

the fever would have been far more widely spread in Manchester, and much more fatal than it has been. We regret to learn that in Liverpool it still rages to a frightful extent, and the authorities of that town, notwithstanding their exertions, have scarcely been able to provide accommodation sufficient to satisfy the increasing demand upon them. The number of cases which have proved fatal differ materially in certain localities. Thus, at Charlton-upon-Medlock, the deaths have averaged twelve per cent.; in Manchester, we believe, nine per cent.; Stockport about four per cent.; at Knutsford not one-and-a-half; whilst at Chapel-en-le-Frith and Hayfield, they appear to be out of all proportion to the number of cases.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE PARLIAMENTARY STRENGTH OF MINISTERS.—The *Dublin Evening Post* attaches weight to the following statement from a London Sunday paper, remarkable (says the *Post*) for its accuracy. This paper is the *Observer*. It gives the most favourable view that has appeared in any quarter of the Ministerial strength in Parliament, and for that reason we quote it, that our readers may see the best aspect that can be shown on either side:—"On the general election, the loss on the balance of account, as compared with the preceding Parliament, is—

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Making a gain to Ministers of 55 and making a difference of 110 on a division. This calculation may be relied upon, as the result of a most careful analysis, and of a most correct knowledge to the letter of every one of the new members returned. The list of Liberals includes none but those known as general supporters of the Administration. The professed followers of Lord George Bentinck may be guessed in round numbers at about two hundred; but many of those are not indisposed to Sir Robert Peel, if they saw any chance of his re-installment in power; whilst many others of them openly state their admiration of Lord John Russell, and their desire to support his Government. The friends of Sir Robert Peel, and those of the late Conservative party who adhere publicly to his new policy, muster about one hundred; but many of those—in which we may, perhaps, include the right hon. baronet himself—exhibit an inclination to give a cordial support to the policy of the present Government. The positive Ministerial strength, irrespective of the Conservative divisions, will be about 350—a force not in itself overwhelming, but strong for good whilst supported by public opinion.

MIDDLESEX.—A CONTRAST.—An incident occurred at the Middlesex election, which is not unworthy of a passing notice. First at the opening of the second day's poll appeared Baron Lionel Rothschild, the *millionaire*, and one of the newly-elected representatives for the city, who recorded his vote for the Liberal candidates. In the same booth, and precisely at the same moment, a poor voter presented himself, who was objected to as having for some time past been unable to pay his poor rates. The objection was overruled, as it appeared that the poor man had been relieved from payment of the poor rates, and he recorded his vote for the Conservative candidate, Colonel Wood. The circumstance is worth mentioning, as a curious illustration of the working of our free institutions. One of the wealthiest individuals in Europe, the head of a house whose favours have changed the destinies of nations, stands in the polling booth side by side with a man who has been relieved by his parish from payment of poor rates, and they record their votes on opposite sides—the man of millions gave his vote for those who belong to a party which has, time after time, been charged with aiming at the destruction of all property—the man who cannot pay his poor rate votes for the candidate who professes the strictest conservation of property.—*Dumfriesshire Courier*.

CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION IN LANCASHIRE.—On Sunday a great camp meeting of the Chartist body was held on the Newton Racecourse. The day being fine, large masses of the operative classes from all parts of Lancashire congregated on the occasion. The object of the meeting appeared to be to make a public demonstration in consequence of the return of Mr. Feargus O'Connor to Parliament. The meeting was addressed by Mr. F. O'Connor who, amongst other things, said, he was friendly to the cause of Ireland, and he would not consent that the people's charter should be carried into law until Ireland had all her grievances fully considered and blotted out.

AN ADVANCE IN THE ART OF ADVERTISING.—A mercantile house at Berlin has proposed to all the railway companies of Germany to supply all their carriages with silk blinds for nothing. They simply propose to reserve to themselves the right of changing the blinds as often as they may please, and they require the companies to engage themselves not to accept, during fifty years, either for money or gratuitously, any blinds but theirs. Their object is to cover the blinds with advertisements.

FATAL FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.—At Frome, last week, the wife of a man named Gibbs, a carter, had dreamt that, while engaged in his work, the waggon

had gone over her husband and killed him. This dream she told him, and seemed to feel that it would be fulfilled, and they were both very low spirited in consequence. Having to go to Bath, the wife persuaded her husband to take their eldest daughter with him for the sake of company, which he did. Nothing particular occurred during the journey thither, and they had returned as far as Ammerdown, at about seven o'clock in the evening, when the horses started off, and Gibbs attempted to jump out to stop them, but his smock frock caught behind, and in liberating himself he pitched head foremost, and the wheels passing over him, caused a melancholy and literal fulfilment of the wife's dream. The poor fellow lived a few hours after the accident, but did not speak. The misfortune, sad as it was, did not end here. The daughter, seeing her father fall, jumped out to his assistance, but fell, and the wheels passing over her, she was killed on the spot. A widow and eight young children are thus left to the care of a merciful Providence.—*Bath Chronicle*.

