

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER

and Pictorial Times

No. 582.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

PRICE { STAMPED, 6D.;
UNSTAMPED, 5D.

RADETZKY.

On the 5th of January of this year, the Emperor of Austria suffered, by the death of Field-Marshal Radetzky, a great loss, for to him the Emperor may consider himself mainly indebted for the preservation of the Lombardo-Venetian Territories, which, catching the infection of the revolutionary spirit which broke out in Paris in 1848, had spread its influence over the greater part of Europe, and threatened at one period to overwhelm the existing state of affairs in anarchy and confusion. At that time, the genius and the stern repressive measures which Radetzky employed successfully stemmed the current in Lombardy, and prepared an occasion whereby the young Emperor of Austria had an opportunity of personally visiting that part of his dominions, and by well-timed clemency consolidating his power, and winning back, in a great measure, the affections of his Italian subjects, which a long course of misrule had estranged from the House of Hapsburg. Joseph Wenzel Anton Franz Karl, Count Radetzky, was born on the 2nd of November, 1766, in Bohemia, and entered the army as cadet, in a Hungarian regiment, in 1784, and served in the wars against the Turks in 1788 and 1789, and then in 1792-95, in the Netherlands and on the Rhine. In 1796, he obtained a captaincy in a cavalry regiment, and was appointed Adjutant to Beaulieu; and in the same year obtained, through his bravery and talents, the rank of major, and the command of a Pioneer corps; and at the fresh outbreak of the war, in 1799, was appointed Adjutant to General Melas, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1800, as Colonel of the Regiment of Cuirassiers of Archduke Albert, he distinguished himself at the battle of Hohenlinden, and at the conclusion of the peace he went with his regiment to Oldenburgh; and in 1805 he was dispatched to Italy with the rank of major-general, where he did good service. In 1809 he was appointed to the 5th Division of the army, in which he saw much service, and was present at the battle of Wagram, and distinguished himself greatly in the retreat of the Austrian army. At the conclusion of the peace, he was appointed Quartermaster-General. He served in the Campaign of 1813-15. From that time, till 1831, he was not employed in active service; but, upon the removal of



MARSHAL RADEZKY.

General Frimont, he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy, and although he had now reached his sixtieth year, he possessed all the strength, the restless activity, and freshness of youth. In 1836, the rank of Field Marshal was conferred upon him. During the first year of his command, he undertook, amidst great opposition, the fortification of Verona; and in this he displayed great forethought, for here, at the breaking out of the revolution, he assembled his forces, and marched to oppose, and eventually to drive back, the Sardinian army which Charles Albert had led into the Austrian territories. In March, 1848, the revolution broke out in Milan, but in Radetzky the revolutionary party found a stern and powerful opponent. He made use of the powers entrusted to him to the fullest extent, and banishment and executions soon quelled the outbreak. Radetzky has been blamed for the harshness with which he treated the Milanese and the inhabitants of other cities which had risen; but he had a stern duty to perform. In addition to the revolution in Milan, he had to contend with the Sardinian troops under Charles Albert, who were threatening him, and on the 25th of July he beat him, near Costozza; upon which, Charles Albert retired upon Milan, which city he was obliged to evacuate on the 6th of August following, and was forced to sue for a truce. On the 21st of March, Charles Albert was beaten at Vigevano, and on the 23rd the decisive battle of Novara was fought, in which Charles Albert was obliged to evacuate the Lombardo-Venetian territories, and retire within his own. Radetzky, who was now in his eightieth year, had attained the highest pinnacle of honour. After the restoration of order and the reduction of the country under Austrian rule, Radetzky, honoured by the Emperor and beloved by the army, passed the remainder of his days alternately at Verona and Milan, and died at the latter place of a complaint of the chest, in the ninety-second year of his age. He has left behind him one son and a daughter.

THE NOMINATION FOR SOUTH NORTHAMPTONSHIRE took place on Monday. The rival candidates were Lord Henley (Liberal), and Colonel Cartwright (Conservative). The proceedings were so noisy that neither candidate could obtain a satisfactory hearing. The show of hands was in Lord Henley's favour.

NEWS OF THE COURT, &c.

Her Majesty the QUEEN, accompanied by the Princess Alice, and attended by the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, Major-General Buckley, and Colonel F. H. Seymour, visited her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, at Clarence House, St. James's, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, at her residence in St. James's Palace, on Saturday afternoon. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort rode on horseback in the forenoon, attended by his Equerry in Waiting. The Duke de Nemours visited the Queen. The Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. M. Sackville West and Mr. Gibbs, was present on Saturday morning at the commencement of the trial before the Lord Chief Justice of England in the Court of Queen's Bench, at Guildhall. His Royal Highness rode out on horseback in the afternoon.

Her Majesty the QUEEN, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Princess of Wales, the Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, the Duchess of Kent, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended Divine service on Sunday in the chapel of the palace. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty the Queen on Monday, at Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, held at the Duchy-office, Buckingham-gate, St. James's-park. There were also present the Viscount Monck; the Attorney-General, Mr. Alexander; the Treasurer, Col. the Hon. C. B. Phipps; and the Secretary, Mr. J. R. Gardiner. The Prince Consort rode on horseback with the Prince of Wales, attended by Col. F. H. Seymour. Prince Arthur and the Princesses Helena and Louisa took a drive in an open carriage and four. The Queen's dinner party included their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Prince of Wales, the Hanoverian Minister, the Danish Minister, Lady Anna Maria Dawson, Earl and Countess Stanhope, Lord and Lady Colchester, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lord and Lady Overstone, Colonel Sir Henry Storks, and Mr. Gibbs.

Her Majesty the QUEEN and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice, attended by Major-Gen. Buckley and Col. F. H. Seymour, went on Tuesday afternoon to Battersea-Park and the New Bridge. The Prince Consort rode on horseback in the morning, attended by his Equerry in Waiting. Prince Arthur and the Princesses Alice and Louisa visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. The Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princess Alice, honoured the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre with their presence in the evening. The Royal suite consisted of the Duchess of Wellington, the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, the Hon. Horatia Stopford, Lord Byron, Major-Gen. Buckley, and Col. F. H. Seymour. The Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. M. Sackville West and Mr. Gibbs, honoured the performance at the Princess's Theatre with his presence.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty the Queen on Wednesday, at Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, attended by Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps and Mr. Gibbs, went to White Lodge, Richmond-Park, in the forenoon. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and his Serene Highness Prince Victor of Hohenlohe dined with the Queen. Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, Lady Anna Maria Dawson, the Hon. Colonel and Mrs. R. Bruce, had also the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

The festivities at Berlin consequent on the Royal marriage were brought to a close on Saturday night, by the torch-light procession of university students, through the streets of the city. The academic costume of the German student is a short tunic, scarcely more than an ancient doublet, white tights, barred in high riding-boots, a sword-belt, and knotted scarf with the sword appended—the well-known "schläger" of the student duels—and a velvet cap, ornamented with a plume. "Accoutred in this romantic fashion," writes the correspondent of the *Evening Herald*, "did the leaders of the several divisions of students marshal and lead their disciples in the time-honoured ceremony of the fackel-zug; and greatly did their historical and picturesque habits add to the stronger interest of the scene, recalling the ancient days of the revival of learning, and the rough, half-brigand life of the students of the middle-ages, widely associated with reminiscences of Goethe's 'Faust' and 'Mephistopheles.' Each student having taken up his torch—a huge affair, some five or six feet long, and of proportionate thickness, producing an enormous volume of flame and smoke—and fallen into his appointed rank, the fackel-zug was set in motion, uncoiling its blazing length of enveloped fire like some monstrous salamander from the volcanic regions below, and slid steadily on till it extended along the entire avenue of the Unter den Linden, and its head having reached the Lustgarten it again wound itself up into huge coils of flame before the palace. On its passage, the ruddy glare of the torches, as it fell on the line of trees and buildings on each side, brought out every detail with extraordinary clearness, rendering them visible even through the thick masses of smoke that rolled upwards and hung in half-transparent clouds above the fiery line of the procession. The equestrian statue in the middle of the Unter den Linden, the statues surmounting the various edifices in the Opera Place, the monuments to Baluw and Scharnhorst,

the colossal figures before the Arsenal, and the marble groups on each side of the Palace Bridge, appeared in a broad mellow light, contrasted with deep abrupt shadows, which gave them a singular vigour of expression. When the whole mass of students had assembled and formed in circles before the Palace, the appearance from a little distance of the entire thousand torches, gathered together, was that of such a sea of fire as Milton pictures floating up the enormous form of Satan. The Lustgarten was converted into a perfect Phlegethon, and the leaders of the throng, mounted on chargers, and flourishing their glittering swords aloft, as they led the shouts and the choruses of the students, seemed, through the smoke and glare, to be arch-fiends commanding an army of demons. In alternate exclamations and choral performances the torchbearers wiled the time away during the introduction into the Palace and reception by the Prince and Princess of a deputation chosen by them. The gentlemen forming this deputation, and who had ridden in a carriage at the head of the fackel-zug, were five in number, Dr. Gausen, the spokesman, and four gentlemen representing the several faculties, as thus: Dr. Birnbaum, theology; Dr. Glass, jurisprudence; Dr. Junge, medicine; Dr. Bellermann, philosophy. On the return of the deputation, the procession was again set in motion, and having flared its way through several streets, reached an open square called the Doniofsplatz, where amidst shouts and the strains of the student song, 'Gaudemus igitur,' the remnants of the torches were burnt, and the ceremony brought to a close."

THE DUKEDOM OF DEVONSHIRE.

There is (says a contemporary) a claim to the dukedom and its magnificent appendages in the person of a son of the late duke by a lady to whom, it is positively asserted, that his Grace was privately married by a Roman Catholic clergyman, the lady being a member of that Church. Such a marriage, though it might have been attended with illegality, would not be necessarily null or invalid, and the issue thereof might, undoubtedly, be the heir-at-law of his father, and therefore of the Duke of Devonshire, if the late duke had really been the rightful possessor of that exalted title. The claim, if formally advanced, will necessarily raise two important questions: 1st, whether the claimant is or is not the legitimate son of the late duke; and 2nd, (supposing this point established in the affirmative) whether the late duke was or was not the legitimate son of his father the fifth duke? The first question will, however, be the most serious; for, if the claimant should establish his own legitimacy, the Earl of Burlington will find it a rather difficult task, in the teeth of notorious facts and circumstances, to successfully maintain his own right to the title and estates of the Duke of Devonshire. Everybody knows that the late duke's title was publicly recognised by the House of Lords, and by all the members of his own family; and it would be rather awkward in the latter now, at the end of nearly fifty years since his Grace's accession to the peerage, to come forward with a plea of illegitimacy in bar of his legitimate son's rights, such plea being founded upon evidence, which, if it exists at all, must have been in their possession since 1811, and has been allowed to remain dormant all the time. The substantiation of such a plan would, indeed, be the establishment of a conspiracy to commit a very serious offence against the constitution of Parliament, and in the event of its turning out that the late Duke of Devonshire has left a male heir, born in wedlock, as we are informed is the case, we more than doubt whether his right to succeed to the title will be disputed on the ground that the late duke was illegitimate. We understand there is no doubt at all as to the late duke's having left sons who succeed to very considerable property by his Grace's death, and that the claim of one of these to the patrimonial honours and estates is now going through the preliminary stages necessary to a legal investigation.

FAREWELL DINNER TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, a farewell dinner was given to Dr. Livingstone, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday evening. The company numbered about three hundred gentlemen, including members of the aristocracy, and many distinguished for their researches in various branches of knowledge. Sir Roderick Murchison occupied the chair. He announced to the meeting the gratifying fact that on that day Dr. Livingstone had been honoured with an interview by the Queen, who had heartily wished him "God speed." Sir Roderick, in proposing "Success to the Expedition," expressed his confident belief that it would realise the great and beneficent objects for which it was undertaken. The toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheering, and after the several members of Dr. Livingstone's party, the name of Sekelau, chief of his Makololo friends, was announced at the bottom of the room, and a cheer was claimed for him.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE, who was most cordially welcomed on his rising, said: I hardly can return thanks enough for such an expression of your kind feeling. When I look back at all that has passed since my coming home until now, close upon my departure to return to that country where I have been living so long, and when I hear such expressions of your approbation, I cannot find words to express the emotions of my own heart. In former times, when I was performing what I considered to be my duty in Africa—(cheers)—I felt it to be a pleasure to be able to do so; but now you are all looking at me, and I feel as if I was laid under an immense additional weight of obligation to do better than yet I have done. And yet I do not expect to find anything in a very large portion of the country. There are some things perhaps

I can find; but this I hope to find—I hope to find a pathway into the middle of the country, by means of the Zambesi, to some healthy highlands, where Europeans may live in health, and have a starting point to push both missionary and commercial enterprise into the parts that are too unhealthy for Europeans always to live in. I am accompanied by men who are competent to give information as to the navigability of the river. I am most happy to say I have Commander Bedingfield with me, who not only knows what the rivers of Africa are, but knows what African fevers are too—(cheers and laughter)—but who at once volunteered to go and examine the river system of that country. If we find a pathway to those healthy highlands, then we propose to make those highlands our depot, and to work from that station, examining the country to the north, and more especially to see if that wonderful river system, which is reported by natives, is actually a fact; and if so, then we shall have a pathway to the countries beyond, where cotton and many other products of immense value may be cultivated to any amount. Well, we have practical men with us, a geologist, a botanist, and an artist, and a photographer; and we hope to bring back a full report upon all those points which I attempted alone, with very little means at my disposal, to bring back a report upon. (Cheers.) The success that attended my former effort to open up the country depended mainly upon my entering into the feelings and wishes of the people of the interior. (Cheers.) I found that the tribes in the interior were as anxious to have a path to the sea as I was, and they aided me to get what they wished themselves. Now as we go back, going up the country, we just enter into their views, and I am quite certain of getting the king of those people in the middle of the country to find a path of intercourse with the white men. Now, if there is a prospect of benefit to this country, we ought, as Christians, to resolve to endeavour to send the great benefits Christianity has conferred upon us out to them. Let us not make the same mistake we have made in India. (Cheers.) Let us take our Christianity with us. (Cheers.) And if the objects of the expedition are followed up according to my expectations, though I do not expect they will be speedily realised, then I conceive the free labour of Africa will have a most decided influence against slavery throughout the world. (Cheers.) But the successful prosecution of those objects depends upon you—upon Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, yet the feelings of kind encouragement which are shown towards me have originated with those who are now in the position of being almost the mainstay of slavery, by our support of the cotton growing in America; and it is a sacred duty for us as Christians to discover by every means in our power how to get cotton and the raw materials of our manufactures from other sources than from slavery. (Cheers.) I would not raise your expectations too high, as if I expected to realise something grand at once. All I want and hope to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge, and I know that Englishmen will drive it much farther than I could. (Cheers.) I can scarcely allude to the great favours that have been bestowed upon me, but I can assure you all I am thankful, and I shall entertain a most grateful recollection of the wonderful kindness that has been heaped upon me in my native land; I wish I were more deserving of it. In reference to Mrs. Livingstone, to whom you have most kindly alluded, it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife before her face—(Mrs. Livingstone, with some other ladies, was in the gallery)—but I must confess she made a bargain with me that I should come down to the Cape and receive her in two years' time. Now it happened to be four years and a half before I saw her again, so that I have lost my character, but I believe I am forgiven it. (Cheers and laughter.) She is going with us, and I shall have abundant leisure to do all I wish to do in the way of exploration. She has always been the main spoke in my wheel; in a missionary's station the wife must be maid-of-all-work within, and the husband must be jack-of-all-trades without; this has been our situation, and I assure you my comfort and health were preserved by my guardian angel. (Cheers.) Allow me to say one word in reference to our excellent chairman this evening. In packing up my things a few days ago, I found the identical address which he delivered to the Geographical Society in 1852, and which he had the impudence to send out to me, though it lay upon an island a whole year before I got it; in that address he actually forestalled a great portion of my discoveries. I only hope he will not do the same again. (Cheers and laughter.)

The company then gave "Three times three for Mrs. Livingstone," and that lady, from the gallery, bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Several other toasts followed. In reply to "The Members of the Government and the Houses of Parliament," the Duke of Argyll, speaking, as he said, "on authority," denied that on the question of the slave-trade the views of the Cabinet had undergone any change. Mr. Baxter, M.P., replied for the Commons. The other speakers of the evening were Sir B. Brodie, who gave "Success to the Missionary Societies;" Lord Elphinstone, who responded; the Bishop of Oxford, Professor Owen, and the Bishop of St. David's.

The time at which the expedition will leave England is not yet fixed. The transport vessel in which the party will be conveyed to the Zambesi river is yet in the hands of the builder, at Greenock. She will touch at Sierra Leone, to receive the Kroomen, who, under the command of Captain Bedingfield, are to form the crew of the small iron steamboat, built by Mr. Macgregor Laird, of Birkenhead, which will be taken out on board the transport vessel, to serve for the navigation of the upper streams. An English engineer will

of course, go out to manage the engine of this little river boat. The photographic apparatus will be under the charge of Dr. Livingstone's brother, and by its means, aided the pencil of Mr. Baines, the artist, we may expect to be furnished hereafter with graphic illustrations of the scenery and strange objects which their leader's pen has proved so well able to describe.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The price of the advertisement will be three shillings and sixpence, which if you remit to the publisher it will appear once.

X. Z.—It is scarcely fair to judge the language of Shakspeare by the present laws of refined literature. Dryden has expressed his opinion in equally strong terms on this subject. He says,—"It must be allowed to the present age that the language in general is so much refined since Shakspeare's time, that many of his words, and more of his phrases, are scarce intelligible. And of those which we understand, some are ungrammatical, others coarse; and his whole style is so pestered with figurative expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure." A more liberal allowance ought certainly to be made for the changes of time and taste.

SARACEN.—The present Duke of Argyll was only in his nineteenth year when he published his "Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son," which had so much influence on the Church of Scotland.

ELEANOR.—It is quite allowable to work the dots which form the sort of chain border in the Baby's French Cap either as spots or holes. The small ovals which go all round are sewn round as openings for interlacing the ribbon through.

JESSIE.—Violence of manner generally accompanies weakness of mind. It is often assumed to hide want of resolution, and is usually to be found on the side of the holder of the wrong argument. Gentle perseverance, a firmness which is neither reproachful nor reproving, will soon set all right. Above all things avoid recrimination.

EMILY.—In the Mosiac records we find that the Jewish women used polished brass as looking-glasses.

LEE STOW.—George IV. instituted a fifty guinea gold medal to be given for eminence in historical composition. The first was bestowed on Henry Hallam, the second on Washington Irving.

CLEMENTINA.—The word *oblique* used formerly to be universally pronounced *obleeze*, but it is not so now. Coleridge mentions a case in point with reference to this same word, that Kemble, the great tragedian, corrected the Prince of Wales for pronouncing this word as if it were spelt *obleeze*.

A MORRIS.—Certainly all boys ought to be taught to swim. It is calculated that there are five hundred deaths annually from drowning in the river Thames between Richmond and Gravesend. How much the number might be lessened if the art of swimming were included in the system of education of every boy's school.

C. B.—The lines are unsuitable for insertion, the rhyme being imperfect, and the sense indistinct.

INGRA.—We have a very striking proof of the value of steady perseverance in the acquirement of learning, in the life of Elinor Burritt, who although apprenticed to one of the roughest of occupations, namely, that of a blacksmith, could still economize time as to become master of several languages, Latin, French, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Portuguese, Finnish, Danish, Swedish, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic, as well as many of the Oriental languages.

LITTLE DORRIS.—Reference to our Work-Table department will show that the request has not been forgotten. A centre shall be given in an early number.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We shall certainly keep this request in view. In the meantime, very many of our back and current numbers will, we believe, supply a choice of such articles.

A SKATER.—The reason that the Thames was so firmly frozen over in the year 1814 was that the wind had continued for a whole month to come from the north-east. At that time printing presses were set upon the ice, verses recording the event being printed at them and sold. The watermen being thus thrown out of employment, commenced an ice-toll, by which they realised a considerable profit.

P. H.—The cucumber has been known in England from the very earliest records of horticulture. It was common in the time of Edward III. Being afterwards neglected and disused, it became entirely forgotten until the reign of Henry VIII. It was not generally cultivated till about the middle of the seventeenth century.

CLARISA.—The Emperor Charles V. was the first monarch to whom the title of Majesty was applied. Previously to this, the epithets Highness and Grace were used.

A CONSTANT READER.—A good sauce for plum pudding may be made by melting some fresh butter in the water butter is usually melted for sauce. Then add to it some brandy, either a wine glass full or half of one (according to the quantity of sauce required) and sweeten it to the taste with moist sugar. Give the whole two or three whisks over the fire, and serve it in a sauce-boat.

A.—The amethyst is found in veins and cavities of the secondary or fossil greenstone in Fife-shire. It is also found in Montrose, and in the Hill of Kinross near Perth. Upon the continent of Europe it occurs in great abundance, and also in North and South America. The amethyst is a mineral of the quartz family. Its form is usually that of a six-sided pyramid, or a six-sided prism surmounted by the same number of planes.

ADA.—The lines occur in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The following is the correct version. Dewberries are supposed by some to be gooseberries:—

"Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries."

ADELAIDE LORCIA.—Grebe trimmings, muffs, &c., are formed of the feathers of an aquatic bird, so named. The Grebe is a genus of Palmipedes, or web-footed birds, belonging to Cuvier's family of divers, or short-winged birds, and placed as the first of that family in his arrangement.

MONTMORENCY.—Indigo is the production chiefly of several varieties of the plant called *Indigofera*, a native of America and of the East and West Indies. The plant, after being cut a little while before flowering, is steeped with water in large vats, where it undergoes fermentation. During this process a fine pulverulent pulp separates, which is at first green, but becomes blue by exposure to the atmosphere.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—"The Bohemian Girl," which has had a successful run, is to be repeated once more on Thursday, and the winter season finally closes on Saturday next, with the popular "Trovatore."

THE *Carlton Post* brings an account of a destructive fire, which broke out at Athy Workhouse on Thursday se'nnight, and destroyed a great portion of that building. In the midst of the exertions being made to extinguish the flames a loud cry arose that several persons were yet in the building. A rush was immediately made round to the place indicated, and several men, following the directions given, ascended the staircase, down which rolled dense volumes of smoke and succeeded in bringing down, one after another, eight bodies, all dead—five grown-up persons, who were suffocated by the smoke, and three little children, charred to cinders.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—COUNCIL MEDAL.—EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1855.—GRANDE MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.—GALLERY OF BRONZES D'ART.—F. BARBEDIENNE and Co., of Paris, respectfully inform the British Public that a Complete COLLECTION of their MATHEMATICAL REDUCTIONS, by the process of M. Collas, from the chefs-d'œuvre of Antique and Modern Statuary in the Galleries of the Louvre, Florence, and Rome, Museum of Naples, and British Museum, may be seen at Messrs. JACKSON and GRAHAM'S, 35, 37, and 38, OXFORD-STREET. The prices the same as in Paris, with the charges of Importation only added.—Catalogues, with Marginal Illustrations, 6d. each; or, by post, on receipt of 12 postage stamps.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

It does not often happen that any great public enterprise is set afloat without eliciting the opposition of persons or parties on some real or imaginary foundation. The exception is certainly the expedition of Dr. Livingstone to South Africa. Not only has no public objection been made either to the object or the man, but, on religious, political, scientific, and commercial grounds, his return to his former sphere of labour has been advocated by all sections of the Christian Church, by all political parties, by the most eminent scientific men, and by the various corporations specially interested in commerce. It must, indeed, be a noble enterprise which can unite the jarring and conflicting elements that make up the various parties combining to honour Her Majesty's newly-appointed Consul to Quillimane, Senna, and Tete, on the eastern coast of Africa. He went forth on his last expedition almost unknown: he goes forth now fully equipped by the Government of his country, with the friendship and support of the Portuguese Government, and attended by the good wishes of all classes at home.

