

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER

and Pictorial Times

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THE MAXIMILIAN CORN-MARKET AT MUNICH.

WITHIN the last few years the important trade in corn has got so completely into the hands of jobbers and middlemen, that before it reaches the consumer its price is considerably increased. This evil has been very much felt in many of the continental corn markets, where, from the want of room and accommodation for the buyer and seller—the one to exhibit and the other to examine the corn in bulk—a system of fraud has arisen from purchasing from samples which are often better than the bulk. In order to obviate this as much as possible at Munich, the Town Council have caused to be erected a most capacious and extensive covered market, in which the corn can be brought and warehoused. The building measures in its entire length 1,477 feet, and 105 feet in breadth. This is divided into two parts by a building in which are the offices for the persons connected with the market, and at either end are two other buildings for the purpose of storehouses; and it also contains a space appropriated for a hop-market. The roofs of the market are supported by iron pillars, forty feet high. The ground-floor of one of the end buildings is designed for the standard measures of fluids, and on the floor above is a handsome room for meetings of the council. The building at the other end contains the standards for dry-measure, and also on the first floor another large assembly room. The whole of it is lighted with gas. The cost of the market is above a million of florins, or nearly 100,000*l.*, the whole of which will be defrayed by light market dues in the space of thirty years.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday next, will move that the House shall, upon Friday, the 30th inst., resolve itself into a committee to consider the Act of the 16 and 17 Vic., cap. 95, to provide for the Government of India. If that motion shall be agreed to, the following resolutions will be moved in committee by the right honourable gentleman:—

"1. That as the territories under the Government of the East India Company are by law to remain under such government only until Parliament shall otherwise provide, this House is of opinion, that it is expedient that the transfer of such government to the Crown should now take place, in order that the direct superintendence of the whole empire may be placed under one exclusive authority.

"2. That for this purpose it is expedient to provide, that Her Majesty, by one of her principal Secretaries of State, shall have and perform all the powers and duties relating to the Government and revenues of India which are or may be now exercised and performed by the East India Company, or by the Court of Directors or Court of Proprietors of the said company, either alone or with the approbation of the Commissioners for the affairs of India.

"3. That such Secretary of State shall be responsible for the Government of India, and the transaction of business in the United Kingdom relating thereto, in the same manner and to the same extent as any of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State are responsible in the several departments over which they preside.

"4. That in order to assist such Secretary of

State in the discharge of his duties, it is expedient that a council be appointed of not less than twelve nor more than eighteen members.

"5. That in order to secure the greatest amount of knowledge and experience in the management of the affairs of India, it is advisable that the principal portion of the members of the council shall have served in India for a term of years to be limited by the statute.

"6. That with a view to the efficiency and independence of the council, it is expedient that it should be partly nominated and partly elected.

"7. That the members of the nominated portion of the council shall be selected by her Majesty, subject, as a general rule, to the qualification above expressed, and one half at the least of the elected members shall possess the like qualification.

"8. That the members of the elected portion of the council shall be chosen by a constituency composed of persons who have previously held military commissions or civil appointments in India, in Her Majesty's service, or in that of the Government of India, or who may possess a direct interest, to an amount to be specified, in some property charged or secured on the revenues or territories of India.

"9. That the council shall be presided over by the Secretary of State, or by some member of the council, to be nominated by him, as vice-president.

"10. That arrangements shall be made from time to time by the Secretary of State and the council for the meetings of the council, for the mode of procedure at such meetings, and for the distribution and transaction of business.

"11. That all despatches, letters, orders, and communications shall be addressed to the Secretary of

State, and shall be open to the inspection of every member of the council, except such as are now by law addressed to the secret committee of the Court of Directors.

"12. That the recommendation of persons for first appointments shall be made to Her Majesty by the Secretary of State, with the concurrence of the council; and the same rules shall be observed in the making of such recommendations as have been followed by the Court of Directors in the making of such appointments.

"13. That for the purpose of ascertaining the fitness of persons for the several appointments for which they may be so recommended, the same rules for the examination of cadets and clerks shall be adhered to which are now followed by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, until the same be altered by the Secretary of State and Council of India.

"14. That provision shall be made for transferring to the Crown all the real and personal property of the Company, except their capital stock and the dividend thereon, so as to vest the same in Her Majesty, for the purposes of the Government of India; for continuing the charge on the revenues of India alone of the dividend on the capital stock of the said Company until the redemption thereof and of all the territorial and other debts and engagements which are payable by the Company out of the revenues of India; for auditing the accounts of the home government of India, under the direction of Her Majesty's Treasury; for laying such accounts annually before Parliament; and for securing the preference given by the 3rd and 4th William IV. to the dividends on the capital stock



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of the said company, and the right of the said company to demand the redemption of such dividends, and their right on the security fund undiminished and unaffected by the transfer to the Crown of the direct government of Her Majesty's Indian possessions."

NEWS OF THE COURT, &c.

Her Majesty the QUEEN and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort rode on horseback on Saturday morning, attended by the Hon. Mary Bute, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Capt. du Plat. The Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by Prince Arthur, went to Kew in the afternoon and visited her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. The Equerries in Waiting were in attendance. Her Majesty's dinner party in the evening included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Manchester, the French Ambassador, Marshal the Duke of Malakoff, the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, Lady Fanny Howard, Lord George Lennox, Lord Claud Hamilton, Baron and Baroness de Malarct, Gen. Sir James Simpson, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Codrington, Lieut.-Col. Alison, and the Equerry in Waiting to the Duke of Cambridge.

The QUEEN and Prince Consort, the Princesses Alice and Helena, the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, and the Domestic Household, attended Divine service on Sunday in the Chapel at Buckingham Palace. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princesses Alice and Helena, visited her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, at Clarence House, St. James's.

The Countess de Neuilly, the Princess de Joinville, and the Duke de Nemours, visited her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Arthur and the Princess Louisa took a drive in an open carriage and four, and the Princesses Alice and Helena rode in the Riding-school. The Queen, accompanied by the Princesses Alice and Helena, took a drive in the afternoon in an open carriage and four. Lady Churchill, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Lieut.-Colonel F. Cavendish were in attendance. The Prince Consort rode on horseback, attended by his Equerry in Waiting. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort honoured the performance at the Princess's Theatre with their presence in the evening. The Royal suite consisted of Lady Churchill, Hon. Lucy Kerr, Hon. Mary Bute, the Earl of Sheffield, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Capt. du Plat.

Her Majesty the QUEEN and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princess Alice, rode on horseback on Tuesday morning, attended by the Hon. Mary Bute, Lord Colville, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Capt. du Plat. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice took a drive in an open carriage and four. The Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by Prince Leopold and the Princess Louisa, took a drive in the afternoon in an open carriage and four. The Equerries in Waiting attended. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort honoured the performance at the Olympic Theatre with their presence in the evening. The Royal suite consisted of Lady Macdonald, Hon. Lucy Kerr, Hon. Mary Bute, Viscount Strathallan, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Capt. du Plat. Lady Macdonald has succeeded Lady Churchill as the Lady in Waiting to the Queen, and Viscount Strathallan and Sir Frederick Stovin have succeeded the Earl of Sheffield and Lieut.-Col. F. Cavendish, as the Lord and Groom in Waiting to Her Majesty.

The QUEEN and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princess Alice, went to the St. James's Hall on Wednesday morning. In attendance were Lady Macdonald, Hon. Lucy Kerr, Hon. Mary Bute, Viscount Strathallan, Sir Frederick Stovin, Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Capt. du Plat. Prince Arthur and the Princess Louisa, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, visited the Tower of London. Her Majesty held a Court in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace. Earl Cowley, G.C.B., had an audience of Her Majesty upon his return, on leave, from Paris. His lordship was presented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Queen's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B., had an audience of the Queen upon his return from his mission to Vienna. Sir Hamilton was presented by the Earl of Malmesbury. The Earl of Malmesbury had an audience of Her Majesty. The Queen was attended by Viscount Strathallan, Lord in Waiting, and Sir Frederick Stovin, Groom in Waiting. The Queen, accompanied by the Princesses Alice and Louisa, took a drive in an open carriage and four in the afternoon. In attendance were the Hon. Lucy Kerr, Lord Colville, and Col. the Hon. A. N. Hood. The Prince Consort, attended by Capt. du Plat, went to the Crystal Palace. Her Majesty's dinner party included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl and Countess Cowley and Lady Feodore Wellesley, Lady Fanny Howard, Viscount and Viscountess Barrington, Viscount Valletort, Hon. Lady Inglis, the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, Sir George Couper, and Vice-Admiral W. F. Martin.

The Lords Justices have decided that the Northumberland District Bank, the liabilities of which are given at two millions and a quarter, must be wound up compulsorily—that is, in bankruptcy, and not voluntarily, as many of the shareholders desired.

TRAGEDY AT MADRID.

A tragic occurrence took place in the afternoon of the 14th in the Calle del Carmen, one of the streets leading to the Puerta del Sol, and the most frequented thoroughfare in Madrid. A person named Ribera plunged a poniard, or rather short sword, twice into the body of Colonel Verdugo. The crime was committed with the utmost deliberation, and it is said the assassin made no attempt at escape. When the last accounts left the victim was still alive, but there was hardly a hope of saving him. He was taken to a house close to the spot where he was struck down. The assassin, who was instantly arrested, walked along in the most tranquil manner. He held in his hand for some time the weapon, still reeking with the blood of his victim, until, on passing by a house with an iron railing before the door, he flung it into the area, and then, as if nothing unusual had occurred, lighted a cigar and began to smoke. The Military Governor of Madrid, who was one of the first to hasten to the spot, had him taken in the first instance to the military prison. On the way Ribera observed, with the greatest effrontery, "Am I a criminal, that I should be treated in this manner, and that my hands should be tied?" "No," said the General, "but you are a miserable assassin, who ought to have been shot long ago." The history of the assassin and that of his victim make this event different from an ordinary crime.

Ribera belongs to a respectable family at Granada. Two of his brothers reside at Madrid, where they practice their profession as advocates. They are said to be very generally esteemed, as well as their father, who had arrived at Madrid only a few weeks before. The antecedents of the assassin himself are, it seems, anything but reputable. He belonged to the military profession; while lieutenant in a provincial regiment in Almeida, he was tried on a serious charge, and condemned to six years' imprisonment. As, however, it is at no time very difficult in Spain for a person occupying a certain social position, or possessing influence in high quarters, to baffle justice, Ribera did not undergo his punishment. The military career was, however, closed against him. He then entered the secret police—an institution of a particularly odious character in Spain, where it is often made use of to satisfy political vengeance, and to create facilities for the commission of crime. Ribera probably gave satisfaction to his employers, for he soon rose to the rank of Chief of the Secret Police under the administration of Sartorius, Count de San Luis. In this capacity he is said to have falsified a warrant, with a view to the arrest of a gentleman named Camacho on a charge of conspiracy, but really to revenge himself for some difference he had formerly had with him. He ordered Camacho to be handcuffed, then drew his sword, struck his prisoner several times, and would have run him through had he not been prevented by his own men. The affair was so scandalous that it could not be well passed over, even by such men as were then Ribera's superiors. He was arrested and imprisoned. Before his trial came on, if there was any intention of bringing him to trial, the revolution of 1854 broke out. While the insurrection was pending, and the power of Sartorius still in existence, Ribera was set at liberty. His first act was to present himself at the headquarters of Gen. Dulce, who was then at Alcalá, as one of the chiefs of the movement, to whom he offered his services. The General, who had received secret information that Ribera's mission was for the purpose of making away with him as well as O'Donnell, had him arrested, and sent to the headquarters of the latter. O'Donnell gave orders that he should be shot as a spy and a traitor. Colonel Verdugo (the victim of the present crime), who then commanded the guard at headquarters, was ordered not to lose sight of the prisoner. It was said that General Serrano, General Garriga, the present Governor of Madrid, and Colonel Verdugo demanded that he should be pardoned. Another story is that Verdugo treated him with the severity he merited, and that to the recollection of this is to be attributed the act of vengeance which has just taken place. Whatever be the cause, Ribera was either set at liberty or he escaped. When the Government of Sartorius fell, Ribera, fearing that he would be called on to pay the debts he owed to justice, fled to France. While there, it appears he was protected by some of the principal refugees, and employed to write an account of the administration of O'Donnell in the island of Cuba, in which some very scandalous acts were narrated. Numerous copies of the pamphlet were sent to the Deputies of the Cortes at Madrid. During his residence in Paris he was arrested for debt, and passed some months in the prison of Clichy, while at the same time he was claimed by the police court of Bayonne to answer various charges of another kind. He managed, however, to get out of all his difficulties. He returned to Spain in 1856, at the same time as General Narvaez, and was once more named Chief of the Secret Police. He lost his place on the fall of the Narvaez Cabinet, and it is doubtful whether, at the moment of committing the present crime, he belonged to the service. There are various other particulars connected with his private life too numerous and not edifying enough to recount.

The life of the assassin presents a contrast in every way to that of the victim. Every one speaks of him as a man of integrity—an honourable and gallant soldier, and possessed of all the qualities that entitle one to esteem. He was the husband of Madame Avellaveda, long and most favourably known in Spain as a poet and dramatic writer. It so happens that one of her most successful pieces, entitled *Balthazar*, has just had a most successful run at the theatre of the Novedades in Madrid. The very day before her husband's assassination she

was presented by the Queen with a valuable diamond bracelet, in testimony of the great pleasure Her Majesty experienced at the performance of the piece the night before she left for Aranjuez. The greatest sympathy is felt in Madrid for the victim of this foul attempt, and the greatest horror and indignation against the perpetrator of it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COMMISSIONER YEH.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* publishes, on what authority is not said, the following report of an examination of Commissioner Yeh on board the *Inflexible*, by an English officer, before the Mandarin in question sailed from Hong-Kong for Calcutta. In answer to questions the ex-Viceroy said: "I was born in the village of Kaoh-Tih, in the province of Ho-Nan. My father was a basket-maker, and eked out his income by trading in rice. We were fourteen children. At an early age I acquired a taste for reading, and whenever I had any money I expended it in the purchase of books. After a few years I was considered as a man of learning among the boys of my age, and when the Inspector-general of Public Instruction, who visited our province every five years, came, I asked to be allowed to undergo an examination. My request was granted, I came into the schools with an elaborate commentary on the *Ta-Hio*, the great book of science of Confucius, and after three days' successive examinations I was appointed a 'literate' of the third class, and attached as tutor to the college of Khai-Fang, the chief town in the province. The Mandarin governor of Ho-Nan's attention was directed to me, and he chose me as his secretary. Two years later he was summoned to the capital, and took me with him. During my sojourn at Peking I acquired the degree of literate of the second and of the first class. My patron died, but I had been noticed by the head of the Nuyko, in whose hands also rested the direction of the Emperor's Cabinet, and attained the office of Vice-President of the Hing-Pou, or Tribunal of Punishments. I won no small distinction in the discharge of the duties of this office, and in two missions which I was subsequently entrusted with, I had the honour of being noticed by the Sublime Sovereign who rules over us. Finally, in 1847, I was associated with the very worthy and much-regretted Houang-Nyang-Toung, who was invested with the government of Canton. The country was then a prey to a terrible insurrection, which it was necessary to suppress. The insurgents burnt towns and villages and slaughtered the inhabitants by thousands. It was necessary to stop them. The Viceroy Sin, with whom we were, gave no quarter to the rebels, and was thus enabled to keep the insurrection within due bounds. He died in 1853, and I succeeded to him. I followed his example, and the rebellion gradually gave way."

The cruelties which he practised having been alluded to, he said:—"Hear me. One of the rebel chiefs was in the habit of having all the prisoners he took from us sawn between two planks. I informed him that I would use reprisals—his men put to death in the same way, but he had previously had not less than 6,000 men, many of them officers, sawn between two planks." English Officer.—"How many prisoners do you think you have executed?" Yeh.—"About 60,000; but the rebels have slaughtered more than 300,000." English Officer.—"You had many people put to death who had nothing to do with the insurrection?" Yeh.—"Why, fancy. The province of Canton is a kind of refuge for all thieves and murderers in the empire who escape from justice. I saw that crimes were frequent, and, therefore, ordered frequent executions; but the people thus put to death were always thieves and murderers, who almost invariably confessed their crimes." English Officer.—"You don't seem to have been popular in the city." Yeh.—"I never discovered that I was unpopular. I know the people feared me and kept quiet. The public peace in the city was never disturbed, trade prospered, and people grew rich. The Emperor, my immortal master, to reward me, had conferred upon me the title, Wan-tzio, the highest of all, and had authorised me to take the surname of Mingin-Chin. As to the reproach of having availed myself of my position to accumulate wealth, it is false. I am rich in dignities and titles; but poor in money. A great part of my income I send to my friends and relatives. In the village where I was born I have had a temple built at my own expense, and have had several dwellings erected for poor families. My enemies are chiefly in the upper classes. They wish for my downfall in order to take my place." The *Moniteur de la Flotte* adds, that the arrival of the *Inflexible* in Singapore Roads, with Yeh on board, had caused a certain sensation among the Chinese population. The *Inflexible* having struck on her arrival, a rumour was got up that it was intended to drown the Viceroy, but it fell naturally when the tide floated off the ship.

The Speaker of the House of Commons gave his seventh Parliamentary full dress dinner on Saturday evening.

The Osborne returned to Queenstown on Friday from her cruise along the southern coast, leaving the Prince of Wales behind. His Royal Highness is enjoying himself in the romantic regions of Glengariff and Killarney, the weather being splendid. It is believed that he will return to Queenstown by the Killarney Railway; but as he seems to like travelling on an Irish jaunting car, it is not unlikely he may prefer coming from Killarney to Cork by Gougane Barra, Inchegeela, and so on, by Macroom, along the valley of the Lee. All viceregaldom has been thrown into ecstasies by a report that at some future day—not yet named—the heir to the throne is to assume the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.—*Dublin Correspondent of the Times*



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. B. had better consult a solicitor.
A. C. W.—The police is your only remedy.
REBECCA.—Albert Smith was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and afterwards studied both in Middlesex Hospital in London, and the Hotel Dieu in Paris, for the profession of medicine. This was given up for literature, which did not receive from him any more consistent perseverance than that which was shown to the former. His last experiment in life has proved that he has studied human nature greatly to his own advantage, which his success as an amusing lecturer fully exemplifies.

L. F.—The harness belonging to the state coach of the Sovereign is made of red Morocco, with silver gilt furniture of a massive description. It is a set for the eight Hanoverian horses, which are generally used for state occasions, and weighs, for each horse, at least one hundredweight.

A POOR ACTRESS.—The Theatrical Fund is far from being a rich society. The income does not generally reach a thousand pounds annually, which is a very inadequate sum when the nature and habits of the profession are taken into account. It is very likely that disappointment will ensue.

A CONSTANT READER.—The vast catacombs which undermine Rome were formed by the excavations made in working the quarries for building the Eternal City.

EMMA.—The flowers which form the edge of the Princess Royal Sleeve and Collar, given in our last number, are intended to be worked with an outline of buttonhole-stitch, with veins sewn over, and not in satin-stitch.

CLARA.—If you should continue to wish to go out into the world as a governess, no doubt you will have difficulties to encounter, but with patience and perseverance all will be overcome. The feeling will at first be strange, and the restraint oppressive, but these will wear away after a little time, and the routine of duties will grow natural as well as pleasant. With good temper and cheerfulness the hearts of your young pupils will be won, and the time that at first seems dull will pass quickly and pleasantly.

J. P.—Roebuck was born at Madras, and is a barrister by profession.

A MOTHER.—The subject of infection, in our opinion, has never yet received due investigation. Where fear exists, it is better to avoid the risk. It is stated that in one of the city parishes, during the time of the plague, one of the under sextons, whose melancholy duty it was to remove the bodies of the victims, never had the slightest attack of the disorder; he lived twenty years after this national affliction.

CORNWALL.—During the Old Bailey sessions, it devolves on the Sheriffs of the City to provide the dinners for the Judges, Recorder, City Pleaders, &c. There are two dinners daily at two different hours, but precisely similar. Two dishes are invariably provided, these being marrow-puddings and rump steaks.

Mrs. B. F.—The translation of the Scriptures known by the name of Matthew's is in reality Tyndal's translation, to which was afterwards added the other books by Coverdale, Bilney, and Rogers. They were all added together and published abroad under the name of Matthews. The subject requires great research.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Both these requests shall have early attention. REBECCA.—Reference to our Work-Table department will show that our correspondent's wish has been complied with.

HARRIET.—The way in which the French ladies are now wearing the Princess Royal Sleeve, similar to that for which we gave a design last week, is that they attach them to the full under sleeve by means of a bow at the point, the ribbon of which it is made being of some colour that will either harmonize or contrast well with the dress with which the sleeve is worn. This has a very pretty effect, the only drawback being that the bow somewhat conceals the embroidery.

SIGMA.—Carpets were in use among the Greeks and Romans; but perfection in carpet-making has been attained only by the moderns. Francis I., King of France, paid 22,000 francs for a carpet of silk and gold, the pattern on which was a representation of the triumphal honours paid to Scipio. Another carpet, on which were depicted the principal events in the life of St. Paul, cost the same monarch 18,000 francs. The finest carpets in Europe have been made at the French manufactory, known as the *Gobelins*, which was established in the reign of Louis XIV.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE EAST.—Try the following recipe for salad. Take one or two lettuce, split them in two, wash them thoroughly, and drain the water from them. Then cut them into small pieces, and intermix with them small salad, celery, beet-root, some nice young radishes, and slices of cucumber, cut into small pieces; also, an egg boiled hard, cut into pieces, and garnished about. Next, make a sauce with the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, which rub together in a basin with a wooden spoon; add a little pepper, salt, and mustard. When these are mixed to a smooth paste, put in a few tea-spoonfuls of salad oil, mixing it well between each spoonful; then add a few tea-spoonfuls of vinegar in the same manner. When the sauce is mixed according to the directions it will never require shaking, and will always look like cream. Pour this sauce over the salad, or serve it in a crust.

LOUISA.—The finest antique cameo at present known, and, no doubt, the one to which you allude, is in the Imperial Museum in Paris. It is of an oval form, and is cut in a sardonyx, measuring eleven inches by nine. It represents the Apotheosis of Augustus.

