

**Mr. C. POWELL** said, a few nights ago he had taken the liberty of calling the attention of the right hon. the Home Secretary to a statement in a newspaper, which excited in his mind feelings very different from those which appeared to be exhibited by the right hon. baronet, and very different from which he manifested at accounts in Irish newspapers of Irish outrages. It appeared from a Sheffield paper that very great devastation had been caused there, that town by an infernal machine. After reading the statement referred to, the hon. member said, it appeared from that account that detection was not more easy in Sheffield than in London. He said nothing more.

Baronett appeared to receive the statement with an incredulous smile, but he had reason to believe that since the night on, Baronett considered the matter to be more serious. It had been inquired into by the local magistrates, who deemed it highly probable that some remedy should be applied, and under these circumstances he wished to know from the right hon. baronet whether he intended to introduce a clause into the Irish Coercion Bill providing for the protection of life and the prevention of assassinations.

Sir J. GRAMAM admitted the correctness of the statement; at the same time he was bound to say that he was not aware of any only one case in which the crimes of this description were committed; and with respect to Sheffield, he could also state with satisfaction that the mayor and common council, who were chosen under a system of a largely-distributed suffrage in that city, had corresponded with the Government, and asked for the assistance of the Government, in order to get rid of the cause of the crime, and to bring to justice of that terrible offence should be brought to justice. (Hear, hear.) The representatives of Sheffield had communicated with the Government, and it appeared that all the most respectable inhabitants of the town concurred in the desire that the perpetrators of this crime might be discovered and brought to punishment. The working classes also, understanding that if this crime were not put an end to the trade of the town would be ruined, and it is desired that the perpetrators of this infamous offence be brought to justice. (Hear, hear.) A large reward for the discovery of the offenders had been offered, and Government had instituted such proceedings as they thought were calculated to bring to justice the perpetrators of this crime. He hoped to be pardoned to include Sheffield in the Irish bill, but he would say, that if the law as it stood should be found inadequate to put an end to the perpetration of this offence, and any additional legal measure should be necessary for its prevention, he should not hesitate to propose any measure which he might propose such measure to the house. (Hear, hear.)

Messrs. PARKER and WARD, the Borough members, corroborated the remarks of the Home Secretary as to the feeling of the inhabitants on the subject.

**PROTECTION OF LIFE IN IRELAND BILL.**

The order of the day was then read, and the adjourned debate was resumed.

Mr. McCARTHY declared his intention of giving every opposition to this bill, which, in point of fact, was a bill to give the English and Scotch the same view. He then entered into an historical account of the English conquest of Ireland, for the purpose of explaining the source of the agrarian outrages which afflicted and disgraced the country. He called upon Sir R. Peel to do justice to his popular name, and to show that the agrarian outrages which he called had a great difficulty—would be come an impossibility for his administration. Upon that Irish rock Administration after Administration had gone to pieces—each in its turn had left it sinking in the Irish mid; *ominisque in vulnere posuit*. He then said that the English Government had made a mistake in not making the English Government to look go rightly to work. He called upon them to take to that country, not as a battle field in which adverse parties were to contend for pre-eminence, but to look upon it as a portion of this great Empire—a portion on whose success must depend the success of the whole. He then said that he had tried coercion—they had from time to time exhausted all the resources of force and penal legislation. Had they ever tried simple justice? (Cheers.) Even in this, the eleventh hour, let them not be afraid to retrace their steps—he felt ashamed to turn back. He then said that he had tried simple justice, unconnected with either of the great parties that governed it,—with neither Whig nor Tory had he any ties. He belonged to an ancient race whom all those parties had in turn persecuted and despised. (Hear, hear.) When they entered Ireland, they found a people who were not divided into parties, but into a unity. After a series of conquests, continued throughout centuries, they succeeded in putting them down and now, after the lapse of 200 years, he, one of their descendants, had, for the first time, the privilege of holding a seat in the great council of the nation, and

