The Waterford Mail.

"This is not the Cause of Faction, or of Party, or of any Individual, but the Common Interest of every man in Ireland."

Vol. VII.—No 643. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1829. Price 6d

MEMEL AND NORWAY CARGOES.

JACOB PENROSE has received per the Constantia from MEMEL a prime cargo, of TIMBER AND DEALS of long lengths, and per the Enigheden, Captain Berulsen from DRAM, a cargo of DEBENTURE and DIE-SQUARE TIMBER of fine quality, a quantity of SPARS, of large dimensions, and some DEALS, which, with a general stock of articles in the Timber-trade, he offers for SALE on reasonable terms, at the

ADELPHI DEAL-YARD.

Sept. 29, 1829.

SACKS, &c. &c. FOR SALE.

JOSHUA MASON has received from the Manufacturers an extensive supply of English CORN SACKS and FLOUR BAGS, of prime quality; also, some FLOUR SACKS of extra weight, which he particularly recommends to the notice of Millers—all of which he offers for Sale at very Reduced Prices.

Prime New YELLOW CANDLE TALLOW for Sale.

Bridge-street, Waterford, 29th of 9th Month, 1829.

NOTICE.—DESERTED INFANTS.

Foundling Hospital, Dublin, Sept. 24, 1829.

THE Governors of the FOUNDLING HOSPITAL hereby give NOTICE, that pursuant to the Order of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Hospital will be finally closed against the Admission of Deserted Infants, on the FIRST day of JANUARY, 1830; from which day no INFANT can, on any account, be received into the Foundling Hospital, Dublin.

By Order,
T. FINLAY, Registrar.

FINE OLD WINES.

DANIEL DUNFORD returns his best thanks to his Friends and the Public for the decided preference given to his WINE ESTABLISHMENT, and takes leave to inform them that he is now landing out of the Truelove, Captain Watson, direct from Oporto, Twelve Pipes and Sixteen Hhds. Prime OLD PORT; and has lately received per the Prince de Bouillon, Captain Sohier, and the Speedy, Captain Taylor, direct from Cadiz, Six Butts, Nine Hhds. and Twelve Quarter Casks of superior OLD SHERRY WINES. He has besides bonded in the King's Stores, Eleven Pipes and Thirteen Hhds. of PORT, and six Quarter Casks of SHERRY, received per the Two Sisters and Antaby, from Oporto, and North Ashe, from Cadiz, in 1827 and 1828, and sixteen Pipes and four hhds. of very fine CAPE MADEIRA. Those wines being selected with the greatest care in the Wine Countries, he can confidently recommend.

In addition to the above, D. DUNFORD offers for SALE, at his Stores in George's-street, a large Stock of Duty-paid WINES, in Wood and Bottle (a great part of which are imported more than three years), consisting of several Pipes, Butts, Hhds. and several hundred Dozens of PORT, SHERRY, CLARET, E. I., MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LISBON, CAPE MADEIRA WINES, &c. &c. and some Cases and Half Cases of CLARET and CHAMPAGNE.

The Public have lately heard a great deal about the difficulty of procuring genuine, unadulterated Wines. It remains for them to determine whether the above, imported direct from the Wine Countries, or Wines purchased second-hand in London, have the best claim to genuineness.

P.S.—D. Dunford has landed a few days since, from the Marys, Captain Byers, direct from Benecarlo, Fifteen Pipes and Ten Hhds. SPANISH RED WINE—Twelve Pipes and Six Hhds. of which he has still in the King's Stores, and which he will sell in bond on reasonable terms.

Waterford, October 5, 1829.

EXTENSIVE SALE,

OF HORSES, CARRIAGES, AND FARMING STOCK.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, on MONDAY, the 12th of OCTOBER, instant, at TENNYPARK, within One-and-half Mile of KILKENNY, the valuable STUD, &c. &c. of the late Major KEATING, C.B.

Lot 1—The celebrated Hunter, Tom Pipes, formerly the property of Lord Edward Chichester, now in capital Hunting order, not having got grass for the last two years.

Lot 2—Miss Fatima, the well known Race Mare that won the two last Kilkenny County Plates, got by Whalebone.

Lot 3—The Arab, got by the celebrated Cole Arabian, on a sister of Little Moll.

Lot 4—Dandy, a bay Hunter, got by the Cole Arabian, on the Beningboro Mare.

Lot 5—A Chesnut Mare, got by Old Shannon.

Lot 6—A four year old bay Filly, got by Young Shannon.

Two beautiful bay Fillies—one by Spot on a Taurus Mare—the other by Spot on the Beningboro Mare.

Two very fine Brood Mares, got by Old Guantlet on the Beningboro Mare, both in foal by Roller.

A very fine Brood Mare, got by Taurus, in foal by Roller.

An excellent Gig horse.

CARRIAGES, &c.

A Chariot, a Curricle, a Tilbury, a Tax Cart and Dog Cart, with complete Sets of Harness to each; several Saddles and Bridles.

FARMING STOCK.

Several good Farm Horses, Cows and Sheep; Ploughs, Harrows, Carts, Cars; a very fine Field Roller and a Turnip-Cutting Machine; 75 field stacks of prime well-saved Barley; 52 field stacks of Oats; about 100 Tons of prime Old and New Hay; a quantity of Lumber; and the entire apparatus of a Forge.

FOWLING PIECES.

A capital double-barrelled flint Gun, by Manton; a capital double-barrelled detonating Gun, by Kirby—with Cases and Apparatus complete for both; a single barrelled Gun and some Pistols, &c. &c.

Sale to commence at TWELVE o'Clock—Terms, Cash—Purchasers to pay the Duty.

☞ The Horses will be Sold precisely at ONE o'Clock on MONDAY.

W. J. DOUGLAS,
Auctioneer and Valuator, Kilkenny.

October 7.

ANDY GILL,

Nearly 100 years of age. Taken in Dublin.

IN ONE MINUTE!

BY A MACHINE OF UNERRING PRINCIPLES,

BY MR. LOW AND MR. CRAIG,

With able Assistants.

Being the same Artists who took so many thousand Likenesses in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, and now for the First and Only Time in WATERFORD, offer to the Public their forcible and peculiar style.

HIGHLY FINISHED MINIATURES,
ON IVORY AND BRISTOL BOARD,
At Moderate Charges.

A variety of SPECIMENS may be seen at their Painting Rooms, Miss FLYNN'S Lodgings, PARADE. Attendance from ELEVEN till SEVEN o'Clock.

TO BE SOLD,

A GRANT'S COACH FACTORY, a SWISS CAR, which has been very little used.

October 7.

TO BE LET,

A PERFECTLY dry and commodious CELLAR and LOFT (depth 65 feet), situated under the Dwelling and Sail Lofts of THOMAS BARNES, to whom apply for further particulars. The proximity of this Concern to the Quay and Custom House renders comment on its eligibility for business unnecessary.

October 10.

TO BE LET,

THE large STORES and BACON-YARDS lately occupied by Mr. WILLIAM PENROSE; together with the DWELLING-HOUSE adjoining, fronting Queen-street.

Application to be made to Richard Cooke, Esq. Colebeck-street.

(To be inserted on Saturdays).

GENERAL COMMISSION & AGENT OFFICE, HANOVER-STREET.

EDWARD LYNCH has now, in addition to his former stock of SACKS, arrived to him (from the best Sack Manufactory in England), per the Jane, and per the Grace and Anne, from Liverpool—

2,000 Best Double Twilled SACKS,
1,000 ditto Single Ditto Ditto,
750 ditto Plain Heavy Ditto,
1,550 ditto Heavy Ditto fit for Millers.

Constantly supplied with CORN, FLOUR, OATMEAL INDIAN CORN and MEAL.

E. L. has also, at MURPHY'S Old Established OILS and COLOUR WARE-HOUSE, GEORGE'S-STREET, opposite the Chamber of Commerce,

OILS,
COLOURS, Ground in Oil,
Ditto Dry,
DYE WOODS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES,
PITCH, TAR, ROSIN,
BRIMSTONE,
WARREN'S BLACKING, and
Sundry other Goods,

all of which he will Sell on most reasonable terms.

Waterford, Oct. 3.

NOTICES

Required to be given previous to any application for Pri[illegible] the Imperial Parliament for local pur[illegible]

[illegible] Turnpike Roads, Notices must be given three times in the months of August, September, October, or November, or either of them, in one and the same Newspaper, printed within each County or Place through which the Road runs; or if there be none so printed, then in the Newspaper of some near or adjoining County; and also on the doors of the Session Houses of each and every such county or place, at the Michaelmas or the then next following quarter sessions, each notice describing the parishes through which the road runs. And if to amend or alter any existing Road Acts, then the Acts to be amended, and any intended increase of toll, must also be mentioned in each and every such notice.—Also, when the application is intended to be made for making any new turnpike road, or for altering the line of any existing road, a map or plan of such road or intended alteration, upon a scale of not more than five, nor less than three inches to a mile, must be deposited for public inspection at the office of the Clerk of the Peace of every county through which such road is intended to be carried, or such alteration made, on or before the 30th day of November next, which map or plan shall describe the line of such intended road or alteration, and the lands through which the same is intended to be carried, and shall be accompanied with a book of reference, containing a list of the names of the owners or reputed owners and occupiers of such lands respectively; and that duplicates of the same be made for the two Houses of Parliament, together with estimates of expense of such undertaking (in cases where provision is intended to be made for raising money to defray such expense), such estimate to be signed by the person or persons making the same; and if such money is proposed to be raised by subscription, then duplicate accounts must be made of the money subscribed for that purpose, and the name of the subscribers, with the sums subscribed by them respectively. Application must also be made to the several owners and occupiers of land, through which any road is intended to be carried or alteration made, and duplicate lists must be made of the names of such owners and occupiers, distinguishing which of them have assented to or dissented from such intended road or alteration, or are neuter in respect thereof, and the plan must be shown to such owners and occupiers respectively, at the time of such application. One set of these several documents must accompany the petition to the House of Commons, to be lodged in the proper office, previously to the petition being presented.

In cases of application for bills for paving, cleansing, lighting, (whether by gas or otherwise,) or for improving any city, town, or place, or for erecting or improving town halls or market places, or for repairing or rebuilding churches, or for enclosing, draining, or improving lands, or for making ferries or docks, or for amending any acts for such purposes, the like notices as for roads must be given in the newspapers and on the sessions' houses doors, together with additional notices in these cases, to be affixed on the several church doors of the several parishes, three successive Sundays in August, September, October, or November, or either of them.

For making any cut, canal, reservoir, or aqueduct for supplying any place with water, or for making or erecting any bridge, ferry, dock, pier, port or harbour, all the directions as in the case of turnpike roads with respect to notices, plans, estimates and other particulars, are applicable; and that the plans in these cases, must also describe the brooks and streams to be diverted into such cut, canal, reservoir, or aqueduct, for supplying any place with water; and shall contain a plan of such reservoir, and the elevation of any such aqueduct, and that such plan shall be accompanied with a section specifying the level, and describing the same by feet and inches; and that the plans describing the lands through which any such cut, canal, &c. is intended to be carried, or from which any such streams of water are intended to be taken, shall also be engraved for the use of the House of Lords, upon a scale of an inch at least to a mile; and that all estimates of expense intended for the House of Lords, must state the probable time within which the whole of the work may be completed.

The plans, &c. for making or improving bridges, piers, or harbours, are not required to be left with the clerks of the peace.

In all cases where it is intended to alter or increase any existing rates, tolls, or duties, such intention must be stated in all the notices.

All petitions for bills must be presented within fourteen days after the first Friday subsequent to the meeting of parliament, and it is expected that no such petition will be received after the limited time. And that all petitions to be presented against bills, must distinctly specify the ground on which the petitioners object to the bill.

By order of the chief secretary,
SAM. RD. GUNNELL.

Parliamentary agent to the Irish office, and solicitor of private bills.

WATERFORD Wine Stores.

THE PROPRIETOR has lately landed ex Trio, direct from Oporto, several Pipes and Hhds. of SUPERIOR OLD PORT WINE; as also, ex Speedy, direct from Cadiz, several Hhds. and Quarter Casks of PRIME OLD SHERRIES.

These WINES (which are from Old Established Houses), and are "imported direct from the Wine Countries," have been selected with great care and attention to quality, and will fully support the character already secured to this Establishment. The Proprietor can confidently recommend them to the notice of the Public, whilst he assures them that no circumstance—no anxiety after inordinate profits—will ever induce him to swerve from the strict line of conduct to which he is pledged, or impose upon them an adulterated or inferior description of compound for genuine WINES.

As it is not only necessary to be chaste, but also to be above suspicion, the Proprietor continues to exclude CIDERS and BENECARLO from his Cellars, which afford such happy facilities for adulterating—equally discreditable to the Merchant and fair Trader, as it must be injurious to the health and interest of the public at large.

His Cellars are, as usual, supplied with—

Old Port WINE,
Pale and Brown SHERRIES,
TENERIFFE,
East India MADEIRA,
West India MADEIRA, and
Cape MADEIRA,
FRONTIGNAC,
CALCAVELLA,
MOSELLE,
Sparkling CHAMPAGNE,
Haut SAUTERNE,
—— BARSAC,
Red and White HERMITAGE,
White PORT,
BUCELLAS,

and very superior first growth St. Julian and Lafitte CLARETS (vintage 1825) which cannot be surpassed, and which, notwithstanding the absolute failure of this year's vintage, and the consequent rise on Clarets of near 40 per cent. will be sold on the same very moderate terms as heretofore.

☞ A large quantity of genuine Old French BRANDY, imported direct from the House of J. HENNESSY and CO. Cognac.

A large supply of Old Port, Sherry, and Cape WINES, in wood, under bond in the King's Stores, which will be sold in Pipes, Hhds. or Quarter casks, to suit the convenience of the purchasers.

Henrietta street, Oct. 6, 1829.

LONDON, MONDAY, Oct. 5.

(From the *Courier*.)

Within a few minutes of our going to press no dispatches, had been received at the Foreign Office, announcing the signature of the treaty of peace between the Russians and the Porte, though the intelligence was hourly expected.

It was understood, however, that commercial advices had reached the city, with information that the treaty was signed by the Sultan at Constantinople on the 12th of September (as we stated on Saturday that it would be,) and by General Diebitsch at Adrianople on the 14th.

The *Gazette de France* of Sunday says, in a postscript on the subject of the negotiations, "Letters from Constantinople dated the 10th ult., received this morning in Paris, announce that the Sultan has accepted the propositions of the Russians, which are not so moderate as it was supposed they would be. We shall acquaint our readers very shortly with all the details of this important affair."

The statement that the conditions required by the Russians were not so moderate as it was supposed they would be, is probably founded on the amount of the indemnity, which, according to the commercial advices received in the city, is to be four millions sterling, of which the Turks are to pay as much as they can in money, and the rest in fortresses in Asia.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6.

We have received accounts from Vienna to the 25th ult., and from Constantinople to the 10th. They do not confirm the actual signature of the treaty of peace, but they describe the event as inevitable. These accounts furnish a *precis* of the terms of the expected treaty. One is a key to all the rest; the Russians are, it seems, to retain military occupation of Roumelia until the payment of an instalment of fifteen millions piastres—they are to hold the Balkan passes until the payment of a second instalment of equal amount—and not to repass the Danube until the whole penal contribution of forty-six millions is paid. In other words, they will hold the country until the performance of an impossible condition, that is to say, in perpetuity.

