

ENGLAND.

The London Times, of the 22nd February, says:— "Lord John Russell has tendered his resignation, and only holds office till another Government can be formed. The extensive loss of Parliamentary confidence, or rather party sympathy, which his Lordship and his colleagues have evidently suffered of late, has probably prepared our readers for this result. In the face of so much resolute opposition from so many different quarters, and with so much irresolute support—in the face of such divisions as those of yesterday week and last Thursday, Lord John Russell could not expect that the present Cabinet would safely ride through the many delicate questions pressing upon the attention of Parliament. The Budget, it must be confessed, has satisfied no party, and it seemed only too probable that any possible modification of it would purchase lukewarm thanks at the expense of strenuous objections. It is proverbially difficult to please everybody, even under the most favorable circumstances, and that difficulty becomes an impossibility when there is a pre-disposition not to be pleased.

"The interest of the public, which for an unusually long period has been attracted to questions of the past, will be immediately directed to the future. What sort of Government are we to have? A new one altogether, or a reconstruction? So far as regards the political principles and the personal character of the men, there is no reason why a Cabinet should not be formed, with Lord John still for a leader, but with several new members, including two or three from Sir Robert Peel's administration. Lord John could not have better colleagues than those who have proved such steady, though disinterested allies. But, whether for good or for ill, the Whig school is generally averse to coalition. It is too much of an oligarchy, almost too much of a family, to endure the introduction of new elements, especially when there is anything to be forgiven or forgot. The Whigs come in and go out together; and much as the public will undoubtedly lose by the sacrifice of the whole Cabinet, we can scarcely hope to see any part of it in new combination.

"Besides what has hitherto been the Ministerial section of Parliament, the Protectionists are the most numerous body professing a common creed. What may they expect out of the present crisis? It is sufficient to say, that they are still Protectionists, and, to all political purposes, might just as well be Frenchmen or rigid Methodists. Suppose them summoned to Her Majesty's Councils, and compelled to dissolve Parliament, which they correctly avow to be their solitary chance—for they would not get a six-pence of the public money from the present House—what sort of account would they give of themselves to our popular constituencies? They can only pledge themselves to enhance the price of bread and all other food, and to throw away the legislation of the last five, or rather of the last nine—nay, of the last twenty years.

"We are not saying what the Protectionists might have done. Had they but followed their leaders—had they taken common sense, instead of passion, for their guide, they might now have been in a position to govern this country. But they have wasted five years in one long fit of sullen indignation, and have now nothing to offer the public but their incessant maledictions on Free Trade and its authors. Their fate in a general election is too evident. They would only meet Parliament to be beaten on the Address, to leave public affairs in the greatest confusion—perhaps to lose the year 1851 altogether for the purposes of legislation—perhaps to incur the necessity of another general election, perhaps to throw the Government ultimately into the hands of politicians with whom they feel much less sympathy than they do either for the friends of Lord John Russell or for the admirers of Sir Robert Peel.

"Undoubtedly there exists abundant materials for the formation of an entirely new Government, bound to that commercial policy which Lord John Russell inherited from his predecessor. This is not the time either to revert to the errors of the retiring Cabinet, or to inquire very critically into the personal merits of this or that probable member of the new one. It is rather the time to view things as a whole, and we have little doubt that, from the numerous independent Statesmen of our day, a Government could be formed that would deserve, and generally receive, the cordial support of those who, for the present, are in power. Whatever is done, it is most desirable, that there should be union; and therefore some degree of generosity and mutual forbearance among the various sections that stand by Free Trade.

"The progress of sound legislation, the peace of the country, and the stability of our institutions, absolutely require that all should combine to prevent even a momentary success of the Protectionist imposture. For the sake of the country gentlemen, for the sake of the House of Lords, for the sake of that representative system which still gives considerable weight to the owners and occupiers of the soil, the question of Free Trade ought not to come again before the people of this country. It is too serious and too sore a point to be re-opened, especially by the rough process of a general election. All wise men should combine to avert that peril, and all wise men should therefore combine to give a fair chance—that, of course, is all that is asked—to whatever body of Liberal Statesmen Her Majesty may summon to her Councils."

