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|------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Sucking calves, each | 13 | 0 | 30 |
| Large hogs | 3 | 10 | 4 |
| Neat small porkers | 4 | 8 | 5 |
| Quarter-old store pigs, each | 16 | 0 | 21 |

HEAD OF CATTLE ON SALE.

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

Beasts, 4,224—Sheep, 26,600—Calves, 104—Pigs, 321.

RICHMOND CORN MARKET, NOV. 1.—We have a large supply of grain in our market to-day.

wheat sold from 8s. 6d. to 9s. ; new, 5s. to 8s. ;
2s. 4d. to 4s. ; barley, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. ; beans,
to 6s. 9d. per bushel.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKEE, MONDAY, NOV. 3.—
demand for British grain, meal, and flour, during
week has been of a very limited character, the mill
and dealers having previously stocked themselves

good exchange. Prices generally have receded. There observe a decline since Tuesday last of 2d. per bush for old, and 3d. for Irish new wheat; on flour 1s. sack and 6d. per barrel; on oats and oatmeal 1s. 2d. per bushel and 1s. per load. The present value of best Irish new red wheat is 8s. 1d. to 8s. 2d. 70lbs.; mealings oats 4s. 4d. 45lbs. Beans and peas maintain the late advance in value; but the same have been quiet in retail. There has been an actual enquiry for wheat and flour in bond, and several transactions have occurred at improving prices. Friday's market the sales of recently imported United States flour were at 32s. to 32s. 6d. to 100 per barrel.

MANCHESTER CORN MARKET, SATURDAY, NOV. 1. The trade during the week has been in a state of

great activity caused by the reports in circulation reference to an intention on the part of Government to interfere with the existing Corn-laws, and, in few sales which have occurred in any article, pre- were in favour of the buyer. At our market this morning, owing to the suspense occasioned by rumours above alluded to, there was almost a absence of business, and prices were little better than nominal.

WAKEFIELD CORN MARKET, FRIDAY, OCT. 31.— have had a fair supply of wheat to this day's market.

A great portion of which was new. For good sample the demand was moderate, and as the opinion was general that the ports would be open duty millers bought at a decline of 1s. to 2s. per Barley was one ls. lower, beans steady. Oats turn dearer.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, MONDAY, NOV.
To-day 3,000 bags were sold, all to the trade. market upon the whole is more steady than for some days past. The 5 standard 2,000 lbs

Bankrupts, &c.

BANKRUPTS.

(From Tuesday's Gazette, November, 1815.)

James Reding and William Nicol Judd, of Hores court, Ludgate-hill, printers—Edward Speller, of 38, Peters-street, Oxford-street, tea dealer—William Ashmun, of Bare-street, Bath-street, Ratcliffe, cooper—Littwood, of 25, New Bond-street, hosier—G. Straight, of 9, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, ivory cuter—John Gadd, of 79, High-street, Camden-town, John Spynford, Charlton, gun, hardware—John Turner, of 48, Princes-street, Soho, chemist—John Vayghan, formerly of Liverpool, but now of Poulton-street, St. James's, wine and spirit merchant.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED.
Fenwick Lorraine, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bookseller, first dividend of 5s 6d in the pound, payable at 57, Grey-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on any Saturday.
William Hall, of Durham, grocer, second dividend in the pound, payable at 57, Grey-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on any Saturday.

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November 26, at one.

In the Country.

Griffith Vaughan, of London, Carmarthenshire, member 4, at eleven, at the Court of Bankruptcy, Bristol—John Hodges, of Liverpool, service 2 November 28, at twelve, at the Court of Bankruptcy—Thomas Robson, of Liverpool, seign member 28, at eleven, at the Court of Bankruptcy—Thomas Danson, of Liverpool, merchant member 28, at half-past eleven, at the Court of Bankruptcy—George Heston and John Macquay (Giles of Liverpool, merchants, members 28, at eleven, at the Court of Bankruptcy, Liverpool—George Charles Cr. of Liverpool, corn merchant, November 28, at twelve, at the Court of Bankruptcy, Liverpool—John H. of Liverpool, and of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, member 28 November 26, at twelve, at the Court of Bankruptcy—George Lawrie, of Fleetwood—upon Wyrre, corn merchant, November 28, at twelve, at the Court of Bankruptcy, Liverpool.

CERTIFICATES to be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary on the day of meeting.

William Mossman, of 14, Clarke's place, Highgate, London, member 14, at eleven, at the Court of Bankruptcy, London—Robert Ray, of Marl-bone, City, wine merchants, Nov. 26—John Marks, of Leeds, grocer, November 26—Thomas Sawelson, of Liverpool, coal merchant, Nov. 26—Matthew Murphy, of Salford, haberdashery, November 26.

CERTIFICATES to be granted by the Court of Review, in
cause be shown to the contrary, on or before November
James Driver, of Slawston, Leicestershire, victual
Benjamin Ling of Fore-street, Limehouse, timber dealer
Wheatley Kirk, of Leeds, piano-forte manufacturer
Henry Cook, of Liverpool, paper hanger—Thomas
and John Jones, of Liverpool, tallow chandlers—J
Glass, of White Hart-street, Drury-lane, victual
Joseph Lazarus, of 10, Marylebone-lane, and 27, Wig
street, Cavendish-square, dealer in clothes.

PARTISHERS DISSOLVED

Elizabeth French and Beal French, of 51, Crutcher
Lane, City, co. of Manchester, dissolved partnership
Joseph Warlow, of Gildersome, Yorkshire, and
—John Smith Barlow and Thomas Barlow, of
manufacturers—G. Taylor and Joseph Parkins, of Swin-
place, Hanover-square, envelope manufacturers—
Jacksonman and George Knight, of Birmingham, build-
Edward Fellows and John Handell, of Old Broad-
—John Handell and John Handell, of Old Broad-
Brook, and at Keynsham, Somersetshire, drysal-
Walter Watts, John Galsworthy, and William Gals-
solicitors (so far as regards Watts)—Peter Joynton
Co., of Manchester, silk manufacturers—Richard Lat-
Peter Simpson, and Richard Latham, jun., of Bahia,
chants (so far as regards Peter Simpson)—George W.

makers—Thomas Hart and Henry Hart, of Bar
Essex, basket makers—Joseph Humbley and Lewis
of Great Barford, Bedfordshire, surgeons—Peter Ch
Edward Chrimmes, and Richard Chrimmes, of Rotherham
Yorkshire, plumbers—Charles Wilson and William T
row, of Luton, Bedfordshire, straw hat manufactur
Richard Greenwell and Bailey Sacker, of Sunderland
timber merchants—Leon Marks and Jacob Israel, of
pool, watch makers—Henry Lipscomb and Fred
Lipscomb, of Wytham, Berkshire, farmers—Joseph D

Smith, Edward, Horatio, Smith, and William Smith, of Gough-square, wholesale furriers (so regards George Smith).—Cookson Stephenson Floyd Harry Booth, of Holmshurst and Huddersfield, attorn

PILING UP JOKES.—Speaking of wags—what is waggish than a dog's tail when he is well-pleased. Speaking of tails—we always like those that wag well. Hogg's, for instance. Speaking of hogs—we saw one of those animals the other day lying in

gutter, and in the opposite one a well-dressed man, the first had a ring in his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," said we; so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went. Something of going off, puts us in mind of a gun once owned. It went off one night, and we haven't seen it since. And speaking of guns reminds us of a "obsolete idea." We had one a gun; not the obsolete idea—and it burst.—N. O. Picayune.

