

- 247 **JERROLD** (Douglas). 1803-57. "Punch" Contributor. Author of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," etc. A Collection of 5 A.Ls.S. (one signed with initials), & Holograph Manuscript Fragment Signed, 6¼ pp., 8vo & folio, 1850, 1851 & *n.d.*, to various correspondents including Cunningham, Berwick & "Dear George," regarding his work, invitations, etc. The MS. which is closely written & corrected is 1 p., folio, *dated May 11, 1850*, begins "The veteran Bloodbubble" The 6 items & portrait £2 2s
- 248 **JONES** (Henry Arthur). 1857-1929. Dramatist. 1½ pp., 8vo, *Bucks.*, Nov. 3, 1885, to Dr. Furnivall, regarding a performance, an Essay on "Hamlet," etc. 10s 6d
- 249 **JOURNAL**, Manuscript of the 18th & early 19th century, 80 pp., 4to, "A Register of the Weather & Meteorological History of the Air begun in the year 1764," by J. Periam of Wooton, Somerset (a relative of Admiral Hood). This most interesting manuscript is far more than its title implies & is in fact also a journal of national & local events as the following quotations will demonstrate. "1764. All Europe had storms at sea . . . small earthquake in Norfolk . . . flood inundations of the Sea did vast damage all along the East Coast of England"; "1775. Floods. The Civil War commenced this Spring in America with two small actions near Boston"; "1776 Our Generals Howe & Clinton took Long Island & New York in August &

141 **JERROLD** (Douglas) Autograph MS.
Signed at the head. 46 lines, 1 page, 8vo (*written for the Printer*) a fine example of his fine and closely written Compositions, woodcut portrait and printed notices 5s 6d

income, and what sacrifice of comfort to earn it! Relinquish your labours: you must be weary, and let me have the happiness of giving you rest." I am not sure whether Frances had accorded due attention to my harangue; instead of answering me with her usual respectful promptitude, she only smiled and said—"How rich you are, monsieur!" and then she stirred uneasy in my arms. "Three thousand francs!" she murmured, "while I get only twelve hundred!" She went on faster. "However it must be so for the present; and, monsieur, were you not saying something about my giving up my place? Oh no! I shall hold it fast;" and her little fingers emphatically tightened on mine.—"Think of my marrying you to be kept by you, monsieur! I could not do it; and how dull my days would be! You would be away teaching in close, noisy school-rooms, from morning till evening, and I should be lingering at home, unemployed and solitary; I should get depressed and sullen, and you would soon tire of me."—"Frances, you could read and study—two things you like so well."—"Monsieur, I could not; I like a contemplative life, but I like an active life better; I must act in some way, and act with you. I have taken notice, monsieur, that people who are only in each other's company for amusement, never really like each other so well, or esteem each other so highly, as those who work together, and perhaps suffer together."—"You speak God's truth," said I at last, "and you shall have your own way, for it is the best way. Now, as a reward for such ready consent, give me a voluntary kiss."

The pair open a school in Brussels, where Mr. Hunsden sends them pupils "to be polished off." In ten years they make a fortune, secure a pretty English home that lies among the moors thirty miles from X——. "The smoke of mills has not yet sullied the verdure, the waters still run pure." There is a long, green, shady lane starred with daisies, which gives a title to the house. There is a fine boy and a favourite mastiff;—and the story ends.

Miss Brontë does not exhibit her characters in critical action, or under strong temptation. Low chicane, astuteness, sensuality, and tyranny, are keenly and observantly drawn; but throughout the novel the quietness is unnatural, the level of fact too uniform, the restraint and the theory of life too plain. The principles and the art of the writer, though true, excite no corresponding sympathy on the part of the reader,—few demands being made on his softer or gentler nature. There is no Helen Burns that we can watch or weep over,—no sprightly little Adele that we can sport with. Frances may possibly be the mother of Lucy Snow, and Middle Reuter and M. Pelet the co-efficients of Madame Modeste and Paul Emmanuel. Similarities of opinion respecting marriage may be traced, not as a crime, but an imbecility. Now and then there is a touch of grandiloquence that astonishes us. Words and events are utilized in a way that now, knowing the author's opportunities, appear to us remarkable. On the whole, this tale bears to Curren Bell's later works the relation which a pre-Shakspearian story does to the drama,—it is curious to an artist or psychologist. On closing this posthumous chapter, and ending Charlotte Brontë's strange literary history, we are reminded of a saying of Jean Paul's—"God deals with poets as we do with nightingales, hanging a dark cloth round the cage until they sing the right tune."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Complete Manual of Short Conveyancing; with Explanatory Notes and a Copious Index. By Herman L. Prior, Barrister-at-Law. (Wildy & Son.)—One of the happiest of H.B.'s early sketches represents the horror of Lord Eldon on viewing the small wig in which Lord Brougham ventured to occupy the woolsack. "We live in awful times," groans that very learned obstruction. What would

take in a reef in their forms. For our own part, we think that the storm will blow over, and that our present cumbrous forms will remain in use until our very absurd system of legal remuneration is changed. Others may expect to find counsel and solicitors exercising their talents in conveyancing by way of charity, and accepting a good conscience by way of fee,—we do not. The present book contains a collection of forms, which are very concise indeed, and, therefore, for the reason we have referred to, not likely to be adopted at present. As to the character of these forms, we can only speak in general terms, as we apprehend that a criticism on a "power of sale" or "covenant to produce documents" would be about as interesting as an extract in the Romany tongue. Speaking generally, then, the execution of the work shows considerable ingenuity in compression. To say that the author occasionally oversteps the proper line, and in the attempt to be brief becomes inaccurate, is saying little more than that he is thoroughly in earnest in his work. The author is fond of new phrases, some of which do not conduce to conciseness. "Sale money" is preferred to "purchase money," and a "trustee" generally appears as a "fiduciary owner." Upon the whole, when brevity becomes the soul of conveyancing, this book may be useful, but, we fear, "not till then."

Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. (Hatchards.)—This is a contribution to the shelves of a young people's library. It has the merit of not being didactic and offensively instructive,—a fault which young people of intelligence very naturally resent. There are amusing sketches of character, and good descriptions of scenery, the truth and fidelity of which are vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Pears, the editor, whose power of judging is not of the most satisfactory,—as he assures us, "I know nothing of India myself." He relies on his "knowledge of the writer's character,"—but the most upright of men may be perfectly incapable of judging of character or describing even a single object before his own eyes. We do not say the author is in this predicament. At all events, his book is gossiping, pleasant, and instructive.

The Unprotected; or, Facts in Dressmaking Life. By a Dressmaker. (Low & Co.)—This dressmaker's book is evidently written by one of the class which it represents. The pictures of the interior of the work-room, and the sketches of the young mantua-makers, have a look of life and reality, which gives a strong interest to the book, quite independent of literary ability, of which there is not much. The whole burden of the sin of oppression is laid upon the shoulders of the thoughtless beauties, who insist upon "not being disappointed," and who will only give a few hours' notice for their elaborate costumes. This, of course, entails over-hours—sitting up all night—over-work—ending in a terrible per-centage of early deaths, blindness, madness, or in a mode of life to which the others are blessings. Of course,

Author and actor came together afterwards at Drury Lane—in Jerrold's early London life; Keat, who remembered Jerrold, gave him orders and oranges, and Jerrold paid him in admiration and epigrams. Long years of theatrical success—some quarrels and misunderstandings—never cooled the ardour with which the Author of 'Clorvenook' always spoke of the great artist who had been gentle to him when a boy.

