

Dec. 29.—For the time of year the importations

and 58 sheep have come to hand. At Hull 160 he

On the other hand, the market for live hogs was very active, with a total of 1,000 head of hogs being sold. The market was very active, with a total of 1,000 head of hogs being sold. The market was very active, with a total of 1,000 head of hogs being sold.

ained on this day se'nnight of 2d. per Slbs. A few
superior Aberdeenshire and West Island Scotch
reducing 4s. 6d. per Slbs. Some time before
of the trade the whole of the beasts had changed
hands. The northern droves of beasts comprised
about 900 short-horns. From the Western and
midland districts the receipts were 400 Herefords,
Devons, rants, &c.; from other parts of England
500 of various kinds; from Scotland, 80 Scots; and
from Ireland, 60 beasts. The supply of sheep was

unusually small; hence the mutton trade relatively active, and the quotations improved 2d. per 8lbs. The prime old Downs selling readily at 6s. 2d. per lb. The general quality of the sheep was good, but there were very few calves on offer; yet the veal trade was by no means active, though prices were well supported. The pork trade was again steady at full rates of currency. The number of pigs on sale was small.

By the quantities of 8lb., sinking the offal,

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Inferior coarse beasts	2	10	3	4
Second quality	3	6	3	8
Prime large oxen	3	10	4	0
Prime Scots, &c.	4	2	4	6
Coarse inferior sheep	3	6	4	0
Second quality	4	2	4	6
Prime coarse woolled	4	8	4	10
Prime Southdown	5	0	5	2
Large coarse calves	4	0	4	6
Prime small	4	8	5	0
Suckling calves, each	18	0	30	0

Large hogs	3	10	4
Neat small porkers	4	8	5
Quarter-old store pigs, each	16	0	20

HEAD OF CATTLE ON SALE.

(From the Books of the Clerk of the Market.)

Beasts, 2,467—Sheep, 16,610—Calves, 70—Pigs, 280.

RICHMOND CORN MARKET, DEC. 27.—We had
 large supply of grain in our market to-day. Whea
 rd from 5s. to 9s. 9d.; oats, 2s. 6d. to 4s.; barley
 9d. to 4s. 3d.; beans, 5s. to 6s. 3d. per bushel.

WHEATEN CORN MARKET, DEC. 27.—

WARRFIELD CORN MARKET, SATURDAY, DEC. 27.
We have moderate supplies of all grain this week, and there is a little more business passing in wheat, and some instances an advance of 1s. per quarter is obtained. Fine barley sells freely at former prices, unimpaired. Sorts in slow request. Beans of all descriptions fully as dear. Oats and shelling each maintain the prices of Friday last. Malt, in fair request, without alteration in value.

ore confident tone, which was further increased by the improvement noted in Mark-lane, and in flour, the interest of business was done with consumers whose stocks are light, at prices which were not previously obtainable. Oats and oatmeal were slow sales and the latter article rather easier to buy. There was not a numerous attendance at our market this morning, and only a moderate amount of business was transacted in wheat, at improving prices. A ready demand was experienced for flour, at 40s. t

ns. per 280lbs. for British, and 33s. to 35s. for Canada. There was not much inquiry for oats, but no variation in value can be noted. Oatmeal was very limited request, and barley supported the currency of this day week.

BIRMINGHAM CORN MARKET, WEDNESDAY.—This week we have a good demand for wheat, at an improvement on all descriptions of 1s. to 2s. per quarter. Farmers' samples of fair quality realised 6s. 8d. per quarter. There is more doing in barley, but no ad-

ance can be obtained. Oats are pressed for sale at a further decline of 6d. to 1s. per quarter, without attracting buyers to any extent. In beans and pease nothing doing worth notice. As usual, when the day of course, the attendance was small at our market-day, and the supply of wheat being short, an advance of 2s. to 3s. per quarter was readily obtained for all descriptions of English. Barley firm, but not so rare. Oats met a slow sale at the above noted rate. In beans no alteration, except damp new French more sold, none but. More except new and

