

billat which that false woman has slipped into your hand, and which you dropped in the crowd before you could read it.

Philippe took the paper, and read these words traced with a pencil—'Change your mask. Everybody recognises you. My husband observes us. He cannot recognise me. Discretion is its own recompense.' 'Hush!' murmured Philippe; that letter is not addressed to me. I do not feel any interest concerning your wife.

'My prince, do not make me loose my reason,' cried the excited mummeluke. 'Do you know that Marshal Blankenschwert stands before you, and that I have followed you from the last ball.'

'Marshal, I beg your pardon,' said Philippe, 'but jealousy has blinded you. If you knew me better you would have a better opinion of me. I give you my word of honour that you have nothing to fear from me.'

'Do you speak to me seriously, my prince?' said the marshal, in a doubting tone. 'Very seriously I assure you, said the young garden-er.'

'Will you give me a proof of your sincerity,' said the marshal, still doubtingly. 'What do you ask of me?' asked Philippe.

'You have advised my wife, until now, against visiting my family and estates in Poland. Command that she depart with me directly.' 'Willingly if that is agreeable to you,' said the young man.

'Your highness will thus prevent the greatest of unhappiness,' and at these words he withdrew.

In a moment afterwards a woman, masked and arrayed in the weeds of mourning, softly took the hand of Philippe. 'Where did you run to?' said she. Had you no compassion on a poor widow?' Philippe answered coldly, 'Fair widow, I do not pertain to the number of your comforters.'

'Wherefore are you so indocile, and why have you not changed your disguise?' said the widow referring to the card. Do you believe that everybody recognises you, my prince?'

'Everybody is in error, I do assure you,' said Philippe, 'and I have to accuse you, too, of one.'

'And what is that?' said the widow, looking at her accuser with surprise.

'There is a certain Marshal who loves you devotedly, and you recompense him by leaving his home and his heart desolate.'

'That is very true, my prince. I have been wrong, very wrong in listening to you so long. I admire your casuistry; and as she spoke she laughed ironically. Listen, madam; I esteem the marshal, and I will not have him miserable on my account. The widow receded a step, and gazed at her companion in silence. 'If you have really any regard for me,' continued he, 'you will go with the marshal to Poland. It is time that we cease to see each other.' 'Prince,' cried the surprised lady, 'is it you that speaks thus?'

'Mark me,' said the garden-er; I search for virtue and fidelity in woman, and to one with these only will I do homage.' 'Yours is a detestable humor,' said the fair widow, in an angry voice; 'farewell,' and she suddenly turned her back upon him, and joined the mummeluke, with whom she engaged in a very animated conference, if one might judge from their gestures. [To be concluded].

From Hogg's Instructor.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

THE MINISTERIAL BENCH.

Continued.

Occasionally may be seen on the ministerial bench a little old man, rather under the middle size, but in fact looking less than he is from a stoop he has contracted in the shoulders, with a sharp intelligent face, a hook nose, a quick eye, and a grizzled head of hair. He comes and goes, but appears to take little interest in the business of the house, and never rises to speak unless when provoked by some sally of Joseph Hume or George Thompson. In this short, stout figure, the reader is to recognise Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the former Radical, the pupil of Burdett, the companion of Byron. He is greatly changed from the times when he went sporting over Greece and Asia Minor with the poet, and when, side by side with Burdett, he fought the battle of the people, mixed with a trifle of sedition in Westminster, shared his triumphs in Covent Garden, and his incarceration in Newgate. The noisy advocate of universal suffrage, of vote by ballot, and of triennial parliaments, is now hushed in official repose. The first indication of his change of opinions, or at least of his tacitly abandoning the more ultra views which he at first held, may be traced to the period of the Whigs coming into office in 1831, and the passing of the Reform Bill. Sir John then linked himself to the fortunes of the party, and has ever since clung by them. His friends in Westminster took the alarm, and displaced him at once from their city and their affections, choosing in his place Sir De Lacy Evans, who, curiously enough, has since followed his old antagonist's example, and become as devoted a Whig as Sir John himself. Then followed his exclusion for a year or two from the house, his summons to a seat in the cabinet, and his return for Nottingham; and, since then, having also lost his seat for Nottingham, he has found a refuge in Warwick; and now 'the man of the people' has become the man of red tape. His voice is seldom heard in the house—never, indeed, but on affairs of his office. That office is the President of the Board of Control, having under his management the whole affairs of India, and these affairs are not often discussed

in the House of Commons. Unless some rebellion breaks out, or some gross case of oppression occur, Indian affairs may not be mentioned from the beginning to the end of a session. It is true that this has not been the case for the last year or two. The deposition of the Rajah of Sattara, to say nothing of our recent affairs in the Panjab, have afforded frequent opportunities of calling him forward. On these occasions he shows much of his old fire and energy, particularly when defending himself against attacks. His style is terse and vigorous, his language is always happily chosen, and his command of oratory so respectable, as to induce the regret that he does not come forward more frequently, and take a larger share in the management of public affairs. But the regret is vain. For all public and political purposes Sir John Hobhouse is defunct. He lives but on the memory of the past; he is tolerated for what he was; and his present inefficiency is overlooked for the sake of his past services in the cause of reform. That a more useful administrator in his department, and more efficient debater in the house, might easily be found to supply his place, no one will deny; but few would like the invidious task of supplanting him, and, above all, the premier would shrink from the ungracious duty of dismissing him from an office in which he vegetates rather than controls—a rare example of party gratitude for old and past services.