Jerrold's school-days were few and the results of his studies at Sheerness unimportant. He used to say, with a merry melancholy, that the only prize he carried home from school was a prize ringworm. In all ways he was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Breakers were the books which he liked to study. Frigates rolling past the Nore, and the grand tramp of war in Belgium, whose Bonaparte was staking his last card, drew his imagination towards the sea—conquering, for a time, even his passion for oil-lamps, property men, and the hot applause of the family theatre. To sea he would go and fight the French, entering His Majesty's service as a midshipman on board the *Namur*. Midships in those days had not learnt to drink claret, smoke cigars, and quote Keats; and the mess-room was anything but a cross between a boudoir in Park Lane and a hole in a Cyster Celler.

The life was rough, the usage hard, the discipline slight. Sea life was then a passion—it is now only a sentiment. Something of Nelson's genius has passed into the navy—inextinguishable hate of the French. Jerrold caught this fury—natural enough to a boy born in the panic of invasion and trained in a war-port; and to his last year there remained in his writing and in his conversation a pulse—so to say—a breath—a suspicion—now taking a literary, now a social, now a political form—of that stern religion of the English in 1804. Though he afterwards lived in France for years, educated his children there, and spoke its language with the readiness of a practised jester, he never seemed to forget his blue cap and gold band, but rattled among the fishwives of Boulogne and the flower-girls of Paris with the benignant vivacity of a mildly just stepped ashore. His commander, Capt. Anstey, brother of the great novelist, was fond of theatricals, and the officers got up private plays. A man before the mast painted the scenery and Jerrold superintended the stage. That man before the mast was Stanfield, our incomparable marine artist. When Jerrold was transferred to another ship they parted company,—to meet again after long years on the stage of Drury Lane, when Stanfield was painting scenery for 'The Rent Day.' Out of these youthful recollections arose, we believe, that series of amateur theatricals which introduced the extraordinary histrionic genius of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon to the public, which secured honourable means to two veteran authors, and made the charm of so many London seasons. A party of friends were walking over Richmond Park, chatting of other days, when Jerrold cried—"Let's have a play, Stanfield, like we had on board the *Namur*." Mr. Dickens took up the tale and was acclaimed manager; 'Every Man in his Humour' was selected, the parts were cast, and the row began.

After a few months Jerrold returned to shore, and came to London in search of fortune. He found it in a printer's office, in a court leading from Salisbury Square; to the proprietors of which he was bound 'prentice. Working steadily, and in process of time a master in the mechanism of his craft, he nevertheless only considered this employment as a means to something higher. At this time, though the hours of labour were long, and there were no composers' reading-rooms for leisure moments, he attacked Latin and Italian; rose at three in the morning to construe Virgil and Livy, and passed stormy hours with grammarians and glossaries before he commenced work with the heavy leaders and light sketches of the periodical press—the productions of people enjoying fame and pay for writings in which his quick eye detected the weak points and the faded splendors. He began to scribble verse as soon as he learned to write; and his sonnets, epigrams, and songs appeared in the spongy magazines of the day. He was then a mere boy, and looked, indeed, like a child. An

American writer, one of those gentlemen from over sea who print Citizens of the World on their cards and invent pen-and-ink portraits of celebrities they have never spoken with, once described him as a tiny man who walked up the Strand fumbling his thunderbolts. They he was; and before his fine fall of hair grizzled into a lion's mane, he seemed almost infantine in the delicate mould of his face and the exquisite beauty of his expression. Emboldened by success, he wrote for the stage, to which he felt a family call, and produced clouds of pieces ere he was twenty—some of which still keep the stage, like 'More Frightened than Hurt,' performed at Sadler's Wells. He engaged with Davidge, then manager of the Coburg, to produce pieces at a salary; and some of his plays at this time, hastily composed, and as he thought unworthy of his powers, appeared under the name of Mr. Henry Brownig. In consequence of quarrels he went from the Coburg Theatre to the Surrey, with 'Black-Eyed Susan' in his hand. He had brought from the quarter-deck of the *Namur* a love of the sea and a knowledge of the service, which he turned to account on the stage and in his general writings. Salt air sweeps through these latter like a breeze and a perfume. 'Black-Eyed Susan,' the most successful of his naval plays, was written when he was scarcely twenty years old—a piece which made the fortune of the Surrey Theatre,—restored Elliston from a long course of disastrous mismanagement,—and gave honour and independence to T. P. Cooke. Indeed, no dramatic work of ancient or modern days ever reached the success of this play. It was performed, without break, for hundreds of nights. All London went over the water; and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor, for an afterpiece. A lackey cap carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street; and Mayfair ladders went over the strong situations and laughed over the searching dialogue which had moved an hour before the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the 30th night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success. But Jerrold's share of the gain was slight;—about 70*l.* of the many thousands which it realized for the management. With unapproachable meanness, Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chanting the praises of Elliston for producing 'Black-Eyed Susan,' forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run 300 nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness, "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate."

Many dramas, comic and serious, followed this first success—all shining with points and colours. Among these were 'Nell Gwynne,' 'The Schoolfellows,' and 'The Housekeeper.' Drury Lane opened its exclusive doors to an author who had made fortune and fame for Elliston and Cooke. But Mr. Osbaldiston, who only timidly perceived the range and sweep of the youthful genius which he wooed to his green-room, proposed the adaptation of a French piece, offering to pay handsomely for the labour. Adapt a French piece! The Volunteer rose within him, and he turned on his heel with a snort. Drury Lane was then in the hands of the French, freshly captured, and the boy who had gone to sea in order to fight Napoleon refused to serve in London under his literary marshals. He returned to the theatre after a while with his 'Bride of Ludgate,' the first of many ventures and many successes on the same boards. 'The Mummy at the Nore' had followed the first national success, and his minor pieces on the Surrey side continued to run long and gloriously. But the patent theatres, with a monopoly of the five-act drama, were strongly garrisoned by the French, aided by native troops

whom they had raised,—and some of whom, such as Poole and Planché, were men of great technical skill and facile talent; and he never felt his feet secure in either theatre until the production of his 'Rent Day,'—a play suggested and elaborated from Wilkie's pictures. Wilkie sent him a handsome letter and a pair of proof engravings with his autograph. The public paid him still more amply.

A selection from the early writings for the stage, made by himself, has been published in the Collected Edition of his works. But many were unjustly condemned, and among those rejected plays the curious seeker will find some of the most sterling literary gold. His wit was so profligate, and he prized it so little, save as a delight to others, that he threw it away like dust, never caring for the bright children of his brain, and smiling with complacent kindness at people who repeated to him his jests—as their own! At the least demur, too, he would surrender his most happy allusions and his most trenchant hits. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—got a box on the ear. "There," exclaimed Blue-jacket, "like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!" The manager, when the play was read in the green-room, could not see the fun, and Jerrold struck it out. A friend made a captious remark on a very characteristic touch in a manuscript comedy—and the touch went out—a cynical dog in a wrangle with his much better-half said to her, "My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twentys."

The best part of many years of his life was given up freely to these theatrical tasks,—for his genius was dramatic,—his family belonged to the stage,—and his own pulpit, as he thought, stood behind the footlights. His father, his mother, and his two sisters all adorned the stage; his sisters, older than himself, had married two managers,—one the late Mr. Hammond, an eccentric humourist and unsuccessful manager of Drury Lane,—the other, Mr. Copeland, of the Liverpool Theatre-Royal. He himself for a moment retired the stage, playing in his own exquisite drama, 'The Painter of Genoa.' But the effort of mechanical repetition wearied a brain so fertile in invention; and he happily returned to literature and journalism, only to re-appear as an actor in the plays performed by the amateurs at St. James's Theatre and Devonshire House.