During several Government officials have been determining the state of the ramparts and other defences of Berwick. It is known that Government have in contemplation some extensive plan for the improvement of the means of defence of our coasts, in the event of hostilities breaking out with the United States, as the consequence of the grasping aggressions of Great Power, and its infringement of our territorial rights in the North American continent. It is not improbable, therefore, that at no distant date the fortifications of Berwick may be put into a state of efficiency, the batteries mounted with cannon, and sufficient for

NOT MERELY A CURB, BUT ALMOST A MIRAC-
 CULATED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Mrs. Curley,
 living at 15, Green-street, Bonner-street, Ber-
 green, had been dangerously ill for two years,
 patient at the London and Bartholomew Hosiery
 and told that her stomach and kidneys were
 diseased; she could keep nothing whatever on
 stomach; besides this she was likewise a dro-
 sider.

her bed for nine months, from which dangerous she has just been restored to the full enjoyment of health by means of these extraordinary pills.

Poetry.

BEAUTIES OF BYRON.

TO BYRON, NEED NOT BE TO BE, MANKIND:
 ARE NOT UNFIT TO THEM TO STIR, AND
 NOR IS IT DISCONTENT TO KEEP THEM
 DEEP IN HIS FOUNTAIN, LET IT OVER-BOIL
 IN THE HOT THROAT, WHERE WE BECOME THE SPIRIT
 OF OUR INFECTION, TILL TOO LATE AND LONG
 WE MAY DEPICT AND STRUGGLE WITH THE COLL,
 THE STRECHER OF CHANGE OF WING FOR WRONG
 MIDST A CONTENTIOUS WORLD, STRIVING FOR NONE ARE
 strong.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the light
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of Night;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 That walks in darkness: on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where there ports invite,
 But there are wanderers of Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall
 be.

It is not better, then, to be alone,
 And love earth only for its earthly sake;
 By the lush rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure basin of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A life but forward infant her own care.
 Kissing its cheeks with kisses as awake—
 Is it not better thus than to be alone?
 Than join the crushing crowd, do'd to inflict on heart!
 I live not myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Glad amid creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the sea, the breathing plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not vain.

And thus I am absorb'd and this is life:
 I look upon the people desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pain; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waking vigorous, as the blast
 Which it could cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the day-cold bonds which round our being
 cling.

And when at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Refit of its carnal life save what shall be
 Existence happy in the fly and worm—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm;
 The bodiless thought? The Spirit of each spot!
 Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot!

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these days in my heart?
 With a pure passion? Should I not condemn
 All objects I compare with these? I stem
 A tide of suffering, and I am the man.
 Such feeling for the hard and worldly plight
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not
 glow!

Here the self-torturing spirit wild Rousseau,
 The apostle of affliction, he who thro'
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 Off erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 Of words like musk, dancing as they past
 The eye, which over them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
 Thus, and enamour'd in him the same,
 But his was not the love of living flame,
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But ideal beauty, which became
 The end of his existence, and the terms
 Along his burning path, distemper'd though it seems,
 This breath'd itself to life in Julie, this
 Invested her with all that's vital and sweet;
 This hallow'd 'till, the memorable kiss
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
 From her, who but with friendship his would meet;
 But to that gentle kiss through passion's breast
 Flashed'd the thrill'd spirit, love descending here,
 In that absorbing sign perforce more blest
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess,
 His love was one long war with self-sought foes,
 On friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
 Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chide
 For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
 Whom he had loved with strange and blind,
 But he was phrenzied—wherefore, who may know!
 Since cause might be which skill could never find;
 But he was phrenzied by disease or woe
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.
 For then he was inspired, and from him came
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world on flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kings and monarchs more:
 Did he not this for France? which lay before.
 Boy'd to the inborn tyrant of years!
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown
 fears!

They made themselves a fearful monument!
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
 Breathed from the breast of time, the cell they rent,
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
 But good will they all overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour reft,
 As heretofore because ambition was self-will'd.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
 Mankind have felt their strength, and all it felt,
 They might have felt, some time, the allures
 Of their new vigor, sternly have they dealt
 On one another; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But they
 Whom in oppression's darkness carved have dwelt,
 They were not eagle's, norish'd with the day;
 What marvel then at times, if they mistook their prey!

Reviews.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES. A PRISON
 RHYME IN TEN BOOKS. BY THOMAS COOPER, THE
 CHARTIST. LONDON: J. Hov, 132, Fleet-street.

(Continued from the Star of Nov. 1st.)

The "Ninth Book" is brief, consisting of but
 three stanzas. The characters who figure
 therein are exclusively female.—PONTA, ANNA,
 and the wife of ANTONIO, the Carthaginian, SOPHONIA,
 and BARBARA, the Jewess. The "Book" opens with a
 prison scene, in which a woman, who is an infant child,
 comes to bid farewell to her "father" husband.

The woman's role is—human in awful grief,
 Joined by her babe's scarce conscious sympathy—
 Thy wife hath come to thee from far and wide,
 Gant from life—bitter and bitter must it be
 For thy babe's mother, since the wide salt sea
 Must roll, for life, its deep, dark gulph between
 Thee, convict—and that form of agony,
 Poor wretched thing! I will weep thee, I ween,
 And wring her hands, and wish that she had never been!

"Let me have one kiss of mine, the cell they rent,
 To which, and through all the grate, Oh! how
 The turkey's answer will his bosom stab!"
 "Away!—we open not the bars!"—and, lo!
 "Push him rudely back!—I may not know
 What baleful bliss it gives to clasp a child
 Or wife, ere one must yield them to life's woe.
 Ah! little had that kiss his grief beguiled—
 But, rather, filled his soul with after-throes more wild.
 She fainteth!—yet awakes to moan and weep!
 How little didst thou think that smiling morn!
 Then didst, so early and so eager, press
 Into thy mirror, and thy breast abroad!
 With virgin rose—so soon the sorrow-thorn
 Would there have pierced!—that thou, in two short
 years,
 Wouldst see thy husband in that dress of scorn—
 And turn that widow'd bride—a thing of tears—
 From that stern glare, forth, to meet the world's rude
 eyes!"

Four suffer! how wilt thou the future brook!
 To dredge from morn to eve for beggar's bread—
 To hear thy ragged child receive rebuff
 For his sire's sins—that on the exile's head
 Already fall all sore—to see him shed
 Tears when he asks for food, and thou hast none
 To stop his hunger's roar, to make thy bed
 With him upon the floor, to see him die
 For an infant, thou tak'st the rich man's boon!

What misery!—and thou never been a bride—
 Thy heart had shunn'd!—Yet, thou wilt fondly cling
 Unto the memory of thy love—nor chide,
 E'en by a thought, in deepest suffering,
 His error, who did thy young joy-bloom bring
 To desolation! Ill requited love!
 Was this, ev'n from the dawn of day—
 Yet, thou forgettest all, nor didst reprove
 The wild excess which on the night to madness drove—

Very beautiful is the following apostrophe to
 woman:

Oh, woman! how thy truest merit is slighted—
 Thy tenderness how often met with hate—
 Thy fondest purest love how often scorned!
 How man, the tyrant, lords it o'er thy fate,
 How man, thy tyrant, lords it o'er thy fate,
 Yet feigns to guard thy faithful state,
 Yet forms a curse on thy very state—
 Thy chastity, coldness, thy care
 Weak foolishness, strategem, or grosser love's excess!

Oh, woman! faintest, faintest, sweetest flour
 Of Nature's garden, what rude storms thee bend!
 Thy heart—thou priceless, peerless, matchless dower
 Of Nature's treasury—what sufferings rend!
 How meanly, then, from selfishness, contented
 To pamper thee—how silently they lay
 Of love they leap to gain their guilty end!
 How sensually they feast on thy soft bliss—
 How heartlessly desert thee in its summer days!

