





report from the Com-... marriage according to... report from the Com-... marriage according to...

to which I have lately come, and which... Mr. EWART gave notice that he should move... Mr. WALLACE (Greenock) gave notice...

Mr. GRATTAN gave notice that on the 6th of March... Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN gave notice that on the 10th of March... Mr. GAGE rose to second the motion...

Mr. CAYLEY gave notice that he would move... Mr. F. O'CONNOR gave notice of a motion... Notices of motions having been disposed of...

Mr. SANDON rose and said—Even if this were not an important occasion... Mr. WELLS gave notice that on the 24th of March...

Mr. HARDY gave notice that on the 19th of March... Mr. MURPHY gave notice that on the 11th of March... Mr. WARD gave notice that on the 12th of March...

THE WATERFORD CHRONICLE... WATERFORD PORT NEWS—Feb. 17... WATERFORD MARKET, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27...

SUPERIORITY OF COTTON... The properties of cotton strongly recommend it for clothing, especially in comparison with linen...

Table with columns: Water, Flour, Bacon, etc. and rows for various market items and prices.

WATERFORD MARKET, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27... Butter, 88s to 90s per cwt. Number of firkins weighed, 141.

WATERFORD MARKET, FEB. 26... The Merchants—First quality, 86s; Second, 84s; Third, 82s; Fourth, 80s; Fifth, 78s; Sixth, 76s.

WATERFORD MARKET, FEB. 25... Butter, 84s to 86s per cwt. Flour, 28s to 31s per bag. Wheat, 18s to 20s per bushel.

SPRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

(FROM THE COURIER.)

We noticed on Saturday the very absurd attempt which was made by the Post to discredit the election of Mr. Abercromby, and to sow dissension between the different parts of the Empire, by representing him as elected by the representatives of Scotland and Ireland. The Standard of that day followed up the same view, and, as usual, carried it a little further.

"The following," it says, "is an analysis of the division with reference to the English and provincial Members; there may be a trifling inaccuracy in the numbers, as doubtless the published list is not perfectly accurate, but the proportions will be found to be substantially correct:—

Table with 2 columns: Members voted, and corresponding numbers. Includes rows for English members, Scotch and Irish, and English members for Mr. Abercromby.

Thus, upon the English representation, notwithstanding the effect of the Reform Bill, Sir Charles would have had a majority of thirty-four. He has been beaten by the representatives of the wealthiest Roman Catholic provinces of Ireland, and by the delegates of the newly enfranchised Scotch constituencies, appointed and pledged to the exercise of a newly acquired, and of course untried, power. It is not pleasant to see the deliberate uprooting of a political right, long habituated to the exercise of political rights, and unobscured by alien motives, thus, as it were, destroyed by the votes of the provinces."

We shall have something to say of the constituencies presently, but let us first agitate direct attention of our readers to the obvious effect of thus making a distinction between the Representatives of England and of the Provinces. On the Tory system of Government Scotland and Ireland are to be treated as conquered countries; they are not to have equal voices and equal rights, but are to be despised and trampled on whenever a question arises which interests Imperial England in a manner different from them.

The Legislative Union with Ireland was based on the principle of giving to that part of the Empire equal rights and privileges with England. By no other principle can it be defended—by no other principle can or ought the Irish to be recalled to it; but the Tories, in fact, deny this principle, they refuse to recognize it, and give at once validity to all the complaints which Mr. O'Connell and his friends make of the arrogance and injustice of England. Their doctrines, then, make a distinction between the parts of the empire which are united into one, and tend to dismemberment.