After this time appeared, in succession, the greatest and maturer of his comedies. In 'The Prisoner of War,' in parts cast for them, the two Keesleys harvested their highest comic honours. 'Bubbles of a Day' followed,—the most electric and witty play in the English language; a play without story, scenery, or character, but which, by mere power of dialogue, by flash, swirl, and coruscation of fancy, charmed one of the most intellectual audiences ever gathered in the Haymarket. Then came 'Time was Wonders,' remarkable as being one of the few works in which the dramatist paid much attention to story. 'The Catspaw,' produced at the Haymarket,—'St. Cupid,' an exquisite cabinet piece, first produced at Windsor Castle, and afterwards at the Princess's Theatre, with Mrs. Keat in *Dorothy*, one of the most dainty and tender assumptions of this charming artist,—and 'The Heart of Gold,' also produced by Mr. Keat, complete the series of his later works. We are glad to announce, however, that the dramatist has left behind a finished five-act comedy, with the title of 'The Spendthrift,' for which the management should be making early inquiries.

Contemporaneously, he had worked his way into notice as a prose writer of a very brilliant and original type—chiefly through the periodicals. His passion was periodicity—the power of being able to throw his emotions daily, or weekly, into the common reservoirs of thought, or silence, to him a pain like hunger. He must talk—set upon men—briefly, rapidly, irresistibly. For many years he brooded over the thought of *Punch*. He even found a publisher—and a wood-engraver—and a suitable *Punch* appeared,—but the publisher was less rich in funds than he in epigrams, and after five or six numbers the hanting died. Some time later, his son-in-law, Mr. Mayhew, revived the thought,—and our merry companion—now of world-wide

name—appeared. All the chief writings of our author—except 'A Man made of Money'—saw the light in magazines, and were written with the devil at the door. 'Men of Character' appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*—'The Chronicles of Clorvenook' in the *Illuminated Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor,—'St. Giles and St. James' in the *Shilling Magazine*, of which he was also founder and editor,—and 'The Story of a Feather,' 'Punch's Letters to his Son,' and 'The Castle Lectures' in *Punch*. The exquisite gallery of Fireside Saints which appear in *Punch's Almanack* for the present year is from his hand. Most of these works bear the magazine mark upon them—the broad arrow of their origin; but the magazine brand in this case, like the brands of famous vineyards, if testifying to certain accidents of carriage, attests also the vigour and richness of the soil from which they come. 'Clorvenook' is less perfect as a work of art than many a book born and forgotten since the Hermit fed on dainty viands and discoursed of sweet philosophy. Some of his essays, contributed at an early time to the *Athenæum* and to *Blackwood's Magazine* rank among the most subtle and delicate productions of his muse. But we have recently devoted a long article to the consideration of his literary merits, and need not repeat in this obituary what we have said before for greater leisure and more calmness than we can now command.

For seven years past he had devoted himself more exclusively than before to politics. Politics, indeed, had always attracted him as they attract the strong and the susceptible. In the dear old days when Leigh Hunt was summing himself in Hose-monger Lane for calling George the Fourth a fat Adonis of forty and the like crimes, he composed a political work—in a spirit which would probably in those days have sent him to Newgate. The book was printed, but the publishers lacked courage, and it was only to be had in secret. Only a few copies are extant. Of late years he had returned to politics; as a writer for the *Ballou* under Mr. Wakley, and as sub-editor of the *Examiner* under Mr. Poynton; returned to find his opinions popular in the country and triumphant in the House of Commons. Of his efforts as a journalist we need not speak. He found *Lloyd's Newspaper*, as it were, in the street, and he amended it to literature. He found it comparatively low in rank, and he spread its abroad on the wings of his genius, until its circulation became a marvel of the press.

We have neither time nor heart at this moment to draw the portrait of the deceased. An ample biography will not long be wanting; in which those who knew and loved him—and those who knew him best loved him most—will be able to paint him as the index and interpretation of his work. Yet even at a glance, the depth of his insight, the subtlety of his analysis, the vividness of his presentation must strike every one who reads. His place among the wits of our own time is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humour than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points,—and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humour. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back and exclaims, "By Jove! some sounder has stolen—stolen—the keyhole!" comes as near force as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of Dogmatism as "Puppyism come to maturity" looks like a happy pun—but is something far more deep and philosophical. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—"A land so fat, that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest"—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill-nature, a charge which he vehemently resented and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretence, and assumption he gave no quarter, though in fair fight; and some of

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

DEATH has taken from among us a man of vast and peculiar force. Heroes dwarf in the eyes of their valets; distance lends enchantment to the view; but Douglas Jerrold was the greatest marvel to those who knew him best. His reading was wide, and his memory for what he read prodigious. He knew the whole of Shakespeare by heart, and every noble line or beautiful image in Faust and the *Inferno* slept within his lips like the charge in a gun. He delighted in *Eldas* and *Zendvestras*, in the lore of the Rabbis, in science and in the mysteries of the schoolmen. Lightfoot was familiar to him as Rabelais and Montaigne, Bacon as Fuller and Donne. Yet the powers which made his fame were native. He was most widely known perhaps by his wit; for wit catches the sense like a torch in a ravine, even though the gold mines may lie unnoticed close by. Prophets who bear torches through the streets will draw a crowd sooner than those who teach the wisdom of Solomon. And his wit was very nimble, crackling, and original. No man could resist its spontaneity and sparkle, and it wrote its daily story in London life as a thing apart and institutional. But his wit, however brilliant, was not his finest gift. Indeed, in his serious moments, he would laugh at his own repartees as tricks—as a mere habit of mind—which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons! His wit made only one side of his genius—sprung indeed from a central characteristic—the extraordinary rapidity of his apprehension. He saw into the hearts of things. He perceived analogies invisible to other men. These analogies sometimes made him merry, sometimes indignant. And as he never hung fire, dull people often saw his wrath before they understood his reason; and they blamed him, not in truth because he was wrong, but because they were slow.

Jerrold was born in London on the 3rd of January, 1803, while Bonaparte was at Donogno and London was in the riot of anticipated invasion. He was christened Douglas William Jerrold, Douglas having been the maiden name of his grandmother. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was manager of the two theatres of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood passed, in sight of ships, breakers, press-gangs, theatrical stars, female and male, black-eyed dancels, and prisoners of war. He was the son of his father's old age, and he held a theory that the children of old men are always nervous, facile, and short-lived. Few friends or playmates of his own age came near him in the theatre or in the town; indeed, he used to say the only boy he knew familiarly at Sheerness was the little boy at the Nore. Among the theatrical folks who played on his father's stage he remembered Edmund Keat with peculiar vividness; for the descendant of Halifax pleased him by carrying him on the boards in *Rolla*, and still more by his whimsicalities in the pantomime. He appeared also on the stage with Keat as the *Stranger's* child.

those who tried lances with him long remembered his home thrust. We may give two instances without offence, for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. "Courage, my good fellow," says Jerrold, "there is no foundation for the fact." When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris was the fresh talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the Revolution and pitying Guizot. "You see," he observed, "Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat."—"Aye, aye," says Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls." Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say No. His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibdin, that worthy gentleman and songwriter said to him—"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"—"Oh, yes," said the Author of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' "I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea." A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his bankers—led him into trials from which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he as willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting-place of Douglas Jerrold.

The deceased died, after a few days' illness, from disease of the heart, at his residence, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory, on Monday last, the 8th of June. No first-class portrait exists of the deceased. Mr. Macknee, of Glasgow, painted him, but the likeness is a failure. Two or three others tried their hands, with even less success. Mr. Mayall and Mr. Watkins have made fair photographs of an extremely difficult face. Dr. Diamond has also obtained some excellent studies—taken only a few days before his death. But the only Art-memorial which completely and truly represents Douglas Jerrold to the many who are left to mourn his decease is Baily's bust—now in the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures.