David Livingstone is no ordinary man. For the last sixteen years he has laboured in Africa in connexion with the London Missionary Society, and while prosecuting the arduous and self-denying labours of a missionary, has done more than any other living man to make the English public acquainted with the character and disposition of the inhabitants of the interior of that country, and with great perseverance and labour has laid down the longitude and latitude of places hitherto unknown to us. From his recently-published work we learn that the old notions which prevailed about Africa are entirely incorrect. The general idea until now might be summed up in few words—Algeria and Egypt on the north; at the south, the Boers and Caffres; along the intermediate coasts, negroes, elephants' teeth, and slave trade stations; in the centre, sandy deserts where life languishes, abounding with lions, straggling blackamoors, and no rivers to speak of. This is dispelled for ever, as to the central parts of the continent, and we have to substitute a panoramic conception full of beauty, and vegetation, and life; plains often inundated for dry sand; rich plantations, gardens, vines, forests, pastures, maize-fields, sugar-cane, honey, water-melons, for barrenness; navigable rivers; coffee-coloured, commerceable, peaceable people, sometimes ruled over by women! new edible roots, new medicines, cotton, hemp, and a whole teeming world waiting the manipulation of the race which, in the language of a native, "God loved better than the African, and has entrusted with the keys of social blessing for the rest of mankind."

At the grand farewell banquet which was given to Dr. Livingstone a few evenings since at Freemason's Hall, it was pleasant to note not only the presence of three hundred gentlemen, but to mark the varied interests represented. The President of the Royal Geographical Society occupied the chair, and read a letter from Count Lavradio, representative of the King of Portugal,

in which his Excellency said: "I have felt confidence that the new explorations of Livingstone will have great results for science, commerce, and the civilization of Africa. The infamous slave trade can never be made to cease but by putting a stop to slavery in the interior of Africa, which will be the more easily brought about when the unfortunate Africans are instructed in the principles of religion and education, and are taught the true value of labour." The Duke of Argyll, in responding to a toast, made some remarks which will doubtless be gratifying to many. In reference to a report from an American paper, professing to be an account of a debate in the Senate, to the effect that the Government of this country had altered their views on the question of slavery, his Grace said, "as regarded the general question of the slave trade, one of the primary motives which had induced the Government of this country to aid in fitting out this expedition, was their strong desire for the suppression of the slave trade." Representatives from the Kings of Denmark and Sweden were at the dinner, and gave expression to the cordial concurrence of their respective Sovereigns with the objects of the expedition.

What the future may be of the immense country stretching from the Zambesi to the Orange River, it is impossible to calculate; but, from what is known of Dr. Livingstone, we may hope the best for the natives of the African continent, who have been conciliated and won by the uniform kindness, consistency, and sincerity of his character. As the Queen's Consul-General, he will possess a vast amount of influence; and his power for good will be incalculable. No expedition was ever formed under more favourable auspices; and to a very great extent it depends on Dr. Livingstone to make the scheme one of unmixed good to the African race. Whether or not it will ever rank among our colonies, we cannot tell, but if so, we trust the union may be accomplished without the crimes which have unhappily marked our possession of other countries now among the dependencies of the British empire.

LADIES AND LAWYERS.

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which says, "They who look like sheep must expect to be treated like sheep."

We are sorry to give application to this old proverb. It is sad, mortifying, and discouraging. It seems to say that those who most need protection are exactly those who are best suited to be oppressed. To look helpless is to invite injury. The unprotected women, with gentle and retiring manners, must be the natural prey of the sharper. The widow, who having long rested on the faithful care of a husband, and who, when bereft of him, finds herself unfit for the smallest business responsibility, the unmarried woman, who goes staggering and stumbling through the world, innocent of all knowledge of Cocker, and ignorant how to write even a common receipt; these are the sheep who must expect to be fleeced as long as there are men who prefer to live by their wits rather than their labour.

This truth is forced upon us through the medium of all conversational gossip, and confirmed by law reports out of count in almost every newspaper of every day. In a bankruptcy case now pending we have a flagrant instance of the duplicity by which a cunning man wrested from a confiding woman the bulk of her property, under the pretence of investing it to greater advantage, so that she might enjoy larger interest in return for her money. It is singular to see how men who have exhausted all the resources of wholesale dealings will, to stave off ruin for a day or perhaps even a few hours, resort to the little dealings which float them on the waves of shame, instead of suffering themselves to sink into the abyss in which they might at least have been hidden from the "slow pointing finger of scorn."

In olden times gallant knight never saw woman oppressed without rushing to her rescue. Should not men of honour, who in our own day may be men of business also, be ready with warning word, if not with helping hand, to do her kind and generous service?

Certain it is that every "lone woman,"—the phrase is laughed at, but is not, therefore, the less expressive—stands as a mark for the exercise of the craft of the genteel swindler either profes-

sional or non-professional. Every individual of her sex is born with a nature that must lean on something. That very instinct proves her claim on man's protection and her right to have it. Taking advantage of this necessity, he who is a villain in heart, with a face that is a forgery of kindness and goodness, finds it an easy thing to cajole her into trusting in him with confiding thankfulness. It is all so easy, so comfortable, saves her so much trouble. She has nothing to do but just to believe him, and write her name to some paper or another, and she will have no more trouble in the management of her own affairs.

We warn our lady readers to be very careful how they write their names. A few scratches of the pen may reduce them to beggary.

But how are they to steer clear of needless suspicions? Shall they insult their best friends by showing that they mistrust their honour. Certainly not. Let them, in the first place, cultivate a few business habits, so that they may not look the character of the sheep quite so naturally. When this is done the gentlemen with whom they are brought in contact will not be ready to think it impossible that they should understand a few simple explanations, and they will at once put the pith of the matter in question into tangible shape, without throwing scorn on their feminine incapacity. An upright man will always be glad to make his transactions plain to the woman who has sufficient intelligence to comprehend them. He may turn away with impatience when he finds the task hopeless.

Let us suppose that a woman has done her best to fit herself to this moderate degree for such business transactions as may be inevitable to her condition of life, so clearing herself from the fault of inviting the fraudulent to make her their prey, then when is she to begin to suspect? We will answer that question as well as we are able. In the first place, not looking like a sheep, she will not be so often treated as one. The wolf will keep aloof. But let her note this. Men of honour will never garble any statement in matters of business. They are too jealous lest any taint should fasten on their own integrity. They will render with alacrity every explanation she is capable of receiving. It is a satisfaction to themselves to be placed in the bright clear noon-day of broad inspection, that what they do may be audited by the whole world.

This is a simple rule. The business faculty, which the lady has been thus cultivating, will make her feel when matters have been honestly explained, and when they have been darkened with many words. In the first case her mind will be at ease; in the second, let her consult some upright friend, who has no personal interest in the matter, and will at least give her disinterested advice; in the meantime, being very careful not to write her name.

WEEKLY RESUMÉ.

THE Calcutta mail was received last Sunday, bringing intelligence up to the middle of last month, and also telegrams from Bombay, in anticipation of the usual weekly mail. The incessant assaults of the Oude insurgents continue to task to the utmost the energies of our brave countrymen, under Outram and his colleagues. Thrice, in about three weeks, has that General been attacked at Alumbagh—where, it will be remembered, he has remained since his withdrawal from Lucknow, to which place it is in close proximity—and with but 4,000 troops, thrice has he repulsed the enemy, with heavy loss both of men and guns on their side, and with scarcely a casualty on ours. Sir Colin Campbell's operations, after leaving Cawnpore, have also been attended with the most successful results. Public opinion is changing among the population of Oude—"For a fortnight after the retreat from Lucknow not a grain of wheat or a whisp of hay could be procured, even by force. The victory of the 6th of December suddenly changed public opinion. 'The English raj then was not over,' and grain, and forage, and milk, and bread, and vegetables poured abundantly into camp." It would seem that the safety of the Punjab has been secured by the arrival of troops from Bombay. On the 9th day of the new year, the Lucknow heroines reached Calcutta in a river steamer, and were received with Royal salutes, and the deep but cordial sympathy of the whole European population.

The Chinese news is of a more important character than that from India. The city of Canton, comprising a population of a million of inhabitants, garrisoned by an army supplied with formidable artillery, has been stormed by an Anglo-French force of four or five thousand men, who now occupy the heights above the town, which they could, of course, lay in ashes at any moment.

The new measure for the government of India was laid before Parliament on Friday night by Lord Palmerston, who clearly stated the scope of the proposed bill, which was also defended in a speech of singular power and great ability by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The apologists for the Company were Mr. Mangles, the present Chairman of the Court of Directors, and, far more efficiently, Mr. Thomas Baring. It was not to be expected that either of these gentlemen, having heard the details of the Ministerial plan for the first time, would be able on the instant to detect its weak points, but, as the advocate of the Company, Mr. Baring ought to have been able to make out a stronger case in its favour than he attempted. The honourable gentleman confined himself to acting entirely on the defensive, and objected that "the present was not a fitting time for alteration."

On Wednesday, the House of Commons passed the second reading of Sir J. Trevelyan's Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates, by a majority of fifty-three—the numbers being for the bill, 213; against it, 160.

The Bill for admitting the Jews to Parliament has been read a second time. The Conservative party offered no opposition to the measure; but Sir Frederick Thesiger gave notice that, when the Bill was in committee, he would propose to omit that clause which relates to the admission of the Jews. It happens that the form of the Bill as at present drawn presents unusual facilities for the purpose of striking out all that relates to the Jews, and yet effecting a great improvement, equally desired by all parties, in the present state of parliamentary oaths. The changes produced by time and the altered state of the political feeling of the country have rendered some of those clauses obsolete, while others shock the moral sense altogether. The advocates of the admission of Jews to Parliament have hitherto so mixed up their favourite question with the improvement of the law that it became impossible to separate them. Lord John Russell, in his present Bill, has pursued a different course. In one clause he proposes an improvement in the law respecting the oaths; and in another and distinct clause he proposes that the Jews shall be admitted by a form of their own. It is this clause Sir Frederick Thesiger proposes to omit in committee. It is not probable he will succeed in effecting his object in the Commons; but the same proposal will be made with more success in the Lords. The Bill will then come down to the Lower House, shorn of the clause for which alone it was introduced, and yet containing a valuable improvement, which the friends of the Jews have so long urged, that they can hardly for shame refuse to pass it. If this be so, a scandal will be removed from our parliamentary system; but the friends of the Jews will be deprived of one of the great arguments which they have always hitherto urged in seeking a change in the law.

The Court of Queen's Bench has been occupied since last Saturday in the trial of the directors of the late Royal British Bank. Out of this unfortunate affair, the gentlemen of the long-robe will have netted a pretty considerable sum. It has been stated that the aggregate amount which the country will have to pay for this prosecution will not be much less than 30,000*l*.

Meetings have been held in several places during the week to oppose the new Conspiracy to Murder Bill, at which some injudiciously offensive things have been said reflecting on the French Emperor and his Government. This is to be regretted, as, if such language have any influence, it can only hasten on a rupture between the two countries.

The President of Liberia, in his last annual address, bears important testimony to the evils arising from the attempts which have been made to carry out what is called "free emigration" on the West Coast of Africa. He refers particularly to the proceedings of a M. Chevalier, who was engaged in obtaining negroes on the Liberian coast about the year 1852 or 1853.



Match or No Match?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WEDDING RING," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTIE CORBELL was not of a nature to give way, for any length of time, to enervating emotions and distressing agitations. One glance at her mother's alarmed face restored her self-possession, and one exclamation from her old nurse, who seemed to be extremely busy in the nutshell establishment, made her laugh outright. Then came such a hubbub of merry voices, such a clamour of joy from her younger brothers and sisters, that passers-by might well think that a juvenile Bedlam had broken loose, only that fortunately there were very few passers-by in that out-of-the-world suburban neighbourhood.

When order was a little restored, Christie looked round with some amazement. Everything was in confusion, and altogether so unlike the usual orderly tidiness of the little cottage, that her first impulse was to get up and put things to rights; her second was to laugh at herself for the force of the old habit; her third, with a little sensation of alarm, to ask if anything were the matter, for what could be the meaning of all those corded boxes and packages, and the general confusion of the whole place?

"I thought you would have known by this time, Christie dear," said her pale mother.

"Known what?" asked Christie.

"Hasn't Mrs. Wintersham told you?"

"She has told me nothing."

"She wanted to surprise you."

"With what?"

"Don't you guess. We are all coming to live in the pretty cottage with the pretty garden, where we can see Ash Lodge from the end of one of the walks, and the sun shining on your window like gold, when it is setting, and you can see the smoke from our chimneys."

Christie clapped her hands together, and such a rush of joy lightened up her face, that anybody might have said the sunshine was there also.

"Dear, good, kind Mrs. Wintersham!" Christie exclaimed, "How I will love her, whether she will let me or no!"

"Oh, but we are to pay rent, only it will be much cheaper than this, on account of being in the country."

When Christie heard what that rent was to be,

even she could perceive that Mrs. Wintersham might easily have found a much more profitable tenant. She saw at once that the sum was fixed merely to give such an air of business to the transaction as might satisfy the pride of the little family. The idea rather fretted her, but she would not say a word to dim the general joy; only she internally resolved, in the first place, to talk the matter over with her patroness, and in the second to redouble her own value in every shape and way.

That night the whole of the little large family sat up to a most imprudent hour, talking incoherently of plans and projects, and the Herculean labours of moving the furniture of the nutshell house, with a great amount of wonderment as to how such a work could be accomplished. Amid the general mirth, Christie smiled a little to herself, for her ideas of proportions had undergone some change since she had been under Mrs. Wintersham's roof. Nevertheless, the matter was one of most pleasant importance, and, sitting by her mother's side, the thin hand sometimes on her shoulder and sometimes on her knee, with the old nurse once more reinstalled in the time-honoured rocking-chair, in which she had, one after another, successively lulled them all to sleep times out of count, and with the little marchioness-maid standing behind her seat, at every odd moment of time, too often forgetting that marchionesses could possibly have much to do; amid all this, we say, Christie felt that the love to which she had been born was one of her Heavenly Father's greatest blessings, and that the ties which bound her to her pale, placid, submissive mother, and to all those dear, riotous, laughing children, so intoxicated with joy at seeing her again, filled the heart far better than any of those enslaving bonds of passion in which at that moment she might have been mourning and pining. If Christie's bosom heaved with one sigh to the memory of Harold Grant, in the next moment it bounded with thankfulness that she had not signed away her freedom of thought, feeling, will, and action.

Christie was right, for every girl who pledges herself to a conditional treaty of affection with an enactment of fulfilment at an uncertain time, gives up every healthy joy of life, and makes herself a slave.

The one who was least demonstrative in that party was brother Harry, who sat with his large black eyes looking at little Christie with a love that touched her, perhaps, more than all the noisy joy which was turning the little cottage into a

merry Babel. Every time their looks met, she thought of St. Bees, and of the increase of salary for which Mrs. Wintersham would not be thanked—that dear, odd, cross, strange, extraordinary Mrs. Wintersham.

All the letters that had passed between that lady and Christie's mother were read over with avidity. She had described the cottage, but had not praised it and the love of a garden half enough. Christie forbore also, wishing to leave that for a pleasant surprise. The only inducements held out were the healthiness of the air for her younger children, and the seeing Christie almost every day; and the only proviso was, that her young companion was not to be told of the proposed removal until all the arrangements were completed.

Christie's mother supposed that the precaution was taken lest her daughter's mind should be unsettled and distracted from her duties. The young companion knew better. Then why had Mrs. Wintersham changed her plans? She knew the why of that also. It was that she might have active exertions enough to withdraw her thought from the one subject which was most likely to engross them.

The next morning the little household were astir with the lark, and for the next week Christie took upon herself once more the office of being head of the family. How pleasant it was to the pale mother to refer everybody and everything to her rosy daughter, and say she had, thank goodness, no responsibility now.

So they all worked merrily, from the old nurse to the little maid-of-all-work of fourteen, merrily, though occasional clouds of sentiment came over their bright sky. Who can leave the home of even a few years, without finding out that they must tread on many springs which raise the ghosts of sleeping memories. Here some happiness, there some sorrow, every spot of the old place is filled with mementoes of gone-by things, the dead joys are turned into regrets, like all dead things; the dead sorrows seem to rise into life again.

Just ten days after Christie Corbell's departure from Ash Lodge, ten days spent in great toil and sweetened by much mirth, in which discomforts were laughed at as most amusing jests, a certain little cavalcade might have been seen wending its way along the same road which the young companion had travelled, at what now seemed to her a very, very long time ago with quite a different assortment of feelings. Then she was, oh, so solitary; now she had round her the merriest and noisiest party, making the highway that they traversed most musical with their glad laughter. The sun was shining brightly, throwing long, slanting, grotesque shadows over the pathway, while flickerings of light came flashing through the interlacing branches of the trees, on which the birds were singing many a sweet chorus of loving welcome.

Nature and children were made for each other. Everything was beautiful on the road the whole length of the way from the station, but when they turned off into the shady lane that looked like a long alcove of over-arching trees which led to the cottage with its dear delicious garden, then the admiration was enthusiastic. Even Christie rubbed her eyes and looked with some amazement. New windows had been put in, pretty tasteful lattice windows, and a porch placed over the door. Nevertheless, the rich luxuriance of hanging branches had been most carefully preserved, and being so turned and twined and twisted all about the porch and windows, there was no look of raw discrepancy between the new and the old, everything wearing an aspect of harmony. In the same way the garden had undergone its ordeal. Its old wild look of rich abundance had been so far preserved as to leave Nature still apparent as the bountiful mistress of all, while art, as her hand-maid, had only been busy in plucking up the weeds, trimming the hedges, and rolling the gravel walks smooth.

In doors new painting, new papering, new grates, new doors, and a hundred other minor conveniences and improvements, had converted the once forlorn cottage into a very delightful, delicious, comfortable, enjoyable, compact little house, well worthy of the thrice-blessed name of home.

In one of the rooms they found a comfortable tea ready spread on a sort of impromptu table, a kind

of pic-nic concern, very agreeable to the eyes of those who come off a journey experiencing those feelings of exhaustion commonly following close upon toil and excitement.

Christie, looking upon everything, felt her heart so swell with gratitude as to force the tears into her eyes, but she did not let them fall. Fresh throbbings of the heart shook that citadel of our mortal frame at each successive step, at each new proof of the considerate kindness of her patroness.

Finally, Christie kissed her mother, whose less vigorous nature had left her no other alternative than to sit down and melt into tears, and having done this she passed out of the cottage with a quick sharp step without speaking a word, and took her way to Ash Lodge. When she got into the open field, which was her nearest road, her speed slackened, and thoughts and feelings rose up within her in a sort of mob, pushing and elbowing, and pressing and treading and trampling on each other in a way rather too difficult to describe. Those who have already felt within themselves these surges over the soul of new combinations of thought springing up so as to overshadow old established feelings will understand what we mean. Those who have not must wait till breaks in their life open chinks in the past, which show that everything was different from what it seemed, and open new vistas in the future. As Christie walked along through the quiet fields in the sweet eventide she seemed to see how everything had been working for good for her and her family. Had she listened to the treasonable whisper of her own heart—for we tell it as a secret that perhaps may have been already guessed, there was treason there, though well kept down by high and noble principle—at that moment, instead of rejoicing in so much happiness, she might have been mourning over her lot even as Harold Grant's wife, her mother grieving and ashamed, her brothers and sisters either condemning her or proposing to follow her bad example, Mrs. Wintersham accusing her of breach of confidence instead of showing her such affection as she bestowed on no one else, and thus making her the medium of showering benefits and blessings on her mother. Arrived at that thought Christie gave every other consideration to the winds, and suddenly abandoning her meditative pace, never stopped till she reached Ash Lodge.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MRS. FLETCHER.

The obituaries of the week announce the death of Mrs. Fletcher, a lady well known in Edinburgh circles of fashion and beauty when Jeffrey and Sydney Smith started the *Edinburgh Review*. She was a lady of many accomplishments and of great beauty, fond of literature, and not unskilled herself in song. Mrs. Siddons is said to have declined accepting any invitation to which Mrs. Fletcher was invited—so jealous was she, it is said, of Mrs. Fletcher's beauty. Nor was this Edinburgh talk or Edinburgh vanity; the talk extended beyond Edinburgh circles, and the vanity was not Scottish, inasmuch as Mrs. Fletcher was born of English parents, and in the largest English county. We remember to have heard more than one Englishman assert that they would rather have seen Mrs. Fletcher in a box at a theatre than have seen Mrs. Siddons on the stage of the same theatre. She was a Whig, and long a widow. She married for love of what marriage is said seldom to give—liberty. Her husband, Archibald Fletcher, an advocate in Edinburgh, was Horne Tooke and Hardy mad; and she, a young girl—as beautiful as a Gunning, and something more—married the old advocate for his love of liberty and Parson Horne. She was a Whig of the *Edinburgh Review* school to the last moment of her life; and she was old when she died, in her eighty-ninth year. Her delight at seeing Kossuth when past eighty, and travelling far to see him, was something wonderful. Oddly enough, warm Whig as she was, she lived next door, in Castle-street, Edinburgh, to Sir Walter Scott; and disliked Scott so much for his Toryism that she would never meet him. She refused to accept—no common offer—the first cast of Chantrey's exquisite bust of Sir Walter Scott—a compliment paid her by Allan Cunningham, when the features of Scott were warm from the hand of Chantrey; but glorified in the poet of Kosciuszko and "the Pleasures of Hope." Campbell gloried in her.

A prominent citizen of Boston lately took his seat at a *table d'hôte* in Lyons, France, but, before commencing his dinner, looked up at his opposite neighbour at the table, when his astonished eyes recognised in that person the missing treasurer of the Middlesex and Bay State Mills. Both parties were rather embarrassed by the sudden and mutual recognition, but soon recovered sufficiently to "talk it over." We understand the treasurer's friends have sent out enjoining his immediate return. They consider his flight an unnecessary and foolish proceeding, and say that the record shows nothing criminal or dishonourable against him.—*Springfield Republican*.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Fig. 1. (*Carriage Costume*).—Dress of dark maroon-colour silk, with quilles or side-trimmings formed of buttons and passementerie of the same colour as the dress. Basquine of maroon velvet, trimmed with buttons and passementerie corresponding with those on the dress. Bonnet of black velvet, having on one side a long Bird of Paradise plume, in shaded tints of blue. Under-trimming, blue velvet flowers. Strings of broad blue velvet ribbon. Under-sleeves formed of large puffs of white muslin, with turn-up cuffs of needlework. A sable muff.

Fig. 2. (*Dress for Morning Visits*).—Robe of grey cashmere, with two skirts, the upper one edged with a broad band of tartan poplin, cut bias way. A jacket corsage, of the new form which has received in Paris the name of the *Lancier*. The basque is edged with a band of poplin of narrower width than that on the skirt. The front of the jacket is ornamented with buttons and passementerie of colours corresponding with those in the tartan trimming. Bonnet of grey chip, trimmed with bands of blue velvet, and on one side a blue feather. Strings of broad blue sarsnet ribbon. Under-trimming of velvet flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The favourite colours of the season for walking and carriage dresses, or for dresses to be worn in the daytime within doors, are violet, green, and grey; but, if the dress be composed of velvet, black is usually the hue selected for out-door costume. We may here mention that several dresses both of velvet and satin have been made with two corsages—one high, to be worn with the skirt in the daytime; and the other low, to be worn in the evening.

