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## Poetry.

## BEAUTIES OF BYRON.

NO. XIII.

"CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT."

We think we may appropriately introduce the following beautiful stanzas, as

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end;  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Through friendless now, will dream it had a friend.  
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
The youth itself survives young love and joy!  
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy!

Ah! happy hours! once more who would not be a boy!  
Thus bending o'er the vessel's living side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflecting eye,  
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
And dies unconscious o'er each backward year,  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearest to soul, possesses or possessed;  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;

These young thoughts, which o'er the heart's deep sea,  
Would still, allie in vain, the heavy heart distress,  
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall,  
To slowly trace the sunset's dusky scene,  
Where things that never were, but seem to dwell,  
And mortal foot hath never or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,  
With wild rock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steep, and bounding falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Close, near Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But, midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that with kindred consciousness endue,  
If we were not, would to some smile the less  
That that dapper fellow, following close behind,  
This is to be alone: this, this is solitude!

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
Who on lonely Athens' rocky shore,  
Watching at eve upon the giant height!  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,  
That he who sits at such an hour hath been  
Will linger on that hallow'd spot,  
Then slowly turn him from the watching scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

The following stanzas upon the story of the  
"Child's" pilgrimage through Albania: mark how  
surprisingly beautiful is the first stanza:—

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;  
From her bosom, where the infant first was born,  
Her never-weaned, though not her favour'd child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing pollutes her path;  
To day or night she ever smiles,  
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

Land of Albania! where Iskander\* rose,  
The hero of the young, and beacon of the wise,  
And his namesake, whose oak-leaf crown'd the throne,  
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous empire:  
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes  
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!  
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
And a pale crescent sparkles in the gleam,  
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

Child Harold said a peasant's barren spot  
Was his Penelope's couch, and his own bed;  
And onward went the motley, yet not forgot,  
The lover's reward and the Lesbian's grave.  
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal grave  
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
If life eternal may await the lyre,  
That hither to heaven with Earth's children may aspire.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly cross'd at by the circumcised,  
Forgets that pride to panopied priesthood dear;  
Churchman and votary alike despised.  
Foul superstition, however disguised  
With sham, with sign, with pomp, with cross,  
For whatsoever symbol the churchman's shrine,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!

Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dress?  
Ambrosia's gulf behold, where man was lost  
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!  
In yonder rippling bay their naval host  
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king  
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring;  
Look where the master and man have been combing  
In "the" he never sunk. When in the Mæor, in  
1810, the poet was seized with a dangerous fever,  
and these two men nursed him "with an attention which  
would have done honour to civilization." The one  
was a Turk [Makometan] named Dervish Tahiri;  
the other an Infidel [Christian] named Basilus.  
The poet thus describes his leave-taking with these  
attendants:—

When preparations were made for my return,  
My Albanian attendant, Basilus, took his  
leave with an awkward show of regret at my intended  
departure, and marched away to his quarters with  
his bag of pistoles. I sent for Dervish, but for some  
time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just  
as Signor Logotheti, friend to the ci-devant Agi-consul  
of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid  
a visit. Dervish, however, never went before for any-  
thing less than the loss of a parab (about the fourth of  
a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attend-  
ants, my visitors—and I verily believe even Sterne's  
"foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-tailed" to  
sympathize with the unfeeling sorrow of this barbarian.  
For my own part, when the Albanian was so short of  
time before my departure, I could not but be sensible  
of me because he had to attend a relation "to a  
millioner," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the  
present occasion and the past recollection. "That  
Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be  
expected; when the mother and man have been combing  
the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they  
are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, con-  
trasted with his native ferocity, impressed my opinion of  
the human heart.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES. A PRISON  
RHYME IN TEN BOOKS. BY THOMAS COOPER, THE  
CHARLTON. London: J. How, 139, Fleet-street.

(Continued from the Star of September 28.)

The following purely poetical and truly beautiful  
stanzas, forming the exordium to the fourth book,  
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cell on the window-grating of the poet-prisoner's  
cell.

