The Waterford Mail.

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DIRECTIONS ON PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE FOR THE WORKING FARMER.

MANURE.

As a Carpenter is known by his chips, so is a Farmer by his dunghill. Dung is the Farmers magic wand; making Manure is the foundation of all good agriculture, and he who has the honest ambition of being a good Farmer will give every attention to the making and collecting Manure as the first and most essential step in any system. The following plain directions, if followed, will add considerably to what is, in truth, the Farmer's wealth—his dunghill. It will be said all who deserve the name of Farmers know at least how to make dung; but the contrary is the fact; scarcely one knows any thing on the subject, either in theory or practice:—

Make up your straw daily as it is threshed into stacks, and when you have a quantity make up in large ricks and thatch it as carefully as you do Hay. Never waste any straw or allow it to be spread about the yard or on the road; it would be far better to plough it into the ground dry.—One load of dung made as now directed is worth five made of straw wet and rotten with rain, of which the principal beneficial qualities are lost, and washed away. Keep your cattle as much as possible in house, winter and summer; your horses always, your cows should be in stall the entire day from the 1st of May until the 1st of November, and at night the other months of the year. Let all have plenty of bedding. Where sand is to be had, lay always a thick layer first on the floor, and especially fill the channels; then cover with a good bed of straw. Turf mold, dry, is still better than sand, if neither can be obtained in quantity, there is no place where sufficient of one or other cannot be got to lay in the channels and soak up the urine. Clean out the house at least every second day; put back into the stalls any that is not wet; the stables should be cleaned every day, morning and evening. Once a week throw water on the floors, sweep them out, and sprinkle with powdered lime. If this is done every day in stables, it will destroy the very unpleasant smell and prevent that volatile salts so injurious to the sight of horses. It is a healthy, a cleanly and a profitable practice. Make your Dunghill as follows:—First make a platform of earth (in some roomy vacant place), turf mold far better, one foot or more high, and twelve feet wide—you can add to length as you want; throw the dung on this platform, say a foot thick; then cover with earth or turf mold; a layer of sand on this earth; some earth on that, and then a layer of dung.—Again continue making your dung in the same manner every day all the year round. A foot of dung covered at once with six or eight inches of earth and sand, or turf-mold better than both.—Bring out the dung as soon as cleaned from the houses. If your hurry is so great that you cannot do so, cover it there at once with earth. Go on raising the heap as long as dung can be thrown up with shovels; but never let cart or wheel barrow go on your dunghill. When to its height, cover the sides with sods and mold or earth, packed close; then add to the length of your platform and go on. It would facilitate your spring work if your dung heaps were in different places in your field. It is a wastefield system and a dirty slovenly practice to throw dung out of the cow-house and stable door, and leave it there to be dried up in summer, all the fertilizing gasses to evaporate and contaminate the air you breathe; or in winter, the enriching qualities to be wasted away, and destroyed by the rain, or deadened by a superabundance of cold water.—It is a dirty, barbarous, beastly practice, making dung in the farm yard near your house: the air becomes unwholesome; the house cannot be kept clean. Dung is brought in on the shoes, and clothes, and the health of the family injured; the sight and the smell are injured and offended. Your yard should be always clean and swept once a week, at least with a broom. By having a pit at the lower end of the yard, and as far from the house as you can, made water tight, and throw into it all the slops, the water running from the weekly washing of the cattle, houses, soap suds, excellent, and then throw in earth, rods, weeds which have not formed their seeds, refuse straw, &c. They will be good dung in a fortnight, and what is now wasted and a nuisance, will add to the quantity and quality of your Dunghill, and keep your sheep in a house, or yard at night; put sand on litter under them; their manure is known to be stimulant. Pigs ought always to be kept in yard; their dung is the best; they should be well littered and their houses often cleaned. If you manage in this manner you may be sure of having more manure than you will want. Provided your cattle are abundantly fed, you may be certain of having enough of manure for one acre from each Horse or Cow, and for every six sheep and six pigs.—The weeds will be cut before they shed their seed, and will soon be eradicated from your land, and those matters which before were useless and injurious will come out from the pit once a fortnight of much value. The earth put in the bottom of the dung, and in the alternate layers, if not trampled on, will imbibe the juices and fertilizing gasses, and will prevent the dung heating too much and consuming both qantity and quality. Dung put out from the houses and treated as now directed, will diminish very little in quality, and with the foundation of earth and the alternate layers, a horse-load of fresh dung will heat and consume itself to less than a wheelbarrow full, and its best qualities be lost. Cattle should be always well fed, if it was only for the increase of the dung hill; the dung of well fed beasts is much more enriching to the land than that of halfafed; the dung of carnivorous animals is better than of those fed no vegetables—an additional proof that half stock is whole profit, whole stock half profit. By giving every animal plenty of litter, or keeping his stall clean, it will tend greatly to the improvement of his condition and encrease the dunghill. You know that cleaning is half feeding. A gentleman who followed the old system of manure making, or rather manure neglecting, had every year to buy manure, and draw it at heavy expense; he adopted the plan you are advised to follow, and tho' he has not encreased his stock, he has now plenty of manure for all proposes, and some to spare for top-dressing meadows. Every one who has adopted the system has found great benefit. Lime is a valuable assistant, but not alone. Lime spread, when in powder, on a field well ploughed, will greatly improve the quality of the soil, increase the corn crop, and improve the grasses. Forty barrels per English acre is a sufficient quantity, or two dressings at an interval of five years, of 30 barrels per acre, is perhaps better. Lime mixed with old banks, cleaning of ponds, and spread on Lea land, intended to be broken up, will greatly improve the subsequent crops. Lime destroys all sourness or acidity, put a piece of lime into vinegar, and it will take away all sour taste. In like manner it will sweeten the herbage. Lime marl, found in many parts of Ireland, is an equally valuable dressing. Sea-sand acts in the same manner—they are all valuable as helps, but they are injurious if dung is not applied to the green crop—they stimulate the action of the land too much; they destroy the vegetable, and bring into immediate action. Hence its great benefit in old lea lands. Oar Weed is known to be most beneficial manure; the best way to use it is after the potato crop has been well dunged, as soon as the stalks are coming up, to spread it on the ground, and cover with the plough when first earthing. Malt Dust is equally valuable, but good only for one crop. It might be beneficially applied in the same manner recommended for Oar Weed; it forces great crops of hay, and would most probably, if sown after turnip or Mangel Wurzel, encrease the crop, if first well dunged. Bone-Dust has been proved to be higly valuable manure for the Turnip crop—all agree that it is better when, being mixed with earth, it has fermented—there is no reason why it should not be equally effective for Wangel Wurzel and potatoes. Mr. Deebles very valuable Pamphlet explains its effects, and directs its application. Burnt Clay is a good manure for one crop, or for a forcing top-dressing for Clover on Medow. Its preparation is cheap and simple. Have a good many sods dried—make four or five heaps close to each other—light with a few faggots and sticks—when well lighted, cover with more dry sods—and when the fire is well established then cover with clay; prevent the fire breaking through the sides, by puiting up sods. Put clay on the top morning and evening. When the fire comes to the top the earth gets black; put on only a little at a time, but never let the fire break out at sides or top. At small expense you will have a large heap. This practice is very good on clay or heavy lands, or moor or mountain. Where marl is to be had, it is a very good practice to burn it in this manner.

EXPENSE OF MANURE.

Lime 40 barrels per acre, first cost,		One Shilling per brl.
Sea Sand, 80 horse loads	.. ..	5s 0d a load.
Bone-dust, 25 bushels per acre	..	2s 8d a bushel.
Malt dust, 25 bags per acre	.. ..	3s 0d a bag.
Rape cake ½ a ton per acre.		

I would recommend to appropriate one man exclusively to manure, and, at leisure, after cleaning house, and putting on the heap, to collect grass-weeds, &c., out of plantations, dykes, and such like. Let him never be taken from it; a donkey or a small horse would do for a very good-sized farm. If he has constant employment he will be worth ten times his daily hire to his employer

AGRICOLA.

October 20, 1837.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

On Friday week, one of the most numerous, influential, and respectable meetings ever held in the town of Cheltenham, took place in the Assembly Rooms of that town, for the purpose of rebutting certain statements put forth at a previous meeting, held in the same town, composed of Roman Catholics and *heteradox* Dissenters. The meeting, if possible, was even much more than we have described above, as the speakers were pious, and there breathed throughout their several addresses such a spirit of pure and undefiled religion, as left no doubt they were imbued with an holy sense of the principles they advocated.

The speakers were, the Chairman, the Rev. F. Close, Rev. G. Brown, Captain Schrieber, Rev. C. Davis, the Rev. W. Kinsey, Mr. K. B. Cooper, the Rev. S. Middleton, Rev. T. B. Newell, and Mr. C. Cole.

The following are the resolutions which were unanimously adopted:—

"That any system of education which does not recognise the supreme authority of the Word of God, which gives prominence to human rather than to divine knowledge, and which aims at cultivating the mind rather than renovating the heart, is unsuited to the state of man as a sinner needing a Saviour, and is unworthy the support of a Christian people.

"That this meeting, viewing with great jealousy any departure from the authorised version of Holy Scripture, which has been received by all denominations of Christians in this country for 226 years, and deprecating any mutilation of its sacred pages, protests against the introduction into this country of any system of education similar to that which is now in operation in Ireland.

"That the national and other Scriptural schools now established in this country have produced the most beneficial results; and that their utility is limited only by the insufficiency of their pecuniary resources."

The Chairman having left the chair, and Mr. R. B. Cooper having taken it, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Rev. F. Close for the able manner in which he had discharged the duties of the day.

SONNET.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

'Tis sweet when joy that has been long away,
Revisits us with unforgetting smile,
And whispers that in all that tedious while
It only seemed from our sides to stray;
When, after dreary months, a sudden May
Woos us abroad, with many a loving wile,
Or when we listen, in cathedral aisle,
An anthem that we heard some long-gone day:
Or gaze on face of some long-parted friend,
Or scene that we have gazed on long ago;
Or feel within ourselves the subtle flow
Of some remember'd mood steal on, and blend,
In union fine, old thoughts and new; or pore
On some delightful page, long read before.

W. R. H.

Mr. Condon, for his activity in apprehending the above deserters, is, by the Articles of War, entitled to a sum not exceding £2 each, for their apprehension.—*Cork Constitution.*

MEETING OF THE IRISHERS.

(From the Evening Packet.)

The Demon of Darrynane is a precious hand at kicking up a row and placing his dupes, Cloncurry and Co., in a ridiculous position. On Thursday we gave the letter of the Demon, intimating to the Lord of Lyons a why and a wherefore the former had resolved upon abandoning the threated meeting of the factious Irish Members in Dublin, to prepare addresses to the Queen and Parliament, for blowing up the Spottiswoode "conspiracy," for raising funds to enable the depressed and persecuted Protestants of Ireland to seek redress from the House of Commons. It was not expected by any rational person, that Lord Cloncurry would have had the manliness to complain of being trifled with upon the subject, though it was generally expected that he would have insisted upon some steps being taken to remedy the grievances mentioned in the acquiescent response to call for the meeting. It was generally supposed that the *magnanimous patriot* of Maritimo would not have sat down quietly until some plan was resolved upon, for, in the first place, assimilating the charges of the Holyhead Packets to those on the Liverpool station—in the second place for preventing the mal-practices of persons employed in the Post-office who purloin his newspapers, and for getting rid of the charge of a penny on these useful publications—in the third place, for getting rid of the surcharges on the letters of the poor—in the fourth place, for diminishing the practice of stealing silk pocket handkerchiefs—and in the fifth place, for furnishing his Lordship with accurate information on the subject of the Petty Sessions for Bray, and all the other Sessions in Ireland whereat Conservative or Tory Magistrates preside or take part.

A murmur from Lord Cloncurry for being fooled was not expected; but it was believed that he would not have suffered those *crying evils* which he so glowingly described, and feelingly deplored, to have continued in their unmitigated form. Blessed are they who expect nothing from Lord Cloncurry but nonsense and servility to the Demon of Darrynane, for they shall not be disappointed. The reader of the following response will find that the Dublin pickpockets, the people of the Post-office, the captains of the Holyhead packets, and the Magistrates of Bray, are to be permitted to continue their malpractices without further interruption from the Lord of Lyons. The Demon has said, "be still," and therefore Cloncurry has shut his ugly mouth.

"TO O'CONNELL.

"Maritimo, November 2.

"My Dear O'Connell—I entirely agree with you. My sole object was to procure for the friends of Ireland, in Parliament, accurate information on the spot, to diminish their legislative labors, and to secure unanimity on measures likely to be brought forward for their benefit. The recorded acts and sentiments of the Government render any marked demonstration on our part unnecessary, and the dissolution of the National Association proves this to be the opinion of the people of Ireland—a mark of deserved confidence not likely to be misunderstood by the generous nation on which it is conferred.

"Most truly yours,

"Cloncurry."

The whole affair is so charming, that one of our imps has put it in rhyme as follows:—

THE "YES AND NO" CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LORD OF LYONS AND THE DEMON OF DARRYNANE.

FIRST LETTER.

My dearest Cloncurry,
I'm all in a flurry,
So pardon this scrawl if it smack of my hurry;
But, faith, in reality,
All our vitality
Must be in motion to keep our regality.
My Lord, only think
That we stand on the brink
Of an abyss from which we in horror must shrink:
The fact of the case is,
Overwhelmed with disgraces,
We run a sad chance of being kicked from our places;
What d'ye think if we meet,
Our old lies to repeat,
And lay a petition at little Vic.'s feet—
All our woes to recite,
And to ask for our right,
With a threat, if denied, we are ready to fight?
Pray, consider my plan—
Write as soon as you can—
And believe me to be yours sincerely,

Ould Dan.

SECOND LETTER.

