

without an object in view, I may as well send you an extract. Said the great popular orator:—

"But Lord Derby at this moment is Prime Minister of England, whose failures are in the annals of England for thirty years past. (Cheers.) In 1834 Lord Derby left Lord Grey's Government because he would not permit even an inquiry into the excessive revenues of the Irish Church; but the Irish Church is doomed to destruction. (Cheers.) In 1846 he left Sir Robert Peel, and became the leader of the Tory protectionists, because he would not consent to the abolition of the corn laws; and since he has been foremost in opposition to all good things in Parliament. Lord Derby is not the leader of his party in a high sense. He is not its educator; he is not its guide. But he is its leader in all the foolish contests in which, in its ignorance and its selfishness, it involves itself with the people. (Great cheering.) Only three or four days ago I opened a book which professes to be a history of the governing families of England, and which is composed of articles, interesting many of them, which appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper. There is one of them on the Stanleys of Knowsley, and they are certainly one of the governing families, seeing that Lord Derby and Lord Stanley are both in the Cabinet. But on opening this book I found this curious fact, that during the agitation of the Reform Act—I believe in the year 1831—Lord Stanley, the present Lord Derby, is stated to have leaped upon the table at a meeting where there was a number of reformers assembled, to urge upon them the necessity of refusing the payment of taxes till the Reform Bill was passed. (Laughter.) Well, I was not there to see. I have heard the story several times before, but I see it recorded in this volume, and I therefore take it to be accurate. The same Lord Stanley came forward in 1852 to stem the tide of democracy, in 1859 he was the head of a Government which introduced a Reform Bill of a most fraudulent character; and in 1866 he is the head of a party which has destroyed an honest Franchise Bill, and overthrown an honest and patriotic Government." (Cheers.)

For five weeks here in London we have not had a day without rain, and there are at present no signs of a change. Meanwhile the crops in the northern counties are spoiling in the fields; barley especially is suffering fearfully and John Bull will find his beer as well as his bread go up in price. We are told that America can spare us little this winter, so that we are almost entirely dependent upon Russia to make good the deficiency. There will be busy times at Odessa these next few months and the subjects of the Czar will rejoice.

The Prince of Wales went to Aberdeen, the other day, to inaugurate a statue of his mother just put up at the expense of that loyal burgh. In reply to the inevitable address of the municipal body he delivered a short speech, which has been thus amusingly criticised in a London journal.

For verbal clumsiness and grammatical inaccuracies it is the most miserable document that ever challenged—we ought to say *defied*—criticism. "His royal highness says—"Gentlemen, it has afforded me the greatest satisfaction of attending this day." That is a nice expression, to begin with. If the boy who last blacked his royal highness' boots were to speak so vilely he would be very properly cudgelled and dismissed the service. The next sentence is hopelessly confused—"Her Majesty has desired me to express *how much* she appreciates the motives which have led the people of Aberdeen to give this lasting evidence of their attachment and loyalty to her person, of which (of the "person," the "attachment and the loyalty," or the "lasting evidence?") she has had so many proofs, and *whose* (that is the person, the attachment, or the evidence, at the discretion of the reader) sympathy in her great sorrow has touched her deeply." Surely, the Prince of Wales can make time to take a few simple lessons in English grammar! Or if he cannot, then a national schoolmaster at £100 a year would readily undertake to get up his speeches for him.

An amusing affair in connexion with one of

our criminal courts, has enlivened us a little lately. There was brought up before Judge Payne who presides at the Middlesex Sessions, a young girl charged with robbing her master. The facts of the case were of the commonest description. The girl had gone to the prosecutor's house, hired herself as a servant, and on the evening of the same day marched off with her plunder. So far there was nothing to distinguish the robbery from those of every day experience, but the prisoner appeared in the dock dressed as a lady of the *corps de ballet*, she was, said the reporter, who went into ecstasies over her, unusually handsome and interesting, looking defiance at the jury, and stamping her pretty foot from time to time with impatience and vexation. She charmed the jury into recommending her to mercy; and, what is more, she charmed the judge into complimenting her on her beauty, and into deferring sentence till enquiries could be made about her. On being brought up again Mr. Payne said that she should be released if bail could be found to ensure her coming forward to receive judgment when called upon. Till that could be found she was remanded. But meanwhile, the newspapers began to take the matter up, notably the *Saturday Review*, which concluded an article, headed "The value of good looks," thus:—"Meanwhile, let no woman with any regard for her character or position in society take to stealing five-pound notes, unless she is good-looking and interesting. If, however, she is this, she may commit any offence cognizable at the Middlesex Sessions without the smallest apprehension of any unpleasant consequences. Her counsel has only to resort to the plea of Hyperides in behalf of Phryne, a little modified to suit the greater fastidiousness of the present age. The court on Clerkenwell Green will gnaw their thumbs and grind their teeth like the Court on Mars' Hill in G6rome's picture, and the lovely sinner is sure of her acquittal." Hardly will this interesting "lady of the *corps de ballet*" have to thank the press for the result. Once more she was brought up before Mr. Payne, and this time the reporter could see no particular beauty in her; she became a "commonplace young woman," and in that character was incontinently sentenced to three months' hard labour. The incident has caused here no end of amusement.