Oh, woman! what anxieties destroy
 The bliss thou dreamest none can take away.
 When hushing thy soft care, thy cradled joy—
 How Time the blessings thy fond hopes pourtry
 Oh turns to curses, and thy heart a prey
 To keenest woe becomes—maternal love
 Moves more intensely than the strongest grief,
 Or most ecstatic thrill that mortal bosoms know."

How thy best children, Woman, testify
 A mother's worth, attributing their zest
 For enterprise, or love of good, to thy
 Exalting nature! O let him attest
 A mother's worth—that Titan of the West—
 Neglected Washington! And if such men,
 Thy dearst prizes, vigour from thy milk breast
 Now draw, Woman! what wilt thou say when
 Man looks on thee no longer with the tyrant's ken!

When charity's false homage is forgot—
 When earnest jealousy no more immures
 And renders thee a veridical idol—
 When thy young prairie-villains lure
 Are spread to bluntness, when thy mind matures
 In freedom, and thy soul can make its choice,
 Untrammelled, uncontrained, when thou art assured
 The heart is thy beloved—shall not thy voice
 And look retrace to Earth its long-lost Paradise?

That Mind is of no sex—when thou art freed,
 Thy thought-deeds shall proclaim: our Edgeworth's
 sense.

Our Ball's truthful skill, Felicia's meed
 Of grace with perfectest fidelity
 Of music joined,—our magnificence
 Of heart and reason, Necker's glorious child—
 Problems shall be no more! Woman's intense
 Inherent claim to mind-rank, when befitted
 No more by Man, she will display with glow unsold.

And when her children see her move in joy,
 And yet in trust dignity,—no more
 A slave,—no more a drudge,—no more a toy!
 When from her lips of love her spirit's store
 Of good ennobling wisdom she doth pour
 Into the offspring's ears,—into the hearts,
 Ere speech be learnt, looks Nature's purest lore
 Of truth and virtue,—shall not Man arise
 From error,—nurtured thus,—and loftiest good devise?

(To be continued.)

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. NOVEMBER.
 Edinburgh: W. Tait. London: Simpkin
 and Marshall.

All who desire to know the real character of the
 much-lauded Nelson, will do well to read the excel-
 lent review of the "Dispatches and Letters" of that
 hero, which opens the present number of *Tait's*.
 Of these "Dispatches," &c., the reader will learn
 how small, indeed, are the claims of the victor of the
 Nile and Trafalgar to be enrolled in the list of Eng-
 land's worthies. His courage and skill as a great
 sea-captain cannot be questioned; but as a negotiator
 he was contemptible, and he possessed none of the
 abilities requisite for a statesman. The review of
 the French war is unbounded; and, with regard to
 that nation, he was throughout his life actuated by
 the most ignorant, bigoted, and contemptible na-
 tional prejudices. He was a besotted admirer of
 kings; and no matter how despicable or infamous a
 king might be, Nelson would have been most willingly
 shed the blood of myriads of his countrymen to
 glut the vengeance of his royal proteges. This he
 showed by his support of the infamous Neapolitan
 king and court. His murder of CARACCIOLI has left
 an eternal stain upon his name which all the lies and
 subterfuges of corrupt and lickspittle writers will
 fail to efface. His disgraceful connection with the
 notorious Lady Hamilton, and his melancholy record
 of moral degradation in his public as well as
 private character. Yet to such a man are statues
 raised! Forty years have only elapsed since Nelson
 fell, and his fame already wanes. We may safely
 predict that the end of another forty years will see
 his reputation at a very low ebb indeed. The Ameri-
 can romance by Colonel JOHNSON, entitled "Jenny
 Bunker," a tale of the revolutionary war, and a well-
 told tale it promises to be. "The Life of Mozart,"
 is an excellent review of Mr. HOLLIS's biography of
 that wonderful genius. "The Life of Mozart,"
 is another chapter added to the melancholy record
 of the sufferings of Nature's nobles, and the cruelty,
 tyranny, and meanness of those usurpers who by
 birth, force, and fraud, have acquired and held
 supremacy amongst men.

"Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."
 "Notes on Gilliland's 'Gallery of Literary Por-
 traits,'" by THOMAS DE QUINCY, is an exceedingly
 interesting article. The subjects of the "Notes"
 this month are GOWIN and JOHN FOSTER. The
 latter appears to be a man of considerable talents,
 and his career is a most interesting one. The con-
 tinuation of these "Notes" by the by, in looking through the
 list of the Gilliland Portraits, we are surprised to find
 the omission of such names as BYRON, MOORE,
 DICKENS, and JENNINGS. Why is this? Madame
 Wollstonecraft's "Letters" is a most interesting
 and valuable work, and the edition of the
 village of the wretched and degraded state
 of the people of that country, caused mainly by
 the withering influence of the Catholic priesthood. Some
 lengthy extracts will be found from these "Letters"
 in our seventh page, under the head of "Foreign
 Movements;" in addition to which we here insert
 the following illustrations of the deplorable

SUPERSTITION OF THE NEAPOLITAN PEASANTRY.
 The following adventure occurred last year, to an
 Italian friend of ours, who himself recounted the par-
 ticulars to us:—

On the arrival of this gentleman with a friend on
 a sketching tour at the small village of Cerito, amidst the
 mountains behind Capua, he engaged two little boys
 to carry his portfolio and drawing materials, and at once
 set off, thus accompanied, in search of a subject for his
 sketching pencil. Some time he had been wandering
 about in a point of view; and, in order to do so, he made
 several circuits amongst the hills, which apparently ex-
 cited suspicion to his disadvantage. Some hours passed
 away, and the mother of the boys, who was ignorant that
 they had left home with a stranger, began to be anxious
 at their unusually long absence, and ran about the vil-
 lage enquiring news of her children from her different
 neighbours.

At that moment a man arrived from the hills, who had
 been a witness of the artist's proceedings, and, in answer
 to her inquiries, he bluntly told her "that she might
 cease her clamour, for her children were irretrievably
 lost. No efforts of hers could save them," he added, "for
 they were in the power of a sorcerer, who had carried
 them off for the purpose of his incantations."
 He had seen him with the boys forming his mys-
 terious circles; and by this time, no doubt, it was all over
 with them."

The horror of the woman at this information, the
 truth of which she never doubted for an instant, sur-
 passed all words. She called on her neighbours to re-
 venge the loss of her children, and she ran from her
 house to home, summoning the peasantry to join her
 in extirpating the monster from the land; and the clamour
 for revenge spreading from cottage to cottage, like the
 extending circles around a stone cast into deep water, the
 whole population of the district was ere long in a state of
 insurrection.

The gentleman, meanwhile, unconscious of the tumult
 his movements had excited, was quietly making a draw-
 ing upon the mountain above the village. But however
 deeply engaged by his occupation, he could not fail at
 length to remark the increasing agitation of the country
 beneath. He saw the peasantry rushing from their
 dwellings, and forming together in bands; a murmur, as
 of an enraged multitude, ascended even to the high ridge
 of rock on which he sat, and the countenance of the
 artist, who had been so long and so intently occupied
 with his sketch, turned to the road towards the village.
 Most fortunately for the people believed they would endeavour
 to escape in an opposite direction, to gain the interior of the
 country, had disposed themselves on the further side of
 the hill in an ambush, into which, had our friends fallen,
 they would probably never have escaped alive.

