



SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

The attention of some of our contemporaries is directed to a pamphlet just published by the Rev. Mr. Croly, a Catholic priest, on the general state of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland.

Mr. Croly would appear to be anxious to lessen the influence of Mr. O'Connell—to sever the alliance which now exists between the Irish priesthood and political agitators; and to establish the expediency of the payment of the Catholic clergy by the State.

The statements in this pamphlet, as to the modes by which the Catholic clergy draw their revenues, are sufficiently startling.

In the matter of "confessions," Mr. Croly says that—

"It sometimes happens that this business is not transacted quietly. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, unless they send the dues as an apology, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure. All these things take place in connection with the celebration of mass and the administration of two sacraments—Peace and the Eucharist, or the Lord's Supper. The association must be admitted to be rather an unholy one. If no money was to be paid on such occasions, all the world would go on well, and the whole scene would be religiously edifying. But the intermixture of money transactions and money alteration changes the entire scene, and converts a fatal combination to all the previous works of devotion. But supposing all things to go off quietly and sometimes broken off in consequence of the supposed exorbitance of the demands. It seems that 'demands of money are made also upon such as are present at the marriage—at least upon the male portion of the assembly. This gives rise not unfrequently to a new and unhallowed scene. The transaction may be carried off quietly; that is, when every one contributes according to the wishes and expectation of the clergyman. But this does not always happen. In general the demands are considered unreasonable, and the priest is disappointed in his expectations. Some endeavour to evade the payment of any contribution, others give but little, and the few that please the priest are mere exceptions to the general rule. What is the consequence? The clergyman, after begging and entreating for some time to little purpose, gets at length into a rage, and the most bitter imprecations are hurled against him. Perhaps, the whole company, and is abused himself in turn, until at length the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar; and all this takes place at the administration of one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church."

Again, in the matter of "marriages"—

"The first thing done (he says) when there is a question of marrying a couple, is to make a bargain about the marriage money. This sometimes causes a considerable delay. The remuneration or stipend prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment. Indeed, all statutes respecting money matters are a mere dead letter. The priest drives as hard a bargain as he can, and strives to make the most of the occasion. Marriages are sometimes broken off in consequence of the supposed exorbitance of the demands. It seems that 'demands of money are made also upon such as are present at the marriage—at least upon the male portion of the assembly. This gives rise not unfrequently to a new and unhallowed scene. The transaction may be carried off quietly; that is, when every one contributes according to the wishes and expectation of the clergyman. But this does not always happen. In general the demands are considered unreasonable, and the priest is disappointed in his expectations. Some endeavour to evade the payment of any contribution, others give but little, and the few that please the priest are mere exceptions to the general rule. What is the consequence? The clergyman, after begging and entreating for some time to little purpose, gets at length into a rage, and the most bitter imprecations are hurled against him. Perhaps, the whole company, and is abused himself in turn, until at length the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar; and all this takes place at the administration of one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church."

Of the priests themselves, Mr. Croly observes:—

"They are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all constraints or arguments expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest, perhaps, to the curate; nor the curate, when he is associated with another. Every man gets in what he can; and many think that he would be justified in appropriating his entire to himself. But this he cannot do; for he must make some return of his receipts; and this he does—but an arbitrary return, seldom doctored, seldom corrected. The same lack of respect is shown in this matter. The curate says he labours more than the parish priest; and therefore that he is entitled to more than his allotted proportion of the dues. The parish priest, perhaps, will say that the curate is one well paid, and that he himself should have a larger dividend; and when there are several curates together, one will say that he is the senior, and that he should not be placed on a level with the others. Sometimes they assign a sweeping reason for this clandestine abstraction of the common revenue—namely, that the dues being in themselves indeterminate, and a sort of arbitrary exact, they are at liberty to make an arbitrary return. The consequence of all this is, that Church revenue has become a mere scramble—every man striving to seize upon a larger share, and depending for himself in the appropriation of a common honesty upon the question, nothing but lies, schemes, duplicity, false returns; so that the simple and the honest become the prey of the cunning and the crafty."