C. C.—The luxury of female dress increased so much during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that that Sovereign endeavoured to restrict it by proclamation. Her example was very different from her edict. It is said that Elizabeth was remarkable for the richness and variety of her costume. She gave none of her dresses away, and at her death they numbered three thousand.

ENQUIRER.—The carp is understood not to be a native of England, but to have been introduced as a pond fish about the latter part of the fifteenth century. It is found native in the lakes and ponds of the south of Europe, and is much more common in France and Germany than in this country.

GOVERNESSES BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—Of the societies and charitable institutions of the metropolis, this one has a great claim to the sympathies of our readers. It is most melancholy to think how great is the number of respectable and educated women who, having spent the best years of their lives in tuition, have become, from age or infirmity, unable to obtain further employment, and now have no refuge from absolute poverty and want. No one can look over the recent report of the Governesses Institution without being astonished at the small amount spent in the working expenses; and in this respect it indeed bears a most marked and favourable contrast to many other of our charitable societies. But where the class of claimants is so large, even with the most skilful management, only a small per centage of them can be provided for, and therefore it is not a matter of surprise to learn that this society stands most urgently in need of funds. The institution was established in the year 1843. It is now under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and of numerous ladies of rank, independently of those whose names are on the committee.

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 chiseaux 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 39, OXFORD-STREET. The prices the same as in Paris, with the charges of importation only added.—Catalogues, with Marginal Illustrations, may be had free on application.

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THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER AND Pictorial Times.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

THE BUDGET.

THE period for the presentation to the House of Commons of the financial statement of the Government is usually looked forward to with much anxiety; for although our national resources are immense, and perhaps without parallel in any part of the world, they are not inexhaustible, and are liable to be dissipated by undue expenditure. Hence the fear, increasing in intensity as the time alluded to approaches, lest some necessity should have arisen to justify the Ministry in proposing a levy of new imposts; it checks enterprise, depresses the spirits, unnerves the arm. Additional taxation may be, and doubtless is, sometimes necessary to keep the machinery of the State in easy motion, but no one is disposed to supply the lubrication. It is a pill nauseous in the extreme; and, gild it as we may—flavour it as we will—it is bitter and repulsive to the taste. To the gentleman of fortune and position the matter may be of little moment; but in the mind of the tradesman—who, by dint of the most economic management, has just contrived to make his business pay—it raises visions of bankruptcy, and perhaps ruin; whilst to that of the artisan and the hard-worked, ill-paid labourer, it portends destitution and the workhouse. These fears may be groundless, but they are dispelled only when the actual Budget is produced. To the Chancellor of the Exchequer this is a nervous moment. If he can then produce an account evenly balanced—and, better still, with a surplus—with what complacency does he present it to the House, in well-grounded hope of its favourable reception; but if, on the contrary, a deficit appear on his balance-sheet, its fate may be doubtful, and his position as Minister dangerous.

Mr. Disraeli's statement on Monday night was of the latter description. He had to provide for a deficiency of 3,990,000*l.* In an elaborate and masterly speech, he showed that the commercial prosperity of the country had undergone a change towards the close of last year, and that it was not to be expected such a convulsion could have been carried to an extent and amount greater than upon any other crisis within memory, without exercising a very depressing influence upon the revenue of the country. That convulsion had, of course, unfavourably influenced every department of trade and commerce. In the early part of this year, however, trade began to revive, and the quarter's revenue for March, 1858, showed an increase of 1,144,000*l.*, as compared with the corresponding quarter of the preceding year. He estimated the expenditure for 1858-59 at 67,110,000*l.*, including 2,000,000*l.* of Exchequer Bonds, which ought to be paid in a few weeks. The revenue to meet this expenditure he calculated at 63,120,000*l.*, which would leave the deficit above-mentioned, viz., 3,990,000*l.* How to make up this was the problem. He found its solution in an equalisation of the English and Irish spirit duties, from which source he expected 500,000*l.*; a postponement to the years 1862 and 1863 of payment of the 2,000,000*l.* Exchequer Bonds; and a suspension of the operations of the War Sinking Fund, which would save a million and a half. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer

argued strongly in favour of a surplus. When we think of the critical state of Europe at the present moment, and our proximity to a Power with 600,000 soldiers, and a navy scarcely inferior to our own; when we remember, too, that a Royal commission on education has been granted, and money advances will probably be required; and that there is a growing demand for parks and other public accommodations in and about the metropolis and the manufacturing towns—it must be admitted that he was right. This surplus he proposed to raise by a tax of one penny on all bankers' cheques, irrespective of their amount and the place where they are drawn, and by that means raise 300,000*l.* That there was scope for improvement in the levying of this tax was proved by Mr. Bass during the debate, when he stated that in Staffordshire he was obliged to stamp a cheque for 2*l.* 10*s.*, while in London he might draw for 2,000*l.* without any stamp whatever; and the tendency of the proposed equalisation of the spirit duties, will probably be to check the vice of drunkenness in a class really unable to afford an indulgence in it, while those who continue so to indulge will have to pay a higher price for it. Mr. Disraeli concluded by expressing a hope that if his propositions were accepted, and no unforeseen event happened, we might next year enjoy the luxury of a surplus revenue. His Budget was—notwithstanding the promised opposition of Sir G. C. Lewis, in respect of the Exchequer Bonds—generally well received by the House. Few, we think, will deny that, although there is little originality in this scheme, on the whole it is encouraging and satisfactory. It has the recommendation of being characterised by strong common sense, of being well suited to the prospective as well as the immediate exigencies of the country, and of honestly keeping faith with the tax-paying portion of the public. It is true that the Chancellor of the Exchequer trusts much to our still-increasing prosperity; but to every one who correctly estimates the growing improvement in all our productive resources, his calculations must appear to be founded on very probable data. The right hon. gentleman will conciliate opponents and gain almost universal praise by his comprehensive statement. Already has the opinion been expressed in the City, that one so popular has not been presented for many years; and it has been received by the people of Manchester, including the politicians of the "Manchester school," with evident tokens of satisfaction. A like opinion will, we think, be entertained by the country generally.

DR. BERNARD AND HIS TRIBUNAL.

A JUDICIAL investigation has just been going on in this country which has rivetted the attention of all Europe, if not of the whole civilised world. It seems to us to have been a fierce struggle between principle and prejudice, in which an English judge sat as umpire, surrounded by spectators eager but for one result. We of course speak of the trial of Dr. Bernard for complicity in an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French, resulting in the barbarous murder of many innocent victims, sent to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns" without a moment of farewell to nearest and dearest friends, or time to breathe a parting prayer to Him before whose dread tribunal they were so soon to stand. The court of law in which the accused person stood was, day by day, crowded to suffocation with eager spectators, and as numberless ladies of the highest rank and station gave the fullest force of interest to the scene by their presence, we feel that we are quite in the course of our duties in expressing a few of the feelings to which so marked a spectacle must necessarily give rise.

The circumstances of this trial are all matter of the greatest notoriety. Every detail, even to the most minute particular, has been searched and sifted through and through to the last particle. Scarcely can we say that it has been a question of guilt so much as whether the English public condemned that guilt; or, it would be still nearer the mark to say, whether, passing over that particular point as merely nominal, national prepossessions should carry all else away in their own mighty tides. "Foreign dictation" has been the cry, and at that catching watchword England, rushing to defend liberties that could never be assailed, that were so highly elevated above assault as instead of taking alarm

at contemptible insinuation might well smile at being thought open to such petty influences—England, we say, shows that she can be guided by the rules of contradiction, and, as is sometimes done by spoiled children and imbecile persons, can be made to do any one thing that is desired by a simple appeal to the dominant and opposing prejudice.

We are jealous with a very great jealousy for the purity of the English laws, and for the integrity with which they are administered. It matters nothing to us whether prince or peasant be the accused or the accuser. We have no particular sympathy with the Emperor of the French, any more than we have with his would-be assassins, but we hold murder to be a deadly crime, and only less heinous than wholesale destruction, because fewer sufferers are hurried out of the world to their great account. Were the intended victim the blackest monster that ever cumbered the earth with crime, or were he the faithful friend of many an adverse day, the question would stand precisely on the same footing. Shall foul assassination be plotted in honest England, and the conspirators escape unpunished? Shall English workmen be entrapped to labour for petty hire to compass the destruction of those whom they call their national friends? What is it to us whether grenades are made for the Emperor of the French or the Pope of Rome? Are we to be tricked into being the tools of designing men, who scruple at no deed of falsehood, deceit, and barbarity, and plume themselves on their own superior cleverness in making us the working instruments of their own base machinations. We are content to be their inferiors in cunning; we may submit to be their dupes; but to be their accomplices—Never! never! while the world stands.

In what sense can the English people become accomplices of a band of conspirators, two of whom have paid the forfeit of their lives on the French scaffold? We answer by acquitting a third.

Supposing that this Dr. Bernard has had the good fortune to escape with life through some flaw in the indictment or some insufficiency in the English law, then that burst of acclamation, that demonstration of wild joy, that waving of handkerchiefs, that spread of the sounds of triumph through the Court and beyond the Court, all these things turn the assembled throng of spectators into an army of partisans. We should suppose that it was long since a court of law in England witnessed so flagrant a departure from our usual and proverbially sober and orderly manners. It is something new in the midst of these enthusiastic plaudits to see an accused person who has only escaped hanging by a hair's breadth waving his handkerchief with those of admiring spectators, making speeches and complimenting English laws, English judges, and English juries, for setting him at liberty to do more mischief in the world, which he fully, and without reservation, pledges himself to do.

Let us not be misunderstood. We have a strong feeling that, as God only can give life, so it should be left wholly in his hands to take it away. The question in this case rests not on the amount of punishment, but on the fact of justification by acquittal, and all that remains for us to say is simply this—either our laws have not been purely administered, or they need emendation. That question is now before the whole world.

WEEKLY RESUME.

On Tuesday, a return was issued to the House of Lords of correspondence respecting passports, including letters to and from English consuls at certain French ports and the Earl of Clarendon, those which have passed between Earl Cowley and Count Walewski, and Earl Cowley and the Foreign-office. The state of the question may be gathered from the following extract of a letter from Lord Cowley to the Earl of Malmesbury, dated March 29: "I have Count Walewski's assurance that if it were practicable for the French authorities at the ports or on the frontier to distinguish Her Majesty's subjects from Foreign refugees, and if it were possible to establish an exemption in their favour, Her Majesty's subjects might come and go from France without passports or questions of any kind. The return to a stricter system of passports (for there is nothing

new in the present regulations) has been rendered necessary in consequence of the facilities which a too great laxity had given to evil-disposed persons to penetrate into France; but the Imperial government know well that they have nothing to apprehend from the British people, who, however freely they may express their opinions in their own country, are not in the habit of exciting or participating in troubles abroad."

The acquittal of Dr. Bernard has roused the indignation of a portion of the French people. Assuming the guilt of the accused, and not understanding the latitude allowed to counsel in this country, some of the papers in France contain articles condemnatory of the Judges for not stopping Mr. James when he proceeded to attack the rule and character of the French Emperor. The *Univers* concludes a most violent article as follows: "Let us be sincere, and add that, in the present state of things, the infamous huzzas raised by the people in the London court of law are preferable to the starched compliments with which the municipality of Dover overwhelmed, on the previous day, the frank nature of the Duke of Malakoff. These compliments were doubtless in appearance a demonstration of English good feeling, but the huzzas shouted around Simon Bernard betrayed the deep-seated feelings of England." It is much to be regretted that exasperating and menacing language should be bandied between the two nations. The *Constitutionnel* is more temperate in its tone, and there is doubtless much truth in its remarks: "To those of our neighbours who desire the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, we say that if the speech of Mr. Edwin James, filled with gall and calumnies, and teeming with insults against the Emperor, the people, the army, and our institutions, should unfortunately be circulated in the cities, country towns, and barracks of France, it would be difficult for the Government, with the best intentions, to stay the effects of public indignation."

Application has been made to the Court of Queen's Bench, during the present week, for a new trial in the case of the directors of the Royal British Bank. After hearing the arguments of counsel, the judges intimated that they would take time to consider before giving their decision.

The Bombay Mail, which arrived on Monday, brings intelligence down to March 24. It consists principally of details of the capture of Lucknow. On the 19th, the last post held by the rebels was captured, and the retreating multitudes were pursued and cut up by the cavalry. It was ascertained that 117 guns had been captured, and that 2,000 of the enemy had fallen during the siege. The two ladies who had been so long prisoners, Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, were released. They had been latterly in charge of Meer Wajee Ali Darogah, and kindly and respectfully treated by him. The citizens of Lucknow became alarmed when they found the entire city in our hands, and endeavoured to escape in all directions, expecting to be given up to indiscriminate slaughter; but being met by the artisans, labourers, and cultivators of those villages taken in charge by General Outram, who loudly praised him for his kindness and forbearance, they returned, and are now resuming their usual occupations.—The trial of the King of Delhi (which had reached its twenty-first day) was resumed on the 9th, and was occupied with the defence—a very lame one—and Major Harriott's reply. The Court had not returned their verdict when the mail left.—Upwards of 300 rebels lately brought from Kurrachee, have been transported to the Andaman Islands, and turned adrift among the savages. The Government of Bengal, it is said, have ordered two years' provisions to be stored up for these convicts on the island, and the steamer *Semiramis* is to be stationed there to prevent any vessels taking them away.

A deputation, consisting of members of Parliament and others interested in the welfare of the Established Church, on Monday waited on Lord Derby, for the purpose of protesting against the bill of Sir J. Trelawney, for the abolition of Church-rates. The Duke of Marlborough and other gentlemen addressed the noble Premier in opposition to the principle of abolition advocated in the bill. Lord Derby replied that he saw no reason why the rate should not be continued, as he considered it necessary for the maintenance of the Established Church. He intended to pursue his usual course with regard to Church-rates, unless he saw a solution which would not sacrifice the main principle, but put a final end to the struggle. The House of Commons went into committee, on Wednesday, on Sir J. Trelawney's bill, when several amendments were proposed and withdrawn, but at the rising of the House the first clause of the bill had not been agreed to.



The Wilful Wife.

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

CHAPTER II.

MAUDE SINGLETON was sitting wrapped in her dressing-gown in an easy chair. Her pretty boudoir had the blinds drawn down. Her attitude was one of suffering delicacy. The rattling of the jasmine sprays against her window harassed her nerves. She could not bear the noise of the children. Even the jingle of the teacup on the saucer gave her pain.

Maude Singleton had been in this anxious state above a week. We mean that her dressing-gown had been her only costume for that time. She was still young enough and handsome enough to know that she might neglect her toilette with impunity, if not with advantage. Her glossy hair hung in richer and more artistic masses when left to the wild sport of chance and nature than when operated on by art, and her dressing-gown fell in more graceful folds over the well-moulded limbs, than did her ample skirts over her voluminous crinoline. Time and care had not yet come to carve their crooked lines and wrinkles on the soft rounded forms of nature's perfect statuary. So far on in life it was quite safe for Maude Singleton to fall into a negligence which of course was not neglect. She moved delicately, looked delicately; spoke delicately; but it was all extremely becoming. There were none of those hand-writings of pain on the face, which are as cross lines over beauty. Any lady can look ill in this sense at a moment's notice. She has simply to suppose that she is sinking into the earth, in a figurative sense, and the thing is done.

What was the matter with Mrs. Charles Singleton? She was suffering from the bitter mortification of not having been able to carry her own point with her own husband. She had hinted her wishes and he had not understood. She had expressed them and met with a refusal. Thereupon Maude had determined that Charles should return to a sense of his duty, and that before she condescended to accept he should not only consent, but entreat.

Charles Singleton walked backwards and forwards across that pretty little boudoir, looking

more anxious and haggard than anybody who cared for him would have liked to see. He had been a fortunate man, if fortunate is the right word. His father had been a fortunate man before him, that is to say, he had laboured assiduously at his profession, and as industry is usually the appointed way to opulence, he had contrived to leave his son a good name and a good provision for entering on life with far better prospects than his own had been, and what to the heart of the son was infinitely dearer, he had thus been enabled to marry the woman of his choice, and to begin with a happiness which others only hope to attain after years of labour.

And very happy Charles Singleton had been. The sparkling draught, of which, when the effervescence had died away, nothing but a dull beverage, with perhaps a few bitter sediments, remained, had not proved his portion. There are many beautiful women as insipid as plaster casts. Happy is it for them if their husband's love has settled into a habit before they find that out. Want of character, by which we mean common-place surface-smoothness, with nothing underneath, no mines of thought and feeling worth the working, makes dull homes and existence little better than vegetation.

Not such, however, was Maude Singleton. There was in her an energy, a variety, a will, perhaps we ought to say a wilfulness, that threw life into every thing she touched. Without beauty, she would still have been a creature to make life very like a holiday. With beauty, she had too much power, unless, indeed, she had known how to use it better. Thus far in their married life Charles Singleton had found it impossible to refuse her any request. He had tried sometimes, but always had to lay down his arms worsted at her feet. Of late, these contests had become more frequent. The patient husband had struggled for independence with more earnestness of purpose. At the very moment when our chapter opens he was striving, with might and main, to refuse a pending request. For a whole week he had resisted his wife's will. How would the matter end?

"I hoped to find you better, Maude."

"It was not a reasonable hope."

"Are you never going to recover?"

"Never here. How can it be expected so long as the cause remains."

"You have been in rosy health for five dear happy years, Maude. You know we came here before our honeymoon was well ended. For my own part, I love the place, which has been our home ever since you gave it that charmed name, dear Maude. I shall never forget what I felt when the people came and called you Mrs. Singleton. No, I could never like any other place so well."

"There comes one of our differences of feeling," said Maude. "It is not where you have been, but where you are, that to my heart is the best place. The ground where your shadow falls as you pass is still only common earth to me. Give me the sun, and let others have the shadow."

"Do not associations endear us to home? I don't think four brick walls realise the charmed idea."

"Is the box which holds the jewels anything when the jewels are gone?" asked Maude.

"Why should the jewels be taken out of the box?" he asked gently.

"Yes, it is a box," said Maude, looking round, "a box in which one feels that one must be suffocated. Still if you like it ——" and Maude put on the expression of the victim.

"Oh! Maude."

"Can I do more than submit? Am I not willing to do so whatever it may cost me. Is it possible you can be so unreasonable as to desire more than that. However, I suppose all men are exacting, and expect that there should be no limits to a wife's submission."

"Think how you are wounding me."

"Am I? Well, then, I will be silent. Perhaps that, too, is a part of the duty of the home-slave. Well, it will suit me, for I am not in a condition to talk. I have no strength for contention. I shall improve by degrees. I shall get to be a very accommodating, uncomplaining, milk-and-water wife. I shall get into the routine by-and-bye. I see that other wives always turn either into scolds or mutes. Little did I once think that such an alternative would ever be mine."

"And little did I think that I should live to hear you say such things. Maude, did I ever before refuse you a single desire?"

"Ah," she said, "you make me trace the usual gradations of the complaisance of married life. At first, you anticipated my wishes; then you granted them; then you would not understand a hint; then you forced on me the trouble of asking. Now, you put me to the shame of a refusal."

"My dear Maude, be reasonable," he spoke with emotion. "We have been so happy in this house; it has been large enough to hold a great deal of happiness."

"Yes, while we were alone in it. Now we have a family, we have neither a proper nursery nor even a bed-room for the children, and I have some consideration for them. Men know nothing of the inconveniences which the mistress of a house feels in such cases. You go to your office, make that your head quarters, and only come to your cottage as a visitor. Of course you have the cream of everything. It makes a pleasant change, while I — but no matter."

"Maude, will you let me mention a disagreeable subject — money?"

"I am tired of it, you speak of it so often."

"But I must say —"

"I will not give you the trouble. I will make it quite unnecessary. Say nothing to me about money. I hate the word! It always makes me think of meannesses and misers, and horrors of that kind. Just hear me! I am never going to say another word about removing to a better house. This is quite good enough for me and my children if you think so. You see I give it up. Could the tamest wife do more? I wish you to be satisfied with me. I did think that the air of the place did not agree with me, but I dare say it was fancy. Don't speak if you please. I feel faint with so much talking. Will you do me the favour to ring the bell?"

Maude leant her head back in her chair and looked so pale, languid and worn out, that further discussion seemed impossible. Charles Singleton rang the bell and left the room.

Was this a trial of strength between the husband and wife? Trial of strength did we say, when Maude was every day getting weaker and weaker, taking little food, sitting everlastingly and

provokingly in that easy chair, manifesting no interest, no pleasure in anything, not even in her children. Ah, Maude well knew that her strength was in her weakness, and Charles Singleton knew that too.

Fourteen days had now elapsed, the discomfort of that house constantly increasing. Undoubtedly it was a contest, but it was a silent one. There was no railing; but how different was the feeling and the atmosphere of that pretty cottage. No beautiful face was now watching for its master at the window, no light figure came tripping across the little grass-plot to meet him, impeded only by toddling, rosy, curly-headed children, screaming with delight that papa had come home again. The joy, the peace, the life, the light of the house were all gone. Those fourteen days of domestic misery seemed like fourteen years, and Charles Singleton felt as if he were just so many years the older.

On the last of these fourteen weary, dreary, comfortless, heart-sickening days, after Charles, Singleton had gone to his office in the city, the little girl, who always seemed to look at Maude with her father's eyes, came in with a folded paper, looking very much like some law concern, and Maude, on opening it, found that it was the agreement for the lease of the new house, all properly signed, sealed, and delivered.

Then, though the flush of triumph came into her face, Maude's heart smote her, and catching up the little messenger, she kissed her fondly for her father's sake.