The funeral will take place on Monday, at Northwood cemetery. It is the desire of the family that it should be strictly private. The friends and admirers of the dead will assemble in the cemetery, to hear the funeral service, and to whisper over the grave the last farewells of the heart.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ON Saturday last the annual visitation of this great national establishment took place, on which occasion the Astronomer Royal presented his Report to the Board of Visitors on the condition of the Observatory, and its history during the past year. This document contains, as usual, several interesting features in connexion with the progress of Astronomy.

The Instruments, with a few trifling exceptions, are in the same condition as they were last year. The new S.E. Equatorial, which promises to be one of the finest instruments ever made, is now nearly completed. Messrs. Merz, of Munich, have not, however, yet succeeded in making an object-glass to their satisfaction.

The Meridional system of Astronomical Observations, for which the Greenwich Observatory is so deservedly celebrated, is rigidly preserved. Each star of a large clock-star catalogue is observed, if possible, twenty times in three years; some stars are observed for refraction; some as having been compared with the Moon; some on suspicion of

proper motion, &c. The Moon is observed at every opportunity without exception. The Sun and Planets are observed at every opportunity, except on Sundays, and when they pass later than 15^h in the morning, in which state the large planets only are observed, and only when the Moon also is to be observed. The transits have been observed almost entirely by the chronographic method, except for the close circumpolar stars.

The whole number of Meridional Observations from 1856, May 19, to 1857, May 23, is as follows:—In the Department of Transits: Observations of Transits (reckoning two limbs, or two methods of observation by ear and by touch, as two observations), 4,169; Observations of Collimator, by the Telescope of the Transit-Circle, 311 pairs; Observations of Transit-wires by Reflexion, 310; Observations of one Collimator by the other, 52. In the Department of Zenith Distances (reckoning two limbs, or a combination of Direct Observation with Reflexion Observation, as two observations, and including the observations of the wire by Reflexion), Circle Observations of all kinds, 3,663.

A curious fact has been noticed with respect to the Azimuth of the Transit-Circle and the Azimuth of its Collimator. Mr. Airy observes:—"There is a well-marked annual periodical change in the position of the Transit-Circle, the southerly movement of the eastern pivot having its minimum value in September, and its maximum in March, the extreme range being about 14 seconds; and there is a similar change, but of smaller amount, in the position of the Collimator. I cannot conjecture any cause for these changes, except in the motion of the ground. There is a very frequent change of still smaller amount in the Azimuth of the Transit-Circle, accompanied by a nearly equal change in the apparent Azimuth of the Collimator, so that from day to day the Transit-Circle and Collimator preserve their relative position unaltered; these I conceive to be the effects of accident in observation of the circumpolar stars, arising either from fault of the observer, or from irregularities either in the level or in the collimation; at the same time, viewing the great accuracy of the observations of circumpolar stars, and the extreme simplicity of the pivot-supports and of the instrument-frame, I cannot conjecture how such irregularities can arise."

During the past winter Mr. Airy received intimation from Prof. Hansteen that the dip, as determined at Greenwich, appeared to have become greater than was consistent with the changes of dip going on in the north of Europe. A similar discordance was found to exist between Greenwich and Kew. This led Mr. Airy to examine the Royal Observatory instrument, and it was found so imperfect in its mechanical construction, that when the needle was lifted up from its agate bearings its upper point almost always struck the brass circle. These defects have been amended, and the apparent dip is diminished by nearly the quantity which Prof. Hansteen conjectured. Mr. Airy regrets that this irregularity unfortunately causes the dip-observations at Greenwich for several years past to possess very little value.

The Magnetical and Meteorological Observations continue to be made on the system of self-registration, commencing with August 25, 1856; the thermometers in the magnet-boxes have been read at twenty-four consecutive hours once in every week, with the view of obtaining bases for complete reduction of the observations. Mr. Airy contemplates as soon as he shall have some computers liberated from the lunar reductions, to take in hand the further reduction of the magnetic observations.

Under the head of Chronometers, Communications of Time, and operations for Longitude, Mr. Airy makes the following observations:—

"The number of chronometers in the chronometer-room is sixty-eight. All are compared with the Mean Solar Clock, which is sympathetic with the Corrected Motor Clock of the Galvanic System: some every day, others once in the week. The chronometers on trial for purchase have, for several years past, been sometimes exposed to extreme temperatures; and lately I have determined to extend this system in a lower degree to the Admiralty chronometers, subjecting all in turns to arti-

ficial heat as high as 80° Fahr. The Observatory takes charge of the valuation of chronometers to be purchased by the Government, and of the receipts, repairs, and issues of chronometers belonging to the Government. The Motor Clock of the galvanic sympathetic system is adjusted every day, after comparison, by means of an auxiliary pendulum, which is put in mechanical connexion for a time with the clock pendulum, and by which the rate of the clock is either accelerated or retarded by $\frac{1}{100}$ of its whole value as long as the two pendulums are united. By this clock our own sympathetic connexion is maintained, and time-signals are sent to other places. I am desirous of introducing the system of galvanic connexion for clocks of small dimensions: a system which would frequently be very convenient. The number of failures of the Time Signal Ball at Deal, dropped by galvanic current from the Royal Observatory, in the course of one year has been nineteen. When it is considered that four connexions must be made on the line before it is fit to receive our current, and that then there must be four contacts at Greenwich and one at Deal, this number of failures will appear very small. Other time signal balls are dropped by currents issued at the same time, at the Strand, Cornhill, and Liverpool; but though I am happy to supply with regularity the currents required for these purposes, I do not hold myself responsible for their success. I have verified experimentally the perfect practicability of dropping a ball at Devonport by a current from Greenwich."

The value of these galvanic clock communications is very great; the clock in the Lombard Street Post Office is adjusted and regulated by the apparatus with the greatest regularity. Besides this, sympathetic movements are maintained with other clocks, and hourly signals sent through the wires of various railways by which time balls are dropped at the Strand, Cornhill, Liverpool, and Deal. The communication with the Post-Office clock is remarkable. At 23h. 26m. 0s. of that clock a signal is given to Greenwich, the comparison of which with the Royal Observatory's clock acquaints the Observatory with the error of the Post-Office clock. At 0h. 0m. 0s. of the Greenwich clock a signal is sent from Greenwich, which mechanically adjusts the Post-Office clock. At 0h. 26m. 0s. of the Post-Office clock a second signal is given to Greenwich, by which the efficiency of the adjustment is shown. The system answers so well that it is proposed to extend this system to other clocks.

The Astronomer Royal concludes his Report by expressing his entire satisfaction with the zeal of the assistants and observers placed under him. The duties of the Observatory have been so well performed that the ordinary astronomical reductions are now more completely brought up to a level with the observations than at any period within Mr. Airy's recollection. At the same time the Astronomer Royal wishes to see improvements in the education of his assistants, which would at once be creditable to the establishment which he directs, and beneficial to science. On this important head he observes:—

"By beginning with the lowest computers I think that I may be able to effect this. In the neighbourhood of Greenwich at least there are better schools in existence than there were formerly, and among the youths who present themselves as candidates for employment, it is easier to find well-educated young men than it has been heretofore. It is even more necessary to provide for the educational progress of the assistants and computers than for their state of instruction at the beginning. I have therefore drawn up notices of requirements for assistants and computers of different grades, upon which I propose to act in future, accompanying these with indulgences which I think will remove all difficulties in the way of their acquiring the knowledge which is demanded. In making this innovation I have not lost sight of the consideration, that ultimately the assistants and computers themselves would be great gainers by it. The existence of such a system will of course set aside in a great measure the understood custom of promotion by seniority; but that custom has never been the rule in the Royal Observatory, and I have myself departed from it in raising the rank of

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE original edition of "Cakes and Ale," a series of stories and essays, was dedicated by Douglas Jerrold to Thomas Hood. In Jerrold's collected works the dedication is repeated, with this addition:—

This humble offering is herewith renewed, with the expression of a regret that it was necessary for Thomas Hood still to do one thing ere the wide circle and the profound depth of his genius were to the full acknowledged: that one thing was—to die.

