

but admire the ingenuity with which one connoisseur worked off disgust at the transaction, and turned it into a glorification. "I always," said he, "look at those pictures with extraordinary pleasure because they saved some lives." Saved some lives?—and a friend to this philanthropist. "Yes; it was known they were concealed—the monks had ropes about their necks—were on the point of being hanged; the pictures were discovered, and the lives saved." Now, are any ignorant how these pictures came into the Marshal's hands? and for what large sums they got out of his hands? I am sorry to say that public approbation, or lack of disapprobation, seems to justify and "marshal the way" that all the trade "should go." The public was treated, some time ago, with a confession of a painter of some one who finding himself run down by his brethren, wrote his defence, by exposing a general practice, and told of the many works at small prices by his hand, which were warranted to pass as the works of the hands commissioned.

But as I believe the body of our respectable artists are free from traffic of this or any other unworthy kind, though often tempted, I will lay no great stress on such confession. But I will tell you, honest Maga, what an artist told me the other day, and he gave me permission to tell it. He had a very near relative, a painter of great note and deserved fame, who died. His works became exceedingly valuable, as testified by public sales. Well—my friend, the narrator, was the executor; and soon after the increased value of the works was ascertained, six dealers from London, Birmingham, Nottingham, and Wisbeach called upon him, each separately with his proposal—namely, to have the pictures by the deceased artist copied, and offering large remuneration if he would authenticate them as originals. Besides this, he told me two pictures had been referred to him for authentication, as sold by dealers, with the name of the deceased in the corner, which he, the narrator, had himself, and not long before, painted. The Christian name had been altered. Thus it appears that fraud is practised upon all our senses—all our wants, and only on what we eat, drink, and wear, but on what we see, and as to what we hear. The "father of lies" has his vintagual agents everywhere; and so indifferent are people about fraud and dishonesty, that they even boast of malpractices. A friend told me that he travelled in a railway carriage with two men, who told openly of their electioneering tricks, that they were agents in the Liberal interest, how they had manufactured votes, kept off adverse voters, got up mobs, and that they were then on their way to a large city; and without disguise entered into a detail of the iniquities to be by them performed.

No one will be astonished, that such trickeries are resorted to. It is the open acknowledgment of it which I consider an index of the moral barometer. There is a positive growing itch for roguery. What a to-do there is made about culprits! how often are they considered and patronised as heroes! This passion for vice was recently rendered demonstrable to a most extraordinary degree—every one remarking the disgusting tale of the black beggar and the abandoned young woman who lived with him. And yet, so attractive is vice over virtue, that very numerous applications were made to the Lord Mayor, as his lordship publicly asserted, with proposals to marry her; and these were made not by the lowest, but by tradesmen and others. The fact is truly astounding. There are diseased minds as diseased appetites, that have a craving after moral poison. For the credit of human nature, one would

almost wish that the Lord Mayor had suppressed this fact.

But it will be said, these are not the things of which we boast. Perhaps not; but if these things became common, admissible to the public eye, and are treated of lightly, we surely have the less reason to boast of our general progress towards all that is good. Crimes increase upon us, and murder stalks in Ireland unobscuredly amongst the whole population—does its particular work, and not a hand is raised to arrest it. We, the greatest nation on the earth, as we delight to be called, having the eyes of Ireland cast into our constitution—are compelled to favor rebellion, as we too often have done, by rewards, by preferments; and, forgetting all this our disgrace at home, talk very largely of our power and dominion many thousand miles off. What wondrous boasts, too, we are about our "glorious constitution," which is not the least like what it was when it was first set up as our boast. We go on with the cuckoo cry, without in the least knowing what it is we are lauding, nor at all sure to-morrow what it is to day; and we are, as a nation, so conceited as to believe that we alone are able to set up constitutions for all nations on the earth;—and our manufacture in that kind, where we can inflict it, is upon a par with our devil's-dust which we export with it. How indignant was the larger portion of our daily and weekly press at the *coup de état* in France! and what sudden virtue did they affect, and abhorrence for the breaking a constitutional oath, as they loved to call it, after the thing sworn to had been annihilated totally, till there was no constitution left to which fidelity could exist as a tangible property! And did the press do this from their virtue? Not a bit of it; but because they are tainted with republican principles, which they deny in terms and do their utmost to enforce in fact. Have they not been long lauding the man, and do they not now laud the man's memory, whose remarkable perfidy broke all ties? Who, when he put on the property-tax, did it with the solemn avowal that he intended it only for a period, and subsequently, in the heat of debate, forgot himself, and let out that, simultaneously with his imposing it, he commenced a system of taking off certain taxes, with the intention of perpetuating it. They even applauded the truth of the statesman who, dating from his own mouth his conversion to Free Trade from a certain period, had subsequently to that period spoken most eloquently against the repeal, which in his heart he had purposed to effect. It is quite fit, and in character, that the Free-Traders should erect statues to such men as I see they are doing. For my own part, whenever I shall see such a memorial, I shall feel inclined to give it the inscription from honest Homer—

"Far as the gates of Hades I detest  
The man whose heart and language disagree."  
COWPER.