Among the newest promenade and carriage costumes we have noticed one of an extremely elegant character. It consists of a dress of violet-colour moire antique, with two skirts, each edged with a quilling of ribbon of the same tint. The corsage is high and has a small basque, both corsage and basque being trimmed with quilled ribbon. The sleeves are set in with large plaits, and are finished at the lower part with *revers*, edged with quilled ribbon. The under-sleeves have a *mousquetaire* or turned-up cuff, and are fastened at the wrist by amethyst buttons. A small collar, fastened with amethyst buttons, is worn with the dress. The bonnet is composed of violet velvet, and trimmed with the same, intermingled with black lace. A demi-veil of black lace is worn with it, and the

strings are formed of broad black ribbon. A cloak of black velvet with a hood, and without trimming, completes the costume.

We have seen a carriage dress of black velvet having the skirt quite plain, but very full. The corsage has a basque, but without trimming. The sleeves are formed at the upper part of two puffs, descending to the elbow; at the lower part they fit rather closely to the arm, and are finished by *revers* or turn-up cuffs, ornamented with a trimming of lace. A large cascade of black velvet is to be worn with this dress. It is trimmed round with a band of sable, and finished at the neck by a large round collar of the same fur, having the ends in front pointed. The bonnet consists of green satin and plush of the same colour. It is trimmed with bows of velvet and plush.

We may also mention a dress prepared for dinner or plain evening costume. It is composed of green silk, with flounces figured with black. The flounces are vandyked and edged with a light *ruche* of the silk, pinked. The corsage is square, and has a *gumpe* or front-piece of worked muslin, finished by a *ruche* of tulle. The sleeves consist of two very full frills. The *coiffure* to be worn with this dress is composed of black velvet and lace.

The *coiffures* usually adopted with velvet dresses are composed of lace and flowers. The lace is dis-

posed as lappets, or in the form of small caps, loose at the back, in the style called the *Fanchon*. Velvet flowers are much in favour. The pendent blossom of the scarlet fuchsia made in velvet has a beautiful effect when worn either in the hair or in a cap. The Parisian *fleuristes* have recently been making complete *parures* of natural flowers, consisting not merely of the wreath or bouquets for the head-dress, but also of cordons and wreaths for trimming the skirts of dresses. We have seen a set of these flower trimmings, or *parures*, formed of lilac; the effect of the hanging blossom of the lilac was indescribably elegant. This *parure* was intended for a wedding *déjeuner*. Another consisted of crocuses of various colours tastefully dispersed among bouillons of tulle. This was a beautiful novelty in floral trimming.

THE HIGHLANDERS AT LUCKNOW.

The *Guardian* publishes some interesting extracts from a letter written by a lady, who, with her husband, is among the survivors of the siege of Lucknow. The arrival of the Highlanders is graphically described:—

"An instant after we saw the soldiers rushing wildly up the road; our compound and verandah was filled with Highlanders, the bagpipes playing triumphantly, and we found ourselves sobbing,



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

laughing, shaking hands violently with officers and men, exchanging fervent 'God bless you's' with all, embracing each other, hugging the children, and doing all sorts of frantic things easy to be imagined. The emotion displayed by the soldiers was most affecting at the sight of the women and children they had rescued from the fate of those at Cawnpore. They seized the children from our arms and covered them with kisses; and 'God bless you, ma'am,' 'Thank God we are in time to save you,' resounded on every side. The poor fellows were so dreadfully exhausted we could not supply them with water fast enough. Some of us rushed down and made tea, but we had not much else to offer in the way of refreshment, for we had long been on very short commons; and after this great increase to our force arrived, without bringing with them any increase of supplies, our rations were still further reduced. Such luxuries as milk and sugar ceased in about two months, and the few goats we had went dry very speedily. Wine and beer lasted till within six weeks of the end, when we were all reduced to toast-and-water. Our fare usually consisted of chupaties made of the coarsest unsifted flour, parched peas or grain, boiled, and rice; for meat the gun bullock beef, which no amount of stewing ever succeeded in reducing to tenderness. We used always to take our meals in a dark underground room, called in India a *Tye Khana*; it was a most vault-like place, a receptacle for cobras and rats, and so dark that as long as our store of candles lasted we always were obliged to burn one

during breakfast and dinner. For the first two months of the siege, the ladies and children of our party lived entirely down in this horrible cellar. We used to sleep on the floor, fitting into each other like the bits in a puzzle, and the rats and mice running races over us. When the rains began, however, the room became so damp it was impossible to stay there: every one got so ill we all declared it would be much better to risk the bullets upstairs to the certainty of sickness by remaining below: so the gentlemen barricaded the windows with every available box and mattress, and we came up to sleep in the dining-room, which, being in the centre of the house, was tolerably safe, and there we managed to arrange two rows of bedsteads, which placed us in comparative luxury.

"Nearly all the servants ran away on the third day of the siege. They seemed to think, when Sir H. Lawrence was dead, that there could be no hope for us, and all went off in a body. People in England can have no idea how dependent one is for one's comfort on servants in this country, and what a hardship it is to be without them, especially in the hot weather. The ladies were all obliged to divide the work of the house between them, and as five out of the eleven were very delicate, and the sixth was an old lady, the labour fell mostly on myself and three others. We had between us to keep the rooms we lived in clean, weigh out the rations, make the tea, cook for and wait upon the sick, nurse the children, and slave in one way or another from morning till night. I am sure this did me, for one, a great deal of good; one felt one was being of use, and it pre-

vented one brooding over one's troubles, or thinking too much of the horrors around us. I used to be so dead tired at night, I often slept through the most tremendous assaults, and knew nothing about them till the next day. Down in the *Tye Khana* we used to have wretched nights, kept awake constantly by the poor sick children with whom I used to be often up the greater part of the night, and never was a bit the worse for it."

THE ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.

On Monday was prepared a copy of a memorandum (prepared at the India House) of the improvements in the administration of India during the last thirty years. The statement is ushered in by a prefatory notice, to the effect that at this time, when a calamity unexampled in the history of India has excited an unusual amount of interest in Indian affairs, while the statements publicly made and the opinions expressed concerning the government of India strikingly manifest the deficiency of correct information on the subject, a brief survey of the principal measures which have of late been adopted for improving the internal government of the country and the physical and mental condition of its inhabitants, may be serviceable in removing false impressions and in supplying materials for a deliberate judgment. It is thought proper, considering the very recent period at which the charter was renewed (1853), to "trace the stream of Indian improvement from a point much higher up in its course." The memorandum refers to the con-

nexion of the revenue system with the rights, &c., of the people, to the permanent settlement of Lower Bengal, the present improvements in that Presidency, the ryotwar system in Madras, the ryotwar reform in Bombay, the settlement of the North-West Provinces, the fiscal system of India, the land revenue, the opium and salt monopolies, customs, the post-office, judicature and legislation, police, and prisons, Thuggee and Dacoit suppression, piracy, Suttee, witchcraft, Traggas, Meriah sacrifices, slavery, the re-marriage of widows, public works and railroads, education, the cultivation of tea, and the improvement of native States.

We read in the *Courrier d'Italie*: "Between Rome and Frascati is a railway about nine miles long. A considerable number of persons went the other day to a *fête* at Frascati, the ladies being dressed in their richest garments, and wearing their costliest jewelry. This was all known to the brigands. Accordingly, they seized the officers who occupied the intermediate station in the midst of the deserted country, and proceeded to hoist the red flag, as a signal to stop. The engineer, fearing something was on the line, brought the engine to a dead stand, when the robbers instantly laid hold of the travellers and coolly plundered them, doing them, however, no other injury. Up to this time we had fancied that railways would put an end to this sort of adventure; but the foregoing stroke, performed at the very gates of Rome, shows that we were too sanguine. Instead of robbing some ten or a dozen passengers in a diligence, the brigands now take 100 in one haul."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A CHEER FOR THE SAILOR!

BY J. HAY DOBBIN.

A cheer for the sailor, abroad on the billow,
For tempest and storm make their home on the deep;
Yet aching head claimeth not rest on the pillow—
The weary eyes close not in unwatchful sleep.
The storm may burst forth, and the broad lightning
flashing
May threaten the frail little bark to o'erwhelm;
Still in safety she rides, o'er mountain waves dashing,
For a brave heart and hand are guiding the helm.

A cheer for the sailor, when ploughing Life's ocean,
Who breasteth its billows and braveth the storm;
His heart nobly filled with faith and devotion,
That feareth no danger whatever its form.
The night may close fast, and the dark cloud of sorrow
May fall, while the sun of thy life is o'ercast;
Cheer thee, bold sailor! for the morn of the morrow
May see thee at rest in thy haven at last.

A cheer for the soldier, who, at Duty's calling,
Is found in the van when the war-note doth blow;
Who, while his old comrades are round him fast falling,
Still bears an unflinching, bold front to the foe;
Till the red field is won, and he falls with glory,
And victor and conquer'd are laid side by side;—
May the tale ever live in our national story,
How stoutly he struggl'd—how nobly he died!

A cheer for the soldier who, Life's battle waging,
Puts harness on boldly the right to maintain;
Who finds bright reward in life's sorrow assuaging—
In cheering the stricken and tending the slain.
Press bravely on, soldier, with hope undiminish'd,
The time draweth nigh when thy toil shall be done;
And then shalt thou smile o'er thy painful course finish'd,
And rest thee in peace o'er the victory won!

LITERATURE.

Books, Publications, &c., for Review, should be addressed to the
Editor, 83, Fleet-street, London.

Katherine Randolph; or, Self-devotion. By the
Author of the "Only Daughter." Edited by the
Rev. G. R. GLEIG. London: Hodgson.

MANY of the tales of fiction which issue in such
numbers from the press are rapid and sentimental,
conveying very false impressions of the constitution
of society, and frequently rendering their admirers
unfit to play well their part in the great drama of
real life. "*Katherine Randolph*," however, is not
of this class; on the contrary, there are lessons that
may be drawn from it which could not but repay
the perusal. The heroine of the tale—*Katherine*—
is the daughter of a Scotch clergyman,—one of those
devoted beings, who, fallen as we are from our
original purity, we nevertheless do sometimes meet
with. She seems like a ray of perpetual sunshine,
imparting light and cheerfulness to all with whom
she comes in contact. Marion, a young friend of
our heroine, suffering from delicate health, and often
afflicted with ennui and depression, expresses a wish
to know the secret which preserves *Katherine's*
freshness of spirits:—

"And I wish nothing more than to be permitted to
expose that secret to you," replied *Katherine*. "Let me
begin to-day, dear Marion. See, you are already warmed
by this bright sun. Let it tempt you still a little further,
and come with me the whole length of my walk. Be
persuaded to examine the routine of my day's employ-
ment, and you will soon find the source of that cheer-
fulness which surprises you. It is but a small circle of
homely, every-day duties, dear Marion; but still it is
sufficient to engage my heart, and save it from the fatal
habit of brooding on its own cares."

The sunshine was a powerful argument in *Katherine's*
favour, and, after a moment's hesitation, Marion agreed
to walk with her to the place of her destination, a little
wild hamlet called *Clach-na-hard*, which, situated in a
nook of the mountains of Glenurrie, was so lonely in its
tiny strath, that, despite the immediate proximity of its
owner, the Lord of Inverawe, it looked as if it might
escape the observation of all who were not bent on
discovering it.

Katherine tapped on the window of the dairy as she
passed, and a light basket well packed was handed out to
her, which, with a laugh to Marion, she hung carefully
over one arm, and offered the other for her friend's support.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the
burn, which *Katherine* crossed by means of a row of
stepping-stones, with the agility of a faun, but which it
cost Marion a world of shrinking, and protesting, and
laughing rallery to encounter.

Clach-na-hard, though concealed by the intervening
slope of the hill from the view of all who stood on the
farthest margin of the stream, was nevertheless distant
by scarcely half a mile from the manse garden. It was
a picturesque but most wild and primitive scene. The
handful of houses were of the rudest order of Highland
shealings, and the small glen in which they stood of the
loneliest description of mountain solitudes. It seemed to
be a district community in itself, for which poverty had
secured a state of independence; inasmuch as though the
misshapen huts had each its stand of turf beside the door,
and its square yard of potato-ground behind, the arrange-
ment appeared to have been brought about rather by the
individual exertions of the inhabitants, than through any
gift of a superior power or connivance of a landlord.

Marion exclaimed aloud as she beheld the extreme
poverty and desolation of the little village, and wondered
the lord of the manor could be so neglectful of his people's
welfare.

"*Clach-na-hard* is too far away from the 'house' to be
considered within the reach of his lordship," answered
Katherine; "and there are no ladies in the family to search
it out. This is my village properly speaking, and I pray
you not to condemn it from the mere character of its
exterior. Wait till we have paid our visits."

And she turned into the door of the nearest cottage as
she spoke.

Those who have visited the interior of a Highland
shealing of the class I am endeavouring to describe, need
not be told that delicacy and fastidiousness of nerve or
sense are alike out of place, if carried into such companion-

ship. A damp clay floor, an atmosphere of peat smoke,
and a roof of naked rafters that gleam with the jappanning
of a generation's fires, are the least uncomfortable experi-
ences in such a visit, unless, indeed, where some controlling
influence, like that of *Katherine*, shall have been before
you, and then the catalogue is reduced to the sum at which
I leave it.

The only occupant of the cabin was a boy of ten or
twelve years old, whose attention seemed divided between
the pot that was hanging above the fire, and a small well-
thumbed volume in which Marion by-and-by discovered
that he was industriously spelling the alphabet. He was
a sickly, dark-skinned child, with a look of surprising
intelligence in his face, and a pair of bright black eyes
which flashed to and fro with an acuteness of expression
that was almost electric. It was their extreme brilliancy,
indeed, which first drew from Marion a remark, and the
friends had fairly made good their entrance, and stood to
watch him, themselves unnoticed, beside the fire.

"He is deaf and dumb," said *Katherine*; and she laid
her hand playfully over the page that occupied him.
The boy lifted his eyes; and as they rested on his visitors,
there was a look of delight sparkled up in them that
made Marion well-nigh exclaim at their vivid intelligence.
The next moment he had flung down his book, made a
low bow two or three times repeated, and then colouring
all over, he stood the picture of awkwardness and welcome.

Katherine took off her gloves and placed them in her
basket, and then with the utmost dexterity ran a few
sentences glibly over her fingers in the ingenious and
invaluable language of signs, wherein it has become
possible to communicate with the dumb.

The boy replied to her with a rapidity which outdid
her own, and Marion stood watching them with the
keenest interest.

"He says his mother and sisters are shearing at Killarie,
and he has been left at home to watch the dinner," said
Katherine, interrupting her mute colloquy for a moment
to interpret; "and that he has been rehearsing the lesson
I gave him on Sunday, till he is almost perfect in it."

She resumed her conversation with the boy for a few
moments, after which he turned from them towards the
window, opened the single pane by a hinge, and bringing
in a couple of flower-pots which were resting on the
outside, displayed with great exultation to *Katherine* and
her companion a full-blown monthly rose and a fragrant
and verdant verbena.

"Poor thing!" said Marion, in a voice of great
interest, "how happy he seems!"

"He is, without exception, the happiest and most
intelligent boy in the strath," answered *Katherine*.
"Ivan has been my protégé from his very cradle, and
when he was only six years old, I made interest with
General Forbes to have him sent to that admirable insti-
tution where this language of signs is taught. He was
to have remained there till his education was complete;
but he grew sick and delicate, poor boy, with the air of
the great town, and we were forced to bring him home
again, or his mother would have broken her heart; for,
as usual, the afflicted one in the family is the dearest to
her. But Ivan is so very acute, and his knowledge of
this curious language makes it so easy to communicate
with him, that I was bold enough to undertake his
instruction in reading myself, and we are succeeding to
admiration."

The boy had disappeared during this conversation, and
he now returned with something wrapt very neatly in a
piece of smoky newspaper, which he presented, with a
bow and a look of palpable delight, to his young preceptor.
Katherine unfolded the packet with the most gratifying
appearance of interest, and revealed a set of knitting-pins
made of oak, and very nicely turned to the requisite
smoothness, for which she appeared so grateful, and patted
the poor little donor on the shoulder with so much kindness,
that his black eyes seemed as if they emitted rays.

"He has a genius for mechanics, too," said she in
explanation, "and papa gave him a little turning lathe,
of which these, it seems, are the first fruits."

Marion examined them with many looks and signs of
approval, and when, in answer to some sentence of
Katherine's, he blushed and bowed, and even laughed
with delight, she discovered that her friend had gladdened
his heart by requesting another set of needles as a gift to
the lady who accompanied her.

Marion was completely interested by the poor little
dumb boy, and the smoke and the darkness were forgotten
in the eagerness with which she watched him.

"Yes, dearest *Katherine*," said she, when they had left
the cottage, "this is one recipe for happiness. The
consciousness of restoring that little sufferer to the fellow-
ship of his species would be a drop to sweeten the bitterest
cup. Now I understand your theory of happiness by
proxy. That poor child is as contented with his flowers
and his knitting-pins and his spelling-book, as the
proudest among us with all our undesired enjoyments.
His happiness emanates from you, dear *Katherine*; no
wonder that it should be reflected back again."

Our authoress has been very happy in her de-
scription of Highland scenery. There is great power
and vividness in the pictures she portrays. If
there are passages in the work somewhat overdrawn
better qualities predominate. To those of our
readers who admire this description of literature
we can recommend "*Katherine Randolph*."

NEW MUSIC.

Meine Mazurka. Composed for the Pianoforte by
MARIE JOHANNSSOHN. London: H. D'Alcorn, 18,
Rathbone-place, Oxford-street.

A very pretty mazurka, nicely written for the in-
strument, brilliant and showy, without being diffi-
cult of execution, and likely to vie in popularity
with its celebrated predecessor, "*Zephyr, Etude*
Mazurka, by *Talaxy*."

THE MECHANICAL SOOTHING SYSTEM.—"What gift"
says Cicero, "has Providence bestowed upon man so dear
to him as his children?" Then what gift ought we to
bestow upon the man that should enable us not only to
keep more of them, but to keep them quiet! To obtain
a nurse sleepless in her attentions and economical in her
cost may be desirable, but to secure one to whom not
only salary, but meat and drink, are unrequired, and (in
a whisper) alcohol is unknown, would be a miraculous
essence. Yet this has been accomplished by one who com-
bines a singular insight into the interesting peculiarities
of children, with a sufficient knowledge of the elements
of mechanics to render the quality of his gifts of extensive
use. The infant nursing chair, of Messrs. Wilson, of 144,
High Holborn, does all this, and does more. It registers
the weight of the child from day to day!

COMIC EXTRACTS.

[FROM PUNCH.]

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.—The love that every one has
for his own joke.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Out of
consideration for the nature of the functions the new
Marshal General will have to fulfil in France, it has been
suggested he ought to change his name from *Pelissier* to
Policier.

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, the excellent and exemplary
new Judge in Divorce, and Ulick John, the Marquis of
Clanricarde, were both sworn into the Privy Council
together on the 3rd instant. Mr. *Punch* has made con-
stant inquiries at Sir C. Cresswell's, and is happy to re-
port that he is quite as well as could be expected under
the circumstances.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.—A pamphlet, we are told,
is about to be published, proving the descent of Louis
Napoleon from the Man in the Iron Mask. It would seem
that that celebrated vizor is still in the family, and that
the descendant wears from choice what his ancestor wore
on compulsion.

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH (of an Absolute Monarch).—
"Les Absents ont toujours tort"—but more especially such
absentees as Exiles and Refugees.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.—(From the Gazette,
Friday, Feb. 12.)—Her Majesty has been graciously
pleased to ordain that for the future the East India Com-
pany shall be known by the name and title of the Ceased
India Company.

THE GUARD DIKS.—Judging by the report of the
commissioners for inquiry into the sanitary state of the
army, our guard might safely appropriate the first half
of the assertion made of the Imperial Guard by Cam-
bronne, at Waterloo, "*La Garde meurt*."

THE EMPIRE AS ONE MAN.—"Paris is France." But
Louis Napoleon is Paris. Consequently, Louis Napoleon
is France. *Resumé*. There is but one man in France;
and Louis Napoleon is his name!

EMMA TATHAM.

A lecture on "the late Emma Tatham's Poems"
was delivered in the Lecture-room of St. Martin's
Hall, Long-acre, on Monday evening, by the Rev.
Thomas McCullagh, of Poplar, on behalf of the fund
at present being raised, under the auspices of the
Vicar of Margate and others, for the parents of the
late Emma Tatham, who are at present involved in
the deepest distress by the loss of more than 2,000*l.*
through the fraudulence of their solicitor in London,
who gave them forged and illegal securities for their
money, and has since decamped, leaving them and
many others no remedy against him. JAMES HOBBS,
Esq., who presided, introduced—

The Rev. LECTURER, who commenced by ob-
serving that a theory of modern criticism which
alleged that a state of high civilisation is unfriendly
to poetry, should be received with considerable quali-
fication. Although Science has dislodged Genii from
the hills, Dryads from the forest, and Naiads from the
stream, still the poets of the present will persist, when
it suits their purposes, in bestowing upon various
forms of unconscious and inarticulate nature intellect
and voice. Notwithstanding the progress of Optics,
the Rainbow is still sung; and although the discov-
eries of Acoustics have un-nymphed Echo, re-
ducing the daughter of Lelias to the re-percussion of
sound, we still hear of her mocking answers and
her cavern home. He believed the commercial spirit
of the age to be more unfriendly to poetry than the
progress of scientific discovery. Those engaged in
the terrible race for wealth had no more time or incli-
nation for reading than a jockey on the Derby day
while running for the great Derby stakes. A mouth-
ful of the *Times* with a mouthful of mutton at the
breakfast table is almost as much as a hurried man
of business can devote to literature of any kind amid
the ceaseless excitement of money getting. In one
respect the progress of civilisation has been favourable
to poetry by promoting its development amongst
women. The poets of Pagan antiquity were men
although, according to their own fables, the Muses
themselves were goddesses, and not gods. In the dark
days of Popery civility sent its knights to fight for
noble dames, but the Church, with whom "ignorance is
the mother of devotion," left them ignorant of their
A B C. For the female poets of antiquity we must
go to the Bible, to the songs of Miriam and Deborah.
The Protestant Reformation was partly promotive of
intellectual culture amongst females. Lady Jane
Grey, Lady Bacon, the mother of the great philo-
sopher, and her sister, Lady Killigrew, were re-
markable for their classical erudition. But although
the last-mentioned of these gifted women produced
some respectable hexameters and pentameters; yet for
lady poets of distinction we must come down to the
latter half of last century. In Johnson's "*Lives of
the Poets*" not a single female author finds a place.
But now we have inscribed upon the poetic scroll
the names of a widely extended sisterhood of song.
Of these Mrs. Hemans has been the most popu-
lar; perhaps because her poetry is the most femi-
nine in its graces and exquisite tenderness. Mrs.
Barrett Browning, in her "*Aurora Leigh*," refers dis-
dainfully to the style in which modern reviewers
patronisingly speak of the productions of the female
pen as "*mere women's work*, expressing their com-
parative respect; but should they not be marked by
the gushing tenderness of woman's heart and the
delicate touches of woman's hand? After some bio-
graphical notices of Miss Tatham, including an account
of her earliest productions and publications, the
Lecturer proceeded to an analysis of her poetry. He
dwelt first upon the imaginative element, showing its
presence and power in "*The Dream of Pythagoras*." The
beautiful analogies discovered by the imaginative
faculty of Miss Tatham was illustrated by the quota-
tion of such lines as—

"The rainbow riseth up a silent song,
Weeping his praise;"

And where the same beautiful meteor is made to say—

"I am the semi-ring that weds the tears
And smiles of heaven."

