

LUTTRELL LAMBERT
PRIVATE COPY
The following are extracts from correspondence, mostly from the United States, and were forwarded to me by the very kind and generous hands of the Rev. Mr. J. C. ...

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND—OR A HINT TO THE LADIES.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, or to a display of his talents, but who will be the same to his wife after marriage as he was before it. When you see a man of frugal, industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of wealth, that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty and want. When you see a young man who is using his best endeavours to raise himself from obscurity to credit, character, and influence, by his own merits, marry him, he is worth having, and will make a good husband. When you see a young man whose manners are of the most boisterous and disgusting kind, with brass enough to carry him everywhere, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself, don't marry him, girls, he will not make a good husband. When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his father and other relatives, don't marry him for goodness sake, he will make a poor husband. When you see a young man one half of his time adorning his person, or filling the streets in gigs, who leaves his duties unperformed, never marry him, for he will in every respect make a bad husband. When you see a young man who is never engaged in any affairs or quarrels by day, or follies by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him wish to conceal his name, who does not keep low company, gamble, or break the Sabbath, or use profane language, but whose face is regularly seen at church, where he ought to be— he certainly will make a good husband. Never make money an object of marriage; if you do depend upon it, as a balance from the good you will get a bad husband. When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters, or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, and who will attend to all her wants with filial love, affection, and tenderness, take him, girls, who can get him, no matter what his circumstances in life are; he is really worth having, and will certainly make a very good husband. Lastly, always examine into the character, conduct, and motives; and when you find these good in a young man, then you may be sure he will make a good husband.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY IN AMERICA.—

In Woodstock, N.B., Mr. J. Munson, to Mr. Henry Allen. It appears that Munson and S. L. Page, of Hallowell, originally came from Connecticut, and set up business in Hallowell for a very extensive scale; shortly after Mr. Page went to Connecticut and brought back Henry Allen as a clerk in his store. Every body was well pleased with H. Allen, and he was offered the highest wages when he left Mr. P.'s employ, but he would listen to no offers but those of Mr. Munson, who was about establishing himself in Hallowell. Here again Henry Allen displayed the same activity; exciting the admiration of the men by his judgment in business and knowledge of accounts, for he appeared to be quite young; but the astonishment of the ladies at his accomplishments was without bounds, for so young a man in the country could sew, iron, or manage household affairs equal to Henry Allen, as he frequently exercised his skill in these matters at his boarding-house. But the denouement came at last—he went over to Woodstock with his employer, put on woman's clothes, and was married to him as a Miss —. It seems she had been engaged to Munson in Connecticut, but her father refusing to sanction the match, she ran away, and ended the courtship in the above manner.—*Hallowell Advocate.*

NAUTICAL BRAGGON.—

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine head-way over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land.—But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hurk, don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our sails are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next? Is it not the prospecting tars, reminded of their perils on the deep, as if struck by the powers of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat!"

PASSIONS: THE KING'S NURSES.—

From the *Chronicle*, it appears that King Henry III., A. D. 1218, ordered to be paid to "our beloved Elena, our nurse, the alms which the Lord King John our father gave her to wit, two pence a day," equal to 21 01 of our present money. In the following year a penny a day is directed to be paid to "Margaret, the nurse of Isabella, our sister;" and Alice, the nurse of Edward, the King's son, is to have half a mark a week, as a present from the King, out of the King's wardrobe at Waltham.—*Vide King's Description of the Close Rolls.*

Mrs. MURPHY AND THE SWISS MOB.—

During the inspection of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards on Thursday afternoon by His Majesty, at the Regent Park barracks, some of the light-fingered gentry contrived to introduce themselves amongst His Majesty's suite, and succeeded in extracting from the job of Lord Skirmishade a valuable gold repeater and appendages; the robbery was committed while his lordship was standing close to the King. His Majesty, on being informed of the fact, could not refrain from laughing heartily, and jocularly remarked that "he would get out of such bad company as soon as possible." The stolen watch is of great value.

DECREASED ADMIRALS.—

The number of Admirals decreased, since the last promotion, in 1830, being 22 Admirals, at £22s. per diem; 10 Vice Admirals, at £12s. 6d.; 10 Rear Admirals, at £15s.; and five retired Admirals, at £15s.; it results that it will lessen the annual half-pay to officers in the sum of £33,106.—*Half-pay Telegraph.*

MEDICAL VEGETABLE.—

It is stated as a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping or dying in a hot-house, it is almost sure to recover if you plant a phant of chamomile near it.

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JACK IN PARLIAMENT.

