







SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel, the Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer and probable First Lord of the Treasury, the eldest son of the late Baronet, by his first wife, the daughter of his partner, Mr. Yates, was born the 5th Feb. 1788. He completed his education at Harrow, where he displayed an uncommon aptitude and ability, and was distinguished by steady application. Lord Byron, his contemporary, says of him, "Peel, the orator and statesman, that was, or is, or is to be, was my form, follow, and we were both, at the top of our removals, in public school phrases. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend." There were always great hopes of Peel amongst all masters and scholars, and he was not disappointed in. As a scholar he was greatly superior, as a declaimer and actor he was reckoned at least his equal. As a school-boy, out of school, he was always in scrapes, and he never, and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely. In this time Mr. Peel entered the University of Oxford as a commoner of Christ Church. In 1809 he took his seat as Member for Cashel, and early in 1810 succeeded the address of thanks to the Throne. During the same year he was made Under Secretary of State, and in September, 1812, was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is generally supposed that from the period of his leaving Oxford he was marked out for the honour of representing the University in Parliament, whenever a vacancy should occur. This took place on the elevation of Mr. Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons, to the Peerage, in 1817, when Mr. Peel was elected to succeed him.

In 1822 he succeeded Viscount Sidmouth as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and with a short interval only, held that high office eight years.

In 1824 he commenced his most important measures, those for the improvement of the criminal code. On the appointment of Mr. Canning as Premier he resigned, but returned to office under the Duke of Wellington. The change in his opinions on the Catholic question led to the resignation of his seat for Oxford; he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and stood at the ensuing election, but unsuccessfully. In the Right Hon. Baronet's public avowal of political opinion to the electors of Tamworth, in 1832, he said, "That he had never been the decided supporter of any band of partisans, but had always thought it much better to look steadily at the peculiar circumstances of the times in which they lived, and if necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour nor discredit in relinquishing opinions or measures, and adopting others more suited to the altered state of the country." For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties, by those who upon all occasions thought that no changes were required, as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. That middle course, however, he would continue to pursue, he held it to be impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances, and the only question with him when he departed from that line should be, am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive?—do I consider the measure I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?

Tamworth, which is represented by Sir Robert, owes its prosperity to the manufactories established there by his father.

On the death of his father, in 1830, he succeeded to the Baronetcy and almost the largest private fortune of any commoner in England.

In 1830 Sir Robert married his present amiable and accomplished lady, a daughter of the late General Sir John Byng, Bart., by whom he has a family of seven children.

THE CITY OF CORK.

Cork is a very fine city, surpassed by few in the excellence and width of its streets or in the architectural beauty of public buildings. Although there is not in Cork so great a contrast between splendour and misery as in Dublin, more of this contrast is visible than in English cities of the same size. The best quarters of Liverpool and London upon a par with the best parts of Cork are of a worse, and more extended than these towns. The best streets in Cork are the mercantile streets; and in these the shops are little, if at all, inferior to those of Dublin, few streets in Cork have the appearance of being inhabited by the upper classes. One cause of this is, that so large a number of the merchants live out of town. The passion for country houses in Cork is universal, and the extreme beauty of the environs is a great encouragement of this passion.

I should say of the street population of Cork that it has a look of respectability. The upper and middle classes have a business air and although one is frequently solicited by the mendicant, there appeared to me to be fewer rags and fewer bare feet, and in short, a less amount of destitution relatively to the population than in Dublin, or any other town I had yet seen in Ireland, excepting Clonmel.