It is not enough, however, for the Tories to have furnished arguments for the Repeal of the Union with Ireland, and to have justified Mr. O'Connell's complaints of arrogance and insult; they must actually raise a question of Repeal of the Union with Scotland. Why, if the Scotch are to be treated as provincials—if they are not to have equal rights, and of equal consideration with the English, they, too, will require a Repeal of the Union. If a Member for Scotland is not to be regarded in the same light as a Member for England, Scotland, like Ireland, will require a Parliament for itself. If we were not, from some experience, quite satisfied that the preceding writers in the Tory Journals have not in general the slightest conception of the consequences which necessarily flow from their doctrines we should accuse them, by such arrogant and insulting language—signaling the Scotch and Irish as ignorant provincials, and making their religion a virtual ground of discrimination—of being desirous to strengthen the hands of those who seek to dismember the empire. We regret them, however, of such a design. They are only blinded by their own disingenuousness, and only ignorant and unthinking. We will not venture on predictions, or we might say that such doctrines will lose the faction of the Tories every supporter which yet remains to them in Scotland, but we are sure, that the people who by the mouth of their most renowned author, less than ten years ago, professed a determination to have recourse to the claymore in defence of their paper money, will not be less eager to apply to the same weapon in defence of their national independence. If Scotland and Ireland are only provinces of England, and not integral and co-identical portions of the same empire, enjoying equal rights, privileges, and equal consideration, we may soon expect to see the demand of repeal hoisted in Scotland as well as in Ireland. The party which encourages such a stonable principle of disunion ought to be at once stigmatized as the worst enemies of the empire, and, if not speedily driven from power, they will inevitably involve it in civil war and destruction.

Now for the constituencies. We publish, in another place, a list of the population of all the places in England and Wales, the Representatives of which voted for Mr. Abercromby and Sir Charles Manners Sutton. We exclude from that table all Scotland and Ireland, because there the mass of the population and their Representatives are in favour of Mr. Abercromby. We exclude also all places, the two members of which have voted on different sides, holding the vote of one to neutralise the vote of the other. We insert the whole population of those counties having three Members, of which two of the Members have voted on different sides, on the side for which the third Member voted. Our list, then, represents the population of England and Wales whose members have voted for Mr. Abercromby or Sir Charles Sutton. With these explanations we call the attention of our readers to the lists; and, when they are examined, what foundation is there for the Standard's boast? Let any man run his eye down the lists, and see the number of places with a population of less than 10,000 which are ranged on Sir Charles Sutton's side, and he will see where the strength of the Tories lies, and the amount of population which they represent. His supporters are the representatives of boroughs, which ought to be in schedule A. Without relying too much on our calculations, which may be, in the haste from which the list has been made out, erroneous, we can assert that it is not true that even the majority of the intelligent population of England and Wales is for Sir Charles Sutton. On the contrary, that majority, like the majority of all the representatives, is in favour of Mr. Abercromby, in the proportion of seven to five. If to that we add the great majorities of Ireland and Scotland, we may assert that the mass of the population are decidedly hostile to Sir Charles Sutton. The Standard and Post then will not be supported in the insults they are disposed to heap upon

the Irish and Scotch by the majority of the English.

(FROM THE SUN.)

Although by unparalleled exertions the ministers secured the minority they exhibited on Thursday last, it is well understood that those who had been inveigled to promises of support on that occasion consider themselves absolved from all further assistance to them as a party. What, then, can they propose to themselves, even assuming that they were tolerated in office for half a dozen months? To build their hopes upon the probable absence, occasionally, of their opponents, would be too great an absurdity for even Tories to entertain. They have already beheld enough to convince them that the opposition began upon principle, will be so continued, and that no opportunity will be allowed to escape their adversaries for following up the success which attended their first efforts, by every new defeat which there may be a prospect of accomplishing. There is not a measure they can introduce that will not be so mangled by alteration, and cut up by amendments as to give it an entirely different character; and as there is nothing but they can propose which would not be successfully rejected, so there is nothing good which would not be made so much better, as to render its passage a matter rather of doubt than of doubt. Have they made up their minds to sit contended after defeat, and maintain their threat of course will be dismissed by the obstacles that will be continually thrown in their way—or do they imagine that it will be allowed them to carry such a resolution into effect, that the King and the Commons will be passive beholders of their perverse clinging to power?

It fairly baffles any reasonable person to conjecture what the Tory Government are really meditating. To suppose that this reckless adhesion to place would be permitted is of course ridiculous. Upon what, then, are they depending? If they are seeking to establish the sovereignty of the oligarchy, will the throne acquiesce—or, if the throne acquiesced, would the people? The object of the Tories—that combination of Lords and Ladies, Magistrates and Parsons, as Mr. Home designated his opponents—is clearly enough power and position; but the means—there is the difficulty. By what agency do they intend to attain their object? As reason cannot conjecture this, it may be supposed that reason has nothing to do with it. A stratagem without the least argument to convince a madman, and the sooner the Tories are so wasted, the stronger will be the safeguard of the nation against their insidious outbursts.

