THE VOTE OF THANKS TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

SPEECH OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(*Concluded*)

I will now advert only to the general opinion of the siege which has been undertaken, and the assistance we have received from the navy (Cheers). The general opinion of the siege, as I have stated, is, that although it has been conducted by officers of great experience, the work is at the same time of the most laborious kind, and the sufferings and privation of our troops have been such as never have been equalled. (Hear). And, sir, in alluding to the loss that we have sustained, I cannot omit one name—the name of a General who fell in the battle of Inkerman, because, from his character, from his talents, and from his former services, the country had every right to expect a complete military commander in his person (Hear, hear). I allude to Sir George Cathcart (Hear, hear). He behaved at all times with the highest spirit. He was so esteemed by every one, that when there was a question of sending out a Governor to the Cape at a time of emergency, his great commander, the Duke of Wellington, and persons of less authority, concurred in saying that no more skilful commander, no wiser chief, could be found than Sir George Cathcart (Hear, hear). I remember seeing him this year, having just returned from that command, having fulfilled the expectations of his Sovereign and his country; and he heard with joy and exultation of his good fortune in being at once appointed to a command in the Crimea (Hear, hear) To the last hour of his life—to the last minute of his life—according to those who saw him, that loyal exultation seems to have continued (Hear, hear). He had no further ambition, he had no other wish, but to give his life to his country, and spend the last drop of his blood in her service (Cheers). Those are the men who do honor to this country, and who never will be forgotten (Loud cheers).

The next vote I shall have to propose to you will be a vote of thanks to the Navy (Cheers). I have mentioned that Lord Raglan in the commencement said, that the zeal and efficiency of the navy in performing the service of embarking the troops and assisting them were beyond all praise—that from Admiral Dundas to the lowest sailor the same zeal and the same care had been displayed for their safety: and he mentioned especially the conduct of Sir Edmund Lyons (Loud cheers). In relating the account of the battle of the Alma, he used some words which I think I ought to quote (Hear, hear). After expressing his deep feeling of gratitude to the navy, he said:—"They watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety; and, as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach; a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to assist—an act which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness. I mention no names, fearing I might omit some one who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with us spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty. Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance, and providing for emergencies." Thus it is that he speaks of this distinguished officer—this man who is an honour to the service to which he belongs—and one from whom, I trust, we may still expect great and brilliant services in the course of the war in which we are now engaged (Cheers). A man of more ability in whatever position he may be employed I scarcely ever met with, and his services are well known to his country (Cheers). After this operation, Sir E. Lyons was again most forward and most zealous at Balaclava. He entered the harbour at the same time that Lord Raglan was descending to the place, and from that time to the present he has been ever foremost in rendering every assistance to the army (Cheers). When the fire was opened against the place, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert asked Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to co-operate with the fire of their ships against the batteries on the sea side. That service was willingly undertaken. The injury caused, as I have said, to the land-batteries, was not such as to enable the troops to attempt immediately to attack the place, and therefore the fire of the ships did not produce any effect, except for a time (Hear, hear). But had the army been able, while the batteries were stopped, to lay open the place, as seems to have been expected, then the diversion thus caused would have been most useful (Hear, hear). I believe every officer engaged in that service performed his duty and discharged it to the satisfaction of his superiors (Cheers).

After proposing this motion, I shall venture to propose a vote that is perhaps unusual and without precedent (Cheers). But I think the feeling of the country has been such (Loud cheering, which interrupted the noble Lord) that the House will readily agree to it (Renewed cheers). I mean to propose a vote of thanks to General Canrobert (Cheers) and to the officers and men who have co-operated with her Majesty's forces in the war (Renewed and loud cheers). Sir, such has been the feeling shown that I believe that the gallant acts which have been performed by the English and French conjointly—two manly nations which have always respected each other—have been such that bonds of friendship have been formed which will not be easily disseverd (Cheers), so that those two nations, the most enlightened, the most able, the most spirited in Europe, may always act in alliance together, and give an example to Europe of duties resolutely performed and high principles adequately maintained (Renewed cheers.) Sir, I likewise mean to propose a vote lamenting the fate of those who have perished in this action, and offering the expression of our condolence to the families of those brave men who have died (Hear, hear)