I am sorry to find, in the case of Dublin, the disposition towards ignorance and display, amongst the upper and middle classes, strongly manifested. The passion for country houses I have already spoken of, but there are other passions that trench upon both industry and economy, particularly the passion for horses and hunting, which, indeed, is not confined to Cork, but is observable in every part of Ireland, where I have yet been. Six packs of hounds are kept in the neighbourhood of Cork and every body hunts who can possibly contrive to keep a horse, nor is the indulgence of this passion looked upon as at all inconsistent with business. The young merchant may, without any imputation on his business habits, mount his hunter at the door of his counting house. This is very different from our English commercial habits. And to descend a step lower, it is no inconsiderable proof of the love of pleasure among the citizens of Cork, that in a town of 25,000 there are nearly four hundred public houses, whereas there are only four or five in a town of the same size elsewhere. The Sunday citizen population is highly gay, and amongst the very lowest classes on Sunday I saw very few rags. I attended as far as the Bishop's chapel—one of the largest and handsomest of the Catholic churches—and here, at an opportunity of seeing a vast congregation of the lower classes. Beside the multitude which crowded the church inside, there were from six to eight hundred persons kneeling and prostrate in the incense around the church; all of them, apparently, engaged with their devotions, and many literally counting their beads.

How to cure a disease. An American writes that he has generally observed that women who were great eaters were great scolders, and in the last degree selfish.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, it appears, has died possessed of very great property. His people, of which it is not his wish to speak, of whom he always spoke in the most enthusiastic terms, a short time previous to his death he had purchased a large freehold estate, in Hampshire, of great value, and had upwards of £200,000 in the funds, which he had placed at the disposal of his Royal Highness that in amount. So certain was the Duke's Highness that his disorder would prove fatal, that a few days prior to his demise, he made all family arrangements, and his last request was that the Duchess should place a painted ruyon upon his finger, and he should be interred in the clothes in which he died, and be placed in an alms coffin.

BENEFIT OF READING. IN PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.—Reading aloud and public recitation (says Dr. Clarke) will, when prudently employed, be useful in strengthening the pulmonary and digestive organs and in giving tone and power to the voice. The clear and distinct enunciation, which is acquired only by long practice, is seldom found associated with pulmonary disease, and we are therefore inclined to recommend the practice of recitation and elocution at schools. It would, we believe, be difficult to cite the example of any great orator who died of pulmonary disease, while many might be adduced whose health was improved and their life prolonged by the honest use of all a sacred duty. Cicero was rescued from the effects of this exercise. Cicero was rescued from the effects of this exercise. Cicero was rescued from the effects of this exercise.

GLASS.—Although the historians of China, Japan, and Tartary speak of glass-manufactories existing in those countries more than 2,000 years ago, and although an Egyptian mummy, known to be decorated with little fragments of glass, which was unknown to the birth of our Saviour, was rescued from the tomb in this country, the art of the convent of Weymouth, and in the year 674, for French workmen to glaze the windows of the chapel, and even so late as the 13th century our ancestors were unacquainted with the art.

INUNDATION OF TWO COAL PITS.—MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF TWENTY-THREE LIVES.—On Friday last, one of the most remarkable instances on record of twenty-three individuals, who were apparently inevitable death, being rescued at the Lomax wood colliery, near Weymouth. It is well known that coal mines, when no longer worked, on account of the veins being exhausted, or from any other cause, very often become filled up with water. At the Lomax wood colliery the water is drained from the working mines, and flows through tunnels of great length into a pit below the level of all the mines, situated on the opposite side of the river Koch (under the bed of which it is carried), and pumped out by a powerful steam engine. Early on the morning above-mentioned, twenty-three persons were at work in the mines communicating with each other, and situated between the engine pits, which had been shut up for years. In one of the branches of the mine, (says as they are termed by the colliers,) a man of the name of Taylor struck his pick into a large mass of coal, which happened to be just over the lower extremity of the old mine, which, being loosened, blew up with a tremendous explosion, having a pressure of thousands of tons of water upon it, which instantly rushed forward, and every man, boy, and dog, was hurled before it with resistless force, and with a noise that roared through the coal like peals of thunder. Six individuals, including Taylor and two or three boys, contrived, some of them almost miraculously, and others driven by the force of the current, to get near the pit's mouth, when they gave the alarm, and were speedily wound up, leaving seventeen of their companions to an apparently inevitable death. An immense number of persons, however, assembled round the pit's mouth, and for upwards of three hours the water in several parts reached the level of the roof, the utmost few were entertained for their safety, and the only hope was that the sufferers had reached the higher levels of the mines; but, ultimately, by the praiseworthy and unremitting exertions of the by-standers, they were every one of them rescued from their perilous situation, without sustaining any injury beyond a few bruises and exhaustion from cold. The miners, in a sad ruinous state after the accident, were described. The scene was of the most heart-rending description. The men commenced clearing them on the following Monday, and are all again at work. It had been previously arranged by the foreman to bore off the water in the old mine, and the men, we are informed, had been cautioned against getting too near it; but Taylor came upon it sooner than he anticipated, although, from the softness and wetness of the coal which he was getting, the miners say that he ought to be more cautious.—Bolton Chronicle.