(FROM THE MORNING ADVERTISER.)

The first great struggle is over—Sutton is turned out, as he deserved to be, both in point of principle and in point of conduct—and Abercromby is seated in the Chair of the House of Commons, not simply as a tribute to his individual merit, but as a proof that the present Administration is detested, and that the country has no confidence in it. The question of the Speakership was one of the most on which the liberal party could have tried its strength with the Tories, and the Conservatives of all shades in church and state. There were many who voted for Sir Charles Manners Sutton, as a gentleman and a private individual, in every respect estimable, who detest him and his party to an extent which we will not undertake to mention; and there are many men who kept in the background, in so far as he was concerned, who will come forward to-morrow to declare that they have no confidence in a man who opposed the reform bill in all its stages, and who, if they be honest and consistent, must be opposed to its fruits. This is as it should be. In the nineteenth century, we trust it is not to be told to the people of England, that they are what is almost a contradiction in terms—to have good measures—honest measures—from bad and dishonest men. England has hitherto been the polar star of morality as well as of freedom—and is her light to be quenched in darkness by the fraction of a faction? The only question which is now to be solved, after the vote of Thursday last, is—when will the Tories resign? Their defeat upon the Speakership—a question most favourable to them, and most unfavourable to the liberals, inasmuch as Mr. Manners Sutton was voted for Sir Charles Manners Sutton from personal feelings, who would have been ashamed to appear in the Tory ranks upon any other question—is not, it seems, enough for them!—they want another trial—trial upon the address—and they shall have it, and no mistake. Peel, yesterday, in walking towards Charing-cross, and, so do but to chapel, where he has much need to say his prayers, and ought to say his prayers, and ought to say them, after the alarm, agitation and excitement into which his acceptance of office has thrown the country, exhibited an expression of countenance which H. B. might get into print, but which it is impossible to describe. Pale—laggard—care-worn—disappointed—tick at heart—ill at ease with himself—and, in justice, let us add, for we shall be impartial—scarcely of those who had defeated and trampled upon him—and yet anxious to show courage in the midst of defeat! but we leave him, regretting that he has thrown not only his business talents, but his principles, into the hands of a faction, which uses him as one of its tools—does not appreciate his merits, small as they are—and with which, within less than a fortnight, he will die a political death. The question—the question of all questions—is to be tried to-morrow—the question of confidence or non-confidence in his Majesty's Ministers. The vote on the Speakership would have rendered it a matter of honour with any honourable Administration to have resigned at once; but a Tory Government, though corrupt in almost every respect, is sound in one particular—it will stick to office while office is profitable, and to the helm of the vessel while there is a spar left on which the ship wrecked can make their way on shore. There is now, in consequence, one simple duty to be performed by all true representatives of the people, and that is, to be present in their places to-morrow to vote in favour of the amendment to the Address, which the Duke of Wellington, under the guise of the direction of Sir R. Peel, will, through the organs, move in both Houses of Parliament. We learn, with regret, that many Reform Members have left town, under the impression that, having voted out Sir Charles Manners Sutton, they had nothing more to do, and that the Ministry would resign as a matter of course. They must return immediately

and be present to-morrow. We do not hold our black flag up; but every Member absent may gratify himself by anticipation, in being numbered with those who are traitors to themselves—their King, and country. Every constituency ought to look after its Members on this question—and we doubt not, from the number of letters which we have received on the subject, that there will be deputations from almost every part of the United Kingdom, to make sure of the conduct of those who have promised to guard them from the infliction of a Tory Government. We have, however, no fears on the subject. We gave the majority in favour of Abercromby within one of the actual amount of votes—we undertake with equal certainty, that the amendment to the Address shall be carried.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.)

