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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY, is published every SATURDAY MORNING, at the low price of $2 per annum, in advance. 10 copies for $15, or 20 copies for $24.

THE TRIBUNE.

Spirit of the Irish Press and People.

We give two specimens of Poetry from the last numbers of the Dublin Nation. We also subjoin some additional items taken from the latest foreign papers, generally, for which we could not hitherto make room, but which will satisfy the general reader as well as any equal amount of matter we could select. Every country is too much in the habit of thinking and speaking about itself as if there was no other place worthy of attention.

☞ We think we can see something "National" in "Fanny Dear."

I.

Bright fairies by Glengariff's bay,
Soft woods that o'er Killarney sway,
Bold echoes born in Ceim an-eigh,
Your kinsman's greeting, hear.
He asks you, by old friendship's name,
By all the rights that minstrels claim,
For Erin's joy and Desmond's fame,
Be kind to Fanny dear.

II.

Her eyes are darker than Dunloe—
Her soul is whiter than the snow—
Her tresses like the arbutus flow—
Her step life frighted deer.
Then, still thy waves capricious lake!
And ceaseless soft winds round her wake!
Yet never bring a cloud to break
The smile of Fanny dear.

III.

Oh! let her see the trance-bound men,
And kiss the red-deer in his den,
And spy from out a hazel glen
O'Donoghue appear—
Or, should she roam by wild Dunbwee,
Or, send the maiden to her knee;
I sung whilom—but then, ah! me,
I knew not Fanny dear.

IV.

Old Mangerton! thine eagle's plume—
Dear Innisfallen! brighter bloom—
And Mucruss! whisper thro' the gloom,
Quaint legends to her ear;
Till, strong as ash-tree in its pride,
And gay as sunbeam on the tide,
We welcome back to Liffey's side,
Our brightest, Fanny dear.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF '82.

I.

Mother—dear mother, tell me what meant the proud array [mountain way
Of armed men and prancing steeds which passed you
And who was he of noble mein and brow of lordly pride,
Who rode, like warrior chief of old, that gallant band beside?

II.

Marked you how lighted up his eye, as in the noonday sun [ished gun,
Their silken banners fluttered wide and flashed each pol-
And how with gentle courtesy he oft and lowly bowed,
As rang the brazen trumpets out and cheered th' assembled crowd?

III.

Methinks the Spartan chief, who fell at famed Thermopylæ,
Of whom we read but yesternight, was such a man as he—
The same proud port and eagle eye—the same determined frown,
And supple arm to shield a friend or strike a foeman down.

IV.

And then those troops as on they passed, in proud and glittering show, [foe
Seemed worthy of the chief who led—'twere pity of the
Who roused to wrath their slumb'ring might, or wronged our own green land— [brand.
I'd promise them a scattered host with many shivered

V.

You're right, dear Mabel, for the chief who leads that warrior host [pride and boast;
Is Grattan—high and honoured name—thy country's
And they whose closely marshalled ranks the people hailed with cheers,
Thy country's soldier-citizens—the gallant Volunteers.

VI.

Then why, dear mother—tell me why those Volunteers arose?
Was it to guard some sacred right, or to repel our foes?
For I have heard my father say he dreaded England's word [sword.
And English perfidy far more than foreign foeman's

VII.

They rose to guard from foreign foes—as well from British guiles—
Thy liberties and mine, my child, and all within this Isle
To make this glorious land of ours—those hills we love so well, [might dwell.
A fitting home and resting place where freedom's foot

VIII.

They rose and swore by Freedom's name, by kindred, and by kind, [should bind—
No foreign rule, no foreign guile, their country's limbs
That she should stand erect and fair, as in the olden time,
The loveliest 'mong the nations—of Ocean's Isles the prime.

IX.

