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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY,
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THE TRIBUNE.

☞ We give some literary and amusing articles to-day from late foreign papers received at this office. Spirit of Ireland we take from the Dublin Nation. The others are from the "Great Gun" and "Punch."

SPIRIT OF IRELAND.

"Dear Liberty!—Liberty, for which Sarsfield fought and Tone organised—Liberty, gained at Clontarf and Dungannon—lost by division! Come! come quickly! we are athirst for Freedom. [Nation, May 31st.

I.
COME! Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming—
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod—
Come, richest and rarest!—come, purest and fairest!
Come, daughter of Science!—come, gift of our God!

II.
Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens—
Long, long have we worshiped thee, Queen of the brave!
Steadily sought for thee, readily fought for thee!
Purpled the scaffold and gilatted the grave!

III.
On went the fight through the cycle of ages,
Never of battle-cry ceasing the while—
Forward, ye valiant ones! onward, battalioned ones!
Strike for Green Erin, your own darling Isle!

IV.
Still is the ranks are we, struggling with eagerness—
Still in the battle for Freedom are we!
Words may avail in it—swords, if *they* fall in it—
What matters the weapon, if only we're free?

V.
Oh! we are pledged in the face of the universe,
Never to falter and never to swerve;
Toil for it!—bleed for it!—if there be need for it—
Stretch every sinew and strain every nerve!

VI.
Traitors and cowards our names shall be ever,
If for a moment we turn from the chase—
For ages exhibited, scoffed at, and gibbeted,
As emblems of all that was servile and base!

VII.
Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is liberty—
Fountain of all that is valued and dear—
Peace and security—knowledge and purity—
Hope for hereafter and happiness here.

VIII.
Nourish it—treasure it deep in your inner heart—
Think of it ever by night and by day—
Pray for it!—sigh for it!—work for it!—die for it!—
Why is this life and dear Freedom away?

XI.
List! scarce a sound can be heard in our thoroughfares—
Look! scarce a ship can be seen on our streams—
Heart-crushed and desolate—spell-bound—irresolute—
Ireland but lives in the bygone of dreams!

X.
Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings—love's fond caressings—
Peace, home, and happiness—all shall be ours!

DESMOND.

OUR SONG.

AIR—"*For a' that, and a' that.*"

I.
WE'VE suffered long th' oppressor's wrong,
And want, and woe, and all that;
And now, by Heav'n! we'll sing a song
Like Free-born men, for all that!
For all that, and all that,
Their parliament, and all that—
We'll have our own—or stand alone!
So they'd better, faith! recal that.

II.
We're strong and poor—we can endure,
Pat never minds, at all that;
We love our land, and heart and hand
Are her's—aye, are we, all that!
All that, aye, all that,
And should we fail, for all that—
The bloodiest stone is worth a throne,
If Freedom's bed, for all that!

III.
These English say they'll give us pay,
Love, lore, what not, and all that;
But golden iron chains outweigh,
And love, good lack! for all that—
For all that, and all that,
Their proffered love, and all that—
Could Æsop's chain give Æsop's brain,
Who'd be a slave for all that?

CHORUS.
We've suffered long th' oppressor's wrong, &c.

M. MACD—

* It is almost unnecessary to mention that the great fabulist is said to have been a slave.

THE WARNING.

"England has woo'd, has won, has wedded Ireland; and is England now prepared to grant her the rights and privileges of a wife?"—*Lord Plunket.*

I.
I GIVE you my fortunes, my titles, and name—
My youth and my beauty were thine;
I spoke not of falsehood—I dreamt not of shame,
But laid down my all at thy shrine.
You swore to stand by me in weal, and in woe,
To defend, and to honor, and love—
The world and your conscience bore witness below,
And the vow was recorded above.

II.
I served you with fealty through many dark years,
When you battled with tyrants and foes;
Together we passed through the valley of tears—
Together victorious we rose.
But when Liberty's star was unclouded again,
And a world drew fresh life from thy sign,
Though mine were the sufferings, and perils, and pain,
All the praise and the glory were thine.

III.
Tho' I shar'd not your laurels, my heart swell'd with pride,
To behold you ador'd by the world—
Though degraded and nameless I walk'd by your side,
I held up your banners unfurl'd.
I thought of your vow and your story's bright leaf,
Ne'er blotted with falsehood and wrong,
And I said that my moment of pain would be brief,
And my day of felicity long.