Welcome, sweet Robin!—welcome, cheerful one!  
Why dost thou slay the merry birds of corn,  
The sounds of human joy,—the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lap,—and, at gray morn,  
Ere the sun wakes, slip to the things of scorn  
And infancy and want and saddest whom  
Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn, on a sudden  
dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which  
he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping  
bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation,  
he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts  
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From out that beaming look, to know what thoughts  
Within the barb-leaved heart's tongue dwell—  
The pure eye pealed with snow, that floats  
So gracefully—'dost think the diamond?  
Young Hero, kirked with Chastity, there fell  
Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair!  
Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreaming, tell  
Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were—  
Like thee,—to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air.

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'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel  
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And a pale crescent sparkles in the gleam,  
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

Child Harold said a peasant's barren spot  
Was his Penelope's couch, and his own bed;  
And onward went the motley, yet not forgot,  
The lover's reward and the Lesbian's grave.  
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal grave  
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
If life eternal may await the lyre,  
That hither to heaven with Earth's children may aspire.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly cross'd at by the circumcised,  
Forgets that pride to panopied priesthood dear;  
Churchman and votary alike despised.  
Foul superstition, however disguised  
With sham, with sign, with pomp, with cross,  
For whatsoever symbol the churchman's shrine,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!

Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dress?  
Ambrosia's gulf behold, where man was lost  
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!  
In yonder rippling bay their naval host  
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king  
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring;  
Look where the master and man have been combing  
In "the" he never sunk. When in the Mæor, in  
1810, the poet was seized with a dangerous fever,  
and these two men nursed him "with an attention which  
would have done honour to civilization." The one  
was a Turk [Makometan] named Dervish Tahiri;  
the other an Infidel [Christian] named Basilus.  
The poet thus describes his leave-taking with these  
attendants:—

When preparations were made for my return,  
My Albanian attendant, Basilus, took his  
leave with an awkward show of regret at my intended  
departure, and marched away to his quarters with  
his bag of pistoles. I sent for Dervish, but for some  
time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just  
as Signor Logotheti, friend to the ci-devant Agi-consul  
of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid  
a visit. Dervish, however, never went before for any-  
thing less than the loss of a parab (about the fourth of  
a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attend-  
ants, my visitors—and I verily believe even Sterne's  
"foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-tailed" to  
sympathize with the unfeeling sorrow of this barbarian.  
For my own part, when the Albanian was so short of  
time before my departure, I could not but be sensible  
of me because he had to attend a relation "to a  
millioner," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the  
present occasion and the past recollection. "That  
Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be  
expected; when the mother and man have been combing  
the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they  
are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, con-  
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THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES. A PRISON  
RHYME IN TEN BOOKS. BY THOMAS COOPER, THE  
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(Continued from the Star of September 28.)

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Welcome, sweet Robin!—welcome, cheerful one!  
Why dost thou slay the merry birds of corn,  
The sounds of human joy,—the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lap,—and, at gray morn,  
Ere the sun wakes, slip to the things of scorn  
And infancy and want and saddest whom  
Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn, on a sudden  
dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which  
he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping  
bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation,  
he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts  
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recur to the period of the Reform Bill. That measure threw, as he then loudly boasted, half

suse threw, as he then loudly boasted, his representation of Ireland into his hands. How he exercised that power? Did he select as men- tors who could expose the wrongs, while they emulated the genius of their country; and those lands of Borneo and Sumatra, Ceylon, and Alaba- ma, which were the seats of commerce, and from whom he did the bidding of their master, even stranding of their own independence; a quiet vassalage was notoriously their sole qualification. When the Speaker claimed for them freedom of speech, he might as well have said, "I will give you no more than I can afford." Indeed, could speech be taken from those who were denied the faculty of thought, even had they possessed, they were prohibited from exercising it. In this, his nomination pamphlet, the lust of gain alone interfered with the notion of domination. The ruling passion could not be satisfied by even the most extensive dominion over the living; provided he purchased it at—*"six or seven thousand pounds."* At this very moment the do- minant principle is as avowed as ever—sixty six years are to be returned at the next election, provided consent to have no will of their own. This is a great deal more than it used to be. It is called, indeed, that can be called which would degrade

the system is not crushed—if the Conciliation convention is permitted to tax, and legislative denounce as usual, we are far from doubting disgusting consumption. An organised religion is established, and those who are audacious enough to be independent, are left a choice between exile and proserption. But though absence screen the person, it cannot protect the reputation. No flight can evade the winged venom of Conciliation Hall. Age, sex, station, patriotism—all that honoured in life or even sanctified by death,

