

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER



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HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO LEEDS.

The Royal visit to Leeds is now a matter for history, and, according to the *Times*, in all the long annals of Royal progresses in warmth and enthusiasm it should stand the first. The Queen and the Prince Consort left Osborne-house at a little after eight o'clock on Monday morning, on their route northward. Their course was by the South-Western Railway to Kew, from which they crossed by the North and South-Western Junction over to the King's-cross station of the Great Northern line, arriving at Leeds about six o'clock in the evening. At Kew, at King's-cross, at Peterboro', Newark, Doncaster, and, in fact, wherever the train halted, immense crowds were gathered to welcome Her Majesty, and on her arrival in Leeds, which was inundated with visitors, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Her Majesty was the guest for the evening of Mr. Fairbairn, the Mayor, at his beautiful mansion of Woodsley-house in the suburbs. Meanwhile, as the day drew on, all Leeds flocked *en masse* to the central station of the Great Northern, where Her Majesty was to arrive. It was not the

mere crowd of a manufacturing town, but a regular county gathering which swept through all the eastern streets of Leeds as regular and massive as the tide itself, and moving forward with almost as little interruption, save that occasioned by its own density. The crash was really awful, and, notwithstanding the strength and great solidity of the barriers, it was seen at a glance that they could never withstand the pressure in some places along the route. Strengthening shores had therefore to be run up, though in many parts even these further aids were insufficient, and the barriers were uprooted and broken down. At about four o'clock on Monday, the rain, which had long been threatening, came down at last—not in a shower such as umbrellas keep off, and “standing up” avoids, but in a nasty sleety drizzle, with frequent gusts of cold raw wind between. Still this had no effect upon the crowds. If anything, it increased their mirth—it certainly did not diminish their numbers. The station itself was very tastefully and handsomely decorated. Sheds and rows of seats, covered with scarlet cloth and filled with ladies and gentlemen, gave that air of animation and pleasure

to the scene so necessary on these occasions. Where the Queen was to alight was draped with scarlet cloth, and on this glowing portion of the decoration were assembled the Earl of Derby, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl Hardwicke, the Mayor and Mayoress, Viscount Goderich, Sir Harry Smith, Mr. William Fairbairn, the nephew of the Mayor and chairman of the late Manchester Exhibition, Mr. Denison, M.P., the chairman of the company, the High Sheriff, and the whole of the Aldermen and Town-council of the borough. How Leeds has ever attained its present greatness without such aid we cannot say, but the fact nevertheless remains that up to the present visit corporate robes were unknown in the borough; none were ever worn, because none were ever known or wanted, and the uniforms of the various grades of civic dignitaries had to be decided upon and chosen before any could appear before Royalty. The Common-councilmen and Aldermen wore robes precisely similar to those of the London Corporation, minus only the massive chains in the case of the latter dignitaries. With the Mayor, however, the case was different, and he was habited in such pomp and regal splendour as to resem-

ble and recall to memory those visions of the past of which we read in story—the most magnificent of the Medicis or d'Estes rather than the chief citizen of a plain, manufacturing town. It is needless attempting to describe the dress. Our readers will better appreciate it when we say that it was all that silk and crimson velvet and ermine combined could effect towards richness. This grandeur would have ruined any man of ordinary appearance; but the Mayor, with his fine upright carriage, snowy hair, and long flowing white beard, became it admirably, and looked ten times a Mayor. Upon his way down to the station the festivity of the occasion was near being sadly marred by an accident to his worship, and one which might have been so serious as to have plunged the town in grief, for he it known a more popular chief magistrate was never elected to the mayoralty of Leeds. The immense concourse of people, and the thousand flags and banners waving continually, frightened the horses of his carriage, and they darted away at full speed. Fortunately, before they had gone far, both came full tilt against a barrier, and were easily secured from doing harm.



THE CITY OF JESU.—(See page 172.)

but the barrier was broken and the horses much hurt, and his worship had to proceed to the station in a carriage which was passing by at the time.

A quarter past six was the time Her Majesty was expected to arrive, and accordingly at that hour, almost to the very second, the train glided into the station. The guard of honour of the 22nd saluted, the artillery began its regular salvoes, and amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs Her Majesty alighted on the platform. The Earl of Derby and the Mayor were the first to welcome her to Leeds. The Mayoress gracefully bowed a profound welcome, and had the honour of presenting Her Majesty with a magnificent bouquet of the most costly flowers. A few minutes were consumed in conversation, when the Queen, leaning on the arm of the Prince Consort, and followed by the Princesses Alice and Helena, passed out of the station, the Mayor going before them, the members of the Corporation standing at either side and cheering. Her Majesty seemed much gratified and struck by the warmth and enthusiasm of her greeting, though, in the station, it was, of course, trifling to the tremendous welcome she experienced in the streets. Once her carriage was fairly seen outside the railway station, and there arose such a cheer as has seldom been heard before. It was the cheer, not only of the thousands to whom she was visible, but the cheers of all along the line of route; it was caught up and passed from street to street, over crowded housetops, and into places far removed from where the Queen would pass—one long-sustained outburst of loyal enthusiasm such as we have never seen equalled before, and such as we never expect to hear surpassed even in England. Slowly from the railway the Royal carriage descended into the streets—a little speck among the great mass of human beings who, shouting and cheering, pushing and throwing their hats and handkerchiefs into the air as if they were demented, thronged up the streets, half wild with exultation and delight. From the station Her Majesty at once went up through Leeds to Woodley-house, everywhere meeting with the same ovation, only, if possible, the enthusiasm progressed as Her Majesty proceeded.

At Woodley-house the concourse of people was immense, and here, notwithstanding every aid from massive timber barriers, the almost involuntary onward movement of the people bore down all opposition, and the barriers went to pieces before the weight and impetus of such a body. Content, however, with this achievement, or it may be, perhaps, frightened at its results, and lest Her Majesty should take umbrage at their impetuous loyalty, the crowd stopped short, and once the barriers were broken down the populace were quiet, and no man ventured to step beyond the line within which not a minute before four inches of plank could not keep him. During the evening, or rather, soon after Her Majesty's arrival at the house, the Royal commands were laid on Mr. Fairbairn to join the dinner party that evening. The other guests were the Earl of Derby, Lady Churchill, the Hon. Miss Stopford, Sir Charles Phipps, Major-General the Hon. G. Grey, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. Ponsonby, with Miss Hildyard. That night none were let up towards Woodley-house, or even up to the picturesque hill which leads to it. In rear of the house, but outside its lofty garden walls, were encamped the guard of honour of the 22nd, which kept watch and ward in the rear overlooking the hills and picturesque villages of Kirkstall-vaie. It was well that these arrangements were made, for Heaven knows where the loyalty of Leeds would have stopped that night. The whole town, or the whole district, seemed quite beside itself. From all parts of the country round the visitors had been flocking in on foot, in carts, by rail or road, or any avenue that led to Leeds. Every conveyance that could bear the strain of a beast of draught, and many that would not, and with which the experiment ought never to have been attempted, was pressed into the service. Not less than 150,000 or 200,000 people were crowded in the streets. The Briggate, Boar-lane, Wellington-street, and Upper Head-row—and, in fact, all the places best illuminated, were thronged. In the Briggate and Upper Head-row the effect was beautiful, for neither money nor trouble had been spared upon the adornment of these thoroughfares. The first-named street was crossed in all directions with festoons of artificial flowers, so as to form across both roads and paths a perfect arcade, from the wreaths of which depended coloured lamps. The transparencies and illuminations, too, along the housefronts were brilliant and varied. This day was looked forward to as the greatest day that Leeds has yet seen, and yet, alas! the morning broke forth with heavy clouds, thick mist, and drizzling rain. It was bad and looked still worse, and Leeds rose sad, and perhaps even rather discontented on the whole, for the weather meant nothing less than that some 300,000 or 400,000 people would be disappointed in what they had been looking forward to for months and months past. From the earliest hours thousands upon thousands came flocking into Leeds from all parts. Every street and alley, road or no road, of the town seemed thronged, yet how it was so none could divine, for all Leeds proper was so hemmed in and barricaded by its own loyalty, in the shape of platforms, seats, and galleries, that, if one might venture to judge from the appearances, none of the actual inhabitants of Leeds could be abroad. Yet, in spite of this, the streets were full to overflowing, and, what was worse, thousands upon thousands kept coming in per rail from York, Bradford, Wakefield, and Pontefract, though it seemed almost a question whether the last comers would find room enough to get out of the trains.

It was known privately that his Royal Highness the Prince Consort was to visit the Exhibition of Local Industry at Leeds, but the secrecy of the matter was so well kept that none observed it, and certainly no notice was taken by the mob. His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Mayor and Colonel Ponsonby, arrived at the Coloured Cloth-hall at half-past eight o'clock. In this building the exhibition has been

prepared, doubtless with a view to the approaching visit of the British Association. They were received by Mr. Lupton and Mr. Jowitt, of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, with several of the principal exhibitors. The Exhibition, which contains specimens of the chief manufactures of which Leeds is the seat, was then minutely inspected, his Royal Highness returning to Woodley-house soon after nine.

The line throughout was well kept, not only by the constables of London and the district police, but by the friendly societies of Leeds, which were wisely pressed into the service, and made do duty as constables, and line the barriers inside along the whole route. The greatest scene along the whole route of Her Majesty's procession was at Woodhouse-moor, where the children of the charity and free schools were mustered to the number of nearly 29,000, of almost every age and every religious denomination. It was a grand sight—the greatest of all that met the Queen's eye, except, perhaps, the scene at the Town-hall, though this, again, was quite different in kind, and suggestive of different associations. On the banks of the reservoir which bounds the western extremity of the plain of Woodhouse-moor were collected some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, who had made the best of the vantage ground which was here presented. Tier above tier they rose in dense masses to the height of perhaps thirty or forty feet, and it may be questioned whether such a multitude was ever before seen packed into so small a space. In the centre of the amphitheatre formed by these living walls stood the children, in two huge divisions (including teachers) of more than 16,000 each, divided into districts, parishes, and schools, and distinguished by their orange, crimson, or blue banners. The children were disposed upon two immense platforms or galleries, between which the Royal cortege passed, each being about 170 yards in length; depth, 27 and 45 feet respectively. In the centre was a sort of elevated pulpit for the general director and his assistants, and above this was a tall rostrum, in which stood the musical conductor, the movements of whose baton were to sway and modulate the fresh young voices of the crowd beneath him. From this centre, radiating equally on all sides, were posted signalmen, with huge boards, on which were printed in the largest of letters the various signals, as "Prepare to cheer!" "Sing!" "Silence!" and "Dismiss!" Words cannot tell with what grandeur and true sublimity the two first and most important signals were obeyed. About the "silence" we had, perhaps, best say nothing. All possible power of signalling—the most despairing efforts on the part of the 5,000 teachers—failed to repress the exuberant spirits of the children and their manifestations of excitement and delight at the spectacle which was soon to pass before them. Silenced they would not and could not be, nor under the circumstances was silence, however impressive, particularly necessary. But if they could not be still, they could at least be patient. Some of the children were on the ground as early as six o'clock, and before eight o'clock all were assembled, although Her Majesty was not to leave Woodley-house until half-past ten. Small tanks of water were provided for their refreshment during this long interval; but excitement was the most powerful stimulant, and the children bore up under the crowding and fatigue to which they were subjected with wonderful tenacity and endurance.

It was expected that Her Majesty would leave Woodley-house at ten o'clock, but for some reason the starting was delayed till half-past ten. The actual procession was a very long one, as it consisted of all that were members of the Leeds Corporation. The Royal procession, however, was only of three carriages. The first contained General Grey, Her Majesty's Equerry; Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., Privy Purse; and Colonel Ponsonby, the Prince Consort's Equerry. The second contained Lord Derby, Minister in attendance; Miss Hildyard, the Princesses' Governess; Lady Churchill and the Hon. Miss Stopford, Maids of Honour to the Queen. The third contained the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena. Sir Harry Smith, K.C.B., rode on the left of Her Majesty, and Earl Fitzwilliam (Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding) on the right. In attendance were a squadron of the 18th Hussars, and a squadron of the Second West York Light Infantry.

It is almost useless attempting to convey any adequate idea of Her Majesty's reception. It would merely exhaust superlatives without effecting any result, for "tremendous cheers" in print and tremendous cheers in Leeds are widely different things. Almost as Her Majesty started the clouds broke up, and the sun shone fully as she came upon the moor, amid the children and the thousand little eager faces which gazed with such intensity not more on her than on the young Princesses with her. As the cortege came in sight the signals "Prepare to cheer" rose up on every side, but they were needless; the difficulty was to keep the children quiet, for all the children strained their throats, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs with such a vehemence as threatened to make them still more ragged than many of them were already. Nearly 30,000 little trebles set agoing are not so easily stopped; and what with their own enthusiasm, and what with what they saw of others, some time elapsed before the shouts were done; and the thundering bass accompaniment of the populace outside—mostly the parents of the children—went rumbling away in a hoarse roar in the distance. Then the conductor waved his wand, and slowly swelling upwards, like a vast organ of human voices, came "God save the Queen." With the first notes Her Majesty held up her hand, and the carriage halted in the centre of the moor amid the children, while the great choir of singers went pealing forth their anthem with such a truth and sublimity as seemed to move even the most distant hearers. When this was over, the procession continued its way, and the hymns of the children continued—the long soft notes of every psalm resounding far and near, and

making itself heard above the cheering, even when the procession was wending its way through the most crowded parts of Leeds.

From this point, as we have said, Her Majesty's reception was as grand in its enthusiasm as anything could be. For nearly four miles it was one continued ovation. At the Town Hall the crowds were so great that the barriers seemed quite inadequate, and, at last, bent, cracked, and splintered before the immense pressure. From these parts such cries arose that it really seemed as if some dangerous injury to life or limb must have occurred. Yet we are glad to say it was not so, and the admirable arrangements of the police averted all mishap. The crowd was pacified, the barriers shored up and bound with iron bands, and with such aids and exhortations to quietness the affair was managed. At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock precisely the Royal cortege entered the great square in which the Hall is situated, when the scene quite defies all attempts to portray it in words. The cheers literally seemed to rend the very air. After acknowledging these salutes and those of the Guard of Honour, about which latter the Queen is most punctilious, Her Majesty with the Prince Consort gave their undivided attention to the noble building they had come to inaugurate.

The Mayor and Mayoress received the Royal party as they alighted, and the Mayor conducted Her Majesty and the Prince up the steps of the south facade. Repeatedly Her Majesty stopped to examine and admire the edifice, till on entering the vestibule, where the architect, Mr. Brodric, was in attendance, and had the honour of being presented. Here also Her Majesty had an opportunity of seeing the Mayor's princely gift to the town—her statue, by Noble, the sculptor. A few moments were passed in admiring this and in Her Majesty's expression of warm approval of the building, and the Royal party entered the hall. As Her Majesty entered the whole mass of visitors rose and made the hall echo and vibrate again under the great welcome given to their Queen. Yet almost as suddenly as this began it ended, as the Queen, reaching the dais, stood with the Princess Alice on her right, the Prince Consort and Princess Helena on her left, and the Bishop of Ripon advancing, read aloud, with much solemnity, a prayer, specially composed for the occasion. The prayers for the Queen and Royal Family were responded to by a long and deep "Amen" from all parts of the hall. The National Anthem followed, and then the address of the corporation. To which Her Majesty read aloud, amid breathless silence, the following reply:—

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I accept with pleasure your loyal address, and I thank you sincerely for the cordial welcome with which I have been received. It is highly gratifying to me to witness the opening of this noble Hall, a work well worthy of your active industry and enterprising spirit, and while it will reflect a honour on the town of Leeds, I feel assured that it will also secure to the thriving community whom you represent the important social and municipal advantages for which it is designed."

The Mayor, with the mover and seconder of the address, had then the honour of kissing hands, after which each member of the corporation was presented to Her Majesty by name.

The Town-clerk then read a brief address to the Prince Consort, to which his Royal Highness replied:

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—It has afforded me the greatest pleasure to have been present on the occasion of this first visit of your Queen to Leeds; and I have been deeply touched and gratified by witnessing the enthusiastic display of loyalty and affectionate attachment to her person and family which has marked her reception. I have now further to thank you for the very cordial and flattering welcome which you have extended to myself, and to assure you that I shall never cease to take the warmest interest in all that can tend to promote the comfort and welfare of Her Majesty's loyal people."

Her Majesty then conferred for a few minutes with the Earl of Derby, and taking the sword of General Grey, signalled to the Mayor to kneel, and touching him lightly, first on the right and then on the left shoulder, the Mayor of Leeds rose up, amid tremendous cheering, Sir Peter Fairbairn.

The Earl of Derby then, stepping to the front of the dais, said, "I am commanded by Her Majesty to declare, in Her Majesty's name, that this hall is now opened." The cheers that followed this announcement were long and loud, though some disappointment seemed experienced that Her Majesty had not condescended to complete the formality of opening the hall herself. On this announcement the Hallelujah Chorus followed, at the conclusion of which Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Princesses, and suite, conducted by the Mayor and the movers and seconders of the addresses, and attended by the Architect and the Town Clerk, left the hall by the north-west door, and proceeded to examine the Crown Court, the Borough Court, and the Council Chamber, on the ground floor, after which they ascended to the second floor by the flight of steps immediately to the right, and entered the Mayor's rooms, which had been prepared for their reception and entertainment. Luncheon over, Her Majesty returned to the hall, when of course the same enthusiasm as before characterised her reception and departure. At once entering her carriage, Her Majesty proceeded through the main streets of Leeds and entering the Wellington station resumed her journey to the North. The arrangements and decorations at the Wellington were of the best kind. Before leaving we understand Her Majesty expressed to Sir Peter Fairbairn how deeply gratified she was at the reception and welcome which had been given her by her loyal subjects in Leeds. The Queen arrived at Edinburgh at twenty-six minutes after seven o'clock on Tuesday night. The journey from Leeds was admirably performed throughout. Her Majesty proceeded to Holyrood amidst the cheers

of a great number of spectators, who, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, had assembled in the Queen's park. The weather was fine.

The Queen left Edinburgh at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, and travelled by the Scottish Central and Scottish North-Eastern to Aberdeen, passing through Stirling and Perth, and arriving at 1.50. Her Majesty then proceeded by the Deeside Railway to Banff, and having lunched there, travelled in an open carriage by Aboyne and Ballater to Balmoral, arriving about six o'clock. The weather was splendid, and the castle grounds in beautiful order. Lord Derby is with the Court.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS F. M.—If you send in your address and the numbers of the two papers you require, they will be forwarded. AN ADMIRER OF OUR PAPER.—If you send your address, we will inform you of the price of the pattern indicated.

ADA.—The foundation of the plot of Dumas' well-known drama of the *Corsican Brothers* is said to have been derived from a circumstance which happened to M. Louis Blanc, the equally well-known political exile. He was attacked one night in the streets of Paris, stabbed repeatedly, and left for dead. Having a twin brother at that time in Spain, he shortly after received a letter from him, begging to know if any accident had happened to him, as he himself had felt at the same time as M. Louis Blanc had himself suffered.

A SPECULATOR.—If money is too easily gained, it loses much of its value. As a rule, that which is most difficult to obtain is the most valued. Many persons have become wealthy from very small beginnings, when others have commenced life with affluence and ended with beggary. This truth is strongly exemplified in the case of the person who won the first £-centy thousand pounds ever drawn in an English lottery. He also gained a second sum in the same manner, of five thousand pounds, and yet died in the most extreme poverty.

REBECCA.—The exact spot where Cranmer and Ridley suffered, is marked in Broad-street, Oxford, by a flat stone cross in the middle of the road.

EUGENE.—We shall have much pleasure in giving a design for the purpose and of the width required.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The purse may be commenced in different ways, but that which appeared the most simple was given with the illustration. The straight line above the circular part should be first made long enough for the two sides of the purse, after which, first one circular half should be worked and then the other. These being folded together, are united by a row of crochet worked on the two. The upper part is then completed in simple crochet.

A HOUSEHOLDER.—The Mendicity Society was established in 1818. It has done good service by exposing numerous cases of feigned distress, and likewise in assisting real misery. We believe those poor persons who are industriously inclined may obtain a day's work on application, as the society has on its premises a mill, a stone yard, and a oakum room.

MARIA.—The present Emperor of the French was born at the Tuilleries. His mother was the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage, with the Count de Beauharnois.

BEACHTON.—The four designs on the pedestal of the Nelson Column, were executed by four different artists. The expense of the whole monument has been estimated at about thirty-five thousand pounds, twenty of which were raised by public subscription, the remainder a grant from Government. The Emperor of Russia contributed five hundred pounds.

A TOURIST.—On some of the tropical islands, the nights are most splendid. The evening star has such a brilliancy as to produce shadows on the ground.

R. S. L.—It is quite true that in the Great Fire of London, Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, although it fell from its niche, remained uninjured, while those of all the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces, and at the same time St. Paul's being burnt down, the only portion which remained uninjured was the inscription on the architrave, showing by whom it was built, not one letter of which was defaced.

MAGGY.—The question of the authorship of this charming ballad was set at rest by a letter from its authoress to Sir Walter Scott. Lady Ann Barnard, who died in 1835, was the true poetess who wrote *Auld Robin Gray*. The secret was long preserved, although a reward of twenty guineas was offered, and the Antiquarian Society took up the inquiry.

LUCE B.—The custom of wearing bracelets is traced back to the remotest ages of antiquity; when they were worn by men as well as by women. In Eastern nations, bracelets are still a favourite ornament among men.

