wall. And Lord Durham never advanced a more just and accurate statement than this, that “without their aid,” neither he nor any other statesman can be of any use.

QUAKER PHRASOLOGY. The same recognized independence of the Christian code which leads to the abjection of political and ecclesiastical despotism, led him (G. Fox) to resist, despise, and expose those assumptions of absurd titles, those demands of servile obedience and empty flatteries by mere wealth and factitious rank, which degrade both givers and receivers, and fill the world with so much misery from the reckless and vindictive rancour of over-fed pride. Civility to all, servility to none, was his rule and principle of action, and brought upon him and his friends unbounded insult and outrage; but they and the whole community have reaped and will reap the benefit of it. In that day there was a different style of address to the rich and poor—a practice still common on the continent—you to a gentleman, thou to a man, and so odious and opposed to the whole spirit of the gospel did it appear to Fox, that he adopted the singular number in speaking to every individual; and his followers have retained the practice to the present day, though the cause has ceased.

PHYSIOGNOMIES AT PARIS. BY CALEZ CAUSTIC. (CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

At this time our hero had more than fourteen thousand pounds sterling in his strong box, and pictures, for which he had laid out upwards of ninety thousand francs! The same original addressed a splendid letter, with a copy of solemnly flattering verses, to the Duchess of St. A., when at Paris, requesting in an off-hand way, the loan of a bagatelle, viz. one hundred pounds sterling. No answer being returned, the irritated parson-poet addressed a second, not a second-best, epistle to her grace, unsaying his preceding sayings, and as I have been told, threatening the duchess's life—that is, to write her grace's birth, parentage, education, &c., &c., nothing more just, reader. It failed to produce a profitable effect; the nerves of her ladyship were firmer strong, and the strings of her silk purse tighter drawn than those of the superannuated old earl's. Colton prided himself as being a knowing one, in the fullest sense of the term; still his suspiciousness, and avarice, and vanity, were rocky on which he often split. An ardent follower—whom, by-the-by, he treated like a starved dog—flattered him into the folly that he, Lacos, was an excellent connoisseur of paintings, which was as much out of his latitude as dancing to Voltaire. Colton, though a good poet, had not the slightest sensibility nor taste for the fine arts, nor was he able to appreciate them. But his vanity was tickled and desire of gain played upon.

He set up as an amateur, and connoisseur, and purchased a gallery of rubbish, as *chief d'auteur*, to the amount of many thousand pounds. His ultimate object was to sell them again to the picture hunting nobility and gentry, at an immense profit. The upshot of the speculation was, that at the end of two or three years he was obliged to dispose of them at a loss of ninety per cent, by which they returned (unknown to him) to the very dealer from whom, through young R., they had come into his possession. Of course, those worthy merchants, and Colton's quondam friend, R., recalled, under the nose, a pretty round sum from the great Lacos's gullibility. I must suppose many more, and more piquant anecdotes of the author of Lacos, and come at once to the self-willed catastrophe which closed his mortal career. He had long suffered from a distressing, though not irremediable complaint, for which he had never patience to undergo the indispensable operation. The malady increased—became serious—dangerous. He went to Fontainebleau; sent for an English acquaintance, Mr. S., and without indulging his dire intent, told him he must either die by the crisis of the complaint, or risk dying under the operators hands. He wrote his will, made Mr. S. acquainted with his wishes, and after chatting as usual, wished Mr. S. good night, and retired to bed. It appears since, that about midnight he applied the fatal pistol to his head.

His remains were interred in the cemetery of Fontainebleau, and his friend and Mr. S., have since published in Paris a posthumous work of the unfortunate Lacos, entitled “Thoughts in Verse.” I occasionally flip him two days ere his departure for Fontainebleau. He had his little bag-basket in his hand, and was departing to his bed French the price of a chicken, with a stubborn old *marchande*. He relinquished his fowl dispute with the fair, and as usual began to sport his last new production. Among them I recollect the following epitaph, which he, probably never transcribed:—“I died of fame, I feared not blame, Life's wayward path I tried; Mankind prized not, yet despised not, But bravely lived and died.”

He seldom spoke of his sufferings, and notwithstanding his elegiac mood the last time I beheld him. I perceived nothing in his physiognomy of manner indicative of the suicide he had made up his mind to perpetrate.

I shall only cite one more example of the effects of gaming. Two or three years ago, a young, and apparently respectable couple arrived in the French metropolis. It afterwards appeared that they were not hymenally allied. The lady, an orphan of twenty-one, had been prevailed upon to trust herself, and a small independent property, into the hands of her lover E., on a promise of future marriage, which he delayed, from time to time, under some family pretext or other; they lived together in a most affectionate manner, till at length E. took to the gaming-table, and soon squandered all the little fortune of Caroline S.—he even stripped her of her little toilet-treasures—till they were both reduced to a state of the direst necessity. Luckily she remembered a small reserve, in England; she forwarded the necessary instructions and authority to dispose of it. *En attendant*, she waited upon a great banker here, at whose house her money had always been received; she demanded a personal interview; she pressed for an advance of five hundred francs till her last stock arrived. The levitation was smitten with her charms—he led her imperceptibly into an explanation interesting to him, for he never loses sight of his interest. He took care, however, not to advance her a single sou; but requested she would call upon him the following day, not she would call, but at his private hotel. Caroline proceeded to the banker's abode, and dazzled by the magnificence of the purse-proud rich child of mammon, became his prey. A few days after the doors of the despoiler were shut against the poor victim of unmanly meanness, but not a sou for the sacrifice she had made. She wrote to her letters were unanswered. Her last resource failed. Her first love was insipid in the vortex of gaming. Time passed; she had the wind in her face became too visible. One day she went to her lover was a gambler, and had, consequently, disordered all the finer feelings of a gentleman. He called upon the banker, in the conventional hope of procuring by the circumstance. He failed; it was his first and last admission. He wrote—he watched—he followed the big levitation even to the Bourse. He persisted in his persecutions, he contrived to convey a challenge to him by proper hand. The banker was obliged to acknowledge the cartel; but having no intention of risking his *propria persona*, he sent for a worthy veteran gentleman of the Daniel Lambert force, and engaged him to go to the ground, and preach

LETTER I.

TO LORD DURHAM.

“I see, with regret, every hour which passes over the existence of recognized and unreformed abuses.”—The Edinburgh Speech.

Serryane Abbey, 21st October, 1831.

My Lord—Do you understand the value and the importance of the position in which you are placed? Do you appreciate the station you hold in public estimation? Are you aware that all those who desire and are determined to obtain the abolition of all public abuses, the alleviation of all public burdens, the redress of all real and substantial grievances, the perfect freedom of conscience from pecuniary as well as legal fetters, the bringing home to every man's door cheap and expeditious justice—in fine, the amelioration of all public institutions?—all those who desire to see this great empire become the example as well as the arbiter of the world—all, in short, who prefer to self-interest or to party the liberty and prosperity of the British and Irish people, look to you as the honest, uncompromising, and fearless statesman, who is the most fit, if not the only person fit, to hold the first place in rank and in power in the councils of your sovereign, in order to ensure the strength and safety of his throne and the happiness of the people.

Such is the high and enviable position in which you are placed—such are the confidence and expectations of the nation.