There is still a part of the task which I have to perform which I think I ought not to omit, but which I cannot perform without some painful feeling. All the accounts we have received from those who witnessed the last action at Inkerman—there were some similar accounts with respect to the battle of Alma—but all those relating to Inkerman state, that when the officers and soldiers of the Allied armies fell wounded on the field of battle, the Russian troops, instead of taking them prisoners, immediately used their bayonets, and dispatched those unfortunate men on the field (Murmurs). Lord Raglan and General Canrobert thought that the introduction of such a practice, so abhorrent to humanity (Loud cheers), so different from the usages of civilized warfare, ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Raglan, therefore, ordered evidence to be taken by the Judge-Advocate on the spot. Twenty-four witnesses were examined: twenty-four officers and soldiers deposed to having been witnesses of these acts of barbarity on the part of the Russian soldiers, who were, in some instances, as they thought instigated by Russian officers. The Commanders in-Chief of the Allies sent a flag of truce to Prince Menschikoff, to represent the circumstances to him, and to say that they felt quite convinced that such acts as that must have been committed against his orders, and trusted that he would take severe measures to prevent such barbarities in future. I do wish I could say that the answer of Prince Menschikoff expressed that readiness which every one would have expected from an officer in his position; but he states, that it is not the custom of the Russian troops to give no quarter, though the troops might have been excited, because a church had been burnt by some detachments of the Allies. It is said, whether truly or not, that a church had been entered and sacked by some soldiers; but that such an act should be mentioned as any palliation (Hear, hear). I must say I think is not to the credit of the Russian Commander (Hear, hear). We all know what was the conduct of the French and English to each other when they were fighting continually on the battle-fields of the last war (Hear, hear); we all know that in the Peninsula, after the battle was over, they would meet in the same stream with their crossbelts off, as the Duke of Richmond said—that they would help one another and converse in the most friendly manner together, showing their mutual respect for the actions of each other. We know that when a vidette was seen upon the army being about to advance, whether it were the English army going to advance against the French, or the French against the English, that, scorning to take advantage, they gave him warning of the approach of the army, and sometimes helped him with his knapsack, in order that he might gain the shelter of his comrades. Such actions, sir, are characteristic of civilized nations; and and in such a spirit one would have hoped that war in this nineteenth century would have been carried on. I am afraid that it shows—not, certainly, that any Russian General would order such atrocities; not certainly, that the great Sovereign of the Russian empire would countenance for a moment such barbarous acts; but it shows, that the enemy with whom we are to deal, if he obtained the command over that fair part of Europe, instead of civilizing and improving it, would not only destroy the arts of peace, but even darken the horrors of war (Cries of "Hear, hear"). I therefore trust sir that the cause of England and France may be triumphant, believing that it is connected with all the best interests of civilization, with the progress of humanity, and the spread of real religion (Cheers). Men who have been thus excited by fanaticism—as we all know they were previous to the battle of Inkerman—who were called upon in the name of the Christian religion to take up arms and go into the field, were guilty within a few hours of such acts as I have mentioned (Hear, hear). I do trust, that the Government of Russia, ashamed of these acts, will take some means to prevent any repetition of them.

Sir, there is but one thing further that I have to say, and it is of a more agreeable nature in itself, and one in which I trust I shall have the concurrence of this House. It was said, in reference to one of the victories gained in the course of the last war, by Mr. Wyndham, that, for his part, he would rather have to celebrate a gallant feat of arms performed by the British army, than to record the conquest of a whole archipelago of sugar islands. I am convinced that that saying of his was as wise as it was forcible and pointed. It is in these things that the life of a nation consists; it is by actions such as we have to commemorate to-day, that the spirit of a nation is maintained from age to age (Hear, hear). It is by battles such as we have the glory to record in our history—by battles such as the French likewise have to record in their history—it is by such batles and victories that each nation has its separate existence, and that it is ready to defend its independence, at whatever cost (Hear, hear). We have been for years, all of us, the Parliament and the people of every class, engaged in speculation and in practices concerning the progress of wealth, concerning the arts, and the machinery, and the improvements of peace. We have shown that those studies, that a devotion to such pursuits, have not in the least abated that fire which belongs to this nation; we have shown that, whether it be England, whether it be Scotland, whether it be Ireland, a similar spirit animates the whole United Kingdom, and that we are ready to peril in a just cause all that is most dear to men. I say again, sir, that no victories which have been gained in such a cause as the present, and with such a spirit as the nation has shown, can fail to redound to our honour and to our fame in future generations, and to exhibit this nation to all after-time as an object of respect and admiration to the world (Loud and continued cheering).