NEWCASTLE CORN MARKET.—**TUESDAY.**—This morning there was a fair attendance of millers, who are now exhibiting bare of stock, and more business was done as usual. Saturday's prices, fine samples of new reds, including 61s. to 62s. per quarter 63 lbs., and secondaries, 59s. to 58s. per quarter. Barley was in fair supply, but its sales were difficult to effect at 1s. to 2s. per quarter, and the decline on all but the finest samples, showed that the market maintained last week's rates. Malt is, slow

HULL CORN MARKET, TUESDAY.—We have again to report a dull week in the corn trade; there has been no demand whatever for either free foreign or bonded. This has been very much caused by the uncertain state of political matters. The return of Sir Robert Peel to office, and a probable early settlement of the Corn Laws, has not been a source of encouragement.

the Corn Law question, is not unlikely to restore confidence. At to day's market there is a fair supply of old and new wheat; the farmers are asking more money than the millers are inclined to give, consequently the business passing is by no means large, a shade more money than last week. In spring corn nothing doing; several samples of oats showing unweeded and unthreshed, and some of the straw unsheathed and linsced cakes, as well as rape seed and rape cakes, are very dull. Guano and bones not selected.

NEWCASTLE CATTLE MARKET, TUESDAY. — There was a fair supply of beasts at our market to-day, several of which were of excellent quality. A good supply of sheep and a large shod of swine, in the east market, owing to butchers having purchased there extensively last week, and no demand for the

Other markets, prices receded about 6d. per stone. Lambs were slowly effected and a few left unsold. In the sheep market, the numbers being large for the season, business commenced slowly—all sorts met with a slow sale at a reduction in price from last week, and a part left unsold at the close—a good business done among the pigs. Prices—Beasts, near middling, 6s. 6d.; steers, of the best quality, 6s. 6d. to 7s.; calves, 5s. to 6s.; pork, large, 6s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. Small, 7s. per stone of 14 lb. Good sheep a shilling

Two MEN DROWNED.—On Saturday morning, a foolwich, an aged waterman, named John Davis, was engaged by a labourer named Arty, employed in clearing the mud bank on the Essex shore, to take him across the river. Davis's boat lay out in the river, opposite Ship Stairs, and, in order to reach it, it was necessary to get into a very small dingy, which

was moored to the stairs. Accordingly, three persons—Orrin Davis, Airy, and a lad named Long, stepped into the dingy. The small craft, which was hardly adapted to convey one person immediately upset, and a third man was thrown into the river. Long clung to the life boat, and held on till assistance arrived, when he was rescued. Unfortunately there was not a single waterman's boat at the stairs at the time, and the two men, neither of whom could swim, after struggling a short time in the water, sank. Both bodies were picked up soon after in the river.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE RICHMOND RAILWAY.—On Monday afternoon an accident, which we regret was attended with fatal consequences, occurred in the execution of the works of the Richmond Railway, commencing from the proposed junction of the Southern and Western Railway, at Falcon-bridge, Battersea. About half-past four o'clock on the above afternoon, a young man, named Giles, who was employed in driving the trucks loaded with earth, had detached his horse when the accident occurred.

from the truck at the usual distance from the "tip" of the place where the load is shed), when, from some unexplained cause he fell in front of the truck while at the time was descending an incline, and two wheels momentarily passed over his chest. The truck was laden with between three and four tons weighing of earth. He was deprived of life almost instantaneously.

PIQUA PLANT.—The proof of the efficacy and healthful effect of the Plant in preference to tea or coffee

Let a nervous or dyspeptic patient use two or three cups of strong tea upon retiring to rest, and the effects will be night-mare, disturbed sleep, and other violent symptoms of indigestions, &c. The Proof.—Let the most debilitated, dyspeptic, asthmatic, consumptive, and nervous patients use two, three, or more cups of a very strong infusion of the Piqua Plant, and in the morning they will awake refreshed with their repose. It is highly recommended by physicians to invalids and children, as a most invigorating and pleasurable beverage.—See advertisement.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Professor Holloway, the discoverer and sole proprietor of these wonderful and extraordinary medicines, has, in consequence of their infallible efficacy, in healing, in the space of a very short time (when they are used together) the most dangerous wounds, ulcers, and skin diseases, king's evil, or scrofula, instructed all his agents to return in future to persons whatever they may pay for these remedies, whenever they may meet with any of the cases, however desperate they may be.

when properly tested, and found to fail,

A Few Year's Wraith.