A youth from Kendal, visiting London, for the first time after eighteen months' absence, was with you just before his return, and shall soon be with you again, and shall be glad to see dear Kendal and its happy people once more. Before I came to London I confess I thought I should find myself, for a time, at least, more excited and cheerful than I ever was at home; but never was I more mistaken. If I have done myself no other good by visiting town, I have become more than ever in love with what was always a beloved home. There I never go out of doors without being known, and smiled upon, and spoken to, but in London I am evidently a stranger for whom no one cares. At the end of the day, I passed by a laughing and a friendly crowd, and I was passed by a laughing and a friendly crowd, and I was passed by a laughing and a friendly crowd.

THROWING THE LASSO.—I frequently saw Don Miguel amusing himself with his sling, near the Royal stables at Santa Cruz; he was the perfect adept at the art, and never missed making caption of every thing that came in his way, whether horse, ox, hog, or any other animal; his brother, Don Pedro, on the other hand, was an excellent marksman with his gun. The Spanish cavalry in the province of Buenos Ayres, are all skilful handlers of the sling, which gave them marked advantage over the Brazilian horse when in the field. The former used to ride down upon their antagonists, and throw their sling at a given distance, the end of it being made fast to a ring secured to the hinder part of the saddle. The opponent, when entrapped in the noose, was then easily brought to the ground, and the captor rode off, dragging him behind him, until he was dead, and almost torn to pieces.—Correspondent of the United States Journal.

Friday, in the Court of Exchequer, in the case of Hogan v. Gosson, the action was brought on behalf of the plaintiff by her father, for compensation for injury inflicted through the negligence of persons in the employment of the defendant, who was a mail-coach proprietor. Damages were laid at £1,000. The plaintiff, a young child, was coming up Dublin from Keshmarr, accompanied by her grandmother, in defendant's coach called the Fair Trader. The coach was running at the time with a rival, and coming down an ugly hill it was upset, and Miss Hogan was thrown out, and had her arm frightfully mangled. It was proved that the accident was caused by negligent and furious driving, and that the coachman was not sober. After the trial had proceeded for some time, the defendant was acquitted, with such verdict for the plaintiff was submitted, and with such damages as should be mutually agreed upon.

The consecration of the Bishop of Bristol (Dr. Allen) took place on Monday in the chapel of Lambeth Palace. The ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. London is as calm and quiet as if every thing had been settled for months, and the Ministry going on smoothly. The High Sheriff has fixed the county Louth election for Christmas-eve, at Dundalk.

On Wednesday last, about twelve o'clock at noon, a party, consisting of eight armed depredaters, attacked and entered the dwelling house of the Rev. Mr. Mark of Grange, in the vicinity of Tipperary. They searched for fire-arms, and succeeded in getting possession of five stands—they then plundered the house of what money could be discovered, 50s, which together with the arms they carried off. Mr. Wilcocks, C. M. having received information of the occurrence, immediately set off with a strong party of police, and after a harassing search, traced the party to the wood near Cashel, through the intricacies of which they effected their escape. A noted character, named Henry, was lodged in Cashel goal on Thursday last, by the Golden police, charged with robbery.—Ibid.