Dear O'Connell, although
You once were my foe,
My smile, by the Pope, I will on you bestow;
Though I have felt your fang,
To your "Tail" will I hang,
For Cloncurry in twisting's a true "Boomerang."
I have wrongs of my own,
Which to men must be known,
Till at postage and steam-ships the wide world will groan.
Though a meeting with P(i)ers
Once awakened my fears,
My valor has grown, like my folly, with years,
I'll in Dublin attend—
You a circular send,
And summon each Tail-er at once to attend;
And then, hot as curry,
The Tories we'll worry,
And let the Queen see what a dust is

Cloncurry.

THIRD LETTER.

My Lord, I for one
To your offer cry—done,
And already anticipate excellent fun.

O'Connell.

FOURTH LETTER.

Merrion-square, Nov. 1, 1837.

My Lord, don't be vexed
When you read the annexed—
But, faith, I at present am greatly perplexed;
The promise I've spoken,
Alas! must be broken,
And your glory must end all a bottle of smoke in—
Not a few of the Peers—
Och! I write this wish tears—
Would receive our invite with derision and jeers.
So don't think it strange,
If my purpose I change,
In London the meeting some time I'll arrange.
Till you get your docket,
Keep your speech in your pocket,
And believe, dear *Peachum*, yours fervently *Lockit*.

LAST SCRAWL OF ALL.

Maritimo, Nov. 2.

"I entirely agree,
In London I'll be,
For to worship untruth I will, aye, bend the knee.
Our lives we have spent,
On true glory intent,
I inclose, *entre nous*, half-a-crown for the rent,

CLONCURRY.

On reading the above we incontinently kicked the elf to perdition.

An oyster was opened at Point Comfort lately, which was so large that it took three men to *swallow it whole.—American Paper.*

POPERY IN LIVERPOOL.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

We have received the following communication from a quarter that warrants us in placing the utmost reliance on its credibility. For audacity, bigotry, and cruelty, it surpasses any case which has come under our notice for some considerable time, and we are confident our readers will peruse it with an indignant interest. We present the statement in the exact and homely language in which we received it.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst., a widow of the name of Catherine Quin, with seven children, who has been for some time seriously ill, became much worse, and being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, desired spiritual relief. She sent for the Rev. Mr. Sinnett, of Seel-street. Mr. Sinnett did not come, but Mr. Glover, the senior priest, attended. He refused at first to administer any religions consolation to her, unless she took her eldest son out of the Blue-coat Hospital, where he has been since the decease of his father, about twelve months. Mr. Glover said, "Where do you think you are sending the soul of your son by keeping him in the Blue School?" Mrs. Quin was too much put out of the way to reply, when Mr. Glover said, "*You are sending his soul to hell.*" He then said, "I can do nothing for you," and went away without administering any spiritual relief to her at all.

On Sunday, the 15th inst., Mrs. Quin was a great deal worse, and the Rev. Mr. Sinnett was applied to in the morning of that day, for him to come and see her. He came between five and six o'clock. Mr. Sinnett said, "Where do you think you are sending the soul of your son to by keeping him in the Blue-coat School." Mrs. Quinn made no reply, when Mr. Sinnett said, "You are sending his soul to hell;" he said he could do nothing for her, and went away. Mrs. Quinn continued to get worse, and about nine o'clock the same evening, a person of the name of ——— went for Mr. Sinnett, and brought him along with her. Mr. Sinnett again said "he could do nothing for her unless she would promise to bring her son out of the Blue School." To this Mrs. Quin did not return any answer.—Mr. Sinnet then addressed a Mrs. Makin for her to see that the boy should come out of the school. Mrs. Makin assented, when Mr. Sinnett administered to her the sacrament; he then went away.

On the Tuesday following (Oct, 17), the Rev. Mr. Sinnett again called on Mrs. Quin, when a Mrs. Bradshaw was in the room. Mr. S. asked Mrs. Quin how she was, and whether a doctor had been to see her? to which Mrs. Quin replied that she thought she was a little better than she had been. He then said, "Have you got your little boy out of the Blue School?" Mrs. Quin said, "He was out yesterday." Mr. Sinnett said, "Why did you not keep him out? You promised me you would keep him out, or else I could not have done anything for you." Mrs. Quin did not reply: but a neighbour, who is of the same persuasion, said, "Think of your soul, Mrs. Quin; you are very near going into the other world." Mrs. Q. said, "Well you have got the girls to promise you they would come." Mr. Sinnett said, "Have you made up your mind to fetch the boy out of the Blue School today?" Mrs. Quin said, "What am I to do? Can I die happy and know that my son will be wandering about the streets, and have no bread, and as many bad boys as there are going about?" Mr. Sinnett replied, "There is the poor-house for him." Mr. Sinnett again said. "Have you made up your mind to fetch him out of the school?" Mrs. Quin said, "I cannot promise that, Sir." Mr. Sinnet then said, "You cannot receive anything more from me until you have done so; and when you leave this world, *you will go to hell.*" Mr. Sinnet then went down stairs, where he saw Jane Quin, and said to her, "Is that boy coming out of the school to-day?" Jane replied, "He was out yesterday; but Mr. and Mrs. Foster had gone to Roby, and I did not see them to ask them whether he might come to-day." Mr. Sinnett said, "Do you know that by keeping that boy in the Blue School, *you are sending his soul to hell?*" Jane did not answer him. Mr. S. said, "*Your mother cannot be allowed a Christian burial.*" Mr. Sinnett then seeing a little boy called James Quin, about nine years of age, said, "Is there another little boy?" Jane replied, "Yes." Mr. S. said, "How many of you are there?" Jane told him seven—four girls and three boys. He then went away.

Mrs. Quin died on the night of Wednesday, Oct. 18, and was not visited by either of the priests on that day.

Launch of a New Corvette.—This interesting event took place on Tuesday at Woolwich. The novelty of the scene attracted a vast concourse of spectators from town and the country on both sides of the river. All being ready, the signal was given, the band struck up "God save the Queen," a lady poured an orthodox bottle of wine on the timbers, and called her the "Modeste;" the trigger was struck away, and the new ship, bearing the royal standard and the union jack, gracefully swept into the waters and was turned round amidst the cheers of the spectators. The Modeste is a corvette, pierced for eighteen guns, and built upon the suggestion of Admiral Elliott, nearly similar to the plan, but upon reduced lines, of the French frigate La Modeste, a ship of thirty-six guns, which that officer commanded when captain off the East India station in 1808, 1809, and 1818. The peculiarity of the original Modeste was that for a considerable breadth parallel to the keel on both sides the planking rose into a concavity like the section of a large tube, and so allowed the keel to cut its way through the water with less resistance. The rest of the bottom flattened upon the water in a great degree. So far as the diminished size of the imitation would admit, these are the characteristics of the new corvette. Her draught will be one tenth less than other vessels of the size, and the great question to be tried by her is, how she will sail on a wind. The corvette has also chain plates along the sides, instead of the link chains generally used, from which a series of ropes in closer lines than hitherto will ascend to the shrouds, thus presenting a narrower front to the enemy's fire, and lessening the danger of the rigging. The dimensions of the Modeste are in length 107 feet on the keel, and on deck 120 feet. She is thirty feet in the beam, and thirty two feet from one outside to the other. The depth of the hold from the main hatchway is fourteen feet four inches. Her frame and gunwale are of English oak, and the planking of the bottom of East country (Dantzic) timber. Mr. Laing is the builder. She is to be commanded by Captain Eyre, and her company, including the marines, will be about ninety men. It is not more than four months since she was placed on the stocks.

THE SPINSTER'S NUMERATION TABLE.

17. Vast notions of a love-match. Enthusiastic for Bayley's songs and pastoral poetry.

18. Complexion and spirits high. Addicted to archery the "Comic Annual," and "Charming Woman." Willing to accept every partner that offers in a ball-room, dance fourteen quadrilles in a night, and reject a proposal a day. Staunch to love in a cottage.

19. A trifle more refined in shape and taste. Love in a cottage renounced for love in a house in town.

20. Shyness gone, fastidiousness increased. An equipage indispensable.

21. Beginning to under stand the meaning of the words younger brother. Anxious to postpone my sister's *debut*.

22. Softened in complexion, hardened in heart. Laces for a waist; and thinks it possible to marry for rank.

23. Fidgetty respecting Almack's. A graceful glide substituted, for the bouyant step of boisterous eighteen.—Refuses a country squire, sighs for the drawing-room, and prattles about a diamond necklace.

24. The age of supreme loveliness and surpassing vanity; beauty and elegance in full bloom.

25. Surprised at being still single and beginning to count the conquests of the season. Figures in tableaux and charades.

26. Torments papa to spend the winter at Brighton, and give some dinner parties. Rides showy horses, in preference to her former airings with mamma.

27. Hair and shoulders growing rather thin. Ventures upon luncheon. Reads Mrs. Marcet, cultivates a flower garden, and affects decided opinions.

28. Nose a little red before breakfast. Thinks it possible to marry a widower, and pass eight months of the year on his estate. Considers tableaux and charades silly things.

29. Hazards a second glass of wine at dinner, and takes an interest in the debates. Refuses to fingure in a quadrille of beauty among the chits of the day. Brighton a frivolous gossiping place.

30. Thinks it possible to pass ten months of the year in the country. Assumes a cap for morning visits, and reads tracts on the education of the poor.

31. Tries Leamington and a five-barred gate. Failure. Waist increased, smiles diminished by a speck upon a front tooth.

32. Serious. Quotes from Hannah More, and replaces the specked tooth with a Mallan. Thinks it possible to pass the year round in the country with a man one esteems. Wonders how anybody can care for diamonds.

33. Affects to patronise girls, and plays the *chaperon*.—Prefers men of a certain age. Reads Mrs. Somerville, and frequents the Vestilator.

34. Flattered by the attentions of a boy of eighteen.—"Intellectual attainments defy all considerations of age." Accepts a stall at a fancy fair, and resumes pink ribbons.

35. A slight tint of rouge no harm by candlelight. Conversational, and a great acquisition in a country house.

36. Calls herself nine-and-twenty, and would not be seen in a cap for the world. Takes to waltzing.

37. Keeps down the drawing-room blinds, and has the chariot new lined with yellow. Resumes the cotillion.—Scraggy, fretful, and deperate.

38. Makes parties to Beulan Spa, and flirts by moonlight. Left in the lurch by an Ensign of the Guards.

39. Spends the season with a cousin in Yorkshire, where second-rate London graces prove a bad substitute for the bloom of youth.

40. Begins to busy herself about other people's affairs. Quotes the matrimonial squabbles of her married friends.—Nose decidedly red; lips decidedly blue.

41. Thanks her stars that she is single. Threadpapers and housewife ordered to lie on the table, and a tabby cat under it.

42. Indignant when told how well she wears. Attends church twice on a Sunday.

43. Takes a constitutional walk before breakfast, and antibilious pills before dinner.

44. Tries Harrowgate for the erysipelas; and indulges in a snooze in her own room after dinner.

45.—Goes to service on Wednesdays and Fridays, or daily, if in a cathedral town. Takes sal volatile in her tea.

46. Swears eternal frieddship to a spinster friend, and keeps a cage of canary birds. Reads the *Eclectic Review*.

47. Gives weekly tea-parties, and cultivates the saintly affection of Dr. Humgoose.

48. Weeps cataracts at the disrourses of dear Dr. Humgoose and snoozes openly after an early dinner.

49. Gratified to be told how well she wears. Makes her will. Leaves all to her beloved Arabella, except an annuity to the cat and canary birds.

50. Startled by a proposal from dear Dr. Humgoose.—Consults Arabella, and determines to remain single.

51. Alters her will on learning that her beloved Arabella has become Mrs. Humgoose.

52. Survives the cats and canaries, and takes a companion.

53. Triumphs at hearing how the Humgooses are cheated by their servants, and sets the companion to watch the giddy thing who lodges next door.

54. Settles at Bath. Escapes the blue devils by becoming a blue.

55. Assumes brevet rank. Becomes an *esprit fort*, and is thenceforward classed in our minds with beings of an epicine gender.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SONG OF THE MONTH, FOR NOVEMBER.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

Of all the months that compose the year,
From January chill, to December drear,
Commend us to November;
For, sure as its period comes around,
Good fellows are over the wine-cup found—
'Twas so since we remember.

Let April boast of its sunny showers,
Let May exult in its gay young flowers,
And June in its heat and its light;
This, is the month to surpass them all,
While wine-cups circle in wood-lit hall,
And wit flashes on through the night.

What flowers can vie with the charms we view
Around us then? Love's rosiest hue
To woman's cheek is given.
No shower is like the tear of the grape,
In its rainbow joy that his happiest shape,
And each that is direct from heaven.

If mists veil the earth, and if storms arise,
And darkness broods gloomily over the skies,
And the gusty wind sullenly moans;
Let them e'en do the worst:—we care not a pin,
Though it's dreary without, we are merry within
As we listen to music's gay tones.

Then of all the months that compose the year,
From January chill to December drear,
Commend us to November;
For, sure as its period comes around,
Good fellows are over the wine cup found—
And 'twas so since we remember.

The March of Improvement—Cigar Smoking.—On Saturday last the proprietor of one of the Mile-end omnibuses discovered that the conductor belonging to the vehicle was dividing the profits of the business with him, and withholding as much as 6s and 8s a day of his master's money. He was accused of the offence by his employer, and did not deny it; on the contrary, he in the most impudent manner excused himself, by saying that his wages (24s a week) was not enough to support him, as his cigars alone cost him 13s or 14s a week! Through the great difficulty of proving a case of this kind to the satisfaction of a jury, the fellow escaped justice, but he was, of course, at once discharged from his situation.

CONVERSION OF A MAN OF RANK FROM INFIDELITY TO POPERY.

(From the Standard.)

The notorious radical baronet, Sir Charles Wolseley, of Wolseley, Staffordshire, the patron of Hunt and the instrument of Cobbett, has lately been received into the maternal bosom of the Romish church. On Sunday last, the 29th ult., a grand ceremony was got up in the chapel of Sir Clifford Constable, at Tixall; the principal actor being, of course, the newly converted baronet, who, standing at the altar, read aloud to a crowded audience of Catholics and Protestants, a declaration that he solemnly and sincerely believed in the bodily presence at the sacrament, in the meditorial power of the saints, in the sacred character of images, which he promised to reverence and hold in honour, and in various other matters which he has ridiculed for the last fifty years of his life.