The following is a copy of an address presented to Her Majesty in the Royal Closet on Tuesday, by the Lords Vaux, Dormer, and Lovat, and signed by 400,000 English Catholics:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the undersigned subjects of your Majesty, residing in England, and professing the Catholic religion, beg to approach your Majesty's throne, there to express our sentiments of unimpaired and unalterable fidelity to your Majesty's Royal Person, Crown, and dignity.

"At a moment when attempts are being made to impeach our loyalty, we consider it a duty to give fresh utterance to these our feelings.

"During centuries of exclusion from the privileges of the constitution, and from the rights enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, the Catholics of England, remained true to their allegiance to the Crown of this realm, and yielded to none in their readiness at all times to defend its rights and its prerogatives against every foe. And now that, under your Majesty's wise rule, we enjoy equal participation with others in the benefits of the constitution, we are more than ever animated with the same sentiments of fidelity and attachment, and are equally ready to give proof, whenever occasion may present itself, of the sincerity of our loyal professions.

"The dearest of the privileges to which we have

thus been admitted by the wisdom of the British Legislature, is that of openly professing and practising the religion of our fathers, in communion with the See of Rome. Under its teaching, we have ever learnt, as a most sacred lesson, to give to Caesar the things that are of Caesar, as we give to God the things that are of God. In whatever, therefore, our Church has at any time done for establishing its regular system of government among its members in this island, we beg most fervently and most sincerely to assure your Majesty that the organization granted to us is entirely ecclesiastical and its authority purely spiritual. But it leaves untouched every title of your Majesty's rights, authority, power, jurisdiction, and prerogative, as our Sovereign, and as Sovereign over these realms, and does not in the least wise diminish or impair our profound reverence, our loyalty, fidelity, and attachment to your Majesty's august person and throne. And we humbly assure your Majesty that among your Majesty's subjects there exists no class who more solemnly, more continually, or more fervently pray for the stability of your Majesty's throne, for the preservation of your Majesty's life, and for the prosperity of your Majesty's empire, than the Catholics of England, in whose religion loyalty is a sacred duty, and obedience a Christian virtue."—Weekly News.

(From the Times.)

There are few things in these days that come so home to the pockets of an Englishman as the rate for the poor. It is true that it is only one of a numerous family equally obtrusive. Water, paving and lighting, gas, metropolitan sewers, police, county rate, assessed taxes, income tax, besides a swarm of pious and charitable voluntaries, are so often at the bell, that one comes to imagine a direct communication between the handle of that instrument and the bottom of one's purse. But all the rest have something to show for themselves. You see your gas lamps lighted in broad daylight and burning long after dawn. You see your policeman and your pavement; you drink the New River; you smell your sewer, and perhaps we should add, you swallow your income tax. But the poor's rate is never a satisfactory impost. The farmer who keeps a man in the union because he cannot afford to employ him would much rather not do so. The country tradesman who finds himself saddled with the maintenance of his neighbor's farm servants is still less patient. In large towns and the metropolis pauperism, like the national debt, is a name representing an invisible but horrid reality. Where are our paupers? In what dark walls, in what untrod suburban streets, are they put out of the way? So unseen, so unthought of, except as a pretence for rates, one is almost tempted to doubt their existence. *Esse aliquas manus et subterranea regna,—Vix pueri credunt;* and how can we be sure that pauperism is not a myth, and rate collectors a set of mercenary hierophants? Don't we subscribe to hospitals, dispensaries, institutions, and societies for every imaginable ailment or disaster? Are there not three or four hundred clergymen going about dispensing our monthly gatherings for the poor and needy? As for the beggars in the street, they are said to live a jolly life, and the crossing sweepers earn their own salt. So, what, where, and how are the metropolitan poor? Gentle reader,—fair reader, when you stand in the first week of May in the great room of the Exhibition,—that in Trafalgar-square—and when turning to the north you are gazing on a portrait of Her Majesty by Grant, on a dead lion or a dying stag by Landseer, on the undying "gross of green spectacles," or the unfading Duchess of Mercia; nay, to stick to plain matter of fact, when last year you marked the spot in the canvass where the frightened artist had hastily suppressed the Duke of Devonshire's garter—just ten yards before you, only the breadth of the room, was a mass of pauperism, hideous, stagnant, desperate, irremediable pauperism. Within some unsuspected walls, almost adjoining the east wing of the National Gallery, are the seven depths of a union workhouse. A crowd of sots, cronies, and drabs, blighted maidens, and bloomless children, dwell there in "wards" and "dormitories," existing by "dietary," fed without a host, wearied without work, herding without love, and dying without a mourner.