On Tuesday evening last a number of men assembled at Dundrum, and immediately after a riot ensued. The police interfered, at whose approach they fled in all directions, leaving nine of the party prisoners. They were lodged in the jail of Cashel, but were discharged on the Thursday following, having entered into recognizances to be of the peace for the term of seven years.—Ibid.

On the night of the 5th instant, a farmer, named Michael Dwyer, of Ballinure, adjacent to Kilsnaley, when on his return home from this town, where he had been at market, was waylaid by a ruffian named Morrissey, and beaten in a most violent manner. His skull was severely fractured, and though prompt medical aid was procured, there is no hope entertained of his recovery. Morrissey was apprehended by Constable Barber, and his party, of Ballinure, and lodged in Newburgham Bridewell.—Ibid.

On the evening of the 24th instant, in the vicinity of Kilsnaley, a man, of the name of Cornelius Langton, of Rathrough, in the vicinity of Kilsnaley, was met on his way home from a funeral, by two men, named Walsh and Guyton, the former of whom struck him a violent blow with a stone over the temple, which knocked him off his horse. Langton lies in a very dangerous state, but is expected to recover. Walsh has absconded, but Guyton has been apprehended and lodged in the Bridewell of Newburgham.—Ibid.

TWO MEN SHOT.—On Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, a number of men assembled in Meath street, and attempted to take forcible possession of the house No. 47, in same street. They proceeded to break in the hall-door with various battering implements, and burst in two of the panels, but here there was a check upon their work of demolition. From the hall two shots were fired through the breaches which they had made, and two of them were wounded. One of the unfortunate men was severely wounded in the groin, and the other had three of his fingers broken. The former was removed to the St. James Hospital, and but little hope was entertained of his recovery.—Dublin Paper.

FEBRUARY.—Tuesday our great fair passed off well, without any fighting (a strange story on these occasions). This town is rising fast in prosperity. There is an agent appointed from Dublin, preparatory to running a steam-carriage from Dublin through this town to your city. The agent is our post-master here, Mr. Molloy. Mrs. Wall, a lady of the name of Taylor, who is started in little doubt but a night mail will shortly be started from your city through Tipperary. A most daring robbery was committed at one o'clock in the day, in the village of Templemore, within two miles of this town, where the Rev. Garret Wall resides, was entered by eight men armed, who immediately demanded fire-arms, and proceeded up stairs and pulled Mrs. Wall down from a room in which she had concealed herself, putting a blunderbuss to her head, and swearing they would shoot her if she did not directly give up the arms which were in such a drawer, and which they compelled her to open, out of which they took a case of pistols and 50s in silver, the leader of the gang rebuking his comrades for taking the money; but the fellows said they would take what they could get. Mrs. Wall faint from the frightful situation the ruffians put her in. A servant galloped into Tipperary, where Mr. Wall was, on hearing of it he immediately followed the ruffians, and came in sight of them near Kilsnaley, when they repeatedly desired him to come on—but alone he acted cautiously. They then made him view. He met with the two men, M. Smith, who he gallantly accompanied him, and the two men who he gallantly accompanied him, and the two men who he gallantly accompanied him.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—A friend informs us (would we could believe him) that private letters from New York bring the mournful intelligence that this excellent poet and warm-hearted independent man has a severe attack of paralysis. These news will occasion wide and sincere grief.—Glasgow Argus.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.—It is recorded of Fenelon, that when his library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "I am not the habit of some poor man." How peculiarly applicable must be the words of Dr. Watts have been, when, in the prospect of death, he said, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, untroubled whether I awake in this world or another."—Mirror.