The president of the Jesuitical college at Oscot, and the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer, with several other priests, assisted at the ceremony.

The Romish organs will no doubt sing a loud pæan of triumph on this pretended renunciation of the errors of Protestantism for the purities of the Roman Catholic faith.

The truth is, Sir Charles never attended Protestant worship. During a long life, spent without the acquisition of a single friend, he has scoffed at all religion, and until within a very recent period, most especially derided the chicanery of the Romish priesthood. But being now, as Shakspeare says, "a lean and slippered pantaloon" (about sixty-five yaars of age), and feeling scarcely prepared for the change he must expect soon to undergo, he thought it time to look about him for the readiest means of *purchasing* salvation. These he has fortunately found.

Without doubt, his neighbourhood will soon reap much benefit from the charitable and exemplary life of the sincere penitent.

The following conversation is said actually to have occurred between the reformed prodigal and his confessor:—"Sir Charles, I have only one more exortation to give; you must really strive to pray a little." "D—n it!" cried the penitent, who before his regeneration had a habit of swearing, which he now strives (though not with entire success), to overcome, "I have not tried for the last forty years, and I find it impossible to do *that*. I will do anything else you please." "Well! well!" mildly responded the confessor, "be a good son of the Church in other respects, and we will try to get you absolution without that."

APPREHENSION OF DESERTERS.

It is not at all improbable that a general Court Martial will soon take place in our Barracks, upon two Color Serjeants of the 22d Regiment, who deserted (rom Buttevant Barracks on the night of the 7th of October,—one the Pay-Serjeant of Captains Hawkins, of the name of Garry—the other the Pay-Sergeant of Captain Meyers, of the name of Moran, Sergeant Garry taking with him upwards of £50 belonging to Captain Hawkins; and Moran, nearly that sum belonging to Captain Meyers. They proceeded from Buttevant to Cove—from thence to Youghal, where they remained twelve hours, and equipped themselves as sailors; they then proceeded towards Waterford, near which city they were taken, having been pursued in their route by Mr. Condon, of Buttevant, who apprehended them at a public house, enjoying themselves, a few miles from Waterford. Previous to Garry's desertion he had been to Mr. Condon's shop at Buttevant, where he selected a quantity of socks, shirts &c., and not paying for them, this was the cause of inducing Mr. Condon to pursue them. At the period of their desertion they must have had in their possession upwards of £100, as they had obtained money to the amount of from £5 to £10 from the serjeant major, and the sum of £5 from several of their comrade sergeants. When they were made prisoners by Mr. Condon, Moran had only £11 on his person, and Garry 9s 6d. With their disguise they had changed their names.—Garry had assumed the name of O'Connell, and Moran that of M'Avoy, and it is much feared that under those names they have have deposited their ill-gotten booty in some Post-Office, or at some Banking Establishment, either in Cork or at Youghal, as their intention was to proceed forthwith to America.

Garry, *alias* O'Connell, is about 5 feet 8 inches in height; has a round fat face, fair complexion, hazel eyes.

Moran *alias* M'Avoy, is about 5 feet. 8½ inches in height, freckled face, and is thin; he has sandy hair.

It would be advisable, if any Bankers or other public Department have received a deposit from those individuals in the county, to make Lieut.-Colonel Falconar, 22d Regiment, at Cork Barracks, acquainted with it.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—LORD BROUGHAM.

At a meeting of the friends of National Education, held in Manchester, on Monday, the chairman read the following letter from Lord Brougham:—

"St. Leonard's Oct. 10, 1837.

"Sir.—I have had the honour of receiving your letter, conveying to me the desire of the Manchester Committee that I should attend the meeting about to be holden for the truly important purpose of promoting education in this country, and freeing us from the evil distinction which I much fear, we now possess, of doing less towards the attainment of so vast an object than any other of the more civilised nations of the world.

"It is unnecessary for me to assure you how highly I feel myself honoured by the committee's invitation, and how deeply I lament my inability to accept it. The health of some parts of my family, which brought me from Westmoreland two months earlier than I almost ever left it before, makes it still impossible for me to visit Lancashire before the meeting of parliament.

"Permit me to offer my congratulations to the well wishers of this great cause upon the occasion of so many of its friends asembling together. I regard it as an event of signal importance—one which can hardly fail to aid materially the exertions that must be made in the approaching session—one which, I am certain, will be productive of the happiest consequences in case those exertions should, from whatever causes, prove unsuccessful. I would fain hope that the disappointment of our just expectations is not likely to happen. Nevertheless, in these times it is good to be prepared for the worst.

"Nothing in your letter has given me greater satisfaction than the statement that those most respectable individuals of the working classes who have distinguished themselves by the pursuit of knowledge, take an interest in the meeting. The education of the working classes generally is beyond all comparison the most important subject to which the attention of the country can be directed; but I desire not to be misunderstood. Little as I should wish to mix political matters with a question in which all parties ought to agree, because all parties have the same interest in it, I must yet protest against the supposition that we can ever regard any extension of education as a substitute for the enjoyment of political rights. On the contrary, I consider that the amplest extension of those rights is only prevented by the limited employment of the advantages of education; and truly I know of no class in the community more worthy of possessing those rights, or more likely to use them conscientiously, independently, and for the interest of the state both safely and beneficially, than the well informed artizans, who have already struggled with the difficulties of their situation, and have provided for their own instruction, notwithstanding the manifold defects of our present system (if we can call it a system) of education.

"Heartily wishing all success to the meeting, and again expressing my wish that I could have attended it, I have the honour to be, your faithful obedient servant'

"Brougham.

"W. R. Callender, Esq."

THE "JUSTICE FOR IRELAND"-RENT IN OXFORD.

(From the Standard of Thursday.)

We have received from a young friend at Oxford the following excellent heading of a subscription list just now opened in the University. The plan is spirited and judicious:—

"IRISH PETITION FUND.

"Mr. O'Connell feelingly laments that he has 'melancholy evidence of the extent of this fund,' (by which, probably, many of that Honorable and Learned Gentleman's tail will be excused from the trouble of sitting in Parliament,) 'from Caithness to Cornwall.' It is proposed, on the part of the Bachelors and Under-Graduate's of the University, to add to Mr. O'Connell's melancholy evidence,' by instituting a subscription among themselves forthwith; and as the *demonstration*, rather than the *amount*, is the principal object, it is requested that individual subscriptions may not exceed *ten shillings*."

We cannot forget that the young men of Oxford gave at the inauguration of their illustrious Chancellor, the signal for that glorious awakening of the mind of Britain, of which we are now enjoying the happy result. We therefore found the most sanguine hope upon this new Oxford movement, which will, we trust, be promptly imitated in Cambridge, and in every other society of educated young men throughout the empire. None need be ashamed to follow the young men of Oxford.

INTERIOR OF A PRINTING OFFICE.

To see a printing office in its glory, the uninitiated ought to visit a newspaper office on the day of publication, although they may assure themselves of a frosty reception at such a time. There is a breathless excitement in the scene. Not a sound is heard, save at a time the slipshod step of a compositor creeping across the floor to the foreman's desk for more copy, or the continued clink clinking of types as they fall into their places in the composing stick. The compositors are stationed at their cases, noiseless and busy as Wordworth's cattle in the meadow—there are "forty *setting* like one." Mark the diversity of talent among them. That thin stooping figure, with a sharp face, high nose, and dark motionless eyes, has a genius for setting advertisements. He is the uncontrolled master of that department. That fine looking fellow with an oval border of black whiskers round his face, and corresponding curve of his leg, the wit, orator, and gay Lothario of the establishment, has a taste which the foreman himself does not disdain occasionally to call to counsel. The greasy looking individual with a bald head, if you keep whiskey from him, and him from whiskey, (no easy task by the by), will set you a column of close *dig* without one typographical error. The demure gentleman, with his nose stuck in his composing stick, has a genius for "scheme work," which technical phrase designates what the vulgar call tables, &c. The paper is up—one by one the compositors have desisted for want of copy. They are now busied, under the superintendence of the foreman, who has arranged the matter and measured out the columns, in tying them up. Now they slip them from the *galleys* on the *Stone*, and arrange them in close parallels. The *chase* is placed around them and the *quoins* inserted. A dozen anxious heads are bending over the solid mass of types, touching, examining, scrutinizing, whispering eagerly. They who stand aloof are the apprentices—they are not allowed to interfere in this part of the ceremony. That slender handsome slip of a lad, at the corner, has commenced journeyman this very day. His whole frame thrills as he fingers the *chase*. He feels himself a man. Now all draw back but two, who raise their mallets to drive the *quoins* home, and plain the surface of the *form*. As the clatter begins, the brawny pressmen issue from their den, and wing the ponderous mass from the stone, and disappear in the press-room, whence the dull sound of their process may be heard to issue. One by one, the compositors have assumed their coats, and dropped off. The day's work is now over with them all, with the exception of the unlucky apprentice detained to fold the papers, who stands brooding bitter thoughts. While an eager and curious public is crowding the place of publication, to snatch the first damp sheets, the silence of loneliness settles down on the deserted compositor's room.

THE CHOLERA.

We have made inquiry at the east end of the metropolis of surgeons in extensive practice, and we are enabled to state that not one of those medical men of whom we have inquired have had a single case of cholera, though many of them are engaged in the most densely peopled districts.—*Morning Chronicle.*

A Last Leap.—The *Lewiston Telegraph* mentions a tragical event at Niagara Falls. A man jumped into the rapids above the falls on the Canada side, and was carried over the precipice. Before taking the fatal leap he took off his coat and hat, and handed them to a companion to be given to his wife, observing that he "was going to take his last leap." His remains were found on the following day, at a short distance below the falls.

QUEEN'S BENCH.—Thursday.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION.

Major J. Crone, v. William Coote, Esq., and Captain C. J. Coote.

Mr. Freeman applied for a conditional order to file a criminal information at the suit of Major Crone, against William Coote, Esq., of Mount Coote, Kilmallock, and Captain Charles James Coote, of the 69th regiment. He moved upon the affidavit of Major Crone and others. The deponent, Major Crone, states that, about ten years ago, he obtained liberty from Chidley Coote, Esq., to shoot on his lands, and of this privilege he availed himself occasionally. The last time he was on the lands was, as he best recollects, with his brother James, and there he saw a gentleman with a gun on his shoulder, attended by a number of persons. This was Mr. William Coote, and he addressed the deponent, saying, "who are you, and what brought you here." The deponent replied, "he sported there with the permission of Mr. Chidley Coote, but that he would not come there if he felt himself to be not at liberty to do so." Mr. William Coote then asked the deponent to give him that day in shooting, which deponent believes he declined, and went away. The deponent having permission from Mr. B. to shoot over the property of Mr. Gascoigne, of Mount Oliver, employed a gamekeeper to protect the game, and about two years ago Mr. W. Coote, or his friend, Mr. Pascoe, stated that the former had been warned off Mrs. Oliver's mountain, which adjoined the other land, by this gamekeeper. Major Crone said that if his man had done so, it was not by his authority, and it must be a mistake.—Upon the 8th of August last the deponent wrote to Mr. Barrington asking permission to poison the mountain of Mr. Gascoigne, and he received a letter authorising him to do what was necessary for the preservation of the game. The deponent, who wrote to Mrs. Oliver, requesting her permission to use poison on the part of the mountain belonging to her, and that lady wrote back word, saying she no longer retained the land, it having reverted to Mr. Gascoigne, and that she had only the wood, in which the Messrs. Coote were accustomed to shoot, and with them she would not interfere. Major Crone then inserted advertisments in the *Cork Constitution* and *Limerick Standard*, informing the public that Mount Oliver was poisoned, and lest Mr. Coote should not have seen the advertisement, he informed him of the matter on the 20th of August by letter. On the 27th of the month, he received the following reply from Mr. Coote.—Counsel then read the letter, in which the writer stated he had Mrs. O.'s permission, and would shoot over the mountain, which he had been in the habit of doing with the knowledge of Mr. Barrington, whom he could not think would give the sole right, to the exclusion of the resident gentry of the county, and of him (Mr. Coote) the relative of Mr. Gascoigne. He would not cease shooting unless Mr. Barrington or Mr. Gascoigne wrote to him to that effect. The writer then proceeded to say he could not forget the impertinent intrusion of Major Crone on his father's lands, and the insolence of the game-keeper in warning him off Mrs. Oliver's property. Mr. Coote added that he would hold the deponent personally responsible for any risk his dogs run of being poisoned, as well as bringing an action for twenty five guineas, the value of the two dogs he intended to shoot with, as it was illegal even in the proprietor of grounds to poison them.—Mr. Coote concluded by designating the orders issued as impudent and untoward. In consequence of the tenor of his letter, Major Crone determined not to reply to it. On Wednesday, the 30th of November he was in bed when he heard the noise of a car coming to the front door, and he saw outside a dark green dog cart, and a long tailed black horse with a gentleman in it. The housemaid came up to say that two gentlemen wanted to see the deponent, but he sent his brother, Robert Crone, to them to know what they required of him. His brother informed him on his return that Mr. Coote was below, and wanted to see him, but the deponent declined granting an interview, and the two gentlemen drove off. The charging affidavits then proceeded to state that, after leaving the house of the deponent, Mr. W. Coote posted a notice in Buttevant, within three miles of the deponent's residence, in which he designated him as a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward. The writing was in Mr. Coote's handwriting. The affidavit of a labourer, named Kelly, showed the posting of a similar notice by Captain Coote in the town of Charleville.

Judge Burton—Take a conditional order.