The reformers of England, the real and rational reformers of England, including the great body of the intelligent and active Dissenters, place much of their hopes of the success of the present and best plans for ameliorating all existing institutions in their thorough conviction of your manliness and integrity.

The reformers of Scotland, comprising the overwhelming majority of the Scotch people, “those who cherish the spirit of the sturdiest independence and a deadly hatred of all monopoly and favouritism,” honour you as their leader and guide, and clearly perceive that unless you mar your own destiny you will work out your own reform bill into all the details of improvement which it is calculated and was intended by you, at least, to carry into practical effect.

As to Ireland, my Lord—I can answer to you for Ireland. She has but few benefactors, and you are of them. We remember with heartfelt gratitude that when some of the Irish peers betrayed, and the rest openly assailed us, you stood alone in your opposition to the vile coercion bill, even at the time when the cabinet, of which your father-in-law was at the head, appeared unanimous in its support. This is not only an earnest but a proof that you would, if you were in power, govern Ireland on precisely the same constitutional principles upon which you would govern Great Britain.

My Lord, the popular party in Ireland require from you no more. They will not and they ought not to be satisfied with less from any man.

You, my Lord, are intolerant of recognised abuses—so are the Irish people. You are convinced that the ministry ought, without delay, to proceed to the reformation of such abuses—in that the Irish people agree with you. You declared that such reformation should be achieved deliberately and cautiously, but totally and without compromise of principle—in that deliberation and caution, and in the absolute necessity of the reform being complete in detail as well as in principle, the Irish people heartily concur with you. You would have no clipping or pairing, or mutilating the measures of reformation—and here again, as in every thing else, the Irish people heartily concur.

In the name of that people I address you—with the profier of their confidence and support I address you. Understand your own importance—take the station which befits you—let it be in the cabinet if events so permit—let it be in your place in the House of Peers, as an independent member, so long as you are not in the cabinet.

You and the Irish people differ upon one point, and one point alone. We are persuaded that full justice cannot be done to Ireland, nor can paternal protection be extended to all classes of Irishmen by any other than an Irish parliament—you, on the contrary, are convinced that the imperial legislature is equally competent to do justice to Ireland, and to hold the shield of paternal protection over her people. You would, if you had it in your power, make the experiment—you would endeavour to give to the Irish nation practical proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of the united legislature—you would endeavour to convert the Repealers, by showing them practically that Repeal is unnecessary. My Lord, I who am a decided unopponent of Repeal, invite you to this species of convincing Repeal, invite you to this species of Repeal. Let your arguments against Repeal be your acts—your proofs of its being unnecessary, let them be the boon and benefits you confer on the Irish people. Argue with me in that mode, and allow me to respect your high-minded intentions whilst I maintain my own opinions of the impossibility of carrying such intentions into effect by any other instrumentally save that of a domestic and resident legislature.

Hitherto no experiment of the nature of that which you would make has been attempted. There has been no attempt on the part of our British rulers to introduce the principles of common sense and common justice into the management of this fine and fertile, but impoverished country. If we, Repealers, are mistaken in desiring a domestic legislature, we are left in that mistake without any one experiment being made to show that the united parliament can afford us the blessings of good government, whilst the proofs of a foreign and hostile spirit surround us at every side.—We have been bullied, and insulted, and abused, and belied, and persecuted—but we have not been confounded by the exhibition of any one measure of practical utility, save that which we ourselves constitutionally extorted. Nothing, my Lord, has been done to convince us of the superiority, or even equal utility of an imperial parliament. We cannot be convinced by words—we must have deeds. Let them exist, and to them we may yield that conviction. But until then we remain Repealers. Why? Because since the Union, as before, we have known our British rulers principally, if not altogether by their inflictions and their crimes.

To illustrate the truth of this position, the sad history of Ireland may be divided into two unequal periods, and dispatched as to both with great brevity.

The first includes the long interval between the reign of Henry the Second and the accession of the Whigs to power at the close of the year 1830. The second comprises only the time which has elapsed since that accession.

The first may be dismissed in a few words, and these words oft and oft repeated by the Whigs whilst out of office, and more than once repeated since. They called that interval “six centuries of every species of marate, oppression, and tyranny.” They called it so with perfect truth.

The second period is one not of passing interest. The first question that arises upon it is—have the Whigs since they have had the power, changed the system of governing Ireland, a system which they themselves so often and so emphatically condemned?

My Lord, I assert, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

MALLOU PETTY SESSIONS.

Richard Wina a. Patrick Crime and others.

This case came on to be heard at the above Sessions on Tuesday before the following Magistrates—C. D. O. Jephson, M.P., Thos. Harris, R. Webb Ware, and Henry Braddell, Esqrs.

The Complainant, as agent to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Rector of the Parish of Malloy, summoned the defendants, for a rescue of a cart, distrained for tithes composition, due out of part of the lands of Quartertown, in his possession.

The Complainant was cross-examined by Mr. Jones, Attorney for the defendants, and particularly regarding the nature of defendant, Creane's holding, which he established as a tenancy only from year to year.

Mr. Jones, having established this most essential point, addressed the Bench on the law of the case in favour of the defendants, and contended that, under the statute 2d and 3d William IV. c. 119, sec. 12, all tenants from year to year were exempt from the payment of tithes, and under the 15th section of the same statute, all lands held by such tenure, and all goods and chattels thereon, were specially protected from any distress for tithes.

His clients, therefore, were not guilty of the rescue charged against them, and the summons should be dismissed, as the complainant clearly had no right to make the distress, and the defendants, under the statute, were quite justified in resisting the complainant, and retaking the goods.

The Bench, after a short deliberation, having concurred in this opinion, the complainant's case was dismissed.

An old lady, named Melouite, 70 years of age, was in the habit of receiving the visits of a certain M. Dufour, who, during the prevalence of the cholera, passed himself off for a medical man, and gave advice in that quality. He easily succeeded in gaining her confidence, and was intrusted with a secret of some importance. Mlle. Melouite acknowledged to him that the greatest pain she experienced arose from the removal, which she felt at having abandoned a son in the year 1798, whom she had deposited at the Enfants-Trouvés. Dufour offered to make inquiries at the Hospital, and promised to bring her some intelligence of the child. Some time passed, and one day there was a new denised for money, and a fresh promise. One fine day Dufour arrived quite radiant with good news:—“Be happy,” said he, “my dear friend (embracing her), your son is found; he is living; and what is more, is at this moment a sergeant in a regiment of the line in garrison at Besancon.” The poor old lady wept with joy, and offered prayers to Heaven for the recovery of her son. She was anxious to set out immediately for Besancon, but she was too old, and the distance was too great. After a few days, two letters arrived. They were signed “Melouite Sis,” and were filled with expressions of the most sincere affection. Dufour, who was the bearer of these letters, observed, “This poor fellow, he would be here immediately if he could manage it; but he is just recovered from a severe illness, and he requires a hundred crowns to pay a few debts, and the price of his leave of absence.” Mlle. Melouite gave the hundred crowns. A few days afterwards Dufour arrives. “Your son,” said he, “is at the foot of the staircase. I come to prepare you for the recognition. Endeavour to restrain yourself; be mistress of your feelings; too much emotion might be fatal to you.” The poor old lady took courage; a stranger appeared; she opened her arms, and the scene of recognition took place. It was not long after before Mlle. M. had made some very costly gifts to her son, and to Dufour; but they were not enough.—It was necessary to make some testamentary arrangements, made in favour of certain individuals. Dufour and the son accompanied Mlle. Melouite to the house of a notary named Chappelier; but the latter sent away the parties without having concluded the business for which they sought. Mlle. Melouite, in consequence, began to entertain some suspicion. Every day Dufour made some fresh demand. The jewels of the old lady found their way, one after the other, into his hands, and from thence to the Mont de Piete. She resolved to make some inquiries, and in a short time she learnt that her pretended son Melouite was no other than a brother-in-law of Dufour. They have both been committed for trial.—*French Paper.*

MR. AND MRS. WOOD.—These popular vociferations have brought home with them costly proofs of Brother Jonathan's respect for talent. Two elegant silver cups and a salver, with complimentary inscriptions, are among them. They speak with enthusiasm of the kindness they experienced; and it was so trifling for which they are grateful as, though they went out and returned in a year, they netted no less than 6,400.