When Charles Singleton returned home to dinner he found Maude watching for him at the window, as she had been used to do in the times that now were old. She had made what the French would have called a bewitching toilette, not for the world, but for him alone. Going up to him, she said in the tones that always made so deep an impression on him, from there being something touching in their tenderness, "Thank you, dear Charles, your kindness has made me feel better already." If Charles Singleton had an angry feeling underneath, he could not maintain it when he saw her so pale and thin, and when she once more took the head of his table, and strove to conciliate him by the exercise of a thousand little sweet, conciliating, caressing ways, what could he do but accept the happiness which was so dear to him, and for which his poor heart was athirst, and so, yielding to that influence, they were once more reconciled.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday the first exhibition of fruit and flowers for the season was opened in St. James's Hall, under the auspices of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who has succeeded the late Duke of Devonshire as president of the society. Some time before twelve o'clock Her Majesty and the Prince Consort arrived at St. James's Hall, and were conducted through the exhibition by Dr. Lindley and Mr. Dilke, the public being excluded till Her Majesty had terminated her inspection. Her Majesty expressed her satisfaction at the general aspect of the exhibition, and bestowed particular notice on some of the rarer specimens on view. Of these the most remarkable is the *Clianthus Dampieri*, an Austrian plant, for the first time exhibited here. The singularity of this plant consists in the presence of large dark prominent eyes in the middle of the flowers, which impart to them a very striking appearance. Her Majesty noticed also with much curiosity the collection of calladiums, with their flower-like leaves; and the *Forugium grande* and rose-flowered peach-tree plants, introduced from the north of China by Mr. Fortune. After Her Majesty retired the holders of tickets were admitted, and the usual meeting of the society was held in the orchestral portion of the hall; Prince Albert in the chair. The minutes of proceedings having been read by Dr. Lindley, the secretary, and confirmed, several gentlemen were balloted for and elected members of the society. Dr. Lindley then directed the attention of his audience to the principal objects in the exhibition. It was the result of exertions which had been commenced so far back as 1818, and continued without intermission to the present time. The Bishop of Winchester afterwards moved a vote of thanks to his Royal Highness for presiding over their meeting. The Prince then retired, and the horticultural connoisseurs commenced a keen inspection of the floral products of the spring.

In an elaborate judgment, delivered by Vice-Chancellor Stuart, on Saturday, in the case of "Brook v. Brook," it was decided that a marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister, both being British subjects, performed in a foreign country, the laws of which recognise such marriages, is null and invalid according to the law of England. An important decision now given for the second time by an English judge.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of violet corded silk. The skirt with side trimmings formed of black velvet and Chantilly lace. There are twelve rows of black velvet, and between each a row of black lace set on in easy fulness. The corsage is pointed in front, and has a fichu or pelerine of black velvet edged with a fall of black lace. The sleeves are formed of one large puff, having a small revers or turn up at the ends, edged with black velvet and lace. Under sleeves of white muslin, confined at the wrists by coral bracelets. Bonnet of Isly green velvet, trimmed with black lace. Under trimming, a ruche of blonde and bouquets of Bengal roses.

Fig. 2. (Boy's Dress).—Par-dessus of dark blue cashmere, trimmed with ornaments of passementerie and fancy silk buttons. Under sleeves of fine lawn; round the throat, a stand up lawn collar in vandykes. White batiste trousers edged with needle-work. Cap of black velvet, with band of dark blue ribbon fastened on one side in a bow, with long ends edged with fringe.

Fig. 3.—Dress of light-green silk. The skirt has two broad flounces, edged with trimming of black guipure. The jacket corsage and the sleeves, which are formed of two frills, are trimmed with guipure. Under-sleeves of worked muslin. Bonnet of rice-straw, trimmed with white ribbon, black guipure, and bouquets of flowers.

Fig. 4.—Skirt of black watered-silk. Jacket of mauve-colour cashmere, trimmed with braid of the same hue. Collar and under-sleeves of plain cambric.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Several of the new Parisian bonnets are trimmed with a fanchon or half-handkerchief of black lace. The two lower ends of the fanchon are rather elongated, and are tied under the chin, above narrow strings of ribbon. On bonnets of crape or silk this ornament is extremely pretty. It is also employed as a trimming for bonnets of French chip. Occasionally, when the bonnet is not covered by a fanchon of lace, two sets of strings are adopted; one set consisting of narrow ribbon, and the other of barbes of black lace. At the Chapel of the Tuileries, the Empress Eugénie wore, a few days ago, a pink bonnet, over which was a fanchon of white blonde.

It is now certain that basques will be adopted this spring by many of the leaders of fashion. Several dresses in the *corbeille*, prepared for the young Queen of Portugal, have been made with a basque. Among them is a dress of violet moire antique. The skirt is trimmed with two deep flounces, each edged with a bouillon of violet-colour crape, within which is passed a white satin ribbon. The corsage is high, and the basque is rather long.

Dresses of various styles have been prepared within the last few days by our west-end *couturières*. One is a dress of grey figured silk, trimmed with three flounces, finished at the edge simply with a hem. The corsage is high, and has a basque trimmed with a pinked ruche. The sleeves are of the pagoda form, and the under-sleeves, composed of puffs of white muslin, are trimmed with Mechlin lace. A collar of Mechlin lace or worked muslin would be that most suitably worn with the dress just mentioned. A dress composed of green and pink chiné silk, intended for dinner-costume, has been made with two skirts. The under-skirt is open, and the two sides are re-united by bows of ribbon without ends. With the exception of these bows of ribbon,

there is no trimming of any kind on either of the skirts.

At a recent fashionable wedding, the bride wore a dress of white satin, with three flounces of satin covered by flounces of magnificent lace. The bridal veil consisted of white tulle. We must not omit to mention an elegant and much admired costume worn on the occasion here alluded to, by a lady who formed one of the wedding party. The dress was composed of lilac colour velvet, and was made with two skirts and a basque. There was no trimming on the dress. The bonnet was of white crape, trimmed with lilac and white feathers. Quillings of blonde and a velvet plait formed the under trimming, and the strings were composed of two rows of very wide blonde. A mantelet of Alençon lace was thrown lightly over the shoulders.

On Monday night an association was formed on the Surrey side of the Thames, under the title of the "South London Auxiliary to the Political Reform League."

disposed to avail themselves of the opportunity, and there is invariably a vigorous competition for the privilege. Rigid punctuality is enforced by the leader, and, the allotted five minutes once expired, the most fervid supplication, or most moving recital of 'experience,' is sternly interrupted by a stentorian call of 'Time!' from the pulpit. Some curious cases of conversion have occurred. One member of a common council which governed the city three years ago, and was so corrupt as to earn the appellation of 'the forty thieves,' has publicly declared his sincere repentance and detestation of his former courses. A noted pugilist, rejoicing in the *soubriquet* of 'Awful Gardner,' is also amongst the most enthusiastic of the converts, to the great edification of the faithful, and the great confusion of the scorers. Those who know the intense devotion of the New York commercial world to the business of money-making—of New York sinners in general to their sins—certainly cannot help regarding crowded prayer meetings a few yards from Wall-street, at the very busiest of business hours, as amongst the most curious phenomena of the day. In the more

in the same strain. The movement unquestionably, however sincere and praiseworthy in its origin, has reached either the border of extravagance or of decline, and, as regards good or lasting results, it matters little in which of the two it ends. To enable it to leave behind it any traces that will distinguish it from the ordinary ephemeral 'rages' will require more discretion and good sense than all the leaders seem to possess."

COMING TO CONSCIENCE.

A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now I shall be asked, whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of this debt; what answer am I to give? Brother So-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, till the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need of their pastor's wearing out his soul in coming to London on any such unpleasant excursion.

JOY OVER ONE REPENTING.

It was probably a hard saying to the Pharisees, that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." And certain ingenious philosophers of our own day must surely take offence at a joy so entirely out of correspondence with arithmetical proportion. But a heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has "learned pity through suffering"—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the "balance of happiness," "doctrine of compensations," and other short and easy methods of obtaining thorough complacency in the presence of pain; and for such a heart that saying will not be altogether dark. The emotions, I have observed, are but slightly influenced by arithmetical considerations: the mother, when her sweet lisping little ones have all been taken from her one after another, and she is hanging over her last dead babe, finds small consolation in the fact that the tiny dimpled corpse is but one of a necessary average, and that a thousand other babes brought into the world at the same time are doing well, and are likely to live; and if you stood beside that mother—if you knew her pang and shared it—it is probable you would be equally unable to see a ground of complacency in statistics. Doubtless a complacency resting on that basis is highly rational; but emotion, I fear, is obstinately irrational: it insists on caring for individuals; it absolutely refuses to adopt the quantitative

view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set-off against twelve miserable lives, which leaves a clear balance on the side of satisfaction. This is the inherent imbecility of feeling, and one must be a great philosopher to have got quite clear of all that, and to have emerged into the serene air of pure intellect, in which it is evident that individuals really exist for no other purpose than that abstractions may be drawn from them—abstractions that may rise from heaps of ruined lives like the sweet savour of a sacrifice in the nostrils of philosophers, and of a philosophic Deity. And so it comes to pass that for the man who knows sympathy because he has known sorrow, that old, old saying about the joy of angels over the repentant sinner outweighing their joy over the ninety-nine just, has a meaning which does not jar with the language of his own heart. It only tells him that for angels too there is a transcendent value in human pain, which refuses to be settled by equations; that the eyes of angels too are turned away from the serene happiness of the righteous to bend with yearning pity on the poor erring soul wandering in the desert where no water is: that for angels too the misery of one casts so tremendous a shadow as to eclipse the bliss of ninety-nine.—*Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life.*

THE AMERICAN REVIVAL.

The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* thus gives his impressions on this remarkable movement:—

"The 'revival,' or, as it is more generally called, 'the great awakening,' has now for two months divided the public attention with the Leecompton constitution. The former is certainly one of the most remarkable movements of modern times, and, as regards the earnestness which characterises it, and the wideness of the area over which it has been diffused, has certainly had no parallel since that initiated in the last century by Jonathan Edwards. It nowhere wears so extraordinary an aspect as in New York, though none of the great cities have been exempt from its influence; but here nothing is ever done by halves. All public excitements, no matter in what they originate, are fast opinions. Almost in every church in the business part of the city there are 'business men's prayer meetings' in the middle of the day, which are crowded by merchants, clerks, brokers, porters, *et hoc genus omne*. Five minutes are allowed for prayer or exhortation to those who feel

fashionable quarter, as might be expected, the movement wears a soberer character, but is not less general. A few of the Episcopalian clergy have denounced it as indicative of spiritual decline, and as 'lowering the dignity of the priesthood;' those of all other denominations have gone into it heart and hand. One meeting is being held daily in the forenoon in one of the leading theatres—Burton's—and Mr. Burton himself, the manager, was on one occasion held up to the assemblage as an excellent subject for their prayers. This was followed by an announcement, on the following day, of his conversion, a statement which he indignantly denied at the evening theatrical performance, in the same place. The contagion, as I have already said, has spread far and wide. Every little New England town has now its three prayer meetings a-day, and its weekly list of 'hopeful conversions.' New York prayer meetings telegraph 'grace, mercy, and peace,' followed by a string of scriptural phrases, and a verse or two of a hymn, to prayer meetings in Philadelphia, and are answered, by the same means,



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

POETRY.

LOVED ONCE.

BY MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

I clasped, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The full of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournerful—
But all did leave the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"
Not angels—whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
Love, through eternity,
And by to love do apprehend to be
Not God, called Love, His noble crown-name, casting,
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

Oh, never is "Loved once!"
Thy word, thou Victim—Christ, misprized friend!
Thy cross and curse may send,
But having loved thou lovest to the end.
This is man's saying—man's, too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
By his no more, and once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shown,
So long—"We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once,"
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of bitter night
Stand in between me and your happy light?
Or when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me decayed—
Such words—"We loved me once!"

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Say cold of me when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay—
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?
Not so! not then—least then. When life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given—
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once.
God is too near above, the grave, beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Afflictions light of range.
Then comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved once.

And yet that same word once
Is humanly acceptive. Kings have said,
Shaking a disrowned head,
"We ruled once"—dotards, "We once taught and led."
Cripples once danced! the vines—and bands approved,
Were once by scorings moved:
But love strikes one hour—Love! those never loved,
Who dream that they loved once.

LITERATURE.

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

A Confirmation Gift. Proffered to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and to the Protestant Youth of Britain. London: Ward and Co.

We are bold to say that within the whole compass of the English language there is nothing to be compared with this little Tractate on Confirmation—nothing so clear, so Scriptural, so catholic, so practical. The fact of the heir apparent to the throne being confirmed according to the usages of our national Church, supplied our author with a fitting occasion to give to the world this enlightened and admirable compendium, in which there is more true thought and evangelical statement than in nineteenth of the theological works which issue from our modern press. Having defined religion as essentially internal, and whose empire is the soul, our author looks upon all external rites as only the vehicle or expression of what is spiritual. With him, Confirmation is an act, in which "the young person there confirms and ratifies, in his own person, the vows which have been made for him in baptism;"—as "nothing more and nothing less than a solemn declaration and a public confession of personal responsibility to God;" and having very clearly defined the chief elements involved in the idea of personal accountability, he proceeds to show the perfect harmony which there is between moral agency and Divine operation. From this he naturally passes on to the importance of possessing and cultivating personal religion, in which he forcibly yet tenderly insists on the inward principle—the power and life within, and of which the outward character is but the index and the expression. Then follow some stirring appeals to the conscience and the heart, in which our author dwells on the reasonableness of religion; on the altered relations in which the confirmed are supposed to stand to God; on the provision which God has made for human happiness; and on that inward satisfying sense which every renewed soul has of Divine friendship and favour. All this is beautifully conceived and put, and irresistibly takes hold of the reader as he proceeds. The clergy would do well to put this manual into the hand of every candidate for confirmation, and certainly it will not be the fault of our author if henceforth our sons and daughters ever proceed to that rite either unenlightened or uninformed. The little work is laid at the feet of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and through him is proffered to the Protestant youth of Britain; nor can we think of anything on

the subject better fitted for either the palace of the prince or the cottage of the peasant.

Sunbeams for all Seasons. London: Houlston and Wright.

UNDER this title we are presented with a selection of counsels, cautions, and precepts, relating to the "hopes, pleasures, and sorrows of life." The intention of the author may be described in his own words: "What can you do with a few spare minutes, while waiting for this man's convenience, or that man's delay? How are such waifs of time to be turned to any profitable account? The answer is presented in the pages of this little work, which a man may carry in his pocket, and dip into at any moment anywhere, secure of finding some gem of poesy or wholesome philosophy with charm sufficient to light up the waste moments with a sunbeam, and to transform the very sources of irritation into a means of profit." The subjects are arranged alphabetically, and in the main are well selected. If the compiler is one of the "lords of the creation," we should imagine he does not belong to the class described in the extract appended under the head "Bachelor."

A bachelor is a bass (base) solo—an unfinished piece of creation—the first volume of an interesting work—a watch without a regulator—a voluntary martyr, refusing heaven's best gift—a fruitless blossom on the tree of life—a ship without a rudder, dashed by the waves of despair on the rocks of desolation—sometimes a gilded peg for aspiring relatives to hang their hopes on.

A perturbed spirit which marriage alone can exorcise. A man of many sorrows, who rises in the morning only to go to bed again at night.

An oak free from ivy; a mule, who shirks his regular load; a wild goose in the air, much abused by tame geese in the farm-yard.

A useless appendage of society; a poltroon, afraid to marry lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

Common Objects of the Country. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. London: Routledge and Co.

A most interesting little book, containing descriptions of some of the numerous objects that are to be found in our fields, woods, and waters. The information is conveyed in the plainest language, and every object described by the pen is illustrated by the pencil.

Poems. By J. D. Kingston: Philpott.

This is a small, unpretending collection of poems, from the pen of an anonymous authoress, which has reached its third edition. They are all of a deeply religious character, and commend themselves by their easy style, and often highly poetic feeling, notwithstanding the writer, in her preface, says that she has not had a liberal education. Her writings display a truly inborn poetic genius.

COMIC EXTRACTS.

[From PUNCH.]

DIVORCE.—Cutting for fresh partners.
WHAT WE GO IN FOR.—France goes in for l'Égalité—England for Legality.

EARLY RISING.—I hold that it is not natural. With men, as with peas, early rising is all a matter of forcing. —*Pelham Le Second.*

THE TEST OF VULGARITY.—The man who would encore a song is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup. —*Jeames.*

HOW SOCIETY IS REPORTED.—When a reputation is wrong in the drawing-room, the report of it soon makes itself heard in the kitchen. —*The House I live in.*

BRANDY IN A BAD WAY.—Commercial intelligence from Paris states that "Brandies give no sign of life." If that is the case, brandy appears to be in danger of losing the title of *Eau de Vie*.

A STOUT BRITISH SAILOR.—Sir Charles Napier stated in the House a few nights ago, that "the other day he was made a full admiral." We are glad to hear it. May his shadow never be less.

BITTER IRONY FOR THE SHIPPING INTEREST.—According to the statement of Lord Clarence Paget in his speech on the subject of lighthouses, the light dues of the United Kingdom are a vast deal too heavy.

STOPPED AND STAYED.—If Mr. Ricardo's account of the State duties is borne out by the inquiries of the Select Committee on the subject, the sooner these duties become stopped, as well as State, the better for British merchants, and British taxpayers.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday night Mademoiselle Piccolomini appeared for the first time this season in the lively opera of *Don Pasquale*. Norina was one of the parts played by Mademoiselle Piccolomini during the first season of her engagement, and it is somewhat surprising that she has not acted it more frequently, for the real archness and vivacity of the young widow (who, by the way, must have been very young indeed) suit her to a nicety, and she is also well at home in the storm of temper that she raises in order to cure the enamoured old gallant of his matrimonial notions. She sings and acts as if the whole affair was a pleasant game of play, and finds ready sympathisers in the audience. Morally and physically, Don Pasquale himself has been a loser through the decease of the late Signor Lablache, but Signor Rossi is a good singer, and well versed in the regular "buffo" business of the part. Ernest was exceedingly well played by Signor Belart, whose "Come à gentil," sung with good taste and expression, was, as usual, the favourite piece of the opera. This and the quartett towards the end of the second act were both

honoured with an *encore*, and at the end Mademoiselle Piccolomini and Rossi, Belart and Belletti, who is the steadiest of doctors as Malatesta, were summoned before the curtain amid general applause, a distinctive donation of bouquets being awarded to the lady.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Saturday night this house was filled with an expectant audience. Mr. Charles Kean's performance of King Lear for the first time in London had been announced for some weeks, and the general belief prevailed that, although the tragedy would be put on the stage in the best taste, the manager intended to rely more upon his delineation of the principal part, and less on the effect of accessories, than in any of the famous "revivals" by which his theatre has been distinguished. His Lear, it was thought, would be exposed to the same test as his Louis XI, while demanding a much larger expenditure of energy and thought. Those who imagined that the revival of *King Lear* would not be marked by any appeal to the archaeological sense are proved to have been in the wrong. Through a want of information as to the costume of the ancient Britons who flourished ages before the invasion of Julius Caesar, and, perhaps, in consequence of a suspicion that this early people dealt more extensively with the wood-merchant than with the tailor, the time of action, as far as scenery and dresses are concerned, is transferred to the Anglo-Saxon period, which is beautifully illustrated by many a striking picture. Nevertheless, the decorations, however tasteful, accurate, and appropriate, are decidedly subordinate to the principal figure, and on Saturday Mr. Charles Kean plainly challenged his audience to try him by his histrionic merits alone. The critics are unanimous in declaring his impersonation a great success. "With such perfect, nay, with such unequivocal success," says the *Times* critic, "has he passed through one of the most formidable ordeals that can be offered to a tragedian, that at the conclusion of the play the talking critics of the audience generally expressed the conviction that Lear was the finest character Mr. Charles Kean had yet played. During the excitement of the moment the last success, with the bloom fresh upon it, will often be regarded as the best, without due title to that honour. Nevertheless, in the case of Lear, there are circumstances really conducive to the belief that it will remain perhaps the most celebrated part in Mr. C. Kean's repertory. We may say that the peculiar talent of elaborate delineation displayed by Mr. C. Kean in his Louis XI. is exhibited with still greater refinement in Lear, while employed for heart-stirring effects wholly unattainable in the French play. Lear never becomes, even for a moment, one of those indefinite declamatory personages so common in tragedy, but his individual qualities, mental and physical, adhere to him to the last, and, consequently, the actor who represents him is not entitled to a single moment of repose. Mr. Charles Kean undertakes the character with a full sense of his responsibility. Not a moment's rest does he allow himself, but throughout the piece he is constantly presenting some new trait that will give additional reality to the part. Evidently considering that Lear's nature is summed up in his confession that he is a 'foolish, fond old man,' he works out all these adjectives in their fullest significance. All the details of folly, of fondness, of old age, he produces with the most searching minuteness, adding to them all the wild details of madness. Few actors would venture on the almost comical appearance of silliness with which he listens to the bluff professions of the disguised Kent, waits in childish expectancy for the jests of the Fool, or becomes puzzled when the ingratitude of Goneril first dawns upon his mind. Nothing could be more powerful or more intense than the curse at the end of the first act, which turned the whole audience into a crowd of enthusiasts, but its force would not be half so palpable were it not for the calm by which it is preceded. The base ingratitude of his child is something so far beyond the ordinary conceptions of the kindly but irascible old man that the most manifest facts tardily convince him, and what with the hints of the Fool and his own suspicions, he scarcely knows which way to turn. But when once the truth is fully revealed to his slow understanding he becomes, for the moment, a very incarnation of wrath, and his curse electrifies the house. Still, the bitterness of this curse is represented by Mr. C. Kean as alien to the nature of Lear. In the next act he would rather seek consolation in the hoped-for kindness of Regan than indulge in vindictive thoughts against Goneril. He is still the 'foolish, fond old man,' who strives to believe as long as possible that his children are grateful, and who, even when he knows the worst, would rather weep than imprecate. The struggle between a vague impulse of rage and a more defined propensity to tears is finely represented in the speech at the close of the second act, when the baseness of both his daughters is clearly demonstrated. From the exquisite sensibility of Lear's temperament, as exhibited in the first two acts, arises a wonderful contrast when the sufferings of the old King find a hideous repose in madness. The blank that came over his face while conversing with the supposed 'Mad Tom,' the childish eagerness with which he plucked the straws from the maniac's dress, and the listless interest with which he surveyed them, marked with terrible truth the approach of the mental malady. As for the madness itself and the manifold expressions of dignity, of grief, of sarcasm, of wild humour, to which it gives rise, any attempt to describe such a web of eccentricities, especially after witnessing the performance but once, would be vain in the extreme. It is a psychological picture in which not a touch is without significance. But we would not pass over the burst of fondness that arises when Lear has sufficiently recovered his senses to recognise Cordelia. The notion of clinging to the only loving and beloved creature in