The "Cricket on the Heath" necessarily occupied so much of our space last week, as to leave us no room for several choice scraps of poetry, which we had designed to form part of our "Garland," added to which, we have this week received Mr. Cooper's Christmas Poem. We are, therefore, induced to give a Supplementary "Garland," or, "New Year's Wraith," which we hope to make acceptable to our readers.

Mr. Cooper's poem, of course, claims our first attention; we shall, therefore, at once introduce our readers to

The Baron's Yule Feast.

A Christmas Rhyme.

By THOMAS COOPER, the Charist.

LONDON: J. H. W. 209, PICCADILLY.

This poem is simply what it professes to be,—"a Christmas Rhyme." It has no pretensions to the "grand," and is not at all likely to excite that discussion which the "Personification" has caused, and will yet cause. We say "Personification," for, sure we are, that "The Purgatory of Sufferers" is destined to command greater attention than it has yet met with. Up to the present time most of the quarterly and monthly reviewers have been silent with regard to the "Purgatory." Excepting slight "notices"—not "reviews"—in the "New Monthly," the "Illustrated," and "the Standard," none of the monthly or quarterly periodicals, when better readers that such a work exists. This silence, on which we are compelled to put the worst construction, cannot last; the reviewers will be compelled, by and by, to speak out. A second edition of the "Purgatory," we imagine, cannot be far off, and when that comes, when the reviewers see that the *burking* process has failed to subvert the voice of the Charist, they will be compelled to break their silence. Then Mr. Cooper may expect to be unceremoniously and unparagonably castigated, and the spirit which exhibited itself in the drivellings of the "Literary Gazette," will be savagely manifested in the fierce denunciations poured forth by "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly." We are, therefore, confident that the future we may not be exactly correct, but we are pretty confident that further praise and blame, from friends and foes, is in store for the "Purgatory of Sufferers."

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Our fathers and their throbbing toll
Are hushed in peaceful death;
Hushed is the dire and deadly broil—
The tempest of their wrath;
Yet, of their deeds not all for spoil
Is this O' satiate Grave!
Songs of their brother-honour shall tell
Till triumph o'er the brave!
Their bravery take, and darkly hide
Deep in the innermost cell
Take all their mailed pride
To deck thy mansion cold!
Plunder! thou hast but purified
Their memories from alloy;
Fauls of the dead we scorn to chide—
Their virtues with joy,
Lord of our fathers' ashes! list
A carol of their worth;
Nor shake thy niece, child mortalist!
To check their sons' joy-birth—
It is the season when our sires
Kept joyous hold—
And, now, around our charnier fires,
Old Yule shall have a lay—
A yule-bard is once more free;
And, ere he yields his voice to thee,
His song a merry-song shall be!

Our next extract describes the commencement of the merry-making on

Sir Wilfrid de Thorold freely holds
What his stout sires held before—
Broad lands for plough, and fruitful folds—
Though by gold he sets no store;
And he sows, from fen and woodland woods,
From marsh, heath, and moor—
To feast in his hall,
Both free and thrall,
Shall come as they came of yore.
"Let the merry bells ring out!" saith he
To my lady of the Fosse;
"We will keep the birth-eve joyfully
"Of our Lord who bore the cross!"
"Let the merry bells ring out!" he saith
To Saint Leonard's shaven prior;
"Bid thy monks that patter of faith
"Shew words, and never die!"
Saith the Lord of Saint Leonard's: "The brotherhood
"Will ring and never die!"
"For a beak or a nod of the Baron good!"
Saith Sir Wilfrid: "They will—for hire!"
Then, turning to his daughter fair,
Who leaned on her father's carven chair,
He said,—and smiled—
On his peerless child—
His jewel whose price no clerk could tell,
Through the elixir told
Send forth thy gold—
For her dear mother's sake be loved her well—
But more for the balm her tenderness
Had poured on his widowed heart's distress—
More, still more, for her own heart's grace
That so loveliness in her lovely face,
And the love of her eyes to love to trace—
Left all tongues languidless—
He said,—and smiled—
On his peerless child—
"Sweet bird! bid Hugh our seneschal
Send to Saint Leonard's, ere even-fall,
A fat beefe, and a two-shear sheep,
With a firkin of ale that a monk in his sleep
May hear to hum, when it feels the broach—
And wake up and sing, without reproach—
And the noise of the Fosse, for wail and bread—
Let them hear what, both white and red;
And a runlet of mead, with a jug of the wine
Which the merchant-maid vowed he brought from the
Rhine;
And bid Hugh say that their bells must ring
A peal loud and long,
While we chaunt hymn-songs,
For the birth of our heavenly king!"
The "mummers" then make their appearance,
The "Yule-log" is brought in triumph,
They pile the Yule-log on the hearth—
Soak toasted carols in ale;
And while they sip, their homely mirth
Is joyous as if all the earth
For man were void of bale!
And why should tears for future years
Mix jolly with the thought of tears
When in the horn 'tis poured?
Why should yonught of sorrow fright
The bold heart of an English knight
When beef is on the board?