Gretna.—There was lately married at this celebrated temple of Hymen, Lorenzo Duca Sforza Cesarine, of Rome, to Miss Caroline Shirley, of Chartley, in Staffordshire; and so much were the Italian and his fair bride pleased with the excellent accommodation, great politeness, and unceasing attention of our friend Linton, "mine host of the hall," and eke the "Bishop of his own diocese," that they sojourned with him for many days. Linton is indeed a capital fellow, and ties the gordian knot with as much dexterity as if he had received his diploma from Oxford or Cambridge. It seems, however, that "envy doth ever merit like its shadow follow," for we find that some villainous rogues upon the road, jealous of his growing fame, are at times in the habit of directing fugitive parties, in search of the true temple, to another part of the village, or even to another district altogether. Now it should be known to all men, and especially to all fair maids, that the real altar for the votaries of Hymen is at Gretna Hall, and that John Linton, the worthy host of that most hospital hotel, is the true high priest—the man who every year marries more true lovers than all the bishops in the land.

What we call Duties.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbour—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can.—Every representative to congress and in the legislature ought to inform the constituents what they are about—if they can. Every man should do his work to please his customers—if he can.—Every man should please his wife—if he can.—Every wife should rule her husband—if she can. Every woman should sometimee hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should tell the truth—if he can. Every preacher of the Gospel should be a Christian—if he can. Every reader should add something to the above—if he can.—*Petersburg Constellation.*

A Passable Conundrum.—Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest that ever was built?—Because it was built for one sovereign, and furnished for another.

THE CASTLE CHAPEL.

(From the Dublin Record.)

The chapel attached to the seat of government—to the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, the Queen's representative in Ireland, was, we believe, the only place of worship belonging to the Established Church in Dublin, in which the service ordered to be used on the fifth of November was on yesterday, the day appointed, specially omitted! This is certainly an excellent example of obedience to the laws and to her Majesty's commands set in the very seat of authority by the Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of this portion of her Majesty's dominions, commonly called Ireland. Her Majesty's proclamation, of the 21st of June, ordains "that the service shall be used yearly in all Cathedral and Collegiate Churches and Chapels—in all Chapels of Colleges and Halls, and in all parish Churches and Chapels within England and Ireland;" and our contemporary the *Packet* we observe, conjectures

"That the advisers of Lord Mulgrave, his Popish Attorney-General, and his Popish private legal adviser, Mr. Pigot, one of the active founders of the General Association, have given an opinion that the Castle Chapel of Dublin does not come under the description of those chapels or churches mentioned in the proclamation, and therefore that Lord Mulgrave would not be violating the orders of the Queen by omitting the Service in question."

Be this as it may, it would appear that, for the present Dr. Vignoles, the Dean of the Chapel, is disposed to screen those parties, and take the whole blame of the omission upon himself. Doctor V. does not even pretend that there is any such legal crotchet to justify the act as the *Packet* suggests, but alleges that the service had fallen into *disuse*, and that *therefore*, he was at liberty to disregard both the law and the ordinance on the subject. It is very plain from his intrepid defiance of the law, what Doctor Vignoles's opinion is as to that state of it which would be most agreeable to the Castle Directory, and we therefore really have as intelligible a demonstration of how the wind sets at head quarters, as if Lord Mulgrave or Daniel O'Connell himself had directly given the order of omission. It would be very agreeable to the Papists of the present day, no donbt, that we should bury in oblivion every memorial of the gunpowder treason; but the more they may wish us to forget it, as well as our second great deliverance under William III. of pious memory, the more cause have we to refresh our memories with its details. While Popish Jesuits are harboured in the land, we shall never be free from plots and danger; nay, do they not now go to work more boldly than ever? Guy Fawkes has no need now to take his lantern and conceal himself in a cellar; he may boldly enter the House of Commons with his tail, and there work every service to his employers and every injury to us quite as well, if not better, than his predecessor hoped to do by gunpowder and match. But there is the same Providence to deliver, and therefore it is that we are now specially called upon gratefully to acknowledge past mercies, and commit our continued protection to that over-ruling Lord, who alone can confound the devices of our enemies, and carry us safely through every trial. We subjoin the letter of Dr. Vignoles:—

TO THE EDITOR OF SAUNDERS'S NEWS-LETTER.

Dublin Castle, 4th Nov. 1837.

Sir—Circumstances connected with the discharge of my duty at the Chapel Royal on to-morrow having been made the topic of public comment and misrepresentation, I think myself called on to give to the public, by a simple statement of facts, an opportunity of judging of the merits of the case.

It is my duty, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, to appoint a chaplain to preach on each Sunday, and this I do, without reference to any particular person or circumstance, other than that of the order of which he stands on the list. Accordingly, on the 16th of August, I notified to Dr. Elrington that his turn of duty would take place on Sunday, the 5th November. On the 13th September, I received his acknowledgment of my notice in the subjoined letter (No. 1.), to which I replied in substance, as nearly as I can recollect, that, as it was not the usage to have any other service than the ordinary Sunday service at the Chapel Royal on the 5th November, no departure from that usage would take place. To this communication I received, when in the country, on the instant, a reply from Dr. Elrington (No. 2), informing me of his resignation of his chaplaincy.

I have to observe that no part of this correspondence took place under the recognizance of the Lord Lieutenant. It is not any part of my duty to submit to his Excellency the proposed list of preachers, neither did I consider it requisite to refer to his Excellency on the subject of Dr. Elrington's communication to me—whatever of error there may be in the case, is chargeable solely to me—but, as the authority for the course I pursued, I am enabled to state that no particular observation of the 5th November, falling either on Sunday or week day, has taken place in the Chapel Royal from the 5th Nov., 1821, to the present time. Upon the knowledge of this, I grounded my reply to Dr. Elrington. The necessity for the particular observation of that day, if it exists at all, is of equal obligation both in town and country, when it occurs on the week day as well as on the Sunday, and I know that the instances are rare indeed in which the obligation is complied with, and Dr. Elrington knows of himself, whether in his own country parish he has complied, and in all its particulars, with that which he must consider an obligation upon the anniversaries preceeding the present—nor in the College in which he still continues to retain an appointment, are all the requisitions of the enactment relied on complied with.

I admit that on the above-stated ground only of non-usage, I rest my reason for the omission of the special services for the day; and had Dr. Elrington given me the slightest intimation of his disinclination to take his turn of duty, in consequence of such omission, I should alone have relieved him from the necessity of self-martyrdom, by taking the duty upon myself; but so far from anticipating his objection, I leave it to a discerning public, whether from the tenor of his first letter, it does not appear that he was prepared to undertake his duty as chaplain, under any alternative.

As regards a statement in the *Evening Mail*, to which my attention was drawn immediately on my arrival in town this evening, and which enforces the necessity of using the appointed form on to-morrow, upon the ground of her Majesty's ordinance, bearing date 21st of June, I lost no time in making the application recommended at the office of the Queen's printer, and was thereby explicitly informed that no such authority had been received at the office, and that the existence of any such ordinance was unknown to her Majesty's printer in Dublin. Without thinking it necessary, therefore, to assign any other reason for the course which I intend to pursue in regard to the duty in the Chapel Royal, I think I am supported in it by the precedent of non-usage, as the absence of any notification from authority, that a form of service which it has been deemed necessary to receive and prescribe for observance by any order in council on the commencement of every reign, has as yet, as far as I can learn, received this important sanction.

I regret deeply being compelled to come forward thus publicly, on an occasion like the present, but a sense of duty to others, as well as to myself, obliges me to do so, and I cannot but observe, that had a more candid course been pursued towards me, I should, at once, if convinced of my error by Dr. Elrington's superior information on such subjects, both from my own desire to do what is right, as well as to avoid public discussions of this nature, have yielded a ready acquiescence to his opinion.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant

Charles Vignoles.
Dean of the Chapel Royal.

No. 1.

Killarney, Sept. 11.

My Dear Sir.—Your letter of August 14 did not reach Kilseoran till the 8th, and was thence forwarded to me here. I hope to be in Dublin before the 5th of November, and I shall take care of that Sunday—a remarkable day for me to preach in the Castle Chapel. I shall be much obliged by your letting me know, at any time convenient to you, before the day, whether the proper service is read in the Castle Chapel.

Believe me, very truly yours,

C. R. Elrington.

No. 2.

Fitzwilliam-street, Oct. 31st.

My Dear Sir—Your letter of the 23d I unfortunately did not receive till my arrival in Dublin at a late hour last night. I cannot acknowledge any authority for omitting the service for the 5th November in the Castle Chapel, and I must, therefore decline officiating where such an omisson is made. I have written to the Private Secretary, resigning my appointment as Chaplain.

I hope this short notice will not inconvenience you in finding a Preacher.

Very truly yours

C. R. Elrington.

PRICE OF IRISH STOCKS.

	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
℔ Cent. Consols	—	91⅞	—
Ditto (reduced)	—	91⅞	—
3½ ℔ Cent. Stock	99⅛⅛	99⅜	99⅛⅛
Ditto (reduced)	—	—	—
Ditto (new, 1830)	99⅛⅛	99⅜	99⅛⅛
3½ ℔ Cent. Debs.	91⅛	—	91⅛⅛
Bank Stock	199½	199½	—
Royal Canal Stock	33⅛	33⅛	—
Grand Canal Stock	27	27	—
Grand C. D. 6 ℔ Cent.	—	—	89½
Do. do. 5 ℔ Cent.	—	—	—
Do. do. 4 ℔ Cent.	—	—	—
4 ℔ Cent. City Deb.	—	—	—

ENGLISH STOCKS—Saturday.

3 ℔ Ct. Consols, 92⅜⅞	Bank Stock, for Ac. 211½
Consols for Ac., 92⅞	India Stock, 263½
3 per Cent. Reduced, —	Ex. Bills, £1000 51 53
3½ per Cent. Red., —	India Bonds, —
3½ per Cent. New, —	

The Mail.

Waterford, Wednesday, Nov. 8, 1837.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Very few journals were printed in Paris on Thursday, the festival of All Saints and Souls; and these few give no intelligence of interest.

There are no farther accounts from the African expedition.

It is rendered apparently certain, by letters from Bayonne, that Don Carlos has repassed the Ebro.

Madrid papers and letters to the 24th have been received; they contain some detailed dispatches from Espartero; but these dispatches do not relate to any matters of great interest.

THE MAGISTRACY.

W. C. Montgomery, Esq., Brook Lodge. Strabane, has been appointed a Magistrate for the county of Tyrone.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed, D. Leake, of Garryduff, Esq., a Magistrate for the county Limerick.

The Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint James Perrin, Esq., to be a Stipendiary Magistrate, at Glenties, Donegal. Mr. Perrin is a brother of the Judge.

A century and a half ago the population of the states subject to Great Britain did not exceed twenty millions, but now there are one hundred and fifty millions subject to the British crown, about one-fifth of the population of the whole globe.

The magistrates of Kilkenny on Saturday convicted Mr. Nicholas Coyne Miller in a penalty of £5 for setting a net to destroy fish in the river Nore.

Street Mendicants.—It is said that after a careful examination of the cases of many thousand street beggars, by the mendicity society, there are not more than an average of three in a hundred who are not impostors.—*Morning Herald.*

Effect of Following O'Connell's Advice.—Catherine Lynch was found guilty at Kerry Sessions, last week, of spitting in the face of Thomas P. Trant, Esq., of Dingle, during the election; a mode of attack which Mr. O'Connell advised women to adopt in such cases.

Palmer, the man who is in custody at Birmingham, charged with being concerned in the fictitious bank cases, was brought before the magistrates in that town on Friday for final examination, and committed on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The magistrates said they would bail the prisoner, but would require two surities in £1000 each. Palmer was perfectly composed throughout the examination.

Madame Dutoi, who aided Madame de Lavalette to in effecting the escape of her husband from the Conciergerie in 1815, died within these few days past in the department of the Sarthe. She had attained her ninety-eighth year, and, consequently was nearly eighty when she lent her assistance to the heroic enterprise.

An Agreeable Dose.—Dr. Flemyng used to recommend the administration of soap as a means of reducing corpulency: his mode of ordering it was by giving a quarter of an ounce of Castile soap every night.

WATERFORD MAIL.

WATERFORD MENDICANT ASYLUM.

At a meeting of the citizens of Waterford, held at the Town Hall, on Tuesday, the 7th instant, pursuant to public notice, to take into consideration the present distressed condition of this Institution,

The Right Worshipful the Mayor, in the chair,

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

Moved by Joshua William Strangman, Esq.—Seconded by Rev. Wm. M'Cauce.

That in the present exhausted state of the Funds of this charity, we consider it imperatively necessary that immediate exertions should be made to procure means for the subsistence of the unfortunate inmates (amounting to ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE), during the approaching rigorous season—and that, with this view, we deem it expedient to form a committee for the purpose of soliciting contributions from the inhabitants, in the hope of being thereby enabled to support the establishment until the annual subscriptions will fall due.

Moved by Counsellor Walsh.—Seconded by Mr. Terence O'Reilly.

That in order to prepare the public mind for the applications of the Collectors, we consider it advisable that a statement of the present deplorable condition of the charity be generally circulated—and that the inmates be paraded through the city, to impress on the feelings of the inhabitants the extent of wretchedness to be relieved by the proposed collection.

Moved by Francis Davis, Esq.—Seconded by Thomas Clarke, Esq.

That an adjourned meeting be held on Tuesday, the 21st instant, to receive the report of the above committee, and then to determine whether the institution can be kept up during the ensuing winter; or whether the Managers will be under the necessity of dismissing the unhappy inmates without further delay.

The following gentlemen, with the clergy of all denominations, were then named to form the collecting committee, with power to add to their number :—

Joshua Wm. Strangman.
William Milward.
Henry Downes.
Thomas R. Cherry.
Strangman Davis.
Richard Walsh.
Wm. Aylward, jun.
Thomas Clarke.
Nugent O'Reilly.
Terence O'Reilly.
Patrick Tobin.
Philip O'Mara.
John Lalor.
Thomas Murphy.
James Egan.
Silvester Phelan.
William Sharpe.
Thomas Hanton.