TWOFOUL BAY.—The following is from a letter received from a gentleman on board His Majesty's ship Alligator. "In consequence of foul winds put into Botany Bay the 4th inst.; sailed again the 6th. The bay was then surveyed. Sang Cove is a good place for export wood or other produce. The land about the bay is not very good for agricultural purposes. The river Murembedee is navigable about eight miles up for boats only. The only settler at Twofoul Bay appears to be getting on in a flourishing way; he employs about forty persons on his farm, who are principally engaged in salting meat. The operation of extracting the cataracts from the eyes of George Byng, Esq., M. P., took place last week, by Mr. Guthrie, and was performed effectually in less than a minute, and the sight of the patient quite restored. For the last six weeks Mr. Byng lived according to a strict regimen prescribed by his medical adviser, Dr. Gardner.

As Sir Isaac Newton (every body has heard the story) was riding one sunny day over Salisbury Plain, a boy tending sheep by the wayside cautioned him to put on his cloak, which was folded behind him; the weather being fine, Sir Isaac disregarded the advice, and was speedily soaked to the skin by a shower. Deeply pondering his own lack of providence, and the sagacity of a peasant boy, the philosopher turned back and offered him a guinea to communicate the rules of his weather-wisdom. After pocketing his fee, the boy replied, that whenever that old black-rain turn-up his rump toward the sun, he knew a storm was at hand. The boy, in a similar manner, to divine the approach of changes in the political horizon. If an individual or a party be in full possession of power, place, and reputation, and if at any period there be observed something of coolness in the support which the Times will, of course, have given them; if their unequalled adulation be by degrees changed to the rankest abuse, until the leading journal have got their rump fairly round, no matter how calm be the atmosphere at present, it is time for all men to button up their cloaks. The Times has about as much to do in affecting a political revolution as the other old black-rain in raising a storm, but it has an instinctive hatred of the falling—a rat-like antipathy to a faded ship—some hollow, craving tooth, some decayed member, or increased itchiness of palm, from which it derives a strong consciousness of coming misfortune. We doubt not in a very few days, we shall see more signs of its divination, and its back turned, with cumbersome alacrity, on the mighty Duke.—Morning Chronicle.

One of the most interesting among the sermons of the Catholic Church, was performed on Wednesday, at Lifford Convent, Ennis, County of Clare, in the presence of Miss M. Nugent, the daughter of Thomas Nugent, Esq., of Nenagh, Co. Wick. This young lady, although possessing all the advantages of youth, personal attractions, the accomplishments, the talents, and an elegant and solid education, and the advantages afforded by ample paternal means, yet yielded up, and sacrificed all that was alluring in the world, to a sacred and holy vocation. The attendance of the clergy on the occasion was very numerous, and every personage of rank and all the respectable gentry of the town, and its neighbourhood for several miles round, were present, drawn together by special orders of invitation from the family and friends of the young lady, and from the clergy to whom this privilege belonged. The crowds of the higher classes which assembled, independently of the "lower orders" of the people, all equally attracted by so many charms, were infinitely greater than the usual solemnity of the ceremony, were infinitely greater than the usual solemnity of the ceremony, were infinitely greater than the usual solemnity of the ceremony.