The "stranger minstrel" now enters the hall,
Is hailed with a shout of welcome. He is not long
allowed to remain idle; accordingly, he commences
with a tale, or ballad, called "The Daughter of
Plantagenet." We give the subjoined specimens of
the "minstrel's" merits—
'Tis midnight, and the broad full moon
Pours on the earth her silver sheen;
Sheeted in white, like spectres of fear,
Their ghastly forms the towers appear;
And their long dark shadows behind them are cast,
Like the frown of the cloud when the lightning hath past.
The wanderer sleeps on the battlement,
And there is not a breeze to curl the Trent,
The leaf is at rest, and the owl is mute—
But list! awoke is the woodland lute—
The nightingale warbles her omen sweet
On the hour when the lady her lover shall meet.
Romana's skill is on the Trent,
And the stream is its faithful strength—
For a surge, from its ocean-fountain sent,
Permeates its giant length:
Roars the hoarse heave in its course,
Lashing the banks with its wrathful force;
And dolefully echoes the wild-wind's scream,
As the callows are swept by the whistling foam;
And her callow young are whistled for a moan,
To the gorge of the barbel, the pike, and the eel:
The porpoise heaves 'mid the rolling tide,
And, snorting in mirth, doth merrily ride—
For he hath forsaken his bed in the sea,
To sup on the salmon, right daintily!

Dirigeat streaks the morning-star
With a way light the rippling waters;
And the moon looks on from the west, after,
And palely smiles, with her waning daughter,
The thin-strown stars, which their rights keep
Till the orient sun shall awake from sleep.
The minstrel's "tale" is one of "sorrow and
death," and lest it should mar the evening's mirth,
the baron calls upon one of his followers, "woodman
SNEEL," to give a song. The demand is at once
answered, and here is

I would not be a crowned king,
For all his gaudy gear;
I would not be that pampered thing,
His gear-gewild gear;
But I would be where I can sing
Right merrily, all the year;
Where forest trees,
All gay and green,
Full blithely do me cheer,
I would not be a gentleman,
For all his hawks and hounds—
For fear the hungry poor should ban,
My halls and wide-parked grounds:
But I would be a merry man,
Among the wild wood sounds—
Where free birds sing,
And echoes ring,
I would not be a shaven priest,
For all his sloth-worn tite:
But while to my breath is leaved,
And these old limbs are free,
Ere death hath marked me for his feast,
And felled me with his scythe—
I'll tell my song,
The leaves among,
All in the forest blithe.