The reverend lecturer then proceeded to notice the

natural element in the poetry of his author. True
poets, like Sampson gathering honey from the lion's
carcase, can extract poetry from almost anything.
Although it might be said of any man of poetic genius
what Stella said of Swift, "he could write fine things
upon a broom-stick," still there are objects which in
themselves are highly poetical and well calculated to
inspire those who are imaginative or emotional in their
temperament. Although poets may occasionally sing
of the fashionable frivolities of drawing-room life, who
does not see that more appropriate themes may be
found in the blood-stained fields of Hohenlinden, or
in the wild wanderings of Crazy Kate. Miss Tatham,
although born in London—like all genuine poets
—was an ardent lover of nature. Her muse was
not comic but grave, not didactic but descriptive.
A glance at the titles of her poems will show
that in her themes at least she was the poet of
nature. She excelled in her descriptions of nature
in her sublimest forms, such scenes as she pos-
sibly witnessed off the North Foreland. As a storm
painter she has given us wonderful photographs of wild
hurricanes and terrific tempests. But although she
has given us sublime "*Tempest Songs*," she has
also given us descriptions of nature in her gentler
forms marked by a fitting delicacy of touch and a
tremulous tenderness of feeling. Mr. McCulloch next
noticed the religious element in Miss Tatham's poetry.
Poets of irreligious character have occasionally
strung their lyres to religious themes, but in
the case of Emma Tatham we have a writer
who enjoyed experimental piety, having been
the subject of regenerating grace. She was a Wesleyan,
but so Catholic-spirited that the religious celebrities of
her published volume were the two Quakers, William
Penn and Elizabeth Fry. The first production of her
baby pen was some lines on the Sabbath, composed
when only five years of age. Byron's first rhyme,
written when quite a child, was a lampoon upon an old
lady visiting his mother, to whom he took a strange
dislike. In this infant effort the limping boy showed
the germ of the merciless satirist, the unamiable misan-
thrope, the sneering sceptic, and the clever painter
of "*Cains*" and "*Manfreds*," "*Corsairs*" and
"*Giaours*." Emma Tatham, too, gave promise in her
first piece of the religious tone which distinguished
the offspring of her maturer genius. Her volume,
which she personally dedicated to him to whom she
was indebted for the gift of poetic genius, is marked
not only by exquisite fancy, tender passion, pure
morality, and Scriptural sentiment, but by the most
exalted love to God. The love of nature was subor-
dinate with Miss Tatham to the love of God.
Nor was her Christianity religious sentimentalism.
While she wreathes a garland of eulogistic song for
Florence Nightingale in the lazaret-house at Scutari,
and for Elizabeth Fry visiting the Female Convict
ship off Deptford, she engaged herself in a less
public way in the duties of practical religion.
After quoting several pieces in illustration of
the various points which he advanced, the
lecturer proceeded to notice the diction and
other minor characteristics of Miss Tatham's
poems. In conclusion, Mr. McCulloch gave some
interesting biographical notices of Miss Tatham's last
days, including the quotation of some stanzas com-
posed upon her death-bed.

After votes of thanks to the Lecturer and Chair-
man, the meeting concluded with the doxology and
benediction.

A letter received from Captain Ryan, of the
ship *Lion*, from Hong Kong for Callao, states that the
ship *Kate Hooper*, of Baltimore, Captain Jackson,
from Macao, Oct. 15, for Havanna, with coolies, was
at Anjer, Nov. 22, waiting for men from Batavia. The
coolies mutinied, and got possession of the between
decks and set the ship on fire three times, and before
they could be subdued the officers had to shoot fifty
of them. The master was confined to his bed by sick-
ness at the time.

The East India (transport of troops) Com-
mittee sat for the first time on Tuesday. Sir James
Melville, secretary of the East India Company, was
the first witness examined. He said he considered
that, at the commencement of the outbreak, ten days
were lost by Lord Canning's refusal to adopt Lord
Elphinstone's suggestion to dispatch a steamer with
the news. Sailing vessels were thought to be pre-
ferable to steamers for the transmission of troops at
that time of the year. Troops might have been dis-
patched earlier if the old contracts had been can-
celled, which would have been an "extreme measure."
Mr. Mason, secretary of the Company's marine de-
partment, gave a similar opinion. He said that the
question was one of very much doubt whether steam
vessels or sailing vessels were the better to be em-
ployed. In the arrangement for the transmission of
the troops, the question of expense was altogether
waived. The committee adjourned to Friday next.

An inquest was held at Homerton, on Monday,
on the body of John Webber, aged sixty-four. The
deceased was an inmate of the East London Union
Workhouse, and was in the habit of calling out in the
night, to the annoyance of the occupants of the same
ward. On his doing this the other night, a man
named Pausen, who slept in the next bed, got up
and turned the deceased's bed over, so that he fell on
the floor. He died the next day. The surgeon
said that he had no doubt that the deceased,
being in ill health, had died from the injuries received
from falling on the floor. The jury returned a
verdict of Manslaughter against Pausen.—An in-
quest on another pauper was held on Monday at
Horselydown. The deceased, Christopher Wright, was
an inmate of St. Olave's Workhouse, Southwark. He
was paralysed on one side, and another pauper, named
Moulton, was teasing him, when Wright got up to
strike him; whereupon Moulton, who was a much
younger man, seized him by the coat and struck him
several blows in the face. The deceased became in-
sensible, and died on Thursday. A verdict of Man-
slaughter was also returned in this case.

THE INDIAN REBELLION.

OFFICIAL TELEGRAM.

The following telegram has been received at the Foreign-office, in anticipation of the Bombay mail:—

ALEXANDRIA, Feb. 10.

"The *Pekin* arrived on the 8th inst. She brings Bombay dates to the 23rd ult. The force under Sir James Outram, at Alumbagh, 4,000 strong, was attacked by the enemy on the 22nd December, on the 12th January, and again on the 16th January, when, on each occasion, the insurgents were defeated with heavy loss of men and guns, and almost without a casualty on our side.

"Sir Colin Campbell, with a force of about 8,000 men, left Cawnpore on the 24th of December, and secured a large quantity of treasure at Bithoor. On the 27th he attacked and defeated the enemy on the Khoree Nuddee. On the 11th of January he took possession of Futtschheim (?), the enemy leaving their guns, baggage, and ammunition behind them.

"Troops are now being pushed through Seinde into the Punjab. In the course of next fortnight Sir J. Lawrence will have obtained a reinforcement of 3,000 to 4,000 men. He has already provided horses at Lahore to mount the cavalry on their arrival.

"A strong column, under Brigadier Roberts, is moving from Deesa into Rajpootana. The first detachment under Major Rains captured an insurgent stronghold near Mount Abo, subsequently proceeding to Nusseerabad. Other forces are advancing to join them.

"The Malwa mutineers at Indore having been disposed of, Sir H. Rose proceeded on the 10th to Lechoo, and was followed next day by Sir R. Hamilton. A Madras column, about to be joined by Sir W. Grant, is advancing.

"The papers state that the country all over is being tranquillised by degrees, but a vast amount of work has still to be performed."

The following is the telegraphic summary received at the India-house:—

"Sir J. Outram's force was attacked by the Lucknow insurgents on January 12th: the enemy were repulsed with a loss of 400 men. On January 16th the attack was renewed, and again repulsed. On both occasions the British loss was trifling. Sir Hugh Rose is at Schore, and is expected to arrive at Saugor on the 28th Jan.: he will afterwards advance again to Jahnsi. On January 13, Sir Hugh Rose, after disarming the Bhowar (? Bhowra) Contingent, tried and executed 149 mutineers. General Whitlock's force was at Nagpore. The village of the rebellious Thakur of Rewa was attacked, and, after an obstinate resistance, taken and burnt on the 6th of January. The Punjab and all quiet, with the exception of Kadesh (? Kadesh). The Beels assembled in force near the Nizam's frontier, and were attacked on January 20th by Captain Montgomery, in the Mindar Jumle-Aroum. An indecisive contest ensued, in which Captain Montgomery and three other officers were severely wounded, one of whom, Lieut. Stewart, of the Nizam's Infantry, has since died of his wounds. Our total loss is stated to be fifty rank and file. The intelligence was received by telegraph in Bombay on the 22nd of January, and reinforcements are on their way. No further excesses are reported on the part of the Shorapoor-Rajah, and the Nizam's country is tranquil.

"H. ANDERSON, Secretary to Government.
Bombay Castle, January 25."

By the arrival of the Calcutta mail, with dates down to the 9th January, we receive further details respecting the operations of Sir Colin Campbell and his lieutenants in the disturbed provinces. From the letter of the *Times* correspondent we make the following extracts:—

CAPTURE OF FURRUCKABAD.

"Our prospects brighten rapidly. In almost every part of the disturbed districts we have encountered the rebels and defeated them. In almost every part we have succeeded in opening the roads, and the communication with Delhi is now direct. The Commander-in-Chief sent on Brigadier Hope Grant with a column to Furruckabad, remaining himself at Cawnpore to reorganise the regiments which had suffered so severely. This duty performed he rejoined his advanced brigade, and on the 2nd of January he was with his entire force before Furruckabad. During his march he encountered the enemy only twice. On the first occasion he cut up a body of matchlock men who were not aware of his approach. On the second he was himself attacked while repairing a bridge. The enemy, apparently Sepoys from Farteyghur, advanced with eight pieces of cannon, evidently intending to dispute the passage of the bridge. No particulars have been forwarded to Calcutta, but the enemy were cut to pieces and all their guns captured. Meanwhile Colonel Seaton, with a small column, had been despatched from Delhi in the same direction. Near Gungoor, a place in Allyghur, some fifty miles north-east of Agra, he was joined by Colonel Farquharson and a party from Bolundshuhur. The rebels had heard of this little detachment, but not of Colonel Seaton, and advanced boldly to the attack. Their cavalry were protected by three small field-pieces, two 6-pounders and a 9-pounder, on which the Carabineers and Hodson's Horse charged down in glorious style. They were met by a regular blast of grape shot. Captain Wardlaw, Lieutenant Vyse, and Lieutenant Hudson, of the Carabineers, fell dead. Lieutenant Head, of the 9th Lancers, was severely wounded, twelve privates were killed, and fifty more, with twenty-five horses, placed *hors de combat*. This terrible loss never checked the charge; the guns were captured, and the enemy's cavalry driven headlong. For once they found pursuers swifter than themselves. Nearly 500 were cut down upon the spot, and the confidence of the remainder was severely shaken. You must remember that one prominent element in the mutineers' calculations is their speed. They can always out-march us, and they calculate, therefore, on the certainty of escape, even if defeated. The cavalry on this occasion taught them a very different lesson. I am told that the Sikh Horse boasted, and with truth, that they had killed at least five mutineers a-piece. The enemy took refuge in an entrenched

position near Putteeala, where the two Lieutenant-Governors of the district, both Mohammedans, elevated by the Nawab of Futtighur, prepared to defend the road. Colonel Seaton, parting with the Bolundshuhur force, which returned to that city, followed the mutineers at speed. On the 7th of December he found himself opposite a force of about 1,000 men, strongly posted, with twelve field-pieces and a swarm of cavalry. He attacked at once, Colonel Kinleside, with the artillery, silenced the enemy's batteries, and the mutineers, without waiting for the charge, streamed in full flight down the right road to Futtighur. Then the cavalry, who had been held well in hand till the artillery had done its work, commenced a pursuit which speedily became a rout. The Sepoys went wild with terror. First their baggage, then their arms, then their clothes were flung away, and at last the naked crowd outstripped even the cavalry. Six or eight hundred men were killed, and the morale of the force totally destroyed. Colonel Seaton opened communications with Sir Colin Campbell, and the enemy, after the feeble attempt to stop the Commander-in-Chief at the bridge, felt that the game was up. They might still have defended their stone walls, but from the peculiar position of the city, flight would have been impossible, and they would not risk the chance. They evacuated the city precipitately, leaving all their heavy guns, and Sir C. Campbell entered the city on the evening of the 2nd January without firing a shot. So rapid was the retreat that the Nawab had no time to destroy the clothing and the gun carriage depot, and this most important prize fell into our hands almost uninjured. The remnant of the garrison fled away into Oude, the very place to which it is desirable they should be driven.

DEFEAT OF THE ENEMY AT AKBARPOOR.

"Almost at the same time Colonel Walpole, who had been sent to clear Etawah with another column, encountered and defeated the enemy at a place called Akbarpoor. The action has not been announced even by telegraph to Government, but it is known that Colonel Walpole destroyed his opponents, captured their guns, and arrested twenty of Nana Sahib's immediate retinue. These he hung. He proceeds to Mynpore, and thence will join the Commander-in-Chief, whose great plan is thus succeeding at every point. We have heard nothing from Bareilly yet, except that the rebel horsemen are swarming over the district, but Brigadier Chamberlain is on his way, and the Sikhs, who hate the scum of the North-west as a northern white hates a free black, will speedily restore order.

CONFLICT AT ALUMBAGH.

"Turning to Oude, I am assured that General Outram is safe at the Alumbagh. He has with him Her Majesty's 5th, 75th, 78th, 84th, and 90th, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, the Ferozepore Regiment, the Military Train, the 12th Light Cavalry, and a very heavy park of artillery. So admirably has his force been disposed, that the enemy cannot move without instant warning to the camp. On the 22nd of December they made a clever attempt to obtain possession of the road to Cawnpore. They posted 1,200 men inside a jungle, with a sandy plain in front and the road close at hand. Sir James Outram understood the plan, and at night two regiments were silently put in motion. The soft sand deadened all sound, and dawn found them within the enemy's pickets. A rattling volley, a cheer, and the enemy, pouring in one discharge, fled, leaving their guns (four) and about a hundred men dead on the field. Since that day nothing has been seen of the foe, who are believed to be quarrelling fiercely among themselves, instigated by some one whom the spies and our officers call the Queen Mother. Moreover, a far more fatal omen for the Sepoys, the peasantry are turning round. For a fortnight after the retreat from Lucknow not a grain of wheat or a whisp of hay could be procured even by force. The victory of the 6th of December suddenly changed public opinion. 'The English raj then was not over,' and grain, and forage, and milk, and bread, and vegetables poured abundantly into camp. The country is still swarming with armed vagabonds hastening to Lucknow to meet their common doom, and die in the last grand struggle with the Feringhee. The more the better. It is the dispersion, not the strength of the enemy we dread.

ADVANCE OF JUNG BAHADOOR.

"Jung Bahadoor has penetrated three marches into Goruckpore. The miscellaneous rabble who hold that unfortunate district, and who, by all accounts, are totally impoverishing it, will soon be exterminated, and another army left free for Oude. Their chief, Mahomed Hoosein, whose head says his warrants 'is above the stars,' has written to the Nepalese, asking how he, a Hindoo, can fight for a cow-killing race? Mahomed Hoosein is of course a Mussulman and kills cows himself, but that was the best argument at hand. Fortunately Jung Bahadoor has seen England, and invitation is as much thrown away as menace. His answer will probably be a sentence of execution.

PACIFICATION OF THE COUNTRY.

"Meanwhile Lieutenant Osborne, the young hero of Rewah, is on the great road between Mirzapore and Bombay, clearing it almost as fast as he can march. On the 28th of December he stormed the city of Myhere, and on the following day the fort was evacuated. He is ordered, it is said, to clear his way to Jubbulpore, as the great tent factory there is wanted to supply tents for the campaign. They are made by the Thugs, and the sudden loss of the supply has been a most serious annoyance. Moreover this road is, in ordinary times, our mode of communication with Bombay; there is another via Midnapore and Sumbulpore, but this has been closed by the disturbances in that district, and our letters at present travel via Madras and Hyderabad, and are sixteen hours upon the road.

"A great body of the rebels recently invaded Sarun from Goruckpore. They appear to have been sent by Mahomed Hoosein, with some idea of plundering the opium districts. We have too few Queen's troops in Behar, but Colonel Rowcroft, with 300 European sailors, a body of Sikh police, and some Ghorkas — 500 men in all — was stationed at Myrwa. After some unimportant movements, the rebels fell back and waited for reinforcements. They arrived, and on the 20th December they mustered up courage to await Colonel Rowcroft's attack at Mujhowlee. They were, of course, defeated, but the British had no cavalry, and the marauders got away into Goruckpore with a loss of only fifty men and three guns. The number of these guns is perfectly inexplicable. Body after body of the enemy turn with six, eight, and ten heavy pieces of artillery, lose them all, and re-appear just as well provided as ever. This victory almost completes the clearance of Behar, as the few bands now wandering about must escape across the frontier to be put to death by Jung Bahadoor. In Bengal Proper, also, rebellion has almost disappeared. The Chittagong mutineers, the three companies of the 34th Native Infantry, were attacked by the Sylhet battalion, near the frontier of Wild Tipperah. I have heard the name of the place, but where it may be I know as little as any Londoner. The Sylhetees made a splendid march from the hills, and met the mutineers in the jungle. The latter adjoined their brethren to join them and murder the Feringhees, but the reply was a volley, a cheer, and a charge. The mutineers poured in one volley, which killed the commandant of the Sylhetees, the Hon. Major Byng, and fled. They were pursued by Lieutenant Rose, who cut up many of them in two skirmishes, hung thirty-seven, and left the remainder to the savages of Wild Tipperah, who will hunt them down like wolves. So ends the Chittagong mutiny. The Dacca mutineers — the two companies of the 73rd — are still trying to push westward from Bootan, pursued by Mr. Yule, the Commissioner of Bhagulpore. The 11th Light Cavalry have disappeared and must by this time have reached Goruckpore. No Europeans have suffered in these three mutinies except at Dacca, and the quiet, apathetic, deadly hostility of the population seems to have appalled the Sepoys. They can get food by taking it, for no Bengalee will resist; but stealing food for a march of 700 miles in the midst of a sulky population is no pleasant task. The rivers, too, were frightfully in their way. The boatmen never dreamt of resisting, but they quietly sent their boats down stream, and left the Sepoys to cross on goatskins or any way they could. The most fatal result, however, for them of the popular hate was this: The English knew where they were, hunted them without making blunders, and knew to an hour any movement they might attempt. In the North-West we have no advantage of that kind.

"On this side of the Ganges Seemhulpore is still disturbed, but news is expected every day from Colonel Forster. The difficulty in this quarter is not the enemy. Seerder Shah's force cannot be 1,000 strong, roughly armed, and owing slight obedience to anybody; but the place is out of the way. The climate is as deadly as that of Sierra Leone, and the officers and troops sent up all get fever together. The entire force the other day was laid up, and it has been resolved to enlist hillmen who are accustomed to the miasma.

"The general impression left by a review of the facts for the fortnight is one of success; but the condition of the country in some places is frightful. The people, released from all constraint, are indulging the true Asiatic thirst for blood. In Goruckpore, for instance, Mahomed Hoosein cuts off quiet folk's heads because they will not pay revenue; his assistants cut off heads because their owners will not pay bribes in excess of revenue. Jung Bahadoor is cutting off the heads of Mahomed Hoosein's followers, and, to crown the scene, the villagers kill each other to reconcile long-standing feuds. The slaughter from all causes is frightful, and Goruckpore will remember the year 1857 as the Irish remember the years of famine.

THE PUNJAB.

"The Punjab is again safe; it has been quaking for some weeks, the people fancying, from the extreme delay in the arrival of the troops, that none were coming. Three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a strong body of Dragoons were, however, expected at Lahore on the 1st of January, and troops have been rapidly arriving at Bombay. The want of money is now the greatest evil with which the Punjab has to contend. The treasury had, at the last advice, on Christmas-day, only sixty lacs left, and the civil employes are all in arrears. Money must be had somewhere, and I strongly suspect Bombay can do no more in the way of supplying deficiencies. The empty state of the treasury has probably increased the vigour of the Executive. You will remember that the Governor-General ordered that all Sepoys belonging to mutinous regiments who returned should be paid up and discharged, and that the men of the disbanded regiments absent on furlough should be re-admitted. Sir John Lawrence has ordered that all alike shall be struck off the rolls, unless they have been fighting on our side, and should forfeit their arrears of pay. Sir John intends also to disband his disbanded regiments instantly, and so save their pay.

"The expedition has returned from the Andamans, having discovered an admirable site for a penal settlement. It has a good harbour, can be protected by a single ship of war, and is healthy. There is room for any number of mutineers, and the disbanded regiments might be located there to guard the convicts."

Captain Sir Henry Havelock has been appointed

Town Major of Calcutta, and the refugee ladies from Lucknow had arrived under a Royal salute. The Governor-General went out to meet them."

ARRIVAL OF THE LUCKNOW HEROINES AT CALCUTTA.

A letter from Calcutta, dated January 9th, describes the arrival of the Lucknow garrison, &c., from Allahabad in the steamer *Madras*:—

"At six o'clock on Saturday morning a crowd of people assembled at Prinsep's Ghat, but a dense fog delayed the arrival of the *Madras*, and it was not until a quarter to eight that she could be sighted. A Royal salute of twenty-one guns from the ramparts of Fort William announced her arrival, and other salutes followed from the men-of-war in the river. All vessels in the river, with the exception of the American ships close to Prinsep's Ghat, were dressed out with all their flags, and presented a very imposing sight. Along the steps from the Ghat down to the water's edge was formed a sort of gangway, guarded by policemen, and along the whole red carpeting was laid out, such as it is customary to use on state occasions. At last the *Madras* arrived off the Ghat, but owing to some cause or other considerable delay took place before the passengers could be landed; the public in the meantime looking on in stern silence, as if afraid lest even now some accident might happen to those whose escape from the hands of a barbarous and blood-thirsty enemy was decreed by a merciful Providence. The whole scene partook of a solemnity rarely witnessed, and, indeed, the expression on the faces of the bystanders betokened universal sympathy for those they were about to welcome to the hospitable city of palaces. Mr. Beadon, the secretary of the Home Department, on behalf of Government; the Hon. — H. Talbot, private secretary to the Governor-General, on behalf of Lord Canning; and Dr. Leekie, as secretary to the Relief Committee, went down to the water's edge to receive the ladies. A sudden rush towards the river, a thronging towards the gangway, and a slight whisper of voices indicated that the landing had begun. Cheers were given at first, but only slowly responded to, people evidently being too much occupied with their own reflections to think of cheering; but as the ladies and children proceeded up, people doffed their hats almost mechanically, silently looking on as the heroines passed up. The black dresses of most of the ladies told the tale of their bereavement, whilst the pallid faces, the downcast looks, and the slow walk, bore evidence of the great sufferings they must have undergone both in mind and body. The solemn procession thus passed on, and was handed into carriages which conveyed them to their temporary home."

WINDHAM AT CAWNPORE.

Sir Colin Campbell has transmitted the following supplementary despatch to Calcutta:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.
Head-quarters, Camp, near Cawnpore, Dec. 20, 1857.
"My Lord,—I have the honour to bring to your lordship's notice an omission, which I have to regret, in my despatch of the 2nd December, and I beg to be allowed now to repair it. I desire to make my acknowledgment of the great difficulties in which Major-General Windham, C.B., was placed during the operations he describes in his despatch, and to recommend him and the officers whom he notices as having rendered him assistance, to your lordship's protection and good offices. I may mention, in conclusion, that Major-General Windham is ignorant, in conclusion, that Major-General Windham is ignorant of the contents of my despatch of the 2nd of December, and that I am prompted to take this step solely as a matter of justice to the Major-General and the other officers concerned.—I have the honour to be, my lord, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,
"C. CAMPBELL, General, Commander-in-Chief.
"R. J. H. BIRCH, Colonel, Secretary to the Government of India in the Military Department."

