

My dear friends,—If we were not bound by the motto that "when once the community is oppressed and its rights are violated, I should still deem anything unconnected with the name of the gentleman which stands at the head of my letter of sufficient importance to address you without an apology, and upon a subject even less connected with ourselves. I have reason to know, and to be proud as in an Irishman, that the straightforward, patriotic, and manly conduct of Mr. O'Higgins, has made him an object of love, affection, respect, and esteem with the English working classes. When it was dangerous to advocate our principles, and almost death publicly to avow and promulgate them, O'Higgins kept the spark of '48 alive in the damp atmosphere of Dublin, and was only driven from a season from the position he had achieved by that sympathy which the threatened prosecution of Mr. O'Connell had created, and now, he is the victim of that sympathy himself.

Need I refer to the case of the Bercheste labourers, and to the fact, that O'Connell gained popularity by advocating their cause out of the House of Commons, and singularly by justifying their condemnation in Parliament? Need I remind you of his onslaught against the trades of Dublin; of his committee appointed for the purpose of depriving the trades of the little protection they had; of his denunciation of the Glasgow cotton spinners; of his rabid attack upon Trades' Unionists; of his invitation to the Attorney-General to hunt down O'Connell, O'Connor, and Stephens; of his invectives against the Canadian patriots; and of his exultation in the conviction of Frost, Williams, and Jones; and his rejoicings that it was a HANDFUL OF IRISH BOYS that shot Small and others at Newport? Need I remind you of his having walked out of the House of Commons when his casting vote would have unbarred the prison doors and set the captives free? No. These insults are green in your memory, and require not to be referred to add to his treatment of our respected friend O'Higgins.

I have told you before that of all characters in this world an Irishman most despises that of an ironmaster, and I ask you to keep the whole case of O'Higgins in your mind, and come to any other conclusion if you can than that the Liberator has hunted down a Communist, and consigned him to the tender mercies of that Attorney-General from whom he has told us no honest man can expect justice, and to be tried by the Saxon Law, and by a Saxon Jury. Not such Saxons as you are, for I glory in the Saxon blood that flows in your veins, but Saxons whose dominion is marked by their triumph over the law and over every thing Irish. My friends, mark me, and mark me well, for I have been a faithful sentinel to you. O'Connell's aid in this prosecution evinces no tenderness for human life—no clemency for the Irish landlords—but vengeance against the principles of Christianity, of whose progress in my country O'Higgins is the embodiment. And, therefore, I say the cause of O'Higgins is my cause, is the cause of every just man in Ireland, and the more especially when the patriot press of the world has joined the Liberator in his crusade against us. Mark the cunning villain with which this government informer laid his train of supposition, and then ponder upon his innocent victim. He coupled this document with that tranquillity which was essential for the accomplishment of his end. He used it to excite his hearers against the author by persuading them that it was a device of the enemy to injure Ireland's cause, having at the time the very same means that he has now of attaching the authorship to O'Higgins. Oh, if this document had borne the stamp of the committee of Conciliation Hall, with what cheers it would have been received, and with what avidity and enthusiasm upon the wings of the Liberal press. But the *Liberal*, the *Nation*, the *Times*, that some weeks ago published the whole process by which the Irish people might, in case of an outbreak, destroy all the railroads—the *Nation* that has asked

"WHO FEELS TO TALK OF NINETEEN-EIGHT?"

The Nation that was wont to breathe the spirit of a Davis, has it, too, ceased to be the nod of the autocrat, and does it fear to do justice to an honest injured man, lest it should incur the Liberator's wrath?

This is a subject which requires temper to write upon. Just when we had supposed that the judgment of three Whig lords, and the triumph at Lancaster, had rendered section obsolete, we find the monster revived by the Irish Liberator, who has held out more invitations to murder than all the seditionists living. And then we come to the machinery by which the Liberator works out his machinations, and of what do we find it composed? A Mr. Porter, stipendiary magistrate, and Sir C. Fitzsimon, a police judge, formerly Repeal M.P. for the King's County, a man who knows as much about law as a dunghill cock knows of a holiday, six clock by law upon the majestic bench, and this yet-bellied buffoon, this police constable knight, this ex-Repeal member for the King's County, justifies the sending of O'Higgins before a jury of landlords, whose death has been aroused by O'Connell, upon the pretext, that HE once before had bound over a jeweller to stand his trial in Dublin and in the King's County; or only wonder is that the police knight did not add, and AT THE SAME TIME. But here's a denunciation of justice! For such section as is contained in the plea in question, which I assert is no section at all, Mr. O'Higgins is to be tried by a jury of landlords, each of whom will strain the contents to be an invitation to murder himself. But here I'll triumph a bit. I'll mark our English press and triumph over the Liberator's law of sedition! Here, Liberator, I publish the document, and put a name to it that you would destroy with pleasure. I adopt it as a mild document, more mild than your language in Conciliation Hall, or in the House of Commons, when advocating your "FIXITY OF TENURE" and the "TENANTS' RIGHTS." More mild than your denunciation of the cotton lords, whom you called MURDERERS for working infant children, and whose Lord Clancullen you said you would, and for whose young blood you received a thousand pounds. More mild than your denunciation of the landlords whose you have over and over again styled murderers for keeping up the Bread Tax. This is the document, with a name to it—

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS—TYRANTS AND THEIR VICTIMS OUT.

Question: Has a landlord the right to turn a tenant out of his holding or farm?

Answer: He has, when the tenant neglects his farm, or does not pay his rent.

Question: Has the landlord the right to turn out the tenant without first paying him in full for all his outlay in building, reclaiming, manuring, enclosing, draining, &c. &c.?

Answer: No; the landlord has no such right. It would be robbing the tenant to take the land from him without first having paid him the full value of these improvements, and also compensation for the cost and loss incurred by rearing to another place, even to a settlement in America, if he chose to go there. Because, when a tenant is deprived of his land, whether by the capricious whim, or tyranny of his landlord, he has nothing to live on, and consequently becomes either a burden to society, or he, his wife and children, die of want, which is too often the case; and, therefore, the landlord is to all intents and purposes, guilty of causing the death of unglorious men, women, and children.

Question: When a tenant increases the value of the land, by reclaiming, building, enclosing, manuring, draining, &c., has the landlord a right to charge the tenant a higher rent on the expiration of the lease, in consequence of the increased value of the land by the labour bestowed upon it by the tenant?

Answer: No; most certainly not; because the increased value of the land was caused entirely and exclusively by the labour, toil, care, skill, industry, and outlay of the tenant; and by no act or thing done to the land by the landlord; therefore, he who charges an increased rent upon the tenant, is robbing the tenant of the reward of his labour. And it is written that such conduct cries to heaven for vengeance!

Question: What would be said of the man who would give a rough block of masonry to a cabinet maker to make a chest of drawers, and when he had made them, the owner of the block charged him for making them instead of paying him?

Answer: The owner of the block would be called a rogue, and the cabinet maker would make him pay.

Question: What is the difference between the conduct of the landlord who charges an additional rent, mostly double the amount, to a tenant for rough land which he has reclaimed and made rich and fruitful, and the man who charges the cabinet maker for making the drawers, instead of paying him?

Answer: The conduct of the landlord is worse by far than that of the owner of the block; because the poor

tenant cannot go to law with his landlord; he must either submit to the fraud or be turned out and die. He cannot carry the land with him. It is seditious; there it remains. The cabinet maker can carry his trade and his tools with him any where; and can also keep the chest of drawers till he is paid.

Landlords, kneel down, and pray to God to fill your hearts with a sense of justice. Ask of him to inspire you with the feeling and desire to "do unto others as you would be done by." Bear in mind the fate of the Hungarian tyrants, and how Kossuth slew the Egyptian oppressor, and banished him in the same. Ask yourselves, on knelt knees, how you would like to live on rotten potatoes for the next three months.

FRANCIS O'CONNOR.