"Well, I don't see, Ned, why we Blue-jackets should not have praters in Parliament, just as well as the other trades, as send up their regular spouters. Now, Ned, dy'e know, I don't think you'd make a bad fist yourself at a speech." "Why, now, Sam, you puts the thing in my pate—I don't see why I hasn't as much right to be made a member of Parliament as one half the claps are sent there to prate on matters they knows nothing about." "We sartainly wants a chop or two there 'bout the seams of the sarvus, and wunt'ly to cut-off their pay and prog. Well, now, supposin', Ned, you happens to be a Member for Billingsgate, what would be the first thing you'd do when you'd take up your berth in the House?" "Why, Tom, that would depend on what they calls the question afore the House. Now it might so happen as they were on that eternal tack of taxes and rates (thittles.) Well, then, I'll tell ye what I'd do—and moreover tell ye what I'd tell any man as dared to touch on the pint." "Now for it, Ned, now let's hear how you'd work your Parliament men." "Well, you know, the first thing I'd do afore I shape my course for the Spinnin'-shop, I'd make for the tap and freshen my lip—for they say your Parliament chaps never can do nothin' thout reg'larly lubin' in their night's allowance. Well, as soon as I takes in a tumbler or two, and stows my liquor away snug under hatches, I'd up with my high-top, steer straight for the spinnin' anchorage, and take up a gothery's house for hys the first fellow as should feel the force of a rokin' free. In course I'd keep my fist till both sides begins to open their parts, an' blaze an' bang away on the double score of law and taxes—then I'd get on my pins—for you see every chap as attempts to spout in Parliament must take to his 'legs, ay, and stiff as a crutch, for fear a fellow should be taken for a tallor. Well, as soon as I gets on my pins, and clears my mouth of my quid,—for ye may be sartin I'd sing out in what your Parliament men call a reg'lar-built loudable voice—a vive ton, as every man and member fore an' aft should never forget—well, as soon as I'd find myself standin' stiff in the step, I'd say—'Gentlemen, says I, there is never no use in mincing the matter, I'm not the man, says I, I thumpin' my fist on the table, to give, you know, full weight to my words—I'm not the man says I, as says the one thing and think the other.' Then they'd begin to kick up a noisy nitty, bellowin' out 'Hear I hear!' like a bunch of new-made hounds, till not a soul in the house could hear the sound of a voice. 'Gentlemen, says I, opening a broadside on both sides at once, for I doesn't see the difference 'twixt friend or foe when people wunt hearken to reason.—'Gentlemen, says I, never wants you to learn to listen, and not to kick up a thunders' hubbub as bladders all hands from hearin' with your pot house pranks and bellowin' bursts of deafnin' 'hears.'—Then they'd begin to mind their manners—mend their manners a bit—and seem to listen a little to sense;—so, in course, as soon as I gets them under my thumb for a while, an' finds 'em all as steady an' silent as a well-keltered ship a-goin' into action, I then goes on again.—'Gentlemen, says I, you talks o' taxes, and you talk o' law—now, Gentlemen, says I, 'I'm not a goldi, says I, to say a single syllable on the score of taxes—because you see, says I, 'I never knows more of the matter nor they as made 'em; but try me, says I, on the tack of law, an' you'll find me, says I, 'a match for the best barber as ever brought a wiry wig to a block.—I'm not like some men, says I, 'I never, says I, 'I talks on things I knows nothing about—I never, says I, I lublin, the pratin' potheary with a reg'lar raker 'twixt wind an' water, never set up a member for Mischief—I never try to make searlarly folks discontented with their lot, or men of wars men detest the sarvus and desert their country.'—Then you'd hear, fore-an' aft a yelpin' cry of 'order! order!'—'Gentlemen, says I, you may order as much as you please—but I'm never the man as means to obey one of your lubberly orders—no! moreover, says I, 'I just think myself as good a man as the biggest big wig among ye.—Then some of your sneering chaps, as has't the sense to talk, or the teeth to bite, will try all they can to make a man lose his temper, snarlin' out in a sur dog cry, 'Oh! oh!—as if a searlarly man was to be fright'ed by the yelpin' cry of a barkin' cur.—'So, see here, Sir, says I, I'll give ye a fierce look at the first fellow I catches comin' his snarl'ng yelp.—'See here, Sir, says I, just shawin' him the size of my star-board fist.—'See here, Sir, says I, 'if you comes your 'O's over me any more, I'm blest, says I, 'I'll soon make you mind your P's and Q's.'—Well, you know, as soon as I gets 'em again into mannerly kelter, I then tries back for a bond, and keeps on the tack of law.—'Gentlemen, says I, 'I remembers the time when lies (talls) were a British boast—when the best sound as was heard afore—the most cherishing cry as could rally a frigate or battle ship's crew was the tuneful cry of 'The for lie, an' it's all favours!'—But, gentlemen, says I, 'that time of times has long gone by; no! now lies, like long sarvasses, says I, I'll bring ye and her leveller at the pratin' potheary, 'have been both cut off, to the downright ruin of the man, and the total destruction of the British navy?'—Then you'd hear cheers on every side.—'Gentlemen, says I, 'it's no cheerin' matter, I looks upon the dookin' of lies to be as bad—aye, even worse nor the dookin' of prestons—matur never intend'd poor people to be clipped of their natur' parquisites.—Gentlemen, since the time as we took to clippin' of ties, sarvans have gone to the dogs—where as a tie were worn, whether doubled up in a light or laid out in a Sunday length, we then were the world's boast—a man teas a man.'—Then you'd hear these thundering cheers, an' out from the house I'd fly, with flyin' colours, to freshen my nip—for talkin' a thirsty thing, and a man must eat his whittie if he wants to work his words.—*Natal Sketch Book.*