SOUTAG.—The rumour of the charming Soutag's return to the stage is wholly groundless. So little is the Count de Rosal likely to sanction such a measure, that he is observed to betray reluctance whenever his lady is persuaded to sing in a private room; and the Countess, at all times disposed to gratify her friends on this score, is often prevented by the evident consciousness of Monsieur de Rosal.

TOWARDS BUILDING A timber bridge over the Bandon river, near Kinsale, estimated at £7,000; the sum of £2,000 is already subscribed.

THE first includes the long interval between the reign of Henry the Second and the accession of the Whigs to power at the close of the year 1830. The second comprises only the time which has elapsed since that accession.

The first may be dismissed in a few words, and these words oft and oft repeated by the Whigs whilst out of office, and more than once repeated since. They called that interval “six centuries of every species of marate, oppression, and tyranny.” They called it so with perfect truth.

The second period is one not of passing interest. The first question that arises upon it is—have the Whigs since they have had the power, changed the system of governing Ireland, a system which they themselves so often and so emphatically condemned?

My Lord, I assert, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

Attested, I profess, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

Attested, I profess, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

Attested, I profess, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

LETTER II.

TO LORD DURHAM.

“I see, with regret, every hour which passes over the existence of recognized and unreformed abuses.”—The Edinburgh Speech.

Serryane Abbey, 21st October, 1831.

My Lord—Do you understand the value and the importance of the position in which you are placed? Do you appreciate the station you hold in public estimation? Are you aware that all those who desire and are determined to obtain the abolition of all public abuses, the alleviation of all public burdens, the redress of all real and substantial grievances, the perfect freedom of conscience from pecuniary as well as legal fetters, the bringing home to every man's door cheap and expeditious justice—in fine, the amelioration of all public institutions?—all those who desire to see this great empire become the example as well as the arbiter of the world—all, in short, who prefer to self-interest or to party the liberty and prosperity of the British and Irish people, look to you as the honest, uncompromising, and fearless statesman, who is the most fit, if not the only person fit, to hold the first place in rank and in power in the councils of your sovereign, in order to ensure the strength and safety of his throne and the happiness of the people.

Such is the high and enviable position in which you are placed—such are the confidence and expectations of the nation.

The reformers of England, the real and rational reformers of England, including the great body of the intelligent and active Dissenters, place much of their hopes of the success of the present and best plans for ameliorating all existing institutions in their thorough conviction of your manliness and integrity.

The reformers of Scotland, comprising the overwhelming majority of the Scotch people, “those who cherish the spirit of the sturdiest independence and a deadly hatred of all monopoly and favouritism,” honour you as their leader and guide, and clearly perceive that unless you mar your own destiny you will work out your own reform bill into all the details of improvement which it is calculated and was intended by you, at least, to carry into practical effect.

As to Ireland, my Lord—I can answer to you for Ireland. She has but few benefactors, and you are of them. We remember with heartfelt gratitude that when some of the Irish peers betrayed, and the rest openly assailed us, you stood alone in your opposition to the vile coercion bill, even at the time when the cabinet, of which your father-in-law was at the head, appeared unanimous in its support. This is not only an earnest but a proof that you would, if you were in power, govern Ireland on precisely the same constitutional principles upon which you would govern Great Britain.

My Lord, the popular party in Ireland require from you no more. They will not and they ought not to be satisfied with less from any man.

You, my Lord, are intolerant of recognised abuses—so are the Irish people. You are convinced that the ministry ought, without delay, to proceed to the reformation of such abuses—in that the Irish people agree with you. You declared that such reformation should be achieved deliberately and cautiously, but totally and without compromise of principle—in that deliberation and caution, and in the absolute necessity of the reform being complete in detail as well as in principle, the Irish people heartily concur with you. You would have no clipping or pairing, or mutilating the measures of reformation—and here again, as in every thing else, the Irish people heartily concur.

In the name of that people I address you—with the profier of their confidence and support I address you. Understand your own importance—take the station which befits you—let it be in the cabinet if events so permit—let it be in your place in the House of Peers, as an independent member, so long as you are not in the cabinet.

You and the Irish people differ upon one point, and one point alone. We are persuaded that full justice cannot be done to Ireland, nor can paternal protection be extended to all classes of Irishmen by any other than an Irish parliament—you, on the contrary, are convinced that the imperial legislature is equally competent to do justice to Ireland, and to hold the shield of paternal protection over her people. You would, if you had it in your power, make the experiment—you would endeavour to give to the Irish nation practical proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of the united legislature—you would endeavour to convert the Repealers, by showing them practically that Repeal is unnecessary. My Lord, I who am a decided unopponent of Repeal, invite you to this species of convincing Repeal, invite you to this species of Repeal. Let your arguments against Repeal be your acts—your proofs of its being unnecessary, let them be the boon and benefits you confer on the Irish people. Argue with me in that mode, and allow me to respect your high-minded intentions whilst I maintain my own opinions of the impossibility of carrying such intentions into effect by any other instrumentally save that of a domestic and resident legislature.

Hitherto no experiment of the nature of that which you would make has been attempted. There has been no attempt on the part of our British rulers to introduce the principles of common sense and common justice into the management of this fine and fertile, but impoverished country. If we, Repealers, are mistaken in desiring a domestic legislature, we are left in that mistake without any one experiment being made to show that the united parliament can afford us the blessings of good government, whilst the proofs of a foreign and hostile spirit surround us at every side.—We have been bullied, and insulted, and abused, and belied, and persecuted—but we have not been confounded by the exhibition of any one measure of practical utility, save that which we ourselves constitutionally extorted. Nothing, my Lord, has been done to convince us of the superiority, or even equal utility of an imperial parliament. We cannot be convinced by words—we must have deeds. Let them exist, and to them we may yield that conviction. But until then we remain Repealers. Why? Because since the Union, as before, we have known our British rulers principally, if not altogether by their inflictions and their crimes.

To illustrate the truth of this position, the sad history of Ireland may be divided into two unequal periods, and dispatched as to both with great brevity.

The first includes the long interval between the reign of Henry the Second and the accession of the Whigs to power at the close of the year 1830. The second comprises only the time which has elapsed since that accession.