This song is followed by a satirical love song by the
"minstrel." Amongst the company is a fat jolly
lay brother, belonging to the convent of St. Leonard.
He tells a tale called "The Miller of Roche." Mr.
Cooper says this tale "is a homely verification of
a homely tale, often told by the fire-side in Lincoln-
shire." It intimates that a similar story is to be
found in the "Decameron." The story is quite
familiar to us, though we cannot say where we have
read it, but we are strongly impressed with the belief
that it exists in print in more shape than one. The
second canto closes with the bringing in of

A signal note the pipe hath blown,
And a maiden at the door
Craves curried leave, with rosette blush,
To bring the sacred missal-burn.
Only a yonker leaves the altar,
Proud of his dimpled, blushing care:
All clap their hands, both old and young,
And soon the missal-burn is hung
In the mid-raters, overhead;
And, while the agile dance they tread,
Such honey do the plough-lads seize
From lips of lassies as the bees.
A yonker sits from westward to the east,
And in the rapture of his play—
While shrilly swells the missal-burn pipe,
And merrily their light feet trip—
Leave the simple happy throng
Their mirth and rapture to prolong.

Canto III brings Christmas Day, and, with its
morn, the return of the merry-makers, greatly aug-
mented in number by the arrival of Thorold's fol-
lowers, "free and thrall," from all parts of the
domain. The mummers re-appear in the full blaze
of their glory, including the "Lord of Mil-
lons," the "Abbot of Unreason," the "Fiery
Dragon," &c. Here is a spirited description of

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.
"Tis high Yule-tide in the Christmas hall,
Full many a trophy bedecks the wall
Of prowess in field and wood;
Blent with the buckler and group'd with the spear
Hang tusk of the boar, and horns of the deer—
But De Thorold's guests behold nought there
That secures the banquet from the foe!
The mighty yew-bow hangs suspended
From the tough yew-bow, at fastings bended,
With wreaths of bright holly and ivy bound,
Where perches for falcons that shrilly scream,
While their look with the lightning of anger gleams,
As they chide the frowning of mastiff and hound,
That crouch at the feet of each peasant guest,
And ask, with their eyes, to share the feast.
Sir Wilfrid's earthenware of state
Neath the dais is gently elevated;
But his smile bespeaks no lordly pride:
Sweet Edith sits by her loved sire's side,
And five hundred guests, some free, some thrall,
Sit by the tables around the wide hall,
Each with his plate and his glass—born—
They count on good cheer this Christmas morn!
Not long they wait, not long they wish—
The trumpet peals, and the kingly dish—
The head of the brazen boy,
Decked with rosemary and laurel gay—
Upstart, they welcome, with loud huzzas,
As their fathers did, of yore!
And they point to the oostard he bears in his mouth,
And to the yew-bow he holds in his right,
So lascivious a pig!
Would not gather to grunch in the dainty still!
Hail fat capon, and beef by green words;
Yew-bow from forest, and mutton from fold;
Drawn from the oak-wood, and hare from the wild;
Wild-geese from fen, and tame from the lea;
And plumed dish from the horney—
With choicest apples 'twas feasts rimmed,
And stood next the flagons with mulsumy brimmed—
Near the knightly wine, begirt with princes—
Which the gospies said was a dish for princes—
Though his place was never to stand before
The garnished head of the royal boar!
Puddings of plums and mince-pies, placed
In plenty along the board, met taste
Of gossip and maiden,—nor did they fail
To sip, now and then, of the double brown ale—
That plumed and bold, and stout, and brave
Was each drop so rare, and sparkling and rare—
No outlandish Rhenish could with it compare!
Trow ye they stayed till the meal was done
To pledge a health! Degenerate son
Of friendly sires! a health twice told
Each guest had pledged to fellowships old—
Untarrying eager mouth to wipe,
And across the board with heavy gripe
Flinging rough hands, the meal was o'er—
Hearts and hands went with "heaths" in the days of yore!
The meal is over, and now the "Wassail Bowl"
crouns the board. The baron takes the lead in
giving the "heaths," and then summons the minstrel
to renew his songs. The minstrel responds
with a tale of the crusades, entitled "Sir Raymond
and the false Palmer," which closes this canto. The
fourth and last canto opens with "The Goshawk's
Song." We have met "The Goshawk's Song," and
a very good song it is, but we must not quote it.
Several other songs follow, including one by the
baron's daughter, and a response by the minstrel
lover, both of which are as sentimentally interesting
as the most furnace-sighing lover could desire. At
last the minstrel breaks out into an unmistakable
avowal of his reason, and serious consequences are
like to be the result. The baron is in no humour
to be trifled with, when a sudden shriek of "deathful
danger" directs the attention of all present to the
struggles of the baron's ferryman, who is drowning
in the Trent. The baron cries that whoever will
save the man shall have any boon he desires, but
without waiting for this promise, the minstrel has
already plunged into the river, and rescued the ferry-
man. The minstrel is then dismissed, and the baron
acts magnanimously, shames by his promise, the two
lover-ones are made happy, and thereby the hap-
piness of all the others is increased. The poet thus
concludes his story—
High was the feast, and rich the song,
For many a day, that did prolong
The wedding-revel:
But more it needeth not to sing
Of our fathers' festive revelling—
How will the dream agree
With waking hands on daily deepening wrongs—
Brooding on daily deepening wrongs—
A stern reality!