THE COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE FUND.—The total amount of the fund raised by loans and gifts for this theatre to open for the present season now amounts to nearly the required sum of £6000, in which is included £700 received at the King's Theatre on Friday night, and a loan of £1000 from the Duke of Bedford. The loans amount to about £2200.—*Morning Herald.*

The cartoons of Raphael, which were removed from Windsor Castle to Hampton-court, for the convenience of the late amiable Mr. Holloway, who has executed from them a series of engravings in the highest style of the art, will shortly be transferred to the new private chapel, appended to the Royal palace, late Buckingham-house, which is built in an octagon form, and so constructed as to exhibit, in the best possible light, those inimitable productions.

THE SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.—On Saturday afternoon the Warrior, a beautiful vessel of 390 tons burden, with her passengers, live stock, agricultural implements, &c., proceeded on her voyage for the New Settlement on the Swan River. The Warrior left the St. Katharine Docks about two o'clock amid considerable bustle, flags flying, and all on board in high spirits. The Protector, another beautiful vessel, left the Docks on Saturday for the same destination. The preparations going forward for the transit of settlers, stock, implements, &c., are on a most extensive scale, and from the desire manifested by persons to emigrate to the New Colony, there is no doubt but that it will soon increase. About 20 ships are now in the Docks fitting out for the Swan River and Cockburn Sound, all of which will leave England in the present month, the alteration in the season preventing their departing much later.

It is understood that the Right Hon. J. W. Croker gives a farewell dinner, on the 11th instant, on retiring from the office of Secretary to the Board of Admiralty.

Onion juice is said to be an instantaneous cure for the sting of wasps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Richmond, October 7.

Sir—This is not the first time your pen has been employed in behalf of the unfortunate foreigners, nor that I have been struck by its forcible appeal. The forlorn condition it so simply but affectingly depicts of the unhappy exiles from Portugal is well calculated to excite an interest in every honest mind, and to call forth the aid of the charitable and humane.

As the patriotic Spaniards, under similar circumstances, had reason to rejoice, as well as to be grateful, for your exertions—as your Catholic countrymen were in like manner deeply indebted to your aid and assistance in their fortunately successful struggle in shaking off an ignominious and galling yoke—so I trust will these destitute exiles feel the beneficial influence of the well-directed powers of a free press. The more especially do I hope this, because *I cannot help suspecting their calamities have been mainly induced by the equivocal and feeble foreign policy of our ministers.* I must confess, however, that the present time is but ill calculated for any application to our exhausted purses, debilitated as we are by the joint operation of the corn laws and the bullion act; yet, notwithstanding the palsy with which they have shaken every nerve and sinew of the productive classes of the community—though they have, as it were, dried up the living sources from whence industry as well as charity is supplied—nevertheless, in a case of such urgent necessity, and to alleviate such unutterable misery, I do trust and hope your simple but strong and eloquent appeal will not prove altogether unavailing.

In order, therefore, to make a commencement, to give an impulse to your benevolent purpose, I take the liberty of inclosing you a draught for £100, which I beg of you to take the trouble to apply in whatever way you may think advisable for the relief of these destitute strangers; and moreover, I beg of you to excuse my giving you this additional trouble. I remain, Sir, your grateful and obedient servant.

F. BURDETT.

Portsmouth, Oct. 3.—The following communication from an officer of the British squadron we received this morning. The strong fortress of Schumla has been taken by storm after an obstinate resistance by the Turks:—

"Off Tarapia, in the Bosphorus, Aug. 28.

"Authentic accounts have just reached us, stating that Schumla, the strong and almost impregnable fortress commanding the passage over the Balkan, has at length fallen into the hands of the Russians. We have not, as yet, heard the particulars of the battle; but I apprehend that the slaughter on both sides must have been truly dreadful, particularly amongst the Turks, who appear to have defended that important fortress with the greatest obstinacy, under the direction of the Grand Vizier. Schumla was carried by assault, and the Vizier, the hope of the Turkish army, with all his Staff, is now a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, and thus Russia, is now in possession of a garrison, which may be considered as the Master-key that opens the door, or high road to the destruction of the Turkish dominions in Europe, should she but be inclined to follow up the splendid successes which have hitherto attended her arms. The vanguard of the Russian army advanced upon Adrianople, and summoned it to surrender. This city, the most regular and beautiful in all the Turkish empire was defended by Omar Pasha, who, at the head of 25,000 men, marched out to give the bold invaders battle, but such is the broken spirit of the Turkish soldiers that they no sooner received the first fire of their powerful foe, then they threw down their arms and fled precipitately in every direction. The Grand Seignior can make no stand whatever against the Russians; he cannot now, out of his hundreds of thousands of fighting men, collect more round his person than from 18 to 20,000 men. In consequence of this the invaders are advancing with confidence, and have pushed on two heavy columns, one to seize the castles on the European side of the Hellespont, and the other to seize those upon the same side of the Bosphorus. The advanced Guard of the Cossacks are within 20 miles of this place; the first column has reached, by forced marches, the Castle of Gallipoli, on the Marmora side of the Hellespont or Dardanelles. To this place we have sent the riflemen, in company with a Turkish steamer, who has Commissioners on board for the purpose of offering terms of peace to Russia, and we have also despatched the Hind cutter to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who is now lying off Tenedos. Thus we have no other European companion in the Bosphorus now but the French frigate l'Armide. General Diebitsch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian invading army, is now within 20 hours' march of Constantinople. The Ambassadors of all the European Powers at this place have sent a deputation to him calling upon him to halt, and strongly protesting against his approaching any nearer to Constantinople, under the certain pain of incurring the displeasure of all the Courts of Europe. In consequence of this it is expected that the Russians will not enter the city, and hence that an immediate peace will be the concluding scene. The Sultan must yield to the terms which Russia proposes, and which, indeed, are no more than the fulfilment of the Treaty of Akerman, viz. the free occupation of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the free navigation of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. It is thought that the Russians will now insist, particularly after having had such a series of splendid successes, on the right of their ships of war passing the Dardanelles, and of thus opening an unqualified communication between the seas of the Euxine and the Mediterranean."

Official accounts have been received of the rejection of the application made by Don Miguel to the Pope for a recognition of his authority as King of Portugal. The Pope has declared that he would not recognize Don Miguel, even though he should first obtain the recognition of all the European powers, unless his authority, as King of Portugal, should be acknowledged by Don Pedro in [illegible]—*Court Journal.*

[illegible] *Carriages.*—The contest [illegible] Tuesday next, the 6th of October, [illegible] as originally intended.—The [illegible] are those of Mr. Robert [illegible] and Mr. Bustall, and a third is expected [illegible]. A horse carriage is also to be tried on this occasion, constructed by Mr. Brandreth, the barrister. The horse does not draw the carriage in the ordinary manner, but is placed inside, and impels it by walking forwards, somewhat in the same manner in which the wheel of a tread-mill is set in motion. This kind of power has been used, instead of steam, to turn the paddles of a boat, but has never before been applied to a land carriage.—*Liverpool Times.*

DONERAILE CONSPIRACY.—SPECIAL COMMISSION.

A precept has been issued, signed by the Honorable Judge Vandeleur, to the county of Cork High Sheriff, to summons Grand and Petty Juries for Thursday, the 22nd instant, on which day a Special Commission is to be opened in Cork, before the Honourable Baron Pennefather and the Honourable Justice Torrens, for the trial of upwards of twenty persons, charged with conspiring to take away the lives of Magistrates and Gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Doneraile. The Solicitor-General and the Crown-Solicitor of the Munster Circuit, Mathew Barrington, Esq. will attend to conduct the prosecution.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

(From the *Limerick Chronicle, October 7.*)

On Friday night last, the farm of Mr. Cloxton, belonging to Sir Henry Parnell, M.P., within a mile of Maryborough, and within call of two magistrates of the Queen's county, was attacked between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, by a party of Rockites, who demanded fire arms, and commenced to break open the doors. The police, going their rounds, heard the attack, and immediately made for the place; upon coming up, the Rockites called, "who comes?" the police was the reply: they were desired to stand off, and the Rockite party called out, "picquet, what are you about?" the Rockites fired four shots, which were returned by the police, after the sergeant had received a shot through the throat. One of the Rockites was stabbed through the eye and taken prisoner, but the others fled. A horse pistol and a very large blunderbuss were taken, loaded with slugs; traces of blood were observed on the road for three miles next morning. Next morning, Capt. Percival, a magistrate, Lieutenants M'Cumming and Rollo, with the company of the 92d Highlanders stationed in Maryborough, and Lieut. Wray, with the Maryborough and Stradbally police, scoured the country for miles round, when one prisoner, with several stand of arms, were brought in. The outrage occurred close to the military station.

A reward of £100 is offered by Lord Gort and several of the Magistrates and gentry of the counties of Galway and Clare, for the discovery and prosecution of the armed party of insurgents who attacked the houses of Denis Forde, of Tubber, county of Galway, and administered to him an unlawful oath on Friday night; and also for the perpetrators of a similar outrage at Gortevoher, in the same county, a few nights previous.

CLONMEL, OCT. 7.

On this day week, five armed men entered, in his absence, the house of the Rev. Mungo Noble Thompson, of Fennard, near Johnstown, and carried off a pistol, a fowling piece, some ammunition, and four silver spoons. They burned all the papers that came in their way, and destroyed a writing desk, containing documents of importance, which was left there by a Nobleman.—*Herald.*

Last week, a large armed party went to Lismacue House, in the absence of Mr. Baker, and fired several shots about the place; having nothing else to exercise their *tender mercies* upon, they shot the shepherd's dog, and then departed, glorying in their exploits.—*Ibid.*

In our last we stated the death of an unfortunate man in Cashel from a stab of some sharp instrument. On Saturday an inquest was held on the body when, after the examination of several witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:—"We find that the deceased, James Flannery, came by his death in consequence of a wound inflicted by a sharp instrument, which, we suppose, was given by Stephen Hogan;" the prisoner was then fully committed to take his trial at the next Assizes.—*Ibid.*

On Sunday evening there was a scuffle between some policemen and soldiers in Fethard, in which a Sergeant of Police of the name of Walsh, received some slight wounds of a bayonet on the shoulder and breast, with a stroke of a stone on the back of the head; some of the soldiers also, who were assisted by the populace, sustained bruises. The Magistracy are now investigating the case at Fethard.—*Advertiser.*

Luke Mandeville, a farmer in comfortable circumstances, residing at Poulatar, beyond Ardfinan, died suddenly on Friday in consequence of having received a kick from a young horse that he had been leading to a meadow quite close to his house.—*Ibid.*

An illustrious companion in misfortune to our Princess Olive has recently appeared in France in the person of Madame Elizabeth Antonio de Bellefond, Princess of Persia and Masseer, in right of her late husband, Prince Aboula Khan. Her Royal Highness has somehow or other embroiled herself with the police, who, from some defect in her papers, and her not exercising any trade, possessing any certain residence, or having any visible means of getting a livelihood, have proceeded against her Royal Highness as a rogue and a vagabond. A sentence of three months' imprisonment was actually pronounced against her by the Court of Lons-le-Saulnier; that of Besançon afterwards reversed a decree so humiliating to Royalty, on an appeal.—When she arrived at Paris, however, the myrmidons of the law again laid hold of her, and a few days since she was escorted under their care to the frontiers, with a strong *invitation* to return to her own dominions. M. Amyot, an advocate of the Cour Royale, is now advocating her Royal Highness's cause; and the question respecting her right to be considered a French Denizen, in consequence of her birth, is about to undergo discussion. This is the same case which, as our readers will recollect, has been taken up with so much warmth by the liberal papers as a glaring infringement on the liberty of the subject.—*Globe.*

Mr. Charles Johnson, superintendent of mail coaches, in his last report to the Lords Commissioners, states, that no mail-coach runs between Limerick and Cork, and that the bags are sent on horseback guarded by a dragoon. This is quite an error, for it is matter of notoriety that a mail coach runs every day between both cities.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

Scotch Laws.—The *Glasgow Herald* says—"It was lately suggested by a contemporary that drunkards should have their heads shaved in the police-office, in order, if possible to terrify them into some sort of decent sobriety; and we understand that it was at once determined to try this new panacea. On Saturday night, therefore, an incorrigible toper, in a state of stupor, underwent the first trial under the new regime; and nothing in this world could possibly exceed his astonishment and horror when he put his hand on his head the next morning." If this account be true, there is no doubt that the infliction of the punishment is quite illegal; and, in all likelihood, so far from reforming the drunkard, will by means of the ample damages which he is sure to recover, enable him to be drunk all the remainder of his life.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

A Russian soldier at Adrianople, offended a Turkish Lady, by pulling up her veil; he was immediately taken and shot. The punishment was fully adequate to the offence.

Waterford Mail.

THE MEMBER FOR CLARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE D. E. POST.

Merrion-square, 5th Oct. 1829.

My Dear Sir—I read without surprise, but with some small indignation, the anonymous letter which you published in your paper of the 3d inst. I imagine I detect the writer in the style of his thinking and especially in the *dishonesty*, which I believe to be one of his political characteristics. If I be right, he did well to conceal his name, for it is one little known indeed in Catholic affairs, and of that little, less of good could with truth be predicated.

To pass from the man to the matter—I hastily take up his three charges against me, and will as hastily dismiss them.

His three charges are these:—

First—That I am a LIBERAL and a Catholic.

Second—That I have inflicted a deep injury on the Catholic cause in Ireland!!! in two ways—the one, that when I was touched I ROARED aloud, and visited with indignant reproach Ministers and the Legislature—and

Third and last—That I hoisted the standard of Radicalism.

With respect to the first charge, the one-half is true, and I am happy at it. I certainly am a Catholic in the most thorough conviction of the sole truth and superior morality of Catholicity; a conviction which, whilst it proclaims itself thus with alacrity, does not interfere with the opinions or religion of any one who differs from me on that subject, leaving every man to his own individual and awful responsibility, as I stand upon mine. I am also a most sincere and active friend of civil liberty in every clime and country, and for every sect, caste, and colour—but it is false, utterly false that I am a LIBERAL.

The liberals are a party in France,—a party which once called themselves Jacobins, and have now (for times are changed), softened their denomination into the more seducing cognomen of Liberals. I know that party well—they are not friends to liberty—they have crouched already beneath the iron hoof of military despotism. They are quite ready to crouch again before the throne of the first gilded military adventurer, who will join with them in their one great passion—their hatred of Christianity. I know the Liberal party well—they do not desire any other liberty save that of crushing religion, and once again embruing their hands in the blood of the clergy.

These are serious charges but they are borne out by the evidence of facts. One of the newspapers most supported by the French Liberals, did the other day, descant on the discovery which has enabled pictures to be preserved, although the substance on which they were originally painted had been destroyed; and it continued thus "so that by these means, this really immortal painting, (speaking of a particular picture), is certain of living through all ages of man, and of *surviving Christianity itself!!*"

Yes, these are the genuine sentiments of the French Liberals.—Their attacks on the Catholic Clergy of France are incessant; ninety-nine out of one hundred of these attacks are gross calumnies, devoid of any foundation of fact. The falsehood is detected and exposed.—What of that? The Liberal Journal never retracts. His only apology is a fresh lie—a new calumny. His only contrition an infidel sneer.

Recollect that the precursors of the Liberals, the Jacobins of 1792 incarcerated as many Catholic priests and Bishops as they could lay hold of; and on the ever memorable 2d and 3d of September, 1792, they broke into the prisons, and massacred in cold blood eight or twelve Bishops and upwards of three hundred Priests.—Souls of the martyred clergy of France! it is not profane to swear in your names, eternal opposition, hatred and contempt towards those false friends of liberty, whether they call themselves Liberals or Jacobins, who claim for themselves the license of infidelity and immorality, whilst they at the point of the bayonet, and with the assassin's dagger refuse their fellowmen the privilege of believing in divine revelation, and keeping the commandments of God, and the observances of his Church.

