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The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

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News of the Week.

AFTER all the implied promises of the Ministry, and in spite of additional reasons for assembling the National Council, Parliament, it now appears, is *not* to meet in October next! It will be remembered that Lord Derby stands pledged to call Parliament together, and to take its opinion on his policy, before the close of the year; which allows him two months after October. He has not yet, therefore, broken his specific pledge, and the assertion that the public is "indignant" at the delay, rather caricatures the apathetic countenance of the said public, *just at present*. Nevertheless, there was an expectation, on very sufficient grounds, that the meeting of Parliament would *not* be delayed after October; and the procrastination will be regarded as another instance of the shuffling already laid at the door of the Derby Cabinet.

The Ministerial papers report that the question of the American fisheries is settled; but the public feels some doubt as to the fact, still more as to the conditions of the settlement, and cannot be at all satisfied while the national representatives are kept at a distance, and debarred from exacting explanations. The documents have been produced piecemeal, and in a very scattered manner, and the final arrangement has not yet been promulgated. Undoubtedly, there is a feeling of relief at understanding that an obstinate dispute with the American republic has been avoided; but there is some desire to know that our Government has not avoided a dispute at the expense of a humiliating attitude.

Another subject which is but beginning to attract notice, is the news from Burmah. Annexation is "looming in the future." The officers who supply the papers with intelligence from that quarter, represent the natives as importuning the invading army for protection; while the Burmese Government maintains an obstinate combat with the English, retaliating upon the English province of Assam. The interpretation of past history in India renders this prophecy of annexation very probable, and not the less so, because the arguments for its accomplishment are the prophets now pointing to it.

Another distant dependency is creating some [COUNTRY EDITION.]

disturbance, both in our political and social relations. While Van Diemen's Land is declaring that it will stop the supplies for the maintenance of the official establishments of the colony, unless the British Government will fulfil its pledge to stop the emigration of convicts:—while New South Wales is making a similar declaration prospectively, unless control over its own funds be conceded to it, the bait of the gold fields is aiding the permanent American demand for our working classes, to drain the labour market in town and country. We have already mentioned instances of this fact, and the present week supplies some further examples. While Mr. Wyndham Harding's ship, at Southampton, is carrying off a body of emigrants on Mrs. Chisholm's plan of grouping—while the parish of St. Martin's in the fields is resuming its successful movement in favour of parish emigration—the drain upon the labour market has been so severe in some parts that, in Scotland, for example, colliers have been engaged in reaping, and in Sussex, private soldiers of the Foot-guards have turned their swords into sickles. Meek professors of Orange bigotry with drawn sword and loaded pistol find themselves ignominiously disarmed and lodged in gaol by the police. This is instructive, and shows that the Stockport riots are not catching. But where is the neophyte Mr. Forbes Mackenzie, M.P.; why was not he there on the glorious 12th of August? In the metropolis there are different doings. The Reverend Mr. Oakeley invokes the protection of Mr. Walpole against the parodies of the Roman Catholic religion, performed by an itinerant lecturer named Teodor; the person who operates with Chylinski mentioned last week. Mr. Walpole can do nothing for him unless a breach of the peace should follow the disgraceful proceedings. Everybody is remarking that it would have been far different had the ceremonies of the Church of England been indecently mocked by an unbeliever. Meanwhile Roman Catholicism issues from Oscott College, a portentous document, beginning, "We the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in Provincial Synod assembled;" but the paper merely consists of an essay on education. The poor must be educated, say these gentlemen; but the education must be "up to the mark of modern demands, and yet it must be solid in faith and in piety." In fact Roman

Catholic secular knowledge must be imparted: but so efficiently that no pretence may be "tenable for sending Roman Catholic children elsewhere." Not only the poor but the middle and upper classes, must be taught apart from the mass of the people. Certain decrees and canons the document informs us have been agreed to; but until Rome has sanctioned them, they cannot be published. The closing paragraphs, with obvious allusions to Stockport and Six-mile-bridge, recommend peaceful behaviour and absolute reliance on the laws of the land, even under the severest provocation. It is a pity the letter was not less diffusely written. It is signed by three unknown English names—Secretaries of the Synod. If it be intended as a text of the comprehensiveness of the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act, why did not the archbishops and bishops affix their own names?

The Paris Fête of the Fifteenth of August was a failure. A driving wind shivered the decorations, a pelting rain deluged the fireworks. As for the general illumination, it was chiefly remarkable for being *not* general; but notoriously special and official; the citizens making their windows conspicuous for darkness. The demeanour of the National Guard, purged by prison, exile, and exclusion, of its hostile elements, was rather reserved than respectful; certainly not sympathetic to the Saviour of the existing order. The populace, *blasé* and indifferent, gaped and gazed, and lounged about, and then went home sick to death of pasteboard mountains and gingerbread Napoleons, and *lampions* as destitute of light as France of liberty. Trade rejoices at the influx of strangers, and forgets the cost of the attractions, and so *brags* prostrate, apathetic, indifferent; befooled, is content to drift to dissolution, a gaudy slave, a spectacle to gods and men.

While the Archaeological Association, under Presidency of the Duke of Newcastle, is surveying the Midland Counties to revive the perception of their ancient aspects,—while fine and penalty are striving to check the overcrowding of steam vessels on the river,—our railway system is struggling out of anarchical hostilities fatal to shareholders, and disastrous to the public, towards a totally new principle of government—a general "amalgamation." It is true that the Great Western Railway Company has, for the moment, declined the

specific proposal made to it by the North-Western; but both of those rival incorporations show the liveliest desire to become one. The fact attests the general disposition to supersede the old principle of competition; but thus far the project does not proceed upon the sure basis of Association, since it does not take the interest of the consumer into the alliance. We believe, however, that that would follow; for the most intelligent of railway administrators know full well, that the prosperity of their trade depends, competitive victory altogether apart, upon the largest revenue which they can draw from the public; and they are finding out that, in the long run, that largest revenue is only to be obtained by consulting the interests of the public. Death to the public is also death to dividends.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Queen held a Privy Council at Osborne on Wednesday, which was attended by Prince Albert, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Derby, the Right Honourable Spencer Walpole, the Earl of Malmesbury, Sir John Pakington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Right Honourable J. C. Herries, and the Marquis of Exeter. A prorogation of Parliament to the 21st of October was ordered, and the following paragraph appears in a supplement to the *London Gazette* of the 17th instant:—

At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, the 18th day of August, 1852, present the Queen's most excellent Majesty in Council: It is this day ordered by her Majesty in Council, that the Right Hon. the Lord High Chancellor of that part of the United Kingdom called Great Britain do issue writs for proroguing the Parliament, which was appointed to meet on Friday, the 20th day of August instant, to Thursday, the 21st day of October next; and also for proroguing the Convocations of the provinces of Canterbury and York, from Saturday the 21st day of August instant, to Friday, the 22nd day of October next.

AMERICAN NEWS.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

Two steamers have arrived at Liverpool since our last, the *America* and the *Arctic*, bringing papers up to the 4th and 7th of August.

Public excitement on the fishery question was subsiding, and the papers spoke of the subject with sense and moderation. Nevertheless the *Mississippi* set sail from New York on the 31st, under Commodore Perry, for the fishing grounds; and two frigates were being rapidly fitted up.

In the senate, on the 2nd, a message was received from the President, in answer to Mr. Mason's resolution calling for information respecting the fisheries, transmitting a report of the Acting Secretary of State, and stating that Commander Perry, with the steam frigate *Mississippi*, had been despatched there to protect American rights. Mr. Cass moved its reference to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The greater part of the correspondence accompanying the message has been printed heretofore, as it embraces all that has taken place on the subject since 1823, a large part of which was sent to the senate in February, 1845. The following letter is, however, interesting:—

MR. CRAMPTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Washington, July 5.

SIR,—I have been directed by her Majesty's Government to bring to the knowledge of the Government of the United States a measure which has been adopted by her Majesty's Government to prevent a repetition of the complaints which have so frequently been made of the encroachment of vessels belonging to citizens of the United States and of France upon the fishing grounds reserved by the convention of 1818. Urgent representations having been addressed to her Majesty's Government by the Governments of the North American provinces in regard to these encroachments, whereby the colonial fisheries are most seriously prejudiced, directions have been given by the Lords of her Majesty's Admiralty for stationing off New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, such a force of small sailing vessels and steamers as shall be deemed sufficient to prevent the infraction of the treaty. It is the command of the Queen that the officers employed should be specially enjoined to avoid all interference with vessels of all friendly Powers, except where they are violating the treaty, and upon all occasions to avoid giving grounds of complaint by harsh or unnecessary proceedings where circumstances compel their arrest or seizure.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to you the assurance of my high consideration.

"JNO. F. CRAMPTON."

Acting Secretary Hunter, under date of July 6, acknowledged the receipt of this note.

Mr. Cass addressed the senate for more than an hour in examination of the treaty of 1818, and in reading

from the instructions and correspondence of the commissioners who negotiated that treaty, as well as the correspondence between the British Commissioner and Minister upon the subject, showing that the British construction was wholly untenable. He contended that the American construction was the proper one. He alluded to the importance of the interests engaged in the fisheries, and strenuously urged that they should be protected by all the power of the United States, if necessary. He regarded the movement of Great Britain as most extraordinary. Mr. Davis said, his opinion, expressed some time since, that there was no cause for alarm, and that no war would grow out of this matter, was still unchanged. Still he considered there was much in it of an irritating and vexatious character. He had listened to the senator from Michigan with much pleasure. Incidentally connected with the matter was the question of reciprocity. He now protested against any settlement of the reciprocity question by treaty. He would never yield that question to be determined by negotiation. He did not believe Congress would consent to yield the control of the revenues of the country to the treaty-making power. It would never do to limit by treaty the revenues of the nation. To do so would be an encroachment upon the fundamental principles of the constitution. He considered this movement on the part of Great Britain as intended as a stroke of policy which might result as a dangerous one, and the colonies might perhaps find out that the object they had in view was not to be advanced by it. He pronounced the construction passed on the treaty by Great Britain as altogether erroneous. He did not think a war would grow out of this. He did not think Great Britain wanted a war, but if she did she could have it. He would never surrender any right to her. Mr. Hamlin followed in a critical examination of the treaty, and of the correspondence at the time of its negotiation. He maintained that the American interpretation of the treaty of 1818 was correct, and that it was sustained by all the authorities. He considered that the conduct of Great Britain could not be submitted to without disgrace and dishonour. He had not concluded when the subject was postponed.

The correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, writing from Washington, under date August 5, says:—

Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton have effected a truce in respect to the fishery war. Mr. Crampton would, as I am advised from an authentic source, have himself suspended the orders and withdrawn the naval force, if he had possessed the power. But he has written to the Government and urged the adoption of that measure. He has, in the meantime, requested Admiral Seymour to remain inactive, as he probably will do, until an answer be received by Mr. Crampton. The Colonial authorities seem, however, disposed to keep up the war, and they make no secret of the fact that their object is to force the adoption by the United States Government of the reciprocity measure. Lord Elgin has recently, in a conversation with a high functionary, denied that reciprocity was at all in view, when the orders were given. They were given, he says, in conformity with the urgent petitions of the colonial authorities—petitions continued, but neglected by the Government, for six or seven years. From other sources, we are advised that the British Government had no reference to the promotion of the reciprocity measure, in their action, whatever might have been the intentions of the colonial Government. But it is hardly necessary to discuss the question whether reciprocity will or will not be insisted upon as the condition on which the United States can enjoy the right of fishing, as heretofore; for very few here are disposed to tolerate any proposition looking towards reciprocity, under present circumstances—whether by legislation or by treaty. It is a matter of uncertainty what course the Derby Ministry, which is now firmly seated in power, will take as to the fishery question. They may condescend to suffer the matter to be further investigated. They may be content with an arrangement which will carry into effect the terms of the Convention of 1818, according to the cotemporary understanding and exposition of it, by those who made it. In that case there will, of course, be no difficulty. But if for this she demand any equivalent—even reciprocity with Canada—it will not be granted as an equivalent. After all this storm shall blow over, and the free-trade principle shall be better understood and established in this country, it is very probable that some system of mutually beneficial reciprocity will be adopted.

As it is confidently stated on this side the Atlantic that the question is settled, it is interesting to notice that Commodore Perry, writing from Eastport, Maine, on the 2nd of August, says, "I have been collecting information respecting the fisheries. Everything indicates a favourable issue." Thus the cloud seems dissipating, and war is at present averted, thanks to the good sense of both peoples.

TROUBLES IN CUBA.

SUCH is the heading of a paragraph in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of the 27th of July:—

"There are indications of a renewal of trouble in Cuba; but this time it promises to be from within and not from without. It is stated that an extensive conspiracy, embracing not only many of the inhabitants,

but even of the officials, is in existence, with the purpose of throwing off the Spanish yoke, and erecting Cuba into an independent government. The *New York Courier and Inquirer* has received the first copy of a revolutionary journal published in Cuba, by a secret junta, at the risk of their lives. The paper will be published as regularly as the circumstances will permit. The second number was in press when the *Courier's* informant left Havana. It is circulated from hand to hand, secretly among all classes of people, and so important did the Government consider the movement, that a reward of 20,000 dollars has been offered for the discovery of the printing office, and an additional reward for the seizure of impressions. Thirty thousand copies of the first number were struck off, and the *Courier* has made arrangements to receive the succeeding numbers, and present their contents to its readers. The following is a translation of the first number of this sheet:—

"THE VOICE OF THE CUBAN PEOPLE.

"ORGAN OF INDEPENDENCE.

"Year 1852.] *Island of Cuba, June 13.*

[No. 1.

"TO OUR READERS.

"This paper has for its object, to represent the true opinion of the Creole Cubans—to propagate the noble feeling of Liberty that every wise people ought to be possessed of. In it they will see the light of all the political doings of the Spanish Government, which that Government seeks to hide—all the acts of injustice, despotism, and tyranny which are committed against our compatriots, without partiality. It shall be published twice a month, if circumstances will permit, and we are able to surmount the innumerable sacrifices we are obliged to undergo for its publication. Without doubt, as often as it is possible it will be published, without fear of death, or the penalties to which are condemned, in our unhappy country, the friends of the propagation of Liberty. We fear nothing. If we are discovered by any infamous betrayer, we shall die! but it will be after having rendered important service to the holy cause of the freedom of Cuba. We only beg of our friends and compatriots to circulate industriously all numbers which shall fall into their hands, for the expenses and dangers which we are obliged to encounter, keep us from printing as many numbers as we wish."

"The *Courier* translates two articles from the paper, which are of the boldest revolutionary character, and represent Cuba as ripe for revolt against the tyrannous government of Spain. He must be a bold man indeed, who, under the present state of things in Cuba, would mix himself up with such a desperate enterprise, where discovery before insurrection must be attended with inevitable death.

"That the elements of a desperate outbreak is at work among the Cubans we have little doubt. They are an oppressed and tax-burthened people, and wait but for opportunity to throw off the yoke. This opportunity they did not see in the proffered aid of Lopez and his filibusters. Probably the distrusted Lopez, whose character was execrable among them, and who was known as an unprincipled gambler and desperado; or perhaps they thought their salvation must issue from among themselves. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." We shall not be surprised at any time to hear of an outbreak."

WAR IN BURMAH.

WE printed the laconic despatches of the electric telegraph, relating to India news on Saturday; fuller information has since arrived. The Burmese attacked Martaban on the 26th of May, about six o'clock in the morning, with a thousand men. Our pickets and a reconnoitring party were driven in; the enemy came within musket shot, and were received by a heavy fire of grape, which broke their advance. They then established themselves on a hill near the town and set up a flag; but round-shot made it too hot for them, and they beat a retreat.

The capture of Pegu was effected at the instance of the Peguese themselves who were groaning under Burmese oppressions. Our troops, assisted by the natives, drove out the Burmese at a smart run, and having delivered the Peguese retired.

But perhaps the most important news is the cry for annexation gradually growing more loud. The "Rangoon expeditionary force" is to be converted into the "Army of Burmah." The following letter from an officer at Rangoon is pretty strongly expressed:—

"There is one universal feeling throughout the camp, that the Governor-General cannot escape annexation. He is 'the victim of circumstances.' The facts are these:—We storm and take Rangoon, and ere the white smoke of our musketry has curled away, the inhabitants who had deserted it, driven out by our shells and by the burning of their homes, return to find shelter within the range of our guns. Within two months of this writing, 20,000 to 30,000 persons have flocked in and rebuilt the ruins of Rangoon! The river banks are lined with boats for four or five miles along, containing men, women, and children, who feel themselves most secure when in sight of a steamer! Some designing person spread the report that the English were going to leave the country; the poor creatures prepared at once to decamp or to follow us out to sea if they could. The expedition that went to a village

20 miles off a month ago had their scaling-ladders carried to the attack by volunteers from the very place against which the force was going. The steamers that went to Bassein saw the inhabitants on the banks waving their hands up the river, and signalling 'good speed' to the expedition against that place. The troops who have fought against us and have come in, laid down their arms and owned that they only fought while their families were in hostage for their bravery, and on their release they came to join the English cause. The very last expedition against Pegu, which has not returned yet, was sent at the earnest entreaty of its inhabitants to save them from the cruelty of the Burman Government. The commander of the *Proserpine*, now threading her way up to Prome on a survey of the river, reports that he finds the villagers on the banks, even so far up, afford him every assistance. They are ready with supplies, and the inhabitants are stacking fuel for the steamers they are expecting to advance upon Pome with all our troops on board. The head men of the villages and districts, 50 and 60 miles off Rangoon, have come in and begged for protection against their own Government. The cultivators entreat us to say the word, 'will the English protect them if they sow their fields this season?' The Kareem Christians are watching us with the greatest interest,—they have prayed for the English to come and take their country and give them liberty,—and is this an answer at last to their prayers? Curious enough, too, the very courtiers round the King have whispered now, in their cups, to ears now here, 'we shall be glad if the English would take the country, we are sick of this tyranny, where life, fame, property, and families are not worth five minutes' purchase.'"

The object of annexation, independently of commerce and general policy, is stated to be the protection of the inhabitants, who have taken sides with us against the Burmese, and to place the King of Ava in a position rendering future wars impossible.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XXXIV.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, August 17, 1852.

THE *fête* of the 15th August was not favoured by the weather. Raw gusts of wind, varied by pelting showers, prevailed from morning till night, and made havoc even of the illuminations. Only the fireworks were successful. So much for all the enormous waste of money and of imagination expended by the Government. The official journals had trumpeted this *fête* as one unrivalled in times past and to come. The *blasé* public was utterly disappointed. The intention of the President was to excite the enthusiasm of the working population of Paris, of which he might boast before foreign powers, and so persuade the Emperor of Russia to waive the veto to his assumption of the Imperial Crown. He was anxious to show that he had become popular with the working classes, and that they were ready to place the crown on his head; and that with such a guarantee there would be no future apprehension of a revolution in the streets of Paris. But the failure was complete. Not a cry was raised in his honour, not a head was uncovered to salute him; not a single burst of applause rewarded the vast efforts to dazzle the populace by the magnificence of the spectacle. The people remained cold, and showed no kind of enthusiasm. I will give you one or two details of the *fête*.

At half-past nine in the morning a *Te Deum* was chanted at the Madeleine. Bonaparte was present with his official *cortège*. At the doors of the church all the veterans of the Empire, in their historical uniforms, were grouped. They (and they only) received the President with shouts of *Vive Napoleon*. Not a lady was at the windows in the *Rue de la Concorde*. After the ceremony Bonaparte mounted a horse, richly caparisoned with gold and velvet, and accompanied by his aides-de-camp, the Generals Canrobert, Roguet, De Cotte, Vaudrey, and Colonels Bévillie, Fleury, &c., he proceeded through the Place de la Concorde to the Champs Elysées, where the National Guard of Paris and of the *banlieue* awaited him. This review of the National Guard had been a subject of long and anxious discussion at the Elysée. The officers of various companies had been sent for; and many had said that they could not answer for the spirit of the men, and that a great number were disposed to cry *Vive la République*. These dispositions alarmed the Government, and the following plan was adopted. Only a certain number of each company were convoked; and these were selected, if not for their devotedness, at least for their indifference; those who were suspected of strong opinions received no summons, and were obliged to remain at home. The National Guard, then, in the ordinary sense, was not convoked at all; but only *certain national guards*. But this was not the sole precaution taken. All the battalions coming from suspected quarters were carefully isolated from one another, and dispersed among the regiments of the *banlieue*, composed for the most part of the gross and ignorant peasantry of the suburbs, the most ignorant and dull of the population throughout the whole of France. Besides, instead of having the Parisian battalions

drawn up along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the most "suspect" were stationed *outside of Paris*, in the *Avenue de Neuilly*. The President (with his staff) contented himself with passing down in front of the lines of the first battalions only, at a gallop, from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond-point of the Champs Elysées. He would not venture beyond that point, though the battalions reached as far as the Pont de Neuilly. From the Rond-point he returned to the Place de la Concorde, to the Obelisk, and the *défilé* immediately began. Round him were ranged the municipal horse-guards and the lancers. Each battalion as it passed before Bonaparte found itself so encompassed by the cavalry, that it could not budge. At the slightest seditious cry, the municipal guards and the lancers could have charged the offenders in flank. Every battalion defiled in succession before Bonaparte, and received from his hands the new standards. Only some battalions of the *banlieue* shouted *Vive Napoleon*; the rest maintained absolute silence. After the *défilé*, the standard bearers returned to the Elysée to carry back the Eagles. Some cried, *Vive l'Empereur*, as they entered the court-yard of the palace. As long as they were in the streets, and before the eyes of the population, they dared not utter a cry; but as soon as they were protected by the walls of the Elysée, they gave full vent to their enthusiasm. After the review the crowd dispersed through the various quarters of Paris.

Open-air theatres had been erected in the Champs Elysées, at the Barrière du Trône, and on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. In these theatres military pantomimes were performed, as is customary in all the great public *fêtes*.

Sham fights, storming towns, bombardments, firing of cannon and musketry, whizz, bang, crash, fire, smoke, fracas, Bedouins captured, Frenchmen victorious. Such is the regular bill of fare of all these spectacles: such is the programme beloved by *gamins* and nursemaids. The official imagination has not yet devised anything new in these entertainments.

On this occasion, however, the Parisian population was treated to one very novel spectacle, the representation of a sea-fight. The new naval school frigate, *La Ville de Paris*, manned by sailors, brought at a great expense from Brest and Cherbourg, was cannonaded by two steamers, manned by *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, and, as a climax, was boarded and captured by assault. Immense preparations had been made for the illumination in the Champs Elysées. On either side of the avenue there were festoons of coloured lamps, with "N." and eagles as a device. In the avenue itself fountains, decorated with flowers and variegated lamps. The Arc de l'Etoile, illuminated with gas, was to have formed the background of that magnificent decoration. But the weather spoilt it all. No illumination was possible. The garlands were swept away, the "N's" and the eagles torn to shreds. The wind blew the gas-lights, and left everything in total darkness, or nearly so. The cost of the illuminations for the Champs Elysées alone was 400,000 francs. The fireworks only had a partial success. As I had informed you in a former letter was to be the case, the Passage of the St. Bernard by the Grand Army was represented. There was a very fine effect of snow falling in the midst of a shower of fire, and covering the whole mountain. Then the French army was seen clambering up the Mont St. Bernard with their guns and wagons. The Hospital of the Monastery was seen in the distance in the midst of the snow and the flames. At the crest of the mountain, Napoleon, dressed in the historical *redingote*, stood out in relief against the sky, rising above the arch of the world.

After the fireworks, the crowd moved away to the Champs Elysées and to the Boulevards to see the illuminations, or, at least, what the wind had spared. Only the public buildings had been illuminated. As to private houses, an invitation had been addressed to them by the Ministry of Police, which in no single instance was obeyed; not one private house had a *lampion*. Surely an evidence of the esteem in which the existing Government is held!

Last Saturday the bedroom of the President at the Elysée caught fire. It was soon got under; not, however, before it had destroyed a great number of private papers and documents, and among the rest his accounts of expenditure. This circumstance occasioned a very general remark, that it was really an intelligent fire, a veritable *feu d'esprit*, since it relieved the President from the unpleasant duty of giving an account of his expenditure. In the bedroom was found an imperial cloak and crown, which were hardly preserved from the flames, with a diamond necklace that once belonged to Queen Hortense.

The official press had made a great fuss beforehand about the numerous pardons that were to be granted on the occasion of this *fête*. All this was for the sole

purpose of putting the people in good humour. The *Moniteur* has been dumb, publishing no list of the pardoned. It is said, however, that 800 prisoners have obtained mercy. But what the official journals take good care to suppress is the fact, that the pardons are almost all for criminal, not for political offences. Of the political category there are, it is said, only 50 out of 800; Madame Pauline Roland of the number. A note appeared in the *Moniteur*, stating that there would be no general political amnesty, but that the President would reserve the faculty of granting pardons, after due examination of each case, to those who might ask it of him. It is to be hoped that none will be base enough to sue for pardon, and so this generosity will be wasted for want of exercise.

M. Thiers has performed an act of courage which should be remembered to his honour: he has rejected as an insult the favour which the munificence of Bonaparte had deigned to vouchsafe him, and has refused to return to France. "I will return to France," he is reported to have exclaimed, "with all the rest of my fellow-citizens proscribed on the 2nd December, or I will never return at all."* An infamous bargain of the same kind was proposed to Victor Hugo: he was to be allowed to return to France on condition of suppressing his book, *Napoleon le Petit*. Victor Hugo nobly repulsed this shameful offer, and by way of reply hastened the publication of his work. He was, as I have told you, driven out of Belgium, and is now seeking refuge at Jersey. Since his arrival in that island, Bonaparte (we hear) has addressed a note to the British Government, complaining of the refuge accorded by England to the enemies of the French Government, on an island only twenty miles from the French shore. The English Government is said to have replied that the right of asylum at Jersey was an old privilege consecrated by time; and that it was neither in their power nor their intention to infringe that right. Bonaparte, implacable against Victor Hugo, had resolved to pursue him from one end of the world to another. You may learn from this resentment the ravages his book is committing in France, where its *clandestine* circulation is universal.

Incensed at these continual refusals to accept of his clemency, the President has adopted a new system:—to cause it to be believed that the proscribed are constantly soliciting pardon. The Belgian and English journals have published the names of a number of ex-representatives of the people and other refugees, said to have applied for leave to return to France. Louis Blanc, among others, has been the subject of these calumnious inventions, which, I need not add, those honourable citizens have repudiated with the contempt they deserved.

The elections for the general and municipal councils, annulled for want of votes, have been proceeded with a second time. The simple majority only is required at a second poll, not as at the first, a quarter of the votes on the register. The electors stood aloof as before, except in a certain number of localities, where, rather than suffer the Government candidate to pass, they went in and carried the man of the Opposition. Notably, at *Strasbourg* and at *Nancy*.

These results were displeasing enough to the President, who it is said has a coolness with Persigny in consequence. There are two parties at the Elysée—the Persigny party, and the Fould party: the former is bent on ruling by force, resting on the army, and the army only: the latter proposes a more liberal system to conciliate the middle and commercial classes, and to rest for support on the great *material interests*, as Louis Philippe did for eighteen years. It is supposed that this latter party will carry the day.

Meantime Bonaparte is fortifying himself in Paris to an extraordinary degree. He is constructing at the back of the Hotel de Ville an immense barrack, quite a second Bastille for its strength and its importance. This vast building is at least 100 metres long (about 350 feet). The foundations are completed, and the building is already rising above the ground. The square will be very large, and capable of containing 5000 men; the guns of the barrack will command the new Rue Rivoli, and the great Rue St. Antoine, and will be able to sweep an enormous distance. These precautionary measures indicate clearly enough that Bonaparte relies more upon his guns than upon the affection of the people of Paris.

It has been reported more than once that Persigny is deranged. He had gone to Dieppe for sea-

* This is in direct contradiction to a paragraph of the semi-official *Pays*, translated in the correspondence of our daily contemporaries, which represents M. Thiers as eagerly embracing the leave to return to France, and full of gratitude to his benefactor. He was reported to be packing up in joyful haste, and expected to arrive "in the Rue St. Georges" on Thursday (last) from Vevey, Switzerland, where he had settled down for the summer residence of an "illustrious exile."—ED. of *Leader*.

bathing before the fêtes: a telegraphic order recalled him to Paris for the 15th. Sane or insane, he certainly manages his little affairs very comfortably. He has lately purchased, at the price of 600,000 francs (24,000*l.*), the fine estate of St. Vincent, near Roanne (Loire) which belonged to the Duc de Cadore. Everybody asks how a man who walked almost shoeless in the street six years ago, can have economized 600,000 francs, his salary as minister being only 80,000 francs. This affair has given rise to so much scandal, that the *Moniteur* is obliged flatly to contradict the purchase—which is not the less a fact.

On the occasion of the 15th of August, we have had a perfect avalanche of decorations, and of promotions in the Legion of Honour. It is calculated that during the last three years, as many crosses have been bestowed as by the Napoleon and Louis Philippe in twenty-eight years. All the official world of lacqueys and functionaries, all from whom any little service is expected, receive the decoration. That *saltimbanque* journalist, La Guéronnière, is one of the latest recipients of the honour!

The *Moniteur* announces that the President's visit to the southern departments will take place, but that it is deferred till September 15. One of the causes of its postponement is the rupture of commercial negotiations with Belgium. Bonaparte cannot present himself at Bordeaux without a treaty of commerce in his hand, granting a favourable entry into Belgium of French wines. The negotiations recently broken off were resumed on Friday last. A number of reasons have been asserted for the rupture of the negotiations. Bonaparte, some say, wanted to exercise a certain pressure on Belgium, and demanded of King Leopold an engagement to present a new law on the press to the Chambers in the ensuing session: a demand which the king had nobly repulsed. Others say that Leopold has entered into the system of the new Holy Alliance, which proposes to establish a species of continental blockade.* However this may be, the old commercial treaty expired on the 10th inst., and was not renewed. Bonaparte, who was once so dry and menacing in his manner and language, and who was the first to break off the negotiations, has now, with a very softened tone, ordered them to be immediately renewed.

The ball given by the market-women (*dames de la halle*) to Bonaparte, could not take place on Sunday last, and was adjourned till to-day. These ladies have invited the butchers' wives, the *cafétières*, and the women cooks of Paris, and it is in the midst of such a novel world that Bonaparte is invited to dance to-night. A fête was to be given to him at the Palais Royal, but the sorry welcome given by the shopkeepers in the Palais to the subscription, renders the ball impossible. Only a very few subscribed, the immense majority refused to sign the list. So great is the enthusiasm of the nation for Louis Bonaparte!