It was arranged that the committee do assemble at the Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday Evening, the 8th instant, at Seven o'Clock, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements.

The Mayor having left the Chair, and Francis Davis, Esq., being called thereto, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to his Worship, for his promptitude in convening this Meeting, and his proper conduct in the Chair.

FRANCIS DAVIS,
Chairman.

SMUGGLING.

On Monday last, fifteen of the crew of the barque *Dispatch* were committed to jail in consequence of a quantity of contraband tobacco having been found in that vessel.

There are now 32 prisoners in the city jail for smuggling. Three Captains are standing out on bail.

On Monday last at a special petit sessions held before the worshipful Matthew Poole, Mayor, and Alderman Carew,

Thomas Keating pleaded guilty to a charge of having been found in the brig *Mercury*, on the 27th October last, when that vessel had a quantity of tobacco on board, made up in bales of 120lbs each; the same not being packed in hogsheads, and being contrary to the statutes.

Mr. Fleming, Attorney for the defence, stated to the bench that the lad was only seventeen years of age, and only five and a half months at sea, and assisted the mate of the vessel to get the tobacco into her; that he had no benefit whatsoever out of it, but acted by directions of the mate, considering him a superior officer.

The prisoner, on being asked by the Mayor whether he knew he was acting illegally or not, said he did not know that he was acting wrong.

He was sentenced to be fined £100, or in default of payment, to be imprisoned six months.

The Mayor said that if a petition was forwarded by the officers of Customs on behalf of the prisoner, that he and Alderman Carew would have no objection to sign it. Mr. Smithers, the Comptroller, then brought a printed form, which the magistrates signed.

Since writing the above, we have heard of the brig *George Barclay*, which arrived in this Port yesterday from Quebec, was detected with having some contraband tobacco. She is also under seizure.

ACCIDENT AT THE THAMES TUNNELL.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce that another irruption in the Thames Tunnel took place at four o'clock this morning, and that one of the workmen was unfortunately drowned, owing to the rapid ingress of the water, which rendered his escape impossible.—*Standard of Friday.*

IMPORTANT TO AUCTIONEERS.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, have given orders that when cases of peculiar urgencies occur, no objection be made to the sale by auction of ships and goods wrecked, or stranded on the coast of this kingdom, although twenty-four hours' notice of such sale shall not have been given, as at present required.

MARINE ETIQUETTE.—A navy captain at a Portsmouth ball, when his partner, a "lady of rank," suggested the propriety of putting on his gloves before they led off, exclaimed, "Oh, never mind me, ma'am; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

The yearly income of the late Queen of the Netherlands was 150,000 florins; of these she is said to have regularly distributed 80,000 florins in acts of charity.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—There is a firm in business at the south, called Ketchem and Cheatem.—*New York Paper.*

The punishment for house breaking is changed by the late revision of the criminal code. Formerly it was transportation for life, being at discretion with the judges. At present the maximum punishment fixed by the Legislature is 15 years, and minimum ten, leaving a discretion with the judges. This law came into operation on the 1st of October.

CITY ADJOURNED SESSIONS.

On Friday last, these Sessions were held before the worshipful Matthew Poole, Mayor, William H. Hassard, Esq., Recorder, Dr. Jones, and Alderman Carew.

Mary Kennedy was acquitted on a charge of having stolen £6 10s from John Walsh, in a public house in Bachelor's-walk, on Saturday, the 7th of October.

William Rielly pleaded guilty for having stolen four pewter plates, the property of Richard Scofield; he was sentenced to be imprisoned for three months, at hard labour; and was cautioned as to his future conduct.

John Corbett was next placed at the bar, charged with having, on the 3d of October, violently assaulted Catherine Murphy, Catherine Seeds, and Eliza Woods; and in a second count for having robbed the latter of two shillings; he being an old offender, was sentenced to be transported for seven years; previous to passing sentence, the Recorder addressed the prisoner in a most feeling manner, and stated how painful it was to his feelings, to send any person out of his country. On sentence being passed, the prisoner in a surly tone said, "could you not tell me that long ago?"

Nicholas Hearn and *Thomas White* were indicted for rioting in the streets on Sunday the 29th of Oct. It appeared from the evidence of several persons that on that day, as the funeral of a respectable citizen was passing through John-street, about 500 labourers were fighting with spades, with such violence were they running through the streets that the funeral procession was obliged to disperse. White was found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned for two months at hard labour; Hearn was acquitted.

Patrick Corcoran was charged for having on the 30th of October, violently assaulted Eliza Denny. In a second count he and *John Scanlan* were charged with having, on the night of the same day, stolen a quantity of lead, the property of Mr. Owen Carroll; they both being old offenders were sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Michael Mahony was sentenced to be imprisoned for one month at hard labour, for having, on the 21st of October, stolen several articles of wearing apparel.

Three other prisoners were allowed to stand out on bail for various offences until the next sessions.

The Court then adjourned to Monday, the 18th of December.

On Saturday last, the head-quarter division of the 68th Light Infantry, arrived in this city.

The government steamer *Messenger*, arrived in this port yesterday, to convey the depot of the 84th regiment to Portsmouth. They are to embark to-morrow morning.

On Sunday morning last, the body of a man was found dead on a lime kiln at the rere of John's bridge; he appeared to be a stranger in this city. John Ward, Carrickmacross, was written on some paper found in his pocket. When he was first seen he was lying across the kiln.—An inquest was held on Monday, before Alderman Evelyn, at the Town Hall, when a verdict of, "died by suffocation on a lime kiln" was returned.

On the same day another inquest was held on the body of a man named Edward Ashly, who dropped dead in Michael-street, immediately on coming out of a public house. A verdict of died by the visitation of God was returned.

The great steeple-chase between Tidy, the property of Mr. J. Power, M.P., and Valentine, the property of Mr. Barry, of the County Cork, took place on Saturday, for £300 a-side, carring 12 stone, over 4 miles of sporting country to be selected within the County Kilkenny—and was won by a considerable distance by Valentine

SHIP NEWS.

The wreck of the ship *Robert Thomas*, from Quebec, for Liverpool, the loss of which, in this harbour we reported in our last, floated on Saturday evening, was warped clear of the rocks at Broom Hill, and was towed by the steamer *Duncannon* to the anchorage ground at Passage, preparatory to being brought up to Waterford. It appears that all her bottom has been torn away by the rocks, for she floated in very shallow water. We learn with pleasure that the female passenger who was severely injured in escaping from the wreck up the cliff, as we mentioned in our last is considerably recovered, and likely to do well. She has since been towed up to the quay of our city.

The ship *Ward*, of and from St. John's, N. B., for Liverpool, was spoken on Saturday off this harbour, by the *Enterprise*, Pilot boat.

ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND, OCT. 13.—The price of fish is 15s, 14s and 13s. An advance of 1s on each quality is expected. Oil is at £38.—Salmon, 85s per tierce. Herrings, 17s 6d.—Pork, 80s. Butter, 10d per lb. Bread, 18s per cwt. Flour, superfine, 35s per brl. Premium on bills, 19 per cent. The Garryowen is loading for Cork.

The arrangements for the London banquet are confided to the proprietors of the London Tavern. The tables will accommodate seven hundred and fifty persons, besides sixteen at the Royal table where her Majesty will be enthroned, supported on each side by four of the Royal family; the other eight places will be appropriated to the Foreign Ambassadors.

INSTANCES OF MEMORY.—Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, who had troops of 22 nations serving under his banner, became a proficient in the language of each country. St. Anthony, the Egyptian hermit, knew the whole Scriptures by heart; and Neopolien, the works of all the fathers, so that he was called the "Living Dictionary of Christianity." Pope Clement owed his prodigious memory to a fall on his head. Joseph Scaliger learned Homer in 21 days, and all the Latin poets in four months. Muller, a German scholar, could speak 20 languages correctly.—*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Literature.*

ARTIFICIAL RUBIES.—M. Gaudin has presented a report to the institute of Paris detailing his mode of proceeding in the preparation of fictitious rubies, which, in every respect, resemble those found in nature. He submits alumnium, with a small quantity of chromate of potash, previously calcined, to the influence of a powerful oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, by the action of which the material is melted, and on cooling the chrystal presents all the characteristics of the ruby. The Academy appointed M. Becquerel to examine into the merit of the discovery, and, his report being deemed conclusive, presented their thanks to the author.

MARRIED.

In Clonmel on Saturday last, by the Rev. John Dill, Presbyterian Minister, Mr. Anthony Whitten, to Mary youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. Hughes, both members of the Society of Friends.

DIED,

At Racket Hall, county Tipperary, Patten Smith, Esq., aged 77 years.

THE MARKETS.

WATERFORD, NOVEMBER 8.

Our market has been barely supplied with grain this day. Prices as follows.

Wheat, white	26s 6d to 28s 0d
Ditto, red, millers	25s 6d to 27s 6d
Ditto, shipping	25s 0d to 24s 0d
Oats, shipping	9s 6d to 9s 9d
Ditto, heavy	10s 0d to 12s 0d
Ditto, old for horses	00s 0d to 00s 0d
Barley, malting	11s 6d to 14s 0d
Ditto, shipping	9s 0d to 11s 0d
Oatmeal, (by retail) per cwt.	12s 6d to 14s 0d
Second Flour, per sack	40s 0d to 42s 0d
Thirds, ditto	32s 0d to 36s 0d
Fourths, ditto	20s 0d to 22s 0d
Bacon Pigs, per cwt.	41s 0d to 43s 0d
Scalded, ditto	00s 0d to 00s 0d
Heads, ditto	21s 0d to 22s 0d
Offal, ditto	21s 0d to 22s 0d
Scotch Herrings, per barrel	26s 0d to 28s 0d
Newport Coals, per ton	22s 0d to 00s 0d
Cardiff ditto, ditto	21s 0d to 00s 0d
New Hay	50s 0d to 60s 0d

Butter from 91s to 95s per cwt.

Weighed on Saturday, 154; Monday, 53; and yesterday, 102 firkins.

WEXFORD, NOV. 3.

Flour, fine 36s 0d to —s; ditto, seconds, —s 0d to —s; wheat, (new) 23s 0d to 26s 0d; barley, 11s 6d to 14s 0d; oats, (new,) 8s 6d to 9s 9d.

CLONMEL, NOV. 3.

Butter, 92s 0d to —s 0d; oatmeal, 13s 0d to —s 0d; flour, seconds, 34s to —s; household, 30s to 32s 0d; thirds 26s 0d to 27s; fourths, —s 0d to 17s 0d; here, 9s 0d to 10s 0d; barley, 10s 0d to 12s 6d; wheat, 13d to 15½d per stone; oats new, 8d to 8½d per ditto.

CARLOW, NOV. 4.

Butter, 99s 0d to 97s 0d; seconds —s 0d to —s 0d; thirds, —s to —s 0d per cwt.; wheat, 23s 0d to 26s 6d; old ditto, —s 0d to —s; barley, 10s 0d to 13s 0d per barrel; oats, 8s 0d to 10s 0d.

CORK, NOV. 6.

BUTTER—To the Merchants—93s—91s—84s—76s—68s—60s. To the Country—84s—82s—75s—67s—59s—50s per cwt.

DUBLIN CORN-EXCHANGE, NOV. 3.

There was a small supply of grain at market; wheat was sold at an advance of 6d to 1s per barrel; barley and oats were at the currency of Tuesday.

Wheat (white) 28s 0d to 30s 0d; (miller's red) 25s 6d to 28s 6d; inferior, 20s to 25s; rape, 17s to 19s 0d; wheat (new) —s; bere 10s 6d to 11s 6d; barley (malting) 12s 0d to 15s 0d; (grinding) —s 0d to —s 0d; oats 9s 6d to 11s 0d; old ditto 12s 0d to 14s 0d; (feeding) —s 0d to —s 0d; oatmeal 10s 0d to 12s; first flour,—s to —s 0d; 2d, 16s 0d to 17s 0d; inferior, —s 0d to —s 0d; 3ds, 0s 0d to —s per sack.

MARKET NOTE FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, NOV. 3.

	From s. d.	To s. d.	Aver. s. d.
415 Wheat, per barrel, 20 stone	21 0	31 0	26 8
25 Bere, ditto, 16 ditto	11 0	12 0	11 6
81 Barley, ditto, 16 ditto	11 6	13 0	12 5
1019 Oats, ditto, 14 ditto	9 0	12 0	9 8
16032 Flour per cwt 8 ditto	6 0	20 0	0 0
323 Oatmeal, ditto, 8 ditto	10 0	13 0	11 1
Sold to Bakers only :—			
13265 Cwt. of Flour	14 9	20 0	17 1½
Wheat and Flour to form the Assize of Bread, at	43s 4d	per sack of 20 stone.	

	Cwts.		s. d.	s. d
Receipts of Flour . . .	12610	First,	from 18 0	to 20 0
Sales of Flour	16032	Second,	from 14 9	to 17 0
		Third,	from 6 0	to 10 0

Quartern Loaf, 8½d

LIVERPOOL CORN EXCHANGE, NOV. 3.

At our market this morning a few parcels of old wheat were taken on speculation at the currency of Tuesday, but the dealers bought very sparingly, and new Irish was offering 1d to 2d per bushel lower. There was very little inquiry for Oats, and the best new were 1d per bushel lower. Flour was very dull sale, and oatmeal was offering on rather lower terms.

LONDON CORN EXCHANGE, [illegible]

PROVISIONS—The arrivals of Irish Butter has been heavy. Dutch has been taken freely, the best at 104s.—For bacon holders have submitted to a reduction on previous prices of 2s; for prime Waterford 52s have been accepted.

Nov. 1.—We had a very small show of wheat for this day's market, and not much business done in this article yet for the few sales made Mouday's rates were maintained. We continue to receive further arrivals of oats from Ireland. There has been very little progress made in sales to-day; the morning was very wet, which caused an unusually thin attendance of buyers. The prices of last market day were only maintained for small parcels to customers; in anything out of condition, a decline of 6d to 1s per qr. was submitted to.