whole world has been his high way, and as his Fifth  
prototype possessed its orator, so does Burleigh  
its slanderer of "the human race." Are we  
on for examples? Stand forth from your circle  
"Ye base brutes and blood-drinking sting-  
ing reptiles! Ingratitude, you nourished  
witness, Lord BROTHMAN, slandered me, and  
I dared now—as if one person could counteract  
another! Attest it, thou shade of GEORGE  
FOURTH, to whom on his knees the insolent ir-  
responsible blandly promised a diadem and a palace  
and whose memory he pursues with ceaseless vil-  
peration."  
"I have," upon the MELBOURNEs was waiting  
"I have," upon the MELBOURNEs and the WILKIN-  
SONs, in order to get places for the tail, did not  
cover that the Coercion Bill was Lord  
"which was Lord MELBOURNE's measure? and  
shameless still! did not Lord MELBOURNE  
submit to take the credit of being incapable  
doing the very things which, under Lord GREY,

for the first time governed Ireland on principality  
quantity; when it was notorious that the administration  
partially unjust to Protestants, was founded on  
principle; and did not Lord NORMANBY, like  
MILLMORE, merely submit to profit by violence  
know to be foully false? Again—did the violent  
Graham, the pig and the good—did the  
franchises of his son, WILLIAM J., secure the  
immunities? Where the exception among the  
sections—which of their leaders—were the  
DEAR RUSSELL, REEVE—has ceased  
tell how should they, when even he who  
treats the predictions of them all—he, the  
glory, Europe's champion, the only

ron himself has had his setting splendour glow  
for these mongrels? Did the lustre of their talents  
or the memory of the services lavished upon  
Roman Catholics of Ireland, shield PLEENOR of  
unburied bones? Was the modesty of English  
matrons, or the valour of her soldiers, unweilded;  
not her population wholesale spat upon as "Saxons  
Why was France insulted in the person of her  
reign, the lustre of whose crown is lost in that of  
virtues? Was it meet that liberty should be won  
in the persons of MINA and ESPARTACO, or KUNZ  
absolutism required that her Emperor should  
branded as "a monster," was it to maintain  
impairment that the peaceful tomb of WASHINGTON  
should be outraged, and republican America  
plunged into a new and more terrible

Your tributaries of the people! Your liberty-brawls  
Your Irish toleration-mongers! Give power to  
men!! Why the very graves of buried despots  
disgorge them to do homage to their masters.  
groveling reptiles, spawned from the Life's sl  
upon Burgh-quay, perfect in themselves, are  
specimens of their tribe throughout the world.  
transformation from the demagogue to the desp  
of course. Give them but authority and they  
sure to avenge themselves on those principles  
freedom by proclaiming which they hypocritically  
tained it. No matter what distinction adventu

ther robbed in the purple of DOMITIAN, or disfigured the rags of ROBESPIERRE, they are all the same—same infernal fetsers link the whole fraternity—same frigid philosophy which shuts out measure from their sympathies—the same hard, cruel, mere-hating spirit, which, in our memories, crucify throne and altar in the name of liberty, and mock its goddess from the scaffold of the guillotine! May Heaven avert the sway of such men, from this deluded Ireland! The mild majesty of ENGLAND, QUEEN would be superseded for the worse even by Council of Three Hundred, and our holy Church needs neither light nor purification from the fire of the Inquisition. We have not the least objection, Mr. O'Connell's antics, so long as they merely rest *himself* ridiculous. He may never admit to the

of his belt, in the robes of an alderman, or grave Punctilious in the chair of a lord mayor—he may even be himself upon “*Tara of the Kings*,” and bow his crowned” head for the Milesian cap from which Satyrnny has purloined the bells; but when approaches the very verge of rebellion—when he perdes the legislature by the levying of taxes, the courts of law by the creation of tribunals, the executive by what he boasts to be a mon organisation—when a weekly congress holds its

patching, through the country its missionaries  
sedition—when every authority, institution,  
establishment in the land are made the subjects  
ridicule or slander ; and when the unhappy peo-

inflamed by revolutionary falsehoods, are taught to repudiate the Government of England for the sake of the pathy of America or the fraternisation of France. We do say it is an unnatural state of things, which should be at once terminated. Sir ROBERT P. may rest assured that the Roman Catholic community, their nobility, gentry, ay, and a vast portion of their clergy also, grateful for the conciliatory spirit of his system, await but his signal to tender

names of Ireland—the FINGALS, the TRIMBLESTONS, the GORMANSTOWNS, the BELLEWS, are not to be found in the muster roll of sedition. They stand aloof from significant estrangement, and represent thousands and tens of thousands who have long been disgusted at the shameless imposture by which their body has been misrepresented, impoverished, and disgraced in Ireland, long compromised by the extremes of both parties, relies for relief from both on the firmness of the Minister. We are in a state of exclusion.