That they have nobly kept this pledge, bear witness one and all,
The bootless plots of England, the baffled hosts of Gaul,
That they may long be spared to guard our country's rights divine, [it is mine.
Should be your prayer at night and morn, my child, as
M. O'B

☞ There is good prose, as well as good poetry, in the Nation. We make some extracts, beginning with one from O'Connell's speech at the Repeal meeting on the 19th ult. We have already said that Mr. O'Callaghan had presented a song which contained some warlike sentiments, similar to those uttered at the last Repeal meeting in Tammany Hall. Mr. O'Connell said:

"The musicks of a battle song—a warlike song—an incitation to fight. Though it came from a respectable gentleman, it came from him in a total mistake of the principles of this Association (hear, hear). We are not a fighting body—we are a peaceable body. Our mode of success is not to be through strife or violence, but through the peaceable exhibition of the mind of the people of Ireland. On the contrary, so far from being inclined to strife, I would not accept the Repeal of the Union at the price of one single drop of human blood. I am an apostle of that sect, that believe and preach that the greatest possible amelioration of human institutions can be obtained by strictly legal and moral means, and my own personal experience confirms me in my opinion of its utility. By this means we obtained emancipation; by this means, and no other, we succeeded in the struggle for emancipation, and by this means, and no other we can and will achieve Repeal (cheers). This song, therefore, as a war song, is totally out of place. It is a direct contradiction of our principles; and I am astonished that Mr. O'Callaghan does not know us better, and that he is not convinced that the moment the Association perceived what the nature of his present was, that moment they would repudiate it, not with scorn, but with some indignation (hear). I don't like to apply harsh words to a gentleman of Mr. O'Callaghan's station; but this I say, that no man could be more grossly mistaken than he was in thinking that we would accept such a present from him (hear).—I am sure the motion will not require a seconder when I propose that Mr. Ray should send back to Mr. O'Callaghan his song and letter, stating that he totally misconceives our principles if he thought we would approve of it, and that if he joined us, thinking we did, the sooner he ceases to be a member of the association the better. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I mean him no disparagement. I am no judge of the music, but as to the poetry, it is not very splendid, and I have certainly read better as to the matter of rhythm and rhyme (hear, hear). I move that this song and letter be sent back to Mr. O'Callaghan, and that he be informed that if he conceived this song was consistent with the principles of the association, he should cease to be a member. (hear, hear)."

The resolution was carried amidst loud cheers."

We clip the following noble passages from his great speech at Navan, on the 22d of May, where, it is calculated, a hundred thousand persons assembled after the religious services on the hill of Tara.

There are two circumstances in this locality or vicinage that I think particularly deserving of notice. The first is this most pleasing fact: at every former demonstration of attachment to our country and decoration of the houses of Kells, the Protestant inhabitants took on part in the festivities—while their neighbors decorated their houses, they left theirs in a kind of barren sterility. If, I may use the term—I am not using it in any unpleasant sense. But I have now the happiness to tell you that almost every Protestant in Kells decorated his house on this occasion (cheers). Only one or two of the Protestant inhabitants did not do so, and while I respect those two individuals who had the firmness to adhere to their former opinions and show their adhesion, I love and value those who formerly had not joined with us, but who now join with us heartily in the national cause. I thank the Protestants of Kells—I thank them most heartily, and I am delighted to find they are beginning to perceive that which all the Protestants of Ireland must soon acknowledge, that their cause and ours for Repeal is one—that we are not looking for advantages for our own persuasion alone, but seeking that Irishmen of every creed, of every class, and of every description shall equally participate in the benefits of the Repeal of the Union. While I speak with satisfaction of the fact, there is another circumstance that fills me with disgust and considerable anger. I am told that in the division of Screen, in this county Ribbonism has been introduced amongst the people. I hate Ribbonism in my heart; it is good for nothing but low publicans, who by it induce whisky drinkers to go to their houses.—Now, men of Meath, let me tell you what brought me here (cries of you are welcome). I humbly thank you. I came here to help you to carry out the Repeal of the Union. Is there any man here against it? (cries of no.) Let every man who is for Repeal hold up his hand (thousands of hands were lifted up). Why I believe you have five hands a piece for the Repeal (cheers and laughter). When any man asks you why you wish for the Repeal, tell him that I told you the reason. In the first place, Ireland has as good a right to a parliament as England. The English are in nothing our superiors—they are, in many things, our inferiors (hear, hear). They are not equal to us in temperance—they are not equal to us in the social virtues—they are not equal to us in the purity of our women—they are not superior to us in the bravery of our men (hear, hear, and cheers). We are their equals at the least—we are their superiors in many things, and in nothing more completely than this. I don't care whether the man be a Protestant or Catholic that sets listening to me—I defy him to deny that a more beautiful spectacle was ever afforded in the history of mankind than was presented during 300 years of the bitterest persecution by the Catholic people of Ireland.