SHOCKING CASE OF CHILD MUTILATION.—A young woman named Elizabeth Steadman, servant in a public-house in Birmingham, is charged with concealing the birth of an illegitimate child, the body of which, cut, or rather torn into fragments, was found in a cesspool. The coroner's inquisition upon the body was protracted until one o'clock on Tuesday morning. From the evidence it appeared that after her delivery the prisoner cut the child to pieces in bed; but, remarkable as the fact may appear, the wife of the supposed father, who slept with the accused, and who was perfectly aware of her condition, never heard the slightest noise either from mother or child. The details of the case are unfit for publication. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder," and the prisoner, as soon as she has sufficiently recovered, will be removed to Warrick gaol for trial at the next spring assizes.

LOVE OF MISCHIEF.—A man has been committed on his own confession, for placing bricks and a hurdle on the rail of the Midland Counties Railway for the purpose of upsetting a passenger train—for the fun of the thing.

DEATH IN THE WESTMINSTER HOUSE OF CORRECTION.—On Wednesday M. Bedford held an inquest in the Westminster House of Correction, on the body of Thomas Chapman, a prisoner. The deceased was taken into custody in St. James's-park, on Sunday, the 8th inst., for indecent exposure; and on the following morning, when the policeman went into his cell, he was found suspended by one of his braces, and quite insensible. By timely surgical aid he was restored, and on Wednesday, the 11th, was taken to Bow-street, and was remanded. He was placed in the infirmary, under the care of Dr. Lavies; but gradually sank, and died on Sunday. The immediate cause of death was effusion on the brain. Verdict—"Natural death."

SUICIDE OF ANOTHER CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. H. Huggard, Curate of St. John's, Newcastle, cut his throat on Friday at the Railway Hotel, Carlisle.

A YOUNG WOMAN SHOT BY HER SWEETHEART.—An inquest was held on Tuesday, at Worcester, on the body of Jane Steet. It appears she was invited with her mother to the house of a Mr. Waldron to take care of it during his absence. His son, seeing some pigeons in the garden, took down his father's gun, and, whilst putting on a percussion cap the hammer fell; the gun went off, and the contents of the gun lodged in the head of the young woman, causing instantaneous death. Verdict—"Accidental death."

GENERAL ELECTION IN IRELAND.

TIPPERARY.—We must make room for the speech of Archdeacon Laffan, in proposing Mr. Scully, one of the Repeal members (now) for Tipperary:—

Archdeacon LAFFAN rose, and was greeted with a tremendous burst of acclamation. He took the *Times* newspaper out of his pocket, and throwing it with force on the table, said to Mr. Collett, 'There's your speech at Lincoln for you.' (Great cheering.) 'My Lord Suirdale (continued the Archdeacon), I never in the whole course of my life, and it is a long political life, stood up in this Court-house with feelings of more regret. Who are you bringing forward this day, Tory gentlemen of Tipperary? (Cheers.) I'm ashamed of you. (Great cheering.) I always like to catch the bull by the horns. (Laughter.) Who, I repeat, are you bringing forward, respectable, independent landlords of Tipperary? The man who stood by in the House of Commons when Roebuck called you murderers, and did not stand up to defend you.'

Mr COLLETT— I did. (Groans.)

Archdeacon LAFFAN—Oh, gentleman of Tipperary! Oh, respectable descendants of the Tipperary aristocracy! Though you are Tories, I love you better than John Bull—(laughter)—who will laugh at you when your estates are confiscated and your children beggars. (Loud cheers.) Those English fellows have not one drop of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms. Did that ill-looking fellow (pointing to Mr. Collett)—and he is a very ill-looking fellow—(laughter)—

Here Mr. Collett commenced writing in his tablet. Archdeacon LAFFAN—Put that down in your tablet;

carry that in your snuff-box, as we say in Tipperary. (Loud laughter.) I do regret, my Lord Suirdale, to see any man of the old stock of the aristocracy coming to the back of a man whom they do not know. (Hear, hear.) I care not for the Whigs or Tories; they are all alike to me, from snappish Roebuck to Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. (Cheers.) They called you, landlords of Ireland, wholesale murderers; and did that fellow—(laughter)—stand up for you? (Loud laughter.) Don't be looking so angry at me, Sir; don't think you'll intimidate me, Mr. John Bull. (Loud cheers.)