The present Ministers took office by virtue of the Royal prerogative, exercised without any assigned or assignable reason; they proceeded to dissolve a most popular Parliament, in the second year of its existence, by a like exercise of their prerogative; and we are now told they are resolved so far to forget their duty and gratitude even to the Crown as to retain their places, in despite of the Commons of England, upon the narrow and invidious basis of royal prerogative. And that was preparing to effect measures in accordance with well-known principles of its Members, these intrusive Ministers now presume to ask for what they call a fair trial, in order, as they promise, to try all the former principles of their lives. So profligate and so nearly unconditional, has self-dared to look the country in the face, and yet it has the effrontery to call those who oppose it factious. Let them read what Mr. Burke wrote on an occasion infinitely less strong than this; his is a plain doctrine, according to which, "The King is intrusted with the deliberative choice and election to office; the people have the negative in a Parliamentary refusal to support. Formerly (he says) this power of control was what kept Ministers in awe of Parliaments, and Parliaments in reverence with the people. If the use of this power of control on the system and persons of administration is gone, every thing is lost—Parliament and all. We may assure ourselves that if Parliament will tamely see evil men take possession of all the strong holds of their country, and allow them time and means to fortify themselves, under a pretence of giving them a fair trial, and upon a hope of discovering whether they will not be reformed by power, and whether their measures will not be better than their principles, such a Parliament will give countenance to their measures as it, whatever that Parliament may pretend, and whatever those measures may be."

CHARLES SEYMOUR, THE PROUD DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The princes whom he served, and their ministers, seem to have been fully aware of his taste for pompous show and digressed ceremony, and studiously to gratify it, for he was most invariably appointed to act a public part in every grand public solemnity which occurred during his life; and the loftiness of his temper and habits, and the exact high-bredness, and a fine person and countenance, combined to qualify him peculiarly for such offices. Of his excessive haughtiness in private life, a multitude of instances, for the most part unworthy of being here repeated, have been preserved. We are told that his second Duchess, who will be presently mentioned, having once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he started, and cried with great indignation—"Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." He exacted, too, the most profound respect from his children. It was one of the offices of his two youngest daughters to watch him in turn while he slept; after dinner, but they were to stand without intermission. Indulging one afternoon in a longer portion of repose than usual, the fair sentinel became fatigued, and took a snore, when the Duke, suddenly awakening, severely reprimanded her, and told her that he would make her remember her disobedience. He left twenty thousand pounds less to her than to her sister, and this has been, it is to be hoped, fully ascribed to his resentment of that offence. His conversation with his servants is said to have been conducted by signs, in perfect silence. His lady died in 1722, and the Duke, after a widowhood of three years, married, in his grand climacteric, Charlotte, second daughter of Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchilles and Nottingham. From that period he lived almost wholly in the country, residing chiefly at his mansion of Petworth, in Sussex, now the seat of his great-grandson, the Earl of Egremont. In his retirement, his objects and his pursuits seem gradually to have narrowed and dwindled into a constant series of efforts to prolong a life which, especially to one of his character, had seemed to many blessings. Among the papers of Sir Hans Sloane, preserved in the British Museum, are numerous letters from the Duke and Duchess, and their attendants, to that celebrated physician, chiefly on the state of his Grace's health, marked by an anxiety to letuce and so extravagant, as to be at once ridiculous and deplorable. Many of them are pressed the doctor for remedies for a distress that vexed him, the cause of which he seems at last himself shrewdly to have guessed; for, in the year 1737, when he was seventy-five, the Duchess thus concludes a long letter to Sir Hans:—"My Lord desires his most humble service to you. He continues with thickness of hearing, which puts him in the spleen, fearing it proceeds from old age. He has been very seldom out of the house, and keeps his ears stoped with black wax, dipp in oil of olives; mixed sometimes with pulpy drops, sometimes with spirits of castor, and sometimes dippt only in oil of bitter almonds, but does not find advantage from either."—Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.

Mr. J. E. Redmond, agent to a Branch of the Bank of Ireland, in Waterford, and brother of one of the late candidates for the representation of the county of Wexford, Patrick W. Redmond, Esq. proposed at a Meeting of the Protestant gentry held at East-corbeth, the following resolution:—"That on the expiration of the lease of the present Catholic cemetery (who voted against their landlords) their places should be filled by Protestants and Independent Catholics, and where that was not found practicable, to remove any leases, in order to deprive them of their franchise."

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE

The following description of a cruel manœuvre practised on board a slave vessel, to divert the crew of a frigate is given in 'The Unfortunate Man,' a Novel, by Captain Chamier, just published:—"It is a chance, and the only chance," said the Captain, "and no one will care a pin about the business if we get away." "Oh, yes," said the mate, "if we could only get away. Why, to be sure, I should not be so sick in stays myself, but that confounded vessel sails well, and we are evidently losing ground fast." "Well," said Selth, "let the worst be the worst, that is our capture and the fore-yard-arm. I will be responsible since you fear, and seeing, as I do, that the taking of the Rapid is at once the downfall of myself and family, I am resolved to have one chance more of escape. If we can go on until night, the frequent squalls may allow us to try another manœuvre, which may prove more fortunate than our last; and if the bait does not tempt sufficiently, why we are only saving one or two human beings from a life of misery."