It is not only as an humble, though sincere advocate of divine truth, but as a devoted and enthusiastic admirer of civil liberty, that I war with "the liberals."—Alas, they have been the most bitter enemies of civil liberty—I pass over the story of blood, anarchy, and military despotism, called the French Revolution. Look to the Spanish Cortes, and read their history truly. You will there find that the young hope of freedom was blasted in Spain by the Spanish Liberals, who, forsooth, took religion into their keeping, and commenced by the subversion of the Catholic Church. So in Portugal the liberals lost the support of the people, and deserved to lose it, because they too assailed the rock of ages, and sought to legislate for, or rather against the faith of the Portuguese.

The people of Spain and Portugal were too simple to understand how that could be liberty which deprived them of the right of following the faith of their fathers, as those fathers had believed. The original Cortes at Cadiz, three-fourths of whom were Priests, abolished the Inquisition. The Pope successfully interfered to prevent Ferdinand from restoring that abominable tribunal. The people joyfully acquiesced in that change, but they revolted against the destructive projects of the new Liberals, and fled to the cruel resource of temporal tyranny to avoid the more odious oppression of spiritual despots.

Now, if the Liberals of France, for example, were honestly disposed to human freedom, would they not admit this truth, that a man has as good a right to be a Jesuit as a Deist—that he has as good a right to be a Capuchin as an Atheist—that in short human laws should not interfere with opinions, but with actions—that crimes, not creeds, should be the subjects of human tribunals.

It would be idle too, to allow men to believe what they pleased, if they were to be prevented or obstructed in the exercise of those observances and religious ceremonies, which, whilst they were commanded or sanctioned by religious tenets, did not interfere with others, or impede others, in either a similar liberty or in any of the transactions of business. But no!—The French Liberals are ready to allow Atheism and Deism, and every vice and error, whether ending in ism or otherwise; but they hunt down with blood-hound cry, all the practices of piety—all the decencies and solemnities of worship, and all the faith and doctrines of revealed religion.

Imagine to yourself the lying *Mail*, the atrocious *Warder*, the foul-mouthed *Star of Brunswick*, with however considerably more of talent, and what those papers are never enlightened by—some traits of genius. Imagine all that, and you will have some notion of the Liberal Press of France.

I a Liberal!—No. I despise the French Liberals—I consider them the enemies, not only of religion, but of liberty; and, I am thoroughly convinced that religion is the only secure basis of human freedom, as religion, pure and unadulterated by the admixture of party zeal and personal interests, is the first, the most powerful, the most noble, and the most rewarding incitement to labour for the melioration of human laws—the extension of human rights—the establishment of impartial justice, and the security of property, life, and individual liberty.

The second charge alludes to my "*roaring*," as the writer facetiously calls it, when a gross act of injustice was perpetrated, in violation of law, as I shall prove next Sessions to the House of Commons. I do not value the calumniator's charge on this subject one single bull-rush. I did speak out as any man ought when in his person injustice is committed. Was it to be expected that I should tamely set the example of acquiescing in wrong? If I might be permitted, without intending to suggest any comparison between the mighty dead and the little living, I should point to the case of Hampden—if *he* had submitted to the wrong of paying three shillings and fourpence without "roaring," the consequence might be, that at this moment there would be as little of civil liberty in England as there is in Protestant Prussia or Protestant Denmark, and your pen would be probably guided by the uncouth hand of a licensing Censor of the Press.

But I scorn to defend myself against the charge made by a man who does not feel how important it was that I should rouse Clare, and through Clare, all Ireland to prevent the Constituency of Ireland from lapsing into the hands of the Oligarchy, as it was intended that they should do—in that I have succeeded. The £10 freeholders are, and will prove themselves more serviceable to democratic liberty than the friends of popular rights could have possibly anticipated.—Yes, if the thing were to be done over again I would "roar" not only as I "roared" already to achieve this object, but I would roar "like any sucking nightingale" to attain so desirable an end, and that in utter contempt of your skulking correspondent.

The third charge is, that I hoisted the standard of Radicalism—"It is insinuated that I became a radical out of revenge for being excluded from my seat. Such insinuation is totally false—I was always an avowed, perhaps an ostentatiously avowed Radical. I expressed my Radicalism in London during the passing of the Bill, and that avowal was circulated in the English Newspapers.

Yes, it is quite inevitable that I should hoist the standard of Radicalism, because I am deliberately, and upon principle, of the political sect of the "Benthamites." Our maxim, our motto, and our object is—the greatest good of the greatest possible number.

This being our sole object, we must and do desire a radical reform of all political abuses, until the people are fully and freely represented in the Commons' House of Parliament—until the law is made clear, distinct, cheap, and speedy—until the over-grown wealth of the Established Church is reasonably diminished, and rationally and justly distributed—until proper and effectual checks are provided against undue public expenditure—and in fine, until a rational system of public liberty shall make revolution impossible, whilst it renders individual life more secure, and individual property more stable and more valuable.

Yes, I am a Radical—and if my love for Ireland burns as it does burn with more of intensity in my heart of hearts, there also glows there a flame of liberty which would fain warm the inhabitants of every clime and country in the habitable globe. Yes, this is one of my day dreams which cheers and comforts me in my labours, and makes me look down with derision on the puny assaults of interested, or mistaken, or malignant calumniators. Let them work in their vocation, I will labour in mine.

One word more and I have done;—as we *Speechifiers* say—you have praised the liberals who do not deserve it. You have censured the Catholic clergy of France who are every thing but what you conceive them to be. I wish you knew that Clergy as I know them. If you did you would join with me in esteeming and in loving them, though like me you would not give them unmixed praise. They are not, I own, friends of civil liberty, simply because they have heard and daily hear revolution lauded. They tremble not for themselves alone but for the flocks whom they love and would die for, lest the wolves of infidelity and blood should again devastate their folds. They feel the assassin's dagger at their throats, as they are daily assailed with the lying assassin's pen. Is it too much to believe that the men who murder their characters daily, by false accusations, would once again massacre their persons if they had it in their power—No! The Catholic clergy of France, affrighted by Liberalism, cannot see the beauties or the merits of genuine liberty. That is their only fault, or rather their great misfortune.

But they are meek and pious, and humble, and indefatigable, and sincere, and saintly in their deportment and conduct. They instruct, they preach, they comfort, they pray with fervour and devotion. Poor in human wealth, a Parish Priest has £60 a-year, a Bishop, £800, an Archbishop, £1200 a-year. Poor in human wealth, they are rich in sacerdotal and christian virtues. They visit the sick, and console the dying—they relieve poverty and mitigate disease—their charity abounds and exceeds their means—yes, sir, they have calumniators and enemies, but they have friends too, and, believe me that the uproar of liberalism, whilst it re-echoes on the surface of society, and affrights those who do not understand its weakness, leaves still unassailed and uncontaminated much of the core of society, and may reckon for its enemies, a powerful mass of real Christians, and of sincere friends to humanity.

But, alas, the miscreant liberals are driving the men of humanity and religion into the hands of the paltry Polignacs, and the doubly hardened, treacherous De Bourmonts. Yes, the Liberals in France deserve, for this alone, the detestation of the friends of human freedom, and of human happiness,—that they are driving the soundest part of the French people into the arms of despotism, just as the wearied and terrified mariners, when the overwhelming waves are destroying their vessel, rush with delight upon the most dreary and inhospitable shore.

I deemed it right to throw off these thoughts hastily and with a running pen, lest as I was joined in the same censure with you, I should be deemed to concur either in your praise of the Liberals, or in your opinion of the pious and exemplary Catholic Clergy of France. I do not the less feel grateful for your public services, though I differ from you on these points. The truth is, that I know more of the real state of affairs in France than you do.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IRELAND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It is, I believe, a truth very generally known and acknowledged, that, during the last half century, the province of Munster, in Ireland, has never enjoyed, at any period, ten years of uninterrupted tranquillity. Either contending factions have disturbed the public peace, or banditti confederated against all established government, have spread consternation by their excesses, and have excited horror in humane hearts by the punishment which they provoked. At all times, the [illegible] been in a state of alarm, feeling [illegible] of the power of the law to protect them against those barbarities and disorders by which the country has been so long afflicted. Of some of these disorders—the bane of Ireland—it was not the least remarkable peculiarity, that their origin and occasion were unknown. Oppressive landlords, importunate and merciless agents and tithe-proctors, have been, from time to time, the subject of complaint, and have been represented as the justification of enormity; but, upon various occasions, no explanation or excuse whatever has been offered, and the country has become the theatre of a relentless and savage warfare, of which no man could say what was the cause or the object.

At the time when our story commences, the county of Tipperary had been agitated by the fierce contentions of two parties, known by the appellations of Caravats and Shanavests. The latter term, signifying "an old wallet coat," had been, in a species of good humoured derision, applied to the leader of one faction, and was, from him, derived to his retainers. The other was a name associated with more gloomy recollections, and was selected in a manner characteristic of the persons who had assumed it, and of the times (it might be added) in which it was adopted. The head of their party, a man named Hanly, was, while he lived, a person who had attained high distinction in the chivalrous office to which he had dedicated himself—that of redressing the grievances of the peasantry upon all occasions where they needed his succour. He had gathered around him a ferocious band, styled the "Moyle Rangers," and, by their outrages, had acquired a very terrific reputation. The end, however, of such doings was, in some instances, death. Alienated friends are bitter enemies; and Hanly, after having been a plague and a terror to the country, was hunted down by some among those from whom, in former times, he would have sought assistance, and became an example, that justice does not always neglect the murderer. On the day of his execution, the leader of the Shanavests declared, that he would remain to see the caravat (the colloquial Irish for "neckcloth") on the neck of his fallen foe; and the epithet of dishonour was instantly caught up by a party who regarded the death of their chief as a martyrdom, and who resolved to efface the indignity sought to be annexed to their chieftain's name, by connecting the manner of his death with the symbol of their union. Hence the name of Caravats—a war-cry potent as the drum which Ziska bequeathed to his adherents, to inflame the valour of those among whom it was shouted forth—a name associated with many a terrible deed. This name was adopted in memory of Hanly's death; and certainly, if daring and atrocious crimes and exploits could spread a report beyond the confined and obscure theatre where they were perpetrated, and vindicate a title to fame, the Caravats succeeded in rendering the death of their chieftain memorable, and in removing dishonour from among the calamities of a public execution.

It does not appear that, in this procedure, there was any agency more subtle than the spirits of uninstructed desperadoes. It indicates, in consequence, rather the actual state of public opinion than an effort to engage opinion on the side of faction. It is somewhat strange, that no use has ever been made of the instruction which it was calculated to afford. A man is executed for the commission of cruel and abominable offences, and the halter by which he suffered is hoisted, as it were, as the ensign of his followers' union. This could scarcely be, were such a death as Hanly's esteemed shameful; or, even though it were, to adopt and persevere in such a method of counteracting ignominy, could not be long without effect. The natural consequence, in such a state of things, must have been, that all proportion between offence and punishment was destroyed. The vengeance of the law was accounted, not justice, but tyranny;—to implore its succour—to aid in its administration—was stigmatized as a crime. He who fell by the assassin's hand, because he had given information of murder, left a legacy of dishonour to his children;—he who perished on the scaffold, if only upon that awful stage he bore himself bravely, left a martyr's memory behind him, and gave his surviving family a claim upon the love and protection of all his associates. Against the spirit of insubordintion, therefore, government had only the fear of an honourable death to wield—against the manifestation of attachment to the law, the disturbers had to hold forth the far more effectual terror of a death without preparation or sympathy; and the menace, that his offence would bring down an evil visitation upon his friends, his wife, and children. The terms of this conflict, between law and lawlessness, were certainly very unequal. It is remarkable that "Intellect," in its rapid march, has done nothing to set the combatants more nearly on a level.

"Surely," said a great statesman, speaking on these matters—"surely," said he, "men will at length weary of the gallows. There is nothing so very captivating in the name or circumstances of such an exit from life, as to induce men causelessly to court it. They will soon abjure the ambition of being hanged, and leave both scaffold and country in peace." This, no doubt, was all reasonable. Men might be expected to grow tired of being hanged. Strangulation, however, is not the only violent death to which men may be disinclined. To be hanged by the neck was not the most terrific aspect in which a departure from this life could be exhibited. The ignominy of a public execution being altogether removed—*Bans gon Saggard*, "death without a priest," which usually terminated the informer's vocation, had terrors far more potential than those in which the orderly administration of law-justice was invested. Persecution in the field and the house—murder by the way-side—massacre—conflagration of sleeping families—general contempt—hatred—the consciousness of having a brand horrid as that of Cain—the natural apprehension, that every one who met the violator of the people's law would slay him—these were inconveniences of which men could be tired as well as those which great statesmen thought so prevailing. The question to be solved was, who could hold out longest—the disturbers or the informers? whether men would sooner grow tired of seeing their companions martyred on the scaffold—or of murdering those by whom their departed friends had been brought to their consummation? whether the spirit against which the gallows was raised up, or that which was to be laid by general obloquy, and by the blood shed in many a shocking assassination, more obstinately resisted the efforts to subdue it? The advocates and administrators of the law considered only one of the cases enumerated in these questions, and, accordingly, the disposition to uphold the law was wearied out and conquered, before tranquillity was restored; and that spirit which it was expected the gallows should quell, abated not a jot of its fiercest virulence, and manifested its presence and power with an audacity which has been continually increasing.

At this day it is easy to perceive the correctness of observations such as the above; but, at the period at which my story is laid, it was not a matter of ordinary calculation to anticipate the results to which insubordination might lead. While the various factions by which their country was dishonoured, confined their violence to acts of mutual depredation, many of the gentry imagined that such disorder was a species of safety-valve, by which the peace of the land could be preserved from accident. Upon various occasions, therefore, riot was actually permitted, as the preventive of a greater evil to be apprehended. O'Brien had an opportunity of witnessing the manifestation of such an opinion. The occasion on which it was displayed, as well for itself as for what followed it, is worthy of being described.

The village of Golden is situated on the banks of the Suir, and on an easy declivity in the valley through which it flows. That river has been too frequently celebrated in prose, and numerous verse, to need my poor praise. Denham's eulogy has been not inaptly applied to it—

"Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull
Strong without rage—without o'erflowing, full."

and, no doubt, he who has witnessed its calm assured course, as it proceeds through a very rich and luxuriant country, reflecting a most beautiful and varied landscape, will esteem the panegyric not unworthily bestowed. A fair was held in the village on the day when O'Brien came to visit it; a fair, however, in which there was little appearance of Hibernian light-heartedness and good-humour. On the contrary, every thing except the glorious sky and the gay valley it lightened wore an aspect of gloom and constraint. It smote upon O'Brien's heart to witness so little of sympathy between nature and human kind. He had ascended to the summit of a strong tower, intended in the olden time to defend the pass of Golden bridge; and, as his eye traced the course of the full calm river towards him, and as it became lost to his view amidst the gently swelling grounds and the green plantations in which it disappeared, he saw nothing which was not calculated to call out in the heart of all, the sweet summer sensations of our nature; and when he turned his glance beneath, and looked upon the dense multitudes of his fellow-men collected before him, in them only could he discern the manifestations of a spirit and a feeling not in unison with the influences by which nature would attract them. He was not, however, unaware of the recollections and the fears by which the hearts of this multitude were agitated. He had learned, that in just such a rejoicing day, in the preceding year, a sanguinary conflict had taken place where the meeting, which he was now looking down upon, had assembled; and he knew that the recollections of calamity experienced in that fearful encounter, had far more power to sadden the hearts which retained them, than the summer sun had power to chase such remembrances away. Nor was it alone the influence of memory which dejected spirits acknowledged. Fear also lent its aid; and, in many a resolved mind, a stern determination to avenge—in a struggle speedily to commence—the grief and the loss which the bloody meeting of the past year had inflicted. Therefore, throughout the entire multitude, you could scarcely discern a countenance not overcast by some sad or sinister expression. As yet, however, there appeared no tendency to strife or disorder;—the little village presented the usual appearance of bustle; but the confusion of tongues—the noise—the tumult of the occasion, were wanting to the life of the picture; and, to one unaccustomed to the usual loud and loquacious manifestations of Irish activity at meetings of this nature, it might almost seem as if his sense of hearing had been rendered obtuse, for the purpose of making a familiar scene become strange to him.