Assuming Mr. Croly's statements to be true, it does appear strange that there should exist among the Catholic clergymen and Catholic population of Ireland, so strong an antipathy to the project that the government should pay the priesthood.—If the priests are, as Mr. Croly describes them, grasping, avaricious and dishonest—and if their flocks regard them in a great measure as oppressors—the change would appear to be a beneficial one for both parties. Yet, it has always been stated and believed, that to render the Catholic priests dependent in any way on Government, would weaken their hold on the affections of their flocks.

(FROM THE STANDARD)

DISRUPTION OF THE CABINET.—The dissolution of the Cabinet, extending to the whole liberal party, which is now so notorious that it cannot be denied by the least scrupulous of the ministerial journals, places us in some difficulty. Disorganization in politics, like disorganization in war, always, indeed, renders ultimate ruin inevitable; but it frequently procrastinates the day of defeat, and can scarcely ever fall to embarrass the operations of an assailant. Every one knows how much longer a dispersed guerrilla force can keep the field against superior power, than a compact and well-ordered army. So it is in our literary political campaign of 1834—so many Cabinet Ministers, almost so many journals, each with its own political doctrines and its own political grievances.—Opposed to this scattered army, we can take but one course, and that is to select the antagonist, whom, all things considered, we believe to keep nearest to the staff—that antagonist is the *Globe*.

The *Globe* represents, indeed, the part of the administration least respectable for character, and certainly not most respectable for talent, namely, the omnibus clique, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Chas. Grant, &c. But although the *Globe's* more immediate patrons, or perhaps we should say, because the *Globe's* more immediate patrons are a knot of men wholly without principle; they are likely to be the most secure tenants of office; during the reign of liberalism, and to serve hereafter, as they have hitherto served,

ed, for the *retardation* of whatever had government it is our fate to endure.

This explanation will, we hope, disarm the jealousy of liberal contemporaries at the preference which we generally give to the *Globe*.

The journal which we have named had, last night, a very admirable article, challenging us, of the Conservative press, to a defence of Sir George Murray's speech at Perth—to a reply to the *Edinburgh Review's* article upon the Universities—and to a disproof of the existence of differences of opinion amongst Conservatives. This is all very clever—but like all the very clever proceedings that we remember to have observed, it is calculated only to operate upon and against very simple or very inexperienced persons. We, unfortunately, are too old and too much hardened in political controversy, not to know the value of a diversion—not to be aware that when the enemy presses hard in hot pursuit, the last resource is, if possible, to lend him away by temptation or stratagem into a less fatal direction. Nothing in the world could be more convenient to the *Globe's* patrons at present than a cessation of all inquiry as to the construction of the Reform Bill. That journal, we are sure, would freely allow us a triumph for Sir George Murray—leave us in unaltered enjoyment of our victory upon the University question, and renew its compliments upon the strength, respectability, and union of the Conservative party, provided only that we should leave the £20 franchise negotiations in undisturbed privacy, and suffer Lord Durham, and the Chancellor, to adjust their little disputes in modest retirement.—This, however, we cannot afford. However indifferent to the names of men that prebend the names of offices in the Court Calendar, we cannot throw away the moral lesson—that lesson which, we are persuaded, has given the death-blow to the Whig party, and is likely to hush liberalism itself, under whatever name, to a half century's repose. Though deterred, however, not to squander the precious opportunity which the Lords Durham and Brougham have been kind enough to give us, upon controversies that can very well stand over, we think we may afford a day to accommodate the *Globe*, by briefly meeting its triple challenge of last night.

First, of Sir George Murray's speech. The *Globe* asks, "what testimony is heard from the party-organ, to Sir George Murray's attempted self-indication?" None, questionless, from us. Our respect for Sir George Murray is certainly too high, too well considered, and too grave to allow that we should presume to corroborate his distinct assertion in matter of fact, by argument, or even by evidence, could the circumstances permit that we should be able to give evidence. When most strongly opposed to Sir George Murray in politics, we ever allowed his claims as a man of talent and a man of honour. We allowed those claims the more cheerfully in consideration of the claims to public gratitude which his skill and gallantry had established. The *Globe* is sufficiently familiar with our file, to convict us of falsehood, if we do not assert the truth, when we say that the *Standard* has never spoken otherwise than respectfully, of the talent and integrity of the gallant general; who, opposed to, or allied with us—whether a pro-Papist Tory in office, or a better instructed Conservative in the ranks of the present opposition. We, therefore, could have no conceivable motive for neglecting the defence of the gallant general but one—the motive that actually induced us—the sense that every attempt to reinforce his own abundant vindication of himself would be so unfair, and in proportion to the importance of the party making such an attempt an injury.