Nov. 3.—The market is shortly supplied with Wheat, the boisterous weather of this week may in part account for it. Monday's currency is fully maintained for all kinds. There is a steady trade in Barley. We are well supplied with most sorts of Oats, excepting sweet English horse corn. The demand since Monday has been slack, but that day's currency has been obtained for all parcels in good order; many are otherwise, and according to the degree of warmth there is a difficulty in selling them.

WATERFORD EXPORTS.

Clonmel (steamer,) London 5578 fls bacon, 214 cwt lard, 100 frks butter, 3 bales calico, 266 pigs, 2 cows.

Harmony, London, 3320 fls bacon, 130 cwt lard, 975 frks butter, 55 casks porter.

William Penn (steamer), Liverpool, 2212 cwt flour, 10 bales 17 boxes calico, 112 brls wheat, 676 frks butter, 100 brls barley, 79 kegs lard, 277 pigs, 15 cows.

St Patrick (steamer), Liverpool, 1107 cwt flour, 43 brls wheat, 226 frks butter, 1 cask grease, 1 keg oil, 14 boxes calico, 68 cows, 50 sheep, 66 pigs.

Nora Creina (steamer), Bristol 557 cwt flour, 140 brls oats, 100 brls wheat, 240 fls bacon, 21 casks oil, 560 pigs.

Adelaide, Shoreham, 1450 brls oat, 748 fls bacon, 3 half brls tongues.

James Falmouth, 1250 cwt flour.

Marshall, Mopus, 650 cwt flour, 650 brls oats.

Primrose, Penryn, 625 cwt flour, 300 brls oats, 100 brls barley.

John and Ann, Fowey, 355 cwt flour, 450 brls oats.

Betsey, Portsmouth, 11 brls barley, 500 brls oats.

Resolution, Cardiff, 1825 cwt flour, 400 brls oats.

PORT NEWS—PASSAGE.

ARRIVED,

3d—Ceres, M'Carthy, Cork, fish, &c., for Ross—Eagle, Buchanan, Richebucto, timber, &c., in twenty-five days, for ditto—Town of Ross, Chapman, Quebec, ditto, in twenty-four days, for Liverpool.

4th—Favourite, Sweeny, Cork, whiskey.

5th—Henry, Gibson, Quebec, timber and deals, in 22 days—Osprey, (steamer) Stacey, Bristol.

6th—H.M. Packet Monkey.

SAILED,

3d—Mary. Shannon, Cardiff, ballast—Shannon, Packet. Davies, Bridgewater, oats—Amity, Douglas, Cork, herrings, from Peterhead—Talbot, Rowe, St Ives, grain—Ruth, Harris, Truro, grain and flour—Idus, Hollis, Portsmouth, provisions—Eliza Williams, Power, London, provisions, &c.—Velocity, Robers, and Collins, Kerridge, before mentioned—Martha, Knox, Gloucester, grain and flour.

4th—Reform, Murdock, Liverpool, grain and flour—Clonmel, (steamer) Pond, Liverpool—Nora Creina, (steamer) Mortimer, Bristol—Mermaid, (steamer) Hearn, Liverpool, from Ross.

5th—Glasgow, Wilson, London, oats—Harmony, Shaddor, ditto, and provisions—Adelaide, Dunsford, Shoreham, ditto, ditto—H.M. Packet Monkey—Swan, Walsh, Cork, coals from Ross—Flora, Pavey, and Bensley, Moxey, Newport, ballast—Betsey, Cooke, Southampton, grain.

6th—H.M. Packet Advice.

7th—Osprey, Stacey, Bristol, gen. cargo—Gipsy, Shute, Liverpool, ditto.—Wind, S.W.

LEPER HOSPITAL.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR OCT. 1837.

In hospital 30st Oct.	48	Dismissed	48
Admitted in Oct.—		Died	2
Petitioners .. 30	46	Remain 31st Aug.	44
Casualties .. 16			
Total.	94	Total	94

THOMAS L. MACKESY, M.D., Surgeon.
ROBERT J. BURKITT, A.M., M.B., Assistant.
Examined, Matthew Poole, Master.

AUCTION OF DEALS, STAVES, AND TIMBER.

1

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
On TUESDAY, the 14th of NOVEMBER,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK,
AT THE TIMBER YARD OF THE SUBSCRIBER,
AT FERRYBANK, WATERFORD,

THE Cargo of the Barque, ARGYLE, now landing, from Quebec, consisting of about 7000 LEALS, some PIPE LOGS, and ASH STAVES, and about 150 Tons of Yellow Pine TIMBER. A large portion of these DEALS are of first quality, bright and clean cut, and the TIMBER is of the very best description. There are also a few hundred of first quality Yellow Pine DEALS in the Cargo.

If buyers attend the whole will be sold without any Reserve.

THOMAS NEVINS.
W. SHARPE, Auctioneer.

6th November, 1837.

UPPER CANADA.

2

CANADA CLERGY SOCIETY.

A SERMON will be preached at the CATHEDRAL, on SUNDAY 12th Inst., by the Rev. B. CRONYN, Missionary at London, Upper Canada; and a Collection made in aid of the Fund for supplying the Ordinances of Christian Worship to our destitute fellow-countrymen in Upper Canada.

Service will commence at half-past 11 o'Clock.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

3

KIRKWOOD, PATON, & Co.,
LATE OF
HARVIES & Co., DUBLIN,

BEG leave to inform the inhabitants of Waterford and its vicinity, that they have opened one of Mr. PEET'S new Shops in LITTLE GEORGE'S-STREET, with a large assortment of the following articles, which they have purchased on the most advantageous terms, and will dispose of on the for smallest possible profit, viz. :—SHAWLS, PRINTED CALICOES, MERINOES, STUFFS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, FURNITURE PRINTS, SILK VELVETS, SATEENS, MUSLINS, SILKS, BOMBAZINES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, CORDUROYS, MOLESKINS, SHIRTINGS, RIBBONS, HABERDASHERY, &c., with a great variety of other articles.

N. B. Cash only, and no abatement.

Waterford, Nov. 1, 1837.

A PICTURE.

From an excellent article of the *Morning Herald* of Tuesday, on the subject of Mr. O'Connell's letter announcing to his serfs his intention to dissolve the General Association, we have taken the following extract :—

"The sycophancy of O'Connell to Queen Victoria is not more gross, and, we should think, not more sincere, than his adulation of George IV., on his memorable visit to Ireland, and, of course, before the Emancipation Bill of 1829 was thought of. At that time the calumniator of the memory of the Queen's illustrious relatives and ancestors, headed a deputation of Roman Catholics to address his Majesty, and, dropping on one knee, begged the King to accept of a wreath of laurel, which, he added, should soon be replaced by a wreath of emeralds, to express the everlasting gratitude of the Irish heart to the paternal friend of the Irish people. Political gratitude has been defined a 'lively expectation of future favors.' The political gratitude of O'Connell was exhausted on George IV. previously to the concession of the 'Catholic claims.' His flattery of that Monarch was as fulsome as his own were false. Afterwards he had neither gratitude nor emeralds to lavish upon the royal benefactor of the Roman Catholics. He has become his calumniator in the tomb, as he is also the slanderer of the late amiable and lamented William IV., who as a peer of Parliament, always supported what were called the 'Catholic claims.' His flattery of the Queen only indicates 'his lively expectation of future favors' under the new reign; and so intense is his 'gratitude' now, that we fear he will have none to spare if ever his desires should be accomplished; but the Protestant and Conservative spirit which his unscrupulous ambition and violent conduct have awakened, will protect the throne and fortunes of England's Queen from the malignant influence of his 'friendship,' and the treachery of his 'support.'

CHARGES AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

(From the Times.)

Some silly reports of the retirement of Lord Hill and the removal of Lord Fitzroy Somerset from the Horse Guards having got into circulation, and been promulgated in papers professing to be informed on such matters, we think it necessary to state that no foundation whatever exists for the rumour; indeed, to military men such a denial is unnecessary, as the announcement in the same paragraph "that Lord Munster was to replace Sir John Macdonald as adjutant-general, and either Sir Hussey Vivian or Sir Edward Blakeney succeed Lord Fitzroy Somerset," was quite enough to prove that the author of the statement could have had his intelligence from no better source than his own imagination.

The confidence so deservedly reposed in Lord Hill is made quite manifest by the recent appointments to colonelcies of regiments of three Generals who had been recommended for that distinction by his Lordship to our late revered Sovereign, namely, Sir C. B. Egerton, the Hon. P. Stuart, and Sir H. S. Keatinge; and we believe it is pretty generally understood that, so long as Lord Melbourne retains office, he will use his best interest to keep in command the gallant and esteemed nobleman now at the head of the army, who, by the impartial distribution of the patronage placed at his disposal, has gained the confidence and respect of all ranks and of all parties.

As to either Sir Hussey Vivian or Sir Edward Blakeney replacing Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the idea is too ridiculous to merit the slightest attention. In the first place, their rank as Lieutenant-Generals would preclude them from accepting the post, and in the next, and in our opinion the most important, neither of those gallant officers is possessed of the ability or tact necessarily for so truly onerous and responsible a position, the former being a very wavering politican, and the latter a mere soldier; for very few of our readers can be aware of the duties attached to such a situation as that of Military Secretary, or of the unceasing attention, strict impartiality, and information requisite for their due performance.

HER MAJESTY.—We hear that her Majesty inherits that talent for music, which so many of her august family have possessed in a remarkable degree. Her Majesty is more particularly fond of vocal music. Her voice is a pure soprano, of considerable sweetness and extent. A few evenings back, during one of the musical soirees at the Pavilion, her Majesty unexpectedly joined in the Performance, singing the "Preghiera" from Costa's opera of *Malek Adel*. Mr Gutteridge had the honour of accompanying her Majesty.—*Brighton Gazette.*

TO BE LET,
AND IMMEDIATE POSSESSION GIVEN,

THE DWELLING HOUSE, COACH HOUSES, and STABLES, in LADY-LANE, formerly occupied by Mr. THOMAS F. CARROLL.

Apply to Messrs. TANDY'S & Co.

3rd October, 1837.

ENGLISH SACKS.

SIMON MAX & NEPHEW

HAVE received on Consignment from a First-rate Manufacturer, a supply of SACKS, which they now offer for Sale, at their Stores in Bridge-street.

Waterford, 11th Mo. 4th, 1837.

They will be constantly Supplied with a quantity of the best English Sacks.

TO BE LET,
IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE,
ON THE QUAY,
APARTMENTS,

CONSISTING of one or two Drawing Rooms, and two Bedrooms, with the use of a Kitchen, and servant's sleeping apartment, &c., either furnished or unfurnished. If the Lodgings should be required furnished, they can be elegantly done so at the shortest notice.

Application to A. B. at the Office of this Paper.

EXTENSIVE AUCTION

Of Furniture; Paintings; Table Cutlery; Britania, Copper, and Metal Ware; Bronze and Brass Fenders; Gold Watch; Plate; Spanish Guitar; Carpeting; Harness; Saddlery; Outside Jaunting Car, &c.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC,
On THURSDAY next, 9th NOV., Inst.
And following Days,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK,
AT CLARKE'S
COMMERCIAL AUCTION MART, QUAY,
Of a great Variety of Useful and Valuable
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
AND OTHER EFFECTS:

COMPRISING Eight Dozen of Drawing Room, Parlour, and Kitchen Chairs; Loo Dining and other Mahogany Tables; Secretary and Book Case; Chimney Glass and a variety of Toilet Glasses; a Pair of Green Moreen Window Hangings, with Poles and Mountings complete; splendid Bedsteads, with Chintz and Moreen Window Hangings; an Excellent Mahogany Wardrobe, Clothes, and other Presses; a collection of Excellent Paintings and Prints; Ladies Gold Watch, warranted; Gentleman's Silver Ditto; with some Articles of Plate, in Forks, Spoons, &c.; a quantity of Parlour and Stair Carpeting; Hearth Rugs; Table Cutlery; Britania Ware; Copper and Metal Articles; Bronze and Brass Fenders; House Brushes; Spanish Guitar with Screw Keys; capital Beam and Scales; a Large House Door Lock; Two Sets of Second-hand Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Rollers, Oat Bin, Outside Jaunting Car and Harness; Slipper Bath; Large Folding Screen; Fire Guards; Parlour Grate, Brass Mounted.

Also about One Hundred Volumes of Books; Several Ledgers; and Case of Duelling Pistols by "FENTON;" Capital Single Fowling Piece.

All of which may be viewed One Day previous, and further particulars known of

GEORGE CLARKE,
Auctioneer.

Waterford, Nov. 4, 1837.

GEORGE CLARKE,

AUCTIONEER,

IN expressing sincere obligations for the kind and flattering Patronage extended to him by the Nobility, Gentry, and Public of the County and City of Waterford, takes this opportunity of acquainting them that his Establishment having been greatly extended, he will in future, in addition to his Out-Sales and connection with England, hold Weekly and Evening Sales of Household Furniture, Manufacturer's Stock, and the General description of Sale Property, on Terms most advantageous to the interest of his Employers; he earnestly solicits his Friends and the Public for support and patronage. The great attention that is paid to every instruction given—the improvement these Concerns have undergone—the Central and Commanding Situation in which he stands for Business, together with his well-known extensive connection of Purchasers who attend his Rooms constantly, as well as the prompt measures adopted for the payment of all Accounts on demand; will, he is persuaded, give universal satisfaction to all who may intrust Property to him for disposal.

Sales on every Thursday, at 12 o'Clock.

Waterford, Nov. 4, 1837.

COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that SPECIAL SESSIONS will be held at

ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on FRIDAY, the 1st day of DECEMBER, 1837; and at—

DUNGARVAN, on MONDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER, 1837,

For the purpose of examining the LIST of JURORS returned by the High Constables and Collectors of the several Baronies of the County of Waterford, pursuant to the provisions of the Act 3d and 4th William IV., chap. 96, entitled "An Act for consolidating and amending the laws relating to Jurors and Juries in Ireland."

