

# The Waterford Chronicle.

No 3018.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1834.

Price 6d.

Hibernian, Edmund Hennessy, Mrs O'Brien, ...

The spiritual inhabitants of the parish of ...

The receipts had on Sunday in this City ...

We understand that the amount received up ...

St. Mary's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Peter's parish, including £25 from ...

St. John's parish, including £25 from ...

St. James's parish, including £25 from ...

St. George's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Andrew's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Patrick's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Nicholas's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Elizabeth's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Anne's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Agnes's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Margaret's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary Magdalen's parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Mount parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Meadows parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Wood parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Hill parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Park parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Green parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Field parish, including £25 from ...

St. Mary of the Meadow parish, including £25 from ...

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## THE O'CONNELL TRIBUTE.

TO MR. STANTON, OF THE MORNING REGISTER.

Dublin, October 29, 1834.

DEAR SIR—I have read in that corrupt and all-corrupting paper, the London Times, of the 27th of this month of October, one of the most, if not the most infamous of the publications that I ever read even in that paper, which I have known for thirty years to be engaged, with very little exception, in the support of every species of corrupt government, and in advocating every measure of oppression and tyranny, always relying for its reward on the base, money-loving, monopolising plunderers of the people in and about London.—The article to which I allude relates to that which is now, with great propriety, called "THE O'CONNELL TRIBUTE." Under other circumstances, I might have been excused for contenting myself with a bare expression of my abhorrence of this instance of the villainy of this paper. But the circumstances in which I am now placed have given me a perfect knowledge of all the facts relating to this matter, it would be a shameful abandonment of my duty not to endeavour to remove from the minds of the people of England the impressions which the audacious falsehoods of the above-named paper are calculated to produce in those minds. This I shall now do; and the object of this letter to you is to request that you will be pleased to circulate my address to my countrymen through your paper, I having no other means of doing it so speedily a manner.

I am, Sir, your obedient and most humble servant,

W. M. COBBETT.

## TO THE SENSIBLE AND JUST PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

MY FRIENDS—I have this day read an article in that paper which I have long called the "bloody old Times," relative to what is called "THE O'CONNELL TRIBUTE"—that is to say, a yearly contribution or subscription, which the people of Ireland voluntarily make, to be paid to Mr. O'Connell, as compensation for his devoting his whole time, not only to serve them in parliament, but to serve them with his pen, and by his personal interference on all occasions in their behalf, and by the unpaid-for application of his legal knowledge for their interests and their protection. This tribute amounts to about £13,000 or £14,000 a-year. You should be informed that Mr. O'Connell is, without dispute, the greatest lawyer of his country; that he has four sons, three of whom are members of parliament; that he has daughters; that, in short, he has a large family; and that probably the estate which he inherited might not exceed the reasonable wants of such a family in the most retired life. Circumstances placed him at the head of the cause of Ireland; his superior talents, joined to his zeal, his activity, his great sobriety, his astonishing industry, and, above all, his public virtue, and hatred of the oppressors of his country, made him be in a situation either to abandon the cause of his country, or to abandon his profession, with all the immense advantages which must have accrued from his pursuing that profession, not only to himself, but to every branch of his family. A long while he endeavoured to pursue his profession, and was the pleader of the cause of his country at the same time. To adhere to both was at last found to be impossible; he chose to adhere to the cause of his country; the people well knew that he could not do that with efficiency even for them, unless they gave him something like a compensation; they knew that he must be utterly unable to uphold an expeditious and necessary to their interests as well as to his own support, unless they came to his aid with pecuniary means.