The warnings to the journals are unceasing. They fall in an incessant shower; an official epidemic. The evil has become so deep-rooted, the Prefects have encountered such a storm of ridicule, that a Ministerial circular has been addressed to them, enjoining them for the future not to "warn" a journal until after due reference to the central government. The Prefect of *La Dordogne* having given a warning which affected M. Paul Dupont, a deputy of that department who has lately been decorated, the latter made a direct complaint to the Elysée, and the Prefect is to be dismissed. It is to be hoped that these warnings will become less frequent. The movement of imperialist petitions has slackened of late: it is not so considerable as was pretended. The veto of the Emperor of Russia is a troublesome difficulty for the Government, which less openly supports the movement, and leaves it entirely to the zeal of the local authorities. Only the petitions of the two departments of *La Charente* and *La Meuse* are cited as examples. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The President did not attend the grand ball of the Halles on Tuesday night. His absence gave rise to a variety of rumours. Some said that a plot had been discovered by the police, which rendered it unsafe for him to trust his person to a mixed crowd; and that several arrests had been made. Another rumour imputed the story of the plot to the arrest of the working carpenters employed in preparing the temporary *Salle*, who struck for higher wages the night before the ball.

The fête at St. Cloud was excessively brilliant and crowded. Some idea may be formed of the thronged state of the rooms by the fact of the file of carriages reaching

* We incline to believe that neither the one nor the other of these ingenious rumours is exact. Literary copyright has, perhaps, more to do with the difficulties of the negotiation, than any political question. France rightly insists on the suppression of that organized piracy which, it may be feared, Belgium is too well disposed to protect, and by which the literature of the one country is shamelessly robbed, while the other is rendered impotent to produce any literature at all.—*Ed. of Leader.*

beyond the bridge of Suresnes. It was observed that neither the Prince de Canino nor Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, was present. Marshal Jerome was absent from the fêtes of the 15th. He was on that day at Nantes, where he engrossed a large amount of Napoleonic enthusiasm to himself, attended a St. Napoleon mass, received the civil and military authorities, and accepted a banquet given in his honour.

General D'Ornano, who has just been named Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, was born at Ajaccio in the year 1784. He descends from a Corsican family which has already given two marshals to France, under Henri IV. and Louis XIII. He entered the army at the age of 16, and made his first campaign at Marengo. He was afterwards aide-de-camp to General Leclerc in the expedition to St. Domingo. After the battle of Jena he was named colonel of the 25th Regiment of Dragoons, at the head of which he made the campaigns of Switzerland and Poland in 1806 and 1807. After the peace of Tilsit he served under Marshal Ney in Spain and Portugal, and was made general of brigade after the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. He followed the Emperor into Russia in 1812, and was promoted to the rank of general of division on the eve of the battle of La Moskowa, where he was at the head of the cavalry. In 1814 he commanded the army which covered Paris. General D'Ornano reckons forty-eight years of service and twenty campaigns. He was named grand officer of the Legion of Honour in 1834, and grand cross in 1850.

The accounts of inundations from the late heavy rains in the south of France are again numerous and distressing. The Rhone has been constantly rising. The Isère and Drome have also risen considerably. The latter, being well enclosed with dykes, has caused no damage; but the Isère has inundated large tracts of country. The torrents of rain that have fallen in the vicinity of Strasburg have also swelled the Rhine, so that all the lower portions of the banlieue of that city are under water.

General Bedeau has written to the *Indépendance* of Brussels, to state that there is no truth in the report which has been current that he is about to take orders in the Church.

M. Paul Meurice, sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for an article in the old *Evénement*, was liberated on Monday from the Conciergerie, his term of imprisonment having expired.

General Changarnier has taken up his abode at Malines. The Duchess of Orleans is at Geneva.

The 15th of August was celebrated in Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfurt, by solemn ceremonies in Catholic churches, at the instance of the French ambassadors, and by grand diplomatic dinners. The invitations were placed to the account of the fête of the President, there being some delicacy in celebrating the fête of the Napoleon in the Prussian and Austrian capitals.

The States-General of Switzerland, confirming the decision of the National Council, voted on the 9th the rejection of the Posieux petition by 29 votes against 9. Both legislative councils of the confederation having now rejected the impeachment of the Fribourg Government by the Jesuit party, there remains no appeal or legal resource for the latter, who must choose between suffering a liberal Government and incurring the risks of another Sonderbund civil war.

The latest accounts state that the negotiations between Belgium and France have led to a preliminary convention.

A provisional convention, which maintains the municipal regulations of the former treaty, and likewise comprehends the suppression of Belgian reprints and several other new dispositions, has received the assent of the Belgian Government, and will come into immediate operation; so that there is no apprehension either of a lengthened interruption of the existing relations, and still less of a tariff war.

The reception of the Emperor of Austria at Presburg, on the 13th, fully equalled, we are told, the expectations of the people. His Majesty rode into the town accompanied by the Archduke Albert, and followed only by a band of mounted Cawaten (Sclavonic peasantry), in number about 800, whose wild equipments caused a good deal of diversion. As a matter of form, the Vienna corporation sent a deputation to Presburg, to obtain the Imperial sanction for the fêtes of the 15th. The address contained expressions of the utmost devotion entertained by the citizens of Vienna for the person of the monarch. The homage was of course graciously accepted, and Vienna was forthwith to be "turned inside out" for the triumphant welcome of the beloved Franz Joseph.

The Hamburg artisan Rusezack, whom the Austrians seized in his own state, and carried off by force to Vienna, has learned his fate from the military governor of Vienna. He was first tried by court martial, and was sentenced to die by the hands of the hangman. The military government of the city has commuted the sentence to eighteen years' fortress imprisonment. It is expected that the senate of Hamburg will renew its entreaties on behalf of the kidnapped prisoner, in which case some slight mitigation of the punishment may be conceded.

An Austrian imperial decree of the 31st July formally abolishes the institution of the National Guard, and in its stead there is to be a "Reserve." After having served the eight years appointed by law, every soldier, sailor, gendarme, policeman—the military borderers excepted—will belong to the reserve for two years. The duties of the reserve will be, "in case of war, or under extraordinary circumstances, to enter into active service, which active service will cease with the unusual circumstance."

The Austrian Government has taken a new and important step in Italy. Letters of the 9th instant, from Parma, announce that the resolution has been taken at Vienna to deprive the Duke of Parma of the administration of his States, and to put in a regency, of which Ward is to be the head. This Ward is a Yorkshireman: and was once a groom.

On the night of the 7th inst., several thousands of workmen from Turin and other places, preceded by flags and a

band of music, deposited in the vault of the royal tombs of the house of Saxony, at Superga, a tablet, containing the following inscription:—"To Charles Albert, who, opening to his people a new life, wished to render free all Italy. Thousands of workmen have consecrated this marble symbol of an eternal gratitude. Aug. 8, 1852."

The *Official Gazette of Savoy* of the 16th states from Florence, that the authorities of that city have caused the Hippodrome to be closed on account of an anti-Bonapartist demonstration made by one of the equestrian performers.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Pau in the night of 6th, which lasted several seconds.

THE FUNERAL OF MAZZINI'S MOTHER.

THERE is still life in Italy. The obsequies which the people of Genoa have celebrated in honour of Mazzini's mother, who died on the 6th of August, show that the sentiment of the noble and the kindly still glows in the Italian breast. Even those who dissent from the political views of Mazzini are compelled to acknowledge his clear intellect, his pure and elevated imagination, his impassioned sincerity, his fearless and persevering character. He is the apostle of a political creed, and all his sentiments and all his actions correspond with that elevated character. To be capable of admiring and loving such a man is for a people to be capable of freedom. The relations which existed between Mazzini and his mother were beautiful and touching. From the time of his boyhood he had only seen her once—at Milan in 1848. But their love had not waxed cool in consequence of their separation. Week by week they corresponded without fail for a period of twenty-two years. This filial devotion knit Mazzini to the Italian heart by a purely human and domestic tie, and it shed over the mother a reflex of her son's glory. She was even in her lifetime inscribed in the calendar of patriot saints for Italy. The solemnities of her funeral, characterized by the fervid feelings of Italy, show what a hold mother and son had (and have) upon the Italian mind, and how the contagious influence of their countrymen's love and veneration has caught hold of even the colder children of the north. A correspondent of the *Daily News* furnishes the following letter:—

GENOA, August 12.

Yesterday morning the funeral service of the mother of Mazzini took place in the church of the Carmine. The Signora Nina, although ill, and scarcely able to stand, insisted on placing herself at the head of the ladies, amongst whom were Fanny Balbi di Negro and Maria Quartara Passone. The Signora Carolina Cesia could not, unfortunately, be of the number, as the incessant filial cares which she rendered to the deceased had brought on an attack of fever, which confined her to her bed.

The church was crowded, in spite of the numerous disguised spies. A more sublime and moving scene than the accompaniment of the corpse to the Cemetery Staglieno, Genoa has never been witnessed. It may be said that the entire city was there. In the morning all the English and American, with some Dutch, Swedish, and Danish vessels in the harbour hoisted their flags half-mast high, and lowered their pennants in the form of a cross, in sign of mourning. At six in the evening the cortege started from the Church of the Carmine, followed by all the emigration, all the associations of working men of Genoa, St. Pier D'Arene, and the suburbs. Every class took part. All the naval captains of Genoa and the Riviera were present, thirty or more being from the Gulph and Lerici; and the immense body of sailors, with the associations of the boatmen of the port.

Many Genoese and foreign ladies, besides those above named, except the Signora Nina, who could not bear the trial of her strength, and was forced to withdraw, carried the funeral palls, and surrounded the coffin, upon which were deposited numberless wreaths, woven by them, and presented by the association, tri-coloured banners, and ribbons and flowers without end. English and American, the Swedish, Dutch, and Danish captains were present in deep mourning, each in their turn seeking the honour of bearing the coffin, which was alike claimed by the working men, the emigration, and those of all classes who were present. The civic bands led the procession, playing religious music. The procession numbered at least 15,000, walking in two columns of four a-breast. The entire population lined the streets, and the most perfect order reigned amid manifestations of the sincerest grief. When the cortege reached Staglieno, the night was far advanced; and the whole valley of the Bisagno was illuminated on every side. There was not a peasant's hut or a nobleman's palace without a light in every window, illuminating the cortege on its darksome way.

(From the *Italia e Popolo*.)

GENOA, August 12.

Yesterday evening the funeral of the mother of Joseph Mazzini took place. We cannot describe in words the impression that the sight of the compact mass of citizens, as spectators or as forming part of the cortege, made upon us. We will only say, that so numerous a body of citizens never before assembled around a coffin, and that no funeral procession was ever conducted with such order and dignity. We well know that there exists in the hearts of the people a deep feeling of gratitude and sincere affection for the men who have fought and suffered in its cause; still more that the name of Joseph Mazzini is sacred as that of the exile whom the whole of the reactionary party has calumniated, and every policy has marked out for unworthy persecution; but we were not prepared for such an overwhelming testimony of the veneration in which he is held as was afforded by this immense concourse of people. From five o'clock p.m. the Strada Nuova was animated by

an unusual number of people; at six precisely the procession set out from the Piazza del Carmine, and proceeded through a dense crowd down the Strada Nuova, Carlo Felice, Piazza S. Domenico, Strada Guitia.

There were present representatives of the Ligurian Association of naval commanders, and six American naval captains stood round the bier, the pall was upheld by ladies and women of the people. The coffin was entirely covered with garlands of cypress, myrtle, and immortelles, mingled with tricoloured flowers and ribbons, some brought by the ladies, some presented by the various associations. Nearly the whole of the emigration was present, uniting with the citizens in mourning for the mother of an Italian, himself an exile for upwards of twenty years.

The evening was far advanced, and the darkness only faintly broken by the light of the waxen tapers, contrasting with the melancholy shadows of the Campo Santo.

The body was accompanied by many naval commanders with their equipages, and all the American and English vessels, and one Danish ship in the port of Genoa, hoisted their flags half-mast high in sign of mourning and respect.

All present, and most of all the working classes, vied with each other in rendering the solemn cortege as imposing as possible. If the heart of our exiled and illustrious fellow-citizen, who has ever loved his mother with such heroic affection and filial devotion, can receive comfort under this heavy blow—if any consolation can temper the bitterness of this terrible misfortune—it will be the knowledge of the extreme sympathy and reverence shown by the Genoese people around the bier of his mother.

The procession was headed by the band of the National Guard, which deserves great praise for the judicious selection of the music. After them came the companies of working men belonging to all the associations of Genoa and St. Pier d'Arena, each society distinguished by particular orders and symbols, and among them were seen many French workmen.

ROBERT OWEN'S ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF OLDHAM.

MR. OWEN has proposed himself as a candidate for the suffrages of the Oldham constituency, in an address dated Seven Oaks, the 2nd of August, wherein he enumerates various grounds upon which he claims their support. Prominent among these are his labours in the improvement of the condition both of the children and workpeople in the cotton mills, and of the mills themselves; his invention and introduction of rational infant schools, and his introduction of the first fine cotton spinning by machinery; and he claims to be "one of the first and most efficient advocates for employing and educating the people, by properly placing them, instead of keeping them in ignorance and forcing them to be idle, and thus making them to become vicious and miserable paupers." And he declares that if they will elect him "without expense and the trouble of canvassing," he will endeavour to advocate the "all-important and everlasting truths" of his system "in Parliament in such a manner as shall convince all the members of the House of Commons, and shall bring them over to my views; and by convincing the members of that House, a solid foundation will be laid for making these great truths known to, and received by, the population of the world." And he winds up with the following paragraph:—"It is true that I am old; but I am not yet past good and substantial public service. If, however, you have a younger candidate that can effect more for the good of the people,—elect him by all means."

EMIGRATION DOINGS.

EMIGRATION is still one of the most striking facts of the day. A public meeting for the purpose "of forming a great national working man's co-operative emigration society, on sound and philanthropic principles," was held on Monday night at the National Hall, Holborn. The chair was taken by Mr. B. B. Cabell, M.P., and letters from Mr. Donald Nicoll, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, and Sir James Duke, apologizing for not attending at the meeting, were read.

The prospectus of the proposed society, which was read by Mr. Walter, the secretary, stated that the object was to raise a "first series of capital of 50,000*l.*, in shares of 1*l.* each," each of which shares would entitle the holder to a free passage to Australia in due succession, to be decided by immediate ballot. Two thousand free passages were to be provided at once, and, according to the calculation of the projectors, one in twenty-five of the shareholders might depart immediately for Australia, without further expense. A resolution was carried pledging the meeting to give the society their best support and co-operation, when the meeting took a very strange and unaccountable turn. Mr. Harris, who is stated to be the agent of an emigrant's registration office, affirmed that, on the principle laid down in the prospectus, it would take fifty years to send out the whole 50,000 subscribers. He went on to expose some apparent inconsistencies in the prospectus, and pronounced the affair to be a gross deception. He then described the advantages of an Employer's and Emigrant's Registration Office with which he was connected, and concluded by proposing as an

amendment, that, in the opinion of the meeting, the plan of Mr. Walter was totally unworthy of their support. This was carried by a large majority with great applause, and the meeting separated.

The *Blackwall* sailed from Gravesend on Monday for Port Philip, conveying thirty-three women who are sent out by means of the Female Emigration Fund. This is the twenty-sixth party which has been sent out by means of this organization. They appeared to have been taken from various classes of society, and seemed generally of a superior and more intelligent character than those who went out with the earlier parties.

The rate which has been voted by the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for the purpose of sending out paupers will raise the sum of 1000*l.* Tenders for the outfit have already been sent in and decided upon. The applicants for a passage have been submitted to a medical examination, and fifty-two have been reported as healthy in body, and of moral and exemplary character.

GRIEVANCES OF BALLAST-HEAVERS.

THE *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday brings forward a complaint against the system of public-house agency under which the London ballast-heavers are employed. For the last three years great efforts have been made to obtain an act for their relief similar to that passed respecting the coal-whippers. Indeed, at one time the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, the late President of the Board of Trade, pledged himself most distinctly to a deputation of the ballast-heavers that he would bring in a bill for the establishment of a public office, from whence the men might be employed, and thereby enjoy the right of devoting their earnings to their own benefit, instead of having them absorbed, as they are at present, by the publicans, their employers. This intention was never carried out, through the resignation of the Whig Government. A bill to remedy this evil was brought in by Mr. George Thompson, the late Member for the Tower Hamlets, but for some cause the matter was allowed to drop. It is stated that the condition of the poor men is now worse than ever. A committee sit weekly for the purpose of keeping public attention directed to the matter.

THE STOCKPORT RIOTS.

THE trial of the rioters commenced last week, at Chester, before Mr. Justice Crompton. Seven out of the ten Irish prisoners appeared; the rest forfeited their bail. The evidence was much the same as that produced before the magistrates. All of them were found guilty of rioting; Murphy of maliciously wounding, and Naughton of assault.

The English prisoners were next tried. An *alibi* was proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, in regard to most of them, and testimony was given of the good character of some of them. The jury acquitted Slater, Edwards, Preston, Thomas Walker, Birch, Williamson, and William Walker; and found Pell, Buttery, and Gleave, guilty. Testimonials given of the good characters of Gleave and Pell.

Mr. Justice Crompton, in passing sentence upon the prisoners, said that he hoped their guilty comrades would not escape, and that he had no doubt that further investigations would take place. Gleave, he said, had been concerned in all the outrages; he had been seen stirring the fire in front of Mr. Frith's house, and coming out of the vestry of the chapel. A short time after, he was seen breaking into the houses of the Roman Catholics in another part of the town. His sentence was two years' imprisonment with hard labour. George Pell, who was seen demolishing the chapel, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour; George Buttery received the same sentence.

The judge then pronounced sentence upon the Irish prisoners. Thomas Murphy, who had committed a brutal outrage upon an unoffending man, which, if carried a little further, might have caused his death, was sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour for fifteen months. Feeney, who was seen acting as ring-leader, was to be imprisoned for ten months with hard labour. Patrick Naughton was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour; Thomas Garvey and Patrick O'Hara to four months; Roger McDermott to three months; and Michael McDermott to two months.

Matthew Mulligan was then tried for the murder of Michael Moran. The evidence given was, in general, the same as that published before in the account of the magistrates' investigation. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter. He was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.

SIX MILE BRIDGE: VERDICT.

THE jury returned their verdict on Wednesday. The jury having come into court, the foreman announced that twelve of the jurors had agreed to a particular finding, and they resolved to have the verdict drawn up in a legal form.

The Coroner then read the finding, as follows:—

"We are satisfied that John C. Delmege, J.P., John Gleeson (first), James Postings, William Barnes, John Thompson, John Dwyer, James Sharpe, Thomas Clarke, and John Carter, soldiers of the 31st Regiment, are guilty of the wilful murder of Jeremiah Frawley."

Five jurors dissented from the verdict. Their names are—John Holmes, R. B. Walton, William Mahon, William Morris, and Patrick Mahon.

Mr. William Mahon stated, that although they had not agreed to the above verdict, they did not acquit the soldiers of all criminality, and that they would all have agreed to a verdict of manslaughter by soldiers whose persons were not identified. The five dissentient jurors also acquitted Mr. J. C. Delmege of having either fired himself or given any orders to fire.

The jury were then requested to again retire and consider their verdict as to the cause of death in the other cases,—namely, Michael Connellan, Michael Colman, Thomas Ryan, James Casey, and James Flaherty.

Mr. Graydon then applied to have the eight soldiers admitted to bail. In consequence of the extraordinary and incredible verdict which had been given in, against even the opinion intimated in the coroner's charge, it would be necessary to make such an application immediately to the Queen's Bench; but he apprehended that it was in the discretion of the coroner to allow bail to be given for them, and he submitted that it was a case in which the coroner should exercise, in favour of those men, the jurisdiction which he (Mr. Graydon) would show by legal authority that he possessed. Another ground on which he pressed his application was, that the jury had not been regularly impanelled, no precept having been issued to the sub-inspector of police to summon a jury, except in the case of Frawley.

The coroner said it should be remembered that the five dissentient jurors had stated that they would have brought in a verdict of manslaughter, in which case, if it were civilians he was dealing with, he should have no hesitation in issuing a warrant. He could make no distinction between a red coat and a dark one, but was there to do his duty fairly, but firmly, to all parties.

Mr. Graydon pressed the application, but the coroner decided upon refusing it.

The jury having returned similar verdicts in the other cases, the requisition was engrossed in due form. The coroner then issued his warrant for the arrest of the persons implicated in the verdict, and it was entrusted for execution to Sub-Inspector Donovan and a party of constabulary, by whom the eight soldiers were conducted to Ennis gaol. Mr. Delmege was not present in the court.

ORANGE PROCESSIONS.

AN Orange procession was announced to take place in Liverpool on the 12th instant, in commemoration of the battle of Aughrim. The magistrates issued a notice prohibiting the procession, and a body of police were drawn up at the starting place to suppress it. A procession set out from one place, two of the men carrying naked swords, and others having small sticks, with the Bible and crown on the points. The superintendent of police called upon them to disperse, and the Orangemen retired. The police soon after met two other processions, and the men refusing to disperse, fourteen of them were taken into custody. Several of these were found to have loaded pistols in their possession, one man saying, "They were weapons he meant to use." It does not seem that any resistance was offered to the police. Mr. Mansfield committed all the prisoners for trial. They were admitted to bail on their own recognizances of forty shillings each, finding each two sureties of twenty shillings.

AN ANTI-CLOTHES PHILOSOPHER.

SOCIETY is but a step-mother to her wayward children. This has lately been illustrated in the case of a gentleman, who has for some years lived in the village of Titmus-green, in the parish of Wymondley, in Hertfordshire, named Mr. James Lucas. He has passed a very secluded life, living on a small independency. His clothing consists of a blanket or horse-cloth wrapped around his figure; his hair and beard are exempt from shears or razor. It is said that a short time ago, he was in the habit of following the harriers on foot, his feet being bare, and often sorely torn and wounded. His relatives a few years ago endeavoured to prove him insane, but a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* resulted in a declaration of his soundness of mind. He keeps a banking account at Hitchin and displays great prudence in the management of it.

He exercises great benevolence towards his poor neighbours in general, but the Irish find particular favour with him. The ignorant peasantry have hence come to regard him, not only as a Roman Catholic, but as one suffering penance for some grievous crime. For some years past a system of annoyance and persecution

against this harmless being has testified to the Protestant fidelity of the enlightened inhabitants of Wyndley. A year ago a mob broke all his windows, and such performances have been repeated from time to time, in spite of the efforts of the police. But during the first week in this month the popular superstition was alarmingly excited. A poor Irishwoman applied to Mr. Lucas for shelter, and being lodged in the stable where a bed was made up for her, she gave birth to a still-born child. A report was forthwith spread that this woman had been neglected and ill-treated, and her child had died in consequence. On Monday, the 2nd of August, four men came to Mr. Lucas and asked for some beer, after which they demanded gin. On being refused they became abusive, and at last began to break the windows, in which sport they were joined by many others. The rioters continued to pelt the house for some time, one stone striking Perry, an Irish servant of Mr. Lucas, and breaking two of his teeth. They declared that they would break the house down and pull Mr. Lucas out. Perry fired at them with blank charges, but this was ineffectual. At last he put some small shot into his blunderbuss and sent this amongst the mob, after which they retired.

The chairman of the magistrates after severely commenting on the conduct of the rioters, fined them 20s. each, and sentenced them in default to a month's imprisonment. At the same time, he felt it necessary to caution Perry against using such weapons as pistols and blunderbusses. They were always dangerous weapons, but especially in the hands of an Irishman.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

WE have been furnished with a report of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. The fifteenth annual meeting of that association was held at Skipton, on the second of last June. The object of this union seems to be generally to promote co-operation amongst mechanics' institutes, and especially to afford facilities to the associated bodies for obtaining the services of lecturers of eminence.

The report shows some increase both in the number of institutes in the union, and in the number of members comprised in the whole. The association now contains 123 institutes, numbering in all above 19,000 members. The annual incomes of these institutes amount together to between 8000*l.* and 9000*l.* Their libraries contain above 95,000 volumes, and during the past year they have had above 388,000 books in circulation. Mr. T. J. Pearsall, the agent and lecturer of the union, who is paid mainly by contributions, independently of the subscriptions of the members, delivered fifty-six lectures during the last year, to the associated institutes. The committee of the union have in their possession a hundred and four manuscript lectures for circulation among the institutes. The report contains a list of lectures, with the terms on which they may be engaged, and also of gentlemen who are prepared to lecture gratuitously. The committee of the union recommend the formation of popular singing classes in connexion with the various institutes. The advantages of savings' banks for small sums, are also set forth. In connexion with one institute, a penny savings' bank has produced many good results; others have provided garden allotments for their members, greatly to their satisfaction.

The committee in their report point out the fact, that our present laws do not invest such associations as these with efficient powers, either for the regulation of their affairs, or the management and protection of their property. It is observed, that a trust deed would involve peculiar difficulties in regard to books and movable property. In accordance with this suggestion, a resolution was passed at the meeting of the union, recommending the mechanics' institutes throughout the kingdom to unite in an application to Parliament for an act to remedy these evils. A petition was also recommended, praying that copies of parliamentary reports and other documents, or such of them as might seem desirable, might be afforded to institutions of this kind, free of expense.

WHAT IS AN OUTLAW?

ONE of this formidable class of gentlemen has addressed the following amusing letter to the Editor of the *Times* :—

"SIR,—I have just escaped from a dreadful calamity—the more terrible because so excessively mysterious. I hardly know how to write the words; but, Sir, for the last five months I have been 'an outlaw.'"

"How I became so I scarcely know, except that in endeavouring to assist a friend I burnt my fingers, and went to a lawyer to have them cooled. This, after several payments at ruinous interests, resulted in a certain series of processes, the climax of which was something that, as I was told, bore the portentous title of 'Execution!'"

"The many friends who sympathized with me on such an occasion, and kindly gave me the benefit of their expe-

rience, advised me to what is technically called, 'Keep out of the way.' But as I had no objection to pay, provided my respectful creditor would wait the arrival of my funds from abroad, and as, if he would not, I was quite willing to spend the intervening period between his impatience and my capability in that *Ultima Thule* of the law's revenge, 'a prison,' I continued to frequent all places of public resort, pay visits, and attend my club as usual.

"I wore a charmed life.' My lawyer-creditor was rampantly objective to delay, but perseveringly reluctant to 'lock me up.' So far, so good; I thought him singular, but considerate, and reckoned that, as the lawyer had made all the costs he could, the 'friend' might be coming into operation. Vain delusion! I took up the *Globe* one evening at my club, and found myself declared an outlaw.

"An outlaw! What could it mean? You must know, Sir, that I am a foreigner, though thirty years resident in this country; and here was I, who had never injured any one, who never once in those thirty years committed a breach of the peace, who never entered in my life a magistrate's office, publicly pronounced and placarded in the newspapers an outlaw! Worse than all, I could get no information about my condition as such. To all my inquiries as to what it was to be an outlaw no man could give me an exact reply. Every one agreed that it was something very dreadful. Some said I could be shot down by any one, like a dog in August under a Lord Mayor's proclamation, by a policeman. Another hinted that it was something between Robin Hood and a ward in Chancery. Some laughed, and recommended the immediate purchase of 'russet boots,' and a forester's costume, with bow and arrows, a polished quiver, and horn and belt, and finally a grave old friend of mine, an old gentleman of great experience, ruefully shook his head as he piteously communicated to me, with tears in his eyes, the melancholy tidings that I could no longer sue anybody, or bring an action in the courts of law; and, worse than all, that I could not be made a party to a suit in your Chancery.

"Well, then, I was an outlaw, and so I continued for five months; yet I never left my residence; I ate, drank, and slept the same, received my change from cabmen, paid my bills, visited repeatedly my solicitors, and even indulged in the occasional contribution of a letter to the editor on political questions, giving my name and address; nor did I suffer other inconveniences during the whole period than the occasional jest of a friend, or the monstrous *digito* of here and there some *quidnunc* clubbist, who seemed to regard me as a savage running wild in the midst of civilization.

"Nevertheless, it gave me oftentimes an uncomfortable twinge to know that I was something that I ought not to be, though no one could tell me what that was, and to feel just the same as other people. One fine morning, however, the spell was broken by the rude presence of an officer and his myrmidons, who summoned me from my breakfast-table to a 'lock-up-house,' with its beds at 6s. a-night, and other charges in proportion.

"Here, when the day of settlement and liberation at last arrived, the mystery was solved. The proceeding to 'outlawry,' though producing no possible effect, enabled my lawyer friend to add another large sum to his costs, by a process which, however excessively annoying to his victim friend, added no additional security to that originally obtained by him—namely, the 'execution,' at enormous costs, which, with those of the outlawry, added exactly one-fourth more to the original amount of my 'friend's' acceptance.

"I don't pretend to understand your laws, Sir,—that task has long ago been given up by men of all countries, even your own; yet, after all, as I am a foreigner, and have paid so dearly for it, I should feel deeply grateful to any of your readers, whether legalists or amateurs, who shall inform me what is the 'meaning, cause, and effect,' of being first made and then unmade

"London, Aug. 14."

"AN OUTLAW."

EXPRESS TRAINS.

THE coroner's inquest to inquire into the circumstances of the accident at Standon-bridge, on the London and North-Western Railway, which took place on the 5th of this month, was held a few days ago. The express train from Liverpool was, on that occasion, unusually heavy, and was twenty minutes behind its time on arriving at Crewe. As is usual in such cases, an additional engine was attached to the train to help it up the incline, and was detached on arriving at the top. It is usual for the extra engine then to run on to Whitmore, which is two miles and a half distance, and there to shunt on to the down line, while the train passes. In this case, the down line was occupied by a train of cattle wagons, when the engine arrived at Whitmore, and although there was a siding into which the engine might have run, yet in the hurry of the moment, the express train being close upon his heels, the driver decided to go on two miles further, where there was a crossing by which he might shunt. It seems that, either through his irresolution, or from some other cause, he was not sufficiently in advance of the train. The place at which he pulled up was in a cutting where the line makes a sharp curve, and the train ran upon him while he was in the act of shunting. The driver of the express train was killed instantly. The most important witness, Price, the stoker of the express train, having suffered a fracture of the left arm and of the left thigh, was unable to attend upon the coroner, so that his examination took place in the place where he was lying. His evidence did not throw much fresh

light upon the matter. He thought that the extra engine was not far enough ahead of the train, at Whitmore, to shunt. The poor man was unable to continue his evidence. On the jury returning to their room, the coroner referred to Captain Laffan, who was present, whether it would not be desirable that the company should lay down some positive rules for the guidance of drivers in an emergency similar to that which had led to this accident?