IRISH SERVANTS.—The Irish servant cares little how he is debased, provided his master is exalted. "Maybe I'm low, mane, and ungentel myself," said an officer's Irish tiger one day to a poor tradesman who had been "abusive." "Maybe I'm, and maybe I'm not, that's neither here or there, but as for my master, who has the heart's blood of a gentleman in him, even if he does owe you a dirty triffling—if you dare to turn your breath again him, by the powers I'll make ye sup sorrow in the horse-pod for yr breakfast." Pat, it is easily perceived, had no ambition beyond what small portion of credit and respectability his master reflected upon him—no wish to be honored on his own account. "His master" is his lord, and while in the service he is bound to consider himself his thrall. "If you call me a rascal," exclaimed an English servant similarly circumstanced, "I'll take the law of you. If my master owes you money, let him pay it—I'm not bound for him—nor I'll not be called rascal for nothing nor nobody." I do not consider this an advantage as far as Irish servants are concerned; but rather a proof of how little independence exists in the country among that class of people. "Look up to the gentry and demean yourself properly" is the advice of an Irish parent to a child going to service; but the spirit of adoration from a good English mother to her son is directly the opposite—"Do your duty to God and man, but don't be put upon by any one." The genuine worship of aristocracy—a bowing down to those who sit in high places—is far more alive at this moment in Ireland than in any other of the sister kingdoms. An Irishman must have something to lean upon—his landlord—and above all his priest, whom he looks upon as his spiritual father, and upon whom he leans for the handle of his spade, or a rapped wall, against which to lean his body. This is peculiarly the case with Irish servants; first of all, they "dip" upon their masters and mistresses, not seeing their obligations, keenly perceiving how much they owe themselves, and they also "dip" upon Judy, this or Barney the other to steal into the kitchen and help them to get through their work. "How 'od they ever do it else, and the wages so small, and the times so bad?" The fact of it is, that every regular servant in an Irish gentleman's family has his own peculiar tail, which, if not carefully clipped, will in time, by its manifold turnings and windings, destroy the head of the whole. I know several of what are called "good managers," who become outrageous at the idea of a charwoman entering their well-ordered mansions; what would they say to an Irish servant's tail? Take an example. An Irish mistress depends to the lower regions at an hour, when she is not looked for by the butler, "what strange boy is that I saw in the pantry?" "That? Oh, that's Jenny Lowry, just come in to hold master's coat, while Larry brushes it." "I mean the lad with red hair; I know James." "Oh, 'toller her goosum, ma'am; he only steps in to see after Pen-gorsium, to the cook, 'what business my." "Katherine," to the cook, "what business has the wader to come in and do the kitchen-maid's work, while the kitchen-maid does yours, and you have been looking over my yard, what hour past?" "Dear save us, my lady, what hour past?" "Dear save us, my heart, what will the gentry see after me, my heart, what weak in my body for want of a little fresh air, and I just stepped out to take a mouthful, and see Barney Tooly and Jack Johnson and two or three of the workmen help the gentry to catch the mare; for the sure we'd never get through the work but for their help now and agin." "I saw two strange caps in the laundry." "I don't think there's any, but Jenny Robins, stepped in to do a hand's turn for you. Any, that's kill alive with the big heavy swabber. Oh, my grief! times are changed we are glad like you think it worth their while to see after the bit and the sup 'n' 'n' Irish servants have, generally speaking, one quality which covers a multitude of sins, the strongest possible attachment to their employers. "It isn't for me to see their faults; don't they give me the bit I eat and the rag I wear? and why should I say any thing against any body? I'll stick up for them while I've breath in my body; for I'm not forgetful." The affection of Irish nurses to their foster children is one of the most powerful and devoted feelings of which human nature is capable; they will follow and serve them through evil report and good report—in poverty and in prosperity—in a foreign land, as well as in their own country; and one instance I will remember, of a poor nurse, who, when she heard her foster-child—the younger son of a family, that had been both respected and respectable in former times—was in an English jail, came over, attended him during his sad and lonely hours of imprisonment; and when he was doomed to an ignominious death, never left his side till he exchanged time for eternity. She talked to him of those he had loved before his soul and his name became polluted by evil. And it was a holy thing, within the prison walls, to hear that gray-headed woman put up her heartfelt prayers to the Almighty for the object of such pure affection. When all was over, she claimed his body—waked it, after the fashion of her country; sold all she possessed in the world to give it a decent burial; and was herself his monument—for a few nights after, she was found dead upon his grave! Such a story does not need the embellishment of fiction.—New Monthly Magazine.