But if Sir John Hobhouse be inert and useless to the ministry, such cannot be said of his colleague, whom we next beg to introduce to the reader's notice—Mr Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade. This gentleman comes into the house with an important and consequential air, holding his head as high as possible, as if conscious of the full value of his services. Tall and slender, with a deep but not a broad head, he looks the *beau ideal* of an official person—a man deep in the mysteries of red tape. His every look and movement gives you the idea of his being a man full of business, ready to undertake anything and everything, and his conduct does not belie the impression, for Mr Labouchere, unlike many of his colleagues, by no means considers it necessary to confine himself to the business of his office. When Mr Hawes, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, was for some months without a seat in the house, Mr Labouchere undertook to answer all questions that might be put in that department. When some difficulty was experienced, at the beginning of the present administration, to find a secretary for Ireland, Mr Labouchere had no hesitation in undertaking it. When, in consequence of the death of Lord Bessborough, the Earl of Clarendon was sent over, and it was thought necessary to have an Irishman for a secretary, Mr Labouchere was as ready to resign, and to step into the Presidency of the Board of Trade, vacated by Lord Clarendon. Thus, in official duties, Mr Labouchere has shown himself a useful man at all work, and in speaking it is much the same thing. No matter what may be the question, Mr Labouchere is always ready to defend the ministry; and his mode of speaking is very happily contrived for that purpose. It may be best described by the epithet 'gentle dulness.' Never at a loss for a word, and seldom overburdened with the magnitude of an idea, Mr Labouchere's oratory flows on in an unremitting stream, never saying anything striking or profound, and yet so filling the ears of his hearers with his clear and mellow, though somewhat monotonous tones, that one does not wonder he is a general favorite. To this, also, other qualities conspire. A man of high honor himself, and of a gentle disposition, he is incapable of imagining baseness or sordid motives in others; and, while he never imputes such things to his opponents, he is horrified at the idea of such things being imputed to his own friends. No matter what may be the facts alleged, or the suspicious circumstances brought forward, Mr Labouchere does not even attempt to explain them away, but he is sure that such a one is incapable of doing that which his opponents so unscrupulously attribute to him. Hence he has acquired in certain circles the epithet of the man that gives characters.

Mr Labouchere's style of speaking is somewhat peculiar. There is always an attempt at the stately and the oratorical in his manner; but when he is discoursing calmly, and explaining the effect of some measure on trade, this is not so visible. His address then is somewhat slipshod and negligent, with a looseness of coherence about it, but still not unbecoming a gentleman and a man of tact. But it is when repelling an insinuation, either against himself or any of his friends, that his manner becomes most fully developed. He then draws himself up with more than his usually pompous air, deepens the tones of his voice, and swells out with indignation, the pomp of his manner contrasting ludicrously with the poverty of his ideas, as if a beggar should put a scarlet mantle over his rags. When rising to make an explanation or to answer a question, his fondness for speaking invariably betrays him into an explanation double the length required. Not satisfied with giving the information wished, he must also explain what his own feelings are upon the subject. By the time he has finished that interesting topic, he remembers that his hearers may have forgot what the proper answer was, and therefore he repeats that. Again his own feelings require exhibition; and so on, see-sawing through the course of some half-hour, when the information really given might have been conveyed in a twentieth part of the time. It may be imagined, therefore, that Mr Labouchere will not materially assist the deliberations of her majesty's cabinet. Still he must be found a useful member of it, as a man of high personal honor; of gentle and popular qualities; of a style of eloquence which is ready at every call, as it requires no kind of preparation, while gentle and monotonous

slow passes current in the house; and of useful and fair average abilities.

From the National Era.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart, are there.

Care has no home,
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song—
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of
spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! the light, which
fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring Love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending
shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread,
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded
heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day?

LINES

PAINTED ON A CLOCK.

Here my master bids me stand,
And mark the time with constant hand;
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hours by day, by night;
Master—be wise, and learn of me,
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

DREAMING FOR A BREAKFAST.

Down in Aroostook County, Maine, a Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through the almost interminable forest of that region, and by some mishap had lost their way, and had wandered about in a starving condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel which was deserted save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly despatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the supper of both himself and Sawney, and therefore made a proposition to his companion that they should spare their chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream would have the chicken, which was agreed to by the Scotchman.

In the morning Sawney told his dream,—said he thought angels were drawing him to Heaven in a basket, and he never was so happy in his life. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed—

'Och, sure and be jabers I saw you going, and thought you wouldn't come back after the chicken, and I got up and ate it myself.'

From Lockhart's Life of Scott.