APPALING MURDER AT CHEPSTOW.

On Saturday evening last the inhabitants of this quiet town were shocked by the announcement that a dreadful deed of blood was perpetrated in the neighbourhood of the Dry Dock.—An immense crowd assembled, when it was ascertained that a woman, named Bridget Jones, who, with her husband, obtained a dwelling by back-stripping, had destroyed a child named Fanny Morgan, aged about eight years, the daughter of a labouring sailor, under the following circumstances:—About six o'clock in the evening, Bridget Jones called on the deceased, whom she had been in the habit of sending out on errands, and stated that she wanted her up stairs. Fanny immediately complied, and went before her, when Jones shut the door, seized a razor, followed the poor child from window to window, and having caught her by the hair, nearly severed the head from the body of the unfortunate girl. After which, upon an alarm, she threw her victim from the window into the street! The wretched mother of the murdered child, and some men went to see what was the matter, when the bleeding and mangled body was found; and on their attempting to gain admittance, Bridget Jones threw brick-bats and a clog over at them; they, however, burst the door, and prawled up stairs, where the murderer stood with the fatal razor, dripping blood in one hand, and a stone in the other. She attempted to cut her throat, but was prevented from doing further injury by the constables knocking the razor out of her hand. She declared she had no hatred to the child or her parents, but that the murder was now out, and she could not help it. A coroner's jury has returned a verdict of "Willful Murder" against Bridget Jones. The unfortunate woman appears to be about 45 years of age, and is a native of Ireland, married to an Englishman, who lived three years in Newport, and about five in Chepstow. It is reported that her intellect had been impaired by an accident which occurred a considerable time since, a heavy piece of wood having fallen on her head.—*Abridged from the Monmouthshire Merlin.*

UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE.—

A serjeant of armies, of the name of Stratton, confined by illness at Haslar Hospital, has met with an agreeable and unexpected reverse of fortune, being declared heir to the Earldom of Willou, worth £40,000 per annum. Sir Richard Williams, the Colonel of Marines, wrote on his Lordship at Haslar to present him with his discharge from the service, and to congratulate him on his accession to his title.

COFFIN OF KING DENCAN.—

A coffin has been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, supposed to be that of the Royal victim of Macbeth.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—

A Mr. Thompson, a bookseller at Rotterdam, the publisher of an anti-poetry journal, called *De Betandlari*, having been arrested and his papers seized on, it has been discovered that the paper was published to support the views of the Government of Belgium, under an agreement with M. Lebeau, the Belgian Minister, and that Mr. Thompson received pecuniary support from the Belgian Government.

IRISH AGRICULTURE.

It is now generally admitted that the dissolution of the Irish Farming Society, if it had its faults, but it fell a sacrifice not to any objections that could be raised against it on that ground, but to that left-handed and miserable economy which has been for years siffling away every thing Irish, merely to furnish plenitude with an opportunity of puffing themselves off as wonderful benefactors of the British people. Mr. Rice lately boasted, in moving the "Irish Estimates," that even since his own accession to office, the grants under that head had been reduced one hundred and four thousand pounds. Much better would it have been for Great Britain and Ireland, if he could have alleged that they were increased to a greater amount. One hundred and four thousand pounds saved to Great Britain, is a drop withdraun from a cistern, but if applied to objects of local utility in Ireland, it would prove a mine of wealth to both countries.