Now, Liberator, read the placard to your dupes—send it to the VINEGAR-CRUIET. Invite the law-officers of the Crown to the contest, and as you are so fond of an appeal to English justice, let us test the justice of YOUR SAXON LAW, to which you have consigned O'Higgins and MY SAXON LAW, from which I would expect as little justice as any other man. You know that there is no sedition in the placard. You know that there is not a semblance of crime in it. But you know that O'Higgins, finding persuasion to fail, has resorted to a more steadfast persuasion of principle. But for him, you would have abandoned Repeal long ago. He follows you with the whip of constancy and truth, and lashes you to your principle. And for that you hate him. Shame upon you, sir! How dare you thus attack the outposts of Christianity? Did you think that in our renewed strength we would allow you, unaided, to run down our Irish Chief? No! We have the real blood in our veins—the blood that recoils at the bare name of a "liberator." You are coming here to give us cheap bread, and when amongst us you will learn that O'Higgins is respected, honoured, and beloved. You will hear his name, depend upon it, coupled with that of Frost, and when he has triumphed over your Saxon law, we'll find him in every town in England and Scotland, whether bread is cheap or dear.

My Friends, I invite your perusal of the proceedings before the magistrates. I invite your attention to the notice from our own correspondent. I invite you to a full consideration of the whole case, and bear in mind that prevention is better than cure. Are you not struck with horror at the very idea of the most prominent Chartist in Ireland, a member of our association, a delegate to one of our conventions, being hunted down upon the shallow pretext of the sedition contained in the placard to which I have called my name? And when the bravest and most lusty of our kindred in Ireland, do you think our friend has been justly treated by those who sing loudest in the choir? I tell you that my very blood runs cold when I think of an Irishman so far from feeling himself as to become an informer, or what is worse, the subverter of many informers, against an honest gentleman and upright patriot. When the time comes we shall offer Mr. O'Higgins something more substantial than our sympathy; but for the present let us console him by our universal expression of our horror of his persecutor, our regard for his person, and our confidence in his integrity. It was my intention to have written a long letter upon the cheering prospects of our Land Association this week; but I feel assured that every member of the society will be more gratified by reading this embodiment of national disgust against the persecutors of our friend.

I tell you, Englishmen, that if we allow the stray deer to be thus hunted down, the flock would shortly be reduced to utter insignificance. And I tell you more, that that attack of the Liberator is preparatory to that position which he hopes the freetraders will achieve; and once let them get power with him as their Attorney-General, and then farewell to Labour's cause.

Ever your faithful friend and servant,

FRANCIS O'CONNOR.

MURDER OF WHIGGERY, AND DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERER.

The awful sensation created in the neighbourhood of Downing-street, and indeed throughout the empire at large, relative to the mysterious disappearance of the unfortunate gentleman above named, in 1841, is, we have no doubt, still fresh in the recollection of our readers. Imagination was literally exhausted in surmise, while the circumstances, so novel in itself, led to endless, indeed whimsical, conjectures; and, had it not been for the almost supernatural exertion of Mr. Sharpe, one of the detective force, the probability is that that sad catastrophe, which has now brought to light one of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders that has been our painful duty to record, would have remained a secret, except from that eye from which nothing can be concealed.

The circumstances which led to the detection of the barbarous crime, and to the apprehension of the murderer, are briefly as follow:—On Thursday week, the day upon which it was our painful duty to announce the sudden death of

THE ENGLISH OLIGARCHY, Mr. Sharpe, of the detective force, hearing that the event had been reported exclusively in the *Northern Star* newspaper, proceeded instantly to the office of that journal, upon the presumption that there were persons about the premises who could throw some light upon the subject; and while engaged in questioning the parties with whom he came in contact, his suspicion was aroused by a stench of no ordinary nature, which proceeded from an apartment which appeared to be exclusively used for preserving the records of the journal in question. The suspicion of Mr. Sharpe was strengthened by the fact of the parties in the office refusing him admission to the apartment. Not considering it safe to make the attempt alone, and fearful lest anything concealed should be removed in his absence if he left the premises, he insisted upon the publisher despatching a note to the Home Office, the result of which was the prompt attendance of a large reinforcement of the London police, and upon search being made, the mutilated remains of what was supposed to be the parts of the deceased were discovered, concealed in a heap of the *Northern Star* newspapers.

Intelligence of the fact having been conveyed to the Home Secretary, an order was issued for the immediate removal of the remains to Chesham-place, and directions were given to the coroner to hold an inquest, and Monday being the day appointed for the inquest, all the avenues in the neighbourhood were literally blocked with parties anxious to get a glimpse at the supposed murderer, as well as to hear the result of the enquiry. At twelve o'clock precisely the coroner, and jury arrived at the Nag's Head public-house, to which place the remains had been removed, and, shortly after a hackney coach, conveying the supposed murderer, with the blinds up, and two policemen sitting on the box, drove furiously through the crowd. Sergeant Widd appeared as counsel for the Crown, and the jury being sworn, Mr. Sharpe was examined, and gave his evidence as follows—Having seen the death of the English Oligarchy reported exclusively in the *Northern Star* newspaper, I had a strong suspicion that the parties connected with that journal must be aware of facts that could throw light upon the subject. I accordingly proceeded to the office of that paper, and while in conversation with some parties who appeared to be engaged in the printing department, my attention was attracted to a stench of no ordinary character. I requested permission to examine the apartment from which it came, and being refused admission, and the manner of refusal considering, I strengthened my suspicion, I instantly dispatched a note to Sir James Graham, who promptly sent a reinforcement of the London police to assist in

making the necessary search, the result of which was the discovery of the remains which are the subject of the present enquiry.

Coroner: Were the remains so concealed as to lead you to the presumption that the parties in care of the apartment and the custody of the property therein must have been cognizant of the concealment?

Witness: Oh! I have no doubt of it.

Coroner: Did you arrest any of the parties?

Witness: Yes; the prisoner, Feargus O'Connor. (Great sensation.)

Coroner: Have you any reason to suppose that a murder has been committed, and if so, have you any reasonable conjecture as to whose remains those are that constitute the subject of the present inquiry?

Witness: Yes; I have no doubt that they are the remains of Whiggery, who was missing since July 1841.

Coroner: That's a long time ago, nearly four years and a half, what reason have you for supposing that the remains are those of Whiggery?

Witness: Because I was in the service of deceased, and was in the habit of seeing him daily.

Witness: Yes, sir; perhaps you are not aware that the whole family was missed about the same time. I can swear to the head, the body, and the limbs of my master, they were so remarkably small. Moreover, I know the head by a mole that was under the left ear. I can swear to the nose of Master Cam that was considerably turned. I can also swear to the nose of Mr. Charles that had a twist, and his legs, that were very long.

Coroner: Then, upon the whole, you have no doubt upon your mind that the remains you have seen to-day were those of departed Whiggery?

Witness: None whatever.

Coroner: And you swear that you found those remains concealed in a suspicious manner in an office of the *Northern Star* newspaper, of which the prisoner is the proprietor?

Witness: I do.

The next witness was Lord Grey, who gave his evidence as follows:—I am one of the nearest relatives of the deceased. I am first COZEN to the deceased, and was very intimate with him. I seldom saw deceased from July, 1841, till Tuesday last, when I attended at the family residence, Chesham-place, by invitation, when deceased appeared dejected and melancholy.

By the Coroner: Do you know the prisoner?

Witness: Yes; well. It is Feargus O'Connor.

Coroner: Had you any conversation with the deceased relative to the prisoner?

Witness: I object to any conversation being given in evidence at this I was not present.

Coroner: Then I'll put it in another shape. Have you any reason for supposing that the prisoner was in any way instrumental in producing the death of deceased?

Witness: Yes, I have no doubt of it. Prisoner became acquainted with the deceased in the early part of the year 1839, and upon several occasions I have seen deceased receive violent treatment at the hands of the prisoner.

Coroner: State the occasions.

Witness: I could not, they were so numerous. I have heard the prisoner declare that he never would rest satisfied until he had destroyed deceased.

Coroner: Did you approve the deceased of this fact?

Witness: O yes, frequently. Deceased was perfectly aware of it, and so great was his apprehension, that about 1840 he had the prisoner confined for eighteen months.

Coroner: When was the last time you saw the prisoner strike the deceased?

Witness: Whenever he had an opportunity, and especially on every Saturday.