The Governor-General has followed this up by the general order here given:—

"The Right Hon. the Governor-General in Council has received the accompanying despatch from his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and hastens to give publicity to it. It supplies an omission in a previous despatch from his Excellency, which was printed in the *Gazette Extraordinary* of the 24th inst. Major-General Windham's reputation as a leader of conspicuous bravery and coolness, and the reputation of the gallant forces which he commanded, will have lost nothing from an accidental omission such as General Sir Colin Campbell has occasion to regret. But the Governor-General in Council will not fail to bring to the notice of the Government in England the opinion formed by his Excellency of the difficulties against which Major-General Windham, with the officers and men under his orders, had to contend."

THE CLIMAX OF HORRORS.

The Agra correspondent of the *Punjabee* has the following with reference to the sergeant-major who joined the Delhi rebels. It seems too horrible to be true: "We have often wondered how the rancorous mutineers brought themselves to trust among them a European—Sergeant-major Gordon, of the late 28th N.I. But what has now been learnt by visitors to Delhi explains the mystery. The price of his infernal apostasy was not simply abjuring Christianity, spurning the true religion, contemning his God, and embracing the false faith of Mahomet; but, in heavy addition, the perpetration of a damnable, diabolical crime, the cool and deliberate murder, before the eyes of the gloating savages, of his poor wife and children, by his own bloody hands!"

WHAT I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in solitude to live after your own way; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.



THE WORK-TABLE.
CONDUCTED BY MADENOISELLE ROCHE.

THERE is a certain implement without which all the labours of the Work-Table would be very painfully and most inefficiently performed, and yet we look with some surprise on the comparatively recent date of its manufacture in England. We speak of the Thimble, an instrument indispensable to all who hold a needle in their hands. The honour of this most useful invention belongs to the Dutch, and as it is an implement which has so largely contributed to the comfort as well as the adornment of mankind, we think that the world owes a debt of gratitude to its first inventor far larger than should be paid to those who have worked their brains in producing complicated contrivances for numberless other appliances of life. He who leaves behind him one good invention which contributes to the convenience and happiness of his fellow-creatures has not lived in vain, and deserves higher eulogy than those who have planned the most efficient implements of war. We are not meaning to be jocular when we say, that the man who invented the thimble merits more both from his own and succeeding generations than he who has invented the most murderous rifle.

Not as the inventor of the thimble, but as the first introducer of its manufacture into England, we desire to mention, with all respect, the name of John Lofting, a mechanic from Holland, who brought over to England the art of making thimbles. This was in the year 1695; when, making choice of Islington for the exercise of his craft, he commenced a branch of trade which has since spread beyond all computation. No doubt the work was comparatively rough, and comparatively dear, in the days of the honest Dutchman. In our own we have the same article from the value of the smallest English coin to one rich in artistic chasings in the precious metals, at prices proportionate to their artistic skill and the exquisite delicacy of their workmanship.

CLOTH TABLE-COVER.

WITH PATTERN BRAIDED IN TWO COLOURS.

As the table-cover is an article necessary in every house, we have great pleasure in complying with the request of one of our subscribers that a design of the sort introduced into our pages of illustration should be given, hoping that it may be useful to many others requiring suggestions for a similar production of the work-table.

Our design is intended to be done in braid of two widths on coloured cloth. The curtains, the carpet, the walls, in short, the general tone prevailing in the apartment for which it is designed must determine the colours to be employed in the table-cover. We suggest a few for choice. Dark blue, where it can be admitted as harmonising with the colours already established in the apartment, is one of the most useful that can be taken, on account of its durability. It will bear a great deal of use, and some abuse, without being disfigured. On this the design looks extremely well, the wide braid being in maize-colour, the narrow braid, forming the running pattern, scarlet. A drab or fawn-coloured cloth may have the wide braid dark-blue, the narrow scarlet. A crimson cloth may have the wide braid black, the narrow dark-blue or gold-colour. A dark-green cloth may have the wide braid brown, the narrow scarlet. We have mentioned these varieties as being eligible, but as others might be in better artistic keeping with the character of the apartment, the choice must of course rest on that consideration.

It will at once be seen that the pattern done in the broad braid must be finished before that in the narrow is commenced. A little care in turning the corners of the braid is all that is



COLLAR AND CUFF.

required. The edges can either be bound with a proper binding or turned up with a row of the wide braid laid just within, covering the raw edge of the cloth, and leaving about a quarter of an inch of hem to show. The braid throughout the work should neither be dragged nor spread, and when done should be pressed with a warm smoothing iron on the wrong side of the cloth. If it should be wished to make this table-cover more handsome, a fringe can be added to great advantage, and a tassel at each corner.

COLLAR AND CUFF, IN EMBROIDERY.

The style of embroidery for collars and sleeves undergoes, necessarily, as many changes as the shape of those articles, as, when the collar is worn large, the design for working is generally of a bolder and more striking character. The present fashion is that of a small size, and the patterns are therefore more minute and delicate. Our illustration gives a collar and cuff to match of the form now the most fashionable, and which is, at the same time, really elegant. In introducing a coloured satin ribbon in embroidery, a very pretty effect is produced, and a firmness is added to both the collar and cuff, which materially assists in keeping their shape, and preventing them from appearing soiled and crumpled, almost as soon as worn. It also shows the work to advantage. The places where the ribbon is inserted will be seen in the illustration. Between the two straight lines the ribbon is shown, and is passed under the parts where the sprigs of leaves are embroidered. The two openings are simply sewn over. The flowers and leaves are in satin-stitch, but the spots are worked in the *broderie à la minute*, which produces so much effect with such a small expenditure of labour. We can speak very confidently of the extreme prettiness of this set when finished.

The sleeve is a full one, and the cuff is turned upwards. In making this sleeve, it will be found a great improvement to set it into a plain cuff, similar in shape to that which is embroidered, only smaller. This gives a firmness to the outer one, and also enables it to set much better. The muslin on which to work them should be very fine and clear, and, as the design is small, the cotton should be chosen accordingly; that of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 20 *Perfectionné* for the satin stitch and No. 8 for the dots, will be found to be the best that can be used.

HAYDON AND WILKIE.

Wilkie disappointed me. Perfectly self-possessed, he was destitute of life and energy, pale, almost to delicacy, so that I fancied him more indolent than he was in reality. Not bashful nor exactly clownish in manners, but simply awkward. His Scotch accent was decided. I met him at dinner the next day, when he talked sensibly enough on common-place subjects. I never observed him deviate from these, except when he alluded to his art, and towards that he was destitute of enthusiasm. I found him more apt than the English at a coarse after-dinner allusion, a thing not uncommon among his countrymen, making one think, with his gravity, were it possible, of a Quakeress singing licentious songs. Haydon was overflowing with conversation about art, the Elgin marbles, sunrise from Mount Edgcombe, and views from Staddon Heights, or Saltram Park. He proposed we should go, the following morning, and swim in the Sound, where "we could have fathoms of water under us." He was a good swimmer, and so was I; but in diving, I could not approach him. "Weel, mon," said Wilkie, "an I must e'en look on?" "No, no, the boatmen shall pull in under Mount Batten rocks, to which we will swim. You can undress on the sand, and paddle in the shallow water." "We shall have some fun," said Haydon, aside; "Wilkie is anxious to learn to swim, and told me yesterday I must teach him. 'Can't I learn a little now?' said Wilkie, and began sprawling upon the drawing-room carpet. I spread out a table for him, and he got upon it with his face downwards, moving his limbs like an awkward frog, little to the purpose. I almost killed myself with laughing to see him." We pulled into the Sound. The breakwater was not then begun. Haydon and myself undressed in the boat, and jumped overboard to swim to Mount Batten, Wilkie going in the boat. There we found him sputtering on the sand, in a few inches of water. "Let me hold up your head, Wilkie," said Haydon: "you must go in deeper." This did not much mend matters; little tact and a want of confidence in his own buoyancy made him the least adroit of any adult person I ever knew, under similar circumstances. Haydon told me he continued his table-practice for some time.

I was the more observant of his conduct, because I respected him as a man of high talent, and, in consequence, thought that such an individual must be worthy of note in everything. In a little time afterwards, I found my estimate of Wilkie not erroneous. His ideas were almost wholly artistic, in the line in which he was a great master. That he had aspiring ideas about a higher line of art than he had yet practised was not then visible. He had a fine eye for nature in the humbler social sense against all the world. He took so little notice of the fine scenery around Plymouth, that region of picturesque landscape, that even Haydon, who knew him well, seemed disappointed. Returning from a long walk, I once missed Wilkie at a turning in the road. On going back a short distance, I found him looking through the back gate of a cottage yard, at a troop of children literally seated upon and round a dunghill. — *Fifty Years' Recollections*, by Cyrus Redding.

WHEN Gen. Oglethorpe was in Holland, a Prince of Wurtemberg at an entertainment flipped some wine into the general's face. The general turned his eye upon him and remarked—"That was a good joke, but we do it better in England," and thereupon threw a glassful into the face of the prince.



TABLE COVER.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

The special correspondent of the *Times* sends home from the scene of warfare an interesting narrative of the bombardment of Canton. The following is the *Times* summary:—

"The operations commenced in the last few days of December. Directly opposite Canton, between the city and Honan Island, the forces of the two European Powers were drawn up. The channel is naturally not more than 300 yards wide, and this width is almost entirely covered with boats in which 100,000 people live. A narrow space between two lines of floating dwellings is occupied by the steamers and gunboats of the two nations. Back from the river, on its northern bank, extends the city of Canton in a sort of semicircle. Beyond it, and furthest from the river, are several hills of considerable height—the Bluejacket-hill, spiked and scarped on the side whence Lord Gough attacked it; the Gough Fort mounted with eighteen guns; and just inside the wall the Magazine-hill, also mounted with guns, which command all the other positions. To these hills arms of the river extend, protecting the city on two sides. Towards the river itself is the most crowded part of Canton, the city suburb inhabited by a vast population. Just inside the river wall is Yeh's 'yamun,' and higher up the river, to the west of the city, is the ruined space where once stood the European factories.

"On Christmas-day the last of the forces came up. On the 26th appeared a general order announcing the commencement of operations. Notice was sent to the Governor that the bombardment would begin in forty-eight hours. This term would expire on Saturday night, but it was determined to give the Chinese another day of grace, and begin the fire on Monday morning. On Monday morning, then, the 28th of December, and at dawn of day, the fire began slowly and regularly. For hours the squadrons continued their leisurely fire, but there was no sign of yielding. About mid-day the debarkation of the land force began. The landing-place was at Kuper Creek, to the east of the city. The object was to seize, first a fort called Lin's Fort, on the east, and then the hill defences to the north of the city. The force was divided into four divisions. Three were in advance. The right brigade was of English sailors; the centre was made up of the 59th Regiment, Artillery, Sappers, and Marines; and to the left were the French, about 900 strong. The fourth division, composed entirely of Marines, was the reserve, commanded by Colonel Holloway.

"Darkness put an end to the operations of the 28th, and during the night the effects of the fire were seen in the blazing houses throughout the city. The destruction at certain points seems to have been very great, but it is thought that only inferior dwellings near the walls have perished. On the 29th the assault on the hill defences was made. At eight o'clock the five-storied pagoda was carried by the bayonet, the Magazine-hill was taken soon after, and Gough's Fort was in our possession before the day was over.

"The mail left on the 30th, and thus we have no intelligence as to the conclusion of the affair. It cannot be doubted, however, that a few days later Canton must have been in possession of the assailants. Their position was, in fact, such that they could entirely destroy the city, should its rulers or inhabitants continue obstinate. On the 28th of December the fire seems to have been studiously repressed, so as not to injure the place more than was necessary to insure compliance, but the force in the river was evidently powerful enough to destroy the city in a few days, for the 'yamun' and most of the public buildings are near the river, and exposed to the full fire of the fleets. Furthermore, the whole east and north of the city was commanded by our troops. Less than 3,000 men had landed on the Monday, taken Lin's Fort, which commands the place from the east, and the next day had captured the whole of the hill forts to the north. These are situated on exactly the opposite side of the river, and consequently Canton is now between two fires, and at the mercy of the conquerors. As far as can be judged from the incomplete accounts received, the operations were singularly well planned, and wholly successful."

The following extracts from the letters of the *Times* correspondent, take us into the midst of the operations:—

"MONDAY, DEC. 28.

"It is five o'clock in the morning, and the north wind whistles through the shrouds, and it is thick darkness as we climb the rigging to the main-top of Her Majesty's ship. Yeh knows what must happen at daybreak. It has been told throughout the fleet, it has been intentionally allowed to be known to the gunboat-men, and all who have communication with the opposite shore, that the bombardment will commence at daybreak. The frequent reconnaissances on the eastern side have also told them that the attack will be on that side, and we know they have taken the hint, for two new embrasures have broken out yesterday and guns mounted. Before the first streak of daylight every glass is directed upon the berth of the green passage boat. We call it Howqua's boat, moored on the other side of the river, and used to carry messages to and fro, and always having a white flag flying. The boat and the flag are still there, but she does not move. No, she does not move. I must use the seamen's more practiced eyes to tell me so, for I cannot yet distinguish objects. Surely, surely, these men will yield while there is yet time. There seems to be no thought of such a thing. Had there been, it is now too late. A cheer tells me that, not in the dawn but in the less thick darkness, up goes the white ensign to the main of the Acteon,

and at the same moment a yellow flag flies on the main of the Phlegathon. I expected at that moment to hear a concussion that should have shaken the earth. Not so. A dropping fire, gun by gun, runs along the line. I fancy that the Cruiser, which has the guns from the bastion in front of Yeh's yamun pointed down upon her deck, fires a broadside to anticipate them, but I may be mistaken, for I am some way off, and the puffs of smoke are already wreathing about. Some minutes elapse, and the light strengthens. Then off goes one of the mortars upon Dutch Folly. It is fired upon Gough Fort. The whistling shell speeds high over the city—just as I have often seen them and heard their plaintive whistle over the heights of Teheran, or from the earthworks on the north of Sebastopol harbour. It does not reach its object. At its highest elevation—far, far away—it puffs forth in a thin white cloud. I can now see the dark fragments falling, and in the cold, cloudless morning sky that little cloudlet hangs—

'As tho' an angel in his upward flight
Had left his mantle floating in mid air.'

Strange fancies seize us in these highly wrought moments—the angel of mercy has fled from the doomed city.

"Slow and continuous, with a sombre monotony, like the firing of minute guns, the cannonade continues. No broadsides, no quick firing, no excitement. Every gun is accurately pointed after many minutes' care to strike or sweep the appointed wall, and to avoid the habitations. The shells are not so obedient as the round shot. What the opposing guns are doing we cannot see, for the smoke gathers thick below us, and the big guns seem to have brought down the wind. Vainly do the mortar shells strive to reach those hill forts, which seem to be sleeping in tranquil security against the cold grey sky. They all fall short. That red five-storied barn, which is called the five-storied pagoda, and which is said to be the barrack of 500 Tartars, was nearly touched. A shell burst half way up the hill. But Gough Fort has never yet been approached. Some, who must have keener sight than I have, say that the Chinese are endeavouring to bring their monster guns to bear this way. The strength of the armament of those forts was placed to bear upon the eastern face when we reconnoitred them on Wednesday last. But it is useless, even if practicable, to change the bearing of those guns. If we cannot reach them at this nearly 4,000 yards' range with our mortars they will never reach us. The morning wears on and the smoke thickens, and still this dull monotonous minute-gun sound continues. Still no sign of surrender. These strange Chinese actually seem to be getting used to it. Sanpans and even cargo boats are moving down the river like London lightermen in the ordinary exercise of their calling; people are coming down to the bank, and watch the shot and shell fly over their heads. Even the great kites which hover about here all day have returned, and are circling above the smoke.

"Now the gunboats leave their stations, embark the troops, and hurry down the river to the landing-place at Kuper Creek. I also change my position, and dot down these hasty memoranda as I fly. A strong body has already landed, and through my glass I can distinctly see the General and his Staff, protected by a party of bluejackets and redcoats—either Marines or 59th, I can't distinguish which, for they are crouched on the ground—pushing a close reconnaissance to Fort Lin.

"Here I must leave off. It is now half-past eleven o'clock. The Opossum leaves with the mail exactly at twelve, and I have small time to close my despatch and reach the Admiral's office."

"Half-past twelve.—No sign of surrender. The embarkation of the land force continues, and the bombardment goes on.

DECEMBER 29.—Untaught by experience, some officious person at Hongkong has taken upon him to delay the mail. I send you therefore a supplementary letter on the chance of its arrival. I broke off my first despatch while the bombardment was still proceeding, while the troops were landing at Kuper Creek, and while the General was prosecuting a close reconnaissance of the East (or Lin's) Fort.

"So near did the reconnoitering party advance without any appearance of defenders that we imagined the fort must be deserted. I suppose, however, the General had reason to think otherwise, for the 59th and the Artillery were ordered up, and were posted in the broken ground to the left, while some of the Naval Brigade and Marines, who had now formed upon a hill-side, were advanced into the village on the right of the fort. Immediately this movement took place, some matting, which covered a square building on the top of the round stone fort was removed, and three guns from the lower embrasure and a volley from jingalls on the top soon told that the place was occupied. Our men were well under cover, and skirmishers were pushed forward, who, with the deadly Enfield, made it dangerous for the gunners to appear in their large embrasures. They continued their fire, however, with great pertinacity until the nine-pounder field-pieces were got into position and battered and shelled the place (from the village side and across the ravine which separates the village from the fort) at close quarters. A storming party was now formed, but the Chinamen had had enough of it and after firing a general volley at the advancing column they absconded in some mysterious way and were seen swarming up the hill towards Gough Fort; a moment after, and two men appeared in the embrasures waving the English and French flags.

"My view of this operation was from the river side of the fort. What happened afterwards I saw less distinctly. About an hour after the fort had been in our possession it blew up with a loud explosion. The occupying party and also the troops encamped on the hill side were put in motion, ascended the hill, and

descended on the other side. I saw Captain Maclure's and Captain Osborne's men, conspicuous by their white gaiters over their blue trousers, gather on a little summit and disappear into the valley beyond. There we lost sight of them. Volleys of musketry and flights of rockets continued in that direction for several hours, and there was all the appearance of an obstinate fight, which lasted till sun down; but whether this was occasioned by the discovery of some unknown fort commanding the east fort and rendering it necessary to blow up the latter, or whether some body of Chinese troops had come out into the open, we shall not know until we can draw out the separate threads of this widely-spread entanglement.

"Then came the night—and such a night! The ships almost ceased from their firing, but the city soon became like our own Shropshire iron countries at night—a plain of fire. At first it appeared as though the besiegers were bent upon reducing the place to ashes; but little by little, as I gained by a change of position some idea of the scene as a whole, the destruction was not without a plan. There was a great blaze at the north-west angle of the city. The gate there is surmounted by a Chinese guardhouse, with the usual grotesque upward pointed roof. Shells and rockets were poured in volleys upon this structure, and it soon became a sheet of flame, through which the roof, the rafters, and the walls stood out in dark outline. By constant showers of rockets the flame was led up and down the city wall, and in an incredibly short time the long, thin line of fire shot high into the heavens, and then subsided into a smouldering smoke.

"While this was still raging those vengeful rockets described a new parabola. They came hurtling through the moonlight along the line of the eastern wall. They sought out the three spots which have been marked as the objects of the triple assault of the English and French troops to-morrow. As those dreadful 24-pound rockets flew flames arose. They seemed to lead the fire about as a tame element precisely as they willed; and, strange to say, it never seemed to spread inwards or to stray from the line of the city walls. I expect that when, at some more convenient season, I come to see the interior, I shall find that all the conflagrations we have been watching to-night with an awe-stricken pity, have destroyed only that line of old houses which lean against the inner side of the wall, and afforded cover to those jingalls whence all our great losses in affairs with the Chinese have arisen. I may be wrong, for I pledge myself to nothing that I write in this confusion of showering rockets and crashing roofs—if I am wrong I can correct my impressions hereafter.

"I mark the change of days, but they are not divided by repose. All night the city was girt by a line of flame. The approach of morning was indicated by a suspension of the rocket practice, and by the re-opening of the mortar battery with redoubled energy. As the day broke the flames sank down and the sun rose upon a perfectly smokeless city. It is necessary to describe the conformation of a Chinese city more accurately than I now have time to do to account for the rapidity with which the wallside houses perished. For police purposes every city is divided into walled departments of some fifty yards square, with gates that can be closed. The houses that lean upon the inner walls are, in most cities that I have seen, divided from the rest by a mound or ditch; they are encroachments—hovels made by squatters—wood and thatch, that blaze and vanish.

"The charges of powder must have been increased in the mortar batteries, for the shells now flew high up to the hill forts. One of them at daybreak burst upon an embrasure of Fort Gough, and another went right over it. The ships that had been enfilading the eastern wall now ceased firing. It was the moment for the assault. In the neighbourhood of the east fort the three divisions formed and the rush was made. For two hours nothing is visible but smoke—nothing is heard but the rattle of musketry and loud cheering. What deeds are done among this broken ground—among these trees and brushwood—on the tops and in the interstices of these grave-covered hillocks—how fare these forces, spread over more than a mile of attack, what divisions are first, who fall and who survive, I must tell hereafter. At eight o'clock the wall is gained and I see the blue-jackets, English and French, racing along it northwards. Gough's Fort gives out its fire, let us hope without effect, but, well-served, its guns might sweep the wall. There is a check and silence for half an hour. I can recognise the blue trousers of one of the divisions of our naval brigade. The leaders are probably teaching them how to take that five-storied pagoda upon the north-western wall. Along the city wall, and protected by its battlements, they pass, I think unscathed, the fire from Gough Fort away to their right, and come in front of a gleaming white battery, newly built, and full of guns erected upon a ledge of the rock upon which the wall and the five-storied pagoda here stand. If the assailants would only go to a proper distance, how these guns would riddle them. But with a rush and a cheer a detachment strikes from the cover of the wall, which the guns do not command, and houses itself safely at the foot of the very rock which bears the battery. Not a shot can it fire. The riflemen from the walls now ply this half-moon for some minutes, and in a quarter of an hour the detachment at the foot of the rock has gone round and taken the position from behind. Relieved from these guns, which might have swept them down by hundreds, our men in serried masses are now swarming along the wall. The five-storied pagoda (which is no more a pagoda, according to our notion of a pagoda, than it is a bum-boat, but an old square red building divided into stories) is carried by the bayonet, and the French and English colours are hoisted simultaneously. Now, Gough's Fort opens out sulkily upon its late ally; but the assailants, not waiting to reply, hurry along the intervening wall westward. I can follow them for some time from my position, and I hear them cheering, when I lose them in the hollow. A few minutes of sharp fusillade, and

blue-jackets emerge from the trees and buildings upon Magazine-hill. A moment after and up go the two bits of bunting which tell that this key of Canton is our own.

"It is now twenty minutes after ten. In four hours, therefore, the hill defences of this city have been captured. Gough's Fort yet holds out, but this is a mere question of a few hours or minutes more or less—the Magazine-hill commands it, and it is within point blank range.

