

"FORTUNE OFTEN MAKES A FEAST, AND THEN TAKES AWAY THE APPETITE."

cember broke on a ghastly sight. The capital in many places presented the aspect of a city taken by storm," writes Macaulay, in his "History of England," and who thus proceeds to describe the night that ensued:—

"Another day of agitation and alarm closed, and was followed by a night the strangest and most terrible that England had ever seen. Early in the evening an attack was made by the rabble on a stately house which had been built a few months before for Lord Powis, which, in the reign of George the Second, was the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, and which is still conspicuous at the north-western angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some troops were sent thither: the mob was dispersed, tranquillity seemed to be restored, and the citizens were retiring quietly to their beds. Just at this time arose a whisper which swelled fast into a fearful clamour, passed in an hour from Piccadilly to Whitechapel, and spread into every street and alley of the capital. It was said that the Irish whom Lord Feversham had let loose were marching on London and massacring every man, woman, and child on the road. At one in the morning the drums of the militia beat to arms. Everywhere terrified women were weeping and wringing their hands, while their fathers and husbands were equipping themselves for fight. Before two the capital wore a face of stern preparedness which might well have daunted a real enemy, if such an enemy had been approaching. Candles were blazing at all the windows. The public places were as bright as at noon-day. All the great avenues were barricaded. More than twenty thousand pikes and muskets lined the streets. The late daybreak of the winter solstice found the whole City still in arms. During many years the Londoners retained a vivid recollection of what they called the Irish Night. When it was known that there had been no danger, attempts were made to discover the origin of the rumour which had produced so much agitation. It appeared that some persons who had the look and dress of clowns just arrived from the country had first spread the report in the suburbs a little before midnight: but whence these men came, and by whom they were employed, remained a mystery. And soon news arrived from many quarters which bewildered the public mind still more. The panic had not been confined to London. The cry that disbanded Irish soldiers were coming to murder the Protestants had, with malignant ingenuity, been raised at once in many places widely distant from each other. Great numbers of kettlers, skilfully framed for the purpose of frightening ignorant people, had been sent by stage coaches, by waggons, and by the post, to various parts of England. All these letters came to hand almost at the same time. In a hundred towns at once the populace was possessed with the belief that armed barbarians were at hand, bent on perpetrating crimes as foul as those which had disgraced the rebellion of Ulster. No Protestant would find mercy. Children would be compelled by torture to murder their parents. Babies would be stuck on pikes, or flung into the blazing ruins of what had lately been happy dwellings. Great multitudes assembled with weapons: the people in some places began to pull down bridges, and to throw up barricades; but soon the excitement went down. In many districts those who had been so foully imposed upon learned with delight, alloyed by shame, that there was not a single Popish soldier within a week's march! There were places, indeed, where some straggling bands of Irish made their appearance and demanded food; but it can scarcely be imputed to them as a crime that they did not choose to die of hunger; and there is no evidence that they committed any wanton outrage. In truth they were much less numerous than was commonly supposed; and their spirit was cowed by finding themselves left on a sudden, without leaders or provisions, in the midst of a mighty population, which felt towards them as men feel towards a drove of wolves. Of all the subjects of James, none had more reason to execrate him than these unfortunate members of his church and defenders of his throne."

THE "LUDDITE RIOTS."

"Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?"—
JAMES SMITH.

The "Luddite Riots" were so called from a mythical Captain Ludd, under whose determined authority the rioters professed to act. The name "Luddite" is said to have been derived from a youth named Ludlam, who,