the whole earth is carried to the utmost by the employment of all the details of doating affection. He cannot bear to loosen his hold of Cordelia,—they leave the stage locked in each other's arms. To this scene the crushing grief at the death of Cordelia is the sad supplement. As for the acclamations of the audience at the end of the more striking acts, and at the conclusion of the entire play, they denoted the most boundless enthusiasm."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. John Oxenford's comedi-
dietta, *A Doubtful Victory*, was produced here successfully on Monday night. The story is simple enough. Colonel Clive (Mr. G. Vining), a militaire of full middle age, is staying in the house of Mrs. Flowerdale (Mrs. Stirling), widow of his old friend, and is deeply in love with her. The visits of a young man, Alfred Cleveland (Mr. W. Gordon), in whom he suspects a rival, cause him much annoyance, and he lets fall constant detracting allusions to modern youth in general, and Cleveland in particular. He learns at last from Mrs. Flowerdale that Cleveland is in love with her niece, Violet (Miss Hughes), and then he is equally strong in the young man's praises, and in the desire to see him united to the object of his affections. The suspicions of Mrs. Flowerdale have, however, been aroused, and being of a high-spirited nature and fond of a joke, she determines to try Cleveland's constancy, and accordingly proposes to Violet to enter the field as her rival, and to endeavour to win from her lover a declaration of his affection. Violet, somewhat doubtingly, agrees—the signal of success to be the sound of a bell, to be touched when Cleveland is on his knees before Mrs. Flowerdale. Colonel Clive is admitted into the plot, and becomes a most unwilling conspirator, taking down however the heads of what he has to do in his note-book, and agreeing to abide by his instructions. The conspiracy commences—Mr. Cleveland calls, and is received by the Colonel, who, radiant with pretended joy, announces his approaching wedding with Violet. Cleveland is agast, and seeks an interview with Mrs. Flowerdale; the wily widow receives him, affirms the truth of the Colonel's statement, congratulates Cleveland on the escape he has had, laughs at the follies of early marriages, coquettes most deliciously with, and finally makes a great impression on the bewildered young man. This interview has been witnessed through the window by the Colonel, who, when they go out to walk in the garden, enters, and encounters poor tearful Violet, fearing that her lover is really lost to her. Her grief touches the heart of the good-natured Colonel, and he repents him of his part in the plot. A way of escape lies open to him. He has promised not to speak to Cleveland, but by showing him the note-book he can put him *au courant* with the real state of the case. He does so. Cleveland's eyes are opened, and when, after a further interview with the widow, he sinks upon his knees before her, she no sooner touches the signal bell than he rises, and in the presence of his Violet declares his knowledge of the conspiracy, and the fact that he has been acting a feigned part. The lovers are made happy, and the Colonel and Mrs. Flowerdale made up the matrimonial quartett.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Dr. Wylde commenced his seventh annual series of subscription concerts on Monday night with a citation from Quintillian ("Musiciam natura ipsa videtur nobis dedisse," &c.), an address to the public, declaring that henceforth the performances would be carried on exclusively under his own management, and a capital programme, the first part selected from the works of Beethoven. Like the spare old man in *Peter Schlemihl*, Dr. Wylde has at length rolled up the shadow of the New Philharmonic Society, and put it in his pocket. He now avowedly represents the institution in *propria persona*, and to judge from the brilliant audience assembled in St. James's-hall, the concerts are likely to lose nothing by his frank confession of responsibility. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, including the overtures *Der Freischütz* and *Masaniello*, and some French and Italian songs. Dr. Wylde was warmly welcomed on making his appearance in the orchestra.

MR. HULLAH'S ORATORIOS.—*Samson* was performed at St. Martin's Hall on Wednesday evening. This oratorio, written immediately after *The Messiah*, when Handel was at the height of his powers and of his fame, contains many pieces, both choruses and airs, as sublime and pathetic as anything in *The Messiah* itself; but the greatest beauties are so mixed up with trivial commonplaces—things written without inspiration—that it may be said to contain the best and the worst music that Handel ever wrote. The cause of this strange inequality is well known—it lay in the poem, in which the grandest passages of the *Samson Agonistes* are mingled with fustian and doggerel that would disgrace a denizen of Grub-street, while Milton's drama is so mangled as to be unintelligible. The work, moreover, is so inordinately long as to wear out the most exemplary patience. Hence, according to modern practice, it is greatly abridged in performance, and Mr. Hullah on Wednesday night carried the process of curtailment so far as, by dint of the omission of whole pieces, and the cutting down of the recitative dialogue into a mere fragment, to leave out, we should think, nearly one half of the entire work. He retained, however, the noblest and most beautiful features of the music, and the performance, which after all exceeded the ordinary length, was highly meritorious. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thomas.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The first of the annual displays of water-colour art for the present season opened in Pall-mall to the public on Monday. The exhibition is said to be of rather less than ordinary interest. Several of the members contribute nothing of importance.

THE CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

The special correspondent of the *Times* sends home a graphic account of the siege of Lucknow. He dates from "Head Quarters, Camp, Bibiapor, before Lucknow, March 9," and as he writes, he describes his tent to be "flapping to and fro at the vibration of the bombardment" of the city. Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore on the 28th of February, and in one day rode to Bunturah, and thence on to the Alumbagh, whence he returned the same evening to his quarters, having ridden upwards of fifty miles in the day. On the 2nd of March he started at dawn with a large force, which he directed from the camp upon the Dilkosha. We extract the most interesting portions of Mr. Russell's narrative:—

BRIDGING THE GOOMTEE.

MARCH 5.—Late last night I went down to see the commencement of the process of bridging the Goomtee. It was bright moonlight, and the whole of the enemy's side of the river was plainly visible, our figures being cast into shade, so that any one at the opposite side could see us readily, but not a man fired a shot, not a wandering Sowar came down to find what was the cause of all the noise inevitable in such operations. There was the creaking of hackeries laden with the casks and planks necessary for the construction of the bridges, and the tumult of men and the rumble of artillery which came down to cover the working party in case of opposition. The river is about forty yards broad, and flows with a gentle placid current between hard sandy shelving banks of seven or eight feet in height, so that it is favourable for the work. Major Hassard, R.E., and a party of Sappers and Miners, were engaged all through the night, and when morning dawned I found one bridge nearly completed and the other advanced half-way. Some unexpected delays had occurred in making the landing places, but the first bridge was pronounced to be extremely firm, although it consisted of nothing more solid than porter casks lashed to crosspieces of wood with ropes, and floated off section after section till in a fit state to have the planking connected. The enemy now for the first time seemed to be aware of our tactics. We had already a picket of the 38th Regiment at the other side of the river, who lined the banks near the bridge, and occupied a small knoll on the left of it. In front of us was a wide plain, covered with corn-fields, and patches of dall and grain, and high grass, fringed by groves and clumps of trees. Through this plain the enemy's cavalry were riding in small groups, watching our proceedings in evident consternation. Their infantry came hurrying out of the city from the north side, and presently three guns were tugged out from the Fyzabad-road, and were placed under clumps of trees so as to bear on the bridge. Had they attacked us with resolution at that moment they might have prevented the completion of the bridge for the time, and retarded the operation of turning their flank, and taking their whole line on their left in reverse, but the Sepoys seem to have no notion that such a movement exists, notwithstanding all the lessons they have received in this campaign. They construct batteries and trenches without any flanking fire, as if for the sole purpose of having them turned. As we were watching their movements a very gay cavalier rode out from under a mango tree, as if to inspect. He came down boldly, managing a handsome horse with ease and grace. After him came an escort of sixteen regular Lancers—troopers of our only Lancer regiment. They came on till they were within 700 or 800 yards. Our soldiers who were lining the bank near me, unable to restrain themselves any longer, blazed away, and off went the Minié balls, picking up little tufts of dust as they bounded on the plain. You should have seen the change in our cavalier and his following. His head dropped at once to his horse's neck, down went his hands, and in went his heels sharp to the horse's flanks, and off, riding for life, he went, helter-skelter, through corn, and over meadow, and across fence, as if he had the eyes of all Melton on him. His Lancers were no less expeditious in their retrograde movement. Not a man drew bridle till he had placed a good mile between himself and those wasplike missiles which had so disturbed their composure. Their guns now opened on the head of the bridge and the round shot flew over the heads of our men, and some crashed into our camp behind the bridge. At the same time the obstinate little gun which had been so long (two days or more) bothering us from the angle of the Martinière opened and tried to touch the bridge with a cross fire. Our artillery replied to the guns in the open, and the moment we got the range and burst a shell and sent one round shot near each they limbered up and retired out of sight. The Martinière gun still kept up its fire, and two of Peel's heavy guns were brought up to the bank to reply to it; but the range was too great for them, although not for the Sepoys, who fired at a reckless elevation, so that their shot fell dead and did not ricochet. The guns and howitzers in the battery on the right front of the Dilkosha, near the river, gave five or six shots for every one fired by the Sepoys from the Martinière, but somehow or other they could not silence their gun or bring down the angle wall on the top of it. Some of our shell practice was not good, and more than once the shell burst on leaving the gun, to the great discomposure of our soldiers in front of the battery. I had almost forgotten to note Sir William Peel's coolness in bringing up his guns across the open to the Dilkosha to open on the Martinière. The enemy laid their guns well from the canal wall, and the shot tore up the ground again and again just at the rear of the guns, but the enemy was always too late, and shot behind his bird. Sir William, however, verges a little on rashness, and he seems to believe what he said to me when talking on the top of the Dilkosha about the enemy's fire, "Oh, the fellows can't touch one at any distance: the very extreme range of a matchlock is 400 yards, and at that they can do no harm." Nevertheless, this day

they flattened their bullets against the wall above our heads at 700 and 800 yards.

ENCIRLING THE CITY.

MARCH 6.—We have made another move on the board, and we have closed up one great outlet from Lucknow, and have dried up one large source of supply to the garrison and inhabitants. This morning early the force detached for the purpose, consisting of a full division of infantry, fourteen squadrons of cavalry, and thirty guns, field battery and horse artillery, crossed the bridges which we constructed across the Goomtee, and, followed by an enormous number of baggage and ammunition animals, proceeded by a flank march to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the north-east of Lucknow, and to place themselves on our right flank across the Fyzabad road. I proceeded to view the operation from the top of the Dilkosha, which commands a very extensive prospect over the wide plains of waving corn, now fast losing their early honours under the restless treachery of war. The day was tolerably clear, and as soon as the enemy perceived that our force was crossing, they were thrown into a state of great excitement. Their guns from the Martinière strove in vain to reach the bridges with certainty, and threw their shot over or short of the masses of men and animals which covered the ground for many thousand yards at each side of the stream. Meantime our glittering cavalry, the Bays, conspicuous in their white-covered helmets and scarlet, the 7th Hussars, in their blue and yellow, and the 9th Lancers, with flagless lances glancing in the sun, the grand array of artillery, the swift squadrons of the Irregular Horse, and the sombre, solid, block-like battalions of our infantry, followed by camels, elephants, and an army of camp attendants, spread across the plain, and stretch in receding lines through an atmosphere of dust till they reach a road bordered with trees, and fall in upon it in order of march. The country is well wooded, and in consequence our troops were speedily lost to view, and all we could see was the dust which rose above the tops marking the line of their progress. But the enemy were plainly visible. They could be seen coming out in irregular groups all over the corn-fields, mostly in white, with cross-belts, but some in their old red Sepoy jackets. Their cavalry in more regular order, Lancers and Light Horse, poured along the road towards Fyzabad as if to fight for the right of way; troopers and brightly-clad cavaliers dashed through the long grass and corn, pointing with lance and scimitar towards our advancing troops. Some great people, on elephants were also in sight, proceeding in much state to witness the discomfiture of the Infidel, and we could see also several bullock-guns taking up positions under shady groups of trees, so as to rake our columns. The Martinière was crowded with people as anxious but not as confident as ourselves. The line of the canal works, the Yellow House, and the Race-stand were filled with matchlockmen, and a strong body of horse and foot was stationed near the long bridge which by eleven arches crosses a nullah on the Fyzabad road, near the city, which the rains fill with a foaming torrent. This road appears like a ridge through the fields, open here and there through the trees, but for the most part shut from view by thick mangoes. Whilst we were waiting, the enemy, determined to annoy us, never ceased throwing cannon shot at the Dilkosha, which flew over it, and dashed into the plain beyond, but, as they did not ricochet, owing to the distance, they hurt no one amid the crowd of soldiers below us. Sir Colin Campbell and General Mansfield came up to the Dilkosha later in the day, and reconnoitred the enemy. It seemed evident, from the interest with which they regarded the works, that the Sepoys have got better defences than they expected to find when they sat down before the place, and that some modification in the plan of attack is in contemplation. . . . But look! See, on the line of road there suddenly rushes from behind the trees a confused crowd of horse and foot in headlong flight. They are clad in white, and through the dust we see they are the enemy. As the infantry run they turn and fire back, and break across the rough and broken ground which lies between the river and the road; their horsemen still press on across the bridge over the nullah straight to the city. And now with sabres flashing in the sun, and arms raised high, the Bays, drawing their first blood, come sweeping after the crowd through which riderless horses are rushing wild with fright. But the enemy's foot are already safe in the ravines, and are running like monkeys across the nullah; and, as our horse dash on after the enemy's horse, spirt after spirt of white smoke dots the green groves, and the enemy open their heavy guns on our scattered horse. The pursuit is over—our men gather up and form into troops, and the horse artillery, rattling along after them, and unlimbering, quickly open with grape and canister on the Sepoys and matchlock-men in the ravines, and clear the woods with their fire. As the heavy guns on the works still throw up their round shot, and as General Outram thinks he has reached the furthest point he ought with prudence to attain, he halts his men, throws out pickets of rifles and cavalry, and selects ground for his camp. The enemy stream on all sides towards the city, and the bridge across the nullah is covered with their men, but it is known soon afterwards that our troops did not see the greater body of the fugitives. Some twenty or thirty only were cut down, and a few killed and wounded by grape. On our side we have to mourn the loss of Major Percy Smith, of the Bays, uncle and namesake of the young officer who was killed in the action at the fort a few days ago. He was shot dead by a matchlock ball, as he was among the first in pursuit. For a short time one of our troopers bore his body, but he was compelled at length to abandon it. Three or four of his

regiment were killed, and some nine or ten wounded, but our casualties are altogether under twenty. The enemy withdrew their bullock-guns with precipitation, and abandoned the posts they occupied between the road and the left bank of the river, driving in their cattle and deserting the mud batteries, or rather embrasured parapets, which they had prepared for us, in the expectation that we should march straight upon them instead of turning their flank. As soon as they ascertained our position they began to creep up towards the bridge once more, and fearing, possibly, that our riflemen might avail themselves of the cover afforded by patches of long grass close to it, and by a village near the road, they set fire to the jungle. The flames, carried along by the wind, burned their way from end to end in a very short time, covering the country with a stream of black smoke through which shot the fiery tongues of the destroying fire. Then the village, which was to leeward, caught, and there was a fierce conflagration till evening. One could see the villagers, who had remained till the last, now lying with their bedsteads on their heads, and small bundles on their arms, and driving a few oxen and sheep before them. The usual interchange of shots between the Martinière and the Dilkosha batteries recommenced, and just as we were descending at sunset the Sepoys threw what an enthusiast in such matters would call "a lovely shell," which burst right overhead, and sent the splinters flying from the cupola above us.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Never since its discovery has the electric telegraph played so important and daring a rôle as it now does in India. Without it the Commander-in-Chief would lose the effect of half his force. In this war, for the first time, a telegraphic wire has been carried along under fire and through the midst of a hostile country. *Pari passu*, from post to post it has moved on with our artillery, and scarcely has the Commander-in-Chief established his head quarters at any spot where he intended to stay for a few days when the post and the wire were established also. The telegraph was brought into communication with the Governor-General at Allahabad, with Outram at the Alumbagh, with Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and the most remote districts over which the system is distributed. It is mainly to the zeal, energy, and ability of a young officer of the Bengal Engineers, Lieutenant Patrick Stewart, that these advantages are due. He is assisted, it is true, by a few men, but he it is who devises and superintends the execution and the extension of the line from place to place. At one time his men are chased for miles by the enemy's cavalry—at another time they are attacked by the Sowars, and they and the wires are cut into pieces—again, their electric batteries are smashed by the fire of a gun, or their cart knocked to pieces by a round shot, but still they work on—creep over arid plains, across watercourses, span rivers and piece jungles, till one after another the rude poles raise aloft their slender burden, and the quick needle vibrates with its silent tongue amid the thunder of the artillery. While Sir Colin Campbell was at Cawnpore he could learn from Sir James Outram the results of an attack before the enemy had disappeared from the field. As he advanced towards Lucknow the line was carried with or soon after him; a tent was pitched near his, a hole was dug in the ground and filled with water, and down dropped the wire from the pole stuck up in haste, dived into the water other-like, the simple magnet was arranged, the battery set in play, and at once the steel moved responsive to every touch. Owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere and the power of the sun—which at this season bakes the earth like a brick—the insulation of the current is nearly complete. The wire is thick, and is not protected by non-conducting coatings of any kind; it is twisted round the top of a rude pole, fifteen or sixteen feet high, and, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, it is found to answer perfectly. We had not been very long in the Dilkosha ere we saw, in dim perspective, the line of posts advancing towards us, and soon the wire was slipped into one of the drawing-room windows, and now it is at full work, surrounded by all the shattered splendour of the palace, inquiring after the Ghoorkas, asking for more of something or other, exchanging ideas between Sir Colin and Lord Canning, or flurrying along a newspaper message to yourself, amid the whistle of the bullet; the roar of the round shot, and all the feverish scenes of war.

PULWAN SINGH AND SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Whilst we were watching and waiting to get a glimpse of Outram, whose guns, mingled with incessant musketry, had kept up their thunder since day-break, a diversion was effected on the roof of the Dilkosha in the advent of Pulwan Singh, Brigadier of the Ghoorkas of Franks's division—a very gallant gentleman indeed. In white kid gloves, a bright olive tunic trimmed with gold lace and fastened across the breast with a clasp of diamonds; tight olive pantaloons, with gold stripe; a gay little olive skull-cap, with a gold lace rim, in front of which—mines of Golconda!—there glittered, broad and large as one's hand, an aigrette of great diamonds, into which was fixed jantily a light graceful plume of bird of paradise feathers, the ends of which were curved in a gentle waving bend by the weight of pearls and emeralds attached to them—a scimitar with jewelled hilt and sheath, and jewelled pistols by his side—what a contrast did our friend present to plain Sir Colin in his pith helmet, a plain blue frock-coat with buttons, and corduroy trousers, whose only mark of command was his air and his trusty old sabre under his arm! Pulwan Singh, however, soon retired, and, after a time, when we had watched shot and rocket for some time, not without some admiration for the Sepoys, who kept steadily inside their works in spite of our shells and the balls, which covered them with pillars of dust, most of us followed his example.

The Bombay correspondent of the *Times* briefly

supplements, by the aid of the telegraph, this narrative of the advance. He says:—

"Our news by telegraph from the Commander-in-Chief's camp comes down only to the 19th—five days ago—when the last position of the enemy in or around Lucknow was captured, and the rebel city was entirely in our possession, after a struggle, counting from Sir Colin's march from the Alumbagh, of sixteen days. At the Begum's palace the defences were found, after the capture of the place, so much stronger than could be observed or had been believed, that the General in command writes that had he known what lay before the assaulting column he should have hesitated to give the order for the advance. They went at it with a rush, however,—the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles, old comrades at the Secunderbagh,—and carried it with slight loss, two officers of the 93rd falling, Macdonald and Sergison, whose name in the early telegrams was corrupted into Sergeant-Major Hodson; or rather, perhaps, the mistake arose from confounding his name with that of Hodson, for at this point fell mortally wounded Hodson of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, Hodson the captor of the King of Delhi and the princes of his house. Few of the many losses that have occurred during the operations consequent upon the mutinies have caused such universal regret throughout India as the death of this excellent officer, and among those in England who have read of and admired his exploits, not only his comrades of the Sikh battle-fields, but many an old friend at Rugby or at Trinity will mourn that his career has been thus early closed. The corps that he raised, and which bears his name, was miles away from the front on the Cawnpore road, but Hodson could not resist coming up to see the battle, and there at last the mutineer's bullet found him.

"It was on the 13th, apparently, that the Imam-barah and Kaiser-bagh were taken by Brigadier Franks, and on the 15th that the two bodies of cavalry were sent out to the north-west after the numerous fugitives. Of the success of the pursuers we have heard little or nothing at present. On the 16th, General Outram occupied the stone bridge over the river from the north side to intercept flight in that direction, but not till many of the enemy had effected their escape. On his side of the river he had met with smart resistance, and in the last operation had lost about 100 in killed and wounded—among the former, Captain Moorsom, of the staff; Captain Thynne, of the Rifles; and Lieutenant Sandford, of the 3rd Cavalry. On the 17th, Jung Bahadur, with his Ghoorkas, carried the enemy's works, which menaced the Alumbagh, taking seven guns; and on the 19th the last stronghold of the rebels, the fortified position of Moosa-bagh, to the north-west of the city, was taken and all opposition was at an end. 117 guns were collected. Scarcely was this consummation attained, when a triumph of a different character was achieved. Two English ladies, Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, regarding whose fate the gravest apprehensions had been naturally felt, were brought safely into Jung Bahadur's camp by two officers from the house of one Meer Wajid Ali, by whom they had been protected and well treated. The Commander-in-Chief remains near the captured city, engaged in the selection of a proper military position, and in arrangements for the future garrison. The non-combatant portion of the fugitive inhabitants will be reassured and invited to return to their dwellings, the combatants must be followed up as speedily as possible. Of the loss which the enemy has sustained we have as yet received no estimate, but at each of the principal positions taken we hear of 300, 400, 500 falling; bodies to the amount, I am told, of more than the last-named number were counted at the Begum's palace, almost all Sepoys, men of the late 22nd Regiment and another regiment. Moreover, Maun Singh and many other great landholders have come into this camp and surrendered. But beyond a doubt many thousands of the rebels are still at large, having escaped out of the city on both sides of the Goomtee, probably towards the north-west.