"The whole of the operations have been conducted with a view to occasion the smallest possible sacrifice of life, and especially of the lives of our own men and of our allies. We may hope, therefore, that the victory will be a cheap one. I purposely refrain from repeating any of the rumours that are flying about as to deaths and wounds, but I may state it is within my knowledge that Captain Bate was killed while superintending the placing of the scaling ladders. Captain Hackett was also killed, and Lord Gilford is wounded in the arm. How many others are lost it is impossible to say. The Chinamen are still shooting at our men from the tops of the houses, and if this goes on I fear it will be necessary to treat the city less tenderly than hitherto.

"While the Algerine gunboat, Lieutenant Forbes, is with steam up taking the supplemental despatches on board, 2.5 p.m., Gough's Fort is assaulted and taken."

The *Times* correspondent states that prior to the bombardment Captain Hall and Mr. Parker were for some time engaged in distributing copies of the proclamation warning the inhabitants of Canton to prepare for attack. "They land," he says, "a strongly armed company suddenly in a suburb, and post the proclamation or distribute it to the crowd which soon assembled. In one of these rapid descents Captain Hall caught a mandarin in his chair, not far from the outer gate. The captain pasted the mandarin up in his chair with the barbarian papers, pasted the chair all over with them, and started the bearers to carry this new advertising van into the city. The Chinese crowd, always alive to a practical joke, roared."

THE BRITISH BANK TRIALS.

The information filed by the Attorney-General against the Directors and Manager of the Royal British Bank came on for trial on Saturday, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall, before a special jury. Lord Campbell, on entering the court, was accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by his tutor, Mr. Gibbs. Lord and Lady Overstone and daughter, and Miss Campbell, were also accommodated with seats on the bench. The Prince of Wales sat next to the Lord Chief Justice, and remained during the greater portion of the day.

There being several informations to be tried, the first taken was that which charged Humphrey Brown, Edward Esdaile, H. D. Macleod, Loran de Wolfe Cochran, Alderman R. H. Kennedy, W. D. Owen, James Stapleton, and Hugh Innes Cameron with a conspiracy to defraud.

Sir F. Thesiger, Mr. Atherton, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Welby, and Mr. Joseph Brown appeared on the part of the Crown; Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., Mr. C. R. Kennedy, and Mr. Bell, for Brown; Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and Mr. Aspland, for Esdaile; Mr. Lawrence for Macleod; Cochran, who had not pleaded, did not appear; Mr. Serjeant Shee, Mr. D. D. Keane, and Mr. Jacobs appeared for Alderman Kennedy; Mr. Slade, Q.C., and Mr. Kingston for Owen; Sir F. Kelly, Mr. Bovill, Q.C., and Mr. Coleridge for Stapleton; and Mr. Digby Seymour and Mr. Bennett for Cameron.

Mr. Joseph Brown, the junior counsel for the Crown, stated the substance of the information. The first count charged a conspiracy to publish and represent to such of the shareholders as were ignorant, &c., that the bank and its affairs had been during the half year ended the 31st of December, 1855, and then were, in a sound, prosperous condition, producing profits divisible, &c., the defendants well knowing the contrary, &c., with intent to deceive and defraud such of the shareholders as were not aware of the true state of its affairs, and to induce them to continue to hold shares therein and to become or continue customers and creditors of the bank.

Lord Campbell directed that all the witnesses on both sides should leave the court.

Sir F. Thesiger then proceeded to open the case for the Crown. The defendants, he said, were the directors of a joint-stock banking company which had obtained an unhappy notoriety, viz., the Royal British Bank. The bank was established under a charter from the Crown, on the 17th of November, 1849. It continued to carry on its business till it was closed on the 3rd September, 1856, when proceedings in bankruptcy were awarded against the company, and its affairs are now being wound up by the Court of Chancery. Only four of the defendants—viz., Esdaile, Kennedy, Owen, and Cameron were among the original promoters of the undertaking. A prospectus was issued by the defendants to form the company, with a capital of 500,000*l.*, liberty being reserved to increase the capital to 1,000,000*l.* The prospectus contained a remarkable passage—viz., that the charter should contain a proviso for winding up the affairs of the bank if it should be found at any time that the losses amounted to one-fourth of the paid-up capital. It stated that it was manifest the depositors could incur no risk, and that the shareholders knew that their loss could not exceed one-fourth of the paid-up stock, instead of their liability being, as in most banks, unlimited. The 71st clause of the deed provided that if at any time the directors should find that the losses of the company had exhausted all the "reserve fund," and also one-fourth of the capital paid up, they should call a special general meeting, and submit a full statement of the affairs; and that if it should be declared by a majority of such meeting that the losses of the company had exhausted the said fund and also one-fourth of the paid-

three months he had borrowed other sums of 3,000l. and 4,000l., making a total of 9,000l. The learned counsel then described all the steps by which Brown purchased his ships with money borrowed from the bank, and then borrowed more money from the bank on the security of the ships, which he had mortgaged to Walton, the governor. Walton had become liable to the bank for the sum of 44,000l., but an arrangement was made by which Walton should be relieved of his liability on his surrendering his security on the ships to the bank, and Brown agreeing to stand in his place for better or for worse. Brown was required to register these ships in the name of the bank; but instead of that he mortgaged two to the Gloucester Banking Company and sold another. By these means his debt amounted to 74,000l., upon which the ultimate loss was 40,000l. In 1851 the Islington Cattle Company had obtained advances, and a bill for 8,600l. was accepted by one Harrison and other directors. Harrison was the only solvent person, but he went to France, and the company authorised a person named De Tarte to sue him. De Tarte opened an account with the bank, and obtained 10,000l., but, having failed in his suit, he died, and his estate could not pay. The bill for 8,600l., however, was retained by the bank, and though it was worthless it regularly figured among the "assets" of the bank until its close, as did also De Tarte's debt of 1,143l. The same course was pursued in reference to the debt of Oliver of Liverpool, and of a William Tarte, who owed 23,000l. The learned counsel then gave the history of the advances on the Welsh mines, by which a loss of 120,000l. had accrued to the bank in September, 1856. Of the 112,847l., the amount of bills held by the bank at the end of the year 1855, 26,501l. were bad, 67,372l. were doubtful, and only 18,974l. were good. The bank had begun business with a capital of only 25,000l., it had made no profit, but had lost more than 90,000l. in the Welsh mines, and from 80,000l. to 90,000l. in bad or doubtful bills, and yet the directors declared dividends of four, five, and six per cent. till the very last. The next question, then, was whether the state of things into which they had brought the bank at the end of 1855 was known to the defendants. They attended the meetings of the board, of the Finance Committee, and of the past-due bills committee. The learned counsel here referred to a letter written by Esdaile, wherein he stated that bills of "men of straw" had been discounted by the bank, and to an action brought against the bank by a person named Clark; though the action was without foundation, the company, to prevent exposure, compromised the action by paying 2,000l. and 267l. for costs. Mr. Walton, the governor, had become indebted to the bank in 60,000l., and being refused further assistance, he on the 11th Jan. wrote such a letter to them that it was difficult to exonerate the defendants. The learned counsel then reviewed the history of the bank from the 16th January, 1855, when it was resolved that an account should be drawn up of its assets, down to the 27th March, 1855, when Brown called the attention of the board to the fact that they had incurred losses to the extent of one-quarter of their paid-up capital, and told them it was their duty to call a meeting of the shareholders, and that if they carried on the bank any longer it would be on their personal responsibility. At that time Brown's debt was 77,000l., but he was not satisfied, and felt that he had got the directors in his power. But the all-important and most painful part of the inquiry was that which related to the false representations made from time to time by the directors. Though the bank had never been from the beginning in a sound state, and had made no profit, the directors declared dividends out of capital, or rather out of the deposits. In 1855 they issued new shares and published advertisements to induce people to become purchasers. A person named Marcus, who wished to purchase some shares, was induced by Esdaile's description of the flourishing condition of the bank in Kennedy's presence to pay 1,000l. for twenty of the new shares. In a similar manner a gentleman named William Nicol was induced by Kennedy to purchase some new shares at par on the 10th September, 1855. Blanton, a poor man, removed all his money from a savings' bank, and purchased shares on the assurance that the British was as safe as the Bank of England, and lost all as a necessary consequence. On the 10th of September, 1855, a circular was published, offering the new shares at 5l. premium; but when a tradesman named Cantrill applied, and was unwilling to pay a premium, he was informed, by the authority of Macleod, that he could have some at par, and twenty-eight old shares which were in the bank, were sold to him under the pretence that they were the property of a deceased shareholder. The general meeting on the 1st February, 1856, was now approaching. The balance-sheet was then laid before the directors by Cameron, and with it an explanatory tabular statement. In the "assets" was this item: "By loans on convertible securities for short periods, advances on cash credit accounts, bills discounted, &c., 986,272l. 11s. 1d." The tabular statement was the interpreter of that account, and it showed that all the debts of the bank, good, bad, and indifferent, all went to swell up the amount. There was the debt of the Islington Cattle Company, 8,600l.; and De Tarte's debt, 1,193l. 4s. 4d. There was the "suspense account," which was the receptacle of all items which it was desirable to conceal—such as purchases of shares, advances on Welsh works, costs of actions, &c. There was also the "adjusting account," amounting to 17,769l., which consisted of interest upon bad debts. There were also the past due bills, against which, in the handwriting of the directors, there was written, "bad," "hopeless," "let him be executed," &c. On the other side of the balance-sheet there was this item—"Gross balance for the year ended 31st December, 1855, after making a provision on account of bad debts and paying interest (25,320l. 8s. 3d.) on deposits, promissory notes, and balances, 30,551l. 2s. 7d." The bad debts being, in fact, ten times the amount of

the gross profits, the directors declared a dividend of six per cent., while, according to the charter, they could only declare out of profits accrued and in possession. At the meeting at which that balance-sheet was presented, Esdaile was in the chair, and all the other defendants were present. Cameron read the report and the balance-sheet, the shareholders following him with the reports which they had received. There was nothing to show that the bank had not the "assets" to the extent stated, in all 1,178,812l. 9s. 8d. The questioning was therefore mild, and the remark was made that it was rather imprudent to offer the new shares so low as at 5l. premium. The evil day being thus tidied over, the first thing the directors did was to advertise in the newspapers and to force the new shares on the public. Kennedy induced a druggist named Dakin to buy twenty shares for 1,000l.; but Dakin, having in the meantime heard of the Welsh mines, would not accept the transfer, and insisted on the bank paying the money back, which they did. The *Joint-Stock Journal* then began to publish articles on its affairs; but the directors said the charges were false and malicious. The learned counsel here described minutely the particulars of several transactions, and the shifts to which some of the defendants, particularly Esdaile and Cameron, had resorted to keep up the credit of the bank. A clergyman named Gosset, who had purchased twenty shares, threatened that if the directors would not take his shares back he would convene a meeting of shareholders, and under this threat they were repurchased by Sydney Kennedy in his own name for 980l., and that amount went into the "suspense account." Another clergyman, named Ruston, being dissatisfied, entered into a contract for the sale of his shares; but unfortunately, in the meantime he went to the bank and saw Esdaile, and the result was that he went back and paid 10l. to be off the bargain, kept his shares, and was ruined. Thus the bank struggled on till at last the evil day overtook them, and on the 3rd of September, 1856, the doors were closed, and bankruptcy and the Court of Chancery fell upon them. It was then found that their liabilities were 700,000l. and assets only 300,000l., leaving a deficiency of 400,000l. The learned gentleman concluded an address of nearly five hours in these words: "Gentlemen, you can now appreciate the truth of the balance-sheet presented on the 1st of February, 1856, in which the defendants represented their affairs to be in a most flourishing condition. Wide-spread ruin has been scattered over the whole of the country, houses have been brought to destruction, families have been plunged from affluence into poverty, the hard earnings of industry, collected by long labour, have been entirely lost, and every one who has had connexion with the bank has had to rue the day in which he trusted to the assumed fidelity and truthfulness of its directors."

Mr. Paddison, the solicitor and secretary to the bank, was the first witness called. His examination occupied the remainder of the day. It related to the formation and constitution of the bank.

On Monday, Mr. Paddison was again called, and proceeded to read the minutes of the board, and correspondence relating to the advances which the bank made from time to time on the Welsh mines,—viz., the Cefn, Garth, and Briton Ferry Mines, in Glamorganshire, and in the Langley-heath Mines, in Staffordshire and Shropshire. This occupied the Court the whole of the day, for nearly eight hours, and the whole of the proceedings were of the most uninteresting character. The material points to which all the evidence tended was, that as much as 75,498l. had been advanced on these mines by a banking company, which had been induced to take the property into their own hands, and at last found it unsaleable. Mr. Paddison's examination in chief on this one point of the case being concluded, the Court adjourned, but not before Mr. Paddison's "minutes" had obtained the nickname of Mr. Paddison's "hours."

The proceedings, on Tuesday, commenced by the reading of more minutes and more reports on the state and prosperity of the Welsh mines. The report of Mr. Clark, who had taken the mines for a short time, was put before the Court, and Mr. Clark, who had given them up for want of capital, he entertained a high opinion of them than he did when he first entered upon them; that nothing but capital was wanting to make the Cefn mine one of the most prosperous in the kingdom, and produce from 10,000l. to 20,000l. a year. Mr. Paddison's examination was then continued, and with short intervals, occupied the rest of the day. It stated, among other things, that in September, 1854, Cameron was instructed to visit the Welsh works, which he did, and reported thereon to the board. Thompson was then appointed manager of the works, at a salary of 1,000l. a year. An application was made to the Lows Patent Copper Company respecting dividends on some shares which the bank held, but nothing was realised by the bank from those shares. Several more reports and minutes were read on the state and prospects of the Welsh mines, and among the rest a memorandum dated the 18th of January, 1855, showing that disbursements made on account of the Welsh mines in all amounted to the sum of 84,675l. 10s. 8d. Paddison stated that on the 4th of December, 1854, Esdaile made an oral report on the Welsh mines at a meeting of directors, and promised that in a few days he would do it in writing. It appeared that Mr. Beveridge, the manager, had made a very full report on the Welsh mines, and also a Mr. Strick, of Swansea, had done the same, which was produced. Portions of Strick's report were read, and it appeared that he took a very favourable view of the value of the works. He made a calculation to show that they might duce 16,347l. a year, and in a certain counting 22,000l. Mr. Paddison was then examined to the debt owing to the bank by the Islington Copper Company, and afterwards in proof of a debt of

to the bank by Mr. John Gwynne, who died in debt to the bank to the extent of 13,416l. 11s. 6d. He was then further examined by Sir F. Thesiger to prove the debt owing by Humphrey Brown to the bank. He said that in February, 1853, Brown became a director. He was qualified as a director by taking a transfer of ten shares from Cameron on the 20th of January, 1853. He gave a promissory note for the amount, but the witness could not say whether it was ever paid. Brown opened an account with the bank on the 10th of March, with a crossed cheque for 18l. 14s. On that very day he obtained an advance of 2,000l., and gave his note for it. On March the 12th, 1853, the sum of 3,000l. was placed to his credit on the deposit of convertible securities. On the 4th May a further sum of 4,000l. was advanced on convertible securities, and a promise to deposit deeds when required. 5,000l. was advanced on the deposit of the bill of sale of the Helen Lindsay and Magdalena, which on the 18th August, 1854, had been mortgaged to Mr. Walton, the governor of the bank for 10,000l. On the 4th September, 1854, there was a mortgage to the bank of the Helen Lindsay, Magdalena, and Hero, to cover advances not exceeding 15,000l. The witness prepared Brown's mortgage of the 4th Sept., but he (Brown) said nothing of the previous mortgage to Walton of the 18th August. Walton, who was governor of the bank, said that witness need not search the register, as he knew all about the ship. The deed of the 4th of September, 1854, mortgaged five Gloucester ships, the Rosy Brown, the Young Marquis, the Wasp, the Madonna, and the Bride, to the bank, to secure advances, each for 15,000l. Witness applied to Brown to get the ships registered, and now produced a memorandum by which Brown, reciting that he had mortgaged the ships to the bank, undertook to have them registered in London on their return from their several voyages. During Cameron's absence from the bank in February, 1855, an arrangement was made by Esdaile, who took a prominent part in the management, by which the bank agreed to release Walton from his liability for 44,000l. on his assigning the ships to the bank. On the 15th March, 1855, indentures were executed by which Walton assigned the Helen Lindsay, the Magdalena, the Hero, the Hornet, and Ocean Wave to Brown, and Brown assigned the same and another vessel to the bank. It appeared that on July 1st, 1855, Brown had overdrawn his account with the Gloucestershire Banking Company to the extent of 10,289l. The five Gloucester ships had not been registered, and on the 10th August, 1855, Brown gave the Gloucester Banking Company a mortgage on the two ships, the Rosy Brown and the Bride.—At this stage of the proceedings the Court adjourned.

On Wednesday, the examination of Mr. Paddison was again resumed. The evidence taken related chiefly to the proceedings of Mr. Brown in connexion with the bank. Mr. Linklater was called to verify certain documents. Mr. Lindsay Winterbotham, of the Gloucestershire Banking Company, also gave evidence as to some of the mortgages effected by Mr. Brown.

On Thursday morning, on the court at Guildhall resuming, Mr. Kennedy applied on the part of Mr. Brown, to have a piece of evidence taken on the previous day, struck out of his lordship's notes. It related to a retract of Mr. Cameron's, which reflected on the character of Mr. Brown. Sir F. Thesiger said if any evidence had inadvertently got upon the notes, which ought not to have been received, it was the desire of the prosecution that it should be struck out. His Lordship accordingly struck out the evidence. Mr. Anderson was afterwards further examined as to Mr. Oliver's debts. Mr. Paddison then proved the execution of deeds by the directors of the bank in bankruptcy estates; and was afterwards examined at great length respecting the transactions with Mr. McGregor.

DEAN SWIFT says: "It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in the more noise they make in pouring it out."

At an hotel at Hastings, Jerrold was dining with two friends, one of whom, after dinner, ordered, among other pleasant things, "a bottle of old port."—"Waiter," said Douglas, with that twinkle of the eye which was always a promise of wit, "Mind, now; a bottle of your old port, not your elder port."—*Doran's Court Fools.*

GREAT MEN.—A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushions of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something: he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes, and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo, he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. —*Emerson.*

We have read with much pleasure Du Barry's report on the cure of indigestion (see p. 68), dyspepsia, flatulency, constipation, nervous, bilious liver complaints, cough, asthma, consumption and debility, without medicine, by Du Barry's Food. The following are a few extracts which appear to merit the attention of many:—Cure No. 47, 121.—"Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Narin; Vicarage, Waltham-cross, writes: 'I was a cure of extreme nervousness; indigestion; flatulency; loss of spirits, and nervous fancies.' Cure No. 48, 343.—'Miss Elizabeth Yeatman, of Gateacre, near Liverpool; a cure of ten years dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability.' Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Physicians Dr. Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure; Dr. Sturges; Dr. Harvey; Dr. Campbell; Dr. Vurzer; Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Rothesay; the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart; Major General Thomas King; and many other respectable persons, whose health has been restored by it, after all other means of cure had failed. Suitably packed with full instructions. Price 6d. per bottle. 11b. 2s. 9d.; 2lb. 4s. 6d.; 3lb. 11s.; 12lb. . . . The 12lb. Canisters are sent carriage free, by Post Office Order. Barry Du Barry & Co., Agents-street, London. IMPORTANT CAUTION against the fearful dangers of spurious imitations: The Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, granted an Injunction on the 10th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Neville, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

PRESENTATION OF A MISSAL TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

Our readers will remember that we gave portraits of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, and his bride, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium. The Princess was born at Laeken near Brussels. The inhabitants of that place have lately presented to the Archduchess, as a token of their affection and respect, a very beautiful missal, executed in manuscript on vellum. It is very richly embellished with vignettes, consisting of the arms of the different provinces, and views of the church at Laeken, where the late Queen of the Belgians is buried, the Palace Chapel, and the new church about to be erected in memory of the late Queen. There are also paintings commemorative of different events in the youth of the archduchess, and views of Brussels, &c., &c. The covers and the back are of ivory, richly cut; on the back is a figure of Faith under a canopy. The front cover consists of a gothic border, with the arms of the Archduke Maximilian and the Archduchess. They are executed in fine gold, beautifully carved and enamelled. The other is a cypher composed of the initials of the Imperial pair, surmounted by a



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crown. The clasp consists of a shield, bearing the arms of the kingdom hanging from a cross. The whole are from drawings of M. Hendrick; and to the Burgomaster of Laeken, M. Harry, belongs the credit of the suggestion of the beautiful present.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her Prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. I stood on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials

without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with Prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave, and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—“George Somers, aged twenty-six years.” The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—“Nay, now—nay now—don't take it so sorely to heart.” She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonise her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth, as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe, the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a

happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. “Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “he was such a likely lad, so sweetly-tempered, so kind to every one round him, so dutiful to his parents! it did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's, and poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants.

As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—“Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?” It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age. Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely, and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed,

watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son, and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied



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monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

A despatch from Berne says that the Federal Council has decided that the French and Italian refugees who reside at Geneva, and do not exercise any profession there, or who carry on political intrigues, shall be sent to some fixed residence. A Federal delegate has been charged to see to the execution of this resolution.

The following conviction for the use of disaffected language appears in *Galignani*: “A lawyer's clerk named Dain of Laon (Aisne), was tried, two days ago, by the Correctional Police of that town for having been guilty of disaffected language against the Emperor. The prisoner had, it appeared, expressed to a fellow clerk his sorrow that the attempt of the 14th of January should have failed, and had declared that he would have given ten francs to have heard of the Emperor's death. Portraits of Ledru Rollin and other Montagnards were found in his room. Dain admitted having used the expression attributed to him, but with tears declared that he was intoxicated at the time. The Court condemned him to seven months' imprisonment, to a fine of 700*fr.*, and to pay the costs.”

A few days ago, Mrs. M'Intyre, residing in Stranraer, while preparing to entertain a small party of friends, being at the time in the best of health and high spirits, commenced to peruse a letter just handed to her by the postman, and, forming an alarming but false idea of its contents in regard to the safety of a son (a shipmaster presently with his vessel in Sunderland harbour), she was so far overcome that after uttering a few exclamations, she sunk into a swoon, from which she never recovered, and before the expiry of an hour from the time she opened the letter became a corpse. A telegraphic message was despatched to Sunderland, but before the answer—“Nothing wrong with Captain M'Intyre”—arrived, the mother's ears were deafened to the welcome news by the hand of death.

ARREST OF A REFUGEE.

On Monday M. Simon Bernard, a French refugee, residing in Park-street, Bayswater, and exercising the vocation of a teacher of languages, was brought up at Bow-street police-office in the custody of Sergeant Williamson, of the detective force, upon a warrant charging him with being concerned in the recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

Mr. Bodkin prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, and Mr. Sleight defended the prisoner.