Captain Laffan said it was certainly most desirable, when an engine detached from another with a view of shunting at the next station, that there should be a positive regulation for the engine-driver behind either to stop at the station in question, or to approach it very cautiously indeed, so as to allow ample time for the other to shunt. It appeared to be almost impossible for an engine to leave a train going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and to shunt and get out of the way in the space of two or three miles, unless the engine behind slackened speed. There had been an understanding upon this subject which had been practically acted upon for years.

The Rev. E. T. Codd (foreman of the jury): An understanding, but no direct rule?

Captain Laffan: An understanding which had been invariably acted upon for six years.

Coroner: Do you not think it a very dangerous experiment to cross with an engine at a spot where there is a curve on the line, and no signal or pointsman on duty?

Captain Laffan: Yes; this should be prevented. The crossing and siding where the accident occurred were not at that time properly protected. Since then signals have been put up. These had been ordered, I understand, months before, and the putting them up was only delayed in consequence of the number of other points that had to be protected in a similar manner. The company have been putting them up as rapidly as possible, and, I believe, now nearly all the necessary points are protected. The pointsman who had charge of the Standon coal-yard crossing was not a servant of the company, but of a private individual, to whom that siding belonged. It would, undoubtedly, be better that that man should in future be a servant of the company.

The Rev. E. T. Codd submitted that a rule regulating the speed of express trains under the circumstances of the accident would be desirable for the safety of the public.

Captain Laffan had never known a rule limiting speed in the least available, because it was difficult for a driver to know whether he was going 40 or 50 miles an hour, and if he were tied down to a particular speed, he would declare that he was going at that speed, although he might in fact be going at a much higher velocity.

The Rev. E. T. Codd then suggested that it would probably be better to insist on both engines going on to Stafford.

Captain Laffan said that would be a safe rule, but whether a better and a simpler one might not be devised was a question for experience. The assistance of the pilot engine from Crewe was only generally required as far as Whitmore. Perhaps the best rule would be one that should provide for a safe shunting at the latter station. In fact, there were several ways in which accident might be provided against. An auxiliary signal would do it, but that might give rise to inconvenience sometimes, by stopping the express when it was not required. Another plan would be, to stop the express at Whitmore; and a third mode would be, as you suggest, to send both engines on to Stafford.

In answer to a question as to the relative speed of the two engines in such a case,

Captain Laffan said that when a pilot engine was detached from an express train, the driver of the latter ought, undoubtedly, to keep his engine so in command as to be able to pull up at a very short notice. There would then be very little risk in the matter; but if the express followed the pilot at full speed, it would, unquestionably, be a most dangerous practice.

The Coroner thanked Captain Laffan for the information he had afforded the jury; and after a short consultation with the jury, adjourned the proceedings for a month.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

THE Royal Yacht Squadron, as the parent institution of the kingdom, has ever maintained a pre-eminent position and importance over the other more recent, but flourishing branches, and the opening of the present regatta gives an earnest that, notwithstanding the closeness of one event upon another, it will prove as brilliant a meeting as on any former occasion. The beautiful waters of the Solent are now thickly dotted with the mimic fleet, and the display of their distinguishing colours, with the dressing of many of them in their holiday bunting, gives an animation to the scene which, coupled with the beauty of the surrounding country, it would be difficult to equal in any other part of England.

Among the fleet of yachts now present here are—the *Xarifa*, the Earl of Wilton (Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron); the *Capricorn*, Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, M.P. (Vice-Commodore); the *Alarm*, Mr. Joseph Weld; the *Bacchante*, Mr. B. Jones; the *Pearl*, the Marquis of Anglesey; the *Wizard*, Mr. William De-lafield; the *Ione*, Mr. Almon Hill; the *Elizabeth*, the Hon. Augustus Moreton; the *Nymph*, Sir John Bayley-Bart.; the *Stella*, Mr. Richard Franklin; the *Amazon*, Sir John Welsh, Bart.; the *Sea Serpent*, Lord C. Paget; the *Osprey*, Sir J. Petre; the *Constance*, the Marquis of Conyngham; the *Gauntlet*, Mr. William Pearett; the *Laurel*, Captain O. H. Williams, R.N.; the *Tur-*

quoise, Mr. G. H. Coote; the Gipsy Queen, Sir H. Bold Hoghton, Bart.; the Susan, the Earl of Hardwicke; the Aurora, Mr. Le Marchant Thomas; the Arrow, Mr. T. Chamberlayne (Vice-Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club); the Camilla, Mr. J. E. W. Rolls; the Spider, Mr. F. P. P. Delme Radcliffe; the Cygnet, Mr. Hadworth Lambton; the Claymore, Mr. Archibald Campbell (winner of the great prize at St. Petersburg); the Mosquito, Lord Lonsborough; the Dolphin, Mr. William Smith; the Nautilus, Mr. George Bates; the Plover, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Brown; the Ripple, Mr. Douglas Dickenson; the Freak, Mr. William Curling; the Fancy, the Rev. R. T. Hartopp; the Leda, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith; the Beatrice, Sir W. P. Carew, Bart.; the Frisk, Mr. George Arkwright; the Pandora, Captain R. Smith Barry; the Osprey, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Hugy; the Maritana, Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.; the Sybil, Mr. J. J. Rufford; the Lotus, the Marquis of Bath; besides many other yachts, the names of which we could not learn.

The sailing committee consisted of Mr. W. Ponsonby and Mr. Richard Franklyn.

The amusements opened on Tuesday with the race for her Majesty's Cup, of 100 guineas, for cutters of 75, and not more than 105 tons, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, for which the following vessels were entered:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Flag.
Aurora.	47	Mr. Le Marchant Thomas	White, red star.
Lavrock	72	Captain Williams	Red.
Arrow.	102	Mr. T. Chamberlayne	Blue flag, white arrow.

The Queen's Cup Course—viz., from a cutter moored off Cowes Castle, round the Nab Light, returning thence to Cowes, and proceeding to a vessel moored off Yarmouth, and back to Cowes Castle, where the race would conclude. A time race on a new scale. The Arrow, from her late performances at Ryde, was decidedly the favourite.

The morning was pleasant, with a light breeze from the S.E., which occasionally freshened in the course of the day, but never blew strong. The course was what is called the Original Queen's Cup Course—namely, from a vessel moored off Cowes Castle to the Nab Light, and thence to a vessel stationed off Yarmouth, and back to Cowes. The course is about 70 miles. The yachts started well at 10 a.m., but from the first the Arrow took a decided lead. It was said that her station was more favourably situated for the tide, and thus she gained a good start; but at any rate she did shoot ahead and maintained her position throughout the day, passing both the Nab and the station-vessel at Cowes nearly an hour before her competitors, and reaching the final goal at Cowes at 4.12 p.m.

Thus the Arrow retains the laurels which she unexpectedly won from the America. In one respect the Aurora and the Arrow are under similar circumstances, for both have been lengthened, and their bows altered more than once. The Arrow's bow was last altered, we understand, under the direction of Mr. Chamberlayne, her proprietor, and greatly has she been thereby improved. Those who recollect the Arrow thirty years ago may be surprised at her present proud position; but, nevertheless, it is pleasant to see an old friend so distinguished.

The want of interest in a race which was languid from the disparity of the yachts engaged, which no circumstances of weather enabled seamanship or skill to alter, was relieved by the appearance of her Majesty's squadron, on its return from Antwerp, which passed through Spithead shortly after noon. The Victoria and Albert returned to her accustomed waters as she left them, preceded by her little pilot-fish the Vivid, and followed by the Fairy. The men-of-war steamers were left considerably in the rear by the Royal yacht, but all reached Cowes-roads in the course of the afternoon.

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

In a recent number (August 7) we briefly glanced at the proposed creation of an institution under this title, in an address of its originator to the friends of Co-operation and of Industrial Reform generally. We now proceed to give a somewhat more detailed notice of this scheme, by abstracting the introductory remarks in which M. Lechevalier enforces the expediency of an effort to collect, concentrate, and rationally distribute the orders of consumers as a means of *crediting* labour and of increasing demand. It is easy to perceive the possible intimate connexion of such an idea with the interests as well of the co-operative stores and working men's associations now spontaneously springing up all over the country, as of the existing competitive trades, and of the labour market in general. Active endeavours are being made to organize the Institution, and meetings will be held for its discussion and furtherance at a more convenient season. The following

considerations embody the "main idea of the Institution:—

Three general facts, carrying with them the most important consequences, may be fairly asserted.

1. That the *desideratum* for labour and industry, with their present powers of production, lies in finding the means of causing an adequate increase of the power of consumption, by affording every inducement and facility to consumers.

2. That the greatest *obstacle* to such an increase of consumption lies, on the side of consumers, in the want of needful and adequate information regarding the articles which might suit them best; in the uncertainty of commercial transactions with respect to the purity, quality, price, and delivery of articles, the choice of merchants, the expense and loss of time incurred in the search for and examination of goods; and, finally, in the want of a proper and safe channel to send their orders, and, when the consumer is distant from the producer, to secure the right execution of his demands.

3. That the excessive number of establishments, arising from disorderly competition, is adding, every day, more and more to the difficulty either of meeting the *desideratum* or counteracting the *obstacle* previously mentioned; the effect of irrational distribution being fictitiously to raise the prices, through undue and unjustifiable application of time, capital, labour, and skill, and on account of the great risks incurred by tradesmen; or to encourage the spurious practices of adulteration, now prevailing in almost every branch of commerce.

As regards the first statement, a demonstration of its truth, as wonderful as unexpected, has been afforded by the Great Exhibition of 1851; such as no power of scientific deduction, no artifice of human language, could have conveyed to the public mind.

The almost constant excess of supply over demand in the markets of the world for every article shows, at the same time, that even the effective power of production, actually set in activity by labour, is far above the existing power of purchasing.

As regards the second statement, the personal experience of any head of a family, of any housewife, or even of any man of business, whenever they are in want of such articles as are not included in the limited circle of their direct knowledge, always bought at so heavy cost, will testify how true and correct it is. Finding out the proper place to make a purchase, amidst the shower of advertisements, hand-bills, puffing reports, and through the chaotic mass of shops, warehouses, bazaars, marts, and emporiums, is almost like working to get out from a labyrinth; and selecting the proper article in a given place, or transmitting an order and having it properly executed, becomes a very hard, troublesome, and hazardous task, accompanied with great loss of time; whilst paying the right price for it is not a frequent case.

As regards the third statement, the practical endeavours hitherto made to counteract adulteration, or to keep competition in the right path, as regards the double interest of producers and consumers, by the wholesome and righteous process of provident efforts, instead of the tardy and costly practical wisdom resulting from the blind and mischievous process of repeated experimental failures, have proved inefficient, have too much impeded and hindered the realization of the desired object, and have been rather obnoxious to existing establishments.

The growth of co-operative stores, although satisfactory, and in itself most desirable, is slow, and has remained hitherto limited to the working classes; the establishment of family stores by the higher and middle classes has not yet been begun, and will always be checked by the want of stimulus among people who can easily do without a little more comfort, and would not try to obtain it at the cost of more trouble and self-exertions. Meanwhile, both co-operative stores of working men and family stores have for their first result the displacement of the existing trade, without affording to it any compensation for the loss.

Another effort is now at hand—namely, the concentration of trades, by joint stock companies, or by the spontaneous spread of the principle of association among the tradesmen and merchants themselves.

This movement is also very desirable in itself, and would be promoted, rather than hindered, by any effort of the consumers to concentrate their demands, and to act through a common centre. To help and assist honest tradesmen, desperately struggling against unscrupulous competition, is naturally comprised among the objects of a well-combined industrial reform, and will be carefully attended to by the founders of the hereinafter described institution.

In addition to the co-operative stores, and to the spontaneous concentration of the trades, the above-stated facts and considerations have consequently suggested the expediency of a new institution (still wanting amidst the varied and manifold developments of association in England), having for its objects the increase of consumption, and the direction thereof through a proper channel, together with an especial care of the consumer's interests. This institution, whose fundamental principles will be hereafter explained, is to be called

THE BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND; CONSUMERS' PROTECTIVE INSTITUTION.

That consumers need protection is a fact abundantly certified by the enormous amount of frauds in weight, quality, and price of articles, now prevailing in trade. But a rational centralization of consumption is, at the same time, the best means of serving the interests of labour.

The great obstacle to such a concentration of orders will be found, no doubt, in the adoption by the consumers of that new mode of dealing with the trades, which will have to be carried out, in order to meet the objects of *The Board of Supply and Demand*. But the necessity of taking some trouble to that effect is to be impressed upon the mind of the rich, as a duty towards the poor; and upon the mind of the poor, as the only way of reserving to rightly managed establishments the market of their own labour.

A great concentration of orders will become, in the hands of the Board, a powerful means for developing industry and commerce in the right way, and for aiding co-operative associations of capitalists and working men, when properly constituted and properly managed.

Hitherto the working of credit, as afforded by capital to labour, has been quite incomplete. The mere lending of money to the producer is rather burdening him, as long as a market is not secured for the goods and articles produced by means of borrowed capital.

Supplying money to labour is only *one side* of credit. The *other side* (and, we should say, the most efficient one) will be afforded by a proper organization of demand.

The Board of Supply and Demand will distribute credit among the various trade establishments and workshops. It will exercise control and supervision over them, that it may insure the greatest perfection in the quality of articles and workmanship.

Instead, then, of the customers having to deal with the various trades, of which they know nothing, and of whose works and goods they are no judges, they will be able to deal with a single office, to which they can safely entrust and refer all their orders.

It is well understood, as a matter of course, that the customers, even after having become subscribers and clients of *THE BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND*, shall remain at liberty to forward their orders, at their own convenience, to the various existing establishments, and even to those recommended by the Board; but the Board, in such case, will be free from all responsibility.

COFFEE AND CHICORY.

The following opinion from Dr. Ure has been obtained by persons interested in the coffee trade, with a view to its circulation among the retail dealers previously to the new excise regulation coming into force. It will be recollected that it was maintained by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer that there was no reliable method of detecting the adulteration of coffee with chicory. The error of this statement was demonstrated by the *Lancet*, but it has been thought advisable to take further steps to make a simple process generally known:—

"No problem in science is simpler or more certain than the detection of chicory, or of similar substances, in coffee powder. Ground roasted coffee imparts to cold water merely a pale sherry colour, whereas when it is adulterated with ground roasted chicory it communicates a brown colour, of greater or less intensity, to cold water. If three glass tubes, set upright, be charged respectively with a few grains weight of—1, pure coffee; 2, of pure coffee mixed with a little chicory; 3, of coffee mixed with much chicory, and into each of these tubes a like quantity of cold water be poured, and if after agitation the tubes be set upright at rest, the solid particles will soon fall to the bottom, and the transparent liquid in the stems of the tubes will show, by the variable depths of the tinctures, the presence and proportion of coffee and chicory in each of them. An apparatus for making this experiment may be had for 1s. and would give test results of sufficient precision."

ARAB WRECKERS.

ARABS, in the character of sea thieves, are not uncommon portents in the Indian Ocean. The *Bengal Hurkaru* reports the loss of the *Centaur*, commanded by Captain Salmon, and bound for Calcutta, having indigo on board. The following extract from Captain Salmon's narrative of the incident will be read with interest:—

"May 14.—About 00 30 A.M. (civil time), the gunner reported broken water ahead and on larboard bow. I ran on deck, and ordered the helm to be put hard a-port. The vessel paid off, but not quickly enough, and struck. No land to be seen, but the broken water was close to. Water under the stern, 3 fathoms; under main chains 2½; forward, 2½ fathoms. Furling all sails, lowered the quarter-boats, and ran out a stream anchor and hawser to S.E.; vessel striking, but not very hard; the bottom I found was sand. Hove taut on the hawser, but finding that the vessel did not move, I commenced to heave rice overboard from forehold, to lighten the vessel forward, she being free abaft. About 3 or half-past I saw the black broken cliffs of a cape to the N.E., and knew then that we were about two miles to the southward of Ras-el-Kubba, 120 miles from Muscat, and, as the day broke, saw a sandy beach ahead, from which we were distant about 300 yards. After daylight, observed the current to set strong to S.W., which, taking the vessel on the starboard-bow, had forced her to the west of her course. Saw some large boats coming down to us from southward, and shortly afterwards they came alongside, and all hands came on deck, in number about seventy. They appeared very friendly, and offered to assist us in taking out our bower anchor if I paid them. I made several bargains, each rising in price. At last, perceiving that I was losing time, I declined their assistance, and began to put the anchor into our own boat, but this they would not allow, and with their drawn daggers drove the crew from their work. Their numbers were now fast increasing, as they were swimming off from the shore on inflated goats' skins, every one armed with a creese, and some with swords. They now began to show their thievish propensities, the brass belying pins going one by one. Still they tried to persuade me that they were willing to assist, only they said that the three parties which were on board could not agree about the division of the money; but, Inshallah, they would get the vessel afloat. By degrees they threw off the mask of friendship, and told us that the ship was theirs, having come ashore on their land, and was a gift from the Almighty to them. I begged of them to allow us to work, but their answer was 'Wait' and 'The ship is ours.'

Some now went into the galley, where my breakfast was cooking, and, seizing the saucepans, to the dismay of the cook, who hid himself, emptied the curry, stew, &c., upon the deck, ate them, and jumped overboard with the saucepans, and swam to their boats, returning again for anything else they could get. I never in my life saw such a set of perfectly wild savages. Every time the ill-fated ship struck they capered about the deck, and yelled like demons, and were answered from the shore by the women (of whom about a hundred had collected), and by those of the men who could not reach the vessel. They now held long and loud consultations, after one of which they cut our hawser, and I knew their diabolical intentions. They then told us that they were determined to have both the vessel and the cargo, but that we should be allowed to leave her, and take our private property, at the same time saying, that on my paying them 1000 dollars they would get the vessel afloat, and respect all property. I assured them that I had no money on board, which they would not believe. One fellow now made a thrust at me with his dagger, on my trying to prevent him from breaking the cabin doors open, but, on my stepping back, and the others holding his hand, I avoided the blow. They also drew a dagger across the third mate's throat, and asked the chief mate how he should like his throat cut. The vessel up to this time (about nine a.m.) made no water, but they now took the sounding rod from the carpenter, and cut the line in pieces. They now set to work plundering in earnest, but, before commencing, one whom they called Raschid stood upon the rail, and called out, 'Allah Acbar!' The rest all responded. The cry was taken up on the beach, and, after being told by Raschid to begin, they went to work heartily. All the chests belonging to the Lascars and passengers were broken open, and the contents thrown into the boats, and any one who secured a better prize than others was set upon, and in his turn plundered. Daggers were drawn and several were wounded, and the deck in many places was dyed with blood. The deck plunder being disposed of, they now held another consultation, the purport of which was whether to kill us at once, or wait till night. Our better star prevailed, and we were left till evening, and in the meantime they would commence upon the cabin, which they had hitherto refrained from entering. I stood at the larboard door for a minute or two, trying to persuade them not to enter, as there was a woman (the wife of a Mahomedan priest, one of the passengers) and her children in one of the cabins, but it was of no avail. Down went doors and venetians, and in less than five minutes every side cabin was broken open. The poor woman had to run out half naked, the brutes having taken some of her clothes off, and more than one, I hear, struck or pushed her. My cabin being locked, they knocked out a panel and entered. The chronometers were saved by being passed up through the quarter-gallery window by some of the Lascars, and also the barometer. My drawers were nearly smashed to atoms, and all my chests broken open. After the first rush was over, I went down to try and save a few clothes, but I was too late—they had not left a rag to be seen. My books were untouched, under which I found my watch. My papers, letters, &c., were lying strewn about the deck; money, sextant, quadrant, pistols, &c., all gone. Two small drawers had escaped their notice, in one of which I found a ring, one rupee, one or two little mementoes of happy days, and the ship's papers. In the other were some pyjamas, towels, and pillowcases. My servant had managed to save one shirt, three pairs of trousers, and two silk coats, which, with what I had on, constituted my all. My chief and third mate only saved the clothes they had on. A few small articles were strewn about the deck, from which I picked the most useful, and put into an old blanket; but a fresh gang came down and took even this from me. One of the seacunnies came in and told me that they were looking for me to make me fast, and to force me to tell where the money was. I went out of the cabin to go on the poop, but they were so busy plundering that no notice was taken of me, and the only show of violence I met was the point of my own spear being thrust within an inch of my face. They had now broken open the fore and after hatchways, and were handing up the indigo chests, and throwing them down into their boats. The appearance of the ship was totally changed; brass rails gone, the front of the poop beaten in, the cabin deck covered with the stuffing of our beds and couches, which they had unripped to look for money. There were, I suppose, about 250 on board, perhaps more, yelling and shouting like madmen. Affairs were getting desperate, and three more large boats were bearing down for us full of men, but I hoped that these might make a diversion in our favour, as we could hardly be worse off, and they could only do as they had promised—kill us. I therefore held a consultation with the chief mate, and we came to the conclusion that it was useless our staying on board to be killed, as by getting to Muscat we could perhaps obtain assistance, and in all probability save the ship and great part of the cargo. I therefore went to the head sheik, and begged him to allow us to leave with our longboat and cutter (the gig they stole early in the day), and to order his people not to molest us while we were at work. After a long parley he consented, and we prepared to get our boat out, when a boat came alongside from the three boats before-mentioned, and I offered the nacoda 100 dollars to take us to Muscat, where she was bound. The woman and children and some of the crew were put into the cutter, and sent off to the buggalows, and returned and took some more men and some provisions. Chief and third mate went in the jolly-boat, into which I managed to throw several books from the stern windows. At 1.30, having seen all out of the ship, I left in the cutter with the serung, cassaub, and my servant, and went on board one of the buggalows. While I was waiting on board for the return of the cutter the fellows were very civil to me, and allowed me in one or two instances to take articles which I assured them were my own. Though I had not much time for reflection in such a time of excitement, yet I remarked that the nacoda of our buggalow, Syad-ben-Narscet, appeared

to be on capital terms with all the pirates. This seemed strange, and still more so that they should have allowed him to take us away without any opposition. I found afterwards that he was sheik of one of the tribes (Jenaber) which were plundering us. The name of the other tribe was Beni-boo-Ali. In the early part of the day they quarrelled, and, ranging themselves on each side of the poop, were going to fight, but they thought better of it, and made friends.

"On Saturday, May 15, anchored at Soor, and were visited by Syed-ben-Abdullah, sheik of Soor, and Hamood-ben-Ali, the resident sent here from the court of the Imaum. They condoled with me on my misfortunes, and requested me to tell them in what manner they could assist me. With many thanks for their kindness, I begged of them to go down to the wreck and endeavour to stop the plundering, which they promised to do, and then took leave, assuring me that they would leave Soor immediately after the afternoon prayers. Left Soor in the evening, and anchored at Kalhat next day, as we were in want of water. On Wednesday, May 19, we all arrived safe at Muscat, and were received with great kindness and hospitality."

The Imaum placed the sloop of war *Artemise* at the disposal of Captain Salmon, but she sailed so badly, he judged it expedient to return to Muscat. During this time he learned that the Arabs had burnt the *Centaur*. Surely some severe measures should be taken with these yelling and capering gentry.

LORD FRANKFORT.

THE proceedings against Lord Frankfort for the circulation of defamatory libels, were resumed before Mr. Henry, at Bow-street, on Tuesday. Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, with Lord Arthur Lennox, Lord Henry Fitzroy, Viscount Seaham, and the Reverend Mr. Mackenzie, occupied seats upon the bench.

The following printed bill, which John Day, formerly an inspector of police, found upon Lord Frankfort's table on the 30th of July, completed the evidence.

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"Some portion of the public may be astonished to learn that a most demoralizing system has long existed, in an atrocious degree of perfection, by which the integrity of families has been broken up, and the repose of their establishments destroyed, by a sort of 'secret police,' of a higher and far more mischievous organization than has ever been suspected to prevail, and conducted under the auspices of a 'secret committee,' of which the 'chairman' and his principal colleagues are well known, though not at present sufficiently appreciated. One of the first steps is to pretend that certain parties, and principally females, who are pursued for the worst purposes, are applied to give information, which they are told is required by an important portion of the state, before a supposed committee of which body they are conducted, and led to believe the ceremony of making a species of sworn deposition has been legalized, and that they are then bound to consider themselves for ever under an intimidating and coercive judicial superintendence.

"The system is then applied to enforce the requisite inquiries as to the properties, feelings, affections, politics, state of mind, and any other peculiar positions of their husbands, families, and friends. These parties are then visited from time to time by the chairman and two other members of the committee, one of whom styles himself a distinguished diplomatist, and other agents of the system, to make what are called confidential communications, but which are in truth only so many snares to obtain private information on matters that maybe publicly abused. Intimate friends, confidential servants, and known advisers of families, are tampered with in a similar manner; and all means employed to convert the most harmless expressions into the most injurious accusations. To effect more readily these wretched purposes, the Italian school of poisoning chemistry has been ransacked to produce the most debilitating effects upon the mental and bodily system; and by these means have the brightest loveliness of woman, and the highest honour of manhood, been outraged; while the largest estates have been seriously injured by calumnies, perjuries, forgeries, and fines illegally imposed, to an extent which only the abominations of the Star Chamber can furnish any adequate idea.

"To purge the moral atmosphere of the contaminating influences and prostitutions of mind and body, that important body whose authority this 'secret committee' is permitted to abuse, must exert its long-insulted authority to bring the culprits to the retributive consequences of their crimes; nor must they be permitted to escape by any special pleading—that offences are only untoward mistakes, venial errors or trifling frauds, for a proper inquiry will clearly prove that in many important instances even the loss of life has been the result of the wicked practices of these dabblers in destruction. Some striking examples may be shortly given, but 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"I swear by that blood that was once so pure, but which nothing but royal villany would have polluted, &c. &c.—*L. J. Brutus's Speech over the body of Lucretia.*—*Shakespeare.*

"Honour to one who hires a gang to dishonour every family.

"A single resolution of one or both houses of parliament, followed up to get rid of this vile nuisance at once—the whole stock and lot.

"Will also shortly be published,

"A full account of the hired liar of Portland-place, who undertakes, 'on his honour,' that himself and family will lie down any nobleman or gentleman that is too honourable to be endured, if he is allowed to take (rob) from any place, or transfer (forge) any name, and no inquiry to be allowed. And if allowed to do as he likes with every one, particularly their families, he will 'on his honour,' and

make them all speak well of his hirer. 'That he will.' He would also make a point of associating personally, whenever he could, with his victims. Disinterested scoundrels!!

"And as he has failed in all these promises, he, in his honour, will still guarantee his hirer from her being brought to the condign—that he will. What does the scoundrel know of honour?

"They are also employed to turn the inhabitants of this country into cannibals, and take even children of rank out of their graves; but the workhouse deadhouse is the principal depot of supply.

"When he gets it given to any one he fills the street and neighbourhood with barking dogs, loud organs, and street bands of music (to thunder out in celebration of his beastly feats of treachery) 'Such a getting up stairs,' 'Happy land,' '100th Psalm,' 'Rule Britannia,' and glee singers, with a man to blow a horn and then shout over; next day a man to shout hearthstones down the street, to terrify and demoralize the whole neighbourhood. For these reasons all street-music and nuisances are under his special protection and patronage. It is useless to seek redress: it is his will. To him this is amusement, so public demoralisation must proceed.

"It was to their councils that governed the weakness of her sex, that she was obliged to impute the guilt of her obstinate resistance—it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the injured Etrelan.

"But there is no Longinus now amongst such unprincipled rubbish.

"Zenobia (not Bevans, but) Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.—Chap. xi."

Mr. Joseph Clayton proved that this bill had been brought to his father to be printed. On his father's refusing to do so, he had got them done by another printer. The directions came from Messrs. Hodgson and Barton, solicitors, but it was understood that they were for Lord Frankfort.

A messenger named Whatton had been employed by Lord Frankfort to distribute the bills in the streets.

Mr. Henry decided that there was sufficient reason to send the case before a jury, which course was particularly desired by Lord Frankfort's counsel. Two sureties of 200*l.* each were required.

The trial of the case has been removed by writ of *certiorari* from the Central Criminal Court to the Court of Queen's Bench.

FURTHER ISSUES OF THE BRIGHTON CARD CHEATING CASE.

RICHARD SILL surrendered at the Central Criminal Court, on Tuesday, to take his trial upon an indictment for having obtained money by false pretences from Henry Broome.

The case against him was, that he had obtained bills of exchange and money from Mr. Henry Broome on the pretence that, by his personal influence with Mr. Walpole, he could save John Broome from transportation. Sill was, in the first instance, the solicitor for the prosecution against John Broome, Staden, and James, on the charge of cheating Mr. Hamp at cards. Staden and James were sentenced to two years' hard labour, but John Broome did not surrender to take his trial with the other two.

Mr. Verrall, clerk to the magistrates at Brighton, proved that Mr. Sill had attended several examinations as solicitor for the prosecution of Staden and James. On the 8th of March he obtained the sanction of the magistrates in withdrawing from the prosecution, and he asked further that the recognisances of Mr. Chase, the chief constable of Brighton, binding him over to prosecute, should be discharged.

Henry Broome, the prosecutor, who had been a pugilist, and formerly kept the Opera Tavern, in the Haymarket, said he had known nothing of Mr. Sill until the charge was made against his brother. He saw him first, on the 6th of March, at an oyster-shop in the Strand. Mr. Sill came up to him familiarly, and said he had been wanting to see him for some time. They had some grog together, and went to the Opera Tavern. Sill then said he had seen the Secretary of State as to the prosecution against John Broome, and the Secretary had said that he would be transported if he were convicted. Sill said he had drawn the indictment, and had put thirteen counts into the indictment, so that it was impossible John could escape. He went on to say that there was just time to save him, and that he could do it for 300*l.* By his representations as to his influence with the Secretary of State, he induced Henry Broome to put his name to two bills of 120*l.* each, drawn by John Hamp, the brother of the Mr. Hamp, the prosecutor, and endorsed by John and Henry Broome. Sill then said he must have some money as well as the bills, and Henry Broome gave him 20*l.* in notes and a cheque for 20*l.* Sill afterwards got Henry Broome to sign a bill for the 240*l.* upon an English stamp, on the pretence that there might be a difficulty about the others, which were upon French stamps. Sill obtained a number of other sums of money from Henry Broome, amounting in the whole to 120*l.* or 130*l.* On the 13th of April, Sill came again, and insisted upon having an order upon a banker

for 200*l.* at seven days, because two of the others were of such a long date. A stamp was accordingly obtained, and the bill drawn; and Sill then produced the other bills, and laid them on the table. John Broome, who was present at that time, asked to look at the 200*l.* bill, and contrived to pick up all the rest and pocket them; at which Sill became furious, and threatened that he would never leave them until he had transported one of them.

Other witnesses were produced, who confirmed different parts of this account.