The people of Ireland considered, too, not what he actually lost by adhering to their cause, but that which he might have gained by ceasing to devote himself to it; and I beg you, my friends, to pay attention to this part of the subject. Not to suppose it possible—I say supposing it to have been impossible, that any earthly consideration could have induced him to have betrayed the interests of his country, to have done that which so many others have done, and who are called honourable, and noble too; to suppose that he could have abandoned the cause of Ireland, joined with her foes, become one of her grinding oppressors, one of the counsellors for cruelty to be inflicted on her, and to have received, as his reward, an earldom perhaps, if nothing more, together with many thousands a year; to be, in short, one of those who hundred and thirteen privy councillors whom Sir James Graham showed to receive £650,000 amongst them; to have had his sons rolling in wealth, if not ennobled too, as well as himself; and to have been drawing altogether out of your industry, as well as the industry of the people of Ireland and Scotland, probably £100,000 a-year for himself and the branches of his family. Without supposing it possible for his nature to have permitted him to be capable of perjury so atrociously ferocious as this, though precedents were so abundant before his eyes—without supposing this possible, still, far short of this, he might be quietly and by degrees sinking away from his exertions for the people, have joggled along, like a horse in a mill, and have placed all his sons in posts of emolument, with cool professions of love of Ireland still on his lips, and without him or any one of those sons doing any one thing on which a charge of perjury or inconsistency could have been founded and brought home to them. He had, in short, the three things before him; perjury to the people of Ireland, and rewards without measure; drawing off from their cause, honours of his profession, and riches greater than any family could need; casting aside every thing for the sake of Ireland, and relying on the justice of his countrymen for support. He, to his eternal honour, chose the latter; and the people of Ireland, to their great honour, and to the burning satisfaction of their foes, are doing him that justice which he expected at their hands.

Now, my friends, this is the case. Be pleased to pay attention to this statement of the case, and to bear it always in mind during the observations which I am now about to address to you. The sum collected is much about that which I have stated above; and I am assured, and I believe, that it is no more than sufficient, without any profession on the part of any of his family—who, you will perceive, are all proscribed, through

every department in life, where the influence of this powerful government prevails—without any profession on the part of himself, or any part of his family, I am assured, and I believe, that this sum is no more than sufficient to defray the cost to him of his never-ceasing labors for his country.

You will easily suppose that it must be a prime object with the sons and daughters of corruption—that those who wish Ireland to be kept in the state which I have described to you in my letters to my laborer, Marshall—who wish that the great landowners of Ireland may continue to draw away all the fruits of the land, while those who till the land are driven to live upon food worse than that of the dogs which they rear to be sent away—who wish that even the farmers of Ireland may be a great swarm of beggars, not tilling, and the greater part of them clothed worse than the common beggars in England—who wish that the landowners of Ireland may still possess the power of driving the people off the land of their birth, and compelling them to perish with hunger and with cold on the bare ground, or to go to foreign lands there to perish, or perish on board a crowded and filthy ship—who wish that the people of Ireland may still be compelled to render tithes to a church to which they do not belong, and which they hold in abhorrence. To all these, my friends, you must be satisfied that this tribute to Mr. O'Connell is something that sears their very eyeballs—something that mortifies them to the very soul—something which they would murder all the good and sound people of Ireland if they could, seeing, as they clearly must see, that it is an indication of the resolution of the people of Ireland to act upon the principles inculcated by the man to whom they pay the tribute. Not being able to poison or cut the throats of these people, and knowing that they are beyond the reach of their atrocious calumnies, they, acting on the system of "centralization," collect all their malignity into one phial, and pour it out upon the head of Mr. O'Connell himself, not perceiving (for God has been pleased to put folly into the same animal where malignity has found its seat)—not perceiving that this pouring out upon Mr. O'Connell the surest possible way of convicting the people of Ireland that they are acting wisely as well as justly. "Love your enemies," is a precept always to be obeyed; but "love those whom your enemies hate," is a precept full as wise and as just. It is an unerring guide, and one that we should always take care to have before us. If there be men who do not disguise their wishes to make you slaves and to plunder you, and if these men call upon you to suspect and to divide some other man, common sense tells you, without any circumstance to assist it, that you ought to cling closely and firmly to that man.—The fable tells us that the wolves were engaged a long time in endeavors to devour the sheep, one or two of whom they now and then got stand to; but the dog so bravely defended the flock, that the wolves were compelled to desist from further hostility and further devourings.—The latter, therefore, getting into a parley with the sheep, persuaded them that it was the dogs who had been the cause of all that had taken place before, and that if they would but get rid of the dog, the wolves and sheepish nations might live in quiet for ever after. The silly sheep, agreeing to the proposal, bit the dog's ears, and these latter were hardly got out of sight, when all the noble family of wolves rushed down from the woods, tore the sheep to pieces, eyes, lambs, and all. My friends, we were taught when we were boys, to believe the Irish to be wild and ungrateful as the sheep were. The bloody old Times newspaper calls upon them to get rid of their dog; this have and boisterous Herald of the mercenary sons and daughters of corruption—is this a parable to that band of devouring wolves—is this a parable to the people of Ireland to abandon, or to cripple, to muzzle, to knock the teeth out of the faithful guardian of this flock of oppressed people; but I can assure you that it howls in vain; that its howlings have no other effect here than that of making the people cling more closely to Mr. O'Connell; that these howlings can do him harm only in your estimation; and it is my business to prevent them from doing even that, by the statement which I have already made, and by the remarks which I am about to submit, on the infamous article of which I have spoken.