PRINTERS PENSION SOCIETY.—We understand that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside at the Annual Dinner of this institution, which is appointed to take place at the London Tavern, on Friday, May 28.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Huguenots*, with Madlle. Titiens as the heroine and Giuglini as Raoul, continues to run its successful course, and is again announced for Tuesday and Thursday next. The popular *Trovatore*, the next Opera in which the great talent of Madlle. Titiens will be displayed, is fixed for Tuesday, May 4th, with the additional attraction of Madlle. Alboni and the *Trovatore* of Signor Giuglini. Verdi's Opera of *Louisa Miller*, with Madlle. Piccolomini, is also in rehearsal; and Saturday next will witness the production of a new Ballet, entitled *Les Fleurs des Champs*, for the display of the talent of Madlle. Pocchini and Madlle. Orsini.

Lord Dunfermline (Speaker Abercromby) died at his seat, Colinton-house, near Edinburgh, on Saturday morning, aged eighty-two.—Lord Handyside, one of the judges of the Court of Session, died on Sunday morning at his brother-in-law's seat, Kennet-house, Clackmannanshire; his death creates a vacancy on the Scottish bench.

A return to the House of Commons, issued on Tuesday, informs us that the number of proprietors of East India Stock entitled to vote at the election of directors in April, 1858, is 1,577; the number of proprietors now, or formerly, in the service of the Indian Government, is 228. There are 249 proprietors with two votes, 56 having three votes, and 36 having four votes. The total number of votes of proprietors is 2,046. During the five years, 1852-56 inclusive, the number of writships given by the Court of Directors to the sons of civil officers was 63; and to the sons of military officers, 27.



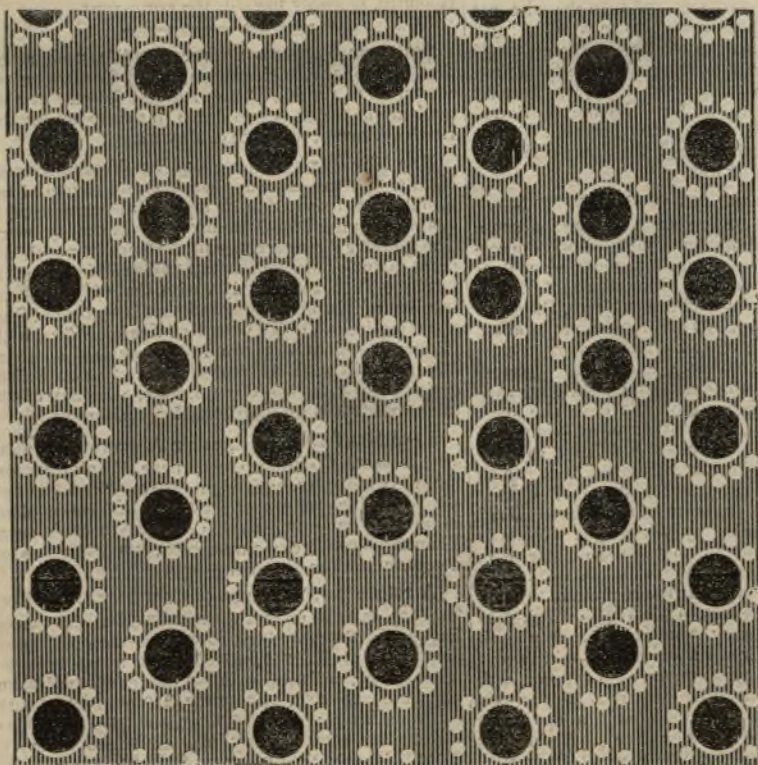
THE WORK-TABLE.

CONDUCTED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

MUCH has lately been said and written on the occupations of women. The subject is closely connected with the fashions of the day, with the love of show in dress, and all its various ramifications of adornment. We have no wish to advocate undue extravagance or lavish expenditure, but for those who are strict to condemn what is unnecessary as though it were at the same time criminal, we venture to put in a little extenuating plea. If needless to the wearer, surely luxuries of this nature are needful to the worker. Supposing that all those ornamental parts of a lady's dress were abolished that could not put in a defence of usefulness, how many unhappy women would be starving who now eat the bread of labour—labour ill-requited, but still warding off the worst extremities of destitution. Taking only one instance among the many, the fashion of wearing various kinds of trimmings glittering with beads has given employment to many a poverty-stricken woman. We have just been struck with an advertisement issued by a large City house, requiring the immediate and additional services of a hundred lace bead-workers. We sincerely hope that in this one requisition a hundred women may, for a time at least, find the means of providing for themselves the bare necessities of life. The worst feature of the case consists in the fact that the changes of fashion force the poor women thus employed in new fields of labour. Surely these considerations are sufficient to disarm the censure of the most severe moralist, when, in walking through the streets, his eye catches the glittering adornments of a bonnet, a collar, a mantle, or whatever else the article may be. Even if the fashion displease him, let him say to himself: "No matter: stringing those beads has given bread for the day to some poor helpless woman."

BABY'S BASSINET COVER, IN PERSIAN CROCHET.

There are few occupations connected with the Work-Table which afford so much pleasure as those which are undertaken for new claimants of affection, who are as yet incapable of reciprocating the love which their very presence is sufficient to inspire. The young mother, the young aunt, the young cousin, all taking an interest in elegant feminine occupation, feel that a new zest is added to their tasteful industry when its produce is devoted to the use of some little being who comes to unite the links of their family relationship still closer together. In addition to this interest the article we are now giving has some recommendations of its own. It is arranged for execution in a new stitch, partaking half of the nature of crochet and half of a sort of knitting. It is on this account that it is known by two names, being by some called Persian Crochet, by others Tricot. It requires a needle made for the purpose, which consists of one of the long knitting pins having the exact resemblance of the usual crochet needle at its end. This allows a great number of loops to be on the needle, and consequently articles of very large size to be produced. To commence the Baby's Bassinet Cover, a simple chain is worked in the usual crochet stitch the length required. We do not call this a row, but simply the foundation for the first row of the Persian Crochet, which is done as follows: Work one chain into each stitch, retaining each stitch upon the needle, so that at the end of the row all the loops are on the needle in the same way as in knitting. This forms the first row. The second is done as follows: Make one, put your needle under the wool, and draw it through two loops, dropping them off the needle. Repeat the last stitch to the end of the row, when but one stitch will be left on the needle. This row gives the work the appearance of having loops on its surface.



BISHOP SLEEVE.

The third row:—Miss the outside stitch, and put the needle into the first loop, drawing the wool through, and each successive loop the same, retaining them all on the needle as in the first row. It must be remembered, that the first row is used only in commencing, it being the second and the third which in reality form the pattern. This work is also done backwards and forwards without turning the work or breaking off the wool. The Baby's Bassinet Cover is extremely pretty worked in stripes, five stripes of white Berlin wool, and five of a soft pink or pretty blue, either of which are extremely suitable. It must be remembered, that the coloured wool must always be joined on at the right hand, in commencing the coloured stripe. A narrow border must be added. The one we have given is composed of three rows of the two colours, say white, blue and white of five chain looped in, on the last row eight stitches of single crochet are worked into every loop with the blue wool, giving it the appearance of a button-hole edge.

FLORAL WATCH-STAND.

The class of articles to which our Floral Watch-stand belongs is quite one of the fanciful ideas of the French, carried out into a great variety of curious designs. The one which we have given represents a flower, in



FRENCH FLORAL WATCH-STAND.

which the centre is occupied by the watch, leaving its face uncovered. A leaf is represented on each side of the stem; while those below are shown as expanded into a shape which allows of its taking a tolerably firm stand wherever it may be placed. The frame work of the Floral Watch-stand is of wire, and must be purchased. To commence the work this wire shape must be wound round and round with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 6 Knitting Cotton. Care must be taken to do this with regularity, so that the wire shall not be thicker in one part than in another. After this, the whole must be covered with strings of crystal seed beads, carried round and round exactly in the same way. Then the interior vacancies are to be crossed with the smallest size of the seed bead; the leaves in an emerald green; the flower with chalk-white. Where the beads cross each other, the centre beads, which are of course on the first strings, are to be taken up so as to form a diamond.

We have so far been speaking of the framework, which is apparent to the eye in our engraving; but there is, behind the flower, an under circle of wire intended for the watch to rest upon. This, in the first instance, must be wound round with a narrow ribbon, instead of the cotton and the beads; two little rounds of the same size



are to be cut in silk, which being quilled with a little wadding between, must be bound with narrow ribbon, and fastened on to the inner wire. This makes a soft and secure resting-place for the watch.

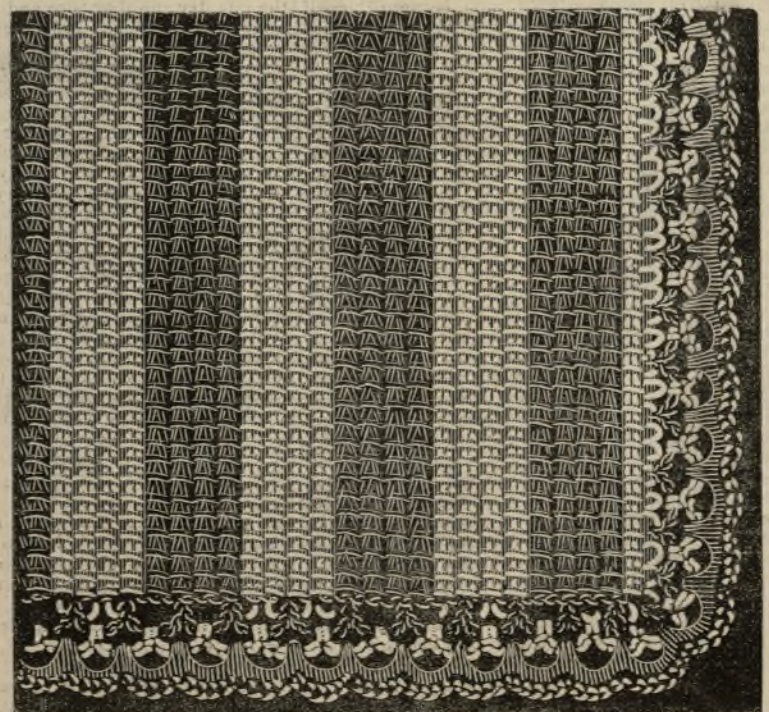
Another variety of working the leaves is preferred by some ladies. This is, to carry a string of the beads down the centre of each leaf, and then carry from it slanting threads of beads to each side in the way of veins. Either way is eligible, and is quite a matter of choice.

GENTLEMAN'S TOILET-TIDY.

We know that if gentlemen are enemies to anti-macassars they are friends to neatness and order; and, therefore, at the request of one of our lady subscribers, we venture to give a little article for their especial use. These toilet-tidys are made in various ways, frequently they are in piqué, and braided with a small ornamental white braid, sometimes in cloth with coloured braid, or ornamented with chain-stitch in coloured silk. The design we have given is intended for braiding, and looks extremely pretty in either way. A rich blue cloth, with gold-coloured braid, has a good effect. Colour and material being so much a matter of taste, we only suggest what is generally admired. After the ornamental part is completed they are frequently sent to those whose business it is to make up fancy articles; but if any lady should prefer to finish it herself there is no difficulty in so doing. It may be bound at the edge with a very narrow binding after the lining is neatly arranged. Then, a few thicknesses of either wash-leather, or fine flannel, are laid in the inside, very similar to a blotting-book, and fastened through in the same manner, with a ribbon carried out at the back, with bow and ends.

ESCALLOP SHELL FRINGE, IN CROCHET.

There are so many purposes for which a pretty fringe is applicable, that we think it is one of the most useful ornamental articles we can give. In toilet-covers, antimacassars, window-curtains, bed-furniture, and all the different parts of drapery, very much of their beauty depends upon the finishing border. For the edge of a roller-blind this fringe is very suitable, and is a great improvement to a window. It must be worked with a reference to the purpose for which it is intended, in either coarse or fine cotton. Another row added to it, and worked in coarse cotton, makes a very handsome finish to a light summer counterpane, and, with the toilet-covers to match, the set has an extremely pretty effect. In working it for any purpose to go round a cover, it can always be joined at the corners without showing the slightest blemish, and this prevents so long a portion being worked in one piece. Make a chain, on which work one long, one chain, in every alternate loop. 3rd row: Twenty-two chain, loop in single, six chain, nine single, six chain, loop in, continue twenty-two chain, &c. 4th row: Work one long, three chain, into every alternate loop of the last twenty-two chain, six chain, seven single, six chain, repeat. 5th row: One long, three chain over the last, making the bars always come over each other, continue all round the scallop, six chain, five single, six chain, repeat. 6th row: One long, four chain, continue round the scallop, six chain, three single, six chain, repeat. 7th row: One long, five chain, repeat all round, six chain, one single, six chain, repeat. 8th row: Chain seven, loop in short, continue all round. This row is the one on which the fringe is tied in. The top is finished by seven chain loop in. The last row work eight single on each loop. This forms a sort of button-hole scallop. The fringe is tied into each loop according to the length and thickness required, but about three inches long and fourteen threads in thickness makes a very pretty size—that is, when cut



BASSINET COVER IN PERSIAN CROCHET.

before being inserted, seven threads, six inches long, for each knot. Nos. 4, 6, and 8, of Messrs. Valters Evans and Co.'s Six-cord Crochet Cotton will make a rich handsome-looking fringe for the above-mentioned purposes, and Nos. 10 or 12, when a finer fringe is required.

BISHOP'S SLEEVE.

For morning dress the full Bishop sleeve is now much worn, embroidered in some appropriate pattern, small, but not too elaborate. We have given a portion in our illustrations for this purpose, which has a peculiarly good effect, and which can be very quickly executed. It possesses the recommendations of being very effective and very uncommon, but still simple, and can be continued to any depth up the sleeve which may be required. The holes are cut out and sewn round, and the spots encircling the holes are solid. Thin muslin shows this pattern to the best advantage. One row of the holes forms the band into which the sleeve is gathered. The best cotton for embroidery is Messrs. Valters Evans and Co.'s *Perfectionné*, No. 20 for the holes, and No. 8 for the spots.

KNITTED CORAL.

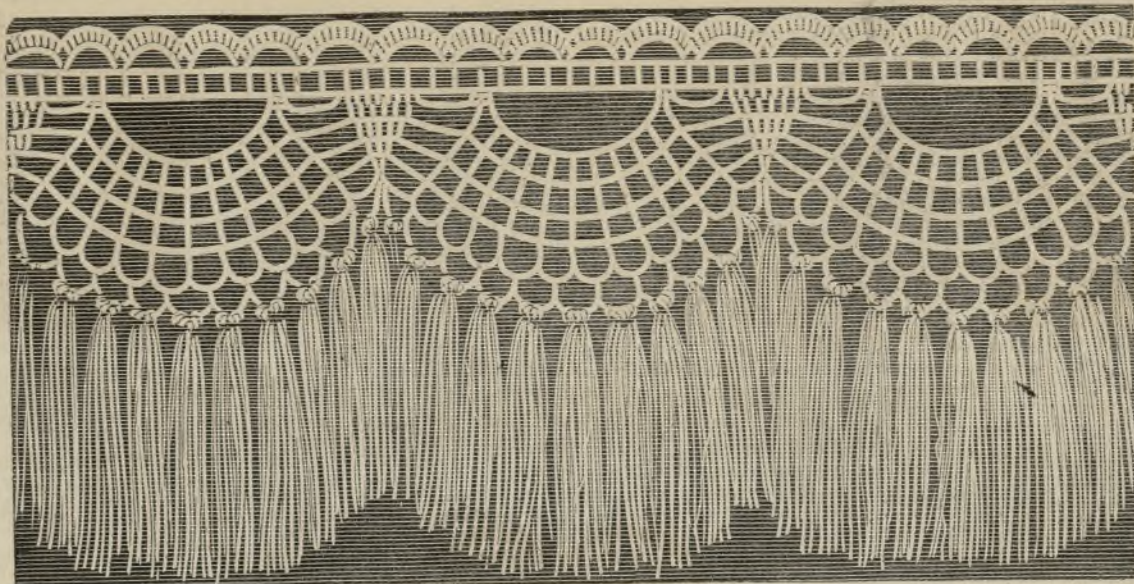
We are lappy to insert the required information respecting the knitted imitation coral, which is extremely simple. Cast on three stitches, take off the first, and knit the other two in each row. Every row is the same. It is always worked in coral-coloured braid with rather large steel needles.

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.

The following curious circumstance was stated to me on good authority: When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left for the night on a table in the bedroom of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of a taper looked eagerly round the apartment before he should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Bonaparte going into a hole in the wall; and jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.—*"The Old Bachelor,"* by Thomas Aird.

THE KALMUCKS AND THEIR COOKERY.

Some of the men are fine fellows and perfect Nimrods—they live by the chase, spending months in the mountains quite alone. I have slept at their balagan, and partaken of their venison. A city alderman would be horrified to see the haunch of a fine buck cut into small pieces, through twenty of which a sharp-pointed stick is run, and the thick end stuck into the ground—in a leaning position near the fire. Every man here is his own cook, and attends to the roast. The upper piece is first done, when it is slipped off, dipped in salt, and eaten quite hot.—*Atkinson's Siberia.*



ESCALLOPED SHELL FRINGE IN CROCHET.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

A Paris correspondent of the *Emancipation* of Brussels relates the following:—An interesting incident occurred lately at Marseilles during the visit of Marshal de Castellane to that city. While the troops were being reviewed, a sergeant, with three stripes on his arm, and with moustachios white with age, stepped out of the ranks, and presented arms to the Marshal, thus indicating that he wished to speak to him. The Marshal stopped, and, in a rather sharp voice, asked what he wanted. The soldier replied that his object was to pay a debt of gratitude of long standing, as, while he was a garrison comrade of the Marshal, who was then a private in the 6th Dragoons, the latter had saved his life, when on the point of perishing when bathing in the Loire. As he had never since that time seen his old colleague, he took the present

opportunity of telling him that the service which he had rendered him was not forgotten. The Marshal shook the veteran warmly by the hand, asked whether he could do anything for him. "Ma foi, no, marshal," said the sergeant; "I have the cross, I am in good health; the nephew of the Petit Corporal is at the Tuileries; and that is all I have ever prayed for."

The Hon. Lady Inglis has had the honour of personally relating to her Majesty the details of the siege of Lucknow. Her ladyship attended by command at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen listened with the most intense interest to the story of the sufferings and heroism of that gallant band who so nobly sustained their country's honour and renown during a period of almost unexampled danger and distress.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

There are some birds who can still further increase the comparative bulk of their body by driving air into a series of cellular spaces between the skin and the muscles. Of this structure the common gannet, or Solan goose, is a familiar example, and by their power it attains that complete buoyancy which enables it to ride fearlessly and unharmed on the rough waves of a troubled sea. The enclosed air also benefits the bird in another way. When the gannet sees from its lofty height its finny prey, it proportions the rate of its descent to the size of the fish and its depth in the water. If the fish is small and near the surface, the bird sweeps over the waves and snaps it up just as a swallow snaps up a fly. But if it is of a tolerable size, and rather deep in the water, then the gannet hurls itself headlong upon it, plunges into the water, driving up the spray like a cloud, and then emerges from the surface bearing the prey in its beak. Now every one knows that if the hand is struck upon the water, the sensation is nearly as painful as if a board were struck; and those who are accustomed to dive from heights always take care to keep the body straight, and to join the hands over the head, so as to plough their way through the water, which otherwise would strike against the head with unpleasant violence. What, then, must be the force of the water against

a body falling from the enormous height from which the gannet plunges, especially when an initial velocity is imparted to it beside that which results from the force of gravitation. Here the enclosed air comes into operation, and by acting as a spring, guards the body of the bird from the direct shock that might otherwise be felt; it also prevents the birds from sinking too deeply into the sea, and assists it in regaining the surface. The extraordinary amount of air which pervades the body of a bird explains the curious fact that a singing bird should be able to pour out such volumes of sound from so small a body, and without apparent fatigue. A man would be soon fatigued if he were provided with a whistle and set to oppose a canary or a nightingale, although the comparative size of the lungs of the bird and the man is so infinitely in favour of the latter.—*Rev. J. A. Wood.*

MINUTE PHILOSOPHERS.—It has not added to my personal comfort to know to a decimal fraction what

proportion of red earth I may expect to find in my cocoa every morning; to have become knowingly conscious that my coffee is mixed with ground liver and litmus, instead of honest chicory; and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of my cayenne. It was once my fate to have a friend staying in my house who was one of these minute philosophers. He used to amuse himself after breakfast by a careful analysis and diagnosis of the contents of the tea-pot, laid out as a kind of *hortus siccus* on his plate. "This leaf, now," he would say, "is fuschia; observe the serrated edges; that's no tea-leaf—positively poisonous. This, now, again, is blackthorn, or privet—yes, privet; you may know it by the divisions in the panicles; that's no tea-leaf." A most uncomfortable guest he was; and though not a bad companion in many respects, I felt my appetite improved the first time I sat down to dinner without him.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOME one anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for benefit tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R., who heard the story. "Into an insult," was the reply.



GENTLEMAN'S TOILET-TIDY.

THE TRIAL OF M. BERNARD.