(FROM THE PILOT)

THE LATE JAMES CHARLES BRADY.—The death of James Charles Brady has left a blank in society of no common character. It has inspired a sentiment of regret—it has impressed a deep shade of melancholy upon the public mind, which no other death that we recollect has in any degree equalled. This is a sentiment, too, which will be durable, because it is founded on solid virtues and splendid qualifications departed for ever from among us. Brady was no ordinary man, and among extraordinary men he was eminent. His loss will be extensively felt as a friend—for who had so many friends—who so true, so wise, so generous, so indulgent, so just in friendship. Society had in him an irreplaceable loss—for he may be said to have been the centre of a social circle of men now rising fast to eminence; and what most he who was the beloved and the admired of those who are themselves worthy of love and admiration? Who ever departed from an evening passed with James Charles Brady without regret? Who ever looked forward to an evening to be passed with him but as one selected and set apart from every-day life? Time so passed bore reflection—levity caught a portion of his dignity—melancholy wondered to find itself carried away by the graces of his mirth.—The profession of the law, too, has in him lost one of its most rising and distinguished ornaments. This profession to which he had devoted his life, became instrumental to his death. It was in the stimulated exertion of his forensic powers, operating on a delicate frame and a sensitive mind, that the ardent advocate—the constitutional lawyer—lost the first seeds of the disorder which cut him off in the meridian of life and of fame, and devoted him to a premature grave. His country—his long misgoverned country—has in him lost, too, a man that rare, to her, but precious gift of Providence, an eminent lawyer, who was also an eminent patriot. Brady was universally regarded, even by those who differed from him on some political questions, as an uncompromising patriot, and he deserved to be so regarded.—Brady was not a Repealer, it is true. This was a question of opinion, and ours is that a sound view of Irish affairs leads to the inevitable inference that nothing will be adequate for Ireland but a domestic legislature. But Brady lost not one atom of the personal affection or confidence in him of Repealers by entertaining that opinion, and what was inseparable from his character, the manly avowal of it. This was honourable to both. To regard his convictions upon that question with other sentiments would have been intolerant.—Why? Because, although this lamented and distinguished man asserted a speculative opinion, he never abused, betrayed, or persecuted those who differed from him on this question. He never joined, in endeavouring to stifle as sedition, with the hand of despotism, the principles of free discussion he formerly advocated, when he joined in

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

The German governments seem resolved to give Switzerland no rest. Their diplomatic establishments in that country, are so many batteries, from which there is a continual discharge of notes, medals, and protocols. M. de Bombelles, the Austrian Envoy, has organized a little political bureau, which brings him a little of tidings; and no steamer do a score of artizans