In this article it is said that Mr. O'Connell is looked up to only by the wretched mob of Ireland, that the Irish people have no affection for him; that "they give their vote from the fear of mortal violence from his hired ruffians," and "from the dread of excommunication from their own priesthood;" that "it should be remembered that the miserable, houseless, ragged, hungry, perishing creatures, without potatoes to eat, or assets wherewith to buy a coffin, are forced contributors, and that, in numberless cases, they are not only importuned for the tax with barbarous expressions, but it is wrong from them with outrageous and brutal violence, even by the vulgar, while their babes are gasping for food, and that this man's heartless rapacity is as disgusting as his inhuman treachery."

I will stop here to observe, that miscreant as this writer is, despised as he will be by you, without any inquiry at all into the facts, execrated as he will be by every Irishman who is not a villainous plunderer, it does not follow that, while there is law, or something called law, to punish those who indirectly defend Mr. O'Connell when aspersed; it does not follow that Mr. O'Connell is not for ever in his life to appeal to an English jury, to say whether infamies like these are to be poured out with impunity. I will engage to bring a thousand witnesses from Ireland that I myself have spoken in, who will swear to the falsehood of every fact that is here alleged. The libeller adds to the last words that I have quoted, these words—"Towards Harding Tracey, who for him was sacrificed and his family starved;" so that here is a direct tangible charge of having sacrificed a man and his family by inhuman treachery. That the charge is most infamously false, I need tell nobody that knows Mr. O'Connell; and I need tell nobody that knows Mr. Tracey, that the making of this charge is a crime to be punished by law, while there is anything like law to be in

## CAPTAIN BACK.

Letters from Captain Back were received yesterday morning at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, the latest date being the 29th of April last, when the intelligence had just reached him of Captain Ross's return.

Their contents are of a mixed character. He and his party were all well, with the exception of Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, who had accompanied Sir John Franklin in both his journeys, and was now dispatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to join this third enterprise, but perished by the way. "The winter had, indeed, been extraordinary severe," "We have had," says Captain Back, "a most distressing winter in this more than Siberian solitude, where desolation reigns in unbroken repose. Even the animals have fled from us, as it were by instinct, and many, very many of the unhappy natives have fallen victims to famine in situations the most revolting to human nature. The fish also, on which I in some measure relied, left us; in places which we were told never before failed we have not caught a fish; and during the whole season scarcely a living creature has been seen, except on one occasion a raven, which in wheeling over the horse startled me with his croak, so uniform was the silence around us. I ran out, but when I saw me it screamed, and again made off towards the Western mountains, in the dark shade of which it was speedily lost. My party has been thus much dispersed in quest of food; and every messenger has brought meetings of their encountering severe privations. Mr. M'Leod (an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, attached to the party,) and his family, are at this moment somewhere on the Lake, fishing; and you may imagine what it costs me to see them also exposed to the rigours of this severest of all winters, for the mean of three thermometers has been far below the lowest we ever sustained in our former expeditions. After this narrative you may believe, that in spite of all my care and economy, some part of the provision laid up for our voyage has been necessarily consumed.—The most experienced man in the country could not have foreseen this; nor was there any possibility of avoiding it. My anxiety is immeasurable on account of it; but I still hope that the Indians may be enabled to procure us dry food, or, in short, something that may afford sustenance, so that the fondest wishes of my heart may not be frustrated. Of that, however, in one sense there is no danger; for, come what may, I can always reduce my men and go in our boat. Do not, therefore, let this affect you, for I feel confident of overcoming it. Another misfortune is, that pinched as we were for provisions, we must drag our boats and baggage almost 100 miles over rocks and ice before we can reach open water. This we have ascertained through the winter; but, never mind, this also shall be done; and it will be a new feature in discovery. In our former expeditions we had none of those tremendous obstructions to contend with, though we had to take our bark across some distance on sledges. But I have perfect confidence in my men, and they, good fellows, think I cannot err," &c.