"Well," said the mate, "I'm agreed." Forward there, said he. "Sir," answered a rough-looking fellow. "Jump down," said the Captain, "and hold up one or two empty casks, and send the cooper aft with his tools." The cooper soon made his appearance; in five minutes the empty casks were on deck, the heads of both were taken out, and the cooper set to work to cut out a circle large enough for a man's neck. The mate, who was a handy fellow of all work, began at once, and the Captain stood by, urging the workmen to use every despatch. The breeze had freshened, and we held our own pretty well with the stranger; at any rate I was fearful that she did not gain upon us very rapidly. In the mean time, both cooper and assistant worked away with the greatest indifference, and no human eye could have detected the slightest variation of countenance in the mate, although he was fully aware of the desperate act about to be committed. When the casks were ready, the upper hoops were taken off, so as to allow the cooper to place the heads in when required. A pig of iron ballast was fastened in each cask, and then it was that the mate said in a firm voice:—"Now, Sir, we are ready. If you are still determined, do me if you shall ever say that John Collins was afraid when death was at hand." The captain's son had been all along watching the movements of the cooper, but was quite in ignorance of the intention of his father. Once, indeed, he asked what was the hole cut in the head of the cask for; but he was told to be silent, in a tone of voice which set me shivering like a monkey in frosty weather.

"Bring one of the slaves upon deck," said the captain; "and, do you hear? pick out a lively and a slim one." The slave was brought unshackled upon deck; he looked round him with surprise, and yet with indifference; his eye was sunken from care and from sickness, and his poor emaciated form had qualified him to come forward in the capacity allotted to him. "Here's the liveliest we can find, sir," said one of the seamen; "and fancy he is as slim as any one of the rest; but for that matter we shall have no trouble to find another." "Oh, then," said his son, "try my black wife." "Ah!" ejaculated the Captain. "That would do just as well," said the mate; "so bring her up; here's your're not the first in the world who would like to get so sure a divorce." Away went that inhuman devil, and in two minutes he was being dragged along his miserable victim by the hair of the head; one or two more of that sex came on deck, but were instantly sent below again.

Here, you Ganjam, jump into the cask, and show this young lady how she is to sit, for none but the devil can talk the Negro language." "I did as I was desired, and then got up again. The mate was then told to do as I had done; but she hesitated, as if warned by some unseen power of the danger which awaited her. As she could not succeed the first time, I was desired to place her properly, which I did. The cooper was told to fit the head in, fitting the part about her neck. "Come down with you," said the mate; "now, cooper, fit on her neckpiece, and take care it does not fit too tight, for she is going into strange company." The remorse of conscience which had at first exhibited itself in this worthy associate of the captain's, had entirely vanished; like many others who, having made one false step, from that instant fly to the other extreme. Thus, we not unfrequently see women whose virtues have been sacrificed, suddenly assume the open countenance of shamelessness and impudent. The last stroke of the mallet had driven home the upper hoop of the cask; the poor girl, who imagined, perhaps, that some kind of amusement was to follow, kept laughing and smiling, and vainly endeavoured to make us understand her delight, as she poured forth a volume of words. The Captain had walked aft and called the mate; the stranger had evidently guessed so much, that in two hours she would have had us under her guns; and after remarking this aloud, the former said, "Well, it is our only alternative; but, used as I am to scenes of horror, I cannot bear to see a person smile when such a chance awaits them." "The stranger," said the mate, "is right; it is impossible for them not to see the cask; they see its use, their Christian charity may overcome their love of prize money. If you intend to do it, we have no time to lose." "Do it!" said the Captain. The mate walked to the gangway, and put the cask close to the side. It was now that the poor imprisoned wretch imagined her destiny; she gave a shriek so loud and piercing, that every slave below started at the sound, and, ere she could contain her loud cry for mercy, the mate and one of the seamen had lifted the cask clear of the side, and, riving it once and twice, the third time they relinquished their grasp, and the poor creature, who had been sold to enrich others, now found herself the victim for their security. The cask, when it fell into the water, twirled round and round with fearful rapidity, but, owing to the ballast, it always kept end up, leaving the girl's head plainly visible. Her eyes, whenever the