Mr. John Sheerman, one of the witnesses in support of the charge against John Broome, who said he had got his living by residing with Mr. Hamp as his companion. Sill had told him that he had frightened Henry Broome by telling him of his influence with the Secretary of State. Sill had several times tried to get Sheerman to make some money of the affair. Sill had told him that John Broome had had nothing to do with the cheating transaction, but that he had been brought in because he was a moneyed man.

Mr. Secretary Walpole said he had never seen anything of Sill before that day, and it was certainly very unlikely that either of the two under-secretaries would take any notice of such a case as this.

The Recorder summed up the evidence, and submitted to the jury the question whether the defendant had made a false pretence to the prosecutor knowing it to be false, and with the intention to defraud him of his money, and whether he had in fact defrauded him by such means.

The jury, after deliberating for three-quarters of an hour, returned a verdict of Guilty. The Recorder said he would consider what sentence ought to be pronounced.

Sill was brought up for sentence on Wednesday. Upon being asked what he had to say, he, in a speech of some length, declared, with great earnestness that, before God and man, he was innocent of the offence imputed to him, and in making that assertion he did not complain of the jury, or of the view taken by the Court, for, upon the evidence that was sworn to before them, they could not have come to any other conclusion; but of the conduct of the witnesses and the prosecutor he did complain. He had been the victim of a deep-laid conspiracy, and the charge had been supported by perjury of the blackest dye. He regretted that his counsel had not taken the course he wished to be taken, and examined the witnesses he wished to be called for the defence, and also that he should have been introduced to the jury as the associate of low characters. Such was not the case, and up to the present time there had never been a blot of any kind upon his character. He referred to the indictment in the Queen's Bench, upon which he was acquitted, and the different nature of the present one—a circumstance, he contended, of itself enough to show what a man he had to deal with in the prosecutor. Had he been tried in the Queen's Bench, the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Justice Talfourd, and Mr. Charles Phillips could all have borne testimony to his character. He was prepared to show that his prosecutors were men not worthy of belief on oath.

The Recorder said that there could not be any interference with the decision of the jury, and he should not allow the prisoner to attack the character of the witnesses. If he (the prisoner) wished the sentence to be postponed, in order that the Court might be put in possession of facts to operate as a mitigation of the offence, he would consult the Judge upon the matter.

The prisoner said, if the Recorder pleased, he would file affidavits. The Recorder, having consulted the judges in the Old Court, said that he would respite judgment until next session. Mr. Parry, on the part of Broome, asked if, in the event of the affidavits being a reflection on the character of his client, they would be allowed to put in counter affidavits.

The Recorder.—Certainly.

The sentence was then respited until next session.

A WARNING TO SCAVENGERS.

GORE, TAME, and Stapleton, three of the Paddington dust contractors, appeared at the Middlesex sessions on Monday to receive judgment. Sergeant Adams, the assistant judge, in delivering the sentence of the court, went over the history of the circumstances connected with their conviction. They were convicted in the year 1850, on the prosecution of the parish of Paddington, of keeping in wharfs in that parish, immense collections of refuse, sweepings, and dirt, the effect of which was to create a public nuisance by the stench arising from them, and he, with the consent and sanction of all parties, undertook the task of personally satisfying himself of the state of the wharves, on the understanding that the defendants were to adopt any suggestions he might make for the abatement of the nuisance, or the removal of their business to less objectionable places. He found, on going to Stapleton's wharf that, as had appeared from the evidence, the whole of the refuse from Covent-garden market was deposited there, and that the stench arising from it was, no doubt, a serious nuisance, and an annoyance to the neigh-

bourhood. Stapleton had then promised that such deposits should be removed, and the sweepings in future taken elsewhere, or the contract for clearing Covent-garden market should be given up. On a subsequent visit to the premises, Sergeant Adams was not satisfied with what the defendants had done; and as he was leaving he saw three cart-loads of the rubbish going to the wharf. Stapleton had said that it was only occasionally that Covent-garden sweepings were taken there when a cart might come in late at night, but he found on questioning the man in charge of the three loads, that the supply had been going on. Both Gore and Tame seemed now to have their wharves in a satisfactory state; but as Stapleton had not performed the promise which he had made he must pay a very heavy penalty. The sentence on Gore and Tame was deferred till the 2nd of November, but Stapleton was fined 300*l.*, and was ordered to enter into his own recognisance for 600*l.*, and to find two sureties of 50*l.* each.

STOLEN AND FOUND.

In the month of April, 1843, a "tall, gaunt, and extremely repulsive" woman was brought before the Lord Mayor (Alderman Humphrey), charged with having stolen a boy of three years of age. She had been seen for some time begging about the streets with this child, and had at last been driven to apply for admission to the Asylum for the Houseless Poor. It was then that the extreme contrast between the woman and child excited a suspicion which led to her arrest. At the Mansion House the child was taken from her, and when introduced to his lordship's children he seemed to be quite at home, and on hearing a piano played appeared familiar with its tones, and, approaching the instrument, spread his little fingers over the keys and repeated "A, B, C." On being asked what a gold chain that was shown him was, he readily gave it its proper name, and said it was a watch-guard. He said he had two mothers; his mother in the country was very kind to him, and loved him, but the naughty woman whom he called his straw-yard mother beat him and begged for money, fought, and got drunk. He said his name was Henry Saumarez Dupuis, and that the woman had often beaten him for denying that his name was Samuel Thompson. He remembered living at Canterbury, and that his mamma had a room like the one he was then in. He said the woman had burnt all his clothes in the fire.

Mr. Edwards attended last Saturday at the Guildhall justice-room with a well-dressed lad about thirteen or fourteen years of age, having a handsome and intellectual countenance, stating that this was Henry Saumarez Dupuis, that he had been educated at the expense of a few private persons, with the aid of contributions received when he was taken from the woman. All efforts to discover his parents had failed. Dr. Bourri, who had settled in Melbourne, Australia, had sent over for the boy, and he was about to start immediately. Alderman Humphrey said he hoped he would be successful in his new home, and that he would write to him to say how he got on. Finding that the boy had only eight shillings upon him, the Alderman ordered him to have 1*l.* from the poor-box, and that 5*l.* should be remitted to Melbourne for him. The woman, who was discharged on foregoing her claim to the child, has only been seen once since, when she made an attempt to regain possession of the child. He sails for Australia from Southampton, in the *Blackwall*.

TOO NOTORIOUS.

CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, R.N., appeared again at Bow-street on Saturday in answer to a charge of assault. When the case was called on, the Captain requested to have the case postponed, in order to enable him to summons as a witness a porter at the United Service Club, who, he said, was not allowed to attend. Mr. Henry consented to postpone the case on condition that the Captain should pay the complainant 3*s.* 6*d.*, and his witness 2*s.* After waiting vainly sometime for the money, Mr. Henry said he must proceed with the case.

Captain Shepherd.—I have sent a lady to my tailor's, in Regent-street, to borrow 10*s.* As she is also a witness, I shall lose both my witnesses, if you take the case now.

The magistrate, however, went on with the case; and Mr. Lemaitre, the complainant, stated that as he was passing along Pall-mall, at 10 o'clock on the night of the 11th inst., opposite to the United Service Club, he saw the defendant get out of a cab, and rush towards a small boy, whom he commenced thrashing immediately with a stick, apparently without the slightest provocation. Mr. Lemaitre followed him to the club, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself for beating a child like that; upon which he beat Mr. Lemaitre. The Captain was fined on a former occasion 40*s.* for the assault upon the boy, John Cook, who now confirmed the testimony of Mr. Lemaitre. Captain Shepherd said that he struck the first boy slightly because he found him crouched up in the supplicating attitude of a miserable beggar; and he struck the other boy for interfering with him. He begged to refer his worship to his tavern bill for the day, to show that, having only had one bottle of champagne, he could not have been drunk at the time. Mr. Henry said it was a cowardly assault, and fined the Captain 3*l.* The lady was again sent for more money, but she had not arrived when the court rose.

A MODEL CRIMINAL.

A GOOD deal of interest has been excited in Paris by the trial of the assassin Pradeaux. This miscreant, in the space of a single month, last May, assassinated three persons, two of whom were old women, and attempted a fourth murder. The resistance which he encountered in his last crime happily prevented its completion and led to his apprehension. The prisoner is 32 years of age. His parents were connected with the manufacture of artificial flowers. Pradeaux, before he took to assassination, had been three times im-

prisoned for robbery and swindling. As soon as he had obtained 200*l.* or 300*l.* by some criminal means he spent the money in a few days, and then had recourse to a fresh crime for a new supply. His first victim was a cotton manufacturer, whom he murdered in his bed on the night of the 5th of April to rob his chest, which contained some 700*l.* About the same time he contracted an engagement to marry a girl named Dardard. To defray the expenses of the nuptial feast he committed a fresh murder. This time his victim was a woman of 60, the Widow Chateaux, of whom he pretended that he wanted to hire a lodging. He paid a visit at midnight, knocked down the old woman with a violent blow on the head, and strangled her with an handkerchief. He then rifled her effects, among which he found a bag of savings amounting to 300*l.* Henceforth this became the pattern for Pradeaux's assassinations. He sought out the weakest victims, stunned them by a sudden blow, and then strangled them. Having murdered the Widow Chateaux on the 25th, he proceeded to assassinate in precisely the same way four days after a woman of the same age, Suan, engaged in the artificial flower trade. But he ransacked in vain the drawers of this poor creature, who, notwithstanding her industrious habits, was obliged to eke out her subsistence by the charity of the Bureau de Bienfaisance. The next day Pradeaux led his bride to the altar, decorated, perhaps, with some of Mademoiselle Suan's artificial orange-flowers. He passed the night wandering about the orchards, the walls of which he had sealed to murder the cotton manufacturer, and at daybreak entered the cabaret of an old woman named Naudin. He asked for a glass of brandy, and, while she was getting it, he struck her on the head with a bottle and knocked her down. He then attempted to strangle her with a handkerchief, as usual; but the old woman bit him severely, and her screams brought the concierge to her assistance. The assassin fled, was pursued, and caught. The jury found a verdict of guilty upon all the charges, and the prisoner was condemned to death. The appearance of Pradeaux is insignificant; his features are small, his eyes sunk, his complexion pale. His whole life seems to have been one tissue of crimes. As soon as he had strength enough, he knocked down his mother and trampled upon her, and nearly assassinated his father with one of the tools used in their trade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen returned from Belgium on Tuesday. The royal squadron left Antwerp on Sunday, but the severity of the gale obliged them to drop their anchors off Flushing. The Queen landed and drove through the streets, and the fleet weathered the night in the Roads. The next morning, the squadron got under weigh at six o'clock, but owing to the fog, they were obliged to put into Dungeness Roads for the night. On Tuesday the squadron reached Osborne about mid-day.

Mr. Rice, the American consul at the port of Acapulco, has been illegally imprisoned. He was arrested by Mexican soldiers, but the Government deny any knowledge whatever of the arrest.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on M. Guizot and M. de Tocqueville, at the Harvard University on the 20th of July.

The Duke of Hamilton and Brandon died at his mansion in Portman-square on Wednesday. He was eighty-five years of age, being one of the oldest members of the peerage. He succeeded his father in 1819. He was the tenth duke of this title; a privy councillor, a Knight of the Garter, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Antiquarian Society, and President of the Royal Society of Scotland.

It has been determined by the Liberal electors of Great Yarmouth to petition against the return of Sir E. H. K. Lacon and Mr. Rumbold.

The electors of Bury will give a dinner to Mr. F. Peel, M.P., on the 8th proximo. Sir James Graham, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, are among the guests invited.

Mr. Joseph Fletcher, one of the Government inspectors of British and Foreign schools, has died within the last few days.

Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., has been appointed to the recordership of Hull, an office filled successively by Mr. Justice Crosswell, the Right Honourable M. T. Baines, and the late T. C. Granger, M.P.

It is said that Mr. William Cobbett, late of the Queen's Bench prison, and brother of the present member for Oldham, is to be a candidate for that borough in opposition to Mr. Fox.

Sir James Parker, one of the Vice-Chancellors, died last Friday night at his country seat, Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, at the age of fifty-one years. The cause of death was *angina pectoris*, from which he has been suffering for about nine months.

The *Globe* says it is expected that the office of Vice-Chancellor, which has become vacant by the death of Sir James Parker, will be conferred upon Mr. Walpole, or, in case of his declining to accept it, will be offered to Mr. John Stuart.

The Manchester Free Public Library has been presented to the corporation, and will be opened on the 2nd September.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has promised to be present, and among other gentlemen expected, are Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, M.P., and Mr. Charles Dickens.

Mr. Welsh and Mr. Wicklin, of the Kew Observatory, ascended in a balloon, on Tuesday, for the purpose of scientific observation. They reached a height of 19,400 feet, in a temperature of 7° Fahrenheit. They descended near Cambridge, having travelled nearly sixty miles in an hour and thirty-five minutes.

The Electric Telegraph Company have arranged with the Astronomer Royal, at Greenwich, for distributing information of correct Greenwich time to all parts of London, as well as to all the principal ports of England and Scotland. A zinc ball, six feet in diameter, painted a bright red, has been raised above the Electric Telegraph Office, at Charing-cross; and it has been contrived that it shall drop at one o'clock, simultaneously with the ball above the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

The Leeds Chamber of Commerce held a special meeting last Saturday to consider the present state of our relations with the United States. The general feeling was that the Government should be memorialized, praying that every means might be used to bring about amicable relations. Some of the American merchants present, however, expressed an opinion that the state of affairs was really far less menacing than was generally supposed; and one of them was satisfied, from his private correspondence, that there was no real danger to peace, the great outcry made having been originated in the United States for political purposes. The meeting was adjourned till the following Thursday.

The North and South Western Junction Railway is expected to be opened about the 7th of next month.

Agricultural labourers have become so scarce in West Sussex, that the services of the Scots Fusilier Guards have been obtained to assist in harvesting the crops in some places.

A great many colliers in the counties of Stirling and Linlithgow have, we understand, left their work this week and betaken themselves to shearing, at which they are earning 3s. per day. To so great an extent has this taken place, that in the case of one colliery 78 men have left, and the result is already beginning to tell on the traffic receipts of the Monklands Mineral Railway. It is some consolation that, even should all the Irish go off to the gold diggings, we shall have our black-diamond men to fall back upon, in order to get in our golden grain.—*North British Mail.*

Mr. H. Sewell of the Mansion House, who was requested by the Lord Mayor to accompany the emigrants to Liverpool, who were about to sail by the *City of Lincoln*, reported to his lordship, on Wednesday, the success of his mission. The vessel had fallen into the hands of a man of respectability, who had paid great attention to the comforts of the passengers. He further stated that the *Prince Alfred*, the delay of which had been bitterly complained of, had passed through the Downs.

The Emigrants' Aid and Transit Society held a meeting on Tuesday evening, at the Apollonicon Rooms, St. Martin's-lane. Lord Erskine presided. Mr. Guedalla, a gentleman who had spent some years in the colonies of Australia, stated that the object of the society was to carry out an organized system of emigration, as recommended by Mrs. Chisholm. The society had an agent in the colony, Mr. W. Hawkins, through whose means settlers might provide for the sending out of their relations. The society had not been formed by speculators;—its only object was the benefit of the emigrants. There were two classes in the society—emigration classes and colonizing classes; the subscriptions of the former went entirely to defray the expenses of the passage out; those of the latter formed a fund for the purchase of land in Australia.

The city solicitor appeared at the Mansion-house on Tuesday, by the direction of the Court of Aldermen, to prefer an information against Captain Chippenham, for overloading the *Queen*, a steamer plying between Herne Bay and the city of London. By an act of the 14th and 15th Victoria, a penalty of 20l. is imposed for this offence upon the owner, master, or other person having charge of a steamer, together with 5s. for each person over the number authorized to be carried by the certificate issued by the Board of Trade. Several witnesses proved that there were 666 passengers on board, while the certificate only authorized her to carry 300. The Lord Mayor fined the captain 5l. for the principal offence, and 5l. for excess of number, making together 10l.; if the offence were committed in future, either by Captain Chippenham or by any other person, the full penalty would be inflicted.

Mr. Lionel George Thompson, of Riches-court, Lime-street, appeared at the Mansion-house on Saturday, to answer to complaints of several persons respecting the delay of a vessel which had been announced to sail for Port Philip on the 10th of July. The vessel in which the complainants were originally to sail, had been, from some unavoidable circumstances, laid aside, and the *City of Lincoln*, now at Liverpool, had been substituted. Mr. Ballantine, on behalf of Mr. Thompson, admitted that the emigrants had been subjected to unreasonable delay, and Mr. Thompson was willing to pay them compensation. He had himself suffered severely from the failure of the parties on whose behalf he had engaged the passengers. The vessel would, however, be ready to sail on Monday next, and those who had engaged their passages might either take their berths or receive again their passage money, in either case having the sum of 5l. as compensation for the delay. The Lord Mayor and Alderman Finnis advised the complainants to accept these terms, and directed Mr. Henry Sewell, of the Mansion-house, to proceed to Liverpool to superintend the arrangements for their benefit.

Charles Collins, who has become notorious for raising money on portraits of eminent persons, was tried at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday. Three cases were gone into, but through defects in the evidence he was acquitted upon all of them. Inspector Cumming said that

there were fifty other cases if the parties would have prosecuted.

The Tunbridge-Wells constables, Morton and Dadson, who discovered Johnny Broome at Brussels, attended on Saturday before the magistrates at Brighton to report their proceedings. They stated that they had not been able to bring him to England, as the laws of Belgium would not allow them to do so. The Belgian authorities, however, will expel him from that country, and at his own desire will send him to Hamburg. It is expected that he will not be allowed to enter Prussia, but will then be sent back to England, in which case the police will accompany him on his return.

Mr. Sergeant Wrangham, and two other magistrates for Gloucestershire, were occupied, on Tuesday, in inquiring into the cases of twenty-three persons, concerned in the late riots at Bridge Yate, during the late election. Twenty-one of them were committed for rioting, and two for highway-robbery and assault upon Mr. Dickenson, one of the county magistrates. Two policemen were nearly killed in the riot, and several others more or less injured.

Thomas Medley was charged at the Lambeth police-court, on Tuesday, with altering the date of a railway ticket, and attempting to defraud the South-Western Railway Company of twelve shillings, his fare from Southampton. On arriving at the Waterloo Station, he had offered the ticket in question, which was a return ticket dated the 1st of this month, merely entitling the holder to go and return on that day. The date had been altered to the 16th. Medley said he had bought it for two shillings, on the morning of his journey, from a man who looked like a sailor. He did not think there was any harm in his using it. The officer of the company did not wish to press the charge, as it might have been done through ignorance or mistake. Mr. Norton, consequently, merely ordered the man to pay the twelve shillings.

William Rose, who stated that "he had a regular stipulated emolument or stipend as a general independent agent of the General United and Incorporated Association for Providing and Producing everything required for the Benefit, Comfort, Consumption, and advancement of Mankind," was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday, for obtaining the sum of 1l. 5s. 6d. from Joseph Wilson on false pretences. He had met with Wilson and told him a story about 750l. in money, and thirty-seven acres of land in Warwickshire, that Wilson was entitled to. He represented that he had come to a knowledge of these facts through being an officer of the Court of Chancery. By these impositions he had gulled Wilson out of the sum of 5s. 6d. at one time, and of a sovereign at another time, the latter to pay for filing a bill: Wilson's suspicions had at last been aroused, and he had given Rose into custody. It seems that he has been playing the same trick upon other persons. He was remanded in order that further information might be obtained.

William Avis, who was summoned last week on a charge of having buried an infant without a proper certificate, appeared again at Bow-street, on Wednesday. It was on this occasion proved that the certificate had been made out and given to the grandmother, and that she had given it to the daughter of Avis, who was acting as agent for him in his shop, when the body was left in his charge. As it was stated on behalf of Avis that he had not had the certificate, the case turned upon the question whether he had "buried" the body within the meaning of the act. Mr. Henry referred to Johnson's *Dictionary*, which described the word "bury" as signifying "to put in a grave, to hide, to conceal." He thought it was quite clear that there was in this case a concealment of the body from the 7th of June, when it was delivered to the defendant to be buried, until the 10th of August, when the officers found the body in the coal vault of Mr. Avis's house, and, consequently, that this case came within the act. He sentenced Avis to a fine of 6l.

A body of navvies were drinking at a public house belonging to David Davies, at Lower Swinford, in Worcestershire, on the evening of Monday week. A quarrel arose amongst them, and they turned out to fight. They returned to the house and kept up a great disturbance, so that a crowd was collected in front of the door. In the midst of it Davies came home, and was greatly annoyed at the riot. He tried roughly to disperse the mob, and engaged at his want of success, he returned to the house and armed himself with two guns, one single and the other double-barrelled. Thus prepared, and with a son to assist in reloading the weapons, he opened a battery upon the mob from an upper window and fired four shots. One woman, who was looking for one of her children, was killed, one man is not expected to recover from the wounds he received, and three other persons, two of them women, were seriously injured. Davies is committed for trial on the charge of "wilful murder;" his son is committed as an accessory.

Mr. Hartland, the comedian, passing along the pavement in Mount-street, Westminster, was killed by the falling of a piece of scaffolding.

A vessel at Henderson's ship-building yard heeled over a few days ago, and fell on a number of men. Between seven and twelve men are said to have been killed.

Fifteen men at work upon the *Orinoco* steamer, lying in the Southampton dock, got upon a raft, on Tuesday, to go to dinner. The raft upset, and they all went into the water. It is feared that one or two of them were drowned.

An inquiry was commenced on Wednesday at Southampton, respecting the fire which broke out on board the West India Mail Steam ship *Severn*. Nothing, however, was brought to light which afforded any explanation of the cause of the fire.

A young man left London, with his wife, for Chester, on Wednesday, in a first-class carriage. The husband being very unwell they had a compartment to themselves. On arriving at Chester the wife awoke out of a gentle doze into which she had fallen, and on turning to her husband she found he was dead.

Mr. William Cam, of Clinger Farm, in the parish of Cam, in Gloucestershire, received a kick in the face from one of his cows, as he was milking her. It is supposed that she was frightened by a rabbit. He died before the next morning, although he obtained the best medical advice that could be had.

A boy named William Leed, in passing along a street in Manchester, during the thunder-storm of Tuesday last, was struck on the forehead by the electricity, and became completely blind. His temples, as well as one of his thighs were burnt. There is some hope of the recovery of his sight.

A thunderstorm of uncommon severity visited the neighbourhood of Bristol on the night of Friday week, and lasted for above three hours, increasing in violence during that time. The rain was so heavy that several places were inundated; at Congresburg a massive stone wall, six feet in height, was washed away, and a horse was carried off its legs and drowned; at Redhill, a large piece of wheat that was in shock was floated away entirely. In various places the crops were damaged or destroyed.

Some extensive farm premises, near Colchester, in the occupation of Mr. Samuel Bloomfield Blyth, of Langham, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday week. The fire was caused by a stream of electricity, which it is said had the appearance of a rocket, and was observed "to go hissing through the farmyard, and strike the end of a barn," setting it in a blaze in a few minutes.

A fire took place in Fitzroy-court, Tottenham-court-road, about three o'clock on Monday morning. The inmates of the house in which the fire commenced had but just time to escape. The fire soon spread to the adjoining houses, and the heat became so great that those living opposite could scarcely leave their houses without injury. One house, No. 3, was completely destroyed; No. 4 suffered but little less. Five other houses were damaged more or less.

A fire was discovered by a policeman about two o'clock on Saturday morning, in the house of Mr. Feyle, in Wellington-place, West India Dock-road. On the alarm being given, Mr. Feyle at once jumped out of bed, but the floor was so hot that he could scarcely stand upon it. By the time he had aroused all the household the staircase was burning so fiercely that they were quite unable to escape in that way. Eventually, however, all but two of them contrived to escape by the upper windows. The house was completely destroyed. The body of one of the sufferers has been found under the ruins.

The efforts made to bring up the *Duchess of Kent* were rewarded with some success on Tuesday, her decks being brought above the level of the tide at low water.

The East India Company has just determined to establish a system of electric telegraphs in India, traversing a distance of 3000 miles, and connecting Calcutta, Agra, Lahore, Bombay, and Madras. It is to be completed within three years.

A return to the House of Lords just printed states that the number of cases heard before the commissioners of insolvency on circuit in 1841 was 3832; in 1842, 2955; in 1843, 2533; in 1844, 1715; in 1845, 538; in 1846, 650; and in 1847, 566. After the spring and summer ones in this year the circuits are abolished.

The *Portland Argus* gives us the following story:—A young man named Bean, of twenty years of age, was laying in a field near Andover, Oxford County, Maine, together with a boy of twelve years of age, when he suddenly saw a large white-faced bear near him. He fired a fowling-piece at the brute, but with little effect. He retreated backwards slowly, loading his gun at the same time, but, just as it was charged, he tripped up and fell. He was able to fire once more, as the bear fell upon him, but with no result. The bear began upon his left arm, biting it severely, and was at the same time scratching the young man's breast with his paw. The shaggy tormentor then determined to make short work with his victim, and opened his huge mouth to make a bite at the young man's face; at that moment Bean, with a desperate effort, thrust his wounded arm down the creature's throat as far as he could. The bear was thus "fixed," and could neither advance nor retreat. Bean now got the boy to come and take a knife out of his pocket, to do which it was necessary to push the bear's head a little on one side. The young man then, with his disengaged arm, cut the bear's throat from ear to ear, killing him stone dead as he lay upon him.

The *Blanche*, Indianan, on her passage from Singapore to Ningpo, in China, having sailed through the Java Sea to the Pacific, struck on Helen's Shoal, on the 3rd of January. She sank in about a quarter of an hour. One of her boats was got afloat, and the crew, numbering twenty-nine persons, got on board with one hundred pounds weight of bread, this being all that they had time to obtain. They had no water. Soon after, falling in with the whale-boat bottom upwards, they separated their party, and both set out for Lord North's Island. The next night, however, they lost sight of each other, and the whale-boat and its crew have never been heard of since. After five days of severe suffering from fatigue and thirst, they reached the islands of Syang and Wyang, and the next day that of Balaboluk, where they found some fresh water and shell-fish, but they saw no inhabitants in these islands. Soon after they arrived at the island of Gagy, the natives of which furnished them some refreshments. Here the crew refused to proceed, and Captain Teddington, and Mr. Ross, the chief officer, with no attendant but a Chinese servant and a Lascar seaman, set out, and in two days reached the island of Gely, where they were treated with great kindness by the rajah. After remaining there for thirteen days, the rajah sent them to Batavia, and thence they made their way to Pernate, where they found the crew, whom they had left at Gagy, in prison. The Dutch authorities, to whom they had been delivered up, not thinking their account of themselves satisfactory, had put them in confinement, but released them on the application of the captain. With much difficulty, and after considerable suffering, they succeeded in getting back to Singapore.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE health of London exhibits some improvement. The deaths, which were 1124 in the first week, have fallen to 1091 in the second week of August. Diarrhoea and summer cholera are still fatal; of 15 deaths from cholera 11 occurred in children under the age of 15, and 4 in old people of the age of 60 and upwards; 4 only of the deaths occurred on the south, while 11 occurred on the north side of the Thames. 201 persons were destroyed by diarrhoea, 174 were children, 15 were of the age of 15-60, and 12 were of the age of 60 and upwards. The total deaths from all causes under the age of 15 were 611; between the age of 15 and 60, 303; at the age of 60 and upwards, 171. The deaths of females (555) exceeded the deaths of males (536) by 19, a change in the proportions which was observed in the corresponding week of 1849, when cholera was epidemic, and 1116 males, 1114 females died.

16 persons died of small-pox, 14 of measles, 47 of scarlatina, 47 of typhus, 122 of consumption, 29 of apoplexy. The deaths referred to apoplexy occurred at all ages, and in undue proportion under the age of 15. Disease of the heart and arteries was fatal in 36 instances, bronchitis in 29, and pneumonia in 31. Child-bearing was fatal to 7 mothers, 3 of whom died from metritis. 20 deaths from violence are recorded, including 4 by poison.

150 persons died in the public institutions of London, 106 in the workhouses, 31 in the hospitals, 7 in lunatic asylums, 3 in military and naval asylums, 3 in military and naval hospitals, none in prisons.

Last week the births of 771 boys and 694 girls, in all 1465 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1335.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer last week was so low as 29.380 in. The mean temperature of the week was 59.7 deg., which is 1.7 deg. lower than the average of the same week in ten years. The wind during the week was chiefly from the south-west, and blew at the average of 140 miles a day. Nearly 1½ in. of rain fell. The mean temperature of the Thames declined from about 69.66 deg. on Sunday to 66.62 deg. on Saturday. In the night it is still much warmer than the air.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 13th inst., the Countess of Clarendon: a son.
On Friday, the 6th instant, at Brandsby Lodge, the wife of Henry Cholmeley, Esq.: a daughter.
On the 12th inst., at Hazlewood Castle, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Vavasour: a daughter.
At Lugmount, near Edinburgh, on the 12th inst., the Countess of Kintore: a son and heir.
On the 25th of June, at Madras, the wife of James Law Lushington, Esq., Madras Civil Service: a son.
On the 13th inst., in Carlton-terrace, the Countess of Arundel and Surrey: a daughter.
On the 16th inst., at 32, Grosvenor-place, the Hon. Mrs. Bateson: a daughter.
On the 16th inst., at No. 20, Portland-place, the Lady Susan Vernon Harcourt: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th inst., at the parish church of Whimble Devon, Montague, eldest son of Montague Baker Bere, Esq., of Morebath House, in the county of Devon, to Cecil Henrietta, second daughter of Captain Wentworth Buller, R.N., of Strete-Raleigh, in the same county.
On the 12th inst., at the parish church, Shawbury, Salop, Edward Holmes Baldock, Esq., M.P., of Hyde-park-place, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Andrew V. Corbett, Bart., of Acton Reynald.
At Balcaskie, N.B., on the 12th inst., Alexander Kinloch, Esq., Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Sir David Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmerton, N.B., to Lucy Charlotte, eldest daughter to Sir Ralph A. Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie.
On the 12th inst., at Longhope, Gloucestershire, Kingsmill Manley Power, of the Hill-court, Ross, Esq., late Captain in the 16th Lancers, second son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Manley Power, K.C.B. and K.T.S., to Anna Eliza Blanch, only daughter of John Probyn, Esq., of the Manor-house, Longhope, and of Newland, in the county of Gloucester.
On the 12th inst., at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Bernard Dietz, Esq., of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and Harewood-square, Regent's-park, to Melville Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel George Russell Deare, of her Majesty's 8th Hussars.

DEATHS.