The first may be dismissed in a few words, and these words oft and oft repeated by the Whigs whilst out of office, and more than once repeated since. They called that interval “six centuries of every species of marate, oppression, and tyranny.” They called it so with perfect truth.

The second period is one not of passing interest. The first question that arises upon it is—have the Whigs since they have had the power, changed the system of governing Ireland, a system which they themselves so often and so emphatically condemned?

My Lord, I assert, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

LETTER III.

TO LORD DURHAM.

“I see, with regret, every hour which passes over the existence of recognized and unreformed abuses.”—The Edinburgh Speech.

Serryane Abbey, 21st October, 1831.

My Lord—Do you understand the value and the importance of the position in which you are placed? Do you appreciate the station you hold in public estimation? Are you aware that all those who desire and are determined to obtain the abolition of all public abuses, the alleviation of all public burdens, the redress of all real and substantial grievances, the perfect freedom of conscience from pecuniary as well as legal fetters, the bringing home to every man's door cheap and expeditious justice—in fine, the amelioration of all public institutions?—all those who desire to see this great empire become the example as well as the arbiter of the world—all, in short, who prefer to self-interest or to party the liberty and prosperity of the British and Irish people, look to you as the honest, uncompromising, and fearless statesman, who is the most fit, if not the only person fit, to hold the first place in rank and in power in the councils of your sovereign, in order to ensure the strength and safety of his throne and the happiness of the people.

Such is the high and enviable position in which you are placed—such are the confidence and expectations of the nation.

The reformers of England, the real and rational reformers of England, including the great body of the intelligent and active Dissenters, place much of their hopes of the success of the present and best plans for ameliorating all existing institutions in their thorough conviction of your manliness and integrity.

The reformers of Scotland, comprising the overwhelming majority of the Scotch people, “those who cherish the spirit of the sturdiest independence and a deadly hatred of all monopoly and favouritism,” honour you as their leader and guide, and clearly perceive that unless you mar your own destiny you will work out your own reform bill into all the details of improvement which it is calculated and was intended by you, at least, to carry into practical effect.

As to Ireland, my Lord—I can answer to you for Ireland. She has but few benefactors, and you are of them. We remember with heartfelt gratitude that when some of the Irish peers betrayed, and the rest openly assailed us, you stood alone in your opposition to the vile coercion bill, even at the time when the cabinet, of which your father-in-law was at the head, appeared unanimous in its support. This is not only an earnest but a proof that you would, if you were in power, govern Ireland on precisely the same constitutional principles upon which you would govern Great Britain.

My Lord, the popular party in Ireland require from you no more. They will not and they ought not to be satisfied with less from any man.

You, my Lord, are intolerant of recognised abuses—so are the Irish people. You are convinced that the ministry ought, without delay, to proceed to the reformation of such abuses—in that the Irish people agree with you. You declared that such reformation should be achieved deliberately and cautiously, but totally and without compromise of principle—in that deliberation and caution, and in the absolute necessity of the reform being complete in detail as well as in principle, the Irish people heartily concur with you. You would have no clipping or pairing, or mutilating the measures of reformation—and here again, as in every thing else, the Irish people heartily concur.

In the name of that people I address you—with the profier of their confidence and support I address you. Understand your own importance—take the station which befits you—let it be in the cabinet if events so permit—let it be in your place in the House of Peers, as an independent member, so long as you are not in the cabinet.

You and the Irish people differ upon one point, and one point alone. We are persuaded that full justice cannot be done to Ireland, nor can paternal protection be extended to all classes of Irishmen by any other than an Irish parliament—you, on the contrary, are convinced that the imperial legislature is equally competent to do justice to Ireland, and to hold the shield of paternal protection over her people. You would, if you had it in your power, make the experiment—you would endeavour to give to the Irish nation practical proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of the united legislature—you would endeavour to convert the Repealers, by showing them practically that Repeal is unnecessary. My Lord, I who am a decided unopponent of Repeal, invite you to this species of convincing Repeal, invite you to this species of Repeal. Let your arguments against Repeal be your acts—your proofs of its being unnecessary, let them be the boon and benefits you confer on the Irish people. Argue with me in that mode, and allow me to respect your high-minded intentions whilst I maintain my own opinions of the impossibility of carrying such intentions into effect by any other instrumentally save that of a domestic and resident legislature.

Hitherto no experiment of the nature of that which you would make has been attempted. There has been no attempt on the part of our British rulers to introduce the principles of common sense and common justice into the management of this fine and fertile, but impoverished country. If we, Repealers, are mistaken in desiring a domestic legislature, we are left in that mistake without any one experiment being made to show that the united parliament can afford us the blessings of good government, whilst the proofs of a foreign and hostile spirit surround us at every side.—We have been bullied, and insulted, and abused, and belied, and persecuted—but we have not been confounded by the exhibition of any one measure of practical utility, save that which we ourselves constitutionally extorted. Nothing, my Lord, has been done to convince us of the superiority, or even equal utility of an imperial parliament. We cannot be convinced by words—we must have deeds. Let them exist, and to them we may yield that conviction. But until then we remain Repealers. Why? Because since the Union, as before, we have known our British rulers principally, if not altogether by their inflictions and their crimes.

To illustrate the truth of this position, the sad history of Ireland may be divided into two unequal periods, and dispatched as to both with great brevity.

The first includes the long interval between the reign of Henry the Second and the accession of the Whigs to power at the close of the year 1830. The second comprises only the time which has elapsed since that accession.

The first may be dismissed in a few words, and these words oft and oft repeated by the Whigs whilst out of office, and more than once repeated since. They called that interval “six centuries of every species of marate, oppression, and tyranny.” They called it so with perfect truth.

The second period is one not of passing interest. The first question that arises upon it is—have the Whigs since they have had the power, changed the system of governing Ireland, a system which they themselves so often and so emphatically condemned?

My Lord, I assert, and more than nine-tenths of the Irish people bear me out in the assertion, that they have not!

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ATTACK ON LORD DURHAM.—If saying the thing that is not would serve a bad cause, Lord Brougham would prove himself a bad cause. Fiction is his weapon of offence and defence. As he cannot defend what he has said, he defends what he has not said. As he cannot answer the charges that are made against him, he answers the charges that are not made against him. As he cannot assail the positions of his reprover, he assails positions which are not positions of his reprover, but which, without scruple, he attributes to him. These are the resources of conscious weakness. It is an old remark, that when reason is against a man, the man is against reason; and so, too, when truth is against a man, the man is apt to be against the truth, and to fly to invention. The Chancellor dresses up a sham antagonist, and then, most triumphantly in his own eyes, pulls to pieces the thing of shreds and patches which owes its being purely to his fancy. He conjures up a sarcasm with a salient below beggary, says, "There's my enemy," and manfully takes the field against him. He is like that worthy burgess, in one of Scott's tales who was a valiant and puissant swordsman against a wooden Saracen which he had made with his own hands, and set up, to suffer defeat, in his garden.—Lord Brougham is very great against Saracens when he has got the cutting out and shaping of their figures, as well as the cutting up and demolition of them. We confess that he makes minced meat of his opponents when he handles them in effigy. He is a great conqueror when he makes his own giants as well as slays them. Mrs. Gore describes a class of country squires as the kill-their-own-mutton kind of men. Lord Brougham belongs to the kill-their-own-giants kind of disputants.