At the time of the Clare election a resolution was entered into that there should be no violence displayed, and that the people should drink nothing while the election continued, but water. There was a poor fellow named Clune who was the head of a faction near Six-mile-bridge, and there was another man named Shepherd who was in the interest of our opponents, and who was at the head of another faction. After peace was proclaimed by us, Clune was coming into town very quietly, having drank only a cup of water. He met Shepherd, who came up to him and said, "I believe you are drunk?" "You lie," said Clune, "I am not drunk, nor will I be drunk until O'Connell is elected." "You are a scoundrel then," said Shepherd, who wanted to provoke him, and gave him a box on the cheek. Clune wiped it with his coat, and then said, "I'll tell you what, Shepherd, I have but one pig at home; I'll sell it for a pound, and I will hand that to you if you give me a blow on the cheek the week after the election."—Oh! there is no taking in the Irish. Shepherd did not like to make any such bargain—for a reason he had; and I promise you he kept out of Clune's way for many a long day after that, having before his eyes a salutary and commendable fear of something that might possibly befall him if he went too near his foe. Every man of you will act just now as Clune did in '28—(yes, yes.) Yes, I know you will. We will have no violence—no tumult—no turbulence. Peace, order, perseverance, coalition—these shall be our watch-words. See what has happened in Kells. Would your Protestant neighbors there have adorned their houses this morning, think you, if the Catholics had insulted them, or treated them with discourtesy on occasion of our Repeal demonstration in the county Meath last year? In the House of Commons they had the audacity to declare that Repeal was on the decrease. A moon-calf of a fellow who represents Cornwall—(I forget his name—it is no matter)—told his constituents the other day that the Peel ministry was a glorious ministry, a magnificent ministry—and why think you? Because they had put down O'Connell and Repeal. Did you ever hear anything like that in the whole course of your lives? Put me down! Do I look as if I had been put down?—Oh! men of Ireland, be faithful to me, for thus you will be faithful to yourselves (hear, and cries of, we will, we will). Persevere with me—persevere manfully, unflinchingly with me, and as sure as to-morrow's sun shall rise, so sure shall the day arrive when plenty, peace, prosperity, and happiness shall visit your lovely land, and dwell amongst you for ever. The mother will look gladfully, not despairingly on her merry offspring—the father, after a day of well remunerated toil, will return with a smile upon his face to his comfortable cottage; and, oh! when at the close of day he and his little family address their supplications to the throne of Infinite mercy, perhaps it is not too much for me to hope, that they may mention in their prayers the name of him who would die willingly for Ireland, and who lives only to achieve her freedom.

The following is the closing of his speech on the 30th of May:—

The progress we have already made does but impose on us the duty of renewed and more vigorous exertion.—That man is not an Irishman—he is not a human being—he is but a creeping creature—a reptile—who does not feel himself animated by the love of country—whose spirit does not exult when he finds that his exertions in her behalf have been successful—whose heart does not expand when he sees that the cause of Ireland can be won and that it is in the power of his countrymen to achieve the freedom of their native land if they will but determine on it. Oh, is it not a delightful thing to struggle for our native land. It is a beautiful spectacle to see a nation coming forward as Ireland now does in the cause of her nationality—in the utter absence of all crime or violence—without being guilty of the slightest offence against the laws of God or man—without brooking the thought of shedding a single drop of human blood. Yes, it is, indeed, a magnificent spectacle. There is nothing in the beauties of nature that will bear comparison with it. Even in the arrangements of cities, great towns, and splendid palaces there is no beauty that can be compared to the grandeur of such a spectacle. Oh! I rejoice that I have lived to take part in so ennobling a struggle. It is the boast, the pride, the happiness of my existence to have taken part in it, and from this spot I invite others to participate in the delightful sensations that result from the consciousness that we are working for the benefit of our native land. I call upon the old to countenance the juvenile exertions—I call upon sturdy manhood to stand forward in defence of fatherland—I call upon all men, of all parties, of all ages to stand together shoulder to shoulder, and to combine in the effort to circulate the moral electricity of public opinion throughout the land, until that electricity becomes so powerful as to make resistance impossible, and our triumph inevitably certain. What country ever held so proud a position as Ireland now holds? What country was ever engaged in so noble a struggle? We were the first country to prove to the world this glorious proposition, that the melioration of human institutions may be accomplished by peaceful and constitutional agencies. I am the first apostle of that sect of politicians, who hold that by truth and reason, and through the means of public opinion being brought to bear upon the judgment of men, a more glorious triumph may be achieved than any that could be accomplished by the sword. Long have I preached the doctrine that the progress of society—the melioration of our institutions, and the restoration of our domestic government may be secured by such means. Oh, I feel delighted in my mind at the demonstration that has this day been made, and every hour that passes makes me still more confidently assured, in the hope of complete and immediate success.