which he entertained in reference to the country of his birth. (Hear, hear.) He begged to say to the right hon. baronet at the head of the government that he was in sympathy with those admirations the firmness and decision with which on the subject of the land, he had shaken himself clean from all parties. (Hear, hear.) He had observed with satisfaction that when the great commercial interests of this country were at stake, the Government had not hesitated to consider measures which swayed and controlled ordinary minds. He had disregarded them to obtain what appeared to him to be a great national good, and he had shown wisdom and ability in his projects of redress; projects which he believed would be the means of the rehabilitation of the country. (Cheers.) Now, he called upon the right hon. baronet to exhibit the same wisdom and firmness in dealing with the affairs of Ireland; he asked him not to follow the track of the Government, but to lead it, to lead it to the right steps or adopt their half measures; but let him take the same comprehensive view of Irish grievances which he had done of commercial policy. (Cheers.) He would be his own counsel, leaving supplied the Government with what he felt to be the right and political evils of Ireland, and there emulate him. (Loud Cheering.)

Mr. BAILEY requested the bill.

The hon. member defended the landlords of Ireland from the imputations made against them. The course he had adopted towards Ireland was very different from that recommended by Her Majesty's Ministers. He would put down with a strong hand and maintain against them, and every species of opposition which kept the people discontented and dissatisfied. He would also put it down in all miscellaneous

Mr. HAYES, after observing that little good had hitherto been derived from the strong and vigorous measures which Colonel Verner and his party had recommended for the Government of Ireland, contended that nothing could justify this bill except a pressing and overwhelming necessity. He showed that the undetected crimes committed in Ireland were fewer now than they had been in former times. There had been a decrease of 28 per cent. in the amount of murders committed, and of 531 per cent. in the amount of the attempts at murder in 1846, as compared with the number of such crimes committed in 1818. He contended that the Government had neglected to take any measures for the suppression of crime, and that the Government had trampled over the heads of the people, and had trampled to the Royal Assent from the first down to the last.

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icular measure, at variance as it was with the ordinary principles of law, would be effectual for its object. In a speech of great length the right hon. baronet addressed himself successfully to prove these propositions, and justified the bill as even more necessary for the protection of the poor than of the rich. He

jurisdiction of the Committee of Selection. Up to the 12th of February last there was no stringent rule for the compulsory attendance of members on committees. It was not until the 13th of February that the question whether you could delegate to a committee the power possessed by the house of punishing a contempt of its orders by imprisonment, there was a statute power to compel the attendance of any member who refused to come, such power to compel their attendance on committees. Mr. S. O'Brien had been guilty of nothing but a breach of an order of a secondary jurisdiction arising out of another jurisdiction recently created, and the House of Commons was not bound by the terms of his letters, and was not to censure the authority of the house.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the question of the House of Commons had assumed a very serious character, in consequence of the considerations with which Mr. O'Connell had connected it—for the house was now called upon to consider not merely whether Mr. O'Connell refused obedience to its orders, but whether he refused obedience to the orders of members independent of its control, who could refuse attendance upon all committees not connected with the country which they belonged. He could not understand any objection which Mr. O'Connell could put on an objection which Mr. O'Connell put on the ground that the article of the article of that Union, was enacted that the three kingdoms should be represented in one Parliament, to be called the im-

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well, for a cheap, speedy, and effectual remedy.



## Poetry.

## BEAUTES OF BYRON.

## "THE PRISONER OF CHILLOM."

This powerful and beautiful poem becomes a subject deeply interesting to the living tomb of the sufferings of a noble man buried in the living tomb of a dungeon for a long series of years for the "crime" of holding.

The hero of the story is no fictitious character, but one who really suffered perhaps all that the poet has described—perhaps more than even so great a poet could imagine. The poem will make the name of Byron immortal.