This has been demonstrated in numberless instances, fresh in every one's recollection. We have heard from the lips of government engineers, of rude and lawless districts in the south being turned into abodes of peace and industry by the expenditure of a few thousands on road making. We have heard from similar sources, of large additions having been made even to the public revenue in western counties, by comparatively insignificant grants for quays and other facilities of commerce. Sure were, that a moderate expenditure, under the auspices of a well regulated Farming Society, would double the products of our corn fields in five years. There is every thing but the capacity of the soil wanted to put Irish agriculture in a condition of real prosperity. Bad implements, bad seed, bad tillage, inefficient capital, miserably deficient theoretical knowledge—every thing contributes, under present circumstances, to keep it under depression. Mr. Newenham would have gone as far as an outlay of one hundred and forty or fifty thousand pounds a year in the removal of some of these obstacles, and if Great Britain dedicate together three or four millions of her taxes to her not merely in national security, but even a replenished exchequer, could scarcely be overestimated. We never saw or heard any thing connected with Irish husbandry that did not convince us that he was perfectly correct; and if a really efficient Farming Society, with adequate funds, had been in existence during the last twenty years, it is our firm persuasion that Irish husbandry would be now, in many parts of the country, even a century in advance of its present position. We have been led to these observations by the perusal of a prospectus of a new "Agricultural Society of Ireland," which will be found in a subsequent page. It gives the public the promise of a highly useful institution, which we hope to see fully realized. We would interest the individuals interesting themselves in it, to follow up their resolves with promptitude and energy, and to seek for a grant in the present session. Mr. Poole's Thompson has just stated, in his speech in Parliament, that he is convinced public money could be laid out to advantage in Ireland in "various ways." Surely there is no way in which any agricultural community could be more serviceable than by its assistance. We would strongly recommend these gentlemen to press the point with further delay upon it right hon. gentleman and his colleagues. Even though they should not succeed in obtaining parliamentary aid, we have not the most remote doubt that their undertaking will prove eminently advantageous to the country. We promise them then the zealous and ceaseless cooperation of this press, and we know we may add, that of our co-proprietors in general. We shall take care to have the proceedings of their meetings accurately published and disseminated throughout the kingdom, and every report and document that they may think it useful to lay before the public, shall not, we assure them, want a prominent and willing place in the columns of this journal.

NOTES ON THE REPEAL DEBATE.

IRISH PROSPERITY—ENGLISH BENEFITANCE. Infatuated people of Ireland! Wherefore are ye still complaining? Why will ye continue perseveringly regardless of the abounding enjoyments of your state? Why will ye turn in your eyes for ever with unrelenting grief, the vain creation of your own martial fancies?—Your hearts should glow with gratitude, your countenances should brighten with gladness; for both it not been proclaimed in high places that ye are well governed, prosperous, and happy? Hath it not been demonstrated that for thirty years your land has been watched and soarded with more than parental love and tenderness by the Imperial legislature—that your wrongs have been redressed, your rights freely conceded, your wants most liberally supplied, and your progress in national wealth and greatness, incalculably promoted, by its boundless generosity and unwearying care and wise beneficence? Have not Whig and Tory united in glorifying the goodness of your English masters? Bronghton and Wellington, Grey and Lambouquier uplift their voices in one accordant strain, blessing the Union and its fruits—

O fortun'd nation, 'tis his banner'd host, Is the cry of all the hereditary sages,—and are ye not satisfied? Will ye not, unresponsible people, cease to vex the ears of your rulers with senseless complaining? But away with irony. In the bitterness of scornful indignation we have written thus, after perusing the debate in the Lords on Wednesday evening. We feel the iron centur into our souls; we look around, and behold misery and want starvation throned in upon their horrid evidences of misrule and misery; but the Chancellor of England tells us that we have no grievances; he and his co-partners hold that the "Agitation" is the source of all evil to us, and that our woes, wherein that agitation has its origin and essential being, are merely visionary. Well—let it pass; yet it is galling. Wasted, neglected, drained of her life blood, sunk in the very depths of want and degradation, giving forth, save in a few favored districts, no symptoms of buoy and vigorous health, almost without the signs of a bare vitality, Ireland is lying prostrate—and these men read lectures to her wretched population on their own exceeding virtue and equity and mercy, and on the folly of the discontent which has sprung from sorrow and despair.