The trial of Simon Bernard, at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of murder, occupied the whole of last week. On Friday morning, Mr. James proceeded, in the presence of a crowded court, to address the jury for the defence. He said it had been the boast of England hitherto that it was her privilege to defend the weak against the strong. This case had been fairly introduced to them, but at the same time he had a right to protest against the extraordinary manner in which the indictment was framed. The real purposes of the prosecution had been disguised from the very opening—it was not instituted to satisfy some complaint of Englishmen, but to gratify the thirst for vengeance of a foreign potentate. Alluding to the Emperor Napoleon, he denounced in strong terms his betrayal of the Republic. As President he had the leading men of the nation arrested, the people bayoneted and shot down by thousands, and eventually he waded through blood to the second empire. And this was the man who appealed to an English jury to have his vengeance gratified against a refugee of whom it could only be said that he had taken part in an attempted regeneration of Italy! He did not deny that the prisoner had assisted Orsini in obtaining grenades, but that act was not inconsistent with the idea that he was taking part in the preliminaries for a general rising in Italy. But, as regarded the vindication of the law, he believed this trial was a mockery and a sham. The great object of the prosecution was to induce an English jury to do what Parliament had refused—to establish the principle that an exile was not protected in this country. It had been the proud boast of England, as it was of ancient Rome, that the purity and freedom of her institutions enabled her to afford a shelter to the exiles of all nations. We had had kings here; we had had an exiled priesthood here; we had had exiled nobility here; and the monarch of to-day in France had obtained refuge here while in exile. Would an English jury, then, bow to the insolent demands of a foreign potentate, and sacrifice that great and noble principle? The weak states of Sardinia and Switzerland he had compelled to succumb to him, and they had altered the law to satisfy his demands; but the British nation, speaking through its representatives in Parliament, had indignantly rejected his proposals. It had hurled them back at him, and he was satisfied the jury would follow the example. He might threaten invasion; he might increase his fleets to intimidate us; but he conjured the jury to tell him, that were his 600,000 bayonets glistening on our shores, and his artillery thundering at our doors, yet should the decisions of a British jury be still founded upon immutable justice, and that no threats could extort from them a decision at variance with the truth. Time out of mind, British jurists in that very court had vindicated the sacred cause of justice when corruption of both the Crown and the Bench had vainly attempted to coerce them. Recalling the memory of those upright and steady jurists, he now implored the jury to consider well before they consigned to the scaffold the gentleman at the bar—for he was a gentleman both by birth and education—simply because it would gratify a despot who had erected a throne upon the ruined liberties of a great people.

The closing remarks of the learned counsel were received with applause. The prisoner throughout listened with the most strained attention, and when the learned gentleman spoke of the crushed liberties of France, and introduced allusions to the patriotism of the refugees, Dr. Bernard drew himself up to his full height, his eyes sparkled with animation, and his whole appearance betokened the strongest excitement. On the other hand, when Mr. James repudiated the idea that his client would have hired an assassin in a country where he had taken refuge after being driven from his native land, the prisoner bowed his assent to the jury in a calm and dignified manner, and without anything resembling theatrical display.

After a brief adjournment of the Court, the Attorney-General proceeded to reply on the whole case. He reviewed, in succession, the arguments advanced for the defence, and urged that there was not a scintilla of evidence to show that any rising in Italy was in contemplation. In conclusion, he said the arms were made here, the scheme of assassination was planned here, and the jury, he felt sure, would not hesitate in bringing to condign punishment the man who had rendered the assistance in this country necessary to the execution of the murder. If, after a deliberate and mature consideration, there was the slightest doubt in their minds, they would then return a verdict of Not Guilty. But if the contrary should be their opinion, then, in obedience to the oath they had taken—in obedience to their God and their country—they would return a verdict of Guilty.—At the close of the Attorney-General's speech there was a faint attempt at applause, but it was immediately suppressed.—Lord Campbell then adjourned the Court.

On Saturday morning the public, in anticipation of the verdict, assembled in great numbers, and evinced more than ordinary anxiety to be present. The prisoner was placed at the bar precisely at ten o'clock. His features presented a rather more care-worn expression than was to be traced during the earlier stages of the trial, and the eager glances which he from time to time directed towards the jury-box, his constant change of posture, the rapidity with which he penned brief notes and forwarded them to his counsel, and the impatient look which he frequently bestowed upon the clock behind him, betokened an amount of mental anxiety which had not previously been remarked.

Lord Campbell, on the opening of the court, proceeded to sum up the evidence, and after thanking the jury for their devoted attention during their

protracted sitting, reminded them that they were judges of the facts. His lordship then passed in review the whole of the evidence. In conclusion he said: "The offence with which the prisoner is now charged is that of being accessory to a plot for assassinating the Emperor of the French, which produced the death of Nicholas Battie, one of the Gardes de Paris, whose life was sacrificed upon that occasion; and unless you believe that the prisoner was implicated in that conspiracy I think that he is entitled to your verdict. But if you believe that he—as there is strong evidence to show—being acquainted with Allsop's views, and knowing that Allsop had got these grenades, assisted in having them transported to Brussels; if you believe that he bought in this country the materials for making the fulminating powder with which those grenades were charged; if you believe that, living in this country and owing a temporary allegiance to the Sovereign of this country, he sent over the revolvers with the view that they should be used in the plot against the Emperor of the French; and if you believe that he incited Rudio to assist the three others assembled in Paris, knowing what their design was, and that he gave him money for that purpose, then it will be a fair inference, I think, to draw that he had a guilty knowledge of that plot. But, gentlemen, it is for you to draw your own conclusions. The verdict must be yours, and yours alone, based upon the evidence which has been adduced, without any consideration of our Government at home or of any foreign Government. I will only advise you, if you come to the conclusion that the party accused had that guilty knowledge, and that he was an accomplice in that conspiracy, not at all to be led away or to be deterred from doing your duty by any apprehension that your verdict will interfere with that asylum which it has been the glory of this country to afford to persecuted foreigners. That is a glory which I hope ever will belong to this country. That asylum, however, remember, amounts to this—that foreigners are at liberty to come to this country and to leave it at their own will and pleasure, and that they cannot be disturbed by the Government of this country so long as they obey our laws; but they are under the same laws as native-born subjects, and if they violate those laws they are liable to be prosecuted and punished in the same manner as native-born subjects of the Queen. Treat Simon Bernard in this case as if he had been born within the metropolis of the empire to which you belong; let this case be exactly the same as it would have been (and I don't believe that in point of law it makes any difference) if he had been a native-born subject. I advise you, at all events, to treat him as a native-born subject, and if you find that he was implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor of the French—that he had a guilty knowledge and a guilty purpose, and that he did plot with others the death of the French Emperor—I think it will be your duty to find a verdict of guilty. With these observations, gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands. If you have any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, give him the benefit of that doubt; but if you have not, it will certainly be a duty which you owe to yourselves and to your country to find the prisoner guilty of the offence with which he is charged in the indictment."

Immediately at the conclusion of the summing up, and before the jury had retired, the prisoner, with much warmth of tone, vehemence of gesture, and rapidity of utterance, exclaimed: "I declare that the words which have been spoken, or quoted, by the judge, with reference to the balls, are not correct, and that the balls which were taken by Giorgi to Brussels were not those which were used in Paris. I have brought no evidence here because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not a hirer of assassins, and that Rudio, as he stated on his trial in Paris, himself asked to be sent to Orsini. I declare that I have not hired assassins, and that of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January there was nothing in my heart more than in that of any one here. My only wish is to crush despotism and tyranny everywhere. To effect that I have conspired, and I will conspire ever, because it is my duty, my sacred duty, and the duty of every lover of liberty to do so. But, never, never will I be a murderer."

At the close of this address the jury retired to consider their verdict, it being then twenty minutes to three o'clock. Precisely as the clock struck four the jury returned into court, and gave a verdict of

NOT GUILTY.

On the announcement of this decision a scene occurred unexampled, perhaps, in an English tribunal. From the gallery first, and then in an instant afterwards from the floor of the court, proceeded a loud shout of exultation. The cheering was again and again repeated—the excitement was contagious—and many of the ladies of quality present waved their handkerchiefs in token of their delight. Vainly did the Lord Chief Justice endeavour by voice and gesture to still the tumult, and as powerless were stentorian lungs of Mr. Harker, though exerted to the utmost, to restore silence. The prisoner, who was extremely excited, flourished his white pocket-handkerchief over his head, and several times attempted to speak. By this time the verdict had reached the ears of the crowd assembled outside the Old Bailey, and the rapturous cheer which they raised, and often repeated, could be distinctly heard within the court. The judges, unable, and perhaps unwilling to check this spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling, but yet not liking to sanction it by their presence, rose to depart. The look of Lord Campbell at this moment was of itself a study. Slightly ruffled at the defiance which had been shown to his authority his lordship still retained his good humour,

and seemed disposed to yield a momentary homage to the *vox populi*.

Bernard at length made a successful attempt to be heard, and, addressing the jury, said, with much vehemence of manner,—Gentlemen—That verdict is an expression of the truth. I am not guilty, and it proves that in England there is and always will be liberty, which will crush tyranny, whatever and wherever it may be. All honour to an English jury. (Renewed cheers.)

The prisoner was then removed from the dock, and, the applause having abated,

The Lord Chief Justice said: Let the prisoner be brought back.

Bernard again stood at the front of the dock.

Mr. Simon, the prisoner's counsel, said: I understand, my lords, that there is another charge against the prisoner of a nature precisely similar to that just disposed of, and which must be tried, if at all, upon the same evidence.

The Attorney-General: It is not the intention of the Crown to proceed with that charge. (Renewed cheers.)

Mr. Simon: Perhaps, then, my learned friend will allow a verdict of acquittal to be taken upon that charge.

The Attorney-General: That being the usual, though not the uniform course, I shall consent to the verdict.

The Lord Chief Justice: That is what I should have recommended.

The jury were again sworn by the officer of the court, and M. Bernard looked on with some astonishment. It was, however, explained to him that this was merely a formal matter, and he recovered his self-possession.

The jury having been sworn, the clerk read the indictment, charging the prisoner in the same terms as in the former case with the murder of Eugene Rignier, who also died in consequence of the wounds he received on the night of the attempt on the life of the Emperor.

Bernard pleaded "Not Guilty."

The Lord Chief Justice, addressing the jury, said, In this case no evidence is offered on the part of the Crown, and you will find a verdict of Not Guilty. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

The prisoner was then removed from the bar, the judges left the bench, and the audience gradually dispersed. The jury, as they left the court escorted by the Under-Sheriffs, and proceeded to their hotel on Ludgate-hill, received an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd assembled in the Old Bailey.

DR. BERNARD'S RELEASE.

Mr. E. James moved the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable immediately, in Dr. Bernard's case, with a view of having the prisoner bailed out. The court expressed a decided opinion that Dr. Bernard was entitled to bail, the motion was complied with, and the prisoner was brought up during the afternoon, and discharged on bail in his own recognisances for 1,000*l.*; Mr. Peter Stewart, of Liverpool, for 500*l.*; and Dr. Epps, of Bloomsbury, for the same amount. Dr. Bernard left the court with his solicitors, amidst much cheering. In the evening Dr. Bernard was present at Wyld's Reading-rooms, Leicester-square. He was received with very warm congratulations, and made a speech on the occasion of his health being drunk. He said:—"Gentlemen,—I thank you for these demonstrations. You do not drink my health, but the health of your own country. You drink to Liberty. But my mouth is shut until after my last trial. I must not speak. Yet I must express my gratitude to you and the jury who tried me. I relied firmly on a jury of Englishmen. I must speak no more. I thank you from my heart."

The Magdalena, with the West India and Mexican mails, arrived at Southampton on Saturday. The new Immigration Bill, which has happily been disallowed by the home Government, was still occasioning great excitement in Jamaica. There is bad news from Antigua. An insurrection of the labouring classes had taken place in the city of St. John, and several of them had been killed and wounded, and about one hundred are in gaol subject to martial law. It appears that a portion of the labourers are from Barbada, and that the Antiguans are jealous and envious of them. It was these two parties that rioted. The Antiguans were successful; they demolished houses, threatened to fire the city, and to commit outrages on the women; and the latter were obliged to take refuge in the ships in the harbour. For three days the rioters were masters of the city.

On Tuesday morning an accident of a fatal character occurred to Mrs. Simms, wife of Mr. Simms station-master at the Stretton station of the Midland Railway, about six miles south of Chesterfield. Stretton is a small station, at which only two or three trains stop daily. There is a crossing on the line about forty or fifty yards north of the station. The station and platform are about three feet above the level of the rails, and the semaphore signal is on the up side of the line, and it is usual to signal the trains which do not stop at that station, to indicate that they may pass without obstruction. About twenty-five minutes to eleven on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Simms, hearing a noise, and believing that the passenger train between Leeds and Derby was coming up, ran across the rails just at the time the Leicester coal train with empty waggons was passing, and was knocked down by the engine. The wheels of the carriages cut the body into numerous pieces. The engine driver of the train saw a plate-layer on the line making the signal for the train to stop, but it was too late. Mr. Simms, the station master, was standing on the embankment near the station, and seeing his wife's danger, he signalled, but without avail, and was a painful spectator of her untimely death.

MURDER OF AN AGED COUPLE.

Discovery was made of the barbarous murder of an aged couple, on the morning of Wednesday week, at a house called "The Cottage," in Coombe-lane, in the parish of Creech St. Michael, about four miles and a half distant from Taunton. "The Cottage," which is a beerhouse, was occupied by a person named John Bucknall, who was about seventy-two years of age, and his wife. The former was well known in Bridgwater and the other neighbouring market towns as a pig jobber, an occupation which he had followed for several years. He had arranged, it seems, to attend Bridgwater market on Wednesday, and the night previous he signified to his grandson, John Baker Bucknall (who generally accompanied him to the various markets) his intention of doing so, and stated that he had about 40*l.* in his possession for the purpose of paying for some pigs. His grandson had also been employed during the past week in making up the books and straightening the accounts of the deceased, and was consequently well aware of his pecuniary circumstances. About six o'clock on the Wednesday morning a neighbour named James Thorne, who lived at a cottage close by, heard the report of a gun, but at the time he paid no particular attention to it. At about this time the son of John Bucknall, who is employed at the Coombe-mills, which are within 200 yards of "The Cottage," came to his work, and shortly afterwards John Baker Bucknall, the grandson, called him from his employment and told him that he could not gain admittance to his grandfather's house. Accompanied by Mr. Morris (the owner of the Coombe-mills), the son and grandson proceeded thither, and found the door locked and the key removed. Mr. Morris, on perceiving smoke issuing from the premises, effecting an entrance, and proceeding to the lower cellar, the door of which was locked, they found the poor old man weltering in his blood, with his coat on fire, it having been ignited by wadding from the gun. They then discovered that a bullet had penetrated the back part of the head, and, passing out near the left eye, had made an indentation on the doorpost. His brains were scattered on the wall adjoining. It is supposed that he was shot while in the act of stooping to pick up some hay for his horse. On proceeding upstairs a still more horrible sight presented itself. There lay on the bed, which was saturated with blood, his poor old wife, with a frightful gash in her throat, and one of her fingers nearly severed, as if in her agony of despair she had raised her hand to protect herself from the merciless cruelty of her murderer. The prevailing opinion in the neighbourhood is that she was attacked in her sleep, and that some of the bed-clothes had been thrown over her head to prevent her struggling or giving an alarm. The old man had evidently been followed to the cellar and shot with his own gun, which had been carefully replaced in its wonted position in a little room adjoining. The murderer, doubtless, made his exit by the front door, which he had locked, and then removed the key. In addition to the disappearance of the 40*l.* there are two or three rings and a brooch missing. Suspicion at once fell upon the grandson, John Baker Bucknall, who was forthwith apprehended.

On Saturday, the whole of the creditors of Mr. Townsend, M.P., with but one exception, agreed to the terms which he offered for their acceptance, *i.e.*, the immediate payment of two shillings in the pound, and the subsequent payment of 300*l.* a year until his liabilities are entirely discharged.

From the correspondence respecting passports, just presented to Parliament, it appears that even owners of English yachts, with yacht-club certificates, and their friends, visiting the French coasts, will not be allowed to land in any of Louis Napoleon's ports without each having his passport strictly *en règle*.

A letter has been published, addressed by Mr. Bright to a gentleman at Glasgow on the case of the English engineers, Watt and Park. He attributes the long imprisonment of these unfortunate individuals to the insolent menaces in which Lord Palmerston and his organs in the press indulged towards the King of Naples about a year and a half ago. He suggests that these are the parties who should offer compensation to the engineers.

An alarming explosion took place on Friday morning in one of the coal-pits on the estate of Lord Vernon, at Poynton, Cheshire. There were 240 workmen in the pit at the time of the explosion. Three of them were killed—James Ridgway, John Ridgway, his father-in-law, and John Cooper. They have left widows and children. Within two hours all the other men were extricated in a state of stupefaction, but they have since recovered. The explosion is supposed to have arisen from the removal of the top of a Davy lamp by one of the workmen.

An influential deputation waited upon Lord Derby, on Monday, for the purpose of stating their views against the Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, which has been so successfully introduced into the House of Commons, by Sir J. Trelawney. The Duke of Marlborough, who introduced the deputation, placed in Lord Derby's hands a statement declaring that the returns recently presented to Parliament showed that the great majority of English parishes were favourable to church-rates. The Duke contended that the real object of the anti-church rate agitation was to overthrow the Church. Mr. A. G. Stapleton remarked that he had no faith in "the conscientious scruples" which Dissenters professed to entertain against paying the rates. Lord Derby admitted that the House of Commons was opposed to the rates, but stated that his own opinions remained unchanged. He however, suggested the voluntary commutation of church-rates—a suggestion which Mr. Packe immediately said had formed a part of the bill for the settlement of the church-rate difficulty, which he introduced into the Commons about two years ago.

THE HAYMARKET MURDER.

CONFESSION OF LANI.

It is stated that Lani, who at first so strenuously denied his guilt, has since his conviction admitted that the unfortunate Heloise Thabin met her death at his hands. When first placed in the condemned cell, where he has been watched night and day by turnkeys, Lani preserved a silent and even sullen demeanour; but being constantly visited by the priest attached to the Sardinian Chapel, he yielded to his influence and gradually became calm. He now professes to feel aggrieved at the supposition that he sought the society of his unfortunate victim, after being repulsed by other women, with the design of murdering her for the sake of obtaining possession of her watch and ornaments. He affirms that he acted only upon an impulse arising out of provocation received by him. He states that being about to enter upon a long voyage, he sought, as he should for its duration be debarred from the company of women, for amusement in their society for the last time; and that when he went with Thabin to her apartment, it was with that view only. Everything, he adds, was quiet and pleasant between them until the middle of the night, or rather an early hour in the morning, when he detected her in the act of rifling his pockets, and jumped out of bed to prevent her from robbing him. A struggle between them was the consequence, in the course of which he threw her upon the bed and held her down, without the remotest intention of inflicting any serious injury upon her; but, still further provoked by a scratch which she gave him on his face, he entirely lost his self-control, and squeezed her too tightly round the throat. Still he had no idea that he had inflicted more than a slight chastisement upon her, until finding that she became quiescent beneath him he released his hold, and found, to his surprise and dismay, that she was senseless. He endeavoured to awaken her to consciousness, but without success, and there soon dawned upon his mind, with an overwhelming terror, the fact that she was dead. For some little time he was prostrated, mentally and bodily, but the necessity of exertion, in order to escape, restored his faculties to their proper state; and after dressing himself, and before he quitted the room, a sudden impulse urged him to steal the property of the woman, he had just killed. Hastily possessing himself of her watch, her ring, her mantle, and a few articles, he quietly opened the door of the room, and made his way down stairs, where the sight of a woman (Mrs. Disher, the lodger), lying on the landing occasioned him a momentary trepidation; but passing her without let or hindrance, he soon reached the street, made his way to his hotel, completed his preparations for departure from England, and was just imagining himself secure from pursuit and punishment when he was arrested on board ship off Gravesend. Such is the nature of his confession, which, however, is not credited by the officers of Newgate.

The *Cologne Gazette* announces that the celebrated pianist, Liszt, was solemnly received on the 11th into the order of Franciscans at Pesth.

A Paris correspondence in the *Indépendance Belge* asserts very positively that the Queen of England is going to visit the Emperor at Cherbourg this summer, on the occasion of the opening of the railway there. The Duke of Malakoff, it is said, is charged to present the invitation, and Lord Cowley's *comé* has been taken in order that he may be in England to make the necessary suggestions and arrangements. The same correspondence says that the project of assembling the Toulon and Brest fleets at Cherbourg has been abandoned by the Emperor, in order to avoid giving any shadow of offence to England by a display of force so near her coasts. The two fleets will meet for their customary evolutions off the Isle of Hyeres.

The great Shrewsbury case came again before the Committee for Privileges in the House of Lords, on Tuesday. The claim of the Right Hon. Henry John Chetwynd Talbot to the earldom of Shrewsbury, it will be remembered, was opposed by Lord Edward Howard, the second son of the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed the estates as devisee under the will of the late Earl, by the Princess Doria Pamphili and the Duchess of Sora, who claimed as heiresses-at-law of the 16th earl, and by Major William Talbot. The counsel who now appeared were: the Attorney-General, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Hannon for the claimant; Sir R. Bethell, Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Baddeley, and Mr. Bowyer for Lord Edward Howard, the Princess Pamphili, and the Duchess of Sora; and Mr. P. Burke for Major Talbot. The Solicitor-General and Mr. Roche watched the case on the part of the Crown. The case as presented originally by the claimant was that the dignity in question had been created in the reign of Henry VI. The case on the part of the parties opposing was that there were thirteen persons, whose existence they proved, who had not been accounted for by the claimant. Several of those persons were proved, on behalf of the claimant, to have been illegitimate, and others to have been members of younger branches of the family than that through which the claimant claimed. The case was heard in July last, and at its termination their lordships, at the suggestion of the then Attorney-General (Sir R. Bethell), adjourned the further consideration *sine die* for the production of further evidence. The Attorney-General on Tuesday, on behalf of the petitioner, stated to their lordships the nature of the evidence he proposed to lay before them, which consisted of documents which he had obtained from various members of the family, and which would clear up the doubtful points which had been pointed out by the late Attorney-General and their lordships during the previous hearing. At the conclusion of the learned counsel's statement, their lordships adjourned.

MISCELLANEA.

The *Kronstadt Gazette* of Transylvania states that the town of Poraila has been destroyed by fire, but it gives no details.

Five additional governments of Russia have sent in their adherence to the new system for the amelioration of the condition of the peasants.

Mr. Townsend's bankruptcy was before the Commissioner on Wednesday. Some debts were proved and assignees appointed, and protection to the bankrupt was given.