It is said to be the intention of Government to call in, without delay, such pensioners as are able to perform those duties which are essential to the preservation of the public tranquillity in disturbed districts. Such as are unable to serve must procure a certificate from a full Bench of local Magistrates to that effect. Lord Charles Wellesley has arrived in London from Cork.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM SHIP.—Greater interest was excited than on any former or similar occasion, by the launch of the magnificent steam ship, the Royal Victoria, from the building yard of Messrs. Menzies and Son, of Leith, on Tuesday the 2d instant, at half-past two o'clock. It was that since the memorable landing of George the Fourth, so great a concourse of people had not been assembled in Leith as on that day. At about twenty minutes past two o'clock, the Royal Victoria glided smoothly and majestically into the water, the ceremony of naming the vessel as she moved off, being performed by Miss Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, Esq., President of the Shipping Company for whom this vessel was built, the Royal Victoria, for whom this vessel was built in Leith. Her length over all is 170 feet; length of keel, 142 feet; depth over all, 47 feet; her length and breadth on the upper deck, being nearly equal to those of a 74 gun ship. This splendid steam ship will be ready early in the spring, and is intended to run in conjunction with the Royal William and Royal Adelaide, powerful steamers already well known in the London and Leith trade.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of the city in riding, some five or six days since, was suddenly surprised and alarmed to find his horse sinking into the earth. He immediately dismounted, and by so doing his own life was providentially saved. The horse continued to sink lower and lower into the earth, until he had descended 150 feet. At this point he became wedged between two masses of rock, and was crushed to death. The chasm or fissure, we are told, appeared to have been formed by the separation of the earth and rock in some convulsion of nature. It was learned, but the fissure at the surface we have not examined, giving way as soon as the weight of the gentleman and his horse was added to it.—Leicester Ky. Intell.

KAISER'S SILENT CUP.—On Saturday evening, between the hours of six and seven o'clock, some expert thieves got, unperceived, into the shop of Mr. H. Gritts, looking-glass warehouse, the corner of Duncan-street and Bachel-gate, St. Martin's Lane, and stole the silver gilt case, or cup, weighing 300 ounces, presented by the late Lord Byron, and the Committee of Drury-lane Theatre to the late King George the Fourth. A large reward is offered for the apprehension of the thieves.—London Paper.

KEADY'S FINEST AFFAIR.—Several letters from the most respectable sources have just reached us, respecting the unfortunate transactions at Keady, when several lives were lost in the affray between the police and the country people, in the attempt to break up the house of the Rev. Mr. Blacker. But as we have not the authority of our correspondents for publishing their names, we think it better not to give any more statements, particularly as we have had a personal interview with a gentleman interested in the matter. The proper way to settle the matter would be for Lord Gessford, the King's Lieutenant of the county, to publish an authorized report of the evidence taken, before him; and we now call on him to do so. This will put an end to all erroneous or interested statements, and give the government, (Duke of Wellington) and the public a fair opportunity of judging of the way in which the law of the church is upheld in Ireland. Blood has been shed, and Lord Gessford must feel he is called on to do so, and we deem it to be his duty, by letting the world know the names of the aggressors, and at whose door the crime of murder lies.—Morning Post.

His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester was buried on Thursday night at 11 o'clock.

WATERFORD.—Richard Henderson, on the 26th inst. was elected a member of the local Magistrate, in the County of Waterford, at the election of the 21st inst. at the Town Hall, in the presence of the Mayor, Mr. J. J. O'Connell, and a large number of gentlemen. The Mayor's illness prevented the meeting, but a considerable number of signatures are attached to the address.

We regard with satisfaction the thoughtless and imprudent scheme of the House of Commons to spend £20,000 on an expedition to the Euphrates, a communication between India and England by means of steam boats on the Euphrates. The scheme is impracticable, for the lower part of the river overflows the flat lands at one season of the year, and at another the channel is lost; and at another season the numerous rocky ledges nearly span the river, and the boats are obliged to stop at each other from the sides of the river, and are left almost dry; while, however, the surrounding Arabs never think of being brought into subjection. The suggestion is uncalculated for us, there is no excellent way, and the expenditure is uncalculated for us, there is no excellent way, and the expenditure is uncalculated for us.