ANGELINA.—The art of polishing and cutting diamonds was invented by Louis de Bergeuse, a native of Bruges. Having observed that diamonds became chipped or scratched when rubbed one against another, he took two diamonds, and by dint of friction obtained a considerable quantity of dust. By help of this powder, and certain tools, which he himself likewise invented, he succeeded in polishing and cutting diamonds; and was the first who introduced that branch of the lapidary's art.

M. A. S.—Flounders, when good, are thick and stiff, and their eyes bright and full. They should be dressed as fresh as possible.

A. Z.—Church organs have been in use in England from a very remote period. A large organ is mentioned as having existed in Westminster Abbey in the tenth century. In the twelfth century, organs were common in all our large churches.

A CONSTANT READER.—We cannot answer you better than by quoting the opinion of Alexander von Humboldt, who thus expresses himself: "History cannot be studied in a philosophic spirit, if the heroic ages be entirely lost sight of. National myths, when blended with history and geography, cannot be regarded as wholly appertaining to the ideal world. The facts recorded in primitive history and geography are not mere ingenious fables, but rather the reflection of the opinion generally admitted regarding the actual world."

The *Court Journal* tells a romantic story of Jung Bahadur, the Prince of Nepal. During the stay of the Nepalese Prince in this country, he became deeply smitten with a lady of great rank and beauty, and offered her marriage. Birth and creed alike forbade the union with the noble Asiatic, but, ere he quitted the shores of England, he prayed the acceptance of a small token of his esteem, a beautiful Oriental ring, which the lady, with much reluctance, accepted. It was accompanied by the singular promise that, if ever she had a command to make, a wish to be carried out, the return of the talismanic ring to his highness would insure its due performance. As the story goes, the lady, high in rank, returned the jewel, with a wish that Jung Bahadur should revenge the foul and horrid slaughter of her countrywomen at Cawnpore. How the Prince has fulfilled his promise every Englishman knows.

Post-office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to Mr. ALEXANDER CALDER, 83, Fleet-street, London (E.C.)

THE
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS.

ROYAL visits in this country are not now, as in days past, paid exclusively to some powerful baron, influential courtier, or wealthy commoner whom the sovereign wishes to propitiate on account of his gold; but the busy lives of industry, the localities of the coiners of our country's wealth, of those hard-handed toilers who literally live by the sweat of their brow, are not overlooked. Queen Victoria has happily overcome the fastidiousness which previous sovereigns used to feel in going among their poorer subjects, and the result is, that her popularity, great as it has been ever since her accession to the throne, increases with every new opportunity for its manifestation. Her Majesty has ever identified herself with the requirements of her people, and been prompt to satisfy them. Such a spectacle as that of our truly popular Queen appearing in the public streets and thoroughfares, amidst hundreds of thousands of her free and loyal subjects—themselves her best body-guard—proceeding to inaugurate an exhibition of art, as at London and Manchester; a museum and park, purchased by the people of the town, as at Birmingham; or a magnificent Town-hall, raised by the industry of the people, as at Leeds—can be witnessed in no other country of Europe, if in any part of the world. The latter long-talked-of and anxiously-expected event took place on Tuesday last, and was perhaps the greatest triumph of the kind which Her Majesty has yet achieved.

During the past few years Leeds has vastly increased in the extent and value of her manufactures and other products of industry, and now exhibits substantial proofs of her wealth and importance; and while her material interests have been advanced, we rejoice to find that her moral interests have also not been disregarded. Leeds was one of the first places where the system of Sunday-school instruction, founded by Robert Raikes, was adopted; and shortly after their commencement, it is stated that there were 2,400 Sunday scholars in the town. Ever since that time the schools have been steadily progressing. Places of worship, both of the Establishment and of Dissenting denominations, have also from time to time been added. There is a good Library, a Mechanics' Institute, a Court-house, and some commercial buildings; but these have small pretensions to architectural beauty, and are indeed insignificant when compared with the new Town-hall which Her Majesty has opened under such auspicious circumstances. The whole of the proceedings connected with that important event were of the most gratifying character. It was the first time of Her Majesty's visiting this flourishing town, and highly did the people appreciate the honour. All classes did their utmost to give an earnest and hearty welcome to the Royal visitors. From the time of their leaving Woodsley House to their arrival at the Hall, a distance of nearly four miles, Her Majesty's reception was as grand as anything could be; it was one continued ovation. The enthusiasm of the people was indescribable. But the most impressive scenes along the whole route were those at Woodhouse-moor and outside the Town-hall. On the moor were to be seen a dense mass of human beings, said to number from 60,000 to 70,000, rising tier above tier, and in the centre were ranged the children of the various schools. On the Queen and Royal family reaching this spot, the juvenile vocalists, about 29,000, pealed forth the National Anthem with a sublimity truly affecting. The Royal party stopped, and listened attentively until the anthem was concluded, and then passed onwards toward the Hall, amid the most deafening cheers from the assembled thousands, which seemed to rend the air. Outside the Hall the crowd was so dense that the barriers at last gave way and were broken down. Inside the plaudits were caught up and continued until the Bishop of Ripon com-

menced reading a prayer composed for the occasion. After the formal opening of the Hall, and the knighting of the Mayor (now Sir Peter Fairbairn), several addresses were presented to the Queen and the Prince Consort, all breathing the most devoted loyalty to the throne and expressing the best wishes, temporal and eternal, for the whole of the Royal family. The reception of Her Majesty from first to last was so gratifying as to elicit from her a declaration of the utmost satisfaction of the entire arrangements.

The wide difference in the circumstances attending a Royal progress in this country and in that of some others, is very striking. Our streets are not lined with soldiers armed to the teeth, nor is the Sovereign annoyed and obstructed with petitions for pecuniary grants towards the building of churches, schools, or public institutions. Englishmen have learned to be self-dependent, and erect these indispensables for themselves. The duty of the Sovereign to the people, and of the people to the Sovereign, is so well-known and so clearly defined by our Constitution, that these occasions are eagerly embraced for mutual interchanges of expressions of good-will; and the peace and prosperity of our country is owing, under Providence, to the enjoyment by the people of civil and religious liberty, and the surrender by them to the Sovereign of a cheerful and sincere loyalty. They can, therefore, heartily respond to the following sentiment of the Corporation address: "We pray God to bless your Majesty; we pray God to prolong your reign; and we know that in so praying we are praying for our own happiness and for that of all your people. May a long line of descendants be, like you, repaid for the mild and constitutional exercise of regal power by the respect and love of a high-spirited nation."

HONOURS AND ORDERS.

THE frauds of the knave show us the weakness of the dupe. When we see what baits are most attractive, we know at once the bent of the inclinations which catches at them with as much certainty as we can tell which way the wind blows by seeing in what quarter the feather flies.

One of the most amusing of modern-days deceptions has just been disclosed to the world through the instrumentality of that great publishing house of romance, having branches in every corner of the civilised world, the police. Not all the solitary scribblers who ever spun out their own brains in attics impregnated with the smoky vapour of midnight oil, ever reached such flights of fancy as are exhibited in these matters of fact, so signed, sealed, and delivered.

The disclosures which are now before the world show us the craving of the human heart for sounding titles, pompous dignities, glittering orders, and meretricious honours. It appears that there are men in Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Rome, Florence, and Parma, who gain their own livelihood by the sale of such attractive merchandise. These carry on the trade of vending pedigrees, old deeds, yellow parchments, orders of knighthood, honorary dignities, and academical degrees. They will even do more. Supposing that a client has the good fortune to be rich, and the misfortune to be oblivious as to the style and title of his grandfather, he may at once recover from these learned dealers in antiquities a full and copious history of his own ancestry as many ages back as he may choose to pay for, the date of antecedents being, we suppose, unlimited. In Paris, these gentlemen, so accomplished in ancient lore, call themselves heralds, genealogists, chronologists, historiographers, and such like; but they also bestow upon themselves the still more attractive titles of nobility, and decorate themselves with grand crosses, and other insignia, as specimens of their wares and guarantees of genuineness.

That there should be found men in the world capable of submitting to be the dupes of so shallow an arrangement of artifice, is all the wonder. We can only suppose that even shrewd people believe what they wish with extraordinary facility. A man may be a sharp dealer on the Bourse, and yet be ignorant that the Order of the Four Emperors of Germany had long been a dead and buried thing. It is not with any particular feeling of satisfaction that such a gentleman finds himself the master of a piece of waste paper which has cost him two thousand francs, and he puts himself into com-

munication with the police, who establish the fact that his ambition has overleaped his prudence, exactly at that price. Then, again, we have a Russian, who actually has paid forty-eight thousand francs for the Grand Cross of a pretended Order of Constantine and St. George of Parma, as well as an instalment of ten thousand more for a second honour which also caught his fancy; and it was not until he had run a wild-goose chase after the *ignis fatuus* title, that, feeling himself self-convicted of a more than sufficient amount of simplicity, and not liking that laughter of the world which is always followed by a discordant echo of scorn, went home and held his peace. His share of the matter might still have been hid from the world had not a friend, hearing that the police were tracking the conspirators, given the requisite information, which led to the arrest of the most noble Count, and the seizure of all those patents of knighthood and diplomas of learned societies which were the products of his workshop.

There is a moral in this story. All is not gold that glitters. In many a provincial circle there comes, as if dropping from the clouds, some hero with half a dozen foreign names, and a grandiloquent title. He has great estates abroad, castles, and retainers, and, moreover, he is allied to reigning sovereigns, only he has fallen into political disgrace, having perhaps been a little too free-spoken about the rights of his poorer countrymen, and being generously imprudent, after the English fashion, which he honours above all things. No doubt but in a little time he will be restored to his ancestral honour and estates; but in the meantime he comes to the land that is after his own heart, and is it his fault if he find it impossible to harden himself against the attractions of that pretty daughter of the Mayor down in that dull place, near the county town where he has gone into retreat? He can make her a countess, or even something higher; and if only that worthy merchant would lend him his name—he does not want money, only the loan of his worthy signature—he shall have remittances out of count before the dates on those scraps of paper become due. Bah! the paltry bagatelle is not worth a thought to a man of his princely revenues, to say nothing of the vast arrears ready to be handed over to him.

We have known such counts as these ruin families who were previously living happily and honoured. If we cannot altogether exclude them from society, we would, at least, desire to consider them as a separate class. Now we find it will be difficult, since the dupes are becoming amalgamated with the impostors. Men who, caught with the sound of a title, and the show of an Order, think that they can make them their own by buying and paying for them, begin by being parties to deceiving themselves, and end by endeavouring to deceive the world.

It is on women that the blame of these things is generally thrown. It is said that they are caught by showy appearances. Sure we are that, ninety-nine times out of every hundred, the woman who marries a foreigner is miserable through integral differences of tastes and sentiments never to be overcome. In saying this, we are speaking of the really genuine article, not of the spurious impostor. If, however, in the delirium of folly she should cast in her lot with one of these, why, then, on returning to her senses, she is only entering on a whole life-long repentance.

WEEKLY RESUMÉ.

DURING the week, some excitement has prevailed, in consequence of the cessation of perfect telegraphic communication along the Atlantic cable. The Secretary and Directors have been at Valentia, endeavouring to ascertain and remove the cause of the obstruction. A letter from Mr. E. Whitehouse, "electrician projector" of the cable, and one of its four original promoters, published in a morning paper, expresses the writer's conviction that the occasion of this untoward event is the unprotected state of the cable on the Irish shore. Mr. Whitehouse states that this was the cause of the hitch that occurred when the Queen and the American President exchanged messages; and that the attention of the directors had both then and previously been called to the subject by himself, but unavailingly. Mr. Whitehouse's state-

ments, in fact, impute great blame to the directors. As it is evident, however, that there is a serious personal difference between them and himself, the public will doubtless suspend judgment in the matter, till all parties have been heard. If, moreover, the communication be promptly restored, past errors will no doubt be readily forgiven. It appears that the French Government have entered into an arrangement with the Company, to their mutual advantage, whereby direct telegraphic relations will be established between France and the French islands near Newfoundland. By this agreement, the fisheries off the coasts of those islands will be promoted, and the Company saved the expense of maintaining an expensive line across Newfoundland itself. Mr. Bright, the enterprising engineer of the Atlantic Company, has received the honour of knighthood from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This mark of distinction was conferred at a viceregal banquet, given in commemoration of this triumph of modern science.

On Tuesday, the inauguration of the Channel Islands telegraph took place at Southampton. The event was celebrated throughout the town and neighbourhood by general rejoicings, and a grand illumination in the evening. Sea-cables just now are in the height of popularity. May no untoward mishaps or speculative imprudencies ever occasion its decline!

The Bishop of Oxford has, it is said, appointed a "mixed commission" of clergy and laity to inquire into the charges against Mr. West, and his "confessional" proceedings at Boyne-hill. It will be the duty of these gentlemen to report to the Bishop whether any *prima facie* evidence exists of a nature to warrant ulterior proceedings.

Foreign affairs present but few features of interest or moment. The controversy between Denmark and the German Diet, relative to the affairs of Holstein, is, it is stated, drawing to a close, if not definitively settled. Fresh embroilments are, however, anticipated by some parties in relation to the question whether the Holstein troops can or ought, at any time, or under any pretence, to set foot on Danish soil. The Danish Government have been too glad, hitherto, to quarter these soldiers where they could be most effectively subjected to Scandinavian authority, and to this, it is believed, the Frankfort Diet will not willingly submit.

It is stated that M. de Thouvenel, the French Ambassador at Constantinople (who was accused of browbeating the Sultan), has obtained leave to return to France, and that he will not again resume his diplomatic functions. A more remarkable announcement is that Prince Abdul Aziz, the Sultan's brother, is shortly expected to visit our French neighbours. This is the personage whose name was mentioned in connexion with the recent Mussulman conspiracies against the Porte; not that he was alleged to favour them, but on him the hopes of the fanatical anti-Christian party were supposed to centre. Hence his expected visit to a nominally Christian State (a thing unprecedented in Turkish annals) furnishes greater occasion for surprise.

The Paris journals are occupying themselves with strictures and comments on Mr. Roebuck's last Cherboung speech at Sheffield. Our honest but irritable countryman, is doubtless somewhat indiscriminating in his censures and invectives; and, although often the utterer of unvarnished but unpalatable truth, sometimes allows his prejudices to overcome both his temper and his judgment. This infirmity is sufficiently manifest in his last diatribe, and he cannot be surprised if the French editors (who, doubtless, have no fear of the censorship on this subject) should pay him back in his own coin, with interest to boot.

The American intelligence is unimportant. A grand dinner was to be given in New York, in commemoration of the Atlantic Telegraph, and invitations forwarded to the President of the United States, the Cabinet Ministers, and the diplomatic representatives at Washington. In other places the excitement on this subject was rapidly declining.

The forcible abduction by the Roman Inquisition of a Jewish child six years old at Bologna, under the pretence of its having been, two years ago, secretly baptized by its Catholic nurse, has created a most painful sensation throughout the Jewish world. Twenty-one Sardinian congregations have addressed a joint and most pathetic appeal to the London Jewish Board of Deputies, soliciting its interference, which has resulted in the appointment of a sub-committee of eight with Sir Moses Montefiore at its head, to which full power was given to take all necessary steps required by the emergency.



A Woman's Bargain.

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

OUR heroine-elect was standing one summer morning looking at a very pretty picture to which she had just given the finishing touches. It was a portrait of a young lady whose last birthday had given her a legal right to act like a simpleton if she chose, and take all the consequences. She had blue eyes, auburn hair, and a delicate complexion tinged with pink. The figure was well-rounded and symmetrical. A little of the air of the Sleeping Beauty overshadowed her, just tinged with the expression of a disagreeable dream. The costume was of pure white, soft, redundant, with as much voluminous illusion as ever was stored up on the shelves of Don Quixote's study. These snowy vapours of costume, too idealized to be defined in form, were surmounted by a something meant for a bonnet, which looked more like a crown of white roses and violets than anything that was ever put together with needle and thread. A pair of the best fitting of French white kid gloves were on the hands, one of which held a bouquet of white roses and violets, made up, not with the negligence of nature, but quite à la mode matrimonial.

While our heroine was thus standing intently regarding this picture, much as if she were investigating its defects and its merits, and calculating what it might be worth if it were on sale, carriage wheels dashed up to the door and stopped. Then she turned round, passed out of the room, and went down stairs. Instead of leaving the picture behind her, she took it with her. Nothing remained but an ordinary chamber looking-glass, not over-well dusted, with a star-crack at one corner and sundry veneer dilapidations fracturing its framework.

Henrietta Mellish had been dressing for a bridal—not her own. She was going to officiate as bridesmaid for the third time in her life. She had been thinking of a certain superstition that everybody knows and not a few believe:—she who is three times a bridesmaid has very little chance of ever being a bride.

Henrietta Mellish had to humour the folds and compress the swell of her light drapery as she descended the narrow stairs of the suburban cottage in which she and her mother lived, without ever entertaining the thought of making it home. This last-mentioned lady was lying on a sofa in the largest of the two closets called parlours, the folding-doors being thrown open as

suggestive of the idea of space. Mrs. Mellish had been a beauty, and nothing but a beauty. Personal loveliness is a fatal gift when it is the single gift. Every circle has its samples of women, who, having been assured in early life that they were handsome, never abandon the belief, and rest upon it to their dying day. Such people live in themselves, to themselves, for themselves. They are wrapped up in the one dear idea. As wives, as mothers, as managers, the least scandal is to say nothing.

It is rather a noticeable fact that these beauties of mothers seldom have children so handsome as themselves, and thus the one idea is confirmed by the comparison. Henrietta Mellish was not so beautiful as her mother had been at the same age. Her features were less regular, a fact which Mamma cherished with pertinacity; but then she had that delicate roundness and fairness of youth, which life, as it goes on every year, leaves further and further behind.

Mamma lifted her head languidly up as Henrietta crushed herself through the doorway.

"Am I passable?" the young lady asked, with a little anxiety of accent.

"Yes; you will do," said Mamma, with cold praise.

Henrietta was piqued. "I know I shall look shabby beside the others. If you would only have let me give sixpence a yard more for my tarlatan, it might have been decent."

"You are so unthankful that you provoke me. The fringe on your white silk mantle is seven shillings a yard, and who's to pay for it is more than I can tell."

"And the white silk is no better than a Persian. You know I was obliged to have the fringe to look a little like the other."

"You mustn't get into such things another time. They are too expensive; and, besides that, a girl that's always going to weddings never gets anybody for herself. I was never bridesmaid but once, and I had two offers the next day."

"Did you take the first or the second, Mamma?"

"While I was deliberating on the first, the second came; and your papa having a red coat, I took him," Mrs. Mellish answered, with a sigh.

"Then, I will take the first, which, perhaps, may come to-morrow morning in the good old-fashioned way that used to be in vogue when you were young, Mamma."

"Your papa was a good papa to you," said Mrs. Mellish, angrily. "If I did throw myself away, it is not you who ought to reflect on either of your parents."

"Of course, Mamma, children don't feel being pinched and kept down, and sent to cheap schools, and made to endure all sorts of fudges, and being looked down upon, and knocked about in the world. If they are brought up to it, they ought not to mind fibbings and pretensions to keep up appearances. What difference can such things make when you're used to them?"

"Even that fly at the door will cost me three days of my pension-money, and you know well enough that I go without the glass of wine so necessary for me in my weak state."

"I'll marry the first man that asks me, be he what he will!" cried Henrietta, angrily, as she turned away.

"And do as your sister has done?" her mother cried out, tauntingly.

Henrietta clapped the door behind her, the slatternly maid was standing in the narrow passage with her hand on the lock of the outer door. She had heard every word, but nobody thought that of any consequence. The bridesmaid got into her fly, much envied and admired by a few children, and hawkers, and juvenile maids of all-work, at the little garden gates, and with this homage drove away like a being of some other sphere.

It was the younger sister of one of Henrietta's school friends who was going to act the part of bride, and the bridegroom was personated by a gentleman who had got a pretty little Government appointment in one of the colonies. It was reckoned a good match, and the young lady had the pleasure of knowing that she was charmingly envied. She was only eighteen, and Henrietta had arrived at the mature and elderly age of twenty-one. All the other bridesmaids were younger than the bride, with the exception of the sister of the bridegroom, who was considerably his senior, and affected to pair off with Henrietta, much to her secret irritation; and when this lady whispered to her, in strict confidence, that the four young girls who made up their half dozen were all of them a parcel of impertinent, giggling chits, and that she had no patience with them, why then Henrietta felt that she had no patience with her for not having given her a place amongst them.

Then, there was a table covered with most charming presents, and she felt that her own little piece of needlework looked rather queer by the side of silver teapots, forks, and spoons, gold-mounted dressing-cases, and writing-desks, and Honiton veils, and trinkets of various sorts; besides which she had an inward persuasion that she should very well have liked to have the

pretty assortment herself, and had candour enough quite to give it the preference over the silk purses, and satin bags, and bead mats which young ladies like herself, with scanty allowance of pocket money, only could contribute.

Of course all these things were closely locked up in that corner cupboard of every mortal habitation, the heart, and the fair bridesmaid did nothing but smile and look pleasant, according to the duties she had undertaken. It was sad for herself that those smiles were artificial, but they did quite as well for everybody else as if they had been genuine. The ceremony was performed by a relative of the bride, who had come up from the country on purpose, and that looked genteel in the newspapers. He was assisted by the Rev. Theophilus So-and-so, which gave the idea that the thing was better done. The breakfast had been sent in from a first-rate house—the affair didn't happen very often, so never mind the expense—and it ought to be according to rule; and the men in white cravats and white gloves waited so much better than middling maid-servants, and all that saved a world of trouble—and never mind a few pounds, for it was a good match, and Maria Matilda would never want anything else.