IV.
I waited in silence, but silence was vain—
Despised and forgotten I lay;
I cried—and the nations responded again—
But it pass'd unregarded away!
I awoke, and my dream of devotion was o'er—
I had loved and confided too long—
The poison had eat to my heart's deepest core,
And my soul in her vengeance was strong!

V.
There's a stillness above that in thunder may cild—
Is it wisdom to call it repose?
There's a union of hands in which hearts cannot blend—
Is it better to grapple like foes? [breathe
There's a smile more portentous than aught that can
From a face that dark passions deform;
There's a deep heavy sleep that is pregnant with death—
There's a calm that is worse than a storm!

WILHELM.

ENDS AND BEGINNINGS.—If the People of Ireland do not end this agitation with the Repeal of the Union they will be cowards, perjurers, and idiots.

That Union was the assumption to legislate for us by a country which filled our soil with martyrs, and our statute-book with penal laws—which, finding the persecution of the sword insufficient, created famine by an elaborate process of desolation for the avowed purpose of exterminating us—which burnt our records—which hanged our patriots and priests—which, from STRONGBOW to PITT, struck at the soul of Ireland by making assassination the price of liberty—which broke every treaty—which prohibited trade, punished education, and persecuted religion—which made a nominally Irish Parliament, consisting of creatures and victims, the tool of its crimes—and which defamed us in every language in Europe lest any one should burst into her slaughter-house and find her bathed in the blood and loaded with the spoils of the Irish.

The Union was carried against the free vote of our Parliament—against the petitions of 700,000 people (one for every house in the island)—against the solemn treaty of '82—against the plainest rules of international law.

That Union was carried by buying the boroughs at an enated price of £15,000 a piece—by expending the revenues of Ireland and the dignities of the Crown—the right to control the Church, and to administer the law on whatever was venal in our Senate—by terrifying whatever was timid in that Senate—by taking advantage of a stimulated and baffled rebellion to hold down the people, and by all the lies to the Catholic and the Protestant, the merchant and farmer, the ambitious and the calculating, in which centuries of deceit had made England an adept.

That Union has undone all that late Independence did for Ireland, and that a resident Legislature, spite of its dependence, had preserved—it has alienated the souls and the rents of our aristocracy, and reduced the peasant to threaten agrarian war as the alternative to death by famine—it has rotted away our manufactures like a plague—it has extinguished our trade, silenced our literature, left ambition without motive, and industry without reward—degraded our metropolis, transferred every possible office to London, and filled every irremovable post with a foreigner—it has tossed up an incongruous, vicious, and party code of laws for us—it burns our flag as infected—it yields slight alleviations with fear and curses—it defends itself by prosecutions, gaols, barracks and threats of indiscriminate carnage.

To Repeal that Union the people of Ireland have given years of exertion, and no small funds—have demanded and accepted the aid of distant and believing nations—have given thought, passion, tears, anger, entreaty, endurance—everything but blood—have suffered their leaders to go to prison—have knit themselves in a confederacy which their arch-enemy avows cannot be broken by force, and have, within the last week, sworn by the voices and hands of their chiefs, with every rite that can bind the souls of men.

The only practical object for our councils henceforth is, by what means we can most speedily Repeal the Union. To those not yet of us we have supplied, and shall supply, every pertinent fact, every important argument for Repeal; for us, Repealers, the time of argument is passed; the pledge of the 20th of May ended our deliberations—it is time to act.

What shall that action be? It is for the Council of the Association to decide, and to enforce their decision. The people are willing; but the people can no more carry out the plans of a confederate council than of a legal government without organization, example, and inspection.

SPIRIT OF THE GUN.

USEFUL RULES.—If you employ a clerk at a pound per week, and he is impudent, pay him off and have done with him. This is treating him as he deserves—with "sovereign contempt."

Never accept an invitation to a fashionable dinner party under an idea of economy. You had better pay for an entertainment at an hotel, as it will be less expensive; because the fee expected by each fashionable servant, who is in reality either the master or mistress *de facto*, is anything but a "fee simple."

Never be guilty of anything in the shape of a lie. It is not palatable to society in general, although the legal profession may prefer "an action that will lie."

Never practice deception, but bear in memory the immortal Scott's couplet on that subject. If you take a theatre, for instance, for an avowed purpose, do not alter it by allowing Mozart to be ignominiously kicked off the stage. When people require substantial clothing, they do not expect to be presented with gauze and buckram.