The universal sentiment that has burst forth upon the death of Douglas Jerrold himself is something like an approach to the full acknowledgment of his genius. That sentiment is the first expression of the recognition of the value of what is "lack'd and lost." But, when some years have passed away, as had passed when this tribute to Thomas Hood was renewed, then will the genius of Douglas Jerrold be acknowledged in its "profound depth" as in its manifest brilliancy, and the "wide circle" of his wisdom and his knowledge be as well perceived as the exuberance of his fancy and the smartness of his satire.

In the writings of Jerrold, of which the more important of a continuous character have been republished uniformly, as revised by himself,* the world will find few traces of an autobiographical nature. As in most writers of original genius, the universal largely predominated over the personal. Those who were in habits of confidence and intimacy with him may probably trace some scenes and characters suggested by his own experience; but in his writings we scarcely ever see his individuality. In the republication of his works the prefatory notices are extremely slight. One single paragraph of introduction to the present volume points to their author's early career:—

The completion of the first volume of a collected edition of his writings—scattered over the space of years—is an opportunity tempting to the vanity of a writer to indulge in a retrospect of the circumstances that first made authorship his hope, as well as of the general tenor of his after vocation. I will not, at least, in these pages, yield to the inducement, further than to say that, self-helped and self-guided, I began the world at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers; that the cockpit of a man-of-war was at thirteen exchanged for the struggle of London; that appearing in print ere, perhaps, the meaning of words was duly mastered, no one can be more alive than myself to the worthlessness of such early mutterings.

This interesting passage will be elaborated by future biographers into ample details of "the struggle of London," and the more anecdotes we have that will clearly show the zeal and perseverance of the "self-helped and self-guided" young man, the better will it be for all other young men who may imitate his earnest diligence, how ever inferior may be their natural endowments. Nor is this passage without less obvious lessons. "No one can be more alive than myself to the worthlessness of such early mutterings" is not the mere expression of an amateur's vanity. Jerrold knew perfectly well what many who rush prematurely into print do not know—that success, large and enduring, in literature, can only be raised upon the foundations of patient thought, unrelaxing observation, wide acquaintance with the great masters of their art, education always progressing and never finished. Up to the very last days of his life Jerrold was a diligent reader. His great refreshment was to turn from the matters of passing interest, with which it was his vocation to deal, to seek the companionship of some old wise teacher, under whose quaint style were to be found high thoughts and sound information. His mind was a great storehouse of very various knowledge, not indeed of the abstract sciences or critical philology, but a knowledge derived from a large acquaintance with the productions of the highest minds of all ages, to whom science and language have been as materials to be welded into poetry and philosophy. To his perfect familiarity with the best old English writers may be ascribed much of the terseness and condensation of Jerrold's own style—its thoroughly suggestive character. His written sentences, like his conversations, were sallies, had more in them than was at first perceived. They first amused, and then made us think.

There is in one passage in the preface to Douglas Jerrold's collected works which has a bearing upon his personal character. He had an unaffected dislike of being considered and spoken of as a wit. His wit was the spontaneous result of his temperament, and of his marvellously quick perception of the relations between seemingly incongruous objects out of which wit is engendered. But he had a greater dislike of being reputed an ill-natured satirist. He knew that the world had given him this reputation, but he also knew how little the world understood his real relations of love and kindness to all humanity. The passage to which we refer is this:—

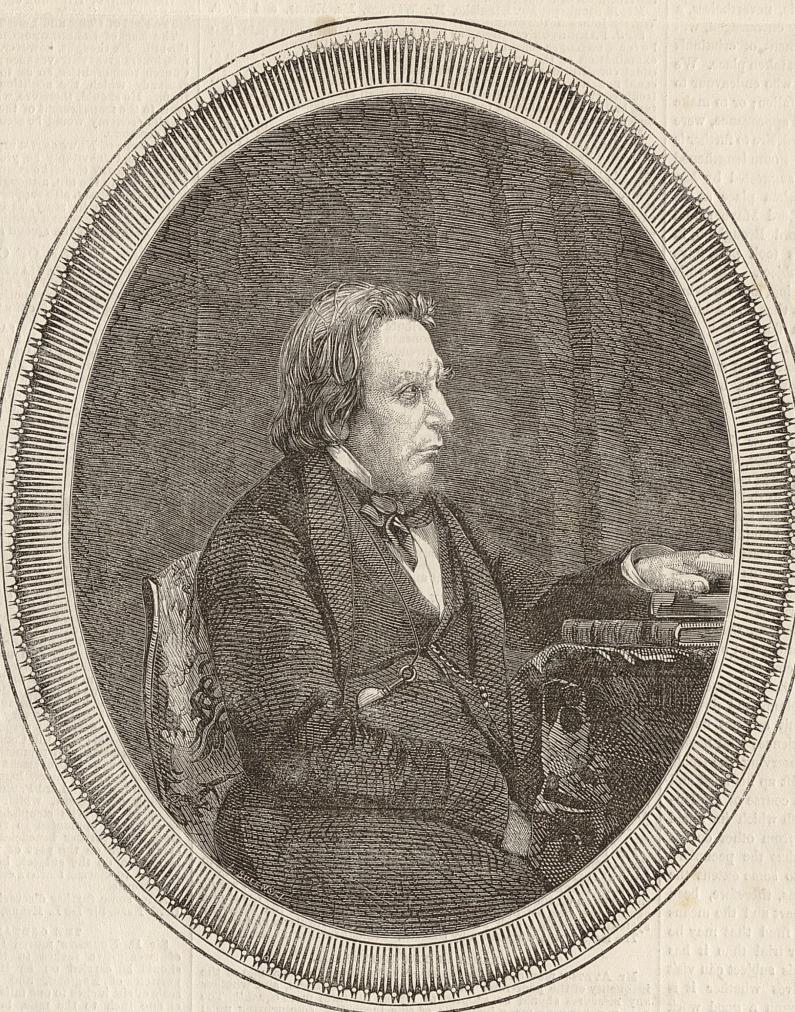
In conclusion I submit this volume to the generous interpretation of the reader. Some of it has been called "bitter," indeed "bitter" has, I think, a little too often been the ready word when certain critics have condescended to bend their noses to my page—so ready that, were my ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, I well know the sort of ready-made criticism that would cry, with a denouncing shiver, "Aloes! aloes!"