Thus the business of the fair proceeded. On the brow of the declivity above the little village—sheltered by a grove from an ardent sun—a strong detachment of cavalry were posted; and, in a space carefully preserved from intrusion, the arms of a company of infantry were piled, before which two sentinels kept guard, while their comrades rested under the same trees which afforded shelter to the horses. The ground on which these detachments were stationed, was bounded by two roads leading down to the village, and thus afforded no excuse to the country people for intruding on the little encampment. A few magistrates of the county were on horseback, ready to sanction the proceedings of the military if any disturbance required their interference; and, from time to time, they went down to the fair, and, having ascertained how the business was proceeding, returned again to their post on the hill. They had called out military aid for the purpose of respecting the peace and order of the fair, and with the intention of dismissing it so soon as the business of the day was over.

And, with more than ordinary celerity, this business was despatched—the usual higgling in making bargains was discontinued—the eloquent eulogiums on stock to be sold—affected indifference to purchase—all were laid aside; and, under the terror of an impending fight, and with the stimulus thus applied to rustic negociation, transfers in the Stock Market, or Cornhill, could scarcely be settled with greater promptitude than they were this day at the fair of Golden. Tents soon began to be struck—stock sold and unsold to be turned homewards—and O'Brien, who had descended from his tower, and was walking through the separating crowds, was startled in his speculations by the piercing trumpet call and the roll of the drum, which told him that the troops were in motion. He accordingly rejoined his friends on the hill, and found them preparing to set forward on their return from the fair, where their presence was no longer required. O'Brien was of opinion, that now they were more especially needed. As he passed through the crowds which filled the village, he had witnessed much cause for apprehension;—scowling brows, and looks which betokened relief from the burden of constrained quiet, and muttered threats, had not escaped his notice; and, when the trumpet rang out, a murmur awoke among the crowd, which seemed almost as if it would swell to a shout; and weapons of various kinds were for a moment displayed, and then concealed again. One man near him sprang suddenly into the air, brandishing a heavy club; and, when he reached the ground, threw his arm around the neck of a boy at his side, and most earnestly embraced him. Presently, observing that he was remarked, he seemed amazed at his conduct, and stiffened into composure. O'Brien mentioned what he had seen; but the magistrates, satisfied with the protection they had afforded to the peaceably disposed, retained their purpose, and commanded the military to proceed.

The trumpet note with which the march commenced had scarcely sounded, when it was answered by a shout, in which the painfully pent-up passions of a ferocious multitude let loose all their fury. The silence into which its echoes died away was scarcely less terrific than the burst of rage which preceded it. O'Brien turned his horse, and, resisting all expostulation, rode back to the brow of the hill, nearest to the village. Before him, still a great multitude was collected. It did not appear that all had hostile intentions. Many seemed as if curiosity detained them; but through the centre of the crowd a condensed and wedge-like mass of men were marching in order. On each side of their march the people were stationary. A little in advance a boy proceeded—in one hand brandishing a cudgel for the defence of his bare head; with the other, dragging along the ground what seemed to be the badge of one of the hostile parties, which thus was trailed contumeliously in the dust.—If any doubt remained as to the meaning of this indignity, it was soon removed. The boy cried out, "Ten pounds for the head of a Shanavest!" and instantly a loud shout from his followers rent the air; but no sound of answering defiance repeated it. At each proclamation from the boy, his party shouted and clashed their weapons together; and, until the third challenge, it could not be known whether the ears of enemies received it. The third defiance was proclaimed at the meeting of two roads; and scarcely were the words pronounced—"Ten pounds for the head of a Shanavest"—when a man bare-headed, and with his limbs from the knees downwards uncovered, wearing a loose flannel jacket, sprang over an adjacent hedge, and before the accustomed shout could be raised, the herald boy was prostrate, and he who had struck the blow was out of sight. This, however, was but for a moment. He instantly appeared in the corner of the hedge, and shouted to his enemies to advance. Behind him, multitudes took up the cry; and the green field suddenly became thronged with combatants, attired as he was, and displaying, in all their gestures, the fiercest ardour to encounter.

They were not to be long left inactive. Before the impetuosity of the multitudes who rushed to engage them, the frail barrier of the hedge, save only where a tree marked its position, was soon trampled under foot, so that the place of it soon became indiscernible. When all were in the field, a moment's breathing time was allowed, the ranks on each side were formed into something like order and compactness, and, in words of mutual encouragement or silent pressure of hard hands, and sometimes in sudden shrieks and gestures, intimations were given of the ferocious purpose by which the hearts of all were possessed.

They now began to approach each other, and already little more than ten paces were interposed between them, when, to O'Brien's astonishment, he saw them bow towards the earth, and heard from the entire multitude a deep and thrilling groan, in which not rage nor revenge, but fear and sorrow, were expressed. He rode nearer to the meeting, and beheld, moving in the space between the hostile parties, a form, which, if it did not account for the phenomenon which had amazed him, strongly engaged his attention. It was of a young man of great beauty, barefooted, and bare-headed, with no covering but that of a piece of whitish cloth thrown around him loosely, save that it was drawn in by a girdle at his waist. Around his neck was hung a string of large dark beads, from which a wooden crucifix was suspended, and in his hand he bore a long staff, which also was formed into a cross. The groan uttered by the assembly had died away; all was perfectly still, as the pilgrim passed along, his eyes bent to the earth, and his lips moving as in prayer. It was, certainly, a most strange picture—more than a thousand astonished faces fixed earnestly, almost as if under fascination, upon the seemingly unconscious youth, and unbroken silence maintained throughout the whole wrapt assembly. When he had passed along the entire lines, and ascended a slight eminence at about an equal distance from each, he called, with a voice of singular sweetness and melancholy, to the leaders, it would seem, of both parties; and, after a brief pause, a few individuals from each side came reverently to receive his directions. The multitudes who awaited the issue of this singular conference were now somewhat released from their captivation, and murmurs arose among them—"Is it himself again?"—"Is it a spirit?" "Is not he the picture of a blessed angel?" Various expressions of this kind O'Brien could hear, although he could not understand their import. He learned from them, however, that the youth whose appearance had been productive of so strange effects, was one well known to the people who beheld him, although some mystery had rendered his coming thus awful and affecting. When he conversed with the leaders who had obeyed his summons, he preserved, apparently, the same calmness with which he had walked through the threatening ranks of their followers. The calmness, however, was not communicated to his hearers—one had cast himself on the earth to embrace his feet, and all seemed agitated by strong emotion. O'Brien could scarcely control the impulse which urged him to intrude upon a conference, which, it was evident, was not designed to be public—for, when one or two stragglers ventured to leave their ranks, and were advancing towards the hill, they were impetuously forbade to approach by their leaders. Long, however, they could not be restrained; nor could O'Brien long endure suspense, and, at all hazards, he would have gone in amongst the people, when he was saved from the probable consequences of his rashness, and the whole assembly dispersed, by an outcry in the direction of the village—"The soldiers!" "The soldiers!" The helmets and sabres of the dragoons were seen over the tops of the houses, and instantly the multitude, mingled friends and foes, scattered and fled with the speed of terror, until they had obtained shelter from the dreaded pursuit.

O'Brien, his enigma unexpounded, was found by the captain of the party who had been sent for his protection. Although it had not been thought necessary to harass the military by detaining them to prevent the bloodshed of a rustic battle, it appeared cruel to leave a young stranger exposed to the hazards of such an affray; and when it was found that he did not return, and when he could be no longer seen on the spot whither he had withdrawn from his friends to witness the termination of the proceedings of what he had seen, as he thought, the commencement, one of the magistrates proposed accompanying a few dragoons for the purpose of bringing him back in safety. The consequence was, the interruption of his efforts to solve a riddle—which much engaged him—and the probable protection of his life.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Sporting Extraordinary.—Tuesday afternoon, some Cockney sportsmen were strolling in the fields near Holloway, shooting at sparrows and other *game*, when to their infinite astonishment they turned up a hare. If Puss was alarmed at the sight of the Cockneys, they were no less so at the sight of her, but as soon as they had recovered from their surprise, they fired a volley at her. It is almost needless to add, that not a single shot touched her. Puss took to the road, followed by a variety of "mongrel dogs and curs of low degree," whose sweet music quickly brought an assemblage of bipeds, who joined in the chase. Others, however, acted differently. The idea of running away from a hare may appear strange to those accustomed to the sports of the field, but it is absolutely a fact, that many an elderly gentleman, as poor puss approached, thinking from the shouts of the mob that a mad bull was coming, sought refuge in the neighbouring shops to avoid the attacks of "the infuriated animal." Puss was at length caught nearly opposite Cloudesley-terrace, Islington, by a journeyman carpenter, who *bagged* his game in his apron. A gentleman present offered him 4s 6d for his prize, but he refused to part with it, saying that as it was the first hare he had ever caught, he would keep it as a curiosity.—*London Paper.*

There is an humble individual in the town of Perth, who has never seen either Mr. Gurney or his steam-carriage, but who has, nevertheless, succeeded in inventing one of his own. His model differs in many respects from Gurney's, but we have reason to believe that it is equally capable of being applied to practical purposes. This ingenious individual is already known to some of our men of science as the maker of several beautiful models of the steam-engine.

An Inviting Sign.—A respectable looking house, near Kilmainham church-yard, *alias* the Hospital Fields, holds out the following tempting sign:—"Patrick Stafford's Spirit Stores. Burial Tools, &c. &c., free here." And underneath a well drawn pick-axe crossed by a spade and shovel, surmounted (Erin-go-bragh) with a shamrock.

A Jilted Lover.—At one of the Churches in the city of Worcester, on Sunday, after the bans of matrimony between two persons had been published a third time, a young man rose, and with pallid cheek and quivering lip, said, "I forbid the bans." He was in consequence directed to attend in the Vestry-room after the Service. He attended, and stated that his reason for forbidding the bans was, that the Lady, who was a widow, had, three months before, engaged to marry him! It was explained to him that, in the eye of the Law Ecclesiastical, the reason stated was no "cause or just impediment," but that the CommonLaw would afford its benign assistance."

FRANCE.

The state of France, or rather of the French ministry, is not one of the least embarrassing circumstances connected with the affairs of the east. Till the opening of the chambers it is obvious that no confidence can be placed in its stability, and according to all appearances it will scarcely be able to withstand the shock which it is then likely to encounter. It is most probable that the Martignac Administration had become favourable to the ambitious views of Russia, and that that grasping empire was advancing in its career of conquest, under the comfortable persuasion that France would not impede her progress.

If the new Ministry were able to maintain its ground, there seems little reason to doubt that England and Austria would be found in close alliance with France, united together for the purpose of preventing the total spoliation of Turkey. Under such circumstances, should peace not speedily be concluded in the east, there is reason to fear that war would be the result. Under present circumstances, however, it is clear that the power, as well as the influence of France, must be almost completely paralyzed, and that the effect of her interference must be very insignificant so long as a persuasion prevails that the Polignac Cabinet will be dissolved, and that another, holding directly opposite views, may speedily succeed.

The situation of the Monarchy in France is at present very painful. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to obliterate the remembrance either of the Old Court or of the revolutionary *parvenus*. The King cannot indulge his natural feelings of gratitude by the appointment of an emigrant to some situation about his household, before the nomination is instantly criticised, and unpleasing recollections are awakened. The press has evidently increased in power since the failure of Villele's attempt at a censorship. Nothing can now be done in France that will not be sifted and scrutinized—and the effect of the Journals is perhaps greater, from the very circumstance of their boldness having much of the force which is derived from novelty, and not being circulated through a country like England, where the liberty of the press has become almost indigenous to the soil, and where the public have in some measure learned to discriminate between factious clamour, and temperate remonstrance.—*Record.*

MEETING OF APOTHECARIES.

"Bella horrida Bella."

Wars and rumours of wars hourly reach us. Monday a most pugnaciously inclined meeting of the gentlemen of the pestle and mortar took place at the Hall of the Corporation in Mary-street. A scene of confusion which baffles description ensued, and many of the provincial warriors vociferated in prime style. There was every thing indicative of little but blows. When the pummelling was about to take place, the newspaper reporters were excluded, and we, of course, are unable to give an account of the *finale*. The impression upon the mind of our reporter, on quitting the premises, was, that pistols for many would be required from Rigby [illegible] morning; but we have not yet been informed of any exchange of shots.—*Dublin Packet.*

DUBLIN POLICE.

LETTER WRITING.

HEAD POLICE-OFFICE.—Wednesday Bishop, from Bow-street Office, delivered into the custody of the Magistrates of the Head Police-office an unfortunate person of the name of Scarry, who, from his eccentric behaviour, was for a long time confined in the public lunatic asylum in this city.

From the inquiry that yesterday took place before the sitting Magistrate, (Mr. Tudor) it seemed that some time ago Mr. Scarry was discharged from the asylum under the impression that he did not on general matters, or the common circumstances of life, labour under any imbecility of mind. However, it appeared that, after his discharge he had not exhibited any extraordinary symptoms of mental disease, that he soon made his way to London, and forwarded love letters to Lady Maria Conyngham, and had gone down to Windsor, and gave great annoyance at the Lodge there, in inquiries after the lady. Mr. Scarry in a rational and decorous manner, appealed to the Magistrate not to hold him in custody—he assured him he was by no means lunatic, or labouring under any delusion of mind. His object in going to England was, to present a memorial to the highest medical officers there of the facts of the case, and he thought Lord Mountcharles might forward his views.

Magistrate—Then why did you write in the manner you did to Lady Maria Conyngham?

Mr. Scarry—I renounce any matters I may have said, or introduced in those letters, my intention was to obtain my main object.

After a conversation between Mr. Tudor, and the Governor of the Asylum in this city, in which Mr. Scarry had been, he was after several apparently rational remonstrances from himself, sent back to the Lunatic Asylum.—*Dublin Paper.*

BRIGHTON, OCT. 1.—A person calling himself "Jacobowitch" (some wags here have given him the cognomen "*Jacky be-witch'd*"), a Russian [illegible], has announced a Concert of a very novel and peculiar nature, without the accompaniment of any musical instrument whatever! which has, he says, been received in "a high and distinguished manner by the King of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the King and Queen of Prussia, and, &c." It has been asserted that he possesses an extraordinary compass of voice, capable of producing six distinct octaves, but this is scarcely credible; and it appears that he gives no specimen of his vocal powers until he has secured a sufficient number of subscribers for his purpose. He carries with him numerous testimonials of ability from able masters, amongst which is the following from Kramer, the Master of his Majesty's Private Band:—

"Having attended the Concert of Mr. Jacobwitch, I certify that the extent of his voice is immense, and, from its ample [illegible] almost as broad. His lower notes are awful; and in [illegible] soars above the flute, but with a peculiar quality of tone. The whole of his novel and quaint performance, unconfined by the rules and rythmic pedantry, abounds in singular passages [illegible] attempted by any man before. I hope, for the sake of science, that he may succeed to the full extent of his [illegible]

"C. KRAMER."