Carrying out the idea, the friends of the bride gave an evening entertainment at some public rooms engaged for the occasion. Their private house in Montague-place would only have seemed like a closet; and the gentleman had so many personal friends, as well as colonial connexions, that something handsome must be done to make a good impression and secure their influence for the younger brothers of the family. Everything went off charmingly well. There was a good deal of flirtation, especially among the bridesmaids, in which Henrietta Mellish took her share. Henrietta was not a great talker, but she looked softly fair and sweetly pretty, and she listened with a good grace, and nobody would have thought it possible for a sharp repartee to have fallen from her lips. In fact, she appeared very much like that picture which we found her contemplating in the morning, only that the cloud of her dreaminess was exchanged for the sunshine of complacency.

There was one gentleman in that fine party who certainly admired the fair bridesmaid, and quite made her understand that he did so. He was neither young, nor handsome—but what of that! As he moved about the room, Henrietta could mark his comings and his goings by the flashings of his diamond rings and diamond studs, and when he talked to Henrietta all the allusions of his conversation were in the odour of opulence.

When all was over some family friends took Henrietta home. It took a great deal of ringing to wake the sleepy maid; and when our heroine found herself once more in her own chamber, she found it smaller and meaner than she had before believed, more disagreeable and unbearable, especially when she thought of the grand rooms that she had left, and of the gentleman with his diamond decorations.

(To be continued.)

BABELSBERG.

The Castle of Babelsberg, the residence of the Princess Frederick William, is about a mile from Potsdam. The Tudor style prevails in the outlines of the main building and mighty towers, whilst the diminutive height of some side wings satisfies the taste of longing for simplicity in a rural abode. A large number of detached buildings are scattered over a park surrounding the castle to the extent of 400 acres. Nothing can be more beautiful than to look from the single watch-tower rising from the solitude of the woody domain, and erected in the delightful half-Gothic, half-subdued style of mediæval German cities. The castle itself is an oblong structure, whose principal front, facing the water, is about 150 feet long. About ninety rooms is the sum total of the apartments contained in the whole building, whose interior is both built and furnished with the chaste nobility of the purely Gothic style. At the same time, the furniture and general arrangement of the dwelling-rooms in Schloss Babelsberg are extremely simple. It is only in the dining-hall, and some State apartments, that the whole splendour of ornamental decoration has been displayed. A set of apartments, however, which two years ago were added to the main building, with a view of serving as a country retreat for the Princess Royal and her husband, are fitted up in the most luxurious manner. In order to surround the young bride with all the refinements and gorgeous splendour of every quarter of the globe, the severe features of the pure Gothic have in this wing been suffered to undergo a considerable blending with the "bon gout de Paris" and the different styles of wares exhibited behind the glittering panes of Regent-street.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of violet-colour silk, with double skirt. The upper skirt has side trimmings, consisting of stripes of drawn silk, the drawings separated by narrow rows of velvet. Each of these side trimmings is finished at the lower edge by two tassels. The corsage is half-high, and worn with a small pelerine of white tulle, covered with crossings of velvet arranged in a lozenge pattern. The pelerine is edged by a bouillonné of tulle. The sleeves are wide at the ends, edged with a *froncé* of silk, and gathered up in front of the arm by two tassels. Under-sleeves formed of puffs of white tulle. Cap of Maltese lace, with lappets flowing over the back part of the neck.

Fig. 2.—Dress consisting of a jupe and *casaque* of printed jaconnet. The jupe is plain, and the *casaque* is trimmed with *fronçons* of green ribbon. Bonnet of white crinoline, with a loose crown of sprigged muslin. The trimming consists of rows of lace and quillings of green ribbon. Under-trimming, bouquets of white roses.

Fig. 3.—Sleeve, consisting of a puff of muslin turned back, and over it a broad turn-up cuff of needlework. The sleeve is confined at the wrist by a band of needlework, beneath which is passed a pink ribbon, fastened in a bow and ends.

Fig. 4.—Little girl's frock of white piqué, trimmed with white braid and buttons. The corsage has bretelles, meeting in a point in front of the waist, and with long ends, widening at the lower part. These ends descend over the skirt of the frock, and form part of a *tablier* trimming, consisting of five long strips of piqué, ornamented with braid and buttons. The frock is edged by a broad hem, above which there is a band of piqué, cut the bias way, and ornamented with braid.

Fig. 5.—This frock for a little girl, is made of white piqué, and trimmed with needlework and white braid. In front of the waist there is a large bow of piqué, with long rounded ends edged with needlework, which fall over the *tablier* trimming in front of the skirt.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Dresses composed of light fabrics are not yet laid aside, though materials more solid in texture and more sombre in hue than those hitherto adopted, are beginning to appear for autumn wear. Among the newest and most tasteful dresses recently made, may be numbered one of printed muslin, having the corsage high and the skirt trimmed with

the dress. The throat is encircled by a narrow *ruche* of plain tulle. A *fichu* of the same material as the dress is worn over the corsage, and the sleeves are formed of one puff and two frills. One or two dresses, at once plain and elegant, have been made of barege, chequered in different colours, as, for instance, dark blue and green. These dresses are

corsages are generally not pointed at the waist, and have a *ceinture* with flowing ends tied either in front or on one side.

The new materials as yet introduced for autumn dresses include some very pretty plain poplins in dark colours. Some elegant silks have appeared, figured with transversal stripes and sprigged

a demi-wreath of the same flowers crosses the upper part of the head.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE DESERT.

I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act, had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the colouring of the landscape on his appearance, the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm golden hue, and the tints of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this colouring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life—as sweet and pure and refreshing as that which the first man breathed on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness His sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.—*Bayard Taylor*.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

We English are not a very emotional people; even when we do feel very strongly, we nevertheless think it good breeding to betray nothing of the matter. We are apt to treat even a great feeling as the Spartan boy treated the fox hidden under his garment, suffering it to prey upon our very bowels rather than by any word, gesture, or expression, to discover what we are harbouring. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulse-



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

made with two skirts, the upper one trimmed with a fluted frill.

The corsages of silk dresses intended for out-door costume continue to be made high and buttoned up to the throat. Basques are still fashionable, and, for the most part, are rather long. Some of the

with flowers. Others are chequered, and some plain silks are ornamented with bands in a chequered pattern passing up each side of the front.

In bonnets we have at present little novelty to mention. Bonnets of Leghorn, Belgian, and other

ing. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulse-

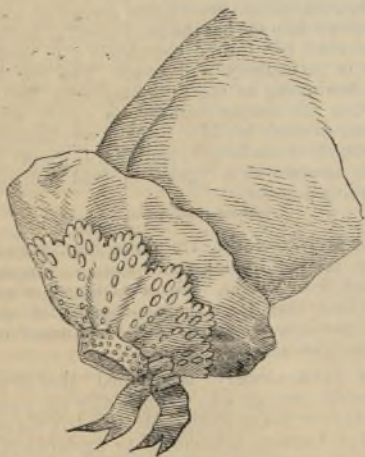


Fig. 3.

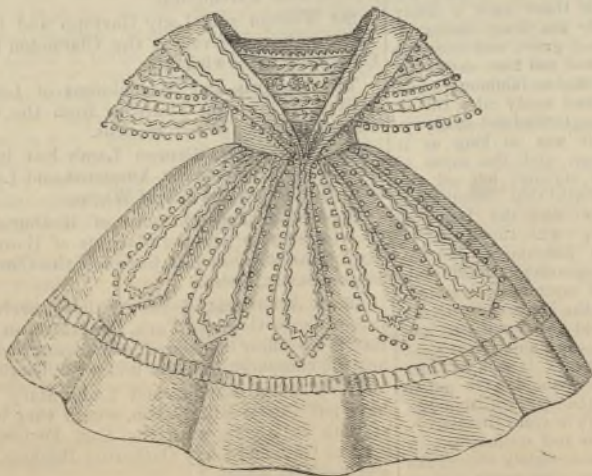


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

six flounces. The corsage is not pointed, but round at the waist, and with it is worn a *ceinture*, or waist-band of white ribbon, bordered with a Pompadour pattern in colours harmonising with those in the dress. The *ceinture* is tied in front, and long ends flow over the skirt of

new corsages are ornamented on each side with small *revers*, and sometimes with berthes of the same silk as the dress.

The corsages of dresses composed of muslin, barege, and similar light textures, are usually low; a *fichu* of some kind being worn with them. These

kinds of straw, are still fashionable. A fashionable milliner has recently made several bonnets of white crape, combined with velvet, of good contrasting colours—for instance, dark blue, crimson, green, and scarlet. These bonnets are trimmed with flowers, generally in tufts at each side; and under the brim

less as a prize turnip, and she is the perfection of the very choicest female nature. This is the discipline of high life in its very highest; but the frost descends to the very roots of society. We button up our hearts as we button up our great coats, all the more resolutely if our hearts, like our great coat pockets, happen to have anything valuable in them.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

POETRY.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

[FROM MISS WINKWORTH'S "LYRA GERMANICA: SECOND SERIES."]

Now darkness over all is spread,
No sounds the stillness break,
Ah, when shall those sad hours be fled?
Am I alone awake?

Ah no, I do not wake alone,
Alone I do not sleep,
Around me ever watcheth One
Who wakes with those who weep.

On earth it is so dark and drear,
With Him so calm and bright,
The stars in solemn radiance clear
Shine there through all our night.

'Tis when the lights of earth are gone
The heavenly glories shine;
When other comforts I have none,
Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

Be still, my throbbing heart, be still,
Cast off thy weary load,
And make His holy will thy will,
And rest upon thy God.

How many a time the night hath come,
Yet still returned the day;
How many a time thy cross, thy gloom,
Ere now hath passed away.

And these dark hours of anxious pain
That now oppress thee sore,
I know will vanish soon again,
Then I shall fear no more.

For when the night hath lasted long,
We know the morn is near,
And when the trial's sharp and strong
Our Help will soon appear.

LITERATURE.

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

A Contribution to Medical Literature. By J. RUTHERFORD RUSSELL, M.D., &c., &c. London: Leath and Ross, St. Paul's Churchyard.

This volume meets a demand of the times, and will be thankfully received by the community. It is now very generally felt that the art of medicine and the cognate sciences have been kept too much as a mystery, which, for the public benefit, requires to be sealed up from public inspection. Indeed, the jealousy that medical men have generally shown of the public acquiring that "little knowledge" which they supposed to be a "dangerous thing," has given rise to a somewhat prevalent belief regarding the peculiar connexion that exists between the ignorance of the patient and the success of the doctor. There is an "even-handed justice" in the prevalence of such a belief; and the regrets incidental to the occasion are mitigated by the fact that it is leading the faculty to dispel the exclusiveness on which the imputation on their skill is founded. It is, surely, not unreasonable that they who have to put themselves—life or death the issue—in the hands of physicians, should desire to have some knowledge of the present state of physiology and pathology, and of the principles of cure, and of the results of their application; and we hail Dr. Russell's volume as eminently fitted to gratify such a reasonable curiosity. Without giving a systematic view of the whole subject, with its innumerable details, which constitute the professional province, it is so arranged that it gives a general insight to the human machinery, and some comprehension of its mysterious work; the method of its healthy existence, and the disturbances of disease. A perusal of this volume cannot, of course, enable a man to cure disease; but it may put him in a situation to effect as important a result, by making him comprehend the conditions which must be observed in order to prevent disease. But, whilst it is peculiarly fitted to impart that general knowledge which is alike desirable for the ladies and lords of creation, it contains the results of a professional experience which even the physician will find in a high degree interesting, and no less instructive. Dr. Russell does not come before the public without good warrant. He is an eminent physician, well known by his occasional writings, especially by his treatise on cholera, which has been generally received as "an authority" on the subject. But it will be objected by some that he is a homœopathic physician, and that, therefore, his works should not be patronised, whatever their learning and ability; and that, in fact, the more they display of these the more dangerous they are. We have no sympathy with such objectors. Homœopathy is now widely practised in this country, as well as on the Continent, and is supported by as eminent names in science and medicine as any that have conferred honour on the older school; it has enlarged itself into a public question; and the days are gone when to remain ignorant of it, and affect to treat it with contempt, were esteemed signs of wisdom. Its claim to be heard at the bar of the public can no longer be "put down" by an opposing party; and it is in accordance with common sense that it should be treated with that fair-play and consideration which are given to the other questions of the day. If it is an erroneous system, the more openly it shows itself the better for the opposing party; and if it is founded on truth, the public will not suffer by a

candid inquiry. Neither section of the faculty can be accepted as umpire in this matter. It is theirs to commend their medical modes in what ways they deem fit; but it remains with the public to judge, by the results of these, which party is in the right. Not the least interesting part of Dr. Russell's volume is the statement of the results of his practice; but we recommend it especially for the general and varied information it contains regarding our bodies in health and disease. We know of no volume on medical subjects that so completely deserves the epithets "learned" and "popular;" and—without indulging in quotations, which, in our limited space, could give no adequate idea of the book—we shall merely add, that his style is as pleasing as his matter is instructing—the easy, unembarrassed movement of a strong man.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

WORTHY FAME.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue—not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow; and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others.—Cowley.

DAILY DUTIES.

My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpy obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty.—Milton.

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*.

A PICTURE OF VENICE.

Venice, we are loath to leave thee; and the reader who has accompanied us from picture to picture we would fain also take far out over the open lagoon, in an afternoon's gliding of the gondola, and to St. Mark's-square afterwards by lamp and moonlight, that he might well know what other resources there are in this most enjoyable of cities, after having seen enough for the day of the interior treasures of churches and galleries. But for this there is at present no space. Yet as we are already resting on our oar on the wide waters between Murano and the Church of "Our Lady of the Garden," let us not return without a few words on what we saw there—in those evening hours, during our many autumn excursions—of the glorification, and, finally, the heavenly assumption of those hues, which in the works of art of Venice has been a principal object of our contemplation. When the vermillion towers at hand had ceased to cast reflections like trembling showers of cactus leaves down the lustrous bluish-silver waters, and turned grey; and the lonely sea-marshes extending beyond them far and wide lay in deep, solemn shade, then the glowing hues, departed from the lower earth, rested in their upward path on the undulating chains of the Julian Alps, whose snowy peaks, aloof, were coloured like garlands of roses dispersed around some Paphian bower. Opposite, above the rich purple of the Euganean mountains, the lower horizontal clouds moved along rapidly, like scarlet drifts of flaming plumage; whilst far higher—over the ethereal abyss of golden splendour behind them—the dapplings extending in long ray-like forms across the heavens, and untouched by the warmth of the sinking sun, or by the movements of the lower air, remained, snow white, and serenely, majestically still, as if there were a lovely winter in heaven. But presently the lower clouds all lost their glory, turning dull and grey; and then the higher vapours resembled the waved and torn surface of an unlimited ocean of rosy fire, whose luminous spray slowly faded away into a pale and misty calm, till all was quieted and grave—all was unglorified and shadowy. But how unspeakably glorious it was so long as it lasted! Had not only the Doge, and the sages of the orders, and the rest of the signory, but all the gentler classes of Venice, gone forth that evening to Lido to meet the Emperor; or were the Duke of Ferrar and his Duchess arriving with the ladies at her court, in quaintest glittering bucentaurs; had the very waters been carpeted with pagantry, till all their expanse gleamed with the gilded mythological images of the pioses, or pleasure-barques, the Moorish liveries of their rowers, the bravery of crowded high forecables and banners, and huge sails richly coloured and pictured—I verily believe I should have vouchsafed to look on them but little; for the splendour above would have put to shame—nay, seemed to annihilate, the petty glistenings. There was now pagantry in the high heavens themselves, which would have achieved a serene and smiling victory over the utmost magnificence of those stately ones of the earth. Venice, adieu! We left thee after weeks of happiness, cloudless as the morning when we came away. We then looked back insatiate with thy beauties, even though we carried away in our minds enough of them to make our memories a most enjoyable and recreative picture gallery for the rest of days.—*Art Journal*.

It is reported that the Queen will again visit Germany on the interesting occasion of the *accouchement* of the Princess Frederick William.

COMIC EXTRACTS.

[From PUNCH.]

THE PRIESTS AND "THE LADIES."
"What do the Priests," asked Dennis, "mean,
Toasting the Pope and not the Queen?"
"Bedad, they mean to drink," said Thady,
"Our Scurlet, not our Sovereign Lady."

COST OF THE TENDER PASSION.—Man's first love is generally the cheapest—his last love the dearest.
SPREAD OF CIVILISATION.—The shoeblack brigade has penetrated as far as Ramsgate!

MOTTO FOR THE ONE POLICEMAN OF HERNE BAY.
—Unity is strength.

RATHER ANOMALOUS.—How do you account for this? The compass has four points, and yet a pair of compasses only has two!

COURT CALISTHENICS.—Her Majesty the Queen has commenced a course of exercises with the Indian sceptre. India anticipates the happiest results.

WHY WE NEVER MEET WITH THE TRUTH.—Truth, scandalised at the reception she meets with amongst men, flies from the surface of the earth, and takes refuge at the bottom of a well. It is said, her timidity is such, that she never likes to leave well alone.

A TRIFLE FROM BIRMINGHAM.—A musical wag (emitting waggery at the Birmingham Musical Festival) remarked, in reference to the Submarine Telegraphs, that they would soon be all over the world, and so "the harmony of mankind would be in the common chord of C." Provisionally the big organ struck up, and drowned the indignant exclamations of the auditors.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.—The tax-gatherer's, A RUSSIAN DESPATCH.—Journalists have been electrified most shockingly by the fact of Russia being able to bring news from China so much quicker than the telegraph. The speed, however, is easily accounted for.

The agent employed was the celebrated Courier of St. Petersburg, whom we have admired so often at Astley's. Mounted on six horses, he flew across the numerous deserts in less than no time. To doubt the rate of his speed would be literally to argue in a circle. Pending the telegraph to India, why does not the Government borrow of Russia its Courier of St. Petersburg?

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP.

Lord West has arrived at Buckhurst Park.

Count Harrach has left Claridge's for Paris.

Mrs. and Miss Rouse have left the St. George's Hotel.

Mrs. Lane Fox has left Bournemouth for Southampton.

Lord and Lady Burghley are passing the season at Ryde.

Lady de Dunstanville has left Richmond for Brighton.

Lady Elizabeth Russell is passing the season at Bournemouth.

Captain Watt has left the Clarendon for Bishop Burton, Yorkshire.

Sir John and Lady Shelley have left town for Maresfield Park, Sussex.

The Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Saumarez have arrived at Claridge's Hotel.

Lady Byron (the widow of the poet lord) has arrived at Claridge's Hotel.

Lady Macdonald has left the St. George's Hotel for Armidale Castle, Isle of Skye.

Lord and Lady Calthorpe left town on Tuesday, for Perry Hall, near Birmingham.

Mr. and Lady Charlotte Sturt have left their seat in Dorsetshire, for the New Forest.

Viscount Maynard has arrived in town, from Easton Lodge, Essex, for a few days.

Lord and Lady Sondes and family are passing the season at Elmham Hall, Norfolk.

Sir Charles and Lady Locock have arrived in town from the Burlington Hotel, Eastbourne.

The Earl and Countess of Wilton are shortly expected at Heaton Hall, Lancashire, from Scotland.

Mr. and Lady Catherine Weyland have taken their departure from the Burlington Hotel, Eastbourne.

Lord and Lady Edward Thynne have left Lyndhurst, on a visit to the Marquis of Bath, at Longleat, Wiltshire.

Viscount and Viscountess Barrington and the Hon. Mrs. George Barrington have arrived at Beckett House, near Farringdon.

Sir William and Lady Hartopp and the Misses Hartopp have arrived at the Clarendon from Four Oaks Park, Warwickshire.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry arrived in town on Thursday from the Continent, after an absence of two months.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lamb has left Southampton on a visit to Sir Augustus and Lady Elizabeth Clifford, in the Isle of Wight.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Charlotte Innes Ker, the Marquis of Bowmont, and Lord Charles Innes Ker, have left the Clarendon for Floors Castle, Kelso.

Lieut. Arbuthnot, Royal Artillery, arrived at his father's seat, Coworth Park, Berkshire, on Saturday last. This officer has served with distinction throughout the campaign in India under Sir Hugh Rose.

The Earl of Radnor and Lady Mary Bouverie have left Castle Hill, Devon, where they have been staying on a visit with the Earl Fortescue, on a visit to Gen. and Lady Catherine Buckley, at their seat near Salisbury.

The Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford, with the Hon. Miss Thesiger, arrived on Tuesday at Ingestre Hall, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, from Cheltenham, where they have been on a visit to Lord de Saumarez.