Beware how you seek fame with your pen. It must be a long quill, indeed, that will ensure literary distinction this side the grave. Death is the only sign by which the public are led to appreciate an author. It is necessary that they should first see you expire by way of proving your claim to any sympathy.

THE GREAT LANDLORD.—By the amount of rent received by Dan, one would think he was the largest landlord in the three kingdoms.

THE COTTON SPINNER IN DISGUISE.—All declare Peel sustained his character at her Majesty's ball better than any other gentleman. No doubt he did, and it is not at all surprising, considering the extensive practice he has had in making himself appear what he really is not.

POWDER.—It is said some members of the 'Peace Society' are highly displeased at the quantity of powder exhibited at her Majesty's ball. Those persons ought to recollect that powder is indispensable to make a ball go off with effect.

EXTREMELY A PROPO.—At the *bal masqué* Mr. Montague Gore wore a crimson velvet coat.

RATHER DOUBTFUL.—A man at St. Etienne is said to have invented a five-bladed carving instrument which "being placed in a roasted fowl, and a spring being pressed, the blades will, in a second, separate the legs and wings, and divide the carcase"! This is very ingenious, but we defy him to invent any thing that can "cut more ways at once" than the present British Cabinet.

RECIPE—HOW TO PROCURE A COLD.—First take an omnibus with a few ladies already in it, then seat yourself between the door and window, afterwards beg permission to open the window before mentioned for the lady next you, sit quiet, and the cold will be made. The process may be repeated if pleasant.

WAR WITH AMERICA.—A pleasant announcement appears in a Liverpool paper. A packet ship from America has brought to England 2447 hides and 10 casks of shoe-pegs. The war, therefore, between the two countries has begun, as the Yankees are not only "pegging" into us, but "leathering us."

POLISH BALLS.—In consequence of the numerous balls now given on behalf of the Poles, the prices of hops have considerably advanced.

HARD TIMES.—The lodging-house keepers complain they cannot take people in.

The schoolmaster complains that he can get no 'young ideas' to learn to shoot, and that he shall soon shoot himself.

The fishmonger says the public have become more like sharks than flat-fish.

The guardians of a poor-law union in Essex have complained that the stones furnished for the paupers to break are not hard enough. They could remedy this by not constructing for any stones except as hard as their own hearts.

A TWO HUNDRED POUND CHARACTER.—The Duke of Brunswick was awarded damages last week in the Sheriff's Court against the Lancaster Guardian for libel. The jury considered the character of his Serene (?) Highness to be worth £200. Rather a light character this, for the claimant to a throne.

APHORISMS—(*After Rochefoucault.*)—Daniel Lambert was a great man, but the instrument with which you powder nutmegs is a—grater.

The person who translated a French *critique*, and declares the article to be original, is a foul individual; but the man who mercilessly destroys game at a *battue* is a—fowler.

If I were to weigh thirty stone I should be a very gross personage, but the man who sells tea, coffee, and sugar is a—grocer.

Beware how you trust, in so whimsical a world as this, entirely to your legs. I know a certain lessee of a certain theatre who thinks legs the sole requisites for success. But, take my word for it, this is impudence unsounded.

ARCHERY.—London and Waterloo Bridges were highly vexed when they heard that suicides were about to bring Hungerford Suspension into fashion. No wonder their jealousy should be aroused at a rival who could gratify the taste for suspension and drowning at the same moment.

RATHER DOUBTFUL.—The repeal of the auction duties is said to be producing a sensible effect upon the trade of auctioneering. We cannot well understand how this can be unless auctioneers' heads are thicker than other people's, since the knocking-down system is more calculated to produce a "senseless" effect.

COME ON, ST. GEORGE!—On the recent representation of 'The Enchantress' at Drury Lane there was a call for the author, whereupon Mr. Bunn pulled M. St. George on the stage to receive the compliments of the audience; upon which a wag in the pit observed, that it was only a modern illustration of the old story of St. George and the Dragon.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.—Would it not be *a propos* of Sir R. Peel, who has shown himself so expert at daying the public with his income-tax, to become a member of the Honorable Company of "Skainers?"

ASTRONOMY AT FAULT.—We are told that "a new comet has been discovered due North." It it has actually been found, how can it be due, North?