Oh, may I not, without presumption, venture to anticipate the moment when in the parliament of College-green, some countryman of mine inspired with a feeling of overwhelming gratitude for my services may hail me by the cherished name of "Liberator," and parodying the words of the Poet exclaim!

"Lo! the Union prostrate in the dust,
Ireland again is free!"

The LIBERATOR sat down amid the most rapturous demonstration of applause.

In a speech made on the 26th of May he said:—"I hold no man to be a true Catholic who is not tolerant." He advocated religious education for each persuasion, according to the wish of the parents. At the same meeting he stated that the Irish are better educated than any people on the face of the earth. They know the value of peaceable means. This, continued he, "is the only efficacious mode of action; but if not efficacious, *I would rather sink into perpetual slavery than that one drop of human blood should be shed.*"

Here are his opinions on Education:

Education does not consist merely in literature—it is not in Greek, or Latin, or science, or algebra, or any branch of mathematics or natural philosophy that education alone consists—no, education should form the mind, elevate the heart, direct the judgment, give to genius its wing, and to talent its display—education should confirm morality, give a zest to the finest feelings of humanity, and to religion an impulse. But if there be an education that tends to corrupt and to poison the source of literature by making the youth subservient—if there be that kind of education that, instead of ennobling the mind, enriches the pocket at the expense of the integrity—if there be that kind of education that vitiates and contaminates—that makes the sycophant and the slave—that gives temptation to the renegade, and a bribe to the deserter from his conscience and his faith—if there be education of that kind, and the minister offers it to us, I would speak not of his bounty, but of the curse he would inflict on the country by such an education, and I am proud there are shields that will uphold and protect the youth of the nation as if an angel's wing were spread over the land, in whose shadows every virtue will be cultivated, piety made permanent, religion announce its commands, and knowledge and information be made subservient to salvation. No man can exaggerate the value of education; it changes the being from the brute without understanding and without mind into the philosopher, the sage, the poet, and the astronomer. Its wonders are as great as they are multifarious, and that man is not a human being who does not appreciate its value, and rejoice at every facility afforded for its acquisition.

The following sentiments we take from some of his recent speeches:

If I am impertinent, all I can say is, that the position to which the kindness and confidence of my countrymen have advanced me, is such as almost to warrant me in being impertinent.

I want to have Repeal reading-rooms in every village, or at least in every parish in this fertile and most lovely and (hear and cheers). Whatever locality sends up £10 to the Association will be supplied with a newspaper, and as many books as possible. It is most essential that there should be a large number of Repeal reading-rooms throughout Ireland.

England stands in this predicament—her minister is in what the Americans, not very gracefully, but very truly, call "a fix;" he is all powerful against his antagonists in parliament, but he wants to know what is to be done for Ireland. Would he be so kind as to ask me? Indeed I can tell him at once. I heard a little bird whisper Repeal.

I find that Lord Ingestrie, in the House of Commons, talks of the ministry having vindicated the majesty of the law! Majesty of the law, forsooth! Trying a man with a packed jury—thrusting him by the neck into a gaol without warranty or authority, and then flinging open the prison gate one fine morning, saying, "be so good as to walk out, you had no business to be here at all"—that's what they call vindicating the majesty of the law. That reminds me that one day as I was going to court, I saw a bailiff dragging an unfortunate debtor to prison. His wife and children were screaming after him. I turned to my companion, who was a lawyer, and observed that that was a pitiable sight. "Oh, not at all," said he, "it is a sublime spectacle—that bailiff is vindicating the majesty of the law!"

Sir Robert Peel came into office by one hundred majority—bound together by no Popery zeal and hatred of Ireland. Is he now the hater of Ireland or the advocate of No Popery—or exclaiming against the horrible breach by the Catholics, of the second commandment, for he was the man who took a short Catholic catechism out of his pocket and accused the Catholics of striking out one of the commandments. He was the very same man who came into office with all this power—and what is he doing now? No Whig administration that ever existed could do one-half of what he is doing for Ireland.