The Pera, with the heavy portion of the India and China mails, arrived at Southampton on Saturday. She brought a large number of the heroes and heroines of the Indian war.

A verdict of "Wilful Murder" has been returned at the inquest against John Baker Bucknall, the young man suspected of the murder of his grandfather and grandmother near Taunton.

It is reported that our Government have demanded 1,000*l.* each for Watt and Park from the Neapolitan Government, as an indemnification for their illegal imprisonment.

A rule has been granted in the Court of Queen's Bench for a criminal information against Sir J. A. Morris, Bart., for writing an abusive letter to a member of the Chancery Bar.

Mrs. Anstruthers, a dressmaker of St. John-street, was, on Monday morning, knocked down by an ox as she was passing along City-road, and so gored that her life is despaired of.

Admiral Sir Henry Chads, K.C.B., is about to take command of the squadron ordered to Lisbon for the King of Portugal's marriage. He will hoist his flag in the screw-ship *Renown*.

About eighty pieces of cannon from the foundries at Liege have just arrived at Antwerp by the railway. They will be shipped in a few days for Constantinople.

On the 16th instant, a poor woman, residing in Chester-street, Kennington-lane, the wife of a journeyman printer, was delivered of three fine male children, who, as well as the mother, are progressing favourably.

Four screw gunboats, built by order of the Brazilian Government, for coast and river service in that country, have just sailed from Plymouth. They will shortly be followed by four others, under construction at Blackwall and Northfleet.

An inquest has been held on the body of John Nelson, the stoker who was killed by being thrown down the stokehole of the *Ossian* steam-boat, and a verdict of Manslaughter has been returned against his fellow-stoker, John Haston.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday announces the appointment of the Right Hon. William David, Earl of Mansfield, K.T., to be Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The process of restoring the Atlantic cable is proceeding simultaneously on board the United States' screw steam frigate *Niagara*, and Her Majesty's screw steamship *Agamemnon*, both in the tidal basin at Keyham.

The Paris Conference, according to the *Patrie*, will open about the 11th of May. The first question to be examined by the Conference will, it is said, be the delimitation of the Turco-Russian frontiers in Asia.

The mayor of Louisville has ordered the arrest of Captain Travis, who had advertised to shoot an orange from the head of a boy, in that city, on a wager of 1,000*l.*, in evidence of his skill as a pistol-shooter. Complaint was made by many citizens, who were incensed at the wanton trifling with human life.

The *Manchester Examiner* is responsible for the following:—A gentleman residing in Manchester (Clifford-street) has a parrot that has been caged nine years without a mate, which on Thursday last laid an egg, and on Sunday last also laid an egg; and same evening another. She eat the first one, but appears well and healthy.

The Church of Madrigeras, in the province of Albacete, Spain, was a short time since entered, and all the sacred vessels carried off. A crown of silver was torn from the head of the Virgin, and the statue thrown down from its pedestal. A silver heart pierced with seven swords, of the same metal, also disappeared. No trace has been discovered of the thieves.

There seems to be some probability of a strong resistance to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme for placing a penny stamp upon cheques. The London committee of deputies from the Joint-Stock Banks of England, Wales, and Ireland, have circulated a copy of resolutions, embodying reasons against the impositions of such a tax, and expressing the opinion that it ought to be strenuously resisted, both by the banking interest and the public.

The authorities at the Horse Guards have decided on forming a camp on Chatham lines for a portion of the troops belonging to the East Indian corps now at that garrison. The camp will be formed early in the approaching summer, and it is proposed that about 1,000 troops shall be encamped as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.

Captain Brett, of Debting, went out the other day for the purpose of sketching, and at the spot where he pitched his camp-stool three or four adders were observed lying. A boy, named Walter Paddle, with some other lads, attempted to kill the

reptiles, when one of them attacked him, and bit his hand. The boy was taken to the West Kent Infirmary, and is said to be rapidly recovering.

A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* calls attention to some proceedings of the Duke of Leeds with respect to a property in Ross-shire lately purchased by him, which, although legal, are quite indefensible on any other ground. The duke is clearing men off his estate, in order to extend his deer forests. Within the last week or two, the tenants of two whole townships have been ordered to quit both houses and land, and, says the correspondent, "what they are to do I know not, neither do they know themselves."

We have just been informed, but we are not at present in a position to say with what truth, that Joseph Cowen, senior, of Newcastle, has been arrested in France, where he was travelling for pleasure and health. Mr. Cowen, we believe, had some difficulty in obtaining his passport in London, on account of the well-known sympathy of his son with the cause of European liberty, and it is not unlikely that the French authorities have mistaken him for Mr. Cowen, jun.—*Morning Star*.

The survivor of the recent tragedy at Lerwick—the eldest boy, who, it will be remembered, made his escape from the house seriously wounded—is progressing favourably towards convalescence. His wounds are healing satisfactorily, but the throat-cuts being of a very desperate character, some time must elapse before the parts can be completely restored. He is still in ignorance of the awful fate of his family.

A letter from Vienna, in the *German Journal* of Frankfurt, says that the Council of Ministers has been much occupied with questions relating to the Concordat. There still remains many points to be decided for the execution of that convention, and it appears certain that they will not be solved as heretofore, exactly according to the wishes of the Church. The lower clergy suffer from the new state of things created by the Concordat, and it is to be remarked that whilst in preceding years the number of students in theology of the University of Vienna was forty-six per cent. of the whole, there was only thirty-three per cent. in 1857.

Accounts from Cork state that the barque *Annie*, Captain Bullen, from Sierra Leone, went into Queens-town on Friday for orders. She had on board the captain and crew of the schooner *Forest Queen*—outward bound from Cardiff with iron—with which she came in collision on Sunday, the 11th inst., about ten o'clock at night, and which she ran down. The collision was so sudden and the shock so severe that the unfortunate schooner went down immediately. There was barely time enough to pick up the crew, who lost everything but the clothes which they carried on their backs. The *Annie* suffered loss of bowsprit and jib-boom, and had her quarter bulwarks stove in.

A melancholy accident, occasioning the loss of five lives, making one wife a widow, and reducing nine children to orphanage, has occurred in St. Andrew's Bay. The *Fox*, a yawl, manned by James Lorimer, and the brothers William Gall, Thomas Gall, and James Gall, and James Gall's son, a lad of eighteen years of age, left the fishing ground in company with four other yawls, and taking the lead of them. One of the other boats found the ill-fated *Fox* laying on her side, and the outspread sail floating on the surface of the water. She had doubtless been caught in a squall, and capsized in a moment. Nothing could be seen of any of the crew.

A public meeting, convened by the High Sheriff of the county and the Mayor, was held on Saturday in the Town-hall, Oxford, with a view to induce the Royal Agricultural Society to hold its meeting next year at that city. The meeting was attended by Lord Dillon, Lord Valentia, Mr. Cardwell, M.P., Colonel North, M.P., and a great number of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Resolutions were carried, embodying the object of the meeting, appointing a committee to accomplish it, and pledging the meeting to raise the amount required by the society. Subscriptions amounting to more than 600*l.* were announced.

Mr. Gilbert Wardell, aged 22, residing at Belmont-terrace, Wandsworth-road, had been desponding for some time, and did not make his appearance to breakfast on Saturday. Search was made, and on going to his bed-room the key was seen inside; the domestic received no reply after repeatedly knocking, and broke open the door, when she was horrified to find him lying on the ground in a pool of blood, with a razor clasped firmly in his hand. His throat was cut in a most frightful manner and the root of his tongue and carotid arteries divided. Not the slightest hope is entertained. No cause is assigned for the attempt.

A parliamentary return was issued on Wednesday showing what reformatory schools have been certified and sanctioned by the Secretary of State, under the statutes 17 and 18 Vict., c. 74, and 17 and 18 Vict., c. 86. It appears that there are in England 46 so certificated, of which 41 are Protestant and 5 Roman Catholic, and having collectively accommodation for 2,820 inmates. The actual number of inmates is, in the Protestant schools, 1,704, and in the Catholic schools, 552, of both sexes. There are in Scotland 22 certified reformatories, with 2,121 inmates. There are many institutions of a reformatory and industrial character not registered under the acts mentioned, and therefore not noticed in this return.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Tuesday, a motion was made by Mr. Serjeant Shee for a new trial on the part of the late Alderman Kennedy, who was convicted with other Directors of the Royal British Bank, at the Central Criminal Court. The grounds on which the motion was made were that the verdict was against the evidence, and that the judge misdirected the jury. At the conclusion

of the learned Serjeant's speech, Mr. Edwin James made a lengthened address to the court in favour of a new trial on the part of Mr. M'Leod. Mr. Kennedy addressed the court for Humphrey Brown. Mr. Slade, for Owen, followed on the same side, and said the case was of such importance that there ought to be a new trial. The court then adjourned.

A Royal marriage took place in Nebraska city a few weeks since. The high-contracting parties were a Pawnee chief, called White-water, and a blood-royal squaw, Wah-mush-pe-shings. The lady was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt, with a blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer-killed buffalo robe, a white felt hat, and a "red petticoat," embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing a desperate dog fight. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldier coat with brass buttons, and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs—"scorning to wear anything so hard as leather on his toes"—while his stalwart loins were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack.—*United States Paper*.

A dreadful occurrence has taken place at Carrigaholt, county Clare. About three weeks ago, a respectable farmer, named Macmahon, married a young woman, named M'Inerty, and received with her over 100*l.* It is stated that some misunderstanding afterwards sprang up between them, caused by jealousy. Be that as it may, the young man took her home one evening last week (not having had his house in proper order sooner), and the merriment usual on such occasions was dispensed with, but there was no appearance of any ill-feeling between the parties. Sometime after retiring to bed, however, he got up, went to a box, took out a razor, and cut her frightfully across the stomach. Her shrieks alarmed the other inmates of the house, who ran to her assistance, and found her with her bowels protruding. Some ran to the police station of Carrigaholt, and others to Kilkee, for a medical man, who arrived shortly after, and pronounced her case hopeless. The wretched husband was arrested, and conveyed to the barrack, but has preserved a dogged silence. The poor wife cannot account for his murderous conduct; she saw nothing strange in his behaviour, up to the moment he committed the dreadful deed.

On Sunday morning, a very deliberate murder was committed in St. Margaret's-street, Rochester, by a railway labourer named Turner. In a moment of jealousy, he appears to have cut his wife's throat with a razor, after first stunning her with a blow from the poker.—At the inquest on Monday, Sarah King stated that she resided in the lower part of the house in which the murder was perpetrated. About six o'clock on Sunday morning she was awoke by hearing a heavy fall up-stairs, and immediately afterwards a loud scream. She got up, and then saw blood trickling through the ceiling of her room. On going outside she saw Turner standing outside the door. His hands were covered with blood, and directly he saw witness he told her he had murdered his wife because he found her early that morning with another man. He said he should give himself up, and go to the police station, and witness's husband accompanied him there. The deceased was of drunken habits, and often quarrelled with her husband. William King, the husband of the last witness, also gave similar evidence. The further investigation of the case was adjourned; and on Tuesday, on its resumption, a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned.

A VERY covetous man lost his only son James. The minister came to comfort him, and remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; and although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping yet still provident father, "Jim was a monstrous eater."

THE THREE ATMOSPHERES.—Some of our contemporaries have been indulging in a semi-scientific, semi-artistic discussion, as to the relative advantages the great cities, London, Paris, and New York, present for the pursuit of Photography. It would appear that Mr. Kent, a distinguished photographer, having largely experimented and pursued his art, for business purposes, in all three cities, exhibits, at his gallery in Oxford-street, nearly opposite Bond-street, evidences tending to prove that there is no appreciable difference between any one and the others. Although Paris, by fog, is slowly becoming as bad as London, we would, from experience, stand up for the purity of the atmosphere of New York at certain seasons of the year, and though we are ready to admit the exquisite beauty of the portraits taken by Mr. Kent in England, it does not follow that such fortunate results are alone attributable to climatic influences.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

THE following is not the least remarkable among the numerous extraordinary cures without medicine effected by Du Barry's delicious Health Restoring Revalenta Arabica Food, of indigestion (dyspepsia), flatulency, constipation, nervous, bilious and liver complaints, cough, asthma, consumption and debility. "Maastricht, Holland, 7th August, 1854.—My daughter Virginia had long been consumptive, with diarrhoea and night sweats, and was in July last reduced to such a state of prostration and exhaustion that our medical men agreed there was no hope of recovery left, and that she could not survive many days. Upon the recommendation of a friend, we tried Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica, which, to the astonishment of all, caused an immediate change for the better in the symptoms. After the first few meals she felt less miserable, and in six days the diarrhoea and night sweats had left her. She gained strength gradually, and in two months time was perfectly well.—S. Zegers." Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure; Dr. Shorland; Dr. Harvey; Dr. Campbell; Dr. Gattiker; Dr. Wurzer; Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies; the Dowager Countess of Castletown; Major Gen. 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. In canisters, 11b. 2s. 9d.; 2lb. 4s. 6d.; 5lb. 11s.; 12lb. 22s. The 12lb. canisters are sent carriage free, on receipt of Post Office Order. Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-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."

JERUSALEM.

EVENTS of a very extraordinary character have lately taken place between the Rev. Dr. Gobat, the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, and the English and Prussian Consuls, which must give to every class of religious professors a very singular and, we are afraid, not very exalted notion of the respect with which we treat a high dignitary of the reformed church. Such scenes must tend very much to lessen the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem in the eyes of the people, and, we fear, may do much harm to the cause which we have of late years been endeavouring to promote, and may be the means of undoing much of the good which has been effected by the late pious Bishop Alexander and the labours of the present prelate. No city on the face of the earth has undergone so many vicissitudes and dire calamities as the Holy City; and none can boast of such ancient records. Its history has come down to us in a long, unbroken line, from about 1,425 years before the birth of our Saviour, when the lower part was taken by the children of Judah, shortly after the death of Joshua. It is



MOUNT CARMEL.

spoken of at a very much earlier date, in the Book of Genesis, nearly 500 years before, when Melchisedec met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings. Its numerous misfortunes and greatness are well known to the student of sacred history, till after the dispersion of the Apostles; and every one in any way acquainted with Roman history must remember the description of the awful sufferings of the inhabitants at the time of its destruction by the Romans, under Titus. From the time of Adrian, who completed its utter desolation, its very name ceased for a long time to be remembered, till Julian formed the design of rebuilding the Temple, in which he was frustrated. From this time, till Syria was overrun by the Arabs and Mahomet, little is known respecting it. Mahomet endeavoured to bring the inhabitants to acknowledge him, but without effect, and consequently they were treated with the greatest severity, and it very soon fell under the dominion of the caliphs, and under Omar, the celebrated mosque bearing his name was erected upon the ancient site of the Temple. It passed for a short time into the hands of the Christians, and for some time was under the rule of Geoffrey de Bouillon and his successors. In a few years it passed again into the hands of the Turks, in whose possession it has remained ever since. The land of Judea was, at the time of



NAZARETH.

Jerusalem's greatness, one of the most beautiful and rich countries known, and its fertility must have been enormous to have supported its dense population. It is now in a state of almost utter desolation, owing to the misrule and rapacity of its masters, and from the lawless tribes which wander through it. We have given some beautiful views of Jerusalem, and some of the spots which have been rendered so dear and interesting to us in the life of our Saviour, such as Mount Tabor, where the transfiguration is supposed to have taken place; Bethany, where Mary, Martha, and Lazarus resided; Bethlehem, His birth-place; Nazareth, where He passed His days till His manifestation to the Jews; the Wilderness, east of Jerusalem, where He fasted forty days and forty nights; Tiberias, upon the lake of that name, which He so often visited. We have given views, also, of the Valley of Jehoshaphat; the "little Hill of Hermon," so often mentioned in the Psalms; Mount Carmel; the Plain of Jordan, as seen from the heights near Jericho; and also a view of the Sea of Galilee or Tiberias, and Joppa.



JERUSALEM.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Perhaps few places have an air more desolate, when autumn rains begin to fall and leaves lie thick upon the sodden ground, than roadside railway-stations, in the intervals between the departure of one train and the arrival of another. The contrast between the bustle and anxiety occasioned by the advent of the hot-breathed engine and its attendant line of carriages and the succeeding dulness is as oppressive as it is remarkable. It is as if the solitudes around had for a moment been united in close brotherhood with crowded cities and far seaport towns, only to sink back again into the solemn past, and live as they were wont in days gone by. Little, indeed, do all the busy travellers who journey to or from the mighty London, which they almost idolise, imagine from what stillness they have awakened the solitary dwelling of the men who hurry along the platform and shout, for their amusement or instruction, the name it ventures to bear. Still less a hundred years ago, when huntsmen sped across those fields, or dark woods threaded where now unbroken lines of iron roadway thread their mystic way, did the forefathers of yon hamlet dream of all that was to come!

It was when the quiet of which I speak hung over the station at E—, and when the next down-train was due in twenty minutes, that a lady made her first appearance upon the platform, and began quietly to promenade. It was not raining then, but it was cold enough and damp enough to induce her to wrap herself more closely in her large black cloak, and suffer

paced the platform together. "And perhaps I shall succeed; for as far as I can learn, my plan has never been tried before."

"Indeed! and what may this wonderful contrivance be?" inquired Miss Matson, with some anxiety, and more sarcasm.

"It is not very wonderful, but it is after the best examples and in obedience to unerring rules; moreover it was tried in my own case, when I was a wilful girl, by One who never mistakes, and therefore I may venture to hope."

"But what is it?" asked the listener; "you have not told me that!" There was a moment's silence, and then the answer came.

"I intend, after the example of my Master, to rule my pupils by love. They must all love me, and they must feel that I love them. I know that when my heart was deaf to threatening, and careless of the wrath even of the Most High, I turned with weeping towards the Great Father when he spoke to me of His sublime, His incomprehensible love, in Christ who died; and, following His example, I seek power even over the most hardened, by the same mighty instrument."

The little figure of the discharged governess expressed profound contempt. "It is all bosh," she cried, shrugging her shoulders; "but I have accepted a situation near you, and—we shall see."

Miss Matson was the victim of reverse of fortune, and a governess because she could not help it: more than this she hated her work (a disqualification for which no amount of talent can compensate); more



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

her thick veil to do its best to shut out the dull mist which crept along the valley. The sun had already set, and in the growing darkness she did not at first perceive that she was not alone.

"Pardon me," said a voice, as a dark figure rose from a bench beside the booking-office, "I believe I address Miss Harrington?"

The lady bowed, and, lifting her veil, looked earnestly at the speaker.

"We have met before," continued the latter, with some bitterness. "We met at our dear friend Elston's."

Miss Harrington looked grave. "Pardon me," she exclaimed, "I am not accustomed to hear the parents of my pupils spoken of with disrespect."

The other laughed. "Oh, certainly not. But you do not know them yet; new brooms sweep clean!"

"Are you intentionally rude, Miss Matson?" inquired Miss Harrington, again lowering her veil.

"Rude? oh dear no," returned her new acquaintance lightly. "But wait until we meet again, and then tell me if Mr. Elston's fidgets, and his wife's ailments, and Caroline's insolence, and Margaret's fretfulness, and Sophy's dulness, and Fanny's obstinacy, and Ella's waywardness, have not worn your life out in good earnest. Oh, I am heartily glad to be out of it. No governess ever made anything of those children yet, and none ever will."

"Well, I shall try," said Miss Harrington, as they

than this, she exercised neither principle nor ability in the management of her pupils. What wonder that she had been wretched in every household, a curse and not a blessing wherever her lot was cast.

The family of Mr. Elston was peculiarly circumstanced, and had need of a superior governess. Miss Matson was by no means superior, and had been compelled to leave. It remains for us to see whether her successor was better fitted for her important work.

Of the earlier days of Agnes Harrington we have not time to speak. The hour which saw her cross the threshold of her new home found her an orphan, dependent on her own exertions for her daily bread; but it found her also a child of the Great Father, and an earnest follower of Him who had redeemed her soul from death, and called her to a pure inheritance. Seldom, indeed, has a more noble woman walked this world of ours than Agnes Harrington!

Nine o'clock.

"Mamma, the new woman has come."

"Dear Caroline, be more respectful. Do you not mean the governess?" drawled Mrs. Elston, as she slowly raised her head from the pillow of her couch. "Tell them to bring her here; and do you keep out of the way, for you are so rude that she will dislike you at first sight if you do not behave better."

"I hope she will," muttered Caroline, as she withdrew. "Why does not papa send me to school? I



THE PLAINS OF JORDAN.

hate having a governess at home, I do; and this one such a puritan, too!"

Half-an-hour later Mrs. Elston found herself in the midst of a long conversation with her new governess.

"I cannot give you much hope of the children," she said languidly: "Fanny will not learn French, though her papa insists upon it—and she has a great objection to reading the Scriptures; so that Miss Matson always had to force her to it, which was very distressing, for though I do not profess to be religious, I hope I read my Bible, and I wish my children to be better taught than I."

Miss Harrington adjusted the pillows for the weary head, and said, "I have but little fear that both these difficulties may be overcome by patient earnestness. I am indeed most happy to discover that you, as well as Mr. Elston, would desire that I should, by God's blessing, seek to guide your children to the Christ whom the Book reveals. As I have already stipulated for perfect freedom on this point, I am able with humble confidence to enter on my work."

"I leave it all to you," said the poor mother, as if rejoicing to escape from the sublime charge God had given to her, "but how you will get Fanny to read the Bible I know not. She is not a healthful child, and we have had three governesses in the last two years, and not one could do anything with her. Then Caroline is proud and has a fearful temper; you will find it needful to yield to her a little; at all events



BETHLEHEM.

until you can win her affections. Margaret and Sophy are well enough if they are not thwarted, and Ella is the pet of the family—accustomed to study when she will, and how she will. Do not be hard on Ella."

Miss Harrington smiled. "Trust me, I will not be hard on any of them; my rule will be one of love. All I have asked Mr. Elston to do, all I would desire from you, is to be allowed a month to make my way. I hope that by that time, firm as I mean to be, they will all love and trust me."

"Well," said the mother, "we will leave them thus with you. Only be gentle with my Ella, and patient with Caroline."