While on the subject of criminal courts, I may as well tell you that the fellow Jeffreys who was arrested for hanging his little son, has been tried; and now awaits the hangman himself. Since his condemnation he has confessed to the crime, stating that on reaching the dark cellar, the boy fainted from fright, and in that state was put to death. Not a voice will be lifted in favour of the murderer, who will be left to meet his just fate.

Miss Braddon, the now famous novelist, has just issued the first number of her new magazine, "Belgravia." It promises well, and is certain to have an enormous sale, more especially if the story it contains, turns out to be equal to her previous efforts. Beyond this "first appearance," there is little doing in literature or art. Arthur Sketchley, it seems, is starting, or has started for America, and will much amuse you with his comical stories of Mrs. Brown, her sayings and doings. Let me tell you beforehand, that he will give you a very vivid and truthful picture of a "respectable" English woman of the lower middle class. We have had Artemus Ward over here some time, but he has only lately appeared in the pages of *Punch*. His articles have made very little sensation hitherto, being destitute of that raciness which caused his American sketches to be so popular. I hear he is about to make his *debut* in England as a lecturer at the Egyptian Hall, and doubtless will have no lack of patronage, if only for the pleasure of staring at so much talked-of an individual. Artemus will have plenty of rivals, however; for on all hands the note of preparation is sounded, and the caterers for London's amusement are busy as bees—for soon the big town will be itself again.

Cromwell.—A servant of the nation, who swept away a sovereign with the dust.

ON THE CLIFFS.

SILENT was at the cliff's bleak side,
Fast at our feet rose the heaving tide;
Down in the west the red sun died;

Died on the billowy clouds' soft breast,
Died on the bright waves' roaring crest,
And dying went to a golden rest.

Purple glow'd amid rocks the beach,
Soothingly rippled the waves beneath,
Hiding the grim rocks' pointed teeth.

Brilliant clouds of many a hue
Sped o'er the sky and pass'd 'rom view,
Leaving above a clear void of blue.

Nothing around us moved or stir'd:—
Save the ocean's murmur we still heard
The moaning cry of the wild sea-bird

Glimmer'd a white sail out afar;
Quietly peep'd forth the evening star.
What such a peaceful scene could mar?

Thoughts of the Past and its fleeting years,
Of our Childhood's changeful smiles and tears,
Of our Youth-time's flick'ring hopes and fears.

Thoughts of the Present, fraught with pain,
And ill'd with longings so fierce and vain,
For that which will never come again.

Thoughts of the Future's gath'ring gloom,
Thoughts of the strange unlook'd-for doom
Which had buried our Love in an early tomb.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 69.

Once again he awoke, some time towards the middle of the night, and this time with a strange sound in his ears—a loud shrill whistle repeated again and again in quick succession. He started up on his bed, and then, still doubting the accuracy of his senses, stumbled out into the open air. For the first time since his sojourn on the island, the night was comparatively light, for although the fog still hung low and heavy, the moon, no longer hidden by thick clouds, shone brightly through it, and transfused it into a silvery haze. Again that sound—loud, clear, and shrill. Surely it must emanate from some living being. John's heart beat thickly, and for a moment or two both eyes and limbs failed him, as he sank half fainting to the ground. A minute to recover himself somewhat, and then up and away, as fast as he could go, in the direction from which the sound came. He tried to shout; but could not; and so, breathing hard, and stumbling, and then stopping a moment to listen, he at length overtopped the little sandridge, and came down on the "shining levels" of the beach. What his first glance shewed him there might well have been taken by him for another phantom of a weakened brain: a dark, hooded figure, less tall than the first one, with something pendent from its waist, which it lifted ever and anon to its lips, and blew shrilly, and then stopped, as if waiting for some answering signal. As John came into view, the figure waved its hand to him to advance; and then he saw a little boat moored close behind, and felt that he was saved; and a great throb of gratitude for his deliverance went up to Heaven. "Come!" said the figure, with another wave of its hand, as he drew nearer, "I am here to save you. Do not delay, or we shall miss the turn of the tide."

It was the voice of a woman that spoke, but it came with a muffled sound out of the gray hood, which left no feature visible by that dim light, and John failed to recognise it. Still like a man in a dream, John stepped into the boat, and seated himself on the cushioned seat indicated by his guide. The woman followed, and a vigorous push with the oar sent the boat from land. "In that basket at your feet you will find something to eat and drink; but after so long a fast, you must be cautious not to take too much."

A minute or two later, the isle of Inchmallow faded ghostlike in the mist.

The hooded woman pulled slowly and steadily,