Coroner: With what did he strike him on those occasions?

Witness: With a deadly instrument, which he calls the *Northern Star*.

Coroner: What was the state of deceased's mind when you saw him lastly?

Witness: In 1834 he became dejected, and I think the constant ill-treatment he received at the hands of the prisoner brought on a state of nervousness, which led to total prostration.

Coroner: Was there anything about the conduct of deceased that led you to doubt his sanity?

Witness: Yes; I must confess that at times he appeared to me rather strange. He spoke vaguely of the poor being starved, and policemen having the care of them. He sometimes fancied himself an Irish peasant, and started from his sleep, exclaiming, that policemen had entered his hut at night, and ill-treated his wife and daughters, and that he had been transported by a court-martial; and he frequently exclaimed, the "Dorchester labourers," the "Glasgow cotton spinners," "Cook, of Mitchell-devar," and "Frost;" and then he became very much excited, and would repeat the word, "Stroud, Stroud!" It was Stroud that made me a murderer!

Coroner: Pray, my Lord, from the evidence you give, have you any reason to suppose that deceased committed suicide?

Witness: It was always my impression that he felt life very irksome, and indeed he stated as much. But then the state in which the body was found forbids such a conclusion.

Coroner: We had better now examine the doctor.

Dr. Peel was then called in, and gave his evidence as follows:—I had known the deceased for many years; we were playfellows together. We were very intimate, and I have been his medical attendant since 1832. From that time, to the autumn of 1834, I found it necessary to use harsh measures with deceased, as he became refractory, and showed evident symptoms of monomania.

Coroner: Pray, doctor, what was the character of his monomania?

Dr. Peel: Why he spoke a great deal of "skilly" and "starration." From 1834, to the spring of 1835, I continued the harsher treatment, when, finding his malady increased, I indulged him in his several caprices till July, 1841, when I found him so debilitated, that I felt it necessary to prevent him from all interference with public affairs, and from that period to his death he contracted several chronic diseases, brought about, I have no doubt, by mal-treatment, as, on making a post mortem examination, I find wounds upon every part of the body and limbs.

Coroner: Were those wounds sufficient to cause death?

Dr. Peel: Decidedly.

Coroner: Was the body in such a state that you could recognise it as the remains of Whiggery?

Dr. Peel: Yes, decidedly; I have no doubt upon my mind. There were peculiar marks that have been described by a previous witness.

Coroner: Do you know the prisoner?

Dr. Peel: Yes, perfectly well.

Coroner: Have you ever heard deceased complain of treatment he has received from the prisoner?

Dr. Peel: I have heard him not only complain, but I have seen the prisoner treat him most barbarously in my own presence.

Coroner: When did you see deceased last alive?

Dr. Peel: On Tuesday last.

Coroner: In what state did you find him then?

Dr. Peel: Why, he had so far rallied, that I felt inclined to abate some of my previous restrictions, and to allow him to amuse himself with public affairs; but I very soon discovered that he was

totally unfit for the task, and I heard no more of him till I received the melancholy tidings of his death.

Sergeant Wilde: Mr. Coroner, I think the jury have now heard enough to warrant their finding a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner.

The Foreman: Mr. Coroner, we have made up our minds long ago; indeed, before we heard any evidence.

Coroner: Prisoner, you have heard the evidence. Have you anything to offer in your defence? but whatever you say will be taken down in writing, and may be used against you.

Prisoner: No; I shall reserve what I have to say for the proper opportunity, merely observing, for my own justification, that when the proper time arrives I shall be able to prove that it was the second witness, Lord Grey, and not I, who was the immediate cause of deceased's death. (Great sensation.)

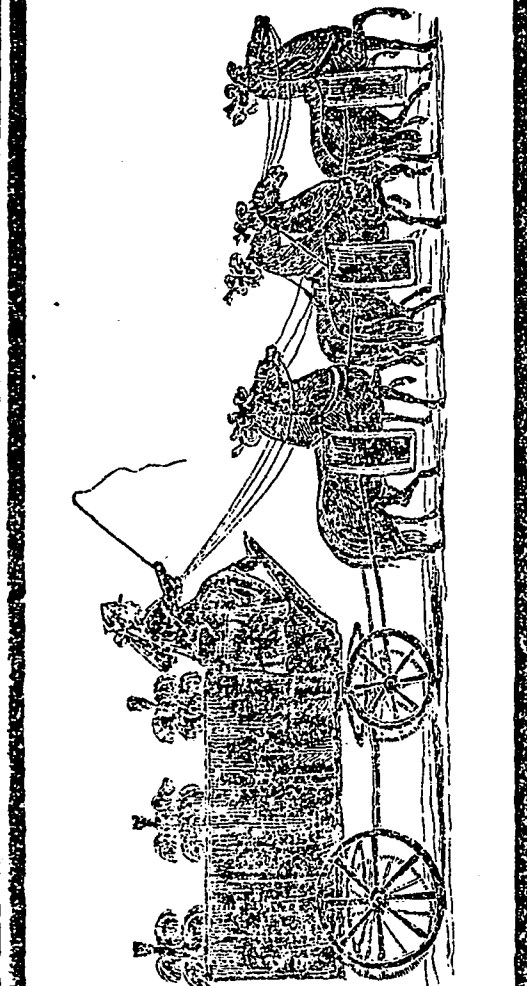
The Court was immediately cleared, when the jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the prisoner, who was instantly committed to Newgate upon the coroner's warrant.

THE FUNERAL.

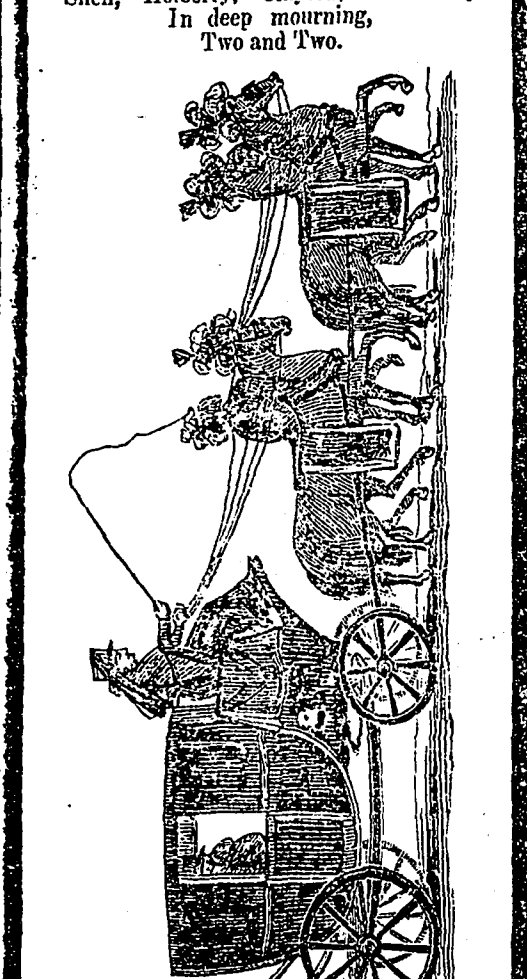
Eleven o'clock on Tuesday last being appointed as the hour when the remains of Whiggery were to leave Downing-street, to which place they had been removed after the inquest, every avenue in the neighbourhood was densely crowded.

The numerous relatives and friends of the deceased had arrived at an early hour in the morning, and precisely at the hour appointed the melancholy procession was formed, and proceeded through Scotland-yard, Hungerford-market, St. Martin's-lane, Monmouth-street, to St. Giles's (where the remains were interred), in the following order:—

Page of the deceased on horseback.
Six mounted Policemen,
Two and Two.
The Poor Law Commissioners and Paupers of Westminster,
Carrying the Poor Law Amendment Act,
Two and Two.
The Dorchester Labourers
Carrying the Combination Act,
Two and Two.
The Canadian Rebels
Carrying their Parion,
Two and Two.
The Wives and Families of
Frost, Williams, Jones, and Ellis,
Two and Two.
The Glasgow Cotton Spinners
Two and Two.
The Mothers and Widows of
Shell, Hobery, Clayton, and Duffy
In deep mourning,
Two and Two.