[It was really laughable to see the astonished, confused, angry looks of Mr. Collett, who did not expect such a laceration from the very rev. gentleman.]

The Archdeacon (smiling)—I am glad Roebuck is out of Parliament. When he charged the landlords with driving out their unfortunate tenants, and starving them, did you stand up then, Mr. Collett, and call him a liar? (Loud cheers.) Do you know, my Lord Suirdale, what a Frenchman said of John Bull? He said, "he used you very well, for he eated de oysters and gave you de shell." (Loud laughter.) But, Tory landlords of Tipperary, your candidate was turned out of Lincoln, and you thought him good enough for Tipperary—out of the frying-pan into the fire. (Laughter.) Oh, gentleman, are you—are you not ashamed of yourselves? (Loud laughter.) I see the crimson blush mantling on your cheeks—you can't conceal it—your hearts are not with your tongues—you are partly Irish after all. (Loud cheers.) If you return Collett, he will laugh with contempt at you: and when your estates are squeezed like a lemon, he will damn you for a set of beggarly rascals. (Loud laughter.) Collett, did you ever hear that Irishmen had tails? (Loud laughter.) Did you ever hear that the brutal *Times* called us the bloody Priests? (Groans.)

Mr. Collett (good humouredly)—Do you say your prayers?

The Archdeacon—We do say our prayers, and I'll make you say yours before I am done with you. (Laughter.) It is a sad day when we see men, with their ears and eyes open, select such a man as their candidate for Tipperary. (Hear.) I would take my political enemy by the hand; I would shake hands with you, Mr. Collett, if you'd let me—(laughter);—but, to friend or foe who would abuse me, I would say, "Go along, you scoundrel." I could not support Lord John Russell, my Lord Suirdale; and I will tell you why. Because he starved 2,000,000 of my fellow-countrymen. (Groans for the Premier.) A scoundrel who refused to send two vessels of war to bring food to the starving people. (Groaning.) And what did the Americans do—glorious America?—(loud cheering)—the land of the brave, where freedom's sod was never soiled? (Great cheers.) What did brave America do? The President, the Government, the people, sent their best war ships, manned with their noble Yankee sailors—(cheers)—with food, not bombshells, to our shores. (Cheers.) Compare this with the conduct of the pigmy Premier of England, the rotten Russell. (Groans.)

The Archdeacon—I am not done yet. (Laughter.) One source of the great revenue of England is derived from their cast-off clothes, and they send us their cast-off member, saying, 'He'll do well enough for Paddy.' (Laughter.) You stood for Lincoln, Mr. Collett—what's your name? John? (Laughter.) I'm sorry that they did not send us a handsomer specimen of the castoff clothes than you, any way. (Laughter.) You're not half as handsome as my man. (Loud laughter.) I have here the *Times*, of the 30th of July, that's the day you showed your nose in Lincoln—(laughter);—and you made your debut very smart. (Loud laughter.) Lincoln contains 1,859 voters—Colonel Sibthorp opposed you—he headed the poll. Sure they must have the mischief's opinion of you when they elected Sibthorp in preference to you. (Loud laughter.) Well, how many voted for you? I'll tell—out of 1,859 voters you got 272. (Renewed laughter.) And, after that, you came to Tipperary, to try the Tipperary boys! (laughter.)

A Voice—Oh, what a chance he has! (Renewed laughter.)

The Archdeacon—He has, indeed! Why, I have here a list of voters for my own two parishes, and there are in those two parishes alone a majority of seven over his whole sorry supporters of the barony of Middlethird. (Loud cheers.) Put that in your pipe, Mr. Collett, and smoke it. (Laughter.) Electors of Tipperary, I am going to propose as a candidate a young man, and he is not a bit the worse for being a Roman Catholic—(laughter)—a man was never the worse for knowing how to bless himself. (Cheers.) He is a handsome fellow, too. (Laughter.) I beg leave to propose Francis Scully as a fit and proper person to represent Tipperary. (Loud cheers.) His father, the late James Scully, was, at the worst of times, at the head of the Catholics of this County. (Loud cheers.) In 1828, the year before Catholic Emancipation—of which measure, my Lord, your Lordship's ancestors were the most strenuous advocates—

Dr. Burke—A cheer for the old Hutchinsons. (Loud cheers.)

The Archdeacon—I remember, in Dr. Burke's present chapel, the late lamented O'Connell, may God be merciful to him! (Sensation.) Pray for him, Mr. Collett. (laughter.)

Dr. Burke—If he knows how. (More laughter.)

The Archdeacon—The late Daniel O'Connell was