We have no intention of offering any connected notice of Jerrold's works, or even here indicating their chronological arrangement. Those who now for the first time read them with attention may not be carried rapidly forward by his power of telling a story; for to produce a sustained narrative, with an interest continually deepening, was not fancy which we speak led him away from this constantly led him out of the direct paths in which less-gifted writers may safely walk. But readers familiar or unfamiliar with Jerrold's larger productions will pause at every page upon the force of thought and the felicities of style. Neither is his power of describing natural scenery or of exhibiting graphic pictures of general society very remarkable. His tendency to reflection, coloured by the bright or sombre hues of that fancy which we speak led him away from this distinct word-painting. Take as an example, his description of Lechlairs, in Kent. We have no definite view of the old Roman station, the ruined church, or the mouldering cliff; but how like is this brief sketch to the tone of Sir Thomas Brown's "Urn Burial":—

* These works are comprised in eight vols. 1. "St. Giles and St. James." 2. "Men of Character." 3. "Candle Lectures," &c. 4. "Cakes and Ale." 5. "Punch's Letters," &c. 6. "Man Made of Money," "Chronicles of Cloverbrook." 7. 8. "Comedies and Dramas."

And there, where the ocean tumbles, was in the olden day a goody town sapped, swallowed, by the weaving, the voracious sea. At lowest tides the people still discover odd, quaint, household relics which, despite the homely breeding of the finders, must carry away their thoughts into the mist of time, and make them feel antiquity. The very children of the village are hucksters of the spoils of dead centuries. They grow up with some small trading knowledge of fossils; and are deep, very deep, in all sorts of petrifications. They must have strange early sympathies towards that mysterious town, with all its tradesfolk and marketfolk sunk below the sea; a place of which they have a constant inkling in the petty spoils lashed upward by the tempest. Indeed, it is difficult for the mind to conceive the annihilation of a whole town—engulfed in the ocean. The tricky fancy will assert itself; and, looking over the shining water, with summer basking on it, we are apt to dream that the said market-town has only suffered a "sea change;" and that, fathoms deep, the town still stands—that busy life goes on—that people of an odd, sea-green aspect, it may be, still carry on the work of mortal breathing, make love, beget little ones, and die. But this, indeed, is the dream of idleness. Yet who, if he could change his mind at will, would make his mind incapable of such poor fantasies? How much of the coarse web of existence owes its beauty to the idlest dreams with which we colour it!

But, if there be one charm more than another in all the writings of Douglas Jerrold, it is the voice that is constantly urging on the great duty of human brotherhood. He has had noble fellow-labourers in the great attempt—which is now beginning to look less like a dream—of bringing classes that have been too long separated into a more just knowledge of each other, and, therefore, into more active sympathy. But no one has laboured longer in this work, or has laboured more consistently, than Jerrold. He has not sought to set classes at enmity. He has been indignant at the callousness of the sordid rich; but he has not taught the poor that the rich and the high-born were their social enemies. As a public journalist, he had large opportunities of seeing dissonant with the great principles of society and government; but he had more practical views, and, therefore, more benevolent views. No one ever more beautifully expressed a deep sense of the nobility of the poor than he has done in a passage of his "Cloverbook":—



THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. DIAMOND.

"It is a fine show, a golden sight, to see the crowning of a King. I have beheld the ceremony, with undazzled eyes have well considered all its blaze of splendour. A tender thing to think of is the kiss of peace; beautiful the homage; heart-stirring the voice of the champion, when the brave knight dashes his dorying gauntlet on the marble stone; very solemn the anointing, and most uplifting the song of jubilate when all is done. But, Sir, to my coarse apprehension, I have seen a nobler sight than this, a grander ceremony, even at the hearthstone of the poor. I will show you a man, worn, spent—the bony outline of a human thing, with toil and want cut, as with an iron tool, upon him; a man to whom the common pleasures of this our mortal heritage are unknown as the joys of Paradise. This man toils and starves, and starves and toils, even as the markets vary. Well, he keeps a heart, sound as oak, in his bosom. In the sanctity of his soul, bestows the kiss of peace upon a grudging world; he compels the homage of respect, and champions himself against the hardness of fortune. In his wretched homestead he is thrown in the majesty of the affections. His suffering, patient, loving wife—his pale-faced, ill-clad children—are his queen and subjects. He is a king in heart, subduing and ruling the iron hours; unseen spirits of love and goodness anoint him; and, Sir," said the Hermit in solemn voice—"as surely as the kingdom of God is more than a fairy tale, so surely do God's angels sing that poor man's jubilate."

We might readily prolong this very imperfect notice of Douglas Jerrold's writings and character. To those who knew him well it is quite unnecessary to expatiate upon the genuineness of that character. Those who knew him only by common report may have believed that a satirist could not be generous and benevolent, and a strong political writer tolerant and just. He did his work in the world like a brave and honest man; and, as many other brave and honest men, was sometimes misinterpreted. But, as "Time works wonders," one of the wonders which it will assuredly work will be to make all know that Douglas Jerrold was one of the largest charities, as well as of the brightest geniuses of his age.

Douglas Jerrold was born in Greek-street, Soho, on the 3rd of January, 1803, and died at Greville-place, Kilburn Priory, on the 8th of June, after a short illness. His funeral took place on Monday last, at the Norwood Cemetery, and was attended by

about two thousand persons, amongst whom were—Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., Mr. Monckton Miles, M.P., Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Messrs. Long, Henry, and Augustus Mayhew, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. J. Leech, Professor Tom Taylor, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. A. Egg, Mr. E. M. Ward, Messrs. Thomas and George Landseer, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Herard, Mr. S. Lucas, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans, Mr. Hamstead, Mr. Mitchell, F.R.S.; Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. E. Figgot, Mr. J. Hanney, Mr. Frith, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Tenniel, Dr. Diamond, Dr. Percy, Mr. Bailey, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, Dr. Quain, and almost every other literary and artistic celebrity at present in London.

The funeral service was read in an impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Hugo, an old friend of Douglas Jerrold; and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremony and pay a tribute to the memory of the deceased. The plate on the coffin bore the inscription—"Douglas William Jerrold, Esq., died the 8th of June, 1857 aged 54 years."

The *Athenaeum* (in an excellent article on Douglas Jerrold) says:— His fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say "No." His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a leading fancy, but I haven't the advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibdin, that worthy gentleman and song-writer said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said the author of "Black-eyed Susan," "I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea." A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his banker's—led him into trials from which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he was willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill-nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting-place of Douglas Jerrold.

It is consequent upon this generosity—this reliance upon the truth of others—that various performances are announced to take place in remembrance of this distinguished writer, and for the benefit of his family; for which the following arrangements have been made:—

Committee.—Mr. John Blackwood, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. John B. Buckstone, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., Mr. William C. Macready, Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., Mr. William H. St. Aubert, R.A., Mr. William M. Thackeray, and Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Honorary Secretary.—Mr. Arthur Smith.

Office at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.

The Committee, in remembrance of their deceased friend, beg to announce the following occasions:— On Saturday, June 27, a musical festival will take place, at which Madame Novello, Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, Miss Dolby, Mr. Albert Smith, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Sims Reeves, and many other distinguished artists will assist. To commence at seven o'clock precisely.

On Tuesday, June 30, Mr. Charles Dickens will read his "Christmas Carol," in St. Martin's Hall. The reading will commence at eight precisely, and will last two hours. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 5s.; body of the hall and centre gallery, each 2s.; back seats and side galleries, each 1s.

On Tuesday, July 7, Mr. W. H. Russell will deliver his "Personal Narrative of the late Crimean War," in St. Martin's Hall. To commence at eight precisely, and last two hours. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 5s.; body of the hall and centre gallery, each 2s.; back seats and side galleries, each 1s.

On Saturday, July 11, will be represented at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, Mr. Wilkie Collins's new romantic drama, in three acts, "The Frozen Deep," performed by the amateur company of ladies and gentlemen who originally represented it in private. With the original scenery, by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., and Mr. Tablin, and the original music, under the direction of Mr. Francesco Berger. The whole under the direction of Mr. Charles Dickens. To conclude with a farce, by Mr. Phelps. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 5s.