ness—we stop not to ascertain the colour of his cheeks who evades the law or violates the constitution. Whether it be the first Protestant magistrate in the land, or the patrician mountebank that tumbles down the Burgu-quay, let each, we say, have an equal measure of justice. By this just system, promptly, rigidly, and fearlessly carried out, the people of the land will feel that they are under the rule of an impartial and a paternal Government.

This article is not an ordinary one; nor is it from an ordinary pen. Assuredly it is not from any of our usual writers in the *Herald*. The very form of the article,—to say nothing of its power and force, so

superior to the ordinary twaddle of the press bespeaks this. The *Herald* is the Ministerial organ and the article in question bears all the external impress of demi-authority. It is intended to serve two or three purposes : to frighten O'CONNELL, in the first instance, by letting him know that mischief

legislatorial measures to put down political agitation and political societies in Ireland, and to secure the support of the Whigs to such measures, seeing that

were parties, have failed to satisfy even in degree  
and it is intended also to quiet the perturbed spirit  
of Orangemen by showing the teeth of the LAW o

The picture that the LORD CHANCELLOR draws of O'CONNELL, in the article just quoted, (for we cha

to say it,—which the actions of the original men than justify. The shameless mendicancy of the Burquay "patriots" has long stunk in the nostrils of

over thought and action by the imperious dicta-  
has long been the scorn of every friend to practi-

Repealers—those who are so from principle—because they recognise the *right* of all people to judge of their own wants, and supply their own necessities;

by the money-gorging freedom-denying junta at "Conciliation Hall," we say, make it difficult the actors-out of the democratic creed to touch w

be defiled. Will, if the THREAT conveyed in



**MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE AT HOUNSLOW BARRACKS**  
—We regret to state that an occurrence of a melancholy character took place on Sunday night, at the barracks of the 4th regiment of Light Dragoons, stationed at Hounslow, during which Quartermaster Thomas Turlington was stabbed in the belly by Lieutenant Martin Kewran, of that regiment. The grievant of this tragedy relative to the circumstances connected with the unfortunate affair has ever since been maintained by the military authorities of the barracks, and it was not until yesterday afternoon that the fact began to be known in the town of Hounslow. Various reports were immediately in circulation as to

the particulars of the transaction, one of which was, that in consequence of the promotion, by purchase, of Major Harcourt Masters, of that regiment, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, unattached, which appeared in the *London Gazette* of Friday last, that officer on Sunday last gave a dinner to his brother officers.

officers, when took place in the mess-room or life-guard room, the barracks. The comfort and cheerfulness of the evening were kept in mind, and it is stated by some who profess to be well-informed, that about twelve o'clock, while under the influence of wine, Lieutenant Kerwan took umbrage at something that occurred, and finally quitted the mess-room for his own apartments, whether he was attended by Quartermaster Tarleton, who endeavored to soothe his irritated feelings, but on reaching the lieutenant's apartments that officer immediately seized his sword and stabler Tarleton as above described.

MONSIEUR, TUESDAY EVENING.—On Monday evening, on the return of Colonel Dady, the commanding officer, to the barracks, who had been to town, Lieutenant Kerwan was, by direction of the military authorities at the barracks, sent to the military street. Major's headquarters, the surgeon of Hounslow, into whose hands, with the surgeon and assistant-surgeon of the regiment, the care of the wounded man, has been