With pictures, that exist in life,
Of thousands waging deadly strife
With want and starvation in the holds
Where Mammon vainly unfolds
His boasted banner of success!
Oh, that bruised hearts, in their distress,
May meet with hearts whose boundlessness
Helps them to keep their courage up—
"Of having no joy of heart or hope."
My suffering brother! I still your hope
Hold fast, though hunger make ye drop!
Right—glorious Right—shall yet be done!
The tollers' boon shall yet be won!
Wrong from its fastness shall be hurled—
The world shall be a happy world—
It shall be left with brother-men—
And merry Yule of come again—
In the notes (which are very interesting) at the
close of the poem, Mr. Cooper states that although
his "baron" is an imaginary character, not so is the
name he has given to him. The Thorold family
is the most ancient belonging to Lincolnshire. The
Thorolds were men of power and renown even in the
earliest times of the Heptarchy. To his other infor-
mation respecting this family Mr. Cooper has done
well adding the following—
Sir John Thorold of Spaton is now the chief representa-
tive of this Spaton family; but reports say, that he de-
lights to live abroad—rather than in the midst of his
tenantry and dependants, to gladden the hearts of the
poor, and receive happiness from diffusing it among
others, after the good example of his ancestors.

We must not omit to mention that "The Baron's
Yule Feast" is gracefully dedicated to the Countess
of Blessington. The poem is embellished with a
tastefully executed vignette representing a view of
Blackwell Castle. The work forms a most appropriate
Christmas Present, or "New Year's Gift," and is
altogether such a mental "feast" as we can heartily
recommend to our readers.

We have now to introduce to our readers another
specimen of Charist poetry, entitled "A New Song,"
sung at a late Charist soiree at Dundee, a report, or
notice of which appeared in last Saturday's Star.
The singer of the song was also its composer, Mr.
John McGee, a long-tongued and talented advocate of
temperance, whose good services to the Radical and
Charist cause deserve to be remembered with
honour—
A NEW SONG.
TUNE—"Wood a' warriour a'".
The dark dreary month of December
Was closing the year forty-five,
When our Annual Fair did assemble,
To keep the good cause still alive.
The taxes, dull trade, and dear living,
Were handled with sang, speech, and glee—
For a while we forgot a' our slaving,
And dream'd that we yet might be free.
But the morn when the work-bells are ringing
To muster the factory-slaves,
The thought in our breast will be springing,
We're robbed by a party of thieves.
The rich and the noble in splendour
Enjoy the sweet fruits of the soil—
The drones have got ease, wealth, and grandeur,
While we

Accidents, Offences, & Inquests.

drink for several hours, unfortunately met a dreadful death at Tinsley Green, which is on the border of the two counties, by being run over by the down express train from London. The deceased's name is Henry Constable, and he was seen by a railway official at Roebuck about one o'clock in the afternoon, when he told the Roebuck official that he was going to Tinsley Green. There it appears he fell in with some companions, with whom he remained drinking till near five o'clock. About that time he deceased and another labourer, named Tinsley, took their departure; and being both in liquor, and the night being dark, the landlady of the Roebuck lent them a lantern. When they reached Tinsley, they took some tea together, and Tinsley Crossing, going the way there, he left them to go on alone, they determined to walk along the line to the next crossing, which would take them less circuitously to their homes. This second crossing they appear to have missed, and presently the express train was heard coming down. Tinsley managed to get out of its way, but his companion was less fortunate. As soon as the train arrived, Tinsley called for his partner, but could nowhere find him; and when he returned, he obtained, the body of the unfortunate Constable was found on the balustrade completely smashed. On the arrival of the train in Brighton, the engine-driver, suspecting that he had run over a sheep at the spot in question, had his engine examined. The crown of a man's hat, which was crumpled up was found in the gear; and the head of the tender were the pocket, and a strand of a pair of trousers with a halfpenny piece in the pocket.