BOY MISSING.—Ran away, from a school in Westminster, an old boy, named Daniel O'Connell. Generally wears a cloak. His jacket had on the repeal button, and a rent-bag in the pocket. Any person who will bring him back to the school at St. Stephen's will be handsomely rewarded, and all expenses paid.

AN UNPLEASANT FACT.—The reason why so much difficulty exists in getting up a pictorial paper is, because none of the artists are to be depended on, as they are all "designing men."

POPISH RAILROAD.—It is stated the Pope has "declared against the introduction of railways in the Papal States." Perhaps his Holiness considers Peel is running fast enough in that direction already. According to the Exeter hall people, Peel is every thing but a sleeper on that road.

A BASSO INSINUATION.—Herr Staudigl declares there is so much eamness in Balfe's melodies that this composer ought to go elsewhere for a "change of air"! Really, this is the unkindest cut of all.

Epistle from Peter Purpleplush to a Brother of the Shoulder-Knot. LONDIN Jewne 8.

DEBE TOMLASS, Hoe Tomlass Tomlass, the Hupper Ouse like the loer vun has danced the Ma nooth Pol ka, Pope ish Stewdents hare toe Bee moor Pat-roe-nised, hand that Vicked Voman at Room (hass mi nobel master po-nounces hit) his toe oum hon the Con-soll eye-day-ted fund for trim hings for err Sear let Man till. A lass, A lass Tom-ass, for pore mother church she as bean Bee trayed, yes hever buy the By-shops. Hirish Hagitation his toe bee pade. Heven the grate Velirton wot beet Nay-po-leeon Boney part, gives vay hand strikes his collers toe Dannil O'Connel. Butt thank eaven Tomass the Piers hand Commonbers ave Bee trayed there eye trust, we hav got hay quene hof theream toe make hay last Hay-peel toe, hand eye prays most Hart-eye-he Queene Vig-tory vil net give her Rot-hill Acent to this Hayrtocious Bil, tho eye fear she ma, for mi nobel master says she his onney a Sler, wich eye knead not tel u meens hay round hort. But eye hopes the grate mest in hat Hex ha ter all vil hopen her Rot hill hies, hand convince her graceish Mar est ti that Sur Robbit Pele has Deceived her and Bee trayed his eye trust, that hee mite soff ben down the Hannsh mosity of his Vig Ho-ponents, hand make the Hirish shout Who-ray for Pele hinsted of Roe-pele, but has mi nobel master says: Hee's "tok nuth in buy his show sham." Dann his still greater than Robb, and tho ma nothe Stew-dents iv as vel as we doo hin the Servants all, Peles bil vil not hart hass mi nobel master says "holl hon the Vaters hof Hirish Ter Bee lence." eye reemane your umbel Servant hat connand.

PETER PURPLE-PLUSH.

Fenimore Cooper, they say, is coming out with a new work; it is entitled "Ca-out-Chouc, or the Indian Rubber," which is Yankee, I suppose, for robber. The hero is represented as an elastic waterproof character, incapable of being influenced by any thing less solvent than stiff alcohol. The Republic, therefore, need not reckon upon *his* assistance in the event of a war. The book will be illustrated, and will, doubtless, efface from our memories every trace of all former emanations from Columbian quills. N. P. Willis's "Pencillings," by the way, will be annihilated, abraded, and completely expunged by India Rubber.

SPIRIT OF PUNCH.

THE WRONGS OF THE POSTMEN.—We have received the following petition from an important section of the female kind; namely, the wives of the postmen—(poor under-paid pilgrims!) The said petition was agreed to at a very numerous meeting, though we have not seen it reported in any contemporary columns.

To Her Gracious Majesty the Queen:

The Honorable Petition of the Wives of the Postmen:

"MADAM: May it please your gracious goodness to look with a smiling eye upon the husbands of your Petitioners. Your gracious goodness supplies to 'em from the Crown a coat, a waistcoat, and a hat with a band which only the illiterate multitude take for gold. Your Petitioners pray that the Crown would not leave off at the waistcoat, but continue its bounty in the way of trousers, and end it with shoes. Then would your MAJESTY's Postmen be all of a piece. As it is, half of your MAJESTY's Postmen belong to the Crown—and half to the Jews. They get their coats and waistcoats from the government, and (saving your MAJESTY's presence) their trousers and high-lows from Holywell-street!