The late Alexis Soyer has bequeathed six pictures by Madame Soyer to the trustees of the National Gallery.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Friday night Mr. Kean's season concluded, as it had commenced and continued, in triumph. The house was filled in every part, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Kean advanced and delivered the following speech: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the close of each successive season it has been my custom to address a few words to you in thankfulness for kindness and support. The present year, from various circumstances, in part unavoidable and in part unexpected, has been to me a period of great responsibility, anxiety, and fatigue—relieved, however, by expressions of public feeling and sympathy, the memory of which can only fade with life. Contrary to my original intention, I feel compelled, from the mental and bodily strain I have undergone, to seek a few weeks' comparative repose, that I may be the better able to bring to a successful termination my next and last season. Permit me, therefore, to take this opportunity of announcing my intention of reopening this house on Saturday, the 2nd of October, and at the same time to state, that on the 30th of July next I shall take my final leave as director of the Princess's Theatre. In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, allow me, in Mrs. Kean's name as well as my own, respectfully and gratefully to bid you farewell." The address was loudly applauded, and Mr. Kean retired amid the cheers of the audience.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—During the recess this house has been repaired and newly painted, and the decorations have been restored in a very skilful and effective manner by the scenic artists of the establishment, working under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Wilde. The prevalence of light tints, and more particularly of Paris white, and the frequent use of gold leaf give a rich and costly appearance to the theatre. The chandelier, a work of very elegant design, has been enlarged and newly decorated, and a drop curtain, capably painted by Mr. Calcott, representing a classic landscape, with the car of Thebes in the foreground, adds not a little to the brilliancy and elegance of the interior. Murphy's comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, with Mrs. Catherine Sinclair as the Widow Bellmore, and Mr. Buckstone as Sir Bashful Constant; the drama of *A Wicked Wife*, with Mr. Howe as M. de Langeais, and Miss Reynolds as Julia; and Mr. Buckstone's own farce of *A Kiss in the Dark*, constituted the dramatic portion of the entertainment on Monday. The only novelty was a Spanish ballet, by Senor Ricardo Moragas, entitled *The Daughter of the Guadalquivir*. It is a pretty little piece of its class, produced with the elegance characteristic of the management, and it displays to excellent advantage the rare Terpsichorean accomplishments of Senor Moragas and Senora Perea Nena, who both experienced a flattering reception, and danced admirably. The house was crowded, and the performances passed off with the greatest éclat.

STRAND THEATRE.—This little theatre was reopened, on Monday, under the management of Miss Swanborough, when a one-act comedy, from the pen of Mr. Charles Selby, entitled *The Last of the Pigstails*, was produced with success. A lady, young, beautiful, and accomplished, very appropriately impersonated by Miss Swanborough, marries a stately old gentleman who in these "fast" days is still devotedly attached to the antique habits of his ancestors, and persists in wearing a pigtail, and arraying himself in a pepper- and salt coat, nankeen "shorts," and a broad-brimmed hat. His household is conducted on the same formal principle, and at his country seat, to which the bride and bridegroom repair immediately after the wedding, everything savours of the starch-and-whalebone age of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison." The business of the piece and its practical fun may be said to centre in the difficulties which the lady of the house has to encounter in her endeavours to reconcile her husband and all the retainers of the family to the adoption of modern customs in matters relating to their dress. Many laughable scenes and grotesque incidents occur, during her attempt to carry out this commendable object, and the airs which the old servants take upon themselves are very ridiculous; but as the lady very wisely proceeds by gentle means, she carries her point at last, and succeeds in convincing them all that for them to dress in the fashion of their grandfathers is as absurd as it would have been for those same grandfathers to have worn the costume of the ancient Britons. The pigtails and other relics of a bygone age are accordingly discarded, and before the curtain falls she has the satisfaction of seeing every one around her attired completely *à la mode*. The piece is particularly well acted. The fair lessee is quite bewitching as the reforming wife; Mr. Charles Selby, as the antique husband, is stately and ceremonious as needs be; Mrs. Selby is very amusing as a despot old housekeeper; and Mr. J. Clarke farcical in the extreme as a "gent" in loud waistcoat and paralyzing pegtops.

The arrival of the Archduke Maximilian, Governor of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is reported from Vienna. He is the bearer of petitions for reform from the Councils-General of the two Italian provinces—petitions which he himself induced them to draw up.

We have already mentioned the death at Basle of M. Merian, who was probably the wealthiest inhabitant of Switzerland. He has left the bulk of his large fortune, amounting to upwards of forty million francs, to his wife for life, and after her death it will go to the town of Basle, his birthplace. He has bequeathed about four millions to some collateral relations, and a similar sum to be divided among some charitable institutions, missionaries, his medical attendants, his notary, clerks, servants, &c. By a singular clause in his will, M. Merian has given to all parties who were indebted to him at the time of his death a year's interest on their respective debts.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

MR. ROEBUCK AT SHEFFIELD.

The usual annual cutlers' festival was given at Sheffield on the 2nd inst., under the presidency of Robert Jackson, Esq., uniting the two leading offices in the borough, namely, Mayor and Master Cutler. There were present Mr. Roebuck, M.P., Mr. Milnes, M.P., Mr. Wood, M.P., Mr. B. T. Woodd, M.P., and about 220 other gentlemen.

Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, in acknowledging the toast of "The House of Commons," said: Mr. Roebuck has given you his impressions of Cherbourg, which are not exactly the same as my own, because when I stayed for a day or two afterwards I was waited upon by a very handsome daughter of Normandy—(loud laughter)—and after receiving every kind of civility from the French Government and the French people, I should not think it right and courteous to express a severe opinion about anything we saw. (Hear, hear.) It is now fifty or sixty years since Burke reproached some gentlemen who were at that time interested in the marvels of Cherbourg, and said, "I can only compare you to the Trojans who admired the horse which was to be the engine of their destruction." But Cherbourg will never be to us what the horse was to the Trojans. When we saw the place we felt confident that against England it could do nothing. (Hear, hear.) If there is one part of the matter I regard with any dislike, it is that we should utter a single word, or do a single thing, to familiarise people with the monstrous notion of an invasion of England by France. There cannot by any possibility be a conflict between two such nations, which have no interests that do not bind them together, which when united will carry civilisation throughout the world, but which if they fell into internecine combat, would bring about a fearful state of things. I do not know which would be most to be lamented—the savage triumph of the conquerors or the terrible indignation of the conquered. (Cheers.)

Mr. ROEBUCK, in responding to the toast, "The members for the borough," said he, unlike his friends present, intended to talk politics. It was his business. He continued: A gentleman has said that the House of Commons during the session has been at sea all the time. I beg most respectfully to dissent from that opinion. (Applause.) We have read a great lesson to all politicians. We have taught those whom success hath made insolent that there is a punishment immediate on their insolence. (Cheers.) We have got rid of the peccant member, and England now stands where she did not stand before—namely, in her own proud position as independent of foreign influences. (Loud cheers.) To that result I humbly contributed—(hear, hear)—and if anything should be engraven on my tombstone, I would have marked upon it, that I vindicated England's honour when her honour was at stake, by means of her Chief Minister. (Loud cheers.) But, Sir, we are not to talk politics, and we are only to talk of the House of Commons at sea. (Laughter.) I was with the House of Commons at sea. (Renewed laughter.) I went to Cherbourg, and what did I see there? Sir, a great writer and great prelate once described England as being, among her sons, undisturbed as the rocks amid the stormy seas which surround their island. That was the description given by the great Bossuet of England. Now, Sir, I would take from nature a more apt illustration of our position. I would say that England with regard to European politics was as an island in the Pacific surrounded by a coral reef. Within that barrier all was peace, good order, and happiness. Without it were the furious elements struggling under the influence of the wind right round the globe. That wind impelled the waves against that barrier—the barrier right well withstood its influence, and the island was at peace in spite of the elemental warfare around it. So with England. (Applause.) Sir, I recollect England in 1848. The despots of Europe were running and wondering where they should go, and they came to England as to a harbour. (Cheers.) I saw Prime Ministers wandering about, and they came to England as to a harbour. (Cheers.) Well, then, when Europe was thus struggling—when the world was at strife, we were at peace and holding out to the assembled nations of the world the wondrous spectacle of a people governing themselves and being at perfect peace and security. (Hear, hear.) Sir, was this attended with no results? It was. The despots of Europe hated England, because she held up to the people of Europe a marked and striking example of popular government. (Applause.) And now, Sir, let me apply the moral of my tale. My noble friend here did not talk politics. (Laughter.) My moral is wholly political. England is, as I have said, the mark and hate of every despot. We went to Cherbourg, and there we floated in the waters of a despot. It may be said that I, in my position ought not to say anything that excites national animosity; and I respond to that sentiment. But, Sir, the farmer who goes to sleep, having placed a watch-dog in his yard, hears that watch-dog bark, and in the anger of a half-somnolence says, "I wish Tear'em would be quiet," and he bawls out of the window, "Down, Tear'em." Tear'em does go down, the farmer goes to sleep, and is awakened by the blazing light of his ricks on fire. (Cheers.) I am Tear'em. (Loud and prolonged cheers and roars of laughter.) I tell you to beware. What is the meaning of Cherbourg? Are they afraid of Russia, or Austria, or Prussia? No. Are they afraid of England? No; not as an invader. What, then, does Cherbourg mean? It is a standing menace to England. (Hear, hear.) Why, in *Blackwood's Magazine* there is a paper written by a very learned, facetious, and dear friend of mine. He finishes off so: "Those who are forewarned are forearmed." What does that mean? It means that you are in danger; and why? The press of England is free, thank God—(hear, hear)—and what any man says cannot be imputed to the Government. The daily penny press comes out with abuse of everybody. It takes its pleasure in abusing me. (Laughter.) I am delighted that it

should do so. (Renewed laughter.) I would rather be abused than not regarded. (Loud laughter.) But nobody says that Lord Derby is answerable for the penny press. (Cheers.) But is this so with regard to France? Why, Sir, I have in my possession a pamphlet entitled "Cherbourg et l'Angleterre," which is stamped with the approval of the Imperial Government, but does not let a word go forth against itself. Then I say every word that is said by the French press is imputable to the French Government. What does that pamphlet say? It abuses England—it calls her perfidious—it says we are intent upon enslaving the world—that we are a set of bigots—that we are unworthy the name of men, and that the French people ought to hate us as they do. To whom do I attribute this? I lay it at the door of the French Emperor. Mark me, I know what I say. I say it on a solemn occasion. The French press is the expression of the Emperor's opinion, and that this appeal to the prejudices that now lie in the mind of the French people against England, is a manifestation of the Emperor's opinion. (Cheers.) I am the watch dog, Tear'em, telling you this, and I only tell you what my honourable friend would tell you, though he would tell you with more mellifluous phraseology. Be you ready then. Get your guns and ships ready, for depend upon it, he knows in his heart that Cherbourg is a standing menace. (Applause.) Now, I will tell you what the moral is. I am sent to Parliament as your representative. In the next coming Parliament there will be estimates, there have been estimates, and there will be estimates again, and everything that goes to protect England against foreign invasion will receive my hearty support. (Loud cheers.) Sir, I know the position which England holds. She is a shining light to all the nations of the earth. (Hear, hear.) In her fields are peace, and her harvests are gathered in by a people unprotected by bayonets. The law is paramount from the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's. (Applause.) The Queen travels from one end of the island to the other without anything but a solitary policeman on the train, and he need not be there. (Cheers.) Is not this a striking instance of what popular Government may do? (Hear, hear.) I am not here, gentlemen, to bandy phrases of compliment with my honourable friend on my left (the Master Cutler), nor with my honourable friend on my right (Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P.). I am here to take advantage of the occasion, and to tell you at once that we are a people hated by the despots—(hear, hear)—and that it requires that all of us should be prepared against the coming evil that that gallant nation that is our nearest neighbour cannot, will not, bear the dreadful burden which is now upon her shoulders. It will lift the burden off, and we standing by will see the terrible explosion. We shall have to be prepared against all coming calamity. And I beg of you, as you value your own hearts and your own happiness to support me, your member, when I vindicate before the world England's safety against the world in arms. (Cheers.)

Several other toasts were given and responded to, and the feast broke up.

THE ANGLICAN CONFESSORIAL.

THE REV. ALFRED POOLE V. THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

An addition to the correspondence arising out of the Belgavian confessional question has just been published. Mr. Poole has had the offer of a curacy, and he applied for a licence, which the Bishop of London has declined to grant. The following are the letters:—

"Hursley Vicarage, Winchester, Aug. 11, 1858.

"My Lord.—In obedience to your lordship's recommendation, I have taken the advice of my friends, and reconsidered the subject of my recent conversation with you, in consequence of my application to be licensed to Mr. Stuart's curacy at St. Mary Magdalene's (Munster-street, St. Pancras). I do not feel it right towards Mr. Stuart (who has so generously offered me his curacy) to keep the matter open longer than is necessary, and I therefore feel called upon to do what depends upon me, in order to the decision of the question.

"First, then, my lord, I beg to state that I am desirous of accepting Mr. Stuart's offer, and of being licensed, because, after having been removed by your lordship from my former curacy, a great (but I believe a very unjust) prejudice has been raised against me; and I could not be surprised if many other incumbents of your lordship's diocese should shrink from appointing me to their curacies. It is, therefore, very important to me that I should accept the offer now made to me, and be licensed. But I do not feel that I could either accept the curacy, or, as your lordship suggested to me to do, work for some time without a licence, under the restrictions which your lordship proposed to place upon me.

"The restriction which I understand your lordship to require is, that I should not exercise the office of hearing confessions (at least for the present).

"Now, I most respectfully submit to your lordship, that if I am to accept a curacy in your lordship's diocese under such a restriction as this, it would be to admit the justice of your lordship's revocation of my former licence, which I think can scarcely be expected of me under the circumstances.

"It was a great satisfaction for me to hear from your lordship, at our recent interview, that the only thing you charged me with was indiscretion; and I humbly but confidently think that if your lordship would have explained to me the particulars of the admissions I am supposed to have made to you respecting my practice and conduct in the matter of hearing confessions, I could have shown your lordship that I had been misunderstood, and that I did not, and do not deserve even this amount of censure. But your lordship will, I think, admit that a punishment very

disproportioned to such an offence has been awarded to me, and that it will be still more heavy if I am prevented, by the restriction proposed, from again accepting duty in your lordship's diocese. I earnestly hope, therefore, that this further measure of punishment will not be imposed upon me. Could it be shown that I belong to any particular class of clergymen who are debarred from hearing confessions by any rule of the Church of England, of course it would be my duty to submit; but even so, I confess it would seem very hard to me to be singled out for the enforcement of such prohibition—no offence having been proved against me.

"I again assure your lordship, as I did on a former occasion, that I have never urged or induced any one to come to confession as a habit, nor as a condition of admission to Holy Communion, or any other rule of the Church. On the contrary, whenever I have had reason to believe that it was likely to take from the person resorting to it that sense of his own responsibilities which is necessary to a healthy state of mind, and which cannot be removed from any one without danger; or whenever I have had reason to fear that it might produce a morbid state of mind, which I know is sometimes the result of the abuse of frequent confession, I have always done my best to check or discourage it, and I shall always continue to do so. In proof of what I have said, I may remind your lordship of what I told you of those whom I had recently prepared for confirmation and communion. Of course, in so doing, I had to point out to them what the Church recommends to those who require 'further comfort and counsel.' But as I was not aware of any special necessity for dwelling upon this with any one of them, so the result was that, out of sixty persons, not one came to me for confession, and only one asked for it, and in that instance I did not think it was a case in which I ought to receive it, as the parent's consent had not been obtained. Still, where persons of their own free choice resort to me for the relief and unburdening of their consciences, I do not see how I can (if my ministry is to be of any value) refuse to receive them; and if so required, to hear their confessions, subject to the conditions I have before expressed as being my practice.

"With regard to the mode of hearing confessions—viz., the form in which it should be made—the place of hearing it—whether it should be heard by the priest in his surplice, or in his ordinary dress, and the like—in all these matters I have in my former curacy only acted in conformity with the wishes of the incumbent under whom I served. Although I have my own opinion as to what is desirable in these matters, I can assure you that I attach no other importance to them than so far as they are in compliance with the apostolic precept, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.' But I would very respectfully submit to your lordship, whether it is desirable, either for him who makes or him who hears confession, that all form should be taken away. One very principal object of form in such matters is to mark strongly to both parties the sacredness of the act in which they are engaged, and to put a check against abuses, to which all, even our most solemn acts, are liable. This, my lord, I conceive to be the chief use of any forms which I have ever used. But having laid these thoughts before your lordship, I am ready to forego my own judgment, and to act as your lordship sees fit to direct me.

"I have ventured to trouble your lordship at some length with this statement, in order that I may (as I hope I have done) show that I neither contend for nor practise any system of receiving persons to confession; nor, so far as I know, do any act in relation to it other than what is permitted and sanctioned by the Book of Common Prayer, which I do, *ex animo*, consent to accept unreservedly.

"I heartily hope that I have said enough to satisfy your lordship. You have lately done me the justice to bear public testimony to your opinion of my uprightness. I venture to hope that your lordship will seal your opinion of me by accepting this statement of my opinions and practice, and by granting me a licence as curate of St. Mary Magdalene without imposing the restriction which you proposed to me.

"As I have said, I do not feel at liberty to keep Mr. Stuart longer in suspense than necessary, and I earnestly hope your lordship's answer will not make it necessary for me to refuse an offer, which, as I have shown your lordship, it is of so much importance to me to accept.

"I have the honour to be, my lord,

"Your lordship's faithful servant,

"ALFRED POOLE.

"To the Lord Bishop of London."

"Fulham Palace (S.W.), Aug. 13, 1858.

"My dear Sir.—At our last interview I endeavoured to set before you as clearly as I could my view of your case, and to give you my best advice. I cannot recede from what I then stated. I felt it my painful duty to revoke your licence at St. Barnabas', because in my judgment your practice in respect to confession was calculated to bring scandal on the Church. All statements by you, which I have seen or heard since I revoked your licence, have, I confess, strengthened me in the conviction that I was bound to take that painful step.

"Having most carefully considered your letter of the 11th, which I have this day received, I feel obliged to say that, much as I regret it, I cannot accept you as Mr. Stuart's curate.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Rev. A. Poole." "A. C. LONDON.

On Tuesday evening a grand entertainment was given by the gentry of the county Kerry, in honour of the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The chair was occupied by the Right Hon. H. A. Herbert, M.P. The company numbered over one hundred, and among the distinguished guests was his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

LOSS OF THE SHIP LEOPOLD.

On Tuesday a despatch was received at Lloyd's, from the Colonial Government Secretary of the Falkland Islands, announcing the loss of the Belgian ship *Leopold*, Captain Coussemont, 780 tons, bound to Callao, on the Grand Jason, one of the group on the north-west side of the Falkland Islands, every soul on board, except one man, perishing. The despatch encloses a narrative which the Colonial Secretary had taken down from the lips of the only survivor. It is as follows: "Peter de Clerk, the survivor, states: I am thirty-three years of age, married, and have a wife living at Ostend. I joined the *Leopold* at Antwerp. Went to Swansea, took in a cargo of coals, and left there on the 1st March, for Callao. The ship was lost on the morning of the 12th April. I was below at the time, as also the captain. It was the first mate's watch. The wind had been blowing strong from the N.E., and we were running at the rate of ten knots an hour, her course being south. The ship struck at five o'clock; it was raining at the time, and it was so dark that we could see nothing before us. At day-break we discovered our position, and a young man named Leopold De Long (our three boats having been swept away by the heavy sea that beat over the ship) took a rope in his teeth and jumped overboard to swim ashore, but he had not gone far before he was drowned. Another seaman got hold of a rope and made a similar attempt to reach the shore, but he also perished in the attempt. About seven o'clock the ship commenced to break up. I sat down on the heel of the bowsprit, and eleven of the crew, with the captain, got on to the jibboom. That was the last time I saw any of them, for the ship soon went to pieces, and I was washed on to the rocks, up which I managed to scramble on my hands and knees. I did not see anything more of the ship. I was on the island twenty-four days before Captain Smiley, in a schooner, picked me up. While on the island I got a light by rubbing a piece of wood and rope together, but it took me many hours. I had matches, but they were wet. When the wood got warm I easily got a light. I chiefly lived on land birds, seals, and penguins. The names of the men on board that I recollect are written in a list that I gave to Captain Smiley, who came down in his schooner and took me off. I had nothing to eat for two days before Captain Smiley came to the island for me. All I had on when cast ashore was an old shirt and a pair of drawers. There were twenty-one of us when we sailed from Ostend, including the captain. One seaman, however, deserted at Swansea. Nothing was saved from the ship. I walked all round the island, and watched for days and days. Neither do I recollect seeing any of the bodies washed ashore."

ANOTHER EXCURSION TRAIN RUN INTO.

An accident to an excursion train took place on Monday night at the Lostock Junction station, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. At an early hour on Monday morning an excursion train, containing from between 700 to 800 persons, the scholars, teachers, and friends of the Chorley National Schools, left the Chorley station for the purpose of spending the day at Southport, where they arrived in perfect safety. The train in the evening left Southport for Chorley soon after six o'clock, and proceeded safely till it arrived at the Lostock Junction, about four miles from Bolton. Here it was shunted on to the Bolton and Preston branch of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, it having to leave the Liverpool and Bury branch at this point in order to proceed to Chorley, which is about ten miles distant. Here the train was delayed for some time to allow an ordinary passenger train to pass by; but, unhappily, whether from oversight or negligence it is not stated, the excursion train had not been moved sufficiently far to permit trains coming on the adjoining line to pass in safety. But this defect was not discovered until it was too late to avert the accident which immediately followed. The expected passenger train the next moment came up, and one of the buffers of the engine came into forcible collision with the guard's van, which it completely smashed, considerably damaging the next carriage, which contained upwards of a score of passengers, and throwing several other carriages off the line. The guard was hurled from his seat a distance of about twelve yards, and eight or ten of the passengers, chiefly men and boys, in the carriage next the van, were thrown from their seats and received severe contusions on the face, body, arms, and legs, while the rest escaped with a severe shaking.

