

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC FLEET
Case communicated by Mr. Lloyd, Chemist and

SIR.—The wife of a person residing in St John's Green in this place, came to me with a little time since, for a box of your Pills for her husband. She told me that previous to his taking them he had a violent attack of the Gout, which sometimes laid him up for weeks and months together, but since he has taken your Pills he has been able to get about his usual avocations, and is no longer laid up, and only requires one dose of Pills to set him to rights. I have seen the husband since (yesterday May 2nd, 1842), and he told me the same exact story, and moreover says, he never takes any other medicine.

Yours truly,
I can assure you, is not a solitary instance of this. I invariably find them do good whenever I have sold them. The parties say they shall be happy to give any information in their power, as public benefit.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
J. W. OYD,
Chemist, Post Office, Richmond, Surrey.

The testimonials of the astonishing efficacy of Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills are usually accompanied by the fact, that no inconvenience of any sort attends its administration, but that the patient, without feeling the operation of the medicine, is universally relieved in a stronger and better manner than he expects, and is enabled to continue his usual avocations with this disease; and in all cases of acute suffering, great relief is obtained in a few hours.

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followed by observations on the OBLIGATIONS of MARRIAGE, and healthy perpetuity ; with directions for the removal of certain Disqualifications from the mind, put out of the mind, and the SILENT FRIEND to be consulted without exposure, and with assured confidence of success.

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LINES ON READING THE NEW PLAN OF ORGANI-

ZATION.—BY THE OLD COMMODORE.
 Ay, this is something tangible!
 Yes, just the ticket for the day.
 We've played at bowling long enough,
 And never struck a wicket.
 There's something plain, and easy too,
 That all may understand;
 I've, yes, Friend Robson, this will do:
 Let us *GRANT* the Law,
 Ye read your Plan, my canine man,
 And all its parts approve.
 Take, take my thanks, and many more
 From those who freedom love.
 Remove now, ye Charivari, to a man;
 Be vigilant, be wise;
 And let no squabbles mar your plan—
 No jealous thoughts arise.
 All other factions are at work:
 Why should we fiddle be?
 This is no time for us to shrink
 And skulk beneath the lee:
 The "*Old Britannia*" feels the storm,
 And heeds' beneath its power;
 The hurricane blows from all points,—
 Now *Charivari*! break the waves!
 "*Britannia*"'s crew can nothing do,
 To save the good old craft;
 The sails in shivers, brass gone,
 Confusion for the crew!
 Old Pilot BOB has got a job!
 [And who the devil cares?]
 Top gallant masts, and topmasts too,
 Are tumbling 'bout his ears!
 His anchors, *heav* and small power, both
 Are left in *Devo* his care!
 His "*Tariff*"—cable would not hold,
 His "*Income Tax*" gave way!
 "Now blow ye winds from every point
 To crack your very cheeks!"
 The boiling waves are rushing in,
 And who shall stop the leaks?
 Behemoth DAN, rolls in the van
 And rears his giant crest;
 And gathers up five-million power,—
 Green billows from the West!
 Ha! Bobby you may bluster, but
 He laughs your threats to scorn;
 Yours "*Arm's Bill*," and yours "*Pensioners*"
 And all your "*Vote*" *drove forlorn*!
 REBECCA, that brags her suzerain,
 Comes rolling o'er your brows;
 And, like a mighty avalanche,
 Destruction looms above you.
 To your hostiles, and your police,
 As fierce as on the rolls,
 She waves conquest the *system*, now
 She's conquer'd all the tolls.
 The "*Heb* broth" is "*thick and slob*;"
 And "*ha!*" the "*caudron bubblin*!"
 The Scottish parson, wrack-like,
 Are adding to your trouble.
 Dick COLDEN, and his pirate fleet,
 Like *Grampus* shoals surround ye;
 "*Our arms*" and "*our navy*" are nearly so:
 The spell of fate has bound ye,
 And now the mightiest wave of all,
 Comes foaming o'er your quarter:
 The *Charivari* boat Organize!
 Proclaim the *new* order of the day!
 Your crew, "*Sir Bob*," will mutiny,
 Alas for *Jemah* then!
 They'll pitch you to the sharks I fear;
 Who've swallowed bigger men!
 Come, *Charivari*, to your hour
 To lose can we afford—
 Now *Organize your life-boat's crew*,
 And boldly rush on board.
 "*Britannia*" once in your command,
 Will speedily righted;
 And nobly steer for Freedom Bay
 With peace and plenty freighted—
 Her pirate crew black, red, and blue,
 With foulest rascals rank,
 With them, you've only this to do,—
 Just make them *black* and *blue*!
 This offering made—God will us aid—
 And still the roaring storm,
 The *Charivari* once Great Britain's law,
 Of all things not reforming,
 The press unchain'd, the human mind
 From class-made shackles free;
 Labour protected, and the Land
 Made Poor Man's property.
 This, this must be your glorious work,
 The task ye must perform:
 The plan is clear, then, persevere,
 Nor heed mad faction's storm.
 Let but our bend like brothers stand,
 In *phalanx* firm and true,
 The law's broad shield will safety yield,
 Then, "*damn it*," *what* a strife!
 Your life-boat launch—*launch*, stout and staunch,
 Let all her timbers be;
 For if *she* but one royal plank,
 She'll not be fit for sea.
 God speed you in your glorious work!
 Come, rally thus once more;
 And with you still, with right good will,
 Will work the *OLD COMMODORE*!
 Todmorden, August 27th, 1843.