The above was written before the arrival of the express announcing Captain Ross's return; and, pressed for time, only a few lines are added subsequent to that event. They are, however, so characteristic of the gallant warrior, that they ought not to be omitted.

"25th April, 1834.—I have this moment received your dispatch, with an account of Ross's return. I am all gratitude and happiness. My heart is too full to write; but I shall pay attention to all that is recommended to me in this assure the committee. What a triumph is this return of Ross to us all, who 'hoped against hope.' And what do the croakers say? Will they acknowledge the lesson afforded by it of the power of stubborn perseverance?" &c.

From a private letter it may be interesting to some to add also the following scrap—

"My day is chiefly spent thus. Before breakfast I read a portion of Scripture, and afterwards attend to my observations, study, draw (I have plenty of pencil sketches), work up my survey, take notes, &c. At the same time I keep my eye on whatever duty is going on; have our evening school twice a week, and read the service in French and English every Sunday." "My guitar is cracked, and jers when I play; but you will not be surprised at this when I add that I have been obliged to grease my hands daily to prevent their cracking also, for such is the dryness of the atmosphere that nothing can stand by," &c.

It may also allay the anxiety of friends and relations to add that Hearne found abundance of game along the banks of the Kliewee-cho, so that as the season advances Captain Back's hunters may reasonably be expected to be equally fortunate. His prudence, based on a long experience, may also be relied on, as well as his enterprise. His buoyancy of temper and the confidence reposed in him by his companions will support all their spirits.—In a word, his task is more arduous than had been imagined previous to the receipt of those letters; but it could not be in better hands. And it is very satisfactory to know from other letters received by the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company that ample supplies have been since forwarded to him, which will support him through the winter. Early next spring he and his whole party will set forward on their return.

## OLD PORTRAITS.

Few things are more interesting to us than old portraits—not those of the great and far-famed alone, but those dingy, mildewed, uninteresting ones which we so often meet with in ancient halls and old manor houses, and which suit so well in their curiously carved frames, with the formal tall chairs and heavy black mahogany tables, of the waincoated parlour, where a hundred years since the 'quire daily read the Flying Post and Daily Courant, and roared "Confusion to the Pop, Devil, and Pretender," while his lady sipped her tea from minikin cups, and discoursed of French blond and old china, or listened to some awful tale of the Jacobites and wild Highlanders. In truth, I know not whether the portrait of some unknown, if she be fair and young, has not charms even surpassing those that invest the portrait of the celebrated beauty; for then what exercise of the imagination! Who was the fair one? and what was her destiny?—did sorrow dim that clear eye?—did age plough wrinkles on that velvet cheek?—or did that delicate form go down to an early grave, cradled in all its loveliness? How many thoughts are awakened at the sight of an old portrait.—Friendship's

## THE WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

We translate the following spirit-stirring chapter from the French of the Abbe De La Meunier:

Think you, that the ox, which is fed in a stable to carry a yoke, and fattened for the shambles, should be more envied than the bull which seeks in freedom his pasture in the forest?

Think you, that the horse, which is saddled and bridled—which has hay in abundance in the manger, enjoys a lot preferable to that of the stallion, which, freed from every trammel, neighs and bounds in the plain?

Think you, that the capon, to which they throw corn in the court-yard, can be more happy than the ring-dove, which, in the morning, knows not where to procure its sustenance for the day?

Think you, that he who lives tranquilly in those packs, which they call kingdoms, enjoys a sweeter life than the fugitive, who, from wood to wood and from rock to rock, goes with a heart full of rage to create himself a country?

Think you, that the paltry serf, seated at the table of his lord, eats his delicate viands with a greater relish than the soldier of liberty his morsel of brown bread?

Think you, that he who sleeps with a rope around his neck, upon a litter thrown to him by his master, has a sweeter dream, than the man who after a day's fight against tyranny, slumbers some hours of the night on the ground in the corner of a field?

Think you, that the recreant, who every where trails the chain of a slave, can be more heavily burdened than the courageous man who carries the iron of a prisoner?

Think you, that the timid man, who expires, in his bed, suffocated by the infectious air which surrounds tyranny, has a death more enviable than the man of firmness, who, a death more enviable than to God his soul as free as he received it.