"If your Petitioners' husbands were like mermaids, and never but half-showed themselves, your Petitioners would not approach you with their distressed tales—but as your Petitioners' husbands are often respectable about the shoulders, at the same time that they are seedy about the toes and knees, your Petitioners pray that you will be graciously pleased to make their husbands all alike.

"Your Petitioners humbly appeal to your MAJESTY's sympathies as a wife. What would be your MAJESTY's feelings to see PRINCE ALBERT in the full-dressed coat of a General (or a late Twopenny), with shabby trousers and boots not fit for any painter to take him in?

"Your Petitioners would not distress your MAJESTY's feelings by dwelling on the dreadful sight, but again entreating that your MAJESTY will give orders that all—instead of a part—of their husbands may henceforth be the care of a maternal government, so that in future they may not complain of half measures on the part of the tailor—

"And your Petitioners will ever pray." Here follow an army of signatures.

THE PECULIAR BURDENS UPON LAND.—Mr. Ward has lately brought forward an unsuccessful motion for an inquiry into this subject. We quite agree with the majority that rejected it—there is no reason for an inquiry into the matter. We can save the House a blue-book (so called from its effect upon the looks of honorable members while engaged in its perusal) by a succinct account of these "peculiar burdens" for each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom.

ENGLAND.—*Imprimis*, we should say a very peculiar burden upon the land of England is—

1. A sporting landlord, in whose eyes partridges are of more consequence than paupers, and who in all his schemes of emelioration ejects "peasant" with a "ph."

2. An ill-paid overworked inbdoor, with a mind as bare as his body, a dog-hole for his dwelling, and an union-house for a refuge.

3. An ignorant tenantry, with a confidence in Sir Robert Peel and a blind dependence on protection and the landlord.

4. A non-resident rector, with a taste for Cheltenham waters and a notion that the working clergy are composed of curates at £80 per annum.

IRELAND.—1. An absentee proprietor, who considers hedge-shooting the natural amusement of the Irish peasantry; believes the only *greated* residence for a man of taste to be an English watering-place, and holds the duties of property to be all on the side of the tenant.

2. A Protestant ascendency parson, who looks on Orange Lodges as a development of the Christian church; "Boyne water" as a hymn; and a National School as a favorite parade-ground for the Evil One.

3. A rack-renting agent, whose favorite argument is a policeman's bayonet.

SCOTLAND.—1. A Highland landholder, with a preference for sheep walks over small holdings, and a tendency to promote Emigration on a large scale by driving out forty families in one clearing.

2. A population of paupers depending on what the hectors like to give them.

A PORTRAIT SOIREE.—The abundance of portraits that are being exhibited at the Royal Academy may furnish a valuable suggestion to those who are in the habit of giving expensive parties; for all the objects of visiting may be accomplished without any of the cost or inconvenience. Considering how little requiring either intellect or animation goes on at a fashionable soiree, it is quite clear that people, who wish merely to entertain their friends, might derive quite as much satisfaction from seeing their portraits.

If every person invited to an evening party might send his likeness as a substitute for himself, a great deal of unnecessary expense would be saved in the way of dress to the guest, while the host would not have to lay out money in entertaining him. A portrait *soiree* would at least be something new in the fashionable world, and if only in that account, there is every chance of its becoming popular in the higher circles.

Some idea may be formed of the effect of such an assemblage from the present aspect of the rooms at the Royal Academy; and, as many go to parties only to have their appearance canvassed, by having themselves canvassed before they went, much trouble would be saved to those who make it their business to criticise.

NEW COINAGE FOR IRELAND.—O'CONNELL, being *de facto*, if not *de jure*, king of Ireland, is about to issue a new coinage. Its impress will be borrowed from that of Laputa—with a difference. The Laputa coin, Swift tells us, bore the figure of a king clothing a beggar. The coin of DAN will bear a king taking a beggar's rags (in the way of rent.)

THE QUEEN'S BALL.—The *Morning Post* says that "the Pompadour silks, which have already been purchased for the Court Ball, would cover many acres." We wonder how many wiseacres will be found among the acres that the silks are destined to cover.

RAILWAY COMMITTEE.—The Chairman and Committee sat on the Equinoctial line as usual, and proceeded with the engineering evidence.

The first witness called was a surveyor. He thought there would be no difficulty in surveying from China to Peru—which he believed was a notion of the celebrated Dr. Johnson. The cuttings presented no difficulty.