when his father, a frame-work knitter in Leicestershire, ordered him to "square his needles," took his hammer and beat them into a heap. During the year 1810 the hosiery trade, which employed a large number of hands, was in a most depressed state, and this naturally brought with it a reduction in the price of labour. During the month of February, 1811, numerous bands of distressed frame-work knitters were employed to sweep the streets for a daily pittance, in order to keep them from starvation and mischief. The rioters commenced their proceedings in November, 1811, by breaking in one night at Arnold, near Nottingham, no less than sixty-three frames—and this was done to show their opposition to the application of improved machinery employed in stocking-weaving—to the use of which they ignorantly attributed the depression in trade, and continuing their unlawful operations over a period of about five years, a series of riots and outrages were perpetrated, which, perhaps, have no parallel in the story of a civilised country—for the skill and secrecy with which they were managed, and the amount of wanton mischief that was inflicted, was immense, to say nothing of several lives which were lost. They extended their disaffection into the towns and counties of Derby and Leicester, where many frames were destroyed in the month of December. In consequence of the serious aspect matters had assumed, a bill was introduced into parliament on Feb. 14, 1812, for the purpose of adding new legal powers to those already existing for their suppression, and it was made death to break a stocking or a lace frame. The Prince Regent sent a message to both houses of parliament, June 27, 1812, calling upon them to take proper measures for the restoration of order, as the combinations had become more powerful. A new bill was brought in, and passed July 24, its operation being limited to March 25, 1814. A military force was assembled, and the local militia called out for the protection of life and property. Fourteen of the ringleaders were executed at York, Jan. 10, 1812. After a temporary inactivity, the Luddites recommenced their nefarious proceedings in May, 1814; and again in 1816; but on this occasion a great number of them were apprehended, and a special commission of high treason being opened, several of them were convicted, and three of them—Brandeth, Turner, and Ludlam—were executed at Derby, November 7, 1817.

TO WHAT BASE USES WE MAY RETURN!

There is still preserved in the College of Surgeons, London, the skeleton of CHARLES O'BRYNE, the Irish giant, who was seven feet nine inches in height. (When dead his full length was eight feet five inches). His death, it is said, was precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted; but more particularly since he lost a bank-note for £700, being the whole of his savings, and which he had hid in the fireplace in the summer-time, and some one happening to light the fire, the poor giant's savings went away in smoke. In his last moments, he requested that his remains might be thrown into the sea, in order that his bones might not fall into the hands of the anatomists—and it was asserted at the time by some that this was done; but the tradition at the College is that the indefatigable William Hunter gave no less a sum than £500 for Bryne's body!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

A writer, in noticing the splendid career of that distinguished surgeon, SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, has given the following happy anecdote in illustration of his abilities:—"It has been remarked that the French surgeons are very brilliant, and the Germans learned, but none so sure of hand, so steady and thoughtful of the result, as the Englishman. When Sir B. Brodie was looking over the Paris hospitals, a case in point occurred. The eminent French surgeon who was acting the part of *cicerone*, speaking of a particular operation, said, 'It is a very difficult and a very brilliant thing to do; I have performed it one hundred and thirty times.' Sir Benjamin looked astonished, and said he had only performed the operation nine times in his life, and added, 'How many of the patients' lives did you save?'—'Not one!' said the Frenchman, with a shrug.—'And you, Monsieur Benjamin, how many you save?'—'All of them, sir,' quietly replied the English surgeon." In 1858 Sir Benjamin became President of the Royal Society—being the first surgeon who had that dignity conferred on him. He died in 1862.

MARRY!

CHARLES RIVIER, writer of great repute from Henry IV. The "Grand Monarque" also gave him several other titles, a most important one with several others of for ready money, penniless in an extreme reference to his service to him that it's much worse," who was very much liberally with funds grew tired of the fresny, saying, "I am fresny rich." Louis his laundress, in order her. Paris was full he being well teased, lowing is an anecdote connection with his venerated Abbé, who he reproached him. The Abbé replied, "Ah! ever marry a washerwoman fresny began to write a chequered life."

The sanguinary between the French, shal Saxe, and the Austrians, and land. Louis XV. shal Saxe, who (be afterwards died) a litter, assured his own. The success of the engagement the extraordinary this advantage the. The last survivor "Amazon," Phœbe the latter part of to George IV. (the sent to ask her whether comfortable? old Phœbe, "will this, therefore, by larly paid her till place at Brighton, I tained the age of monument in the cl at Chelsea in 1713 a private soldier; different parts of wound in the arm

THE

Public opinion is more strongly again case of FRANCIS DE France the French the sailings of the informant had studied only were the num even their strength in several cases with solitary instance w lying in Port Pray guarding a flotilla Information of his

* The wisdom, ge Henry IV. through for him the title of name; and he is th who remains popular assassinated by Rav