This noble and learned lord has made the notable discovery that any conclusion can be commanded by the simple process of mistaking a question. Thus, if a man arraigned for horse stealing were only allowed to put himself on his defence against a charge of compassing the death of the King, he would be pretty sure of acquittal.—Has Lord Brougham said a syllable in defence of his remark, that "too much has been done, and that if little was done last session, less would be done next session. No; but he has spoken volumes in answer to some imaginary antagonists, who are feigned as urging precipitation, and incapable of perceiving any difference between taking time to prepare and mature great measures of reform and the reluctance to reform at all. There are no such people; there has been no such argument. The Inverness driver said, "We have travelled too fast, I fear, and having accomplished so much of our journey, that is a reason for going slower and slower." "By no means," said the passengers; "we want to get to the journey's end by a regular and steady progress." Upon which the Jehu turns round and says, "Here am I reproached by madmen, who are for travelling without harness, and galloping down hill." Not so; you are reproached for having said that you had gone too far in going the first stages, and that less and less progress was to be expected.

With respect to the boast of preparation, the question is, whether it is fool enough to gainay the necessity? But preparation is to be as soon as possible to performance. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles that he might have a good run at it; and was only so out of breath when he arrived at it again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover wind. This Dutchman boasted preparation, but there was overmuch of it for the occasion. In the policy of the Chancellor we see the signs of the going three miles backwards; but will the ditch be leaped?

The Chancellor has been charged with the inconsistency of argument that the House of Lords was necessary to correct the blunders and absurdities of the Commons, while he also describes the Lords as the creators of prejudice, and behind the rest of the community in knowledge. At Salisbury, he pretended that in this there was no inconsistency, as the Commons must be liable to error; but, by his own showing, are the Lords ignorant and prejudiced, as he alleges, qualified or trustworthy for the correction of error?—The Chronicle comes to the rescue with the brilliant suggestion that Lord Brougham may not mean what he says—

There are few or none who object to a second branch of the legislature discharging the functions of the House of Peers. But everything depends on the meaning attached to the House of Peers; and in his lordship prepared to say that a House with a majority of sixty hostile to all liberal measures is the body to which ought to be confided the task of reviewing and modifying the acts of the Commons? We do not mean to say that Lord Brougham meant this; but knowing what conclusions have already been drawn from what fell from him at Dundee, it is, we think, but fair to the public to allow expressing himself in a manner which is open to misinterpretation.—By his own admission at Dundee, the House of Lords, in addition to sinister motives, is ignorant, and greatly in want of the schoolmaster—full of all manner of absurd prejudices. Now, a revision of the acts of the People's House may be very good, and yet revision by such a House of Lords may destroy the good as often as correct the evil. We are not so unreasonable as to demand of a statesman like Lord Brougham, that he should utter a political maxim whenever he makes a speech like that at Salisbury; but still, we think, on that occasion, it would have been as well to have refrained from entering on the subject of the House of Lords, if he had not intended treating the question in a manner not liable to be misunderstood.

Why, he cleared the matter so as to allow of no doubt of his meaning by holding out the comfortable hope that in time knowledge would reach the Peers. He thus contemplated the permanence of the House, constituted as it is, and looked to Penny-Magazine it as the only process of reform. It is possible, however, that the language discovered by Mr. Bellenden Ker is the language spoken by the Lord Chancellor, and that Lord Durham's speech at Edinburgh may be a literal translation of Lord Brougham's speech at Inverness; but if so, let him, in mercy to his colleagues, tell us when he speaks Bellenden Dutch, and when plain English.

It happens, however, curiously enough that, before the downfall of the Wellington ministry in 1830, we detected the very inconsistency in dispute in Mr. Brougham's notions of reform. We then told him (No. 1183) that Lord Wilton, in apprehending danger to privileges from the diffusion of knowledge, was nearer the truth than he was, who thought privileges would be secured by it. We told him that knowledge would have some curious accidents to settle with custom, amongst which the House of Peers would be so item.—

We told him that knowledge would remark that responsibility is the pledge for the just use of power, and would perceive that, in the privileged estate, there is power without responsibility, and a power which consequently seems given, as it is notoriously exercised, mainly for the advantage of those possessed of it. We told him that, under a reformed Parliament, the Lords must succumb, and become a mere body of registration; and that Coaling was a true prophet in anticipating that effect. We saw, indeed, so far back, when Parliamentary Reform was only a matter of speculation, that Mr. Brougham did not see his way, and conceived that the legislature could be worked by antagonistic principles. We deem a second chamber necessary, and we, therefore, see almost as much of evil in the invincibility to which the Lords are likely to sink, as in their present power of obstruction. The course of wisdom is to reconstruct the Upper House, so as to entitle it to the respect of the people. But more of this in proper season.

We have shown that the Chancellor has answered none of the strictures on his foolish and injurious speeches; we have shown that he has betrayed the weakness of his cause by recourse to misrepresentation; but, if this were not enough to prove him in the wrong, the splenetic temper he has exhibited would alone make manifest the merits of the quarrel.

Face to face Lord Durham encountered him at Edinburgh, and he quailed under a rebuke which derived its gravity from justice and reason. The wound his vanity there received was resented at Salisbury, not in the manly manner of his opponent, open and direct, but in that skulking method of attack, called talking at one. Contrast the impressive address of Lord Durham:—

"My noble and learned friend has been pleased to give some advice, which, I have no doubt, he deems very sound, to some classes of persons—I know none such—who evince too strong a desire to get rid of ancient abuses, and fretful impatience in awaiting the remedies of them. Now I frankly confess that I am one of those persons who see with regret every hour which passes over the existence of recognized and unreformed abuses."

Contrast the above, we say, with such an Abigail-like style of venting spite as this:—

"I can only express my sincere pity for a few vain and misguided persons who, in some parts of the country, would represent every one as the enemy of improvement who clings to any one part, however useful, of the existing order of things; and another still less considerable set of persons, who cannot perceive any difference between taking time to prepare and mature great measures of reform, and being reluctant to reform at all—persons who actually think that, because His Majesty's ministers are resolved never to bring forward any plan that is crude and undigested, therefore they are putting off the day for preparing those plans."

Contrast the above, we say, with such an Abigail-like style of venting spite as this:—

harmless recreations, they will be sensual and gross; and then, when they are found snatching any of the forbidden innocent pleasures, any excess or misconduct is attributed to the unaccustomed enjoyment, though it in truth belongs to the coarse habits that have been formed under the austere system to which our magistracy so impolitely inclines. The tendency is now to more and more severity, though the state of the patient should be convincing evidence of the error of the treatment.

What we have remarked upon in the Middlesex Licensing proceedings is but an exhibition of the same spirit that carried the beer bill and the poor law amendment bill. It is a fault not more vexatious to those who immediately suffer by it, than dangerous to the authors.