The Chairman asked if there would be no difficulty in cutting it short, and on this hint the witness retired.

The counsel for the bill then opened at great length on the subject of the tunnelling, when he was interrupted by

The Chairman, who asked if when the tunnelling had been discussed the boring would terminate?

THE RULING PASSION.—The lawyers have had a part of Lincoln's Inn Square laid out as a garden; simply because, as lawyers, they like to make the most of all that's *green*.

NEW COLOUR.—What is an invisible blue?—The dress of a policeman.

A STUDY FROM NATURE.—The beautiful statue of the "Greek Slave," by Mr. Powers, has excited such universal admiration, that a companion to it, we understand, will shortly be exhibited by the same artist, under the title of "THE AMERICAN SLAVE." It is the figure of a negro, with his hands fastened with a chain, on the muscle of which is cut the American Eagle. Round his back is wrapped the national flag, on which the stripes are conspicuously displayed. The crouching attitude of the figure is most wonderfully depicted, but the statue is most to be admired for its powerful truth and unaffected simplicity. We have been assured by gentlemen, who have had frequent opportunities of judging by frequent visits to the Land of Liberty, that they have never seen anything so wonderfully true to nature.

Among the promised advantages of the cheap trip round the world, is perpetual summer; but how the projectors intend to manage this part of the business we are quite at a loss to conjecture, unless they take a cargo of summer weather along with them. Where the article is to come from we really don't know, for the summer has been so long due that it appears to be keeping out of the way to avoid its creditors.

We presume there is a sunshine company at the North Pole; for if it is possible to have a Wenham Ice Company in full play in the Strand During the dog-days, it may be perfectly practicable to establish an emporium for heat in the coldest climates.

LEGAL GARDENERS.—We understand that the Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn will publish a gardening book in accordance with the complete revolution they have lately effected in the art of horticulture. They have been laying out a New Square with trees, removed after forty years' growth, into a soil of stone, brick, and rubbish, thinly overlaid with mould to the depth of ten inches. The trees are said to be in full bearing; and if they will bear such treatment as this, they will undoubtedly bear anything. The operation of moving trees of forty years' standing has seldom been tried with success, but we understand that the benchers of Lincoln's Inn have caused writs of *certiorari* to be dug in all over the Square, because a *certiorari* will remove a case—and why not a tree?—in nearly all its branches.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.—Some of the French newspapers seriously assert that Prince Albert has lately become a Tailor! a Fishmonger!! and a Goldsmith!!! because he has been elected a member of each of the above companies. Only one thing was wanting to complete the absurdity of the Prince's titles, viz: to have called him the "Patron of the Fine Arts."

THE IRISH MARTYRS!—O'Connell and his brother martyrs have experienced the most touching proofs of the sympathy of their countrymen. As mementos of what the martyrs suffered whilst in gaol, they have received from various parts of Ireland everything to eat and drink. There is no doubt that whilst in prison, much of their martyrdom, like that of St. Lawrence, came from a gridiron!

YOUNG IRELAND.—MR. PUNCH (*of Punch*,) TO MR. DAVIS (*of The Nation.*)—Let *Punch* be permitted, Citizen Editor, to approach you. I write not to Davis, of whom I never heard until now; but to the great leader of the Irish nation.

"Fools that English statesmen are, and ignorant of the state of affairs in Ireland! It is Dan we fancy is still regnant. We don't know that you have come quietly in and deposed him. How the dence shall we appease the old fellow? says Peel to me. How the dickens, Duke, are we to satisfy him? says I to an illustrious warrior. We are all thinking about O'Connell, when—fiddle-de-dee—the peal is not under that thimble at all. It is no longer Dan, but Davis!

"I wanted to have been presented myself at the Martyr's Levee, and had ordered a new suit of green and gold for the occasion; but somehow, when I came to put it on, the people here laughed at me. Judy quirzed my foraging-cap; my dog Toby snarled and bit the gold lace on my legs; and as for the coat, I found the collar of it so uncommonly tight and choky about the throat that I couldn't help thinking—well, never mind what, I said the things a bargain to Madame Tussaud, and they are to figure in the patriot room betwixt the immortal Thistlewood and the spotless victim of Charlotte Corday; but grander than my colossus marshaled to welcome their martyrs is your article in the *Nation*.