On Wednesday, July 15, will be represented at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's comedy, in three acts, "The Housekeeper." To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, "The Prisoner of War." Represented by the company of the theatre, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Key, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Mr. Phelps. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 10s. 6d. The rest of the house as usual, except the private boxes, which may be had at the committee's office.

On Wednesday, July 22nd, Mr. W. M. Thackeray will deliver a lecture on "Week-day Preachers," in St. Martin's Hall. To commence at eight precisely, and last one hour and a half. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 5s.; body of the hall and centre gallery, each 2s.; back seats and side galleries, each 1s.

On Wednesday, July 29th, will be presented at the Theatre Royal Adelphi, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, in three acts, "The Rent Day." To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, "Black-eyed Susan." Represented by the company of the theatre, in conjunction with Mr. T. P. Cooke and Mr. Buckstone. Prices of admission:—Stalls, 10s. 6d. The rest of the house as usual, except the private boxes, which may be had at the committee's office.

On and after Wednesday, June 24th, tickets for any or all of these occasions will be on sale at the committee's office, at the Gallery of Illustration, every day between the hours of ten and four.

The portrait we engrave is from a photograph taken a few weeks ago by his friend Dr. Diamond, and has been selected as being, the best resemblance (next to Baily's bust) of the deceased.

MEMORIAL TABLET AT STOCKPORT.—A tablet is about to be erected in the Stockport Sunday-schools to the memory of Mr. Joseph Mayer and Mr. John Turner, for the benefit of which establishment they laboured many years. Messrs. Patteson, of Manchester, have constructed the tablet, which is of Carrara marble, and of a neat Grecian design. The inscription records that Mr. Mayer for sixty-five years devoted himself to the work of Sunday-school education, and that the tablet has been erected from subscriptions by all classes. Mr. Turner is recorded to have laboured for fifty years in the Stockport school, in various capacities, during forty of which he held the office of general superintendent. The inscription states the memorial to have been designed "to perpetuate the memory of these good men, that others may be induced to imitate their example."

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. BROTHERTON.—A fine memorial tablet has just been erected in the Bible Christians' Chapel, King-street, Salford, to commemorate the services of the late Mr. Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, and pastor of that place of worship. The tablet, by Messrs. Patteson, of Manchester, is of white Carrara marble, with a border of black Irish marble.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—MONDAY.

The Princess Royal Annuity Bill was read a third time and passed. The Marquis of Clanricarde called attention to the proofs of continued maladministration of justice in the Indian Government...

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

THE OATHS BILL.

The House having gone into Committee on this bill, Mr. DEARLE moved an amendment substituting in the oath the words "temporal and civil" for "ecclesiastical and spiritual"...

Lord PALMERSTON deprecated the introduction into the bill before the House of collateral questions, certain to provoke religious discussions, and likely to imperil the success of the whole measure...

Mr. B. STANHOPE, Mr. KINGLAKE, Mr. WIGRAM, Mr. EVANS, and Mr. S. WARREN joined in the motion to vote for the bill.

Sir J. PAKINGTON confessed, as he acknowledged, with some pain, that he could no longer defend the exclusion of Jews from Parliament. Fuller examination of the question had forced him to recognize the right of every citizen to the franchise...

Mr. HORSMAN observed that the amendment had been proposed and advocated by lawyers, who viewed the question merely in its theological aspect. No one had dared to vindicate the exclusion of the Jews on legal, or moral, or political grounds.

Mr. WHITESIDE repeated the assertion that Christianity was intertwined with all the institutions of the country from the earliest times, and enlarged upon the destructive consequences that would follow the attempt to sever this connection.

Lord J. RUSSELL argued that the words which prevented Jews from sitting in Parliament were introduced without any such intention, and by conveying just rights to members of the Jewish persuasion the Christian character of the State or of the Legislature would be destroyed.

Mr. NEWDEGATE, in supporting the amendment, expressed his dislike of apostasy. Lord PALMERSTON, after paying a tribute to the courageous honesty of Sir J. PAKINGTON, observed that opponents of Jewish emancipation, by accepting a new form of oath, had surrendered the argument founded on precedent...

On a division there appeared—For the amendment, 201; against, 341. Some opposition was made to proceeding with the bill, and the Committee divided on a motion for reporting progress by Lord L. CECIL—Ayes, 292.

The bill, after some further conversation, was passed through Committee. The orders of the day were then disposed of.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

The misgovernment of India was again made the subject of discussion, by the Marquis of Clanricarde, whose remarks on the subject elicited rejoinders from the Duke of Argyll and Lord Ellenborough.

REFORMATORY INSTITUTIONS.

The second reading of the Reformatory Institutions Bill was moved by the Earl of CAERNARVON. Lord BROUGHAM criticised the provisions of the measure, and observed that a bill of very similar design had been introduced elsewhere by the Home Secretary...

The second reading of the Bathing Bill was negatived without a division.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—TUESDAY.

THE PAPER-DUTY.

On resuming at six o'clock, in reply to Mr. DILLWYN, THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated that the usual paper-duty would be charged upon fabrics made from animal fibres, if it for being written on, and even although unadapted for taking printed impressions.

THE WORKHOUSE SYSTEM IN IRELAND.

Mr. FAGAN moved for a Select Committee to investigate the present state of the Irish workhouse system, together with the laws relating to medical charities and the relief of the sick poor in the institutions. Mr. H. HERBERT, the new Secretary for Ireland, submitted that ample information on the question was already provided.

Mr. AYRTON moved for a Committee "to inquire into the causes of the inequality of the poor-rates in the metropolitan districts, and whether any measures should be adopted to render the rates more equal."

The hon. member gave many instances of this inequality, commenting upon the injustice which was inflicted by imposing the heaviest impost upon the poorest parishes, while the districts inhabited chiefly by the wealthy classes escaped at much easier rates.

The motion was seconded by Mr. TOWNSEND, who recommended the subject to the attention of Government on the ground that a large proportion of the industrial inhabitants who became chargeable to the eastern metropolitan parishes had been attracted thither by the employment offered in the execution of Government contracts.

Mr. BOUVERIE doubted whether the House could afford to appoint another Select Committee. Between private bill committees, select committees, and election committees, the time of at least 400 members was already monopolised, and during the brief residue of the Session there would be no possibility of undertaking any satisfactory investigation of the subject proposed by the motion...

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER argued that every necessary fact was presented in existing returns. A Committee was wanted, not to inquire into the law of settlement, but to inquire into the law of the establishments, and other matters, which formed proper subjects for inquiry by a Select Committee.

Mr. AYRTON briefly replied, and the House divided.—For the motion, 81; against, 123.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—WEDNESDAY.

A number of petitions were presented in favour of the Industrial Schools Bill, and others for the repeal of the Paper-duty. The Scotch Registration of Long Leases Bill passed through Committee, with amendments.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A lengthened discussion took place in Committee on Mr. Adley's Industrial Schools Bill, to which several objections were taken—first, to the juvenile offences for which children should be taken from the

streets and sent to those schools; next, as to the security which parents were to give in taking their children from the schools; then as to the period during which the children should be kept there. Mr. Adley met one difficulty after another, postponing some of his modifying proposals. The bill, however, was made, though the House remained in Committee till the usual time for adjourning contested measures, when the House resumed.

The Grand Juries (Ireland) Act (1856) Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—THURSDAY.

MINISTERS' MONEY (IRELAND) BILL.

Earl GRANVILLE, in moving the second reading of this bill, said that, although originally introduced into the other House by an independent member, her Majesty's Government had felt it right to adopt it, because, they thought it exceedingly desirable to put an end to the agitation to which it constantly gave rise. With the support of the Government it had now passed the Lower House by a large majority.