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To him his dungeon was a gift,  
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This last perishes first, the poet here describes his death and Bonnivard's agony—

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I said his night heart beat,  
He loathed and put away his food,  
It was not that "was coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hater's fare,  
And for the like had little care,  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for such as captives eat,  
Our bread was such as captives eat,  
Have moisture'd many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould,  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain side;  
But why delay the truth?—he died,  
I saw, and could not hold his hand,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
To reach and grasp my bonds in twain.  
He died—and then his heart beat,  
And scoop'd from him a shallow grave,  
Even from the cold earth of our cave,  
I beg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
His corpse in dust where the day  
Might shine—a foolish thought,  
The fat and turban'd man took,  
That even in death his form should rest  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer—  
They could laugh'd—and laid him there,  
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Next, the youngest brother died—  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see a human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mode!  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,  
I've seen the cheek and glossy hair  
Of sin, delicious to the sight;  
But these were horrors—such was woe  
Umid'd with such—but sure and slow;  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly won, so sweetly won,  
So tender, yet so tender—kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
While all the while a cheek whose bloom  
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A groan or his unfeeling lip—  
A little talk of heaven or hell—  
A little hope my own to lose,  
For I was sunk in silence—lost  
In this last loss of all the most;  
And then the sight he would suppress  
Of nature's feeblest features,  
More slowly dawn'd, more slowly less:  
I listen'd, but I could not hear—  
I call'd, for I was with fear,  
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dream  
Would not be thus dismissed;  
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
And rushed to him—I found him not,  
I only liv'd—in this black spot,  
I only liv'd—in this black spot,  
The accused began to dungeoned;  
The last, the sole—the dearest link  
Between me and the eternal brick,  
Which bound me to my falling race,  
Was broken in this fatal place.  
One on the earth, my brother—  
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I crave but that which tyrants fight  
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Nature's first boon, man's dearest gift,  
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a colour so local, with a truth so striking, that every reader may say, in several instances at least, "That is what I have seen; that is what one sees every day!" This manner may seem as dramatic as the subject, but it is not; it is a subject so deeply interesting to the living tomb of the sufferings of a noble man buried in the living tomb of a dungeon for a long series of years for the "crime" of holding.

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## Reviews.

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This is a new romance, from the pen of our French friend, M. Michelot, which we recommend to our readers who understand the French language. We submit an extract from one of the French papers in the following terms:—

The romance has in an extraordinary manner developed itself in our days, all ideas of reform and progress are now made to appear under this form, in order to penetrate more easily among the masses of society. A romance, made to the writers of this kind of books is that they place their heroes in circumstances so exceptional, that among readers it is a common saying, "This happens only in romance." This is a great fault; M. Michelot has happily avoided it.

Indeed, from the beginning, he seems so thoroughly into the realities of life, that one is tempted to believe it is writing the memoirs of some person and not a romance. In painting, for instance, the habits of the aristocracy, their exactions, the partiality of certain magistrates, the absurdity of imprisonment for debt, the vices of several orders, the great number of the abuses of which he is a victim, he represents his personages, their actions, their good or bad qualities, with

a colour so local, with a truth so striking, that every reader may say, in several instances at least, "That is what I have seen; that is what one sees every day!" This manner may seem as dramatic as the subject, but it is not; it is a subject so deeply interesting to the living tomb of the sufferings of a noble man buried in the living tomb of a dungeon for a long series of years for the "crime" of holding.

The hero of the story is no fictitious character, but one who really suffered perhaps all that the poet has described—perhaps more than even so great a poet could imagine. The poem will make the name of Byron immortal.

The story describes three brothers (BONNIVARD was the eldest) "in a dungeon cast," the youngest was a gentle being, the image of his mother "beautiful as day," with eyes as blue as heaven; "the other was as pure in mind as the hills."

Had followed the deer and wolf;  
To him his dungeon was a gift,  
And fetter'd feet the worst ofills.