the brutal conduct of their assailants. It appears that a party of labourers, all Irishmen, were disturbing the neighbourhood by kicking and knocking at the doors of different houses, apparently with the view of obtaining liquor. One of the policemen, whose name was Miller, interfered, and was set upon by the riotous and drunken mob, who he was taken by the early, and kicked and struck in a most brutal manner. Four or five other policemen being attracted to the spot, used their exertions to quell the disturbance, upon which the labourers ran into the house of a man named Nicholas Berry, who they lodged, and armed themselves with a gun, a shovel, and poker, with which they commenced an attack upon the police, who were severely wounding several of them in the head, face, and other parts of the persons. The injuries which Miller, in particular, has received from blows and cuts on his head, are supposed not to be unattended with danger to his life, and several others of the force are having received the additional reinforcements of nine men, were at the spot, and nine in number, were at the spot, and were, and, after a severe struggle, lodged in the cells.—*Cardenian Mercury*.

A FEMALE POACHER.—At the Lock Petty Sessions, held last week, Mrs. Elizabeth Moss, the wife of a respectable cattle-dealer, who lives at Heaton, appeared to answer a charge of using an engine, called a snare, for the purpose of catching game, which was proved by the evidence that the attention of the magistrates on Lord Macclesfield's property, near Leek, was aroused by a dog, belonging to a party of gentlemen who were sporting, having become entangled in a snare in a plantation sometime previously. The poachers consequently maintained a sharp lookout, and, in a few days afterwards, the defendant was observed ostensibly picking up the dog, which was the snare was placed, and in which there happened to be a hare. The lady then went past, still picking up sticks, but after getting over a fence, returned to her poor puss lay, and picking up her and the hare, both of which she consigned to her apron. Mrs. Moss had the benefit of a legal adviser, and as the last resource in behalf of his fair client on the score of gallantry, Mrs. Moss was, however, fined £4, including expenses; the chairman observing, that to prove the value of civility were not altogether obsolete, he hoped that the further punishment of £20 fine for sporting without license, would not be levied in this case against her.

THEATRE ROYAL MARYLEBONE.

We visited this elegant temple of the drama on Monday last, when we found the enterprising manager had providentially arrived for his holiday friends. First we had Charles Kemble's popular play of the "Point of Honour, or the Deserter," which was well put on the stage, and its chief characters ably sustained by Messrs. J. Rayner, W. Smith, and J. Andrieux, who were amply and nobly rewarded. Their efforts were rewarded by the highly merited, in loud and long-continued bursts of applause, exerted in order to come the very clever performance of the Torrey family, three in number, who went through a great variety of evolutions, &c. to Risley. Their feats were, of course, astonishing, but not quite so graceful; the latter, nevertheless, drew down the rapturous applause of the audience, who were highly gratified by the performance of the Christmas dish, entitled "Haricots." Old Nick in the character of the Railway Prince and the Fairy Queen of the Golden Pagoda." The dresses of the male characters are of the latest fashions. Goodwin and Smithers, and those of the female characters by Misses Clare and West, and truly splendid dresses they are. The scenery, justly described in the