indulge in a liberal song, after over-sipping of beer, than, presto! M. de Bombelles sets all the clerks of chancery at work, and a note is drawn up warning and reproving the Bernese government that such a dire event has happened. This is scarcely done, when the *Argburgh Gazette* echoes the cry, which is repeated again by its brethren on the Main and the Danube. And thus all Europe is set babbling on the grave topic of certain German tinkers and tailors having regaled themselves too freely, and let loose their tongues against the genial shadow of Swiss freedom. The only aim of all this act of officiousness on the part of Messrs. de Bombelles and Co., is to torment Switzerland, and to leave it no peace, until it becomes Germanized; that is, in the Austrian or Prussian sense of the word. The country is now Anglo-Freuchified; that is, it reads journals, interests itself in the subjects which they treat, agitates the great questions of constitution and reform, and shows symptoms, in short, of the natural blood-heat of a free country. But this heat seems feverish to the touch of Austrian and Prussian doctors, and they would anxiously apply a remedy where, in fact, there is no disease. M. de Bombelles is firmly persuaded that Switzerland is sinking into the pit of perdition, and he would save the tranquil Germans from a similar fate.—I may be necessary here to allude to a custom prevalent amongst the Germans, which is that of visiting every hole and corner of their country before they settle for life. Nothing gives more unity to German character and feeling than this tour forced upon each rising generation; and until other and more liberal bodes grow amongst the divided children of Germany, this old custom, Heaven knows, ought to be most favoured by the great powers. But the young *hantwerker* *macaner*, as they were called, have grown subjects of suspicion to Austria, which detests a too rapid communication even of the few ideas that boyhood and artizanship can collect. She has of late put every obstacle in the way of their humble peregrinations; and laws, edicts, and ordinances out of number have been concocted on the subject.—A residence in Bern has been thought especially dangerous for them. And accordingly, all the *Corps Diplomatique* of all the Courts of the Holy Roman or Germanic Empire are set to work, drawing up ordinances with articles one, two, and three, to prevent the forty or fifty shoemakers and tailors, who cross the Rhine towards the Alps, from performing this annual mission. And this, too, throws all Switzerland into a fermentation. M. de Bombelles is there like a death-watch at one's bed-head—tick, tick eternally, with a petty little noise on some petty little subject, but quite enough to prevent all repose. And Baden too takes part in all these doings; Baden, whose interest is closely allied with Switzerland; Baden, which, without one great or populous town, can be in no possible fear of her artizans, liberal or liberal, since there cannot be more than two hundred of them in the most populous place in her dominions! All this is most pitiful, and would be laughable, were not this system of eternal annoyance adopted and followed up for the purpose of discrediting and overthrowing the liberal party.—Already Zurich has been woe over through inability to support this incessant annoyance. M. de Bombelles has taken up his residence there, and made it his head quarters; at the same time the Prussian and Sardinian envoys have taken up their abode at Lansanne, to watch and vex the south, whilst M. de Bombelles keeps the north in hot water. Messrs. Morier and de Bunsigny are both where they ought to be—at Bern, calumniating their presence and conduct the effervescence which their colleagues take such pains to excite.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

TORY ABUSE OF O'CONNELL.—The *Standard* of last night is perfectly frantic in his abuse of the Popish priests of Ireland, stimulated by Mr. O'Connell's fourth letter to Lord Duncannon, and the account of the triumphal entry of the Catholic Archbishop of Tuam into the town of Tuam. In calling names we think Mr. O'Connell has fairly found his match in our contemporary. The following is peculiarly racy. We are told that in the individual man, Daniel O'Connell, "are embodied all the mean falsehood—all the indifference to shame—all the invulnerability to conviction and exposure—all the brutality—and all the anti-English and anti-Protestant feeling of all the Popish priests of Ireland; and if we want a name for the abstraction, we may borrow that of the symbolical bag, which has so long lacerated Ireland, and call it *Mother Popery*. Whether moulding himself to the honour of the priests for the sake of gain, or chosen by the priests because of his capacity for falsehood, his shamdoctrines, his difference to exposure, brutality, and anti-English and anti-Protestant feeling, Mr. O'Connell is the chosen of the priests, and must, therefore, be accepted in all these respects as their representative." Let Mr. O'Connell out-do this in his next letters. Let Mr. O'Connell out-do this in his next letters. Let Mr. O'Connell out-do this in his next letters. The Irish Catholics are now in an especial manner the objects of the fierce hatred of all real or pretended admirers of the sincere church of Ireland—called, drolly enough, a Protestant reformed church.—Our contemporary views with indignation the honours paid to Dr. MacHale, the Catholic Archbishop of Tuam. But the petulant Dr. MacHale's speech may not be without its own advantage, as it does, a light on the masses by which the Catholic clergy retain so powerful a hold over their flocks.

THE FAVOURITE OF THE Harem.