On the 29th of June, at George-town, Demerara, in the 72nd year of his age, Jeffrey Hart Bent, Chief Justice of British Guiana. The deceased held the commission of Judge under four Sovereigns, his first appointment to the bench of New South Wales bearing date in 1814. He was subsequently, in succession, Chief Justice of Grenada, of St. Lucia, first puisne Judge of Trinidad, and for the last ten years Chief Justice of British Guiana. He served in the West Indies for 32 years.
On Wednesday, the 4th inst., at Bushey, Hertfordshire, on his birth-day, aged 97, Mr. John Smith, formerly a soldier in the British army, and as such was present at the battle of Bunker's-hill, June 17th, 1775. This action, it is well known, was one of the earliest of the provincials with the mother country.
On Friday, the 6th inst., aged 81, Nicholas Edmund Yarbrough, Esq., of Hoxington Hall, formerly a Major in the 2nd West York Regiment of Militia, and afterwards holding the same rank in the 3rd Regiment of Provisional Militia. Major Yarbrough was High Sheriff of the county in 1836.
On Saturday, the 7th inst., at Howroyde Hall, at an advanced age, Lady Mary Horton, relict of Thos. Horton, Esq., of Howroyde Hall, in the county of York, and youngest daughter of George, third Earl of Aberdeen.
On the 11th inst., at 4, York-terrace, Cheltenham, Colonel William Croker, C.B., late Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 17th regiment, aged 64.
On the 12th inst., at Kippax-hall, Harry Wyndham, infant son of Francis Hastings Madox, Esq.
On the night of Friday, the 13th inst., at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, the Vice-Chancellor Sir James Parker, aged 49.
On the 13th inst., at his residence, Upton, Essex, Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., F.R.S., aged 75, formerly Governor of the Bank of England.
On the 15th inst., at St. John's-hill, Wandsworth, aged 30, Robert Bruce Norton, Lieutenant 35th Regiment L.I., Bengal Army, third surviving son of the late Sir John David Norton, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Madras.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London. Letters on "The Dublin Mechanics' Institute," "The Recent Co-operative Conference," "Von Beck at Birmingham," in type. "W. M. D.," received.

[The following appeared in our Second Edition of last week.]

Postscript.

SATURDAY, August 14.

THE QUEEN IN BELGIUM.

SOME particulars of the arrival of the Queen at Antwerp, on Wednesday, are given by the correspondent of the *Times*. There was a great crowd on the quays, who waited about patiently for many hours. The Queen arrived half an hour before King Leopold.

"The *Victoria and Albert* steamed steadily on about midway in the river, till she came opposite the Porte de l'Eau, when her anchor plashed down and took hold of ground. The Queen could be distinguished on the deck, but she soon retired when it was evident the King had not arrived. The young Princes seemed in high spirits, and were running about the deck in their tiny sailors' hats and frocks and jackets as lightly as the merriest middies in the fleet, but the closing shades of evening prevented the features of the officers and gentlemen on deck being distinctly visible from the shore. As soon as the first gun was heard at the station, Count Moerkerke drove off rapidly to the river-side, and at once proceeded on board the yacht, and, after a stay of a few minutes, returned to shore, and went back to the station. Two of the Royal equipages were drawn up near the landing-place, opposite to which was stationed two squadrons of the 1st Lancers (a fine well-mounted regiment), flanked by 200 of the 2nd Chasseurs à Pied, the whole forming a very imposing body guard. The landing place, which is a sloping causeway by the quay wall, now rendered of considerable length by the falling of the tide, which was nearly at low water, was covered with a carpeting in the centre, and in the open space cleared before it to the ground were the Count Gurowsky, the husband of the Infanta Isabella of Bourbon, and a circle of officers, gentlemen, and a few ladies. When Count Moerkerke returned to the station, King Leopold had not arrived, and it was half-past seven o'clock when the pilot engine before the Royal train came whistling fiercely to the terminus. The King, who left Laeeken at a quarter to seven, followed in about ten minutes, and was well received by the people. His Majesty, who wore a tight well-fitting blue uniform, with large gold epaulettes, cocked hat and feathers, orders of Leopold, &c., blue trousers with broad gold stripes, and large gilt spurs, seemed in very good health. He was attended by two general officers and Lieutenant-Colonel Van Der Burght, and having hastily but courteously acknowledged the reception of the Burgomaster and of Messrs. Masin, Director-General of Railways, and Strens, Chief Engineer of Railways, and the cheers of the people, proceeded towards his carriage. Count Moerkerke, stepping forward, told him "The Queen has arrived." Whereupon his majesty said, "*Ah, vite donc, vite!*" and was driven off rapidly to the port. Shortly before eight o'clock King Leopold embarked on board the state barge—a very handsome boat, white with gold mouldings—and went on board the yacht, where he was received by Her Majesty."

The king, greatly to the disappointment of his subjects, stayed on board the yacht to dinner, and did not return until ten o'clock.

"The next morning broke in the most unpromising way—murky clouds flying clingly over the earth, and the violent gusts of the gale lashing the Scheldt into foam, with frequent heavy drifts of rain whenever the wind abated; and the day by no means belied the character of its dawn, for a wetter, windier, nastier sort of noontide never visited us in England, even in the full height of our summer. As the morning gun fired, the three steam frigates dressed with flags, and towards eight o'clock a crowd of the poorer sort of persons gathered on the quay in front of the squadron. About the same time a troop of Lancers and four or five companies of the Foot Artillery, of the 1st Light Infantry, and of the 2nd Chasseurs à Pied, preceded by a brass band, marched down and disposed themselves in front of the landing-place. The water was low, as the tide was just on the turn, consequently a great deal of the sloping path from the boats to the quay was left uncovered, which men were busily engaged in rendering fit for walking upon by the aid of a carpet. The wind, however, took a great animosity to the carpet, and shook, and tossed, and beat it about violently, so that at last the workmen were obliged to wheel barrows of stones, which they disposed as a border along the edges of the tapestry, in order to enable it to resist such assaults. It was curious to see amid such an assemblage of bright uniforms of general and inferior officers, of burgomasters and chiefs of all sorts of departments, these rough-looking fellows in blouses, hobbling about in their sabots in the most unconcerned manner, while they indulged in conversation with each other in a dialogue of Flemish, that sounded like a continuous stream of profane swearing. Then they were industrious in laying down barrels of sand along the causeway, which the wind would not suffer for any consideration; and as even the ingenious

Belgians could not cover each particle of sand with a big stone, the result was, that the wind whisked it away, and sent the sand like snipe dust into the ears, eyes, mouth, and nose of the incorporated people and army. The river sloops and droggers went skimming over the river in all directions, heeling over in spite of their great weather boards, till one could get a peep into the penetralia of the cabins and caboosees; and a few men-of-war boats tugged slowly about from ship to ship of the squadron, squashing through the swell, which, at times, was decidedly unpleasant. As the men-of-war lay nicely in line, at nearly equal distances from each other, with yards pointed to the wind's eye, and all flags flying, the river, in spite of the rain and storm, looked extremely picturesque. Sailors were busily engaged aloft in laying out the ropes for manning the yards, to the wonder of the Belgians, who did not seem to have a large view of the general utility or beauty of such a proceeding. Nor could they understand many manœuvres on ship-board, which resulted after the performance by the boatswain and his mates of very shrill pieces on the whistle; but on the whole they agreed the sight was "*joli et fort beau*," and only wanted more cannon in view and in fire to be well contented for their pains. The yacht presented little appearance of life, except among the men engaged in the ship's duty, nor could any of the illustrious party on board be distinguished on deck.

"About half-past 8 o'clock the roll of the drums at the end of the line of infantry, followed by a flourish of trumpets, announced the arrival of the King, whose carriage, preceded by one outrider, and followed by two equipages, drove rapidly up to the end of the space cleared in front of the landing-place. The King, who was attended by a general officer, on alighting was received by the governor of the province, M. Jeichmann, the commandant of the district, the officer commanding the troops, the burgomaster, Count de Moerkerke, &c. Although it was raining at the time, he proceeded to inspect the troops drawn up before the river, walking slowly along the line, and at times touching his hat in acknowledgment of the cries of '*Vive le Roi*,' the soldiers presenting arms as he passed, and the bands at each flank performing the '*Brabantois*' in turn. The King then took shelter, such as it was, under the poplar trees which line the quay, and remained for some moments in conversation with the staff of officers around him. His barge, pulled by fourteen stout rowers, lay off the landing, but it was not used by His Majesty or by the Queen. Shortly before nine o'clock, the barge of the *Victoria and Albert* pulled round, and hooked on to the ladder which was lowered from the starboard quarter, and several other men-of-war boats hovered close to her stern. A little stir was visible on board, and signals were exchanged with the men-of-war. Then through the misty rain one could just make out the figure of a lady stepping down the ladder into the boat, followed by four children, by a gentleman, and by an officer in full uniform.

"All at once the shrouds of the great steamers swarmed with men, and in an instant they were lying out on the yards, holding on for bare life in the face of the fierce wind, in all their holiday attire of white frocks and trousers; a puff of smoke was whiffed out of one of the ports, and the Royal standard disappeared from the main of the yacht, and took its place in the stern of the boat, which in an instant came dancing towards the land at a tremendous rate, preceded by a man-of-war's gig, to point out the way to the landing. The King walked hastily down the landing, and received Her Majesty as she arrived with great warmth, and immediately turned back with her on his arm, and entered the Royal carriage. The Queen looked extremely well, and seemed in excellent good humour, for she never ceased laughing as she walked up the awkward incline. Her Majesty's reception by the crowd was respectful, but not enthusiastic. Immediately after her came the Princes and Princesses, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Duke of Northumberland. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence steered the boat and landed, but did not join the party, which at once proceeded to the railway station. A special engine was in readiness, and the Royal party went off at once to Laeeken, where they arrived at ten minutes past ten o'clock."

A telegraphic despatch from Trieste, which reached town this morning, gives the following Indian intelligence:—

BOMBAY, July 5.

The Burmese made a second attempt to retake Martaban on the 26th of May, but were driven back. On the 3rd of June, Pegu was taken, and its fortifications destroyed by a detachment of the force under General Godwin. Our loss was very insignificant.

CALCUTTA, July 2.

By the steamer which arrived from Rangoon on the 21st of June, with dates of the 20th, all was quiet, and the troops enjoying good health.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 7.

No news whatever of the Bombay missing steamer.

Madame Dudevant, who is more generally known by the name of George Sand, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Presse*, in reply to one from him announcing the death of Count d'Orsay. She says in it—

"My acquaintance with Count d'Orsay was of recent date. His sphere was the world, mine was retirement. It was necessary for exceptional circumstances to occur for us to become acquainted—and they did occur. He was kind and devoted like a father, like a brother, to those who interested me deeply. Hence arose our friendship, which, having commenced late, seemed to be desirous of making up for lost time. I was attached to him by gratitude, which is the most serious and the sweetest of all ties. He pitied the victims of political tempests, and even on his

death-bed thought of and endeavoured to serve them. He was the friend of the unfortunate."

Police annals record some of the strangest events of social life, and reveal a great deal more than is pleasant of the hidden doings of society. One of these singular events came to light yesterday at Bow-street:—

Lord Viscount Frankfort De Montmorency, commonly called Lord Frankfort, of 14, Buckingham-street, Strand, appeared before Mr. Henry upon a summons, charging him with having "unlawfully composed, printed, and published a foul, malicious, and defamatory libel of and concerning Lord Henry Lennox." The offence consisted in addressing indecent letters to Lord Henry Lennox, of which a specimen was read in court. They purported to be written by Mr. Macbeath, a solicitor in Vigo-street, whose name Lord Frankfort had used.

"Mr. Macbeath presents his duty to the peccesses and the daughters of the nobility and gentry, and informs them that he continues to arrange assignations with the most perfect impunity and safety. Having been trained by Mr. Harris, he now acts directly under President and Director-General of assignations, Phipps.

"Mr. M. begs to call the attention of the ladies to his long-established mode of transacting business. He himself waits upon them at dusk, sending up his card in a tissue envelope; always seeing the parties himself, and arranging personally with them for the reception of the Lothario of the evening, at one o'clock at night; when he is enabled by his peculiar system to keep the husband insensibly asleep, while the parties are amorously engaged in the drawing-room.

"P.S.—He guarantees to married women half their husband's fortune, or more, if they are found out; and will put him in the Ecclesiastical Courts, which are an appendage of his establishment. To spinsters he promises husbands, whom he puts in mad-houses, and gets all the fortune for the wives. His predecessor broke one baronet's neck, for his wife's sake; and having got rid of another, is now endeavouring to destroy his will. Those ladies who will turn up with the parties sent may be satisfied they will be 'looked at;' but those who refuse to do so will not be looked at at all."

To the foregoing the following names were annexed:—

"Lord Henry Lennox, Portland-place.

"Mr. W. Harris, Sutton-lodge, Hackney, and 12, Moor-gate-street, city.

"Mr. Macbeath, 3, Vigo-street, Regent-street.

"Mr. Barnard Macdonough.

"Mr. John Foster, 20, Park-road, Stockwell.

"Mr. James Hunter, 14, Buckingham-street, and Lime-street, city.

"Mr. Jackson, John-street, Adelphi, and 37, Jermyn-street."

Documents similar to this had been sent to the Reverend Mr. Mackenzie, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Lord Henry Gordon, who both appeared in court to testify to the fact.

Lord Henry Lennox.—I know nothing of any of the publications, or of the parties named in them. I have been goaded on to appear in a court by the nuisance inflicted on others, and for the protection of the public; otherwise I should have taken no notice of so contemptible a production.

The letters were traced to Lord Frankfort by Inspector Field and Sergeant Thornton, who seized them and arrested the servant in whose custody they were, as she was about to deposit them in the post-office at Charing-cross. The letters had been systematically sent to a number of gentlemen and ladies, and it was felt that the nuisance ought to be put down.

John Gray, formerly a policeman, deposed that at interviews he had had with Lord Frankfort, conversations had arisen about the arrest of the servant and the detention of the letters, of which the following is a specimen:—

"On the 27th of July I saw Lord Frankfort again, at ten o'clock in the morning. He said, 'Do you know Sergeant Harrington?' I said, 'No—there is Sergeant Thornton.' He said, 'Ah, that's the name. I wish you to see them, and request them to come here and make an offer of compromise, for they have done wrong. They are not to offer too large a sum, for if I think it too much I shall take off half. If they get into the hands of a low lawyer they will have to pay a good deal, for, supposing the letters contained treason, there was nothing in the publication that could hurt me, as I have had advice upon the subject. What sort of a tempered man is Field?' I said he was mild in the execution of his duty. He said, 'I should not like to hurt them.' That ended the conversation on the 27th. I saw him again on the 28th at his own house. I told his Lordship that I could not see Field, as he had gone to Goodwood races, and Thornton was also out of town. He said, 'They are in a—mess, send some one to them. Don't make it appear as if you came from me. They have committed a highway robbery on my personal property, as well as a trespass. If they have acted on a warrant issued by the Secretary of State, or Sir R. Mayne, they are both hasty. I shall bring it before Parliament, and the Derby Government will be thrown out, and Sir Richard Mayne will lose his place, for they both deny them, and the men will be left to their own resources, for I can get a verdict against them.'

Lord Frankfort.—There is not a word of truth in this man's statement. I have nothing to hide. I simply told him that the poor woman was going to put it into the hands of a lawyer.

Mr. Macbeath was examined at his own request, and he denied that he had ever given authority for the use of his name. As the letters were printed circulars, evidence of the handwriting on the envelopes was taken, Mr. Macbeath believing that it was that of his lordship. The case was adjourned for further evidence. Lord Frankfort was ordered to enter into his own recognisances in 500*l.* to appear on Tuesday next.

The Leader

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—*DR. ARNOLD.*

THE AGGRESSIVE POLICY, EAST AND WEST.

ANNEXATION is decreed in Burmah by the march of events. Such is the dictum in India. England cannot help herself. As it has begun in the Punjab, in Scinde, so it will be in Burmah. The native chiefs will assail us, the native people will accept us; and how can we help deigning to conquer the princes, or to reciprocate the acceptance of the people? It is a difficult question. The Government of Burmah perpetrated several aggressions on English subjects, sufficient to compel resentment and retribution, and British ships enter the Rangoon. The Government resists just enough to force the avenging squadron forward, so that step by step it establishes British power in the Rangoon. The people, who at first fled before the British fire, return within the British lines, claiming protection against their own rulers. But it does not end there: the Burmese Government, waiving an active resistance in the Rangoon, transfers the counter-attack to the British frontier of Assam; thus pledging us by a new bond to continue the war unto conquest over that Government. When all is done, it will be difficult to hand back the poor people to the custody of their native rulers, especially as the retention of the province would probably pay us for the war. On these grounds, with great probability, Indian politicians are calculating upon annexation.

One of the most remarkable traits in English politics just at present is the inability of our statesmen or of the public to conceive the idea, clear and comprehensive, of the very policy which the state may be practically pursuing. It is common for all parties to talk of the continuance of peace, and the impolicy of territorial enlargement, just as if this country were not continually at war, and continually enlarging her territory. This shutting of the eyes to our own deeds, does not prevent us from accomplishing those deeds, but only from accomplishing them well. We annex, but we undergo more costly wars than we should, if we were to determine, beforehand, a steady course of conquest and consolidation in India. We do pursue such a course, unsteadily; for we find that upon it depends the retention of the empire; and no influential party has yet resolved to begin the dismemberment of the empire. The Indian races are only waiting for a stumble on our part to fall upon the British knot of invaders, and to restore a host of petty native empires. The deferment of that revolt depends entirely on the maintenance of an active and conquering position; but the position would be all the stronger, if our policy were more distinctly aggressive, and more intelligibly positive.

It is, in a less manifest degree, the same in Europe—all over the world. English influence is waning in Europe, because the power of England to vindicate her own resolves has not recently been displayed, and is supposed to have been enfeebled. The essential principle of English influence in Europe is constitutional government. With certain exceptions, we have against us, as in India, the chiefs, with us the people; and a more active policy on the part of England, to vindicate her own essential principles, would evidently range on our side, to maintain our policy against every hostile power, the peoples of many great states. The fact is so obvious, that foreign statesmen can only draw from our passive position one of two conclusions—either that England is conscious of diminished power, or that her court has made great way in substituting royal for national influence, and is able to dictate a policy favourable to the advance of kingly influence even within our own frontiers. In either case, England can no longer be re-

spected as she has been; and it will cost her much to re-establish her reputation.

So likewise in the West, the continued attempt to maintain a passive policy exposes us to the same twofold risk. It destroys the belief in our power, and it rouses against us the most powerful influence on the Transatlantic Continent. Our great rival there—if, indeed, we can claim to be so much as a rival to the Federal Republic—not only exercises, but avows a policy of aggression and conquest. The actual territory of the Republic is continually enlarged at the expense, not only of Indian tribes, but of neighbouring states. To the South lies a great state, in which no inconsiderable party is continually inviting the Anglo-Saxon Republic as an appropriator. To the South-east lies that archipelago of which Cuba and Porto Rico form parts already destined, by no inconsiderable party within the Republic to annexation. To the North lie those colonies for which our Government has repeatedly conceded much under threat of revolt. To England belongs a part of the West Indian archipelago, on which the United States have already set their mark; and in those English islands of late years, we have obtruded a weak policy, meant to be philanthropic, but practically obstructive of philanthropy: it destroyed the prosperity of the colonies by a compulsion upon the settlers to obey our principles, though we could not help them to make the obedience prosperous. We have enforced emancipation and free trade in the West Indies; we have confessed our inability to permit supplies of labour, or to sustain our dependencies under their trial. We disappoint British subjects; we vex our allies with obtruding a policy which we contradict in the East; we teach both dependents and foreigners to think us feeble in will and act. Is that the way to maintain British influence? It is reported that our Government is forming an alliance with some others of Europe to maintain *against* the United States the miserable wreck of the Spanish-American empire; it is certain, that in the settlement of the fishery question,—if that has been settled on the basis described by the ministerial newspaper,—Downing-street has made a right concession, but in a way to create the most unfavourable impression. By the action of Downing-street, England is made to appear in America at once obstructive in pretensions, and weak in conduct—irritating and contemptible. The position is exactly the reverse of the one which would be advantageous to this country, which should be formidable in resolve and in act, and conciliatory in language and in spirit. A distinct aggressive policy on our part would warrant us in permitting the same to our kindred rival, the American Republic; and moving side by side, the two would be irresistible. As we have so often said, they might dictate to the powers of the world, and divide the earth between them. It would indeed be so if we accepted the suggestions of our own deeds.

REBELLION AND TREASON.

If statesmen do but read history with attention, they are fain to confess that the very things which are the strongest motives to rebellion, are also the strongest motives by which men may be governed. A nation of firm strong will is easily ruled, if the rulers study how to rule it through itself. The men who extorted Magna Charta from King John had such strong convictions and feelings, that a genuine and spontaneous appeal to those feelings must have been effectual. The United States of America preferred the British constitution to the name of King George the Third; and sticking to the code by right of which the king reigned, they forced him to abdicate his fairest possessions across the Atlantic. Statesmen read these passages and others of the same sort; but instead of drawing the moral, they fall, in modern fashion, to comparing the statistics of the British and colonial navies, or some other pedantic rubbish of that sort.

The Irish are a people of strong feelings, keenly alive to injury, mortified by neglect, anxious to avenge humiliation. They have the correlative sensibilities—an almost exaggerated sense of benefit, exultation under favourable notice, anxiety to reciprocate attention. Had Ireland been freely helped in her troubles, instead of being tardily and grudgingly helped, with prompt presentment of England's "little bill" for payment as soon as it is due—if the Sovereign had made Ireland for a time her resi-

dence, trusting to the loyalty of an ultra-loyal people—they would have been in all classes the ardent defenders of the Queen, her crown, and dignity. As it is, they sulk, or go to join the United States in search of subsistence, and sometimes of revenge; or the more ardent of them speak out roughly at home. The *Nation*, looking to rumours of war with the United States, anticipates “the third time when the young Western giant (‘this younger scion of the Anglo-Saxon race’) strips to whip the old beldame of the seas”—England; when “the mangy old lion” shall “run away with his tail between his legs, and the mark of the eagle’s talons on his mane.” And then the writer proceeds to reckon up, as disreeter journalists have done, the troubles at the Cape, in India, the Canadas, and West Indies, which, coming with a French invasion of England, and a war with America, might result in the loss of our dependencies. In another paper, the writer hopes that the “final triumph of the natives” at the Cape of Good Hope “is not far off.” The ministerial *Herald* is shocked at this flat treason—“adhering to the Queen’s enemies in time of war,”—but as it exists in Parliament, is glad to know as much. Why, unless some use be made of the knowledge? It is hardly worth knowing, if it be merely to array a fleet of war ships against Mr. Gavan Duffy, editor of the paper, and member for New Ross; if Government is to continue the plan of exasperating Roman Catholics, cultivating Orangemen, and passing over the *Irish Irish*. Lord Eglington can tell his colleagues that language of this kind is but the rating of disappointed affection; and that the way to counteract it is to cease to disappoint that affection. Lord Eglington’s success, so far as he went at Cork, shows that Ireland only wants a leader to rule the country according to its genius, and these formalistic boasts of “treason” would be forgotten.

In a more distant quarter, the signs of contumacy are more unpleasant. The Legislative Council of Van Diemen’s Land has declared, that if transportation of convicts be continued, the money allowed for the maintenance of the establishments will be refused; and while the local Parliament is thus threatening to stop the supplies, certain of the colonists send home a memorial to the Queen, roundly accusing the late Ministers of broken faith—a broken faith to which the present Ministry has adhered. The maintenance of the great prison establishments, wholly beyond the wants of an ordinary colony, had already been a grievance; the convicts are a species of importation in themselves, more objectionable than tea; and thus the reader will see that the question really at issue is very like that at Boston; only under circumstances of infinitely greater provocation. But the very motives which make the Tasmanians so bitterly resentful—the care for the morality of their colony, and for justice,—are motives that would make them cling fondly to practical good government—would make them, so to speak, sit at the feet of any statesman who could appeal to those feelings of sterling loyalty.

The *Nation* is right in saying that England cannot afford to brave powerful enemies while her dependencies are so discontented. But if we had a statesman like Peel, who could extract a policy out of the great facts of the day, how easy it would be to attach both Ireland and Van Diemen’s Land to the metropolitan state, more firmly than ever, by new bonds of mutual interest and affection.

ELECTION MANUFACTURES.

MR. BARON PLATT has made a speech from which almost all parties may quote something for their purpose. The abuses of free-trade oratory; the danger of losing a good character; the want of defence for prisoners, and some other things, are all glanced at in a sort of peroration, or appendix parenthesis to the sentence on some men convicted at Bristol Assizes of rioting at the East Somerset election:—

“It is painful to see nine industrious fellows like yourselves, who have hitherto earned your livelihood by honest industry, as I understand you have done, in such a position; because, whatever compassion I may feel for you as a man, it is my duty, as a judge, to pass a severe sentence upon you. Many of you have received good characters, as being peaceable and orderly up to this transaction, and it is much to be regretted that you did not preserve those characters.”

“The Court also takes into consideration the topic

upon which you were moved, which is one which has excited rich as well as poor. It would have been well, however, if those by whom such men as you were excited had looked before they endeavoured to rouse the passions of an ungovernable mob; for when the waters of discord are let out, who shall stop them? You have been the victims of these mob-orators, who ought to have found the means for your defence; and I am ashamed of my countrymen, when I find that some of you were without any defence. It may, however, serve to show that these persons only use you to promote their private ends, and, having done so, they leave you to your fate.”

Mr. Baron Platt seems to have made these remarks on the strength of an assertion by Counsel, that “the contest was a fierce one between protectionists and freetraders,” and that “the lower orders had been led to some violent expression of their sentiments.” It was shown in the evidence that the only political speech made during the day was one by Mr. Hayter; and indeed throughout the time, the political speeches addressed to the “vile rabble” were comparatively few; the principal speakers being Captain Scobell and Mr. Elton. It was not shown that any attempt had been made “to excite the passions” of the mob by those speakers, or by any other persons properly to be called “free-trade orators;” and we believe that in point of fact no such speeches were delivered. It may happen, indeed, that the question of cheap food is one in itself exciting to the working classes; but so are all questions that touch them nearly: and if Baron Platt’s strictures on what he is pleased to call “mob oratory” are of any force, they must be taken to imply that the people ought to feel no keen interest in questions invoked at the elections, or that, *per contra*, the selection of questions to be laid before the public must be such as do not really concern them very deeply. There is a great deal of nonsense going forward on this subject of “exciting the passions,” &c. “Least said soonest mended” seems to be the rule, not only with reference to the conscience of the candidate, but also with reference to the non-excitement of the people. If their bread is at stake, nothing is to be said about it, lest their feelings should be roused. If their political rights are in question, the subject must not be touched upon, because it excites feelings in the people. If the state of employment, and the tenure of land on the dog-in-the-manger principle, without full use of it, occurs to the mind of the politician, he must not mention it, because it may go home to the feelings of his hearers. The subjects which he should discuss ought to be abstract ideas of statesmanship; critical discussions on the characters of public men; theological allusions in very general terms, not of course coming home to Dissenters; and generally such subjects as would not disturb the politest dinner-table.

This squeamishness of political discussion is advancing *pari passu*, with another arrangement in reference to election affairs. The general tendency is to transfer the practical working of elections from the great body of the electors to certain agents, who manage the matter by calculations in their own offices, and who profess so accurate a system of registration that, if it were carried out completely, they might probably do away altogether with public elections. The gain in quietness would be considerable. It has been said, that if warlike weapons be brought to great perfection, they would be so destructive, and their destructive powers might be so distinctly calculated, that generals might altogether waive the battle, and exchanging the arithmetic equations of the destructive power at their disposals, they might work out the ultimate result upon the slate, and allot the victory by an algebraic process. The substantial part of “glory” would evaporate in such a plan, but it would be convenient both to generals and common soldiers. In like manner, the general officers of election matters desire to economize the interference of electors in the affair; and if they carry their plans to perfection, we might ascertain the result of the poll beforehand, at a joint meeting of the managing men. This would not only be highly conducive to public quiet, but it would also concentrate the ground upon which wealth and influence can exert their legitimate power. Station and property would then find their due places in Parliament without any of the waste that is now incurred in the grosser and ruder species of bribery. It would also do away with the farce

at present carried on, by which it is pretended that the people elects the Parliament; whereas the wildest of poets could only bring a seventh of the people into the field, and the actual practice is to determine the result by the operation of a comparatively small clique; so that, under the new plan, the profession would more properly conform to the facts.

Some progress has already been made towards this great improvement; and the East Somerset election is a case in point. The machinery of the Free-trade or Liberal side was very imperfect, but the Tories worked with thoroughly organized forces. Landlord influence, trading influence, personal influence, party influence, were all organized into a very exact method of producing the result desired by the feudal chiefs; who, no doubt, devoutly and sincerely believed that the safety of Crown, Church, Corn, and Constitution, trembled in the balance of the contest. If the Free-traders and Liberals had not interfered, the election might have passed off without a word of opposition, or even of question; and probably as a man, though not as a judge—for he drew the distinction himself—Mr. Baron Platt may have had that more perfect process in view, when he so strongly reprobated the “mob orators” that had disturbed it.

HINTS TO NEW M.P.’S.

BY AN EXPERIENCED “STRANGER.”

II.

GENTLEMEN, — Perhaps my definition of a “Member of Parliament” may have struck you, last week, as being about as complex as Imilac’s definition of a poet; and a stray Rasselas might have put his *Leader* of the 14th on the file with the exclamation, “Enough! thou hast convinced me no man can ever be an M.P.” But definitions such as these are like Sam Slick’s rule for shooting coons—they only amount to a suggestion to “aim high.” Nobody ever reaches his standard; but that is no reason why we should not have a standard. If we did not aim high above the practical coon, we should never even bring it down.

I take by the hand the modest M.P. I have sketched—the man who has not only a head to think, but a body fit for working out the thought—and I will tell him how to succeed and to satisfy himself in Parliament. The hints apply to him whether he aims at a peerage or at the membership for Finsbury—the two extremes of political ambition; whether he thinks he can be a Disraeli or only a Forbes Mackenzie; whether Premier or whipper-in; whether a debater like Osborne, or a steady committee-man like Sir John Buller; whether he is a man of genius, or only a keen man of the world; whether he is honest or dishonest,—is bound to a party, or pledged to mankind. The House of Commons is only to be approached, wooed, and won, in one way, by all sorts of persons. It is a body without any principles or any prejudices—except against bores. It is utterly indifferent to the creed, and country, and character, of the new man. He who comes to it with a good reputation has no better chance than he who besieges it with a bad one. It rejects all pretensions it has not of itself justified, and all fame it has not itself conferred; judging most severely and critically of those who have attained position independent of it, and of whom it consequently expects and exacts much, in justification. It has no principles, because, as a corporation, it has no conscience; and hence it not only endures, but, if they are presentable and useful, applauds notorious rogues—rogues political and rogues social. It blackballs and sends to Coventry many; but they are men who have offended on large or small pretexts against its own morale—which means its own comfort and pleasure. Therefore, he who enters newly the House of Commons may consider that he is taking his first step in his career. To what he may have been, or may have done, before, the House is indifferent. He may have been a scamp or a saint, it matters not: the club deals only with sins against it, and the merit that is useful to it. He may be very rich or very poor—a millionaire or an adventurer—his chances are precisely equal. This is not the common notion, but observation shows that it is the correct one; and that, indeed, in all its judgments, the House of Commons is governed by the utmost impartiality and republican enlightenment. Intense philosophic selfishness has no small weaknesses or petty prejudices.