It is this that constitutes the misery of the poor rate. Its application is unseen, almost unknown, and as far as it is known most unsatisfactory. It is not even an apology for charity, for no one feels himself quits with distress on payment of his poor rates. It only goes to keep up a certain hideous slough of despond, from which they who fall into it scarcely ever emerge, and if they are bred in it from their childhood, as many thousands are, they grow up mentally stunted, maimed, crooked, and helpless, without the least power of making their way in this world or resisting its temptations. After a short trial they fall back again into the place from which they came, or into some worse place, till they come to the very bottom of this mortal sphere. Hence the poor's rate is the truest gauge of misery in this country, and, inversely, of our prosperity. How many poor creatures are there in this island cast out of an industrial system like rotten branches from a failing tree, cumbering the ground, and ready to accept relief on the hardest possible terms and with the bitterest opprobrium? Indeed, for such a country as ours, so rich, so imperial, so enlightened, and so benevolent, many more than their ought to be. This same pauperism, so obscure, so separate from the kind and dignified agencies of every-day life—this lazaretto—is in fact an *imperium in imperio*. We think it a mercy if in England and Wales alone, numbering, may be, now about sixteen millions, the persons actually fed in one day at the public expense falls short of a million. Our proportion of paupers at any one time is rather more than one for every four households; this, too, besides all our alms-houses and charitable institutions.

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.—The shipping returns of the Board of Trade, just issued, show the satisfactory results of the first year of the repeal of the Navigation Laws. In comparison with 1849 there has been, as re-

gards the tonnage entered inwards, a diminution during the past year of 7½ per cent. in British vessels, with an increase of about 1½ per cent. in United States vessels, and of about 3½ per cent. in the vessels of other countries. As regard the tonnage cleared outwards, there has been an increase of about 5½ per cent. in British vessels, of about 15-16th per cent. in United States vessels, and of about 25 per cent. in the vessels of other countries. With respect to the coasting trade, the tonnage entered inwards was 11,967,473 in 1849, and 12,564,631 last year. The clearances outwards were 12,915,584 tons in 1849, and 13,640,526 last year.

The application to the Court of Queen's Bench on behalf of the executor of the late Queen Dowager against the Treasury was decided on Saturday last.—The Court held that there was nothing special in the wording of the act of Parliament granting the late Queen's annuity, and nothing therefore which distinguished the case from the ordinary annuity cases; and about the general laws of such cases there is no reason for raising a doubt. When an annuity is granted, it is in the power of the draftsman to say that the payments shall be apportionably, or to leave the case to events, letting the annuitant run his chance of benefit or loss. In the present case, the estate of the annuitant gained by the events; the late Queen obtained the quarter's payment for ten days after the King's death, and her representatives lost the quarter's payment for the sixty-three days between the last payment and the day of her death: blending the times, her estate gained a quarter's payment for a term less than a quarter by nineteen days. Dealing seriatim with the points urged on behalf of the executors, Lord Campbell finally touched with some severity upon the topic of the "exalted rank" of the deceased. "We are at a loss to know how this should influence the construction of the language by which provision is made for her. We might as well be told of her exemplary virtues while living, and of her saint-like death, which will ever make her memory cherished with affection and reverence by the English nation. These we are most ready to acknowledge; but we sit here merely as judges to interpret an act of Parliament; and, according to the just interpretation of this act of Parliament, we are all clearly of opinion, that in the event which has happened no arrears of annuity can be claimed subsequently to the 30th of September, 1819. Under the peculiar circumstances of this case, we were willing to have allowed the mandamus to issue, so that there might have been a more solemn argument at the return, and the question being put upon the record, it might have been carried to the House of Lords: but both parties having declared that they should be contented with our opinion, we have only to say that the rule for the mandamus must be discharged."

The great Exhibition of all Nations at Hyde-park, will be opened on Monday. All spirits, malt liquors, and wines, are to be excluded from the Exhibition; also cheese, butter, gunpowder, and matches.