Containing Daniel O'Connell, the chief mourner, Richard Lalor Shiel, Thomas Steele, David Pigot, Thomas Wyse, and Sir Henry Winston Barron.
Friends and relatives of Mr. O'Connell,
Two and Two.
The Irish Chiefs of Police
Carrying the Coercion Bill,
Two and Two.
Members of the Conciliation Hall,
Carrying the Judgment of
Lords Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell,
Two and Two.
Poor Law Guardians, and
Paupers of the Strand Union,
Two and Two.
Procession of Infant Factory Operatives,
all lame and distorted,
Two and Two.
The Whig Cabinet in deep mourning,
wearing scarfs and hat-bands
(Lords Palmerston and Grey in front),
Two and Two.
Understrappers to the Whig Cabinet,
in deep mourning,
Two and Two.
Procession of Rationed Widows, in deep
mourning (two and two), singing
The Irish Hallelujah.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Whiggery! what made you die?
What made you die?
O! yea, yea, yea,
Whiggery,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
What made you die?
Dr. Peel's private carriage, with the blinds
up, and servants in deep mourning.
The Whig Government,
on horseback.



The vast procession was followed by a large concourse of the working classes, and the private carriages of the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased closed the mournful train. It is but right to state, that the streets through which the procession passed were lined on each side with cavalry, while the police, with their staffs, were busily engaged in keeping order; several indecent attempts being made to insult the remains of deceased. Indeed, it was as much as the military and police could possibly do to suppress that indignation which was apparently manifested throughout the whole line of procession. However, by the excellent arrangements made by the authorities, the procession reached its destination—St. Giles's Church—precisely at twenty minutes past two, when the remains were met at the church gates by the Rev. Mr. Skinfild, the rector, who performed the funeral service, after which the chaplain of the deceased preached a pathetic sermon, from the following text:—

PRICE FIVEPENCE or Five Shillings and Sixpence per Quarter

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN?"

The remains were then deposited in the family vault, after which the friends and relatives of deceased returned to Downing-street, where, to their dismay and astonishment, they discovered the family mansion was closed, and bills posted upon the window shutters, with the following words in large letters:—

REMOVED TO ST. GILES.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

LOUIS PHILIPPE received on Thursday, on the occasion of the new year, the members of the *corps diplomatique*, the Presidents and deputations of the Chambers, the Archbishops of Paris, and other dignitaries of the State. In reply to the President of the Chamber of Deputies, he said:—

"I am happy to acknowledge with you the powerful aid I derived from the co-operation of the Chamber of Deputies in weathering the storms with which we were assailed, and in bringing the vessel of State into harbour, where we are so happy, so proud, and so glorious to behold it to-day. Strengthened by that co-operation, that union, those sentiments, and that appreciation of all the blessings conferred upon France by Providence, we henceforth defy all the attempts of agitators to compromise the great and fortunate results we achieved. With your affection, with the support of public opinion and the general co-operation of the nation, we will accomplish the exalted destinies of France; we will continue to secure at the same time the happiness of rich and poor; we will maintain all liberties. Upon the great and noble advantages we have acquired. We will teach all classes of society to appreciate them more and more, to know that in wishing to exceed them they destroy them, and to be grateful to God for the blessings we enjoy. Whatever value may be attached to my life, the trust committed to me by France—her institutions and liberties—shall faithfully be kept by her children. I thank you for your acknowledgment of their devotedness and patriotism. I am happy to express to you once more the affection I feel for the Chamber of Deputies, and my gratitude for your good wishes in behalf of the Queen, my family, and myself."

THE CHAMBERS.—On Saturday the Minister of Finance presented to the Chamber of Deputies the estimates of 1846. The Minister, after entering into an *exposé* of the financial situation of the country, which he described as prosperous, observed, that notwithstanding the engagement he had taken last year to submit to the Legislature a measure for the reimbursement of the Five per Cent. stock, he felt obliged to postpone that presentation, and to wait for more opportune circumstances. The Minister of Marine next deposited on the table a project of law demanding an extraordinary credit of 93,000,000, for naval constructions and supplying the arsenals. It is expected that the public debate on the address will not commence before Monday next.

"We regret," says *Galignani*, "to announce the death of Mr. Lewis Gosdsmith (father of Lady Lyndhurst), which took place last night (Monday), at his residence, in the Rue de la Harpe."

SWITZERLAND.

We take the following from the *Times*:—"The intelligence from Switzerland published by the Paris journal refers to a political incident which was likely to complicate the situation of the canton of Vaud. M. Bluntchli, in opening, as president, the session of the Grand Council of Zurich, cast a retrospective view on the recent events of the country, and particularly those that passed in the canton of Vaud, which he reproved in the strongest terms. He then energetically protested, in conclusion, against the revolutionary tendency of the ruling party. The language of that high functionary caused a lively irritation in the canton of Vaud. M. Druey, its president, assumed to himself a portion of those reproaches, and presented to the Grand Council of that canton a motion to the effect of demanding explanations; and, if necessary, a reparation from the Government of Zurich. A stormy debate ensued. M. Druey was vehemently attacked, but, as he disposed of the majority, he prevailed on the Assembly to adopt the following resolution:—"The Grand Council rejects with indignation the insulting and calumnious words pronounced by the President of the Grand Council of the canton of Zurich. It directs the Council of State to forward this protest to the Government of Zurich, the present Federal Directory, to call for explanations; and, if they be not satisfactory, to insist on a just and prompt reparation." The Government of Zurich had not yet replied to that communication, but it was known to be little disposed to acquiesce in the injunctions of M. Druey."

ITALY.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.

A storm is gathering throughout Italy which will probably burst before the present year is six months old. In Rome the seeds of trouble are springing up and bearing fruit daily. The Pope's government had thought proper to publish a reply to the pamphlets of Messrs. Caudé and Mazzini, on the condition of the inhabitants of the Pontifical dominions. There have been no rejoinders from Mr. Mazzini; the people themselves are supplying the best answer to the Pope by their unmistakable dissatisfaction. In vain do "his Holiness's" provincial governors assure the people that their prosperity forms the constant object of the cares of government. The people are incredulous. Rumours of approaching death, founded or unfounded, have been circulated through the Papal States, and they whose scanty means of subsistence lay them most open to apprehensions, have more than once been excited to acts of violence by believing that they had been sentenced to death. Recently a very characteristic scene took place at Rimini, where the people seem to have acquired an appetite for insurrection. A quantity of grain was about to be shipped on board an Austrian vessel, when the citizens rose, took the affair into their own hands, compelled the merchants to sell their corn at a low price on the spot, and even proceeded so far as to insult the Austrian flag. None of the offenders were punished, possibly it was found impracticable to discover them. The exiles, who have taken refuge in Malta and Corsica, and are there supposed to be planning fresh descents upon the coasts of the Adriatic, occasion "his Holiness's" no little anxiety. Report has attributed to the Spanish General Prim, now in Italy, the design of joining the refugees. We earnestly hope the Italian patriots will have nothing to do with this adventure. The people are weary of a traitor mortified the axe of popular justice, he merits it for his betrayal of the brave Catalonians, and subsequent murderous warfare against the heroic people of Barcelona. Let the Italians beware of him. Alarmed by this prospect of danger, his Holiness has sent him a frigate, three frigates, and a war-steamer, to protect him against the vengeance of his own exiles. Possibly, however, there may exist other causes of alarm. All the troops in the Papal States, we are told, when quartered for a length of time in particular districts, have betrayed too strong an inclination to fraternize with the inhabitants, for which reason the system of frequent reliefs is to be adopted. Recent intelligence from Rome represents the Pope distributing medals of gold and silver to his mercenaries, whom he likewise has arranged in good military style in the colour they had displayed against the citizens of Rimini. Verily, the "holy" old sinner shakes in his shoes.

No doubt, influenced and overawed by surrounding despots, M. Belzoppi, the newly-elected President of the republic of San Marino, had convoked the Council-General, and prevailed upon it to decree the expulsion of the insurgents of Rimini, 80 in number, who had sought refuge on its territory.

