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The only person who noticed it out of door was a woman who was leaning against a wall.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury's party, at Hatfield House, separated on Wed-

nesday, with the yeomanry cavalry, races,

when four handsome cups were contested by the horses belonging to the non-com-

missioned officers and privates of the corps.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Chel-

mendone have left town for Haughton Hall,

the ancient family seat, in Norfolk, where

they intend to reside about a month, and then

return to Carlton House Terrace.

The Earl and Countess of Wicklow had a

large circle to dinner, on Wednesday evening,

at the family residence in Cavendish Square.

An old woman of Walton, in Derbyshire,

lather life from wounds inflicted by a vicious

cow, which gored her in passing through a field.

The cow was eventually driven away from

her victim by a number of other cows

that were in the field.

Sir George Stephen, hitherto well known

as an active solicitor, was called to the bar

this week, by the Society of Gray's Inn.

On Tuesday and on Thursday, the Queen

and Prince Albert went to Ascot races, with a

a suite of carriages containing visitors and attendants.

Numerous out-riders in scarlet

uniform formed part of the cortege.

Tuesday was the seventy-ninth anniversary

of the King of Hanover's birthday; and

royal salutes were fired from the Royal

battery near Virginia Water.

Baths and washhouses for the working class

were opened at Macclesfield last week,

with great rejoicing.

When John Barton, the jealous husband

who attempted to murder Giles Hardman,

was brought before the Mayor of Salford, he

admitted the charge against him, justified his intent, and expressed regret that it failed.—He has been committed for trial.

Linhom, a blind young man, of Yeovil, has

made a strange attempt to murder his father,

mother, sister, and brother. When the family

had gone to bed he got a trout spear with four

prongs, and with this made an indiscriminate

attack on his four relatives, savagely stabbing them; the mother suffered the most, and her

life is in peril. Linhom gave no reason for

his conduct, but said he wanted to kill his

father and brother. It would seem that he is

mad.

CANADA REBELLION LOSSES BILL.

From the London Times, June 15.

The act expressly provides that where the

damage is wanton, any person not actually

convicted of rebellion shall have a claim to

compensation. We will not enter into the

rights of this question. The Tories of Cana-

ada are rather addicted to that class of demon-

stration which in this country are confined to

the 5th of November. They like an execu-

tion a good horro. The same pyrotechnic

order which lately proved so fatal to the Par-

liament House was equally conspicuous in

1837. Some days and some weeks after the

fighting was over, when there was no longer

any danger, when there was no chance of

certain positions being occupied by the rebels,

and the rebels in fact, had disappeared, by

visiting the houses of the hostile chiefs, and

destroying them at their pleasure. They

attacked Mr. Wilkes Nelson's house, for

half a village beside, for the mere hell of

fun, enhanced, of course, with the thought

that they were indulging it at the expense of

rebs. In one unfortunate instance Sir F. G. had authorised such an act of destruction, if

nothing more represented to him that it was a

proper retribution for a like mischief done by

the other side; and though he immediately

sternly recalled the order, the schoolboys were too quick for him. The Rebellion losses

not evidently allows claims for damages of

this sort. To allow the act, then, on the con-

dition that these claims shall be excluded

would only be a disingenuous attempt to

disallow it. But what man, what tribunal,

would venture to sift the political antecedents

of every claimant for redress? Who will

say whether such or such a person whose cut-

off perished in a wanton combination, or was

denied by some undignified soldiery on

their march, had contributed a hand, or a

a word, or a dollar, to the rebellion? The

inquiry has long been pronounced impossible.

The Commission which sat when Mr. Glad-

stone was in office found it impossible. The

Secretary of a Conservative Government as-

sured it to be impossible. Common sense

will say that it is impossible. We cannot

mix executive and judicial functions. The

judicial processes subsequent to the rebellion

are over and nothing but the recorded judg-

ments survive. But Mr. Gladstone, with

many professions of peace and aspirations for

unanimity, insists upon it that the Imperial

legislature by an arbitrary rule shall re-ope-

nate the Courts, put the Judges on their seats,

and the juries, cite the prosecutors, subpoena

the witnesses, many of whom are long since

in their graves, draw up a thousand fresh

indictments, invite a hundred men learned in

the law to discuss the shades of guilt, and

the modes of complicity and pronounces con-

demning 2,176 persons alleged to have sufficed

as the delinquent, whether at any time or place

in any way they had contributed to the out-

break.

THE STATE PRISONERS.

The fate of Mr. Smith O'Brien and his as-
sociates in insurrection is at length sealed, and
the unlucky visionaries are doomed to pay
as penalty of their madness by execution

from the country, of which some of them at

least, by position, influence, and talents, might

have been honoured members, had not a

secretive ambition interposed, which, letting

an easy step to another, has sent them

into exile from their native land. To

expunge for one moment any lighter puni-

shment could be awarded to them, would be

an entire folly. Lord Clarendon had but

one desire; and of this the gentlemen

also had the management of the memorial

and have been fully convinced had they

given the subject one moment's serious re-

ception. For the minor crime of treason-

high treason, Mr. John Mitchell was taken from the

bar, put on board a steamer, hurried to Spike

Island, and thence transmitted with all pos-

ible despatch to a penal settlement, there to

suffer banishment for 14 of the best years of

his life. Now some persons will say that this

is more than the exigency of the case, or

the demands of justice required. Mr. Mit-

chell himself would not dare to impeach it;

the women, and won the retribution due to his

treason. But Mr. O'Brien's friends

desire to draw a distinction between the

leader of the United Irishmen and the lead-

er of the Ballinberry rebels, favourable of course

to the latter, who, they allege, was wholly

verse to the violent means suggested by the

former for accomplishing a mutual objec-

tive. Moreover, that Mr. O'Brien during

his authority as a leader had shown a de-

ided determination to respect the rights of

property, and avoid as much as possible the

shedding of human blood. All is perfectly

true, but it should be reflected well, also,

it must be reflected well, that the battle behind the columns

in a newspaper, while the other, more practi-

ally, sought to attain his end at the head of

a column of armed peasants, the folly of the

one and the movement being no doubt re-

sembling features, so far as he was concerned,

well as reasonable grounds for the exten-

sion of democracy.

The country is now tranquil, even to a state of lethargy. Repose is virtually perfect; old and young Ireland are obsolete terms. The leaders of the latter are gone and scattered, and the English metropolis—long may it endure!—contains within its bosom the embodiment of the former. Downright Irish agitation is therefore at an end for another generation, or at all events, until new heads and new intentions spring up to revivify it. Under such favourable circumstances, the number of shades of politics, from the deepest blue (most virulent green), look forward to a day when the maddest of the previous confinement. We are a good deal lauged at by foreigners for our roving propensity; they are never at the pains to consider the real explanation of the fact. It is because we work so hard, and so find an opportunity, we travel so fast and so far. We are but changing our occupation after all, and making a business of our amusement. An English traveller does his work as conscientiously as the most trustworthy banker. He checks off his mountains, roads, and rivers, and very carefully in communication with Mr. Murray any information he can get. His guidebook is a valuable companion to him. The "Tourist" is, in fact, a day's annual of the continent.

The season comes in every year when Englishmen are converted into nation of tourists. The high pressure, Parliamentary, professional, and commercial, occupies us throughout the holiday-making is proportionate to its idleness of the previous confinement.

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