Labour and suffering are everywhere: there are, however, some labours barren, and some fruitful; some sufferings infamous, and some others glorious.

## DRAMATICAL OCCURRENCE IN PARIS.

Some differences of a peculiar nature had existed for some time between the Baron and Baroness P., which had brought on a separation. The Lady, an American, had brought her husband a fortune of £60,000 a year, and inhabited a splendid mansion in the Rue du Faubourg St. Florent, Paris. It appears that recently a rapprochement had been effected, which was likely to lead to a complete reconciliation. The lady had gone to her husband's or rather father-in-law's chateau, near Saumur—the latter, a man eighty years of age, was violently opposed to the arrangement, which touched his pride, or what he called his honor. On Sunday week, in the morning, he entered his daughter-in-law's apartment, desired her to say her prayers and prepare to die, and immediately discharged her, one after another, four pistols. The lady entered above and below her left breast, cutting off three of her fingers; she fell, but had strength enough to rise and rush after the old man, whom she clasped, but who fled from her to his room, and there shot himself dead. The Baroness is still living, and Dr. Marjolin, who had been immediately sent for, had, I am assured, extracted three of the balls from her body. She retained her senses, but was not expected to survive her wounds. She is the mother of three children, and about forty years old. Such is the tragedy which has occurred, it is said, in a family well known to most of those who have frequented the drawing-rooms of the French capital.—From a private letter.

Several children in the parish of Reculver, Kent, were seen poisoned in the following extraordinary manner.—The children, five in number, whose names are Wells, were afflicted with a complaint in the head, which broke out into sores; and a pedlar some time since calling at the house, and observing the disorder, offered to bring the mother something that would cure it, which offer the poor woman gratefully accepted. About three weeks ago he called again, and gave her a white powder, directing her to mix it with hogs lard and rub it on the children's heads; and accordingly, on Thursday evening last, she mixed into a quarter of a pound of lard, and used it as directed. The consequence has been the death of three of the children, two on Friday, and another on Saturday.—The other two are in a very precarious state. The powder has since been analysed, and found to consist of white lead. Inquiries were held on the bodies before Mr. T. T. DoLLMAN, coroner, and under his direction the juries have returned verdicts of "manslaughter against some person unknown." The pedlar is unknown to the mother, and has not been seen in the neighborhood since. The coroner has issued his warrant for the apprehension of a person answering the description of the man alluded to.

CASES OF THE YEAR AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—On Sunday an aged minister, within five miles of Romford, proceeded at the close of the service to explain to his congregation the cause of the fire at the Houses of Parliament. It was, he said, because the bills introduced for the better observance of the Sabbath were all rejected! In proof of this he quoted the following from the 17th chapter of Jeremiah, verse 27:—"But if ye will not hearken unto me, to allow the Sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the Sabbath day, then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palace of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched."—Essex Herald.

The late venerable Earl of Derby was a most inveterate sportsman, and the passion for horseracing and cock-fighting was the absorbing one of his life. He possessed the reputation of having the best breed of cocks in England. For some years past, he personally attended the Liverpool meetings, and took the most lively interest in the matches of his horses and cocks, more especially the latter. General Yates, whose breed of cocks is also celebrated, was his inviolable opponent, and they annually decided the question of their respective game by a match of a thousand guineas aside. So strong was the late Earl's penchant for his favourite sport, that cocks by his desire have been introduced into his drawing-room, arm-and-spurred, even during the latter days of his life.

Monday morning, at his lodgings on the Mall, aged 84 years, ...

The board of public works are about to advance a security another loan of £3,000 for the proposed canal from Lough Corril, county Galway, to the sea.





WOOLLEN AND HAT WAREHOUSE.

WINTER ASSORTMENT.

MURPHY, CURTIS, AND CO. HAVE just received, per the Gipsy and the...

GROCERY, WINE AND SPIRIT WAREHOUSE.

SILVESTER PHELAN RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public that he is this day landing...

Table with 2 columns: Item Name and Price. Includes Government Consols, Stock, Bank Stock, etc.

The Waterford Chronicle

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1834.

LIABILITY OF SHERIFFS.

A singular case has arisen out of the want of a public executioner in the city of Chester...

MR. COBBETT.

Mr. Cobbett has published an able letter in the Morning Register, addressed to the people of England...