The Tuscan Government has adopted of late arbitrary measures towards the refugees, and ordered several to be delivered up to the Papal authorities.

Some Tuscans, convicted of having joined in the insurrectionary attempt, have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

An illustration of the actual state of Italy, as presented at Naples, during the visit of the Emperor of Austria, is published under the title, *Prospetto di Italia*. It contains an article commenting on the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland; and it, being feared that a copy might find its way into the hands of the Imperial Visitor, the police were round on a domiciliary visit to the subscribers, to the Yorks, and ordered them to deliver it up to the government. The Yorks, however, refused to do so, and the Emperor's order was misinterpreted.

Throughout a large portion of the King of Sardinia's territories the preparations of agrarian disturbances have been strikingly manifested. Bands of incendiaries, it is said, excited by external agencies, and impelled by political motives, have spread themselves under cover of darkness throughout the country, firing ricks, and barns, and farmsteads. The tools of the Sardinian despotism, however, the Communists of the Canton de Vaud (Switzerland), as the authors or abettors of these acts of incendiarism. They assert that proclamations have been discovered in the localities of the fires, addressed to the Savoyards, inciting them to make common cause with the Communists for the purpose of overthrowing the government. These reports must be received with caution. One thing is certain, the Communists of the Canton de Vaud are just now terrifying the despots and aristocrats both of Switzerland and all the neighbouring countries. May they march on conquering and to conquer. Thus insists the future. Louis Philippe cries, "peace," while war is at hand. The war of the people against their oppressors. He defies the "agitators," and cries, "we have conquered them." Poor silly old man. You have been a cunning man for your time, but you are but a fool as regards the future. The "agitators

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triumph, whether triumphant or fallen, He has
 sprung of beauty and of love with a seraph's tongue
 and the very eloquence of woe has recorded his own
 sorrows in immortal verse. To that verse we com-
 mit the veneration of his name and memory, not
 him and his own enemies.
 To fully comprehend and enjoy the *Beatrice* of
 Byron, its reader must, and give the poet has
 left us. Our extracts necessarily give the reader
 but a mere glimpse of those "Heavenly" Still, the
 chosen being, the most appropriate we could have
 been, will, we doubt not, be deemed sufficient
 for its use. With these explanatory remarks,
 we proceed to give the following concluding ex-
 tracts from "Guido Harold." Next week, we shall
 introduce to our readers "The Ghaout."

NARROW, —
 —would be all or nothing — nor could wait
 For the sure grasp to level him; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Coors in his fate,
 On whom we tread: For this the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
 As universal death, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And cists but to re-flow — Hence thy rainbow, God!

TRANSY,
 What from this barren being do we reap?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;
 Opinion and Omnipotence, — whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
 And glad to glorify in their own belief,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too
 much light,
 And thus they plot in sluggish misery,
 Noting from spite to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inferior slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,
 And glad to glorify in, still engage
 Within the snare of their own delusion,
 Their fellows fall like leaves of the same tree.
 I speak not of men's creeds — they rest between
 Man and his maker — but of things aloft and
 Averd' and known, — and built, hourly seen —
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
 And the intent of tyranny avo'd,
 The edict of Earth's rulers who are grown
 The ages of their selfishness upon the ground,
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

WASHINGTON,
 Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprang forth a Pallas, ardent and undelid?
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
 Left there in the ungodly, until the roar
 Of cataphracts, when nursing Nature smil'd
 On infant Washington? His Earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no more

FREEDOM,
 Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 Tells of their still more glorious and belid;
 Thy true hath left its blossoms, and its rind,
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
 But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find
 Now deep, even in the bosom of the North;
 So shall a better spring less bitter seed bring forth.

NATURE — SOLITUDE,
 Oh! that that desert were my dwelling place,
 With one fair Spirit, for my minister,
 That I might rest where I might tread,
 And, lating no eyes, love but only my
 Ye elements! — in — whose ennobling air
 I feel myself exalted — Can you not
 Accord me such a being? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit my a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot,
 There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
 There is a society where none doth stir,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

THE OCEAN,
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
 Thy chous'd steeds beat, hurling them to sea in vain,
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his next turn
 Stops with the shore — — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all — thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncollid and unknown.
 His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the evil strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning them from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling to his Godes, where haply lies
 His petty home in some near port or bay,
 And dost suspect him again to your charge, let him lay.
 The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy year of waves, which sweep them clear;
 And like the Atom's that find space between the spheres
 Of starry worlds, thy fumes do fill the spaces of Tragedy.
 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters ward them while they there were free,
 And many a tyrant since; these shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts — not so thou,
 Which ungovernable to thy wild waves play
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Gaze itself in every wave, yet never stirr'st
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving, — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; — even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

LOVE,
 Oh Love! no habitant of earth dost art —
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
 The mind lives in thy light, as it is lighted here,
 Even with its own desiring fantasy;
 And with a thought such shape and image given,
 As hungs the unquenched soul — parch'd — wearied —
 — wants — and riven.

LIFE,
 Our life is a false nature — 'tis not in
 The harmony of things — 'tis hard decree,
 This mortal life is mortal, and this life is sin;
 This boundless yearning, this all-blasting tear,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew —
 Disease, death, bondage — all the woes we see —
 And worse, the lows we see — not — which thro' through
 The immediate soul, with heart-aches ever new.
 Yet let us pander boldly — 'tis a base
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right to life and love, and to the place
 Of refuge; this, at least, shall still unite us:
 Though from our birth the faculty desire
 Is chain'd and tortured — cabin'd, cri'd, confid'd,
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind.
 The beam pours in, for time's skill will couch the blinding

THE CURSE,
 Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorned of the ruin, comforter
 Of every healer when his heart has bid —
 Time! the corrector — where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love — sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists, from the thief
 Which never loses though it doth delirium
 Time, the avenger! — unto thee I flit
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee gift.
 And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffer'd; let him speak
 Who hath himself decline upon my brow;
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
 But in this page a record will I seek
 Not in the air shall be my words recorded.
 Though I be ashes, — yet my words shall break
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!
 That curse shall be Forgiveness — Have I not —
 — Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven —
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
 Have I not had my brain's secret, my heart risen,
 — Hope's sapd, name blighted, life's life lived away?

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TEN HOURS' BILL.

LORD MORPETH AND THE DELEGATES FROM THE SHORT TIME COMMITTEES.

The death of Lord Wharfedale, and the consequent elevation of the Hon. John Stuart Wortley, M.P., to the House of Peers, having created a vacancy in the representation of the Yorkshire Association, the short time question should be promptly raised there. The hon. member would be obliged to accept such candidate or candidates as might offer for himself, and that the secretary should solicit an interview for a deputation from each of the short time committees of the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire.

On Saturday, December 27, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Morpeth having, in compliance with his personally signed requisition of the delegates, offered himself as a candidate, intimating, at the same time, his intention of declining to visit the several large towns as on former occasions, the secretary of the Yorkshire Association immediately proceeded to Castle Howard, from whence his lordship's address was requested, by which it was ascertained, for the purpose of soliciting an interview of the West Riding to the elections was dated 29th ult., for the purpose of soliciting an interview of the West Riding on this important subject. He arrived at Castle Howard on Saturday evening, and was most courteously received by the noble lord; who, in reply to the request for a deputation of short time committee members, Lord Morpeth would first have them expressed to meet the deputation from those bodies he pressed his readiness to meet them at York, his lordship, at the same time, stated that if the delegates thought proper to send him a written communication, he would give it the same attention, and satisfy their requests and himself the trouble of a long journey.

After some conversation on the factory question, in which the noble lord showed considerable interest for the improvement of the condition of the working classes, the secretary returned, and on Monday morning a meeting of the delegates at the New Inn, Bradford, for Tuesday, January 28th ult., which was presided over by the Rev. William Morgan, B.D., incumbent of Christ Church.