They had not far to go, before they met the magistrate
 of the village, who, in the name of the law, proceeded to
 investigate the cause of the disturbance, and put it down
 by force, if necessary. They lost not a moment in claim-
 ing his protection against an attack, of the cause of which
 they had only a vague suspicion. This was immediately
 and courteously granted, and the magistrate proceeded
 without delay to inquire the crime with which the
 artist was charged. It was, however, in vain that he
 sought to convince the people of their error. Even after
 the return of the children, they obstinately persisted in
 their belief of the gentleman's bad intentions; and one
 old woman, who had armed herself with a rusty fowling-
 piece, was with difficulty prevented from firing on him.

Though the tumult was allayed by the strong arm of
 authority, it may readily be supposed, that our friend

made no more sketches in that neighbourhood, and lost
 no time in returning to a more civilized district, where,
 even if, the belief in incantations be still retained, it has
 not sufficient influence to excite the populace to insur-
 rection and murder. In all his excursions since this
 adventure, he has lodged, when possible, in a monastery;
 and for one or two days before he commenced sketching,
 he had taken care to show himself in company with some
 of the monks, to put at rest the vulgar suspicions of the
 people. He had likewise procured a letter from the police in
 Naples, in virtue of which he could obtain an escort in all
 dangerous cases.

It is well that strangers should be made aware of such
 a state of things, for this is not a solitary instance of
 outrageous superstition amongst the peasantry. A very shrewd
 time has elapsed since an Englishman was attacked in a
 similar manner whilst sketching between Salerno and
 Pastum. He had enticed no children from their home;
 no meditated murder could be brought to his charge; and
 yet the people were as firmly convinced that he was a
 sorcerer, as if he had called the whole miscreant army of
 necromancy into aid. Unfortunately, whilst he was
 engaged in sketching, it began to rain in torrents,
 and the ignorant people at once accused him of being the
 cause of the change of weather. The next day, at the
 same hour, the same thing occurred, and their murmurs
 were redoubled; but when, on the third day, the stranger
 was compelled to pack up his drawing materials by the
 fury of the storm, he found himself surrounded by a
 mob, who, in the name of the saints, demanded immediate
 destruction. Ignorant of their language, he understood
 not the cause of their clamour. For a while the people
 stood aloof, for they believed he bore a charmed life;
 till at length a woman, more furious than the rest of her
 companions, flung a kind of axe at him, which wounded
 him severely about the hip. The mob no longer saw the
 man as venerable, then the attack became general. Sticks,
 stones, and catwhips flew on every side; and with the
 utmost difficulty that he succeeded in flying a
 short distance before his infuriated pursuers. Finding
 the door of a house open, he rushed in for protection; and
 most fortunately it was the residence of the principal
 magistrate of the place. This person, being sufficiently
 well informed to be aware of the danger that fatal dan-
 ger which such events, anxiously sought to repair the
 evil. About a dozen of the mob were immediately arrested,
 and brought into the presence of the wounded man; and
 when questioned as to what had provoked their outrage,
 they all clamorously repeated the accusation of sorcery.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S TABLE-BOOK.—
 NUMBER. LONDON: Punch Office, 92, Fleet-
 street.

This is an excellent number of the *Table-Book*.
 The opening article, by the Editor, on "Railway
 Calls," is accompanied by two admirable illustra-
 tions. The first representing "Mr. Jony Bunt, in a
 quarry, or the anticipated effects of the Railway
 Call," is a capital piece of caricature. The second
 truly astonishing. Jony Bunt is represented seated
 in his arm-chair, perfectly overwhelmed with a multi-
 tude of railway calls, who have assailed him to
 make good their "calls." One party are repre-
 sented surrounding Jony's head and shoulders, and
 with their open-stretched mouths, are screaming
 their demands into his ears. Another party, on the
 other side of the table, are represented as having
 one imp is dragging Jony's glove off his right hand,
 another hissing off his left; one has got hold of Jony's
 neckcloth, another his pocket-book, and a third his
 handkerchief. Several imp are hard at work in ex-
 tracting his watch and seals, and several more his
 pen. One posse are seen running off with his
 walking-stick, and another is seen carrying off his
 Two are engaged bearing off his decanter of port,
 and a whole army are running off with his strong
 box. Two railway engines are employed, the one in
 taking off Jony's cash box, the other in removing
 his plate. In the foreground are a number of
 "natives," very characteristically leaving the
 "shells" for poor Jony. To complete the picture,
 there is, in one corner, a view of "Bull Dog" for
 sale; and a rascally-looking auctioneer is seen
 "knocking down" Mr. Bunt's "effects." Over the
 victor's head is ringing the "Railway Bell," and the
 victim is crowned by the demons of destruction and
 in the foreground, a "Railway" in each hand,
 is proclaiming the end of Mr. Bunt's "speculations."
 The fright, agony, and despair
 of poor Jony is admirably depicted in his counte-
 nance, which really seems to be life itself. The
 second illustration represents Mr. Jony Bunt, in
 the celebrated character of "William the Third,"
 the extravagance of the "Bottle Imp." Of course
 the imp in the bottle is the railway imp. "Scrip"
 Jony is hawling out, "Who'll buy a bottle?" "Oh!
 do buy a bottle!" The ludicrous figure he cuts is
 laughable beyond all description. In the excellent
 article, by the Editor, speaking of the probable
 situation of Jony Bunt, a few words from the
 writer says:—"Calls will literally tear him to pieces,
 and there will not be an article he possesses that the
 great interests of locomotion will not carry away
 from him. A grand trunk will run away with his
 strong box; a junction of some kind or other will
 sweep away his cash-box; and his magnificent violin
 will run through all he has; and excavations on an
 extensive scale will empty all his pockets." * * *

"When this period arrives, instead of a struggle to
 get hold of scrip, there will be an eagerness to get rid
 of it. The great interest of the railway will be to
 get rid of its liabilities, and every man will go about like
 the unfortunate individual who had bought the
 "Bottle Imp," and could only transfer its horrid re-
 sponsibilities by getting hold of another purchaser." The
 article concludes with the following

EPICUREAN.

The engineers who are retained,
 And who are engaged to build a railway;
 Now, the delusion is explained,
 May save themselves a world of trouble.
 Since knavish schemes have got a shake
 By their impudence being known—
 Levels there is no need to take,
 The railways having found their own.

The "Legend of the Rhine" is drawing to a con-
 clusion, the chapter in this number is very good.
 The "English Gentleman in a New Light" does
 not speak of a new light, but of a new light, a
 very valuable light, but, on the contrary, in a
 miserable plight. "Recreations in Natural History,"
 give some amusing "travellers' tales" of the Mun-
 chausen order. The remaining contents are readable.

THE CONNOISSEUR: A MONTHLY RECORD OF
 THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.—NOVEMBER.
 LONDON: E. Mackenzie, 111, Fleet-street.

The publication is a most valuable one, which, if preserved
 will be very likely prove a fatal result. The
 fault is neither the want of talent nor ignorance of
 judicious literary arrangement. The illustrations
 are faultless, and the contents are ever unexception-
 able: yet there "as we said" which marks and
 marks every number—marks it, at least, in the eyes of
 many.—The *Connoisseur* is honest. The *Connoisseur*
 does not speak of a new light, but of a new light, a
 very valuable light, but, on the contrary, in a
 miserable plight. "Recreations in Natural History,"
 give some amusing "travellers' tales" of the Mun-
 chausen order. The remaining contents are readable.

Capital are the following imitations:—

THE LAMENT OF THE STATUES.

Previously to the determination of the Royal Commis-
 sioners to erect statues to the poets in the new Houses
 of Parliament, they might as well have consulted the
 feelings of those persons on the subject, which we suspect
 would, with a reasonable degree of expression, much
 have been embodied in the following lines:—

They have had the impudence to put in the mouths of the
 poets, and to imagine each piece inscribed, respectively,
 on the pedestals of their statues:—

CHLOE.