Oh! what a delightful scene do we this evening contemplate! In what a presence are we assembled!—Look around—what a fairy palace do we stand in here! Yes, a fairy palace, and here (pointing to the ladies) are the fairy sylphs, whose bright eyes and sunny smiles shed effulgence around us, animating the young to deeds of lofty enterprise, and solacing the hearts of the old—Who is there that, in such a presence, would dare to be a coward or falter in the cause of his country?

IRISH DEATHS.—On the 15th ult. after a few hours' illness, at the residence of his brother, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A. in Cavendish Square, London, George Shee, Esq. aged 80. This venerable gentleman had not visited his native land since the year 1800, at which time he left Ireland, making a vow that he never would return till the Parliament of Ireland was restored. He kept his vow, although five and forty years have elapsed since he made it, and there were few who more ardently loved the land of his nativity. Mr. Shee resolved not again to tread on Irish earth, till he might walk the land a freeman.

Sir Arthur Brooke Falkner, at his villa, Evington, near Cheltenham. Sir Arthur had retired for some years from medical practice, in which he had been eminent at Cheltenham.

April 29, at Ballyhaft, Robert Orr Black, Esq. aged 84 years. He was nearly the last of the Society of Volunteers.

May 15, in his 85th year, Henry Bigley, Esq. of the Kent road, late of the Ordinance office, Tower. He studied the profession of the law under the late Robert Lyons, Esq. of Slygo, and was on the rolls of the Irish law courts.

Very Rev. Mr. O'Connell, V. G. P. of Mitchelstown. He died on Thursday, after a very short illness, having been only a few days previously attacked with typhus fever. He had for a number of years held as Vicar General a very influential position in the diocese of Cloyne.

We find in the Irish papers these two romantic marriages:

May 12, in the parish church of Fintona, by Rev. Thomas Mounsell, Mr. William Glass, of Tullyrush, to Alley Fleming. The happy bridegroom is 85 years of age.

At Florence Court, by Rev. Thomas Jebb, Mr. Thomas Johnston, aged 79 years, to Miss Margaret Monaghan, of Curragh, aged 18 years.

☞ Mr. Fitzroy Kelley, M. P., has been appointed standing counsel to the Bank of England.

☞ *Michael Angelo* Hayes is the name of the Secretary of the Society of Irish Artists.

☞ The following is an advertisement in the Dublin Nation:—"Received—The five pound restitution money."

☞ The principal objection of the Irish to the New College Bill is, that by the tenth clause it leaves the appointing power in the hands of the Minister of the day. That is too anti-Democratic.

The total number of committals in Ireland, for all offences, during the year 1844, was 19,448, a decrease of 678 compared with 1843. Of these, 5,482 were for offences against the person accompanied with violence, and of these 129 were for murder.

Measles and small-pox are very prevalent at Killrush, in the County Clare.

According to the *Cork Reporter*, Mr. Wyse, M. P. and Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, are likely to be appointed principals of two of the projected colleges in Ireland.

We understand that Miss Dawson, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the late Hon. Lionel and the Lady Elizabeth Dawson, has been appointed one of her Majesty's maids of honor. Miss Dawson is niece of the Marquis of Westmeath and of the Earl of Portarlington

Some one who cannot spell, and who writes insolence in bad English, has attacked us for praising Irish music. He asks—"Was there ever an Irish composer? Aye! Carolan was one, and Lyons another, and O'Cathair another, and there were a hundred nameless men beside, who composed the most haughty and sustained marches, and the tenderest love-tunes, and the deepest dirges, ever heard by mortal ears. The names of these great geniuses, like those of the authors of the *Border Ballads*, of the *Songs of the Clé*, and, indeed, of the fountain works in most countries, are gone; but, thank Heaven! their creations are here. If we could reveal the direction of the chap who sent the letter, (we tore his letter in disgust), we would recommend him for a settlement in a Connaught bog. Let us add, for even his sake, that Beethoven, and the greatest foreign composers, delighted in the Irish music. Handel said he would sooner have composed "Aileen Aroon" than all his music. [Nation.

The Hibernian Academy opened yesterday. We had only time to glance around its walls, but we thought we saw the best exhibitions ever presented in it. MACLISE, DANBY, BURTON, ROTHWELL, MOORE and FOLEY, have contributed to it; and we never felt such hope of Irish ART as now. [Nation, May 24.