Composed, as the lower House is, largely of an aristocratic element, there is nothing of the "snob" about it in the aggregate. Mr. Anstey goes about saying, "I was counted out because I was poor;" but Mr. Disraeli was always poorer than Mr. Anstey, and is, *de facto*, Premier of England. London society suffered Mr. Hudson; but the House of Commons, from the first, laughed at him, and at last howled him down. The House of Commons would not listen to Mr. Stanley (the present Lord) when, with all the prestige of his name and lineage, he attempted to teach it about sugar; but the House of Commons cheered the first great sugar speech of Mr. Economist Wilson, although Mr. Wilson was fresh from a hatter's shop, and smelt of "the Borough." The House of Commons hates Manchester; but it jeered Baillie Cochrane's aristocratic attacks on Cottonopolis to that extent that Baillie Cochrane gave up being Pitt, and took to idiotic novels, while it burst into an honest and hearty sympathetic shout when Mr. Brotherton, pleading for the Ten Hours' Act, said, with the tears in his eyes, "Sir, I am now a Member of Parliament, but I was once a poor, wretched, half-starved factory boy." Again, the House of Commons detested Feargus O'Connor; but not because he was a Chartist. Indeed, from what I know of it, the House would rather like, and would certainly carefully listen to, a genuine working-man Chartist.

It is odd; but the clever men always blunder, at first, with the House of Commons. The men of genius always attempt, as green genius attempts in other directions, to take it by storm. Disraeli went at the Senate with a rush, to talk Aeroyisms; and the yelling laughter which greeted him made him a great man—it gave him so much to obliterate! That was a spasmodic saying—"The time will come when you shall hear me;" but to redeem the boast a system was necessary, and Disraeli, a man essentially of an Italian and intriguing genius, soon found that the House was not to be bullied out of applause. There were no more *tours de force* in his career; he has got on by sheer hard work, on an exact system, biding his time, ever at hand, and never missing an opportunity. He has never been guilty of an impulse since impulse plunged him into the greatest parliamentary failure on record; and that his system is worth studying is suggested in the fact that it has been successful—successful despite drawbacks—to say nothing of his race and creed—which would have crushed most other men. He knew what he had to overcome, and calculated the cost; invested, waited, and got the profits. And the parliamentary system essential to triumph is so invariable, that Mr. Disraeli, because he does what Sir Robert Peel did, is accused of being an imitator of Sir Robert Peel. The imitation is said to consist in the assiduous complimenting of everybody. That was poor Sir Robert's forte—a trick coming natural to him, as a parvenu, and as never certain of what party he would be among in a month. As a parvenu, too, Mr. Disraeli finds it indispensable; despises the meanness of the sycophancy, but is constrained to resort to it because he knows its results are desirable. Men, secure and safe in their own positions—either Lords J. Russell or Derby—may indulge haughtiness, and be costly in laudations; but Mr. Disraeli bows to the statue of Jove, while worshipping Jehovah, because he does not know if his turn will come again!

Another instance of a man of genius endeavouring to take the House of Commons by assault, and being conspicuously rebuffed, is supplied by Sir Edward Lytton, of whom it now remains to be seen whether he appreciates the sagacity of undermining. Sir Edward entered parliament for the express purpose of making a sensation, and of making use of the House of Commons platform for his own intellectual glorification. The intention, always quickly detected, implies a conceited contempt for the House itself, and is always punished by vigorous snubbing. Sir Edward soared wonderfully, but he couldn't get the House to look up. He made undoubtedly fine, rattling, sound, witty speeches; and there was no doubt whatever that he was an acquisition, a suitable representative man, and a possible popular minister. But the pretence offended—the incessant evident desire to render the House subordinate to Sir Edward Bulwer—the prominence given to the individuality, which would not identify itself with the whole body—disgusted; and Sir Edward never became a great "parliament man." He would not work; that is, he

scorned the rehearsals; he was always on the stage, stazy—and always insisting on being brilliant. He was, in short, an outsider in the club; he wouldn't join the rest, think, or affect to think, like the rest; and—he talked to the "gallery," not to the "honourable gentlemen opposite," and grievously offended the House by indicating indirectly that he thought less of them than of "the great public." Sir Edward's parliamentary failure is often stupidly adduced as a proof of literary men being unfit for the House of Commons. The theory arises in forgetfulness of the fact that most of the literary men who go into the House of Commons, do not go there to become House of Commons personages. What they do not aim at, they do not attain; and, of course, episodic appearances in debate, straggling speeches, and lounges about committee rooms, do not produce that effect which induces competitors to make way for them. The Penates of St. Stephen's are jealous gods, and require an exclusive devotion. A great author who went work for House of Commons position and fame, is no more entitled to be a leader there than a great lawyer who doesn't give up the law can expect to head lobbies. The House of Commons heroes—the Pitts, Grahams, Peels, Russells—are the men who live for the House of Commons, and are ambitious of its honours only. Even Disraeli wrote *Coningsby* in a recess: and since he saw power looming in the future, he has not written at all, except with an aim at House of Commons ends, as in the *Political Life* of Bentinck, which was an appeal to a party.

The House of Commons insists upon its own style; and will not "hear, hear," the literary style, and got-up brilliancies of the literary member; and it will not intrust a literary man with any sort of leadership, because it distrusts all but those who look at the public and at the government from its own point of view, and in whose chieftainship, therefore, for its own purposes, it can confide. It, therefore, puts down a Bulwer just as it puts down a Bright (as a man of commerce, and member for Manchester), or a Cockburn (as a lawyer), as a man not identifying himself with it—as a man who moves out of the Commons' circle, and has other business, which is not Commons' business. These aggregate instincts do not correspond with the individual influences, since most members are, sometimes, in some occupation, portions of the public; but they are unmistakable in their operation: and this need not be wondered, since all large bodies are possessed of a collective tone, so to speak, on all matters applying to their collective interest. But though the House would place the literary members in the first rank, it is an error to suppose they are such failures as to be disliked. If they are pretentious, mere literary men, they are snubbed—but for the pretentiousness, not for the literature. If they, in their degree, and at their leisure, appear in a Parliamentary *melée*, and make a good speech, adopting as nearly as they can the cue of the place, they are listened to deferentially, and applauded. Mr. Macaulay was, surely, no failure? Even Peel did not draw such audiences. When it was known Macaulay would speak, and it always was known, clubs would empty and drawing-rooms would give up their males; and at eleven o'clock—for Macaulay would never deign to speak until the audience was a large one—there would be no seat vacant. He was watched, listened to, and cheered, by a rapt audience, who were enjoying, with cultivated taste, a finished essay. Its polish, its completeness, and its exhaustion of the topic in hand, excited universal admiration. But then the House saw more than a mere literary man—they saw an accomplished scholar, a man of learning, of judgment—a man who served a direct and useful purpose in pouring out his mind. They saw a man whose intellectual qualities were greater than those of their own Sir Robert Peel—for Sir Robert Peel could not have spoken such an essay. But which would they follow, in a political crisis? Sir Robert; because they did not want in their leader a brilliant man only—because Sir Robert had passed his life in studying the relations between them and the world—because Sir Robert was a man of the world, understanding them, men of the world; and because, having studied the trade of governing, and studied nothing else, they could have confidence in his advice in a political emergency. Instinct—the instinct of masses—dictates their choice; and while they admire a

Macaulay, they follow Peel. Had Mr. Macaulay given up to the House what was meant for the House's constituents, he would have been a Peel, too; and, who can tell, perhaps *vice versa*?

"Literary men," in short, must cease to be literary men (it is a wonder men of literature do not put down the horrible phrase) before they can lead political parties. In other words, they must become ordinary men of the world—worldly—or, in other words, must learn how to manage ordinary men, which is not learned in closets. Burke carried all before him while he remained a politician; but he got sublimated into the philosopher, and degenerated into a "dinner bell." Sheridan observed this, and gained by the fact. Kelly, in his memoirs, states that he one day told Sheridan that he (Sheridan) daren't write another comedy, because he was afraid of the author of *The School for Scandal*. But, clearly, Sheridan, who was ambitious of political distinction and whose managership was regarded as an amusement, avoided writing simply in order to talk with the more effect. Gibbon, in his remarks about Sheridan's Warren Hastings' oration, confesses that the powers then developed would require a life of practice; and Gibbon, when an M.P., was a back bencher, from his consciousness that his great intellect was in a world where it was but as a child's. Sir James Mackintosh is always referred to as among the authors who failed in Parliament, and it is supposed he failed because he was not a leader. As a man of the world, as a politician, he was without influence in the House; but he was admired and cheered as a wise, thoughtful, honest man. The same is to be said of Jeffrey, who had no business (though a good deal of practice) at the bar, much less in the House of Commons. As I said in the last paper, the great "public man" must have defects of character to suit him to his position. What could the Whigs do with Burke when they found he was a man who would talk "eternal justice" about Marie Antoinette, forgetful of the use the revolution was to the party? What could Brougham do with the Sir James Mackintosh, whose every oration commenced with an apology for his "hot youth's" (and he a Scotchman!) "Vindiciæ?" The "literary man" talks abstractions, and is, therefore, dangerous. Thus the House of Commons condemned Peel for making George Smythe an Under Foreign Secretary, because the House has a nervous horror, whatever its admiration, of a young man who used to rise in a foreign debate, stand bolt upright, shut his eyes, and pour forth epigrammatic eloquence, sounding like a translation from the French of Vergniaud. The "practical" commonplace man for the House, which thinks well of Forbes Mackenzie for helping Lord Derby on with his coat, and cheered Lord Henry Lennox (he of the police-court, and Lord of the Treasury) for bringing in a glass of water—a son of a duke, too!—to Mr. Disraeli, while that exhausted statesman was dealing with Direct Taxation in his immortal budget.

All these are general views, leading to rules of detail; and these details you shall have next week.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

III.

"Temples have their sacred images, and we see what influence they have always had over a great part of mankind. But, in truth, the ideas and images in men's minds are the invisible powers that constantly govern them, and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is, therefore, of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the understanding."—Locke.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—No philosophical history of Socialism has, as far as I know, been written. Hitherto the great social revolutions of the world have been generally treated by historians as partial and isolated movements, produced by exceptional and oftentimes trivial causes, and not as inevitable phases in the progressive development of the human race, subject to laws as stable as those of the physical world, and as liable to be disturbed by storms and convulsions. Man is by nature a social being, and society an assemblage of individuals bound together by natural sympathies, or from motives of self-interest, for mutual assistance, security, or entertainment. Hence, in society, we find two counteracting forces, or motive principles—namely, individualism and socialism, in constant operation. They are not, however, necessarily hostile and antagonistic, but, on the contrary, friendly and auxiliary powers.

In an earlier series of letters on "Social Reform," I briefly commented upon the struggle within the early Christian Church, between the principles of communism and individualism. It is now my intention to trace the development of the social idea during the middle ages, and its influence on European civilization.

The fourteenth century is distinguished by the rise and development of unmonastic associations in Germany and the Netherlands, an unmistakable sign of the decay of monachism. The regular succession of new orders and their decline, leading to the establishment of others, marks the whole history of monachism, and was at no period more remarkable than from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, when there appeared, one after the other, five new orders, all seeking to restore the ancient severity of monastic discipline. The expediency of having so many different orders becoming doubtful, Pope Innocent III. forbade the establishment of any new one. But, scarcely had this prohibition been issued, when the popes saw occasion to suspend its operation, in favour of a new form of monachism, which promised to be useful to the Papal power. The monks, hitherto, had been considered in the light of penitents, renouncing all communication with the world. But this mode of life had now become suspicious, and men had learned to value a different kind of apostolic life and usefulness. The first of these new orders was founded by Francis of Assisi, who, in the year 1207, began to gather a fraternity around him, and introduced among them a truly apostolic life of self-denial and activity. The fanatical veneration of the Franciscans for their founder (Peter Seraphicus) led them to believe that his life was an accurate copy of that of Jesus, and to apply to him certain prophecies. Thus arose among the Franciscans an Apocalyptic party, who not only declared the Church to be entirely corrupt, but considered the whole work of Christ to have been only a preparation for a more perfect revelation of the Holy Ghost. At their head was Peter John Olivi, (A.D. 1297,) who, by his commentary on the Apocalypse, and his bitter censures on the Popes, raised the fanatical hopes of his party, and gained many followers. The divisions of the Franciscans ended in the establishment of a separate fraternity, the Celestine Eremites; but they were broken up by Boniface VIII., (A.D. 1302,) and their members persecuted as heretics; which led, eventually, to their entire separation from the order and the Church.

Whilst the hierarchy were thus involved in a constant struggle for temporal power, the limit of free inquiry was more and more narrowed as the church system was developed, and its disciplinary powers perverted from their original character. The opposition to the Church became general. While Tanchelm in the Netherlands, and Euda de Stella in Bretagne and Gascony, were inflaming the minds of the people, two ecclesiastics in the south of France, Peter de Bruis and Henry, began to declaim most zealously against the machinery of the Church, and the corruption of the clergy. Like Peter and Henry, Peter Waldensis of Lyons, with a number of followers, (A.D. 1170) began to preach the Gospel after the manner of the primitive apostles, and they afterwards separated themselves entirely from the Church. The sanguinary measures taken against the heretics only confirmed them in their convictions, and drove them to seek refuge in other countries, where they secretly continued to disseminate their doctrines in spite of the violent inquisitorial persecutions to which all the unmonastic associations were exposed. In the Netherlands, and in Germany, great progress was also made by the Alexiani, or *Fratres Cellite*, called Lollards or Beghards by the people, who had associated themselves in Antwerp soon after the year 1300 for the care of the sick and the dead.

In proportion as the papal power became irresistible, the heretical parties assumed more and more the character of fanaticism, and sought to lay the foundations of their religious faith without the Church. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, three of the Bohemian clergy, Conrad Stielem, John Milicz, and Mathian von Janow, the precursors of Huss, directed their attacks against the mendicant orders, to whose influence they chiefly ascribed the existing corruption. And in England there now appeared John Wicliffe, a Fellow of Merton College, Ox-

ford, who, favoured on the one hand by the indignation of the people against the papal power, and on the other, by the mistrust of the government, instituted an impartial examination into the customs and doctrines of the Church of Rome. He first came forward in the controversies of the University with the mendicant orders, and fearlessly proclaimed their corruption.

While these violent dissensions were raging in the Church, a great social movement declared itself throughout Europe. The common people, who were in the most abject and miserable condition, simultaneously rose against their oppressors; and while the religious Reformers denounced the corruption of the clergy, the popular leaders incited their followers to rebel against the insufferable tyranny of the privileged orders. Two things materially contributed to the success of this great social revolution,—the resistance of the Commons to the feudal system, and the concentration of the executive power in the Crown.

I remain, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, August 12th.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX.* VII.

FOR some weeks past, the pressure of important news has not permitted us to revert at length to this subject, but we have not spent our vacation in idleness. Determined to give our readers the means of judging for themselves as to the respective merits of the various systems of preparing the fibre, and mistrusting the entire accuracy of the published analyses of this plant, we have instituted a series of experiments (12 in number), and the result appears to fortify us in the opinion we had previously expressed, that the present methods of preparation are highly wasteful and intensely slovenly. We have advocated the "dry" preparation because it is the only one which enables us to make use of the "refuse" of the flax plant. The value of this refuse had not, we believe, been hitherto ascertained, and we claim the credit of being the first to advance proof, satisfactory to the scientific agriculturist, that *there is no portion of the flax plant which is not highly valuable to the feeder of stock*, and that he who will persist in saving nothing but the seed and the fibre has no right to complain of the gradual deterioration of his land.

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	Salts.
60 Parts of pure fibre contain	17.90	5.00	38.40	0.70
60 " fibre with gum "	21.50	5.75	31.75	1.00
60 " gum resin "	22.00	4.70	30.00	3.30
60 " wood with gum "	38.62	3.33	16.54	1.51
60 " linseed "	29.25	6.66	23.59	0.50
60 " seed capsules "	24.37	4.25	30.78	0.60

The salts consist of chlorides, sulphates, and carbonate of potassium calcium, with traces of silicic acid, but neither alumina, magnesia, nor iron, were detected, although they have been said to exist in other specimens. The theory, therefore, that pure fibre is derived almost entirely from the atmosphere is again confirmed, as well as the additional fact that the wood and gum of the flax plant, in their natural state, are highly valuable, either as a vehicle for linseed, or to enter into any other compound for cattle, of which straw or hay-chaff forms a part.

It will follow that all other portions of the plant being used on the farm, the salts carried off in the pure fibre may be readily restored to the land at an inconsiderable cost. Two bushels of soot and one bushel of bone-dust per acre being in truth sufficient to replace the inorganic matter extracted from the soil. Further experiments tend to show that about 33 per cent. of the plant consists of fibre with the gum attached, or about 20 per cent. of pure fibre, so that flax steepers, who obtain on the average but 12½ per cent., and take credit for the improvements which have led to this result, literally sacrifice 7½ lbs. of fibre out of every 100 lbs. of straw, or at least 300 lbs. on every acre grown!

After this further explanation of the real character of the plant under discussion, our readers will be prepared for our recommendation that the flax crop should be harvested as carefully as if it were so much wheat—the seed destined for an agricultural show, and the straws wherewith to imbibe Sherry Cobbler in the dog-days. This is no very difficult matter with a little attention. The first consideration is the maturity of the plant, which may be said to be sufficiently perfect as soon as the seeds assume a brown tinge, and the stalks become yellow nearly to the top. Then select a fine dry day for the operation of pulling the crop, which is thus performed: the puller seizes a good handful of the flax with one hand just below the seed branches, and

pressing the other hand upon it, lifts it from the soil and lays it behind him—each succeeding handful being placed roots and heads alternately, to prevent the entangling of the seed-bolls. Great care should be taken to keep the root ends even, the value of which precaution will be felt hereafter. If any of the crop be laid by the rain, it should be first pulled and set carefully aside. If the ground be not perfectly level, or should the drainage of the field be unequal or deficient, a portion of the crop will run short in length, and this may be cleared off after the first pulling, and kept by itself—evenness of length being a great desideratum in flax. After the pullers, children follow to set up the crop for drying. This is generally done by ranging the handfuls directly opposite each other in the form of the letter A, but we have found the following to be a useful modification of this system. As soon as a certain breadth has been pulled, place a couple of forked sticks, about 2½ feet long, into the ground, about 10 feet apart, and lay a hazel rod from fork to fork. Then set up a handful of flax as pulled on one side, taking care to spread the root ends well out in the form of a fan, and another handful *next* to it on the other side of the rod, and so on until it is full. This will effectually prevent all rough usage to the seed capsules, and greatly facilitate the after operations of turning. The whole crop being thus set up, stick an ugly noisy boy to scare away the birds from the linseed, and see that he makes good use of his lungs and feet. Like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he should be in two places at once, and never suffer a sparrow to approach the crop, under pain of loss of his beer.

An active man, with a couple of children to hand him the bunches, will set up an acre of flax per day. After the crop has thus laid for three days turn the handfuls on the rods, so that every portion should dry of an even colour. In six or eight days from the day of pulling, if the weather be favourable, the crop will be ready for stacking, but previously to this being done, the seed, which will then be fully matured, should be taken off. This is done by means of a "ripple," which is simply a single or double row of iron teeth screwed into a block of hard wood, and fastened to the middle of a six or eight foot plank, resting upon a couple of stools or cart supports, which will answer the purpose and save expense. The Royal Irish Flax Society, which, after all, is *sometimes* right, recommends the ripples to be made "of half-inch square rods of iron, placed with the angles of iron next the rippers, three sixteenths of an inch asunder at the bottom, half an inch at the top, and eighteen inches long. The points should begin to taper three inches from the top." It is in fact just like a comb, and is by far the most useful implement for taking off the seed capsules or "bolls."

Two men sit facing each other on the plank, with the comb between them, and a large sheet underneath to receive the "bolls." Children lay the handfuls of flax crossing each other, at the side of each rippler, and they are drawn through the instrument until the bolls are off. One hand should be placed near the roots, and the other about eight inches from the heads, and the hands tightly clasped to preserve the evenness of the flax. The men strike the comb alternately, and soon get through the job. Freed from the seed, the straw is then tied up in bundles about nine inches or a foot in diameter, and, when *thoroughly dry*, stacked and thatched like so much wheat. It will be all the better if it is suffered to remain stooked in the field, and the stooks occasionally turned, as long as the weather continues fair. Should rain take place, the building of the stack must be deferred, and the sheaves opened again and exposed to the sun as long as there be any suspicion of the slightest damp.

The seed-bolls should remain in the field if the weather be fine, and turned over by the "bird keeper" from time to time. If rainy, remove them to the barn floor, and give them as much light and air as possible. If intended for sale, the seed may be thrashed out and the husks preserved for feeding stock, but if the farmer means, as he ought, to use it at home, there is no necessity for any thrashing. The bolls may be ground down in their whole state, and given to the stock in the form we shall prescribe in a future paper.

Here let us pause to consider and admire the practice of the peasantry in the sister isle in the case of their linseed. On the 29th of November, 1851, the Marquis of Downshire (the nobleman who is reported to have recommended his tenants to substitute iron for wooden ploughs, because they would last *for ever*, and make capital horseshoes *afterwards*!), to whom a monument should, nevertheless, be erected for so boldly exposing the ignorance, not of the peasantry, but of those who should direct them to better things, stated that, in the course of a tour, he found the high roads "covered with bales of flax," in the expectation that the passing carts and horses would save the trouble of beating out the seed; and added, "if I had only a wish to make a

* Vide Leader, Nos. 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 124.

fortune, I would go round the country and buy up all the seed; not at what the farmers would ask for it, for they did not know the value of it, but on whatever terms I proposed myself." This statement was made at the annual gathering of the Royal Irish Flax Improvement Society, and the report of the committee strangely confirms Lord Downshire's story, since it appears that out of 138,611 acres of flax grown last year in Ireland, the seed of at least 100,000 acres was totally lost, because its value was not known.

Now, an acre of indifferent flax will yield two quarters of linseed, and half a ton of bolls, "equal to hay." The loss, therefore, to green Erin, last year, in these two representatives of beef and mutton, was as follows:—

200,000 quarters of linseed, at 50s. is	£500,000
50,000 tons bolls, at 60s. is	150,000
	£650,000

In other words, the holders of 650,000 acres at 17. per acre, were last year ejected from their farms for non-payment of rent, because the "Royal Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland," had not taken the pains to impress upon the minds of the peasantry that beef and mutton were as valuable as linen and cambric. It is asserted that it is owing to the exertions of this society that the breadth of land under flax has increased from 53,863 acres in 1848, to 138,611 acres in 1851. Agriculturists have been appointed to "instruct" the people, and the first evidence of their instruction is, that over half a million of money has been wasted—enough for the support, through the winter, of over 200,000 souls and bodies! Is not this monstrous? Here we are importing 650,000 quarters of linseed annually, for crushing, and 100,000 quarters for sowing, while it is wasted in this wholesale manner at our own doors! Let us remember Lord Downshire's tour through Ireland when next we are asked for an Irish starvation grant, and refer the applicants to the Royal Flax Society for particulars.

NEW FORMS OF CO-OPERATION.

WE have before drawn attention to the People's Mill at Leeds, as illustrating the advantages of co-operation in the preparation and purchase of flour. Nearer town, at New Brentford, with offices in Upper Wellington-street, has been established a People's Brewery. The economical advantages of this new experiment in Association consist in the sale of Ales at reduced prices, in enabling the poor who consume Ales to become themselves shareholders at a limited liability, in giving all subscribers the right to view the premises and inspect the materials used, and in the admission (after five per cent. to the shareholders) of the workmen regularly employed, to participate in the surplus profits according to wages earned. The sanitary advantages are, guaranteeing genuine beer, and the non-use of those deleterious drugs which are so frequently employed. Except from houses of the highest character, it is next to impossible to obtain ales the purity of which can be relied upon. With such houses the mass of our population are precluded from dealing. This Metropolitan and Provincial Joint Stock Brewery Company will therefore be a means of moral and economical service to all who consume malt beverages.

The quality of the Beer and Porter brewed by this Company has been tested by an eminent analytical chemist, whose certificate we subjoin:—

TO MR. W. STEVENS,
Manager of the Metropolitan and Provincial Joint Stock Brewery Company.

SIR,—I have examined the Ale and Stout brewed by the Metropolitan and Provincial Joint Stock Brewery Company, and have found them to be perfectly free from any deleterious ingredients, and to contain nothing but what is derived from good malt and hops.

Altogether I consider the wholesome beverages brewed by this Company to be of unexceptionable character, and such that must find favour with the public for their excellent qualities and moderate prices.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM BASTIC, Analytical Chemist,
2, Brook-street, Bond-street, London.
August 18, 1852.

A NATIONAL PARTY.—What we want is a new power, which might be to our two great family parties what the Whigs were to the Tories fifty years since. The times seem to be ripening to some such issue. Had we a great NATIONALIST party—we like that word, it is large-meaning and large-hearted—even the literature of such a party would be as a morning freshness to us all. It would be a literature of conviction and feeling. At present our literature is hardly less subservient to the artificial pleasure of certain superiors among us, than was that of France under Louis XIV. to the will of its great ruler.—*British Quarterly Review*.—August.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

A HINT TO THE READERS AND AGENTS OF THE "LEADER."

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I feel that it would be an unpardonable act of indifference, not to say ingratitude, to neglect acknowledging your truly valuable services in exposing the disgraceful intimidation, and other mean and unlawful practices exercised by the Protectionist party during the recent East Somerset election. It will be gratifying to you, and doubtless to many of your readers, to know that so highly were your bold, manly, and impartial exposures appreciated, that the friends of Mr. Elton, the Liberal candidate, ordered to be printed and posted your first article on the subject as a placard, and to be circulated over the whole county. That the influence of that broadside imbued the minds of many doubtful electors with manly and independent resolutions to vote conscientiously, I know to be a fact; that it also prevented or stifled the commission of further contemplated outrages upon public justice by the same party, I know to be also true. With a deep conviction, therefore, of the great value of the *Leader* to the cause of liberal principles and general progress, I conceived it to be my duty to set about the work of attempting to augment your list of subscribers. I first supplied those friends who were most likely to be supporters, with a copy of the paper "to read;" and within ten days after, by such simple means I procured for you nearly twenty quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly subscribers, who, no doubt, even after the termination of those respective periods, you will still retain as your constant readers. Believing that many persons, and especially agents, are unaware of their personal influence in forwarding the interest of a newspaper, I beg to be permitted, despite all delicacy, to suggest to them that some such effort be made generally by the readers and agents of the *Leader*. Enemies there are who hopelessly, but eagerly, seek its destruction—and it is only a few weeks ago since an instance of the kind came under my observation. Why should not, therefore, friends make a bold push to enlarge its already wide sphere of usefulness?—I am, &c.

A FRIEND TO THE "LEADER."

Weston Super-Mare,
August 12, 1852.

A NEW TURNIP.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Birtle, near Heywood, August 7, 1852.

SIR,—Though not having an inch of ground besides a small garden, I have been much pleased with the articles in the *Leader*, on Flax Culture, and wish to draw the attention of the writer to a new variety of turnip, which I think will be of service in the dilemma mentioned in this day's article, about the stone turnip not always succeeding at so late a part of the year, as a successor of flax. It is sold by Mr. Chivas, seedsman, Eastgate-street, Chester, who, I have no doubt, will be happy to supply his pamphlet, containing testimonials, &c., a copy of which I sent to a friend of mine only a few minutes before I got your paper to-day, or I would have enclosed it. I send a little of the seed, and the following extract from the *Cottage Gardener* of July 29th:—

"We here beg to recommend to the allotment man, and indeed to everybody, a new turnip which has appeared in these parts during the last two years, called the 'Orange Jelly.' This has been given to the public by Mr. Chivas, seedsman, Chester, who grows an immense stock for the agriculturists: they are beginning to find its value. To allotment holders it is of equal importance, as combining all that is requisite, viz., heavy cropping, short tops, and a peculiarly rich flavour and pulpy flesh. As we had some doubts of its earliness, we this spring tried a plot against

the early Dutch and Stone—a pretty good test—and it beat them hollow; and as for flavour and texture, there is no comparison. We were shown a field by Dr. Brindley, in April, which the doctor said was sown in the second week of September last, and, strange to say, has produced at that late period a crop large as good-sized cricket balls, and which had stood the winter in style. This is a great boon to those who want to crop very late; for at that late period most of our other kinds would be nothing but foliage. The allottee may sow some by all means, if he can get at it, for his family's use, as well as for the pig."

Mr. Chivas's instructions are, to allow nine inches, or certainly not more than a foot, between the plants each way.*—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—There is much truth in "Ion's" strictures on the Temperance cause. The advocates of that cause have, by their injudicious zeal, brought it into disrepute. Their intemperate advocacy and rudeness to all who do not embrace the whole six points of the Teetotal Charter at once, have done more to drive from their ranks the cool-headed thinkers than all the arguments and facts presented by experience could do to attract recruits. The champions have damaged their cause; but if the cause be a good one, as "Ion" confesses, then, I think, a writer of his well-known moral courage might have taken up the good cause, without being overawed by any "harshness of imputation."

Like all spectacles, Cruikshank's illustration of the gradations of drunkenness is highly coloured; but there are instances of such small beginnings leading to the fatal consequences there pictured. And on the ground of expediency (the only tenable ground of total abstinence from strong drinks), one instance in twenty, or one in one hundred, will justify the adoption of the extreme course of safety. How necessary to the safe navigation of our coasts are the lighthouses on headlands, &c.