This last perishes first, the poet here describes his death and Bonnivard's agony—

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his night heart beat,  
He loathed and put away his food,  
It was not that "was coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hater's fare,  
And for the like had little care,  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for such as captives eat,  
Our bread was such as captives eat,  
Have moisture'd many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould,  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain side;  
But why delay the truth?—he died,  
I saw, and could not hold his hand,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
To reach and grasp my bonds in twain.  
He died—and then his heart beat,  
And scoop'd from him a shallow grave,  
Even from the cold earth of our cave,  
I beg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
His corpse in dust where the day  
Might shine—a foolish thought,  
The fat and turban'd man took,  
That even in death his form should rest  
In such a dungeon could not rest.

Next, the youngest brother died—

He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see a human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mode!  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,  
I've seen the cheek and glossy hair  
Of sin, delicious to the sight;  
But these were horrors—such was woe  
Umid'd with such—but sure and slow;  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly won, so sweetly won,  
So tender, yet so tender—kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
While all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tint as gently sunk away  
As a departing soul—  
As a young man's transparent light,  
That almost made the dungeon bright,  
And not a word of murmur—  
A groan or his unfeeling lip—  
A little talk of heaven or hell—  
A little hope my own to lose,  
For I was sunk in silence—lost  
In this last loss of all the most;  
And then the sight he would suppress  
Of nature's feeblest features,  
More slowly dawn'd, more slowly less:  
I listen'd, but I could not hear—  
I call'd, for I was with fear,  
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dream  
Would not be thus dismissed;  
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
And rushed to him—I found him not,  
I only liv'd—in this black spot,  
I only liv'd—in this black spot,  
The accused began to dungeoned;  
The last, the sole—the dearest link  
Between me and the eternal brick,  
Which bound me to my falling race,  
Was broken in this fatal place.  
One on the earth, my brother—  
My brother—  
I look'd that hand which lay so still,  
Alas! my own was full as still;  
I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
But felt that I was still alive—  
A frantic feeling, when I heard  
That what we were shall never be so.

I know not why  
I could not die,  
I had no earthly hope, but faith,  
And that forbade a selfish death.  
It is truly remarkable by Sir Walter Scott, that "it is no wonder to find this is the sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which the poet describes the victim to have suffered."

Passages of wonderful power and beauty crowd upon us, but we must forbear to quote further, instead, externally recommending our readers to read the poem itself. One word to a word to the coincident sneers, and over-righteous revilers—Could any man but a poet of the highest order have written "The Prisoner of Chillom"—could such a work be written by a man possessed a corrupted heart? Imbeciles and Mawworms, answer if you can!

## SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

## NO. XII.

THE LAND! THE LAND FOR ME!  
Let monarchs revel in their might  
And mighty Empires sway,  
Let millions robb'd of native right  
Be slaves to those who rule the day;  
They who delight to worship dross  
Deserve not to be free,  
Content to live in landless homes—  
The Land! the Land for me!

I envy not a monarch's state,  
I spurn the badge he wears;  
I fight with him, and I will hate,  
This tyrant on human tears.  
I crave but that which tyrants fight  
From those who should be free,  
Nature's first boon, man's dearest gift,  
The Land! the Land for me!

The pomp of Kings I scorn to seek,  
I wish alone to be a man;  
Yet while I toil the right to reap  
The blessings of the soil,  
I ask no gold, no dazzling peer,  
The bright and fair to see,  
Let all the world be rich in health,  
The Land! the Land for me!

My wish is not the longing love  
Of Peer or Priestly dross;  
The freedom—peace—a vote—a cot,  
And plot of ground my own;  
Then while I toil the right to reap,  
This, this my song shall be,  
With pomp and pelf away,  
The Land! the Land for me!

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In any shape, in any mode!  
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I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
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Of sin, delicious to the sight;  
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One on the earth, my brother—  
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I look'd that hand which lay so still







**FURIOUS RIDING.**—At the Bow-street Police-office, on Wednesday, George Ellis, a messenger employed at the *Sun* newspaper-office, appeared upon his recognizances, before Mr. Henry, to answer a complaint preferred against him by Mr. Catepale, a silver-smith, 120, Regent-street, for having on the 31-st of March, ridden over him and his wife in the Strand, where by they sustained considerable injuries. The magistrate decided on sending the case before a jury.