Our townsman, Mr. D. Macdonald, has had the honor of taking the likeness of the Princess Mary, youngest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. This likeness has elicited high encomiums from her illustrious parents for its truthfulness and finish. Mr. Macdonald has received orders for likenesses from the Marchioness of Anglesey, Lady Douro, and other members of the English nobility. [Cork Constitution.

The emigration from this port to America still continues unabated; our streets are filled daily with carts, loaded with the goods of persons leaving their native country to seek a livelihood in the back woods of the States, and we are sorry to say the emigration is not confined to mere laborers and their children, but numbers of small farmers apparently of good means are flying from their native country, despairing of being able to provide for themselves and their little families at home.—[Sligo Champion.

MISCELLANEOUS COMPILATION.

Is this Prose or Poetry?

RAILROAD SPECULATORS.—The night was stormy and dark. The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark. Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street. The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clattering to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet: He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags Came out of a shop for gin. Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears?—Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction Line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim. "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; I always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no share," Says Jim, "for all your boast;" "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot—I say Let's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and cost, And thought of railroad specs, And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere, I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share. In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, and every rogue has a chance." [Punch.

Lord A. Harvey is the only barrister at the English bar who can be addressed as 'my lord.' His lordship goes the Norfolk circuit.

Ceylon papers relate a circumstance which will cause some astonishment in England, more especially as it is understood that on a former occasion the home authorities were not backward in showing their displeasure. Certain Siamese priests went to Kandy for the purpose of seeing and worshipping the relic called the tooth of Budh, which is carefully preserved by our Government. Sir Colin Campbell, it is stated, was at first unwilling that the tooth should be displayed; but he was at length prevailed on to give his consent, and the sacred tooth was exhibited to the adoring priests, in the presence of Lord Elphinstone by Mr. Mercer, the Assistant Government Agent.

Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, commissioner of police, has cleared £30,000 by his railway share transactions.

There are 1,200,000 female servants in England, of whom 110,000 are in London and its suburbs.

There are comparatively four times as many cattle in England as in France.

When Prince Jerome Bonaparte visited, recently, the Hotel of the Invalides, his striking resemblance to Napoleon caused an immense excitement amongst the old soldiers, who crowded round the Emperor's nephew.

The *Castellano*, of Madrid, repeats a story which it put forth some time ago, of Abd-el-Kader being of Spanish origin. It is pretended that his father emigrated from Spain to Morocco. The *Castellano* now states that a confirmation of the story has been received from an inhabitant of Benidorum, who has arrived at Almeria, and who calls himself the brother of Abd-el-Kader.

Madame Ida de Saint Edme (*La Contemporaine*) died at Brussels, on the 24th ult. in the 76th year of her age. It was in an hospital this celebrated courtesan of the consulate and the empire terminated her career.

The Attaché of the French Legation at Munich, who, according to a German journal, has been suspended from his functions by M. Guizot, for having been engaged in a duel, is Baron Espiard de Colonge. His adversary was M. d'Almeida, Chamberlain of the Dowager Empress of Brazil. The duel was fought with swords, and M. de Colonge received a slight wound near the eye.

We are enabled to state, on the best authority, that Rev. Mr. Newman has not as yet embraced the Catholic faith; but we believe we may say that he no longer makes his intention of doing so a secret, and that ere long his accession to that church may be expected. It is also more than probable, that whenever this important event does take place, his example will be followed by many over whom the reverend gentleman possesses more than ordinary influence. [Birmingham Journal.

HOLIDAY CHEAP TRIPS.—Sixty thousand children, belonging to the Sunday Schools of Manchester and the various other towns in the manufacturing districts, were conveyed to Wakefield and the intermediate stations of the Manchester and Leeds Railway, and back—a distance of 100 miles—at 6d each.

Viscount Melbourne's health has wonderfully improved during his residence at Brocket Hall. His lordship has so far regained his health as to be able to take walking exercise, and contemplates returning to London.

GUANO.—The imports of American guano at Liverpool in the course of the last week previous to the sailing of the steamer, were 375 tons. The sales exceeded 2,000 tons, at from £4 15s. to £5 10s. A small quantity of Peruvian had been sold at from £7 12s. 6d. to £8. The stock of Ichaboe at Liverpool is still about 70,000 tons.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England have fixed upon Newcastle-upon-Tyne as the place in which they will hold their meeting next year. The terms are that fifteen acres of the town moor be given for the show, the use of the assembly rooms for the council, and a subscription of £1,000, which will have to be raised amongst the inhabitants. The premiums given by the society amount to between £1,400 and £1,500.