It appears that Jacobwitch seldom, if ever, *honours* [illegible] with more than one exhibition, and it has [illegible] repeated here, notwithstanding the high testimonials of ability with which he is furnished, that the good people of Southampton were more alarmed than delighted at his performance, and that some of his auditory were actually frightened from the room by the vociferous noise produced!! Jacobwitch's list of subscribers is not at present sufficient to enable him to announce his performance.

A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed "*torrents* of tears." "Poor thing!" remarked an arch punster, "she must have a *cataract* in either eye."

THE NOTE BOOK.

XII. There is a set of critics and philosophers who have never read any thing but what has appeared within the last ten years, and to whom every mode of expression or turn of thought extending beyond that period has a very odd effect. They cannot comprehend how people used such out-of-the-way phrases in the time of Shakspeare; the style of Addison would not do now—even Junius, they think, would make but a shabby, *thread-bare* figure in the columns of a modern newspaper—all the riches that the language has acquired in the course of time, all the idiomatic resources arising from study or accident, are utterly discarded—sunk under ground; and all that is admired by the weak or sought after by the vain, is a thin surface of idle affectation and glossy innovations. Even spelling and pronunciation have undergone such changes within a short time, that Pope and Swift require a little *modernizing* to accommodate them to "ears polite;" and that a *blue-stocking belle* would be puzzled in reciting Dryden's sounding verse with its occasional barbarous, old-fashioned accenting, if it were the custom to read Dryden aloud in these serene, morning circles. There is no class more liable to set up this narrow, superficial standard, than people of fashion. In their horror of what is vulgar and ignorance of what really is so, they have a jargon of their own, but scout whatever does not fall in with it as Gothic and *outré*; the English phrases handed down from the last age they think smack of Temple-bar, and they perform a sedulous quarantine against them. *The Times*, having found it so written in some outlandish [illegible] of the Marquis of Wellesley's [illegible] to spell the word *despatch* with [illegible] time he was held for [illegible] affected and absolute writer, who spelt it otherwise. *The Globe*, with its characteristic good sense and steadiness of spirit has restored the old English spelling in defiance of scandal. Some persons who were growing jealous that the author of *Waverley* had eclipsed their favourite luminaries may make themselves easy; he himself is on the wane, with those whose opinions ebb and flow with the "inconstant moon" of fashion, and has given way (if Mr. Colburn's advertisements speak true, "than which what's truer?") to a set of titled non-entities. Nothing solid is to go down, or that is likely to last three months; instead of the standing dishes of old English literature we are to take up with the *nicknacks* and whipt syllabubs of modern taste; are to be occupied with a stream of title-pages, extracts and specimens like passing figures in a *camera obscura*.

XIII. The human mind seems to improve, because it is continually *in progress*. But as it moves forward to new acquisitions and trophies, it loses its hold on those which formerly were its chief boast and employment. Men are better chemists than they were, but worse divines; they read the newspapers, it is true, but neglect the classics. Every thing has its turn. Neither is error extirpated so much as it takes a new form and puts on a more artful disguise. Folly shifts its ground, but finds its level: absurdity is never left without a subterfuge. The dupes of dreams and omens in former times, are now the converts to graver and more solemn pieces of quackery. The race of the sanguine, the visionary, and the credulous, of those who believe what they wish or what excites their wonder, in preference to what they know, or can have rationally explained, will never wear out; and they only transfer their innate love of the marvellous from old and exploded chimeras to fashionable theories, and the *terra incognita* of modern science.

XIV. It is a curious speculation to take a modern *belle*, or some accomplished female acquaintance, and conceive what her great great-grand-mother was like, some centuries ago. Who was the Mrs. [illegible] of the year 200? We have some standard of grace and elegance among eastern nations 3000 years ago, because we read accounts of them in history; but we have no more notion of, or faith in, our own ancestors, than if we never had any. We cut the connexion with the Druids and the Heptarchy; and almost fancy ourselves (by any transformation) inmates of caves and woods, or feeders on acorns and sloes. We seem *engrafted* on that low stem—a bright, airy, and insolent excrescence!

XV. There is this advantage in painting, if there were no other, that it is the truest and most self-evident kind of history. (Mr. Croker said so in the House of Commons; I did not take it from him, but he took it from me). You there see not only that there were people long ago, but you see *what* they were, not as in a book darkly, but face to face. It is not the half-formed clay, the old fashioned dress, as we might conceive; but the living lineaments, the breathing expression. You look at a picture by Vandyke, and there see as in an enchanted mirror, an English woman of quality two hundred years ago, sitting in unconscious state with her child playing at her feet, and with all the dove-like innocence of look, the grace and refinement that it is possible for virtue and breeding to bestow. It is enough to make us proud of our nature and our countrywomen; and dissipates at once the idle, *upstart*, prejudice that all before our time was sordid and scarce civilised. If our progress does not appear so great as our presumption had suggested, what does it signify? With such models kept in view, our chief object ought to be not to degenerate; and though the future prospect is less gaudy and imposing, the retrospect opens a larger and brighter *vista* of excellence.

XVI. I am by education and conviction inclined to republicanism and puritanism. In America they have both; but I confess I feel a little staggered in the practical efficacy and saving grace of *first principles*, when I ask myself, "can they throughout the United States, from Boston to Baltimore, produce a single head like one of Titian's Venetian nobles, nurtured in all the pride of aristocracy and all the blindness of popery?" Of all the branches of political economy, the human face is perhaps the best criterion of *value*.

XVII. The French in the *Reign of Terror*, with Robespierre at their head, made one grand mistake. They really thought that by getting rid of the patrons and abettors of the ancient *regime*, they should put an end to the breed of tyrants and slaves; whereas, in order to do this, it would be necessary to put an end to the whole human race.

THE FINE ARTS.

Formerly when an artist sold his work, it was *une affaire fini*: the business was closed and the proprietor did what he liked with his property;—but of late years, since the 'Forget me Nots' and other annuals have sent engravers in pursuit of popular subjects, the painters have had the chicanery—and the name is not beyond the thing—to say, that though they sold the picture, they did not sell the right to have it copied; and they have actually in several instances made fierce battle with individuals who, from mere liberality to the publishers of those works, had allowed little sketches of their picture to be taken. This, however, is mere coxcombry; and could go no further, if the noblemen and gentlemen who purchase pictures should peremptorily express their contempt for such impudent assumption. We know an instance in which a third-rate artist had the impudence to write a letter to a man of rank, actually remonstrating with him for having lent one of his pictures to the publisher of an annual. The Noble Lord, who had originally bought the performance merely to assist a struggling candidate for bread, coolly told him, that he would suffer no silly interference of the kind; but that if the artist wished to cancel the purchase, he was welcome to take back his paltry picture in his hand. The puppy of the pencil instantly felt his foolery and, with some blundering apology for his presumption, slunk out of the house. If Sir Thomas Lawrence has any care for the respectability of his profession, he will put an end to this disgusting eagerness for lucre at once; and prohibiting his subordinates from being hucksters and pawnbrokers, will, by setting them an example in those matters, try to raise them to the position of gentlemen.—*Monthly Magazine.*

DUKE D'ANGOULEME'S ENTRY INTO TOULOUSE.

(From "Recollections in Quarters" in the United Service Jour.)

I had the honour of being one of the many who attended his Royal Highness the Duke D'Angouleme into Toulouse; I joined the cavalcade, which went out to meet him at the bridge of Toulouse.—Lord Wellington and the principal officers of the Staff of head-quarters and the neighbouring division went in full uniform. Lord Wellington and some of the Generals rode in front, the staff, &c. following as they might, after them their orderlies. Their different costumes—as I believe there were some of almost every corps in the army, British, Spanish, and Portuguese—had a curious effect, and a very impressive one at the same time, not easily forgotten. We went some distance on the road, when we met a squadron of our 1st Royal Dragoons, which regiment formed the Duke's escort from Bourdeaux, and preceded the cavalcade formed after the junction of the party from Toulouse. The Royal Duke and Lord Wellington rode in front, followed by the staff as before, with the addition of some French officers. The remainder of the regiment brought up the rear. [illegible] of the town, who [illegible] were some of the people [illegible] formed themselves into a corps of cavalry for the purpose; they were dressed in a plain blue uniform, with large cocked hats; upon each was stuck an immense '*cocard blanc*,' as big as a pancake. To look as warlike as possible, they had drawn swords in their hands—not sabres, but small swords; they were all mounted, and made a most tailor-like appearance. They were drawn up inside the barrier gate.

When the trumpeters of the Royal Dragoons came inside the gate, they commenced sounding their trumpets. The tailor-like captain and his troop did not expect such a salute, at the first blast, which was both long and strong, they were thrown into confusion; at the second, their horses wheeled about, down went the cocked hats, and many a *cocard blanc* lay in the dust. Some wisely dropped their swords and held on by the mane, others tumbled off after their hats; few staid to see the Royal Duke—ten to one on *John Gilpin*; he came back again but they did not.

The bridge and streets were lined by British troops. Sheets and table cloths hung out of every window. '*Vive Louis Dix-huit!*' and '*Vivent les Bourbons!*' was shouted on every side. In the square before the Cathedral, a Regiment of Highlanders, in full costume, was drawn up to receive him. The Duke D'Angouleme went to church to pray, and I went to the restaurateur's to dine.

A SCENE IN THE RUA SAN FRANCISCO AT LISBON.

The varied scene which daily presents itself in this great thoroughfare, at Lisbon, is accompanied by so extraordinary a combination of curious circumstances, that it really merits a minute detail. The chapel of the Convent has never been finished, and offers another instance—beyond skeleton-houses seen every where, and public buildings left incomplete—of the grand designs suggested, after the earthquake, by Portuguese, or as some would say, English architects, and of the total inadequateness of the means possessed to do them justice. [illegible] seen from our windows lounging all day long upon the steps of the portal of their Convent, looking out for funerals, which were continually arriving, and most indecently concluded, as we were often eye-witnesses of ourselves, within the circuit of their cloisters; for people coming to confession and mass, and for the performance of other penitential offices; beggars reclining or delivering themselves from certain unwelcome and troublesome companions, beneath a large heap of ruins accumulated from the period of the earthquake, to the east of the steps, where a few half-starved goats who supply the neighbourhood with milk, pick up a scanty subsistence upon refuse vegetables, and where every common passenger yields in the public view to the calls of nature; the occasional procession of the Host, adored by the devout and kneeling multitude; seges filled with fat friars; gallegos with their many-coloured water-barrels; fruit women and noisy dealers in palhitos, bacalhao, vegetables, and fish, fresh from the Tagus, estafettes hastening from the Asuda Palace or quarters of the British Commander-in-Chief, to the Ambassador's door; a demure duenna, of lean and lank form, guarding a fair charge through the jostling crowd; sometimes wandering musicians, and black dancers relieving the scene; licensed applicants for charity; Fidalgos, Monks, Priests; disembargadors, Lisbon dandies, strings of saucy-looking muleteers, and yelping confederacies of the canine species—these are the passing objects that render a residence in this street so highly cheerful and diverting.—*Portugal Illustrated.*

ALCEDO OF THE BOSPHORUS.

A GENUS OF BIRDS BELONGING TO THE ORDER OF PICÆ.

There is another bird in this country (Turkey) which has often excited my surprise and curiosity, and which, I believe, is peculiar to this place.—Every day are to be seen numerous flocks of birds, not quite so large as pigeons, with dark backs and white bellies, passing up and down the Bosphorus with great rapidity. When they arrive either at the Black Sea, or Sea of Marmora, they again wheel about, and return up the channel; and this course they continue, without a moment's intermission, the whole of the day. They are never seen to alight, either on land or water; they never, for a moment, deviate from their course, or slack their speed; they are never known to search for or take any food, and no visible cause can be assigned for the restless and extraordinary instinct by which they are haunted. The French call them "*Les ames damnées*;" and certainly, if being allowed no cessation or repose be included in the idea, it is not misapplied. They fly very near the surface of the water; and if a boat meet a flock of them transversely, they rise a few feet over it; if directly it divides them like a wedge. Their flight is remarkably silent; and though so numerous and so close, the whirr of their wings is scarcely ever heard. They are so abundant in this particular spot, that I have reckoned fifteen large flocks in my passage from Pera to Therapia. I have often wished to shoot one, to examine it; but the Turks have such a tender and conscientious regard for the life of every animal but man, that no person is allowed to kill any bird upon the Bosphorus, without incurring their displeasure. Andreossi calls this extraordinary bird the *Alcyon Voyageur*, to distinguish it from the *Halcyon* of the ancients, which was supposed to build its nest on the waters.—*Dr. Walshe's Narrative.*

A few choice Definitions.—*Physicians*:—Sappers and miners, the effect of whose operations is not known till the citadel is destroyed.—*Lawyers*: Birds of prey whose very quills devour. *Faults*: Materials for an Encyclopædia, every individual furnishing a volume of his own.—*Libraries*: Shops offering much valuable medicine, among which, however, is a considerable quantity of opium.—*Furet de Londres.*

CAPTAIN DICKENSON.

The costs to this gallant officer of his defence on the late court-martial are said to have amounted to £50 a day; a circumstance which we can readily believe. But, if such be the case, such a tax upon any man, those especially a man of moderate means, is enormous, and amounts in this case, in fact, to the infliction of a grievous punishment upon a man who has not only been honourably acquitted of the charges preferred against him, but which charges have been pronounced, by the court which tried them, to be "groundless, frivolous, and vexatious."

The Admiral and the Editor.—The Russian Admiral Heiden has been making rather an extraordinary exhibition in the newspapers of Smyrna. There are two papers published at Smyrna in the French language, the one called the *Eastern Courier*, and the other the *Smyrna Gazette*. The Russian Admiral has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Eastern Courier*:—

"SIR—Tired of all the lies inserted by the *Courier* of Smyrna in his *Gazette*, I beg you to publish in your *Eastern Courier* that it is an infamous lie that M. de Rigny interceded for the Egyptians, on board the Lioness corvette, to stop the pillage. M. de Rigny never interfered in the affair, directly or indirectly. It was an infamous lie that there was any misunderstanding between me and Admiral Malcolm as to the taking of the Egyptian corvette. I do not believe I ever spoke, much less wrote, to him on the subject. The Editor of the *Smyrna Gazette* may lie on other subjects as much as he pleases, but I warn him to be very silent as to me and my squadron, for, sooner or later, an opportunity will arise of making him pay dearly for his impudence. You will oblige me by publishing this letter in your Journal, and I beg you to believe, &c.,

"The Count L. De HEIDEN,
Vice-Admiral of his Imperial Majesty.
"Azoff, 8th (20th) of July, 1829, at Poros."

The old custom of eating goose on Michaelmas day appears to be pretty well kept up in Brighton. At one poulterer's only, on Tuesday, the number sold was nearly four hundred!

A M. Hebuba, a candle manufacturer at Paris, has invented a new wick for tallow-candles, which is hollow. It is said to give a better light than the ordinary wick, and to prevent guttering.

Smuggling in the name of the English Ambassador.—Some of the French papers contain an account of a smuggling transaction at Calais, about the middle of last July, and in which the name of Lord Stuart, Ambassador from England to the Court of France, has been mixed up. It appears that seven cases, marked "L. S." on leaden seals, were disembarked, and the Calais Custom-house officers, concluding that they contained furniture for the use of the British Ambassador, did not think they had any authority to examine them; but it was afterwards found that five of the cases contained English manufactured goods, such as poplins, figured stuffs, varnished leather, gilt buttons, tobacco, &c., the other two cases contained more than 4,000 pieces of tulle, an article which forms the staple trade of Calais. The cases were seized by the officers of the customs at Paris, and their confiscation was demanded, but at the remonstrance of Lord Stuart, as it is stated, the French Minister, M. de Polignac, merely directed them to be sent back to Calais, where they were re-embarked for England. On this subject one Paris Journal says—"The town of Calais only sees in these unusual measures a greater proof of the violation of the law, and of that odious complaisance towards a ministry always ready to please these dear English, who do not blush to shield their guilty designs with the safeguard of their Ambassadors, in contempt of the rights of nations, and of the hospitality which we bestow upon them with a noble confidence. What a degradation of feeling! What incredible duplicity!"