We regret to learn that Mr. James McGregor, the late chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, expired at an early hour on Sunday morning under painfully sudden circumstances. Mr. McGregor, at four o'clock on Friday afternoon, called at Mr. Douglas's, the hairdresser, in New Bond-street, for the purpose of having his hair cut at that establishment. He inquired if the assistant who usually attended on him was disengaged, when, the words having scarcely escaped his lips, he fell in the shop, and on being raised was found unconscious of what was passing. Medical assistance was promptly obtained, and the eminent gentleman called in at once pronounced the case that of paralysis. The unfortunate gentleman remained in the same lamentable state at Mr. Douglas's until seven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he died. In the course of the day his corpse was removed to his private residence in Eccleston-square, Piccadilly. The deceased gentleman was intimately connected with, and well known to, the leading commercial men of Liverpool and the city of London, particularly after he became the chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, whose affairs he superintended for some years with great ability under very unfavourable circumstances. He was returned, after an unsuccessful contest in 1847, for the borough of Sandwich in 1852 on Conservative principles. Mr. McGregor was born in 1808, and was twice married.

THE WORK-TABLE.

CONDUCTED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THERE are some articles of luxury so old as to have seemed almost indigenous in the world. Amongst these, the fan is one of the most apparent. We believe that the European ladies have borrowed this elegant little article from the East, and, going back to our first idea, it seems as if Nature herself had provided the most beautiful and the most efficacious, in the vegetation of those burning climes where they were most needed. Undoubtedly the leaf was the first fan, and all the modifications which Asiatic taste and fashion have accomplished, do nothing more than produce variations of the original model. We believe that before it was adopted in England, it was naturalised in France, from whence it crossed the Channel, to be received into similar favour here. We are told, that a bishop of the English Church, in the days of Queen Anne, caused the pews in the Royal Chapel to be separated from each other by high divisions, to prevent the maids of honour from flirting; and it is curious to notice, that the fan is said to have been used by the ladies to hide the face at church. We suppose that the fan is one of those articles which never can go out of fashion, though the degree of its use may vary; for while we find that the British Museum treasures up among its valued relics of antiquity handles of the very fans once so dexterously and daintily used in the hands of the luxuriously nurtured Egyptian women, we also observe that modern invention has been busy in forming a pocket-fan, which expands and contracts telescope fashion. When in use, this article is sufficiently large, but when closed and contracted, its dimensions make it quite deserving of its title of "The Pocket Fan."

THE GIPSY BASKET.

The Gipsy Basket is a pretty variety of work basket, so useful to all ladies, and very easily made. It is, in fact, characterised by its extreme simplicity, and can be made without any of that trouble of thought which sometimes attaches to the more intricate sorts of fancy-work, making their production rather an effort of mind than a relaxation from other pursuits.

The foundation of this basket is formed of a round of crochet-work, which is made strong and solid by being worked over a card. No fancy stitches are introduced. This round is to be of about the size of a small plate. This forms the bottom, or foundation of the basket. This looks the best in netting silk, but it can be done in Berlin wool. This round being completed, a silk bag must be added to it, sewn on just round its inner edge, slightly full in, and deeper at each side than in front and back of the bag. This is done by cutting away part of the silk on the side where it is attached, but leaving the upper margin straight, so that it may draw up regularly into a little frilled heading, by means of the ribbon strings which are to be run in three-quarters of an inch below. The handles are of twisted silk cord. A quilling of narrow ribbon is carried all round the edge of the crochet part where the silk bag is attached.

This bag looks extremely well made entirely of crimson or dark blue, colours that may be preferred for service; but if intended as a present, when elegance is more desired than durability, then the crochet part may be in light maize, and the bag and trimming in bright pink or French blue, the handles being of the two colours twisted together.

DEEP LACE BORDER FOR SHAWL.

Lace is a material which is not likely ever to be

superseded by any fresh manufacture. There are some kinds which appear to derive their value from their age rather than their beauty. The skill and taste of the present day is chiefly exercised in imitating the old, rather than in originating anything new, and the closer the resemblance the more is the

Not only are they suitable for summer wear, but they are particularly useful for any dress occasion, such as the Opera or a concert. We have given a design this week which has a very beautiful effect, when worked so as to form a flounce round a square of net, which would make



equally suitable—either to run the outline with a rather coarse cotton, and fill in all interior of the leaves and flowers with a finer cotton, or to work the entire pattern in chain-stitch, which is more quickly done, and looks more handsome. There are few articles in embroidery which so well repay the labour of executing as this, as it is extremely beautiful, and also, on many occasions, one of the most elegant and suitable dress shawls that can be worn. The proper material for working lace is Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Persian thread. The size depends upon the manner of working—if run and filled in, the outline ought to be coarse and the filling-in of a finer sort. If worked in chain-stitch, a medium size, about No. 12, will be found the best.

INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

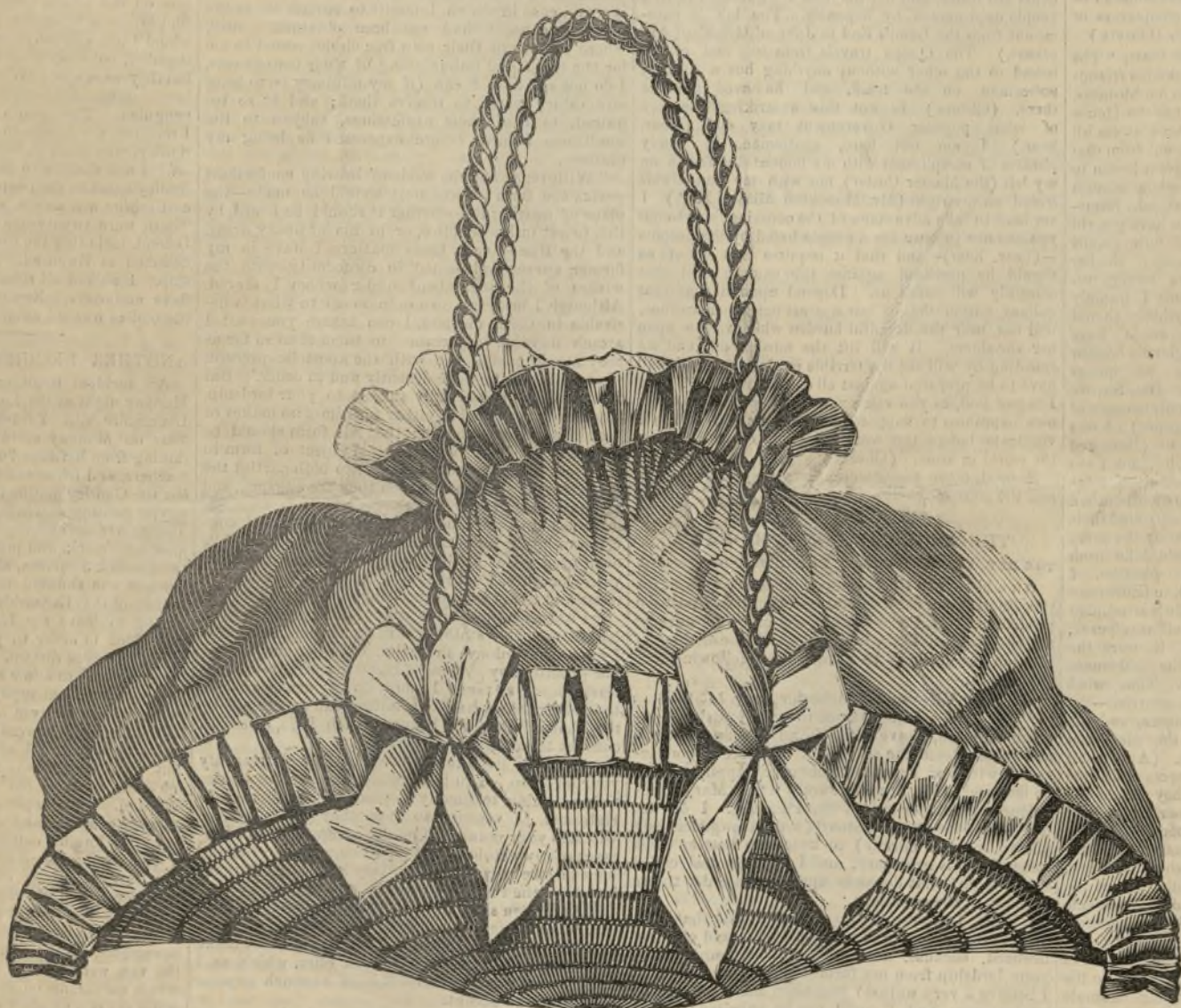
Insertions are now introduced into many articles of dress as ornamental trimmings, and are likely to become still more general. The wheel of fashion is continually revolving, and brings round, at certain intervals, many of the old arrangements of dress. Some years since tucks were a trimming in great favour for dresses and frocks, and most families possess some relic of the taste and industry of a former age, in the shape of an antiquated body or skirt in which much labour has been bestowed in running innumerable tucks, with sometimes the additional ornament of a pattern in tambour between the divisions. The same style of decoration is now the fashion in Paris; the very prettiest effect is produced by working insertions between striped muslins for sleeves, &c. For dress skirts or petticoats the same style and effect is produced by running the tucks, which allows any distance to be left

for either a wide or narrow insertion to be introduced according to taste. The pattern given has a pretty effect for this purpose. The two edges are to be worked in solid button-hole for the scallop; the cross-bars sewn rather thickly over, and the holes cut out and sewn round. The proper cotton is No. 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s *Perfectionné*.

FANCY PINCUSHIONS, IN IMITATION OF ANIMALS.

There is, just now, a little fashion prevalent in London, and brought over from the Continent, in the way of pin-cushions, which we mention on that account, and because of its peculiar novelty. Pin-cushions are now being made in imitation of animals, and with a singular fidelity. Mice of the natural size, miniature rabbits, and guinea-pigs, are produced by very simple means, and look very much like nature. A cushion is first formed with as much closeness to the general outline of form as possible, and stuffed with bran; this is covered with plush, the ears are attached, and beads are the substitutes of eyes. The joins being all brought underneath the body are quite concealed, as the animal is laid on a bed of green moss formed of knitted wool. Of course, the legs are not attempted. The mice are usually of white plush, having the ears of grey plush, but they are sometimes of grey, with black ears. When these are well done, the deception is admirable. We cannot, however, recommend this curious fancy on account of its good taste, but simply mention it for its oddity and quaintness. We are not without a suspicion that many ladies might experience a sensation of disquietude at seeing a mouse upon her dressing-table or her work-table, if not previously put upon her guard.

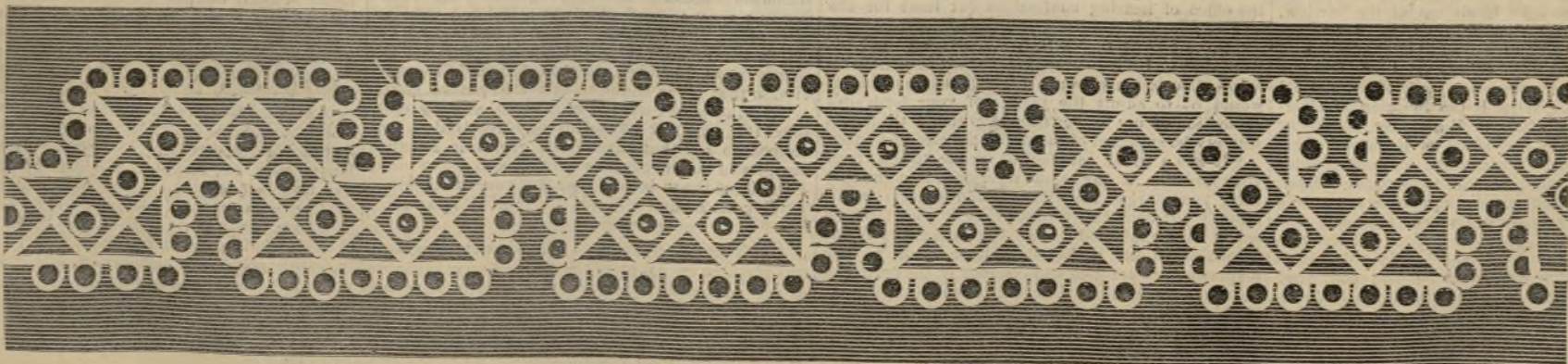
THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY has left Bournemouth on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke at Sydney Lodge, Southampton.



GIPSY BASKET.

article esteemed and admired. These summer lace shawls, both black and white, have been the highest fashion; but the value of rich lace restricts them from all but the most wealthy. They possess a peculiar elegance, and show to the greatest advantage over the extended skirt as it is now worn.

a large-sized shawl. If additional richness were required, the pattern might be worked round the square which forms the shawl; or a handsome corner, composed of one branch of the pattern, would have a very pretty effect. There are two ways of working on net for this purpose, both of which are



INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

THE COUNCIL OF INDIA.

On Friday, at two o'clock, the new Indian Council, embodied under the Act of last session, met for the first time, and at once entered on the discharge of their important functions. They assembled in the board room in which the Court of Directors—now defunct for purposes of Government—have been for years accustomed to hold their meetings, at the India House, in Leadenhall-street. Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State for India, and by virtue of

that high office, President of the Council, arrived at the India House full half-an-hour before the time of meeting. Mr. Henry Baillie, joint secretary to the Board of Control, and Sir George Clerk, the permanent secretary, were also in attendance. The members of the Council present were—Sir Frederick Currie, late chairman of the Court of Directors; Sir Henry Rawlinson, General Sir R. Vivian, Sir Henry Montgomery, Mr. J. P. Willoughby, Mr. William Arbuthnot, Mr. Charles Mills, Sir James Weir Hogg, Mr. E. Macnaghten, Capt. Eastwick, and

Mr. H. T. Princep. The first six are nominees of the Crown, and the remainder are part of the elected members. Sir John Lawrence, one of the eight nominated members, was of course absent, as was also Sir Proby Cautley, another of the Crown nominees. The whole of the elected members were in attendance, except Captain Shepherd, who was absent from indisposition; and Mr. R. D. Mangles, who is understood to be on the Continent. At two o'clock Lord Stanley assumed the chair as President of the Council, and announced the names of the members whom Her Majesty, by virtue of the power conferred on her by the Act, had been pleased

to nominate to the Council. A return of the members elected by the Court of Directors was also formally made, and the Council was then constituted. The sitting, which lasted upwards of two hours, was occupied chiefly in settling the future mode of procedure, and the President, in exercise of the authority conferred upon him by the Act, divided the Council into committees for the more convenient and effectual transaction of the necessary business, and also nominated the Vice-Presidents, selecting for that office from among the Council Sir Frederick Currie, the late chairman of the East India Company.



LACE BORDER FOR SHAWL.

BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR LEEDS.

FOUR KILLED AND SEVEN INJURED.

On Saturday morning a frightful explosion occurred at the mill of Mr. Samuel Almond, woollen manufacturer, in the village of Gildersome, near Leeds. The explosion scattered destruction around in every direction. As soon as the confusion had subsided, it was found that four persons had been killed on the spot, and seven others very seriously

injured. The body of John Bradley, the engine-man, or fireman, was found in a horrible condition in a field, 150 yards from the mill. In its flight, it had come into contact with a stone wall, at a distance of 140 yards from the mill, with such force that a portion of the wall was thrown down. Parts of the skull, the brains, &c., were found scattered about in the field, and the body in its flight had been denuded of clothing. Amongst other effects of the explosion, a room in which several young women were working was thrown down, causing

two of the deaths recorded. Considerable portions of the mill and of the adjacent pottery of Mr. E. Ackroyd, were also blown down. Portions of the boiler, with bricks, stones, flags, timber, iron, &c., were found in all directions and at distances of 200 to 300 yards from the boiler-seat. Three men were loading a cart in the yard at the time of the explosion. The cart was smashed and the horse killed as well as a pig that was near; but all the men escaped without severe injury. As to the cause of this catastrophe, it seems that during the night the steam was got up, or kept up, and that the boiler

was for several hours left in the charge of a mere lad, to fire up, &c. Bradley, the regular engineer, a young man of eighteen, who appears to have been very ignorant and unfit for such duties, came about six o'clock in the morning, and sent the lad home. Upon looking at his boiler, he was amazed to find that some of the plates were red-hot. Knowing no better, and desiring to cool them without delay, he at once turned on a quantity of cold water. Of course, the explosion followed instantaneously, and the wretched youth fell amongst the victims of his gross ignorance.

SUPPOSED LOSS OF THE AUSTRALIAN PASSENGER SHIP ULTONIA.

For several weeks the most painful anxiety has prevailed respecting the fate of the Australian passenger ship *Ultonia*, Captain William L. Baker, which left the Thames for Melbourne, with 180 souls on board, in the early part of last November. Unhappily, there is too much reason to fear that the ship will never again be heard of, and the scenes daily witnessed at Lloyd's by the frequent visits and anxious inquiries of the relatives and friends of those on board are most distressing. The *Ultonia* was a large Quebec built ship, of 341 tons register, belonging to Messrs. Moore and Co., of Liverpool, and in the course of September last year she was chartered to Messrs. Fry and Davison, the White Horse line of Australian packet ship brokers in Fenchurch-street, for a voyage to Melbourne. She was comparatively a new vessel, having been built in 1854, and was classed A 1 for seven years. She loaded in the East India Docks, and on the 3rd of November she was cleared by the London emigration officers, having on board 123 steerage passengers, families, and six cabin passengers; her crew, including master and officers, numbering fifty-four. She passed through the Downs on the 6th of November, and progressed on her voyage, although somewhat tardily, and on the 15th of March she was spoken with in lat. 15 S., long. 52 W., a considerable distance to the southward of the Cape. Since then not the least tidings have been heard of the ship, or of any of her numerous passengers.

MYSTERIOUS CASE.

On Monday, the 30th ult., an elderly man and a young woman, giving their names as Mr. Gray and Miss Moffat, and who had just arrived by steamer from London, took lodgings—a parlour and two bedrooms—for a week in a house in Brunswick-street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh. The elder stranger stated that they were on a visit of pleasure to Scotland, and that the young woman was his niece. The latter, however, appeared to be labouring under nervous excitement, from some cause which has not been explained, and which had probably been aggravated by her drinking freely with her uncle of Scotch toddy after her arrival. On Wednesday she was much excited, and hinted to her landlady her suspicion that her uncle had drugged her toddy. She was recommended to consult a doctor, and on doing so the medical gentleman treated her suspicion as arising from nervous causes, and prescribed lower diet and the abstinence from stimulants. The same evening she again partook with her relative, and both retired to their bedrooms a little after eleven. On Thursday morning the other inmates of the house were awakened by Mr. Gray, in a state of great alarm, calling to them that "Mrs. Gray" was dead. On entering the young woman's bedroom they found her on the floor in her night-dress, the upper part of her body surrounded by a pool of blood, her throat cut literally from ear to ear, being, of course, quite dead. The body was lying on its back, the feet being underneath the bed, and the bed-clothes, which were all marked and spotted with blood, were pulled nearly over on the floor, as if the unfortunate woman had fallen backward, and in her fall clutched the bed-clothes and pulled them along with her. A large table-knife, smeared with blood, was found among the bed-clothes. The attention of the police was immediately called to the case. Mr. Gray was examined soon afterwards by the Procurator-Fiscal. He describes himself as Thomas Gray, a retired merchant, in easy circumstances, residing at Monastery-house, Poplar-road, London, near the West India Docks; and from his statements it appears that the young lady who has met such a frightful end was the daughter of his sister, who married Mr. Moffat, a tailor, in Camden-town, London. Mr. Gray has been a widower for the last two years, during which period his niece lived with him and acted as his house-keeper. He was much attached to her, and had left her 100*l.* a-year for life in his will, which he would readily prove by sending for that document from London and producing it. They came down to Scotland merely on a pleasure excursion, and during the passage down in the steamer she was much fatigued. He could not understand her motive for committing suicide, but she had been nervous and in very low spirits for some time back. They had drunk toddy together on several occasions since coming to Edinburgh, and he thought the Scotch whisky had increased her disorder. It is said that on taking up their lodgings at Mr. Russell's, on Monday evening, they brought part of a bottle of brandy with them, that they subsequently got in a bottle of whisky, and that nearly all this liquor had been used by them, principally in the shape of punch or toddy. It is not considered that there is any reasonable ground to doubt that the deceased herself committed the fatal act. Some members of the family residing below were on the Wednesday night, about midnight, startled by the sound of a heavy fall on the floor, but they heard no footstep or other sound whatever. Mr. Gray, we believe, immediately placed himself under police surveillance, and nothing has transpired to fix any reasonable suspicion upon him, the whole circumstances tending to show that the case was one of suicide.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY AN ACTRESS.