Perhaps, nineteen nights in twenty some of these lights may not be required, yet who would extinguish them? Paley's moral axiom—"If, by following any course of action, we may do some good and can do no harm, we are as much bound to follow this course of action as though the good were certain," applies strictly to the temperance cause. I think "Ion" most unhappy, too, in his condemnatory illustration as given in a colloquy between a London lecturer and the Temperance hotel-keeper. If there was any blame to attach in his being there, blame those who sent him; and if he chose to be there, then the rudeness in treating the hotel-keeper as represented by "Ion" is certainly on the side of the metropolitan, for whatever extreme views the man might have regarding alcoholic drinks, his consistency and sincerity in maintaining them should have elicited the admiration and approval of the guest, instead of his ridicule. Suppose this fatigued lecturer had been recommended to a Jew's eating-house for refreshments, would he have presumed to quarrel with his host because he could not have a ham sandwich?†

R. ADAIR.

TO CONTINENTAL LEADERS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Would it not be well if the advocates of political liberty in those countries which are now grievously in want of it, would restrict themselves at present chiefly to one particular object to be gained. Say, for instance, that they take up courts of justice, and by showing the outrages committed in them, and the means by which reforms could be made, even under the present system of government, draw more forcibly and to one point the attention of people here; whilst by exposing fairly their injustice, and seeking, without threats of violence, to shame them into a change, they may by degrees acquire some influence over the rulers of those countries in which they wish their opinions to be felt. But without this, and supposing that no such result is possible, to see the leaders of the democratic party working definitely at the reform of law would inspire more confidence in their intentions than anything else would. I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

E. F.

[We are afraid our correspondent is not sufficiently explicit as to what should be done under present circumstances in the way he states in the countries to which he appears to allude.—Ed.]

* We suspect this turnip to be a congener of the Aberdeen Yellow. After the strong recommendation of our excellent contemporary, we should not hesitate to sow it in August, on the cleared flax bed. But it must not be forgotten, that rape will flourish in land unfit for turnips, and that the hardest winter will not affect it.—Ed. *Leader*.

† We are not aware that Jews' eating-houses exist, where a slice of ham is not to be procured. The representatives of that distinguished race have the good sense to keep their Levitical ordinances to themselves, and not to seek to impose them upon customers, a large proportion of whom must necessarily be Gentiles, and many even conversant with pork.—Ed.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THERE is one "sign of the times" very significant to those who notice it, we mean the admission made in so many orthodox quarters that the Church is not adequate to its office in this age. A spirit of discontent has entered the very sanctuary. Not only do we, who disavow the dogmas on which the Church is founded, disavow the Church, as incompetent to its task; but even among those who accept the dogmas there are unmistakeable signs of a revolutionary spirit. What a phrase is that now becoming current, "the Church of the Future!" It has been said, and with pardonable exaggeration, that the title of the celebrated pamphlet, by SIEYES (given to him, let us add, by CHAMFORT) *Qu'est ce que le Tiers état? Tout. Qu'a-t-il? Rien*—was a revolution in itself; and undoubtedly it expressed in an epigram the whole meaning of that struggle. In like manner we may say the phrase "The Church of the Future" indicates that the Church of the Present is drawing towards its end.

Among the most vigilant of those who ask, "Watchman, how goes the night?" is the *British Quarterly Review*, the last number of which opens with an article on "The Christian Ministry to Come," wherein hope is held out that by dexterous management the Church may once more escape the threatening perils. The writer draws an ingenious parallel between the scepticism of our day and the Julianism of early history. He thus states, and fairly states, the main positions of the enemy:—

"With a large class of writers and their admirers, just now, the received doctrine is, that the Christian ministry is about to be superseded altogether by the teachers of philosophy. These parties differ somewhat in their notion as to the place which should be assigned to the Christian religion, as compared with other religions; but they are agreed in their judgment that no religion is to be accounted as having more of a divine origin than another, except as it is found to include, and that purely as a matter of natural history, more of divine truth than another. This is in substance the judgment of some who still linger within the pale of modern Unitarianism, and is the avowed and settled doctrine of many who, with more consistency and honour, have ceased to desire a place among professed Christian sects of any description.

"As we have intimated, one of the characteristics of this school is, that it aims to put an end to the special claims of Christianity by superseding it. The days of this ancient religion must be numbered, because these new teachers are not prepared to give us something better in its stead. They profess themselves competent to derive all the religious knowledge necessary for man, and all the religious knowledge to be reasonably expected by man, from the primal laws of man's nature, and from the relations of his nature to his fellows, and to the universe. Their mission is not simply to destroy, but to fill up the void they would create with something more worthy. In their theosophy, there is, as they conceive, a positive grandeur, to which it behoves them to do worship—a refinement and a beauty, with which they profess to be much enamoured. They sometimes rise, accordingly, into strains of eloquence and poetry in the exposition and defence of their conceptions."

It is not new, he says; it is only the revival of an old quarrel which the Church managed to silence; and his argument is both ingenious and ingeniously argued. If he has omitted one consideration, and that the most important of all, we who venture to remind him of it, can well understand how to him its real significance is disguised by the belief that Science and Scripture can be "reconciled." The difference, however, between the conflict of the Church with Philosophy in Julian's age and our own, is almost infinite, owing to the fact that in those days it was, so to speak, the conflict of Opinion with Opinion—in our days it is the conflict of Opinion with Science. It is truly said in another part of this *Review*:—

"The infidel publications of the present day are not so offensive as were those of forty or fifty years since; but it is beyond doubt that publications of that description are more numerous, and of a much more influential description now, than they have ever been in our history."

But the danger to the Church does not lie in the improved tone of its assailants; because in that case the Church-defenders would only need to improve their tone to restore equality.

Apropos to the change of tone, how different is that of periodical criticism from what it was some years ago! In an article on "Lord Jeffrey" in this *British Quarterly* there is an excellent survey of the history of Periodicals, especially with reference to the *Edinburgh Review*, well worth reading, the more so as it rectifies some popular errors about the "influence" of that *Review*.

In the article on "Pre-Raphaelitism," the purport of the new school is ingeniously shown to be very analogous to that of the Lake School of Poetry. The writer is, however, bent on illustrating only the excellencies both of WORDSWORTH and the P. R. B.'s; probably because adverse critics have been equally one-sided. Of the various analogies noted in this article, we can find room only for the following:—

"It is another point of similarity between Wordsworth and the Pre-Raphaelites, that this fondness for detail has manifested itself especially in their case, as in his, in extreme accuracy and minuteness in all matters pertaining to vegetation. The very essence of the Wordsworthian innovation in literature, considered in one of its aspects, consisted in this, that it tore men that were going to write poetry out of rooms and cities, and cast them on the green lap of Nature, forcing them to inhale the breath of the ploughed earth, and to know the leafage of the different forest trees, and to gaze in dank cool places at the pipy stalks, and into the coloured cups of weeds and wild flowers. Richness in botanical allusion is perhaps the one peculiarity that pre-eminently distinguishes the English poets after, from

the English poets before, Wordsworth. There is, indeed, a closer attention throughout to all the appearances of Nature—the shapes and motions of the clouds, the forms of the hills and rocks, and the sounds and mystery of the seas and rivers; but, on the whole, one sees very clearly that Wordsworth's advice to be true to nature has been interpreted, for the most part, as an advice to study vegetation. And so it is, in a great measure, with the Pre-Raphaelites. With them, also, vegetation seems to have become thus far synonymous with Nature, that it is chiefly by the extreme accuracy of their painting of trees, and grass, and water-lilies, and jonquils, and weeds, and mosses, that they have signalized their superior attentiveness to Nature's actual appearances. Not, by any means, that they deceive the public into a belief of their attention to Nature by a trick of extreme care in botanical objects alone; for the same accuracy that distinguishes the Pre-Raphaelite studies of vegetation, will be found to distinguish their representations of all physical objects whatever that are introduced into their pictures; but that necessarily, when a man resolves to observe accurately, he confirms the habit by peering with exaggerated interest into the secrets of such sweet little things as violets, and ferns, and bluebells, and that it is in the representation of these pets of vegetation that attention to Nature's finer minutiae is most easily discernible."

PROUDHON'S new book, *La Révolution Sociale*, is the weakest he has yet written; but it is not so deficient in purpose as shallow critics have complacently proclaimed; and those who think LOUIS NAPOLEON was wise in permitting its publication do not see beyond their noses, for a more complete nullification of that pretended saviour of society has not been written. It is true that PROUDHON shows how the *coup-d'état* was inevitably successful, owing to the condition of France; but has not the *fact* demonstrated that? It is true that PROUDHON deduces from the success of the *coup-d'état* his favourite conclusion of the incompetence of Government; but whoever reads his book with attention will read the most biting and profound scorn for LOUIS NAPOLEON and his party, not bursting forth in declamation, but settling down into the minds of men, there to operate as no declamation can. Among the noticeable things in the volume is what may be called the philosophy of the history of 1848—51. While bestowing earnest and deserved approbation upon the men and motives of the Provisional Government he shows their governmental incompetence; and particularly insists upon their mistake in forming an alliance with the Church, summing up with this phrase—"Without a revolution in the Church there can be no republic in the State." The dominant idea of this volume is one we wholly accept, That the Revolution of the Nineteenth Century is a Social not a Political Revolution, and that no change of dynasty or form of government can solve the pressing problem.

Very different in form, in purpose, and in style is VICTOR HUGO's passionate diatribe, *Napoleon le Petit*, seven thousand copies of which have already been sold, many of them furtively circulating in France, where the effect must be tremendous. It is very eloquent, very incisive, very declamatory, very passionate. Images, epigrams, rhetoric, facts, history, morality, all are brought forward to increase our hatred and contempt—if that be possible—for the most unmitigated scoundrel who, since the Roman emperors, has played a great part in public life—a scoundrel who has not only every vice, but not a single redeeming trait, moral or intellectual.

But in reading this book, as in thinking of France since December, we are more saddened by the *complicity* of France than by anything that can be said of this miserable adventurer. It is quite clear that he is no Coriolanus, to say, "Alone I did it." The Army that gave him the material force; the Church that blessed his crimes, and gave him moral force; the Monied Classes, the Magistrates, and Functionaries, who welcomed his despotism, and called it Order—the utter abnegation of all moral Conscience in the thousands who servilely applauded—there lies the grief. Loathe this bad man—bad intellect, bad heart, as utterly as you may; he is but a specimen of individual immorality; there is something far more saddening in the widespread immorality of a nation!

THE OLD AND NEW THEOLOGY.

Lectures and Miscellanies. By Henry James.

Redfield: New York.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

THE most marked phenomenon in the development of religious thought, as that subject disposes itself in broad masses before the historic eye, is, we conceive, the gradual and progressive tendency *from outwards inwards*, or as the Germans say, from the objective to the subjective. The bond of sympathy was slight between Man and the antique Gods; it is the distinctive characteristic of Christianity to make that bond intimate, immediate, and vital. The Gods lived apart from man. Christ was the living identification of God and man.

Marked as this distinction is between the Ethnic and the Christian Religions we may trace one little less decisive between the Catholic and the Protestant forms of Christianity, and again between the Protestant and the Spiritualist (or by whatever name you choose to designate the New Reformation now working the destruction of dogmatic Christianity; the orthodox name it *Infidelity*.) We are not writing a treatise; we are only indicating certain points of view from which the reader may survey this question *at leisure*; brevity is therefore imperative.

Catholicism was not only objective in its ritual, but eminently so in its spirit. It personified Religion in the Church. It made grace vicarious. Christ was the vicar of God to man—the Mediator; the Priest was the vicar of Christ—the Mediator also. Man was to believe, not to think; to obey, not to participate.

The Protest against this proceeded from the dogma that Christ *lived* in Man; that man was *immediately* connected with God; that he was bound to think and to participate; his soul was the tabernacle.

We have repeatedly illustrated this contrast in our columns, and have

shown how Protestantism itself, except when in opposition, has belied its own principles of freedom, and become Papal in its pretensions to infallibility when opposing those who protested against it. But whatever the practice may have been, the leading principles are those just stated. The tendency of the Reformation was to make religion more subjective, consequently more vague; and to express more directly the intimate relation of Man to his Creator as a spiritual bond. To develop that tendency to its utmost limits has been the purpose of *The Leader*; and we have welcomed from all sides adherents to that cause, not regarding minor differences with any minuteness. Comte and Feuerbach, Newman and Parker, Foxton and Martineau, Emerson and Henry James—they are all working towards one end though by various routes—and that end we may name the Democratization of Religion, which “anoints the man and supersedes the priest” (to use Henry James’s expression), which does for Religion what Democracy does for Politics, viz., tends to replace *external*, arbitrary coercion, by *internal*, voluntary conviction. For what we have said respecting the progressive development of Religion applies equally to Politics, there also the tendency is from despotism to liberty, from government to self-government.

Having thus briefly touched upon these capital points let us turn to Henry James, and see what tidings he brings of the strife between the Old and New Theology.

“Every attentive reader of the gospels will have remarked, that the controversy between Jesus and his antagonists, was a controversy between the most enlarged humanity on the one side, and a well-established orthodoxy on the other. The battle which he fought, was the battle of universal man against the principalities and powers of this world, who sought to make humanity a stepping-stone to their exaltation. It was not as commonly reported, a battle between God on the one side and man on the other: for the Christ invariably declared God to be the unchangeable friend of man, infinitely more ready to show him favour than man was to ask it. It was a battle between God considered to be thus friendly to universal man, on the one side, and a set of men, or rather a nation of men, on the other side, who arrogated His special friendship to themselves, on the ground of a certain ritual righteousness which distinguished them from the rest of mankind.

“In fact, the doctrine of the Christ is nothing more and nothing less than a revelation of the *essential* unity of God and man. He acknowledged no other mission than the vindication of humanity from the stigma of unrighteousness before God, no other joy than to persuade the conventionally vilest of men of the infinite righteousness he had in God. No matter what the occasion may have been, you find him invariably identifying himself with the interests of the most enlarged humanity, and ready to sacrifice every private tie which in any way involved a denial of the universal brotherhood of the race. But what is the use of dwelling on the point? Every one who reads the Scripture for original instruction, and not merely for the confirmation of some traditional opinion, recognises in Jesus the God-anointed champion of humanity against established injustice and superstition.

“If then the mission of the Christ claimed this humanitarian character, we may be very sure that the sovereign touchstone of his Church will be its possession of the same spirit. We may be very sure that the interest of humanity will occupy the first place with it, and personal or private interests a very subordinate place.

“Suppose then we apply this test to the existing or sectarian church: we shall at once discover its complete destitution of the spirit of Christ. Instead of a zeal for humanity in it, you perceive only a zeal for the person of Jesus himself. In fact, as I showed on a former occasion, the church makes Jesus, under the name of a mediator, a perpetual barrier to the cordial intercourse of God and man. Let me make this charge plain by an example. Suppose me, then, influenced by the traditions and customs of the society in which I live, to apply to any of our clergy for the benefit of church communion. He thereupon proceeds to question me as to my fitness, and in the course of his inquiry seeks above all to be satisfied on this point, namely, whether I am willing to receive the divine blessing only for the sake or through the merits of Jesus Christ. He tells me that God abhors me personally, and will not look upon me apart from Jesus. He is not content to tell me what Christ himself tells, that there is no such thing as merit in God’s sight, or any ground of boasting in one man over others, since all goodness comes from God. Far from it! A doctrine like this would prostrate the wall of separation between the church and the world, giving the latter despised personage in fact a very fair chance of salvation. But he is very careful to tell me what Christ does not tell me, namely, that God entertains a personal aversion to me, that I am in fact in my natural person intolerably odious to him, and can expect no particle of favour at his hands which is not purchased by the expiatory sufferings of Jesus. This is the essential rallying point of orthodoxy, and accordingly if my memory prove well-posted up here, my way is tolerably clear to church-membership.”

* * * * *

“Such is the sum of orthodoxy, the setting up a personal pretension. Instead of abiding the test therefore of a conformity to the spirit of Christ, to that spirit of humanity which animated all his labours, that spirit of peace on earth and good will to all men which was exhibited as much in his condemnation of the Pharisee as in his clemency to the publican; it completely violates it by converting Jesus into a monster of self-seeking, and turning all the grace of the gospel into a mere argument of his personal supremacy. It represents the whole beneficent work of the Christ to have been undertaken with a view to his own ultimate glory. Whatever mercy may have been in it, no one shall reap the benefit of it without an entire prostration of his personal will to that of Jesus. For mercy was not the end of the work, it was only the means to an end, which end was the establishing his *personal* empire over the human mind.”

* * * * *

“Certainly nothing can be more inhuman than this pretension. It outrages every instinct of humanity, to ascribe perfection to a person who claims my worship under penalty of death, under penalty of everlasting misery. It is a purely diabolic claim, which all humanity disowns with loathing and contempt. In fact orthodoxy lives the little life yet left it only by a dexterous appeal to the sensuous imagination, only by flattering the instincts of a low prudence or expediency. Condemning the spirit of humanity, all that is best and loveliest in humanity disowns it.”

The humanitarian mission of Christ is everywhere insisted on. Read this,—

“Never since the world has stood was a fair fame more outraged than that of

Jesus has been by ecclesiastical usage: Look at his gospel. Do you find the slightest token there of his having any quarrel with the conceded sinner? Does not his whole quarrel lie on the contrary with the conceded saint, with him who in the eyes of all men was righteous? Do you find him on any occasion promising to honour those who made much of his person—promising to favour those who should call themselves by his name? On the contrary does he not, whenever looking forward to his second or spiritual coming, pronounce that profession or calling the one thing odious and dangerous? Truly it is so. His whole controversy is represented as lying with his professing followers, those who profess to be the children of God. He had no quarrel in his first coming but with those who professed to be God’s people *par excellence*, and despised the claims of others. So also he represents himself at his second coming as having no quarrel but with those who under the profession of honouring him, have only heaped upon him all manner of personal adulation, all manner of interested personal sycophancy.”

These extracts will convey a notion of the plain speaking of Henry James, as also of the serious thought which lies under it; but to our minds the great service of his *Lectures* is the emphatic way in which he shows that the Old Theology, by making Creation a *voluntary* act, a thing *ab extra*, leaves the creature in a very insecure relation to the Creator, inasmuch as Will is notoriously fickle; whereas the New Theology asserts a secure immutable relation, for it denies that creation is an exhibition of the divine will, strictly so called, and affirms it to be an operation of the essential perfection of God, an outgrowth of his very Selfhood—a thing *lived*, not *done*.

All that Henry James says on it we advise the reader to meditate; and add thereto this supplement by way of application: if it be blasphemous to talk of the fickleness of the divine Will, the blasphemy falls back on those who predicate a Will, *i.e.* a *human* faculty. Nay, do not the Christian Teachers themselves teach this fickleness when they make God first condemn man for the sin of Eve, and then relent upon the intercession of Christ? So dangerous is it to talk of the Deity in human language!

On the relation between God and Man, Henry James says:—

“The sectarian conception of the relation between God and man is notoriously disclaimed by science, or the organized observation of nature and society, because every advance of science demonstrates the perfect unity of God and man, *by showing the whole realm of nature divinely accommodated to the development of man’s power, and to the aggrandizement of his passion and intellectual existence.* Our ecclesiastical dogmas teach the opposite of this. They place God in the attitude of exacting something from his own dependent creature, and they place the creature consequently in a *meritorious* attitude towards Him, in the attitude of serving Him for a reward. Science demonstrates that the only becoming temper of mind on our part towards the Divine, is that of boundless exultation in the riches of His beneficence, and of determined activity towards the fullest possible realization of it. Sectarianism, on the other hand, declares that God looks upon us with aversion, save as we are connected with itself; being stayed in His purpose of summary destruction only by the intervention of a third party: and that our proper position towards Him therefore is one of trembling and abject supplication. Every day of the week the sun comes forth to illustrate the benignity of the Universal Father, and the waving of leaves, and the murmur of brooks, and the laughter of corn on the hill-sides, and the ringing melody that ascends from the whole physical creation, and the myriad-fold success of human enterprise in the realms of traffic and art, all attest and confirm the illustration. Much more eloquently, even, does the grander temple of the human heart proclaim the same benignity. For we find all of its various affections when left to their unperverted flow, bringing forth fruits of invariable joy and peace. But on Sunday, sectarianism diligently denies all that the busy week and a peaceful heart have taught us. For instead of confirming their tidings of the life which comes everywhere unbought, and even unsought, of the glory that is on every creature, both great and small, which the Divine hand has fashioned, it reports a life universally forfeited, and never to be regained, save in a limited measure, and through the purchase of inconceivable suffering.”

And further on:—

“It is impossible, when men begin to apprehend that God is a spirit, and that his kingdom accordingly is exclusively within them, that they should not speedily dismiss that sanctity which stands in meats and drinks, and the observance of sabbaths and baptisms, and sacraments. When I perceive God to be no longer a mere outside and finite person, but the very life of my life, more inseparable from my inmost self than my soul is from my body; when I perceive that neither height nor depth, neither the highest heavens nor the lowest hells have power to sever me from his profuse and benignant presence, it seems a purely superfluous and therefore ridiculous thing, to attempt commending myself to him by anything I can do, especially by anything I can do in the way of favourably differentiating myself from other persons. I am profoundly ashamed of such differences. * * * * *

How sad it is to witness the complacency with which the sectarian heaps up his family-worship, his private devotions, his social concerts of prayer, his Sunday exercises, fancying full surely, that thus, and not otherwise, does one’s soul fatten for the skies. Of course sincerity always attracts your respect, wherever it appears; but if superstition mean the worship of that of which one is ignorant, where can we find it in livelier play than here? Would one ever dream that this man was worshipping the Giver of life? Would it not rather seem that he was worshipping the withholder of it, from whom nevertheless he was resolved one day to extract it by the irresistible forceps of prayer?”

We must cease, though extracts and comment lure us on. What we have quoted will be sufficient to justify the praise given to this volume, and will, we hope, excite the reader’s curiosity to see all Henry James has to say. That there is not a little to be questioned, or even flatly denied, will not affect the general interest and suggestiveness of the volume.

LIFE OF LORD LANGDALE.

Memoirs of the Right Hon. Henry Lord Langdale. By Thomas Duffus Hardy. Two vols. Bentley.

We can by no means agree with the critics, that Lord Langdale’s was not a life worthy of being written, simply because Lord Langdale was not a man of brilliant talents, such as “astonish” generations. It was a life worthy of being written; but let us hasten to add, worthy of being written well. Mr. Hardy has made but a poor biography out of his materials; nevertheless, poor as it is, we are not disposed to question its usefulness.

Is it nothing to have shown the thousands of obscure and struggling men how well and nobly an obscure life may be lived—how successful courageous perseverance and self-mastery may become—how self-respect brings with it the respect of others? Is it nothing even to have brought before the world actions of such generous delicacy as that of Sir Francis Burdett? In our eyes that passage alone would justify the volumes. We will give it.

Lord Langdale, when Mr. Bickersteth, an obscure young man keeping terms, became acquainted with Sir Francis; the acquaintance deepened into friendship. Bickersteth was poor—so poor that he had to sell his Shakspeare and the Italian Poets, to buy law books—and many a young lawyer will understand what it must have been to receive such a letter as this:—

"DEAR BICKERSTETH,—I have five hundred times been upon the point of speaking to you upon a subject I very much wished to do, but have been fearful of offending you;—yet I know not why, since you are sure to take a thing as it is intended. Without any more preface, I am very desirous, if I could tell how, to serve you; and after revolving a variety of things this has occurred to me. I know that it is often of the greatest importance to a man in the commencement of any career, to have the command, in cases of emergency, of a sum of money—don't be alarmed. Now, if you would allow me to be your banker to a certain extent, say five hundred pounds, the whole of which, or any part, you might draw for whenever occasion made it desirable, and replace it at your own convenience, I have thought this might, in the beginning of an arduous profession, be of great service to you and no detriment whatever to me, and therefore I have flattered myself that the offer, proceeding as it does from a just esteem of your character, would not be by you rejected: if it should not, as I have set my heart upon it it will not, pray write two words,—and mind, two words only—or rather, three—I accept it—and never further mention made of it between us. Now the matter is out; I hope I have not done wrong. I am, however, confident you will take it as intended,

"And believe me, with great esteem, yours very sincerely,

"F. BURDETT.

"26th, 1813."

Many men would have lent the money—for an extensive acquaintance with private history discovers a far greater amount of generosity among men than is usually believed in—but only a delicate and exquisite moral nature could have done it so charmingly. There is a generosity of manner, greater even than a generosity of act—a way of giving that enhances the gift.

It is for touches such as this, and for the lesson taught by the whole life, that we value the *Memoirs of Lord Langdale*. As a man, he was not peculiarly interesting; as a story, his life has only a moral interest. The friend of Bentham, Grote, James and John Mill, Burdett and the Radical party, there were considerable hopes entertained of him, which he failed to justify; but as the story of a plodding life succeeding in its aims, these volumes are suggestive. He was made Master of the Rolls by Melbourne; and respecting this we may make an extract of correspondence, to let a little light upon official perplexities:—

"I waited upon Lord Melbourne," so writes Mr. Bickersteth, on the 11th; "he began by asking whether my views had in any respect altered. I said they had; that on consideration, though my personal objections to the peerage had in no respect diminished, yet my difficulties might perhaps give way, if I could be persuaded that by means of it I should be able to render any useful assistance towards Law Reform, and if I could be entirely free in politics.—Lord Melbourne. What do you mean?—Bickersteth. This is a subject on which there should be no ambiguity. There is nothing more hateful or more mischievous than a political judge, influenced by party feeling. In my opinion, he should be wholly free from all party bias; and if I, being a judge, am also to be in Parliament, it can only be on the clearest understanding that I am to be wholly free from any political and party tie; to put it strongly, as free under your Administration as if I had received my judicial appointment from your opponents.—To this, after silence for a few minutes, Lord Melbourne said gravely and with dignity—'I understand you; I fully appreciate your motives, and I think you are perfectly right.' He soon afterwards said, that the subject must be considered further; from which I understood that it was necessary to consult his colleagues. Late in the evening of the same day, I received the following note from Lord Melbourne:—

"Downing-street, Jan. 11th, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR,—We should lament Campbell's resignation, and consider it a great loss; but we cannot now draw back; we are therefore determined, at all hazards, to proceed with our arrangement, and if you are ready to undertake the Rolls, we are ready to give it, upon the understanding which you so clearly expressed to me this morning. We can hardly dispense with your assistance in the House of Lords, but you must not consider yourself bound to give support politically. Yours faithfully,

"H. Bickersteth, Esq."

"To this Mr. Bickersteth sent the following answer:—

"12th January, 1836.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I beg leave to thank you most sincerely for the early information which you have been kind enough to give me. If the peerage can be dispensed with, or even postponed, I shall feel great additional gratitude; but if required, and notwithstanding the reluctance and misgiving which I cannot satisfactorily overcome, I consent to accept it on the terms of perfect political independence, which your lordship so liberally (and if I may presume to say it) so properly sanctions and approves. I now await your orders, only wishing to add, that if the arrangement is settled, I ought, without any delay, to relieve myself from professional engagements, which cannot be continued without future inconvenience, and that I can take no steps for that purpose till I am released from the obligation of secrecy by which I consider myself bound. I remain, my dear Lord, your faithful and obliged servant,

"H. BICKERSTETH."

"6, Craven Hill, Bayswater."

Apropos of Lord Melbourne, there is an amusing anecdote, which we transfer to our columns:—

"Lord Langdale often spoke of Lord Melbourne's art of saying things in an easy, off-hand way, which would give great offence from any one else. He used to be much amused at the way in which Lord Melbourne got rid of —, who

wanted to be placed upon one of the government commissions, and who had been urging his claims on Government. 'What you say is perfectly true,' said Lord Melbourne; 'and I agree with every word you say, but you know that if I were to appoint you commissioner, the fellows would not sit with you, d——n them!'"

AMERICAN TRAVELS.

Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam, with Sketches of his Location, Nephews, and Prospects. By Charles Casey. Bentley.

So much unhappy ill-feeling has been created by the inconsiderate and ungenerous reports of travellers in America, that we are glad to see any new traveller adopting a more rational tone. Let Americans satirize themselves; our task should rather be to note in what respects the Anglo-Saxon race has made for itself a freer sphere wherein to live a larger life, than is facile amid our dead and half-alive traditions. That we may learn much from America we must study its essentials, and not allow a volatile mind to be attracted by collateral details. Thus we may learn, by example, how perfectly comfortable society may be without several of those 'institutions,' fondly believed to be essential to our well-being—we can even learn that Justice may exist without Horse-hair! and that a State Church (although so inestimable a blessing) may be dispensed with, and society not fall to pieces!

Mr. Casey has looked at America with admiring, if not with profoundly discriminating eyes. Brother Jonathan thus presents himself to Mr. Casey's view:—

"Next come the people, let us see them; one feels so anxious at the 'monarchs' at home,—the far-famed Jonathan—he of reform—the rifle—and republic,—the cool, shrewd, vigorous, large-souled, indomitable citizen! He that is so criticised, admired, and feared by all classes in Europe; well, here they are, the real living Yankees at home. And business,—and, as to houses of business, let me say, that he who walks along Broadway, may see one of the finest trading establishments in the world, a literal marble palace, devoted to commerce; and if he turns into the lower part of the city, where the wholesale merchants 'most do congregate,' he will conclude that London has a rival, and will, within a century, have a superior; and one looking on this great city and people, is prompted to pause and analyze the peculiarities of mind that compose the American. Vieing with the Parisian in dress—the Englishman in energy—cautious as a Dutchman—impulsive as an Irishman—patriotic as Tell—brave as Wallace—cool as Wellington—and royal as Alexander; there he goes—the American citizen! In answering your questions, or speaking commonly, his style is that of the ancient Spartan; but put him on a stump, with an audience of whigs, democrats, or barn-burners, and he becomes a compound of Tom Cribb and Demosthenes, a fountain of eloquence, passion, sentiment, sarcasm, logic, and drollery, altogether different from anything known or imagined in the Old World states. Say anything of anybody (as public men) untied with conventional phraseology, he swings his rhetorical mace with a vigorous arm, crushing the antagonistic principle or person, into a most villanous compound. See him at dinner, he despatches his meal with a speed which leads you to suppose him a ruminating animal, yet enjoying his cigarro for an hour afterwards, with the gusto and *ennui* of a Spaniard.

"Walking right on, as if it were life against time, with the glass at fever-heat, yet taking it cool in the most serious and pressing matter, a compound of the Red Man, Brummel, and Franklin,—statesman and labourer, on he goes,—divided and sub-divided in politics and religion,—professionally opposed with a keenness of competition in vain looked for even in England; yet, let but the national rights or liberty be threatened, and that vast nation stands a pyramid of resolve, united as one man, with heart, head, hand, and purse, burning with a Roman zeal to defend inviolate the cause of the commonwealth.

"To him who has lived among the Americans, and looked largely at the theory and practice of their government and its executive, there remains no possible doubt that the greatest amount of personal security and freedom has been produced from the least amount of cost of any nation in the world. Culling its principles and wisdom from the history of all empires, it stands the nearest of all earthly systems to perfection, because it is built on, and embodies those principles which God hath proclaimed in his attributes. And the prayer of all men should be, that the day may never come when those immutable maxims will be tainted by vanity or corrupted by wealth."