Progress of the War.

THE GALE IN THE CAMP.

The *Times* correspondent gives a graphic and animated account of the storm which visited the camp on the 14th of November. After describing the commencement of the hurricane, which began, he tells us, shortly after six o'clock in the morning, he says:

Such a sight as met the eye! The whole head-quarters' camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone stood against the blast—General Estcourt's, Sir John Burgoyne's, and Major Pakenham's. The general had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind, and the Major's shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain de Morel, aide-de-camp to the Adjutant-General Estcourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvass seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening beneath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shape, tossing widely about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it and squattered through the mud to the huts. Dr. Hall's tent, close at hand, was levelled; and the principal medical officer of the British army might be seen, in an unusual state of perturbation, seeking for his garments ere he took to flight, Brigadier Estcourt, with mien for once disturbed, held on, as sailors say, "Like grim death to a backstay," by one of the shrouds of his marquee. Captain Chetwode, in drawers and shirt, was tearing through the rain and through the dirt like a maniac after a cap which he fancied was his own, and which he found, after a desperate run, was his sergeant's. The air was filled with blankets, hats, great coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs. Mackintoshes, quilts, India-rubber tubs, bedclothes, sheets of tent-canvas, went whirling like leaves in the gale towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the outhouses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat-sheds were laid bare at once. As instances of the force of the wind I may mention that large arabas, or wagons, which stood close to us, were overturned; that men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; that the ambulance wagons were turned topsy-turvy; and that a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's tent was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round till the leaf flew off, and then came to mother earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured.

The French, flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. Our men, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. Woe betide the Russians had they come on that day, for, fiercer than the storm and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, "Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it, than stand here to be beaten by the storm." One regiment alone is said to have presented some instances of an unsoldierlike and disorderly disposition, and that is one some of whose officers have lately been much before the public. A few young recruits, fresh from the comforts of home, felt severely such a rude initiation into the realities of the profession, and seemed to think they could not be expected to go into the trenches in this bad weather, but they were soon shamed out of their unwillingness by the spirit of their comrades.

Our officers and soldiers, after a day like this, had to descend to the trenches again at night to look out for a crafty foe, to labour in the mire and ditches of the works. What fortitude and high courage to do all this without a murmur, and to bear such privations and hardships with unflinching resolution! But, meantime—for one's own experience gives the best idea of the sufferings of others—our tent is down; one by one we struggle out into the mud, and leave behind us all our little household goods, to fly before a pitiless blast which nearly carries us away to the side of a broken stone wall, behind which are cowering Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Afrique, ambulance men, Hussars, infantry men, officers, and horses. Major Blanc in a state of distress, is seen staggering from the ruins of his marquee, under a press of greatcoat, across the camp, and bearing up for the shelter of Major Pakenham's hut. We hear that the hospital tents are all down, and that the sick have had to share the fate of the healthiest and most robust. On turning towards the ridge on which the large and imposing wooden structures built by the French for hospitals and storehouses were erected, a few scattered planks alone met the eye. The wounded of the 5th November, who to the number of several hundred were in these buildings, had to bear the inclemency of the weather as well as they could. Several succumbed to its effects In every direction fresh scenes of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the "pile" by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan's and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, overturned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan's house, with the smoke of the fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was, indeed, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Our generals' marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditating as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the Agamemnon, off Kamiesch Bay; Sir de Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the Sanspareil, at Balaklava. General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the Caradoc, at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the Retribution, off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller, in fact, all the generals and colonels and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr Romaine, Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General; Lieut. Col. Dickson, Royal Artillery, and Capt. Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp, with the fury of Azrael, vexing and buffeting every living thing and tearing to pieces all things inanimate.

Suddenly it occurred to us, that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th Hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of outhouses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were closely packed some 30 or 40 horses and ponies, shivering with cold, and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The Hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms, and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire, and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof and through chinks in the mud wall and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakable stable—"improved" by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time, the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospitable marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our men were kind to them, as they always are to the ditressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate.