MR MALACHI FALLON.—The Dublin Pilot of Monday scribes the appointment of Mr. Fallon, as an Assistant-Barrister, to his being the author of the articles which lately appeared in our paper, refuting the unfounded slanders of the agitating part of the Dublin press on the Attorney-General of Ireland. The Pilot must guess again before it discovers who are our correspondents on the other side of the water. Mr. O'Connell made a great effort last autumn to find out who had so clearly pointed out the gross inconsistencies of his public conduct, and had shown his countrymen that he was not to be trusted. Ireland, at present, justly occupies so much national attention that we are at pains to obtain information from various hands, and judge for ourselves as to the use we will make of it, and as to what part of it ought to be given to the public. Mr. Fallon, the gentleman now alluded to, we have heard, is a barrister of eminence and of acknowledged talent, well entitled, from his situation, and the respectability of his connections in all respects, to preferment. He is, we believe, a Roman Catholic, well known to the great body of the Catholics, and intimately connected with that portion of them which separate themselves from the agitators. We never heard of him as a political character. He is too much devoted to his professional duties to engage in political meetings or discussions, and we believe he owes his appointment entirely to his merit. The Attorney-General of Ireland had, we believe, no more to do with it than Mr. O'Connell. We had written so far when we received the Pilot of Wednesday, which contains a series of attacks on Mr. Fallon and on the Courier, couched in language quite as scurrilous as if it had been penned by Mr. O'Connell. When the Pilot returns to decency of phrase, so as to enable us, with propriety to notice it, we shall have no difficulty in showing that its vulgar abuse of the Courier and of its Irish correspondents are equally groundless and absurd.—Why Mr. Fallon should be selected as the mark for all the shafts of the Pilot we know not, except that he stands in precisely the same situation as the new Solicitor-General. He is a Catholic barrister who has taken office under the government without making Mr. O'Connell's approbation. He is not a joint of the salt. He belongs to that respectable party consisting of an ever increasing number of bankers, merchants, and professional gentlemen, who are determined to preserve the peace of Ireland in spite of any threatening Sarcas—a party that is neither to be bullied into agitation by Mr. O'Connell, nor terrified from the middle path by the denunciations of the Orangemen. Mr. Fallon is now made a person of distinction by the agitator's abuse, and he may be proud of sharing in that vituperation which has been alternately directed against the great and the good of all parties.

THE COURIER.—Mr. MALACHI FALLON.—We publish an article from the Courier commenting upon our observations on the appointment of Mr. Malachi Fallon. We give the article itself in full, that our readers may judge between us.

Upon the observation about the "unfounded slanders" on the Attorney-General we shall not dwell. We shall content ourselves with stating that every allegation we have substantiated. We are ready to go into the subject, and if the Courier will publish our statement, we shall publish what the Courier has to say in Mr. Blackburne's defence, and venture all that is dear to us to prove all our allegations even to the unbiased English public. If, too, the Courier will go further, and engage a security against legal consequences for the disclosure of truth, we pledge ourselves not alone to make good, with additional facts, the allegations we have already made, but to bring forward and substantiate more startling charges. At present our business is with Mr. Malachi Fallon, and his defence in the Courier.

The Courier complains of our being "scurrilous," and promises when we "return" to decency of phrase, to satisfy us of our "groundless" charges. Well, we "return" to decency of phrase, and shall tell the secret of our supposed (for we do not admit the reality) departure from it. We partook of the feeling which every where surrounded us in society, when that appointment was announced. Great injuries to society inspire a deep, serious, and solemn tone of indignation. But when an act is both evil and contemptible—when anger is mixed with scorn—then it may be ranked among petty annoyances, a bitter asperity, bordering on mirth, is excited. This was exactly the feeling created by the appointment of Mr. Fallon. The principle upon which it was founded was paltry and disgusting—the object of it was too small for anger or mischief. What cared we for the appointment of the man. We never saw him. We never heard of him as a lawyer. He was only known of late as the supposed author of theatrical articles in the Dublin Observer—as a political traducer of O'Connell in the Courier, and as having an expressive old Connought saying associated with his name.

A Fallon never yet went the straight road. It was the principle of the appointment which disgusted us. It was not because he was not of Mr. O'Connell's tall, but because fifty others—also not of Mr. O'Connell's "tail," according to the editorial flash-word of the London press—because fifty others, far his superiors in standing, knowledge, and with great claims on the Whigs, were passed over, and this man appointed, for no other imaginable reason but because he was Irish. He is now made a person of distinction by Mr. O'Connell's abuse. The answer is, Mr. O'Connell never abused him—did not know of his appointment—never anticipated such an appointment—and we know his kindly or merciful feelings towards the person. Whatever may be the merit or demerit of our observations, we take the sole responsibility of them, and all we shall say on that subject is—observations perpetually appear in the Courier on Mr. O'Connell, of much more asperity, conveying much more unjust, serious, and unfounded imputations upon him than are the subject of censure with regard to Mr. Fallon.

We will repeat our belief that Mr. Fallon was the principal Irish correspondent of the Courier, and we see nothing in the observations of the Courier which does not confirm rather than contradict that opinion.

We shall not dwell upon any private or particular knowledge we may have of the fact. We shall dismiss such evidence by saying, that those who wish their secret to be kept should keep their own secret. But we shall give some proofs, derived from circumstantial evidence, which, without private sources of intelligence, are to us fully satisfactory.

When we found so influential a paper as the Courier, which teemed with sound views upon other questions, systematically for a considerable period, misrepresenting Ireland, fabricating stories of O'Connell; we watched attentively, as in public duty bound, to discover, through the very writings themselves, their source. First, we perceived the little technicality of a little lawyer throughout them, and that they contained the late-the "renegade's hate"—of O'Connell. We suspected, therefore, from the character of the writing itself, that it was the work of some of those insect fry of Catholic lawyers—those midges of agitation who buzzed and expatiated abroad in the heated atmosphere of the Catholic question, but who commenced to sting as soon as the settlement of that question seemed to prognosticate that the summer of popularity and profit was about to pass away, and the winter of obscurity and penury was about to set in. There was then a prodigious falling off of political faith, and Fallon walked no more with O'Connell or Ireland. He was exactly prepared to be such a correspondent as the Courier has been. The young noisy lawyer—the "no-compromise" man—the "exclusive honesty" man—the defamers of O'Connell, because the enemies of him, in private—the adulators of him in public when strong, and the stabbers at him when they thought they got a vulnerable point; that party in the Association who stigmatised prudent delay as treachery; discretion as compromise—who measured honesty by violence, and perpetually represented the cause as betrayed because they had not the mismanagement of it; they—and there are some such lads hanging upon the flanks of Repeal ready to do the same trick—this class of impracticable and exclusive honesty-men—abandoned almost to a man, the cause of Ireland and Liberty, as soon as the emancipation they regretted was carried; because they always agitated for the sake, not of the cause, but themselves, and in its settlement they saw a market extinguished for the political ware in which they traded. Mr. Fallon stood in this light. He was not conspicuous, for he could not be conspicuous to anything—but more honest than honesty, more patriotic than patriotism, more pure than party itself—very one was an Orange, Catholic, a compromiser, a trimmer, and what was worse, he did not see the link between the two, and did not give the political traders the only seat of dignity to the people—namely, conducting their cause as to injure their interests. Prepared by a dis-temperament and unattractive volubility for verbal recency—such were the class who followed against Repeal, on-rigged the Castle, and fabricated columns against Ireland and O'Connell, when they thought that with emancipation trading agitation had no market, and that Repeal would not have been the question it has become. Mr. Fallon is, we believe, a very correct private gentleman, but in politics he was, we understand, of the class we describe—and such was exactly fitted to be the Irish correspondent of the Courier.