The potato growers round London are busily employed in digging up and housing their crops, which are in general abundant in quantity and excellent in quality.

On Tuesday last a couple were united together in wedlock at Trinity Church, Hull. After the ceremony was performed, and duly registered, the bridegroom was asked for the usual fees. He replied he had no money, and asked his wife for the needful; but she unfortunately was equally unprovided. Leaving the lady in pledge, he departed to raise supplies, having indignantly rejected a proposition to deposit the wedding ring as security. On his return, after an absence of an half an hour, he lamented his want of success, and then expressed his willingness to leave the ring, which was taken off the finger of the bride, and handed to the attendant. When the parties had got clear off, it was discovered that the artful rogue had substituted a brass ring for a gold one! Next day, a party of soldiers were in quest of the bridegroom as a deserter, and it was stated that he had *fifteen wives living.*—*Boston Gazette.*

Anecdote.—In the spring of 1814 I was in Brussels. The town was crowded with troops of every nation; there were English, Prussians, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Swedes, and Russians; a few only of the latter remained, among whom were some Baskir Tartars. These men had come from the confines of China, and were wandering about the streets of the capital of Belgium, staring and wondering at every thing they saw, and perhaps joining in sentiment with the Doge of Venice, in the reign of Louis XIV. who being asked what surprised him the most in Versailles, replied, "It was to see myself there." These men were habited in the Oriental costume, wearing a huge fur cap, and on their shoulders were suspended a bow and quiver, both highly ornamented and gilt.—Their expertness in shooting their arrows was quite wonderful; they were often seen to drive one of them through a mark not larger than a playing card, at the distance of a hundred and fifty feet; and those barbarians of the north, accustomed to scenes of blood, would often wantonly direct their arrows against some poor dog that might be running through the streets. I was walking one morning in the Park, in Brussels, when one of those Baskir Tartars, holding a bow and arrow in his hands, espied a small spaniel at a distance, he immediately took aim, but missed his victim; he was about to draw another arrow from his quiver, when a tall military-looking man, dressed in a blue surtout coat, rushed towards the fellow, and grasping the quiver wrenched it with apparently gigantic power from his back, he then belaboured him about the shoulders, and broke it and the arrows it contained over the ruffian; he cried out dreadfully; his face was trickling with blood; he fell upon his knees and begged for mercy. The military stranger slightly spurned him with his foot and walked on. The indignation depicted on the countenance of this gentleman, the flashes of fire which darted from his eyes, I shall never forget. The only words I heard him utter were, "Sceleral! Miserable!" I turned down another path, and meeting with a Swedish officer with whom I was acquainted, we proceeded arm in arm together. At a turning of a shrubbery, the military gentleman suddenly presented himself before us. My friend the officer, made a stop and placing his hand to his hat, kept it there till the gentleman had passed by. It was Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden.—*Court Journal.*

SHERIDAN.—His wife's voice and the opera of the *Duenna* were the foundation stones of Sheridan's fame. He drew the plan of that successful drama from an old Italian novel, and having finished it, was perpetually dunning the manager of Covent Garden to bring it out at his theatre, but for a considerable time without effect. Mr. Harris at length one day said to him, "Well, I am going down to Hampton Court to dine with Mr. Brummell, who, you know, is a judge of dramatic literature; you shall go with me, and take your opera in your pocket." This being carried into effect, and dinner over, Mr. Sheridan was called upon by the judges to read this opera. After a preface, enumerating the manifest disadvantages which a piece of the operatic kind must labour under in a bare recital, he began to read the performance; but had proceeded no great length, when the critics began to yawn; he, however, courageously persevered, and they preserved their patience with equal resolution, now and then encouraging him with a "well," and so? and "what next?" until he arrived at the Friar's scene, when they suddenly stopped him with a "Pshaw! pshaw! Mr. Sheridan, is it possible you can be mad enough to conceive that an audience would swallow such a damned absurdity as a company of friars singing a song! Zounds, Sir, the people would rise, tear up the benches, and hurl them at the chandeliers." Upon this Mr. Sheridan coolly put his opera in his pocket, with this observation: "Either you, Gentlemen, are, or I am, a d——d blockhead." On the first night this unfortunate piece was within a hair's breadth of a public, as well as a private damnation, and Leoni was so alarmed at the reception which he met with in the first act, that it was absolutely necessary to push him on by main force in the second; but when they came to the Friar's scene it was received with such bursts of applause, that all apprehensions vanished, and the opera has been ever since esteemed the best in the stock of Covent-garden house. It was reported to have redeemed the theatre from a state of bankruptcy.—*Dramatic Magazine for October.*

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND.

The present harvest has certainly been unusually protracted and expensive, and it is also true, that some loss has arisen from extra handling and discolouration. Still, from the low state of the temperature, and the wind that constantly followed the rain, the grain was secured in better order than any man could have expected, and thus far at least, we have not heard of a single heated stack. As regards the result, we are prepared to state that Barley everywhere is a large crop, and that we are aware of instances in which the produce will not fall under from 50 to 60 bushels per acre. The barley crop, upon the whole, will be found one of the bulkiest that has been reaped for a considerable number of years. The wheats, comparatively, were less luxuriant; but on the other hand, they were in general well filled; the aggregate produce so far as our own knowledge extends, will not be under an average crop. In oats there was certainly great inequality and yet the deficiency, we would fain hope, will not be great. The potatoes are said to be a failing crop.—*Dumfries Courier.*

COBBETT'S CORN.—A correspondent of the *Taunton Courier* says, "Herewith I send you an ear of Cobbett's corn, planted the first week last May, and now ripe to perfection, although it has a month longer to stand before being harvested. Here you have a plant, proof against all injury from our very changeable climate, and, as you will perceive, capable of ripening in one of the worst of seasons, while its produce is almost incalculable, being above 500 fold, or from 80 to 100 bushels the acre." The editor adds that "several persons in and around Taunton have also grown this corn with equal success."

Fruit of all kinds, and particularly apples, are so abundant this year, that the growers hardly know what to do with them. Inferior fruit is scarcely worth gathering, and brings with difficulty a shilling per bushel. On Wednesday last, says a Dumfries paper, there were 25 cart-loads of apples at the Cross, and only half a dozen carts of potatoes. And while the sellers of the latter article were [illegible] the former found their commodity a drug in the market. For once a plum have become the cheaper article of the two, and we could name individuals who are willing to sell good fruit wholesale, at the low rate of four guineas the hundred bushels.

Mr. Goodell, an American Missionary, describes, in the following dreadful terms, the character of those called Christians in Syria:—

"The ignorance and sin that prevail to a great extent among the clergy, and especially in the convents, seem almost to surpass those of Sodom. In an Armenian convent, not far from Erivan, the professedly devoted monks, who, in addition to their prayers are obliged to read the whole of the psalter every day for devotional purposes, are notorious for their quarrels and murders. One morning they commenced their daily task of devotions, as usual, at a very early hour; but immediately began censuring each other's manner of reading, and finally came to blows. The lamps, according to custom, were instantly removed, that they might not be broken and the oil spilt upon the books, and the monks were allowed to complete this prelude to their devotions in the dark. When all was quiet, and the lamps again introduced, it was discovered that twelve of the monks had been killed. The murderers found that they had lost much time in the quarrel, and without waiting to wash the blood from their hands, or to wipe the sweat from their brows, immediately began reading, or chanting in the most hurried manner, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night, &c.' When they had thus finished their prayers, they carried their companions out and buried them. The next day, one of their number being in a village not far distant, some of the people asked after the welfare of the convent. He answered, 'All well;' and, after a little pause and shrug of the shoulders, added, 'Yesterday a little misunderstanding arose among the brethren, in consequence of which twelve of them were "received up" to God; but it is a trifle, not worth mentioning.'

"It gives me no pleasure thus to expose the nakedness of the land. I came to Syria with the hope, that I should find, at least some individual, however obscure, who sighed for the abominations that are committed, and who worshipped God in spirit and in truth. And I do not now say that no such individual is to be found; I can say in truth that no such individual has been found in Syria by ourselves; (those of course excepted, who appear to have been benefitted by our instructions;) and that all our researches have not brought to light one who appeared even ashamed or afraid to lie, and profane the name and Sabbaths of the Most High. On the contrary the more we have seen and heard, the more we have conversed with the people, and the more diligent our inquiries have been to ascertain the real state, the more painful has been the conviction and overwhelming the evidence, that, in all these churches, Jewish and Christian, there is none that seeketh after God.

"All this, however, instead of paralyzing our efforts, should only be considered as presenting a more [illegible] claim to them. It was because all had gone out of the way that the Son of God came from heaven on his benevolent mission to earth; it was because all were enemies to the divine character and government, that the first preachers of the gospel were directed to go into all the world, beseeching all men every where to be reconciled to God; and it was because the people of Syria were supposed to be living in ignorance and sin, that we were sent forth by the churches to call them to repentance, and direct them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I know not how it is with others, but this consideration more than any other has brought relief and consolation to my own bosom, when the impertinence, ingratitude, unkindness, contempt, base conduct, and a thousand provocations of the people around us, have at times almost broken our hearts. Had they cherished heavenly tempers, we should not have been sent to them. It was because they were selfish, and proud, and covetous, and thieves, and extortioners, and inventors of evil things, possessing unholy characters and hateful tempers, that we came here. 'They that be whole, have no need of a physician, but they that be sick.'"

A Sailor's Gratitude.—About three years ago a poor lad was brought before Mr. Twyford, charged with wandering abroad in the open air at night, with no visible means of subsistence. Mr. Twyford very humanely got him into the Marine Society. About twelve months afterwards the lad called at the office and thanked Mr. Twyford for his kindness, promising to return again as soon as possible and pay him five shillings, which the worthy magistrate had given him to buy a pair of shoes. About six months ago Jack kept his word, and called with the five shillings, which Mr. Twyford refused to accept. Jack said he was determined to pay in some shape or other, and would call again.—Wednesday, true to his promise, he came blustering in, walked up to the bench, and addressing Mr. Twyford with all the rough phraseology of an English seaman, said—How are you, your honour? I told you I would come and see you again. I've brought you a monkey (a shout of laughter). Mr. Twyford—A monkey! Bless my soul, how odd—what do you think I am to do with a monkey!—Sailor—why I thought your honour would like to accept it as a present (much laughter). Mr. Twyford—Upon my word I ought to be very much obliged to you; you seem determined to be grateful for what has been done for you, and it shows an excellent disposition, but I must decline your present, for I cannot bear monkeys. Sailor—Well, your honour, if you wont accept the monkey I'll bring you a poll-parrot the next time I come. Mr. Twyford—Aye, I'll accept of a parrot or any kind of bird, but I dont like monkeys. Sailor—Well, good bye, your honour, I shan't forget the parrot. Jack then left the office amidst great laughter.—*London Paper.*

School Butts.—(From *School Recollections*, in the "*Spectator*.")—"I have said that bullying was not the fashion of the school; but we had our butt, and the pernicious effect of such a practice may be traced in his history. He was a boy of great expectations, small courage, and a vast stomach. We used to give him fruit and cakes, on the condition with which he complied, of first eating a certain quantity of candle ends or soap. Sometimes he was hunted with yells of insult, and then the poor creature would convert his persecution into sport by volunteering the popular exhibition of devouring some nastiness. The army was his profession, and he went into the ——. I have heard from one of his brother officers, that his treatment in that corps was merely a continuation of what he had been familiarized with at school. The wild young men of his own age took every sort of liberty with him; and his submission to the outrages which was matter of long habit with him was made the reason for desiring his withdrawal from the regiment. He is now, if he still lives, a man abundantly rich in wealth, and barren of all that goes to respect or happiness. This sketch of him I have written without any apprehension of offence, for if by any chance it should meet his eye, it will not reach the sense; and the narrative may serve the useful purpose of suggesting reflections on the danger of permitting butts to be made in early life, and utterly obliterating in the young mind the sentiment of self-respect."

The Shaving and Agricultural Interest.—A hair-dresser at Romford shaving a countryman, (who had come to market from a few miles distant in the same county), and being rather longer performing the operation than usual, was reproached for his delay, when he said, he did not know how to account for it, but all his agricultural customers' faces were as long again as they used to be, and that he had more ground to go over. The farmer said, it would be strange if they were not long, for the rain had spoilt all his hay, and much injured his corn; he had two children ill with the ague; his wife lay in the previous week with twins; and the Parson (a man without any family to support, and possessing a large income) had given all the parish notice that he meant to raise the tithe at Michaelmas, or take it in kind.

Waterford Mail.

Two lads will be taken as APPRENTICES *to the* PRINTING BUSINESS. *Apply at the Office of this Paper.*

The Mail.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10.

LONDON,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7.

Government have this morning received despatches from the Right Hon. R. Gordon at Constantinople, which confirm the fact of peace having been signed between the Russians and Turks at Adrianople on the 14th of last month.

The CORN Market is very dull, but no change in prices.

REPRESENTATION OF THE COUNTY.

Our readers will find a short account of the meeting at Dungarvan on the subject of the representation of the county, in another place. From this account it must be concluded that a contest is inevitable, for it is made to depend on an event, viz. the resignation of Mr. Stuart, which it would now be ridiculous to suppose of any thing short of certain occurrence. At this very meeting at which Mr. Barron's nomination is made thus contingent, a letter was read from Mr. Stuart tendering his support to the candidate on the independent interest, whoever he might be. Mr. Stuart thus retaining his intention up to the present moment, it is not likely that he will capriciously abandon it upon a slight request, and of course we must regard the nomination of Mr. Barron as Lord George Beresford's opponent, as quite an absolute and settled affair. At present we shall abstain from animadverting further on the subject.

TOLLS AT MULLINAVAT FAIR.

Now that a stir is making in all parts of Ireland against the illegal exaction of tolls, we are surprised the merchants of this city do not exert themselves to put an end to the enormous toll of *three pence* for each pig bought at the fairs of Mullinavat, county Kilkenny—if such be illegal. The merchants of Waterford are more interested in this matter than any other persons, and if they quietly submit to it, they deserve to be imposed on.

DIED.

At his house in George's-street, in this city, on Thursday last, the Most Rev. Doctor Kelly, Roman Catholic Bishop of this Diocese.

His remains have been laying in state at the Great Chapel in Barron-strand-street, and we understand will be interred this day at one o'clock.

Yesterday our Recorder, the Solicitor-General, presided at the City Quarter Sessions. He addressed the Grand Jury at some length on the new act of Parliament which gives a summary power to magistrates, in assault cases, and explained clearly its various clauses. There were but two persons for trial, one, a boy for stealing two hats from the shop of Mr. Marks, quay; he was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, with hard labour; in the other case there was no prosecution.

REFORMATION SOCIETY.

On Wednesday last, the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Religious Principles of the Reformation, was held at the Town Hall. The meeting was respectably attended.