Mr. Bodkin said that on the present occasion he should confine himself to showing that the prisoner, having procured from some place or other certain weapons which originally came from Birmingham, took them, made up in the form of a parcel, to a receiving-house belonging to the South Eastern Railway Company at the West-end. The attack on the Emperor and Empress was made on the 14th of January, and it was on the 2nd that the prisoner carried that parcel to the booking-office. He there had some conversation with the clerk at the booking-office. It is usual when a parcel is sent out of the country that some account should be given by the person who brings it of the nature of its contents, in order that they may be sure that it will pay for the expense of carriage, in the event of the person to whom it is addressed refusing it. He stated that it contained

two valuable pistols, and by words and gestures indicated his expectation that some change would very soon be made. The witness, who would prove these facts, knew the prisoner well as a *proscrit*, and, thinking he meant to return to France, said to him, "Surely they are not going to allow you to return to France?" The prisoner replied, "No; I go to France when that other one returns to England;" and in the course of conversation he also said it was "that very great ally" who was to return to England before he went to France, showing that he meant the Emperor of the French. Mr. King said, as most Englishmen would say under such circumstances, "I hope, then, it will be a very long time," and then the prisoner replied, with some solemnity of tone:—"It will be very soon," or some expression to that effect. This parcel was forwarded to Outrequin, who keeps a shop in the Rue St. Denis, at Paris. Letters were afterwards received, in the handwriting of the prisoner, directing what was to be done with these weapons. One of them was intended for Pierri and the other for Orsini. When Pierri was arrested, one of the pistols was found in one of his pockets, and in the other pocket one of the grenades, of the same character with those which were used in the attempt. There were three distinct explosions, and about 100 persons were wounded, and several met their deaths. Orsini, the other person named in the warrant, was near the spot at the time,

and was afterwards found covered with blood, having been himself struck by one of the explosions, and near him was found the second pistol. The prisoner, on being taken, requested permission to go upstairs to his room, which was refused, though the request was frequently pressed. On examination of the room it was found that this was a wise caution, for a pistol and another weapon were found in the room, and the prisoner afterwards said that if they had been French officers he would not have hesitated to murder them. Mr. Bodkin then called—

Jules François Alphonse Granger, who was examined through an interpreter, M. Albert, said,—I am an inspector of the French police. On the 14th of January I was on duty at the Opera-house, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and Empress. They arrived at the Opera at about 8.40 or 8.45 in the evening. I heard three explosions of grenades when they were near the door. Several persons were wounded.

The Chevalier François Etienne sworn:—I am an inspector of French police, and was on duty at the place and time stated. I assisted in taking Pierri into custody. He is now in confinement in Paris. He has two Christian names; the first is Joseph, I forget the other. I have known him for several years. I was present when he was searched, and I saw the grenade now produced taken from his pocket.

The witness Etienne then produced a small wooden box, which he opened, and took from it the grenade found on Pierri. It is only necessary to add to the descriptions which have already appeared, that the instrument is composed of two parts, which screw together, and which, when separated, form two cups or bowls. On one of these were twenty-five nipples, which the witness explained were charged with percussion caps at the time it was taken from Pierri. He also believed that the grenade was filled with fulminating powder, but he did not see it opened. The powder and caps had been since removed, so that the instrument was perfectly innocuous. He also found on the prisoner a poniard (not produced), and the revolver now produced, which was loaded and capped. It had five barrels. It was made by Hollis and Co., makers to the Board of Ordnance.

Geo. Steven Thomas King:—I am a clerk in the service of the South Eastern Railway Company, and am stationed at their office in the Regent-circus, Piccadilly. I have known the prisoner about seven years. He came to me at the company's office on the 2nd January, bringing a package like a square box, with a projection on the top, and covered in a rough material like canvas. The parcel was addressed to "M. Outrequin, 277, Rue St. Denis, Paris." We had some conversation, in the course of which he told me what the packet contained.



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

I had asked him to declare its contents and value, and he said it contained two revolvers, value 12l., and some samples of pitch, of no value. We invariably make these inquiries with respect to parcels for a foreign country, in accordance with the Custom-house stipulations. When I asked him to put his declaration into writing, he replied, as nearly as I remember, "I think I had better not do that: my name is known in France as a *proscrit*, and it might cause the detention of the packet," adding that as I knew him very well, and knew the money was safe, there could be no occasion for it. I did not insist, because the declaration is rather a money matter with us. He then made some inquiries as to passenger trains and packets, and I gave him the hours of departure. I then said, "M. Bernard, can you go to France again?" and he said "No, but I will go to France when that other one comes back here." (Witness here made a gesture, pointing over his shoulder in imitation of the prisoner's manner.) I said that would be a long while, and he said, "Wait a little, you shall soon see." He also said he alluded to "your good ally." When I heard of the murder I communicated with the French Embassy the same day.

Frederic Williamson:—I am a detective officer, and was one of those who apprehended the prisoner, at 110, Park-street Bayswater, on Monday. I found him in the passage on the ground-floor. I told him I was a police-officer, and had a warrant against

him for conspiring with others to assassinate the Emperor of the French. He requested me in English to allow him to go to his room, indicating an upper apartment. I took him into the kitchen and read the warrant to him. He said, "If I have committed the crime I must answer it." I took him to the police office in Scotland-yard. I was assisted by Tinnice, a constable of the D division. I afterwards found in his room the case I now produce. It contains a revolver of the make of Harvey, of Exeter, and also an American instrument, called a knuckle duster. The pistol is not loaded. There is also a turn-screw, and some balls and caps, but no powder flask. (Witness produced the several articles mentioned.) On the way to the police-office he asked me, "Why did you not let me go upstairs, were you frightened?" I replied that I was bound to be cautious for my own safety and for his also. He said, "You had no occasion to be frightened, you are Englishmen; if you had been Frenchmen I would have killed you."

Mr. Sleight contended that there was no evidence to connect the prisoner with Pierri and Orsini.

Mr. Bodkin said that if the case were complete there would be no need to remand the prisoner, but the connexion would be clearly established hereafter.

Mr. Sleight said that if the magistrate thought the case one which ought to be further inquired into, he could not oppose a remand; but as the offence, if any, was a misdemeanour and bailable, and as the

evidence was as yet very slight, he trusted defendant would be released from his painful and ignominious captivity on giving good security for his re-appearance.

Mr. Bodkin thought his friend could hardly be serious in asking the magistrate to admit to bail a person who had, within a few hours, threatened to destroy any French officer who should interfere with him. He should ask his worship to remand the prisoner in safe custody till to-morrow week, when he hoped there would be placed beside him another of these persons, who was named Allsop, and who was, he blushed to say, an Englishman.

Mr. Jardine remanded the prisoner, declining to accept bail. An application to deliver up some papers and an order for money, found on the prisoner, was refused.

Dr. Bernard figures on the list of the accused, whose trial will be proceeded with next week before the Court of Assizes of the Seine. The name of Mr. Allsop is not on the list. M. Bernard is about forty-five or fifty years of age, and being, it is said, an excellent linguist, he has for several years past, like many other persons who have sought an asylum in this country from political causes, employed himself as a teacher of languages during his residence here. In some quarters he is known by the sobriquet of Bernard the Clubbist, from the leading part he took among a knot of politicians of the ultra-Republican school who were wont to assemble

at a house in the Rue St. Honoré during the revolutionary troubles which succeeded the abdication of Louis Philippe. It is said to have been on this account that he was obliged to leave the French capital during the military dictatorship of General Cavaignac, and since then he has lived chiefly in England, but at one time in Spain. When Orsini was in this country M. Bernard was in the habit of accompanying him to the various places at which he delivered lectures.

A Berlin paper says that the authorities of Königsberg have issued a warrant for the arrest of Thomas Durrell Hodges, of Glastonbury, in England, implicated in the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French, and who had fled to Germany, where he is supposed to be concealed.

The monthly returns relating to trade and navigation were issued on Monday. They comprise the month of December last, and the year 1857. The comparative statement of the value of British manufactures and produce exported in the last months of the three years 1855, 1856, and 1857, shows an enormous falling off in the latter. The figures stood in 1855, at 180,000l.; in 1856, they rose to 288,000l.; and in December last they fell to 107,000l. The total exports for the year 1857, however, slightly exceeded those of 1856, and were greatly more than in 1855.

MISCELLANEA.

Lola Montes is at present delivering her lectures upon "Beautiful Women," in New York.

The Court of Directors have granted an annuity of 100*l.* a year to the family of the late gallant Lieutenant Salkeld, payable to his father, the Rev. R. Salkeld.

There are now two female reporters employed in the Congress at Washington, Miss Fanning and Miss White, the former for the *Charleston Courier*, and the latter for the *Boston Post*.

The Limerick election has resulted in the return of Major Gavin, the independent Opposition candidate, and the defeat of Mr. Ball, the Ministerial candidate, and late Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

The Society of Arts offer a special prize of 20*l.* (placed at the disposal of the council for this purpose by the Rev. F. Trench and J. Macgregor, Esq.), and the society's silver medal, for a writing case suited for the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c.

Lord Cowley had an audience of the Emperor and Empress of the French, on Monday, to deliver an autograph letter of the Queen of England to the Empress, announcing the marriage of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

The report of Schamyl's defeat and submission to the Russians reduces itself to the simple fact that he has cleared a certain plain and retreated to the mountains—an event which has very often occurred during the struggle between the Circassians and the Russians.

The army estimates for 1858-9, issued on Saturday, show that a sum of 11,538,387*l.* will be required for the effective and non-effective services, being an increase on the preceding year of nearly a hundred thousand pounds. The number of land forces to be provided amounts to 130,155, or 3,339 more than in 1857-8.

The inquest in connexion with the Bardsley colliery explosion was brought to a close on Monday, the jury finding that the explosion was the result of firing a shot or blast, and that it was consequently accidental. The deaths to the present time are fifty-two in number.

The trial of Father Conway commenced in Dublin on Tuesday; the Attorney-General opened the case in a three hours' speech. Witnesses were then called for the crown. Mr. French identified the traverser, and proved that after mass in Ballinasloe he used strong language against Colonel Higgins.

Almost the last words spoken by Alderman Livesey (late chairman to the conference in St. Martin's Hall) at the breaking up of the conference were—that he should be very glad to get back to Rochdale, as he had not much idea of London morality, having lost two silk handkerchiefs during his perambulations in open day.

The Chartist conference met for the last time on Saturday morning, and drew up an address to the Chartists of the kingdom, setting forth the present position of the Reform movement, and calling upon the body to throw its weight and influence into it. The conference between the representatives of the middle classes and those of the Chartists was resumed in the afternoon, in order to take proceedings on the Conspiracy Bill, which was done with decision and earnestness. The resolution adopted called upon the country to resist the passage of the bill.

Sergeant Milham, of the West Sussex constabulary, apprehended, on Saturday, a man for begging in the town of Bognor. Upon searching him, he found in his possession three sovereigns, eight half sovereigns, one half-crown, ten shillings, fifty-five pence, one fourpenny-piece, and two halfpence, amounting in all to 9*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; also one silver watch, with silver guard-chain attached, and one metal watch, about 2*l.* 0*s.* of bread, and a small piece of cheese. He was begging of a shopman in a draper's shop, to whom he declared he had not broken his fast that day. He was wearing three shirts, three waistcoats, three pairs of trousers, one jacket, one coat, one necktie, and a large wrapper, and had several other shirts and stockings in his pack. He gave the name of Simon Peter Keenan.

On Monday afternoon, an elderly gentleman entered a first-class carriage at the London-bridge station to proceed to Sydenham. Immediately after the departure of the train, he was observed by his fellow-passengers to be suffering apparently from illness. On the arrival of the train at the New-cross station, the guard was communicated with, and the unfortunate gentleman was assisted out of the carriage on to the platform, where he was instantly seized with a fit, and expired. A medical gentleman immediately attended, and gave it as his opinion that death was the result of apoplexy. From papers found on the person of the deceased, it appeared his name was Henry Barlow, residing at Bell-green, Lower Sydenham. He was apparently about sixty-five years of age.

A police constable's terrier has immortalized itself by a discovery of considerable importance. On Friday, two officers of the police, accompanied by the dog in question, were making their tour of inspection through Glasgow-green, when their attention was attracted by the manoeuvres of their four-legged companion, who, in the process of investigating a stone on the pathway, pulled out from under it some pieces of paper which he commenced tearing with his teeth. The policeman, anxious to see what the animal was indulging himself in masticating, approached, and found the papers to be bank-notes! They immediately took up the fragments, which, on being gummed together, formed four notes for 25*l.* each. It will be recollected that on Thursday night a countryman was robbed of 160*l.*, and, as four of the notes making up that sum were for a similar amount and of the same bank as those found by the dog, the rummaging little

terrier has undoubtedly the merit of having been the means of recovering the bulk of the poor farmer's money.—*Glasgow Mail*.

There are private individuals (says the *Athenaeum*) who seem fated to fall in with adventures; there are works of art, the history and mystery of which never come to an end. Who would have conceived it possible that a new romance concerning Mozart's *Requiem* should turn up? Yet Herr Jahn's new "Life of Mozart" (which may be noticed when it is completed) contains something of the kind—a detail of a frightful "passage" of the composer's last years during which, it was already known, his infidelities to his "Stunner" were many and reckless. The heroine was a young beautiful married woman, whose jealous husband committed suicide, after having married his wife's beauty for ever in presence of the composer. To the horror of this scene is ascribed the dejection which notoriously darkened the closing months of Mozart's life, and the *Requiem* is now stated to have been in part undertaken as an expiatory work by one who was as superstitious as he was affectionate and sensual. It should be added, that, by those who have gone the deepest into the subject, Herr Jahn is accepted as a writer of research and credit.

On Monday night, a serious affray took place at Dorchester, between some of the men of the 11th Hussars and a number of navvies. It being fair day, an unusual number of the lower classes were in the town, and the public-houses were crowded with persons. At the Mariners' Inn, at midnight, a disturbance took place between some of the 11th Hussars and a number of navvies, the result being that the whole turned out to fight, the soldiers ranging themselves in a line, whips in hand, and the navvies with sticks. In a few moments a fearful onslaught ensued; but the soldiers getting the worst of it, retreated up the High-street, and the navvies after them. The superintendent of police sent to the barracks for a picket to take the soldiers; but instead of quelling the disturbance, they drew their swords and made a charge at the navvies, and amongst them civilians who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel, wounding several persons, one so severely that he was obliged to be removed at once to the hospital. Some time elapsed before the streets were again in a quiet state. On Tuesday the soldiers were kept closely confined to their barracks. Several of the soldiers engaged in the row are confined in the barrack hospital.

The *Toronto Globe* and the *Montreal Transcript* give some interesting details of another action against the Great Western Railroad Company to recover damages for the death of Mr. Alexander Grant, caused by the terrible accident at the Desjardins bridge. The action was brought by Mrs. Grant, the widow of the deceased. It appeared in evidence that Mr. Grant was a man of great industry, ability, and foresight. He had commenced business as a gardener, penitence, seventeen years ago, but he realised sufficient to commence a curiosity store, on Goat Island, at the Niagara Falls. In it he acquired a considerable amount of property, and at the time of his death was making from 3,000 *dols.* to 4,000 *dols.* per annum in the regular course of his business. He left behind him property worth 33,000 *dols.*, and debts to the amount of 13,000 *dols.*, but he was not alive to meet the latter, and certain mortgages being due, his property had to be sold, leaving his wife and children, four of whom were girls under sixteen years of age, almost destitute. The jury, after half-an-hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, as follows: For the widow, 6,000 *dols.*; first child, 400 *dols.*; second child, 600 *dols.*; third child, 1,000 *dols.*; fourth child, 1,200 *dols.*; fifth, 2,000 *dols.*—total, 11,200 *dols.*

MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, Monday.—The arrivals of wheat are small, and we have had a firmer market, and an advance of 1*s.* per qr. was established on both English and foreign wheat, with more country demand. Flour meets a better sale, at a little improvement in price. Barley meets a better sale, at fully last week's prices. Beans and peas are without alteration. The arrivals of oats are small, and the trade firm at last week's prices. There has been a free sale for cargoes of wheat, Indian corn, and barley, at 1*s.* per qr. advance, and but few cargoes remain.

LEADENHALL POULTRY MARKET, Monday.—Turkeys, 4*s.* 0*d.* to 8*s.* 0*d.*; geese, 4*s.* 0*d.* to 6*s.* 0*d.*; ducks, 2*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 0*d.*; tame rabbits, 1*s.* 0*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; wild, 10*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.*; pigeons, 6*d.* to 1*s.*; large Surrey fowls, 5*s.* 0*d.* to 8*s.* 0*d.*; chickens, 2*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 0*d.*; burndoor, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*; leverets, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; hares, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; geese, 4*s.* to 6*s.* 0*d.*; pheasants, 3*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; partridges, 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.*; woodcocks, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; snipes, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; teal, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; wild ducks, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; widgeons, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; plovers, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; grinnia fowls, 0*s.* 0*d.* to 0*s.* 6*d.*; roasting pigs, 4*s.* to 8*s.* each. English butter, 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb. English eggs, 10*s.* to 13*s.*; French ditto, 7*s.* to 11*s.* 0*d.* per 120.

BREAD.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 5*d.* to 7*d.*; of household ditto, 5*d.* to 6*d.* per 4*lb.* loaf.

COAL MARKET, Wednesday.

| | s. d. | s. d. |
|----------------------|-------|-------|
| Norfolk West Hartley | 14 | 0 |
| Bell's Primrose | 11 | 6 |
| Tanfield Moor Bates | 13 | 0 |
| Russell's Hutton | 17 | 0 |

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BLAKE.—Feb. 13, at 14, Marjonn-road, Woolwich, the wife of Lieut. G. Frederic Blake, Royal Marine Light Infantry, prematurely, of a daughter.
CONSTABLE.—Feb. 12, at the Rectory, Upham, Hampshire, the wife of the Rev. John Constable, of a daughter.
DILLON.—Feb. 14, at 57, Upper Seymour-street, the Lady Louisa Dillon, of a son.
ENSKINE.—Feb. 14, at Aldershot, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Enskine, Military Train, of a son.
HOWARD.—Feb. 12, at 21, Denbigh-place, Belgrave-road, the wife of Alfred George Howard, Esq., solicitor, of a son.
HERBERT.—Feb. 14, at No. 20, Gloucester-place, Hyde-park, the wife of Captain Morton Herbert, of a daughter.
HUNTER.—Feb. 13, at Nelson-crescent, Ramsgate, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Hunter, of a daughter.
HOLCOMBE.—Feb. 12, at Bognor, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. A. E. Holcombe, H.M.'s 1st Royals, of a daughter.
HUGHES.—Feb. 14, at Kinnal Park, the Hon. Mrs. Hughes, of a daughter.

LEE.—Feb. 9, at Hatchgate, Surrey, the wife of Captain Lee, H.P. Royal Marine Light Infantry, of a son.

LURGAN.—Feb. 11, at 5, Leinster-street, Dublin, the Lady Lurgan, of a son.

PETO.—Feb. 14, at 12, Kensington Palace-gardens, Lady Peto, of a son.

STRATHAM.—Feb. 10, at Woolwich, the wife of Colonel Stratham, of a son.

SARGENT.—Feb. 11, at 3, Gloucester-street, Portman-square, the wife of Charles Sargent, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

GRAZEBROOK—OWEN.—Feb. 10, at the Parish Church, Gorey, by the Hon. and Ven. Archdeacon Stopford, assisted by the Rev. L. Owen, A.M., George, youngest son of H. Grazebrook, Esq., Liverpool, to Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of Col. R. Owen, Marlfield, Gorey, Ireland.

MASKELYNE—PATTON.—Feb. 13, at Clifton, by the Rev. William Maskelyne, assisted by the Rev. Henry Boldero, Captain Maskelyne, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Maurice Maskelyne, Esq., of Upton House, Gloucestershire, and Long Ashton, Somerset, to Rosina Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Patton, Inspecting Field Officer, Bristol.

ORLEBAR—ORLEBAR.—Feb. 11, at Hasborne Crawley, Bedfordshire, by the Rev. Alexander B. Burton, M.A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Southampton, assisted by the Rev. W. C. C. Bentinck, Vicar of the Parish, Orlando Robert Hamond Orlebar, Esq., Capt. H.M.'s 28th Regt., Knight of the Legion of Honour, only son of Orlando Orlebar, Esq., Commander Royal Navy, to Arabella Emily, eldest daughter of Robert Shipton Orlebar, Esq., of Crawley House, Bedfordshire.

RASHDALL—JOHNSON.—Feb. 11, at St. John's Church, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, by the Rev. Wm. Cadman, M.A., Rector of St. George's, Southwark, the Rev. Robert Rashdall, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, to Mary Ann, third daughter of the late Rev. Richard Johnson, M.A., Rector of Lavenham, in the same county.

WILSON—HILL.—Dec. 15, at Calcutta, Mr. John Wilson, to Miss Rosina Hill.

DEATHS.

BEAUFORT.—Feb. 13, Honora, widow of the late Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., and daughter of the late Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., of Edgeworthstown, Ireland.

COCKBURN.—Feb. 11, at 9, Stratford-place, Elizabeth Johanna, widow of the late Major-General J. P. Cockburn, Royal Artillery, aged seventy-six.

CUDLIP.—Feb. 11, at his residence, 21, Ashburnham-grove, Greenwich, F. A. Cudlip, Commander R.N., in his fifty-fifth year.

CRAWFORD.—Feb. 12, at the Grammar School, Great Barking, the residence of her son, the Rev. J. R. Crawford, Frances, relict of the late John Crawford, Esq., Captain I.R.E.C. Navy.

FITZROY.—Feb. 16, in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, aged sixty-one, Sir Charles Augustus Fitz Roy, K.C.B.

LE MEASURE.—Feb. 11, at Clyst Honiton, Capt. Henry Le Measure, late 61st Regt., Bengal N.I.

MARSH.—Feb. 11, at Blackheath, Dionysia, relict of the Rev. Wm. Marsh, late Chaplain of Morden College, Blackheath, in her seventy-sixth year.

NORTON.—Feb. 9, aged thirty-seven, at the house of her father, Dr. Weeding, Ryde, I.W., Elizabeth Mary, relict of the late Rev. W. Addington Norton, M.A., Rector of Alderton and Eyke, in Suffolk.

OLIVIER.—Feb. 14, at 19, Circus, Bath, Mary, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Henry S. Olivier, of Portenra, Wilts, and daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Dacres, G.C.H.

ROLT.—Feb. 11, at Algers, Mary Charlotte, wife of Thomas Francis Rolt, second son of the late Lieutenant-General Rolt, K.C.B., and daughter of Captain Foot, R.A., of Tor Grove, near Plymouth, Devon.

SYKES.—Feb. 12, at his residence, Castle-hill, Englefield-green, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, Admiral John Sykes.

TREACHER.—Feb. 12, at High Wycombe, Thos. Treacher, Esq., J.P., in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

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Patronised by Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort.—Mr. HOWARD'S PATENT WHITE SUCCEDANEUM, for filling decayed Teeth, however large the cavity. It is used in a soft state without any pressure or pain, and in a short time becomes as hard as the enamel, lasting for many years, rendering extraction unnecessary and arresting all further decay. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.—Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

DEAFNESS, NOISES in the HEAD.

Deafness Treatment by a retired Surgeon from the Crimea who was himself perfectly cured). Just published, a book, Self-Cure, free by post for 6 stamps. Surgeon Costerton, M.R.C.S. 6, Leicester-place, Leicester-square, London. At Home from 11 to 4, to receive visits from Patients.

EAU PHILIPPE.—PHILIPPE'S DEN-

TIFRICE WATER cleans and whitens the Teeth, braces the Gums, sweetens the Breath, prevents Toothache, removes the odour of tobacco, and keeps the mouth in a fresh and healthy state. Price 2*s.* and 3*s.* per bottle. Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale agents, Rimmel, 95, Strand; and Sanger, 150, Oxford-street. Manufactory, 125, Rue St. Martin, Paris.

DR. ROBERTS'S FOORMAN'S FRIEND

and PULVERULE ANTISCROPHULE have been proved, by 60 years' experience, successful in the cure of eruptions and wounds of every description. 1*s.* 1*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*, and 2*s.* each. Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, Messrs. Lea and Barnard, at their Dispensary, Bridgeport, and by the London Houses; and retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

KNOW THYSELF.—MARIA COU-

PELLE continues to give her graphic and interesting delineations of character, discoverable from an examination of the handwriting, in a unique style of description, peculiarly her own. All persons desirous of knowing themselves, or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of the writing, stating the sex and age, and enclosing 13 penny stamps, to Miss COUPELLE, 69, CASTLE-STREET, Oxford-street, London, and she will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the talents, tastes, virtues, and failings of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. All letters are considered confidential.