We have been led away from our immediate purpose, but we might not pass in silence this insolent mockery of our unhappiness. We return to the calculating secretary. He proved, he remembered, in the opening of his speech, that the course of foreign domination long withered our domed land with open and direct oppression; he proved again that the course was perpetuated by secret corruption through the nominally independent parliament of our venal borough-mongering oligarchy—as soon as the excitement of the volunteering it had ceased to inspire it with high and honourable and Irish feeling; and he went on to prove further, that this same domination had been converted into an agency of blessedness by the wonder-working Union. Mark the facts which he marshals in front of his multitudinous testimonies to its usefulness. Sixty-one committees have been appointed to consider the affairs of Ireland; one hundred and fourteen reports have been published with reference to her condition since 1800. Indeed! We are deeply thankful for the attention you've paid to our poor country. But did it occur to Mr. Rice that to us these reports and committees have availed almost nothing? We care not for the preliminary periphrasis of legislation; we desire wise laws, and their equitable administration. We say that these committees have served in general as planks and excuses for the indolence and neglect of the government.—They have told the story of Ireland's wrongs, but it has been always told in vain. Did not Spring Rice blush when he spoke of a committee on the condition of our poor in 1801, a duration of 10 1806, of another and another; and remembered that they have been only becoming more deeply steeped in their poverty; that no more effective measure for their advantage has been adopted by this most inquisitorial and benevolent Union parliament?

On goes the secretary, parroting his head roll of blessings. The Jury Laws! The Tithe Bill!—Verily, the man was at his wit's end when he referred to these precious emblems of the ignorance and folly of the Whigs.—To Irishmen we need not say, if such be the benefits—how terrible must be the injuries of this Imperial legislation? Emancipation! Reform! The Union would not have been complete in its infancy had not perjury been added to the corruption and tyranny and bloodshed through which it was consummated.—It was necessary that this should be put into the cauldron, with all foul and monstrous ingredients, "to make the medley slab and good," before the infernal soup could reach perfection. The Catholics were expelled, betrayed, and soothed at. For almost thirty years they fought the fight of freedom; and now is their hard won triumph to be placed to the credit of that Union which draved it to blood? They conquered by their own stern virtue and combined resolve; and the power which saved the victor of Waterloo into submission, supported, as he was, by all the might and all the prejudice of Britain, would far sooner have been effective in a native senate. The Union retained the progress of religious liberty. We have staid a certain measure of reform, but the Union heaps coals of fire upon his head even by detailing the real good that has been done, so mischievous and wonderful has been the manner of its doing. It was required by Britain that her representation should be purified; Ireland's could not, in decency, be left wholly unimproved. But with what nigged proximity was the improvement dotted out to her! How was she trampled on, and insulted, treated, and compelled to hang her head in sadness, even while the empire was making joyous jubilee for its renovated rights! We have no thanks for this. Bound to Ireland, England was obliged to raise her when she rose herself in this regard; but, as far as might be, she refused her fair participation in the widest age resulting from that constitutional struggle to whose successful issue, Irish talent and Irish honesty had so greatly contributed. The reform bill was a grievous insult and injustice, notwithstanding that it was a benefit to our country;—if it proves aught, it proves for us and against our adversaries, that the Imperial Parliament is partial, illiberal, inimical in its conduct and feelings towards us, and therefore utterly nugatory.

Public works! hospitals! prisons! bridges! Mark, says Mr. Rice, the favored children of the state; you monopolize its care, and to you it is most manifest. Let our readers procure, if they can, Mr. Williams' pamphlet on inland navigation; let them learn the scandalous neglect which has left our high capacities still undeveloped; let them learn how much has been done for the dependencies of Britain in another hemisphere, and how very little for her neighbouring island; and they will wonder that Mr. Rice should have had the effrontery to speak thus of the public works of Ireland. Money has been given, but of very small amount; and, were it otherwise, what amount could compensate us for the abstraction of our capital, the desertion of our proprietors, and the consequent stagnation of our industry? Mr. Rice should have known that his hollow boast of the attention peculiarly bestowed on Ireland was all delusive. These very grants, paltry as they are, may be taken as demonstrations of our inferiority to England, in all the constituents of a general and healthy prosperity. She requires no aims for her poor; her poor have a lion on the soil, strong in its proportion, as that of the owner, and claim their sustenance as a right. She has capital overflowing, and individual energy and enterprise demand no stimulus to action from the legislature.—To Ireland, capital and enterprise wanting, and therefore is she forced to seek its aid. It is absurd to institute an analogy between the Islands.—On the relative proportions of taxation, and the import and export juggles we must speak again.—*The Northern Herald.*

MR. COBBETT.