twirl of the cask allowed it to rest on the ship, had more of imploring mercy than the words of the most frightened convict; she screamed for pity—alas! pity was not known to those who had purchased her life; flight, safety, was the only thought which occupied her half-murdered mind. The freshness of the breeze, the noise occasioned by the rapidity of the vessel's way, soon predominated, and the shriek of the Negro girl was lost in the distance. The eyes of the crew now rested on the cask; the Captain kept his glass steadily fixed on what the mate called the water-symph, and a quarter of an hour would decide the fate of the girl, the Rapid, and the Captain. Then was conjecture at its utmost. The cask, being small, appeared at a greater distance than the stranger, and as, from the slight variation in steering, and the send of the sea, the cask was in jeopardy, it was imagined that either the negro had passed unseen, or was left to inevitable death, the spirit of gain having predominated over the spirit of charity. But it was only the fears of the villainous which could have harbored such an idea; for sailors are generally the most humane beings alive, and when a woman is alive, they would risk more than any of the tipped

FOX. Of all the great names of senatorial eloquence, Fox seems to have been the first parliamentary speaker. In passing down the picture gallery of the last century, a noble memorial to the glory of England, than all her conquests, we see nothing equal to the parliamentary figure of Fox. The following names, Walpole, Pulteney, and Townshend, having long since lost both colour and outline, and are sunk into indistinct shades. The bold proportions of Chatham will arrest the eye, but they are the proportions of an orator of Greece—classic, graceful, and full of life, but belonging to classic and thoughts past away. Burke stands upright in the robe which might have alternately covered the limbs of Plato and an Aristotle—a philosopher, in his finer meditations, soaring into the very heaven of magnificent iteration, yet, in his intercourse with men and things, capable of bringing the subtlest abstractions into the service of common life—still, too philosophic, lofty, and retired from common impulses, to be the true pleader with the people. Pitt is the orator of Rome, in the finest spirit of the portraiture. Superb, yet glowing—grave, yet strenuous, with, at once, the Ciceroan love for liberty, the Ciceroan hatred of the arts and sciences which usurped it, and he might have stood beside the great patriot of Rome, if his firmness did not strip the Roman of his laurel. Still, either his facilities, his position, as the appointed antagonist of popular caprice, or the reverse imposed on him as the leader of British candour, forbade that flexibility, variety, and technical rancour which belong to the plenitude of popular impression. It was there that Fox ever found a rival. No man ever threw himself into debate with so apparent a reliance on the simple strength of his cause, and so apparent a forgetfulness of any aid which the cause might derive from the superiority of the advocate. With sufficient scholarship to avoid disgusting the accomplished part of his auditory, with sufficient general knowledge to avoid the ridicule of men of business, a reasoner without the formality of argument, and a keen and subtle sophist, under the guise of the most affecting simplicity, drawing all his illustrations from the common things of life, and professing, in all instances, to strip public matters of their coverings of office and artifice, and speak plain things to plain men, Fox was the true orator of that confused and miscellaneous assemblage of refinement, and keen self-interest, knowledge, public feeling, and keen self-interest, frugidity, and enthusiasm, which makes a British House of Commons. As this assemblage has never had a similar in the world, its orator must be left without a parallel. If we were to compress into a single phrase the qualities of the four great speakers whose this period brought into action, we might pronounce that Burke spoke to astonish, Sheridan to charm, Pitt to enlighten, Fox to subdue. It is remarkable, and important, as a guide to the true perfection of popular speaking, that the printed speeches of those eminent men have met with a fate nearly the reverse of their effect when spoken. Burke's form one of the proudest monuments of human genius, and are read at this hour, and will be read while eloquence is dear to the heart of man, with an increasing homage to his name. Pitt's life to us chiefly as specimens of forcible argument, and many conceptions. Fox's are scarcely available to either the student or the Statesman, and lie before us as great masses of thought, rudely flung together, and incapable of order or use. Sheridan's have almost wholly sunk into oblivion—his best efforts, the speeches on Hastings, were extinguished by his own act, from the evident consciousness that their material was not fit for posterity. As airy, fantastic, and brilliant as the palaces of necromancy, they were destroyed by the touch of the necromancer. The result of this examination, and of all examination into the great science of national appeal, is, that of all qualities for an impression on a mixed multitude, and pre-eminently on a British House of Commons, the most irresistible is feeling. In all other points of the orator, few men were less gifted than Fox. To the last day of his life, he was not freed from the perpetual practice of thirty years language. He hesitated, was often at a loss for words, turned back upon his steps, and increased his embarrassment by his unskillful efforts at exterior was entirely against him. But his singular faculty of throwing his feelings into his speech, turned his very defects into sources of his success. When he had once seized on the popular sympathy, if he lost words it was from his absorbing interest in his cause; if his arguments were perplexed, it was from the weight of his matter. The sudden failures of his voice, his ungainly gestures, and all his innumerable sins against oratorical dignity, were attributed to a force of sincerity, which overpowered all his perception of minor things; the burst of a natural, and swelling sensibility, which justly swept away his trifling observations, important only on trivial occasions, and to trivial men. Fox, his more than a space, shed tears in the house; a spectacle so uncommonly frequent among Englishmen, that it only added to his triumph.