Mr. F. J. Henchell, H. Pitt, Morris, and assistants, and are most happy to accord our humble medal of praise to the person who has so generally attracted attention to the metropolitan theatres for the last season. We have not but seen their able efforts presented, not even on the patny days of Stanfield and Greaves. The pantomime is invented by Mr. John Douglass, the indefatigable lessee and manager, and reflects infinite credit on his taste. The pantomime may be divided into two parts, the first part contains the *Prince and the Peasapudding*, in which our old friend, Mr. T. Loe, ably sustained the Great Atmospheric Locomotive Railway King, in a manner in which himself is "his only parallel;" Mr. Marchmont, a *Stag in Boots*; Mr. Lickfold, *Prince Yellow*; Mr. Phillips, a *Crier*; Miss L. Pearce, *Brilliant*; Mr. Duff, *the Duke of Devonshire*; the *Dancing Queen* *Peasapudding*; and Miss Laporte, the *Peasapudding*; and Miss Laporte, the *Peasapudding*. The second part contains burlesques abounds with amusing parodies on popular songs, and burlesque dances, which were admirably executed by Messrs. T. Loe and Marchmont, Misses Pearce and Laporte, Lickfold, Lall and the *corps de ballet*. With the *Peasapudding* the pantomime commences the second part of the pantomime, the *Peasapudding*, which is very successfully sustained by Mr. Ellar, who bids fair to be a rival to the late success of his late father, the "Prince of Harlequins;" *Columbine* by Miss Massall, who is a very graceful and accomplished dancer; *Clowns* by Messrs. Duck and J. Lewis, the former one of the best *Clowns* on the stage, the *Peasapudding* by Messrs. Duff and Pearce. Mr. D. Lewis sustained *Pumpkin*, very fine and all descriptions now set in, and continued to the end merrily, keeping the house in one continued roar of laughter. No expense seems to

getting up of this truly gorgeous spectacle, which was
"one blaze of triumph" from beginning to end. There
can be no exception to a shade of doubt that this pantomime will
have a long and successful run; it is decidedly one of the best
of the season. The house was densely packed from
orchestra to ceiling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—One of the most
elegant adaptations of pneumatic science we had the
gratification of seeing a few days since, which was ex-
hibited to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and upon its
ingenuity his Royal Highness was pleased to pay a large
sum for the purchase of a miniature steam-engine
displaying a fountain, the whole forming a combination of
of vertu. The steam is generated by spirits of wine, and
carries out the whole process of a stationary steam-engine,
having a cylinder of five-eighths of an inch
diameter, with pumps, cranks, &c., complete. The
fountain is attached, and plays in a globe of glass, in
which may be placed gold fish, and presents one of the most
perfect that can be made, and elegant may be so combined as
to produce scenes of various gradations of colour. A
beautiful little piece of mechanism was designed and
manufactured by Mr. T. Smith, and is now deposited in
the Royal Polytechnic Institution for public inspection. This
delightful specimen of mechanical art will, no
doubt, become highly attractive during the ensuing
Christmas holidays, both to our young friends and those
of riper years, it being of that class to call forth admira-
tion from all. Doctors Ryan and Backhouse will both
commence quite new lectures in their specific depart-
ments of chemistry and natural philosophy; and all
other parties connected with this establishment are most
determined to cater well for the winter, and they are highly
deserving of the patronage they here receive, and they are highly
most anxious for the future, providing the means, and
pleasure which all persons must derive from witnessing
what is not to be found in any other exhibition in the
metropolis—amusement and instruction combined.

BANKRUPTS.
(From the Gazette of Friday, January 2nd.)
James Coe, of 12, Sic-lane, Bucklersbury, City, money
servicer.—Edward Reale, of 32, Chancery-lane.—George
Segrave Nance, of Portsea, innkeeper.—Daniel Williams
Lace, of 24, Mark-lane, City, hemp and flax dealer.—
Henry Le Jeune, of St. Albans, Hertfordshire, maltster.—
Robert Herington, of St. James's, Liverpool, lacemaker.—
Charles Bradburn, of Dunham, Cheshire, lacemaker.—
Julius printer.—Thomas Carey Willard Field, of Man-
chester, merchant.

Printed by DUGAL M'GOWAN, at 16, Great Windmill
street, Haymarket, in the City of Westminster at the
Office in the same Street and Parish, for the Pro-
prietor, PEARSON O'CONNOR, Esq., and publisher by
WILLIAM BEAVER, of 38, Chancery-lane, in the City of
London, at the Office of St. Mary, New-
gate, in the County of Surrey, at the Office, No. 16,
Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, in the City of
Westminster.

Saturday, January 3, 1916.