Books may, after 1st March, be sent by mail from England to any of the colonies, at 6d. for those not exceeding ¼ lb., those not exceeding 1 lb. 1s., not above 2 lb. 2s., and so on—always in advance. Each parcel must consist of only one volume, must be open at each end like a newspaper, and contain no writing but the address.

The Leader observes that "While ministers are trying to evade the difficulty of dealing with the Papal Aggression, they are courting difficulties in Ireland. They must anger the Catholics; the refusal to receive a petition from the Orangemen offensively violates precedent, and must anger the Protestants. The issue of a commission to inquire into Dublin University, as well as Oxford and Cambridge, is a proper measure in itself, but probably could not have been made at a more unlucky time. Ministers are leaving no stone unturned where they may uncover a scorpion."

A scheme is afloat, and is said to have received the support of a noble duke connected with Sir R. Peel's administration, for the complete union of the Scotch Episcopalians with the Established Church of England in spiritualibus.

At the commencement of the services at a Wesleyan chapel in Exeter last Sunday, an owl was seen perched on the pulpit-desk. The Reformers declare that the appearance of this kind of ill-omen is "indicative of rebuke to the Conference despoilers of the little chapel—who have caused more than one-half of the congregation to forsake it—so that the trustees have a heavy debt, which will ultimately necessitate them to sell the property."

Mona's Herald has accounts of "Wesleyan riots" on that fair and romantic island. Last Sunday, when the reforming party went as usual to the vestry, they found that the door was locked! "One female suggested that they should sing and pray outside the door, and perchance the hard hearts of their persecutors would be softened. Tears and expressions of amazement indicated the feelings of the injured flock, and one of them truly said, 'Thank God, the preacher cannot shut the door of heaven!'"

The Welshman states that a Mr. French, who up to the last month had been lecturing in Cardiff and elsewhere against Mormonism, has since turned round, and is now one of their most inflated followers. He intends leaving for the Salt Lake very shortly.

BLESSINGS OF THE POOR HOUSE.—There has been another serious riot at Barham Union-House, near Ipswich. A few evenings ago, after their supper was ended, a signal was given, and in a few seconds the inmates, 496 in number, had the entire mastery of the establishment. Glass, window-frames, benches, floors, tables, chairs, clocks, &c., &c., were smashed, amidst most appalling yells of savage delight. The provision stores were ransacked; the cooked meat was eaten, and the raw meat was quickly boiled and devoured. For five hours this dangerous mob employed themselves in sacking the premises. The police forced their way in with drawn cutlasses, and many of the inmates being intoxicated, there was little difficulty in re-establishing order. Thirty-seven were taken prisoners, and the ringleaders have been committed for trial. They declare that they had not sufficient food.

There are nineteen Irish horses entered for the Liverpool steeple chase, including Lord Waterford's Sir John, also Rattrap, Shimone, and Tipperary Boy.

REMARKABLE MUNICIPAL CUSTOM.—A Board of Commissioners in London, appointed for the purpose of prosecuting certain inquiries relative to the municipal corporations of England and Wales, addressed to each a circular containing certain questions, among which was the following: "Do any remarkable customs prevail, or have any remarkable customs prevailed within memory, in relation to the ceremonies accompanying the choice of corporate officers, annual processions, feasts, &c., noticed in the printed histor-

ies of your borough? Disclose them if there be such." To this inquiry the borough of Chippenham, Wilts, returned the following answer: "The corporation dine together twice a year and pay for it themselves."

UNITED STATES.

THE RIVER OPEN.—We learn from Albany that the river is open to that place, and we see that the steamers Oregon and Hendrick Hudson are already placed upon the route between this City and the Capital. We do not recollect that navigation ever before commenced so early in the Winter.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION IN BOSTON.—The Common Council of Boston, on Thursday night, very fully endorsed the action of the other branch of the city government, instructing the city marshal to employ his whole force, if necessary, in the support of the United States officers in carrying out the fugitive slave law. They also passed the following resolution: Resolved,—That we cordially respond to the recent proclamation of the President of the United States, and will use our earnest effort to see that its recommendations are carried out.

The Boston Courier says of the proclamation:—"It meets the cordial approval not only of great numbers of the citizens of Boston, who believe that without this precaution there would have been nothing to apprehend from the repetition of an act which has inflicted a deep stain upon the character of the city, but as far as we are informed, with very few exceptions, of the great mass of those who are desirous that the recurrence of such an event should be effectually guarded against."