placed, saw his patient several times yesterday, and he was going on favourably. At eight o'clock the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, a local magistrate, attended by Sergeant Jingles, of the police, attended at the barracks, and at eleven o'clock the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, writing by the reverend magistrate, and afterwards also the evidence of Mr. Frogley, the surgeon, as to the nature of the wound and the state of the wounded man. At twelve o'clock a meeting of the magistrates was held in the petty sessions room, and at one o'clock a warrant was issued for the immediate apprehension of Lieutenant Martin Kerwan, on a charge of cutting and wounding, which was placed for execution in the hands of Sergeant Jingles. Shortly before three o'clock the prisoner arrived in a fly, accompanied by Colonel Dayle, the police sergeant riding on the horse, and the prisoner was taken to the barracks into the magistrates' room and placed at the bar. The deposition of Quartermaster Tarleton was then read over in the presence of the prisoner, as was also the deposition of Mr. Frogley, who, being present, added to his testimony, that the very unfavourable symptoms which had presented themselves on Monday evening had continued morning after morning, and that the prisoner was in a very bad state, and that the wounded man out of danger. Colonel Dayle expressed his readiness to enter into any amount of bail for the appearance of Lieutenant Kerwan at a future day; but the bench said the charge was of so serious a nature that they could not take bail, and it was their duty to remind the prisoner that he was now before the court, and that the Quartermaster Tarleton could be ascertained, or his recovery be such as to enable him to attend. The prisoner, accompanied by one of the

officers of the regiment, was then removed by Sergeant Jeebs in a fly to Yottill's fields. Bridwell.

**HOUNSLOW, WEDNESDAY EVENING.**—It would appear that the officer between a whom an Lieut. Kerwan the disagreement took place, was Captain Kerwan, who was present at the dinner. Most of the officers present at the dinner drank freely, and while at table the altercation took place between Captain Lane and Lieutenant Kerwan. It was stated that on Lieutenant Kerwan finding that the Quartermaster Tarleton would not allow him to leave his apartment with his sword, he drew another sword which was hanging up in the room, told him to defend himself, but before the unfortunate man could do so, he received the wound from the lieutenant's sword under which he is now suffering. Upon inquiry last evening the wounded man is stated to have been in the hospital, and it was impossible yet to pronounce him out of danger.

**THE LATE AFFAIR AT HOUNSLOW.**—Nothing decisive can yet be said of Quartermaster Tarleton's recovery; but the symptoms, which were alarming on

Two MEN DROWNED IN A COAL PIT.—On Sunday evening last, two men, named Hugh Adam and William McDonald, lost their lives in the Wellington coal-pit, at Milkrhill, near Dalkeith. The pit, we believe, is about 408 feet deep; and being as yet unwrought, upwards of 120 feet of water had been allowed to accumulate at the bottom. "On the night in question, the men whose names are mentioned above, along with another individual named David Christie, were sent down the shaft for the purpose of stopping up an air-hole, and as they did not calculate on being so long, they were unable to get up in time, and were many minutes in accomplishing this matter. They were

Since the accident occurred, the men have been kept in the hospital, and the bodies of the two men who were killed have been sent to the coroner's office. The bodies of the two men who were killed have been sent to the coroner's office. The bodies of the two men who were killed have been sent to the coroner's office.

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him, Hampstead, who discovered in a corner there  
 a man to all appearance dead, lying upon the grass,  
 they communicated the fact shortly afterwards to  
 gentlemen whom they met, and on his repairing to  
 the spot he found the dead body, still warm,  
 person apparently not more than 25 or 30 years of  
 age. A quantity of blood had flowed from his  
 mouth, and in each hand was a brass-barrelled pistol,  
 one of which had evidently been recently discharged,  
 and the other was loaded with powder and ball;  
 some constables of the S division speedily arrived and  
 removed the body to the mortuary, and the following  
 day the news of his death was spread in a blue letter

blue cap, striped waistcoat, and dark trousers, and in his pockets were a few silver and copper French coins, but of trifling value; there were no papers, upon him by which any information could be gained with regard to his name or address; he had a moustachios and very large whiskers, and it is supposed that he is a Frenchman.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—On Monday last, an inquest was held before Thomas Lee, Esq., coroner, at the White Horse, Lepton, on view of the body of Benjamin Lee, son of Henry Lee, of Lepton (Yorkshire), weaver, aged sixteen years. The deceased was a servant to his master, and was employed in the weaving of cloth.

last was sent with a horse and cart for some clover; he took the bit out of the horse's mouth for it to eat the clover while the horse was being loaded, and on his endeavouring to put the bit into its mouth again, it seized it, and threw it down, when the cart wheeled over his head, and he died immediately afterwards.