SONG OF THE BLIND ONE.
 THEY talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth,
 They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth;
 They say the mountain-sold is fair—they tell of dew drops bright,
 They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon the night.
 I do not sight to watch the sky, I do not care to see
 The lustre drop on green-hill top or fruit upon the tree.
 I've pr'yed to have my lids unsal'd, but 'twas not to behold
 The dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold.
 No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, star, and sun,
 For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.
 I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,
 The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet,
 The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden
 While they ring,
 The robin in the winter time—the cuckoo in the spring.
 But never do I think those tones so beautiful as
 When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that
 heart is mine.
 There is no melody of sound that bids my soul re-
 joice,
 As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy
 voice.
 And, Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, star, or
 sun,
 Can ever be so bright as thou, my true, my gentle
 one. ELIZA COOK.

I WOULD GO TO YOUR CHURCH.
 "Only say 'tho' the nose to the altars we build,
 You may pray 'tho' the nose to what altars you
 think choose." TOM MOORE.

I would go to your Church, if your Church were but
 a
 No wedded profanity to prayer's corrupt will;
 Notwithstanding the poor suffering people may be
 Without knowledge or food, it will decimate still.
 Altho' hee bosom diaphanous made,
 The demons of self with scornful thrones
 To the dulcet of vicious words and carnal
 And mankind with it all kith or kindred disown.
 I would go to your Church, if the Priest who is there
 Had the interest of man for a moment at heart;
 But let him sound forth the old Protestant pray;
 Let him Mearnsy or Khan, he but plays well his part.
 The orisons words of the sator in black;
 The orisons that with scornful voices
 Avail but one instant—they seek the old track;
 The dull congregation reapse in a trice.
 I would go to your Church, if the people who crowd
 In the pews and the aisles were but humble in mien
 But I see all the wealthy, the selfish, and proud,
 And in luxury's robes looking down on the scene.
 Mark the expression when service is done,
 The linements worldly and sensual that play
 All around the gay throng, who will not even shun
 The previous week's worldliness one single day.
 I would go to your church, if I could but displace
 All the coldness of nature and dullness of soul,
 With a transparent hypocrisy, feigning a grace,
 As far from the old path as the ultimate pole.
 O give me the old path with scornful at rest,
 In great ARTHUR perform above temples of stone,
 The pure, upright heart who serenely doth come,
 And worship in pure resignation alone.
 I would go to your Church, if your Church did not lie
 Like the dead Ephraim, on man's mortal breast,
 Oppressing the last lingering life to the sigh.
 Mark that stilly heart with scornful at rest,
 And the spirit disemball'd from the chains of the
 faith,
 Which the senate may honour and Christ disapprove
 The sin of whom mercy may smile over death,
 And receive the poor victim at last to his love.
 THE BISHOP OF RINDRES.