According to a recent census of the Russian Empire, it appears that the population consists of 62,500,000 souls, of whom 2,000,000 are Tartars (Mahometans) and 152,000 Jews.

It is but three or four weeks since that we gave an account of the extraordinary age of Mr. and Mrs. Plaisance, then living in Redmoor Fen, in the Isle of Ely, the husband of the age of 107, the wife 105!—a case without a parallel perhaps in England, or in the world! On Wednesday, strange to relate, after a short affliction, both expired on the same day; their united ages 212!—They have left one daughter, who lived with them, of the age of 84. [Bury Post.

Liverpool was not so important a town in 1745 as to have a newspaper. Manchester had only one.—There were but twenty-eight in all provincial England, two in Scotland, and four in Ireland (in the last two cases confined to the respective capitals). London was then a town of under half a million of population—about one and a half the present Manchester. Edinburgh had forty and Glasgow twenty thousand: now the latter is computed to have 311,000. Lancashire has since then added just about one million to her population! The whole annual revenue of the country from customs in 1745 (about a million and a half) was not a *third* of what is now drawn on that account in Liverpool port alone. [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

A young man, nineteen years of age, named Samms, undertook, for a trifling wager, to walk from Eton College to the Market house, Windsor, and back, six times, and to carry two fifty-six pounds weight on his back, the distance being twelve miles, which he was to perform in six hours, and he accomplished his task, having four minutes and a half to spare.

On Tuesday, the 22d of April, the Blackmore Vale harriers found a roe-buck in Houghton Wood, and killed him in one hour and thirty five minutes, and on taking him up, he was found to possess only a single horn growing out of the centre of his forehead. A more curious specimen of malformation was never seen, and some experienced game-keepers who were present declared that this was the only *bona nature* of the kind ever known in the history of the roebuck. [Sherborne Jour.

HAILSTORM AND WATER-SPOUT.—Groningen, May 22.—After the cold bleak weather which we had for some days, a violent wind arose on Tuesday last, at 6 o'clock, P. M., accompanied with a dark clouded atmosphere, which foreboded a storm, from the East to the North-west, so that the birds hastened to their retreats. At the same time, we observed high in the air various articles, which were taken at first for flights of birds, but proved to be pieces of linen and clothing, carried off by a water-spout from a bleaching-ground, which fell to the ground in various places in the town and the environs. A severe hail-storm followed, and in the evening and night heavy showers of rain.—*Dutch paper.*

The people of England are Rail Road mad. A company is being formed to construct a railway "through and across" the Isle of Wight. The Isle of Wight is only 21 miles long and 13 miles broad! Can't we have a ship canal across Blackwell's Island?

A Scotch paper mentions the accidental cure of a sheep left to die of water in the head, by a boy boring a gimlet into the skull of the animal, and thus letting out the fluid.

The English tax on bricks produces £250,000 per annum, on paper £660,000, and on soap £850,000.

According to Captain Laws, manager of the Leeds and Manchester railway, *thirteen tons* of cucumbers are occasionally sent from Northampton to Manchester in one day.

Mohun Lai, who rendered such distinguished services to England during the disasters at Afghanistan, has been rewarded by the East India Company with a pension of £1000 a year.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The *Journal des Debats* has the following:—"Vesuvius which, last year, kept our spring and summer nights bright with its harmless fires, presents, at this moment, a singularity which attracts the curious in great numbers. The corrosive action of its fire and the fury of its explosions had, our readers know, hollowed out the crater, so as to give it, to a spectator placed on its extreme edge, the appearance of a reversed cone, out of whose centre rose the burning eminence.—Incessant eruptions, however, depositing their *residus* around this column, have so far filled up the vast basin with accumulated lava, that there will soon be no trace of the ancient void. It will be still more curious, should this cone continue to rise and extend, to see Vesuvius, some fine morning, wearing that *bet* of her former days, which, in the course of the last century, was flung into the air, to the great terror of our fathers."

Pledging each other in drinking is a custom which took its origin from the time when the Danes were in England. Those ferocious barbarians used to stab natives at their festivals, and they invited to their banquets those island chiefs whom they wished to put out of the way either by the danger or by poison. The consequence was that no native would drink at a Danish festival unless his entertainers, or one of them, would "pledge" his safety in a cup of wine beforehand, and even among those barbarian invaders this pledge was deemed sacred.