The apartments of the seraglio are very splendid, always, however, of a barbarous grandeur, in the wealth of the palace; and the favourite object of his affections exhibits the dignity of, and enjoys the privileges of a queen, though of a queen in captivity. While her beauty lasts, she is frequently regarded with a feeling almost amounting to idolatry; but when that beauty passes away, the warmth of love subsides, her person no longer charms her voice ceases to inspire delight; her faded cheeks and disordered tresses become disagreeable memorials of the past. Neither her song nor her lute are now heard with pleasure; for, in the beautiful imagery of the Persian poet, "when the roses wither, and the hower loses its sweetness, you have no longer the tale of the nightingale." The favourite, however, while she continues her ascendancy over the heart of her lord, is treated with sovereign respect throughout the harem. She smokes her golden-tipped hook, the mouthpiece studded with gems, and enjoys the fresh morning breeze under a verandah that overlooks the garden of the palace; attended by her damsels, only second to herself in attractions of person and splendid attire. Here she reclines in oblivious repose, upon a rich embroidered carpet, from the most celebrated looms of Persia.—Through an atmosphere of the richest incense, she breathes the choicest perfumes of Arabia the Happy, and has everything around her that can administer to sensual delight; still she is generally an unhappy being. She dwells in the midst of splendid misery and ungratifying profusion, while all within herself is desolate and hopeless. Her sympathies are either warped or stifled; her heart is blighted, and her mind degraded.—She cannot join in the enthusiasm of the immortal Haifa. "The breath of the western gale will soon shed mock around the old world will again be young;" but languishes as the season returns in the most degrading captivity, and feels that the western gale breathes not upon her either the freshness of freedom or of joy.—*Oriental Annual*.

MARKET FOR WIVES IN HONGKONG.—Formerly the Russian Colonists who inhabited that part of Hungary called Zemplin made three pilgrimages in the course of each year to the monastery of Krasnobrod. The men took their places one side, while on the other side were ranged the young women, and the widows. The former had their hair flowing loose and crowned with leaves, the others wearing bands on their foreheads. Then each Russian who wished to marry was at liberty to choose either a girl or a widow, and without as much as consulting her, to take her before one of the monks, who on the instant was obliged to pronounce the nuptial vow between them. The poor women of this country were too long subject to resignation on this point to make the slightest opposition to this species of wedlock. When more than one lover presented themselves they fought for the enried woman, who watched the issue of the combat and gave her self up as the victor's prize, and followed him to his dwelling.—If after a while he got tired of his wife, he took her at the next pilgrimage to Krasnobrod, and gave her a fair chance of getting another husband. It was not until 1720 that this barbarous custom was extinguished by a severe edict.

the struggle for one measure, because upon another question, in which he did not agree, the same rights were exercised. Always equal, just, and consistent—he would not bend his judgment to the people, and would not sacrifice his independence to the court; nay, some of his greatest forensic efforts were directed to resist the efforts of Tory official insolence. In its aim to trample upon the principles of liberty, the rights of discussion themselves, because the question upon which they happened to be exercised was not palatable to those who loved and exercised abused forms of law, because that despotism sought to crush the principles of freedom, which should be respected, whether the question discussed was palatable or unpalatable to wickedness in high places. Before his knowledge and eloquence the Tory officials stood aghast—Blackbarnes quailed, and tyranny was often discomfited. His pen was also as able and as fearless as his tongue.—His letters, exposed to shame what his forensic efforts failed to accomplish; and it was to a letter of his upon the conduct of Blackbarnes, written before the late appointments could have been contemplated, but which now is a faithful record against them, that Mr. O'Connell alluded lately to such warm terms of approbation. Such is the man, the loss of whom his friends, society, his country, and his excellent family have to deplore. One who loved him living, and mourns him dead, pays this last and tribute to his memory.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

LONDON POLICE.—Bow-street.—A CLAIM FOR THE SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.—Yesterday a tall gaunt-looking man, rather well dressed, with a most unhappy Munster brogue, who gave his name Timothy O'Donovan, was charged before Mr. Hafts with having been found under suspicious circumstances in one of the houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It appeared by the statement of a young female that a portion of the house in question was to be let out in chambers, and she had the care of that part of the premises. Between nine and ten o'clock on Thursday evening she was alarmed at a noise on the first floor stairs, and going there with a light found the prisoner trying the door of one of the apartments. She asked him what business he had there, and he told her to quit the house instantly. She screamed and two other females came to her aid, but he ordered them all to quit in a menacing manner.