After considerable discussion it was decided that Lord Morpeth's suggestion should be acted upon, and the following memorial was unanimously adopted, which his lordship's answer has been received this day (Jan. 28th) :

MEMORIAL OF THE DELEGATES OF THE SHORT TIME COMMITTEE FOR THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"We, the Right Hon. the delegates of the Short Time Committee, deputed from all the large manufacturing towns of the West Riding, beg leave most respectfully to state to your lordship, that the existing act of Parliament allows the working of young persons in factories for twelve hours a day on five days of the week, and nine hours on Saturdays. That these hours of labour in factories are most oppressive, and that the shortening thereof is also largely essential to the well-being of the crowded population in the factory districts. That the large proportion of females and young persons employed in factories renders it more necessary to lessen this unreasonable length of toil, and that the hours of working should sink six in the morning to six in the evening, allowing four hours of rest." "That a majority of the House of Commons, including most of the leading members of all parties, did, in session before last, give their support to Lord Ashley's measure of ten hours working per day, but, in consequence of the opposition of the government to this just and necessary legislation, their decision was subsequently reversed."

"That the factory system requires this term of labour to be enacted, for the purpose of giving to the working classes and their families the means of obtaining social comfort with moral and religious improvement. That this great question can never be settled until the claims of justice and humanity are conceded by a legislative enactment, and the duration of the work reduced to a few hours, and thousands of perverts are now doomed to suffer in factories, inflicting upon these unoffending individuals two hours longer labour per day than is required from adults, who perform their daily labour at other trades or vocations."

"That the abolitionists, therefore, most earnestly entreat your lordship's sympathy for their oppressed countrymen, and, in the event of your lordship being again called to take your seat in the House of Commons as the representative of the West Riding, that you will gratify the expectation entertained from your lordship's benevolent character, by giving your influence and support to the Bill which will be introduced by Lord Ashley for the reduction of the hours of labour to ten hours a day for five days and eight hours on Saturday."

Signed on behalf of the delegates of the Short Time Committees,
M. MORPETH, B.D., Chairman,
W. DARGENT, Secretary.
LORD MORPETH'S REPLY.
Castle Howard, Jan. 28, 1860.

Gentlemen!—I have been favoured with the Memorial of the delegates of the Short Time Committee, and I am deeply indebted to the well-wishers of the cause, for the sympathy they request, with so much propriety and forbearance of language, for the whole body which it represent, and for their condition in life. If I now enter Parliament, after the long interval of absence from its deliberations, and without having made any important questions connected with the subject especially before me, I must needs do many things, and be free to deal with the propositions which may be submitted for adoption; but I shall bring to their consideration a keen feeling for the wants and wishes of the working classes, and a resolute determination to my whole duty towards them.—I have the honour to return, gentlemen, your most faithful servant,

MORPETH

The delegates of the Short Time Committees of the West Riding.

"SCITE.—Mr. Wakely, M.P., coroner, held an inquest on the body of the late Hon. Anne Parnham Smith Suspension-bridge, on the body of Anne Parnham, aged sixteen years, who was found in the river, having, as it was supposed, committed suicide, owing to the threats of her late mistress to make her marry before a magistrate for some theft with which she was charged. The deceased, however, protested she was innocent, having rejected the advances of the woman with which she was threatened. Mr. Wakely remarked on the harshness of the measures adopted towards so young a person. Verdict—"Found dead."

THE LATE BOILER EXPLOSION.—ANOTHER DEAD.—About eight o'clock on Sunday morning another death, making the total number fifteen, was added to the list of victims of the late calamitous explosion at the mill of Messrs. W. Gaskell and Co., near Leeds, on a cold night, when a man named Ann Hardman, an eight years old boy who was crossing the factory yard, and had got to the door of the house where she lived when the explosion took place.—*Manchester Guardian.*

DARING RAILWAY ROBBERY.—LEICESTER, JAN. 7. At the Leicester Epiphany sessions, held before C. W. Packer, Esq., M.P., at the Castle at Leicester today, Alfred Green, alias "Blackie," and James McQuinn, alias "Buck," were indicted for robbing the mail train, property of S. Cooper, from the station of the Midland Counties Railway Company, at Leicester. The prisoners were of French extraction. The prosecutor is a tradesman, residing in Kerby-street, Leicestershire. On the 5th ult., he arrived at Leicester on the railway, and took his portmanteau into the carriage, and then he gave it in charge to a porter intending to call for it on his return from town, but upon his returning to the office, he found the portmanteau had been taken away, and being unable to obtain any tidings of it, he pursued his journey to Nottingham, where he gave information to the police, who at Nottingham ascertained that the portmanteau had been taken to an auctioneer to different individuals for sale, and they were ultimately taken into custody, and the portmanteau in question, with its contents, was found in the possession. From inquiries that were subsequently made, it appeared that the prisoner Cooper arranged to sell the portmanteau, and when Mr. Cooper arrived at the train, and as his portmanteau happened to be placed close by their luggage, the female prisoners gave directions to one of the station porters to call that, together with their own luggage, to the carriage in which they were about to take their seats. Upon arriving at Leicester, a station about five miles from Leicester, they left the train, and remained at the arrival place, where they waited until the train moved along, about six miles further on, where they halted all night, and went on to Nottingham following day. Mr. Macaulay addressed the jury in behalf of the prisoners, and in the course of his observations he made some very stringent remarks upon the gross negligence exhibited by the driver of the railway company, and Mr. Cooper said, in reference to the occurrence, "It was a robbery, it was every day occurrence for other passengers' luggage to be taken away by individuals as whom it did belong." The jury, after a careful summation up of case by the chairman, returned a verdict of Guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment with hard labour.

PRIESTON DEATHS.—Yesterday Mr. Edmond held an inquest on the body of a male adult, in middle age, who died on the 2nd inst. The first case was held at the Golden Lane, Dean-street, Solihull, on the body of Caroline Samson, aged 23 years. It appeared by the evidence that on Wednesday evening last the deceased

Tit Bits.

ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A DUET.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ever since I was an abbey, or, so to speak, a little baby, I never knew anything so shabby, no, not excepting a superannuated tallow!

ST. PAUL'S.

To whom are you alluding, or what wrong may you be brooding? thus on the silence of the night so remarkably an abrupt exclamation intruding.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the dome and chapter's doing, to the course they're been pursuing; and such, if they don't abandon it, I fear will prove my utter ruin.

ST. PAUL'S.

And pray how have they ill-used you? mismanaged or abused you, disfigured you, or due repairs and fit and proper maintenance refused you?

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Why, old fellow, don't you know that they've made me quite a show?—and that, in fact, the purpose I was built for long ago, and is one that I consider mine and low?

ST. PAUL'S.

You suffer not alone, your grievance is my own; I, too, have to bemoan that like a curiosity-shop I am daily shown at.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I'm reduced to the condition of the Chinese Exhibition—though that will shortly close, when I shall, goodness knows!—or of the Egyptian Hall, which I don't like at all, I feel, with deep dejection, that I'm open for inspection, like Burford's Panorama, or Madame Tussaud's collection.

ST. PAUL'S.

My case is just the same, and I say it is a shame; I am like the Industrial Palace, or any sight you please; and I'm sure you will agree, a Cathedral Church like me ought never to have been converted into a sort of Wombwell's menagerie.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

May I ask you, by the way, how much the public pay to behold your various wonders, hear your whispering galleries blunders, and listen to your verger's monstrous Cockneysisms and blunders?

ST. PAUL'S.

Four-and-six, or, thereabouts, to see me out-and-out, is the sum the showfolks charge ye—yes, you mean the clergy—a price my visitors may justly grown at. Now, in return, tell me what are you shown at.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

'Tis but a shewy touch, but that sixpence is too much for workingmen and such: the nation's church should be, like the British nation, free, for high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple, without money, without price, without reward or fee.

ST. PAUL'S.

'That's exactly what I say, 'tis a monstrous thing to pay to see a church, as if it were a concert or a play. I'm deplorable our state is! There's the National Gallery *gratis*: so is the British Museum; and here are we, no better than the Colossus!—*Punch*

A YANKEE TRADE.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot do so without success reply."

"Well, here's a dozen real genuine razor straps, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"May I, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are straps, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a piece of soap for the straps.

"There's your money," said the Yankee, as he quietly folded the stakes.