Good sir, I marvel what we here make
 Great folk, certes, be sometimes mistaken,
 We stand in this bound by much error,
 No poet was in Parliament before;
 We are fash out this water, verily,
 I do not breathe well this air, perdy,
 In the House of Commons we've been well used,
 To put us here in Parliament is stuff.

SPENSER.

Troth, brother Chaucer, I am of thy mind,
 In Parliament I do not feel at home,
 Where prating Dulness talks his heaver bladders,
 And dry Debate doth vainly froth and foam,
 Folly, not reason, from its throne doth roam,
 In the House of Commons we've been well used,
 To put us here in Parliament is stuff.

POPE.

Than heavy marble of Statesmen's crawling race,
 And to be here, in faith, me seemeth dire disgrace,
 Grave Grandeur Chaucer, and good Father Spenser,
 The Judgment your sweet words have pronounced
 On the hard mandate, and right stern decree,
 Which misapplying us, hath placed us here,
 To jump with my opinion. Here I stand,
 Beneath the pediment of the pitiless Brougham,
 To suffer Robuck's petulance; to endure
 The jokers' wit of Sirbithorp, and to brook
 The specious eloquence of glowing Peel
 To any soul alive were Purgatory:
 But to the poet's 'tis a worse doom,
 Oh that this monument were o'er my tomb!

MILTON.

My sentence is for walking off, Oh Bards!
 To seek the marble. With an old story
 Record how statues, erst, have breathed and walked,
 Instinct with life and motion! Yet stay! royle
 Pygmalion's idol, and the wife of clay,
 Pandora, she by cunning Vulcan wrought
 For bold Prometheus! Or, in modern days,
 The marble man that unto supper came
 As the famous, but insatiable Don,
 Right Giovanni! Could he well remain,
 Heavy debate to list with tortured ear,
 My Cromwell's absence would determine mine.
 Haste, then, and from your pedestals descend,
 To stalk abroad with me through London's streets,
 Dark'ning with dire alarm the heart of town.

DEYDEN.

All British Art Commissions Royal say,
 And when they order, sculptors must obey,
 Their poets for statues, erst, have breathed and walked,
 Are called to Parliament by choice and place;
 Hard is our fate, thus destined to remain,
 Where Noise and Nonsense hold divided reign,
 Amid contending politicians' strife,
 Who never were represented in our life.
 Oh that I never the tuneful lyre had strung!
 Was it for this, unlovely bard, I sung!
 Echoes to an shadow, and to a ghost,
 Rejoice; your injured ghosts are now avenged at last.

Western Europe: "Talent for the Stage," "Obser-
 vations on Language," a review of "Wakefield's
 Adventures in New Zealand," and "Prose versus
 Poetry." The article on Odessa we give the
 following extracts:—

Odessa lies about 2,600 feet above the level of the sea
 upon a nearly perpendicular bank of reddish yellow
 ochreous and brittle lime, which extends far into the
 interior. No other species of stone or mineral is to be
 found wide in the country; and this material, the worst
 for building, is the only one commonly used for
 walls, and flooring of the streets. All the palaces which
 have not yet received their coating of plaster look, on that
 account, as gloomy and melancholy as ancient Roman
 ruins; all the streets are unpaved, and in the in-
 stances of foot pavement, where such is the case, the holes
 and gaps caused by the dislocation of the material in-
 crease the passenger's toil. The Russian police, to
 build towns for the prevention of infectious malarial
 with streets enormously wide, and houses far off from
 each other, can nowhere be less applicable than in cold
 regions, and has moreover the disadvantage, as here in
 Odessa, of rendering the proper pavement of the streets
 almost impossible. In no place in Europe exists, there-
 fore, such a terrible and such an unchangeable mud in the
 winter, as in Odessa. Strange as it may appear, it is
 nevertheless a fact, that even in the severe winter of
 1830-1831 several waggons were literally sunk and buried
 with the men and horses in the deep holes in the south-
 ern end of the town, and that the police had to employ
 all the means to prevent a similar recurrence of the
 accident than to clean up altogether the access to that
 part of the town! I do not mean to say that fatal ac-
 cident, representing in the foreground those fatal waggons,
 and in the background a Frenchman stuck fast over the
 knees in the mud, exclaiming: "Ma foi, je me fixe là!"
 ("In truth, I am settling here!")

There are but few Englishmen at Odessa, but a super-
 abundance of Jews. The whole of a particular quarter
 swarming with them. These Jews, who are wandering
 about, protruding from beneath a skin coat which many of
 them do not leave off even in the hot summer season;
 their hair hanging down on both sides of the face in long
 curls; the long beard, the dirty apparel, the strikingly un-
 healthy appearance of their half-grown children;
 all these things upon the indelible stamp of their Oriental
 origin. Almost all of them speak a corrupted German
 patois, which is, however, so intermixed with words from
 nearly all languages that it is with the greatest difficulty
 one can understand them. Even among the Jews them-
 selves there seem to exist several dialects, by which the
 Jews from Prussia, &c., are distinguished from those of
 Poland and Odessa. In their phraseology they always
 talk about the "accuse," which is a word that fatal ac-
 cident, representing in the foreground those fatal waggons,
 and in the background a Frenchman stuck fast over the
 knees in the mud, exclaiming: "Ma foi, je me fixe là!"
 ("In truth, I am settling here!")

Next to the Jew, the Russian attracts the notice of the
 stranger. Mostly short, round faces; frequently turned
 up noses; prominent cheek-bones; a thick, commonly
 light or red beard; the hair of the head cut round hori-
 zontally above the neck, in the form of a round wig; a
 low hat with a wide brim; a sort of round reaching far
 down below the ankles, and tied round the stomach with
 a wide woollen girdle; a white waistcoat and trousers,
 stuck into a pair of coarse half-boots; a stick stuck in
 hand. Such is the appearance of a genuine and national
 Russian. All porters, servants, waiters, waggons, &c.,
 wear this apparel. Even the hackney-coaches and the
 national droshkas seem to have been imported from the
 interior of Russia.

The whole article is interesting and well worth per-
 using. The author sums up his description of
 Odessa in the following not very flattering words:—
 "Such is Odessa, a city of mud and smoke, given
 certainly not very inviting; and yet so it is. Dear
 dull, dusty, or dirty, it affords literally no other
 allurements but the opportunity of amassing wealth in
 a short time, and then depart thence as quickly."

We miss in this number the continuation of "Il
 Vagabondo," the author of "Leaves torn from a
 Record of Life," is also wanting.

PUNCH. PART LII. LONDON: Punch Office, 92,
 Fleet-street.

Inimitable as ever, *Punch* is above all praise, and
 certainly, as we have said, it is to be described as
 our favourite's excellence. Thanks—heartfelt
 thanks to *Punch* for the following:—

NICHOLAS AND THE NUNS.

By some singular illusion, when the Emperor Nicholas
 shed the lustre of his countenance on this country, it
 is well known that he was considered the very Apollo
 of the age. He was a most noble and noble man, a
 beautiful, yes, and good and gentle woman, forgetting
 the atrocities of the man in what is thought the glories of
 an Emperor, crushed and crowded for an introduction to
 the tremendous creature, and if he smiled, or said a soft
 word or two, the happy lady felt her nature sublimated,
 and she would then, in the most delicate manner, be
 descended. English wives and mothers forget the un-
 manly oppressor of Polish women—the child-stealer and
 the flogger. We now take from the *Journal des Debats*
 —certainly not the least temperate of French journals as
 quoted in the *Times*—an account of the murder, and the
 worse than murder, of forty-seven French Catholic nuns,
 who dwelt in an ancient convent near the town of
 their duties were as those of the Sisters of Charity. They
 instructed the children, provided for the widows and aged,
 and assisted the poor by the fruits of their labours. But
 the Emperor Nicholas orders a religion for all his subjects,
 he orders uniforms for his troops; he is all for the
 Church; though in the highest degree a Catholic, he is
 to think of him in connection with any church at all.
 Well, the nuns would not apostatize. Whereupon—

"During the night Cossacks surrounded the convent,
 seized the nuns with the most revolting brutality, bound
 them with cords, and conducted them thus to Witbeast,
 nearly twenty leagues from Minsk, compelling them to
 walk the entire distance."