American vanity and American grandiloquence — of which there is doubtless an abundance — meet with an ingenious explanation in this volume, and one to us quite new:—

"One of the peculiar differences that strike the traveller's eye in the New World is the vastness with which nature displays herself,—there is a gigantic grandeur in all that meets the vision, which fact has, I doubt not, contributed much to imbue the American mind with those comprehensive ideas and words at which *Islanders* cavil as egotism or bombast—but we cannot lose sight of the fact that our physical nature is considerably acted on by the locality of our birth and residence; nor is our mind free from the influences of climate and association, for let twins be raised, one on the mountains of Switzerland, the other on the plains of Holland, and the men will differ world wide in mind and body: hence it is not to be expected that a man dwelling in a densely populated island, such as Britain, could expand his mind to the capacity of recognising as natural the large spoken American, because the mind of such a man, from the first exercise of its powers, judged of and looked at all things with the contracted circumscribed vision of an insular judgment, and has conscientiously settled down into the conviction that any circle of thought, speech, or action, larger than its own, is bombast or speculation, proving that the Gulliver of Jonathan Swift was not a pasquinade on his own times alone, but fits the phlegmatic and conservative John Bull as happily now as in the eighteenth century.

"The rivers, mountains, lakes, forests, and prairies of America, all bear the stamp of vastness; and this largeness is reflected in the minds of her citizens; hence by the senator of the States—to the merchant—the landowner and artisan—projects are propounded and carried out which would in England be hooted down in the proposal as Utopian. The ventures would be called ruinous speculations—modes of operation that would be termed fantastic, and manners and habits that would be coerced as subversive of law and order, are here severally but the spontaneous workings of a larger mind more favourably located, and acting harmoniously for the general good."

Of Mr. Casey's volume we can briefly say, that it is agreeable though

not very instructive reading. His two years' residence in America seems to have given him a love of the country and a mitigated tolerance of slavery; but for the rest he might have been there only a few weeks and brought back as much material. His volume seems made up from journals, and those the journals of a not very observant mind. The poetry interspersed among the pages is of the kind that many write, and no one re-reads.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Remarkable Events in the Career of Napoleon. (The Bookcase, No. VI.)

Sims and McIntyre.

A HYBRID of History and Romance, setting forth the main events in Napoleon's career: a readable book enough, but with too much effort and pretence about it. The opening sentence made us tremble: "We propose in the ensuing work to open out a Cycle of Life—pictures from the age of Napoleon."

The Popular Educator. Part IV.

John Cassell.

THIS is the fourth part (the first we have seen) of a new journal devoted to the education of the people. It contains short treatises on Geology, Physiology, Geometry, Natural History, with lessons in Latin, German, French, &c., which are continued in successive numbers. It is also abundantly illustrated with woodcuts.

Mr. Dod's Parliamentary Companion. New Edition for the New Parliament.

Whittaker & Co.

THIS is the twentieth year of Mr. Dod's very useful, important, and well-arranged manual. He very properly alludes in his preface to absolute freedom from "party tendencies," as the best characteristic of such a publication; and this character "Mr. Dod's Parliamentary Companion" has always preserved. The present is a second and completely revised edition of this year's "Companion," rendered necessary by the dissolution of the old and the election of a new Parliament, as well as by a change of Ministry. We find that "Two hundred and one persons who had no seat in the House of Commons at the period of its dissolution have been returned to the new Parliament, of whom 180 never were previously in Parliament, and 21 have only returned to public life after an interval of retirement."

"The close balance of parties (we quote Mr. Dod) has rendered increased vigilance necessary in recording the politics of each member, and a more extended statement has been required than in the days when the short words "Whig" and "Tory," "Conservative" and "Liberal," sufficed to classify the House. In all possible cases the exact words of the Member himself have been preferred to any other statement of his political opinions, and considerable pains have been taken to record pledges upon the leading features of the day."

We can heartily recommend this "Companion" as fully sustaining the reputation of its predecessors. Mr. Dod has performed his task with conscientious accuracy, and has produced a manual of compendious utility to men engaged in public life.

Gold Fields of Australia.

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia. By G. Fowler.

Bogue's Guide for Travellers—Switzerland and Savoy. No. 2.

Japan; An Account, Geographical and Historical. By C. M'Farlane.

Gold-Mining and Assaying. By J. A. Phillips.

Dartons School Library:—The First Book of Poetry—A Short and Simple History of England—

The First Reading Book—The Elements of Geography—Exercises for the Improvement of the

Senses—The Modern French Word Book—An Easy and Practical Introduction to the French

Language.

Christianity in its Homely Aspects. By A. B. Evans.

Speech of Viscount Jocelyn. M.P., on Amieers of Upper Scinde.

The Betting-Book. By George Cruikshank.

J. Wyld.

W. Shoberl.

David Bogue.

G. Routledge.

J. F. Griffin and Co.

Dartons and Co.

Joseph Masters.

Smith, Elder and Co.

W. and F. G. Cash.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourage itself.—GORTON.

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

I.

Brook-street, October 11, 1851.

COULD I paint to you, my dear Giorgio, the strange cupboard in which I am not only expected to deposit myself at night, but to perform some of the acts of life, and then send you into my own room, into which half this house might be laid, with space to spare, you would jump to the very core of the contrast that one feels in coming from Val Perduto to London. But I had better write to Helen, for you would not understand it without some explaining; and so, *beatrix domus*, to your memory I speak from this my cage in exile. I am sitting up to write after "the family" have gone to bed, except Edwardes, who is out. To me is ceded "the spare bed" in the second floor back, and you, Elena bella, can tell the Anglomaniac Giorgio how, at first opening the door, the curtain of the four-post bed seems to forbid admission; how the dressing-table at the foot of the bed bars admission to the fire, which threatens the bed-curtains on the other side; and how those solid pillars of mahogany support the flat white ceiling above; but you cannot tell him—for I cannot—how I have contrived to find a corner of table for my paper and a corner of floor for my chair. Now lead the majestic Giorgio into my room, and cast your eyes around; see where the thin red frame of the iron bed, though it would out-span this solid piece of chintz masonry, seems lost under the vaulted roof; see where a hundred devices sport in the ample space of the many-coloured walls—how beautiful do they seem to me as I see them from this spot; and see, dear Helen, if the tarantula that scowled on us in lofty impunity is still clinging to the same spot in the ceiling, just by the shoulder of the Cupid in a yellow scarf, or whether he has retired to his fastnesses on the cornice. The English have at least one talent—that of fitting all things together. Edwardes has promised to have a dinner party in his parlour, in order to show me how many English-

men can be stowed, "in comfort," within twelve feet by thirteen, without flattening their ribs.

You are surprised that I say nothing of Julie; but, after all, she is not coming till the spring. As I supposed, her letter was written before she had mine, and after stopping in Paris, only time to write those two lines to you, I found in London, instead of Julie, a second letter by the same mail, to say that she should wait.

I found, indeed, something more, and that was—a hearty welcome. Escaping from steam-boat, custom-house, railway, and a London drizzle, grasping Edwardes's manly hand, I felt myself ushered out of the narrow passage into the fire, and into the presence of a most engaging and genial young lady, whose softer hand was almost as cordial in its grasp as her husband's. Scarcely had my luggage subsided to quiescence, and my host and hostess to the interrogatory stage of a welcome, ere the door opened again, and a tea-kettle, hissing from the kitchen, attended by a comely handmaid, proclaimed its right of way to the fire; and Mrs. Edwardes was again on her feet, "making tea." How familiar and how strange it all seemed! Boxed in between four walls of paper, and window curtains; lounging on a sofa, one end of which flanked the tea table, while the other was burning at the fire; the air perfumed with coal and tea; that comely maid, quiet and well appointed; that blooming hostess, quiet, rosy, beaming with kindness; Edwardes before me, with just the professional allowance of whisker, straightforward, gentlemanly, intelligent; the bread and butter, the "tea-things," the beef-steak on a tray, with a cloth—all so English. You will see the whole scene. Edwardes sate with his legs squared, his hands on his knees, his whole attitude an interrogation. Mrs. Edwardes talked and busied herself. The very handmaid laid down the adjuncts to the tea-table with an emphasis of implied welcome. If there is a thing respectable in England, it is home; and here I was, in the very thick of it.

And no wonder that an Englishman values it—as I did. It is a changing climate, and home "shuts out the weather." An English home is a residential umbrella.

Tea was long, talk longer; bedtime indefinitely deferred. Edwardes you may remember a boy—if you can remember him at all. I remember him later; but he is altogether different from the wild, random, "young man," and has settled into a pleasant, gay, serious man, of strong-boned mind. The changes that had happened since I was last in England, he told in the trenchant, explicit, concise style of a report on a "case." And when he had done, his wife, who had now learned *whereabouts* I was in English and domestic matters, took up the story. For all her gay face, she sees deeply. At last, Edwardes himself, presuming my fatigue in the teeth of fatigues, exclaimed,—“Come, Yseult, we must not keep him up: time enough for talking before us!”

“Yseult!” You may imagine how the name struck on my ear. I remembered that I knew it, when Edwardes wrote to me of his marriage; but how little written words affect one! The coincidence struck me then; but now, how many changes give it a new force! Yseult herself, the name of a memory; this Yseult, no longer a name, but a living woman before me; so different from the other, and yet possessing the same strange name. You may guess how different is this one from what I have already said of her rosy cheeks and her fair hair. And yet, although so totally unknown, how much did that name appear to be at once the challenge and the right of a better knowledge!

This morning's breakfast was but the renewal of the evening's impression, in a new shape—so essentially English. Edwardes has three children—two Edwardeses in different stages of growth, and a little Yseult between them, who is called Marianne. English children—fair, clean, rosy, shy, and good-humoured. I am struck with a sort of "spick and span" condition all round, from the fire-irons to the children's pinafores. After breakfast, Edwardes hurried off to see his patients; and I to see Beddowes and anybody else that I could get at on this dull Saturday.

London looked to my unfamiliar eyes one crowd waiting until the omnibuses should have passed by in order to cross over in the mud. Need not tell you what *omnibuses* are. Three things struck me on this first day: the downrightness, the placid frankness and fairness of the tradespeople, who have only one price for their goods! Also, the general air of independence; and the dull countenance of everybody. You see newspapers lying about in all directions, with the fresh remarks on Government; politics are the second or third subject in every conversation—the weather being the first, as of old; and no one looks round to see who is in company! Nevertheless, although they are so well off and so free, the people do not look at all as if they appreciated the blessings. They do not look anxious; they do not look gloomy, nor stupid; but a certain dulness is the general expression. Enter any omnibus, survey any crowd as it passes, and survey either side of the counter; and you will find that the people mostly look as if they were thinking of nothing in particular,—certainly of nothing pleasant; a shade graver than indifference. "Merry Old England" is a phrase to puzzle a stranger on first seeing the English countenance.

Late and tired "home" to Edwardes's—a late tea, and again a long chat. Mrs. Edwardes improves upon knowledge. At last Edwardes sent us off to bed—he going out to see a patient.

He has just returned, and invades my door with a knock and a friendly injunction to go to bed: "It is not wholesome," he says, "to sit up so late." Wholesome! The word seems to be common in the English mouth; for I remember to have heard it used often within these two or

three days. A passenger on board the steamboat told me that he went down to the sea side every year—"It is so wholesome;" and he recommended me to drink pale ale, because it was wholesome. An outfitter, a kind of general dealer in clothes, recommended me a peculiar sort of flannel-waistcoat, as "very wholesome;" and a bookseller showed me the last book "on wholesome diet." I told him that where I lived, all diet was found to be wholesome; on which, with an air of polite displeasure, he remarked, "Then, sir, you reside in a very favoured county;" and turned off to ask what he could do for a new customer. However, I will not outrage Edwardes's professional feelings; but go to bed. So God bless you both.

October 12.

Sunday in London is a common topic, especially with Parisian *feuilletonists* and the Londoners themselves; but it is a more dreary affair in reality than in print; and the subject so keenly discussed by the "Liberal" papers—the better observance of the Sabbath, does but touch the surface. I cannot tell you how a London Sunday astonishes a stranger. It would astonish the Londoners themselves if they could see it—at least, so one thinks. But Edwardes is not astonished. He *does* see it, and he takes it all as a matter of course. I believe that Londoners would take anything as a matter of course, not excluding even cannibalism, if you could once get it fairly "introduced."

We breakfasted early this morning, in order that Edwardes might make the round of his patients. For disease does not know any Sabbath; neither do the beasts of the field, obeying the instincts with which they are endowed; nor the laws that sustain the stars, nor anything that is seen in the direct working of God's creation. I went with Edwardes, and a strange round it was. Our first visit was to a house hard by, a most decorous house in all respects—a quiet maid opening the door; a quiet parlour, with a quiet family in it, quietly dressed, and quietly struggling into a little conversation, until, as if at an impromptu idea, the lady of the house suddenly started, and led Edwardes to some more quiet penetralia; where he visited, as he afterwards told me, a young lady, who had nothing particular the matter with her, but was getting gradually weaker. "Girls often go out in that way," he observed, with the nonchalance of a well-bred necessitarian. The house was ventilated as he directed, and scrupulously clean; and yet it had within it an air of exclusiveness wholly alienated from the outer world. The lady was actually a "*femme d'intérieur*," a woman of interior. She bore up wonderfully. "I have my Bible," she said, with a faint smile of resignation, rather than consolation. And from that carefully-kept octavo its spirit was drawn, well laden with the perfume of morocco leather and aged paper. Pale, quiet, shut up, life was faint in that respectable abode; and it had pleased God that death should knock often at that well-kept door.

Edwardes's well-appointed gig next invaded one of the narrow streets lying near Holborn; which is one of the dingier and poorer thoroughfares of London, flanked with wretched bye lanes. I followed him into the house, and into the squalid parlour, itself the chamber of the sick. Here lay a lad ill with fever; the mother, a housewifely sort of woman, with the usual dull English face weighed down by additional despondency, cooking something in a saucepan at the fire; one or two children, who always seemed to be getting out of the way; and the father, in his Sunday clothes, sitting with a neighbour, also shaved and clean, who had come for a chat. "There is always fever here," said Edwardes to me as he entered. The wife received us without ceremony; and answered Edwardes's questions with a voice of settled wretchedness striving to be hopeful. The men were talking politics, and managed to pass the time in wielding great ideas within that cramped space. The father was a tailor, undergoing a continued decline of wages "by the competition of trade;" he was obliged to live near his work; and as numbers were equally obliged, his rent was high—so that little remained for the poor sick boy, or anybody else. The place is a standing illustration for sanitary reformers; a sort of party, like the hundreds of other parties in England, who have the privilege of talking on condition of never being allowed to do anything.

After a few more visits, including one to a stalwart young fellow, who had nothing the matter with him, said Edwardes, if he would but live rationally, but who was going to the dogs as fast as he could—at which the patient himself laughed—we drove to church; "for I must show myself there occasionally," said the rising surgeon. You remember the English church—a sort of vast scullery with a portico before it, and pews inside, to shield the Christians from contact with each other. The congregation was just pouring in—breathing the pleasant leisure audibly in the quiet; acquaintances slightly noticing each other in a covert way. After we came out Edwardes quizzed me for my attentive behaviour—"a model to society." He could not have extended the observation to the audience generally. A service *read*, mechanically, in a tone that mocked singing, as though the preacher had been asked to sing and were ashamed; a sermon in violent language, on the distinction between prevenient and subvenient grace by baptism; an audience that seemed to be slyly dallying with responses, or pretending to listen; a general air of trifling, non-reverence, and formal observance—such were the aspects that made me rather glad to get out of the building; and the audience generally looked relieved at escaping from a cold restraint, half-ashamed at its own want of earnestness. "Ah!" cried Edwardes, in answer to my remark, "thank God we have not the gewgaws you have been used to, my boy! There is a deep devotional

feeling in this country, which will always keep us sound." "But"—it is curious to note how any antithesis enables an unsectarian Englishman to escape from the subject that is most embarrassing to him, religion—"I have several calls to make."

And make them we did, to various people, in various stages of drawing-room refinement; with luncheon intermingled; conversation more or less friendly, but always fragmentary—part of the costume of the hour; and home to dress.

Sunday is a busy day in London, except among the poor; but a skin is drawn over the whole community, like the shutters that cover up the wealth which lines each side of the shop streets. How little you would think that near that quiet church, all so well dressed, lie squalid poor, "eating their hearts," with little to lose! How near to all that wealth, seldom disturbed! It was a relief to get home, and see Mrs. Edwardes's genuine face—where the real substance of humanity comes to the surface.

In the evening we went to dine with a Mr. Drake, a patient in good circumstances, with a generous gout, and an overflowing table. Abundance of well cooked food, on a well garnished table; the best of dresses around it, male and female, with well conducted elbows and heads in them; brilliant glass and plate, not brilliant conversation—it is surprising how much time the "entertainment" was made to cover. "Why you have not *done*!" cried my host, as I desisted: "it is very wholesome—do not be afraid of it." I said I had had enough; and he succumbed. It is no longer polite in England to press your guests; but Mr. Drake plunged into the feast again with a savage acharnement, evidently intended as a withering sarcasm by example. Not eating, I had leisure to observe, and I did note here and there a true beaming in the eye, especially of the young, or a change of colour which indicated latent life; but it is wonderful how well it is toned down, how rigidly the conversation is kept to trivialities and matters that could not concern anybody present. The ladies retired—for a change; then politics, growing rather of a port wine colour, with conversation that surprised me by a certain pointlessness and cold blooded licence—for I had forgotten the English turn that way; then tea in the drawing-room, and the energies of port wine struggling against drowsiness and decorum; and then a hack cab home. There *would* have been music, for, although it was Sunday, "Drake is liberal in his ideas;" but there was a clergyman in the company—who had much distinguished himself in the after-dinner facetiæ. It is true that his statements interfered with no doctrinal question.

As we rode home, the public houses were disgorging their contents, more or less noisy, under check of a watchful police. The working-man cannot give dinner parties; museums and theatres are closed against Sabbath recreation; the street is his only alternative to the public-house, and London on a Sunday night is not a pleasant field for contemplating human nature. However, the police keep order, and there is no rioting even in the worst of streets.

"Good night, my dear fellow," cried Edwardes, with a yawn; "I am afraid you have found your first Sunday in London a dreadful bore." Yseult said nothing as we shook hands.

How difficult it is, my dear Helen, to make even you, much more Giorgio, understand the desperate *unreality* of the whole day. How it has gone, and nothing remains of it; except the sick people in their despondency—that was real enough. As I recover the familiar sense of London, this unreality becomes more, instead of less, impressive. It is life by retail.

PASSAGES FROM A BOY'S EPIC.

VIII.

THE DEEDS OF THESEUS.

So throned in Athens shall the hero rule,
And order all to one majestic end;
Mighty in arms, in laws, in arts of peace,
And loved alike by mortals and by Gods.
Yet shall the soldier-blood within his heart
Flow faster, when he hears of martial deeds;
Nor will he always rest as cowards do,
Who shun the Battle that brings manhood out,
With might and right; but in the after-days,
When gray old men sit round and tell their sons
How Theseus governed for the common weal,
No less with burning words will they rehearse,
How Theseus for the common weal did fight,
In Epidaurus and by Corinth's strait;
And where a threadlike path o'erhangs the sea
At Megara; or where Poseidon's son
Fell in Eleusis. Many a lip will tell
How Theseus slew the huge Palontides,
When the great king of Athens knew his son,
And saved him, doomed to death, while Envy stood
With whiter lips, and Prince and People wept.
And some will tell, how once from Pelion's heights,
Where the tall pines touch heaven, the Centaurs came,
And to the marriage of Ixion's son
The Lapithæ were bidden, and noble men,
Whom god-like deeds made equal to the gods,

Accompanied; old Nestor still renowned
 For fitting to wise words his wiser thoughts,
 Left his beloved sands; and Theseus came
 From Athens, where the sword in myrtle shines;
 And many more—great Kings, but all are dead.
 So will the old men say, and gently sigh,
 Then pause, and then with smiles begin again;
 "But now the feast was served with copious store
 Of viands such as none but princes have,
 And goblets, massy with the crusted gold,
 Were drained of the delightful juice of grapes;
 And songs were lifted up with glad acclaim
 In praise of that fair bride, who modest, calm,
 Sat 'mid the merry feasters by her lord.
 At length Eurytion, whom the circling wine
 Made dizzy with swift joy, half furious rose,
 And said, "Peirithous, keep your blushing bride
 With a strong hand, or I shall bear her off."
 But ere he came Peirithous struck him down,
 Himself in turn struck down, for Centaurs thronged
 Around the fallen Centaur, raising him,
 And 'mid the Lapithæ Peirithous rose.
 Then clamours eddied through the echoing halls,
 And tables fell and golden flagons spilt
 The ruddy wine; and maids with yellow locks
 Scarce veiling their white limbs, for quick surprise,
 Were struck to earth; and through the rushing strife
 The shrieks of women gathering round the Bride,
 Mixt with the drunken shouts of desperate men,
 While clashing of great shields and ringing spears,
 And the cross lightning of conflicting swords,
 Thundered and shone; and heavy goblets smote
 Uncovered temples, and on helmets rang;
 And some fell back, but yet retreating fought,
 Foot prest to foot, and eye still fixing eye.
 But Theseus near his friend Peirithous stood,
 Protecting him, and when some Centaur vast
 Made rash approach, he slew him with his spear.
 So Theseus and Peirithous, side by side,
 True, tender, fought, till round them ample space
 Was cleared, and Theseus through the giddy fight,
 Beheld the mad Eurytion dealing death.
 Then lifting up his spear, the Athenian chief
 Few steps retired, and running as men run
 For crowning action, hurled it; and a cry
 As of some beast in pain told triumph near.
 Now all left fighting, and the Centaurs closed
 Around their prostrate lord, who howling lay
 Disabled, but on shield to shield conjoined
 They laid him, and so bore him from the feast;
 But Theseus stood rejoicing with his friends,
 Who praised him as we praise him. Thus one day
 Old sires will tell their grandsons, handing down
 Heroic men, the royal blood of Time,
 And lighting our dull years that have no sun,
 With the great deeds of shining yesterdays.

M.

The Arts.

PIETRO IL GRANDE.

JULLIEN's long-talked-of opera was produced on Tuesday last, and at first seemed as if it were going to achieve a brilliant success. The first act was bright, sparkling, effective, and full of promise. The second act was a noisy failure. The third languished. The whole occupied five hours of our patience, and left us dissatisfied—wearied. When very great curtailments have been made—and they will be more easy as the repetitions of the same idea are so frequent—the opera may have a run in virtue of the splendour of its scenery, costumes, and general spectacle, aided by the life and animation there is in some of the pieces, and by the splendour of Tamberlik's singing. But—and this is the point I wish to insist on—the success, whatever it may be, will be a spectacle success, not an operatic success.

Of Jullien's capability I have little doubt. The man who could write the first act of this opera, the duet, quartet, and septet, in the second act, and the chorus of conspirators, has proved his claims. The main cause of his ambiguous success is the mistaken notion of what really constitutes operatic success. He has kept the Meyerbeer-Halevy model before his eyes; a detestable model, rendered doubly dangerous by the incontestable fact that Meyerbeer was a great success.

That model, as I have ventured to show on a former occasion, departs from the true province of opera by everywhere subordinating Music to Theatrical Effect. The whole process of degeneration is going on in opera that has changed Poetic Drama into Melodrama—the senses are appealed to instead of the soul. Gorgeous scenery, striking "situations," picturesque effects, the glitter of armour, the clang of brass, the turbulence of multitudes, the splendour of processions, real horses, real water, real

pigs, rant and screaming—all that may be called the material of stage effect grouped together—and the poor human soul, with its emotions, scarcely thought of! Not only is this material tendency ruinous, inasmuch as it is a downward tendency, but it has these two sources of ruin: costliness and weariness. To put such operas on the stage as *La Juive*, or *Pietro Il Grande*, must in the first instance cost thousands and thousands of pounds, (and each new venture of that kind increases the expense, because it must surpass in gorgeousness its predecessor, or it will not produce a sensation,) and when all that money is spent, what is the result compared with the "effect" of one beautiful melody? Take all the splendour of *La Juive*, the *Prophète*, and *Pietro*, and on the other side place "*Qual cor tradisti*," or "*All is lost now*," or the barcarole in *Masaniello*, (you see I abstain from the great examples,) and which is the most "effective?" In *I Martiri* the "getting up" was costly; but what was the real effect? *O santa melodia!* In *Pietro* the display is unbounded; what are the real effects? The madrigal and the Muscovite hymn. That is to say music, not spectacle! Give your thousands to a composer for every phrase of passion, for every true melody, and the thousands will be repaid by a delighted public. At spectacle they gape, and clap their hands; they next day they forget it.

What I have said of Spectacle applies equally to the mode of Composition. In Meyerbeer, stage effect is the one dominant passion. Take his music from the stage, and it is seen to be mechanical, unmelodic, tricky; often quaint, but rarely beautiful, never exquisite. But Rossini, whom I hold to be infinitely greater in all ways, even dramatical—may be hummed, may be played on the piano, may be separated from all adventitious aid, may be sung by wretched voices or ground on perambulating organs, and the indestructible beauty of the music still enchants you. A defence has been set up for Meyerbeer, in the *Athenæum*, to the effect that his recitative abounds in melodic ideas, which, if developed, would rank him with the great melodists. But I, for one, demur. I am not disposed to credit a man for what he could do, if I see him never doing it. When Meyerbeer does develop his ideas, what is the result? What are *Un impero più soave*, or *Beviam, beviam!* or any other of his songs, (I except *Robert toi que j'aime*.) as melodies? A defence might as reasonably be set up for Bulwer's claims to be considered a poet. One might point to the many poetical ideas in his prose, and say, "Ah! if he only chose to develop them into poems." But in that lies the mystery!

I do not in the least question Meyerbeer's immense talent. I only question its rank. His operas are meant to be effective, and are so. But although I see them with pleasure, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that not only are they as far below Beethoven, Mozart, and Rossini, in my estimation, as Dumas is below Shakspeare, or Bulwer is below Goethe; but that I would even give all he ever composed for *Norma*.

This is a long preface to what I have to say about Jullien's opera, but he has so obviously chosen Meyerbeer as his model that these general considerations seemed necessary. Of his own music I may say generally, that the prodigality of noise, instead of being effective, prevents effect, and wearies the ear; that the uncertainty of the style, reminding one now of this and now of that composer, and the incessant modulation which breaks the continuity of his phrases, also tend towards weariness; and finally, that the pre-occupation of theatrical effect, which has led him to bestow most of his attention on the choruses, and to care less for the dramatic effect, exasperates rather than amuses the audience.

Let me, on the other hand, note as bits of excellent writing the madrigal and the fugue in the first act, the quartet and septet in the second, the chorus of conspirators in the third, and numerous passages in the accompaniments throughout. The chorus of *Vivandières* is gay and tripping; the Muscovite hymn, ear-catching and immensely effective; the ballet, with chorus, flowing and animated; passages in *Pietro's* cavatina of great beauty (sung by Tamberlik as he alone could sing it); the simple and massive chorus *Evviva il Czar*, the pathetic movement in the great duet of the second act (*Non partire, non partir*), and the Mazurka of the last act—all showing a faculty of composition little suspected by the majority. And when these are brought closer together by the excision of the surplusage, the ear, not previously stunned by the remorseless clang of the accompaniments, will gratefully appreciate them.

P.S. The above was written after Tuesday's performance. I have just left the theatre after a second hearing, and, although I see no reason to qualify in any degree what I have said of the music, I have much to say of the general improvement in effect, owing to the large excisions that have been made. Not only is the weariness that was felt on the first night completely got rid of—except such as results from the assaulting turbulence of the orchestra—but the second act, which nearly killed the opera on Tuesday, went off quite brilliantly on Thursday; and in the lobby I heard nothing but loud testimonies of satisfaction. For my own part, I can say that I listened to the opera with increased admiration, and without any fatigue; though I still think if an occasional passage here and there were removed the whole effect would be lightened.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE PROVINCES.

SHAKSPEARE is the idol of the English. I know a man who married a girl because she said a clever thing about Shakspeare. I know another who hates his nephew because that youth thinks the *Venus and Adonis* inferior to the *Princess*. And I once travelled in the railway with an elderly and very nice lady who assured me her husband worshipped Shakspeare. "He cares for no other book. Almost every evening when he comes home from business—(he is a solicitor, sir, is my husband)—he puts on his dressing-gown and slippers, and says, 'Here, Mary, read me some Shakspeare;' and I read it him, sir, till he falls asleep." From Land's End to John o' Groat's there is but one chorus in praise of "the swan."

[By the way, pretty eyes posed me not long since, asking, "Why are poets called swans?" With careless superiority, I answered, "Because they sing when they die—they don't, but it is said so." My questioner, however, was not so easily satisfied. "Poets," as she judiciously remarked, "don't sing when they die, if swans do so that can't be the

reason." I changed the conversation. But can you, Reader, fair or—foul—answer that posing question in poetic ornithology?]

Well, we literary gents imagine that the "divine bard" is the food of intellectual England, and always call it a "cheering sign" when we see the works of that "talented party" are in provincial request. We are glad to see Legitimate Drama in the ascendant. Judge, then, of my pleasure on "perusing" the play-bill, which a friend, knowing my dramatic devotion, sent me in a letter this morning. As an index of culture it is curious. Read:—

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"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it."

HOW TO GET ON.—Success in ordinary life often depends as much upon defects and redundancies as upon merits. There are even instances of men who succeed in life by the fear and aversion of their fellow-men; and these disagreeable persons are got rid of by being pushed up higher and higher in consequence of the very qualities which their good parents always laboured to correct in them. In the mean time, persons of real worth are too much prized by those around them to be advanced. Thoughtful men have often fretted overmuch, as it seems to me, about such things; for, putting aside higher views, without these motley occurrences in life, where would be its tragedy, or its comedy, or its tragi-comedy, all so deeply interesting and so instructive?—*Fraser's Magazine*.—August.

Commercial Affairs.

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3 per Cent. Red.	100½	99½	100½	100½	100½
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3½ per Cent. An.	103½	103	102½	103½	103½
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Ditto Bonds, £1000 ...	87	88	87
Ditto, under £1000 ...	87	87	90	87
Ex. Bills, £1000	72 p	71 p	71 p	71 p
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The criticism which heralds this "grandest conception of human genius" is worthy a place in many a solemn journal. The graceful negligence of that phrase, "the husband, and the subdued tone with which, &c.," reminds me of Jerdan. "Compunctuous feelings" is a phrase I shall adopt. "Smoking strictly prohibited!" What a descriptive sentence. There is but one thing I miss in this bill, and that is a "hornpipe" after the tragedy. Yes, there is one thing more—a "great American tragedian" in the part of *Macbeth*.
VIVIAN.

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