"But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them straps, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened—"You are not so bad a chap, after all: here are the straps, give me the soap."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the straps and passed over the pittance. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake in a trice, I guess the next time you trade with that wily pie, you'll do a little better than to buy *razor* straps."

And away walked the pedlar with his straps and his wagger, and the shouts of the laughing crowd.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Ye peasantry of England,
Who till your fertile leas,
How little do you think a man
May live on, if he be plain,
Your weekly wages, it is plain,
As far as want would go,
And keep you so cheap,
(For Norfolk's Duke says so)
If hunger rages fierce and strong,
To carry you would go.

This powder, hungry fathers,
From all expense will save;
For if your children out thereof,
No other food they'll crave;
And any time that wasteful
(As oft they fail, you know),
Twill come cheap a pinch to steep
In water—a pint or so;
And when hunger rages fierce and strong,
To your curry powder go.

Our labourers need no dainties,
But something strong and cheap;
No steak from off the rump they crave,
No chop from off the sheep;
Our food is good, or, rather, weak,
Warm into bed they'll stow,
Nor ever rest out for more—
Their place so well they know;
But when hunger rages fierce and strong,
To the curry powder go.

The 'tato crops of England
May all to grass we turn;
While Norfolk's 'tato about your lot
Is wise head shall concern.
Meanwhile, ye hardy labourers,
Your young of 'tatoes should flow
To the fame of the name.

Who the powder better you know;
Which, when hunger rages fit and strong,
Will set you in a glow.—*Punch*.

SOMETHING IS A NAME.—The second title of the Norfolk family is that of Earl of Surrey. We understand the present head of the illustrious race intends to change Surrey into Curry; for he insists that the latter was the original title; of which the former is merely a corruption.—*Ibid*.

"THE TIMES" AND THE SEASONS.—The Times in England is for opening the ports; but the Seasons in the north are generally for closing them.

DEATH OF ROY KOT.—His death bed was in character with his life; when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Kaise me up," said Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, if ye are ready, place me in my chair. I shall now be said that it is by my Maegress you're seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed, and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. "When he had departed the dying chief exclaimed, "It is all over now—put me to bed—call in the singer; let him play *Hay* *but* not *the* *song*." The singer of political songs, who was called in, said, "I have given you *bauld* *law* and *gospel* for long. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel. And he said turning to his son, "my sword and dirk lie there: never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; but see you to them, or—my—"The words died away, and he expired.—*Memories of the Scot*.

JACKERS IS PLAIN CLOTHES.—Mr. Nathan, of the magnificent warehouse, being to inform the commissionaires, superintendents, and inspectors of police, that in consequence of the prevailing practice of dressing up policemen in plain clothes, he has added to his wardrobe an extensive stock of disguises, suited to every class of society. (He undertakes to turn out any letter of the alphabet, or any number in the numeration table, in the first-rate style, and at the shortest notice.) In the various cases of political spying, Mr. Nathan has a variety of instant jackets *all sizes*, with working-men's aprons and brown paper caps *à la suite*. Baskets of tools can also be found if required. The force may be accommodated with dress coats, Young England white waistcoats, and patent leather highlows, for political meetings. Sporting police

LOSLOSSEUM.—NOTICE.—PRICE OF ADMIS-
SION DURING THE HOLIDAYS!!

Day Exhibition.....	2s.
Evening Do.....	2s. 6d.
Children under 10.....	1s.
St. Saviour's Church.....	1s. extra.

THE DAY EXHIBITION consists of the Museum of
St. Saviour's Church, Grand Picture of London, Alhambra
manuscripts, Gorgeous Gothic Axiom, Classic Ruins,
Sass Cottage and Mount Blanc, with Mountain Torrent.
&c. &c. Open from Ten till Four o'clock.

THE EVENING.—The new and extraordinary Panorama of
London as it is, Museum of Sculpture, Conservatories,
and God's House, &c. &c., brilliantly illuminated.
Sass Cottage, Mount Blanc, and Mountain Torrent.
&c. &c. Open from Seven till Ten o'clock.

A C. A. C. O. ORCHESTRA ORGAN, on which the most ad-
vanced and varied pieces, &c., are played, from Two to Four and
from Eight till Half-past Ten o'clock.

The whole programme and designed by Mr. William
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My approbation of Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen
Victoria and His Royal Highness, the Prince Albert.

THE LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS for Winter,
1845 and 1846, by READ and Co., 12, Hart-street,
London, and by BERG, Holwell-street,
London, and may be had of all Book-
ellers, wherever residing; a very superb
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Regency-park, London. This exquisitely executed and
beautifully coloured print will be accompanied with full-
length Dress, Frock, and Riding Coat Patterns; also, Patterns
of Fashionable Polka Frocks, and Locomotion
Riding Coats, and an extra fitting Fashionable Waistcoat
Pattern, with every part complete, and a full explanation of
the manner of cutting and making them up; also 9
extra plates, including 3 sectors, 4 for cutting fancy coats,
4 for waistcoats, the other for cutting Collar
Patterns, in proportion, for all sizes, so that any person
may complete the whole in the most correct manner,
without the assistance of any system of cutting
whatsoever. Price (as usual) the whole, 10s., or post free,
10s. 6d. per copy. London, Scotland, and Wales, 11s.
System of Cutting, 25s.; Patent Measures, 8s. the set.
Patterns, post free, 1s. each; to be had of all booksellers.

For particulars, see "Townsend's Parisian Costumes,"
in "Gazette of Fashion," London and Paris Magazine,
of Fashion, "the London and Country Press," &c.

HONOUR TO LABOUR'S CHAMPION.

A PUBLIC SOIREE will be held at the CROWN and
ANCHOR Tavern, Strand, in honour of T. S. DUN-
COMBE, Esq., M.P., who will be present, on Wednesday
evening, January 21st, the night previous to the opening
of Parliament. The following gentlemen are expected to
be present:—Mr. J. B. Wilson, Secretary to the National
Land Society; Mr. J. Leader, M.P.; J. Fielden, M.P.; W. D.
Christie, M.P.; W. Williams, M.P.; R. Blevitt, M.P.;
T. W. Clarke, M.P.; Admiral D. Dundas, M.P.; E. G.
Barnard, M.P.; H. Elphinstone, M.P.; A. Aglionby,
M.P.; and W. P. Roberts. Also the following eminent
literary men—Eugene Sue, Charles Dickens, Douglas
Jerrol, J. Mazzini, and Thomas Cooper. Tea on table
from 6 to 8 o'clock precisely. Several other
well known advocates of the People's Rights will attend.

Tickets 2s. each, can be obtained at the following
places:—Mr. T. Barratt, secretary to the National Union
Associated Trades for the Protection of Industry, Trades
Office, 30, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury; Mr. James Harris,
secretary to the National Union Trades Association for
the Employment of Labour, 30, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury.

Mr. George Hugget, secretary of the Westminster Re-
form and Registration Society, Essex-street, Strand.
Mr. T. Powell, secretary to the Venezuelan Transit
Company, Holwell-street, London.

Mr. T. W. Wines, secretary to the Chartist Co-operative
Land Society, 7, Crown-court, Dean-street, Oxford-
street.

Mr. J. Bush, secretary to the London Union of Car-
penters, 10, York-street, York-road, Lambeth.
Mr. W. Clark, secretary to the Shoemakers' Society,
37, Rupert-street, Haymarket.

Mr. W. J. Young, president of the Running Horse
Society of Carpenters, 23, Park-street, Dorset-square.
Mr. James (City Boot and Shoemaker), 3, Flear-de-lis-
court, Gray's Inn-lane.

Mr. Skelton, Cecil-court, St. Martin's-lane.
Mr. Storey, 3, Ogle-square, Ogle-street, St. Marylebone.
Mr. Robson, 14, Richard-place, Haggerston-bridge, Hoxton.

Mr. Gimblett, 3, Hovick-terrace, Vauxhall-bridge-road.
Mr. J. Coughlin, Tootal Society of Carpenters, 96,
Great Street, Southwark.

Mr. Wainwright, Fanny Wilson Society of Carpenters,
Marylebone-road.
Mr. Allen, Tin Plate-workers, 88, Cannon-street, City.
Mr. Green, Morocco Leather Finisher, 37, Theobald-
street, New Kent-road.