Defendant said, "Why the fact is I had a right there or anywhere else in this country. I am heir to the throne of England (a loud laugh.) You and the people here may laugh, but I tell you such is the fact."

Mr. Hafts—You do not look as if you were a king; but I shall be glad to hear upon what foundation you rest your claim to the throne. Defendant—Why, Sir, I was told by my priest, Father Dolan, and my mother also told me I was heir to William the Fourth (great laughter.)

Mr. Hafts—But did you want to make this young woman your queen that you obtained yourself her attention? Timothy—Faith, I should have had no objection to bestow the honour upon her if she had not.

Mr. Hafts—How long have you been in England? Timothy—About eleven months.

Mr. Hafts—And what have you been doing here? Timothy—Working as a labourer, worse luck to the hair to a throne.

Mr. Hafts—I am afraid you have paid more to the gin or the whiskey tub than to your claim to royalty?

Timothy—Why, I confess I have slurred a good deal of a drop of that kind of stuff, but nevertheless I am heir to King William IV., and that will appear some of these days.

The prisoner was discharged with a caution from the Magistrate that he had better make his way back to father Dolan and his mother as soon as possible.

ANOMALIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Nearly every local paper we take up contains notices of unusual occurrences in natural history, particularly relating to the state of the weather for some time past.—A somewhat curious and not uninteresting record, crop of whiteberries (sometimes called *Edgeworth-moss*), in Lonsborough, the fruit of which, the owner of the *Baldon* Chronicle tells from his own knowledge to be of excellent quality. Fine ripe figs were grown in the open air against a wall in Aberdeenshire. Pear-trees in Suffolk, have a second crop, produced from young spring shoots which flowered in March and the year after of the Marie-Louise and Pau Colons kind, a fig tree on the same property has produced a second crop of fruit perfectly ripe. At Glaswell, in the same county, my tree which has already produced two crops of apples is now in bloom for a third. In York, white currants (the *Paragon*), and at *Beckwith*, the *Paragon* and large strawberries have been just gathered, notwithstanding the exposure of the situation to the sea breeze. The gardens and fields near Sheffield present all the appearance of spring, flowers and plants having blown and borne fruit a second time, and apple trees are in flower a second time. The *Lawrence* woods have just opened a leaf, and are only here and there commencing to assume their sallow liveliness. A pear tree in a garden near Huddersfield, which had produced a good crop, was unusually early diseased of its leaves, and became to all appearance withered, however at the commencement of last month it again budged forth in freshness and full blossom. At *Claydon*, in Devonshire, the apple trees have their fruit and fall blossom at the same time.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

STUDY OF THOMAS MAYHEW, Esq.—We regret to state that Thomas Mayhew, Esq., an eminent scholar at his chambers, No. 2, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, on Thursday night last, "was deceased, was the proprietor of *Barnard's Library of Music, &c.* The *Parviter*, and a number of other literary publications, and formerly connected with the *National Library*. He left his residence in Camden Town, on Thursday morning about 11 o'clock, when he happened in a very cheerful mood. Not returning at night, Mrs. Mayhew, accompanied by her brother and sister, went yesterday forenoon to his chambers, when they found the door fastened. They then applied to the porter at the lodge, and inquired when he had seen him last. He informed them that Mr. Mayhew had brought him the key of his chambers about 11 o'clock on Thursday night, and he had not seen him since. Mrs. Mayhew's brother having some misgivings from his being known that he was in embarrassed circumstances, determined on having the door forced open, which was accordingly done. On entering the apartments they found the unfortunate gentleman lying on the floor quite dead. The body was cold and stiff, and from the position the room there is no doubt he had taken poison. The deceased was about thirty years of age, and expected next month to have been called to the bar. It is supposed, that his inability to procure a bill which he had given to a sick printer, and which became due, on Wednesday last, was the cause of his committing the rash act.