A respectably-dressed and interesting-looking young woman, about twenty years of age, and who was described as an actress, was charged, at the Mansion House, on Saturday, with having attempted to commit suicide by endeavouring to throw herself into the Thames from the parapet of London-bridge. John Leavy, a scavenger, deposed that about one o'clock in the morning he was sweeping the roadway on London-bridge, when he heard a cry, and on looking round he saw the prisoner standing on the parapet, in the act of preparing to jump over. He ran up and caught her by the clothes, and held them till a policeman

came up, who took her to the station.—In answer to a question put to her by the Lord Mayor, the prisoner said she was an actress, but had been very unfortunate, having had no engagement, and being unable to get one. She had performed at several theatres in the provinces, but her father lived in London.—The Lord Mayor: It was very wrong of you to attempt to take away your own life.—Prisoner: Yes, I know it was, but what could I do. I went out yesterday in very bad spirits, to see if I could get an engagement, but I could not, and at night I went to a theatre, and was going home very tired and very desolate at heart, and when I was crossing the bridge I caught sight of the water, and it frightened me, and I thought I would drown myself; but when I got on to the parapet to jump over, the water glistened in the gaslight, and I was afraid at what I was about to do, and was turning back again when they came up to me.—The Lord Mayor: Yours is a sad tale; but are you not glad that you were snatched from death?—Prisoner: Yes, I am; but pray let me go, for if you send me to prison it will ruin me. I shall never get another engagement.—The Lord Mayor: Poor girl, I'll do nothing to ruin you. Is there no chance of your getting an engagement?—Prisoner: I fear not, for business is very bad at the theatres now.—The Lord Mayor: What parts do you play?—Prisoner: Principally chambermaids.—The Lord Mayor: Would it not be better to be a real chambermaid instead of a sham one; had you not better go into service?—The poor girl shook her head, and said the change would be too great for her, but she would like a travelling situation.—A respectably-dressed female said she was sister to the prisoner. Her father would be glad to maintain her, but the prisoner did not like to be a burden upon him, and because she could not get an engagement she was very low in spirits.—The Lord Mayor then committed her to the sister's care, with a gentle reprimand for the past, and some kindly advice for the future.

SUICIDE OF A FOREIGNER IN THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.

A very determined and deliberate act of suicide was committed during the night of Tuesday in the house of Detention, by an Italian named Giuseppe Frigerio, who was there on remand from the Bow-street Police-court, on the charge of obtaining twenty pounds, by false pretences, from Auguste Fillette. The deceased, a gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man, was of a cheerful buoyant disposition, so much so as to excite remark. On the officer unlocking his cell on Wednesday morning he found the deceased suspended by the neck from the iron work of the "hopper," or ventilator of the window. It appeared that he had by some means got a quantity of worsted braiding off a large frieze overcoat he had with him: this he had doubled four times, and knotted in several places. One end of this he passed over the projecting bar of the hopper, and made fast to the iron sash of the window, and to prevent the sharp edge of the projecting bar cutting the braid, he had placed a piece of thick cloth just where it passed over. He had arranged his bed rug and the frieze coat so that when he kicked the cell stool, upon which he must have stood when he tied the cord round his neck, from under him, it should fall upon them without making any noise, but he must have knocked the stool away from under him with great force, for it was found at the opposite end of the cell. When he was discovered the surgeon was at once sent for, but life had been extinct some hours.

THE COINAGE.

It is a thing not generally known that the whole of the coinage of this country is struck by atmospheric pressure. At the Royal Mint there are eight coining presses, each capable of producing sixty pieces of any kind of coin—from the silver three-halfpenny piece of our West Indian colonies to the crown piece of our own circulation—per minute, including stoppages for renewal of dies, &c. These presses are on what is called the screw principle—that is, that the upper die is made to rise and fall by the partial revolution of a powerful screw, running vertically through the centre of the press. A hollow shaft rests upon the centre of the fly arms which surmount the screw, and attached to it is a lever about twenty inches in length. A horizontal rod, fastened to the lever by a pin and socket, connects the press with a vacuum pump, placed perpendicularly upon a cylindrical vacuum tube lying beneath it. This latter is kept in a state of partial exhaustion (the extent of which is controllable by a relief valve) by the action of an air pump, placed at the distance of nearly 100 yards from the vacuum tube, and worked by a steam engine. When it is desired to put a press in motion, for the purpose of striking any particular kind of coin, the proper dies are fitted, blank pieces brought, and all the proper adjustments made. A communication is then opened by means of a line, lever, and pneumatic valve, between the press, pump, and vacuum tube; the former is fitted with a piston, and is opened at the top. The lower part now, therefore, becomes exhausted, and the atmosphere acting upon the piston carries it rapidly to the bottom of the cylinder, and since the end of the coining press lever is attached to the piston, and the lever to the screw of the press, it follows that a blow is struck on the disc of metal placed under the die—in short, a coin is produced. The whole apparatus now becomes self-acting, and coins fall out from the press as rapidly as described, until the supply of blanks fails, when of course operations cease. The whole coinage of England may be said to have been thus pumped into existence. The eight presses are fitted in precisely the same manner, and when all are engaged in stamping sovereigns the rich stream flows from them with bewildering beauty and richness.—*The Engineer.*

THE TRAFFIC IN TITLES AT PARIS.

The *Droit* of Paris says: "The investigations which are being made into the trafficking in titles and decorations have led to new discoveries. Thus, a Piedmontese, established at London, and who called himself Count Antonio de Melano, set upon that city what he called indiscriminately 'The Institute of the United Arts,' 'The Historical Institute of National and Universal Exhibitions,' 'Heraldic and Archaeological Institute,' and 'British Academy,' and in the names of these institutes he gave, in return for money, diplomas of all kinds, and medals of civil, scientific, and manufacturing merit. His 'Heraldic Institute' manufactured pedigrees, and distributed orders of knighthood. He was in constant communication with men engaged in the same traffic as himself in Spain, Germany, Italy, and especially in France. He recently proposed to found, in conjunction with a man at Paris, a new order called the Crown of Christ, and endeavoured to persuade an exiled prince to accept the grand mastership of it. In addition to the pretended orders of the Four Emperors of Germany, Saint Hubert, the Lion of Holstein, and the Golden Spur, which the men at Paris had established of their own authority, they revived one called the 'Asiatic Order,' which was originally started in France in 1844 by an impostor calling himself Aldina del Dir, Sultan of Mongolia. They likewise manufactured false Brevets of the Order of Christ, of Portugal, the decoration of which is much prized on account of its being like that of the Legion of Honour. Among Melano's agents in Paris were the pretended Count Maurice de Cabanis, founder of the Society of Archivists; a person calling himself Baron Noiret de Saint Lys, Commander of the Order of the Four Emperors; another calling himself Baron de Bouscass, but whose real name is Leroy, founder of the Universal Academy of Arts and Manufactures, and of other societies; and one Dousse, son of a diligence conductor, but calling himself Count d'Armanon, Apostolic Prothonotary, Count of the Holy Empire, Grand Cross of the Imperial Asiatic Order, &c., &c. This last has been twice condemned for irregular conduct—his first victim being a colonel, whom he cheated out of 20,000 francs, on pretext of getting him made a general; his second, a priest whom he undertook to make a bishop; but, notwithstanding such acts, he affected great piety, was constantly in churches, and by pretending to be able to obtain Italian orders was intimate with several of the clergy."

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The *Gazette* announces that the decoration of the Victoria Cross has been conferred on Lieutenant (now Captain) Frederick Robertson Aikman, 4th Bengal Native Infantry, who commanding the 3rd Sikh Cavalry on the advanced picket, with one hundred of his men, having obtained information, just as the force marched on the morning of the 1st of March last, of the proximity, three miles off the high road, of a body of 500 rebel infantry, 200 horse, and two guns, under Moosahib Ali Chukkbard, attacked and utterly routed them, cutting up more than 100 men, capturing two guns, and driving the survivors into and over the Goomtee. This feat was performed under every disadvantage of broken ground, and partially under the flanking fire of an adjoining fort. Lieutenant Aikman received a severe sabre cut in the face in a personal encounter with several of the enemy. Gunner William Connolly, Bengal Horse Artillery, is also recommended for the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in action with the enemy at Jhelum, on the 7th of July, 1857. Lieutenant Cookes, Bengal Horse Artillery, reports, that "about daybreak on that day, I advanced my half troop at a gallop, and engaged the enemy within easy musket range. The sponge-man of one of my guns having been shot during the advance, gunner Connolly assumed the duties of 2nd sponge-man, and he had barely assisted in two discharges of his gun; when a musket-ball, through the left thigh, felled him to the ground; nothing daunted by pain and loss of blood, he was endeavouring to resume his post, when I ordered a movement in retirement, and though severely wounded, he was mounted on his horse in the gun-team, and rode to the next position which the guns took up, and manfully declined going to the rear when the necessity of his so doing was represented to him. About eleven o'clock, A.M., when the guns were still in action, the same gunner, whilst sponging, was again knocked down by a musket-ball striking him on the hip, thereby causing great faintness and partial unconsciousness, for the pain appeared excessive, and the blood flowed fast. On seeing this I gave directions for his removal out of action; but this brave man, hearing me, staggered to his feet and said, 'No, sir, I'll not go there whilst I can work here;' and shortly afterwards he again resumed his post as sponge-man. Late in the afternoon of the same day, my three guns were engaged at 100 yards from the walls of a village with the defenders, viz., the 14th Native Infantry—mutineers—amidst a storm of bullets which did great execution. Gunner Connolly, though suffering severely from his two previous wounds, was wielding his sponge with an energy and courage which attracted the admiration of his comrades, and while cheerfully encouraging a wounded man to hasten in bringing up the ammunition, a musket-ball tore through the muscles of his right leg; but with the most undaunted bravery he struggled on; and not till he had loaded six times, did this man give way, when, through loss of blood, he fell in my arms, and I placed him on a waggon, which shortly afterwards bore him in a state of unconsciousness from the fight."

Mr. Stephen Hawks, of London, was spending his holidays with his uncle at Tynemouth, and on Friday morning went out in a boat to bathe. He appears to have been rowed by accident into a shallow, and on diving head foremost he struck the ground with great violence. He was brought home unconscious, and died on Saturday morning.

CARDINAL WISEMAN IN IRELAND.

The Irish journals contain florid descriptions of the pompous reception of Cardinal Wiseman in Dundalk on Friday last. The houses and streets were decorated with flowers, arches, and all the other paraphernalia to be seen on a day of general jubilee. His Eminence proceeded at once to the church of St. Patrick, where he preached to a vast assemblage, taking as his text, "This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith" (1 John v. 4). At the conclusion of the sermon, the Rev. Dr. Russell announced from the platform, first in Latin, and then in English, an indulgence of 100 days, granted by the Cardinal to all present in the church that day. In the evening, a banquet was given to Cardinal Wiseman, and this time Her Majesty was not altogether forgotten. The toasts proposed were the healths of the Pope, of the Queen, of the Royal Family, of Cardinal Wiseman, of the Primate, of the Irish hierarchy, and of the Catholic laity. The Cardinal returned thanks in a speech of considerable length. On Sunday, the Cardinal presided at high mass in the Metropolitan Church, Dublin. The ceremony was of a very gorgeous character. His Eminence was enthusiastically cheered on leaving the church, and the people insisted upon taking the horses from his carriage, and bringing him to his lodgings. On Monday evening the Cardinal delivered a lecture in the Rotunda on the ornamental glass found in the catacombs of Rome. A large crowd collected outside the building, and kept up a continued "gabble," and occasionally cheered during the progress of the lecture. The external cheer was, on two or three occasions, caught up by the audience inside, and a round of applause was the result. The lecture having terminated, the Cardinal withdrew to the Exhibition-room, where a scarlet canopy was erected, and a chair placed for him, and one on his right for Archbishop Cullen. Here the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul presented an address to the "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," to which a verbal reply was given. At the conclusion of the reply, the Lord Mayor, and almost every person present, knelt down to receive the Cardinal's "blessing," and also that of Dr. Cullen.

FEMALE HEROISM.

In a detached cottage at Twickenham, within almost a stone's throw of the church, has resided for some time an elderly maiden lady, in very delicate health, whose establishment consists merely of a cook and housemaid. On Tuesday, last week, however, there was only the housemaid and her sick mistress in the house, the cook being absent to attend upon a sick parent. At about half-past nine in the evening, the housemaid, whose name is Ann Retford, and who is a remarkably fine handsome young woman, twenty-two years of age, went into her mistress's bedroom, as was her custom, to inquire if anything was wanted before retiring to rest. On opening the door, she was startled by seeing a man, or rather a lad, as he afterwards turned out to be not more than eighteen years old, standing over her mistress as she lay in bed, an apparently in the act of striking her with a bludgeon. Without hesitating a moment, she immediately rushed upon him and seized him, closing with him so rapidly that he was unable to use his bludgeon. A desperate and long-protracted struggle ensued, the poor invalid lady awaiting the issue in intense anxiety. At length the brave girl succeeded in completely overpowering her antagonist, and kneeling upon him as he lay upon his back on the floor, she held him down, and called to her mistress to bring her a piece of cord, with which she firmly secured the hands of her captive, who was then locked up, in spite of his entreaties for mercy, in a strong cupboard, and shortly afterwards delivered up to the police, to whom he was well known. He appears to have entered the house through a window on the ground floor, which was inadvertently left open. The lady states that she was asleep, when he awoke her, and, raising his stick, demanded her keys. She was dreadfully frightened, and was on the point of delivering them up when her servant entered the room. The maid afterwards received a handsome present from her mistress, which she well deserved.

FEARFUL DEATH OF AN OLD WOMAN.

A fearful occurrence took place at Flatworth, about two miles from North Shields, on Saturday afternoon. In consequence of a quantity of rain having fallen, the farmers had knocked off the reapers in the wheat fields, and a party of pitmen's wives, mothers, and daughters, who had been so employed, were returning to their homes at Percy Main, down by the side of the Blyth and Tyne Railway. An old woman named Frances Hails, one of the party, had a little paralysed grandson with her who was only seven years old. As they were coming down the road, the child suddenly ran between the rails of the up line, and the old woman seeing the train from Blyth approaching, rushed to his rescue, but only to sacrifice her own life. Before she could get hold of him, the train was down upon them, and she had only time to push him from between the rails when the engine knocked her down and the wheels passed over her and literally cut her in two, carrying the lower portion of her trunk about twenty yards from the upper one; and also cutting off one of her arms. The train was filled with people proceeding to Newcastle market, and was stopped when the sad sight was revealed to them. Two surgeons happened to be in the train, and they got out and rendered what assistance they could under the terrible circumstances. Inquiry was then made after the little boy, when it was found that he had not escaped, but that he had been struck on the head by the train and was unconscious. He was immediately removed to a public-house, and carefully attended to by the surgeons; but there are not the least hopes of his recovery, as he is labouring under the effects of concussion of the brain.

MISCELLANEA.

One day last week one of the kitchen gardeners at Dangstein House, Rogate, was moving a heap of rubbish, and found in it nearly twenty snakes.

The Turin journals announce that Parodi, who was recently attacked by refugees in Switzerland, died on the night of the 27th ult.

According to a letter from Berlin of the 30th ult., Admiral Prince Adalbert is preparing to start on an experimental cruise, in the course of which he will visit different ports of France and England.

The *Presse*, at the close of a long article on convicts in England, announces the notable discovery that the lower orders of English are the most miserable and ignorant in Europe!

In a letter received from Lord Clyde, on Friday, the gallant Commander-in-Chief refers to the hope "that his sword will soon be returned into the scabbard for the last time, never to be drawn again."

The *Univers*, in speaking about the pretended miracle at Lourdes, takes occasion to say, "In our opinion the hawking about of the Bible ought not to be authorised in any Roman Catholic country, nor even in any Christian country."

The International Commission, convoked at Paris for the examination of questions relative to the improvement of the mouths of the Danube, has published its report. It directs that the river should be navigated by the St. George's Channel.

A Madrid journal, *Las Novedades*, announces that a regular Government has at length been formed in the Dominican republic. Santana, now that he has completed his work of pacification, will probably retire into private life.

The subscription for a monument and a scholarship at the Charter House, in honour of General Havelock, and of the other old Carthusians, who fell in the Crimea and India, has nearly reached the sum of 500l.

A telegram from Berlin announces the arrival at Potsdam of the King and Queen of Prussia. Strict orders were issued that no one should be allowed to enter the station to witness their Majesties' arrival.

The Staffordshire colliers still remain on strike. A meeting at Dudley, on Monday, was attended by about 3,000 persons. A resolution was passed pledging the men of that district to join the "turn-outs."

The number of recruits passed and medically approved for the Royal Artillery during the past month at Woolwich is 434, and for other corps twenty-nine, making a total of 463. The majority of these were fine healthy lads from the country.

On Tuesday morning, a woman flung herself from Waterloo-bridge into the Thames. She was seen by a lad, who was standing in the third recess, in the act of falling. She came twice to the surface, and then went down to rise no more.

The lieges of Rochester were a little startled on Tuesday, by the appearance of flaming posters on their city walls, announcing the performance of Mr. John Town-end, "M.P. for Greenwich," as Richard III., at the Rochester Theatre.

The *Agram Gazette* publishes a letter from Dalmatia, which announces that Prince Danilo has issued to his Montenegrins the very trying order, to restore the booty they took from the Turks at the capture of Kolatchin.

On Monday night Mr. Coningham, M.P. for Brighton, delivered before his constituents an address, reviewing the events of the last session. The honourable gentleman exhibited a disposition to trust Lord Palmerston as the head of a reorganised Liberal party.

Queen Victoria has presented Count Peckler, Marshal of the Court of the Prince of Prussia, with a valuable snuff-box. Her Majesty has also given 5,000 thalers (18,000fr.) to be distributed among the servants at the Palace of Babelsberg, and a similar sum to the poor of Potsdam.

A set of official seals has been ordered for the new Government of Columbia. The Governor embarked at last in such a hurry that there was not time to have them executed, and the design has only been submitted and approved. The seals themselves will have to be sent after the Governor.

A few days ago the foundation-stone of a Franciscan monastery was laid at Pantasaph, North Wales, by Lady Fielding, Viscountess Fielding, a recent convert to the Roman Catholic faith, having given about fourteen acres of land for a site. His lordship has also contributed 500l. towards the construction of the edifice.

From Belgium a correspondent informs us that a rumour has gained ground there, that Mr. Bright, M.P., has embraced the Roman Catholic faith. The report is too absurd for contradiction in England; but for the benefit of our foreign friends, it may perhaps be as well to state that there is not the slightest foundation for it.—*Morning Star*.

A fire was discovered late on Saturday raging in the stackyard belonging to Mr. Alexander Reid, a farmer, at Southall-green, Middlesex. Unfortunately the only water that could be procured was from the ponds and pumps in the neighbourhood, and the flames were not entirely extinguished until Sunday morning. Incendiarism is suspected.

Prince Gortchakoff, Russian Minister of War, and brother of the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Crimea, arrived at Rouen a few days ago from Dieppe, on his way to Paris. The Prince, during the short time the train stopped, took some refreshment at

the buffet, and then walked up and down the platform. Seeing one of the policemen on duty, he spoke to him and said he liked his uniform better than that of the sergens de ville of Paris. The Prince afterwards asked him whether he had served in the Crimea, and on being answered in the affirmative, added: "Then you must have seen my brother, who commanded at Sebastopol?" "Yes, prince," replied the policeman, "but I heard him more at the fort of Gringalet." The Prince was in the undress of a general officer, and wore the insignia of commander of the Legion of Honour.

The *Gazette de Lyon* states that a few days ago some Piedmontese workmen, who were engaged on a railway in Savoy, seized upon an English fellow-workman, put his head on an anvil, and cut it completely off. The murderers were at once arrested. They are supposed to have been influenced by national jealousy.

The handsome casino and bathing establishment of Fécamp has been completely destroyed by fire. The whole place was in flames in a few moments. Happily there was no loss of life. Almost all the inmates were assembled in the drawing-room, where there was an evening concert, and easily made their escape when the alarm was given.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe is in Paris. She was fêted on her arrival by the most distinguished authoresses and ladies of letters in that city. The dinner took place at a restaurant, in the Palais Royal; none of the sterner sex were bidden to the festive board, save three privileged *littérateurs*, who were admitted for the sake of their feminine names. These were Marie Aycard, Marie Escudier, and Elionore de Vaulabelle.

The *Financial Reformer* for the present month gives a tabulated statement of the collection of income-tax under Schedule D. From this it appears that nearly one-third of the tax levied under all the schedules has been paid by 275,469 persons engaged in trades and professions. The net amount of the tax collected in the year ending 5th of April, 1857, under all the schedules, was 16,915,332l., out of which trades and professions contributed 5,161,813l.

The *Vienna Gazette* publishes the Imperial decree for the resumption of cash payments by the National Bank. The exchange of notes for cash will be made successively, according to the different amounts, beginning with the smallest. It will not, however, be until the month of October next year that the present forced currency of bank notes will have entirely ceased.

The *Gazette* announces the appointment of Lord Bloomfield, K.C.B., the Prussian Ambassador, to be an Ordinary Member of the Civil Division of the First Class, or Knights Grand Cross, of the Order of the Bath. The *Gazette* also announces the appointment of James Douglas, Esq. (Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vancouver's Island), to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the colony of British Columbia and its dependencies.

Mr. James Wyld, in a letter to the *North British Mail*, offers "the following remedy for two evils—viz., excessive crinoline, and liability to accidental combustion, of which the fair sex are now the subject. By adding to the starch used in preparing these dresses a tablespoonful of common alum, in a powdered state: the starch makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents it bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance."

The La Plata, which left Southampton on Thursday with the West India mail, carried out a detachment of Royal Engineers under the command of Captain Parsons for British Columbia. They were detained off Osborne for two hours waiting the result of a Cabinet Council for instructions. On the breaking up of the Council Sir Edward B. Lytton, the Colonial Secretary, with his suite, went on board the La Plata, and delivered to Captain Parsons his instructions. He also shortly addressed the detachment.