Once our attention was directed to Mr. Fallon as the correspondent, we observed his movements more closely, and soon got our opinions authenticated by incontrovertible data. We saw some time since, a letter from the Irish correspondent, dated "Galway," stating that the town was the Capital of Ireland, and that he, the writer, because he was the known correspondent of the Courier, could not walk out for fear of assassination. We made inquiries, and found that Malachi Fallon was there at the time, attending a special commission. We found that the town was peaceable, to be sure, at the time—no assassination—Malachi not known as correspondent of the Courier, and if he were, no one would be at the trouble of assassinating him; but what of all that to an Irish correspondent of the Courier. The coincidence, however, helped us forward in our case. We marked the lad—we compared the localities of his news with his movements on circuits, and found, after they were over, a complete batch of political poison was always dressed up, as if to compensate for professional deficiencies. We could go through a detail of these proofs, which give us, from internal evidence alone—if we had no other reason—confirmation strong that Mr. Fallon has been for some time past the Irish correspondent of the Courier.

We shall also continue to believe it, unless Mr. Stewart—if he be still the editor of the Courier—a gentleman of known respectability—a gentleman to whom we are under obligations of courtesy for half for much manly and able vindication when undergoing prosecution and imprisonment—to whom we are under obligations on behalf of Ireland, for many, many able and honest articles claiming better government for this country—we are, we repeat, so firmly convinced, from internal and circumstantial evidence, without dwelling upon private sources of intelligence, that Mr. Fallon was the correspondent of the Courier, and that it was this got him put over the heads of his superiors—that we shall continue to be of this opinion unless Mr. Stewart authenticates a contradiction with his name.

The Courier de l'An relates the following most singular accident:—"The man employed on the road at Matafong had formed five miles, for the purpose of blowing up so many pieces of a rock, and charged them so that they should all burst at once. The explosion took place, and the men concluded that they had all gone off. Four only, however, had burst, for on one of the men applying the spot to see the effect, another explosion followed, and he was carried with an immense mass of the rock on which he stood into the air, and fell at the distance of at least 80 yards. His companions ran in terror to the spot, expecting to find him blown to pieces, but he had only received a contusion, which prevented him from working a very short time."

NOVEL MODE OF GETTING OFF BASE COIN.—A labouring man, named Peter Hughes, who had been employed for one day only by a butcher named Jacob, who keeps a stall in Bull-alley market, was brought before the magistrate, charged by a girl named Maryanne Burke, with having substituted two counterfeit shillings in the place of two genuine ones, which she had given him for meat purchased by her. The complainant was a servant maid to a lady named Fitzgibbon, who resides in South Anne-street, who had given her two good shillings to make her marketing, and having agreed about the price and quantity of meat she wanted, she handed Hughes the two shillings, and soon after he proffered to Mrs. Jacob, the butcher's wife, two shillings, which he affirmed he had received from Maryanne Burke, and which Mrs. Jacob immediately discovered and pronounced to be bad ones. Hughes persisted in saying that the money he offered his temporary employer was that which had been given to him by Maryanne Burke. Mrs. Fleming deposed most distinctly to the fact of having handed to her maid two good shillings; the maid as positively swore that the shillings she had gotten from her mistress were those she had paid to Hughes; and Mrs. Jacob's testimony went to prove that the two shillings she had been offered by him were those produced before the magistrate, and which the most inexperienced person would pronounce to be counterfeit. The magistrates thought proper, under all the circumstances, to send the man for trial. He has been accordingly committed.—Dublin Paper.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FORGERY.—The following singular case of forgery occurred at the Court of Assizes of the department of Haut-Vienne, at its last sitting. The Baron P—, a young gentleman of distinguished family and connections, was indicted for having forged in the year 1827, a will and five letters in support of his contents, with a view to appropriate to himself the fortunes of his brothers and sisters, the fortune of Madame P—, their aunt. He was also accused of having forged a deed for the sale of some property, with a view to defraud the Baron D— of the sum of 42,000 francs, and an annuity of 500 francs, and a further sum of 20,000 francs. It appeared that Madame P— possessed a fortune of 100,000 francs. She died on the 1st July 1827, at which time the accused was at Paris attending medicine. When he first heard of her death, he declared that she had given him a deed for the sum of 20,000 francs, and she was indebted to him in that sum, but he subsequently declined pressing this demand, and saying that he was sole heir to the whole of her property, and produced a will to that effect, and five letters, all bearing the regular post-mark, and which contained expressions of his intention to leave him the whole of her property. His brothers and sisters instituted a process against him, but the Court decided in his favor, and he was placed in the enjoyment of the property. He subsequently had some dealings with M. D—, in the course of which he produced a deed, bearing the name of a gentleman, but which he declared to be a forgery. It was consequently proved that M. P— had the greatest knowledge of the will and the letters were produced in consequence of his having committed forgery. Several expert chymists made examinations upon the letters, and the results proved that the ink produced by means of some chemical process, destroyed the original writing in the letters, and that then forged the hand-writing of his father, and expressed her intention of leaving him the whole of her property, and as the letters bore the regular post-mark, his suspicion was completely lulled. The chymists succeeded in reproducing a great portion of the original writing; whole words and syllables reappeared, and left not the least doubt on the mind of the jury of the prisoner's guilt. The trial occupied 12 days, and the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to undergo 8 years of solitary confinement.—Le Voleur.

THE OLD BACHELOR AND HIS SCARF.—There is a pair in the precincts of Pimlico—the most pure and primitive patterns of procreancy—that mortal ever set eyes upon. They have lived together upwards of thirty years, and really if you were to see them, and observe how orderly and placidly every thing proceeds with them, you could almost persuade yourself to believe that they might live thus for 300 years. The brother is in one of the government offices, where he attends with such an exactness regularity as to put almost any other man to blush. He has never been absent on any pretence whatever, and his punctuality is so remarkable that the people about the office say that his coming to the door is a signal for the clocks to strike. They might take it into their heads, to strike before he came, but it would be in vain, for he would believe them. He wears a blue coat with yellow buttons, a striped waistcoat, dark hose, inexpressibles, with paste buckles at the knees, speckled silk stockings, and very broad silver buckles. All the change that has ever taken place in his appearance within the memory of man is, that once he wore a pigtail and now he wears none. The disappearance of this appendage to his head is truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of manner, for it went—nobody knows when, where, why, or how, and all persons who like to ask him. The general opinion is that it vanished by degrees, a hair at a time; and very likely after it was all gone people fancied that they still saw it, for they had been so long accustomed to it. The dress of Miss Milligan differs from that of her brother—not that its style is more modern or more ancient, but that it is infinitely more various, seeing that she inherits three or four hundred wardrobes, once the property of so many maiden aunts.—Friendship's Offering.