O'CONNELL TRIBUTE IN DUNGARVAN.

A paragraph appeared in the Waterford Mail, stating that there had been some collision on Sunday last...

FINE ARTS.

The representation of Napoleon breathing now exhibiting in this city, is a wonderful triumph of human ingenuity...

THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

Sir Harcourt Lees has just sent out his secret, which is disclosed in the following letter. It seems that every public building in England is to share the fate of the two Houses of Parliament...

THE REV. DR. MACHALE.

Never, we believe, did any man receive such unbroken marks of affection and respect as his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has received since his arrival in the Archdiocese...

HARCOURT LEES.

By the return of the Bank of England, published in the Gazette, it appears that the average amount of bullion held by the Bank in the period from the 10th of July to the 21st of October...

DISTRESSED SPANISH REFUGEES.

There are in Portsmouth and Gosport, about 140 officers, of all ranks, principally belonging to the Guards, and about 40 menial servants, who came to this country with Don Carlos and his family...

O'CONNELL ANNUITY.

PARIS: OF TRINITY WITHIN - Martin Harriek, & Co. 11, Rue de la Harpe, No. 55.

MEETING IN NEWRY-O'CONNELL TRIBUTE.

On Sunday last, a numerous and highly respectable meeting of the parishioners of Newry, was held pursuant to requisition, in the grounds attached to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Hill street...

Dr. Blake opened the business of the day by saying - That he did not wish to occupy the attention of the meeting at much length; but lest it might be supposed that his conduct was not in accordance with the resolution recently agreed to by the Prelates of Ireland...

TITHES-THE HON. COLONEL BUTLER.

To the subjoined correspondence we (Kilkenny Journal) direct the particular attention of our Readers. They will find the letter to the Rev. Luke Fowler (son of the bishop of Ossory) to contain matter of the highest interest and importance...

STATE PENSIONS FALLING DUE THIS WEEK.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Pension Amount. Includes Ballin, Anne, Campbell, Thomas, etc.

WANTED-EXTRAORDINARY.

Wanted - several interpreters of Acts of Parliament; those who have studied the New Poor Law Bill particularly, will be much obliged to apply to the Clerk of the Central Commissioners, Scotland-yard.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

IT WITH pain we have to announce the death of Mr. George Cox, son of Mr. Cox, of the firm of Harding and Cox, Soap and Candle Manufacturers of this City...

WATERFORD PORT NEWS-OCT 31.

29th-Commodore, Cozena, London, m g; Friends, Jameson, Wick, bearings; Sultan, Read, London, m g; Wm Penn, steamer, Keay, Liverpool, m goods...

SAILED.

29th-Nov. 30th-Gipsy, Strut, Liverpool, gas cargo; Wm and Henry, Heigh, Gloster, grain, &c; Martha Pope, Jones, London, provisions; Emma, Allen, Penzance; &c. grain and flour; A. A. Rogers, Liverpool, gas cargo.

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TITHES-THE HON. COLONEL BUTLER.

To the subjoined correspondence we (Kilkenny Journal) direct the particular attention of our Readers. They will find the letter to the Rev. Luke Fowler (son of the bishop of Ossory) to contain matter of the highest interest and importance...

WANTED-EXTRAORDINARY.

Wanted - several interpreters of Acts of Parliament; those who have studied the New Poor Law Bill particularly, will be much obliged to apply to the Clerk of the Central Commissioners, Scotland-yard.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

IT WITH pain we have to announce the death of Mr. George Cox, son of Mr. Cox, of the firm of Harding and Cox, Soap and Candle Manufacturers of this City...

WATERFORD PORT NEWS-OCT 31.

29th-Commodore, Cozena, London, m g; Friends, Jameson, Wick, bearings; Sultan, Read, London, m g; Wm Penn, steamer, Keay, Liverpool, m goods...

SAILED.

29th-Nov. 30th-Gipsy, Strut, Liverpool, gas cargo; Wm and Henry, Heigh, Gloster, grain, &c; Martha Pope, Jones, London, provisions; Emma, Allen, Penzance; &c. grain and flour; A. A. Rogers, Liverpool, gas cargo.

TITHES-DISTRESSING CASE. A most appalling instance of the effects of the present system of church rates, which have come before the notice of the public in this city on the 1st of the present month...