**FATAL ACCIDENT AT LEEDS.**—On Tuesday morning last, an inquest was held before John Blackburn, Esq., at the Court House, on view of the body of James Bloomfield, a boy twelve years of age, the son of Humphrey Bloomfield, who resides in Off-street, Leeds. The boy worked at Messrs. Wilkinson and Co.'s felt manufactory, Hunslet, and on the 10th

On August 3, 1911, he accidentally got his arm entangled amongst the wheels of a scribbling machine; and, before he could be extricated, received some very severe injuries. He was removed to the Infirmary, and died on Monday last. Verdict, "Accidental Death."

**LOSS OF TEETH.**—In consequence of the complete or even partial ruin of the teeth, the face shrinks. The countenance assumes a different expression, and wrinkles will prematurely furrow the face. The only remedy for this is to supply the loss with Artificial Teeth, thereby restoring clear articulation, perfect mastication, and preventing the hollow and shrunken cheeks, the thin and contracted lip, so

characteristic of old-age. The new Incurrodible Teeth introduced by Messrs. Thomas and Lloward, Surgeon-Dentists, 64, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, most fully answer this purpose, and are fixed without extracting any roots or teeth, or giving any pain whatever. They will also be found much more economical than any others.

**EXPERIMENT WITH FIRE-RESISTING TIMBER.**—LIVERPOOL, Thursday, November 14. Mr. JAMES B. RICE

arrival of the timber, the inventor of a preparation for rendering timber to a great extent fire-proof, tested the experiment at the Commercial Hall, Gloucester-street, in this town, in the presence of the Mayor, Mr. David Hodgson, Mr. Henry Booth, Messrs. Milner and Son, and other gentlemen. Two piles of timber, the one consisting of pitch pine, which had undergone the process of preparation, and the other consisting of unprepared timber, were placed in the

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the experiment was, that the prepared timber upon which the lighted shavings were placed was very slightly damaged by the fire. The Mayor and other gentlemen present, expressed themselves satisfied with the experiment so far as it had gone.

**ASHROX-UNDER-LYKE.**—A public tea party of the merchants and friends of the Chartist Co-operative Land Society will be held on Saturday, the 11th of October, in the Chartist Association-room, Rentlock.

street, Ashton,











QUEEN SQUARE

[illegible]

**CLERKENWELL.**

**THURSDAY.—ASSAULT.**—Charles Sommes and his wife were charged with assaulting an old man, the prisoner being brought brightly lacerated, and the inside of his face was swollen and bruised very sadly. He stated that in the evening he went to the defendant's house and asked for payment of a sum of money that was due to him. The woman answered him at the door, and first asked him to leave the corridor and then to go down stairs. He went down to the room at the head. A police-constable was brought to the spot, but the prisoners had escaped, and it was some time before their retreat was ascertained. Before being captured he made a desperate resistance, and the woman kicked him in the groin so severely as to incapacitate him from being able to go any days to work. The man's defence was that the prosecutor had induced his wife to get drunk in his house, and spend between £5 and £6, and this caused her to become exasperated when she saw him in her sober moments. He denied having done more than endeavour to save his wife from being locked up. He was charged with being committed to the House of Correction for fourteen days.

**WORSWIP-STREET.**

**THURSDAY.—SOLICITOR'S LETTERS.**—Mr. Vann, a solicitor, attended before Mr. Broughton, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Auvache, a master weaver residing in Manchester-street, Bethnal-green, in whose behalf he requested the magistrate to advise and assist him under the following circumstances:—“Mr. Vann stated that his client, Mr. Auvache, had given some important evidence in the case of a man charged with the murder of a woman, who was executed at the Old Bailey, in the early part of the present year, for the murder of Emma Winter, a young woman to whom he had paid his address; and after adverting to the fact which had been elicited during the preliminary investigation of that melancholy case, that the mind of the wretched criminal had been in the first place so much influenced by the presence of a young woman, who had received a number of anonymous letters impugning her character, that learned gentleman proceeded to state that the subject of his present application referred to a series of similar communications which had been sent to his client respecting a young person named Brooks, to whom he had been for a considerable time, and who he was informed was shortly to be married. The anonymous

EXPENDITURE.		2	6	8
Salaries	...	52	10	0
Printing rules, cards, &c.	...	27	10	6
140 account books, at 2s.	...	14	0	0
Six ditto	...	0	0	0
Ledgers, day books, &c.	...	10	0	0
Stationery	...	2	9	3
Postage (including Foreign)	...	2	0	0
Expenses of local committees	...	5	16	7 1/2
Carriage of parcels, bookings, &c.	...	8	16	3 1/2
Two engraved blocks	...	1	10	0
Travelling expenses of Messrs. Wheeler, McGrath, Doyle, and Clark, and from Manchester, and to Scotland and Cornwall	...	5	10	0
		£ 123	14	0
Receipts	...	1570	17	10 1/2
Expenditure	...	123	14	0
		£ 1447	3	10 1/2

THOMAS MARTIN WHEELER, Secretary.