About half-past twelve o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Ryland, who stated as a reason for his being called thereto, that the gentleman who usually presided at the meetings of this Society had not yet arrived, though they had been in expectation of him up to that moment. He then read the rules which should govern the meeting, and which stated that no person not a member of the Society should be permitted to address the chair; but in the event of any Roman Catholic coming forward, he should be heard—that should any controversy arise, no speaker should be allowed to occupy more than three quarters of an hour—no two speakers should follow each other on the same side—each speaker should be amenable to the chair—and that the meeting should not continue longer than four o'clock.

The Rev. Mr. Hardcastle stated what were the particular objects of the British Reformation Society.

Mr. Finch (one of the deputation from the Parent Society), in a speech of considerable length, defended the right of private judgment. He adverted to the doctrines of the Supremacy of the Pope, Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Indulgences, Auricular Confession, Absolution, Worship of Images, Praying to Saints, &c., and showed that they had no ground in Scripture, but rested solely on the authority of the church—the reason assigned for the reception of those doctrines, by the church, is, that she is infallible. The speaker then entered into an inquiry as to what the infallibility of the Church of Rome rested on, and showed that it rested solely on her own assertion that she was so.

Rev. Mr. Frazer took a view of the lamentable state of ignorance in which this country is involved, while the nations around us seem to have become enlightened; and charged the ministers of the Church of Rome with being the cause of it, by withholding the Scriptures from the people, contrary to the plain commands of the Word of God. He then entered into the doctrine of the infallibility of the church, and concluded with an appeal to Protestants and Roman Catholics to search the Scriptures.

Captain Gordon (another of the deputation) stated the object of the Society to be to disseminate the doctrines of the Reformation, and the system pursued to be that of contrasting the doctrines of the Church of Rome with Scripture; and then proceeded to combat the various objections brought against the Society. He then entered into a lengthened detail of the system of instruction adopted by the Roman Catholic clergy in this country; and contrasted the doctrines of the Church of Rome, with regard to the praying to saints, as set forth in her Missal, Breviary, and the Sacred Heart (the books of devotion in use among Roman Catholics), from which he read several extracts, with the statement of Doctor Baynes, Roman Catholic Bishop and Vicar-General of England, in a sermon preached by him at the consecration of a chapel, and afterwards published, in which he denies that Roman Catholics pray to saints, believing that they can do any thing for them; and simply for this reason, because he would not dare allow such a doctrine to come before a British auditory.

At a quarter before three o'clock the meeting adjourned to half-past six, at which time having again assembled, the chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Palliser, when

Mr. Finch rose and addressed the meeting at great length on the doctrine of the Supremacy of the Pope, bringing forward and explaining in a satisfactory manner, by a reference to other parts of Scripture, those passages which are usually produced by Roman Catholics in support of that doctrine.

The chairman then, previous to his calling on the next speaker, invited any Roman Catholic clergyman or layman of respectability who might be present, to come forward, and answer to those arguments which had been used; but none having appeared, he called on

Captain Gordon, who spoke at considerable length on the Rule of Faith of the Church of Rome.

At half-past nine the meeting, which was very numerously attended by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, again adjourned to half-past six next evening.

On Thursday evening, the meeting again assembled, pursuant to adjournment; the Rev. Mr. Ryland in the chair.

Mr. Finch addressed the meeting on the doctrine of Transubstantiation, pointing out the reasons why Protestants reject that doctrine, proving by copious extracts from the Fathers, that the doctrine was not believed in the early ages of Christianity, and that even after it had begun to be received by the Church of Rome, the most celebrated of her own writers were forced to acknowledge that there was nothing in Scripture to compel any person to believe that doctrine.

Captain Gordon next rose, and called the attention of the meeting to the subject of the Infallibility and Unity of the Church of Rome. He dwelt with considerable effect on the disputes which have divided the Church of Rome with regard to placing infallibility in the Pope or in General Councils—spoke of one Pope or one Council anathematizing another Pope or another Council; and then adverted to the proofs of her Unity which we have had nearer home: in this country we find a Roman Catholic Bishop commending a man for burying his Bible, and declaring on oath before a Committee of the House of Lords that the use of it would be a sufficient reason for withdrawing their children from the schools; while in Glasgow, we have a Roman Catholic Bishop, Doctor Scott, sanctioning and encouraging the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures—and in every school under his direction the Bible, and that the Protestant version too, being the *only* school book used after they have passed from their spelling books.

When Captain Gordon had concluded, a Mr. Clarke (formerly Baptist minister) requested permission to ask a few questions of the last speaker; but on being referred to the rules, and asked whether he was a Roman Catholic, he answered in the negative, but said that the questions which he would put were such as might suggest themselves to a Roman Catholic. The chairman informed him that he could not be heard, but if any Roman Catholic was present who wished to offer any observations, he would be heard with every respect and attention.

Rev. Mr. Palliser rose, on the part of the committee and deputation, to apologize to his Roman Catholic brethren should any thing hurtful to their feelings have dropped from any of the speakers; assuring them that it was not their wish to offend any, and that they merely came forward to discharge what they conceived to be an imperative duty.

The meeting separated at half-past ten o'clock; throughout the different meetings the speakers were listened to with the greatest attention by all classes.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT).

Carrick-on Suir, Oct. 7.

On Thursday evening Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., came unexpectedly to attend the public dinner to Lord Duncannon, at seven o'clock, in this town. As soon as "the Liberator's" arrival was announced, hundreds fled from their homes and occupations to see the "Man of the People." Before dinner he addressed the immense multitude that surrounded the hotel from one of the windows, and spoke at great length on the state of the representation of the county of Tipperary, and desired the people to register their freeholds, and vote for such men as Mr. Otway Cave, whom he particularly recommended to represent the county; and to throw out such men as the Pritties and Hutchinsons. Mr. O'Connell severely animadverted on the conduct of the person concerned in the Borrisokane sanguinary affair, and recommended the people to be obedient to the laws, which would protect them; to be peaceable and quiet amongst themselves and become Police, and aid and assist each other in putting down factions, and that by so doing they would succeed in obtaining their just rights, of which Emancipation was only the forerunner. The member for Clare then asked, would they become his police? to which they with one voice replied "we will," "we will." He then told them he would rather see a frize coated police than any other. Mr. O'Connell earnestly recommended them to retire, and hoped it would be one of the most peaceable nights that was ever seen in Carrick-on-Suir. The Hon. Gentleman then retired amidst tremendous acclamations which were kept up for several minutes. Mr. O'Connell left this town next morning.

On Friday last a highly respectable meeting took place in this town, pursuant to requisition for the purpose of opposing the illegal exaction of the tolls and customs, which was attended by Otway Cave, Esq., M.P., H. W. Barron, Esq., Robert Longan, Esq., Counsellor Ronayne, &c. &c. Several of the neighbouring gentlemen and a great many of the first description of farmers in either counties, attended. At two o'clock Mr. Robert O'Donnell, of Mangstown, was called to the chair; Mr. Edward Power acted as secretary. Several resolutions were passed, a committee appointed, and subscriptions were entered into on the spot, for the purpose of carrying the object of the resolutions into effect. Mr. Otway Cave, subscribed £2, and was appointed a member of the committee. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Ronayne, Otway Cave, and Henry W. Barron.

At the Petty Sessions held in this town on Monday last, the Magistrates on the bench were Otway Cave, Esq., M.P., and Thomas E. Lalor, Esq.—The cases disposed of were of an ordinary nature, with the exception of complaints preferred against James Moore and others for exacting tolls and customs illegally. Counsellor Ronayne attended on behalf of the complainants, and was about to state the case, when Mr. Wilson informed the bench that Moore, who received the toll and custom for the Marquis of Waterford, was not ready to have the matter investigated; and swore an affidavit to that effect, which caused the Bench, after some argument between Messrs. Ronayne and Wilson, to adjourn to next Sessions' day.

EAST WATERFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The following premiums, offered by the Waterford Agricultural Society, were awarded at their AUTUMNAL MEETING, held in the City of Waterford on Monday, the 5th day of October:—

Michael Nowlan, Kilmeaden, tenant to Lord Doneraile, the first premium for the best managed farm, £6.

James Power, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq., M.P., the second premium for do. £3.

George Chalmers, Carriganore, tenant to Thomas M'Dougall, Esq., the first premium for mangel wurzel or turnips, £2 10s.

Wm. M. Ardagh, Esq., Grange, the second premium for mangel wurzel, £1 10s.

Edward Roberts, Esq. Killoteran, for the best crop of drilled potatoes, not less than one acre, £2.

Pat. Phelan, Knockduff, tenant to Wm. Christmas, Esq., the second premium for do. £1.

The first class of clean cottages at £1 premium each.—

John Walsh, Ballyglan, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq.

Thomas Flanagan, Woodstown, do.

Daniel Power, Baunfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq.

James Carroll, Glinn, do.

Maurice Torpy, Ballynagerea, tenant to John Palliser, Esq.

The second class of clean cottages at 15s premium each:—

Pat. Power, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq.

P. Flanagan, do. do. do.

P. Morrisey, do. do. do.

Pearse Fleming, Ballynagerea, tenant to John Palliser, Esq.

Walter Forristal, Glinn, tenant to John Congreve, Esq.

The third class of clean cottages at 10s premium each:—

J. Slattery, Woodstown, tenant to R. S. Carew, Esq.

Wm. Power, do. do. do.

Thos. Power, do. do. do.

Wm. Kennedy, Baunfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq.

Andrew Glascoe, Glinn, do. do.

Edward Roberts, Esq. for the best sample of hay of 5 cwt. cut into trusses of ½ cwt. each, £2.

R. and B. Graham, Waterford, for the best plough, £1 10s.

Daniel Power, Baunfaun, tenant to John Congreve, Esq., for the best cart, £2.

Pat. Cuddihy (carpenter), for the best harrow (Mr. John Kelly's, Suirville), £1.

David Hales, Ballyleggit, for the best draught sire, £5.

Nicholas Power, Esq., Faithlegg, for the best bull, £5.

Same, for the next best bull, £2.

Michael Power, Ballyvallin, tenant to Wm. Power, Esq., for the best boar, £2 10s.

John Congreve, Esq., Mount Congreve, for the best sow, £2.

Nicholas Power, Esq. Faithlegg, for the best 3 year old heifer, £3.

Same for the best 2 year old do. £2.

Same for the best 1 year old do., £1.

The report of the managing committee presented to the general meeting of subscribers, was, we understand, most satisfactory, setting forth the benefits already resulting from the formation of this society; in it they suggested some amendments of their bye laws, which were carried. Amongst them we notice one which confines to the working farmers the pecuniary rewards offered by the society, rewarding gentlemen who may be successful competitors by honorary marks of distinction. The benefits of the society are also, by another of these amendments, opened to all gentlemen whether resident within the district or not, who shall become subscribers, which we consider, situated as the district is, to be a great improvement, as it will open an opportunity to many gentlemen to enter as competitors for premiums who heretofore had been excluded. On the whole we have again to congratulate the county upon the formation of a society which already promises such happy results, and we trust the hope expressed by the noble chairman, Lord Ebrington, who presided at the agricultural dinner, will be realized, of seeing the working farmers daily coming more closely in competition with the gentlemen, and mixing with them particularly at their agricultural dinners, the price of which he strongly recommended to be kept as low as possible, to effect an object so desirable.

To Mr. Roberts, the secretary, to whose exertions principally the society owes its existence, great credit is due for all the arrangements made for the late meeting.

MEETING AT DUNGARVAN.

DUNGARVAN, Oct. 8.

Yesterday a meeting of the Independents was held at the Court House for the purpose of opposing the return of Lord George Beresford at the next election. Counsellor O'Connell arrived at twelve o'clock by the coach, and was shown into the Inn by John Matthew Galwey, Esq. The business at the court-house did not commence for a little time afterwards. A good deal of difficulty arose upon the choice of a chairman. It gave rise to a long discussion and some confusion; at length it was agreed that James Barron, of George's-town, Esq. should preside, and at two o'clock the chair was at length taken. A committee of ten was then appointed who prepared the following resolutions, which were afterwards submitted to the meeting and carried unanimously:—

First—That Mr. Stuart should be requested to continue to represent the County.

Secondly—That in case of his refusal, Henry Winston Barron, Esq. should be nominated to fill his place, and

Thirdly—That the High Sheriff was entitled to their thanks for the use of the court-house.

The speakers were Messrs. O'Connell, Ronayne, Wyse, O'Gorman, Otway Cave, and Mr. Barron, the new candidate. The theme, though variously illustrated, was the same with all, namely, the nothingness of Emancipation, and the absolute necessity of a much farther and more radical reform of the constitution, embracing, *inter alia*, reform of Parliament and the abolition of tithes. To effect such ends, and to sweep away corruption from all existing institutions, such as jobbing of Grand Juries &c., a perfectly independent candidate must be elected. Emancipation hitherto set up as the ne plus ultra of patriotic ambition, was now so far decried as to be pronounced a mere stepping-stone to ulterior objects.

Letters were read from H. V. Stuart, Esq., and Sir Richard Musgrave, stating that they would give their support to whatever candidate the meeting might set up.

In the evening there was a dinner at Mrs. M'Grath's, which was ordered for twenty four.

Mr. O'Connell left town this morning, and on his stepping into the carriage, was handed in a number of petitions. The applicants were dismissed with the learned Member's promise that he would do all in his power for them.

Boulogne, Oct. 1.—Among those who continue, or rather who have returned here, is Captain Helsham, the unhappy gentleman—for such, surely, he must be—who acquired in his fatal duel with Lieut. Crowther, some months since, a very unenviable notoriety—perhaps I ought, in accordance with the politeness of this polite country, to say—celebrity.—Some question of Captain H.'s being about to be brought, or to proceed, to London, to stand his trial for the homicide of Lieutenant Crowther, prevailed here lately; but I rather think the intention, if it did exist, has been abandoned. Your countryman, Dick Martin, no bad authority on the law of the case, says, Captain H. is not amenable to a British tribunal; that he has been declared or viewed as *non coupable* by the laws of this country, and has nothing (even had that not been the fact) to dread from the British code. Others are of a contrary opinion; and I assure you some of them are men who ought to be capable of deciding.

Naval Armaments.—The Britannia, Captain Burdett, 120 guns, sailed on Wednesday with a fair wind for the Mediterranean. She has not obtained her full complement of men, and has departed with 800 hands only. Our fleet on the Mediterranean station, when joined by the Britannia and Melville, will consist of nine sail of the line, six frigates, thirteen sloops and brigs, and three bombs, making a fleet of 81 sail, carrying nearly 1200 guns.

Extraordinary and Unaccountable Attempt at Assassination.—On Sunday night about twelve o'clock, while a respectable man named M'Donald, a pensioner, was passing near Poultry-square, on turning a corner, he observed a flash, and heard a report of a gun or pistol, and at the same instant his hat was knocked off—he looked round, and saw some thing resembling a man at a short distance, but could not be certain whether it was a human being or a post. He stooped for his hat, and on lifting it, found that it was perforated through both sides by a bullet, about an inch above the top of his head. About two hours afterwards, one of the night watch (Rober Scott) conducted two drunken men to the end of the Long-bridge, and after seeing them safely on the bridge, he turned towards Anne-street. When near to Mr. Waterson's house, at the corner of the street, he saw a flash in the direction of the wall leading from the end of the Long bridge to May's Dock, a report followed, and the watchman fell. On regaining his feet, one of the coast guard came up to him and said he smelt gunpowder. The watchman's clothes were examined, and it was found that a ball had passed completely through his great coat and the skirts of his under coat, but without injuring his person. The watchman says he heard the sound of men's feet running along the bridge immediately after the shot was fired. Assassination appears to have been the object in both instances, but how these individuals had rendered themselves obnoxious to any one, or whether they had been intentionally singled out for destruction, remains a mystery. Perhaps the publication of the circumstance may lead to some development of this altogether unaccountable and extraordinary affair.—*Belfast Guardian.*

Phipps, the eminent oculist, has recently been very constant in his attendance upon a high personage, who is said to have exceedingly benefitted by his science and skill. No immediate operation is at present contemplated.—*Sunday Times.*

BOTANY BAY.—The Patterson, which received the convicts from the Essex hulk, lying at Kingstown, sailed on Friday evening for Botany Bay, with upwards of two hundred convicts.