The last show of flowers and fruit for the season took place on Wednesday at the Crystal Palace. Nothing could exceed the exquisite beauty of the various specimens of flowers, nor the variety or richness of the fruit displayed on the occasion. Some idea may be formed of what the latter was, by the fact that no less than two thousand dishes were exhibited, some of them being of the richest and rarest quality, while for one description alone fifty-five persons competed for the prize.

Another fatal boat accident has just occurred at Greenfield, near Holywell, in North Wales. Mr. John Lloyd had invited two young men to accompany him in a sail, the sea being rough, with a strong wind. After sailing about three miles, they put back, when their little craft, carrying full sail, upset, and they were all plunged into the water. The accident was seen from the shore, and a boat was instantly put out, but on reaching the spot all had disappeared, a cap floating being the only evidence of the sad calamity. The bodies have been recovered.

Mr. Norris, the Canadian envoy for the purpose of soliciting a Royal opening of the Canadian Great Exhibition, has proceeded to Osborne on his mission. We need not say that the request made received the most gracious consideration from Her Majesty, but there is little doubt that Ministers will advise the Queen that the Prince of Wales is not yet old enough to take part in a public ceremonial of this kind. Mr. Norris was in the Isle of Wight at the time of the Privy Council, when the Queen could readily refer the subject to the Ministry.

On Saturday the brigading the London crossing-sweepers commenced in St. James's, Westminster, and is to be extended to other parishes, under the sanction of the Board of Works. Regular men are to be appointed to sweep all the principal crossings, each man being numbered, and under the

control of the Inspector of Nuisances for the district. Each man receives 1s. per week in addition to what he has given him on his crossing; he deposits 2s. on receiving his badge, which is returned to him on his dismissal or resignation.

A charge of robbery, rather singular in its nature, was preferred, on Tuesday, by Mr. Samuel Jacobs, jeweller, Knightsbridge, against a young girl, his domestic servant, at the police-court, Westminster. It was stated that the prisoner had stolen a brooch and toothpick, which were both found in her box. The girl, in defence, declared it was a conspiracy against her, and that the articles were put into the box during her absence. The result was that the prosecution was withdrawn, and Mr. Lewis, who appeared for the defence, stated his intention of bringing an action for false imprisonment.

The Bishop of Oxford has issued a commission addressed to three laymen and two clergymen of his diocese, to inquire into the statements alleged against the Rev. Richard Temple West, M.A., of Christchurch, Oxford, the curate of Boyne-hill, in reference to his practice of confession, and to report to his lordship whether there is *prima facie* ground for instituting further proceedings. The commissioners are Dr. Robert Phillimore, Chancellor of the diocese; Ven. James Randall, M.A., Archdeacon of Berkshire; the Rev. J. Austen Leigh, M.A., vicar of Bray (the parish in which Mr. Gresley's district is situated); Mr. Charles Sawyer, of Heywood-lodge; and Mr. J. Hibbert, of Braywick-lodge; the two latter being county magistrates. All these gentlemen hold High Church views, particularly Dr. Phillimore, Archdeacon Randall, and Mr. Leigh, who are commonly classed among the ultra-Tractarian party. The usual fourteen days' notice has been served upon Mr. West.

Information has reached the Admiralty of a distressing event on the coast of Africa. One of the boats belonging to Her Majesty's ship Childers had put off for the shore, manned by four Kroomen, and containing Assistant-Surgeon F. Davey, Assistant-Paymaster Charles Kenrick Foulkes, and Master's Assistant Henry Stranach. In crossing a dangerous point, called Gallies Bar, the boat suddenly upset, and the occupants were all immediately immersed. The three officers were drowned; the Kroomen escaped by clinging to the boat.

During the last few days, the comet detected by Dr. Donati on the 2nd of June, has rapidly increased in brightness, and on Sunday evening, when the sky was very clear, was fully as conspicuous to the naked eye as a star of the fourth magnitude. The tail is very distinct, forming, with the somewhat brilliant nucleus, a pretty telescopic object. The brightness of the comet will be constantly on the increase during the present month. It will be found about ten degrees above the north-west horizon at eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Melly, of Liverpool, in an article which appears in the *British Workman* for September, offers two granite fountains, with bronze heads and handles complete, for the City of London, provided any lady or gentleman will undertake to erect them and procure a constant supply of water for the same. Mr. Robert Richardson, civil engineer, of Westminster, is making an effort to have a public drinking-fountain placed in front of the large ragged-schools now in course of erection in the city of Westminster, and has collected a considerable sum.

Sir Charles Eastlake writes to the *Builder* on account of some excavations which have been recently made in the neighbourhood of Rome. Several interesting fragments have been thrown up; a portion of the old Roman road uncovered, and a tomb, consisting of several highly ornamented chambers has been discovered. The remains of the early Christian basilica have also been disclosed, and the general impression seems to be that what has hitherto been discovered only forms a small portion of a "paga" or village, of which the most part still remains to be discovered.

A novel emigration scheme finds favour in the eyes of the people of Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock, and a public meeting is about to be convened in the City Hall of the Scotch commercial metropolis, to lay the plan before the public. A memorial will be submitted to this assembly, and afterwards presented to the Queen, praying that to secure law and order in British Columbia, a body of the unemployed Scotch operatives may be sent out to that colony, armed with the saw, the axe, the shovel or spade, and the Minié rifle. Memorials to the same effect are being got up in various Scotch towns.

The journals of St. Petersburg publish a report from General Evdokimoff, commanding the left flank of the line of the Caucasus, announcing that on the 20th and 21st July the Russians, after sharp combats, succeeded in dislodging the Circassians from the defile of the Argoun; but it admits that after this success Schamyl collected 9,000 men in the plains of Varand, which are just beyond the defile, and proceeded to fortify himself, without the Russians being able to prevent him. The same accounts state that the Circassian leader had announced to his followers that if his present campaign shall not proceed successfully he will immediately renounce his contest with Russia.

A farmer of the neighbourhood of Valenciennes last week killed a horse which was afflicted with glanders, and left the dead body in his field until he should have time to bury it. Three days after, seeing some carrion crows pecking at the carcass, he fired his gun at them. One of the birds fell, and the man thinking it was dead, picked it up. The crow was only wounded, and, turning round, thrust its beak into his thumb. The man paid little attention to the wound, but two days later the hand and arm swelled considerably, and he became seriously ill. It turned out in the end that he was afflicted with glanders, and in spite of all that could

be done, after horrible sufferings, he died on Tuesday last.

Mr. Henry Burbridge, formerly income and assessed tax collector for the Richmond district, was charged on Saturday, before Sir F. K. Reeve and a bench of magistrates, at the Court-house, Richmond, with having embezzled large sums of money, the property of Her Majesty, and also with having obtained different amounts of money as income and property tax by false pretences. Evidence having been given which fully established the truth of the charges, the defendant, who declined saying anything at that time, was committed to take his trial on four several charges, at the Central Criminal Court.

Musical indignation has been caused by the honour conferred by the Emperor upon Michotte, the player on the metaphone, or collection of tumblers and wineglasses. This gentleman, who has just been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, has achieved great reputation, in spite of the judgment of musical connoisseurs, who, of course, choose to ignore the man, the metaphone, and the music. The first performance of M. Michotte in Paris took place in Rossini's *salon*. A friend, coming up the stairs, found the great composer leaning on the window of the landing. "What are you doing here, all alone?" said he, in alarm. "Why, there is a man there," pointing to the *salon*, "rinsing out Robert le Diable, and I am waiting till he has wiped his glasses dry."

On the 2nd inst. the American bark Harriet Francis, from Liverpool, bound to Baltimore, United States, ran ashore on the Arklow bank. She was fortunately seen from Arklow, distant eight or nine miles from the scene of the disaster, when the lifeboat stationed at that place immediately proceeded to her assistance, and with the aid of a line and a life buoy succeeded in taking off eleven of her crew in the midst of a very heavy sea which was breaking over her. The vessel herself soon after became a total wreck. It appears that the remainder of the bark's crew, four in number, had taken to another boat, which was upset, and they were picked up on her bottom.

The Prefect of the Lot-et-Garonne has addressed a circular to the mayors of that department, relative to frauds which are practised in the preparation of prunes, and recommends those functionaries and the commissaries of police to exercise a strict surveillance over a branch of business the amount of which in the department exceeds six millions. The circular states that the fraud consists in gathering the fruit before it has obtained its proper ripeness, then, after immersing it in boiling water placing it in an oven, by which the skin alone becomes properly cooked, and the purchaser is thus deceived in the weight, while the fruit itself, remaining unripe in the inside, will not keep nor be fit for exportation.

A few days ago a female servant and child hired a machine to bathe at Southsea, and shortly after being in the water a scream was heard. It appeared that the servant imprudently waded too far out, and that a wave took her out of her depth, the child clinging to her and screaming till both sunk, and were being carried away by the tide. Mr. Hollingsworth, the proprietor of the King's-room, Southsea, rushed down the beach and into the water, with his clothes on, and having made a dive, fortunately caught the child by her bathing gown and brought her ashore. His assistants also followed, having jumped into a boat, and as the girl rose they were equally successful in saving her. Both servant and child were placed in warm baths, and speedily recovered.

On Saturday evening last the inhabitants of the usually quiet village of Kilconquhar were thrown into a state of considerable excitement by a boy's finding a slip of folded paper on the road leading to Balbuthie, containing the rather alarming announcement of the intention of the writer to commit suicide. The said note was written in pencil, in a bold, distinct hand, and was addressed to the passer-by. Its contents were as follows: "Turn aside, and you will find the remains of James —, and the instrument of his death beside him. Observe—done the 28th of August, 1858. Adieu! Farewell!! O, vain world!!!" The father of the boy who found the note, accompanied by another person, went in search. This being unsuccessful, they returned and gave information to our active officer, who, along with a few of the more excitable of our villagers, proceeded in quest of the supposed *felo de se*. After more than an hour's careful search of every bush, and even of the tops of the thickest trees in the neighbourhood, they found no trace to lead them to suppose that such a deed had been committed.—*Fifeshire Journal*.

It is ever a pleasing duty of a Journalist to introduce to his readers some new discovery calculated to benefit that vast portion of our fellow creatures, which has the strongest claims upon our sympathies. It is with this feeling that we call the attention of invalids to the following Extracts from Du Barry's interesting Report of Cures without Medicine of Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Flatulency, Constipation, Nervous, Bilious and Liver complaints, Cough, Asthma, Consumption and Debility, by Du Barry's Revivante Arabica Food.—June No. 52,422.—Bridgehouse, Frimley, April 2, 1854. "I have suffered these thirty-three years continually from diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, ringing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath and cough, which have been removed by your Revivante Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head and ears are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.—JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant." 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 Castlestuart; 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, 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 2lb. 4s. 6d.; 5lb. 11s.; 12lb. 22s. The 12lb. Canisters are sent carriage free, on receipt of Post Office Order, Harry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-street, London. BROADLY 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 Revivante Arabica Food."

JENA.

On the 14th of last month the city of Jena presented a very gay and animated scene—persons from all parts of Germany having assembled to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University, which, next to Bonn, is the most celebrated in Germany. Religious services in the churches, processions formed at their doors, in which representations of every costume which still exists in Germany—and these costumes are very many, and some very quaint—and others in which almost every generation were clothed; armour of every age, from the rude shield and sword of the opposers of the Roman arms to that of the elaborate workmanship of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, with flags of every diversity of colours and device; balls, dinners, speeches, and dramatic representations formed the staple of the amusements. The jubilee was made the occasion for the inauguration of the statue of the founder, the Elector John Frederic. John Frederic was taken prisoner at the battle of Mühlberg, by Charles V., and deprived of a great part of his territory, and, amongst other towns, of the city of Wittenberg, in which a University existed, where the principles of the Reformation were fostered. In passing through Jena, which still belonged to the family, he recommended his sons to found a University there in place of that at Wittenberg, which had been suppressed by the Emperor. His sons acted upon his suggestions; but, unable to obtain a charter from the Emperor, founded a provincial academy, to which resorted some of the most celebrated men of the time, who laboured so successfully in the cause of the Reformation. The Elector obtained his liberty in 1552, and on his arrival at Jena he was met by a number of scholars and professors. The University still laboured under great difficulties, and was not allowed to grant degrees in divinity. At length, in 1558, the Emperor Ferdinand I. granted a charter, and bestowed the full privileges upon it. Since that time it has gone on progressing in importance. It has been the nursery of many great men in the world of science and literature. The character of the University suffered much by Sand having been a student there. He murdered the poet and dramatist Kotzebue, for which he was executed. The assassination was committed on purely political grounds; but it brought the University into such bad odour with the Prussian Government that no Prussian was allowed for some years to go to Jena as a student. The situation of the town is very romantic. It is built at the confluence of the Leutra and the Saale. It was formerly fortified, but of late years the fortifications have disappeared. It suffered during the late European war, when the Prussians, under the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by Napoleon at the celebrated battle on the 14th October, 1806. Since then it has been restored and beautified.

PROJECTED NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

About a year ago, it may be remembered, the Philological Society determined to form a collection of English words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view of publishing a supplementary volume which might be used with either of those works. A committee was appointed, circulars were issued, and the public as well as members of the society invited to take part in the work. The result has been that upwards of 100 collectors have given their services, and more than 160 works have been submitted to examination upon a uniform system. The success of the experiment induced the society to enter on a wider field, and in January last it was resolved that, instead of a supplement to the standard English dictionaries, a new dictionary of the English language should be prepared under the authority of the Philological Society. The work has accordingly been placed by the society in the hands of two committees—the one literary and historical, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Furnivall, and Mr. H. Coleridge; and the other etymological, composed of Mr. Wedgwood, Professor Malden, and another not yet named. The former of these committees will edit the dictionary, and direct the general working of the scheme; and arrangements have been made for an early publication in parts. The committee have laid down some general guiding principles, which may be briefly stated. The first lexicographical canon declares that a dictionary should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate. They repudiate the theory which converts the lexicographer into an arbiter of style, and leaves it to his discretion to accept or reject words according to his private notions of their comparative elegance or inelegance. All English books are to be admitted as authorities, except such as are devoted to purely scientific subjects, as treatises on electricity, mathematics, &c., and works written subsequently to the Reformation for the purpose of illustrating provincial dialects,



STATUE OF THE ELECTOR JOHN FREDERIC, FOUNDER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

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reserving, however, a discretion of deciding, in doubtful cases, what shall or shall not be deemed a dictionary authority. The committee have decided to commence with the commencement of English, or, more strictly speaking, with that definite appearance of an English type of language distinct from the preceding semi-Saxon which took place about the end of the reign of Henry III. In the treatment of individual words the historical principle is to be adopted—that is, an endeavour will be made to show, more clearly and fully than has hitherto been attempted, the development of the sense or various senses of each word from its etymology, and from each other, so as to bring into clear light the common thread which unites all together. Care will be taken to fix as accurately as possible, by means of appropriate quotations, the epoch of the appearance of each word in the language; and, in the case of archisms and obsolete words, of their disappearance also. In the etymological department an endeavour will be made to exhibit, in addition to the proximate origin of each word, several of its affinities with the related languages for the sake of comparison, always including that language which seems to present the radical element contained in the word in its oldest form. The same principle of volunteer co-operation is to apply to this portion of the work as to the other, and the labour is invited of any contributors who may be willing to send in suggestions as to difficult etymology, or emendations on those already in the dictionaries, or lists of words illustrating any philological laws, such as those of letter-change. The following gentlemen have consented to aid the etymological committee by their advice and assistance in doubtful cases, viz.: The Bishop of St. David's, Sir F. Madden, Professor Key, Professor Goldstücker, Mr. Watts, Rev. J. Davies, Professor Siegfried, Dr. Halbertsma, M. de Haan Hetteema, &c. The periods into which the language is divided are these: 1. From its rise in 1250 to the Reformation. 2. From the Reformation to Milton. 3. From Milton to our own day. As a general rule, the committee propose to give instances of the use of every word in each of these periods, or in as many of them as it occurs in, besides noting all changes of sense, &c. They will shortly issue an alphabetical list of all A.D. 1250-1300 words, and ask the contributors to read among them all the printed books of the remainder of the first period, viz., from 1300 to 1526. For the second period each contributor is asked for a quotation for every word, phrase, idiom, &c., in his book that does not occur in the Concordances to the Bible and Shakespeare. For the third period a list of words in the works of Burke will be issued, and a quotation asked from the modern writers for all words, &c., not in the list. And in each period contributors are solicited to give extracts for words now obsolete, in order that by comparison the last appearance in our literature may be ascertained of every such obsolete word. Contributors are asked to lend help at once, by agreeing to take a book in either of the periods and making the extracts for the new words, &c., in it; and the committee invite any well-considered definitions of words, and distinctions from the synonyms with which they are likely to be confounded.

FALSEHOOD.—It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided King's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way, and the knees will smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance.

POWER OF THE SOUL OVER THE BODY.—The biographer of Dr. Kane asked that eminent American traveller, after his return from his last Arctic Expedition, "for the best proved instance that he knew of the soul's power over the body: an instance that might push the hard-baked philosophy of materialism to the consciousness of its own idiocy." He paused a moment, and then said, with a spring, "The soul can lift the body out of its boots, Sir. When our captain was dying—I say dying, for I have seen scurvy enough to know—every old scar in his body was a running ulcer. I never saw a case so bad that either lived or died. Men die of it usually long before they are so ill as he was. There was trouble aboard. There might be mutiny. So soon as the breath was out of his body, we might be at each other's throats. I felt that he owed the repose of dying to the service. I went down to his bunk, and shouted in his ear, 'Mutiny, captain, mutiny!' He shook off the cadaveric stupor, 'Set me up,' he said, 'and order these fellows before me.' He heard the complaint, ordered punishment, and from that hour convalesced. Keep that man awake with danger, and he wouldn't die of anything until his duty was done."—*Knickerbocker*.



SKETCHES IN MONTENEGRO: ENTRANCE OF THE AUSTRIAN STEAM-SHIP INTO THE BAY OF RISANO.

SKETCHES IN MONTENEGRO.

We have been enabled during the last few weeks to present our readers with views and sketches in Montenegro. Our engravings to-day are the Entrance of the Austrian Steam-ship Lucia into the Bay of Risano, bearing the Commissioners for determining the frontiers between the belligerent powers. (See opposite page.) The other is a sketch of a posting-house on the road from Cattaro to Niegutch. It is, as the reader may see, a very miserable ruinous place, offering very little accommodation to the traveller. At these houses little else is to be procured than bacon, cheese, and bread. It is not often that the resources of the host is put into requisition, as the badness of the roads and the unsettled state of the country prevent much intercourse.

THE LATE M. ALEXIS SOYER.

Few foreigners have attained to so much popularity, or identified themselves so completely with ourselves, as the late Alexis Soyer. He was born in Meaux-en-Brie, in France, in 1801. He was educated in the seminary of that place, under his uncle, the Grand Vicar, and intended for a priest. He, however, felt no inclination for the Church, and went to Paris, where he was apprenticed to the celebrated Chef de Cuisine, Douix. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he came to England, to his brother, who was in the service of the late Duke of Cambridge. He married a lady of considerable talents as an artist, who died some years ago. At the time of the distress caused by the failure of the potato crop, he went to Ireland, where he was of much service in instituting soup kitchens for the poor; and in London he introduced them with great success, and furnished many a family with a cheap and relishing meal who had no means of providing for themselves. During the Exhibition year he took Gore House, Kensington, and fitted it up as a restaurant, but it unfortunately turned out a bad speculation. When the news of the gross neglect of the Commissariat Department in the Crimea was exposed in the *Times*, M. Soyer started off, and employed all his energies in ameliorating the condition of the soldier, as far as his food was concerned, and rendered great services to the army by the introduction of several useful inventions by which the soldier was enabled to have a comfortable meal instead of the wretched fare he had been accustomed to previous to his arrival. At the time of his death he was engaged in endeavouring to improve the dietary of military hospitals. In private life he was much respected. He is buried in the vault in Kensal Green in which repose the remains of his wife.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

An imperial rescript, bearing the date of the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished for evermore, within the realms of the whole Austrian empire, that terrible chastisement, running the gauntlet. Terrible it was indeed: a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning, in the year 1851, the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in a file, stood a company of a rifle battalion, to which the regiment belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there being 300) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence, deep and oppressive, the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was as fine-looking a man as ever I have set eyes upon; tall, powerful, and well-formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in full glow and vigour of manhood; only they were of a deadly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer; and, during the last campaign in Italy, in 1849, he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion. Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—if it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper: he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors whenever they deemed it necessary to check or re-



POSTING-HOUSE ON THE ROAD FROM CATTARO TO NIEGUTCH, IN MONTENEGRO.

buke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had not vowed him revenge. He had never made one friend; nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military service—the most minor duties of which he discharged with the utmost exactness—he went his own way; reserved, proud, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for, however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it over in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude; but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than of love. Moreover, there was a vague rumour about his

having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell-mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossipings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradictory to lead to a formal investigation of the matter; besides, it was at the victory of Novarra. He had greatly distinguished himself, and old Field-Marshal Radetzky had—with his own hands—affixed the golden medal on his breast. The rumour, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended to higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to him he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than

ever; but always—as it was well understood—for the benefit of the service, the slightest demands of which he performed with the same immutable strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo, he was mounting guard in the outworks with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and, when the sentries were relieved, they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard-room. The floor not being very clean (floors seldom are in these localities), and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off, when the wearers were roused by this sergeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean, the more sturdily he lent an helping hand to their endeavours by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant; and saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice whatever of this important news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner, "What he was again striking the men for?"

The sergeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and when the young officer rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps somewhat haughty manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal movement, quick as lightning. The uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed whilst both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the Emperor's anniversary day: capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he had remained cold and impassible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—why should he care much for that? But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through a whole battalion, and not been the worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonour—and his proud heart was well-nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the Second Rifle Battalion of Kherenhüller Infantry would have been unfit for service: the men were drunk. They had got up a carousal in joy and honour of the coming day. But in the morning they were sober enough. The drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of his company. There was a dead silence; not a respiration was to be heard from all the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence over to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men, according to custom, to dispense with all feelings of compassion, and to do their duty conformably to the law. The colonel went through this part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as if he were unwilling to perform it. So he was: he knew but too well that in this instance there was no need whatever for exhortation. These preliminaries being over, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his uniform the golden lace and galloons—the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and



THE LATE M. SOYER.

placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled: its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again.

There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous, and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures.

When the victim had arrived at the file-leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said in a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place: "I have to—thank your honour for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.—*Household Words.*

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN FRANCE.

Great excitement has been occasioned in Paris by the news of a terrible accident which occurred at ten o'clock on Monday night on the St. Germain Railway. The following is the account of it officially communicated to the journals by the Western Company: "A very sad accident occurred on Monday at the Vesinet station. The train which left St. Germain at ten p.m., and which, as is well-known, descends the incline from the station along the atmospheric portion of the line by its own gravity, did not stop at the accustomed spot, but dashed against the engine which was in waiting to take it on to Paris. The shock was violent. One carriage was knocked to pieces, the engineer and two passengers were killed; several passengers were wounded, and some of them very seriously. It is supposed that the break attached to the leading carriage of the train must have given way." The train in question was one of the last bringing back immense numbers of holiday folks from the celebrated Fêtes des Loges, held annually in September, in the forest of St. Germain. It is said that the train consisted of the unusual number of forty carriages, and it is probable that the immense force, on a violent incline, was greater than the breaks were calculated to resist. A party of market women from the Halle, who had saved up their money to enjoy the fête, were the principal sufferers. M. Salles, the censor of the press at the Ministry of the Interior, was in one of the carriages, but he escaped without injury.

AN AMATEUR WATCH.

It is not perhaps generally known that the officers of the Doncaster police force have a canine companion during their perambulations through the streets at night time, but such is really the fact. For nearly three years past a dog of the shepherd breed has been in the habit of accompanying the policemen while out on night duty, and during the whole of that time the animal has never once missed being at his post. When the men leave the office to go on their beats at half-past nine at night their canine friend is always found waiting for them in front of the Guildhall, and no matter what the weather may be, whether hot or cold, wet or dry, he keeps their company until morning. "Laddie," as the dog is called, is not very particular which officer he goes on with first, but before the night is over he never fails to visit them all, for he knows their beats as well as the oldest policeman on the force. At six o'clock in the morning he is again found in front of the Guildhall, and as soon as the men go into the police-office he either trots off home at once, or does so after just peeping into the station-house. At day time he will not go near any of the force but one, and at night he generally takes that policeman's beat the first if he is on duty. "Laddie" is not only a good companion, but he has also more than once proved himself a good detective, and it is due to him to say that on one occasion especially the police succeeded in apprehending a prisoner through his instrumentality, but he has not yet been rewarded with a testimonial. The dog is an old animal, and why he should take such a liking to his blue-coated friends we know not. He never belonged to one of them, and we understand they give him very little encouragement to keep their company, but still he will go, and on one occasion, after traveling on foot from Goole to Doncaster, he actually went on duty at night as usual, and remained with the men until their time expired at six o'clock the following morning.—*Doncaster Chronicle.*

THE MODERN KNIFE-GRINDERS.

(From the Beacon.)

Some festivities become historical, and in this class we must, we suppose, rank the "Cutlers' Feast," which occupied three columns of all the daily papers on Saturday last. These Sheffield Cutlers are sharp fellows; they know when the edge of the London season grows dull, and the knives no longer rattle in Belgrave-square. Bellamy's is closed, and the London clubs are vacant; the lions no longer roar in St. Stephen's, so they open a provincial menagerie, and assemble all the politicians *force nature* in a place called Cutlers' Hall, in the very liberal but not very ancient borough of Sheffield. On Thursday last the Master Cutler assembled all his old files to make a rasping, and on Saturday morning the teeth of all England were set on edge. Two hundred and twenty guests plied the sharp knives of Sheffield.

We are in lamentable ignorance as to the occasion of this solemn eating and drinking. Sheffield is so liberal and so enlightened, that the burgesses would not eat or drink without a motive or a principle. In sacred and profane history we have all read of banquets, and even fiction has afforded to hungry poets the image of a great repast. There was the Feast of Belshazzar, and Alexander's Feast, and the Butterfly's Ball, well known to the most superficial students; there are gaudy days at the Universities, now much honoured in the breach, and creating less scandal in the observance; but what can be the object of all these blades meeting together at Sheffield? What went they to Cutlers' Hall to see? It could not be to see the Master Cutler, for he was a household god among them; the Mayors of Doncaster, Halifax, and Wakefield, are not lions out of their own dens; and the historian of Hallamshire is not so telling a card as the shireless historian Hallam? Why have these men of hardware inflicted upon us the reading of their columns of speeches. We reject the hypothesis that it was to see the poet Milnes, or that the makers of pocket-knives had the meaner and more interested intention of allowing Roebuck to exalt his horn and to make a handle of him. Perhaps this practical constituency wanted to set in motion the particular lathe which turned Lord Palmerston out, or to see their meek-minded and wandering representative in the character of one of the Eumenides flourish a pair of Sheffield scissors over the thread of life of the Derby race of politicians; our own private opinion, however, is that these shrewd and hard-headed Yorkshiremen desired to witness a little amicable rhetorical duel between a poet and a cynic.

In this they were gratified. Mr. Monckton Milnes first came forth to give these not needy knife-grinders a taste of his quality. In the speech of the poet everything was *en beau*. Mr. Roebuck had, with that questionable House of Commons taste which makes us so often ashamed of that assembly when they emancipate themselves from the control of the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms, described the French women as being ugly. Strange to say, the ungallant Parisian press accepted Mr. Roebuck's condemnation, and distinguishing between the Norman and the Parisian ladies, held that Roebuck was correct as to the former. That the member for Sheffield, who, like Mirabeau, "abuses the privilege which all men have of being ugly," should set up as a lecturer on beauty, was a quaint thing; but, perhaps, that little bitter, ill-natured sentence, was calculated to leave more hatreds in France than a burnt town or a naval victory. Mr. Milnes undertook to set all this right. He makes the *amende* for the *spreta injuria forme* by declaring that he was waited upon at Cherbourg by "a very handsome daughter of Normandy." By a violent metaphor he compares the firm batteries of Cherbourg with the wooden horse of the Greeks, and he emulates certain Homeric characters in laughing at the idea of danger from it. He pictures the honourable member for Sheffield lying upon the deck of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer and reading the *Edinburgh Review*, unmoved by the din of belching cannon. Then he twangs a few notes upon the theme of India and China and Parliamentary Reform, and leaves the stage with general applause. Then arose Laocoon in his might and hurled another spear against the wooden horse. But the warrior soon subsided into the cynic—the cynic was proud of his yelp, and, in that want of self-judgment which is but too common to humanity, he fancied that his yelp was a deep-chested growl. Roebuck told the cutlers that he was their faithful watch-dog, and he took upon himself to name himself "Tear'em." We believe that "Pincher" would have been more appropriate; but let that pass. "I vindicate," he said, "England and England's safety against the world in arms." Mighty Pincher! Bite bravely at the Zouave heels; no calf is too large and no boot too small for your sharp teeth. It must have been a pleasant sight to the cutlers of Sheffield to put their little dog on the dinner-table and hear him bark against the French nation and the French Emperor.

This is all very well for once in a way, but we have had quite enough of Cherbourg and the House of Commons at sea. The cutlers of Sheffield make sword-blades and tomahawks, and other lethal weapons, and to them war means trade. But these factory Demosthenes are expensive pets. Their silly speeches keep up animosities between nations. They make the funds pulsate with a feverish action, and they disturb the even flow of commerce. We are all quite as well aware as Mr. Roebuck is that Cherbourg is "a standing menace," but the counter-move to this menace is quiet preparation and not noisy speeches. In future, let us talk no more about this matter, but let us never forget it. Cherbourg should be a tabooed subject in public, but it should be written in large letters upon the walls of the Board Room of our Admiralty.

The unfortunate creditors of the Tipperary Bank, who trusted to the chance of settlement by compositions, have received two dividends, amounting together to 3s. 6d. in the pound.

A SPANISH MURDER.

The Barcelona journals contain an account of a horrible and almost incredible assassination of five young girls at Vich, in Catalonia. It appears that on the 21st ult., as six young girls, of the ages of twenty-three, twenty-one, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, and ten years, were walking home from Mataus cotton mills, which are situated near the village of Rodas, to Ingardas, they were stopped by two miscreants who, pistol in hand, obliged them to turn back to a solitary place in Serrabau-wood. Here they were ordered to sit down, and while one wretch kept guard over five, the other led the eldest a few paces off and plunged his long Catalan knife into her throat. Her dying shriek was heard by her companions, who one by one were led away and butchered. The youngest of all, a child of ten years, on receiving a wound in the neck, fell, feigning death, upon which the assassins, after taking the little money the girls had about them, went to the village of Rodas, where they lived. The crime was perpetrated at night. The wounded child crawled to a neighbouring farmhouse. When the authorities arrived at the seat of crime, they found the three eldest girls dead, and two desperately wounded. The cause of this bloody act is said to have been jealousy arising from some display of coquetry at a ball the preceding Sunday, where the prettiest of the girls, the one of twenty-one years, refused to dance with one of the assassins, or to return him a ring or some other love token. He had then looked for an accomplice, and found one in a neighbour. The accomplice, it appears from the deposition of the child, would have spared the younger ones, but the other, alleging the danger of discovery, insisted upon their completing their butchers' work.

A Madrid letter of late date, says that the murderers have been arrested on the frontier by the French gendarmes. "It appears that the day after the murder one of them was drinking in one of the little wine shops in the suburbs of Vich with one of the brothers of the second victim. On the young man declining to drink because he was not thirsty, the assassin said, 'Well, I shall drink, for I ate a great deal of meat (*carne*), which signifies both meat and flesh' last night, and I have not yet digested it." When they were arrested by the gendarmes they alleged various excuses for not being provided with passports, and gave false names; but, on being told that they would be confronted with the brothers of the murdered girls, they at once confessed their crime, one of them, the jealous lover, declaring, with many imprecations, that had they been twenty, he would have killed them all. They confessed also that several hours after the crime they had returned to make sure of the girls' death, and they suppose that the vapours of the wine they had drunk and their trouble had deceived them. They were sent to Perpignan to see whether they can be recognised as belonging to any of the gangs of criminals whose causes are pending before the French tribunals. They will, however, be reclaimed by the Spanish authorities, and are by this time probably on their way to Spain.

THE LEVIATHAN WANTED FOR THE FRENCH NAVY.

The Emperor is in treaty for the purchase of the Leviathan. The negotiations for the purchase were interrupted by his declaration, that he might possibly offend the Queen of England. Her Majesty is, however, understood to have replied, that the Leviathan was purely a commercial speculation, with which the Government had nothing to do. They were then renewed by the Emperor, who is extremely desirous to possess the big ship, which would be used as a tremendous sea battering-ram; the bows would be reinforced by stupendous iron beams, and girders of immense size and strength, and sharpened, that she might cut down any ship by a collision. Thus armed, propelled by the combined forces of 2,400 horses, her broad acres of canvas spread forth to catch additional impetus from the winds, the sea Titan would rush forth into the ocean in search of prey; and where is the ship that could either elude or resist a foe of such might and magnitude? It is for such a purpose that the Leviathan would be added to the French navy, but Ministers are opposed to the acquisition. Although the Emperor is wont to pay but little attention to their opinions, their arguments carry some weight with them. Already nearly one million of sovereigns have been expended in the construction of this costly toy; the company agree to accept 600,000l. for their ship, which, if constructed in a French dockyard, would cost considerably more, but the Cabinet urges the Emperor not to disburse so large a sum, for which three or four of the frigates "*cuirassés*" could be built; and there the negotiations rest at the present, the Emperor having gone off to Biarritz without coming to any decision. The offer of the Leviathan to the French Government is suggestive of the truthful apothegm, that fools build houses for wise men to dwell in.—*Morning Advertiser.*

MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, Monday.—The supply of English wheat was moderate, and we had only a small supply from abroad. The trade was firm, but factors were unable to obtain an advance, and at last week's prices we had a fair trade. Flour is in good demand, and at full prices. Fine barley is fully as dear, and in good demand. Inferior hardly supports late prices. Beans and peas fully as dear. The arrivals of oats are not so large as of late; but the dealers being generally in stock, demand is less active, and prices of Russian are hardly supported. There is a good demand for cargoes, at late prices for wheat, and 6d. to 1s. per qr. advance for Indian corn.

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

BREAD.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 6½d to 7½d; of household ditto, 5d to 6½d per 4½ lb loaf.

COAL MARKET, Wednesday.			
	s. d.		s. d.
Hetton	18 0	Cassop	16 9
Wylam	18 0	South Hetton	17 9
Haswell	18 0	Tees	18 0

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
ABERCORN.—September 5, at Chancellor House, Tunbridge-wells, the Marchioness of Abercorn, of a son.
BOST.—September 5, at Verviers, Belgium, the wife of the Rev. Theophile Bost, of a daughter.
BRANSON.—September 6, at Sparrows Herne House, Bushey, Herts, the wife of the Rev. R. T. Branson, of a daughter.
COKER.—September 2, at Holme Chace, near Ashburton, Devonshire, the widow of Major Coker, Bicester House, Oxfordshire, of a daughter.
COOPER.—September 3, at Croxton Park, the wife of Captain Cooper, of a daughter.
CROSS.—September 5, at Appleton Hall, Warrington, the lady of R. A. Cross, Esq., M.P., of a son.
CURREY.—September 2, at Sketty, near Swansea, the wife of Arthur Currey, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.
DAVIDSON.—September 1, at Shaftesbury House, Bayswater, the residence of her father-in-law, the wife of A. A. Davidson, Esq., Lieut. H.M. Madras Army, of a son.
LORD.—September 2, at Parkfield, Derby, the wife of James Lord, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter.
MAXWELL.—September 2, at Scarthwell Hall, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Constable Maxwell, of a son.
TURTUN.—September 1, at Frogmal Hall, Hampstead, the wife of Lieut. F. W. Turtun, R.N., of a daughter.
WARREN.—September 3, at Dudley-grove, the wife of Colonel R. W. Warren, of a son and heir.
WILLIAMS.—September 1, at the Dockyard, Portsmouth, the wife of J. W. C. Williams, Esq., Captain Royal Marine Artillery, of a son.
WILSON.—September 4, at the Vicarage, Prestbury, Cheshire, the wife of the Rev. Stepn. L. Wilson, M.A., of a son.

MARRIAGES.
BLACKBURN—HAWKINS.—September 2, at St. John the Evangelist, Fenge, by the Rev. Canon Blackburn, M.A., Henry Blackburn, son of the late Charles Blackburn, Esq., B.A., of the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, to Kathleen, daughter of B. Waterhouse Hawkins, Esq., F.G.S., F.L.S., of Upper Norwood, Surrey.
CHITTY—POLLOCK.—September 7, at Hanworth, Middlesex, by the Rev. J. Aitken, assisted by the Rev. O. Cresswell, Joseph William Chitty, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, second son of Thomas Chitty, Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Clara Jessie, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron and Lady Pollock.
CROSS—YOUNG.—September 4, at the Parish Church of Clapham, by the Rev. William Carpenter, D.D., of Manchester, uncle to the bride, assisted by Rev. John Mayne Young, of York, Osborn P. Cross, Esq., to Mary, second daughter of Dr. Young, of Clapham common.
HUNT—EARLE.—September 6, at St. Paul's, Withington, by the Rev. R. W. Burton, M.A., the Rector, assisted by the Rev. G. H. G. Anson, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Birch, Capt. Arthur Hunt, Military Train, Knight of the Legion of Honour, eldest son of the late Col. Arthur Hunt, Royal Artillery, to Sarah Jane, second daughter of Nicholas Earle, Esq., of Mafld House, near Manchester.
O'BRIAN—BURGOYNE.—September 4, at St. Mary's Church, Scarborough, by the Rev. W. Maxwell Heron, Mr. William O'Brian, of the Crescent, York, to Margaretta, second daughter of the late Captain Frederic William Burgoyne, R.N.
STANHAM—HENDERSON.—September 2, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, by the Rev. George Stanham, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Francis Hessey, the Rev. Louis Stanham, Curate of St. Mary, Islington, to Anna, second daughter of Alexander Henderson, Esq., of Kensington.

DEATHS.
ATCHISON.—September 3, at Folkestone in the seventy-first year of his age, John Atchison, Esq., late of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Deptford.
CASEMENT.—September 4, Anne, relict of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Casement, K.C.B., Military Secretary to, and subsequently a Member of, the Supreme Council of the Bengal Presidency.
CROFTON.—September 1, at Pens, the Hon. Caroline Crofton, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.
DANDRIDGE.—September 4, at the residence of Charles Greenaway, Esq., Suffolk-square, Cheltenham, the Rev. George Dandridge, M.A., Rector of Rousham, Oxfordshire, aged fifty-eight.
DASHWOOD.—September 4, at Seamount-place, Mayfair, Lady Isabel Anne Dashwood, widow of the late Francis Dashwood, Esq., of Hall-place, Bexley, Kent.
GRACE.—September 1, Mary Jane, wife of R. J. Grace, Esq., R.M., Buffs, County Limerick, and only daughter of the late William Sweetman, Esq., of Dublin.
NOTT.—September 2, at Henley-in-Arden, Captain William Nott, 83rd Regiment, aged forty-eight.
TYTE.—September 3, at Eastcott, Middlesex, Captain Robert William Tyte, R.N., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

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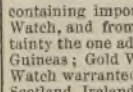
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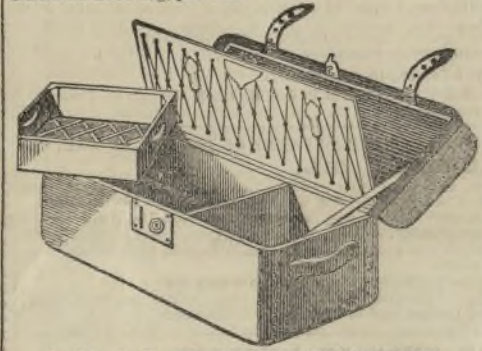
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No. 9, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, REMOVED FROM No. 61.

TEETH.—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters

Patent.—Newly invented and Patented Application of Chemically prepared WHITE and GUM COLOURED INDIA RUBBER in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, GUMS, and PALATES.—EPHRAIM MOSELEY, Surgeon-Dentist, 9, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, Grosvenor-square, Sole Inventor and Patentee.—A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of Chemically Prepared White and Gum Coloured India Rubber as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of their most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided; no springs, wires, or fastenings are required; a greatly increased freedom of action is supplied; a natural elastic curvilinear wholiness is attained, and a fit perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured; while, from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the chemically prepared White India Rubber, and, as it is a non-conductor, fluids of any temperature may, with thorough comfort, be imbibed and retained in the mouth, all unpleasantness of smell or taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation. To be obtained only at 9, Lower Grosvenor-street, London; 14, Gay-street, Bath; 10, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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and REGULATING PILLS, for the cure of Bilious Complaints, Colic, Headache, Female Affections, Liver Diseases, and all inward Disorders brought on by the derangement of the stomach and digestive organs, and restoring the general health and constitution to a tone and vigour unsurpassed. They are warranted free from mercury or any other mineral, but are purely vegetable in their composition, and being prepared under the sanction of the highest medical authority of the land, are most strongly recommended.

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WATER cleans and whitens the Teeth, braces the Gums, sweetens the Breath, prevents Toothache, removes the odour of Tobacco, and keeps the mouth in a fresh and healthy state. Price 2s. and 3s. per bottle. Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale agents, Rimmel, 96, Strand; and Sanger, 150, Oxford-street. Manufactory, 125, Rue St. Martin, Paris.

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Read the following cases of sickness, dizziness, rheumatic pains, &c., all cured by Page Woodcock's Wind Pills:—Copy of a letter from Mr. William Noble, Haslemere-street, West Hartlepool, dated Sept. 9, 1853:—

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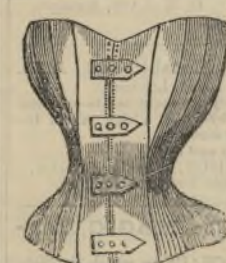
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Good Black Silks, from 1s. 11d. per yard; rich Gros Royal, Ratzenmeres, and French Glaces, from 3s. 6d. per yard.
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Suitable for the present Season.
FANCY GILT, PEARL, MOSAIC, and STONE BUTTONS, in GREAT VARIETY.
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Special attention to Orders by Post.
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SHORT LENGTHS of FRINGES MADE TO ORDER.
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