A PUBLIC MEETING OF MINERS was held at  
Bardsey, on the afternoon of Monday last, which  
was addressed by Messrs. Parkinson, Wensley, and  
Dixon, from Manchester.

THE DIXON FUND COMMITTEE beg leave to acknow-  
ledge the receipt of the following sums:—Italians, per  
Mr. Clark, £ 134.; Keighley, &c. Wigan Philan-  
thropic Total Abstinence Society, per Thos. Rottwell,  
£ 34. 0d.

STALL CROMWELL HAVE A STATUE?—(From the Dublin Nation).—"Doctum" has sent us a heap of bad trash, calling upon the Irish representatives to be in their places, and vote against a statue to Oliver Cromwell in the new English House of Parliament. What is it to us what statues are set up in, omitted from, or placed upon? Cromwell is with the English a totally different senator from what he is if we had to deal with the question, the omission Cromwell out of a gallery of English rulers, because of his persecutions in Ireland, would be a piece of lamentable absurdity. Why are they all Cromwells? In what way did Cromwell, that same Henry, who made the pirate invasion—than whom Cromwell made it penal to be an Irishman in Ireland, who made the life of a native at a fine of a few shillings—than Richard, who granted the "entire dominion of Ireland for ever" to one of the millions of Irish people, who made the fair fields of Glendun a desert strewn with the bones of those than that cold pedantic tyrant, James, who stripped their lands from a fourth part of the people, who highwayman straps a traveller of his purse—than his son, the false, scoundrel miscreant, who sold the judgeships of the country to the highest bidder, who gave money, violated the term, and having clutched to the Government of this man, Cromwell, called a great grave robber a martyr, Oliver Cromwell, who serves well of the people of England, and of us of England, more than the rest of his class. But the Englishmen are the man who trampled down the oligarchy, that was the man who trampled down

Forty-fourth Street.

Meetings for the purpose of enrolling members and transacting other business connected therewith.

than three lectures were delivered—the first on Pilsbury Atmospheric Railway, of which there is a model in the Gallery, with a carriage running every half hour. Several other lectures were given, and the last was on the Pilsbury gallery in a carriage on the railway. It appeared to me with great ease, speed, and security. Next was a lecture on chemistry, in which the lecturer very ably expounded the various uses of the elements, and the various compounds, ably illustrated his arguments by practical experiments. This followed a lecture by Mr. G. Bayley, a pupil of Mr. Benjowski's, on artificial memory. We should meet him later in the Gallery may be glass working, silk rearing, and other things, but we were tired, and the afternoon's amusement closed with an exhibition of dissolving views, the best of which (to our taste) was "a ship on fire." This is truly a magnificent picture, and I think it would be well to have a gallery devoted to the generation to a love of the arts and sciences, blending it does, in a pre-eminent degree, instruction with amusement at a very cheap rate, the admission fee to the whole

**SATURDAY'S NEWS**  
POLICE, LEGAL AND GENERAL

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS

DEATH.

**BANKRUPTS.**

*[From the Gazette of India, October 5.]*

William Stait, of Finscomb, Oxfordshire, baker—James Harlestone Lines, of Richmond, Surrey, butcher—Robert McEntire, of Paternoster-row, and of Bankers' Alley, commission agent—Thomas Davies, of Liverpool, merchant.

Printed by DOUGAL MCGOWAN, of 17, Great Windmill street, Haymarket, in the City of Westminster, at the Office in the same Street and Parish, for and by the Proprietor, FRANK MCGOWAN, who has also published for the Proprietor, the Standard Newspaper, at No. 18, Charles street, Brandon street, Walworth, in the Parish of St. Mary, Newington, in the County of Surrey, at the Office, No. 34, Strand, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, in the City of Westminster.

Saturday, October 4, 1845.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26