"Bedad, dear Sir, it beats every thing—it beats Dan's best. 'We bad,' say you, 'the elements of a National Convention, whose taxes the people would pay; round whose war-dag the people would rally! who could negotiate, legislate, battle and triumph!' We might do all this, say you, but we don't choose it. Davis lets off the Imperial Government just at present. Thank Heaven we have breathing-time!

"'O liberty! liberty! for which Sarsfield fought, and Tone *organised*! Liberty gained at Clontarf and Dungannon—lost by division—come, come quickly, we are athirst for freedom!'

"Come quickly, thou celestial nectar-bearer; Mr. Davis, of the *Nation* is thirsty! And what is the drought to soothe his parched vitals?—no half-and-half liberty—no small-beer freedom. Mr. Davis likes a roster liquor.

ON AN M. P. WHO RECENTLY GOT HIS ELECTION AT THE SACRIFICE OF HIS POLITICAL CHARACTER.

His degradation is complete.
His name with loss of honor branding;
When he resolv'd to win his seat,
He literally lost his standing.

DEFERRED MISCELLANY.

W. H. Polk, brother of the President, arrived at Liverpool on Thursday evening, June 12, in the packet ship Yorkshire, Captain Bailey, from New-York, on his way to Naples.

Upwards of 400 acres of the Carragh of Kildare will, it is stated, be cut out of the race-ground by the intended railroad.

It was stated in Paris on Thursday week that the French Government had received a semi-official announcement that Queen Victoria would not visit France during the present season.

The Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company have granted to Lady Nott, widow of the late Major-General Sir Wm. Nott, G.C.B. an annuity, during widowhood, of £250; and to the daughters of the deceased, Letitia and Charlotte Nott, whilst unmarried, annuities of £100 each.

A century ago there were only 95 Dissenting chapels in Wales; in 1810 they had increased to 254; and in 1832 to no fewer than 1,428.

It is stated that the British trade at Shanghai, in China, during the last year, amounted to nearly £1,000,000 in a barter of silks and tea for manufactures.

The number of spindles at work is computed as follows:—Austria, 1,500,000; Austrian League, 215,000; France, 3,500,000; Belgium, 420,000; Russia, 700,000; Great Britain, 14,000,000; United States, 2,250,000. Total, 22,875,000.

In prosecuting a search for iron, stone and other minerals upon the estate of Sir James Boswell, of Auchinleck, in Scotland, the Lugar Iron Company have opened out a large seam of plumbago, or black lead, which is said to be of a thickness of more than eight feet. The only black lead mine hitherto known in Great Britain is that in Borrowdale, at the head of Derwentwater lake.

Another autograph of Shakspeare is about to be brought to the hammer by Mr. Fletcher, of Piccadilly. It is pronounced by competent judges to be a genuine one. The name has not the "ve" in the final syllable, and is written in a thin octavo volume in Italian.

The Ewart Rock, so long a dangerous impediment to vessels navigating the Solway Frith, has been blown to pieces with gunpowder by the trustees of "Maryport Harbor.

A needy land-owner, advertising in the *Morning Post*, offers for sale the "shooting over about 5,000 acres of land, nearly 500 of which are covers full of game." The purchaser may "board and lodge with the family, and enjoy the luxuries of wines, ices, fruits, billiards, a pianoforte, two carriages, three horses, and a pew in the church!" Alas! for the tenants of the paltry, poverty-stricken preserve!

Among the Spanish news we notice, that although most of the Foreign Ministers had gone to Barcelona, our Minister, Mr. Irving, was still at Madrid.

The Paris Mode says that, "Whatever may be asserted to the contrary," the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies is determined upon, and the new elections are to take place in November next.

In the disturbed districts of Leitrim the disorder was increasing to an alarming extent. Having failed to tranquilise those districts, Mr. Steele, "head pacificator," had issued an address, violently denouncing the offenders. A search for arms has been ordered by Government in the disturbed districts.

A meeting of the landed proprietors of Ireland has been convened, to take into consideration the provisions of Lord Stanley's Irish Tenant Compensation Bill. A remonstrance will, no doubt, be made to the Government against proceeding with the measure.

The screw principle, we hear, will shortly be adopted for a new line of steamers between Liverpool and Dublin.

The turtle season at the island of Ascension is likely to prove favorable, no less than 1200 having been already turned.