HORRIBLE BRUTALITY.—Saturday night a brutal outrage was committed upon the lands of Knockderr, in this county, the estate of Darby O'Grady, Esq. Some horrid miscreants, who were engaged in the field, and so dreadfully mangled a bullock belonging to the estate, that the death occurred not many minutes after. Upon examining the carcass, a large nail was found to have been forced through the poor animal's tongue.—Limerick Times.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST AND WORST.—"The creature is at his dirty work again." At the club last night the common topic of conversation was a letter addressed by Lord Brougham to his friend Mr. Joseph Stansfield. To this communication has been attached the following observations, which are published by the London and Westminster Review. "The creature is at his dirty work again." At the club last night the common topic of conversation was a letter addressed by Lord Brougham to his friend Mr. Joseph Stansfield. To this communication has been attached the following observations, which are published by the London and Westminster Review.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM SHIP.—Greater interest was excited than on any former or similar occasion, by the launch of the magnificent steam ship, the Royal Victoria, from the building yard of Messrs. Menzies and Son, of Leith, on Tuesday the 2d instant, at half-past two o'clock. It was that since the memorable landing of George the Fourth, so great a concourse of people had not been assembled in Leith as on that day. At about twenty minutes past two o'clock, the Royal Victoria glided smoothly and majestically into the water, the ceremony of naming the vessel as she moved off, being performed by Miss Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, Esq., President of the Shipping Company for whom this vessel was built, the Royal Victoria, for whom this vessel was built in Leith. Her length over all is 170 feet; length of keel, 142 feet; depth over all, 47 feet; her length and breadth on the upper deck, being nearly equal to those of a 74 gun ship. This splendid steam ship will be ready early in the spring, and is intended to run in conjunction with the Royal William and Royal Adelaide, powerful steamers already well known in the London and Leith trade.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of the city in riding, some five or six days since, was suddenly surprised and alarmed to find his horse sinking into the earth. He immediately dismounted, and by so doing his own life was providentially saved. The horse continued to sink lower and lower into the earth, until he had descended 150 feet. At this point he became wedged between two masses of rock, and was crushed to death. The chasm or fissure, we are told, appeared to have been formed by the separation of the earth and rock in some convulsion of nature. It was learned, but the fissure at the surface we have not examined, giving way as soon as the weight of the gentleman and his horse was added to it.—Leicester Ky. Intell.

KAISER'S SILENT CUP.—On Saturday evening, between the hours of six and seven o'clock, some expert thieves got, unperceived, into the shop of Mr. H. Gritts, looking-glass warehouse, the corner of Duncan-street and Bachel-gate, St. Martin's Lane, and stole the silver gilt case, or cup, weighing 300 ounces, presented by the late Lord Byron, and the Committee of Drury-lane Theatre to the late King George the Fourth. A large reward is offered for the apprehension of the thieves.—London Paper.

KEADY'S FINEST AFFAIR.—Several letters from the most respectable sources have just reached us, respecting the unfortunate transactions at Keady, when several lives were lost in the affray between the police and the country people, in the attempt to break up the house of the Rev. Mr. Blacker. But as we have not the authority of our correspondents for publishing their names, we think it better not to give any more statements, particularly as we have had a personal interview with a gentleman interested in the matter. The proper way to settle the matter would be for Lord Gessford, the King's Lieutenant of the county, to publish an authorized report of the evidence taken, before him; and we now call on him to do so. This will put an end to all erroneous or interested statements, and give the government, (Duke of Wellington) and the public a fair opportunity of judging of the way in which the law of the church is upheld in Ireland. Blood has been shed, and Lord Gessford must feel he is called on to do so, and we deem it to be his duty, by letting the world know the names of the aggressors, and at whose door the crime of murder lies.—Morning Post.

His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester was buried on Thursday night at 11 o'clock.

WATERFORD.—Richard Henderson, on the 26th inst. was elected a member of the local Magistrate, in the County of Waterford, at the election of the 21st inst. at the Town Hall, in the presence of the Mayor, Mr. J. J. O'Connell, and a large number of gentlemen. The Mayor's illness prevented the meeting, but a considerable number of signatures are attached to the address.