Saturday last, two light field-pieces, and one 12 inch howitzer, with several ammunition carts, arrived from Dublin, and were added to the artillery force in Limerick garrison. They were escorted from Nenagh by a detachment of the 56th Regiment, or Pompadours. The howitzer is constructed on a new principle by Major-General Miller, and is calculated to throw shot and shell.

The *Rev.* R. Taylor and Mr. Carlile are now going about as infidel missionaries. They issued a circular challenge, which has been sent to the University of Cambridge, and to some hundreds of preachers, inviting a discussion of the merits of the Christian religion, which they affirm to be "nothing more than an emanation from the ancient Pagan religion."

THE NEW JUBILEE—ITS CONDITIONS AND EFFECTS.

Father Daniel Murray, *vulgarly* called "his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin," has, in his late "*Pastoral Instructions*," testified "the publication of *another jubilee*"—and announced that "The Father of the *faithful* has again unlocked the spiritual treasures confided to his dispensation, and exhorted his children to go and enrich their souls for heaven."

The document which communicates this great privilege (namely—"the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee,") is dated, says his Grace, on the 18th of June of the present year. So much for the *march of intellect* at the beginning of the second quarter of the 19th century. It limits the duration of the Jubilee to one fortnight—so that those who would enrich their souls with a plenary indulgence have no time to lose. It likewise prescribes the conditions to be observed within that space of time, by those who desire to gain the advantages of it. These are—1st, To receive, with due sentiments of compunction, the sacrament of *penance*. 2dly, To receive devoutly the blessed Eucharist. 3dly, To visit *twice* the Church or Churches appointed for that purpose by the ordinary of the diocess, and to pray therein devoutly for the intention of his Holiness. 4thly, To fast on the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of *one* of the two weeks during which the Jubilee is to continue. [Quere—May not good *Jubilants* eat meat on all those days in the *other* week?] And 5thly, To give some alms according to each one's devotion.

Persons who are from home at the time of the general celebration may adjourn their performances till their return.

The sick, &c. may commute the specified conditions for others easier to be performed.

The young may omit certain parts of the performance "by particular desire."

And, "to afford sinners every possible facility"—the "most *ample powers* with respect to censures and reserved cases, are granted to all *approved* confessors."

"Powers are also granted to confessors, during the Jubilee, to commute vows for other works of piety." "In all cases of commutation, a salutary penance is to be enjoined, or some other pious work, at the discretion of the confessor."

"In virtue of the faculties imparted to us in the indult of his Holiness"—continues his Titular Grace—"we announce with *unspeakable* consolation, that the Jubilee will commence in this diocese [Dublin] on Sunday, the 27th of September, and continue until Sunday, the 11th October, both days included." The *Churches* appointed in the city are, "the *Church* of the Conception, Marlborough-street—that of St. Michael and John, Lower Exchange-street—and that of St. Paul, Arran-quay." In the country parishes, "each or any of the *Catholic Churches* or Chapels belonging to the parish."

His *Grace's* exposition of the advantages of the Jubilee, and of the pardon of the guilt and punishment of sin is so logical and luminous, that we cannot refrain quoting it for the benefit of those who believe in the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement. "You are aware," quoth he, "that an indulgence is not intended to remit the guilt of sin, nor, of course, the eternal punishment; which, according to the decree of God, is due to that guilt. It remits only the temporal punishment, which often *remains due* by the penitent, sinner to the divine justice, *after* his repentance, though Christ, had ascended to the throne of mercy, blotted out his guilt, cancelled the decree of eternal death which stood against him, and *reinstated him in the frendship of God*."

The columns of a newspaper is not the place to discuss matters of this serious cast. We therefore forbear to expose the absurdity and falsehood of this unchristian doctrine. But we trust there is sufficient in the passage itself to arrest the attention of thinking Roman Catholics, and "give them pause" ere they swallow that monstrous incongruity, that a merciful and just God would still exact the forfeiture he has remitted; still punish the sins whose guilt has been blotted out—and pursue with vengeance those whom his grace has "reinstated in his *friendship*."

The Jubilee is now in full play—and Popery, once more *jubilant* in Ireland, begins to "play her fantastic tricks before high heaven:"—or in plainer words, to exercise her abominable tyranny in open day and in the face of a Protestant community. On Thursday last this city was affronted with one of the most indecent exhibitions that it has witnessed since the *jubilant* reign of James the Second. On that day, at the hour of two o'clock, *p. m.*, when the streets are most crowded, a female of otherwise respectable appearance, performed *jubilee-penance*. Our informant met her, accompanied by a man to keep off the crowd, crossing one of our most frequented bridges, and passing through the leading streets of the city. She was *barefooted*; had no clothing on her, but a white muslin petticoat, and a white gown, the skirt of which, turned over her head, formed a kind of hood to cover her face.

• • • • •

Papists would not believe us when we foretold that the days of spiritual tyranny would follow close on their throwing off the mild and tolerant check of Protestant ascendancy. But so it is. The recent exhibition, they may now take our words for it is, but "the beginning of evils." The poor defenceless woman was put forth as a *feeler* to try what men would endure. If they are content to be slaves—well and good. If they would be free—there is but one remedy.—*Dublin Mail, Oct. 7.*

LORD AND LADY F. L. GOWER.—After spending a day at Headford, the beautiful seat of Mansergh St. George, Esq., by whom they were conducted to Cong and across the Lake, his Lordship and Lady proceeded to Renvyle, the residence of Henry Blake, Esq., and thence on the following day to Clifden and Ballinahinch Castles, the hospitable mansions of John D'Arcy and Thomas Martin, Esqrs. The Noble tourists were then to take their route back again by Clifden and Renvyle, the Killiries, Delphi (the beautifully romantic sporting lodge of the Marquis of Sligo, now the summer residence of Mr. Spencer Lindsay), and so on to Westport, where their carriages were to be in waiting to take them to Castlemacgarrett, the seat of Dominick Browne, Esq.

Public attention has been attracted in an extraordinary degree, in England, to the case of Mrs. Phillips, a lady who died lately at Finchley from the effects of laudanum. Circumstances have been pointed out which have induced the parish-officers to call for a further inquiry into the manner in which she came to her death; and, to the surprise of many, her husband has been pointed out as the object of suspicion!

Agricultural Distress.—By referring to another place, it will be seen that the fair of Ballinasloe has been a very indifferent one. The truth is, though the exports of cattle proceed with as much, perhaps more activity than usual, the prices have been rapidly declining. Nor is this confined to cattle, butter is cheaper now than it has been for forty years, although the monopoly of the English market is secured to us by several acts of parliament. With respect to the corn market, prices are certainly declining and likely to decline—yet the protecting duties are next to a prohibition. The following extract of a letter on this subject, received this day from Liverpool, merits the attention of our country friends, and indeed, of the public in general:—

"The supply of new grain has, up to the present moment been very small, and yet it has exceeded the demand; prices have generally receded. Every feature of the trade indicates a further fall, and suggests the necessity of great caution on the part of the Irish merchant. Those persons who look only to the produce of the crops as a criterion of future prices, will fall into great errors. The impoverished state of the great body of the consumers, and the contracted and still contracting state of the currency, will pull down prices in spite of every thing, and the difficulty is to discover when the decline will stop."—*Dublin Evening Post.*

BALLINASLOE FAIR.—We regret to state that the accounts from Ballinasloe Fair are very discouraging for the farmers. Sheep are, it is alleged, from 6s to 10s under last year's prices.

Cork Autumn Fair.—The autumnal fair for this city, held on Thursday, exhibited a convincing proof of the scarcity of money, from the few purchases made either for the domestic or English market, as well as of the caution observed by the trade, in the expectation of a material decline in price, consequent upon the low terms at which the contracts for the approaching season are taken. The show of fat cattle was unusually trifling—the holders look for prices much beyond what intending purchasers offered, and scarcely a sale was made for the Cork market—none for the English. Milch cows, always in request by the Liberty dairymen, brought good prices, varying from £6 to £10 according to engagements. Of store cattle the supply was large, but there were little or no bargains made in them. Fat pigs sold freely for the Bristol market, rating about 28s per cwt. Store pigs from 10s to 30s each. The sheep offered were generally of inferior descriptions. Horses, although for sale in numbers, did not meet purchasers—the few sold were of the working class. Altogether, this fair is reported as one of the most gloomy for several years. —*Cork paper.*

THE MARKETS.

Waterford, Oct. 10.—Yesterday we had a tolerably large supply of corn of all kinds, but prices have given way considerably; our highest quotations given, being only for the very best samples for grinding. Wheat 20s to 30s per barrel; barley, 11s 6d to 14s 6d, the latter price for prime malting only; oats, 8s 6d to 9s 6d; oatmeal 14s to 15s 6d, per cwt. by retail. Flour, 2ds, 37s to 40s per bag (it should be cheaper); 3ds, 30s to 35s; 4ths, 18s to 22s. Butter is going down to such a ruinous price, that farmers have become quite discouraged, and many within our own knowledge have determined to *till* more and *graze* less for the ensuing season. Yesterday the general price was from 58s to 62s and 6d higher per cwt. in a very few instances; weighed at the Crane, Wednesday, 233, firkins; Thursday 411, yesterday 364. Bacon pigs from 28s to 32s 6d per cwt, very prime lots, if such offered, would obtain 33s.

Cork, October 7.—To the merchants, first quality, 65s; 2ds, 56s; 3ds, 50s; 4ths, 45s; 5ths, 43s; 6ths, 39s. To the country, 1st, 00s; 2ds, 00s; 3ds, 00s; 4ths, 00s; 5ths, 00s; 6ths, 00s.

Clonmel, Oct. 7.—Very prime millers' wheat in a few instances maintained last week's prices up to yesterday, when 19½d per stone was given on some rare samples of picked quality—but after post-hour, this declined to 19d, and very tolerable grinding qualities were bought at 16½d per stone; shipping qualities from 14d to 16d. Oats from 8½d to 8¾d per stone for best descriptions. Barley from 12s to 13s 6d per barrel and bere 11s 6d. Second flour 40s per bag—households, 38s. Oatmeal 13s 4d per cwt. Yesterday 167 firkins of butter were purchased, firsts, from 58s to 56s per cwt.; other qualities in proportion. The hog-fair of yesterday had a middling supply; coarse, heavy pigs, from 28s to 29s per cwt.; sizable, from 30s to 31s.

Dublin Corn Exchange, Oct. 6.—There was a good supply of every description of corn at market to-day, and the accounts from England being very unfavourable, wheat was a heavy sale at a further reduction of 1s to 1s 6d—bere and barley 9d, and oats 6d per barrel. Flour and oatmeal have also declined 1s per cwt. Wheat red, 22s to 28s 6d; ditto, white, 28s to 32s; oats, 9s to 11s; bere, 13s to 13s 6d.

London Corn Exchange, Oct. 5.—We had a large arrival of new wheat fresh in this morning, the major part of which was rather out of condition, and even what appeared the best samples, and fit for the miller's use, was exceedingly dull sale at a reduction of from 2s to 3s per quarter, while the other qualities were offered considerably lower, but without being able to procure a purchaser. Barley was also 3s per quarter lower, and but few sales effected at that decline. Beans and peas of both kinds were also dull sale and rather cheaper. Oats were cheaper, new 2s and old 1s per quarter, the demand at this period of the year being rather limited. In other articles there is no alteration.

Wheat, 45s to 73s; rye, 34s to 38s; barley, 34s to 3[illegible]; malt, 54s to 64s; white peas, 32s to 34s; boilers, 34s to 38s; grey peas, 36s to 38s; small beans, 34s to 36s; tick ditto, 34s to 36s; oats, potato, 26s to 29s; ditto, Poland, 24s to 27s; ditto, feed, 18s to 24s; flour, 60s to 65s; rapeseed, £24 to £28.

Importations during last Week.—English—wheat 9,1[illegible], barley 6,218, malt 6,038, oats 13,865, rye 205, beans 1,[illegible], peas 1,832 qrs. Foreign—wheat 11,235, barley 880, oats 12,735, beans 60, peas 255 qrs. Irish—oats, 2,368 qrs.

Liverpool, Oct. 6.—Several Irish cargoes having arrived yesterday; we had a fair show of samples of new grain at this morning' market, and only a moderate demand. All qualities of wheat were a dull sale at fully the reduction above noted, and some quantity of the new left unsold; only a small portion of the supply was of fine quality. New oats (of which there were several cargoes prepared, west of Ireland offering) were also 2d to 3d per bushel cheaper, the choice qualities not exceeding 3s 3d per 45 lbs.; prices of old also declined 1½d per 45lbs. Flour was 1s, and oatmeal 1s to 2s per sack cheaper, and the sale of each article very difficult.

PORT NEWS—PASSAGE.

ARRIVED—6th, Gipsy (steamer), Owen, Liverpool, goods, &c.—7th, None.—8th, Providence, Greenway, Cork, deals.—9th, Nora Creina (steamer), Stacey, Bristol, m. goods and passengers.

SAILED—6th, Wellington, White, Dublin, Ordnance stores—Harmony, Worwell, Newport, ballast (from Ross)—Dash, Jones, ditto, ditto (from Duncannon).—7th, City of Waterford (steamer), Bailey, Bristol, general cargo—Hero, Loving, Portsmouth, grain—Friends, Howell, Bristol, do.—8, Gipsy (steamer), Owen, Liverpool, general cargo—Mayflower, M[illegible]—and Maria, Kennedy, St. John's (Newfoundland,) general cargo—Margaret, Fishley, Newhaven, oats—Mary Ellen, [illegible] Pearce, Portsmouth, do. and butter—Resolution, Fisher, [illegible] pigs.

9th, Wind at 8 a.m. West.

Arrived from Waterford—At London, Oct. 5, Emma, Miller. At Deal, 3d, Sultan, Read—5th, Sir John Newport, Nicholls. At Limerick, 3d, Speedy, Taylor. At Malaga, Sept. 10, [illegible] Emma, Power. At Quebec, Aug. 28, George the Fourth, Morgan. At Falmouth, Oct. 4, Selsey, Lancaster.—At Southampton, 5th, Two Brothers, Pearce.

SHIP NEWS.

The Josias, of Kinsale, has been got off Tramore Strand, and is gone to Rhineshark harbour for repairs. Her damage is not great.

BIRTH.

On Tuesday, the 22d ult. at Farn Hill, county Wexford, the lady of Lieutenant J. L. Nunn, of the 66th regiment, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Balrothery church, county of Dublin, on the 6th inst., William Donovan, of Enniscorthy, Esq., youngest son of the late Richard Donovan, of Ballymore, in the county of Wexford, Esq., to Elizabeth Warren Dallas, youngest daughter of the late Capt. John Dallas, of the 46th regt.

DIED,

On the 9th inst., at Belvidere Lodge, Newtown-road, Anne Eliza Penrose, youngest daughter of George Randall Penrose, Esq.

On the 24th ult., at his seat, Oak Hill, Douglas, John B[illegible], Esq., clerk of the council of that island, aged 63 years and formerly of Summerhill, Dublin.

Published at the Waterford Mail Printing office, Old Exchange Place, Quay, by WILLIAM DART, to whom all letters for subscriptions, advertisements, &c. are to be addressed.