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AND

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much influence and popularity, I was given to understand that his doings have made his more popular here than in Ireland. In point of fact, it would seem that to have got himself regarded with favour on this side the Irish Channel, is highly detrimental to the estimation in which he is held at home. Who, then, among the Irish members, I endeavoured to ascertain, were the favourites among their own countrymen? I hope you are prepared for the revelation. The real heroes are Mr. Biggar and Major O'Gorman! These are the politicians and statesmen with whom every genuine Irish heart beats in unison. These are called honest men, uncompromising, manly, independent, untruckling. So it seems that a man to be popular in Tipperary must be a lunatic at St. Stephen's This Mr. Biggar and this Major O'Gorman are a sort of half Red-Indian, half buffoon, wholly impracticable, —and utterly disqualified, by nature, to afford any assistance in the solution of political problems. The Irish are a strange people. It takes a long time to understand them, and to understand them is not, apparently, to think the more highly of them. But I think that they present their worst side to view in relation to any question of nationality; for their nationality is a gross superstition, and, as a race, they are jealous beyond the jealousy of any other family of men.

The Bank Holiday draws a sharp line across the end of the London Season. Whatever of the programme remained unfulfilled a week ago, had to be crowded and hurried up into the few days that remained before the First of August, and as the April weather in July had rendered the Season late, there was a good deal to get through in the last week in July. The liveliness of current politics added something to the spirit of the hour; and altogether, with our City festivities, our sensation scenes at St Stephen's, and our town full of company not yet tempted by the weather to depart for the sea-side and the Swiss mountains, we seemed to be in the middle of June—until the Bank Holiday came and dropped the curtain upon the stage. The Royal Academy is closed for 1875. It was opened for sixpence on Bank Holiday, and also every evening last week, and was visited by enormous crowds; and the galleries were a good deal thronged from morning to evening every day during the last week of opening. I dropped in for a "last look round" on Thursday, and found the large front court full of carriages, and the rooms thronging with visitors. It is always interesting to walk through the galleries late in the season, to see how many paintings bear the red star for "sold," and to turn over the leaves of the marked catalogue and see what prices your favourite paintings have realized. Of course some of the most famous works of the year were not there to sell; but of those sold and entered in the list the most costly is Mr. E. Armitage's "Julian, the Apostate, presiding at a conference of Sectarians," the subject of which is sufficiently explained by this brief extract from Gibbon's "Roman Empire":—"Julian, who understood and derided their theological disputes, invited to the palace the leaders of the hostile sects that he might enjoy the agreeable spectacle of their hostile encounters." This large and striking work is sold for £1,800; Mr. J. Smart's, "The gloom of Glen Ogle," sells for £1,000; E. M. Ward's, "The Orphan of the Temple," sells for £960; G. H. Boughton's, "The bearers of the burden," and J. B. Burgess's "The Barber's Prodigy," each £800; G. Bockman's "Peasantry of Esthonia (West Russia) going to market," £750; J. Docharty's, "Gaffing a Salmon," £735; and C. Hunter's, "Give away," £700. Among the sculpture, that magnificent terra cotta group by A. Bruce Joy called "Forsaken," with the motto "O Jesu, mein Heiland, was hab'ich gethan!" is sold for £1,000, and the same price is realized for J. Durham's grand study in marble, "The Siren and the Dead Leander," to which are attached Hood's beautiful lines—

> She said that love had bribed her to this deed,
> The gleaming of his eye did so bewitch her;
> Oh, bootless theft! unprofitable meed,—
> Love's treasury is sacked and she no richer.

There is one picture in the gallery which I overlooked at the opening of the exhibition in my notes of works connected with the Ipswich district. It is by Mr. W. D. Batley, a native of Ipswich, and now of 2, Dane Villas, Lebanon Gardens, Wandsworth. It is a poetically-conceived landscape with mill and ravine and trees in the soft grey twilight, and bears for title the lines—

> How calm, how beautiful comes on
> The stilly hour when storms are gone.

It is executed with much feeling and with great consistency and faithfulness to the neutral hues of particular conditions of sunlight.

LONDON NOTES.

(By our Special Correspondent).