The *Dublin Mail* publishes some portion of a correspondence between the Premier and the Archbishop of Armagh, from which it appears that Sir Robert Peel has again refused to propose a grant in aid of the Church Education Society of Ireland.

The Marquis of Exeter is said to have received £35,000 for withdrawing his opposition to the branch line of the Midland Railway, which is to pass through his property at Stamford.

It is said that Louis Phillippe, in filling the vast galleries at Versailles with paintings and sculptures, has expended upwards of eighty millions of francs—about £3,200,000 sterling!

The Morning Herald denies the Morning Post's statement that the French steam navy outnumbered that of England, and says, thus the former contains 102 vessels of 20,000 horse power, that of the latter 140 vessels of 25,000 horse power.

BALTIC WHEAT.—The reports received from Danzic do not give quite so lively an account of the wheat trade as previous advices thence; and a reaction of 2s. to 3s. per quarter has taken place there, it appears, in prices. At Rostock and Stettin former terms seem to have been maintained, and as much as 35s. per quarter was still asked for good 61 lb to 62 lb red wheat at those places.

The Britannia, which left June 1st, arrived at Liverpool on the 13th, in a passage of 12½ days.

It is said that Thomas Moore is to write the life of the late Rev. Sydney Smith.

On the evening of the 18th the Duke of Wellington gave his annual banquet at Apsley House, in celebration of the 30th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The number of guests was 76, among whom were Prince Albert and all the most distinguished officers of the army.

An accident of a somewhat serious character occurred on the Great Western Railway on the 17th. The Exeter express train, which has recently begun to run a distance of 200 miles in the short period of 4½ hours, left the London Station at the usual hour and was proceeding towards Slough with great velocity, (it was asserted more than a mile a minute,) when the oscillation of the carriages became so great that the passengers could hardly retain their seats. Soon after, the engine and tender became separated from the carriages, and two of these, one of the first and another of the second class, were thrown from a bank 12 feet high. The passengers were in great danger, and several were seriously injured, but none dangerously.

A lady was so much alarmed that her life was despaired of, and Sir R. Vivyan, Member of Parliament, received a severe cut in the head. There were 150 passengers, all unable to escape, being locked into the cars, and it is remarkable that no greater injury was sustained.

The Diana, of Hull, Captain Armstrong, took fire on her voyage from Liverpool to St. Petersburgh, and burnt to the water's edge. Both the ship and cargo, consisting of salt and cotton, were destroyed, but the captain and crew were rescued by the Dutch steam-boat Hertha, and taken to Elsineur.

Mr. O'Connell appeared in the House of Commons on the 16th.

☞ Boston Subscriptions to the New-York Tribune received by authorised Agents, REDDING & Co. 5 Statestreet. Terms—16 cents per week or Two cents for Single Copies.
Weekly Tribune every Friday Morning, for 6 cents or $3 per annum.
All new and cheap publications for sale as low as issued by Boston Publishers. Thomas Napoleon. je7 eod1f

BUTCHERS' AND DROVERS' BANK,
New-York, June 16th, 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.
je10 2tjy8

☞ 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 Bay of Mississippi, a distance of Eleven Miles. The Canal will be laid out in sections of one hundred 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 tjy8eow

☞ Water Cure at Lebanon Springs.—This very beautiful, romantic and healthy place is easy of access, being situated only 25 miles East of Albany, 30 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 Campbell, "Lebanon Springs, Columbia Co. N. Y."
The Water-Cure Journal, and Teacher of Health, Joel Shew, M. D. Editor, Campbell & Whitmarsh, 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. my31tf

Patent Medicines.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA:

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

As a mild aperient, antiseptic and tonic, it contains the three most useful properties of medicine. It purges, purifies and restores. Scrofula, Cancer, Leprosy, all Ulcers and Scrofulous Sores, all diseases of the Bone, Skin, and all internal disorders not organic, but springing from a diseased circulation, give way before its hygeian influence.

Diseases having their origin in an impure state of the blood and fluids generally will be speedily and effectually removed by this invaluable medicine as its operation is peculiar, and contains in removing the cause to disease by entering into the circulation and passing through the general system.

The following letters furnish additional testimony of the intrinsic virtues of the Sarsaparilla: They speak for themselves.

NEW-YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, biting, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James M'Connell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.

Yours very truly, SARAH M'NTYRE,
248 Delancy-street, New-York.

BINGHAMTON, Oct. 17, 1844.

*Messrs. A. B. & D.