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LAST WEEK curious piece of gold, of twisted workmanship, said to be worth an old solid £200 was found by a farm servant ploughing a field belonging to Mr. H. Lillywhite, of Ropley, Hants. It is supposed to be a collar worn by the Romans, of very fine workmanship, in a good state of preservation, and now in the possession of the Rev. S. Maddock, vicar of Ropley.

DURING the late session there were no fewer than 2220 divisions in the House of Commons, on public and private Bills, &c. Those on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, of course, constitute no contemptible portion of the number, being only *fifty-one*, on various portions of which the Government opposed a vote; and the corn-laws fire division too placed—four upon the question—that the debate be adjourned—and one upon the original question.

FORESTERS.—The Court, 861, of the Antient Order of Foresters held their anniversary at the house of Wm. Gee, the Duke of Wellington Inn, on Saturday the 26th ult., when 114 members partook of an excellent dinner, and the evening was spent in song and dancing, which was kept up till a late hour.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—SPINNERS' MEETINGS.—Several meetings of the operative cotton spinners have been held during the last fortnight, for the purpose (as stated) of establishing a fund to enable them to purchase land, *to get the land;* and it is said that upwards of £20, obtained by subscription, has been deposited in the bank for this purpose. —*Manchester Guardian.*

MAD DOG.—On Monday morning as a dog-fancier named Jones, was proceeding along Millbank with his valuable dog, the animal on seeing the river took to the water, and swam off towards a ferry landing at every thing it could come near; the owner instantly after this seized hold of the dog, but the animal bit him in the arm, and he threw it into some deep mud by the side of the river, when a dock-hook was sent flying, and the dog was killed. The merchant who owned the dog was forced under the mud and suffocated. Several persons had a narrow escape from being bit by the dog; and one person in running away, fell down and severely injured his knee. The arm of Jones was so much bruised, but fortunately did not require any treatment. The dog was wearing a thick fustian coat on, which prevented his arm from being lacerated, and perhaps fatal consequences following.

AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, on Monday, **Barnard Gregory**, the editor of the *Satirist*, pleaded guilty to the charges against him of libelling the Duke of Brunswick and Mr. Valsance. Mr. Bodley, counsel for the defence, contended that the Duke sort of compromise had been entered into between his clients and the prisoner to induce him to take this course. He was liberated on bail to appear and receive judgment at the next sessions of this Court, and was committed to Newgate for three months of punishment. At the same Court on Monday, Samuel Sydney Smith alias Captain Smith, was charged with forging and uttering a bill of exchange for £150, with intent to defraud Lyon Samuel. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be detained in prison until he should have paid the sum of £150. The judge said he thought the Jury "had taken a wrong view of the case;" the Judge thought otherwise, and transported him for life. The Court ordered one of the witnesses in the case, named Jush, to be transported for six years, and another witness, named Robert Cousins was indicted for embezzling various sums of money, stated to amount to £150, the property of his employer, Mr. Walters. He was transported for seven years.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—The other evening a vagrant-fellow was taken into custody at Lincoln, for disturbing the public peace, together with his wife, who was much abused, but fortuned to be dealt with dumb, and to tell fortunes by signs. It appears, however, that the potency of the liquor they drunk had loosened the lady's tongue, for she cursed and swore, and abused the police in grand style. They were both committed to Newgate for two nights lodging in the lock-up, but on the following morning, when brought before the Mayor, the female's tongue was again mute. They were discharged, on condition of quitting the city immediately, or on three weeks' imprisonment, but forfeited the latter alternative. The planer "Juniper" would be very conspicuous in the evenings for some months to come, and doubtless old Worsdale, the Lincoln conjurer, would have this to show as a proof of his influence on his sister-in-law. These conjurers do not profess the gift of futurity for others, can never discover it for themselves; liberally dispensing riches, marriage, and offspring to others; the old conjurer could not discern who it was that used up his water, and he could not see the flames edging on the bare boards of the police station.