They were then confined in a convent of schismatical
 nuns, and remaining firm to their faith, they were forced
 to perform the most vile offices, and (hear this, ladies
 of England!) "received regularly every Friday fifty lashes."
 They were covered with "wounds and sores." They
 were subsequently compelled to work as labourers to the
 masses employed in constructing the episcopal palace!
 Finally all, except three, sunk beneath their agonies.
 Three escaped, and one of them, says the *Debats*, "the
 venerable superior, is actually at present in Paris." This
 is the only one of the three who has been seen since her
 escape, and she is now in the hands of the Emperor's
 such atrocities are acted, whether it would be as well
 for them to invite over this aged nun to England.
 Having worshipped the tyrant, they would make some
 amends for the grievous error by showing the sympathy
 of true womanhood with one of his thousand woman
 victims.

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 On the hard mandate, and right stern decree,
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 To jump with my opinion. Here I stand,
 Beneath the pediment of the pitiless Brougham,
 To suffer Robuck's petulance; to endure
 The jokers' wit of Sirbithorp, and to brook
 The specious eloquence of glowing Peel
 To any soul alive were Purg

(that being the last publishing day of the month) the account is brought down, while no Post-office orders have been since signed by the General Treasurer.

NOTES.—All orders should be made payable to W. P. Roberts, as the non-observance of this rule has created great inconvenience—some being made payable to Mr. O'Connor, some to Mr. Wheeler, and others to Mr. Roberts. The consequence of which is, that when Mr. Roberts has signed all, many are rejected, leaving us to guess to whom they have been made payable. The District Secretaries should also state in a plain legible hand, the person in whose name the order has been procured at the country Post-office; the observance of this simple rule will save me much trouble, as well as the inconvenience of sending money, which I am at most times but badly able to afford.—T. O'G.

S. GOAT, NEWCASTLE.—Your letter came to hand too late for this week's paper.

W. COOPER, DEARB.—Some of the poetical compositions of Edith Cooper, by the two Miss Frances, have already appeared in this paper: others may appear at a future time. The Marcelline Hymn will very likely appear in our columns some day, but we cannot say when. Mr. Cooper, in addition to the questions which have called forth the above replies, wishes to know if Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chart-ist poet, intends to print and publish his "Lectures." Mr. Cooper only can answer that question.

G. GOODLAND, SHEFFIELD.—The shilling for the Veteran Patriots' Fund, will be handed to Mr. Cooper.

J. R. W. CARLISLE, asks if Mr. O'Connor can recommend him to become a member of the United Patriots' Society? Yes; I know of no society whose rules give me greater satisfaction, or that promise more perfect protection and aid to the cause of the oppressed.

W. FLOWER, DISCHURCH.—Mr. Hobson's Almanack for 1846 will be published.

OUR AGENTS will please observe, that it is only communications for the paper that are to be addressed to the Editor. All other correspondence, not being for the Editor, are still to be addressed as before, Feagans O'Connor, Esq., Northern Star Office, 10, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, London.

JOHN GOSWOLD, NEWCASTLE.—The Committee of the Co-operative Society, of which he is the Secretary, has been informed that Mr. G. S. SUNDLAND, it depends upon the amount, whether the bill can be sent for debt—of under £20, it is sent for debt; otherwise, it is sent for the "Small Farms," otherwise he would have given it. G. S. has better apply to Mr. Heywood, Manchester.

J. W. If he paid his rent quarterly the notice was sufficient. Mr. O'Connor says that notice should be given. J. W. had better not take any written notice of the case.

W. W. Must apply to Mr. Heywood for the "Small Farms," we have none in numbers.

J. R. Must apply to Mr. Heywood for the "Small Farms," we have none in numbers.

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Accidents, Offences, & Inquests

Accident on the Bristol and Birmingham Railway.—On Monday, November 2, a fatal accident happened near the station of the Bristol and Birmingham Railway this morning, by which a brick-maker, residing in this village, was killed. It appears that the unfortunate deceased had been drinking last night at an inn at Stoke Prior, and that place about eleven o'clock he got into the railway being between the inn and his residence. He was last seen by a man named Thomas Davis. He was not heard of again until the accident happened, which was at about a quarter to two o'clock this morning. At that time, the mail train from Birmingham was due at Stoke, and arrived very shortly afterwards. This train, however, does not stop at Stoke station, accordingly passed on towards the Droitwich station. It, however, had just passed Stoke, when the driver saw something white immediately before him, and immediately afterwards, before he could stop, it was felt that something was on the rail. Accordingly, the brakes were put on, and the train stopped, and the driver and guard walked back to the spot where the obstruction was met with. Here they found the body of the deceased man, whose name is Humphrey Willis, lying upon the rail, quite dead, and mangled in a most horrible manner. His head was crushed into a shapeless mass, and his bowels were actually protruding; one of his feet was completely cut off, an arm was broken, and he had received other shocking injuries, by which his life must have been extinguished instantaneously.

MYSTERIOUS FIRE AT EARL'S COURT.—At the High-street police-court, on Monday, after the night charges had been spoken, Mr. Punnell, one of the beadles of the parish of Kensington, who is also keeper of the town engine, reported to Mr. G. Clive, the sitting magistrate, the following case of mysterious fires at Earl's Court. Punnell stated that on Saturday night, just before twelve o'clock, he called at a gentleman, living in Twelve-terrace, Earl's Court, where a fire which he said had broken out for the third time at the house, No. 3, on that terrace. He (Punnell) instantly rushed to the house, and proceeded with all speed to the house, round which he found a number of the neighbours standing. On entering the premises he found several persons inside, one of whom showed him a bundle of clothes, which were still smouldering, and which the policeman had found lying on a cupboard on the kitchen stairs. He then went into the back garden, where he saw a feather bed that had been removed from the front parlour, one side of the ticking of which had been burned off, and the feathers strewn about. It appeared to him as if some spirit had been burning it, as he then set fire to; but on smelling it he could detect no spirituous smell. He then went into the front drawing-room, and there found one of the flooring boards had been removed, and on lifting it up saw that it was burned in three places. From that place he went to the front room on the second floor, where he found there had also been a fire, and on examining the room he found a chest of drawers, which had been removed from the wall, the back of which was burned, as was also the wall against which it had stood. The back of the drawers also looked as if some spirit had been poured down it, and then set fire to. The furniture in the house was not at all unpeaked, and on enquiry he ascertained that the deceased man, who was a resident of a lady named Davis, the family who had been there only a fortnight, consisting of Mrs. Davis, her son, two daughters, and a female servant. He saw Mr. Davis, Jun., and asked him if he could account for the origin of so many fires, but he said he knew of no ways to do so, and that they must have been accidental. He then went to the front parlour, where the subject she treated the matter very indifferently, only saying that she had burned her hands in putting them out. Cooper, a policeman of the T division, said he accompanied the engine to the fire, and saw the same as Punnell had observed. Dunnett, T 108, found the fire in the cupboard, but he was not in the house at the time. The first fire broke out about ten o'clock on Saturday evening, and the second about two o'clock in the afternoon; and the third between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The neighbourhood had since been in a state of excitement, the adjoining inhabitants not considering themselves safe. Mr. Clive said it was certainly a very mysterious affair, and he thought it would be well to have the proper persons to see if there were any grounds for taking proceedings in the case.