We sat in the dark till night set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighing of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration-pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful grey mare who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep, in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of Hussars and a Yorkshire corporal of Dragoons as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horseflesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants.

Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards the evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awaked by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of a musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length and breadth through a crevice in a window shutter. It was evident there was a srotie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half an hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning, we heard that the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery.

From the Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate

THOMAS DICK, L. L. D., F. R. S.

The following letter from the venerable and learned author of "Dick's Works," will be read with deep interest by the numerous friends and admirers of probably the best and greatest living author in Europe. Some time since, certain announcements in the American press alarmed the sympathies of our countrymen in reference to the pecuniary embarrassment of this great man.

JESSE SHORTESS.

Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland, October 26, 1854.

Jesse Shortess, Esq.: I feel highly indebted to you, my dear sir, and your friend Mr. De Lamater, for the very kind and friendly proposal you have made to me, to come and take up my abode in your country; and I shall ever bear it in mind while "memory holds a place." I have always entertained a very high estimation of your country and its FREE institutions; and there is no country in the world that I would be more delighted to visit, and inspect its social progress and arrangements, than the Northern States of North America.

Had such a proposal been made to me twenty years ago, I should have gladly accepted it; but my days are, according to the course of nature, drawing to a close. In the course of a few weeks I shall have reached the age of eighty years—which is about the longest period allotted to man. Much as I value your kind proposal, I am induced to remain in my present locality during the remaining days that may be allotted me by the God of my life, till I am called upon to enter the confines of another world. Your friend, Mr. De Lamater, alludes to certain public announcements, as if I were in absolute want of the necessaries of life. There has been considerable exaggeration in reference to these circumstances.

It is true my income has been comparatively small, and I have derived but a small compensation for the copyrights of my works. My volumes, as they were printed—I mean the copyrights of them—were sold at comparatively low prices; and I was induced to take what the publishers chose to give me. For example: The "Christian Philosopher" was originally sold for £126; and after adding two or three hundred pages of matter, I received £50 more. About fifteen editions of this work have been published, each of which, I presume, produced at least £200 to the publisher. But I never received any further compensation, except a few pounds, although that work has produced to the publisher between £2,000 and £3,000.

I have had a good deal to do in maintaining and educating an orphan family of five grandchildren, whose father and mother died about twelve years ago, within thirteen days of each other. Notwithstanding, I cannot say that I have ever been in want, although I was under the necessity of exercising the strictest economy in regard to every item of household expenditure; and I frequently have wished to enjoy a little more of the good things of this life, both for myself and family, as well as to devote a portion to philanthropic purposes. The reports of my poverty never originated with myself, for I never made complaint on this head to the public. I believe the report originated in this way:

An English gentleman called upon me one day, about six years ago, and supposing that I lived in a somewhat splendid style, wished Mrs. Dick to send her servant with a parcel to the hotel at which he lodged; but was somewhat astonished on being informed that she had no servant; and on further inquiry it was found that we were in no condition to keep one. A little before this, I sent a memorial, subscribed by Lord Kinkean, Lord Duncan, George Duncan, Esq., M. P. for Dundee, and about a dozen other gentlemen, to the Premier, Lord John Russell, embodying a petition for a small pension, but no answer was ever returned to it. The gentleman alluded to afterwards got a copy of the memorial, and soon afterwards inserted a statement somewhat exaggerated in the "Athenæum" and some other London journals, which was copied in several other newspapers, and afterwards by the American press; I had no opportunity of modifying or counteracting the statements which appeared. These statements produced several pecuniary testimonials, particularly from your country, and more especially from Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and other places in America. In consequence of this American munificence, I am enabled to live pretty comfortably, though not in affluence. Be so good as to let your friends know the su stance of what I have never before stated to the public.

Wishing you all the happiness of life and an interest in all heavenly and spiritual blessings, I am, my dear sir, your much obliged and sincere friend.

THOMAS DICK.

Holloway's Pills a sure Remedy for Female Complaints—The invigorating and purifying properties of these invaluable Pills render them safe and even infallible; they may be taken by females of all ages who are suffering from any disorganization of the system, preventing those distressing diseases which frequently occur (from inattention) at the turn of life. It has been incontestably proved by experience that these Pills are the very best remedies ever known for the cure of those disorders to which females are liable, and when taken at certain periods, there need be no apprehension of dropsy. As a family medicine they rank pre-eminent.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, January 17, 1855.