THE FRIENDS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Of the persons closely connected with Sir Walter Scott few remain. James Balantyne was on his death-bed when he heard of his great friend and patron's death. The Ettrick Shepherd died in 1835; George Thompson, the happy 'Dominie Thompson,' of the Happy Days of Abbotsford in 1835; William Laidlaw, after 1832, had the care, first of the Seafort, and then of the Balnagown estates, in Ross-shire, as factor; but being struck with paralysis in August, 1844, retired to the farmhouse of his excellent brother at Contin, and died there in May, 1845. Mr Morritt, to whom the larger memoirs of his friend were inscribed, died at Stokely, on the 12th of July, 1843—loved, venerated, never to be forgotten. William Clarke, of Eldin, admired thro' life for talent and learning, of which he has left no monument, died at Edinburgh, in 1847. Sixteen years have passed, and the generations to which Scott belonged have been gathered to their fathers.

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the Quebec Gazette.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

We had intended, some time ago, publishing the Earl of Lincoln's speech on Vancouver's Island; but a press of more immediately interesting matter prevented our taking up the subject. We cut the following extract from his speech from the New York Commercial Advertiser. We have reason to believe that the charges brought by the Earl of Lincoln are not only correct, but fall short of the truth; and we propose in a few days laying before our readers some facts connected with the policy and conduct of the Hudson's Bay Company which are calculated to excite their surprise and horror. The noble Earl said:—

Disclaiming hostility to the Hudson's Bay Company, he started with the broad axiom, that, so far as the experience of this country has gone, colonization by absentee proprietary companies has been a failure, and that those colonies alone have been prosperous which have been governed on a different system. Virginia, Massachusetts and Carolina—all colonies established by companies consisting of noblemen and merchants of London, of high character and influence, and great wealth—presented a series of failures. Pennsylvania illustrated the same view by its continued disaster and misfortune when its founder was an absentee; New England was another failure; and Mr Hawes had contrasted in South Australia the difference of a government of a colony by the colonial office and by a proprietary company or a commission. But of all instances, that of the Hudson's Bay Company is the worst. Its very principles are those of absenteeism, monopoly, despotism, and secrecy. He passed over the questions of the validity of the company's existing charter and the rights of trading which it claims, as Mr Gladstone had that evening obtained priority for notice of a motion on those very subjects, to come on in July. Passing also over the non-fulfilment by the company of its duty respecting the discovery of the Northwest passage, and the charge of its shutting up the fields of colonization in the territory West of the Rocky Mountains, he turned particularly to the graver charges brought before the House last year, of maladministration respecting the interests of colonists and natives, in the districts under its especial government.

These facts he proved from the papers on the table, and the evidence of the company's own officers, and of Lord Elgin. The company neglects the religious instruction of the population, and encourages the sale of spirituous liquors among the natives. Through the exertions of Mr Wilberforce the Northwest Company was induced so to check the sale of spirits among the aborigines, that the consumption fell from 50,000 gallons a year to 10,000 gallons. But under the Hudson's Bay Company the consumption increased from 3000 gallons in 1837 to 9600 gallons in 1847—it trebled in ten years. The company's officers speak of its religious establishments; the Bishop of Montreal says that there is not one clergyman on the farther side of the Rocky Mountains; there was formerly one at Fort Vancouver; and they now have one at Red River. The statements of the exemplary Wesleyan body—a body not easily deterred from missionary enterprise by hardship—show that in 1843 they had but six, from 1844 to 1846 only five, in 1847 only four, in 1843 three missionaries, and this year only one missionary in the whole territory of the company.

The officers of the company inflict capital punishment without authority, and contrary to law. A letter by the Rev. Mr Beaver, among the papers, gives several instances of atrocious proceedings of this character, and that gentleman adds his belief that a trapper never puts the life of an Indian in competition with a beaver's skin. Lieut. Chappill, who went to Hudson's Bay in H. M. ship Rosamond, narrates the execution of an Indian for example's sake, without any previous trouble to ascertain whether he was guilty or not of some outrages previously suffered by the company's servants. Sir George Simpson in fact avows that the rule of retaliation is the only law the natives feel or fear. Now, by the provisions of 1 and 2 Geo. IV., cap. 66, sec. 12, power is given to the company's magistrates to adjudicate on all civil cases under £200; but all higher civil cases, and all criminal cases, must be transferred from this territory to the courts in Canada. This provision is notoriously set at naught, and not one case has ever been transferred to the Canadian courts. Serious complaints are made by the colonists of the Red River colony; which was not formed by the Hudson's Bay Company, but which was ceded to it by Lord Selkirk's executors. The company allows these unhappy colonists to trade only once a year, and only through its own agents; and it prevents the influx or reflux of any goods by any channel except its own ships—a single annual ship. Mr James Simpson, who complained to the government in England, got a tart note from the agent of the company, that they would ship no more goods of his whatever. Is such a system of monopoly to be so upheld, and is appeal to the executive to be so punished?

Lord Lincoln read passages from the report of the Earl of Elgin, to show that the general charges made against the company are nowhere rebutted, but in many instances clearly established; and he quoted from the letters and reports of the company's officers, to show that generally they contradict or refute each other where they deny the charges, while in a great many cases they give those charges proof.