SHOCKING DEATHS BY FIRE.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Bedford held an inquest at St. George's Hospital, on the body of John Quinn, aged three years. It appeared from the evidence of the mother of the child, that she had been sitting in a room, which was in the Pool-buildings, Kensington, who has been left a widow with four young children, that on Monday night last, between six and seven o'clock, she left the deceased and her other children in the room, without any light or fire, for a few minutes, whilst she went to the kitchen to get some food. On her return, on about three minutes, she found the poor little fellow in flames. She immediately wrapped her gown around him; and after some difficulty succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before he was dreadfully burnt over nearly the whole surface of his body. She then carried him to the hospital, where his death terminated; his sufferings a few hours after his admission. The mother stated that his twin brother had told her since, that after she had left the room the deceased struck a light with a lucifer-matches, and in lighting a piece of paper his pinafore caught fire. The coroner and jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The same evening Mr. W. Payne, city coroner, held an inquest at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on the body of Mary Ann Chipp, aged five years, whose parents reside at No. 7, Benja-min-street, said, that on Saturday afternoon, between the hours of two and three o'clock, whilst in his workshop, he heard an alarm of fire raised, and upon going into the street he saw smoke issuing from the first floor front window of the house occupied by the parents of the deceased. On reaching the place he saw the fire, and immediately rushed in, where it was smothered by him. Witness immediately took the deceased to the hospital. Two other children in the room were also burnt, but not so badly as the deceased. The mother of the child said she left the deceased and two other children in the room, whilst she went to the hospital to procure a few things. The deceased was found lying on the floor, but during that brief period one of them got a light and put into a box, which set the deceased's clothes on fire. There was only a small fire in the stove at the time.

COLLISION AT SEA AND NARROW ESCAPE.—On Saturday night one of the Brighton herring boats, containing two men, was run foul of by the Dutch salver, which, owing to the hatches having been closed, was thrown overboard by the collision, and the night being very dark his companion could not see him to render him any assistance, and he returned to shore with a heavy heart, fully expecting that the salver was drowned. He related the circumstances on his arrival, and the friends of the salver were in great distress. The Dutch salver was brought on shore by another fishing-boat, to the great joy of his friends. He states that when he was thrown overboard he succeeded in catching hold of and climbing up the sides of the Dutch vessel, and the crew of that vessel shortly afterwards put him on board another herring-boat.

INQUEST ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP MARMORA.—We have received from the Cove of Cork, the following particulars:—"Cove of Cork, Nov. 2. The American steamer Marmor, Captain Parnell, arrived here from Liverpool for Constantinople, having arrived here, her coals having ignited ten hours after she left the former port. She has this moment brought up to the 'Flag Ship,' from which vessel marines and sailors have been sent to assist in extinguishing the flames, which, owing to the hatches having been closed, was thrown overboard by the collision, and the night being very dark his companion could not see him to render him any assistance, and he returned to shore with a heavy heart, fully expecting that the salver was drowned. He related the circumstances on his arrival, and the friends of the salver were in great distress. The Dutch salver was brought on shore by another fishing-boat, to the great joy of his friends. He states that when he was thrown overboard he succeeded in catching hold of and climbing up the sides of the Dutch vessel, and the crew of that vessel shortly afterwards put him on board another herring-boat."

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on to the rocks, and by-and-bye to the land; and by great exertions the other two reached the land, though at the time they did not know by what means the man and woman, perceiving a light, got to the farm-house of Robertson, where they were kindly and humanely treated by Mr. and Mrs. Smith. The alarm was given, and several persons with lights went in search of the wrecks, and, if possible, to rescue the man and woman. After a considerable time, the master of the Whitehorn vessel was found, who, so feeble, benumbed and exhausted, that with assistance he must have perished. After the vessel got over a reef, she fell on one side, with the mast on high rocks. The master crept on his hands and knees on the mast, and called on his companions to follow him; and though they spoke and named him, they did not make an attempt to rescue him. Several of the persons who were assistance heard the mournful cries of the distressed, but, owing to the darkness of the night, the severity of the storm, and the ruggedness of the shore, they could not find them, and no doubt is entertained that they have perished. Captain Atkinson, who was on board, and bruised, was conveyed to Robertson, where he also was kindly treated. Captain Atkinson, who had been in great danger, knew where he was, and reached the house of his brother, when the alarm was given, and a party went in search of the sufferers. The female passenger was much cut and bruised; her name is Carr. She had been at service in a village, and was returning to her widow mother, who was at Kirkcubright, and the relic which contained her money is lost.

SUDDEN DEATH WHILE TRAVELLING.—On Tuesday morning last, when the ten o'clock train from Gateshead reached the Felling Station, one of the passengers named Crawford, was found to be dangerously ill, and expired a few minutes after being taken out of the train. The deceased, it appears, had been run over by a cattle-train, and he was in time for the train, and thus caused palpitation of the heart, of which he died.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday last, the Rev. Mr. Greenside, who resided near Darlington, died under sudden and somewhat curious circumstances. On Friday he had been working in his garden, and having pricked one of his fingers, it mortified and caused death on Monday morning.

MURDER OF O'ROURKE, THE POULTRIER.—The following account of the circumstances attending the murder of the late Mr. O'Rourke, at Grenville, was given by a person who yesterday arrived in town, in charge of the body of the deceased. It appears that immediately after O'Rourke was missed, a party proceeded in search of him. After traversing the country in various directions, they discovered a place about half a mile from Brady's dwelling, which had the appearance of having been recently disturbed; on examination, the body of the deceased was found, and he was further distance, where O'Rourke appears to have fallen. At this spot, a tree had been recently cut down; the part about four feet from the ground had been removed, and the remainder left. It is supposed some of the shot had lodged in that part, and that the body was cut off to prevent suspicion. The horse which O'Rourke rode was found, and he was killed in a most brutal manner. From this spot the parties searched, and found drops of blood along the road and on the bushes over which the body had been dragged towards the River Rouge, into which, apparently, it had been thrown. Near the river, on a bank, were found a number of bloody footprints, and were found large clots of blood, which were supposed to have been washed, as pieces of cotton wastell visible on the stone. The body was discovered on a sand-bank, four miles from this place, where it is believed it had been thrown in, as there is a strong current. On examination it was found that four buck-shot had entered the body, and that the deceased was a single lodged between the skin and flesh. About fourteen or fifteen of the same description of shot lodged in his arm. His head had been split open with an axe or some other such weapon in the most brutal manner. After the body had been examined, the supposed murderer was taken to the police station, and a tree near his house, money and gold ring belonging to O'Rourke, Brady has been brought to town, and will stand his trial at the next court.—*Montreal Herald, Sept. 20.*

FIRE IN PENTONVILLE.—On the night of Thursday, shortly before eleven o'clock, a fire, which was at first of an alarming character, broke out in the premises of Mr. Barnes, timber merchant, Pentonville-road, which was speedily followed by a second fire, which was the fire of the Brigade establishment, and several others. Owing to the violence of the flames, which were fed by the great piles of timber there collected, they forced themselves into the houses adjoining on the north side. Fortunately the wind changed in a direction where there was no timber, and the fire, which had been in an opposite direction, there would have been an immense destruction of property. The houses which caught fire were those of Mr. Petty and Mr. Phillip, which were greatly damaged. It was not till twelve o'clock that the fears of the inhabitants were allayed, and the fire was extinguished. The progress of the devouring element was completely arrested. How the fire originated is not known. The following is a copy of Mr. Superintendent Brindley's official report of the extent of damage done:—"No. 15, Lower Queen-row, Pentonville.—Mr. J. Barnes, builder, the workshops, &c., with their contents, nearly consumed. Insurance unknown. Uninsured.—No. 14, Lower Qu-en-row, Mr. Salter, confectioner. Building and contents damaged by fire, water, and smoke. Insurance unknown. Uninsured.—No. 13, Lower Queen-row, Mr. Mason, music-seller. Contents of stock in trade and furniture greatly damaged by removal. Insurance unknown.—No. 16, Lower Queen-row, Mr. Petty, hair-dresser and perfumer. Building considerably damaged by fire, water, and smoke. Insurance unknown. Uninsured.—No. 12, Lower Queen-row, Mr. J. Mason, music-seller. Contents of stock in trade and furniture greatly damaged by removal. Insurance unknown.—No. 16, Lower Queen-row, Mr. Petty, hair-dresser and perfumer. Building considerably damaged by fire, water, and smoke. Insurance unknown. 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Police Intelligence.