Not every teacher would have retired to rest with heart so light as Agnes Harrington's that evening. Never before had there been such a guest in the room set apart for "the governess," for her first hour of solitude was marked by earnest prayer; and when the morning rose, she went forth from its quiet in the strength of the Most High.

Turn we then, three weeks later, to the school-room once again, to find an air of brightness hanging over its little group, such as was never there in days of yore; to find the haughty Caroline with sparkling eyes bowing before the intellect of her companion, as they turn over the page of history together; to find the irritable Margaret patiently working a sum, that in Miss Matson's days was pronounced an impossibility; and Sophy, who had hitherto declared that she "detested" German, conning with evident interest a lesson in the very language she had maligned. But all is not quite right; for the month is almost gone, and although even Ella is obedient, poor Fanny does not yet appreciate the governess.



BETHANY.

"I can't learn this French verb, it is too difficult. I wish there were no verbs, I do. What is the use of them?"

Miss Harrington looked round, as Fanny poured these words into the ear of Caroline, and smiled. "Come here, dear," she said quietly, and let me help you. It is very difficult, I know, but you are equal even to this, if you will apply with earnestness. Now let us repeat it together."

But Fanny was irritable and impatient! She either would not, or could not learn, and at last she burst into tears.

"Miss Harrington, pray let me speak," said the elder sister, earnestly; "I am ashamed of Fanny. Do not trouble yourself thus with her."

"Nay," said the governess, kindly, "she is not well to-day," and as she spoke she drew the child towards her, and laid the throbbing head upon her shoulder. "We will not give up the verb; but you shall have ten minutes in the garden, dear, before you study again. Now run and see if this bright sunshine will not help you a little."

Fanny turned quietly away, but ere she reached the

door, she paused, and looked back on the group which she had left. There was Miss Harrington smiling her commendation of Sophy's blundering German, and Caroline, her hand on that of the new governess, waiting her leisure for a lesson in the same hitherto repulsive language. Hastily, then, the child came back, and threw herself into those opening arms.

"Miss Harrington, forgive me. I am ill, but I am



MOUNT TABOR.

idle too. I love you, I do love you; and I will learn just what you wish; for no one ever had patience with me before."

All eyes were dim with tears, but most of all the father's, as, entering suddenly, he stood beside his child.

"Miss Harrington," he cried, and his voice trembled then, "I thank you for this hour; for in it you have taught me that I acted not unwisely when I sought a Christian instructor for these girls." He paused, and, looking round upon them all, said earnestly, "Who is there here that does not love her governess?"



JOPPA.

The answer was not slowly given, but Mrs. Elston came in time to mark its earnest tone. "Not one, papa, not one; Miss Harrington has won us all, and we are happy now."

It was a triumph for that fragile woman, a triumph noble as her work had been. Who then can wonder that she wept?

What was the secret of her influence? What but that, like the Master whom she served, she reached the heart by means of earnest love? Ah, trust me never teacher truly ruled without it!

There is a lesson here for every home. The power



HERMON.

of LOVE has never yet been told even in the pages of the book of God. Eternity shall speak of this through all its countless ages, and still no mind but that which is all love shall fully understand the import of the name. Bring it, ye fathers, nearer to your hearth. Take it, O wives and mothers, more securely yet into the sacred precincts of the home. Cherish it, teachers, lest your awful responsibilities rise up against you at the last great day. And ye, O children, let your lives be LOVE!

A GENTLEMAN, whose counting-house had been his altar, having failed in business, was asked what he intended to do, and replied, "I shall stay at home awhile, and get acquainted with my family."



TIBERIAS.

A MELANCHOLY STORY.

The Nottingham Review reports an inquest on a very melancholy case of suicide. The inquiry was touching the death of a young girl named Fanny Coxon, a domestic in the service of Mr. Joseph Brocklebank, of Carlton-le-Moorland, who on the previous Monday night had destroyed herself in a pond in the farmyard of her master. The following letter in her handwriting, directed to her father, was found on her table: "Dear Father, Mother, and Sister, — With a trembling hand and a sad heart, for the last time I now take up my pen to write these few lines to you, hoping they will find all in better health and spirits than they leave me, for my heart is well nigh broken. You will be horror-struck with surprise when you see this note from your own daughter's hand; but before it reaches you, I shall have found a watery grave, for I have the news to tell which, if I was to live, it would disgrace both myself and you all; but, my dearest friends, it never was my wish. I was led astray, and it has been my grief for weeks past, but never dare tell any one. You have another daughter; but it is one who ought to have been her guide through the path of youth. Give my love to her, and tell her to think of me, but not to do as I have done: tell her to follow the steps of her dear mother more than I have done. There is a little book in my box that Edwin gave me; give it to her, and tell her it was the last wish of her dear sister that she should have it and keep it; and it is my wish that Edwin should have my Bible for a keepsake from me. I hope you will look upon him as one of your own, for he would have been if this dishonour had not befallen me. So take pity on him, for I do not know how he will get over it, for he does not know any more about it than you do. It is not him that has done me this dishonour, or I could have borne it better; but it was one that was nothing to me, but shall not say who. I am afraid I shall not be allowed to be buried in the churchyard." — Edwin Key, who was much affected while giving his evidence, stated that it was near ten o'clock when he left the deceased in the back kitchen. She had said to him she should not live long; but he had no thought that she would destroy herself. They had had no words; she seemed as usual. He was ignorant of her being in the family way. He had kept company with her for two years, and never heard of any other young man keeping company with her. She had left him a letter, and until he had received it he was not aware what had happened. (Letter produced, and read as follows): "My dearest Edwin, — With a trembling hand and a half-broken heart, I now, for the first time, write these few lines to you; but I know not how to tell you the news. You will be horror-struck with surprise to see it from one you have loved so dear that I am with child; but before this note arrives to you I shall have found a watery grave. It never was my wish to be in this way, but I was led astray; but I hope, my dear, you will not think me deceitful for not telling you; but I could not bear the idea



SEA OF GALILEE.

of parting with you till I was obliged; but, my dear, I cannot live in this way any longer. I hope you will go to see them at home after I am gone, to bear them company sometimes. It is my wish, my dear, for you to have my Bible, and keep it for my sake. I have chosen my bearers, if I am allowed to be buried in the churchyard. I hope, my dear, let me be buried where I may, you will come to my funeral, but do not grieve much for me; but if we had parted sooner I should have died sooner, for it would have broken my heart before now. No one knows the hours I have passed in silent grief. I hope you will have a company keeper to behave well to you while you are single; also when you are married, for I am sure you are worthy of the best that steps; and, my dear, I do sincerely wish you well through life, and a happy death. I hope when you have read this you will forgive me. So good-bye and a long farewell. From yours till death, F. Coxon."

The jury returned a verdict that the death of the deceased was caused by herself being at the time of a sane mind; and the Coroner issued his warrant for her interment between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock.

An inquest has been held at Sheffield on the remains of Caroline Gardiner, a young woman who came to a frightful end on Thursday se'nnight. She had accompanied a companion to the Millsands wheel, and had scarcely entered the "hull" when her clothes became entangled in the projecting part of the shaft. She was whirled round with tremendous velocity, mangled in the most horrible manner, and killed in less than two minutes from the time of entering the place. Evidence was given which tended to show that there was culpable neglect in not having the shafting fenced, and the inquest was adjourned.



WILDERNESS EAST OF JERUSALEM.

THE STEENBOCK.

This animal abounds in the mountainous parts of Africa, among the steepest and most inaccessible

rocks. It is very difficult of approach, and the shooting them is almost as great a feat as killing a chamois: they are very shy, but, when slightly wounded, will often turn upon the sportsman and

inflict much injury. It is said that in leaping down from heights they will alight upon their horns, which are of great length and strength. The flesh is considered very good eating.



THE STEENBOCK.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The United States House of Representatives, at Washington, on the 2nd, decided, by a majority of eight, that the Lecompton Constitution should be submitted to the vote of the people of Kansas, and that the State should be admitted under it only in the event of its receiving their approval. The Senate Bill was taken up, and the question was taken upon its simple rejection, without any attempt at amendment. This vote was lost, 95 to 137, the Republicans alone voting in its favour. Mr. Quitman then offered a substitute, which was the same as the Senate Bill, except that it omitted the *quasi* recognition which that bill contains of the right of the people of Kansas to change their Constitution at pleasure. This was lost; by the decisive vote of 72 to 160. Then Mr. Montgomery offered the Crittenden amendment, which submits the Constitution to the popular vote, and this was adopted; Ayes, 120; Nays, 112. The bill thus amended was sent back to the Senate, and again rejected, but the House has adhered to its vote. The House was in a state of great excitement on the 8th inst., and the galleries were all crowded; and Mr. Montgomery moved that the House should adhere to its decision adopting the Crittenden substitute for the Kansas Bill. The previous question was moved, and the yeas and nays were taken amid breathless silence. The motion to adhere was carried by 119 votes to 111, two members pairing off, one for and one against the bill. It was thought that the Senate would ask for a committee of conference.

The Senate was not in session on the 9th, having adjourned over until the 12th. The Deficiency Bill was reconsidered and finally passed by the House, which shortly thereafter adjourned till the 12th in consequence of the premature announcement by the Speaker of the death of Colonel Benton, the House having passed a resolution to that effect in respect to his memory, and also that the flag of the Capitol be hoisted half-mast till the close of the session. Colonel Benton was the father-in-law of Colonel Fremont, the late unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. The deceased Colonel was for upwards of thirty years a member of the United States Senate for the State of Missouri. In consequence of his determined opposition to the system of a paper currency and the establishment of a national bank, he was generally known by the sobriquet of "Old Bullion." A later despatch from Washington says: "The announcement in the House of the death of Colonel Benton was premature. He is still alive, though in a sinking condition. Before the members separated a letter was read, dated yesterday (the 8th), written by Colonel Benton to Senator Houston, and Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, saying that in the event of his death he expressly desires no notice to be taken of it; no rule of either House would justify such a proceeding, and, besides, it was contrary to his convictions expressed many years ago."

An attack was made on the Secretary of the Interior in the hall of the department on the forenoon of the 8th. Peter Bensen, a Frenchman of New Orleans, who was dismissed from the Pension-office some months back, and refused a re-appointment by the Secretary of the Interior, in revenge sought that official at the Land-office on the morning in question, and as the secretary came out of the private office presented a pistol at him. Mr. Thompson instantly struck the pistol from his hand, caught Bensen by the arm, threw him down, and jumped on him, breaking his arm, and then picked up the pistol and went to his office.

Allsp was said to have gone to Washington for the purpose of ascertaining what the Government would do in the event of his extradition being demanded.

MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, Monday.—We have moderate supplies of wheat, both coastwise and from abroad. The market has been much depressed to-day; and a decline of 2s. was submitted to by factors in order to clear off the English wheat, and foreign sold slowly at 1s. per q. decline. Flour is 1s. per sack and barrel lower. Barley, beans, and peas are unchanged in value. We have moderate arrivals of oats, yet the trade is not so active as of late, and prices barely supported. The arrivals of cargoes on the coast have not been numerous, and only a limited business, at late prices for wheat, and full prices for Indian corn and barley.

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

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

COAL MARKET, Wednesday.

	s. d.	s. d.
Harton	15	6
Holywell	16	0
South Kellow	17	6

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

CAMPBELL.—April 18, at Daldowie, Lanarkshire, the wife of Lieut.-Col. R. D. Campbell, 71st Highlanders, of a daughter. CARNWATH.—April 12, at Heidelberg, the Countess of Carnwath, of a son and heir. COOPER.—April 17, at 8, Harley-place, Bow, the wife of Mr. J. P. Cooper, surgeon, of a son. FOLKESTONE.—April 19, Viscountess Folkestone, of twins, boy and girl. HARRISON.—April 14, at Sutherland-place, Bayswater, the wife of Edward M. Harrison, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter. LODGE.—April 19, at Horncastle, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Lodge, of a daughter. PEARCE.—April 19, at 33, Montpelier-road, Brighton, the wife of Captain Pearce, M.D., of a son. PRIESTLEY.—April 18, at No. 31, Somerset-street, Portman-square, the wife of W. O. Priestley, M.D., of a daughter. SCOTT.—April 18, at 6, Southwick-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of Sir Sibbald David Scott, Bart., of a daughter, stillborn. WILLIAMS.—April 16, at Ivy House, Woodford, Essex, the wife of Watkin Williams, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

COBBOLD.—DUPUIS.—April 20, at Eton, in the College Chapel, by the Rev. Harry Dupuis, Vicar of Richmond, uncle of the bride, John Patterson Cobbold, Esq., eldest son of John Chevallier Cobbold, Esq., M.P. for Ipswich, to Adela Harriette, second daughter of the Rev. George John Dupuis, Fellow of Eton College, and Rector of Creeting St. Mary, in the County of Suffolk.

FRASER.—BURTON.—April 15, at St. John's Church, Kilkenny, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ossory, Lieut.-Col. Andrew Fraser, retired list, Madras Army, to Adelaide Charlotte, third daughter of the late Francis Pierrepont Burton, Esq., of Beaumaris, North Wales, and stepdaughter of Capt. George Paul Helsam, High Sheriff, Kilkenny city.

FULLER.—OSBORN.—April 20, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. H. Asbington, Rector of Anwick, Lincolnshire, Thomas Fuller, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Fuller, of 1, Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Edward Osborne, late of the Madras Army.

GREENHILL.—DRUMMOND.—April 13, at the Episcopal Chapel, Muthill, Perthshire, by the Rev. Charles Nairne, Charles Greenhill, Esq., Captain Coldstream Guards, only son of D. Greenhill, Esq., late of the Hon. E. I. Company's Civil Service, to the Hon. Amelia Anne Drummond, eldest daughter of the Viscount Strathallan.

HATHERELL.—BUTLER.—April 21, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the father of the bridegroom, James Hatherell, only son of the Rev. Dr. Hatherell, of Westend, Hampshire, to Eliza Emily, youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, of Cotton House, Warwickshire.

HUNT.—TAYLOR.—April 17, at St. Pancras Church, George Warwick Hunt, Esq., Captain 4th Light Dragoons, to Emma, daughter of the late W. Taylor, Esq., 10th Hussars.

MEDHURST.—BURNINGHAM.—April 20, at Froyle Church, by the Rev. Thomas Burningham, Rector of Charlwood, Surrey, assisted by the Rev. George Martin Braune, Walter Henry Medhurst, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Foo-chow-foo, in China, to Juliana Tryphena, second daughter of Henry Burningham, Esq., of Froyle House, Hants.

ROSS.—ST. GEORGE.—Feb. 20, at the Cathedral Church, Calcutta, Horatio J. Ross, Esq., B.C.S., to Caroline St. George, eldest daughter of the late Sir Theophilus John St. George, Bart., of Woodgiff, county Kilkenny.

SMITH.—ROYDS.—April 14, at Brereton, Cheshire, by the Rev. E. Royds, rector, the Rev. J. Grenville Smith, Vicar of North and South Eltringham, Lincolnshire, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late Rev. E. Royds, Rector of Brereton.

STEPHENS.—WILLIS.—April 17, at Emmanuel Church, West Ham, Stratford, by the Rev. T. L. Ramsden, John Stephens, Esq., of Craven-villas, Ealing, to Hannah, widow of Capt. J. D. Willis, eldest daughter of S. Hasluck, Esq., of Stratford-le-Bow.

VERNON.—COCKERELL.—April 15, at the Castle Chapel, Dublin, by the Ven. Archdeacon Gould, assisted by Dean Tighe, Greville Richard Vernon, Esq., son of the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P., to Miss Susan Caroline Cockerell, stepdaughter of his Excellency the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

DEATHS.

ALEXANDER.—April 14, at Cheltenham, Anna Maria, widow of Capt. John Alexander, Royal Navy, in her seventy-first year.

BAYTON.—April 18, at Chichester, in her eighty-first year, Martha, relict of the late Rev. William Bayton.

BLIGH.—April 15, at Leamington, Cecilia, widow of the late Rear-Admiral John Bligh, C.B.

BOWES.—April 16, at his residence, 28, Alpha-road, Regent's-park, the Rev. William Blackwell Bowes, in his fifty-sixth year.

COCKBURN.—April 12, suddenly, at Downton, Kingston, Herefordshire, Sir W. S. R. Cockburn, Bart., N.S., aged sixty-one.

FALLOFIELD.—April 20, at his residence, No. 49, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square (being the anniversary of his birth), the Rev. William Fallofield, M.A., aged seventy.

HYDE.—April 19, at Battersea, James Cockburn Hyde, Esq., Surgeon R.N., in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

MASON.—April 14, at the Dargie, county of Wicklow, Henry Jos. Monck Mason, Esq., LL.D., barrister-at-law, aged seventy-nine.

PRESTON.—April 18, the Rev. Matthew Morris Preston, Vicar of Chesham, Herts, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

STRACHEY.—April 11, at Sutton Court, Somersetshire, Sir Henry Strachey, Bart., in his eighty-sixth year.

TOVEY.—April 15, at Cliftonville, Brighton, Colonel George Tovey, late of H.M. 20th Regt., in his seventy-first year.

THYNNE.—March 11, at Lucknow, Captain William Frederick Thynne, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, aged twenty-three, third son of the Rev. Lord John Thynne.

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GAR supersedes Eau de Cologne as a tonic and refreshing lotion for the toilet and bath, a reviving scent for crowded assemblies, and a powerful disinfectant for apartments and sick rooms. Its numerous useful and sanitary properties render it an indispensable requisite in all families and for all travellers.
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in Ordinary to Her Majesty, respectfully invite attention to their PICKLES, SAUCES, TART FRUITS, and other Table Delicacies, the whole of which are prepared with the most scrupulous attention to wholesomeness and purity. A few of the articles most highly recommended are—Pickles and Tart Fruits of every description, Royal Table Sauce, Essence of Shrimps, Soho Sauce, Essence of Anchovies, Jams, Jellies, and Orange Marmalade, Anchovy and Mustard Pastes, Strawberry and other Potted Meats, Calf's Foot Jellies of various kinds for table use, Mr. Soyer's Sauces, Relish, and Aromatic Mustard, Carstairs' Sir Robert Peel's Sauce, and Payne's Royal Oyster Sauce.
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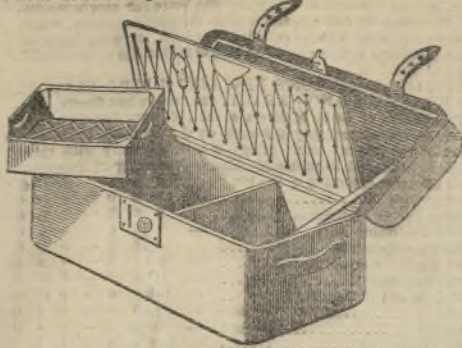
a certain Cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Old Wounds, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Chills, all kinds of Eruptions of the Skin, &c., is as delicate in its use as Eau de Cologne, it not being a greasy compound.—Sold wholesale and retail, at the Depot, 13, CATHERINE STREET, Strand, London, in Pots, with full directions, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and in Family Jars, at 11s. and 22s. each; and by all medicine vendors, in town or country.

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Complaints should try the effects of a valuable remedy, a few doses of which will make the sufferer feel elastic and vigorous, remove all impediment, cleanse the blood from all impurities, give a healthy action to the liver, and strengthen the stomach. If bilious attacks be allowed to continue, without using such a preventative, more serious casualties may arise, and the sufferer be consigned to a bed of sickness. Holloway's Pills are an extraordinary remedy, acting immediately in the removal of acidity from the stomach, indigestion, debility, and nausea.
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TO LADIES.—The only Genuine WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS

These PILLS are those prepared by Mrs. SMITHERS (Grand daughter to the Widow Welch), from the real Family Recipe, without the least variation whatever.

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possesses peculiarly nourishing powers in the growth, restoration, and improvement of the human hair. It prevents it from falling off or turning grey—cleanses it from seurf and dandruff—and makes it beautifully soft, curly, and glossy. For children it is especially recommended, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; family bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size 21s. Caution.—On the wrapper of each bottle are the words "Rowlands' Macassar Oil, &c." in white letters, and their signature. "A. Rowland and Sons," in red ink. Sold at 20, HATTON-GARDEN, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.



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PHILLIPS and Co. send all goods Carriage Free, by their own vans, within eight miles of 20, King William-street, City; and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices Carriage Free to any Railway Station or Market Town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards. A General Price Current is published every Month, containing all the advantages of the London Markets, and is sent free by post, an application to PHILLIPS AND COMPANY, TEA MERCHANTS, 8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, City, London. Sugars and Colonial Produce are supplied at Market Prices.—See General Price Current.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the Cash Account, Balance Sheet, and List of Bonuses paid on last Year's Claims, for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

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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.

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Turkish 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 COLEMAN, M.R.C.S. 7, Leicester-place, Leicester-square, London. At Home from 11 to 4, to receive visits from Patients.

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THE GREAT LINCOLNSHIRE MEDICINE. These Pills are the most effectual remedy for wind in the stomach and bowels, spasms, costiveness, giddiness and sick headache, heartburn, indigestion, disturbed sleep, palpitation of the heart, cholera, jaundice, gout, dropsy, asthma, sore throat, ague, biliousness, erysipelas, female complaints, liver complaints, lumbago, piles, tic douloureux, scurvy, eruptions on the skin, &c.

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(Dyspepsia), Constipation, Flatulency, Phlegm, all Nervous Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Hysteria, Neuralgia, Dysentery, 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 weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts 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 thousand 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, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food. Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."—Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, 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. 54,812. Miss Virginia Zegers 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."—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, Riddington Rectory, Norfolk."—No. 32,836. "Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring food. Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."—Cure No. 3,906. "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, 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 2lb., 4s. 6d.; 5lb., 11s.; 12lb., 22s. The 12lb. carriage free on receipt of Post-office order. Barry du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum, Mason, and Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 130, Piccadilly; also, at 60; Gracechurch-street; 330, 430, and 451, Strand; 4, Cheap-side; 49, Bishopsgate-street; 63, 150, and 198, Oxford-street.

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1856.

£820,374.

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1857.

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1856.

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1857.

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1856.

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1857.

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