I quote Cowper, though he does not express the whole sense of the original. Did all the vituperation of the President of France, by the English press, arise from a virtuous indignation—from a sense, a nice moral sense, of keeping word, faith, or oath?—nor, in right minds, is there much difference between these words, if the object of all is truth. Not a bit of it. It was a mere pandering to the republican spirit, which they verily believed most palatable to their paymasters—the low public; many of them the rich, yet still the low vulgar.

Let those who can go on still in peace, eat and drink contentedly their daily poisons, called the necessaries of life.

#### NEWS FROM THE ARTIC EXPEDITION.

The arrival at Aberdeen of the *Prince Albert*, the vessel despatched at Lady Franklin's expense, in search of her long lost husband, under direction, though not precisely under command of Mr Kennedy, was mentioned in last Saturday's *Albion*; and at the same time a brief summary of the result of her voyage was given. The details now received and appended confirm the opinion then expressed, that the reports she brings are of great interest. The main point is that Sir Edward Belcher found open water and proceeded up Wellington Channel, in August last, favoured by a season of extraordinary openness, thus enabled to follow the track pursued, in all human probability, by the missing mariners. The *Times* of the 13th inst. thus concludes a long article on the subject:—"Without the slightest wish to detract from the merits of the search, we cannot but feel that the most important portion of the intelligence brought home by the ship's company of the *Prince Albert* is that which informs us of the movements of Sir Edward Belcher and the greater expedition. We find among the correspondence which has been received, a letter from Capt. Pullen to the Secretary of the Admiralty, written on the 23rd August. Sir Edward Belcher had started up Wellington Channel on the 14th of the same month. Now, this is the language of the officer who witnessed the departure of the expedition, and was acquainted with the condition of the water at the time in question:—

"All were in good health and high spirits, and with every hope of success. This season I cannot help thinking is very open, for from the summit of Beechy Island, which I visited on the evening of our arrival, on the 9th inst., as far as the eye could reach up Wellington Channel, or to the Westward, both were open and little or no ice to be seen."

"Captain Kellett, with her tender, had sailed on the 15th of August—the day after Sir Edward Belcher's departure—for Melville Island, to deposit there all necessary supplies of provisions, fuel, and clothing for any parties which have been despatched from the expedition under Captains Culston and M'Leure, and have reached a point so distant from Behring Straits. Capt. Pullen in the *North Star*, was to remain as depot at Beechy Island.

"We will not, after so long and so afflictive a delay, permit ourselves to play upon the feelings of those who are deeply and directly interested in the fate of Franklin and his companions. All appears to have been done for their relief, if they yet survive, that human sagacity could suggest or human energy carry out.—Now or never the seas of the North Pole will be thoroughly searched, and we shall know all that can be known with regard to the fate of our gallant countrymen. It will be an honor to humanity that a deep sympathy with the sufferings of absent men has roused their country to greater exertions than scientific curiosity or love of enterprise. If ever the problem of a north-western passage be solved, that solution will have been attained by Englishmen, not for its own sake, but in order to relieve a gallant band of their adventurous countrymen from a dreary confinement in the icy regions of the Polar sea.

The *London Herald* of the 12th inst. thus alludes to an important fact; but whether the original Expedition, or the *Equinox*, or earlier birds may be finally traced in the floating carcasses seen in Wellington Channel, we are not prepared to say. We have heard that intelligence has been received from the squadron commanded by Sir E. Belcher, and led by him on the Wellington Channel, to the effect that, from what they had discovered floating down the channel, remains of whales, bears, and other animal substances, the party have been led to the conclusion that not only is there food for mankind in that direction, but that the floating portions of whales and bears form the relics of what have been actually consumed by human beings. Sir E. Belcher has by this time most probably explored the regions pronounced to be accessible by Capt. Penny but injudiciously abandoned, and has thus confirmed the truth of Penny's testimony. It is fearful to contemplate the consequences of a year's delay in following the track presumed to have been taken by Franklin, as of course hopes of eventual succour must be diminished by the year's postponement of that search, which Penny so warmly suggested on the spot,