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A safe and certain remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and other affections of the Throat and Chest. In Incipient Consumption, Asthma, and Winter Cough, they are unfailing, being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1*s.* 1*d.*; and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by Thomas Keating, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHES for AUSTRALIA.—Mr. and Mrs. JOHN ISAACS, 319 & 320, STRAND, opposite Somerset-house, are giving the highest price, in cash, for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothes, Regimental Epaulettes, Boots, Books, Jewellery, and all Miscellaneous Goods. Ladies or Gentlemen waited on at any time or place, by addressing as above.

N.B.—All parcels from the country, either large or small, the utmost value remitted by Post-office Order the same day.—Established 48 years.

DAVIES'S FINE BRITISH WAX CANDLES.—1s. 6d. per lb.; British Sperm, 1s. 5d.; Genuine Sperm, 1s. 4d.; Transparent Wax, 2s. 2d.; Best Wax, 2s. 6d.; German Wax, 1s. 3d.; Botanic Wax, 1s. 1d.; Patent Sperm, or 1s. 1d.; Composite, 9d.; 10d.; and 11d.; Moulds, 5d.; Store Candles, 6d. and 7d.; Palmer's Moulds, one or two wicks, 9d.; Magnolia, 9d.; Yellow Soap, 3s. 4d.; 4s. 6d.; and 5s. per 112 lbs.; Old Brown Windsor, 1s. 9d. per packet; Common Brown Windsor, 1s.; Honey, 1s. 4d.; White Windsor, 1s. 4d.; Rose, 2s.; Almond, 2s. 6d.; Best Cocoa Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon; French, 4s. 6d.—for cash, at M. P. DAVIES and SON, 62, ST. MARTIN'S-LANE, Charing-cross, London (W.C.).

CLARKE'S NEW PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LAMP.—Tin at 1s.; Lacquered or Bronzed, 1s. 6d. each.



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CARPETS.—Exhausted Patterns.—500

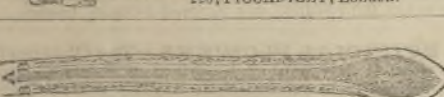
Pieces of TAPESTRY and BRUSSELS CARPETS, amongst which are some most elaborate and chaste Designs, at prices reduced from 5s. 6d. and 4s. to 3s. 9d. and 2s. 6d. per yard; also superior qualities in Kidderminster at 21d. per yard.

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ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly Elastic and Compressible, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of Weakness and Swelling of the Legs, Varicose Veins, Sprains, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking.

Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each. Postage 6d.

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Human Hair and Tube in which it grows.

GREY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR.—Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, and Rheumatism Cured, by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAGNETIC COMBS, HAIR and FLESH BRUSHES. They require no preparation, are always ready for use, and cannot get out of order. Brushes, 10s. and 15s.; Combs from 2s. 6d. to 20s. Grey Hair and Baldness prevented by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT PREVENTIVE BRUSH, price 4s. and 5s. Offices, 32, BASINGHALL-STREET, London. Illustrated pamphlets, "Why Hair becomes Grey, and its Remedy," gratis, or by post for 4 stamps.

Agents:—Atkinson, 24, Old Bond-street; Savory and Moore; Godfrey and Cooke, Conduit-street; Trueman; Uwin and Albert, 24, Piccadilly; Hendrie, 12, Fitchburg-street; Saunders, 315a, Winter-street; and Kennedy, 166, Oxford-street; Howden, 5, Great Marlborough-street; Ross, 119, Bishopsgate-street; Burbridge, Newgate-street; and Gillingwater, Islington. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers of repute.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.—COUPELLE'S CRINOTRIAR is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Mustaches, Eyebrows, &c., in two or three weeks, strengthen weak hair, prevent its falling out, check greyness in all its stages, and reproduce the hair in baldness, from whatever cause. Price 2s. Sold by all Chemists in the world; or will be sent post free, on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by Miss COUPELLE, 69, CASTLE-STREET, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.—A complete Toilet Guide sent post free for 4 penny stamps. "It completely restored my hair."—Miss Davis. "My whiskers are now growing freely."—H. Merry, Esq.

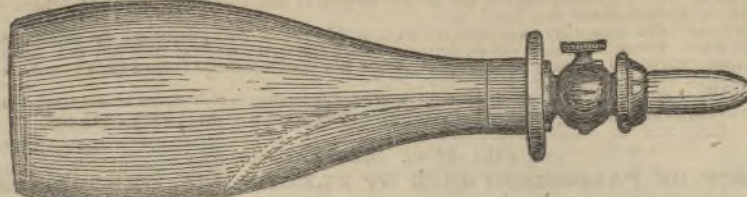
OLDRIDGES'S BALM OF COLUMBIA.—If the roots of the Hair have lost their proper tone and firmness, one of the common causes of bald and weak Hair, or if the Hair itself has begun to decay or fall off in patches, the certainty and facility with which these defects are obviated by OLDRIDGES'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, from its nourishing and bracing qualities, have long obtained for it that extensive reputation which it is so well known to possess. 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle; no other prices are genuine.—Oldridge's Balm, 13, WELLINGTON-STREET NORTH, 7 doors from the Strand London.

Prize Medal Paris, 1855.



MEASAM'S MEDICATED CREAM, a certain Cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Old Wounds, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Chilblains, all kinds of Eruptions of the Skin, &c., is as delicate in its use as Eau de Cologne, it not being a greasy compound.—Sold wholesale and retail, at the Depot, 13, CATHERINE STREET, Strand, London, in Pots, with full directions, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.; and in Family Jars, at 11s. and 25s. each; and by all medicine vendors, in town or country.

APPROVED OF BY EVERY MEDICAL MAN WHO HAS SEEN IT.
THE BRITISH FEEDING BOTTLE FOR INFANTS.—Registered.



Amongst some of the advantages it possesses may be enumerated:—

It may be placed in any position without the food running out.

The supply of food can be regulated while the infant is sucking, without removing the teat from the mouth, so that biscuit food, or a single drop of milk may be passed through, or the supply can be immediately stopped.

Being electro-plated on white metal, it may be instantaneously cleaned by washing in water.

Unlike wood, ivory, or bone, it is impervious to moisture, and cannot become sour.

There is no possibility of the infant drawing air with the food—a frequent cause of convulsions.

The whole is so simple, that a child may be instructed how to use it.

Price 7s. 6d.; or Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, 8s. 6d.

WILLIAM T. COOPER, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
26, OXFORD-STREET (W.), London.

Including a Cocoa-nut Fibre Mattress. It is 4 feet long by 2 feet wide, with moveable sides and pillars, castors and brass vases. Packed and delivered carriage paid at any railway station in the kingdom, on receipt of a Post-office Order for 24s., payable to

THE BEST BED FOR A CHILD

IS ONE OF TRELOAR'S METALLIC COTS.

PRICE 21s

THOMAS TRELOAR, IRON BEDSTEAD MANUFACTURER,
42, LUDGATE-HILL, London (E.C.)

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO GENERAL HAVELOCK.

It was well stated by a noble earl in the House of Lords, on the occasion of the re-assembling of the present session of Parliament, that when the intelligence of the death of General Havelock arrived in England, it filled every heart with sorrow, as though the whole population had experienced a private and a personal loss. It was altogether needless to speak of the heroic bravery, the undaunted courage, and above all, the high Christian character and consistency of the lamented general, who in the very midst of his triumphs was called away to honour more enduring than any that earth can bestow. There seems, however, a very strong desire on the part of Christians in England to perpetuate his memory in such a manner as it is thought General Havelock himself would heartily have approved.

The soldiers in his regiment have lost not only a distinguished general, but a real friend. Their spiritual interests were always to him a matter of deep concern; and the glorious title, "Have-lock's saints," has already passed into an imperishable proverb. What could be a more fitting memorial, then, to the constant and untiring efforts of General Havelock amongst his soldiers than to supply them at once with an efficient and Christian guide, who shall endeavour to carry on the good work so nobly begun?

It has been proposed to the Committee of the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society to take the matter up at once, and appeal to Christians of all evangelical denominations in England for funds to enable them to send, without further delay, a Missionary Scripture Reader to General Havelock's Regiment. The proposal needs no special paper setting forth its claims—it bears abundantly its own recommendation; and the Committee earnestly trust that the funds required for the permanent maintenance of a Scripture Reader in that Regiment may speedily be obtained; and that the hearts of those brave men who lament their general's death with all the bitterness of a soldier's grief, may be comforted by one who shall set before them the same blessed hopes and promises on which we know General Havelock loved to dwell.

At the Monthly Meeting of the Committee, held on Friday, January 29th, 1858, W. Bramston, Esq., in the Chair, Mr. Blake reported that he had received, through the Rev. Carus Wilson, a letter from a friend of the Society, suggesting the desirability of raising a fund for the employment of additional scripture readers for our army in India, as a suitable memorial to the late lamented Sir H. Havelock, and promising to obtain subscriptions for this object.

DEAR MR. BLAKE,

There can but be one opinion as to the duty of the nation to mark its high sense of gratitude to such men as Lawrence and Have-lock; and therefore we are glad to see that monuments are to be erected to their memory. As it regards the former, it has been well determined to snare him that would not fail to prove the most acceptable memorial to himself, could he be appealed to, viz., the endowment of the schools which he so nobly founded, and munificently supported.

Would it not be well to effect a Have-lock Memorial in the appointment and support of a Have-lock Scripture Reader, to be attached to that portion of the army in India with which this brave and Christian General was chiefly connected?

Several persons are ready to give their generous support to such a measure, and are only waiting till the project is put into tangible and practicable form.

Yours sincerely,
W. CARUS-WILSON.

Eglington-house, Ventnor.

Resolved,—on the motion of Col. Goodwyn, seconded by Lieut. Blackmore, that a special fund be at once opened, to be called "The Have-lock Scripture Readers' Fund for our Soldiers in India," and that an appeal be at once made to the subscribers and Christian Public at large.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, William Bramston, Esq., 9, Blomfield-terrace, Paddington; by the Honorary Secretaries, Rev. E. H. Baynes, B.A., and Rev. Dr. Leask; by the Secretaries, Rev. J. P. Waldo, B.A., and Mr. William A. Blake, at the Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall; Rev. G. Hall, 6, York-place, Edinburgh; Mr. Forsythe, 54, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin; Lieutenant Blackmore, 218, Marylebone-road; Major Conran, Frederick-street, Edinburgh; Major Wilson, 9, Lion-hill, Bath; Rev. Carus-Wilson, Eglington House, Ventnor; Colonel Goodwyn, 8, Blomfield-terrace, Paddington; Rev. F. C. Morton, Sheffield; Captain Love, Ipswich; Rev. A. J. Marshall, Bath; Mr. Wicheell, book depot, Cheltenham; Messrs. Nisbet, Hatchard, and Seely; at the Bankers, Bank of London, 450, West Strand.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to Mr. William A. Blake, at the Strand Post Office.

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA.

The Leaf not Coloured.—RICH, FULL-FLAVOURED TEA, of rare strength, is thus secured, as importing it not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off the brown flavoured Autumn Crop as the best.—Lancet Report (Longmans, p. 218), states of H. & Co.'s Tea. "The green not being covered with Prussian blue, &c., is a dull olive; the black is not intensely dark." Wholesomeness is thus secured, and the consumer benefited.—Price 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. per lb., secured in packets. Sold by Elphinstone, 227, Regent-street; Pursell, 79, Cornhill; Wolf St. Paul's; Cook, Coventry-street; Dodson, 98, Blackman-street, Borough; and in all parts of the Kingdom, by Agents.

THERE ARE NO UNIVERSAL SPECIFICS FOR BALDNESS.—Mr. TAYLOR, Hair Restorer, having made the Diseases of the Hair his study for twenty years, fearlessly makes the above assertion. He may be consulted (without fee), and undertakes the Cure of all Diseases of the Hair. His system prevents its changing grey or becoming bald.—141, REGENT-STREET, London.

LOAN AND INVESTMENT AGENCY ASSOCIATION.—Office, 9, ADAM-STREET, STRAND (W.C.).

LOANS of any amount from 50l. on real and other securities. 150,000l. trust funds ready to be invested.

R. T. JOPLING, Actuary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—39, KING-STREET, Cheapside, London. Established 1834.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

This is a purely Mutual Life Assurance Society, with a Capital of more than 300,000l. invested in Government and Real Securities, created entirely by the steady accumulation of the Premiums, and all belonging to the Members. The Assurances in force are 1,300,000l., and the income upwards of 60,000l. per annum.

The last Report, detailed Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposal, together with the list of Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past Year, and the General Cash Account and Balance Sheet of the Society to the 31st of December last, will be given on a written or personal application.

The friends of the Society, and the general public are respectfully advised that any Assurances effected within the present year, will have the advantage of one year in every Annual Bonus.

ACCIDENTS, of every Description.—1,000l. IN CASE OF DEATH, or a Fixed Allowance of 6l. per Week in the event of injury, may be secured by an Annual Payment of 3l. for a Policy in the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

A Special Act provides that persons receiving compensation from this Company are not debarred thereby from recovering full damages from the party causing the injury; an advantage no other Company can offer.

It is found that One Person in every Fifteen is more or less injured by Accidents yearly. This Company has already paid as compensation for Accidents 37,888l.

Forms of Proposal and Prospectuses may be had at the Company's Offices, and at all the principal Railway Stations, where, also, Railway Accidents alone may be insured against by the Journey or year. No Charge for Stamp Duty.

Railway Passengers' Assurance Company.
Office, 3, Old Broad-street, London (E.C.).
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

TRUSTEES.
The Lord Viscount Ranelagh.
The Hon. Colonel Lowther, M.P.
Right Hon. R. A. C. N. Hamilton.
J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P.

By paying 8s. per month and another 1s. quarterly, any person (children as well as ladies) may become the holder of a 50l. share without partnership liability of any kind. The entrance fee per share is 2s. 6d., and a pass-book (for any number of shares) costs 1s. The first enrolment would be, therefore, 12s. 6d., and 8s. monthly afterwards. Sums of 5l. and upwards bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, paid half yearly one month after Lady-day and Michaelmas. All the members, whether they pay their subscriptions monthly in advance or take completed shares, price 52l. 4s. 6d. each, participate in the annual division of the profits. The Society has never paid less than 6 per cent. to investors. The taking of land is quite optional. Prospectuses to be had of

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.
Offices, 35, Norfolk-street, Strand, London (W.C.).

NEW, EXQUISITE, AND PERMANENT PERFUME.

EFFLORESCENCE.—The condensed odour of sweet flowers, price 3s. 6d. HOVENDEN, 5, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET (W.), and 57 and 58, CROWN-STREET, Finsbury (E.C.). R. Hoven den is the Sole Agent for BACHELOR'S INSTANTANEOUS COLUMBIAN HAIR DYE, in the New York Original Packets, price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s. each. The Proprietor of CHURCHER'S TOILET CREAM, for adorning, perfuming, and softening the Hair, price 1s., 1s. 6d., and 6s. OF CHURCHER'S COMPOUND CREAM, 1s., 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. And of HOVENDEN'S CELEBRATED EXTRACT OF ROSEMARY, price 1s. and 2s. 6d. They may be had as above, and of most Hairdressers.

TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.—Charles Watson, M.D. (Physician to the Bedford Dispensary), 27, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, London, continues to issue, on receipt of six stamps, the Guide to Self-Cure.

"The true Guide to those who desire a speedy cure."—University Magazine.

"The 'New American Discovery' shows the absurdity of the English mode of treating such complaints, will prove a blessing to the afflicted, who may safely and easily regain pristine health by adopting the means presented."—Evening Sun.

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PERFUMERY FACTORS.

COLD CREAM SOAP
Prepared without Alkali. 2s. 10d.
ROSE COLD CREAM
1s. 9d. Made fresh daily.
2, New Bond Str.
LONDON.

WINES from SOUTH AFRICA.—PORT,

SHERRY, &c., TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN.

These Wines, the produce of a British Colony which has escaped the Vine-Disease (the vintage occurring in February may account for the same), are, in consequence, wholesome, and are warranted free from acidity and brandy, and are admitted by Her Majesty's Customs at half duty, hence the low price.

A pint sample bottle of each for 24 stamps, bottles included. Packages allowed for when returned.

EXCELSIOR BRANDY.
Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

TERMS CASH.

Country orders must contain a remittance. Cheques to be crossed "Bank of London."

J. L. DENMAN, Wine and Spirit Importer, 65, FENCHURCH-STREET, London. Counting-house entrance first door on the left up Railway-place.

"We have taken the trouble to try Mr. Denman's wines, and have also submitted them to several of the clergy, and the opinion formed is, that they are worthy of being patronised."—Clerical Journal, Oct. 22, 1857.

CURES (without Physic) of Indigestion

(Dyspepsia), Constipation, Flatulency, Pilem, all Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Hysteria, Neuralgia, Dry-entery, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Palpitation, Heartburn, Headaches, Debility, Despondency, Cramps, Spasms, Nausea, and Sickness (during Pregnancy or at Sea), Sinking Fits, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, also Children's Complaints, by DU BARRY'S delicious REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which restores health without purging, inconvenience, or expense, as it saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. It is, moreover, the best food for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but invigorates a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

We extract a few out of the many thousands of expressions of gratitude from invalids:—Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies:—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines. Stuart de Decies."—Cure No. 49,832. "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food, Maria Joly, Waltham Cross, near Waltham, Waltham-cross, Herts; a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."—Cure No. 48,314. Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool: "a cure of ten years' dyspepsia, and all the horrors of nervous irritability."—Cure No. 46,814. Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, of two years' diarrhoea.—Cure No. 52,612. The Dowager Countess of Castlemart, of many years' nervous irritability, bile, and indigestion.—Cure No. 34,812. Miss Virginia Zegners cured of consumption, after her medical advisers had abandoned all hopes of recovery.—Cure No. 180. "Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time. W. R. Reeves, 181, Fleet-street, London."—Cure No. 4,208. "Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, for which my servant had consulted the advice of many, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring food. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries. Rev. John W. Flavell, Kidlington Rectory, Norfolk."—Cure No. 32,836. "Three years' excessive nervousness, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring food. Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, Shikheree."—Cure No. 4,306. "Thirteen years' cough, indigestion, and general debility have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food. James Porter, Athol-street, Perth."

In Canisters, suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions, 11b., 2s. 9d.; 21b., 4s. 6d.; 51b., 11s.; 121b., 22s. The 121b. carriage free on receipt of Post-office order. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum, Mason, and Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 180, Piccadilly; also, at 60, Gracechurch-street; 33, 430, and 451, Strand; 4, Cheapside; 49, Bishopsgate-street; 63, 150, and 198, Oxford-street.

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PILLS, for Disorders of the Female Constitution.—These Pills are a never-failing remedy in the most troublesome complaints which the female sex is liable to. In dropsy, pains in the loins, swelling of the feet and legs, and in all cases depending on debility, they invariably afford relief; they produce a good appetite, with increased vigour of constitution, and give to the complexion that clear rosy hue, characteristic of female health and beauty. Where females sit much, or are obliged to keep late hours, they should not omit to take these pills, which may truly be said to be the best female protector. They are the best preservative against that fearful complaint, consumption; and will cure it if not very far advanced. During the "change of life" they are the most valuable medicine that can be taken, relieving, after only a few doses, from giddiness in the head, indigestion, faint perspirations, coldness of the feet, &c. Young persons will find great benefit from taking these pills.

In boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each; the 2s. 9d. boxes contain three small ones. Should any difficulty occur in obtaining these pills in remote places, enclose 1s. or 3s. stamps to the proprietor PAGE D. WOODCOCK, LINCOLN, and they will be sent free by post to any part of the United Kingdom.

Persons residing in London can obtain the above pills at Barclay's, 95, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., 10, Bow-church-yard; W. Edwards, 67, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 150, and Hann and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Butler and Harding, 4, Cheapside; M. Doughty, 26, Blackfriars-road; Dr. Kermot, Christ-church, Poplar; and all the principal medicine dealers in town. By Rames and Co., Leith-walk, Edinburgh; Bewlay and Pears, Dublin. They are also sold by all respectable medicine vendors throughout the kingdom.

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NEW-ROAD, London.—MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINE is the only medicine that strikes at the root of all diseases. This has been proved by an experience of thirty years, during which time upwards of 400,000 cases of cure have been effected. The Hygienic agents throughout the world are unanimous upon the Hygienic system of medicine, introduced by James Morison, the Hygienist, who not only taught the public how to cure their own ailments, but also rescued the world from the dangers of false medical doctrines. The Hygienist, himself, attests the importance of his discoveries.

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With these marvellous remedies at hand, none need despair of being cured; they act in union on the absorbent system, giving energy, tone, and vigour to all the functions of life. Their surprising sale, in every part of the civilised world, is the most convincing proof of their efficacy in curing bad legs, old wounds, scrofula, and diseases of the skin. Thousands of persons who suffered from these dreadful maladies have been cured by their use, after every other remedy had failed. There is no case, however obstinate or long standing, but may be cured, therefore the afflicted should immediately try them.

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CHURTON'S GRECIAN PETTICOAT, with the latest Novelties, suitable for the present Season. India Outfits and Wedding Trousseaux of the most recherche Patterns and Make. Churton's Shirts, Six for 42s. The above to be obtained only at WM. CHURTON and SON'S old-established Family Hosiery, Shirt, Collar, Glove, and Ladies' Ready-made Linen and Outfitted Warehouses, the Golden Fleece, 91 & 92, OXFORD-STREET.

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Ladies in the country can have patterns forwarded. Every article marked in plain figures at ready money prices.

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THE SUCCESSORS OF R. WILLEY AND CO., MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH, ABBOTT, AND WILLEY, JUN.

Beg to announce that the SALE of the remarkable STOCK of the late firm is still continuing, and they respectfully invite a visit from Ladies and Families requiring Silks, Fancy Dresses, Cloaks, French and Paisley Shawls, superior Table Linen, Sheet-lings, and general Drapery, Blankets and Flannels, Lace and Muslin goods, Hosiery, Paris Gloves, Haberdashery, &c., &c. An opportunity like the present seldom offers for purchasing.—February, 1858.

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The attention of families, and all to whom the health and safety of children is entrusted is called to this invention. It is designed to supply a want which all mothers have felt in the early care of their offspring. The seat of the chair rests upon two rods or pistons, which pass through a platform, and a rail or second platform below. Attached to the under part of the upper platform, and to the cross rail connecting the pistons, are spiral springs, so arranged that the least effort on the part of the child gives it the most healthful and delightful exercise. An index is affixed, showing at a glance the child's weight from day to day. No mother who values the comfort and happiness of her child will be without one. Infants of three or four months' old may be placed in them with perfect safety, and they will nurse themselves; at the same time strengthening the spine, developing the muscles, and enjoying a never-ending source of active amusement. They are constructed in every style of elegance, fitted either for the nursery or the parlour, for the home of the artisan or the mansion of the nobleman. Price from One Guinea upwards. Apply to your upholsterer, or order direct of MESSRS. WILSON, NEWTON and CO., the Patentees, No. 144, HIGH HOLBORN.

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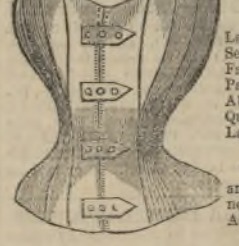
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Compounded of the choicest and most recherche ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, and of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, imparting to them a pearly-like whiteness, strengthening the Gums, and in rendering the Breath sweet and pure.

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