This gentleman has declared in favour of a repeal of the Union. The following, which we take from the last Political Register, will be read with no small interest, not only by the advocates of repeal, but also by those who are opposed to it. REPEAL OF THE UNION.—I congratulate Mr. O'Connell, Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Sheil and their countrymen, who have made the noble stand for their country. What a grand muster. Five hundred and sixty-one members present, and Mr. O'Connell left in a minority of thirty-eight. I dare say he recollected that old Pyn began with a minority of three. This minority does nothing, except that Ireland is a province of oil thing, that there are great numbers who feel how good it is, and who do not like to part with it. My reasons for a repeal of the Union would have been somewhat different from any I perceive to have been stated, but I should have added one to Mr. O'Connell's minority at any rate. I blame the advocates for the repeal for condescending to answer any of the arguments founded upon the amount of imports and exports, which had nothing at all to do with the matter.

EMIGRATION.

On Thursday morning upwards of 270 unmarried female emigrants left the river in the Strathfieldsay, bound to Van Dieman's Land. The vessel is 500 tons burthen, and has been fitted up with every care and attention to the comfort and convenience of the fair adventurers. The sleeping places or shelves, are six feet wide, destined to hold four persons, and extend in two tiers round the whole of the middle deck, which is exclusively assigned for the use of the females. An experienced surgeon and an aprentendant, and his wife, form the Board of Control over this petty colony, as well to prevent "a revolt of the emigrants" as to contribute to their comfort and amusement. The party went off in high spirits. In appearance by far the greater majority were respectable, and all were orderly—they seemed to be impressed with the importance of the step they had taken; but hope for the future, and the excitement of the moment, gave them confidence in the trial of departure. Government pays the expenses of the voyage, provides bedding, &c.; and moreover, gives to each a grant of £12 on arriving at the place of destination, where a committee of ladies will take charge of them, and aid them in procuring employment, or otherwise using their talents and their industry.

HEAD-OFFICE.—

Mr. John Hughes, excise officer, brought four men named Michael Lacy, Joseph Shanahan, George Fanning, and James Graham, before the magistrates at this office on yesterday, under a charge of having been engaged in the manufacture of glass without license. He stated that having on that morning entered a cellar at the rear of an uninhabited house in Plunkett-street, he had discovered the persons above named in the act of manufacturing flint glass. He had taken them into custody, and seized upon the premises where there had been a number of sent bottles, and a quantity of cullet, together with four moulds, two blowing irons, two pots, and a pair of shears, all of which were such as glass-blowers use in their trade. The men all confessed their guilt, and were fined £30 a piece (that sum being the penalty which the law attaches to such offence), or in default of payment thereof, sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

LONGEVITY.—

A misdeed lady, named Thierry, died lately at Chateaufort at the extreme age of 104 years and 11 months, who retained her mental faculties to the last. About fifty years ago her constitution was considered so debilitated that some persons conceived they were making a profitable speculation by purchasing her estate for a very considerable sum for her life.—Died, in Maury county, Tennessee, on the 10th of Jan. last, Mrs. Daisy Frantman, at the advanced age of 151. She was a native of Germany, and arrived at North Carolina in 1710. At the age of 120 her eye sight became almost extinct; but during the last 20 years of her life she possessed the power of vision as perfectly as at the age of 20.—*New York Paper.*

We have to announce the death of the Countess Walowski (formerly Lady Caroline Montague), the youngest daughter of the Countess of Sandwich, which took place in Paris a few days ago. The Countess of Sandwich was with her daughter at the time of her death.—*Globe.*

NOTES ON THE REPEAL DEBATE.

IRISH PROSPERITY—ENGLISH BENEFITANCE. Infatuated people of Ireland! Wherefore are ye still complaining? Why will ye continue perseveringly regardless of the abounding enjoyments of your state? Why will ye turn in your eyes for ever with unrelenting grief, the vain creation of your own martial fancies?—Your hearts should glow with gratitude, your countenances should brighten with gladness; for both it not been proclaimed in high places that ye are well governed, prosperous, and happy? Hath it not been demonstrated that for thirty years your land has been watched and soarded with more than parental love and tenderness by the Imperial legislature—that your wrongs have been redressed, your rights freely conceded, your wants most liberally supplied, and your progress in national wealth and greatness, incalculably promoted, by its boundless generosity and unwearying care and wise beneficence? Have not Whig and Tory united in glorifying the goodness of your English masters? Bronghton and Wellington, Grey and Lambouquier uplift their voices in one accordant strain, blessing the Union and its fruits—