BRUSSELS PAPERS states that Holland has lost on its most honourable citizens—the House of Orange—one of its most able servants—the diplomatic body one of its most distinguished members—M. Falek, minister of the King of the Netherlands, and M. de Brouckere, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The minister adds to the chronological list *one more celebrated name* whose death was occasioned by that tormenting disease, gout. No doubt is entertained that the cause of this calamity may be traced to fallen victims to this afflicting disease might have suffered from violent rheumatism. Gout, Gout and Rheumatic Pains.

ALARMING FIRE AT WESTMINSTER.—On Sunday night, shortly after ten o'clock, a fire broke out in the stabling in the occupation of Mr. Blatchley, egg merchant, situated behind the dwelling houses in Church-yard-row, where several carriages are stored. Although the fire was discovered at a very early stage, and although some of the inhabitants and police exerted themselves to extinguish the fire, they were unable, for in about five minutes after the alarm given, the flames had become so extensive, that the adjoining buildings, belonging to Mr. Scott, and also to a dwelling house, belonging to the same gentleman, in Lower Garden-street, and from thence they communicated to the building of High Street, all the same street, all of which were at one time blazing away at a furious rate. Fortunately the engine belonging to the London brigades, from the station in Horseferry-road, was soon brought to the spot, and an immediate and abundant supply of water was sent to the spot, which saved the bodies of the men on the flames, which prevented their further extension. By much exertion on the part of the Bremen, and an admirable supply of water, the fire was entirely subdued by a little past eleven o'clock.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Dr. Johnson has pronounced "public opinion" to be the most exalted of dignities, and minor decisions should bow in humble submission. The propriety of this sentiment is, of course, fully apparent, and any individual who is established in the decision of a single critic, is superior to what of the majority of mankind. But we wonder whether the merits or demerits of any particular thing, are to be judged of from the opinion pronounced by the public at large, the Vegetable Pills of the longevist, Parr, may be viewed as possessing properties calculated to excite the admiration of the proprietors introduced these pills to the world, they of course, rested upon their own intrinsic qualities. A trial was made—the public judged and approved, and that, too, in a manner, beyond all praise. The pills were sold in bottles of twelve, and were cheerfully received, but the community at large—(almost with one voice) returned a verdict in favour of this invaluable cure. Where, then is the individual who would for an instant call in question the wisdom of the physician? Is there any rational opposition to so positive a criterion? Or who would venture to pronounce a verdict of condemnation when he reflects that this grand medical desideratum has so successfully passed the ordeal of "Public Opinion."

WINDPILL.—In the middle of last week, an old woman named Mary Dunn, who bore several children, a Perth, but of whom, as respects the place to which she belonged, her connections, or even her name, farther than that she bore the cognomen of "Mary Dunn," her neighbours knew nothing, died; principally on charity, left behind her ninety pounds invested in an old stocking. The whole was in silver, and principally in half-crowns. Three days after her death some knowledge of her connections was ascertained, and a Mr. Macmillan, a professional tradesman made her appearance from Aberdeen, whose claim, we understand, will not be disputed to the heirship of a sum which will go far to render her declining years comfortable, she being also aged.—*Perth Courier.*

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—On Sunday morning, a destructive fire broke out in the Victoria Works, the premises belonging to Messrs. William and John Heath-street, Commercial-road, Stepney. The fire, when first discovered, was raging with fearful rapidity in the lower part of the premises, and the various inmates being fast asleep at the moment, many of extraordinary exertions were made by the firemen, who enabled to get the complete surplus of the conflagration in little better than an hour and a half, but not until the building, with its valuable furniture, &c., was almost consumed.

FLOWERS OF ELOQUENCE.—"Mr. Speaker," said a distinguished orator in a Western Legislature, "I have been accused of vacillation." Upon this declaration he rose, and exclaimed, "The fire drew the breath of life beneath the gigantic foliage of the forest oak! who was cradled in an earthquake, and smothered by the Mississippi!"—me, whose playthings are the elements of nature!

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