QUEEN SQUARE.

—WHOLESALE PLUNDER BY A SERVANT.—
A woman about thirty years of age, under-
standing the name of Mrs. Bond, was re-
ported to have been in the service of a
number of families, in the same service
as cook. The circumstances which led to
her apprehension are briefly these. On the
21st, prisoner, who had been in the service of
Mrs. Bond, was detected in the act of being
detected in pilfering a small quantity of
clothes, and leaving her boxes behind her, and in con-
sequence of the immense number of articles which
she had pilfered, she was searched, when pro-
duced a quantity of goods, and a portion
of the same were identified by Mrs. Colwell, and a per-
son who had been in the service of the
lady, supposing the latter related to
her, sent to the pawnbrokers and
others; but finding that they did not, and pre-
sented no evidence, she was committed to
custody, and the whole case was referred to
the magistrate, who, as the prisoner had last been
in the service of the lady, who recognised a portion of
the case was then put into the hands
of the constable of the B division,
and the latter proceeded in apprehending
and discovering other property, with an

HAMMERSMITH.

FRIDAY.—AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Mr. John Squire, of Warrall Wilson, residing at No. 57, Penhryn-square, Kensington, appeared before the Mag. Mr. Clive, on a warrant issued at the instance of the parish officers of Kensington, for having neglected and refused to maintain his wife. The defendant, a fashionably-dressed young man, pleaded not guilty. Mr. Madden deposed that he was relieving officer for the parish of Kensington. The defendant's wife, who was a French woman, 22 years of age, who could not speak a word of English, had been married to him for nearly three years, and was now an inmate of the workhouse. On the previous day (Thursday) an application was made at the court, on the part of the wife, by some friends who had taken up her cause, and they referred to him (Mr. Madden), and in consequence of their application to him he had called on the defendant, who most positively refused to do anything for his wife.—The defendant, in answer to the charge, said that in August last he went to France, and since that time he had not seen his wife. He had a French nurse-maid, with whom he subsequently cohabited, and eventually married.—Mr. Clive asked the defendant when he had married his present wife?—The defendant said, if he was allowed to refresh his memory from a memorandum he had in his hand, he should be more correct as to dates. Having done so, he stated that he had married his wife in the month of August, and that he was clerk to Messrs. Wray & Co., agents in the house in Kingsland-road, and that he had apartments in the house in which Messrs. Wray & Co. had their offices, where. On the 24th of August he returned from France with the woman in question, and brought her to those apartments, where he cohabited with her. Nine days afterwards he found himself afflicted with a disorder, for which he consulted a surgeon, who gave the opinion that no blame was attributable to his wife, and he therefore continued to cohabit with her until the 29th of September, last, on which day he married her, and they remained together until the 18th of October last. About that time his wife returned

"All these communications were addressed by Mr. Francis to the Great Western Railway Company, and the latter, when he received a letter from the prisoner, forwarded it to the railway company, and Mr. Maynard, purporting to be from Sandhurst, was not allowed to shewn at the time he was not at Sandhurst at all. The letter was in these words:—

"Sandhurst, July 24, 1845.

"A stranger called at my office last evening, and represented that he had found a travelling writing-desk containing a letter from me, which he emphatically asserts was not mine, and that he had no recollection of the fact; but that he did not receive possession of the same, and that he was in fact the never obtained it at all. Now, the party has requested me to see you upon the subject, and, if perfected by you, to send the letter to the railway company, and the agency, you will be so good as to address a letter to my house, 19, Newland-square, London, stating the sum you will give for the same, and to send it up into your hands. The party is evidently a thorough man of business, and says the documents are correct, and further, that no good can be effected with the railway company, and that he will be satisfied to have the sum thrown out a hint that £100 would be a fair reward, but he will take £20, which sum he will have paid

South London Chartist Hall, 116, Backlicks-road, road,
at half-past six o'clock precisely—*Townsend's Hall*, 1, Turn-
ham-green at eight o'clock precisely.—*The Temperance Pa-*
ntheon Club Rooms, 72, St. Martin's-lane, at half-
past seven.—*Somers Town*, at Mr. Duddridge's, Briff-
layers-Arms, Tower-hamlets-street, New-road, at half-past
seven.—*Towner Bridge*: at the Whittington and Cat,
Chesham Green, Bethnal-green, at six o'clock precisely.
—*Cornhill*. At five o'clock precisely.—*Finsbury Arms*,
Emmett's Brigade: at the Rock Tavern, at half-past
seven.—At eight o'clock precisely—*Marybone*: at the
Coach Painters Arms, Canning-street, at half-past
seven.

MONDAY EVENING,

Camberwell: at the Montpelier Tavern, Walworth,
at eight o'clock precisely.—*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*: This branch of the Chartist
Co-operative Land Society meet in the house of
Messrs. Widdows & Co., at nine o'clock every Monday evening,
for the purpose of receiving subscriptions and enrolling members.
Mr. McGrath has been lecturing here, and does good
service by his cause.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Tower Hamlet: at the Whittington and Cat,
Bethnal-green, at half past seven.—*Bethnal-green*.

[illegible]

[From the Gazette of Friday, November 8.]

Charles Draper, of 140, Bishopsgate-street White City, licensed victualler—William Hay and John Allen, of 67, The Strand, Surrey, and John Elliott, of the Pavement—James Hargreaves, of 5, John-street, 23, Vincent-square, London—John Milbank, Westminster, mason—Wm. Pater, of 19, St. James's-place, London—Levi, of 149, Leadenhall-street, City, Mary Agent—George Cunningham, of 189, Strand, bookseller, Clara Agent—J. C. Chamberlain, of 10, Edgware-road, coach-builder—John Wright, of Wheelton, Gloucestershire, collier—Richard Pearson, of Chorley, Lancashire, glass painter—Thomas Wainwright, of 10, St. George's-street, Liverpool, house agent—Henry Hope Lyon, of Gloucestershire, brewer—James Meredith, of Liverpool, landowner, Henry Liprott, of Manchester, bookbinder—Samuel Rhodes, of Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.

Printed by DOUGAL M'GOWAN, of 16, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, in the City of Westminster; and by JAMES RUSSELL, at No. 10, Abchurch-lane, in the Parish of St. Andrew Undershaft; and by FEARGS O'CONNOR, Esq., and publisher, THE HENRY HEWITT, of No. 18, Charles-street, Edinburgh, in Walworth, in the Parish of St. Mary, Newington, in the County of Surrey; and by JOHN STRAND, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, &c.

must ruin his own reputation and destroy the hope

Church Row, Bethnal-green, at eight o'clock—

Strand, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, City of W.