The Earl of DERBY denounced the bill as being one of the grossest instances of the invasion of property for which the sanction of the Legislature had ever been asked. The tax levied upon the Irish towns was a legal tax, and was a tax upon property like tithes, and, like tithes, ought to be maintained in its integrity.

The Earl of HARNOWY replied on behalf of the Government. The Bishop of KILMORE opposed the measure, as did also Lord DUNGANNON, the Earl of Wicklow, and the Earl of Donoughmore.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE urged the necessity of passing the measure, which must inevitably be yielded sooner or later. As a measure for sweeping away the last elements of religious intolerance, it had given him no ground for objection, although he did not see it without some reluctance.

Lord CAMPBELL also supported the bill; and after a few words from Earl Granville in reply, and Lord Derby in explanation, the House divided.—For the second reading, 5 contents, 101; non-contents, 96: majority in favour of the second reading, 5.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THURSDAY.

On the motion of Mr. HAYTER, a new writ was granted for Banffshire, in the room of the Earl of Effie, who has accepted the Chiltern fund. Mr. J. H. STUBBS gave notice that on Monday next he would move for leave to bring in a bill for the incorporation of public charities.

SAVINGS BANKS.

In answer to a question by Viscount GODERICH, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that in the event of the bill passing into law he would consent to the appointment of a Committee next Session to consider the whole state of the law.

MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

On the bringing up the report on Supply, General FEEZ called the attention of the House to portions of the evidence taken before the Sebastopol Committee and the Chelsea Commission, showing the necessity of defining the responsibility and duties of the various departments.

Mr. E. ELLICE and Sir J. PAKINGTON, who had been members of the Sebastopol Committee, bore testimony to the entire confusion which prevailed in the departments at the beginning of the war.

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fishes is not, practically, an abuse of a good principle; a mistake well as an injustice. We pass no present opinion on the fact. What is needed is inquiry; and we think the Government is not only wrong in having refused such inquiry, but fortunate in the excuses—we cannot call them reasons—which, through the mouth of Mr. Bouverie, it has put forward in justification of its unwillingness to stir in the matter. London is a peculiar city, and arguments that apply to other parts of the country lose their force when applied to such a vast assemblage of villages, towns, and cities as form its enormous bulk, and to such a multitude of human beings—all linked to each other in the capacities of employers and employed, buyers and sellers, masters and servants—as are comprised within its area. The inquiry could do no harm, and might have done much good. It will remain with Mr. Ayrton and the other gentlemen who have taken charge of the question, and have pledged themselves to support it, to take care at the commencement of next Session that neither Mr. Bouverie, or whoever else may be President of the Poor-law Board at that time, nor any other official who may be charged to speak in the name of the Government, shall have the two first of these excuses put forward on this occasion. It will be time enough to consider the last two, and the principle involved, when the inquiry has come to an end, and the Committee has made its report on the whole subject, and submitted the evidence to the freedom of Parliament.

ALTHOUGH a superabundance of sentimentality is circulated in favour of unmistakably criminal persons, there is, nevertheless, a discriminating spirit abroad, which, if duly encouraged, will go more to solve the difficulty as to the treatment of criminals than all the congressional discussions that have yet taken place. We do not wish to diminish the credit due to those who endeavour to restore to honesty the unhappy persons who have fallen; or to make virtuous, respectable, and useful those who, to all appearance, were born and cradled and trained in crime. What we desire to further is the successful working of a practicable scheme. Some lengthened and learned discussions in favour of the plan suggested by Mr. Charles Pearson, the City Solicitor, have lately taken place at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor; and his meetings, presided over by the veteran Lord Brougham, in which Mr. M. D. Hill, Colonel Jebb, and others took part, have rendered still further to attract attention to the subject. But while these distinguished persons were meeting, discussing, and resolving at "something" ought to be done, it appears that one Andrew Walker, once a City missionary, and now a florist and gardener, has not been contented with talking, but has been doing something, and proving, by the test of experience, that not only the apparently incorrigible capable of improvement, but that they may, with kindly attention and healthy labour, be permanently reclaimed.

To the nursery of Andrew Walker we desire to draw the attention of our readers. It is situated in the Bedford-road, Clapham, and the labourers are all persons who have been convicted of crime. His experience as a City missionary led him to the conclusion that labour was the best reformer. Trained as a gardener, he conceived the idea of opening a nursery-garden, and inviting youths and children who seemed predestined to be the outcasts of society to become his labourers. His plan, so far as his means permitted him, has proved eminently successful. Out of the small number on which he has experimented, if we may use the term, six have been restored to their parents, ten have obtained situations, three have entered the Army, two the Navy, one has emigrated, and only one is shown signs of relapsing into his former evil courses.

Of all labour there is none that appears more likely to touch the feelings of the criminal than that of attending plants and flowers. The budding, blooming, and ripening of the fruit are not infrequently accompanied by the awakening of conscience; and honest Andrew has often had occasion to rejoice in observing the feeble virtue become strong, and the skulking outcast lift up his head and assume the attitude of sturdy manhood, after a course of gardening, and of the moral and religious training with which he allied it.

From Andrew Walker's own story, and from other details with which we have been furnished, we find that the pecuniary responsibility under which he labours impedes to some extent the success and the usefulness of the project. It has, therefore, been suggested that philanthropists who have the heart and the means should subscribe a certain sum and raise the fund that may be deemed necessary to give the experiment a fairer trial than it has yet received. Those who take an interest in this subject can visit his modest institution and judge for themselves whether it is capable of expansion, and whether he has begun a good work which only needs proper management to grow into one still better. We shall be happy if this public notice of his efforts shall prove the means of extending the sphere of his benevolent operations, and of inducing others to imitate his example.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURED IN RUSSIA.—A dinner was given on the 23rd ultimo, at Riga, by Mr. Richard Levinge Swift, her Britannic Majesty's Consul, to the Russian authorities and principal English residents, in honour of the Queen's birthday. Prince Saworoff, Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, and Governor-General of the provinces, accepted the Consul's invitation. The dinner passed off with great good feeling on all sides. The Prince, in most gracious terms, proposed the health of the Queen, and was responded to by Mr. Richard Levinge Swift, who, in return, proposed the Emperor of Russia—the respective national anthems following each toast. A most agreeable evening was spent, and the party did not separate until a late hour. A memorial has been recently forwarded to the Earl of Clarendon from several influential British residents at Riga, gratefully acknowledging his Lordship's kindness in appointing Mr. Richard Levinge Swift as Consul at that place, and praying his Lordship to maintain an appointment which has met with general approval, and which will greatly contribute to smooth down in these parts the hostile feelings against the English, engendered by the late war, and conduce most materially to the general "advancement of British interests" in that part of the world.

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.—The arrangements for the educational conference, over which his Royal Highness Prince Albert is to preside, have been completed, and a large number of distinguished persons from all parts of the country have intimated their intention of being present. His Royal Highness will take the chair at the opening meeting, which is to be held on Monday next, at three o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, Earl Granville, President of the council, acting as vice-president. On the following day the various sections will meet at the Athenaeum, where, among various papers in connection with education will be read, and other matters discussed. His Royal Highness will preside at a final meeting, which will be held on Wednesday, June 24, at Willis's Rooms, when the reports from the various sections will be made.

On Tuesday the officers who have served in, and who now belong to, the 7th Hussars held their 36th annual festival in commemoration of the services of that gallant corps at Waterloo, at Grillion's Hotel, Albemarle-street—Lieutenant-General Robbins in the chair. The meeting was numerously attended.