The will of the late Sir Robert Willott, Bart., was proved in the Prerogative Court on the 14th instant. The present Baronet, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Willott Hartop, Governor of the Island of Ceylon, succeeds to *Osmanias* and *Weyan* estates in Derbyshire, and becomes possessor of the valuable collection of paintings at *Osmanias*. The beautiful villa at Great Malvern, recently purchased by the late Baronet, devolves upon Lady Willott. The personalities, amounting to £100,000, together with a considerable sum in foreign securities will be divided amongst the late Baronet's four younger children.

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Timothy—Why, I confess I have slurred a good deal of a drop of that kind of stuff, but nevertheless I am heir to King William IV., and that will appear some of these days.

The prisoner was discharged with a caution from the Magistrate that he had better make his way back to father Dolan and his mother as soon as possible.

ANOMALIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Nearly every local paper we take up contains notices of unusual occurrences in natural history, particularly relating to the state of the weather for some time past.—A somewhat curious and not uninteresting record, crop of whiteberries (sometimes called *Edgeworth-moss*), in Lonsborough, the fruit of which, the owner of the *Baldon* Chronicle tells from his own knowledge to be of excellent quality. Fine ripe figs were grown in the open air against a wall in Aberdeenshire. Pear-trees in Suffolk, have a second crop, produced from young spring shoots which flowered in March and the year after of the Marie-Louise and Pau Colons kind, a fig tree on the same property has produced a second crop of fruit perfectly ripe. At Glaswell, in the same county, my tree which has already produced two crops of apples is now in bloom for a third. In York, white currants (the *Paragon*), and at *Beckwith*, the *Paragon* and large strawberries have been just gathered, notwithstanding the exposure of the situation to the sea breeze. The gardens and fields near Sheffield present all the appearance of spring, flowers and plants having blown and borne fruit a second time, and apple trees are in flower a second time. The *Lawrence* woods have just opened a leaf, and are only here and there commencing to assume their sallow liveliness. A pear tree in a garden near Huddersfield, which had produced a good crop, was unusually early diseased of its leaves, and became to all appearance withered, however at the commencement of last month it again budged forth in freshness and full blossom. At *Claydon*, in Devonshire, the apple trees have their fruit and fall blossom at the same time.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

STUDY OF THOMAS MAYHEW, Esq.—We regret to state that Thomas Mayhew, Esq., an eminent scholar at his chambers, No. 2, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, on Thursday night last, "was deceased, was the proprietor of *Barnard's Library of Music, &c.* The *Parviter*, and a number of other literary publications, and formerly connected with the *National Library*. He left his residence in Camden Town, on Thursday morning about 11 o'clock, when he happened in a very cheerful mood. Not returning at night, Mrs. Mayhew, accompanied by her brother and sister, went yesterday forenoon to his chambers, when they found the door fastened. They then applied to the porter at the lodge, and inquired when he had seen him last. He informed them that Mr. Mayhew had brought him the key of his chambers about 11 o'clock on Thursday night, and he had not seen him since. Mrs. Mayhew's brother having some misgivings from his being known that he was in embarrassed circumstances, determined on having the door forced open, which was accordingly done. On entering the apartments they found the unfortunate gentleman lying on the floor quite dead. The body was cold and stiff, and from the position the room there is no doubt he had taken poison. The deceased was about thirty years of age, and expected next month to have been called to the bar. It is supposed, that his inability to procure a bill which he had given to a sick printer, and which became due, on Wednesday last, was the cause of his committing the rash act.

The will of the late Sir Robert Willott, Bart., was proved in the Prerogative Court on the 14th instant. The present Baronet, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Willott Hartop, Governor of the Island of Ceylon, succeeds to *Osmanias* and *Weyan* estates in Derbyshire, and becomes possessor of the valuable collection of paintings at *Osmanias*. The beautiful villa at Great Malvern, recently purchased by the late Baronet, devolves upon Lady Willott. The personalities, amounting to £100,000, together with a considerable sum in foreign securities will be divided amongst the late Baronet's four younger children.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE)

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