O fortun'd nation, 'tis his banner'd host, Is the cry of all the hereditary sages,—and are ye not satisfied? Will ye not, unresponsible people, cease to vex the ears of your rulers with senseless complaining? But away with irony. In the bitterness of scornful indignation we have written thus, after perusing the debate in the Lords on Wednesday evening. We feel the iron centur into our souls; we look around, and behold misery and want starvation throned in upon their horrid evidences of misrule and misery; but the Chancellor of England tells us that we have no grievances; he and his co-partners hold that the "Agitation" is the source of all evil to us, and that our woes, wherein that agitation has its origin and essential being, are merely visionary. Well—let it pass; yet it is galling. Wasted, neglected, drained of her life blood, sunk in the very depths of want and degradation, giving forth, save in a few favored districts, no symptoms of buoy and vigorous health, almost without the signs of a bare vitality, Ireland is lying prostrate—and these men read lectures to her wretched population on their own exceeding virtue and equity and mercy, and on the folly of the discontent which has sprung from sorrow and despair.

We have been led away from our immediate purpose, but we might not pass in silence this insolent mockery of our unhappiness. We return to the calculating secretary. He proved, he remembered, in the opening of his speech, that the course of foreign domination long withered our domed land with open and direct oppression; he proved again that the course was perpetuated by secret corruption through the nominally independent parliament of our venal borough-mongering oligarchy—as soon as the excitement of the volunteering it had ceased to inspire it with high and honourable and Irish feeling; and he went on to prove further, that this same domination had been converted into an agency of blessedness by the wonder-working Union. Mark the facts which he marshals in front of his multitudinous testimonies to its usefulness. Sixty-one committees have been appointed to consider the affairs of Ireland; one hundred and fourteen reports have been published with reference to her condition since 1800. Indeed! We are deeply thankful for the attention you've paid to our poor country. But did it occur to Mr. Rice that to us these reports and committees have availed almost nothing? We care not for the preliminary periphrasis of legislation; we desire wise laws, and their equitable administration. We say that these committees have served in general as planks and excuses for the indolence and neglect of the government.—They have told the story of Ireland's wrongs, but it has been always told in vain. Did not Spring Rice blush when he spoke of a committee on the condition of our poor in 1801, a duration of 10 1806, of another and another; and remembered that they have been only becoming more deeply steeped in their poverty; that no more effective measure for their advantage has been adopted by this most inquisitorial and benevolent Union parliament?

On goes the secretary, parroting his head roll of blessings. The Jury Laws! The Tithe Bill!—Verily, the man was at his wit's end when he referred to these precious emblems of the ignorance and folly of the Whigs.—To Irishmen we need not say, if such be the benefits—how terrible must be the injuries of this Imperial legislation? Emancipation! Reform! The Union would not have been complete in its infancy had not perjury been added to the corruption and tyranny and bloodshed through which it was consummated.—It was necessary that this should be put into the cauldron, with all foul and monstrous ingredients, "to make the medley slab and good," before the infernal soup could reach perfection. The Catholics were expelled, betrayed, and soothed at. For almost thirty years they fought the fight of freedom; and now is their hard won triumph to be placed to the credit of that Union which draved it to blood? They conquered by their own stern virtue and combined resolve; and the power which saved the victor of Waterloo into submission, supported, as he was, by all the might and all the prejudice of Britain, would far sooner have been effective in a native senate. The Union retained the progress of religious liberty. We have staid a certain measure of reform, but the Union heaps coals of fire upon his head even by detailing the real good that has been done, so mischievous and wonderful has been the manner of its doing. It was required by Britain that her representation should be purified; Ireland's could not, in decency, be left wholly unimproved. But with what nigged proximity was the improvement dotted out to her! How was she trampled on, and insulted, treated, and compelled to hang her head in sadness, even while the empire was making joyous jubilee for its renovated rights! We have no thanks for this. Bound to Ireland, England was obliged to raise her when she rose herself in this regard; but, as far as might be, she refused her fair participation in the widest age resulting from that constitutional struggle to whose successful issue, Irish talent and Irish honesty had so greatly contributed. The reform bill was a grievous insult and injustice, notwithstanding that it was a benefit to our country;—if it proves aught, it proves for us and against our adversaries, that the Imperial Parliament is partial, illiberal, inimical in its conduct and feelings towards us, and therefore utterly nugatory.