THE CHIMPANZEE.—A male of this interesting species, the nearest approach in the monkey tribe to the human race, has just been added to the collection at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, which was first publicly exhibited on Monday. The only previous individual of this species that has been seen alive in England, was a young male in the possession of the society about eight years since, which died after a few weeks, confinement, of inflammation of the lungs. The present specimen is apparently about twelve months old, and excites great interest, from its lively habits, intelligent actions, and attachment to its keeper.

NOVEL USE OF LITHOGRAPHY.—Tuesday a handbill appeared containing the portrait of a gentleman said to be missing from Dublin. It is well executed, and, if like the person, must greatly aid the police in their endeavors to trace him. This plan no doubt will be generally adopted, where practicable. In this case the likeness was lithographed from an oil painting in the possession of the family. [London Paper.

In the Sheriff's Court, London, on Tuesday, Howard, the Attorney of Stockdale, brought action for assault and false imprisonment against Sir Wm. Gossett, the Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, and recovered £200. The Court of Queen's Bench had previously decided that the warrant under which the arrest was made, was bad in law. The House of Commons has been engaged in considering the next move they shall take in defending their "privileges" in connexion with this action.

TRIAL OF THE MONSTER GUN.—A trial of the monster gun which has been manufactured in this town for the American steam-frigate Princeton, of which we have given some details in a former number, was made on Saturday week, on the sands, North Shore, between Crosby and Formby. The firing commenced about eleven in the morning, and continued with some slight intermission until three in the afternoon. During that time upwards of three tons of shot were discharged—each shot weighed upwards of two hundred weight. The report was distinctly heard in the neighborhood of the docks, and in the north end of the town, although the scene of the firing was some eight or nine miles distant. The experiments proved highly satisfactory. The appearance of the shot, after each discharge, skimming along the water, had a novel and pleasing effect. The range extended some miles. The day mild and fine, and notwithstanding the fact of the gun having been carried out as early as three in the morning to the scene of the experiments, to avoid notoriety, great numbers were attracted to the spot when the firing commenced. [Liverpool Times.

A SMART BOY.—"John, what is the past of *see?*"

"Seen, sir."

"No, it is saw—remember that."

"Yes sir. Then if a sea fish swims by me, it becomes a saw-fish when it is past, and cannot be seen."

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BUTCHERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, New-York, June 18th, 1845.

☞ **Notice.**—The annual Election for thirteen Directors of the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank for the ensuing year, and for three Inspectors for the next Election, will be held at the Banking House, corner of Grand-street and the Bowery, on Tuesday the 8th day of July next. The Poll will be opened at 1 o'clock and closed at 3 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Board,
D. W. TOWNSEND, Cashier.
je19 jy3

☞ **Canal from Wolf River to Memphis.**—By order of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Town of Memphis, Tennessee, I do hereby advertise for proposals to construct a Canal from Wolf River to the City of Memphis, a distance of Eleven Miles. Said Canal will be laid out in sections of one mile each, and sealed proposals for its construction will be received until the 20th day of July next; the work to be paid for in the Bonds of the Corporation, having Twenty Years to run, with interest payable semi-annually at Philadelphia.

The Corporation is out of debt and has a revenue which has increased 40 per cent. per annum for the last four years, and now amounts to about twenty-five (25,000) thousand dollars a year.

Operators wishing to contract are invited to come and examine the ground, when all the information desired will be furnished. J. J. FINLEY, Mayor of Memphis, Tenn.
Memphis, 5th April, 1845. a21 1y2w*

☞ **Water Cure at Lebanon Springs.**—This very beautiful, romantic and healthy place is easy of access, being situated only 25 miles East of Albany, 6 miles N. W. of Hudson and 7 miles West of Pittsfield, Mass. and presents natural advantages for purposes of health seldom equaled. For particulars address (post paid) Joel Shew, M. D. or David Cambell, "Lebanon Springs, Columbia Co. N. Y."

The Water-Cure Journal and Teacher of Health, Joel Shew, M. D. Editor, Campbell & Wheaton, Publishers, can be obtained of Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, 160 Nassau-street, New-York. City subscribers will hereafter receive their numbers at this place. Terms: $1 per volume of 24 numbers, in advance. my31

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