Mr. Williams, Green Man, Berwick-street, Oxford-
street.
Mr. Hutchings, gold beater, 105, Silo-lane.
Mr. Arch, silk hatter, 24, Granby-street, Waterloo-
road.

Mr. Firth, plasterer, Drighly-place, Lower-road, Dept-
ford.
Mr. Dunning, bookbinder, Magnet Coffee-house, Drury-
lane.

Mr. Macnamara, boiler maker, Star and Garter, Arbour-
square, Commercial-road.
Mr. D. Dale, black printer, Victory Inn, Merton.
Mr. Cuffin, M. Midland-lane, Covent-garden.

Mr. Milne, Union-street, May-fair.
Mr. J. W. Parker, secretary to Tailors Protection So-
ciety, Advocate office, Fetter-lane.

Mr. R. Thompson, printer, 1, Little James-street,
Gray's Inn-lane.
Mr. Gammon, secretary to cork cutters, 30, Northum-
berland-street, Marylebone.

Mr. James Wilson, secretary to Duncombe Testimonial
Committee, Bishop's-terrace, Vauxhall-square, Lambeth.
Messrs. F. and W. Salmon, 24, Dean-street, Fetter-
lane.

Mr. D. Gover, junior, Marquis-court, Drury-lane.
Mr. W. Dear, 22, Fleet-lane, Farringdon-street.
Mr. Overton, Tabernacle-wall, Finsbury-square.

Mr. J. Wyatt, 202, Hoxton Old Town.
Mr. Parkes, 38, Little Windmill-street, Golden-square.
Mr. P. S. Little, Windmill-street, Golden-square.

Mr. Markall, Queen-street, Dean-street, Soho.
Mr. Knight, South London Chartist Hall, 115, Black-
friars-road.

Mr. May, Oakley-place, Waterloo-road.
Mr. May, Oakley-place, Waterloo-road.
Mr. May, Oakley-place, Waterloo-road.

Mr. Rogers, copper, Lambeth-walk.
Mr. Edwards, jeweller, 88, Devonshire-street, Bermondsey.
Mr. Vincent, Baker, 88, Devonshire-street, Bermondsey.

Mr. Patterson, shoemaker, Dorset-place, Dorset-
square.
Mr. A. Packer, news-agent, Harrow-road.
Mr. W. Clark, Chartist Coffee-house, 114, Edgeware-
road.

Mr. Hornby, Northam's-buildings, Somers Town.
Mr. J. Arnott, shoemaker, Middlesex-place, Somers
Town.
Mr. J. Simpson, Elm-cottage, Waterloo-street, Cam-
berwell.

Mr. J. Sewell, upholsterer, New Kent-road.
Mr. Cammings, Newington.
Mr. G. T. Floyd, baker, 3, Church-street, Deptford.

Mr. S. Morgan, butler, New Kent-road.
Mr. S. Brewster, Greenwich.
Mr. Morgan, carpenter, Arden's, Lewisham.

Mr. Abbott, 39, Hanover-street, Lewisham.
Mr. Thomas Boulton, shoemaker, 2, Blewitt's-buildings,
Fetter-lane.

Mr. J. Shaw, 24, Gloucester-street, Commercial-road.
Mr. Drake, Standard of Liberty, Brick-lane.
Mr. T. Mills, New Inn Yard, Shoreditch.

Mr. P. McGrath, Chamber-cup, Chambers-street,
Minors.
Mr. J. Gathard, tailor, Pages-walk, Bermondsey.

Mr. Pearcey, machinist, Church-street, Rotherhithe.
Mr. Pearcey, Rotherhithe.
Mr. W. Balla, blacking-manufacturer, Coppice-row.

Mr. Cameron, Glenkiln.
Mr. Fozzom, milkman, Margaret-street, Wilmington-
square.

Mr. Mason, printer, Clerkenwell-green.
Mr. Rowland, Mark-street, Captain's, Finsbury-
square.

Mr. Dunn, tailor, Chiswell-street.
Mr. J. Sturge, Yeoman's-row, Brompton.
Mr. J. Dowling, George-street, Aslety.

Mr. J. Gray, carpenter, near Aslety's Amphitheatre,
Lambeth.
Mr. W. S. Hanson, hair-dresser, High-street, Kensing-
ton.

Mr. G. Richardson, cutter, near the Church, Kensing-
ton.
Mr. W. Whitehorn, tailor, 1, Newland-street, Kensing-
ton.

Mr. J. Kewell, boot and shoemaker, 5, Providence-
place, Clerkenwell.
Mr. Collingham, builder, King-street, Hammersmith.

Mr. Henry Ross, Edith Villa, North-end, Fulham.
Mr. Edward Stoddard, 2, Little Vale-place, Hammer-
smith-road.

Oliver's Coffee House, Little Pultney-street, Wadour-
street, Soho.
Mr. Palmer, 72, St. Martin's-lane.

Mr. H. Retherington, publisher, Holwell-street,
St. James's.
Mr. Charles Westerton, librarian, Park-side, Knights-
bridge.

Colliver's Coffee House, opposite the Angel Inn, St.
Clements, Strand, at the end of the Crown and
Anchor Tavern, Strand. At eight o'clock the public will
be admitted. Admission, three pence.

T. BARRATT, Secretary.

NEW MORNING PAPER.

On the 21st of January will be published No. 1, of

THE DAILY NEWS,

A Morning Newspaper of Liberal Politics and Thorough Information.

The leading features of the Paper may be briefly stated under the following heads:—
ITS CITY NEWS and COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE, collected from the highest sources, will be scrupulously
impartial and always early.

ITS SCIENTIFIC and BUSINESS INFORMATION on every topic connected with RAILWAYS, whether in
actual operation, in progress, or projected, will be found to be complete.

An extensive system of FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE in all parts of the World, has been for some time, and
is now, in course of organization.

ITS PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS, ITS LAW REPORTS, and every other item of such matter, will be
furnished by gentlemen of the highest qualifications.

Among the Writers of its LEADING ARTICLES, its Critics on BOOKS, the DRAMA, MUSIC, and the
FIVE ARTS, are some of the most distinguished names of this time.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT of THE DAILY NEWS will be under the direction of Mr. CHARLES
DICKENS.

As a Journal addressing itself to MEN of BUSINESS in all parts of the World, particular attention will be
paid to the arrangement of its ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Office for Advertisements intended for insertion in THE DAILY NEWS, will be at No. 30, Fleet-street,
London. All Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Publishing Office, Whitefriars.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS.—NEW MUSIC
FOR PIANOFORTE.

THE PIANISTA, No. 63, contains
"The Royal British Navy," and
"Welsh" Quadrilles, now playing at
the Promenade Concerts. The two sets
of music, by J. C. Johnson, Esq., No. 62, con-
tains, "The Royal British Navy," and
songs for 1s. No. 61, Music in Marble
Maiden, 1s. No. 60, the Mazurka
Polka and Quadrille in "The Devil
to Pay" (Diable a quatre) now playing at Drury Lane
and all the theatres. No. 59, contains the whole
opera of "Sonnambula." 2s. No. 57, Ditto, "Fra
Diavolo," 2s., or the Nos. from 57 to 62, in splendid bind-
ing, as a Christmas or New Year's present, for 10s. Sent
carriage free by post to any part of the Kingdom for a Post-
office order for 12s., in favour of the editor, 67, Paternoster-
row.

TO FLUTE PLAYERS.

THE FLUTONIAN for Dec., No. 145, price 6d., contains
the music in "Le Diable a quatre." No. 143, contains
the opera of "Sonnambula." No. 142, "Fra Diavolo."
No. 97, Norma. All the Nos. contain the gems of an
opera, or equivalent, for 6d. To the flute player, as
recreation, the popular song of "Love and the Lark" is
invaluable. The whole Nos. in 12 vols. for Four Guineas,
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and upwards of eight other melodies. The whole for 2d.
Complete sets, or single numbers may be had at the
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Basilisk-fields Burial-ground; 21, Percy-street, Tottenham-
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