THE LAST MAN THAT RAN WITH THE FIRST CROSS.—In passing through the west of Perthshire some years ago, I lodged several days with an old woman between Drummond Castle and Lochearn. She had an astonishing memory, and was very communicative. I asked her one evening as we sat by the fire by ourselves, if ever she had heard of the Cross of Fire so beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." "Heard of the cross of fire," she replied; "heard of the cross of fire I have made long kaul-kate Patis Macquene, the last man that ran with the first cross between this and Balwhidder."—Correspondent of Scottish Paper.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, at the office King-street, next door to the Chamber of Commerce, and within One House of the Post-Office. Subscription—Yearly, 25 s. 6d. Half-yearly, 12 s. 6d. Quarterly, 6 s. 6d. Published on the morning of Wednesday, Thursday, or a Saturday.

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE

NOTICE TO THE IRISH NATION.

Friday, October 8, 1834. FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN. IN accordance with your wishes...

O'CONNELL TRIBUTE DAY FOR THIS YEAR (1834).

The patriotic inhabitants of every Parish in the Kingdom will, therefore, please to make the requisite arrangements...

JOHN POWER, CORNELIUS MACCLOGHLIN, Trustees. DAVID LYNCH, PATRICK VINCENT FITZPATRICK, Secretary.

Table with 2 columns: Name of stock, Price per cent. Includes Government Stock, Bank of Ireland, etc.

The Waterford Chronicle

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834. STATE OF THE POOR.

A correspondent of the Morning Herald has given a frightful yet unexaggerated description of the destitute condition of the poor in Limerick...

It is a common thing to see four, five, and in some instances, seven, families in one room. The sons of luxury, my, perhaps, doubt the truth of this statement...

But it is when sickness, especially of a contagious nature, seizes on any of the inmates of these wretched hovels that their misery is complete. It often falls to the lot of the Catholic clergyman to prepare for death...

It is melancholy to reflect that this picture is by no means overcharged, it is not confined merely to Limerick, scarce a city or town in Ireland but can afford a parallel.

It is melancholy to reflect that this picture is by no means overcharged, it is not confined merely to Limerick, scarce a city or town in Ireland but can afford a parallel.

It is melancholy to reflect that this picture is by no means overcharged, it is not confined merely to Limerick, scarce a city or town in Ireland but can afford a parallel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

Sir.—The instructions recently sent to the enumerators of the respective parishes of Ireland to distinguish the professors of the several creeds...

Not a chair or table to be found in any room—most of the houses without roofs. In England the parish surveyors would be prosecuted for suffering to stand, and yet out of such houses the East of Limerick draws its tenants...

When such landlords as the Earl of Limerick, in the possession of every comfort which unbounded wealth can supply, are found to clove their ears to the suffering cries of their fellow-creatures...

From the account of the destruction of gambling houses, taken from the Richmond Compiler, it would seem that the Yankees are as good hands at demolishing a Hell as they are at pulling down a convent.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY. In last Thursday's Chronicle, and in this day's Weekly Chronicle will be found a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Westford, and Waterford...

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. The VIII and IX Volumes of this admirable work has reached us...

THE WATERFORD HONORS will meet on Monday, 27th Oct. at Snowhill; Thursday, 30th, Grand; Monday, Nov. 3d, Drumdowney; Thursday, 6th, Mt. Neill.

TRANSPORTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—At the Limerick petty sessions on Wednesday, a young chap named M'Namara, about ten years of age...

THE RUINS OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

INSPECTION BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

On Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, their Majesties went to the Speaker's house for the purpose of seeing the ruins occasioned by the recent devastating fire.

The ruins were made in the most private manner; so privately it was conducted, that, with the exception of the Speaker's family and a few attendants, no one knew the king of the expected arrival; indeed the several workmen at the ruins, engaged in the removal of rubbish or of fallen timbers and dilapidated furniture...

From the cloisters the Royal party returned to the Speaker's rooms, and entered those with the ancient stained ceilings, raised up to some ceilings which were the scene of the recent fire...

THE COMMONS' OFFICERS and clerks suffered most severely in the loss of their papers, account books, precedents, &c. Mr. Rose has to be congratulated on the precedent; and the result of a life's devotion to the subject...

After all these persons had gone, and soon after the departure of their Majesties—namely, about five o'clock—the flames burst forth very strongly at what formerly was the long gallery, where the conference between the Lords and Commons was held...

Each hour develops some additional fact, evincing the intrepidity and zealous exertions of Lord Melbourne and Mr. John C. Hobhouse, &c., during the great calamity which some serious illness had been related to us with respect to the election of the engine.

By aid of stepping-planks, &c., their Majesties were enabled to proceed over the wet mud, and arrived at the Painted Chamber. The contemplation of the latter view as already stated, is an exceedingly interesting object, also occupied much attention.

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE. Sir.—The instructions recently sent to the enumerators...

Not a chair or table to be found in any room—most of the houses without roofs. In England the parish surveyors would be prosecuted for suffering to stand...

When such landlords as the Earl of Limerick, in the possession of every comfort which unbounded wealth can supply, are found to clove their ears to the suffering cries...

From the account of the destruction of gambling houses, taken from the Richmond Compiler, it would seem that the Yankees are as good hands at demolishing a Hell...

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY. In last Thursday's Chronicle, and in this day's Weekly Chronicle will be found a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Westford, and Waterford...

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. The VIII and IX Volumes of this admirable work has reached us...

THE WATERFORD HONORS will meet on Monday, 27th Oct. at Snowhill; Thursday, 30th, Grand; Monday, Nov. 3d, Drumdowney; Thursday, 6th, Mt. Neill.

TRANSPORTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—At the Limerick petty sessions on Wednesday, a young chap named M'Namara, about ten years of age...

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE. Sir.—The instructions recently sent to the enumerators...

Not a chair or table to be found in any room—most of the houses without roofs. In England the parish surveyors would be prosecuted for suffering to stand...

When such landlords as the Earl of Limerick, in the possession of every comfort which unbounded wealth can supply, are found to clove their ears to the suffering cries...

From the account of the destruction of gambling houses, taken from the Richmond Compiler, it would seem that the Yankees are as good hands at demolishing a Hell...

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY. In last Thursday's Chronicle, and in this day's Weekly Chronicle will be found a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Westford, and Waterford...

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. The VIII and IX Volumes of this admirable work has reached us...

THE WATERFORD HONORS will meet on Monday, 27th Oct. at Snowhill; Thursday, 30th, Grand; Monday, Nov. 3d, Drumdowney; Thursday, 6th, Mt. Neill.

TRANSPORTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—At the Limerick petty sessions on Wednesday, a young chap named M'Namara, about ten years of age...

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE. Sir.—The instructions recently sent to the enumerators...

Not a chair or table to be found in any room—most of the houses without roofs. In England the parish surveyors would be prosecuted for suffering to stand...

When such landlords as the Earl of Limerick, in the possession of every comfort which unbounded wealth can supply, are found to clove their ears to the suffering cries...

From the account of the destruction of gambling houses, taken from the Richmond Compiler, it would seem that the Yankees are as good hands at demolishing a Hell...

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY. In last Thursday's Chronicle, and in this day's Weekly Chronicle will be found a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Westford, and Waterford...

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. The VIII and IX Volumes of this admirable work has reached us...

THE WATERFORD HONORS will meet on Monday, 27th Oct. at Snowhill; Thursday, 30th, Grand; Monday, Nov. 3d, Drumdowney; Thursday, 6th, Mt. Neill.

TRANSPORTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—At the Limerick petty sessions on Wednesday, a young chap named M'Namara, about ten years of age...