



TRAGICAL EVENT—ROMANTIC OCCURRENCE.

On Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, an elegant...

Miss Hannah Herbert, a lady-like young female...

Miss W. sent her servant to procure a glass of wine...

Witness left the room for the frequent ringing of the bell...

Miss W. lying senseless on the sofa, attended by her two servants...

Witness said to the deceased, "What have you given her?"...

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SIX OR SEVEN LIVES.

At the time he arrived, Miss W. had nearly recovered...

The coroner having briefly recapitulated the jury, after a short deliberation...

The inquest did not terminate till midnight.

THEIR SIDE RECOLLECTIONS.

(FROM THE SOUTHERN HERALD.)

SIXTY EIGHT.

Mother! stay not the boy.

See! bring the sword and spear.

Give the brother words of cheer!

Michael! let the lover part.

Em! calls the strong in heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

THIRTY-FIVE winters have plucked and killed...

country, that I have since seen...

sanctioned by the small-poxed wisdom of the...

upon better days; by moral might alone; and while...

their exult in their clasp and more successful...

act as their circumstances required, and lavished...

their blood and breath in her holy cause.

Their forgotten names will ever shed a mournful...

and will render the history of the Rebellion one...

which no Irishman need blush to read.

I am not one of those who consider the term rebellion...

"dishonouring." Rebellion indicates oppression,

as surely as smoke does fire, and unless oppression...

its submission that constitutes dishonour; when,

therefore, I say and hope, that we shall not again...

rebel, it is because I know and feel that we can...

never again be trodden down.

When I call to mind the cruel and unnecessary...

profligacy with which Irish blood was then shed,

and when I witness the sisterly pride and joy...

with which Ireland still regards England's greatness,

I cannot but liken our lovely country to a...

brand well tempered, whose blood will soon rub...

off, though it is true, that a little of this al-

most superhuman forgiveness must be imputed to...

drawn between the English people and the Eng-

lish Parliament. That distinction, however, no...

longer exists. The British nation has now a voice...

musical and omnipotent, and the Irish province...

expects that it will be raised to check the in-

the great moral struggle which is fast approaching.

Before, and during, the time of the Rebellion I...

THE MURDEROUS WEAPON.

crashed into the bosom of her husband, who was sleeping on her...

At one period of the chase, the wretch turned...

blow missed its object, the weapon flew from...

He then ran with redoubled speed, and succeeded...

in gaining the refuge of the barrack before his...

enemy could overtake him. When the madman...

attempted to follow him, he was put back...

by the sentinel; and when in tones of passion that...

would not be quelled, he called for justice upon...

his wife and child, he was locked up in...

Such the guard-house, where he still remained. Such...

was the story which had roused my informant's...

indignation; and what breathing man could bear...

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INSOLVENT COURT, LONDON—JANUARY 3.

THE LANDLADY AND LOVER, OR MUSIC MAD.

The next who presented himself for discharge...

was an epitome of all that was witty, tenanted,

stringy, and ethereal. "Keen penny had worn...

him to the bone," and he appeared, both in har-

mony and bonanza, the super-galvanized un-

derstanding being of another world. Like the "lov-

able girl," he was in fiction or reality—"ear et-

pretra nihil!" protruding what, from its similarity...

to that part of a swan, might be pronounced a neck,

he ejaculated in a stentorian voice, half song half...

say, and which clearly was not interfered with by...

any expulsive condiment.

"The discharge is prepared. I go undismay-

ed!"

Chief Commissioner—"Ho! what have we here...

—whose case is this?"

Officer—"This person, your worship, was in his...

youth, a composer and musician; but—

Insolvent—"Give me back—give me back—the...

wild freshness of morning!"

Jailer—"Wild, your worship—he's as wild as a...

widgeon; and, as to "refreshing of morning,"...

not a wink of sleep could any prisoner take that...

was within ear-shot of him.

Insolvent (humming)—"Sleep on, sleep on, my...

jailer dear."

Chief Commissioner—"Does any one oppose this...

insolvent?"

Here a fat, little, putty, bear-eyed, rosy-gilled,

Hibernian dame, that might well have personated...

the celebrated "Miss Wapping," bounded for-

ward, and with much zeal, agility, and mock as-

sembly, wiping her mouth with her apron, ejaculated,

"I do—Ellen Brady, of the Fourteen, your wor-

ship!"

Insolvent—Apparently in a reverie, or dazed...

—"Deep in the fountain of his brain!"

Mrs. Brady—"Deep, your worship, you may say...

Exactly, my Lord. The culprit acknowledges it all—

first, he came with two others of his diabolical...

vagabonds—sung, smoked, played, drank, and broke...

every thing they could lay hands on; and bladdered...

the waiter "at catch, who catch can"—accented...

TO SHARM.

Sh—Allow me to address to the Prot...

particular attention to the remarks upon it...

How delighted I am to see the station of...

—that station to be forsaken, your talents...

neatly to suit you. I am, my dear Sir, your...

truly and actively, to a phrase need for...

ly by me, one of your raises for country...

national dignity.

I hope the house...

Your friend...

TO THE PROT...

Can you give the...

Orbitals...

Can Christian...

Case love of...

Factor—Country...

the possessed, who...

are. Now, it is...

that, one foot to...

Let me, then, em-

treat you to a fact...

Attended to me, follow...

Newfoundland has...

of a local legislator...

her a seat in their...

vacancy, and a writ...

of election was...

themselves for the...

The first was Mr.

Irishman. He is a...

lighter in Catholic...

and by Irish a Sco...

Presbyterian.

The great and...

electors are Irish...

and are Catholics.

The Catholic...

Flourishing, is an...

am truly proud to...

personal friend. I...

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