The Justices of the Peace are requested to attend the Special Sessions to be held for the Division of the County in which they respectively reside, and all High Constables and Collectors are required to attend at the Special Sessions for the division of the County in which their districts lie, with the original lists prepared by them in order to be examined.

Copies of the Lists are deposited at the Peace-office in Waterford for the inspection of all persons concerned.

By order,
BAT. DELANDRE,
Clerk Peace.

Waterford, 4th Nov., 1837.

GENERAL STEAM ACCOMMODATION.

LONDON, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, WATERFORD.

ORDER of Sailing of STEAM PACKETS on the above lines :—

LONDON AND WATERFORD.
WILLIAM PENN.

From Waterford,	From London,
Friday, Nov. 3.	Friday, Nov. 10.
—— 17.	—— Nov. 24.

BRISTOL AND WATERFORD.
OSPREY,

From Waterford, Tuesdays.	From Bristol, Saturdays.
Nov. 7.. 12 noon	Nov. 4.. 9 morning
—— 14.. 7 morning	—— 11.. 4 afternoon
—— 21.. 11 morning	—— 18.. 8 morning
—— 28.. 2 afternoon	—— 25.. 3 afternoon

NORA CREINA.

From Waterford, Fridays.	From Bristol, Tuesdays.
Nov. 3.. 7 morning	Nov. 7.. 12 noon
—— 10.. 1 afternoon	—— 14.. 7 morning
—— 17.. 7 morning	—— 21.. 11 morning
—— 24.. 1 afternoon	—— 28.. 7 morning

LIVERPOOL AND WATERFORD.
MERMAID, CLONMEL, ST. PATRICK, AND GIPSY.

From Waterford,	From Liverpool,
Tuesday, Oct. .. 31	Tuesday, Oct. .. 31
Friday, Nov. .. 3	Saturday, Nov. .. 4
Tuesday, ... 7	Tuesday, ... 8
Friday, ... 10	Saturday, ... 12
Tuesday, ... 14	Tuesday, ... 15
Friday, ... 17	Saturday, ... 19
Tuesday, ... 21	Tuesday, ... 22
Friday, ... 24	Saturday, ... 26
Tuesday, ... 28	Tuesday, ... 29

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Waterford, Aug. 5, 1837.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BIOGRAPHY.

(From the Times.)

We are now arrived at the fifth, and latest, of the published volumes of this biography, which the promised sixth is to conclude. As the work proceeds it increases in interest, because Mr. Lockhart, the author, is now writing, not, as in the earlier periods of his hero's history, from mere document and hearsay, but from his own personal and living recollections. He begins this volume with a sketch of the way of life at Abbotsford in the August following his own marriage. During this and several other proceeding and succeeding summers that villa was a constant place of resort, not only for the nobility and higher gentry of Scotland, but for the neighbours from Teviotdale and the Forest: "so that mixed up with his superfine admirers of the May-fair breed, his staring worships from foreign parts, and his quick-witted coevals of the Parliament-house," there was found generally some hearty homespun laird, with his dame; the young laird—a bashful bumpkin perhaps, whose ideas did not soar beyond his gun and pointer or perhaps a little pseudo-dandy, for whom the Kelso racecourse and Jedburgh ball were "life," and the "world;" not forgetting a brace of "Miss Rawbones," in whom, as their mamma prognosticated, some of Sir Walter's young Waverleys or Osbaldistones might peradventure discover a Flora Mac Ivor, or a Die Vernon.—To contemplete the *olla podrida*, we must remember, that no old acquaintance, or family connexions, however remote their actual station or style of manners from his own, were forgotten or lost sight of. He had some, even near relations, who, except when they visited him, rarely, if ever, found admittance to what the haughty dialect of the upper world is pleased to designate exclusively as society. These were welcome guests, let who might be under that roof; and it was the same with many a worthy citizen of Edinburgh, habitually moving in the obscurest of circles, who had been in the same class with Scott at the High School, or his fellow-apprentice when he was proud of earning threepence a-page by the use of his pen. To dwell on nothing else, it was surely a beautiful perfection of real universal humanity and politeness that could enable this excellent man to blend guests so multifarious in one group, and contrive to make them all equally happy with him, with themselves, and with each other.

The *Monastery*, which had been published in March, 1820, with less success than any of his former novels, was followed in September by the *Abbot*, of which last work Sir Walter himself had a more favourable opinion than, we believe, is entertained by most other competent judges.

He now placed his second son, Charles, already in his 15th year, under the care of an excellent tutor, Mr. Williams, vicar of Lampeter.—Writing to the youth on the necessity of classical attainment in the present constitution of society, he says—

"Though people may have scrambled into distinction without it, it is always with the greatest difficulty, just like climbing over a wall instead of giving your ticket at the door. Perhaps you may think another proof of a youth's talents might have been adopted; but what good will arise from your thinking so, if the general practice of society has fixed on this particular branch of knowledge as the criterion? Wheat or barley were as good grain, I suppose, as sesamum; but it was only to sesamum that the talisman gave way and the rock opened."

In another letter, written soon afterwards to the same son, he thus enforces one of the most important maxims of life:—

"Knowledge can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstance may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies."

In Edinburgh, as elsewhere, the defeat of the disgraceful proceedings against Queen Caroline produced great rejoicing. The Modern Athenians took two nights of it. The first was riotous enough; the second was kept peaceable by an organized force. We cannot withhold the postscript to a letter, in which Scott commemorates this effervescence:—

"P. S.—In the illumination row young Romilly was knocked down and robbed by the mob, just while he was in the act of declaiming on the impropriety of having constables and volunteers to interfere with the harmless mirth of the people."

The beginning of January, 1821, gave his popular novel of *Kenilworth* to the public.

After the death of his thoughtless but attached friend, John Ballantyne, which happened in this summer, Sir Walter was in London to witness the coronation of George the IV., in July.

Before he quitted London *Mr. J. L. Adolphus's Letters to Mr. Heber*, a series of acute but well-bred essays towards the ascertainment of the author of the *Waverley* novels, were published, with such success, as to remove all doubt, even from sceptical minds, that Sir Walter Scott was "The Great Unknown." Sir Walter was delighted with the book, but did not yet surrender his *incognito*.

In the autumn of 1821 he was a frequent visitor at Chiefswood, the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, in the vicinity of Abbotsford. When sorely beset with intruding guests at home, he would crave their indulgence overnight, and ride over to his son and daughter before they were astir in the morning. "The clatter of Sibyl Gray's hoofs (a favourite steed), the yelping of Mustard and Spice (two of his terriers, for whose names, he said, he always stuck to the cruets), and his own joyous shouts of reveille under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils." Then he would be found seated, with all the dogs about him, under a spreading ash, pointing a woodman's axe, and consulting as to thinnings. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing room and write a chapter of the *Pirate*, then away to work with the foresters till it was time to rejoin his Abbotsford guests, whom, if few and friendly, he would sometimes appoint to meet him at Chiefswood. "He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment. He used to delight particularly in the sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket, just before dinner was announced, this primitive process being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice. And in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.

It is melancholy to learn, from the very page that follows the description of this happy circle, that, with three exceptions, all are already gone. Mr. Lockhart adds—

"And even strangers must sympathize in this simple and brief memorial of sorrow and affection.—Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she, whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament of all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like him in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she to is no more. And, in the very hour that saw her laid in her grave; the only other female survivor, her dearest friend, Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also. But enough, and more than I intended: I must resume the story of Abbotsford."

From this tribute we come to other passages, also shaded by a character of melancholy, which occur in a letter (written, but by some accident, it should seem, not despatched) from Scott to the widowed Countess Purgstall, the Miss Cranstoun who had been the friend of his early life and the confidant of his early love, and who had recently sent to him from her castle in Styria, a little memoir of her husband's family. His letter begins thus:—

"My dear and much-valued friend,—You cannot imagine how much I was interested and affected by receiving your token of kind recollection, after the interval of so many years." "Hardly anything makes the mind recoil so much upon itself as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long past, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected. Do not think I have forgotten you, or the many happy days I passed in Frederick-street in society which fate has separated so far, and for so many years."

"I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and, being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner without continuing the game till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy or jealous of poetical fame,—and both are strangers to my nature,—I might comfort myself with the thought that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so fearlessly as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public by exhibiting in my own person the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of 20 years since, I will fairly own that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict.—At any rate, there is a time for everything, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by."

After expressing a hope that a continental tour would enable him to see her again, he proceeds,

"I fear this is the only chance of our meeting in this world, we who once saw each other daily; for I understood from George and Henry that there is little chance of your coming here; and when I look around me and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion, amongst all you knew and loved, and how much, no sudden squall or violent temper, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellowships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze, I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure.

"The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid its crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast—that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction, and the brother suppers of Frederick street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from her talents under whose auspices they were assembled."

"I have promised," he continues, "to assist your brother George with my deep experience, as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels." .... "This is a melancholy letter; but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours, who have had such real disasters to lament; while mine is only the humerous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous."

Mr. Lockhart adds, that himself and those who best knew the Countess in the days of her intercourse with Scott, dissent from Captain Hall's conjecture of her having been the original of Diana Vernon.

Sir Walter amused some leisure hours of this autumn in the composition of a series of letters, painting the manners of James I.'s day, and supposed to have been discovered in the repositories of a noble English family. The few first sheets were printed in quarto, with a running commentary of notes, which were drawn up in the character of a disappointed chaplain overflowing with spleen against monarchy and aristocracy. When the printing had reached the 72d page, Scott was warned by his friends that he was throwing away the materials of an excellent romance on a work which, if the joke were not detected, would catch only a few musty antiquarians, and if it were, would fail with the public for want of story. Scott took their counsel; and, ingrafting the requisite fable, reared from this beginning *The Fortunes of Nigel*.—Before it issued from the press, Scott had signed agreements, and received the bills of Constable for no less than four "works of fiction"—to be of three volumes each, with a further sum for any which might extend to four. Thus boldly did he build on the chances of continuing life, health and popularity. These bargains were afterwards fulfilled, *in two years*, by *Peveril, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well*, and *Red Gauntlet*.

Meanwhile, in December, 1821, the *Pirate* had appeared, and achieved a decided success, and at the end of May *Nigel* was published.

Quentin Durward, which was phblished in June did not immediately attain the great success to which it was destined soon afterwards to achieve. Very shortly before its appearance Constable had made another sweeping purchase, possessing himself of this entire copyright, together with the yet unexhausted property of the *Pirate, Pereril*, and *Nigel*, for 5,000 guineas. "He had thus paid for the copyright, of novels over and above the half profits of the early separate editions the sum of £22,500, and his advances upon "works of fiction," still in embroyo, amounted at this moment to £10,000 more. He began—and the wonder is that he began so late—to suspect that the process of creation was moving too rapidly." Scott himself appears to have partaken the apprehension, and proposed to Constable, by way of intermission from the course of romance, a work on popular superstitions. But before this had been fully considered, *Quentin Durward*, from being, as its author expressed himself, frost-bit, had sprung into the fullest bloom of popularity. The sensation created by it in Paris was like that which had welcomed *Waverley* and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* in Edinburgh, and *Ivanhoe* in London. It was the author's first entry upon foreign ground, and the enthusiasm of the French public, excited by the vigorous contrast with the pompous feebleness which had prevailed among their own writers, was speedily kindled to a fever of delight, which re-acted on the circulation of Great Britain.—Constable's misgivings and the *Dialogues on Superstitions* were now thrown aside, and Scott renewed his toils in his wonted field. Even the intermediate damp had never blighted him; in that uncomfortable interval he had the energy to throw off his "Essay on Romance" for the supplement to the *Encyclopædia*, and he wrote gallantly to Ballantyne—

"The mouse who only trusts to one poor hole,
"Can never be a mouse of any soul."

About the time of *Quentin Durward's* appearance Miss Edgeworth, with two sisters, had been visiting Abbotsford and Sir Walter soon afterwards says, in a letter to Terry, "Miss Edgeworth is at present the great lioness of Edinburgh, and a very nice lioness. She is full of fun and spirit, a little slight figure, very active in her motions, very good humoured, and full of enthusiasm." This was the beginning of a friendship which was henceforth sustained, as in the case of Miss Ballie, by a confiding and affectionate correspondence.

Among the most interesting of the memoranda communicated to Mr. Lockhart for this work are those in which Mr. J. L. Adolphus has recorded his recollections of Sir Walter. After speaking generally of the indefinable felicities of Scott's manner, look, and tone, and of the dramatic power with which he could execute his little narrations, Mr. Adolphus says:—

"In 1823, when I first knew him, the hair upon his forehead was quite gray, but his face, which was healthy and sanguine, and the hair about it, which had still a strong reddish tinge, contrasted rather than harmonized with the sleek, silvery locks above—a contrast which might seem rather suited to a jovial and humorous, than to the pathetic expression. But his features were equally capable of both. The form and hue of his eyes (for the benefit of minute physiognomists it should be noted, that the pupils contained some small specks of brown) were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and, when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally, when he spoke of something very audacious or eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragic-comic, harebrained expression, quite peculiar to himself; one might see in it a whole chapter of Cœur-de-Lion and the Clerk of Copmanhurst. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant.

"The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy side-long glance at his neighbours, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh, like Walpole, but it was not boisterous and over-powering, nor did it check the course of his words; he could go on telling or discanting, while his lungs did 'crow like chanticleer,' his syllables, in the struggle, growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excess of merriment."

'I once heard him say that he believed there was 'a pair of cards' (such was his antiquated expression) somewhere in the house; but probably there is no tradition of their having ever been used." He listened with enthusiasm to music, such as Mrs Lockhart used to sing to him, connected with interesting words or historical associations of strong feeling; but no mere art without the combination of some such sentiment appeared to have any peculiar charm for him. What seemed at first a little strange to new comers was, that no direct mention, nor even allusion to the existence, of the *Waverley* novels, was ever heard under Sir Walter's roof; but as there was a complete, though tacit, understanding as to this forbearance, it occasioned no embarrassment or mystery. Yet he talked with great zest of the plays that were founded on the novels; thus catching his pleasure, as Mr. Adolphus well expresses it, at the "rebound."