There are half-hours when, to be in the lobby of the House of Commons, is, as it were, to be a spectator in the private laboratory of history; and there was one of these half-hours between four o'clock and five on Thursday afternoon. Not so much because of what was to be seen and heard of the peculiar event of the day—the apology of Mr. Plimsoll—as because, when an incident of a special and salient sort is to come off, an uncommon light seems for the time to be thrown upon other matters of political and historic study. Now, the aspect of British politics which I was led to watch very closely in the lobby on Thursday afternoon, was that of the Parliamentary relations of Ireland and England. It happens, as we all know, that Mr. Sullivan has been Mr. Plimsoll's bosom friend and confident in this Merchant Shipping Bill episode. How does the point affect the aspects of Irish politics? Let me give you the substance of what I saw and heard thereanent. The lobby was very full of members, and of curious spectators introduced by members, and among the latter were some half-dozen ladies, there evidently on the chance of seeing the hero of the night. The Irish members were peculiarly active, and evidently very much in their element. They had their friends, the representatives of Irish journals, there, and were running to and fro giving them every scrap of information and gossip that it was possible to gather. I found myself in the vicinity of some Irish politicians, and happened to be on comfortable speaking terms with some of them. The busiest of the Green Isle contingent was naturally Mr. Sullivan, who plainly had an important *rôle* to perform, and I noticed that by my group of Hibernian neighbours he was watched very keenly. Presently Mr. Sullivan came quickly from the inner corridor across the lobby to the members' entrance corridor, and in half a minute he returned with a lady on his arm. "Is that Mrs. Sullivan?" I inquired; for I had heard that the member for Louth County had made a somewhat romantic marriage with the daughter of an Irish gentlemen in New Orleans, and felt an interest in seeing the lady. "No," was the reply; "Mrs. Sullivan is a very beautiful woman; *that* is Mrs. Plimsoll, whom he is conducting to the Ladies' Gallery." Soon he came back, and from the same external corridor he in another moment brought in Mr. Plimsoll himself, looking as hale as a Norfolk farmer, in splendid condition, rubicund, self-contained, and, to use a slang term, "all there." Indeed he conveyed the impression of a man far better qualified to take care of Mr. Sullivan than one would think was Mr. Sullivan to control and chaperon him; for the member for Louth County is a particularly nervous, excitable looking man, while the member for Derby gives the impression of what M. Taine calls an "overfed Briton." The two men repaired to the refreshment stall in the corner, and I hope it was for the sake of a glass of water, for Mr. Sullivan is a zealous apostle of the gospel of the Permisive Bill; and then the Irish leader accompanied the member for Derby into the presence of the Speaker. I will not follow him thither. You know all that happened inside those doors. I was curious to learn something of Irish sentiment touching these doings, and touching Mr. Sullivan's position in the House of Commons generally; for I confess myself an admirer of this young Irish member, who in two short Sessions has gained more influence in the House of Commons, and done more to render Irish questions respectable, than any other man of his countrymen in recent times. He was only returned for the first time at the general election of 1874, and he began his Parliamentary career under disadvantages; for he had lain four months in Richmond Gaol, under sentence for sedition in connection with the police murder in Manchester; he was known for a thorough-going Ultramontane, and he was one of the authors of the Home Rule policy. But in this short time he has gained the ear of the House; he has been frequently complimented by the Premier for the tone and spirit in which he has performed the arduous duties of leader (in the absence of Mr. Butt) of the Home Rule section, and he has come to be generally recognised as an able, politic, courteous, and almost distinguished member of the House of Commons. So, finding myself, as I say, among Irishmen in the lobby, at a moment when the member for Louth county had rendered himself somewhat conspicuous, I sought to ascertain to what extent Mr. Sullivan's fellow-countrymen might be proud and delighted with the part which this new hero of their cause in Parliament is playing. To my astonishment—and I must add to my fresh enlightment as to the peculiarities of the Irish character, I found that Mr. Sullivan's career is not apparently regarded with favour by the typical Irishman. His association with Mr. Plimsoll's affairs seems to be viewed with jealousy. Such amiability towards an Englishman and an English hobby is not deemed becoming in an Irish member. His courtesy is described as sycophancy. His pleasant speeches are said to be "abject." He is charged with hanging on to Mr. Plimsoll by way of popularity-hunting, with this grave qualification, that he is bidding for English popularity. When I ventured to remark that he has done great things in two short sessions, and achieved