Public works! hospitals! prisons! bridges! Mark, says Mr. Rice, the favored children of the state; you monopolize its care, and to you it is most manifest. Let our readers procure, if they can, Mr. Williams' pamphlet on inland navigation; let them learn the scandalous neglect which has left our high capacities still undeveloped; let them learn how much has been done for the dependencies of Britain in another hemisphere, and how very little for her neighbouring island; and they will wonder that Mr. Rice should have had the effrontery to speak thus of the public works of Ireland. Money has been given, but of very small amount; and, were it otherwise, what amount could compensate us for the abstraction of our capital, the desertion of our proprietors, and the consequent stagnation of our industry? Mr. Rice should have known that his hollow boast of the attention peculiarly bestowed on Ireland was all delusive. These very grants, paltry as they are, may be taken as demonstrations of our inferiority to England, in all the constituents of a general and healthy prosperity. She requires no aims for her poor; her poor have a lion on the soil, strong in its proportion, as that of the owner, and claim their sustenance as a right. She has capital overflowing, and individual energy and enterprise demand no stimulus to action from the legislature.—To Ireland, capital and enterprise wanting, and therefore is she forced to seek its aid. It is absurd to institute an analogy between the Islands.—On the relative proportions of taxation, and the import and export juggles we must speak again.—*The Northern Herald.*

MR. COBBETT.

This gentleman has declared in favour of a repeal of the Union. The following, which we take from the last Political Register, will be read with no small interest, not only by the advocates of repeal, but also by those who are opposed to it. REPEAL OF THE UNION.—I congratulate Mr. O'Connell, Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Sheil and their countrymen, who have made the noble stand for their country. What a grand muster. Five hundred and sixty-one members present, and Mr. O'Connell left in a minority of thirty-eight. I dare say he recollected that old Pyn began with a minority of three. This minority does nothing, except that Ireland is a province of oil thing, that there are great numbers who feel how good it is, and who do not like to part with it. My reasons for a repeal of the Union would have been somewhat different from any I perceive to have been stated, but I should have added one to Mr. O'Connell's minority at any rate. I blame the advocates for the repeal for condescending to answer any of the arguments founded upon the amount of imports and exports, which had nothing at all to do with the matter.

EMIGRATION.

On Thursday morning upwards of 270 unmarried female emigrants left the river in the Strathfieldsay, bound to Van Dieman's Land. The vessel is 500 tons burthen, and has been fitted up with every care and attention to the comfort and convenience of the fair adventurers. The sleeping places or shelves, are six feet wide, destined to hold four persons, and extend in two tiers round the whole of the middle deck, which is exclusively assigned for the use of the females. An experienced surgeon and an aprentendant, and his wife, form the Board of Control over this petty colony, as well to prevent "a revolt of the emigrants" as to contribute to their comfort and amusement. The party went off in high spirits. In appearance by far the greater majority were respectable, and all were orderly—they seemed to be impressed with the importance of the step they had taken; but hope for the future, and the excitement of the moment, gave them confidence in the trial of departure. Government pays the expenses of the voyage, provides bedding, &c.; and moreover, gives to each a grant of £12 on arriving at the place of destination, where a committee of ladies will take charge of them, and aid them in procuring employment, or otherwise using their talents and their industry.

HEAD-OFFICE.—

Mr. John Hughes, excise officer, brought four men named Michael Lacy, Joseph Shanahan, George Fanning, and James Graham, before the magistrates at this office on yesterday, under a charge of having been engaged in the manufacture of glass without license. He stated that having on that morning entered a cellar at the rear of an uninhabited house in Plunkett-street, he had discovered the persons above named in the act of manufacturing flint glass. He had taken them into custody, and seized upon the premises where there had been a number of sent bottles, and a quantity of cullet, together with four moulds, two blowing irons, two pots, and a pair of shears, all of which were such as glass-blowers use in their trade. The men all confessed their guilt, and were fined £30 a piece (that sum being the penalty which the law attaches to such offence), or in default of payment thereof, sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

LONGEVITY.—

A misdeed lady, named Thierry, died lately at Chateaufort at the extreme age of 104 years and 11 months, who retained her mental faculties to the last. About fifty years ago her constitution was considered so debilitated that some persons conceived they were making a profitable speculation by purchasing her estate for a very considerable sum for her life.—Died, in Maury county, Tennessee, on the 10th of Jan. last, Mrs. Daisy Frantman, at the advanced age of 151. She was a native of Germany, and arrived at North Carolina in 1710. At the age of 120 her eye sight became almost extinct; but during the last 20 years of her life she possessed the power of vision as perfectly as at the age of 20.—*New York Paper.*

We have to announce the death of the Countess Walowski (formerly Lady Caroline Montague), the youngest daughter of the Countess of Sandwich, which took place in Paris a few days ago. The Countess of Sandwich was with her daughter at the time of her death.—