The next novel, *St. Ronan's Well*, which was published in December, had a less favourable reception than usual, and *Red Gauntlet*, which followed it in June, 1824, nothing to redeem the failure, though it was his only novel of that year.

In a letter written this year to Southey, with whom his correspondence had been irregular, he says:—

"I take my pen to assure my dear Southey that I love him as well as if our corre pondence had been weekly or daily. The years which have gone by have found me dallying with the time, and you improving it, as usual—I tossing my ball and driving my hoop, a gray-headed schoolboy, and you plying your task unremittingly for the instruction of our own and future ages.

"I do not, indeed," he adds, "possess the activity of former days, either on foot or on horseback; but while I can ride a poney, and walk five or six miles with pleasure, I have no reason to complain.

When Christmas came, Abbotsford, at length accomplished, received a larger party than it could ever before have accommodated. Among them was Captain Basil Hall, who has contributed his journal to the completion of this volume. He commemorates the enthusiasm with which Scott spoke of planting; and the still more elevated fervour with which, on the Sunday, after breakfast he read the church of England service, particularly the first lesson from Isaiah. His piety to Heaven had its fruit in his charity to his neighbours, rich and poor—

"I make not a rule to be on intimate terms," he told us, "with all my neighbours—that would be an idle thing to do. Some are good, some not so good, and it would be foolish and ineffectual to treat all with the same cordiality; but to live in harmony with all is quite easy, and surely very pleasant. Some of them may be rough and gruff at first, but all men, if kindly used, come about at last, and by going on gently, and never being eager or noisy about what I want, and letting things glide on leisurely, I find in the end that the object is gained on which I have set my heart, either by exchange or purchase, or by some sort of compromise, by which both parties are obliged, and good will begot, if it did not exist before—strengthened if it did exist."

Scott related with much sympathy what Lord Byron had said to him:—"I would to God that I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott; I would give all I have, all my fame, every thing, to be able to speak on this subject (that of domestic happiness) as you do." To the poor the charities of Scott were neither indiscriminate nor selfish, for the mere riddance of a painful pitty. His principle was to give, wholly gratis, only when actual misery demanded it. At all other times he preferred to let the poor have the satisfaction of seeming to give something like an equivalent. "For instance, said he, "this pile of branches, which has been thinned out this morning, is placed here for sale for the poor people's fires; and I am perfectly certain that they are more grateful to me for selling it at the price I do (which you may be sure is no great matter) than if I were to give them ten times the quantity for nothing. Every shilling collected in this and other similar manners goes to a fund which pays the doctor for his attendance on them when they are sick, and this is my notion of charity."

"I have never seen any person," says Captain Hall, "on more delightful terms with his family.—The best proof of this is the ease and confidence with which they all treat him, amounting quite to familiarity. Even the youngest of his nephews and neices can joke with him, and seem at all times perfectly at ease in his presence; his coming into the room never checks the laugh. These are things which cannot be got up."

There are many other agreeable memoranda in the journal, but all are overcast by the gloom of the sentence with which Mr. Lockhart concludes his volume:—

"Thus terminates Captain Hall's *Abbotsford Journal*, and with this flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a scene and period of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled drum is in prospect."

THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

November 1, 1837.

Sir,—Will you allow a corner of your paper, for the purpose of bespeaking the attention of the venerable bench of bishops to a subject, which, for the sake of uniformity in the public service of the Church, seems at this time to demand their interference? There will be, this year, twenty-seven Sundays after Trinity, for two of which, viz., the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, Collects, Epistles, and Gospels are to be supplied from those appointed for the Sundays after the Epiphany, and which were not wanted at that period. Now as only two were then used there consequently remain four which are now available: and, as there is no rule laid down, some of the clergy will adopt the collects, &c. for the 3d and 4th Sundays, while others will take those for the 5th and 6th. Again, in the "Table of Proper Lessons to be read on Sundays," provision is made for only twenty-six Sundays after Trinity, and in this case many of the clergy will be quite at a loss how to act. It would seem, then, to be highly desirable for the sake of avoiding all doubtfulness, and of insuring a uniform course of proceeding, that they to whom the authority to do so is committed, should come to some decision as to the Collects which shall be used on twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth Sundays, and also as to the chapters which shall be read as the First Lessons on the twenty-seventh, and issue their directions accordingly.

But, Sir, in case anything should occur to prevent such directions from being given, may I be permitted to offer a suggestion or two to my clerical brethren on this subject. The observations which Wheatley makes with regard to these supernumerary Sundays (if I may so term them) appear to be most judicious and deserving attention. Having noticed that the Rubric does not direct which services from those after the Epiphany should be taken in to supply these that are wanting after Trinity, he proceeds—"And for that reason there is generally a diversity of practice; some reading on those occasions the services next in course to what had been used at the Epiphany before; and others, at the same time, reading the last, or two last, accordingly as one or both of them are wanting. The last of these practices I think to be preferable; partly upon the account, that when there is an overplus of Sundays after Trinity one year, there is generally a pretty full number after Epiphany the next; so that if any of the services of the early Sundays after Epiphany are taken in to supply those that are wanting after Trinity, the same services will come in turn to be read again pretty soon; but the chief reason why I think the latter services should be used is, because the service that is appointed for the last Sunday after Epiphany is a more suitable preparation for the season that is approaching, and makes way for the service for the last Sunday after Trinity, as that does for the services appointed for Advent."

I think that any one, who will take the trouble to read the Collect for the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, will at once see the justice of Wheatley's remarks, and will be disposed to adopt the plan he recommends. Indeed, unless this service were adopted to make up the deficiency which so frequently occurs previous to the season of Advent, a long series of years would often pass without its being read at all; for instance, the last time it was used in regular course was in the year 1832, and it will be 1848, a period of sixteen years, before it will again so recur.

With regard to the First Lesson for the twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity, the omission of them in the table appears to have arisen from the merest oversight; for while provision has been made for twenty-six, twenty-seven are the greatest number that can occur, and there is no earthly reason why the last should have been unnoticed. There can, however, be little doubt that the framers of the table intended the Book of Proverbs to supply these lessons until Advent and although where all is excellent there must, be some difficulty in making a selection, yet as a choice must be made, I think I should rather prefer the 24th and 29th chapters. This arrangement I believe to be far better than that adopted in "Gilbert's Almanack," where, having given chapters from the Proverbs for several Sundays, you are suddenly sent off for two Sundays to Isaiah, and there brought back again, for a solitary Sunday, to the Proverbs; an arrangement which is objetionable on many accounts, and made in uttter forgetfulness that, for one of these Sundays, lessons are actually appointed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CLERICUS.

MONTHLY MILITARY OBITUARY.

Lieutenant-General—J. Lord Glenlyon, K.C.H.

Colonel—Mackellar, C.B., late of 1st Foot.

Lieutenant-Colonels—Eeles, K.H., Rifle Brigade; Mills, Unatt.

Major—Elliott, 4th Dragoons.

Captains—Gray, 57th Foot; Briscoe, Royal Engineers; Mac Alpine, half pay 81st Foot; Sir D. Erskine, half pay York Rangers; W. L. Brereton, Unattached.

Lieutenants—Hammond, 67th Foot; Kirk, Royal African Colonial Corps.; Stewart, late Royal Artillery Drivers; Sinclair, late 3d Royal Veteran Battalion; Ross, late 8th do.; T. Browne, half-pay 4th Foot; Morrison, half pay 7th Foot; Grde, half pay 58th Foot; Jones, half pay 90th Foot; Coane, Unattached.

Ensigns—Milne, 2d Foot; Robinson, 26th Foot; Morgan, 57th Feot; Manson, late 6th Royal Veteran Battalion.

Paymaster—Elgee (Capt.) 67th Foot.

Quartermaster—Coates, late 54th Foot.

Commissariat Department—Deputy Assistant Commissary General Stafford.

Medical Department—Principal Inspector General of Hospitals Dr. Sir C. Kerr, half-pay; Deputy Inspector General Dr. Broadfoot, half pay; Surgeon Martin, 73d Foot; Surgeon Dr. Emanuel Barry, 89th Foot; Assistant Surgeon Law, 3d Foot; Assistant Surgeon Fry, half pay Cape Corps; Assistant Surgeon M'Ennally, half pay 5th Garrison Battalion.

The woollen-drapers of Chester have unanimously agreed to close their shops at seven o'clock during the winter.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

As soon as the dessert was put down, and while the nuptial festivity was at its height, the doors of the Palace were thrown open, and Gemma, leaning on the Prince's arm, preceded by servants bearing torches, and followed by their suite, descended the steps of the terrace, and proceeded to the banquet. The country people were rising from their seats, when the Prince motioned to them not to disturb themselves, and with Gemma still leaning on his arm, his excellency began a tour round the tables, and concluded the "progress" by stoppidg before the newly married couple. A servant took a golden cup to Gaetano, who filling it with wine, presented it to Gemma. The beautiful Countess wishing the bride and bridegroom joy, touched the brim with her ruby lips, and handed the cup to the Prince, who drank off its contents, and threw into it a purse of gold, which was carried to Teresa, as her wedding present. Shouts instantly arose of "Long live the Prince of Carini!" "Long live the Countess of Castle Nuovo!" The esplanade was at this moment suddenly illuminated, as if by magic, in the midst of which the illustrious visitors withdrew, leaving behind them the light and joy of some bright vision, which had too quickly faded. These noble personages had scarcely entered the castle, with their attendants, before music was heard: the young folks left the tables, and hurried to the place allotted for dancing. Gaetano, according to the established Sicilian custom in such matters—prepared to open the ball with the interesting Teresa, whose beauty and grace of manner had been the subject of general admiration throughout the day. He approached her with the finished air of a third-rate gracefulness—a sort of lively caricature of the best Sicilian cavaliers, and, in the highest possible spirits, solicited the honour of her hand. At that moment, a stranger presented himself on the esplanade, and stood in the midst of the company, gazing upon the scene. The looks of the whole assembly were turned towards the new comer, who was dressed in the Calabrian costume, wearing pistols, and a dagger in his belt: his jacket slung over one shoulder, like a hussar's pelisse, left open to view his other sleeve stained with blood. Teresa saw him—she gazed on him for a moment—uttered a faint cry, and remained pale and motionless, as if she had seen a spectre. It was Pascal Bruno. Every eye was fixed on the uninvited guest: a dread and awful silence reigned. Every one present felt assured of the approach of some terrible catastrophe. Pascal, apparently unmoved by the sensation he had created, walked directly up to Teresa, and standing before her, folded his arms, and fixed his piercing eye on her pale countenance. "Pascal," said Teresa, in a faltering voice, "Pascal, can it be you?" "Yes, Teresa," said Bruno, in a hollow voice, "it is I. I heard at Bauso, where I patiently and confidently waited your return, that you were to be married at Carini, so I came hither, and I hope am in time to dance the first tarantella with you." "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Gaetano, coming up to him with a mingled air of anger and gaiety, "that is the bridegroom's right?" "It is the right of an affianced one," said Pascal. "Come, my beloved Teresa, this is the least you can do for me after all I have suffered for you," "Teresa is my wife," said Gaetano, stretching forth his arm towards him. "Teresa is my betrothed," said Pascal, taking her hand. "Help! oh, help!" said the wretched girl. The appeal was irresistible—the effect instantaneous. Gaetano seized Bruno by the collar—they struggled for a moment—that was all: in another instant Gaetano uttered a piercing cry, and fell dead at his feet. Pascal's dagger was buried to the hilt in his breast. Some of the men who were nearest him, on the instant, rushed towards the murderer to secure him. Bruno stood unmoved, and drawing one of his pistols from his belt, waved it over his head as a signal to the musicians, to strike up the Tarantella. They obeyed, as it were, mechanically. The rest of the company, paralyzed by the suddenness and fearfulness of what had happened, remained motionless. "Come, Teresa, come let us begin," said Pascal. Teresa was no longer in possession of her faculties, she had become a creature demented by fear. She unconsciously yielded to his guidance, and this horrible dance, close to the corpse of the inoffensive murdered young man, was continued by the musicians to the last strain. Incredible as it may appear, no one stirred—no one spoke—it was something too terrific—something so unnaturally horrid, that nature itself seemed palsied. The moment the music ceased, as if it had been all that had excited and sustained her, the wretched Teresa fell fainting on the body of Gaetano. "Thanks, Teresa," said Pascal, "that is all I wanted: and now, if any man wishes to know me here, that he may find me elsewhere, I am Pascal Bruno."

CLONMEL NATIONAL BANK OF IRELAND.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held on Thursday last; the attendance was numerous and respectable—Charles Bianconi, Esq., was called to the chair. The report for the past year was then read, and a statement of the Bank's liabilities and assets was submitted, both of which gave general satisfaction, and proved this bank to be in a prosperous condition. The report and statement were then unanimously adopted, and resolutions were proposed and also unanimously agreed to, re-electing Thomas Stokes, Esq., (who had retired from the direction by lot), as Director, and expressive of the gratitude and thanks of the Proprietors to the Manager and Directors, for the great care they had taken of the Bank's interest, to which they mainly attributed its success (this Bank having uniformly paid its Shareholders out of the profits, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, on the capital, since its commencement, besides having a considerable reserve fund). Thos. Stokes, Esq., was then called to the chair, and thanks having been returned to Charles Bianconi, Esq., the meeting broke up, highly pleased with the result!—*Tipperary Free Press.*

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—We are happy to hear that this interesting undertaking is making a slow and sure progress. For the first two or three weeks subsequent to the late irruption not more than a single brick in length was added per week to the whole structure; but lately the tunnel has been increased by two bricks weekly, so that nearly two feet of brickwork is now added every week to this vast structure, which it appears is almost as much as the engineer considers himself justified in accomplishing.

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