The Senate of the United States has passed a resolution, placing at the disposal of Kossuth, the Hungarian hero, a United States vessel to convey him to the United States in case he be liberated, and should select to make this his home.—Boston Pilot.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE—FIVE PERSONS MURDERED.—The Wilmington (Del.) Republican says, that on Thursday night last, as Wm. Camden, who resides between the Head of Sassex and Georgetown X Roads, Kent county, Md., was sitting at the supper table with his wife, sister, and a lady who resided in the family, some villain shot him dead through the window, and then rushed into the house with a knife and murdered the women. One of the women lived until ten o'clock on Friday morning, but was unable to give any definite description of the fiend in human shape. What the object could have been cannot be imagined. Mr. C. was the rector of a farm, and had but little money in his possession. A correspondent adds the following particulars:—Mr. C. had just left the supper table and taken a seat by the fire, when he was shot through the window, from the outside of the house; Mrs. Camden ran to the door and on opening it was instantly killed, her sister shared the same fate, when the ruffians proceeded to the room of Mr. C.'s sister, who was confined to her bed by sickness, and demanded her money—it having been reported that she had four hundred dollars in her possession. She begged for her life, and pointed them to her small stock of treasure. They took the money, and then fired a gun at her; three slugs entered her body, and though she is still living, no hopes are entertained of her recovery. A colored woman was also shot, and though she still lives, it is thought that her wound will prove fatal. The boy, the only remaining member of the family, got behind the door and when these fiends entered he ran out and escaped. Mr. C. was shot in the breast, and afterwards stabbed in three places. The murderers are still at large, and no one can imagine whom they are.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT—THREE WOMEN KILLED.—On Tuesday last Coroner Taylor was called to hold an inquest over the bodies of three women, named Betsy McDonald, Bridget Conroy and Nancy Keenan, who were killed on Eggleston's section of the railroad, near the village of Hyde Park. The particulars of this melancholy accident are as follows: It appears that Mrs. McDonald, who occupied the shanty where they were killed, was taken ill this morning, and the other two females named above had called in and were near her bed ministering to her wants. At half-past 8 o'clock a blast was discharged on the line of the railroad, a short distance from the shanty, and a huge mass of rock, weighing about 1,000 pounds, was thrown into the air, which descended directly upon the roof of the building, and was seen by the men at work to penetrate it. They immediately repaired to the shanty, and upon entering it beheld the mangled and lifeless bodies of two of the females, and the third prostrated and bleeding, but not quite dead, although she lived but a few unconscious moments afterward. The women were all of them married. One was forty years of age, and leaves five children. Mrs. McDonald was 26 years, and leaves two children, one of them a mere infant. The third victim is 24 years old, and had been married about a year.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

ANOTHER.—Jno. Thomas was hung at St. Louis, on the 16th instant, for the murder of Jno. Stevens near Jefferson Barracks, last Spring. He stated that his name was not Thomas, but his real name was divulged to the priest who attended him during his last moments, under a strict injunction of secrecy.

A FREE VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—The Governor of Texas, in his late proclamation for Thanksgiving, gives the following quotation from the Bible, which may be new to some, if not all our readers:—"In the beautiful and expressive language of the Bible, 'The winter of our discontent' is gone; the rain is over and past; the time of the springing of flowers is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

"We have heard of a practice which is said to prevail before justices of the peace in the rural districts, where Bibles are scarce, of swearing witnesses on the next best book to the Bible, which is at hand. The recollection of this usage suggests to us the suspicion that Governor Bell has been obliged to promote the works of Shakespeare to the place in his library which the Bible ought to occupy. We commend his case to the Bible Society, as one calling for immediate relief."

During the Nativist excitement, there were many zealous Protestant graduates of our common schools, who quoted the Bible as correctly as the governor has done. I go for the Bible, said one of these pious Christian Alliance men, in the hearing of a friend of ours. I go for the holy Bible. These d—d Papists want to deprive us of the privilege of reading it. But they can't come it, now. In the words of David, "I defy them to snatch it from me. Holy Bible, book divine, precious treasure, thou art mine!"—Boston Pilot.