TRADE WIP. The fine schooner Helian Macao, in China, with 2,000 lbs of opium, and 121 days, and Mr. Lord Napier's death from a while a prisoner. The British revenue of King James I. Lord Napier had been sent to a port had since been opened. This vessel belongs to a continued row of laughing manes that rank that gentle professor; Messrs. Gilbey very materially, by their execrable auditory.

ARTHUR O. This proscribed individual from the late ministry to native land, arrived here in the morning, and embarked for Mr. O'Connor, though evidently a fine-looking, benevolent and demerit military officer.—Dover Telegraph.

Two men have been of being some of a party week, near the town of a mail-car from Waterford of fire-arms. Sir William Gossett, Clergy who accepted the Hon Act, stating that the of the advance, is now it may be paid to the 9th, 10th, and 11th of the true cause of the lives is noticed to be lost vice of justice of trial by circuits. MONEY DREAMERS.—last, a party, consisting holding a candle, got in Shanahan, luncheon, attracted by a dream, considerable depth, when they became panic struck they know that the mo underneath a flag, in a hardy than the rest, of larger dividend of the form that serious part often attended with so wit—raising the flag, and found underneath six inches in length, and tained nothing. The of the stone, which the the county Carlow, who woman, resides, in order Mirror.

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THE CITY. A miserable and pre being made by the Or sent our presentments that there was an error that had been issued instead of two, but the as the Sheriff had returned it is argued with a gallop, that this alteration, and as that day it had not been re-issued, proceeded with content. With the same reason, the Chancellor be rendered nugatory, happened to commit a prescribed formalities. This proceeding is amenable for any further the names of the creatures who have le unseemly and disrespectful proper time.

THEATRE ROY. The truly interesting of the Lake, founded on the celebrated poet of that name on Saturday evening, gratified our fellow citizens the Theatre on that evening family of distinction. The scenery, which was painted on, was extremely fine in the very beautiful passages of Mr Seymour's performance, was extremely fine in his death a very animated eye, he gave very particular eye, the quivering lip, the big for the last moment on one of the most splendid of Mr. Rogers at King's-pleased us much—it is a scene his scene with Roderick, he contributed very material performance; Mrs. Rogers, as a very great misfortune, child of the poet's fancy, so remaining characters were Alexander, Neill, and S. certain receive from the pleasure which their performance. The illustrious Stranger Alexander, as Benjamin Boy picture of the cockney was a continued row of laughing manes that rank that gentle professor; Messrs. Gilbey very materially, by their execrable auditory.

TRADE WIP. The fine schooner Helian Macao, in China, with 2,000 lbs of opium, and 121 days, and Mr. Lord Napier's death from a while a prisoner. The British revenue of King James I. Lord Napier had been sent to a port had since been opened. This vessel belongs to a continued row of laughing manes that rank that gentle professor; Messrs. Gilbey very materially, by their execrable auditory.

ARTHUR O. This proscribed individual from the late ministry to native land, arrived here in the morning, and embarked for Mr. O'Connor, though evidently a fine-looking, benevolent and demerit military officer.—Dover Telegraph.

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EDWARD DWYER, Secy. A. T. Association of Ireland, M.P., &c.

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