It is not our habit to animadvert upon the course pursued by the Supreme Court, in awarding punishment for infraction of the laws. In general, it has leaned to the side of mercy, which is at all times not only the safest, but the wisest course; nor should we now, but that two sentences recently pronounced, have been considered by all with whom we have conversed, as hardly reconcilable with that even-handed justice that ought always to prevail in a British Court of Justice. And we do this the more readily, because we are convinced that there is every desire on the part of the honorable gentlemen who compose the Court, to act at all times with impartiality; and when any thing that may appear to be not in harmony with such a disposition, must be attributable to an inadvertence, which will sometimes happen, and for which we make every allowance. The sentences to which we allude, were those passed upon Dennis Reddin, Esq., and James Arnold, respectively. Never, perhaps, did two cases come before a Court of Justice more completely similar in every respect, the sole exception being, the relative standing in society of the parties in question—the one being a rich and the other a poor man. The misdemeanor was the same—interfering with an officer of Justice in the execution of his duty. In neither case was there any violence or premeditated design, and both the parties desisted, before it was necessary for the officer to have recourse to extreme measures. If there were any aggravation of the offence, in point of law, it was on the part of Mr. Reddin, whose situation, as a Justice of Peace, ought to have warned him against the danger of interfering, and effectually precluded him for pleading ignorance in extenuation. With the exception above mentioned, the cases, as the lawyers would say, went on all fours Now for the sentences: James Arnold is sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the common jail, there is no alternative; Dennis Reddin, Esq., is ordered to pay £35 Currency. Had the alternative of paying a fine, or going to prison, been offered to Arnold—and why it was not so, we cannot tell—what ought to have been the fine imposed upon Arnold, respect being had to the pecuniary means of both; Mr. Reddin cannot be in the receipt of less than £1,000 a year; Arnold earns about six shillings a day, or call it £100. If therefore, £35 was a sufficient deduction from the yearly income of the one, £3 10s. would have been the relative proportion to be deducted from the other. Mr. Reddin ought therefore, to have been sentenced to £350 fine. In fact, £3 10s. is a much more severe punishment to Arnold, than £35 to Mr. Reddin. The latter can afford to throw away that sum upon any whim that may seize upon his imagination, and never again think of it, whereas it will take the savings of several weeks to enable Arnold to pay the £3 10s. What would have been said, had the Court sentenced Mr. Reddin to four months' imprisonment? And yet, Mr. Reddin's offence was the greater of the two. At all events, the fine should have been something in relative proportion to four months' imprisonment. As it is, the one has to suffer a really severe punishment, while that of the other is—as it appears to us—merely nominal.

Few of the productions of the fine arts afford equal gratification to the greatest number than pictures. One reason that may be assigned for this is, that they speak an universal language. They are sources of pleasure and delight to all ranks and classes, of both sexes and at every age. They are held out as allurements to the child, to make his first step on the road of learning, and the taste thus acquired lasts variously modified till the eye, dimmed by age, refuses obedience to the will. The art of painting has been oftener prosecuted under difficulty, perhaps than any others. The celebrated West commenced with pigment supplied by the Indians, and a pencil made of the tail of a squirrel. Love transformed a blacksmith into a painter, whose works hold a high rank among the collections in National and Royal Galleries. We naturally feel proud of any indications of genius in those to whom we are related, whether the tie be that of nature or of country; and it is one of the especial duties—in our opinion—of a public journalist, a part of whose business is to take note of the improvements of his time, to call the public attention to the efforts made by any of the children of talent, to raise themselves and the art they profess, to distinction. Without pretending to any knowledge of the science or art of painting, and disclaiming any desire to be considered a critic in works of art, we hold ourselves entitled to point out to the mature and correct judgment of those who have made painting a study, a Picture by Mr. George Millner, as one in our opinion, formed in common with many others, upon what gratifies the eye, as deserving of attention, and we should feel obliged—and we presume that there is the same wish on the part of Mr. Millner—if those competent to judge, would favour us with their opinion on its merits or demerits Mr. Millner has had few opportunities of seeing any thing like the *chefs d'oeuvre* of the great masters, or rather any thing that he may have seen of these, must have been well-executed copies,